

A GIFT OF A SOUL

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10, 20, 50 and 100 lb.

strange words. All the guests feit an icy chill creep over them. One would have thought that the ghost of the man whom they had once known and loved was about to appear before them. The men looked at each other. vexed by this sudden outburst, which cast a gloom over the feast which had begun so joyously. The women began to laugh, without comprehending what was taking place. Clemence, however, furious, bit her livid lips, and striking the table sharply with her knife, her glass fell with a crash to the floor.
"A broken glass!" cried Laure

RKETS.

High. Low. Close. 1 3874 1 35% 1 3676 1 0474 1 0875 1 04 1 0474 1 0374 1 0376

IN MARKET.

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to \$1.44 3-4; July, 4 5-8. Corn—No. Oats—No. 3 white

and bran un-

ontenar Chese sold at 13c, and

were 1.731 boxes
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the exception of
which will likely

s cheese board were 2,687 colored

sales were 380 to 13 1-4c, and 250

s at the wool auc-ited to 8,460 bales, ing of New South it grades sold as West Australian Ossbreds met with

atchelor reports 15 1-2c; Irish, 13 4 to 13 1-4c, live ighest of the sea-

STOCK

E STOCK.

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hard winter-

RODUCE.

16 lbs -65s

bs.—63s, 6d. ght, 28 to 34 lbs.

to 29 lbs.—59s. to 13 lbs.—69s. in tierces, new—

boxes—43s, 6d.

refined, spot,-

tch.-Cattle re-

lead; active, 75

T; heavy, \$7.50

\$8.10; yorkers

roughe, \$6.25

bs, 26 cents

35s, 6d.

STOCK

head:

tle sold at about lown to six cents hile the common

I. SALES.

ARKETS.

d'Evreux. "That is an unlucky omen." "All this is truly absurd. Jacques." cried Clemence in a voice that trem-

Jacques," cried Sophie Viroflay. "It is mounting the steps with Davidoff. only half-past twelve, which is a little | While he was advancing toward them too early.'

young man, whose face assumed a on his forehead. terrible expression. "I said that Laurier was mad. Does any one here threshoki of the room, he made a will doubt it? Among you all, who saw him during the last few months of his life, and who witnessed the anguish he endured, is there one who denies the truth of what I say? Ah! you are silent. Clemence herself does not speak. It is because she knows well that Laurier was mad, and why he was mad."

The countenance of the actress at this speech became yellow with rage, as if gall had replaced the blood in her veins. Her beautiful bosom swelled with rage, and in a hissing voice she

"You make us regret him. It is a pity he is not in your place, and you

"Patience. I shall soon be there," said Jacques with a terrible smile, "for I, in my turn, am leading the same life of torture which drove him to suicide. I can judge of his sufferings by what I myself endure, and I can understand how he resolved to bear them no longer. We were speaking just now of Dr. Davidoff, and we recalled the fantastic stories he related to us on a certain night. Patrizzi, do you remember how Laurier, after listening in silence to Davodiff, cried suddenly: 'Jacques, if I should ever grow tired of life I will bequeath my soul to you?' I see you have not forgotten. Well, before that very night was over he was dead, and I, who had barely a breath of life, recovered my health. A few days later, Prince, meeting me at a masked ball at Nice, you ful smile. He was again the Pierre said to me jestingly: 'It seems that Laurier of the early days of their acyou have now an entirely new soul, that of your friend Laurier.' You little knew how true was what you said. This soul was in me. I felt it, his voice that stirred the heart of strong and ardent, with all its pasan unconquerable passion for play-that consumed me in their fires. A woman crossed my path; she attracted me irresistibly, fatally. It was, impossible for it to be otherwise, for I had within me the soul of Pierre, filled by the ardent love he had cherished for this woman. Oh, I had a gleam of reason; I foresaw for an instant my fate, and I tried to resist her power, but the spell of the enchantress was upon me and my efforts were vain. All my being impelled me toward her. I obeyed her as a dog obeys his master-she had only to raise her finger and I returned to her after swearing

I would never see her again. Thus I

path that led Pierre Laurier to his

rufn. Like him I gambled, because I

had need of money—a great deal of money. Like him I forgot everything

but the woman I at once hated and

sdored. He had sacrificed to her his

The silence of death succeeded these | genius and his fame. I betrayed for her those dearest to me. I plundered my mother and neglected my sister. He was base and I have been baser. And now do you think I am in my right mind and that I can reason clearly?"

