Under the Lilac Tree.

CHAPTER IV.

The words were ever before me in letters of fire—"Gone away—left no address!" Both by night and by day they beat upon my brains. Christmas passed; bright lovely spring was coming. What was I to do?

Mark had gone away and left no address. No letter, no prayer from me could reach him. In all the wide world I did not know where to look for him. He seemed as lost to me as though he had gone into another sphere.

What could I do? In the July of this year he was to come home and marry me; I was waiting for him. I had no other future; no other home; nothing else to which I could look forward. Where was he—my handsome, brave young lover who had loved me so dearly, and had worshipped me so entirely? Was he living or dead? Hope, health, strength, everything failed me except my faith; that was undimmed and untouched. If he was lying ill, unable to write, I knew he was thinking of me, longing for me; if he had been suddenly sent to some distant place on business, from which perhaps he was unable to send news to me, he would be miserable as I was. Even if he was lying dead in the depths of the sea, his last thought had been mine. Every hour of the day and night this one question met me—What must I do? There were times when the impulse was strong upon me to go out into the wide world and search for him. Then faith and patience came to my aid. They said, "Wait here for him. He will come with the lilies and roses; wait in home and patience."

The spring came and went. I avoided looking at the lilacs. Their perfume filled the air—I could not help breathing it—but I avoided looking at them. My heart was sick, half dead with pain and the sight of them would almost have killed me. Then June came with its roses. My little store of money was all gone, and I knew that I could not remain many weeks longer at the cottage. Mark would come in July, if he were living, and if his did not come, I should know that he was dead. So in desolation and anguish of heart I counted the days. I dreaded at times to look in the mirror; I was so afraid that my hair had grown gray. The color had left my face, and the light had died from my eyes, but July was coming.

Ah me, can I ever forget the slow torture of that month! Every day I went to the group of trees where we had parted, to wait as I had promised. One by one the sultry days went by, and then I felt sure that he was dead. He would have come to me had he been living. My handsome, brave, true young lover was dead.

I would only pray to Heaven with weeping eyes that I might die too. During these long months of suspense I had lived through the suffering of a lifetime.

When the month of August came I saw that part of my life was ended, and over. The [illegible] had set, I would, for Mark as wives sorrow for a beloved husband, and never thought of another lover, or of future comfort or hope or happiness. Wherever he lay dead, there my heart was buried with him. The realities of life came upon me, and I believe saved me from going mad. I sold all my furniture, and books, everything I possessed; I gave liberally to Dorothy, and bade farewell to my lovely old home. It was twenty-one when I went to London to seek my fortune. The first post I obtained was that of teacher of English in a boarding school in France. I did not like it, and through the influence of one of the elder pupils I obtained an engagement in England—not as governess this time, but as companion to Lady Yorke, who lived at a grand old place called Westwood, in Kent. I was glad enough to return to England. Before going to Westwood I went to Gracedieu, with perhaps a forlorn hope that I might hear some news of Mark—of how he had died.

I went the old round—from the rector to the lawyer, and from him to Mark's acquaintances. No one had heard one word. He was dead—Mark, my darling—dead, and I was alone. There was but one thing before me—to live my life and pray that I might join him in heaven.

It was whispered from one to another that my lover was dead; and then to those who cared most for me there came a gleam of pity for one who had no earthly ties.

It was in the month of July that I went to Westwood. Lady Yorke was very candid with me. She told me that the one complaint she suffered from was ennui. She was lonely; she wanted amusement; she needed a cheerful companion. She would require me to spend the greater part of my time with her; I must read to her, answer her letters, send out her invitations. She would expect me to spend my evenings in the drawing-room to sing when needed, take a hand at whist. She wrote most unreservedly to me. The life would be tedious, she owned, but then I would have a large salary and a comfortable home.

On the second of July—I shall never forget the date—I found myself at the pretty station of Woodheaton, the nearest town to Westwood. A luxurious carriage awaited me, and I enjoyed the drive. Every one knows how the sea washes the fair Kentish coast. Even amid the odor of the flowers, the scent of the rich clover meadows and the fragrance of the rose-covered hedges I distinguished the sea breeze. The park was a beautiful undulating expanse, full of fine old trees of every variety of form, and carpeted with wild flowers. The house was a grand old mansion that had been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The sunlight fell on the great gables and the large windows. My courage almost failed me when I saw what a magnificent home mine was to be. I felt some little curiosity as to what Lady Yorke was like. I pictured her an invalid—pale, delicate, quiet. Before long I was in her presence, and I perceived my mistake. I saw at once that her chief malady was due to having had all she wanted all her life. She had never known trouble or care. She was a slender woman, with dark eyes and dark hair. An expression of languid discontent marred the beauty of her face. There was a line across her white brow that betokened temper, and something in the expression of her lips told the same story. The room was beautifully furnished and decorated. The lady herself was lying on a couch, doing nothing, neither reading nor working. She looked up with a glance of relief as I entered.

