THE STORY OF

BY GILBERT PARKER.

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For a man in whose life there had been tragedy he was cheerful. He had a habit of humming vague notes in the silence of conversation, as if to put you at your ease. His body and face were lean and arid, his eye oblique and small, his hair straight and dry and straw-colored; and it flew out crackling with electricity, to meet his cap as he put it on. He lived alone in a little hut near his lime-kiln by the river, with no near neighbors, and few companions save his, four dogs, and these fed sometimes at expense of his own stonach. He had just enough crude pootre in his nature to enjoy his surroundings. For he was well placed. Behind the lime-kiln rose knell on knoll and beyond the these verdant hills, all converging to Dalgrothe mountain. In front of it was the river with its banks dropping forty feet, and below, the rapids, always troubled and sportive. On the farther side of the river lay peaceful areas of meadow and corn land, and low-roofed, hovering farm houses, with one larger than the rest, having a wind-mill and a flagstaff. This building was almost large enough for a manor, and indeed, it, was said that it had been built for one just before the conquest in 1759, but the war had destroyed the ambitious owner and it had become a farm house. Garrote always knew the time of the day by the way the light fell on the wind-mill. He had owned this farm once, he and his brother Fabian, and he had loved it as he loved Fabian, and he loved it now as he loved Fabian's memory. And in spite of all, they were cheerful memories, both of brother and house. . At twenty-three they were orphans,

with two hundred acres of land, some cash, horses and cattle, plenty of credit in the parish, or in the county, for that matter. Both were of hearty dispositions, but Fabian had a taste for liquor, and Henri for pretty faces and shapely ankles. Yet no one thought the worse of them for that, especially at first. An old servant kept house for them in her honest way both physically and morally. She lectured them when at first there was little to lecture about. It is no wonder that when there came a vast deal to reprove, good Agatha desisted altogether, overwhelmed by the weight of it.

Henri got a shock the day before their father died when he saw Fabian lift the brandy used to mix with the milk of the dying man, and pouring out the third of a tumbler, drink it off, smacking his lips as he did so as though it were a cordial. That gave him a cue to his future and to Fabian's. After their father died Fabian gave way to the vice. He drank in the taverns, he was at once the despair and the joy of the parish; for wild as he was, he had a gay temper, a humorous mind, a strong arm, and was the universal lever. The Cure, who did not, of course, know one-fourth of his wildness, had a warm spot for him in his heart. But there was a vicious streak in him somewhere, and it came out one day in a perileus fashion.

There was in the hotel of the Louis

Quinze an English servant from the west called Nell Barraway. She had been in a hotel in Montreal, and it was there Fabian had seen her as she waited on mble. She was a splendid looking creature, all life and energy, tall, fair-haired and with a charm above her kind. She was also an excellent servant, could do as much as any two women in any house. And was capable of more airy diablerie than 'any ten in Pontiac. When Fabian had said to her in Montreal that he would come, he told her where he lived. She came to see him instead, for she wrote to the landlord of the Louis Quinze, enclosed five testimonials and was immediately engaged. She came and Fabian was stunned when he entered the Louis Quinze and saw her waiting on table, alert, busy, good to see. She nodded to him with a quick smile as he stood bewildered just inside the door, then said in English for he understood it fairly: "This way, monsieur."

As he sat down he said in English also, with a laugh and with snapping eyes; "Good Lord, what brings you here, Ladybird?"

As she pushed a chair under him she almost hissed through his hair, "You!" and then was gone away to fetch pot au feu for six hungry men.

The Louis Quinze did more business now in three months than it had done before in six. But it became known among a few in Pontiac that Nell was victorious. How it had crept up from Montreal no one knew, and when it did corse ber name was very intimately associated with Fabian's. No one could say that she was not the most perfect of servants, and also he one could say that her life in Pontiac had not been exemplary. Yet wise people had made up their minds that she was determined to marry Fabian, and the wisest declared that she would in spite of everything-religion (she was'a Protestant), character, race. She was clever, as the young seigneur found, as the little avocat was forced to admit, as the Cure allowed with a sigh, and she had no airs of badness at all and very little of usual coquetry. Fabian was enamored, and it was clear that he intended to bring the woman to the manor one way or another.

