## Hearts By... HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES Courageous Copyright, 1902, by THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER X.

HE Marquis de la Trouerie was a huge success. Williamsburg's wealth and beauty vied in entertaining him, and no rout was complete without him.

At the Raleigh tavern, whose low wooden walls were kept a-throb with packs of new deviltries brought by young bloods of the navy from the sloop of war Fowey, come to anchor in York Roads, he was the center of observation when he diced. Commissions in the royal navy went for gold in that rotten reign, and their holders were younger sons with as much money to spend as the younger sons of the broad manors of Virginia.

Young Brooke, who, by aid of half the broken fortuned harpies and rooks of London, had long ago run through all he could lay hands on and whose talk was always, "When I hunted at Tunbridge Wells with my Lord This," or "When my Lord That had me at Hendron castle for Easter," had now nobility near at home to descant upon.

"A great man in France," he would enlighten the roomful, smoothing his ruffles, "favorite of Marie Antoinette's, they say, and as rich as John Dory. Egad, I'd like the pattern of the coat he had on this morning!"

As for the marquis, he took his honors quietly, superbly. More than once it was reported that he had dined privately with the royal governor, but he himself clearly thought it scarce

worth mentioning. An interesting story of a duel with Captain Foy gained currency for a time. The captain was said to have wounded the marquis slightly by foul means, but Foy was absent much of the time on business for the governor, and the story was forgotten save for the passing glamour it cast upon the new favorite.

The nobleman's preference for the beauty of Williamsburg was soon perceived, and very early Mrs. Byrd had begun to hint at broken hearts and the folly of young girls who set their eyes too high

Anne herself was never so beautiful, never so brilliant, never so willfully captivating, as now, when a scarf of gayety hid the passion of many hearts fermenting.

On an afternoon they two, Anne and Armand, walked slowly under the pines that stretched down from the

gateway of Gladden Hall. Just before the martletted gateway

he stopped. "You are cruel to me, mademoiselle." His voice was anxious, vibrating, long-

ing.

"Why cruel, monsieur?" "Ah, I need not tell you that!" he said, looking at her earnestly. "Is it that I have failed? Am I not somehow what you would wish in-a nobleman? Is there something lacking?" She shook her head. "No, no!"

"Yet something is different. I have searched so hard to find what it is. I have seen you at the routs and have danced with you, but you are not the same. At Greenway Court, there where the leaves were falling-I wish it could have been so always, us two, in the forest-you were kinder and not so cold to me!"

"Marquis!" There was a splendor of color in her face, bent sweet to him. Her eyes, tinted and lustrous, were gay beneath the warm glimmer of her hair.

"Marquis!" repeated the young man, flushing. "I was not that to you in the forest. I found then that you were not like the ladies of my land, who know naught save grandeur and titles, but that you could be above such things, that you were such a one as I have dreamed must be somewhere. I ask you only to be to me as you were then-as you were that day when the governor came back-when I sat with you on the hillside. Can you forget, mademoiselle, that I am not just the same that I was then?"

"You are so much more. Then I did not know who you were."

"I would the governor had not come," he said. "I would have remained to you just the same as I had been-the same as when for one moment I held you in the broken coach, and that moment when I opened my eyes at Greenway Court and saw your face!"

She felt her hands trembling, her heart beating its way through her breast. His voice was very low as he went on:

"A man finds some time the one of all the world he would not have cold to him. He may never have seen herher whom he has looked for all his life -the woman in his heart! But he always knows her when he hears her speak! He can never know when or where that may be. It is at the ball or walking in the street or riding in a coach. That day, mademoiselle-and it was before you knew-I was just M. Armand, not the Marquis de la Trougrie. I was not great then, but

just a man-and unworthy!" "No," she said, her tone tremulous; "not unworthy. That night at the tavern in Winchester-that was the bravest thing I had ever seen-the noblest! Do you think anything, anything, could make me forget that?"

