A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

"Well, here's enough to keep you in oil for the next three months," said Katrine, taking a little object from her belt which looked like a well-filled tobacco-pouch and putting it on the shelf above her head.

"What's that—dust?" said Annie. "Wherever do you get so much money?" she adde, staring at her.

"I won that last night," returned Katrine, lightly. "I do have such luck. I wish you could come, Annie, and see the fun we have down-town of a night, instead of moping up here; and I do have such luck," she repeated again, with a half sigh. "I don't know what I'd do if it should change. I'd have to be bar-keeper for a living, I suppose. Think I'd make a good bar-keep?" she said, getting up and stretching her arms above her head. All her full, lissom figure was revealed to advantage by the attitude, and the fire-light fell softly on the gay, bewitching face, slanted over to one shouldr as she put the question.

"I do that," replied Annie, with emphasis. "Your bar would always be crammed by all the chaps in the place, my dear."

Katrine laughed.

"I'm glad you think so. I'll bring you some of my oil to burn for to-night, and then I must be off earning my living."

She went into her own cabin and brought back a can of oil with her, trimmed and cleaned and lighted Annie's lamp, and then with a kiss bid her good-bye till the next day, and took her way down to the main street. She had only a little dust in her belt—just enough to start playing with—and if luck should go against her she would have to return empty-handed; but then she always trusted to luck, and it had never forsaken her. Her mode of life, precarious and uncertain, dangerous and unsatisfactory as it might seem to an on-looker, never troubled her. She was in that state of glorious physical health and strength which lends an unlimited confidence to the mind, a sense of being able to cope with any difficulty which might suddenly present itself, when every present or possible trouble looks small, and when mere life itself, the mere sensation of the blood being warm in one's veins, is a joy. She loved the excitement, even the uncertainty of her life, and she had more friends in the town than she could count, who would be glad to lend her all she needed if her luck failed.

That night, when Katrine lay fast asleep in her small inner room, her curly head tucked down comfortably under the rugs, she dreamed she heard a knocking on her door. The sound seemed faint at first, but grew louder, and after a minute she woke up, lifted her head, and listened. Yes, there was a tapping on her door, she heard it quite distinctly. She got up immediately, slipped into her fur coat and boots, and, taking one of her pistols in her hand went to the door. That there was danger in answering such a summons at such an hour she knew quite well; but that did not hinder her. She was accustomed to live with her life in her hand, and she felt instinctively confident of being able so to hold it, and meant to keep a tight grip on it. When she opened the door it was to a vivid moonlight, clear and brighter than day; the whole white world was shining under it.

"Annie!" she exclaimed, as her eyes fell on the slight, feeble figure muffled in a blanket that stood on her steps. "What is the matter? Come in;" and she put the door wide open and stood back for her to pass.

"Oh, Katie," she said, seizing the other's hands when they stood inside the room, "forgive me for waking you; but I want Will. I feel I'm going to die to-night, and I can't without him—I can't!" and she burst into a flood of tears broken by short sobbing coughs.

She had slipped to her knees, and was holding Katrine's hands in her feverish clutch. The blanket had fallen frome her head and shoulders, and showed to Katrine that she was still in the day dress; i tdid nto seem as if she had been to bed at all. There was a dark, half-dried stain upon the front of her bodice.

"I'm dying! Oh, Katie, it's so dreadful all alone there! Will you go and bring Will to me? Oh, do!"

Katrine looked down upon her as she tried to raise her to her feet. The fire was still burning brightly and filled the room with light. Many people older than Katrine would have laughed at the woman's statement in face of her ability to come to them and make it, but Katrine's keen perceptions read much, too much, in the bright glazed eyes that looked up at her, in the hoarse, grating tones that came from the sunken chest, and the feverish grasp of those burning fingers. She stooped down and put her arms round the kneeling figure and drew her up.

"Why, of course I will. I will bring him to you. But you are only ill, dear; you're not dying."

"Oh, I may not, I know; but if I should, and he not here. Katie, can you go now?—it's so late and so cold, and so far. I don't see how you can."

