By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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An hour later, with strong skirmish lines out on every side of the captured village, with a score of Indian warriors sent to their last account and the others scattered over the face of the earth, the little battalion of the Twelfth is wondering if, after all, the fight were worth winning, for here in their midst, his head on Leale's arm, his fading sight fixed on the tear dimmed eyes of his faithful comrade, here lies their beloved old colonel, his last messages murmured in that listening ear: "Leale-old friend -find-find that poor girl-my-my son robbed and ruined and desertedand be the friend to her-you've been to me-and mine. God bless"-

And this-while the regiment, obeying its stern duty, goes on in pursuitthis is the news Jack Ormsby has to break to the loving, breaking hearts at Frayne.

CHAPTER IIL

All this was but part and parcel of the story of the old Wyoming fort. Long years had it served as refuge and resting place for the emigrants in the days before the Union Pacific was built, when the overland stage route followed the Platte to the Sweetwater and then past the Devil's Gate and Independence Rock, old landmarks of the Mormons, and on to the backbone of the continent, where the mountain streams, springing from rocky bods not long pistol shot apart, flowed rippling away, the one to the Missouri and the gulf of Mexico, the other to the Colorado and that of California. Frayne was but a hage stockade in the early days of the civil war, but the government found it important from a strategical point of view even after the railway spanned the Rockies and the emigrant and the settler no longer trudged the weary trail that, bordering the Sioux country, became speedily a road of fire and blood second only in its terrors to the Smoky Hill route through "bleeding Kansas.

Once it was the boast of the Dakotas, as it has been for generations of their enemies, the Absarakas, or Crows, that they had never shed the blood of a white man. Settlers of the old days used to tell how the Sicux had followed them for long, long marches, not to murder and pillage, but to restore to them items lost along the trail or animals strayed from their little herds. But there came an end to all this when, resisting an unjust demand, the Sioux being ared upon, retaliated. From the day of the Grattan massacre beyond old Laramie there had been no real eace with the lords of the northwest. They are quiet only when subdued by force. They have broken the crust of their environment time and again and burst forth in the secthing flame of a volcano that is ever bubbling and boiling beneath the feet of the frontiersman to this day.

And so Frayne was maintained as a military post for years, first as a stockade, then as a subdepot of supplies, garrisoned by four companies of infantry and four of cavalry, the former to hold the fort, the latter to scour the neighboring country. Then, as time wore on and other posts were built farther up in the Big Horn, Frayne's garrison dwindled, but there stood upon its commanding bluff the low rows of wooden barracks, the parallel rows of double sets of broad piazzaed quarters where dwelt the officers, the long, low, log riveted walls of the corrals and cavalry stables on the flat below. Here, oddly enough, the Twelfth had spent a lively year or two before it went to Arizona. Here it learned the Sioux country and the Sioux so well that when, a few years back, the ghost dance craze swept over the plains and mountains like the plague, the old regiment was hurried from its sunshiny stations in the south and mustered once again, four troops at least, within the very walls that long before had echoed to its trumpets. Here we found them in the midst of the Christmas preparations that were turned so suddenly into summous to the field, and here again, three years later still, headquarters and six troops now, the proud old regiment is still at Frayne, and Fenton, "vice Farrar, killed in action with hostile Indians," holds the command.

A good soldier is Fenton, a brave fellow, a trifle rough at times, like the simple plains bred dragoon he is, but a gentleman, with a gentle heart in his breast for all the stern exterior. Women said of him that all he needed to make him perfect was polish, and all he needed to give him polish was a wife, for at 54 the grizzled colonel was a bachelor. But Fenton had had his romance in early youth. He had loved with all his big heart, so said tradition, a New York belle and beauty whom he knew in his cadet days, and who, so rumor said, preferred another, whom she married before the war, and many a garrison belle had since set her cap for Fenton and found him faithful to his early love. But, though the ladies often speculated as to the identity of the woman who had held the colonel's heart in bondage all these years and blocked the way for all successors, no one of their number had ever heard her name or ever knew the truth. One off. her me

cer there was in the Twelfth who, like Fenton himself, was a confirmed bachelor and who was said to be possessed of the whole story, but there was no use asking Malcolm Leale to tell anybody's secrets, and when Fenton came to Frayne, promoted to the command so recently held by a man they all loved and honored, it was patent to everybody that he felt sorely, as though he were an usurper. Fenton was many long miles away with another battalion of the Twelfth the day of the tragic battle on the Mini Pusa, and it was long months thereafter before he appeared at regimental headquarters, and then he brought with him as his housekeeper his maiden sister Lucretia, and in Lucretia Fenton-the dreamiest, dowdiest, kindliest, quaintest middle aged prattler that ever lived, moved and had her being in the army-the ladies of the Twelfth found so much to make merry over that they well nigh forgot and for gave the unflattering indifference to feminine fascinations of her brother,

