Sybil's Doom

She stole away through the trees, and sped rapidly in the darkness toward the Retreat. The giant trees across the little path afforded safe shelter. All unseen she would watch the cottage and its tenant.

The lower windows were lighted and the curtains undrawn. There, plainly before her, she saw him sitting at the table, writing rapidly. Once, twice, three times she raised the pistol to fire, and each time her hand shook, and the weapon fell by her side.

"Not there!" she thought, the cold dew standing on her forehead. "I will wait till he comes out. It will be safer, and—I will not see him when he falls."

She stood and waited. And, all unconscious of his impending doom—of the "Watcher on the Threshold"—the author wrote on until the midnight hour struck. He never worked harder. He pushed manuscript, inkstand, and pen away in a wet heap, and arose with a stretch and a yawn.

"I'm dead beat, Faustus," she heard him say. "That confounded picnic party at Lowlea has completely knocked me up. I'll take a turn and a smoke in the Prior's Walk, old boy, and then we will both turn in."

He struck a fusee, lighted a cigar, put on his hat and coat, and walked out.

Involuntarily the woman shrunk. It seemed to her those keen black eyes must pierce the darkness and see her where she hid.

But he did not. He glanced up at the sky, opened the wicket, and stepped out.

"Nasty weather coming," she heard him say. "Bad prospect for the First, and good for the partridges. No, Doctor Faustus, I don't want your escort. Go back and go to bed."

He strolled leisurely away, the smoke from his Cuba floating back to where she stood. Her heart throbbed so fast that she felt half-strangled for breath. She let him go entirely out of sight, and hearing before she could summon courage to follow. She set her teeth at last, like a mastiff, clutched the pistol trigger, and glided in his footsteps like a snake.

He was gone; no tall, dark figure was to be seen in the lonely Prior's Walk.

She absolutely glared, in the darkness, with savage rage and terror lest he should even now escape, when—ah! Satan had not deserted her yet!—there, through a vista in the trees, his back toward her, gazing upon the old Priory with folded arms, her victim stood.

An instant later, and sharp and clear through the monastic woods there rang the report of a pistol. An unearthly cry followed—a heavy fall—then all was still.

Only for a moment, however; and then, with the wild warwhoop of an Ojibbeway Indian, Macgregor's faithful henchman, Joe Dawson, leaped out of the woods and laid hold of her.

"I've been a-watchin' of you," Joe cried, shrilly. "I see you a-prowling about this evening, and knowed you was after no good. Oh, Lord! who is it, and who's she shot? This way, master. I've got her fast!"

And then—oh, horror! a second figure dashed out of the coppice, and a face looked down upon her, a face that even in that light—or, rather, gloom—she recognized at once—Macgregor!

She caught her breath with a sobbing cry, more terrible to hear than any hysterical shriek, then stood paralyzed in the hands of her captor and her son.

"Good God!" Macgregor said. "Rose Dawson! Who has she murdered this time?"

He sprung into the opening. There, face downward in the dewy grass, the man lay, still as stone. He turned him over. The moon looked out, as if to aid him for a second, from behind the dark night clouds, and lighted up the ghastly face and the blood-stained turf.

Macgregor uttered a second cry, for the face on which the moonlight shone was the face of the man who called himself Cyril Trevanion!

The cry was echoed by a shriek so wild, so unearthly, so full of horror and despair, that it rent the black night like a sword. Joe, in intense curiosity, had drawn near with his prisoner, and both had beheld the upturned face. With that unearthly scream, the lost and wretched murderess fell back in her son's arms, cold and still.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"He may linger until noon—he can not possibly survive longer. If he has anything to say, any deposition to make, as Mr. Macgregor seems to infer, it had better be done at once. His strength is ebbing with every moment."

It was the surgeon's decree as he turned from the bed. Hours passed. The wounded man lay stretched on Macgregor's bed, white as one already dead, his eyes closed, his breathing laborious, the blue shade of fast-coming death livid on his face. And in one of the upper rooms, closely guarded by two local policemen had shot him by mistake, crouched, her from the town, the wretched woman whose face hidden in her jeweled hands.

Around the dying bed were gathered, besides the surgeon, the rector of Speckhaven (who was also a magistrate), Charley Lemox, and the tenant of the Retreat. As the surgeon spoke, the rector bent over the wounded man.