"And you would have come to me! But now-but now"-She looked at him with a little wi-

brant thrill of pride. How sweetly

blind he was! "Now?" she asked." "Now I can only ask you to remember that it was M. Armand, not the marquis, who knelt to you when you laid your hand on his head that night at Winchester, with the whippoorwill and the moonlight, and who told youwhat he is trying to tell you now, what he tried to tell you when you saw him lying at Greenway Court, only you would not listen."

She turned to him a look that was all melting, all tenderness, all confusion of impulses, a look that caught him and held him spellbound.

"You kissed me," cried Armand in triumphant voice. "You kissed me! It was not a dream! Look in my eyes."

She looked at him, paling, feeling her hands imprisoned in his own. He laughed with a low, fierce delight, for her breath was quick, her eyes like mist and fire.

"Do you love me?" he breathed, a sudden passion leaping in his voice. "Do you love me?" He caught her close to him. The whole world turned beneath her feet, and the stars shook. "My gold rose! Tell me! Is it so?"

She moved her head with a mingled gesture of pride, of shame of yielding, of assent. Then with a little cry, frightened yet joyful, she felt his arms, masterful, draw her close to him and stood trembling, joyous, a wave of love engulfing her.

"Answer me," he said. "The night we sat in the rustic house and the sun was a big red flower closing. You remember what I asked you?"

"If the man you loved-if I-should come to be mean and unworthy before the world"-

"But you are not." "If I were?"

"My king!" "If you saw me sneered at, despised but still loving, still worshiping"-"I would love you! I would love

you!" A light came over his face, brilliant and pale. "With the love that is the all, that is greater than the world, that is above station, above honors, above name? That outlasts them all?"

Her arms went up about his neck, and their lips met in a first long kiss. "All," she whispered. "All! All! Louis! My beloved!"

Anne peered into the warm library of Gladden Hall, all aglow with her strange new delight. The fire was low. and doming embers made the dusk rosy and uncertain. She smiled as she saw the dim figure sitting with feet outstretched, just the top of the powdered peruke showing over the back of

the big chair. With her finger on her lips in that instinctive pantomime that belongs to woman, she stole across the floor on tiptoe and, swooping suddenly, clapped her cold paims over the eyes of the solitary occupant and laughed gayly as he started and put warm hands to her chill ones.

"I have a secret to tell you," she breathed with a fluttering laugh, "and you mustn't look at me when I say it. I wonder if any one in Virginia can be as happy as I am. The Marquis de la Trouerie-uncle, he has asked me to wed him"-

She ended with a subdued scream and, stumbling, went back a few steps, for the figure that had risen from the chair was not Colonel Tillotson. Even in the dim light as she retreated she could see the glare of flaming malice in his look and the sneer curling his

"I tell you, Captain Jarrat," she said in a wave of fierce anger, "I hate you! I hate your face and your crafty ways! Ah," she ended, stamping her foot, "no gentleman would have let me speakwould have listened." "I am no marquis," Jarrat rejoined,

with a ghastly smile. "I am only sorry I did not hear the end of that sweet confidence. The fair Mistress Tillotson answered that she would joy to wed the noble gentleman, I suppose."

"Aye, and if she did?" He laughed-a jarring, mirthless

"Why, then, I, who have failed to win her with a simple soldier's name, should wish her joy of the tinsel of her title."

"You mistake," she cried passionately. "An you were the king himself I would not look at you. The man I love I would wed the same were he poor and nameless and of no report-aye, a laborer in the fields instead of the nobleman he is!"

A voice in the hall struck across the

quivering tones: "Rashleigh, a bottle of my best canary, and stir your bones about it. Come in, come in, marquis. We shall have a glass to this, I promise you." The door opened, and Colonel Tillotson came forward, blinking in the blaze of the branched candlestick he carried.

"Ah, here you are, Anne, intrenched in the dusk with re-enforcements, eh? Well, the battle is over, and I have

surrendered." She had raised her hand to stop him. "Uncle," she warned, "you have a guest."

