TRIAL FOR LIFE

"You are right. Something has happened. Something of such grave import that I deem it necessary to communicate it to you before our marriage proceeds," she replied, gravely and sweetly, as she took a seat at the table, and motioned him to take another.

He turned very red and sank into a chair, dreading to hear her next words, as visions of certain gambling and other debts of honor and of dishonor, arose before him.

Then resting her head upon her hand, and speaking slowly, she continued:

"Within the last twelve hours, Mr. Hastings, I have made a discovery which may—I cannot tell yet whether it will—separate us forever."

"Lady Etheridge," he exclaimed, deeper flush mounting to his brow, "I trust that you have permitted no enemy to calumniate my character in your presence."

She looked up in surprise and perplexity. So foreign to her noble nature was the low vice of listening to the slanderer.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hastings, I do not quite understand you, she said.

"Laura, I have enemies —bitter, malignant, unrelenting, and unscrupulous enemies—who would dash my present cup of happiness from my lips, and move heaven and earth to ruin me—who, to effect their purpose would not hesitate to abuse your ear with calumnies against me."

"No enemy of yours has ever come beneath my roof; no slanderer would dare to breathe your name in my presence," she answered, with a certain noble and gentle dignity peculiar to heself.

"Then, my cherished Laura, what is it. You spoke of having made a discovery, or rather a supposed discovery that might—but never should—separate us forever. Now, dear Laura, what is the nature of this supposed discovery."

"It concerns myself, Mr. Hastings; and possibly you, as you are interested in me." She paused and sighed.

"A discovery that concerns you, dear Laura? I need not repeat that it can never, whatever its nature may be, separate us, as you seem to think possible; but explain, my dear Laura. I long to share your secret," he said, drawing nearer to her and taking her hand in his own.

"Ah, how can I ever inform you, Albert Hastings? Yet why do I hesitate? Whence comes this reluctance to speak of a misfortune for which I am in no degree responsible? Is it possible that, unconsciously, I cherish in my bosom a lurking pride of caste, that shrinks from acknowledging to-day the humiliating fact that must be made public to-morrow? Or do I doubt your constancy under the trying ordeal? I know not; but this weakness must be overcome," she said, speaking more to her own soul than to another.

He sat—now that his selfish fears were allayed—listening with attentive courtesy, while she continued:

"Mr. Hastings, whom do you take me to be? You believe me to be—as until last night I believed myself to be—Laura Etheridge, Baroness Etheridge, of Swinburne."

"Assuredly," replied Mr. Hastings, in surprise, privately asking himself, "What is this? Has she jilted me? Is she privately married to some earl or duke, who has raised her a step or two in the peerage, and covered her title with his own?" Her next words showed him his mistake.

"I am not so. No drop of the blood of Etheridge runs in my veins," she said, calmly.

"Laura! Lady Etheridge! In the name of all the saints in heaven, what do you mean?" he said, startled from all his imposed calmness by sheer astonishment, as though he thought she had suddenly gone mad.

"I mean just what I have said. I am no Etheridge. I am simply Laura Elmer, the daughter of the late gamekeeper," she continued, with something like the seeming cruelty, but real mercy, wherewith the surgeon firmly uses the probing knife.

"Laura! lady! madam! What is this—this accursed thing that you tell me? It cannot, it shall not be true," he cried, in great excitement.

"It is perfectly true. Albert Hastings, you have heard of such events as neglected infants, put out to nurse, being changed by the nurse, who, after some interval of time, foists upon the friends of her little charge her own offspring."

He did not, he could not reply. He could only gaze upon her with eyeballs strained outward as though they would burst their sockets.

"Mr. Hastings, the infant heiress of Swinburne Castle was just such a wronged child. Losing her mother when she was but a few weeks old, she was intrusted to a confidential, but disaffected female servant. Alas! that I should have to speak thus of my poor mother. She was left in charge of this high-trusted woman, while her widowed father went abroad to dissipate his grief. When, at the end of a few months her father returned, and claimed his infant, this misguided woman, from motives of revenge for a bitter wrong, imposed upon him her own child, myself."