"You hear what he says, Trevanion. You count your life by moments now. If, as Mr. Macgregor says, you have anything to confess before you die, you had better lose no time. I will take down your deposition, and these gentlemen will witness it."

The dark, haggard eyes opened, and fixed themselves in a glassy stare on Macgregor, standing gravely aloof with folded arms.

"Come here," he said, faintly; "nearer—nearer. Who are you? You may tell me now."

"What will it avail you at this hour to know?" Macgregor answered, calmly. "Suffice it that I know who you are. Not Cyril Trevanion, but—his half-brother."

Theer was a simultaneous exclamation from all. Not Cyril Trevanion! They looked at one another and at the speaker in dense amaze.

"No, gentlemen—not Cyril Trevanion; but, as I said, his half-brother. He has imposed upon you from the first, as he will tell you presently himself."

"Fore gad!" muttered Charley Lemox, "I always thought so. I knew that cowardly, underbred craven could never be the man who so nobly distinguished himself in the Crimean campaign. Won't Sybil rejoice!"

"And you compounded this felony, Mr. Angus Macgregor," said the rector, sternly. "You tell us you knew it from the first. Pray, how do you reconcile it with your conscience, countenancing such daring frauds?"

Very easily, in this case, since I was the party most injured. You want to know who I am, do you?" glancing at the wounded man. "Well, the land-steward will tell you. He knew me from the beginning. Come in, Reedworth, and prove my identity."

Intense curiosity and expectation were written in every face as he opened the door of the outer room, where the lawyer and agent of the late general sat sorting papers. As he rose, in obedience to the summons, the dying man half sprung up, and suddenly and shrilly cried out:

"I know you at last! Good heavens! You are Cyril Trevanion!"

"Pre-cisely!" said Mr. Reedworth; "Cyril Trevanion, and nobody else; and how you could all have been so blind is the only mystery to me. To think of being deceived by fifteen years' tan and beard, and muscular development. I knew him the instant I set eyes upon him, and I knew who you were, my good fellow, too. But Colonel Trevanion is a bit of a martinet, and when he issued his orders I held my tongue. Yes, gentlemen," laying his hand on the arm of Macgregor, and looking at him with fond and admiring old eyes, "this is the lad who, fifteen years ago, set out to seek his fortune—this is the last of the Trevanions!"

"Good heavens!" gasped the Rector of Speckhaven, "this is the most astounding, the most incomprehensible—"

"But you will shake hands, for all that," smiled the tenant of the Retreat, holding out his own. "You recognize me, I see, in spite of your bewilderment. Yes I give you my word, I am Cyril Trevanion. I will shave off this patriarchal beard, if you like, and you will see for yourself then. Well Charley?"

He turned to Sybil's brother—his smile (which Sybil thought the most beautiful smile on earth) lighting his handsome face.

But Charles Lemox never gave way to any emotion so vulgar as amaze. His chief feeling in this moment was one of intense disgust at his own stupidity.

"What asses we all have been!" he growled, stroking his incipient mustache. "I might have seen it with half an eye. I felt it in my bones that that fellow wasn't what he pretended to be. 'Pon my honor, Macgregor—I mean Trevanion—I'm as glad as if some fairy godmother had turned me into a prince; but, really, I don't see why you have let us all be fooled in this manner so long."

"It was my whim—I have no better reason to give. It amused me to pass the time, and I was very contented playing 'gentle hermit.' Reedworth knew me, and I bound him over to silence. Our London solicitors, Graham & Moore, recognized me immediately. As for him, I knew I could unmask him at any moment I chose."

"But who the deuce is he?" Charley burst out. "What do you mean by saying he is your half brother?"

"He is his half-brother," interposed Reedworth—"his father's son. His paternity is plainly enough written in his face, I should say. The way of it was this, gentlemen:

"Six months after Lady Charlotte Trevanion's death, the general, going down for the partridge shooting to the Rockshire estate, fell in with a pretty governess in the family of Lord Damar—one Miss Emily Furniss.

"He fell in with her, and fell in love with her. He was of the most susceptible, was the late general, and—it will astonish some of you—he made her his wife. She would not listen to a word without the wedding ring, this prudent Miss Furniss; and the general, who had no prudence at all, married her on the quiet, and took her away to London. I was the confidant of the marriage and the flight. Lord Damar's family were scandalized beyond everything.

"Of course, they never dreamed of the madness of matrimony, and they set great store by their handsome governess.