"Miss Chester," she exclaimed, with something of surprise, "I am glad to see you! I was just feeling as though I did not know what to do with myself. Pray sit down."

Lady Yorke did not look like a person who was easily amused. I took a seat as requested.

"I was greatly pleased with your references, Miss Chester," Madame de Deffand tells me that you are devoute. Is it true?" She did not wait for an answer. "I am glad you have come," she continued; "time hangs heavily on my hands. May I ask for whom you are in mourning?"

Oh, Mark, how little that mourning expressed my true sorrows for you! I felt my lips tremble when I answered:

"For the gentleman to whom I was engaged, Lady Yorke."

"How very sad!" she said, just in the same tone in which she would have cried, "How very—scant!"

Then she looked at me with a smile. "You did not tell me that you were a beauty, Miss Chester."

"I did not know it," I replied.

The only voice that had ever called me beautiful was hushed forever.

"People of your way of thinking do not value the gift of personal beauty, I suppose," she remarked.

It was my turn to smile.

"What do you mean by my way of thinking, Lady Yorke?"

"Madame tells me that your thoughts are more in heaven than on earth," she replied.

"The man I loved is in heaven," I said. "Where else could my thoughts be?"

"People are not often true to a dead love," said Lady Yorke calmly. "For my part I do not see much use in it."

"Truth to the dead and truth to the living are one and the same thing," I said, with the rash presumption of one ignorant and inexperienced. I had known only one love and one faith—how could I judge of others?

"I hope you will like your rooms," said Lady Yorke. "I told Masham the housekeeper to give you the two most cheerful. They are in what we call the Queen's Wing. I hope you will be very comfortable, Miss Chester. I think you told me you had no relatives?"

"No," I replied; "I am quite alone in the world."

"Ah, then," said Lady Yorke, with a pleasant smile, "you will be the better able to devote all your time, thought and attention to me!"

CHAPTER V.

In a few days I was quite at home at Westwood and understood my duties. They were certainly heavy. Fortunately for me, with my great love of early rising and fresh air, they did not commence until ten in the morning. Lady Yorke did not care to be disturbed before that hour. I do not think she had ever seen the sun rise or the dew lying like diamonds on the grass. So the fresh, sweet hours were all my own. I rose almost with the sun, thinking often that if people knew how lovely the early morning was they would never waste much time in sleep, and went out into the park. It seemed to me always that I spent those early morning hours with Mark, the only difference lay in this, that he was on one side of the blue sky and I on the other. And I was possessed with the idea that he could hear and see me. Ah, my love, how I loved you! When I went back to the house after those hours of peace and rest my mind was braced for the day. If I had not seen Mark I had looked long and lovingly at the blue heaven where he was, had not spoken to him but the whisper [illegible] the song of the birds [illegible] many messages from him. After ten o'clock (I had never another moment to call my own) Lady Yorke was in her boudoir, and every morning she had a thousand new wants. It was a puzzle to me how she invented them. There were letters to answer, invitations to send out. She liked to hear me read. Every day brought its papers, periodicals, magazines, new novels, all of which must be read to her. Then we walked or drove. At luncheon Lord Yorke joined us, and then her ladyship rested. We had another drive in the afternoon, dinner at seven and in the evening Lady Yorke requested me to sing. I liked that time best, for I sung every sweet love song that I knew, and I sung always to Mark. Oh, my love, how I loved you!

