Right at Last

"Leave it as it is," said his lordship. "It seems tolerably solid, and not disposed to melt or run away. It has been left so long to its own devices that it may well be left a little longer. Is there a night train to London, do you know?"

"Yes, my lord," said Mr. Craddock, and he lugged an immense turnip-faced watch from his pocket. "In an hour or so; I am going by it!"

"Then you have no time to lose," said his lordship, with a nod which meant "Go!" as plainly as any words. "Good-night!"

Mr. Craddock, dumbfounded by his lordship's coolness, bowed and mumbled out a "good night" and shuffled quickly past Joan, and down the steps.

Joan, with her heart beating, waited to see what the earl would do. She hoped that he, too, would remember that there was no time to lose, and would follow the old man, but instead the earl began to pace up and down, then he stopped within a few inches of her hiding-place, and, leaning against the carved lion, took out another cigar.

Presently, to her immense relief, with a sigh, the earl fastened his ulster, and straightening himself, marched slowly away.

Joan waited until his tall form had disappeared round the corner, then sprang from her ambush, and fled down the steps.

She had scarcely reached the bottom when she heard a voice behind her call out firmly and gravely, "Stop, please!" and turning round saw the earl standing in the middle of the terrace, looking at her with a strange smile.

For a moment Joan's heart stood still, and she looked first in one direction and then the other, like a frightened fawn, as if trying to decide which way to fly. Then, with the sudden impulse of maidenly dignity, she drew herself up, and stood perfectly still.

The earl came toward her slowly, and raised his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in his grave, musical tones. "I am afraid I startled you."

Joan, keeping her face turned from the moonlight, shook her head.

"No," she said, in a low voice, and prepared to go on; but the earl bowed.

"Will you be so good as to tell me where I shall find the caretaker of this place?" he asked.

Joan, still with averted face, pointed to a small building at the end of the house.

"There!" she replied.

"Thanks!" he said, gravely. "Probably you are her daughter?"

"No, I am not," said Joan.

As she spoke he moved slightly, so as to see her face, and a momentary expression of surprise and interest shone in his eyes as they rested upon hers.

"I beg your pardon again," he said, slowly. "I thought that the fact of your being here at this time in the evening warranted my conjecture. Please forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," said Joan. "Those are the caretaker's rooms!" and, with an inclination of the head, she was going to take flight again, but, womanlike, she stopped to add, "I—often come here. The place is usually deserted, and I did not know anyone would be here to-night."

"I quite understand," he said, his eyes fixed on hers. "You were coming to see the view, and my presence has alarmed you. Do not let me drive you away. I am a stranger here and am now going. Please remain!" and he turned as if to leave her.

Joan paused. She abhorred a falsehood, and to let him go under the impression that she had only just arrived was more than her conscience would permit. She opened her lips to make a full confession of her eavesdropping, when he spoke first and interrupted her.

"Perhaps it is I who ought to give some explanation of my presence here," he said, courteously. "My name is Villiars, and I have inherited the place. Not having seen it for many years, I came down to take a look at it and try and decide whether I liked it sufficiently well to live in it."

"I know," said Joan, nerving herself. "I—I have been here some time, my lord. I was on the terrace when the old gentleman—Mr. Craddock, he called himself—came out of the house. I was frightened, and—and hid behind that lion. I would have gone," she went on, hurriedly, "but—I am ashamed to say I did not. I am very sorry. It is only right I should tell you——"

"It is not necessary,' he said, with a smile. "I knew you were there," and he pointed to her late hiding-place.

"You know I was there all the time—and—and—you allowed me to remain?"

"Please reflect before you censure me. What was I to do? I am, so to speak, the host here; a lady was honoring me by paying my property a visit; I had no right to object or to disturb her."

"And you purposely permitted me to—to hear all——"

"Why not?" he said. "We talked of no secrets. Again, what could I do? If I had spoken to you, Mr. Craddock would have been aware of your presence, and I think that would not have been pleasant for you!"