"Good heaven of heavens! Am I mad or dreaming!" ejaculated Robert Hastings.

"That is the question I asked myself twelve hours ago; but I am now calm and reasonable."

"It cannot be true. It is impossible. Who has abused your noble mind with such a ridiculous fabrication?"

"No one. The woman, full of remorse and believing herself to be dying, sent for me last night and made a full confession, bringing many proofs of the truth of her story."

"It is impossible, I repeat! It is impossible, I insist! The woman is either crazy or designing. She has told you an impudent and absurd falsehood! No strange child could ever be foisted upon a father as his own. It is utterly and forever impossible! Nature herself cries out against such a strange deception," exclaimed Mr. Hastings, trembling for the rich inheritance of his promised bride.

"Ah- Albert Hastings! you must know that such a fraud is not impossible, but that it has been more than once committed. And in this instance deception was temptingly easy. The infants that were changed were of the same age—three weeks old—and infants of that tender age all look alike. The father went away for many months, and when he returned it was as easy to give him one child as the other, so that the other was kept out of his sight."

"Good heavens! Lady Etheridge you seem absolutely to be a partisan and an advocate of this otherwise preposterous claimant."

"I am a partisan of the truth, an advocate of the right, wherever I find them. The validity of this woman's statement is palpable to me. Her earnest manner, believing herself to be near death, the vraisemblance of her story, and the fact that the young girl, whom I have seeen, bears a strong resemblance to all the family portraits, while it is notorious that I resemble none of them."

"Lady Etheridge—for such you are, and so I shall call you—you cannot be so ignorant of the usages of law and society as to imagine that an obscure claimant, upsupported by stronger proof than that which has been advanced, and unaided by money or influence, can have any chance against the wealth, connection, and power o the present baroness."

"Mr. Hastings, I feel an inner conviction that that nurse's story is true, and that girl's claims are just, and I would die rather than use my position and power against her just rights.

"Lady Etheridge! my adored Laura! pause! consider! and if ever you honored with your priceless affections the humble man before you, leave this matter in my hands. In a few hours more I shall be your proud and happy husband—in a position to protect you. Leave it to me, then, to compromise with these people, and settle their preposterous claims," exclaimed Albert Hastings, earnestly.

While he spoke, she looked at him with a countenance in which surprise, incredulity and doubt gradually gave place to an expression of deep pain.

"You consent to this, Lady Etheridge," he went on, quickly. "You will intrust this matter to me, to be arranged after I shall have become your husband."

"Nay; pardon me, Mr. Hastings. I must become your wife in my true colors. I must resign my rank and title, too long wrongfully, though most ignorantly, held. The hand I give you must be clean and honest, holding no possession to which it has no right," replied the lady, sadly, but firmly.

"Laura Etheridge," said Mr. Hastings, coldly, 'your sympathies and affections apear to me to side with any rather than with me. You seem willing to resign, with a culpable levity, a title, rank, and fortune, as precious to me as they should be to yourself."

"Nay; not so, Albert. I, too, have greatly valued the advantages of a position that I so long believed to be mine, and, if I resign them now, it is because I cannot keep them and keep honor as well. Oh, Albert Hastings! I was this morning stripped of name and title, rank and wealth. I stand before you as poor as the poorest cottage girl in our valley, having but one treasure, the priceless treasure of my life's unsullied honor. Ah! tempt me not to barter it for Swinburne Castle and barony, with all their appurtenances," she pleaded, fervently clasping her hands and gazing appealingly into his face.

"Tut. tut! my dearest Laura; you talk like a fanatic. Now, is there a man or woman living who would yield up a possession like the barony and castle of Swinburne without trying to crush, or compromise with, or buy up the pretensions of their opponents?"

"Yes," she answered, gravely and sweetly. "There is such a woman; and I—bereft of everything but honor— am she; and there is, I hope, such a man, and you are the one."