The colonel stopped at sight of the other in some confusion.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I am indeed sorry! Rashleigh, you black rascal, their tents of bloom.

why did you not tell me the captain Unusual was here?

"I did but call to bear a message to your niece, colonel," Jarrat answered.



Her arms went up about his neck.

"I have delivered it. I must offer apologies for being an intruder at such a "Tut!" said the colonel. "Rashleigh. set that tray here. Another glass for

the captain. Captain, we drink unending happiness to a fair woman and a gallant cavalier." Jarrat raised the slim glass with its

white. The smile hid a quality that made her shiver. "A fair woman," he repeated, "anda noble gentleman! What more pleasant toast? Now must I leave you and of course this involved the telling of a back to Williamsburg. Mistress, I kiss story. your hand. Marquis, my most blithe felicitations. Colonel, I beg you will the minority leader, "and had a few monot disturb yourself. I will get my ments' conversation with him. I told him horse myself. Gentlemen, I bid you

good day."

HE tension in Virginia was the burly Earl of Dunmore pro- who know him know that the limitation rogued the assembly on the pretext of popular excitement. The burgesses submitted with a bow, and the fiddles played in their town houses. Dunmore thought himself a diplomat and went on wining his Tory favorites at the palace. But under the music was an ominous muttering.

News came of the king's speech on the opening of parliament. The colonies' protests were "unwarranted atsistance and disobedience to the law." This pronouncement was received in Williamsburg with an intense astonishment.

And what, meantime, had Henry been doing?

Restless, eager, he had ridden hither and thither like a sallow shadow-at courthouses calling the minutemen, overseeing the election of the committees recommended by the congress, at Alberti's poring over lists with Jefferson, uniting north and south in a network of nerves, laboring, tireless and convincing.

It is a thing to note, since rebellion commonly springs from the people rather than from the quality, that it was contrary in Virginia. There the aristocracy was not Tory. There were few enough, like my Lord Fairfax, who, born noble, held nobly to their loyalty. Those who held with the king, besides the toad eaters, were for the most part the lower classes, officeholders, tradesmen who looked for sales, lawyers just over from London. The stanchest rebels were the great landed planters. Sedition was in the club room and the parlor. One must to the tavern bar for toasts to the king.

And so came about this strange thing: That Williamsburg, the miniature copy of the court of St. James, aping the manners of the royal palace, its old church graveyard and college chapel standing for Westminster abbey and St. Paul's-that this spot should prove "the heart of the rebellion." If this fact alone remained it might well make the world wonder at the enduring blindness of the king's ministers and whether God had not indeed covered

their eyes because he would have it so. It was little George cared for the actions of the first congress, halting, ineffectual, or for the petitions of British merchants. He had set his jaw. In vain the Earl of Chatham moved in the house of lords to withdraw the troops from Boston. Instead the colrepentant rebels, and the patriots of Virginia heard with shocked surprise

that this excepted Patrick Henry! On the day this news was printed in the Williamsburg Gazette Henry and Jefferson met at Alberti's and set out on horseback for Richmond. There, in St. John's church, the new Virginia convention, mindful of the bloody threats of the sinister governor, had elected to meet, and thither had gone a half of Williamsburg, leaving Dunmore with his troops at his palace to bite his nails in impotent anger.

The 23d of March dawned over Richmond's unwonted bustle in a quivering wizard haze of intense blue, where cloud puffs swam like lazily pluming swans. Anne had arrived the night before at Goochland and drove in that morning in the Payne chariot. Spring was up, the earth quick with it. All along the way wild crab apple boughs droned with clinging bees, and by the snake get into the campaign. There was no good fence rows of peach trees had pitched their tents of bloom.

their tents of bloom.

Its work was finished. fence rows of peach trees had pitched

(Continued next week.)

Evidences of Good Mark Close of Congress.