Henri admitted the fascination of the woman, felt it, despaired, went to Montreal, got proof of her career, came back, and made his final and only effort to turn his brother from the girl.

He had waited an hour outside the hotel and when Fabian got in, he drove on without a word. After a while, Fabian, who was in high spirits, said: "Open your mouth, Henri. Come

along, sleepy-head." Straightway he began to sing a rollicking song, and Henri joined in with him heartily, for the spirit of Fabian's humor was contagious:

"There was a little man, The foolish Guilleri Carabi. He went unto the chase, Of partridges the chase. Carabi.

Titi Carabi, Toto Carabo; You're going to break your neck,

My love y Guilleri." He was about to begin another verse when Henri stopped him, saying: "You're going to break your neck,

Fabian." "What's up. Henri?" was the reply. "You're drinking hard, and you don't keep good company."

Fabian laughed. "Can't get the company I want, must have what I can get, Henri, my dear."

'Don't drink." Henri laid his free hand on Fabian's knee. "Must. Born in me. Loved it like

cream from the rock-a bye." Henri sighed. "That's the drink, Fabian," he said patiently. "Give up the company." "You'd give up the com-

pany y's "Blest if I wouldn't, Henri. You're the best company in the world." "Give me your hand."-

They shook hands. Fabian drew out a flask, and began to uncork it. "I'll be better company for you than that girl, Fabian:"

"Girl? What the devil do you mean?".

"She, Nell Barraway was the company I meant, Fabe." "Nell Barraway you meant her? Bosh. I'm going to marry her, Henri."

"You must, not, Fabe," said Henri

eagerly clutching Fabian's sleeve. "I must, and there's an end of it. She's the handsomest, cleverest girl I ever saw; she's splendid. Never lonely a minute with her" . . . "Beauty and clergraess ain't every-

thing, Fabe." "Isn't it though? Isn't It? You just try it."

"They ain't without goodness" Henri's voice weakened.

"That's rot. Of course it is, Henri, my dear. If you love a woman, if she gets hold of you, gets into your blood, loves you, so that the touch of ner ingers sets your pulses flying, you don't care a damn whether she is good or not."

"You mean whether she was good or not?"

"No, I don't, I mean is good or not. For if she loves you she'll travel swaight for your sake. Pshaw! You dont know anything about it." "I know all about it."

"Know all about it! You're in loveyou?" "Yes"

Fabian sat open-mouthed for a minute. "Go-dam!" he said. It was his one English oath,

"Is she good company?" he asked after "She's the same as you keep-the very

"You mean Nell-Nell?" asked Fabian, in a dry, choking voice.

"Yes, Nell. From the first time I saw her. But I'd cut my hand off first. I'd think of you; of our 'people that have been here for two hundred years, of the rooms in the old house where mother used to be. Look here, Fabe, you said you'd give up her company for mine. Do it." "I didn't know you meant her, Henri. Holy heaven, and you've get her in your blood, too!"

"Yes, but I'd never marry her. Fabe, at Montreal I found out all about her. She was as bad--'

"That's nothing to me, Henri, said Fabian, "but something else is. Her you are now. I'll stick to my bargain. His face showed pale in the moonligh "If you'll drink with me, do as I do, where I go, play the devil when I pla it, and never squeal, never hang back, I'li give her up. But I've got to have you, got to have you all the time, everywhere, hunting, drinking or letting alone. You'll see me out, for you're stronger, had less of it. I'm fer the little low byeyearly. Stop the horses.

Henri stopped them and they got out. They were just opposite the lime-kiln and they had to go a few hundred yards before they came to the bridge to cross the river to their home. The light of the fire shoue in their faces as Fabian hand-'ed the flask to Henri, and said: "Let's drink to it, Henri. You half of that, and me half." He was eadly pale.

Henri drank to he finger-mark set, and then Fabian lifted the flask to his

"Good-bye, Nell," he said. "Here's to the good times we've had!" He emptied the flask, and threw it over the bank into the burning lime, and the old limeburner being half asleep, did not see or

The next day they went on a long hunting expedition, and the next month Nell Barraway left for Montreal pale and hollow-eyed.