He rose to his feet; his lips foamed slightly, his hands trembled, and he gave a forced laugh. He raised his glass filled with champagne and said:

"I drink to all of you, friends and rivals in the affections of the woman the absent one-Pierre Laurier."

toward the terrace, had become fixed drive without its fatigue." "He has drunk too much, our good he had just uttered-Pierre Laurier, Jacques devoured him with his eyes, "No, I am not intoxicated," said the breathless, stupefied, a cold sweat up-

When the two men paused at the gesture as if to shut them out from his terrified vision, then put his hand to his threat as if suffocating, and cried in a hollow voice:

"Pierre, what do you come to seek here? You know well that we cannot both exist upon the earth togeth-

er! If you live I must die!" "Jacques!" cried Laurier, advancing toward him with outstretched hands. De Vignes tried to push him back, but suddenly turned pale, and uttering a hoarse cry sank into the arms of his

friend. "He is dead," said Berneville in a trembling voice "Let seme one call for help-"

"Do not stir," said Davidoff; "he is not dead, and we need no help." He poured some water into a glass, and with it moistened the temples of the unfortunate man, who gave a deep

Of all those who nad gathered around him hastily, Clemence was the first to recover her self-possession. What do you want to do?"

asked Davidoff. "To take M. de Vignes away." turned the Russian.

Pierre took a step toward Clemence, and placing himself in front of her,-"Do you mean to oppose our doing so?" he asked, coldly.

The actress raised her eyes to his face. She saw that he was calm; his eyes were sad, his lips were a disdainquaintance, with his haughty and thoughtful brow, his manly air, and there was a melancholy sweetness in Clemence to its very depths. She

you the injury you have done him. Davidoff and Pierre carried Jacques, still unconscious, across the garden, to the carriage which had Hardly were they out of sight than

the restraint which had weighed upon the guests disappeared. "Ah, my children!" chried Burat what a termination for a feast." "They did well to take him away," said Mariette de Fontenoy; "It was becoming unendurable: I have a horror of scenes at table." You have the corsolation of know-

ing, however, Clemence," said Duvernay, "that the men who kill themselves for your sake, always back to life again." Clemence remained silent for a mo-

now? Come with me; I will show you to a room where he can be cared for; and where he will not be disturbed."

"It is useless." responded Pierre.
"Neither he nor we will remain here a

moment longer."

able firmness, answered:

then enemies?"

brught them.

ment, her head sunk thoughtfully on her breast. Then looking around at her guests with a surdonic glance,-"You may say what you choose of Pierre Laurier," she said, abruptly, "but among you all there is not one who is his equal! — And now it is near two o'clock. Let us go to the race-course to see Selim's horse come in a bad last."

Pierre and Juliette had been married for three months. The young wife had recovered the bloom of health. Laurier, overwheimed with orders, worked all day, and he and Juliette spent the evenings with Mme. de Vignes and Jacques. Slowly but surely Jacques was sinking to the tomb. Cured of his dangerous madness he had become amiable and gentle. It seemed as if he was resolved upon making those around him forget the anguish he had caused them to suffer, and not once, since he had been brought to his mother's house, had he been heard to utter a complaint. It seemed as if he accepted suffering and death as an expiation for his faults.

Emaciated and hollow-eyed, his hair almost white, there remained not a trace of the beauty that had turned so many heads. He looked like an old man. He now scarcely ever rose from his easy-chair. A plaid thrown over his knees, his thin hands stretched out before him, he would sit for hours by the window, sunk in a revery, or gazing idly at the passers-by as they hastened along the street. He refused even to drive with his mother to the Bois to take the air. He would answer with a smile:

"I must have a little vanity, and not show myself looking so weak and miserable to those who remember me I love. And I drink to the memory of young and vigorous. Go you, my dear mother, and when you come back you He raised his glass to his lips, but | will tell me about what you have seen; he did not drink. His glance, directed thus I shall enjoy the pleasure of the

Only when his sister came not come here to listen to such non- cry and took a step backward. He had his melancholy countenance light up influence of the southern sun; then parties get right up to our trenches, caught sight of the man whose name with pleasure. He could not bear Juliette out of his sight, and would excuse himself for so selfishly depriving her husband of her society, by say-

"Let him bear with me. I have only a little while more left in which to enjoy it, and he has a life-time." One day he said to her:

"Do you remember, Juliette, the terrace at Beaulieu, and the conversation we had there together?"