Speaker Cannon, After Grand Non-partisan Demonstration of Personal Confidence and Affection, Declares He Will Not Accept Vice-Presidential

An unusual scence marked the last monents of the second session of the Fiftyeighth Congress.

At 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon the

National Legislature adjourned without day—the earliest ending of the so-called long session for three-quarters of a century. The noteworthy event of the final hour was a remarkable demonstration of affection for Speaker Cannon, participted in by both Republicans and Democrats. Not in many years has tribute so spontaneous and enthusiastic been paid to a presiding officer of the House of Representatives. In fact, a wave of good feeling and brotherly love swept over the commons at the conclusion of their labors. Cheer after cheer for 'Uncle Joe' was shouted from hundreds of throats and then the emotions of the

statesmen found vent in song.

The Democrats took the lead in paying unusual honors to the Speaker. John Sharp Williams, leader of the minority, prepared the resolutions of respect and managed, as is the habit of this accomplished statesman, to make them something more than the perfunctory sentences of

If Mr. Williams' resolutions were unusual it was because "Uncle Joe" is an unusual presiding officer and has won the love of his fellow-members to an unprecedented degree.

AN UNUSUAL EXPRESSION OF ESTEEM. A few moments before 2 o'clock, the hour set for adjournment, Mr. Richardson, of Tennessee, took the chair and "Uncle Joe" discreetly vanished from the chamber. Mr. Williams was immediately recognized and was warmly applauded when he rose. He offered resolutions tendering the thanks of the House to Speaker Cannon "for the fair, impartial and able manner in which he has presided over the delibera-tions of the House and for the sturdy common sense and the genial humor displayed topaz liquid, and his smile lingered by him, which have induced members of darkly on Anne's face, still anger the House, in imitation of him, to display white. The smile hid a quality that in their deliberations and mutual feelings." A hearty cheer greeted these unusual words. Mr. Williams then added a tribute

"I called on the Speaker one day," said I hoped he would be fair to both sides, and that I believed he would be fair. He replied: 'Sharp, I intend to be just as fair CHAPTER XI.

IE tension in Virginia was grown thin. Again and again grown thin. Again and again grown thin. Again and again grown thin.

to his own, in his characteristic way, and

was unnecessary.' The resolutions were adopted unanimously by a rising vote, and a committee was appointed to escort the Speaker to the

UNCLE JOE IN TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION. When Uncle Joe appeared, clad in a new frock coat, with a carnation in its buttonhole, and leaving upon the arm of Mr. Williams, the House rose at him like one man. His march down the central aisle was a triumphal procession. And when tempts to obstruct the commerce of this the remarkable demonstration had finally kingdom by unlawful combinations" given way to silence there was to be seen and showed "a most daring spirit of re- the unusual spectacle of a Speaker aimost unable to speak. For a few moments it looked as if Mr. Caunon's emotions had completely choked his voice. He started to speak, but could do little more than whisper-a proud moment in the career of our veteran of the American House of Com-

> addressed the House and the crowded galleries. He spoke of the fact that in all his twenty-eight years of service in that body he had never known its members to fail to lay aside their differences and forget their animosities when their labors were finished.

After declaring the House adjourned without day, amid a whirlwind of applause for the man of "common sense and good Uncle Joe stood on the lowest humor.' steps of the rostrum and held an impromptu reception. While Representatives Landis. Kyle and others led in singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee,'' "The Star-Spangled Bauner" and "Auld Lang Syne," nearly all the members of the House crowded forward to say farewell to their well-beloved Speaker.