Lord Yorke was a kindly, generous man, quite fifteen years older than his beautiful, languid young wife. He worshipped her, and she in her heartless way was fond of him. They were very rich. They owned this fine estate at Westwood, and they had a magnificent house in London and a villa in Florence. That was Lady Yorke's whim. When the winter was too cold and the spring too wet she went to Mentone, where she could bask in the sunshine the whole day long. They had numerous visitors and friends. It was to fill the interval between the departure of one set of visitors and the coming of the next that I was wanted. Lady Yorke could not endure to be alone, she must be constantly amused. They had no children; and that was the one drawback I liked Lord Yorke; he was always kind and courteous to me. He was not much interested in politics, the care and well-being of his estate occupied his whole time. He would not have a land agent or a steward; he did everything himself—kept his accounts, received his rents, saw his tenants, overlooked the home estate. Hardly a weed was pulled up without his orders. He was just as industrious as his young wife was the reverse. We were always excellent friends. At times he asked me to help him, and his thanks always pleased me. Poor Lady Yorke! Young, beautiful, wealthy, she was yet one of the most discontented and miserable of women. She had not a useful interest in the world. She had servants who waited upon her hand and foot; she had a husband who indulged her and granted every wish that she expressed; she was never called upon to make any exertion either of body or mind. She was never compelled to think; Lord Yorke and Mrs. Masham thought for her. If twenty visitors were coming, it made no difference to her. Before I had been many days there I had read her character accurately. She was ill from indolence.

Watching her, for a whole day seeing, her study nothing but herself, her wants, her wishes, her whims, and her caprices, ordering things because she fancied, and not because she wanted them, spending money profusely without looking at what was purchased—seeing her send away the most delicate fruits, the most recherche of dishes, the most costly of wines, under some pretext or other, too absurd to mention—I thought of the many poor women dying for want of food, of the many children perishing from hunger, and have wondered. She did not seem to know anything of the hard side of life. She ate from silver plate; she drank from the rarest of Bohemian glass; tea was served to her in the finest of Dresden china. She wore the finest of linen, of lace, silk, velvet, and satin; she had jewels of priceless value; in all her life she had never wished for one thing that had not been granted to her. She perhaps had read the words "hunger," "cold," "privation," "starvation," but she did not understand their meaning. How could she when she had never felt either cold or hunger in her life? Her life had been a Sybarite's life of pleasure, and the result was that beyond herself she had not a care or thought in the world. It seemed to me that if I could awaken this sleeping soul I should not have lived in vain.

I remember the first time that she seemed to wake to a consciousness of suffering. She had never been ill herself, and she had never seen any one in pain. We were crossing the park when suddenly above our heads we heard a discordant cry of birds. Suddenly a little bird fell fluttering and dying at our feet. It had been attacked and wounded by some bird larger than itself. I shall never forget the look in the dark eyes, the faint fluttering of the little wings ere it died. I had raised it in my hand and it died there.

"Poor little thing!" I said. "It has had a short life, but a merry one, I hope, in those great green boughs."

"Is it really dead?" Lady Yorke asked, drawing near with a pale face. "I do not think I have ever seen anything dead."

"Is that true, Lady Yorke?" I asked, looking at her in wonder.

"Yes, quite true."

"Have you ever wondered what death is like?" I inquired.

"I do not think so. I have never thought of death at all."

"Have you never lost any friends?" I asked again. "Has no one whom you loved died?"

"No—no one whom I loved. People I have known have died; but then they always seemed to me quite apart from the rest of us."

I looked in wonder at the beautiful face.

"Have you ever thought that you yourself must die?"

"I suppose I shall die some time," she replied; "but I am young now—I need not begin to think about it yet."

"Have you ever heard of young people dying, Lady Yorke?" I asked.

"Yes, but that does not often happen. I should think Age and death naturally go together."

"My Mark was young," I said, "and strong; he never had a day's illness and he died."

"Where did he die?" asked Lady Yorke, and suddenly I remembered that I did not know. That which seemed so certain to me might be very uncertain to others. "I try never to think of such disagreeable things," continued Lady Yorke. "It does no good, and makes one's life miserable."

"No life can be really happy that is not ruled by such thoughts," I replied. "We ought to live for the next world and not for this."

"Madame Deffand said you were very serious. For my part I could not give my mind to such ideas. The very sight of that dead bird has made me feel ill and miserable."

"Yet, everything living in this world has to die sooner or later," I said.

She made no remark, but I saw that the indolent, selfish soul was roused from its long sleep. The first thought of death and pain had come to her, never to be forgotten.

(To Be Continued.)

DIET OF DYSPEPTICS.

It Is a Mistaken Notion to Starve Them Old Notions Combated.

From an Address by Max Einhorn, M. D., before the New York Academy of Medicine.

