

LIFE'S UNEXPRESSED.

There are sweeter words than were ever said. And sweeter songs than were ever sung. And fonder tears than were ever shed. By the eyes of the old or the hearts of the young.

THE MISTRESS of the Mine.

or A Woman Intervenes. Robert Barr

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

When that necessary operation was concluded Kenyon sat down and thought over what young Longworth had told him. His triumph, after all, had been the short-lived. The choice between the two scoundrels was so small that he felt he didn't care which of them owned the mine.

CHAPTER XXVII.

This chapter consists largely of letters. As a general thing letters are of little concern to anyone except the writers and the receivers, but they are inserted here under the hope that the reader is already well enough acquainted with the correspondents to feel some interest in what they have written.

It was nearly a fortnight after the receipt of the cablegram from Kenyon that George Wentworth found, one morning, on his desk, two letters, each bearing a Canadian postage stamp. One was somewhat bulky and one was thin, but they were both from the same writer.

"Melville the owner!" cried Wentworth to himself. "Whatever could have put that into John's head? This letter is evidently the one posted a few hours before, so it will contain whatever request he has to make," and, without delay, George Wentworth tore open the envelope of the second letter which was obviously the one written first.

It contained a number of documents relating to the transfer of the mine. The letter from John himself went on to give particulars of the buying of the mine. Then it continued, "I wish you would do me a favor, George. Will you kindly ask the owner of the mine if he will give me charge of it. I am, of course, anxious to make it turn out as well as possible, and I believe I can more than earn my salary, whatever it is. You know I am not grasping in the matter of money, but get me as large a salary as you think I deserve."

"I desire to make money for reasons that are not entirely selfish, as you know. To tell you the truth, George, I am tired of cities and of people. I want to live here in the woods, where there is not so much deceit and treachery as there seems to be in the big towns. When I reached London last time I felt like a boy getting home. My feelings have undergone a complete change, and I think, if it were not for you and a certain young lady, I should never care to see the big city again. What is the use of my affecting mystery and writing the words 'a certain young lady'—of course you know whom I mean—Miss Edith Longworth. You know also that I am, and have long been, in love with her. If I had succeeded in making the money I thought I should by selling the mine, I might have had some hopes of making more, and of ultimately being in a position to ask her to be my wife. But that, and very many other hopes, have disappeared with my recent London experiences."

"I want to get into the woods and recover some of my lost tone and my lost faith in human nature. If you can arrange matters with the owner of the mine so that I may stay here for a year or two, you will do me a great favor."

George Wentworth read over the latter part of this letter two or three times. Then he rose, paced the floor and pondered over the matter. "It isn't a thing upon which I can ask anyone's advice," he muttered to himself. "The trouble with Kenyon is he is entirely too modest. A little useful self-esteem would be just the thing for him." At last he stopped suddenly in his walk. "By Jove," he said to himself, slapping his thigh. "I shall do it, let the conse-

quences be what they may." And he sat down to his desk and wrote a letter. "MY DEAR MISS LONGWORTH: You told me when you were here last that you wanted all the documents in the case of the mine in every instance. A document has come this morning that is rather important. John Kenyon, as you will learn by reading the letter, desires the management of the mine. I need not say that I think he is the best man in the world for the position, and that everything will be safe in his hands. I therefore inclose you his letter. I had some thought of cutting out some part of it, but knowing your desire, as you said, to have all the documents in the case, I take the liberty of sending this one exactly as it reached me, and if anyone is to blame, I am the person. I remain your agent,

"GEORGE WENTWORTH." He sent this letter out at once, so that he would not have a chance to change his mind. "It will reach her this afternoon, and doubtless she will call and see me."

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say she did not call, and she did not see him for many days afterward, but next morning, when he came to his office, he found a letter from her. It ran: "DEAR MR. WENTWORTH: The sending of Mr. Kenyon's letter to me is a somewhat dangerous precedent, which you must, on no account, follow by sending any letters you may receive from any person to Mr. Kenyon. However, as you were probably aware when you sent the letter, no blame will rest on your shoulders or on those of anyone else, in this instance. Still, be very careful in future, because letter sending, unbridled, is sometimes a risky thing to do. All the same, you are to remember that I always want all the documents in the case, and I want them with nothing eliminated. I am very much obliged to you for forwarding me the letter."

"As to the management of the mine, of course, I thought Mr. Kenyon would desire to come back to London. If he is content to stay abroad, and really, as you say, very ignorant as to what a proper salary should be, so will you kindly settle that question? You know the usual salary for such an occupation. Please write down that figure and add \$200 a year to it. Tell Mr. Kenyon the amount named is the salary Mr. Smith assigns to him.

