At Least a Martyr

a walk. Her eyes were bendy and her like knitting needles in them, and her big head continually trembled, but bindness spread around about her ungainly little body, and loving kindness wrapped her like a garment. Her kinheartedness was like a well-regulated carriage lamp-however much was spent, there was always more pressing on behind.

But yet they called her ugly names the little boys in the streets and the gossiping servants, and even the women who went and drank tea and conversed with her of Shakespeare and the musical glasses; and especially the butcher, for she would not so much as look upon a piece of meat, and used to go and harangue him in his busiest moments on his hideous crime of taking the lives of his fellow-creatures. When she met him driving the fated sheep to the shambles she became breathless with indignation and hor-So that he always escaped a lecture then.

In her calmer moments she used to "My dear, perhaps it's silly of me to be more grieved about one than another, but I do feel sorriest for the lambs. You see, the sheep have had a little time to enjoy themselves.

Her furniture was all moth-eaten; mice paraded themselves in the daytime, and she had dismissed more than one maid for suddenly and slaughterously descending at dead of night to pour boiles water on a floorful of black

She said to me once: "Children and cats and dogs and rabbits and canaries have plenty of people to love them, so I try to put the balance right by loving those things that other people despise and kill and call unclean. Why, my dear, I do believe the very worms in my garden know me, and last year I had a dear rat that followed me about and begged like a dog."

"Wasn't that the historic rat, father of the family that devoured Farmer Goodson's corn?" I asked in the hardness of my heart. She looked a little disconcerted and

took up her knitting. "Well, my dear, perhaps it was," she owned, "though it may just as well have been any other, and it's rather unfair to condemu a thing unheard right off like that. But it was a very good year," she added triumphantly next minute, "and he could easily spare it! Think how they enjoyed it. And one reason why I love all these becalled creatures is that it must be so nice for them to feel that one person out of the great contemptuous human

race doesn't despise them." "But they can't know it," I objected, for I did not know her very well then, "Don't you think so?" she asked deep down in her queer gutteral way; "don't

I had stated the case, so I only shook my head. She had apparently also stated hers, for she passed on.

'Oh, yes," she said, with a far-away look in the beads, "people stand up on platforms and scream out that woman wants this and woman wants that. 1 tell you, my dear, that all a woman wants is something to love!" They sometimes called her "I-tell-

"Oh, yes," she went on again, "They sall it cranks, and call it fads, and old maids' whims to love anything but husbands and babies and things one hasn't got; but I tell you, my dear, it saves a woman's soul alive!"

And thereupon she scrambled across the room and fetched and opened the Centemporary at a marked passage in an article on the Armenians, and read aloud to me with ineffable scorn:

'First their movable wealth was seized, then their landed property was confiscated, next the absolute necessaries of life were wrested from them and finally honor, liberty and life were taken with as little ado as if these Christian men and women were wasps

or mosquitoes." "Now, my dear," she said, pushing her spectacles up her forehead and looking piercingly at me, "I say the day will come when the honor and libof life of wasps and mosquitoes will be no more infringed than those of the so-called Christians who now

destroy them without a thought." She clasped her hands together and gazed into space in an ecstacy, while the Contemporary sidled to the floor and burst its back. I could have kissed her, she was so dear and mad. yet when, that same day, I heard somebody call her the mad old maid, I turned on him in a rage of indigna-

She was terribly hurt and shocked when the curate and I combined to prevent her from getting up a Zoo Depopulating society. She had calculated that for £15,000 all the animals could be safely returned to their native countries. She said to him that she wondered especially at him "Don't you remember," she asked him, "how you Master said, 'Other sheep I have? How do you know it wasn't the dear patient animals on this planet? And now you, and men like you, who profress to serve that Master can face them hereafter---!" Her emotion was too much for her. She ended in ges-

ture laughing. So that I was quite used to startling deas from her. But one day, in one brief instant, she took all my breath away and caused me to sit unthinkingly down upon a basket of deserted youngs bats that she was bringing up

on a drawing-room chair. She had a violently orange paper book in her hand and she greeted me with an abstracted air.