"I beg your pardon," she said, in a low, hurried voice. "I see now, you were considerate. I—I am grateful!"

"Oh, no," he said, gently; "there is no cause for that."

"Good-night," said Joan, swiftly, and she turned to hurry away.

"Good——will you wait one other moment?" he said.

Joan would have given much to have shaken her head and fled homeward, but there was something, an indefinable tone of command in the masterful voice, gentle as it was, that made her stop against her will.

"You spoke of gratitude," he said. "I do not acknowledge that there should be any. Will you repay me for my—what shall I say—consideration?" and he laughed grimly.

Joan turned her eyes upon him questionnigly, and taking her silence and her look as consent, he said:

"You heard me tell Mr. Craddock that I was quite undecided as to my future movements? I am still undecided. Will you help me to arrive at a decision?"

"I!" exclaimed Joan, knitting her brows.

"Yes. Who could be better fitted to help me? We are strangers, and you will be what no friend knew me could be, impartial and unprejudiced. I will not detain you long. Will you come up to the terrace?"

Joan stood for a moment uncertain.

Lord Villiars watched her, a curious interested expression in his dark eyes.

"My reason for asking you to return to the terrace is a twofold one," he said; "one can see the view from there, and is sheltered from the wind."

Joan moved forward, but did not avail herself of the hand which he extended to help her up the steps.

"You are very good," he said. "Do you mind my smoking?"

Joan shook her head.

"Thanks; but first will you, please, let me give you my coat. It is cold up here!" and he took off his ulster.

"No, no!" said Joan, a quick flush rising to her face. "I am quite warm."

"And it is right that you should keep so," he said, firmly, and he held out the coat to put it around her.

Joan put up her hands hurriedly to take it from him, but in his quiet, self-possessed manner he wrapped it round her, and indicating the wooden bench, waited until Joan had seated herself; then he half sat, half lounged on the balustrade above her, and looked down at her for a moment in silence.

The moonlight fell full upon her face and lit up every line of it. In that moment there flashed upon Lord Villiars the consciousness that he had never seen a more beautiful girl; in the next, that this girl with the face of an Aphrodite must be one far and away beyond the common run of women, to be sitting there so calmly and quietly, so self-possessed, so confidant in her innocence and maidenly dignity.

The thought "gave him pause," and he found himself dwelling upon her face in a deep study, until, warned by a sudden upward glance of the lovely gray eyes, he roused himself and said:

"See how much you have spared yourself and me by the accident which compelled you to hear a part of my story. Miss—I beg your pardon, I do not know your name."

"My name is Joan——" she murmured, with a calm innocence, which smote him so that he stopped her.

"Stop!" he said quickly; "I have no right to ask you that question! You shall not tell me! You may wish when you come to consider the circumstances, that we should remain strangers until we are properly introduced. You shall not tell me your name!"

"As you please, my lord!"

He glanced down at her thoughtfully.

"You have heard me tell Mr. Craddock how I came to own this," and he waved his hand toward the Wold, "and that I am now a rich man. Most persons, like Mr. Craddock, would imagine that I should be only too anxious to enter into possession and enjoyment of the good things which fortune, in the shape of the late Earl of Arrowfield, had given me. But possession and enjoyment, Miss Joan—I may call you so, may I not?"

Joan nodded, without taking her eyes from the distant sea.

"Thanks. Possession and enjoyment do not always go together. I have been a very poor man, for one in my position! I have led a life——" He stopped, as if he had suddenly remembered that he was speaking to a young girl—"a life of change and movement. I have always been a wanderer, and I know if I tried to settle down here, that before a month had passed the wandering fit would come upon me, and I should have to take up my staff and plod the weary road again, in search of that forgetfulness which, like the Jew, I should seek in vain."