"He's working up on Mr. Wood's claim at the west gulch. I suppose if I go to Mr. Wood's cabin he can tell me where to find Will."

"Oh, yes, yes," returned Annie, eagerly, a crimson flush now lighting up each cheek. "Go straight to Mr. Wood and ask him for Will. One of Will's ponies is down here, back of our house; you can take him and ride up. Oh, it may kill you to go. I ought not to ask it. Oh, what shall I do?"

Katrine laughed.

"Kill me!" she said. "It would take more to kill me than that, I think. I shall be up there and Will down here before you know where you are. Now you've just got to drink this brandy while I go and get some things on. You're just fretting for Will; that's what is the matter with you. I believe you will feel all right when you see him again."

She put the trembling woman into a chair, and went back to her room to put her clothes on. She noticed that her boots, which had been damp the night before, had frozen to the ground, and she had to break them from it by force.

"I shall be lucky if I get back with my feet unfrozen," she thought to herself, looking regretfully at the warm bed she had left; but it never once, even remotely, occurred to her to refuse the unwelcome mission. She put on all her thickest garments, buckled her pistols on her hip, and went back ot Annie, who was crouching over the fire in the next room.

"I had better take the pony," she said. "He'll get me there and back quicker than I can walk, if you think the little animal is up to it."

Annie nodded.

"He's well fed," she said, "and has had nothing to do since Will's been gone."

Katrine shut the stove up, and the two women went out together.

It was a still dead cold without—the sort of night on which your limbs might freeze beyond recovery, and without your knowing it, so insidious and so little aggressive was the cold.

"You go in and keep warm," said Katrine. "I'll find the pony and manage him;" and she pushed Annie gently within her own door, and went round to the shed at the back of the cabin where the pony was. Her hands in that short time had grown so stiff with cold she could hardly put the saddle on and fasten the girth and straps. The pony knew her, and pricked his ears and snorted while she was getting him ready. He had been idle in his stable two days, and by this time was willing to welcome any change in the monotony of life. When she had adjusted everything carefully by the Light of the strong moon falling through the little window, she threw herself cross-leg upon his back and rode him out of the shed. Annie had her face pressed eagerly against the back window of her cabin, watching for her to appear. Katrine smiled at her, lifted her cap above her head for an instant as a man would do, and then the next moment was cantering away over the snowy waste that stretched behind Good Luck Row. She went at a good pace, urged on by that last glimpse of the pale face, with the terrible look of haunted fear on it, pressed to the window.

The temperature was very low, but the absence of wind and dampness in the air made the cold bearable. Katrine, haunted by the fear of frost-bite, kept pinching her nose and pulling her ears and banging her feet against the pony's side to keep the blood stirring in them. Inside the first half hour she was away some distance from the lights of Dawson, and nothing but great snowy stretches lay around her.

That night up at the west gulch it happened that neither Stephen nor Talbot had gone to bed. There was little to choose between night and day there, since half of the day hours are dark as the blackest night, and a man can sleep in them as profitably, or more so, than in the moonlight hours of the night. Three o'clock in the morning had come, and the two men were still sitting talking on each side of the stove, with an opened whiskey bottle on the table between them, in Stephen's cabin, when the dull sound of a horse's footfall broke the blank silence of the gulch. Both sprang to their feet on the instant, and Talbot drew his pistol from his belt and stood listening with it in his hand.

"I always said we oughn't to keep our gold up here," said Stephen, and his face whitened.

Talbot held up his hand to enjoin silence, and they waited while the sound of the hoofs moving slowly over the treacherous and uneven soil came nearer. Then there was a pause, which seemed to the men inside endless. Then two distinct taps on the door. Talbot, who was nearer it, made a forward movement; but Stephen caught his arm.

"What are you going to do?" he whispered.

"Open it and fire," returned Talbot laconically; and he pushed back the latch and raised his revolver as he opened the door.

Stephen was close behind him, and Talbot almost stepped upon him as he drew back with astonishment the next instant. Katrine jumped from the pony's back and stepped over the threshold without invitation.