Henri kept to his compact, drink for drink, sport for sport. One year the crops were sold before they were reaped, horse and cattle went little by little, then came mortgage, and still Henri never wavered, never weakened in spite of the Cure and all others. The brothers were always together, and never from first to last did Henri lose his temper, or openly lament that ruin was coming surely on them. What money Fabian wanted he got. The Cure's admonitions availed nothing for Fabian would go his gait. The end came on the very spot where the compact had been made, for passing the lime-kiln one dark night, a. he and Henri rode home together, his horse shied, the bank of the river gave way, and with a startled "Henri!" Fabian and his horse were gone into the river below.

Next month the farm and all were sold, Henri succeeded the old lime-burner at his post, drank no more ever, and lived his life in sight of the old home.

As It Will Soon Be.

The room was in confusion. (That is the way the books s y. An ordinary man with good eyes would have said confusion was in the room.) "At last!"

Her hands trembled as she attempted to fix her tie.

Thirteen collars had been ruined. She took a photograph from a drawer. It was the sweet, innocent face of a young

"Ah, little George! I can no longer deceive myself. I love you. The strong is about to become weak. How far we women will go for the bright eyes of a silly man! But enough! I shall ask you to be mine this night, come what may."

"Mr. Nicely will be down in a moment. Pray be scated."

But her heart beat too wildly. She paced the floor. "The dear, dear little boy! How I love

The curtains parted, and the world's greatest treasure—a true-hearted, innocent young man-entered.

111. (An ordinary, everyday conversation for a few minutes. She attempts to take the and of George, who blushes and looks startled.)

IV.

"I must explain myself! Hear me! can no longer act this hateful part! I must speak! I love you with the great love of a brave woman. I-" "But this is so-!"

"It is. But will you be my husband?" There was a great gulf of pity in the young man's gentle eyes. But he spoke: "No. But I will be a brother to you."

Stand around with your names in your pockets, and see how quick you will get

MILES OF

WONDERFUL GROWTH ON THE TOP OF PADEREWSKI'S HEAD.

A. Large, Square Head-Length, Strength and Weight, Beautiful and Unique Shades of Hair-Effect on a Beholder-Its Rate of Growth. .

derful playing and his no less wonderful

numbered, 'I says the bible. The Sunday World proposes to explain the task which the recording angel who is assigned to number Mr. Paderewski's hairs finds before him.

A representative of this paper who has devoted much profound thought and study to phrenology, physiognomy and allied subjects visited Mr. Paderewski for the purpose of studying his head and his hair. The great planist is not less amiable than he is gifted. He told his visitor that American audiences are the warmest and most sympathecic he has ever known, and that their enthusiasm encouraged him to better work. Most artists say the same thing, but he was evidently sincere. While he spoke the listener observed Mr. Paderewski's crowning glory, calculated its weight, length, quantity and quality.

M. Paderewski will no doubt pardon this attention to a personal detail. Many learned critics will write about his playing, but they will not give serious attention to his hair. It has frequently been the subject of wittleisms, but the Sunday World for the first time treats it in the sober and earnest spirit of a seeker after scientific truth. The women of America who have given such enthusiastic appreciation and support to him will eagerly welcome this information. That glorious aureole of hair is already enshrined in their hearts. Now they will keep its memory fresh by cutting out this article and pasting it in their scrapbooks.

To begin with, his hair is unique in color. Nothing at all like it was ever seen by the writer. The prayailing tint is a light orange yellow but there are many shades gently passing into one another. You catch glimpses of old gold and of a shade like the color of a tremendously hot

It grows down low over the forehead, and the line where the hair ends is curi-



TABULATED STATISTICS OF PADEREWSKI'S

HAIR.	
Estimated total number of hairs Total length of hairs placed end	200,000
Area of head bearing hair . square	15%
inches	160
Number of hairs to the square inch	1,250
Average length of hairs inches	õ
Longest hairs inches	8
Combined resisting pawer of hairs	. "
1bs; avoirdupois	
Total weightounces	3

ously curved here. The bare skin takes two deep and sudden turns inward over the temple. These bare spaces mark the beginning of baldness in most men. It is therefore possible that Paderewski will some day lose his hair. The thought is desolating but it will be a long time yet.