The young girl shuddered with horror at this recollection. She wished to interrupt her brother, to prevent him from recalling those sad, days. But he insisted with an obstinacy unusual with him.

"The remorse I endure is so bitter," he said, "that at all costs I want to be delivered from it. At night, during my sleepless hours, it tortures me. It envenoms every moment of my life. I have been very guilty toward you who are so sweet and innocent. Ah, so long as you do not forgive me I can-

not be at rest!" "But what have you done, my poor brother, that you should thus accuse yourself?" said Juliette. "Our sorrow was the same, and we mingled our tears together.'

"No, our sorrow was not the same," said Jacques in a low voice, "for my sorrow was assumed. I believed that I lived with the life of Pierre, and I did not regret his death. Oh, what I tell you is terrible, but the truth must be said. I had the certainty that you would die of your grief, yet I felt regret at the conviction only because your death would seem like a repreach to my joy. Yes, I was such a monster that I accepted the thought that Pierre ty of my living? I dared to allow this a sponge. thought to enter my mind. Man is in-

sumed in a gasping voice: "Between your life and mine, I was satisfied that yours should be the sacsions that had been the ruin of the wished to treat him with insolence, rifice, And instead of mourning my unfortunate Pierre—an inordinate love, but a sudden humility softened. her lost friend I was rejoiced to live in of pleasure, a desire to be madly loved, nourt. She glanced at Pierre with a his stead. I was, as you see, my dear

"Why?" asked Clemence. "Are we Laurier pointed to Jacques, gasping for breath in the arms of Daviduff, cure me Davidoff tried a dangerous experiment. He wished to prove the and without anger, but with unalter power of the moral nature over the physical, of the spirit over the body. He desired to learn if faith could pro-"I have forgiven you the injury you duce material results. The experiment, have done me. I will never forgive most unfortunately, was tried on

a very weak nature, an im-pressionable imagination. It produced only too powerful a result. Like the miracle workers of old who played upon the credulity of the ignorant, he said to me: 'You are cured; you have received within you another life: live then.' And I was so eager to believe what he told me that I ended by believing it. But at the price of terioration of character! I had been practised in the Mediterranean which amiable and good; I became cruel and the Germans gave prominence to in life of piensure, I gave myself up to of the leiter stries. life I have been leading. And it was

about to die." "Jecquest" interrupted the young wife, bending over her brother's hand and letting her tears fall upon it. The dying man recovered his breath with difficulty and said with solemn-

"Tell me that you forgive me, and that when I am no longer among you. you will sometimes think of me with pity and affection."

"Ah. yes! I forgive you," returned Juliette, "since you insist on my saying those unnecessary words, and there is no merit in my doing so, for I love you." Jacques emiled gently.

"Decidedly," he said, "women are better than we are." But Jacques, you will live." cried Inliette.

"To what purpose?". Then his expression changed, and with a pathetic attempt at gayety, he

said: "Besides, that would not be possible; for now it is you who possess

the soul of Pierre." they all set out for the south. They saw again with mingled pleasure and of the thirty edd masqueraders go: sadness the Villa of Beauville, the back, and without their machine gun. pine wood, thuyas and the fir-trees, Another order came along "French

red rocks, where the waves died mur- our right; only fire in centre." From muringly away on the beach. Jacques | mouth to mouth we passed it along. In he grew weaker and more sombre before the position was realized, and than before, and one evening. sur- the bayonet had to be resorted to. rounded by those who loved him, he Steps were taken as seen as possible gently exhaled his latest breath.

by orange-trees, lulled by the frag- permitted to be passed along, save in rant breezes, and on his tomb may be writing. This served as a safeguard of that." read these words:

JACQUES DE VIGNES. God has taken to Himself his poor suffering soul. The End.



stains from linen.

A solution of ammonia, applied 3 or 4 times to a cold sore, will remove it, if done when first felt.

To sharpen a knife, fold a piece of emery paper in the centre and draw the knife rapidly back and forth several times.

about one foot'wide and one foot from the porch. The men will find an excellent foot rest; the women a shelf for workbaskets or books, and just what the children want to sit on.

If cold coffee is used in mixing stove blacking, the stove will keep bright much longer.