"How lucky I am to find you up!" she exclaimed; and then seeing Talbot's hastily lowered revolver in his right hand, she burst out laughing. "So you were going to shoot, were you?" she said, drawing out her own. "Well, I was quite ready—I have been all the ride. I am sorry I frightened you."

"Frightened us!" repeated the two men in a breath, with an indignant glance.

"Oh, no; of course I didn't mean that," rejoined Katrine, laughing. "Disturbed you, I should say. Oh, Stephen, give me some of that whiskey. I am almost dead with cold."

Her face did indeed look frozen white with cold under her fur cap, and her dark eyes shone in it with a liquid splendor that made Stephen's heart beat tumultuously against his side. He poured out some of the spirit for her and pushed her gently into a chair, commencing to pull off her thick gloves of fur.

"I want Will Johnson," she said, with her customary directness. "Stephen, I've come up to fetch him. He's one of your men. Tell me where I can find him."

"What do you want with him at this time of night?" questioned Stephen, while Talbot silently extracted a plate of bread and bacon from the cupboard and put it on the table at her elbow.

"I don't want him for myself," she answered, mischievously. "His wife has sent me up to find him. She thinks she is dying, and wants to see him to-night. Where can I find him?"

"His cabin is a little higher up the gulch, but you mustn't go there; I will go after him," said Stephen, hastily.

"I don't know," replied Katrine; "I'd better ride up there and take him back home with me, hadn't I?"

"Ride back again to-night!" exclaimed Stephen. "What madness! It was bad enough to make the ride once. She mustn't think of it, must she, Talbot?" and he turned to his friend for corroboration.

"Cetainly not, I should say," returned Talbot, in his quiet, but final way. "I will ride up to Johnson's place and send him down home, and you can make Katrine comfortable here."

The girl sprung to her feet.

"Why, what an idea!" she said, with a flush on her pale cheeks. "I only came to you to find Will. Of course I can't stay here all night."

"Your mission will be accomplished, won't it, if Will goes to his wife?" returned Talbot, quietly. "There is no need to risk your life again. There is no good in it. Besides, it will save time if you let Will have the pony at once to take him back. You can have one of ours in the morning."

She looked up at him. She admired Talbot exceedingly. His voice was so invariable gentle and quiet, so different from all the voices that she heard round her daily. Stephen's, though his resembled it had not the same curious accent of refinement. His manner, too, had the same extreme gentleness; and yet beneath this apparent softness she knew there existed a courage that equalled any in the whole camp. He looked very handsome, too, she thought, at this moment, as she met a soft smile in his eyes, and her tones were more hesitating as she repeated:

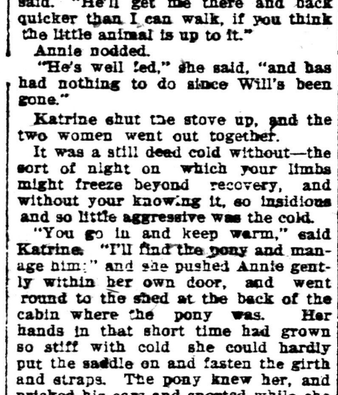
"I think I ought to return."

(To be continued.)

I bought a horse, with a supposedly incurable ringbone for $30.00. I treated him with $1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for $85.00. Profit on Liniment, $54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE.

Hotel Keeper, St. Phillippe, Que.



All mothers can put away anxiety regarding their suffering children when they have Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to give relief. Its effects are sure and lasting.

Whither We Are Flying.

The point in space toward which the sun with its planets is voyaging at the rate of a million miles a day now lies directly overhead early in the evening. The exact location of this point has not been finally determined, but it lies somewhere in the neighborhood of the brilliant star Vega. Do you feel that you are shooting upward, head first, about twenty-five times as fast as a cannonball?

Got it Printed.

"So, you got your poem printed?" "Yes," replied the author. "I sent the first stanza to the editor of the Correspondence Column with the inquiry, 'Can any one give me the rest of this poem?' Then I sent in the complete poem over another name!"