"Pray be very careful in the wording of the letters, so that Mr. Kenyon will not have any idea who Mr. Smith is. Yours truly, EDITH LONGWORTH." When Wentworth received this letter, being a man, he did not know whether Miss Longworth was pleased or not. However, he speedily wrote to John, telling him he was appointed manager of the mine, and that Mr. Smith was very pleased to have him in that capacity. He named the salary, but said if it was not enough, no doubt Mr. Smith was so anxious for his services that the amount would be increased.

John, when he got the letter, was more than satisfied. At the same time Wentworth had been reading his letters, John had received those which had been sent him when the mine was bought. He was relieved to find that Melville was not, after all, the owner, and he went to work with a will, intending to put in two or three years of his life with hard labor in developing the resources of the property. The first fortnight, before he received any letters, he did nothing but make himself acquainted with the way work was being carried on there. He found many things to improve. The machinery had been allowed to run down, and the men worked in the listless way men do when they are under no particular supervision. The manager of the mine was very anxious about his position. John told him the property had changed hands, but until he had further news from England he could not tell just what would be done. When the letters came John took hold with a vim, and there was soon a decided improvement in the way affairs were going. He allowed the old manager to remain as a sort of sub-manager, but that individual soon found out the easy times of the Austrian Mining company were forever gone.

Kenyon had to take one or two long trips in Canada and the United States to arrange for the disposal of the products of the mine, but, as a general rule, his time was spent entirely in the log village near the river. When a year had passed he was able to write a very jubilant letter to Wentworth. "You see," he said, "after all the mine was worth the £200,000 we asked for it. It pays, even the first year, ten per cent. on that amount. This will give back all the mine has cost, and I think, George, the honest thing for us to do would be to let the whole proceeds go to Mr. Smith this year, who advanced the money at a critical time. This will recoup him for his own outlay, because the working capital has not been touched. The mica has more than paid the working of the mine, and all the rest is clear profit. Therefore, if you are willing, we will let our third go this year, and then we can take our large dividend next year with a clear conscience. I inclose the balance sheet."

To this letter there came an answer in due time from Wentworth, who said that he had placed John's proposal before Mr. Smith, but it seemed the gentleman was so pleased with the profitable investment he had made that he would hear of no other division of the profits but that of share and share alike. He appeared to be very much touched by the offer John had made, and respected him for making it, but the proposed rescinding on his part and Wentworth's was a thing not to be thought of. This being the case, John sent a letter and a very large check to his father. The moment of posting that letter was doubtless one of the happiest of his life, and this ends the formidable array of letters which appears in this chapter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Kenyon's luck, as he said to himself, had turned. The second year was even more prosperous than the first, and the third as successful as the second. He had a steady market for his mineral, and, besides, he had the great advantage of knowing the rogues to avoid. Some new swindlers, he had encountered during his first year's experience, had taught him lessons that he profited by in the second and third. He liked his home in the wilderness, and he liked the

rough people among whom he found himself.

Notwithstanding his renunciation of London, however, there would, now and then, come a yearning for the big city, and he promised himself a trip there at the end of the third year. Wentworth had been threatening, month after month, to come out and see him, but something had always interfered.

Taking it all in all, John liked it better in winter than in the summer, in spite of the extreme cold. The cold was steady, and could be depended upon; moreover, it was healthful and invigorating. In summer John never became accustomed to the ravages of the black fly, the mosquito and other insect pests of that season. His first interview with the black fly left his face in such a condition that he was glad he lived in a wilderness!

At the beginning of the second winter John treated himself to a luxury. He bought a natty little French Canadian horse that was very quick and accustomed to the ice, because the ice of the river formed the highway by which he reached Burnt Pine from the mine. To supplement the horse, he also got a comfortable little cutter, and with this turnout he made his frequent journeys between the mine and Burnt Pine with comfort and speed, wrapped snugly in buffalo robes.

If London often reverted to his mind, there was another subject that intruded itself even more frequently. His increased prosperity had something to do with this. He saw that, if he was to have a third of the receipts of the mine, he was not to remain a poor man for very long, and this fact gave him a certain courage which had been lacking before. He wondered if she remembered him. Wentworth had said very little about her in his letters, and Kenyon, in spite of the confession he had made when his case seemed hopeless, was loth to write and ask his friend anything about her.