'My dear," she said, "will you join the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Germs?"

the orange book and produced a note book to enroll me and enter my sub-

acription. "It's a society that I am going to try to form. This'-she proudly fingered that orange pamphlet-"is the prospectus, so to speak. I shall send t all around, and I am sure that in this enlightened England, in this nineteenth century, there must be hundreds of people waiting only for a word of this kind to realize the enormities are are every day perpetrated under the name of modern science and progress and Joyfully to perceive this duty and do it!" I could tell she was quoting from the pamphlet. "And then the great question of justice. People are very ready, nay, quite prettily anxious to be just to anything that delights their eye, or when the injustbe offends their artistic sensibilities; but I say true justice is justice to hinge that are ugly, things that are

She had a kissing-crust complexion | People go wild over massacres here and a kind of apologetic scramble of and atrocities here-let them look at home. Anything that happens far wolce was unpleasant to the ear; her enough away they will spend their wrists were flat and had little bones money and their lives trying to put right, but the tragedies that happen under their own noses, the creatures that are being murdered in their mil-When she got excited she always overran herself, so to say, and had to pull up. "All these typhoid she said when she could breathe again," diphtheria germs, and o on, are quite good in themselves, ou know. They're no more criminal than your own butcher and poulterer and cat and dog! I go further than most people, I know," she said with a grim kind of smile. "My one idea is universal justice. And I say the climate of the interior suits them, why it's nothing short of bar-

borous to deny it to them." "I don't understand you one bit," got in at last. "My dear," she said, "the plain truth s, we've no right to take their lives!' "But in self-defense?" I murmured

elplessly flabbergasted; "surely it's ustifinble-a "Fratricide?" she chirped cutely. "But they would take our lives if we

didn't take theirs." "And that's a nice Christian priniple to go upon!" she cried. "Well, how do you purpose to avoid

"Murder's one thing and prevention's mother. You admit that, don't you?"

"Of course

"And they've just as much right to their lives as we to ours. People will ecognize that some day. They're slowly walking up now. One by one innocent and helpless lives are being proected. It began with the earliest humanitarians who made slaves instead of sacrifices of prisoners of war, and t's only just reached dumb animals after all these thousands of years! But it's the tendency of the age, and I'm only just a very little in advance of Your children will hold views you think absurd, and look on you as a savage, probably even as a murderer. And

earth will be one huge paradise!" "Dut if the creatures are not to kill ach other, what will they live on?" "Vegetables," she said triumphantly.

some day there will be universal rec-

ognition of the universal law, and the

And much healthier, too!" "But vegetables have organic life, oo, and by-and-by, no doubt, we shall find out that they have consciousness and all the rest of it."

"Then perhaps some chemical—you confuse me——". And there was a vacant, struggling, baffed look in her eye that I did not remember to have seen

She looked so distressed that I wanted to do nothing but make her comfortable again. "You didn't tell me what your pre-

entlon was to be," I said. She brightened up like a coal alight in a draught, and turned to her opening address in the book.

Oh, rational clothing and pure food and good air and avoiding contagion." "But let us be logical, dear lady," I said invitingly, "I can't see that you have any right either to deprive them of sustenance and prevent them from propagating their kind if they wish very painful to them?"

She was silent. Her eyebrows went up in a three-cornered sort of way, and made puzzled creases in all directions.

"My dear, I wish you hadn't suggested that," she said at last. shall hardly know how to act."

"And you must remember they live only by killing the good germs in you which have every bit as much right o live as they." She looked startled and passed her

hand over her forehead. "Q-quite so," she murmered

"And the good ones don't take peoples lives and the bad ones do. And we've no right," I said, going back to grown-up tones, "since you take your stand on right to let our fellow creatures be murdered by them.' She looked at me frightened.

"They say I can see only one side of a thing at a time," she said in a mournful confusion, very pathetic, 'and I hadn't thought of all that!" She looked at me hopelessly bewildered and distressed and dropped her hands in such a miserable, abandoned way that I passed abruptly to the curate's latest twins.