Stops Stomach Gas Prevents Fermentation Aids Digestion

If fermentation of food in the stomach can be prevented, you go a long way towards stopping the most frequent ailment of the day. Doctors who have studied the formula of Dr. Hamilton's Pills say it would be difficult to find a remedy better adapted to stomach ailments. After once using Dr. Hamilton's Pills the stomach is cleared of the sour, fermenting matter that causes gas, heartburn, indigestion and headaches. You will be pleasantly surprised at the smooth, easy way in which Hamilton's Pills tone up the liver, kidneys and stomach.

It's really wonderful the improvement in appetite, in complexion, in general well-being that results directly from the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They stop dizziness, fullness and swelling of the stomach, they correct costiveness, bad dreams and blotchy skin.

To strengthen the muscular system, to bring a keen edge to the appetite, elasticity to the step and brightness to the eyes, nothing can compare with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Sold everywhere in 25c boxes.

A PLUCKY HEN.

Fought, and Defeated, a Pair of Hawks.

We usually think of roosters as proverbial fighters and of hens as decidedly lacking in sprit. On occasion, however, the hens can be as brave as the bravest. I once witnessed, writes a subscriber, an exhibition of courage on the part of a hen that deserves to be recorded.

She was a white topknot of eccentric disposition—which is one way of saying that she preferred to select her own nests. She chose the spare-root bed for that purpose, and had accumulated some eggs before she was discovered and ifnominiously shooed out of the window. Highly indignant, she disappeared under the barn, whence she emerged several weeks later with eleven chicks.

Beyond introducing the eleven into the kitchen one day when the door had inadvertently been left open, Madam White displayed no more eccentricity than any other hen. But one day there arose a mighty uproar in the yard. Such a cackling, squawking and peeping surely portended dire calamity. We rushed to the door just in time to see a hawk getting the surprise of his life. He had evidently swooped down for one of the chickens, and Madam White, with beak and claws and wings, was giving him a drubbing that threatened permanently to disable him.

Suddenly a dark shape swept down to the ground, there was a piercing peep, and Madam White turned to see the hawk's mate in the act of seizing one of her brood. Quick as thought she flew to the rescue. Up int othe air went the hawk, and with it went Madam White. The hawk tried its best to shake her off, but the hen hung on, fighting desperately, until the hawk was forced to drop the chicken and beat a retreat.

Madam White came to earth with a thud and a flop, gathered her flock about her, and retired to the shelter of the currant bushes, where she talked about the occurrence in gutturals for some time. Neither of the captured chickens sustained any serious injury, and the old grenadier brought the entire brood to maturity.

A TONIC FOR THE NERVES

The Only Real Nerve Tonic is a Good Supply of Rich, Red Blood.

"If people would only attend to their blood, instead of worrying themselves ill," said an eminent nerve specialist, "we doctors would not see our consulting rooms crowded with nervous wrecks. More people suffer from worry than anything else."

The sort of thing which the specialist spoke of is the nervous run-down condition caused by overwork and the many anxieties of to-day. Sufferers find themselves tired, low-spirited and unable to keep their minds on anything. Any sudden noise hurts like a blow. They are full of groundless fears, and do not sleep well at night. Headaches and other nerve pains are part of the misery, and it all comes from starved nerves.

Doctoring the nerves with poisonous sedatives is a terrible mistake. The only real nerve tonic is a good supply of rich, red blood. Therefore to relieve nervousness and run-down health Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be taken. These pills make new, rich blood, which strengthens the nerves, improves the appetite, gives new strength and spirits, and makes hitherto despondent people bright and cheerful. If you are at all "out of sorts" you should begin taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Persian Cookery.

Cookery among the well-to-do classes in Persia is extravagant—partly because they are lavishly hospitable, partly because all house servants are fed from the leavings of the master's table. Tiny chickens, quails, pigeons, doves and young partridges are handed hot, on the spit, to each guest.

Simple and Sure.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is so simple in application that a child can understand the instructions. Used as a liniment the only direction is to rub, and when used as a dressing to apply. The directions are so plain and unmistakable that they are readily understood by young or old.