There was silence for a moment, then he went on:

"If I am right in my conjecture, why disturb the place? —why produce the fuss and bustle to no good purpose? On the other hand, one owes a duty to one's position—you were going to tell me, Miss Joan?" Joan looked up with a slight start. "And one should consider the happiness of others before one's own. The people here—they are my people now, I suppose—tell me what are they like? You live here, you know them?"

"Yes," said Joan softly. She felt bewildered, like a person in a mesmeric trance. "Yes, I live here, I know them all. They would be glad if you stayed —I think—I do not know," she said, putting her hand to her brow. "Why you should not be happy here?"

"Ah!" he said, with a strange smile. "It is easy for you to ask! You have friends, a father and mother whom you lov——"

Joan's face paled.

"I have no father nor mother," she said, without looking at him, "and few friends, save these fisher people."

He looked down at her with a warmer light in his eyes.

"Forgive me! I ought not to have said that! You, too, are alone in the world, Miss Joan?"

Joan forced a smile.

"Very nearly, my lord," she said.

He watched her thoughtfully.

"And you are happy?"

Joan was silent for a moment.

"Yes, I am happy," she said. "Or nearly so," she added with a faint laugh. "Why should I not be? But we are speaking of myself now, and that is wasting time. You have not decided yet."

He started; the speech conveyed to his mind in an instant her intense loneliness and unselfishness.

"Yes, yes," he said, quickly. "I beg your pardon. No! I have not decided. You shall decide for me, please. If you say stay, I will stay; if you say go, I will go, once and for all."

Joan began to unfasten her ulster with trembling fingers.

"You are jesting," she began.

"No, I am quite serious," he said. "If you had not happened to have been here, I should have arrived at the decision by the spinning of a coin—in common language, I should have tossed up for it. You shall decide in a more poetic fashion."

"I——" began Joan, and then she dropped the ulster on the bench; "I cannot do so. I ought not to have stayed and listened to you, my lord," and she drew her hood over her head hurriedly with trembling fingers.

"Why not?" he said, as if he were calmly arguing the matter; "you are quite impartial and unprejudiced. It does not matter a straw to you whether I go or stay; whether we are neighbors—as I suppose we should be near neighbors?—or whether you never set eyes on me again."

Joan was silent.

"That is so, is it not?" he urged.

Joan raised her eyes to his. Of course it could not matter; and yet something within her innocent, guiless mind made the words difficult.

At last, with an effort, she smiled up at him.

"No; it does not matter at all to me, my lord."

He inclined his head.

"Nor to a living soul," he said, grimly; "you have decided for me, after all. I shall go."

A sudden pang of disappointment smote Joan's heart, why she knew not, and she turned to go.

"Good night, my lord," she said, quite gravely.

"Good-by it must be," he said flinging his cigar away. "Good-by, Miss Joan. May the gods send you all the happiness that I wish you!"

He held her small hand in his for a moment, looking into the lovely eyes upturned to him, then she walked quickly away.

"Some men would stay," he mused, slowly—"stay and see if anything came of this petite comedy in the moonlight. Could one desire a sweeter face, a more bewitching—no, no!" and he bit his lip impatiently. "I have done with all that. Womankind and I have said a long farewell. Poor child! Alone, save for the sea and wild birds! How troubled she looked when I pressed her. It was foolish; it was worse, and yet I could not help it. Never mind; never mind, I shall not trouble her again. Good-by, Miss Joan! You have come across my life to show me what kind of happiness might have been possible a few years back! But now"—with a exclamation of regret or wistful longing—which?—he turned and walked towards the town of Redstaple, the lights of which gleamed fitfully from the hollow behind the house.

CHAPTER IV.

Joan walked until she was out of sight of the eyes she knew were watching her from the terrace, then she quickened her pace until it nearly a run, and reached the Elms breathless.

The door was open as she had left it, and as she entered quietly she could hear the two girls chattering still in the drawing-room.

She paused for a moment at the door, then with a strange feeling of shyness, took the candle from the hall table and went to her own room.