As I said good bye she smiled sadly at me until the kissing-crust was a mass of worried creases, and said: "My dear, I wish you hadn't made that suggestion!"

But when I ran back two minutes later for my sunshade, she had got out the orange book again and was reading happily in it her eloquent setting forth of the aims of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Germs and her face was slowly turning again to peaceful and benevolent kissingcrust. And her niece, Daisy, who lived with her, looked at her and then smiled at me, as though she and I shared some amusing secret about the woman. I stared back coldly

and Daisy, reddening, looked away.
For a week or so I saw nothing of Then one day she came down to me and stood in the middle of the som with her hands spread out and her beady eyes glittering with emotion. "Daisy's got diphtheria," was all she

And I waited. "And Rudolf, the man she's engaged o, you know, says it's all my fault He says if she dies, I shall have killed Oh, he's been saying such awful things to me!" She clasped her poor little hands to her poor, big head, "Oh, he makes me so bewildered and confused. And he does nothing but ramp and stamp about the house. I told I merely gasped, and she laid down him he was mad and should be locked up, and he said I was. And he said it was no good saying anything more,

and I said there was a great deal more But, however, it ended to be said. there. And it isn't my fault. I know it isn't. I never brought a loose germ into the house. Not a single on assure you, my dear. And I'd rather' -she hesitated and made a big swallow and then dashed bravely on-"I'd rather kill a million germs all myself than have Daisy die. But, oh, I'm so torn in two! It's so nice to think of them having a really good meal, you know-

such a healthy girl; but then to think of her suffering!" "How do you mean a loose germ?"

asked. She'avoided my eye. "Say,"I said.

"Well, I had some shut-up ones sent for the society. thought, perhaps-well, I don't know what I thought I could do with them.

at them with a microscope; and then, at last, it seemed such a shame to keep them shut up. They must have hated it so, you know, my dear. So I let them loose in the garden.' She said it so realistically that I seemed to see a litter of pupples tumbled all anyhow out of a basket. "I thought, perhays, my dear, down in the country they might change their habits and live on vegetables."

She smiled at me, a deprecatory, trembling little smile, "You know you haven't found yet

that vegetables have consciousness," she added. "What kind of germs were there?"

asked, sternly.

she answered in "Diphtheretic," faint voice and looking down. I said nothing. What could one say "I don't know how they got at her,"

she said, despairingly. "But it proves one thing-that humanity is their proper food, and that they must have she added reflectively. "I suppose you have a doctor?"

asked, hardly knowing what to say, while she stood there with her head thoughtfully on one side, abstractly pulling at her gloves which were half an inch longer than her fingers. "I think it was very clever of them."

she murmured in a kind of subduedlyreckless triumph—"in all that garden!" I asked again

"Oh, yes, Rudolf got some one from London. And he's not only doing something to her," she said, vaguely, "but to the garden! I think he might have saved her and spared them. I wanted to prevent him, but Rudolf wouldn't let me speak to him."

And she went away in a dazed state. I believed she realized far more that the germs were being destroyed than that Daisy was in danger. She always felt that human beings must be all right, there were so many people to look after thom.

I went often to inquire after Daisy who never did anything wrong and began to get well at once; but one day when I arrived there was nobody Nobody answered the bell, so about. I walked in at the open door and went to the dining-room and drawing-room, They were empty. In the passage I met an alarmed maid.

I turned straight up the stairs to her room. She was alone, a queer little bony body in a queer little uncom-

"Oh, please, 'm," she gasped, "the

fortable box of a bed. She smiled enouragingly at me. "Isn't it odd" she said in a husky, "I can get over the oddness of it."

"It's much more important for you

to get over it," I said stupidly. 'We'll see about that," she answered with an indescribably wise, roguish

the bottom of her bed and looked at her as severely as I could. She chuckled. There was something about that hearse, painful little chuckle that made me turn away and gulp.