How shall we treat such dyspeptics? Medicaments are not of much value, or play only a subordinate part, writes Dr. Max Einhorn, of New York. The main factor lies in proper nourishment. [illegible] patients who have abstained [illegible] from most kinds [illegible] must learn anew [illegible] ach and intestines very quickly adapt themselves to this new condition. First and above all, it is important to increase the quantity of nourishment; second, to provide a sufficient variety of foods. In order to improve nutrition, two articles of food, which hitherto have been often avoided by laymen as well as physicians, play an important part. I mean bread and butter. Bread forms one-third of the total amount of ingested food in health and, besides having nutritive value, serves the purpose of increasing the flow of saliva, during its mastication. It also creates an appetite for other food. Butter not only improves the taste of various kinds of food, but is also in itself a nutriment of the greatest importance. The great number of calories which butter contains, 100 grains give 837 heat units, while the same amount of bread develops about 217, shows this in the clearest manner. Another advantage which butter presents is that its volume is only about one-third that of bread. A patient taking about one-quarter of a pound of butter a day receives therewith more than one-half of the heat units required. This quantity of butter is well borne by most of the patients.

As nutrition plays the principal part in the treatment of these patients, it will not be amiss to give a few hints with regard to its management. To begin with, it does not appear advisable to permit patients who have abstained for a long while from the coarser varieties of food everything at once. This abrupt change may at times be the cause of various unpleasant symptoms; therefore, it should be accomplished gradually. At first give, besides milk, gruels and thickened soups, eggs beaten up in milk etc. A few days later begin to add to this bill of fare zwieback or crackers with butter; then permit meat, the white of chicken and well-scraped beef; next, mashed potatoes; still later give wheaten bread, baked or boiled potatoes, soft-boiled or scrambled eggs, oysters; at last allow vegetables and fruits. An essential point with regard to nutrition is punctuality in the taking of meals. In most of these cases, in which a gain in weight is of great importance, frequent meals, five or six daily, will be advisable. Although it does not appear advantageous to prescribe for the patient the quantities of the various foods in exact weight, grams or ounces,—as by so doing they are too easily reminded of their ability or inability to digest this or that quantity and not more—it is nevertheless of value to mention approximate figures by which they may be guided or, below which they shall not, go. Thus, for example, they may be told to eat as much as their neighbors at table, or that they shall take 10 ounces of milk at this or that meal; or as I frequently advise, that they shall consume one-quarter of a pound of butter a day. Emphasize those points which appear to be the most important, and leave the patient great liberty in all other particulars. We must strive to familiarize the patient with the idea that ample nourishment will strengthen his organs, including the stomach and intestines, and we must always endeavor to dispel the fear of food with which he is harassed.

WHAT IT WAS.

Benevolent stranger—How on earth do you manage to live.

Rural Waggles—I ain't livin' boss. It's only a bluff.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Last year's statistical record of Monte Carlo is as [illegible]

The Chinese dress in white for funerals and in black at weddings.

The King and Queen of Denmark are now both in their 61st year.

Few natives of India eat more than twice a day, and thousands only once.

Viscount Pollington, eldest son of the Earl of Mexborough, has openly professed Buddhism.

Widespread drought, the most disastrous known for generations, is ravaging Cape Colony.

A derelict steamship boiler floating in the English channel was recently picked up by a London tug.

Some of the wooden churches of Norway are fully 700 years old, and are still in an excellent state of preservation.

Mark Twain, like the late Cristoforo Colombo, now has a bust. It is the work of the Viennese sculptor, Hegenbarth.

Berlin has female commercial travellers who go their rounds on tricycles, to which are attached their boxes of samples.

When the Simplon tunnel is completed the distance between London and Brindisi will be diminished 122 kilometres.

Sumatra kerosene is competing with the Russian oil in the markets of the far east. The supply seems to be inexhaustible.

An extraordinary increase in the Japanese navy is imminent, no fewer than 33 war vessels being now in course of construction.

An unexpected result of the English cricketers' visit to Australia is the engagement of Mr. A. C. MacLaren to a Melbourne young lady.

Laird Brothers, of Birkenhead, have been obliged to refuse orders for six fast torpedo boats for foreign Governments on account of the engineers' strike.

Lady birds are being imported into Egypt from New South Wales in order to protect fruit from parasitic insects. They may prove as bad a curse as the sparrows.

There are 31,110 students matriculated at German universities this winter semester, an increase of 1,000 over last year. The largest increase is, as usual, in the law faculty.

Joseph Arch the laborer member of Parliament, left memoirs which the Countess of Warwick, the Lady Brooke of the Tranby Croft baccarat scandal, has edited, and will publish soon.

France is hastening to make of Jibouti, on the Red Sea, the best port for Abyssinian trade to counterbalance the effect of the Italian transfer of Kassala to the English in Egypt.