Two drams of sal-ammoniac in an ounce of German cologne is said to was dead and that you also were go- cure freckies. The solution should be ing to die. But what were all those added to a pint of soft water before deaths to me compared to the certain- using. Apply three times daily, with

deed a cowardly and miserable brute." | but to a child a parent is only a link His cheeks were burning. He re- in the chain of her existence.-Lord Beaconsfield.

Raw potato is an excellent thing to clean white oilcloth which has been soiled by hot cooking utensils.

To clean a bottle or decanter, fill it with sea sait and shake it till all stains are removed. If a strong brine of sait and water

is thrown over the coals less soot will

collect in the flues and chimneys. The fire, too, will burn clear and bright. An easy way to skin a beat without bleeding it and causing it to lose color is to put it in cold water as soon as it is cooked. Then draw the hand gently down each one and the skin will drop off without trouble.

To nourish a fern, put a couple of raw oysters under the dirt, close to the roots, and the fern will grow like magic.

Use lemon juice and salt to remove iron rust on white goods.

NO DIFFERENCE. (Detroit Free Press) A Colorado women says that the fem-irine vote will not hang together, in which it doesn't differ very much from

How German Guile is Hampering the Australians.

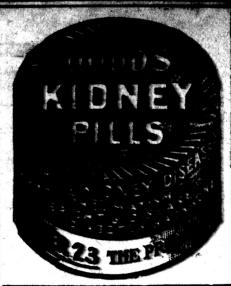
But it Usually Brings Ra Own

The London Morning Post on June 15th published a letter frem an Australian trooper in the Eastern Meditefrrinean, showing to what an extent the allied troops in Galifpoli are confronted by Gorman method and system. This letter shows that many features of warfare are now being order to silence the protestations of the gates used in Gallipoli, the writer my conscience I threw myself into a

taken place made me so different from themselves to the guileful scheme, and what I had been that I seemed to live it is under thus protection that ruses with a double life. There was in me are usually essayed. A imput know. | trenches alert. The general character the physical being whose acts were close of anglian and, strange to say, a of the night attacks is remiriscent of inspired by a species of madness, and painstrating study of nuan strange to say, a of the night attacks is remiriscent of inspired by a species of madness, and painstrating study of nuan strange to say, a of the night attacks is remiriscent of the night attacks is remirescent with groans against all these excesses. ment of the verman officers. No lit- ly in close formation, making all man-For nearly a year I have lived like the confusion was caused at first ow- ner of weird noises on their bugles a criminal, hating my crime and con- ing to these men, whose knowledge of demning myself for it. Such is the our units and their commanders was estorishing, and no loubt the result of secret service at Cairo, penetrating than Arabie.) An incident which causto prolong this hell that I was willing that Laurier should die and thought it right that you should follow him. But a just God interposed. Pierre stood that this did not signify the and you are alive, and it is I who am guiffelessness on our part, or confusion in our ranks. We must not lose sight of the fact that owing to the desnerate nature of the conflict, the great mortality among our commanders and the rapid transference of interningled troops from one point to another, the various units were welded into one fighting whole. Nothing was easier than for a daring man to pass orders along the line, having previously clothed himself in the garments of one of our dead officers, and learned his name from the identity disc worn around the corpse's neck. I will enumerate, for instance, various orders that I passed along, perfectly satisfied at the time of their good faith. "Indian scouts returning on our left: right flank fire rapid to protect them. Immediately turbaned figures appear ed, and before we realized the position they got a Maxim into position and poured in a hot fire. They had collected the uniforms of dead Sikhs. Once bit, twice shy. A Sikn was a once posted here and there along the line. Soon the same trick was at-Six weeks later, as the autumn was tempted at another point. A German, drawing to its close and the last in front this time, called: "Don't fire; leaves were falling from the trees, we are Indians." A Sikh shouted a

and the little bay encircled by its advancing on our left and English on to prevent these daring Germans fool-He sleeps upon a hillside sheltered ing us again like this. No order was against another danger as well. It became evident that keen-eared scouts would creep up in the scrub and listen much that was of use to their side. If | nal. 'Ammunition running short" was called too loudly it was more than an even chance; if an attack was on the way towards our line then, the trench short would bear the brunt of it. Of course when at the earliest possible moment the units were reorganized. much of the danger mentioned above nas eliminated. An anthenticate i story is told of a derman, who, one Camphor will remove fresh peach moonlight night, succeeded in worming his way through the scrub unobserved (that was before our engineers had put down the fire entanglements) and sauntered along in front of our lines, exhorting our fellows to "Keep your pecker up." A voice queried from the trench, "Where from, ma-

Who runs the hig twe-we joint?" No not Simple Simons when they arrived throwin.—Chaparral.