"What do you mean?" I stood at

'Well," she said, a word or two at a time, "I don't mind telling you. They injected serum, of course. I couldn't prevent that anyway, but I take and do only half of what the doctor tells ne. It gives them and me equal chances, you see. That's only fair,

I nodded. I couldn't speak. I wanted to kiss her or slap her, I didn't know

which. "At first I thought I'd not do anything to hurt them, and then I remembered what you said about good germs, and remembered there was a great deal more work I wanted to do in the world. to. And surely death by starvation is and so I thought I'd take half! And nurse is so angry."

It took her a long time to say all that, and brought tears into her eyes with the pain of it. I found out from the nurse afterward that the doctor had also ideas, and ordered her to "take and do," as she called it, exactly twice as much as was necessary.

"And." she struggled on after a little, with that magnificent illogicainess of hers which might have been such a solace to her if she had only appreciated it, "I should like to die for my faith. Every new cause demands at least a martyr, you know!"

The next day she was much weaker. "I wonder," she croaked at great intervals almost inaudably with a faint flicker of a smile. "I wonder if all the germs will die when I die, or how long it will take to kill them. It seems rather a shabby sort of thing to do, to go and die and kill them all. doesn't it?"

I had my hand on hers and the only answer I could make was to squeeze it in a dumb, stupid way. All at once she feebly snatched it

back "Go there to the window," she said; go as far away as you can, but listen. want to tell you something." I listened and by and by came the

hoarse, whirring, distressing speech. this," she said, and her discolored little face worked with the anguish of effort around those shining bends of eyes. "If it hadn't been for all those dear, despised things to love, I should have gone mad-mad I tell you, my dear!" I murmered something.

And then all at once in heart-breaking haste she made shift to cry: "Oh. my dear, love something. If it kills you, it is better than not to have loved I turned and saw the light of her

"I have been happy," she croaked in

agony; "such a happy life-so-full-And then she choked horribly and the nurse came flying and sent me from her. And I never heard her speak again.

The next day when I went she was dead. Three days afterward her funeral went by, I stood behind the blinds drawn down over the open window and listened to the slow wheels. "The mad old maid!" I heard a con-

emptuous voice say in the road below -Constance Cotterell in Temple Bar,

HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS.

Model Government Institution at Bombay, India. From the Scientific American.

Orientals are proverbially obstinate and it takes long time and much pa tience to make them believe in ideas which emanate from the west. For example, horses are rarely seen running loose in a field in India, "because horses," says a native, "always have been tied up and they must always be tied up." This obstinate clinging to tradition is the cause of much of the oriental indifference to suffering. The Bai Sakarbai Petit Hospital for Animals seems one of the most remarkable examples of the manner in which, by slow degrees, western civilization has influenced the orient. The hospital is situated near the government house at Parel, Bombay. It was founded in 1883 by Sir Dinshaw M. Petit, Bart., a Parsee mill owner, and was folmeally opened in 1884 by Lord Dufferin. The hospital occupies ar harmful to you, things that you hate! And I kept them for days, and looked area of 40,000 square yards of ground

and there are about forty buildings, large and small, on the premises. The entrance gateway and the large fountain in the center are excellent examples of Indian architecture. The native cotton and grain merchants and mill owners of Bombay have organized a system of voluntary taxation upon the import and export of grain and seeds, and on the sale of cotton to the local spinning and weaving mills, by which the sum of 40,000 rupees a year is collected for the maintenance of the institution. There is also a large endowment, the interest of which is devoted to the current expenses of the

There are five cattle wards, two horse wards, one dog ward, a consultation ward, a forge shop, a dispensary, post-mortem and dissecting room, a chemical laboratary, a patho-bacteriological laboratory and a veterinary college is connected with the hospital. The college is maintained at the expenses of the government. At the hospital there is accommodation for 200 head of cattle, sixty horses and twenty dogs.

The hospital is the most unique of its kind in the world and animals belonging to poor owners of the public carts and conveyances plying for hire are treated free of charge. A nominal fee is levied for feeding the inpa-The splendid manner in which tients. the whole hospital is arranged and run is an object lesson to the countries of the west.

NIAGARA'S NEW BRIDGE.