The British Grenadiers now possess the tallest soldier in the army. He is six feet and three-quarter inches in his stocking feet, and, as he is only 23 years of age, may grow yet. He is an Irishman.

[illegible] University, owing to the large [illegible] ship in elementary German to enable them to learn the language in which the lectures are delivered.

The most elaborate pipes are those of the Turks and Persians. The bowls are large and heavy, not intended to be carried about, and the stems are several feet long and flexible. Some of these pipes cost £200 each.

Commander Henry James, retired, the oldest officer on the British navy list, has just died at the age of 99 years. He entered the service in 1812, but had no luck in promotion, and was retired for age as a lieutenant fifty-six years ago.

A big fossil bog oak weighing forty tons, which geologists assert to be ten thousand years old, has been dug up at Stockport, England, in excavating to lay down a sewer. The corporation of the town want to blow it up with dynamite, in spite of protests from scientific men throughout England.

"Pinafore" discipline seems to rule on the Italian ironclad Lepanto. When in a Spanish port some time ago every one on board, from the Admiral down, chipped in to buy a ticket in a Spanish Government lottery. The ticket drew a prize of $200,000, which has been divided among the officers and crew.

Even Spain is waking up to the uses of the bicycle. A retired lieutenant-colonel was walking in his orange garden one day recently when four well-dressed men entered, who, after bargaining with the old gentleman for his crop, bound and gagged him, breakfasted at leisure in his presence, then broke open his furniture, and walked off with $7,000; he had in the house. They were pursued by a bicyclist, however, who caught up with them and secured their arrest.

A business woman in Arkansas, who evidently knows more about running a hotel than she knows about the English language, thus advertises: "This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan. [illegible]

A secret society, the members of which are bachelor girls, has been organized at Ponca City, Oklahoma. The members are pledged to remain single, to disclose in secret meeting the names of every person who asks them to marry, and describe just how each proposal was made, etc.

A young married couple, from Northampton, Mass., had an exasperating experience in New York. They came to the metropolis on their honeymoon trip, and, in the crowded streets lost each other. After each had vainly spent several hours in seeking the other, they returned home separately.

Hard luck was the fate of a preacher in a Georgia town. Although his congregation had agreed to pay him six dollars a week, he couldn't collect a sixth of this sum. He resigned, and in his farewell sermon said: "You were in favor of free salvation, and the manner in which you have treated me is proof that you got it."

A young man's prospective mother-in-law, in Boston, insisted on kissing him every time he called to see his girl. He didn't hanker after her kisses, and fearing that he might be expected to continue the custom after he married her daughter, he broke off the match. Now the girl has begun suit for breach of promise, laying her damages at $50,000.

The screams of little Dennis Woodruff, of St. Louis, Mo., aroused his mother from her slumbers, and he complained of a severe pain in the head. A doctor discovered that the pain was caused by a cockroach in his ear. At daylight similar pains brought racking agony to the mother, and it was found that a live cockroach had made its way into her ear.

A remarkable dream disturbed John Howard, of Bostwick, Ga. On Monday, although in seemingly good health, he dreamed that he would die on Sunday. On Tuesday the same dream was repeated, and for the third time on Wednesday. On Sunday he bade his relatives and friends good-by, and died that night, between eleven and twelve o'clock.

Twenty-six persons comprise the family of Aaron Quail, a colored man, of Bridgeville, Worcester County, Md. They are husband and wife and twenty-four children. One child is by the present wife, the other twenty-three are by Mr. Quail's first spouse, who died two years ago. They eat at two tables, and to avoid the unlucky thirteen, twelve sit at one table and fourteen at another.

An item of religious intelligence and a cooking recipe became mixed in a London paper, with this result: "The Catholic missionaries in Central Africa are accustomed to begin their work by buying heathen children and educating them. The easiest and best way to prepare them is to first wipe them with a clean towel, then place them in dripping-pans and bake them until they are tender. After which cut them in slices and cook for several hours."

PONTIUS PILATE'S BIRTHPLACE.

He Was a Native of Fortingall, Perthshire Scotland.