The quantity and arrangement of the hair come next in importance to its color. It sticks straight up from the forehead and bends backward at the top. Every hair has half a dozen curves in it. The effect can only be compared to that of a fire, with short, fierce light-colored flames chasing one another swiftly upward

The greater part of it appears to grow to a length of eight inches and it reaches down the back of his neck to his collar, where it is as long as any where else. As a considerable portion of the hair is always in a state of growth, a reasonable calculation of its average length would be five inches. · Paderewski has a very large square

head. The average human head has a hairbearing surface of 120 squares in hes. His scalp has an area of 160 inches.

There are 600 hair follicies in a square inch of a dark person's scalp and 700 in a blonde person's scalp. The blonde, of course, has finer bair than the other. This would give a total of 80,000 tollicles to a bionde with 120 inches of scalp; but as many follicles emit two more hairs, the total must be greatly increased, and 120,-000 is a conservative estimate.

Accepting these calculations, Paderewski, who is a blonde with very fine hair and an unusually large head, would have about 200,000 hairs. That is at the rate of 1,250 to the square inch.

The average length of them, is five inches, and their total length, if placed end to end, would be 1,000,000 inches, or, approximately, 15% miles.

The weight of Paderewski's hair may be disappointing. A woman's head of hair seldom weighs more than five or six ounces, and three ounces is a liberal

allowance for his, The strength of the hair is a most astonishing fact. An eminent doctor informs us that a single hair will bear a strain equivalent to four ounces. Paderewski's' 200,000 hairs should therefore be able to

withstand a strain of 50,000 pounds. Paderewski's hair grows at the rate of seven inches a year. It would require ten years' accumulation to stuff a cushion of respectable size, and such a souvenir is

hardly to be hoped for. The quotable market value is not great. Eight-inch hair only sells for 25 cents an ounce, while 36-inch hair sells for \$7 or more. The market value of Paderewski's hair is probably increased by its color, but apart from that it would undoubtedly be of inestimable value as a souvenir. . If the planist should ever be hard up, of which fortunately there is no present prospect, he set in a breast-pin. She believes the an American woman would give a fortune | was stealing her money. for it.

Wanted to Know.

He-You don't believe in marrying for money, do you, Miss Oldgirl? She-I don't know; how much have you

AS TO APPARITIONS.

Wark Twain Hasnn Experience to Thought Transference,

A great many people are being convert-... ed to the claims of mental telegraphy. Mark Twain gives a number of curious experiences in Harper's Magazine which indicate telepathy. Among them is the followings

"Several years ago I made a campaign on the platform with Mr. George W. -Again has Paderewski, the great Cable. In Montreal we were honored planist, come to enthral us with his won- with a reception. It began at 2 in the" afternoon in a long drawing room in the Windsor Hotel, Mr. Cable and I stood "But the very hairs of your head are all at one end of the room and the ladies and gentlemen entered in at the other end, crossed it at that end, then came up the long left-hand side, shook hands with us, said a word or two, and passed on, in the usual way. My sight is of the telescopic sort, and I presently recognized a familiar face among the throng of strangers drifting in at the distant doors, and I said to myself, with surprise and high gratification: . "That is Mrs. R., ; I had forgotten that she was in Canada. She had been a great-friend of mine in Carson City, Nev., in the early days. I had not seen her nor heard of her for twenty years; I had not been thinking about her; there was nothing to suggest her to me, nothing to bring her to my mind; in fact, to me she had long ago ceased to exist, and had disappeared from my consciousness. But I knew her instantly, and I saw her so clearly that I was able to note some of the particulars of her dress, and did note them, and they remained in my mind. I was impatient for her to come. In the midst of the handshaking I snatched glimpses of her and noted her progress with the slow-moving file across the end of the room, then I saw her start up the side, and this gave me a full front. view of her face. I saw her last when she was within twenty-five feet of me. For an hour I kept thinking she must still be in the room somewhere and would come at last, but I was disappointed.