"Not I, by my soul, Lady Etheridge! I beg your pardon, my adored Laura; but you shall not impoverish yourself, or discrown your noble brow of the coronet it so well becomes. Fortunately, your generous confidence invested me with the possession of your landed estate ond personal property by gift of deed. I shall deem it right to hold and defend the same against every claimant. More fortunately still, I have your promise to become my wife. For your own good now, sweet one, I shall hold you to that promise. And when once you have vowed love, honor and obedience to me, though I shall always remain your most devoted slave, yet in one particular I shall exact, for your own benefit, the performance of your vow of obedience. I shall require you to be perfectly passive in this matter, and leave the settling of these people to me! Sweet Laura! it is near the hour that we should be at the church, and I long to call you mine," said Mr. Hastings, rising. She also arose, saying:

"Albert Hastings, do not be deceived. I shall perform all my promises and vows, if, under the circumstances you continue to wish it; but in that you will not marry Lary Etheridge of Swinburne, but plain Laura Elmer, the game-keeper's daughter; while Rose, the reputed child of the village laundress, is the true Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne!'

"Rose! Rose Elmer! is she the party?" exclaimed Mr. Hastings, falling back several paces, and gazing in astonishment upon his betrothed.

"Rose; gentle Rose, miscalled Elmer, is the party. Do you know her?"

"Mrs. Elmer is my laundress. But you never told me that they were the parties!"

"It was inadvertence. I was not aware that I had not named them," said the lady, while her betrothed turned and walked up and down the floor, murmuring within himself.

"Rose, Rose Elmer, Baroness Etheridge! It may turn out so! it may! and if it does——" Here he stole a look at one or two of the family portraits. "And she is wondrously like the family! 'a softened image' of those grim old barons! Strange, I never noticed the likeness before! It is certainly very striking! And now, if I should marry for her fortune this Laura whom I do not love, and afterward discover that Swinburne belongs to Rose, whom I do love—why, what a fool I shall have proved myself! I must gain time to see how this will end. I am sure of either of the women—that's a comfort—and I shall marry the Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne, whichever that shall prove to be."

Here he stole a look at Laura.

She was still seated at the table, with her elbows resting on its top, her noble brow supported by her hand, and her large, earnest eyes cast down as in troubled thought. She was ruminating, probably, over the strange phases of her lover's character, as brought out by the crisis.

She raised her eyes to meet his perplexed glance.

"Lady Etheridge," he artfully began, "I think you are right. As we cannot agree upon the proper course to be pursued in this matter of the new claim, as you differ widely from me, it is best, perhaps, that I should leave your conscience untrammelled in this action."

"Oh, Albert Hastings, how much I thank you!" she exclaimed, fervently, dismissing her late distressing doubt as to his integrity of purpose, and cordially holding out her hand to him.

He took it somewhat coldly, pressed slightly, dropped it, and continued:

"And in order to leave you a moral free agent to act as you please in this affair, it is necessary that I make the great sacrifice of offering to defer our marriage to-day until this matter is finally settled."

She raised her eyes to his with one long, wistful gaze, as though she would have read his soul. And she did read it, and as she saw the dark characters of selfishness and duplicity inscribed therein, her eloquent countenance went through all the changes of astonishment, wonder, doubt and conviction, settling at last into an expression of bitter disappointment, shame and pain—for him, not for herself—for him, that he should have fallen so far below her estimation of his character.

She had no word of vain reproach for him. She understood at once his whole policy, and in that policy she learned his nature. He had endeavored to persuade her to use her power to crush or buy up a claim, priceless as it was just, and failing to do so, he had determined to postpone their marriage and wait the issue of the contested claim—could any one doubt with what final purpose?

"You do not answer me, Lady Etheridge! Perhaps the proposition is distasteful to you?" he said, indulging himself in a slight touch of irony.

"On the contrary, I thank you for making it, Mr. Hastings. It relieves me for the present, and very much simplifies my course of action," she calmly replied.

"Oh, perdition! I do not wish to break with her finally and entirely. I wish to have it in my power to marry her, should she be confirmed in her present position, which I really think the probable termination of this affair. I must soothe her, and make her understand that our marriage is deferred, not broken off. Nor shall it be broken off unless she is positively proved to be the laundress' daughter," thought Albert Hastings. Then, addressing his betrothed, he said:

"My dearest Laura, you will see that my proposal leaves you free to act as you please in this affair of the contested inheritance, but it does not release you from your marriage engagement, to which, fairest lady, I must still hold you."