One of the strangest links with the past which can be found in this country is supplied by the obscure village of Fortingall, in Perthshire, which tradition points out as the birthplace of Pontius Pilate, says Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper. Fortingall lies in a beautiful and sequestered mountain vale some ten miles west of Aberfeldy, in a district rich in memories of Fingal, Wallace and Bruce. Near the village are the remains of a Roman camp, where, at the beginning of the Christian era, the soldiers of the Empire were posted to guard the passage from the Highlands through Glenlyon. This encampment is probably not earlier than the time of Agricola, and before it was made the Scottish king, Metellanus held his court at Fortingall, and received an embassy from Augustus. One of the ambassadors, we are told, was the father of Pontius Pilate, and here the future Governor of Judea is said to have been born shortly before the Nativity of our Saviour. The embassy to Metallanus is sufficiently well authenticated in the following passage from Hollinshed. It was sent at a time when Augustus seems to have been pursuing a scheme for universal peace by means of a sort of early Concert of Europe.

"Ambassadors came from Augustus to Cymbeline, King of Britain, exhorting him to keep his subjects in peace with all their neighbors, with the whole world, through means of the same Augustus, who now in quiet, without all wars or trouble, become tumults. These ambassadors went also unto Metellanus, the King of the Scottishmen, exhorting him to acknowledge a superioritie in the Romane Emperour, unto whom the people inhabiting in the farthest parts of the East had sent their ambassadors with rich jewels to present to his person withal. Wherwith Metellanus, being partlie mooved to have a friendlie amitie with the Romanes, he sent into Rome certeine presents to the Emperour, and to the gods in the Capitoll in signe of honour, by which means he obteined an amitie with the Romanes, which continued betwixt them and his kingdome for a long time after. Thus a generall peace was then reigning throughout the whole world, it pleased the Giver and Authour of all peace to be borne at the same time of that blessed Virgin Marie, in the citie of Bethlem in the tribe of Juda, which most blessed and saluti[illegible]rous birth did come to passe in the 12th year of his reign, Metellanus, and in the 42nd of Augustus his empire."

As the old historians record, Pilate's later years were clouded by misfortunes, and, like Ovid, he was sent into exile, soon after writing that famous epistle to Tiberius, which is alleged to exist to this day in the depths of the Vatican library. He perished by suicide at Vienne in Dauphine, about 39 A. D. or as Cassiodorus says, "overwhelmed by grievous misfortunes, he turned his hand against himself, and took away his own wicked life."

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Ask Yourself When It Begins — Then Read the Following.

Those who have been insisting that the twentieth century begins on January 1, A. D. 1900, evidently do not know what is the meaning of the word "century." The following definition, should put an end to the controversy:

A period of one hundred years reckoned from any starting point, as a century of national independence, a century of oppression. Specifically, one of a number of hundred year periods reckoned either forward or backward from some recognized era. Thus, the first century of the Christian era began with the year A. D. 1, and extended to the end of the year 100, the third century began with 201 and ended with 300, and the eighteenth century began with 1701 and ended with 1800, the year completing the hundred year period in each instance giving the name to the century.

It is almost supererogatory to point out that just as the series of one hundred years, composing the first century, began with A. D. 1, and ended with the end of A. D. 100, then the series composing the second century began with A. D. 101 and ended with the end of A. D. 200. So, too, must the series of one hundred years composing the twentieth century begin with A. D. 1900 and end with the end of A. D. 2000.

WHEN PEOPLE DIE.

"In an investigation covering over 3000 cases in relation to the hour of death," says a well-known physician who has been himself a student of the question, "it has been ascertained that the greatest number die between five and six o'clock in the morning."

WHEN BILLS COME IN.

Does the coming of the new year make you sad?

No; it makes me mad.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

Interesting Details of the Household at Sandringham and Marlborough House — Popular Errors Corrected.

The desire of the English people to know all the details of the official and private life of their royal family will be partially appeased by the publication in London this week of the first complete biography of the Prince of Wales, says a London letter. Singularly enough no complete record of the remarkably active and diversified career of the heir to the throne has been given to the world before. Attempts in this direction have been discouraged by the subject himself, and the present book furnishes internal evidences that it was not compiled under the royal sanction. Two quotations from its reference, to royalty will, however, give the keynote of this spirit. Concerning the Prince the writer says: "He is familiar with an almost bewildering variety of subjects and possesses a wonderful faculty for almost instinctively grasping the important features and the really essential points of any matter under discussion."

An estimation of the Duke of Clarence in connection with his career at Trinity College, Cambridge, illustrates how qualities which would commonly pass current as weaknesses assume the shape of virtues viewed through friendly spectacles: "He had not," it is said of the Duke, "nor was it desirable that he should have, the specialized intellect which wins University prizes and scholarships, but he displayed in a marked degree that peculiarly royal quality of recognizing intellect in others." The authority of the new book is concealed from the public, but the Associated Press learns that it is the

WORK OF A JOURNALIST

well known in London, Mary Belloc, Mrs. Lowndes, formerly on Mr. Stead's paper. It will be issued in the United States next month by Appleton. In pictorial embellishment it is particularly rich.