"Good-by, Miss Joan," rang in her ears and mingled with her dreams when at last she fell asleep, and visions of the Wold, the tall figure standing regarding it with grave, careless regard.

She knew that she looked pale in the morning, before the two girls, with that cheerful readiness to make unpleasant remarks, called her attention to it at the breakfast table.

"Why, Joan, you look as if you had seen a ghost!" said Julia, amiably. "Don't she, Em?"

"She looks as if she had caught a severe cold, which would be only the natural consequence of wandering about the cliffs in such weather as last night," said Emmeline.

"I only hope you won't catch one of these fevers they are always having down in the village!" remarked Julia with sudden alarm.

"That is not at all likely," Joan said. "I am quite well."

Emmeline was about to speak again, when the colonel entered.

There was no trace of the smile upon his countenance, and his eye gleamed viciously all round.

"Why, papa!" began Julia, when he stopped her with a snarl.

"If there is anything I hate, it is that eternal 'Why, papa!' and I can't stand it this morning. I have had quite enough to upset me already! Lord Villiars isn't coming!"

"Not coming!" echoed both of them aghast. "It isn't true."

"Yes, it is," he said, gloomily. 'It seems that he was here last night."

"Last night!" echoed Julia, in amazement.

Joan bent over her toast.

"Yes," continued the colonel, tugging at his mustache. "Came down here on the quiet, without telling anyone. I heard it from Jones, at the inn. He drove him from Redstaple yesterday evening, and took him back again to catch the night train. Gave Jones a five-pound note, and told him that he could keep the change until he saw him next time, which would probably be never."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the girls.

"Yes. It appears —for Heaven's sake, Joan, put that bread down; if there is anything I hate it is the smell of burnt bread—it appears that he went to the Wold and stayed there for an hour or more, and took a dislike to it. Anyhow, he has evidently given up all idea of living in Deercombe, and there's an end to it."

"Never mind," said Julia, in a low voice; "there's still the ball. I suppose we may go, papa."

The colonel glared at them.

"What on earth do I care? Yes, go if you like. You are always worrying about something."

His glance lit upon Joan, and knowing that the suggestion would irritate the other two more than anything else he could devise, he added:

"'Pon my soul, I think you are the most selfish girls I ever heard of! You think of nobody but yourselves. What about Joan? Why isn't she to go?"

Joan looked up quietly.

"I do not care to go," she said, gently.

"Nonsense!" said the colonel, abruptly; "every girl wants to go to a ball. If they go, you shall go, and there's an end of it."

Joan smiled faintly.

"I cannot go," she said; "I have no dress."

"No dress!" said the colonel, and his face flushed; "get one, then. Julia's got some money—I gave it to her yesterday. Let Joan have a dress—do you hear?" and sticking his hat on, he stalked out, leaving a silence behind him more eloquent than words.

Joan broke the silence at last.

"Indeed I do not want to go," she said; 'I shall find quite enough amusement in helping you with your dresses and hearing all about it. I will tell Colonel Oliver that I would rather stay at home."

Julia shook her head.

"You ought to know papa by this time," she said, coldly. "If he has made up his mind—and I am sure he has—that you are to go, all the talking in the world won't dissuade him. There will be three unmarried girls from the Elms, that's all," and she laughed spitefully. "Well, you had better see about your dress; if you are going to help us I don't know how you are going to get your own done."

"I shall only want something very simple," said Joan; "and perhaps I shall not go, after all."

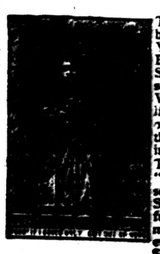
But the colonel had evidently made up his mind, and on the night of the Redstaple Ball she came down from her room ready dressed.

She had chosen a cream-colored nun's cloth—the despised cream color—but the moment the two girls saw it they envied it.

For all their elaborate flouncings and plentiful supply of lace, their costumes looked dowdy beside Joan's plain frock, with nothing but a simple red blossom from one of her flowers to relieve it.