Poland's Resources

Of the new states that emerged to independence as a result of the world war, Poland will probably play one of the most important roles in the political and economic life of Eastern Europe. Situated as it is on the crossroads of trade connecting Central and Eastern Europe, at the very gateway of Russia, as well as of the Baltic states and the Black Sea, it offers a tremendous field for American creative genius and co-operative effort in the formation and development of industries which would not only find a ready market for their output in Poland, but would create an advantageous position for profitable business in a vast and unexploited territory to the east and in the adjacent countries. Not only may it become an important market for American goods, but it may soon be in a position to export large quantities of raw products needed by the United States. It has been conservatively estimated that by 1921 the country will be in a position to export about 800,000 tons of grain. Through the port of Danzig it can enter the market for foreign trade, being connected by shipping lines with all important markets.

The territorial limits of Poland embrace the provinces formerly belonging to Russia, Austria-Hungary and Germany. Its final boundaries, as far as they were not determined by the German and Austrian peace treaties, are to be subsequently determined by the principal Allied and Associated Powers or by vote to be taken in each commune. The proposed boundaries will give the republic an area greater than that of Italy and a population of about 35,000,000. Warsaw, the capital, has a population of about 1,000,000, and has rightly been termed the "Hub of Central Europe." Before the first division of territory between Russia, Prussia and Austria took place in 1772, the country occupied an area of about 300,000 square miles. The second division of territory took place in 1793, and the last one in 1795. In these days three divisions Russia annexed about 220,500 square miles, Austria-Hungary 35,500, and Prussia about 26,000 square miles. At that time the population was about 12,000,000, while, according to the statistics of Jan. 1, 1915, the latest available, the number of Poles in the world was:

Poles in Europe	22,669,000
Poles in the United States	3,000,000
Poles in other countries	423,000
	26,092,000

It has been estimated that 65 per cent. of the population of Poland is engaged in agriculture, 14 per cent. in industry and mining, 8 per cent. in commerce and trade, and the remaining 13 per cent. identified with other occupations.

Roughly speaking, 45 per cent. of the country's entire territory is under cultivation, more or less intensive, while 25 per cent. is valuable forest land. The most intensive cultivation is in the western part of the country and in the middle valley of Vistula, where farming lands attain, without pastures, 58 per cent. of the territory. Two types of farm properties predominate in Poland—large estates of above 100 acres and small properties from 5 to 100 acres. The number of large estates is diminishing steadily as large tracts are being yearly purchased by small holders, thus increasing uninterruptedly the part occupied by small properties. The most important agricultural crops are wheat, rye, barley, oats, corn, buckwheat, millet, peas, potatoes, sugar beets and flax. The cereals and potatoes occupy the bulk of the acreage, the staple food of the greater portion of the country being rye bread and potatoes. In 1912 there were about 4 million horses, 9 million cattle, 5 million goats and sheep and about 6 million pigs. During the war at least 70 per cent. of the Polish live stock was destroyed, requisitioned or simply stolen by the armies of occupation.

Not many countries in Europe can boast of such rich mineral resources as Poland. To the majority of persons this wealth was formerly known only as being on German, Austrian or Russian territory. Chief among the products of mining are: Coal, iron, zinc and lead ores, potash and table salts, phosphorites, copper, sulphur, ozokerite (mineral wax) and oil and its by-products. The coal fields occupy an area of over 2,000 square miles, and are situated in Dombrowa-Cracow-Silesian basin. It is a matter of common knowledge that Galician oil wells played a vital part in the progress of the war. The Galician oil fields are well able to supply all the needs of a population numbering in excess of 100,000,000. Poland has another great source of wealth in its rock salt. The mines are situated on the northern slopes of the Carpathian mountains and in the northern basin of what was formerly known as Austrian Poland. Wieliczka, near Cracow, is said to have the greatest rock salt mine in the world, containing approximately 21,000,000 tons of salt. The country's water courses furnish cheap sources of energy, especially in Galicia, where a permanent force of 500,000 horse-power could easily be obtained by utilizing the tributaries of the Vistula, Dneister and Prut.—Joachim Fajans, in The World's Markets, published by R. G. Dun & Co.