Most of the historical chapters of the book deal with matters already published. In describing the tour of the prince through America in his youth it reveals the interesting fact that before he was launched upon his journey his father, the Prince Consort, supplied him with memoranda to be used in replying to the addresses which would be made to him during his progress. It explains that "the best proof of the Prince Consort's wisdom is to be found in the fact that every one of these notes afterwards turned out to be simply invaluable owing to the peculiar aptness with which they had been framed to suit the circumstances of each locality where an address was likely to be received." A great part of the work describes in detail the onerous public formalities which have constituted the life of the heir-apparent, the corner-stone layings, monument unveilings, dedications and the tours to India and Egypt, to Ireland, and other parts of the kingdom. The royal progress through India in 1875, it appears, cost the Government £300,000, but by way of compensation presents were received by the Prince from [illegible] which aggregated in value £250,000. It is pointed out as evidence of the great personal popularity of the Prince that all the politicians who advised the people to ignore his presence in Ireland in 1885 insisted upon abstinence from any display of personal hostility.

THE MARRIED LIFE

of the Prince and Princess of Wales is pictured as ideal. Their surroundings at Sandringham and Marlborough are described with minute details. The Prince's private library at the former residence is fitted with the furnishings from the cabin of the Serapis, wherein he voyaged to India. His literary tastes, judged by his bookshelves, tend toward English history. Many shelves are devoted to documents on India, in which he is greatly interested, with a great array of volumes about the mutiny, as well as a complete collection of literature upon the Crimean war and of colonial histories. The royal fondness for horseflesh is evidenced by the Sandringham stables, which contain horses from all parts of the world, including four French ponies, which are driven by the Princess; her Hungarian saddle horse Kinsky and her tandem team, one of the best in England. Above each manger is the name of the animal, in gold letters. The kennels are equally extensive and well stocked and there is a dog kitchen, nursery and hospital. The Marlborough House stables cost over £25,000, employ 40 men, who are eligible for pension after ten years' service, contain 45 stalls and twelve boxes, and a valuable collection of whips, ornamented with jewels and gold, though the harnesses actually used are plain. Although Marlborough House is the official residence of the heir-apparent, he preferring it to a more pretentious palace on account of its associations, it is taxed like a private house, paying £1,000 a year to St. Martin's parish.

Dealing with the Prince's friendships, the book says that

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE

are the only conspicuous public persons with whom he was ever photographed, and that was after Mr. Gladstone's retirement from public life, refers to his attachment to Cecil Rhodes and his withdrawal from the Travelers' Club because Rhodes was blackballed, and his intimacy with the Rothschilds and the late Baron Hirsch. It adds: "The Prince's predilection for the chosen people has been sometimes misinterpreted and ascribed to not very creditable motives. People were at one time fond of saying that the Prince was up to the neck in debt, but on the question being directly asked, Sir Francis Knollys, the private secretary of the Prince of Wales, replied that the Prince had no debts worth speaking of and that he could pay any moment every farthing he owed, also that there was not a word of truth in the oft-repeated tales of a mortgage on Sandringham, and that the whole story was a fabrication, and was on a par with similar tales representing the Prince as being assisted by financiers of more or less doubtful honesty."

In contrast with the recent comment caused by the Kaiser's Sunday-shooting expeditions this book declares the Prince to be rigid in refraining from sports on that day, though he was once tempted by Marshal MacMahon to attend the Grand Prix, and appealed by telegram to the Queen, who vetoed the proposition.

APPEARANCE DOESN'T DECEIVE.

He—The young lady doesn't look like a singer.

She—Doesn't sing like one, either.

IF YOU GO TO KLONDIKE.

HERE'S A NUMBER OF THE ARTICLES YOU WILL NEED.

Long List of Eatables and Wearables That Each Prospector Should Have—What the Chances Are in the Land of Gold.

R. Moncrieff, writing from Dawson City, under the date of Nov. 7, 1897, to his younger brother, Jas. Henry, of West Selkirk, Man., says: "I will send the promised list of what to bring out here in the spring—if you come. In the first place, bring just the same clothing as you would require in Manitoba, only a little heavier if anything enough to last about eighteen months, say about four suits of underwear, twelve pairs of socks, two yards of duffle, six pairs of the best Canadian moccasins, two pairs of leather mitts, six pairs of Icelandic mitts, four pairs best overalls, five shirts, two pairs of cloth pants, one coat and over vest, two hats, a good fur cap, and any other little thing you may think of. Bring overshoes and felt shoes, if you can, and a suit of the best mackinaws.