"She had no relatives, luckily, only a widowed mother—an old party of considerable intelligence and education—who was also in the secret, and who followed her daughter up to London.

"Well, gentlemen, you may guess the sequel. The pretty bride had the fiend's own temper; and before the honeymoon was well over, General Trevanion was heartily sick of his bargain. own folly was something positively awful. He frightened even the handsome Tartar he had married, and her old ferret of a mother.

"The way he did storm and curse his "He threatened to sue for a divorce; Satan himself couldn't tolerate her tantrums. He swore he would leave her, at all costs, and leave her without a penny, if she didn't hear to reason.

"He scared them so thoroughly that she agreed to a separate maintenance, and swore to keep her marriage secret, and still be known by her maiden name. And so, four months after his made marriage, General Trevanion went abroad, raging at himself and t all the world.

"Six months after, while he was loitering in Prague, I wrote him word of her death. She had sent for me, and left her youngster, a little chap of a week old, in my charge, and drifted out of life in the most obliging manner.

"The old mother was like one crazy—I believe she always had been more or less cracked—but she got so obstreperous on my hands that I had to shut her up in a private asylum. The child I had cared for. He was General Trevanion's lawful son, and as such, a baby of some consequence.

"The general wrote back I was to find a nurse for the little one, to keep his paternity a secret; but in every way to provide for him as his se nshould be provided for.

"I took him at his word—got a capital nurse, christened the little chap after myself—Richard Reedworth—and was a father and a mother to him during the first five years of his existence.

"After that I kept out of his way. His recognizing me might tell tales in after years, more particularly as he was as like Master Cyril as two peas or two twins.

"I sent him off to a boarding school down in the country, until he was ten years old; then he went up to Rugby. Master Cyril was just then going to enter Eaton.

"Little Dick was a puny fellow, smart enough to learn, but are arrantest little white feather going. As the years went on the smallest boy in his form could lick him and send him whimpering with a complaint to the master.

"If he had been a bold, bright lad, his father might have acknowledged him, but when he found the stuff he was made of, he swore, as General Trevanion could swear, he would remain Richard Reedworth to his dying day. I paid all his bills, settled everything for him; but still without seeing him. His holidays he spent at school.

"When he quitted Rugby at seventeen the general bought him a cornetcy in a regiment gazetted to Malta, and sent him quietly out of the country.

"A year passed; the next we heard of him he had exchanged and gone to India. He had shown the white feather so palpably on more than one occasion, that he was literally jeered out of the corps. Again and again he exchanged; that cowardly drop in his blood, from the distaff side, made him the laughing stock of every company he joined.

"Finally he sold out altogether, and for many years disappeared. The next I heard of him was by chancing to read in a French paper of the arrest and conviction of a noted burglar, an Englishman, Richard Reedworth by name, and his sentence for life to Toulon.

"I kept this item from General Trevanion; he was abroad with Miss Sybil at the time. I had also kept from him the fact that, many years before, old Hester Furniss had been discharged from the asylum as harmless and incurable, and had squatted down on the shore below Monkswood. Poor soul! She was such a pitiable object that I hadn't the heart to send her away.

"You all know old Hester—Crazy Hester—she's this fellow's grandmother, and I believe put half the deviltry in his head that is in it. I recognized him almost immediately; but I had seen Colonel Trevanion before that, and passed my word to keep his identity secret. How he escaped from Toulon, he best knows. There is his history, so far as I can tell it."

Reedworth shut up with a sort of snap, like a human jack-knife, and surveyed the wounded man through his spectacles. The haggard dark eyes lifted themselves in a glassy stare to his face.

"How I escaped matters little," he said, feebly. "I did escape, and returned to England. I had no idea then—although I thought him dead—of pasaing myself off for my elder brother. The project would never have entered my head of itself, although I fancied him drowned, and knew how strikingly I resembled him. But one day, standing on the steps of a hotel, a military man, Captain Hawksley, passing, paused, held out his hand and accosted me as Colonel Trevanion. I answered his questions as best I might, without undeceiving him, and he gave me a cordial invitation, at parting, to call upon him. Shortly after came the telegram from Trevanion Park, urging my return, and a long, earnest letter written by Miss Trevanion. It was followed by one from Hester, my grandmother, commanding me to come down at once, as Cyril Trevanion, and claim what was rightfully my due. But the cursed cowardice that has been the bane of my life, held me back. I vacillated, longing, yet afraid to venture. At last Hester came to me in person. As Reedworth says, she has the foul fiend's own temper; she would commit a murder as fast as look at you. I dared not disobey longer. I came to Trevanion and—you all know the rest."