Clean Stomach, Clear Mind.—The stomach is the workshop of the vital functions and when it gets out of order the whole system clogs in sympathy. The spirits flag, the mind droops and work becomes impossible. The first care should be to restore healthful action of the stomach and the best preparation for that purpose is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. General use for years has won them a leading place in medicine. A trial will attest their value.

A human being is not in any greater sense, a human being till he is educated.—H. Mann.

Rheumatism

Now is the time to get rid of it!
Nature is pulling for you—
The warm weather's here—
This is your chance—
grasp it—take

Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules

Get it out of your system the easiest way!
Sold by reliable druggists for a dollar. Ask our agent or write us for a free sample. Templeton's, 142 King St. W., Toronto.

FOR SUMMER BAKING.

So often when you tell a housewife to simplify her summer cooking, to bake simple cakes and puddings for dessers she will tell you that her family get so tired of these things. If she would take a dollar bill and make a trip to one of the housefurnishing departments and buy two or three fancy moulds, two or three different shaped cooky cutters and some muffin pans that are different it would be well worth the time and money spent.

Plain sugar and molasses cookies taste so much better when cut with the leaf cutter for a change or with the little sunbonnet girl cutter. They assume quite a "partified" air. So do the simplest of puddings in the fancy moulds. One very versatile mother makes a plain cornstarch blanc mange with no eggs seem like the most gala dish by adding fruit juice to color it pink and moulding it in the angel cake pan. She had a little glass bottle which just fits into the mould and this is filled with sweet peas and the pudding is turned out onto a pink plate and served into the best sherbet cups. The ready-made gelatine desserts in fancy-moulds with fruits moulded in them are delicious and one never tires of them on hot days.

Plain gingerbread baked in little scalloped tins while mother is clearing up after breakfast before it gets too hot, is every bit as good as the richest cake. Sometimes it can be baked in layer pans and put together with an uncooked chocolate icing, sometimes it can be baken in a big pan with white icing and four peanuts on each square.

Try varying the dishes served as to shape and size instead of ingredients and you will find that it answers the purpose every bit as well with much less work for the housewife.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis

If there is an ailment in the throat or chest, it is, surely essential that the remedy be conveyed direct to the affected part. It's because the healing vapor of Catarrhozone is breathed into the sore, irritated throat and bronchial tubes that its balsamic fumes kill the germs and destroy the cause of the trouble. These are the reasons why Catarrhozone never yet failed to cure a genuine case of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis or Throat Trouble.

The wonderfully-soothing vapor of Catarrhozone instantly reaches the furthest recesses of the lungs, produces a healing curative effect that is impossible with a tablet or liquid, which goes merely to the stomach, and fails entirely to help the throat or lungs.

Catarrhozone
Just Breathe It

To permanently cure your winter ills, your coughs, sneezing and Catarrh, by all means use a tried and proven remedy like Catarrhozone. But beware of the substitutor. Large outfit lasts two months, costs $1.00, small size 50c, trial size 35c, at leaders everywhere.

Increase of English.

In the year 1600 there were about six million persons who spoke English—a much smaller number than spoke French, German, Italian or Spanish. To-day English-speaking people number about one hundred and twenty millions, or about double the aggregate of those who speak French, Italian or Spanish and half as many again as speak German or Russian.

Relief from Asthma. Who can describe the complete relief from suffering which follows the use of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy? Who can express the feeling of joy that comes when its soft and gentle influence relieves the tightened, choking air tubes! It has made asthmatic affliction a thing of the past for thousands. It never fails. Good druggists everywhere have sold it for years.

Daily Thought.

A man's own observation, what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.—Bacon.

Miller's Worm Powders were devised to promptly relieve children who suffer from the ravages of worms. It is a simple preparation warranted to destroy stomachic and intestinal worms without shock or injury to the most sensitive system. They act thoroughly and painlessly, and though in some cases they may cause vomiting, that is an indication of their powerful action and not of any nauseating property.

AFTER THE WAR

"She has resumed trade relations with her former husband."

"Oh?"

"Collecting alimony."—Buffalo Express.

The most obstinate corns and warts fail to resist Holloway's Corn Cure. Try it.