"When I arrived in the lecture hall that evening some one said: "Come into the waiting room; there's a friend of yours there who wants to see you. You'll not be introduced-you, are to do the recognizing without help if you can."

"I said to myself: 'It is Mrs. R.; I shan't have any trouble. '

"There were perhaps ten ladies present, all seated. In the midst of them was Mrs. R., as I had expected. She was dressed exactly as she was when I had seen her. in the afternoon. I went forward and shook hands with her and called her by name, and said: " 'I knew you the moment you appear-

ed at the reception this afternoon.' "She looked surprised and said: 'But I was not at the reception. I have just arrived from Quebec, and have not been in town an hour,'

"It was my turn to be surprised now. I said: "I can't help it. I give you my word of nonor that it is as I say. I saw you at the reception, and you were dressed precisely as you are now. When they told me a moment ago that I should find a friend in this room your image rose before me, dress and all, just as I had seen you at the reception.'

"Those are the facts. She was not at the reception at all, or anywhere near it; but I saw her there nevertheless, and most clearly and unmistakably. To that I could make oath. How is one to explain this? I was not thinking of her at the time; had not thought of her for years. But she had been thinking of me, no doubt. Did her thought flit through leagues of air to me and bring with it that clear and pleasant vision of herself? I think so. That, was and remains my sole experience in the matter of apparitions-I mean apparitions that come when one is (ostensibly) awake. I could have been asleep for a moment; the apparition could have been the creature of a dream. Still, that is nothing to the point. The feature of interest is the happening of the thing just at that time, instead of at an earlier or later time, which is argument that its origin lay in thought-transference."

How She Heard,

We know news when we hear it or read it, but little do we imagine the varius and intricate channels through which such items come. In almost every case the sources and course of a bit of news would be far more interesting than the matter imparted. As a curious instance is quoted the recent case of two Ottawa women, who are "great friends," as the phrase goes, but from one cause or other had not met for several weeks, though living only a few blocks apart. The other night one dame went down to visit the other one, and said, on entering the

house: "Margaret, I came down to see you because I heard that you were sick."

"Well," answered Margaret, who seemed a trifle out of sorts, "you took your time about it. I have been sick a week." "Yes" Carrie replied. "But I couldn't come sooner, because you took such a roundabout way of letting me know you were sick."

"Roundabout way? I don't remember sending you any word at all-how did

you hear?" "Well, you wrote the news to your daughter, Mattie, in Brantford; she wrote to my daughter, Josephine, in London. Josephine mentioned it when she wrote to me-and that is just how I happened to come over."

This is a Good One,

There is one woman in London who is willing to be robbed every day if she could be robbed the same way she was during the Exhibition. She was on a street car which was rather crowded when a stranger got into the car. The woman is well-known in society, and dresses richly. The man's eyes rested on her, and then he took the seat beside her. He got closer to her than even the crowded condition of the car warranted, so she got up and moved to another seat which was vacated by a lady's getting out. The man fellowed her. He again crowded

her unpleasantly. Finally she left the car. When she got home she reached down into her pocket to get her money, \$8, and found it gone. There could be no doubt but that the man who had crowded her had got her money. In searching the pocket for the money she found a man's fingerring, set with a good-sized diamond She took the ring to a jeweller and found it was worth \$800. She lias had the stone has only to offer his hair for sale. Many | ring slipped off the man's finger while he

Frontier Gallantry.

Miss East (at an Oklahoma ball). Pardon me for treading on your toe, sir Alkali Ike (gallantly). Not at all, Mom! Not a-tall, I assure you! Parding me for havin' a toe.

DONT'S FOR THE SUMMER GIRL.

Don't let your summer young man witness your reception of your flance at the

depet. Don't insist on riding with the driver when you go out with a coaching party. Don't, go to more than one hop in a week, and don't stay late at any of them.

Don't forget that the bearing capacity of the average hammock is very limited. Don't be one of the plazza crowd. You'll be dubbed a scandal-monger if you

Don't pay more attention to your clothes than to the development of your muscle.

Don't fail to run about cheerfully and

do things for your father or mother. Don't forget that plain and inexpensive clothing is most appropriate to the country.