She was very pale and firm as she replied:

"Understand me, Albert Hastings. In this great crisis in my life, you propose to defer our marriage. I accept your proposition, and defer our union forever. But you wish to wait the issue of what yon consider a doubtful case. I can save you time and trouble by telling you at once what that issue will be. Rose Elmer will be declared Baroness Etheridge, of Swinburne. Mr. Hastings, you are free from this moment forever!"

"But, Lady Etheridge! Laura! I cannot and will not consent to your breaking with me in this manner. I only wished to postpone our marriage until——"

"You should know whether I should be confirmed in my inheritance of the title and estates of Swinbrune. Pardon me, Albert Hastings, but poor as I have grown within the last few hours, I cannot keep myself attendant upon your pleasure, to be accepted or rejected. You are free, Albert Hastings! So am I! Farewell! The Lord knows, I wish you had a better heart and a nobler spirit! Once more, farewell," she said, rising to leave the rom.

He seized her hand and forced her to sit down, while, with all the impassioned eloquence of his gifted but perfidious mind, he besought her to reconsider her decision—to give him time.

"To what end? To find myself rejected at last, when Rose Elmer shall have been declared to be Lady Etheridge! Oh! Albert Hastings, spare me that humilation!"

"Laura, you will be sorry for this!" he cried, passionately.

"I know it. I do not pretend to strength, or hardness, or coldness that does not belong to me. I shall be sorry for—for this loss of love. I am sorry even now; but my sorrow is, and shall be, a thing between myself and my Creator. Once more I wish you well, Mr. Hastings. Good-bye."

And before he could again prevent her she bowe dand left the room.

she bowed and left the room.

fierce impatience, and began walking uy and down the floor, exclaiming:

"Here is a pretty dilemma. If she should, contrary to her expectations, be confirmed in her possessions? But I must try to prevent that. Her final and entire rejection of me has at least decided my course. Rose Elmer's prospects look well. Now, then, I shall embrace the cause of Rose Elmer. I shall hasten to her side, and persuade her to marry me, before she suspects her good fortune; and then I shall devote time, money and interest to the establishment of her rights."

And so saying, Albert Hastings left the castle, leaving to Lady Etheridge the task of explaining to her guardian the reason why their marriage was broken off.

On leaving the castle ground he took the road to the village, and bent his steps to seek Rose Elmer.

CHAPTER VI.

Lady Etheridge—we will continue to call her by this familiar name until she is legally deprived of it—Lady Etheridge stood where Mr. Hastings had left her, buried in thought, until she was aroused Hastings was awaiting her in the crimson drawing rom.

by the sudden recollection that Colonel

Then, calmly and majestically, she left the library, crossed the spacious hall, and entered the presence of her guardian.

She found him reclining indolently in a lounge chair; but on seeing her enter he arose and came forward to meet her, with some gay salutation on his lips, when the marble whiteness of her face and the stern rigidity of her features startled him.

"Good Heaven, Lady Etheridge, what has happened?" he exclaimed, taking her hand and putting her into an easy chair.

"The marriage intended between Mr. Hastings and myself is broken off by mutual consent," replied the lady, quietly.

"The marriage between yourself and Albert Hastings broken off, Lady Etheridge! You astound me! And at the last moment, too! It cannot be so! It is madness! Just madness!" exclaimed Colonel Hastings.

"I have," she replied, "only just made a discovery, of which I felt in honor bound to inform Mr. Hastings, leaving it to his discretion, under the new circumstances, to complete or not our marriage engagement. He proposed a middle course—to postpone our wedding and wait for events. I could not accept his proposal, and so, as I told you, our marriage engagement has been broken off by mutual consent."

(To be Continued.)

THE MODERN DOCTOR.