(To Be Continued.)

"FOR GOD'S SAKE DO SOMETHING"



This cry is answered in a new book "Fighting the Traffic in Young Girls" by Ernest A. Bell, U.S. District Attorney Sims and others. The most sensational indictment of the White Slave Trade ever published. It tells how thousands of young girls are lured from their homes annually and sold into a life of sin and shame. The Cincinnatti Inquirer says "Of all the books of the season the War on the White Slave Trade is the most helpful; it should be read by every man, woman and child." Agents are making from $8.00 to $27.00 a day selling this book. Over 900 pages. Many Pictures. Price $1.50. Best terms to agents. Outfit free. Send 15c. for forwarding charges. Book sent to any address post paid upon receipt of price. The J. L. NICHOLS Co. Limited, Publishers, Toronto

WHY SUFFER FROM PILES?

Zam-Buk gives certain ease.

Friction on veins (the hemorrhoid veins) that are swollen, inflamed and gorged with blood, is what causes the terrible pain and stinging and smarting of piles. Zam-Buk applied at night will be found to give ease before morning. Thousands of persons have proved this. Why not be guided by the experience of others? Mrs. Thomas Pearson, of Prince Albert, Sask., writes: "I must thank you for the benefit I have received from the use of Zam-Buk. Last summer I suffered greatly from piles. I started to use Zam-Buk and found it gave me relief, so I continued it and after using three or four boxes I am pleased to say it has effected a complete cure."

Mr. G. A. Dufresne, 183-185 St. Joseph Street, St. Roch, Quebec, P. Q., writes: "I can highly recommend Zam-Buk to everyone who suffers from piles."

Magistrate Sanford, of Weston, King's Co., N. S., says: "I have suffered long from itching piles, but Zam-Buk has now cured me.

Mr. William Kenty, of Upper Nine Mile River, Hants Co., N. S., says: "I suffered terribly from piles, the pain at times being almost unbearable. I tried various ointments, but everything I tried failed to do me the slightest good. I was tired of trying various reemdies when I heard of Zam-Buk, and thought as a last resource I would give this balm a trial. I procured a supply and commenced with the treatment. After a very short time Zam-Buk effected what several other ointments and medicines had failed to do—a complete cure."

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for skin injuries and diseases, eczema, ulcers, varicose veins, cuts, burns, bruises, chaps, cold sores, etc. 50c box all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful imitations.

WHOLE FAMILY WAS AFFLICTED

But Dodd's Kidney Pills Restored All to Perfect Health.

Father, Mother and Daughter After Years of Suffering Are Made Healthy and Happy by Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

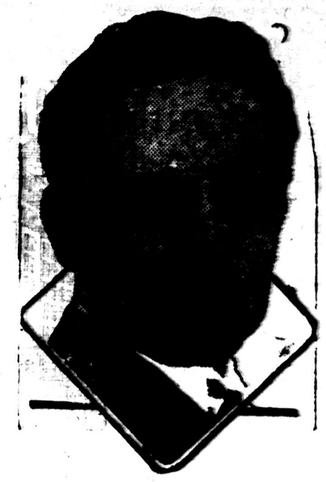
St. Leon Standon, Dorchester Co., Que., Oct. 10.— (Special) —That Dodd's Kidney Pills have no equal as a family medicine is proved conclusively by the statement of Mr. George Lacasse, a well-known resident of this place. His statement given for publication is:

"For twelve years I had pains in the small of my back. My head would ache and my muscles would cramp. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me.

"My wife was troubled with Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

"My little girl had nervous trouble. She was so bad that she could not keep her hands and feet quiet. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her."

Is it any wonder that Mr. Lacasse is shouting the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He has learned through experience as have thousands of other Canadians that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Kidney Disease no matter where it appears, or in what form it is found. Dodd's Kidney Pills should always find a place in the family medicine chest.



DR. KARL LIEBKNECHT.