THE NECESSARY GRUB.

"In the grub line, bring for yourself three hundred pounds of the best flour, two hundred and fifty pounds of rolled oats, two hundred pounds of dry salt side bacon, one hundred pounds of smoked bacon, fifteen pounds white beans, one hundred and seventy-five pounds rice, ten pounds tea, twenty pounds salt, two pounds pepper, one hundred pounds apples, eighteen cans baking powder, thirty pounds granulated potatoes, not sliced ones; ten pounds onions, five pounds soup vegetables, two cans mustard, twenty pounds butter, in five pound tins, one hundred pounds white sugar, two dozen Armour's extract of beef for soup. Get oil sacks, put over all the stuff and have it put up in 50 pound packages.

"In the hardware line, get one axe, one pick, one spring shovel with a long handle, one Yukon sleigh, one pack harness. Try and get into a party of about three or four. Bring a frying pan, an enamelled pot, or two, cups, plates, etc. Buy your ticket either from Winnipeg or Victoria to Juneau and then from there to Dyea or Skaguay. The Dyea Pass was the best when we came through, but I don't know which will be the best in the spring, as the Skaguay trail was only opened this fall.

Then follows explicit instructions as to the building of a boat, dimensions, etc. The letter then continues: "You will have to leave home so as to be in Dyea the first week in March or about that time, and get your stuff over on the snow. By hauling it over yourself it will not cost more than about two cents a per pound, besides your own work, to get it to Linderman. It might pay to bring this stuff down as far as the lower end of Lake Le Barge on sleighs, and build your boat there, but you will be able to tell better when you get there. Bring two of the best rabbit robes for bedding. They are worth about $65 here.

TAKE IN NECESSARIES.

"It is quite a job getting all the stuff here, but if you don't bring necessaries in with you it is only a chance if you don't have to go out in the [illegible] per hour, a man can make. By the way, prices are just now. They are paying as high as one dollar and a half per pound for flour, and the regular price of beef is one dollar, and a quarter for hind quarters and one dollar for fore ones, with the hide on. Candles are worth seventy-five cents each, but when the river freezes up, so that dogs can travel on it, they will bring them up from Fort Yukon, and they will sell for three dollars per pound. The cost of freight from there will be two dollars per pound, so that flour in the spring is likely to be two dollars and a quarter per pound, or there-abouts. A meal in the only restaurant here costs three dollars and a half, and you could get the same in Winnipeg for fifteen cents. Quite a few men have sold their outfits for one dollar per pound, and have gone out, as they thought they could make more money by doing that, than by staying in and working and eating their grub. I was working for two weeks and put in some overtime at a dollar and a half per hour, realizing two hundred dollars in this way, but it only buys that many pounds of grub, and therefore does not amount to much after all.

"There are a great many disappointed people in here, as a lot of them expected that all they had to do was to locate a claim and get to work and pick nuggets. They found out that mining does not exactly go that way.

HARD LINES.

"We could get no grass to make a window for our shanty, and so had to use cotton. After dark is the worst, as then we can only afford light enough to eat by, and that we get by burning a ring in the lid of a baking powder can with what grease we can spare after frying bacon. It is not quite as good a light as a match but we have got used to it, and now think it is all right. By the way, bring in two or three pairs of heavy shoes, with nails. Get them in Victoria or Juneau. Buy them large enough for two or three pairs of socks. Smith and Bird are going out to bring in additional supplies next spring. Billy Hingston, one of the boys from Holland, will also return in the spring. Be sure and come along with some one who knows how to handle a boat, and there will be no trouble.

"There are chances here for an active man to make money, but living, as I said before, is very high. A shave costs fifty cents, and a hair cut one dollar. I do my own shaving and cutting.

WHAT THE CHANCES ARE.

"There are any number of old timers who have been here for from three to ten years, and have never made more than a living so far. Nearly all the creeks within a distance of fifty miles from Dawson are staked, but I think a good many will be open early in the summer for relocation as it costs so much to represent them—that is, to stay on them for three months each year, or get someone else to stay on for you. None of us have located so far, but we are keeping our eyes and ears open for chances.

"There are about six thousand people in here just now, and eighteen hundred claims recorded, and as each man can record a claim in each district you can see that there are lots of them waiting for chances.

"If I can get some paper you may expect another letter later on."