A Structure to Be Erected at Historic Queenston Heights.

rom the Philadelphia Record. From the materials which comprised the old suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, which has recently given way to a larger and more pretentious span structure, another bridge will be reared over the same stream some distance

The towers and approaches of the ew bridge have been completed and all is ready for the stringing of the cables and the erection of the iron. The site will be on the site near the village of Lewiston, N. Y., and the quaint old town of Queenston, Ont. where in 1850-'51 a suspension bridge was built to connect the Lewiston mountain with the historic Queenston Heights, into the soil of which the blood of the brave Canadian, General Brock soaked when he fell mortally wounded The old bridge was many years ahead of the profitable demands of the times and when it was destroyed it was never afterwards rebuilt.

In the matter of location the new bridge will adhere closely to the old bridge. From tower to tower the span will be a little over 1,000 feet, while the span of the suspended portion of the bridge will be about 200 feet. The outside width of the bridge will be 28 feet, and the roadway will have a width of 25 feet. This width of floor will afford room for single trolley car track laid through the center, with space on either side for teams to pass abreast. In the construction of the bridge about 800 tons of metal will be used, and the cables will weigh all of 200 tons. The strength of the bridge will be great enough to afford safe passage for the heaviest of electric cars in addition to a uniformly distributed load of 40 pounds to the square foot over the whole structure,

The height of the new bridge above the water will be about 70 feet, and those familiar with the former suspension bridges at the falls will recognize that this is quite a different condition from the bridges that made the Niagara gorge famous for its display of engineering talent. The old bridges the cliffs, whereas the new bridge will swing midway between the tops of the banks and the waters of the river. This has necessitated the construction of long approaches on either side to afford facilities for trolley cars and carriages reaching the bridge. The electric lines now operating at the water's edge on the New York side and on top of the bluff on the Canadian side will make connection with the bridge. An electric road now runs across the upper steel arch of the falls, and there remains but a final link to be provided for before it will be possible to make the trip about the gorge in a troiley car, and thus still more effectively relegate the Niagara hackman to a rear seat. The bridge will be completed and opened for next summer's travel to the

The wrecking of the old bridge forms one of the important events in the history of the Niagara region. Early in the year 1864 a mighty mass of ice came down the Niagara river from Lake Erie. The floe as it passed down the upper river and over the falls commanded much attention, and the owners of the bridge at Lewiston were fearful for the safety of their structure, for the guys were anchored just above high-water mark. Orders were issued to loosen the guys and lift them up out of the way of the icy mass in its passage to Lake Ontario. This was done. The ice jam went out, and no damage was done. The guys were not reanchored and a fierce gale swept down the Niagara chasm with great force. It caught the bridge full on the side and soon it was swinging back and forth. About 11 o'clock on the morning of Monday, February 1, 1864, it gave a mighty surge, and then th greater part of the bridge proper fell into the river below. It was a complete wreck. There was no encourage ment to rebuild. Back and forth th old cables swung for years, until a last they were cut away and allowed to plunge itno the river, where, thirtyfour years before, the other portions of the structure had found a grave.

THE MINISTER PLAYS GOLF.

It's a noble game, an elegant game!" The Minister said to me. As he took his stand with his club in While he smiled most cheerfully.

"Just waich me drive, it's an easy five!"
And he moulded a two-inch tee; But he missed it clean-"That's awfully The Minister said to me.

The greatest thing is an easy swing And a carry through," said he; then he slammed the ground— "Well, I'll be bound The Minister said to me.

This turf is soft, so I think I'll loft." The Minister said to me; But he struck the wall and he lost his "That's very hard luck!" said he.

He reached the green in about sixteen, "But it might be worse," said he: Then he hit his foot in a six-inch put-"Provoking!" said he to me.

Now, I've heard strange talk in that three-mile walk, And I've heard men foozle and miss; But not in years has there reached my A collection that equalled this.

TAJE MAKE NO PROMISES that we cannot fulfill; we make no exaggerations concerning values, nor overstatements concerning qualities, at

OUR GREAT ALL DAY

WE GIVE YOU the actual every-day selling price of every item and the special selling price for Friday. We tell you candidly and honestly that in no other store on any day can goods of equal value be bought for the same money. All we ask is that you come and see for yourself. Friday from 10 until 6 o'clock.