Washington, D. C.—Dr. Karl Liebknecht, Social-Democratic member of the German Reichstag, son of Wm. Liebknecht, is coming to America in October to tell us about anti-militarism, a movement spreading rapidly in Europe. The battle against war is being waged with as much fierceness and determination as any battle in war.

Liebknecht recently spent 18 months in prison because the government of the Kaiser (war lord by divine grace) objected to his book which calls war murder. Here's what the anti-militarists think about war:

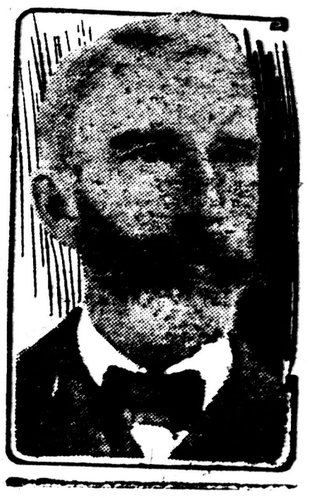
In nearly every case, they say, war arises from the clash of th ecommercial ambitions of rival capitalists, not of interest to the great mass of the people. But these capitalists are unwilling to risk their own skins, so they must persuade workingmen, who have no interest in the bone of contention, to do the fighting. Then jingo papers controlled by these interests excite the people into a war frenzy miscalled "patriotic" to distract them from the settlement of pressing social problems.

Wars kill the surplus men and destroy or use up the surplus product. This, declare the anti-war men, delays the solution of the problem of poverty and unemployment due to defects in the industrial system, which capitalists think it is not to their interest to change. Hence, all workingmen, of all nations, should refuse to bear arms except when their country is actually invaded by a foreign foe. They should refuse to do any work on armaments. If war is declared, the anti-militarists thank the workingmen of both countries involved should declare a simultaneous general strike, thus cutting off supplies and making war impossible. Only in this way will peace come, they say, as Hague conferences are not sincere.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. - - - 25 cents.

NO FLAWS IN SUFFRAGE, SAYS WYOMING COVERNOR.



GOV. B. B. BROOKS.

Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, historian of the American woman suffrage movement, said the other day that the movement was at last going forward in this country, because men had come to its rescue. Mrs. Harper declared that many of her sex didn't want to advocate anything of which the men did not approve.

The latest male person to step forward and wave the yellow banner is the chivalrous Gov. Bryant B. Brooks, of Wyoming, one of the four states where women vote.

"It is so much a matter of course with me that I never think of discussing it," says Gov. Brooks. "I have never heard any man in our section point out any flaws in the system. It works perfectly with us, we all approve of it, we see its good results, and we would not know how to get along without it.

"In the first place, let me say that nothing can be so far from the truth as the idea that woman suffrage has the slightest tendency to disrupt the home. Indeed, it has a very opposite effect. As a result of it politics is talked freely in the family circle, and political questions are settled by intelligent discussion.

"This has a great and good influence on the growing generation. The children grow up in an atmosphere that encourages intelligent consideration and debate of public problems and are this better equipped to deal with public questions when they reach voting age."

The Church Family Newspaper observes: "Perhaps some of our readers have not heard the following story about Mme. Antoinette Sterlings, which Miss Jackson retells in 'The Life That is Life Indeed.'" In 1874 the famous singer was summoned to Osborne to sing to Queen Victoria, but was in a dificulty, as, with her Quaker upbringing, she could not consent to wear a low dress. This was represented to the Queen, who at once sent a kind message that she was to wear what she liked."