One day, on a clear, sharp, frosty winter morning, Kenyon had his little pony harnessed for his weekly journey to Burnt Pine. After the rougher part of the journey between the mine and the river had been left behind and the pony got down to her work on the ice, with the two white banks of snow on either side of the smooth track, John gave himself up to thinking about the subject which now so often engrossed his mind. Wrapped closely in his furs, with the cutter skimming along the ice, these thoughts found a pleasant accompaniment in the silvery tinkle of the bells which jingled around his horse's neck. As a general thing he met no one on the icy road from the mine to the village. Sometimes there was a procession of sleighs bearing supplies for his own mine and those beyond, and when this procession was seen, Kenyon had to look out for some place by the side of the track where he could pull up his horse and cutter and allow the teams to pass. The snow on each side of the cutting was so deep that these days were shoveled out here and there to permit teams to get past each other. He had gone half way to the village when he saw ahead of him a pair of horses which he at once recog-

nized as those belonging to the hotel-keeper. He drew up in the first bay and awaited the approach of the sleigh. He saw that it contained visitors for himself, because the driver, on recognizing him, had turned round and spoken to the occupants of the vehicle. As it came along the man drew up and nodded to Kenyon, who, although ordinarily the most polite of men, did not return the salutation. He was stricken dumb with astonishment at seeing who was in the sleigh. One woman was so bundled up that not even her nose appeared out in the cold, but the smiling, rosy face of the other needed no introduction to John Kenyon.

"Well, Mr. Kenyon," cried a laughing voice, "you did not expect to see me this morning, did you?" "I confess I did not," said John, "and yet," here he paused. He was going to say, "and yet I was thinking of you," but he checked himself.

Miss Longworth, who had a talent for reading the unspoken thoughts of John Kenyon, probably did not need to be told the end of the sentence. "Are you going to the village?" she asked. "I was going; I am not going now." "That's right. I was just going to invite you to turn round with us. You see, we are on our way to look at the mine, and I suppose, we shall have to obtain the consent of the manager before we can do so." Miss Longworth's companion had emerged for a moment from her wraps and looked at John but instantly retired among the furs again with a shiver. She was not surprised as her companion, and she considered this the most frightful climate she had ever encountered.

"Now," said John, "although your sleigh is very comfortable, I think this cutter of mine is even more so. It is intended for two. Won't you step out of the sleigh into the cutter? Then, if the driver will move on, I can turn and we will follow the sleigh."

"I shall be delighted to do so," said the young woman, shaking herself free from the buffalo robe and stepping lightly from the sleigh to the cutter, pausing, however, for a moment before she did so, to put her own wraps over her companion. John tucked her in beside himself, and, as the sleigh jingled on, he slowly turned his pony round into the road again. "I have got a pretty fast pony," he said, "but I think we will let them drive on ahead. It irritates this little horse to see anything in front of her."

"Then we can make up speed," said Edith, "and catch them before they get to the mine. Is it far from here?" "No, not very far; at least, it doesn't take long to get there with a smart horse."

"I have enjoyed this experience ever so much," she said. "You see, my father had come to Montreal on business, so I came with him, as usual, and, being there, I thought I would run up here and see the mine. I wanted—" she continued, looking at the other side of the cutter and trailing her well-gloved fingers in the snow—"I wanted to know personally whether my manager was conducting my property in the way it ought to be conducted, notwithstanding the very satisfactory balance sheets he sends."

"Your property!" exclaimed John, in amazement. "Certainly. You didn't know that, did you?" she replied, looking for a moment at him and then away from him; "I call myself the Mistress of the Mine."

"Then you are—you are?" "Mr. Smith," said the girl, coming to his rescue. "There was a moment's pause, and the next words John said were not at all what she expected. "Take your hand out of the snow," he commanded, "and put it in under the buffalo robe; you have no idea how cold it is here, and your hand will be frozen in a moment."

"Really," said the girl, "an employe must not talk to his employer in that tone! My hand is my own, is it not?" "I hope it is," said John, "because I want to ask you for it." For answer Miss Edith Longworth placed her hand in his.

Actions speak louder than words. The sleigh was far in advance, and there were no witnesses on the white-topped hills.

"Were you astonished," she said, "when I told you that I owned the mine?" "Very much so, indeed. Were you astonished when I told you that I wished to own the owner of the hand?" "Not in the slightest."

"Why?" "Because your treacherous friend, Wentworth, sent me your letter applying for a situation. You got the situation, didn't you, John?"

THE TIDY TADPOLE.