Friday Sale Strictly All-Wool Carpets

Double extra super and strictly all-wool Ingrain Carpets, in a beautiful range of patterns and colors. Not a yard of similar carpet has ever sold under 60c. On Friday only

500 Baskets of Groceries, worth \$1.61; on Friday only

Each basket contains one pound coffee, worth 25c; one-half pound mixed tea. 25c; 4 pounds oat meal, 12c; one-half pound pepper, 8c; one can corn, 9c; one tomatoes, 9c; one can peas, 9c: 3 pounds starch, 15c; one can baking powder, 10c; I package Prosperity Washing Powder, 5c; 2 pounds prunes, 16c; I package corn starch. 8c; I basket, 10c. See them in the window. Friday only.....

Tremendous Offerings of White Nainsooks for Friday

The chance of the season. 3,500 yards of white nainsooks, in small and medium checks. These are mill ends direct from the manufacturer, and in full pieces would be worth 8 cents a yard. Friday.....

High Class Wash Goods Unusually Cheap for Friday

Right now, when you need it. And Friday, too, when you can surely come. Your choice of all our fine 121/2c dress ginghams in newest effects; also our entire stock of 121/2c and 15c dimities. all this season's goods, remember. Friday only

8c Cup and Saucer for 5c

Large white granite cup and sales ways sells for 8c set. Take them on Fri-

Castile Soap and Wash Cloth 7c

Full size cake of Castile Soap, purest kind,

wrapped in Turkish wash cloth, worth 12c. Friday

Another Fabulously Low Priced Sale of Fine Ribbons

Miles and miles of pretty ribbons. All of the finest silk taffeta. All colors, including black and white. Newest season's shades. Widths 435 and 5 inches. At any ordinary time you'd pay anybody from 25c to 35. On Friday only.....

Friday Sale of Men's and Women's \$1.00 Umbrellas

Full 26 inch in size. Covered in finest quality of English Gloria, solid paragon frames with steel rods. Fancy curled wood handles—some with silver tips. Worth \$1.00 each—never sold here under 89c and 98c. Take them away Friday at......

Ladies' Fine Silk Gloves—An Offering Extraordinary

The "Kayser" brand, known the world over as the very best Silk Gloves. All colors, also black and white. The three button kind. Patent finger tips. Not a pair has ever been sold in any store under 50c. Any shade you want Friday for......

Handsome White Bureau Scarfs as a Friday Bargain

Marseilles pattern. The very newest. Full two yards long and handsomely fringed. Just the thing for light summer bureau coverings. Worth 18c. Take them Friday only at.....

Ladies' White Muslin Gowns, Empire Style—Very Cheap

Made of the very choicest muslin. Cut full. Empire style. Trimmed with ruffles of embroidery. Some have embroidered inserting across corsage. Worth 49c any day. On Friday only.....

White Cotton Ribbed Vests for Ladies—Newest Goods

Cotton ribbed yests. Not the ordinary kind but very choice. Intervening rows; wide and narrow. Silk tape and lace at neck and sleeves. Never sold under 121/2c. Friday only.....

Basement Things That Ought to Crowd the Department

See window. You'll come then. A car load of goods for this Friday. Rockingham Teapots, 1. 2 and 3 quart size, worth 19c to 24c; Yellow Mixing Bowls, 2 to 8 quart size, worth 19c; also a large assortment of 2 quart Pitchers, oval and round Potato Dishes, Platters, etc., worth 19c. Your choice on Friday

Great Sale of Ladies' Fine Oxford Ties

See them in window. 400 pairs of fine vici kid Oxford Ties in black and dark russet. Every new style of toe-English, Lenox, Broadway and Paris Opera last. Kid and vesting tops. Sizes 21/2 to 8. Widths D. E and EE. Also Common Sense toe. None ever sold under \$1.45. Many were \$2. Your choice Friday