Don't think that life is impossible without passing the summer in the coun-

"Don't wear an abbreviated bathing suit

unless your figure is above criticism. Don't give as an excuse, for not being in to dinner that the wind died out when it did not.

Don't go to sleep in a hammock in a conspicuous place or where tramps may happen by. Don't, because you are not able to excel in athletics, dub the women who are "mannish."

Don't write to your friends at other summer resorts that they ought to be where you are. Don't judge a man's financial resources

by the number of his colored shirts or duck trousers. Don't be too lazy, or you will deteriorate physically and mentally when you-

should improve. Don't read too many novels, for yo will thereby injure your eyesight and

fuddle your brain. Don't worry about sunburn and freckles. The latter are an indication of

unaffected good nature. Don't spend so much money that you will have to live in discomfort for the rest of the year. Don't help to make a summer resort a

breeding place of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. Don't talk learnedly with farmers about cattle and horses when you know

less of the subject than they do. Don't go into over-ingenious schemes for amusement. They are apt to end in discomfort and bad temper.

Don't shock the artistic sentiment of the community by wearing black and tan on your feet at the same time. Don't think that a summer resort is the most favorable place to lay the foundation

of a life of domestic happiness. Don't allow yourself to be monopolized by one young man. It may make the guests at the hotel think you unpopular. Don't imagine that every young man who behaves foolishly is in love with you. That is one of the signs, but is not

infallible. Don't, if you happen to look better in flannel than in muslin, call the girls who flutter in ribbon and lace "little

idiots." Don't call the girls who spend a good deal of time with the summer men "outrageous flirts." They may be merely

popular. Don't powder so thickly that you will look like a miller, but don't abjure powder so thoroughly that you will look lika a hoat

One on the Judge.

The late Judge Snell, of Washington, a well-known son of Maine, was very fond of croquet, and, when not busy with his official duties, could often be found with mallet in hand, engaged in his favorite game. One morning, while presiding over the Police Court, a young boy was brought before him, charged with playing ball on the street The policeman who arrested the boy testified that he caught the boy in the act. "Fine him \$5.00," said the judge. "This ball-playing on the street

must be stopped. " The boy's father was present and suggested to the judge that he would like to question the policeman a little before the fine was imposed, so Judge Snell ordered the policeman into the witness box again. After a little close questioning the officer finally admitted that the boys were playing ball on a vacant lot, and this boy had knocked the ball out into the street. Make that fine \$2, Mr. Clerk," said Judge Snell, the case is not quite so bad as I thought

it was." "But your honor," said the boy's father, not long ago up on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street I saw a game of croquet in which a high court officer was engaged, and I saw that officer spitefully knock his opponent's ball clear across the

street, and-" "Take off that other \$2, Mr. Clerk; I don't believe this boy was doing wrong. after all."

And the judge lay back in his chair and laughed heartily as he remembered what a whack he gave his opponent's ball in the game referred to, -Lewiston Journal, How to Keep cour Bangs in Curl.

Try this on your bangs if they positively refuse to stay curled. Wash them twice a week in soft water in which is a little alcohol and dry them carefully.

That is about the best and safest thing to keep them free from oily matter. The one who uses it, however, must remember that this will have a tendency to make the hair a little lighter. Hairdressers moisten the fringe with diluted bay rum before curling. Use a moderately hot iron. If you use an iron that is very hot it will deaden the life in the hair, and in a little while you will find that your hair will not stay in curl at all and that you will have to let it. "rest up." An iron that will not "siz" is best. Wrap the hair around it and let it stay there till it does not feel in the least moist, and when you release the hair you will find that the curis will be soft and fluffy

A GAME OF DRAW.

This world is hardly more than a game of draw - It takes:

A rich man to draw a check. A pretty girl to draw attention.

A horse to draw a cart. A plaster to draw a blister.

A toper to draw a cork. A dog fig' t to draw a crowd. A live pa, or like ours to draw subscrib-

Baircloth Is Not Popular. Laircioth is now hardly used at all for lining. There are several substitutes on the market, for which wonderful

qualities are claimed. These are warranted not to crease, not to split and not to lose their stiffness. Strange if they have no faults, but if so it will soon be generally known, for their

cheapness makes them widely employeed.