WOMAN'S HEALTH WHEN FORTY-FIVE

A Critical Period When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a Real Blessing.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely the finest medicine that ever a woman took. At special periods a woman needs a medicine to regulate her blood supply or her life will be a round of pain and suffering. It is at such times that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold, for they make new, rich blood, that banish the secret symptoms of distress that only women and growing girls know. They strengthen every vital organ for its special task, and bring rosy cheeks and shapely forms that tell of womanly health and happiness. Mrs. Richard Lobb, Red Deer, Alta., says: "At that critical period in my life known as the change I suffered so much that I hardly hoped to pull through. I doctored for months, but did not get any relief, and I grew so weak that I could hardly walk about, and it was impossible for me to do my housework. Only women who have suffered similarly can tell how much I endured—the constant misery, the dragged out feeling and the terrible backaches that beset me. No woman could have been in a more wretched condition than I was at this time, and it was then that my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a half dozen boxes and before they were all gone there was a big improvement in my condition. Then I got six more boxes and before I had used them all I felt like a new woman and was enjoying better health than I had done for years. Not only have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills proved a blessing to me, but they also worked a great change in the case of my daughter, who was in a very miserable condition after childbirth. I know also of two young girls whom I believe would have been in their graves now but for the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Considering what they have done for me and what I have seen them do for others, I am justified in my enthusiasm for this medicine and I never lose an opportunity to recommend it."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail for 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ON THE ISLAND OF BATANES.

Where the Native Women Lift Their Hats in Salutation.

"The capital of our northernmost province, Santo Domingo de Basco, on the Island of Batanes, is an interesting place. The route of our transports lies a few hours steaming west of the group, passing between them and the Island of Formosa on their way to Nagasaki, yet comparatively few Americans have visited this group of islands," said Dr. Louis Otofy, who has recently returned from this part of the archipelago.

"Santo Domingo has a population of about 2,000, and is entirely different from any other town in the Philippines. In the first place, all the buildings are of stone and whitewashed. The roofs are made of cogon grass, closely trimmed so as to afford no purchase to the severe typhoons which sweep over the islands.

"The streets are about twelve feet wide, many of them paved with stone. Stone walls extend along both sides of the streets their full length, giving them the appearance of lanes. The walls are about three to five feet in height, broken at intervals for entrances to the yards, which in turn are separated from each other by stone walls. Most of the yards were clean and exceptionally neat and attractive.

"The provincial building, presidencia, school house, church and the parochial school are all built of stone neatly whitewashed, and the grass-covered plaza, fenced by a low stone wall, was the acme of neatness.

"Unlike most Filipino towns, there were no pigs or goats at large; they are confined to walled-in sections below the level of the streets. I noticed but few dogs, and they seemed to be well fed. There is not a single Chinese in the town; in fact, for that matter, not one on any of the islands among a population of about 8,000. There were but five white men there, the priest, who had been there for twenty-seven years; the Governor, who I was told is a Spaniard; two Spaniards who are cattle buyers, and one American connected with the Bureau of Public Works.

"There is not a single store in the town. The sole industry is the raising of cattle, which are called for by steamers from Aparri or Manila. When one of the steamers anchors there the cattle are paid for in cash, ranging from $15 to $40 a head. Some of the resident thesn take the steamer for the first port on the Island of Luzon, bring some onions and garlic for them and do the purchasing for themselves and their friends.

"The women wear a peculiar headdress made of cogon grass to protect them from the sun and rain and without one execution each one lifted it in salutation. For three months of the year the islands are typhoon swept and no steamer can approach them, and other times, though a regular mail service is now established, they are shut off from outside contact."—From the Manila Times.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. - - - 25 cents.

NATURAL GAS FOR LOCOMOTIVES

Natural gas fuel is reported as used for the locomotives of the Texas, Arkansas & Louisiana Railway. The gas is carried in a tank on the tender, sufficient tank capacity being provided for six hours' run. The line has two locomotives and one car, and is credited with eight miles of track.

A BAD BEGINNING.

(Chicago News.)

"What!" cried the astonished mother, "do you mean to tell me that you actually sewed buttons on your husband's shirts while on your wedding tour?"

"Certainly!" answered the daughter.

"You poor, foolish girl!" exclaimed the mother. "Now he'll expect you to keep on doing it."