CANNON WON'T HAVE VICE-PRESIDENCY. "The only thing I don't like about this nice send-off the boys gave me," said "Uncle Joe" a little later, "is that some people may think it a bid for the vicepresidential nomination." "And you wouldn't have that nomi-

nation? 'Not as long as the good Lord leaves me

strength enough to write 'no' and sign my name to it." The session came to an end in the Senate without notable incident. President

Roosevelt, attended by the members of his cabinet, arrived at the capitol long before noon to sign belated bills. He was kept fairly busy till the last moment and hundreds of Senators and Representatives paid their respects to him in the President's room, one of the most beautiful apartments in the capitol. Mr. Roosevelt was in fine

The last of the important bills to receive the signature of the President were the river and harbor and Panama Canal measures. All of the surveys which the Senate provided for in the river and harbor bill

were stricken out in conference. In one of them the President had a personal interest, as it was a survey near the onies received a bill offering pardon to President's home at Oyster Bay. When he noted the fact that that, among the other surveys. had been eliminated he signed the bill and remarked laughingly that it was pretty evident that he had no influence with the present administration.

NO EXTRA SESSION FOR CRUM.

President Roosevelt decided last night that he would not call an extra session of the Senate in an effort to force that body to dispose of the Crum nomination. If the President had come to any other conclusion he would have made a great mistake. The Senate appears to be definitely determined not to confirm Crum and if the President had called a special session he would have been placed in the uncomfortable position of the man who led his horse to the water but could not force it to drink. The President has reappointed Dr. Crum and the Senate will take up the case again next winter.

Most of the Senators and Representatives are glad the session is at an end. They will now have a little breathing spell before going out to "fix up their fences" and

As usual, the Republican majority has postponed "till after election" all uncomfortable questions, including the celebrated polygamy inquiry, which is usually spoken

f about the capitol as "the Smut case."

If the session had been prolonged the time would have been spent in political speechmaking and the Republicans are not sure that the advantage therein would have been on their own side.

It is the prevailing belief among Sena tors and Representatives that the tariff is going to be the leading issue in the coming campaign.—Walter Wellman in the Chicago Record Herold.

Slaughter of Innocents.

Thousands of Unfortunates to be Put to Death .-Date for Onslaught Fixed.—Japanese Will Make a Descent on the Seal Rookeries of Commander Island and Decimate Its Inhabitants.

One of the tragedies incidental to the war in the East, will involve, within the next three months, the destruction of 12,000 innocent lives, which must be sacrificed to glut the maw of conquest on the islands of a Russian archipelago in the western part of Bering sea. They cannot possibly escape, hecause the massacre has already been ordained and in June a Japanese cruiser will proceed northward for the purpose of accomplishing it.

The helpless victims in question are fur seals, which, since the immemorial, have frequented "rookeries" on the Commander Islands, where is located one of the two plorer Bering first discovered the little archipelago, the interesting pinnipeds were numbered by millions, but their multi-tudes have been steadily reduced by slaughter, until, notwithstanding restric-tions imposed by the Russian Government during the last few years, only about 12,-000 remain. It is hoped that the herd might, with adequate protection, be restored to some extent numerically, but whatever prospect in that direction may have existed has vanished with the outbreak of the war.

SEAL MEAT A DELICACY.

The Japanese are exceedingly foud of eal meat, and the flesh of 12,000 of the animals will afford a welcome contribution to the commissariat of their army, not to mention the value of their pelts, which will be worth a pretty penny. To slaughter the unfortunate brutes will be no trouble at all, inasmuch as it is simply a matter of knocking them on the head with clubs, when they are "hauled up" on the shores in the breeding season. They begin to arrive, after their long annual sea trip, early in May, and by the first day of June the herds will be assembled at the rookeries.

The archipelago comprises only two islands—Copper island and Bering island, the latter being the larger. When Bering landed there he found astonishing numbers of the blue Arctic foxes, which were so tame that they could not be driven away. They ate his provisions, and even attempted to devour one of his men, who was helpless with sourcy. To get rid of them bits of dry brush were tied to their tails and set afire. Recently the natives have made a regular business of breeding these foxes for the fur market, 1,000 being trapped and killed annually. Occasionally white ones are eagerly hunted and destroyed, to keep them from contaminating the stock.

COMPARATIVELY FEW SURVIVORS.