"No we don't." said the rector; "we don't know how you came to be in league with Mrs. Ingram, or how you came to be shot."

"It was Mrs. Ingram's mistake," said the author, coolly; "she thought she was shooting me."

"You! She knew you then?"

"She did; I told her night before last. I caught her at midnight coming out of the Priory with yonder dying man. He escaped—perhaps he will tell you what brought them there."

"The lost will," the dying man murmured, shuddering at the memory of that awful night; "she knew its hiding place, and—oh, pitiful Heaven!—that of the dead general."

There was a universal exclamation of horror. And then, in broken accents, General Trevanion's younger son related the history of that night—of the secret room—of the mystery of Monkswood.

"The will is in the pocket of my coat," he faltered; "the will that gives him everything now. It was not my fault, they drove me to it, Hester and Edith Ingram, and—my wretched cowardice. I was afraid of them all, and this is the end."

He never spoke again. The cold dews of death stood on his brow—its film covered his eyes. With the brilliant noonday sun glorifying the world without, the spirit of the murdered man fled to its Maker and Judge.

CHAPTER XIX.

The sun was low in the crimson west, and the roses rocked in the soft southern wind, as Sybil Trevanion, standing by the open window of the drawing-room, listened to the tale of wonders Charley had to tell. The amaze, the unbounded astonishment had passed away, and in its place a great joy lingered. She had not loved unwisely or unworthily—she had always felt that, little as she knew of her lover; but now—now to find her hero once more—the idol of her youth and her girlhood her idol again! Cyril Trevanion a very hero of romance, and at last all her own. The lovely summer sunset was not half so radiant as the lovely, radian face, the soul-lit, starry eyes gazing out upon it.

But she said little. It was not her way, and Lady Lemox said enough for both. Words are weak to paint that good lady's astonishment, dismay, delight, incredulity, as she hearkened to her son.

"It is very like the grand climax of a sensation romance, or the blood-and-thunder melodramas of the Princess'," Charley concluded, with ineffable calm; "and the amount of amazement and ejaculation it has wrung out of people is amazing. Everybody turns out to be everybody else; vice is signally punished, virtue triumphantly rewarded, and down goes the curtain with a grand flourish of trumpets. By and bye, that sort of thing, whether in yellow covers or on the boards of the Princess', always winds up with a wedding; and, as the idol of your young affections, Sybil, my sister, turns out to be a bona fide hero, after all, and as I think he rather admires you, why I don't see but that we may finish our little romance of real life off in appropriate slap-up style. You're as poor as a rat now, you know; the lost will's been found; and if Macgregor—I mean Trevanion—doesn't take compassion on you, you'll have to take in needle-work, or go out as governess, or sweep crossings, to turn an honest penny. Sir Robert Chudleigh might take you for Gwen, if the little widow's shooting-match doesn't sicken him of governesses for the remainder of his mortal career. Hey?"

But Sybil was gone—out through the French window, with Cyril, and Sybil, and Bijou, and Amour—a whole little army of dogs, in jingling silver bells, after her.

(To be Continued.)

MRS. G. A. SELBY AND CHILD

Uses Only Cuticura Soap for Prize Baby

"I have always used Cuticura Soap and no other for my baby, and he has never had a sore of any kind. He does not even chafe as most babies do. I feel that it is all owing to Cuticura Soap for he is fine and healthy, and when five months old won a prize in a baby contest. It makes my heart ache to go into so many homes and see a sweet faced baby with the whole top of its head a solid mass of scurf, caused by the use of poor soap. I always recommend Cuticura, and nine times out of ten the next time I see the mother she says 'Oh! I am so glad you told me of Cuticura.'" (Signed) Mrs. G. A. Selby, Redondo Beach, Calif.

Although Cuticura Soap is sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a postal to "Cuticura," Dept. 3M, Boston, U. S. A., will secure a liberal sample, with 32-p. book on the care of skin, scalp and hair.

A SHARP SHOPPER.

(Boston Transcript.)

Salesman—Now, here, madam, is a piece of goods that speaks for itself. I—

Customer (interrupting)—Then suppose you keep quiet a moment and give it a chance.