I went to a modern doctor to learn what it
was wrong,
I'd lately been off my fodder, and life was
no more a song.
He felt of my pulse, as they all do; he gazed
at my outstretched tongue;
He took off my coat and weskit and harked
at each wheezing lung.
He fed me a small glass penstalk with figures upon the side,
And this was his final verdict when all of
my marks he'd spied:

"Do you eat friend eggs? Then quit it
You don't? Then hurry and eat 'em,
Along with some hay that was cut in May—
There are no other foods to beat 'em.
Do you walk? Then stop instanter,
For exercise will not do
For people with whom it doesn't agree—
And this is the rule for you;
Just quit what ever you do do
And begin whatever you don't;
For what you don't may agree with you
As whatever you do do don't."

Yea, thus saith the modern doctor. Tradition be double durned!
What the eldsters knew, was nothing compared to the things we've learned.
There's nothing in this or that thing that's
certain in every case
Anw more than a single bonnet's becoming
to every face
It's all in the diagnosis that tells us the
patient's fix—
The modern who knows his business is up
to a host of tricks.

Do you eat roast pork? Then stop it.
You don't? Then get after it quickly,
For the long-earned ass gives the laugh to
grass
And delights in the weed that's prickly.
Do you sleep with the windows open?
Then batten them good and tight,
And swallow the same old fetid air
Through all of the snoozesome night.
Just quit whatever you do do,
And do whatever you don't;
For what you don't do may agree with you
As whatever you do do don't.

(Judge.)

Lower Grade of Affection.

"Oh," sobbed the young wife, "George doesn't love men as he did."

"Nonsense," replied her mother. "Only this morning I heard him call you 'the dearest girl in the world.'"

"Yes, but he used to call me 'the dearest that ever lived."

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed *Scott's Emulsion.*

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.

A CHURCH SEXTON'S STORY

How Bileans Restored Him After Long Suffering From Biliousness Headache and Liver Trouble.

Mr. John J. Wilson, sexton of the Church of Messiah, Toronto, and living at 53 Wickson avenue, has recently told a press representative how Bileans cured him of Chronic Biliousness, Dizziness and Liver troubles.

Mr. Wilson says: "Practically from boyhood I have suffered from Biliousness and Liver and Stomach troubles, and only recently I was cured by Bileans. After food I should have acute pain until I vomited. Headache troubled me very much, sometimes so bad that I could hardly see. At other times there would seem to be a rush of something to my head. I should turn dizzy and I have even fallen down in the street. The biliousness was so bad that for long periods at a time I have been unable to take food. Bileans were recommended to me, and I gave them a fair trial. To my delight they were equal to my case, and after a short course they cured me completely. I now enjoy the best of health, and am free entirely from the ailments which caused me such acute suffering for so long. Bileans are worth their weight in gold."

Bileans are altogether different to ordinary medicine. They are compounded from vegetable essences and are free from alcohol, bismuch, mercury, or any of the harmful mineral ingredients and poisons found in so many liver and stomach remedies. They have the support of many eminent scientists and are freqeuntly prescribed as a cure for constipation, piles, and stomach, liver and intestinal diseases generally. They also cure female ailments and irregularities, headache, debility, dizzy spells, heartburn, palpitation, heat flushes, etc. As a general tonic they are unequalled and as a family remedy. All druggists sell them, at 50 cents a box, or post free from the Bilean Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. 6 boxes for $2.50.

POULTRY HOUSES

The poultry houses I have seen on many of th farms in Ontario are mostly of two kinds—those that are small, poorly lighted and seldom cleaned; and those that are well built, well lighted and frequently kept moderately clean. The last mentioned houses are not much more satisfactory than the first.

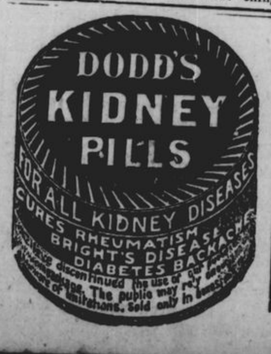
The essential points in a poultry house are light, dryness and good ventilation. The houses that have been built warm and tight, with the idea of keeping the water from freezing have the objection, that in nearly all cases the ceilings and walls coat with frost during very cold weather. When the weather moderates the frost melts and you have a very damp house. The house smells of chickens, or in other words, is poorly ventilated and in many instances the chickens are unhealthy. Sometime they lay well during winter, but the eggs are very poor for hatching purposes.