Eats His Weaker and Superfluous Companions in a Neat Manner. A wonderful spirit of tidiness seems to pervade the tadpole world. They always eat whatever has become useless—their own eggs, their superfluous companions. Even those who are only weakly are cleared out of the way and the victims take it all as a matter of course. I have disturbed a strong member of the community just as he begun to dine off the tail of a weaker brother, but the sufferer had not troubled to escape—he simply waited till the fratricide returned to complete his deadly work. For some time there is no grave change in the tadpoles. They simply grow and become so far transparent that their internal mechanism, which consists of one coil of intestines, is plainly visible. When, however, they are about three months old a careful observer can distinguish a tiny foot on either side of the base of the tail.

These grow slowly, but seem unable to move independently until shortly before the borderland is passed which leads to perfect froghood. The hind legs have reached their full size before the front ones appear, and, while the feet grow slowly, the hands are ready-made and can be used at once. For a day or two they can be seen under the skin before they venture forth and their possessor is very restless and excited. He rushes madly about, jostling his comrades and no doubt being voted a bore; then a more vigorous effort breaks the skin and a tiny hand and arm appear. There seems some rule about the order of precedence here, as there is when the whiskers go, for this year my tadpoles, almost without exception, had their right hands some hours before the left, while on previous occasions I have had an entirely lefthanded crew.—Chambers' Journal.

To Ascertain the Progress of a Child. A valuable means for ascertaining the progress of a child, which is too often neglected, is regular weighing. A child from birth to six months of age should be weighed weekly, as by this means, almost to the exclusion of all others, we can tell how the child is developing. During the first week there is generally less in weight, but by the end of the second week the child should have regained its birth weight, and if there is a gain of less than four ounces weekly, or a stationary weight, we know there is some fault with its nutrition, either in quantity or quality of the milk which it receives, or its powers of assimilation.—N. Y. Mercury.

She Drew the Line. The little maid had been ill and had struggled through the early stages of convalescence. She had taken "nourishing" broths and "nourishing" jellies until her soul was weary within her. One morning she electrified the family by sitting bolt upright in bed and saying: "I want you all to take notice I am not going to take any more nourishment. I'm hungry, and I want my meals, and not another mouthful of nourishment will I eat."—Philadelphia American.

TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL

Interest in the Great Exposition Is Growing Everywhere.

Many Eastern and Most of the Southern States Will Have Special Exhibits—Work Done by the Women of the South.

[Special Nashville (Tenn.) Letter.]

There is widespread and growing interest throughout the country in the Tennessee Centennial and International exposition to be held at Nashville, commencing May 1, and continuing until October 30, 1897. This will be the only feature of the kind of national importance during the year, and the progress that has been made and the plans that have been matured have already received so much attention and commendation from the press of the whole country that the success of the enterprise is already assured. It has never been intended by the people of Tennessee that this patriotic celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of their state should be merely of a local or sectional interest, but it is only recently that the full importance and broad scope of the exposition has been more generally understood and accepted as a national or international event. In fact, while the plans, grounds and buildings are just what the management originally contemplated, they find that the demands for space and privileges already exceed the capacity of the buildings, and the lively interest which has been created, especially since the close of the late political campaign, is an indication of the greater interest that will be felt everywhere when the exposition opens.

Several of the states have made appropriations for displays, and many others will do so in the spirit expressed in the message of Gov. Clarke to the legislature of Connecticut, who said:

"In common with other states, Connecticut has been invited by the state of Tennessee to participate in celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of her admission into the union, the event to take the form of a centennial and international exposition, to be held in Nashville for six months, opening May 1, 1897. Preparations are being made upon such a scale as to indicate that it will be an attractive and meritorious enterprise, and, aside from the material advantages it offers for the exhibition of Connecticut's products, it seems that we should unite with sister states in an exhibition of cordial interstate



TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL—WOMAN'S BUILDING.

fellowship upon an occasion of this character. I, therefore, recommend that the subject be duly considered, suggesting that such appropriation be made as will enable the state to be creditably represented there, and that the appointment of a commission be authorized as its official representatives."

Rhode Island was the first eastern state to make an appropriation and to erect a building, and the governor of the far-away territory of Alaska, with the aid of enterprising citizens, is preparing to make an elaborate exhibit which will show the resources and development of that country in splendid style. New Mexico will send 15 tons of material and other specimen products. The California state board of trade asks for large space for a great display of fruit. Ohio has made a liberal appropriation for a state display, and the city of Cincinnati will erect a building at a cost of \$10,000, a single exhibit in which will cost \$30,000. Vermont has made an appropriation, and the legislatures of other states now in session are asked to provide for exhibits, and where this cannot be done the public-spirited citizens and leading business men will provide the means for a creditable representation. Gov. Hastings, of Pennsylvania, visited the exposition grounds a few weeks ago in company with nearly all the leading state officers, and they were greatly astonished at the magnitude of the plant and the magnificence of the buildings. The governor gave the management the most positive assurance that the state of Pennsylvania should appropriate at least \$40,000 for the purpose of making an exhibit worthy of the Keystone state.