As for seals, naturalists have found that they are of exactly the same species and variety as those which fr lov group, on the other side of Bering Sea. Only a dozen years ago there were still millions of the animals on the rookeries of those islands, notwithstanding the annual killing of 100,000 by the Alaska Commercial company for market. But at the pres-Then, regaining mastery of himself, he ent time only about 120,000 in all are left Congress is now on the point of adopting. Also, negotiations are under way with the British authorities, which have for their object the prevention of pelagic sealing, at

least for a term of years. The seal herds of the Pribylov group, with proper protection, would have yielded an income of a million dollars aunually for all time to come, without any reduction in the numbers of the animals, numerical equivalent of the natural yearly increase. But greedy man, as usual, was eager to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs. This government could not control or prevent the killing of the brutes at sea, which was done chiefly by piratical British vessels. and to this cause mainly is attributable the vanishing of the multitudes which formerly bred on the rookeries of the islands of St. Paul and St. George.

THE WORK OF PIRATES.

The pelagic pirates secured only about 30,000 seals annually, but, in order to get this number, they killed fully 300,000, nine out of ten of those they shot escaping. It is the habit of the pinniped, when wounded, to dive instantly and swim away under the water. This, however, was not the worst feature of the business. Practically all of the animals thus slaughtered were females, ranging far out to sea in pursuit of food, and every breeding mother among them left pups on shore to starve to death for lack of her maternal care. Nothing more cruel could well be imagined, and, the actual scource of supply being cut off by the wholesale destruction of females and young, the rapid diminution of the species in numbers could be a matter of no sur-

Once upon a time, less than 100 years ago, there were immense numbers of fur seals in the southern seas, as well as in the North Pacific. They were far more numerons than the buffalo ever were. Along the shores of Terra del Fuego on the west coast of Patagonia, and among the Falkland Islands they were bred by myriads. But the greed of ruthless man has wiped them out, and now only four comparatively small colonies of them remain-two in Bering Sea, one off the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, and the fourth about 100 miles south of the latter. Theirs is, indeed, a melancholy history.

PROTECTIVE CO OPERATION.

So far as the Pribylov group is concerned the plan now proposed is to prevent all pelagic sealing, by co-operation with the British Government, and to put a stop to the killing of seals on the islands for a term of years in order that the animals may have a chance to increase in numbers. In this way alone, it is realized, can the ultimate extinction of the most valuable of all species of fur hearing creatures be prevented. Perhaps it is not yet too late to save our fur seals, if no hitch occurs in the action now contemplated by Congress.

So far as the seals of the Commander Islands are concerned, their doom imme-

diately impends. They represent a valuable Russian asset, pecuniarily speaking, and for that reason alone the Japanese would seek promptly to destroy them. If they did not do so, the Russians, fearing

such action on their part, would probably slaughter the herds. Next year, when the breeding season arrives, one may expect that a few melancholy survivors will 'haul up' on the beaches of Bering and Copper Islands to bark a requiem for the departed multitudes-themselves the last of their ill-fated race in Russian waters.

Curtous Condensations.

The Southern States are producing half

the lumber cut in America. Public benefactions in America during 10 years aggregate \$610,410,000.

The Russian population of Siberia now numbers not far from 8,000,000.

British India now employs over one mil-

lion people in its cotton industries. Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy has

lace handkerchief worth \$10,000. The reach of a searchlight for practical

use is 700 yards, but torpedoes can be used effectively from 1,200 to 4,000 yards. While the consumption of Belgian cast

iron shows an increase of 199,487 tons, the production increased only 147,450 tons. The result of a cricket match in Melbourne was cabled to London, 17,000 miles, through nine relays, in two and a half min-

The production of steel ingots in Havre, France, in 1903 was 1,853,620 tons, against 1,568,303 tons in 1892, an increase of 266,-317 tons.

According to a magazine devoted to engineering the Yukon river, which is 2,400 miles in length, is navigable by steamer for over 2,000 miles.