For a number of years we have been trying to find some way to overcome these difficulties. The best means of ventilating a house, that I know of, is by using cloth screens, and to keep a house perfectly dry I have found nothing better than a straw loft, i.e. The ceiling is covered with straw, the straw being placed on boards or rails which are some 6 to 8 inches apart. The straw should be about one foot or more in depth. The straw which is exposed to the air of the pen. will absorb the majority of the moisture and keep the house fairly dry, at least we have had no difficulty whatever in keeping houses perfectly dry by using straw lofts. Where we have not used these lofts, even where there was ample ventilation, there has been some little difficulty with frosted walls and ceilings.

The use of the curtain front is coming more into favor. Under ordinary circumstances a house needs to be 1-3 of the front of glass in order to have the pen well lighted. There should be about as much more of the front of cotton. The cotton may be put on frames which can be closed or opened according to weather conditions. On nice bright days the cotton is either rolled up, or if the curtain is put on frames, it can be hung up. This makes the pen very nice, bright and airy. On nearly all days the cotton screens should be opened for a short time. On days which are very windy and dull, it is advisable to only open one screen. If more than one is opened there is apt to be to many draughts throughout the pen. As far as we can tell, cotton will keep out almost as much cold as ordinary glass frame or sash. At least, in the houses where we have cotton fronts, we get a slightly higner minimum temperature than where we have a similar house with all glass front and no cotton. It must be borne in mind, however, that in these houses of ours where the tests are made, the windows are not fitted extreme tight.

Where floors are made of cement, boards, or ground; at least four to six inches of fresh earth should be put on each year. Care should be taken to keep the floors well cleaned, otherwise the ground becomes tainted and the common epidemic among fowls, more prevalent. The ground outside the house should be ploughed or spaded once or twice a year. The land too needs cropping and where this is impossible the next best thing is to apply lime and work the same into the soil.

All poultry houses should be whitewashed and disinfected at least once a year. The present time is undesirable for whitwashing, as it is apt to leave the house entirely too damp for the coming season. It would be better done in the spring or summer.



GUN FIGHTERS REST THERE.

Western Frontier Towns All Have Their "Boot Hill" Near By.

Every one of the little frontier towns of twenty years ago had its "Boot hill," where those who lived by the gun and died by the gun were laid away with their boots on, but it is hard to find these unique and romantic burial places to-day. The gun fighters' cemetery at Dodge City, Kan., is now the site of a fine schoolhouse and school children romp over the ground where many a cowboy was buried at the time when the little town at the end of the cattle trails seldom saw a day pass without its murder. But at Billings, Mont., if one cares to take a walk of two or three miles to a hill overlooking the flats of the Yellowstone, there is a frontier graveyard just as it was left years ago.

"Boot hill' is a survival of the old town of Coulson, which was established on the Yellowstone about six miles above the site of Billings long before the hustling little center of the wool trade was ever thought of. Coulson was one of those wonderful mushroom towns of the frontier. Steamboat traffic on the Yellowstone ended there. It was here General Terry's boats were bound at the time of the Custer massacre and at Coulson centered the picturesque life of southeastern Montana—trappers, buffalo hunters, scouts, soldiers, friendly Indians, halfbreeds, gamblers and the riffraff that always managed to find its way to the outposts of civilization.

Chief interest in Coulson's cemetery centers in the grave of the famous scout and marshal "Muggins" Taylor. This grave is in the centre of the cemetery, surrounded by the remains of a wooden fence. Taylor was one of the celebrated characters on the frontier. He was a scout and Indian fighter whose courage was unquestioned. At the time Custer made his ill-considered dash into the Big Horn country "Muggins" Taylor was one of the scouts. At the last minute he went with Reno. After those terrible days of suspense had been ended by the discovery that all of Custer's command had been killed Taylor volunteered to carry the news to the outside world.