The rivalry between the cities of Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Chicago, each of which will endeavor to make the best impression upon the southern people, in the hope of winning the trade of that section, is the best evidence of the great favor with which the centennial is looked upon in the business world.

A. Macchi, a foreign representative of the exposition, with headquarters in London, has special commissioners in every country in Europe, all of whom will be represented, 500,000 square feet of space having already been engaged for European exhibits, necessitating the construction of a large annex to the "omnium building." The Russian and Scandinavian exhibits promise to be the most wonderful, representing home life, industry, commerce, art and education. A Japanese village has also been built, showing a street in one of the principal cities of Japan. These are only a few of the many indications of the interest outside of Tennessee and her neighboring states, all of whom are

fully aware of the great opportunity presented.

The United States government has given the exposition splendid recognition, having made an appropriation of \$130,000 for a building of magnificent architecture and an exhibit which will demonstrate the practical workings of the several departments at Washington. The plans of this building are now being made and the contract for the erection of the building will be awarded without the usual requirement of advertising 30 days for bids.

All of the main buildings have been completed except the great History structure, which will itself be one of the best specimens of art, and for which ground has been broken. The Negro building will soon be completed, and nothing will remain to be done in that line of work after the 1st of April unless it be some of the smaller affairs for concessions, etc.

In the woman's department the past month has marked the steady advancement of the work in all its branches, and the additional assurance of new features of interest and beauty, and the greater perfection of others already mapped out.

On the second floor of the Woman's building one of the large front rooms, whose windows look out toward the Auditorium, will be known as the Georgia room, and will be furnished and decorated entirely by the women of Georgia, under the direction of Mrs. Joseph Thompson, of Atlanta, the chief commissioner in charge. During the first week of the new year the entire board of Georgia commissioners held a meeting, at which the sum of \$1,000 was voted to be expended in the beautifying and fitting up of this room. As this sum is already in hand, the appropriation means the immediate beginning of the work, under the direction of the appointed committee, who are already receiving bids and estimates. As finished the room will be a handsome reception room, and around its walls will be placed a few cases filled with choice specimens of the best attainments and handiwork of the Georgia women in various lines.

At the head of the wide stairway on the second floor another room will be furnished by a band of women as a handsome setting for the exhibits of their work and achievements, and during the past month in Chattanooga, the home of the workers, constant meetings have been held to decide upon a plan of decoration and the exhibits to be accepted for this room. One interesting feature which it will present will be a

frieze around the walls, showing the native flora and bits of the scenery at various points on Lookout mountain. In Marion county recently the women have secured a court appropriation of such good proportions as to insure at least one added feature to the building in addition to the county and woman's handiwork exhibit, which they will send as the result of their own efforts.

In Shelby county, with over \$3,000 in hand, the women are progressing rapidly with the selection of plans and bids for their part of the work, and contractors will shortly be sent to Nashville to begin on wall decoration and the placing of the tiling on the floor of the grand entrance hall of the building.

In Nashville for the past 30 days the leading feature of the work has been the organization of local Women's Centennial clubs in each of the wards of the city and many of the districts of the surrounding country. The first of these clubs was organized early in December, and through this agency already 500 women are enlisted in the cause whose cooperation had not been secured before. Each club has four officers, whose chairman directs the plan of work, and meets with the state board of the woman's department at their regular meetings.

The money made by the Davidson county members of the board will be used in providing the necessary funds for the committee's work, furnishing and advancing such parts of the building as have not been appropriated by different bands of workers, and in paying the entire running expenses of the building during the six months of the exposition.

Amplly Atoned For.

Not many years ago, according to the annals of the India office, a queen's messenger, or some other inferior official, was robbed, though not injured in any way, on his road to Cabul, and the British government, of course, wrote to complain of it. No reply was received for months; but at last the emir wrote: "The matter you mention has been thoroughly investigated, and not only have the robbers of your messenger been put to death, but all their children, as well as their fathers and grandfathers. I hope this will give satisfaction to her majesty the queen."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Injustice.

"White man mek all de laws toe suit hissef," said "Rastus." "Co'se," assented Moses. "Jis fo' zample: man steal my dawg las' week an' I fine out dat dawg ain' prop'erty. But chickens am prop'erty, an' doan' yo' fergit it!"—Indianapolis Journal.