COLD CAUSED SERIOUS TROUBLE

But Dodd's Kidney Pills Brought the Cure.

Mr. Hugh Martin, Suffering From Kidney Disease for Two Years, Tells How He Got Back His Health.

St. Hippolyte de Kilkenny, Lake L'Achigan, Terrebonne Co., Que., May 6, —(Special).—Again the people of this neighborhood are talking of a complete cure of kidney disease. Mr. Hugh Martin, jun., a well-known young farmer, is the person cured, and he gives all the credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My trouble was caused by a cold," Mr. Martin says, in an interview, "and I suffered for two years. My head would ache and I had pains in the back as well. I felt heavy and sleepy after meals. I was often dizzy, my memory was failing and I found it difficult to collect my thoughts. I was also nervous while heart flutterings added to my anxiety.

"I was a sick man indeed when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, but by the time I had taken two boxes I was a changed man. Are you surprised that I think Dodd's Kidney Pills a wonderful remedy?"

If you have two or more of Mr. Martin's symptoms your kidneys are diseased. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the sure cure.

MOTHER GIVES TREATMEN FOR INDIGESTION.

My Dear Daughter: If I were asked what a woman, who would be a good mother, should possess to the greatest degree, I would answer "patience." With some women this admirable quality is born with mother love; but, alas, too many never seem to acquire it! It is not too early to begin exercising patience, my dear, now that you are able to take care of your babe yourself.

You must have strength of mind to carry out what you know is best for your infant without allowing your sympathies or your love to interefere. The child should not be played with or stirred up soon after nursing, for such excitement always interferes with digestion and causes vomiting and other disorders of a serious nature. In fact, an infant should never be played with until it is past six months old. The baby should devote all her energies to eating, sleeping and to her physical development. At this time, however, you can lay the basis of a happy temperament by ever speaking in a pleasant tone and giving the children a cheerful environment.

Be careful to avoid all sudden shocks, as they shatter the nerves and unswervingly insist that loving and admiring friends do not pick the baby up or fondle her at inopportune times. In this connection I might also say that any time is inopportune.

Above all else, let no one kiss your child on her mouth. It is frightful to think of the agony that a dainty, sweet baby must have to endure from the dyspeptic kisses of admiring relatives and friends.

The importance of eating and sleeping at regular hours cannot be overestimated, as the introduction of order into the infant's life as well as the foundation for good health. This cannot be imposed too early, and it must be remembered that its psychological importance is quite as great as its physical worth.

At first the child only realizes that she grows hungry and is fed when she is sleepy and closes her eyes to rest. But there comes a day when perhaps through some disorder of the stomach or other circumstances she wants to eat before her acustomed time, and, naturally, sets up a wail because she is not fed. However, this is the time that your babe begins to learn that there are laws which must be obeyed, as she does later when too not to touch the heated stove and does it.

Not one mother in fifty, when she succumbs to the sobs of her baby and gives her milk before the regular milking time, or picks the whimpering bit of humanity to soothe her to sleep, realizes that she is hurting the moral stamina of that child. Unconsciously both to herself and to the baby, she is planting in her child's soul the erroneous idea that laws can be broken without much hurt and that she is exempt from their general application.

Right here is where that wonderful patience must be exemplified. So many mothers do things because they are the easiest things to do. They rock their babies to sleep because it is easier than to hear them cry for a night or two. They stop their whimperings by filling their mouths with food, when the outraged little "tummie" is probably rebelling against its already overloaded condition.

I know the first few weeks after your nurse has gone will be hard for you, but I am glad you are able to have the other work of your home done by others for a while and to take care of your baby yourself—as you were cared for by

YOUR MOTHER.

SPUN GLASS HAIR ORNAMENTS.

The very latest hair ornament for evening wear for women is made of spun glass. The effect on the head is very pretty and flashes of brilliant colors show as the wearer moves to and fro under electric light.

BADLY ULCERATED LEG

Zam-Buk Cured Her When So Bad She Had to Use Crutches.

For varicose sores, bad leg, or chronic ulcers, Zam-Buk is without equal as a healer. A proof of this is just to hand from Montreal. Mrs. T. Edwards, of 164 Amherst St., writes: "Some time ago a bad sore broke out on my left leg near the ankle. For a week or two I did not heed it, but it got so bad that I could hardly walk. I sent for our doctor, and he told me that I would have to lay up with the wound. I did so for three weeks. At the end of this time the ulcer healed a little, but I could only move about by using crutches.