He made a record-breaking ride through a country infested with hostile Indians, ali made bold by the victory over Custer. After killing several horses Taylor arrived at Stillwater scarcely able to sit in the saddle. Here he was dismayed to find the Government wire down. But Horace Countryman volunteered to carry Taylor's message to Helena, where he arrived dusty, haggard and "all in." From Helena the news was flashed over the wires, and the country was apprized of the fact that the gallant Custer and his men were no more. Through the ride of Taylor and Countryman the news of the Custer battle was sent out a whole day in advance of the reports filed by the government scouts at Bismarck on July 5.

About this time the town was in need of a marshal who could bring order out of the frontier chaos. Shooting scrapes were so numerous that the most good-natured Montanans began to object. So "Muggins" Taylor was chosen town marshall and things began to take on a different aspect. As soon as a bully began to fortify himself with red liquor—the preliminary of a quarrel—"Muggins" camped on his trail and took his weapons away. Sometimes the scout was shot at, but he generally replied so quickly that the gun man bit the dust, for the old Indian fighter was lightning with a Colt.

After a few weeks of office holding "Muggins" entirely changed the aspect of Coulson. The processions to "Boot hill" became few and far between. But "Muggins'" career was brought to a sudden termination. A beardless youth, who thought it would bring him much glory if he could kill Taylor, filled up with whiskey and began to "shoot up the town." The marshall aproached to take the boy's weapons and the youth shot the old scout through the heart. Owing to the youth of the slayer he escaped without the customary frontier justice. "Muggins" was buried in state on "Boot hill."

To-day "Boot hill" is in neglect. Most of the cedar slabs used to mark the graves have rotted. One or two remain, but the painted inscriptions have been so worn by wind and rain that they are hardly legible. At one end of the ground is a rock on which someone has carved, "In Memory of the Dead."—The Butte Miner.

POSTAL CARDS OF LEATHER.

Demand for These Souvenirs Has a Decided Effect Upon the Market.

"Leather postal cards are a constantly increasing fad and the demand for them has produced an appreciable effect on the leather market," said Frank W. Lord representing a Massachusetts shoe firm, at the Plankington. "Everywhere I go I notice that the dealers are laying in larger stocks of cards than ever. The fact that the women are now making pillow coverings out of the cards is mainly responsible for the great demand for the leather oblongs.

"Hundreds of thousands of square feet of leather is utilized in the production of postal cards, and when one considers what a multiplicity of uses leather has and the many articles which are manufactured from it there is little to be wondered at when the price of hides soar upward.

"As a matter of fact, only a portion of the entire number of hides taken from animals slaughtered in the Chicago and other western packing houses is tanned at all. Probably 25 per cent, of the hides are held back in order to stiffen the market. To the packer they are valuable for making soap fat, and he has nothing to lose, while by keeping the supply low he manipulates prices to his own advantage.

"Several Japanese some time ago purchased nearly $10,000,000 worth of hides and placed them in storage in southern Indiana, where they are now. Since the Japs bought the market price has risen steadily, and were they to sell to-day, the almond-eyed financiers would net fully 40 per cent. profit

New Year's in Foreign Lands

The custom of gift-giving at New Year's has long been in vogue in sunny France, where Christmas is a purely religious festival unmarked by the social delights of other lands. But New Year's Day is a great popular festival among the French, children and adults alike joining in its pleasures. It is a great family day. Paris is noisy all day long; nothing more brilliant could be imagined than the shop windows of Paris at New Year's. In Scotland, too, the practice of making presents is more prevalent at New Year's time, and the first of January is much more of a holiday than with us. Many quaint New Year's practices originated with the Scotch and are still kept up. A custom which began in the earliest times is that called "first footing."

That is a unique and probably original custom of the children of Belgium, who spend the day trying ot capture some member of the household, whose ransom is the provision of sweetmeats for all. The ancient idea of feasting prevails among the hospitable Norwegians and Swedes, who spread bountiful tables for New Year's guests. At Stockholm there is a grand public banquet in the Exchange, the central figure being the king, who feasts with his people in truly democratic fashion.