Prossian tried his hand, but with indifferent success. We had a good sprinkling of old soldiers among us, who "fought shy" of comfortably constructed crossings and newly turned earth. We have been told that both the teach encampment and the larger one further back were mined in variselfish. And in order to forget, in the Western Themire, in reverting to our places. The disturbance of the troops' rest at night is another phase of Germany's influence on Turkish ideas of war. All night long an exvice. The transformation that had The shades of night naturally lend travagant expenditure of ammunition gres en, serving ne other purpose than to keep those manning the and with their lungs. Our men, when they hear the shouting call out "Taala mena" ("Come here" in Egypour lines and assuming the role or ed the entrenched line to meet one atcolonial officers. it must be under tack in mirthful spirit was when "Come to the cook house" was blown frantically by the approaching foe, alparently in mistake for the "Ratire." Ottoman buglers made nerve racking slaughter of our calls, and all to no purpose. The old Prussian Guard scheme of advancing in two or more lines in close formation, with machine guns carried in the rear, was-nearly. but not outte-sucessful. On the occasion when the Turks tried their luck with it the front line lay, flat just as one of our battelions was preparing to leave the trenches to wield the bavonet. As, it happened, our men were orderd back, and our machine guns played havec with that party before it could do any damage.

In the use of dummy guns or figures, the Turk or German does had lest, but rarely decrives the pavy oc our artillery. Without doubt the German military autocracy in Turkey has raised the efficiency of the army the allies have to fight. How icn; their bludgeoning career will endure, the future will tell.

Why Soldiers Need Teeth.

That recruit who on being rejected of account of his teeth said ne did not know he had to bite the enemy had evidently not realized the possionnies of were falling from the trees, and set out for the south. They are indicated in the thirty edd masqueraders got the villa of Beauville, the back, and without their machine gun. Another order came along "French advancing on our left and English on our right; only fire in centre." From the little bave encircled by its advancing on our left and English on our right; only fire in centre." From mouth to mouth we passed it along. In five minutes heavy counter-attacking it always contains, and it emerges triums. phantly as a biscuit and not a heap of crumbs.—London Mail.

Offensively Officious.

"You always go home exceedingly early, old man." "Yes. Our neighbors are the cause

"How so?" "If I stay downtown a minute late they come right over and condone with

to orders being passed along, and gain my wife."-Louisville Courier-Jour-

Reminders. Mrs.-He said I reminded him of a

Greek goddess. Mr.-Huh!

Mrs.-What do I remind you of? Mr.-Of every darned thing I over-

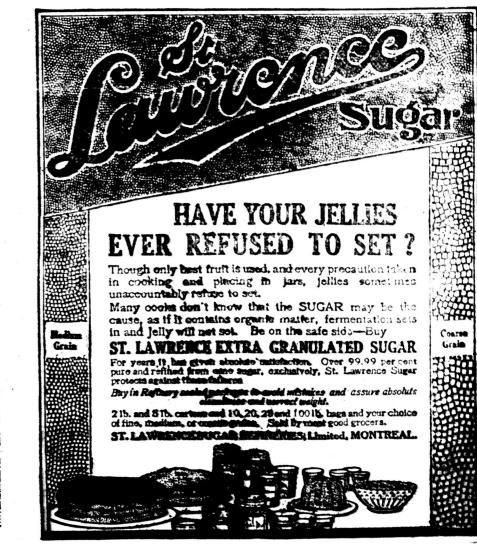
look that you ask me to do.-Cleveland Leader.

A Great Gift. "They say she is splendid in ama-

tenr theatricals."

most painful tragedy a source of gen-"She's a wonder. She can make the uine amusement."-Life.

Angry Professor-You young rascal. "Broken Hill," was the reply. were you responsible for that rock coming in contact with my head? The A useful idea in porch furniture is answer. Bang! Yes; the lads get small Boy-No. I weren't. Talk to me to have a shelf inside the porch rail, shrewder, every day, and they were brudeer; he we bear behind the





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