The sore then broke out badly, and the doctor told me that the only thing that would cure it would be an operation, and that I should have to lay up for a year. This, I knew, was impossible, as I had a family to attend to.

"My son had cured a bad cut on his finger by using Zam-Buk, and he advised me to give this balm a trial. I did so, and in less than a week's time it gave me wonderful relief. It stopped the pain, which had been so bad that many nights I did not get a wink of sleep. In a very short time the wound was so much better that I had no more sleepless nights, and was also able to move about and do my work. I persevered with Zam-Buk, with the result that the wound is now perfectly cured, and the limb is as sound and strong as ever. To any person suffering from ulcerated sores I would say, 'try Zam-Buk.'"

Zam-Buk is just as good for piles, abscesses, boils, scalp sores, blood poison, festering wounds, cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, eczema, eruptions, and all other injuries and diseases. All druggists and stores, 50c a box, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful substitutes and imitations.

Have you tried Zam-Buk Soap? 25c tablet.

NEW STOCK EXCHANGE RULE.

Heretofore the rule in regard to delivery of stocks on puts and calls has been that a broker putting through this form of contract must charge full commission for the amount of stock received or delivered, but acceptances or deliveries on the last day of the contract, which became cash transactions, were looked upon as mere transfers and not subject to the commission, being considered nothing but clearances.

The governing committee of the New York Stock Exchange passed a new rule covering this point Feb. 14. It carries still further the policy entered into a year ago of shutting all loopholes through which the payment of full commissions of one-eighth of one per cent. by outsiders might be dodged. This rule applies to full one-eighth commission to all acceptances or deliveries on puts and calls, whether on the last day of contract or at any other time.

The trade in puts and calls is not officially recognized by the stock exchange, but members may endorse such contracts if they desire.—The Ticker.

BOASTING BY INDIRECTION.

Mrs. R. W. Barlow the golf champion, said the other day at the Philadelphia Country Club:

"If a golfer is going to boast, let him boast moderately. I heard a golfer say one autumn evening, as he toasted himself before the club-house fire:

"'Never did I see better golf than this afternoon. My opponent got away every drive, he hit every brassie clean, he approached perfectly, and he didn't miss a single putt.'

"'How much did he beat you by?' I asked.

"'Beat me?' said the modest man, with a look of surprise. 'Why, he didn't beat me. It was my game from the start.'"—Washington Star.

A NEW INNOVATION.

The announcement that the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. will this summer begin to run a series of Observation Car Services on the Austrian State Railways through the Tyrol, marks an epoch in the growth of the importance of Canada in the old world. Under a contract with the Austrian State Railways, the Canadian Pacific has arranged to build several observation cars in Austria on Canadian Pacific plans. The design is that of Mr. Vaughan, head of the C. P. R. Angus shops at Montreal, who has made a personal visit to Austria to study local conditions. They will differ slightly from the type as used in Canada, and each car will have platforms at both ends. The cars will be the longest four-axle cars in Europe. They will have a very spacious interior, and will seat thirty-two passengers. There will be accommodation for a typist, whose services will be at the disposal of the passengers; and an up-to-date library, with all the latest magazines, just as on the C. P. R. transcontinental trains, will be among the features of the cars.

Both Austria and the Canadian Pacific Railway will benefit from the consolidation of the new scheme. The attention of vast numbers of travelling Canadians and Americans will be diverted from other parts of Europe to Austria, not only to see that interesting country, but to learn how those Canadian Pacific observaion cars fulfill their mission. There will be three observation services to begin with. By arrangement with the Swiss Government, the first of these will run between Zurich and Innsbruck over the Arlberg route via Landeck. The second will be between Innsbruck and Vienna via Zell-am-Zee and Salsburg. The third will be from Salsburg to Trieste over the Tauern and Karawanken Railways by way of Badgastein, Villach, Veldes and the Valley of the Isonzo. This last is a new route only recently completed by the Austrian Government, which has spent immense sums of money to provide a short cut from the north of Trieste, its greatest seaport.

The Austrian State Railway is particularly well favored in the country it feeds as regards scenery, and seen as it will be under the most favorible auspices in these new C. P. R. observation cars, the beauty of the land will be a most interesting part of any European tour.

As a punishment for some emiedemeanor at the table, it was decided that John must not eat with the family at the next meal.