The custom of smashing high hats on New Year's eve prevalent in Berlin, had its beginnings in 1848, when the poorer classes thus showed hostility to the wealthier people. In this way it came about that anyone is now privileged on "St. Sylvester's Night" (New Year's Eve) to beat with his fist the high silk hats. And the cry of "Hut ab!" is a frequent one on the thoroughfares. In Germany each strives to be first with the familiar greeting, "Prosit Neujahr!"

A pretty home scene is presented by the royal family of Spain, at New Year's, which is a happy festival among the Spanish people. On New Year's Eve the young King and other members of the royal family receive their gifts from a huge Christmas tree. All the "Aguinaldos," or court dependents, and the helpers about the palace are bountifully remembered. And in Spain, as in most other European lands, the day is begun by devotional exercises. High mass is celebrated in the cathedrals with great solemnity and ceremony.

New Year's does not go unobserved by the great masses of popalation in the Indian Empire. The day is called "Hooly," and is a feast in honor of Krishna. Caste is temporarily laid aside and everybody joins in the carnival. The prevailing hue is red, as in China. Red powder is thrown as if it were confetti. Streams of red water are squirted upon passers-by. And this novel form of New Year greeting, it is said, is all taken in as good part as snowballing is by Americans.

Up in Esquimaux land, the people's ideas regarding the extinguishing of fire at New Year's seem to be quite contrary to those of the Scotch. As the year approaches its close, the New Year's Committee, as it might be called, starts out on its novel mission, which is to visit every igloo and put out every light and fire in the village. This acomplished, they silently return in the dense darkness to the centre of the village and build a big bonfire, from which all the lights are rekindled, heralding renewed life and activity for the New Year.—Jane A. Stewart in Leslie's Weekly.

ORIGIN OF NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

The custom of making New Year's calls, which had a long run in America and is still extant, came originally from China, where such calls are one of the main features of the brilliant and lengthy New Year's celebration.. Every Chinaman pays a visit to each of his superiors and receives one from each of his inferiors. Images of gods are carried in procession to the beating of a deafening gong, and mandarins go by hundreds to the Emperor and tha apparently much maligned sovereign, the Dowager Empress, with congratulatory addresses. Their robes are gorgeously embroidered and are heavy with gold. The younger people call upon the elder. Children call upon their parents, pupils pay their respects to their teachers. A light collation is offered every visitor, but, it is to be noted, no wine is served. Tea takes the place of any stronger drink. In China gentlemen never call upon the ladies, but upon each other, and the women also make social visits among themselves. Nor is one obliged, happily, to make all his calls on one day, for all calls made before the 15th of the month are considered correct. These calling customs have obtained in China from earliest ages.—Jane A. Stewart in Leslie's Weekly

A CHANGE OF OFFICE.

(Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.)

The books are closed, the last accounts
Are filed and finished now,
The Old Year takes his coat and hat
And makes his parting bow.
A brand-new pen is on the rack.
Fresh ink is in the stand,
And pads and blotters clean await
His young successor's hand.

He leaves the farmer well content,
And monarch of the soil,
And labor's burden lightly borne
By stalwart sons of toil.
He leaves the nation's credit good,
And counts from shore to shore
Ten thousand new and happy homes
Where one was seen before.

The New Year comes, by all the months,
Appointed to his place,
He takes the oath of office with
A frank and smiling face.
And may he leave to Father Time,
Historical professor,
A book as full of noble deeds
As did his predecessor.

Hunter in Real Hard Luck.

(Kansas City Star.)

The Burlington agent at Tina went rabbit hunting Thursday morning. He only took twenty-five shells with him and after shooting twenty-four times he had not killed a "bunnie." He knew it would not do to go to town without some game, so he gave a negro boy a nickel for a live rabbit. He then tied a string to the rabbit's leg and tied the other end of the string to a cornstalk. Stepping back about fifteen feet he took deliberate aim and fired the last shell he had. But instead of hitting the rabbit he cut the string and the rabbit hopped away, winking at him as he went.