Eight hundred young men and women, representing 20 universities, attended a recent conference of student volunteers at Edinburgh to discuss "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation."

The increase in Belgian coal mines as compared with 1900, amounted to 408,000 tons, or 1.75 per cent.; with 1901, to 1,-647,410 tons, or 7 per cent. and as compared with 1902. to 993,350 tons, or 5 per A recent United States Labor Bureau

bulletin state- that trade unionism in England is 25 years in advance of that of this country in its methods, and that sympathetic strikes are becoming unknown in England. Within the past three years the export of pig iron from Germany to the United States

has jumped from 5,929 tons in 1901 to 128, 980 tons in 1903. Excepting Belgium the United States is Germany's best customer in this line. The Tamrack copper mine, in the Lake

Superior region, is said to be the deepest shaft in the world. It is now down to 4,973 feet. The same company has another shaft which comes within 35 feet of being as deep as the Tamrack. There were 595,931 tons of manufactured iron produced in France during 1903, a decrease of 43,740 tons as compared with 1902. The approximate consumption of coal, coke and briquettes in France during

1903 was 57,000,000 tons, an increase of 4,-630,000 tons as compared with 1902. There are 1,800 churches in Moscow. They are the wealthiest churches in the world. One, St. Saviour's, cost 28,000,000 roubies—nearly \$14,000,000—to build. The Russian church is the nation's great wealth storehouse—the nest egg which will be hatched out when the crisis comes.

An official document has just been issued by the Italian government dissuading skilled mechanics from emigrating to the United States, as it is expected that the industrial prospect of this country will be much depressed in the near future and the number of unemployed enormously increas-

The piercing of the first Hudson river tunnel was completed in March. The second tunnel, which is parallel to the first, will proceed more rapidly. It is smaller in diameter, passes only through silt, and has a shield 70 per cent. more powerful. It has advanced 1,300 feet at a rate of near-

ly 30 feet a day. A Norwegian chemist has discovered a new and cheap process for making alcohol from sawdust. Sawdust is treated under pressure with sulphuric acid, by which the celluloise is transformed into sugar, which, by adding fermentation producers, is converted into alcohol in the old manner and then distilled.

Hundreds of devont Catholics have visited the cottage of Mrs. Mary Badeau in Milwaukee since Palm Sunday to look at a print of the miracle Madonna at Rimini, Italy. On Easter Sunday they declare a wreath of gold and roses surrounded the figure, and at another time, it is declared, the figure of Christ stood beside the Madonna.

The Erie Railroad company, it is announced, will abandon the practice of beautifying its station grounds with flower beds. For more than 20 years the Erie maintained a greenhouse at Avon, N. Y., from which more than 10,000 plants were shipped every summer for these station yard beds. Economy is said to be responsible for the abandonment of floriculture.

Can You Conjugate.

Richard Grant White, the eminent philologist, was asked at one time to conjugate the verb "kiss." He believed and maintained that English is a grammarless tongue, hence he felt no compunction when he gave this: "Buss, to kiss; re-bus, to kiss again; pluribus, to kiss without regard to number; sillybus, to kiss the hand instead of the lips; blunderbuss to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss everyone

in the room; erebus, to kiss in the dark. To the Young Man Without a Job.

The editor of a southern exchange says: 'Let the young man in town out of a job try a year on the farm. Plowing behind a brindle mule will take the kink out of his top knot, the frog out of his throat, the gas off his stomach, the weakness out of his legs, the corns off his toes, and give him a good appetite, an honest living and a sight of heaven."

QUICK ARREST .- J. A. Gulledge, of Verbena, Ala., was twice in the hospital from a severe case of piles causing 24 tumors. After doctors and remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly arrested further inflammation and cured him. It conquers aches and kills pain. 25c. at Green's druggist.

—British manufacturers appear to be iteadily losing ground as regards agricultural machinery in Russia, says the Mechanical Review of London, while America and Germany are continually increasing their output to that district.

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