the colonel. When Fenton came, the Farrars, widowed mother and devoted daughter, had been gone some weeks. The shock of her husband's death had well nigh shaken Mrs. Farrar's reason, and for months her condition was indeed deplorable. The next summer the Farrars spent at West Point. It was Will's first class camp, and Will was cadet captain of the color company, and a capital young officer despite a boyish face and manuer, and then Jack Ormsby, who never before had "taken much stock in West Point"-the battalion looked so small beside the Seventh, and the band was such a miserable little affair after Cappa and his superb array-Jack not only concluded that he must go up there every few days to pick up points on guard and sentry duty and things of that kind, but Jack decided that Kitty, his precious sister, might as well go, too, and spend a fortnight, and she did, under the wing of a matron from Gotham with daughters of her own, and Kitty Ormsby, only 16 and as full of vivacity, grace, sprightliness and winning ways as girl could be, pretty as a peach and brimming over with fun, coquetry and sweetness combined, played havoc in the corps of cadets, and-could anything have been more fortunate?-the victim most helplessly, hopelessly, ut-terly gone was Cadet Captain Will Farrar. To the consternation of the widowed mother she saw her handsome soldier boy led day after day more deeply into the meshes-led like a slave or like the piggy in the nursery rhyme, with the ring in the end of his nose-by this bewitching, imperious, fascinating little creature, and there was absolutely no help for it. Anywhere else almost she could have whisked her boy under her wing and borne him away beyond range, but not at West Point. She had to learn the lesson so many mothers learn with such bewilderment, often with such ill grace, that the boy was no longer hers to do with as she would. but Uncle Sam's, and Uncle Sam unfeelingly said. "Stick to your camp duty with its drills and parades, roll calls, practical engineering, pontooning and speoning in stolen half hours, no matter what the consequence." Mrs. Farrar couldn't carry Will away

and couldn't order Kitty. About all she raw of her boy was drilling with the battaliou at a distance or dancing with Miss Ormsby close at hand, and, on the principle that misery loves company, she soon was comforted by a fellow suf ferer, for just in proportion as the mother's heart was troubled by the sight of her boy's infatuation for this pretty child, so was Jack Ormsby made miser able by seeing the attentions lavished by officers and cadets alike on Ellis Far-

And yet the little blind god was do ing Jack far better work than he ever dared to dream. The mother longed for Will, and no one else could quite take his place. The lover longed for Ellis, and what earthly chance has a "cit" lover at West Point, even though he be a swell and a sergeant in the Seventh? It resulted that in the hours when the mother and Jack had to sit and look on they were brought constantly together, and then in these hours of companionship Mrs. Farrar began to see more and more how manful, honest, self reliant was the gallant fellow who had fought by her husband's side. Little by little she learned to lean upon him, appeal to him, defer to him and to see in him, after all, a man in whom she could perhaps confide even so precious a trust as her daughter's heart, and that summer at West Point won the mother even if it did not win the lady of his love.

All that winter Ellis had continued her course at school, but was to come out in May, and during the long months from September she was comforted in the comfort her mother found in the companion that had been chosen for her, a gentle, refined and evidently well bred woman, who came upon the recommendation of their rector, and who was introduced as Mrs. Daunton-Helen Daunton, a woman with a sad history, as the grave old paster frankly told them, but through no fault or foi ble of her own. She had been married. but her husband was unworthy of her, had deserted her some years before, leaving her to struggle for herself. Dr. Morgan vouched for her integrity, and that was enough.

By the time I'llis was to return to

so theroughly established there, so necessary to her mother, so devoted to her in every way, that for the first time in her life, even while glad to mark the steps of improvement in the beloved invalid's health and appearance, Ellis Farrar felt the pangs of jealousy.

And this was Will's graduation summer, and they had a lovely time at the seashere. Kitty was there, and Kitty was an accepted fact—and more sonow. Will would be content nowhere without her and would have married her then and there but for his mother's gentle admonition and Kitty's positive refusal. She had been reared from girlhood by a doting aunt, had been petted and spoiled at home and at school and



"Hiven save us if it isn't really Masther Will!"

yet had not a little fund of shrewd good sense in her bewilderingly pretty head. She wouldn't wear an engagement ring, wouldn't consent to call it an engagement. She owned, under pressure, that she meant to marry Will some day, but not in any hurry, and therefore, but for one thing, the mother's gentle heart

would have been content. And that one thing was that Will had applied for and would hear of no other regiment in all the army than that at the head of which his father had died, the Twelfth cavalry, and no one could understand, and Mrs. Farrar couldn't explain, how it was, why it was that that of all others was the one she had vainly hoped he would not choose. He was wild with joy and enthusiasm when at last the order came, and, with beaming eyes and ringing voice, he read aloud: "Twelfth regiment of cavalry, Cadet Will Duncan Farrar, to be second lieutenant, vice Watson, promoted, Troop C.' Leale's troop, Queen Mother; blessed old Malcolm Leale. What more could I ask or you ask? What captain in all the line can match him? And Kitty's uncle in command of the regiment and post! Just think of it, madre, dear, and you'll all come out, and we'll have grand Christmas times at Frayne, and we'll hang father's picture over the mantel and father's sword. I'll wire Leale this very minute and write my respects to Fenton. What's he like anyway, mother? I can't remember him at all, nor can Kitty."

But Mrs. Farrar could not tell. It was years, too, since she had seen him, "but he was always a faithful friend of improvement in point of size, though your father, Will, and he wrote me a not in stock or sanctity, over its predebeautiful, beautiful letter when we cessor. Jim ran a ferryboat for the ben-

And so, late in September, the boy lieutenant left his mother's arms and. followed by her prayers and tears and blessings, was borne away westward to revisit scenes that were once familiar as the old barrack walls at West Point. Then it required long days of travel over rough mountain roads to reach the railway far south of the Medicine Bow. Now the swift express train landed him at the station of the frontier town that had grown up on the site of the prairie dog village he and his pony had often "stampeded" in the old days. Here at the station, come to meet the son of their old commander, ignoring the fact that the newcomer was but the plebe lieutenant of the Twelfth, were the raddy faced old colonel and Will's own troop leader, Captain Leale, both heartily, cordially bidding him welcome and commenting not a little on his stalwart build and trying hard not to refer to the very downy mustache that adorned his boyish lip. And other and younger officers were there to welcome the lad to his new station, and huge was Will's comfort when he caught sight of Sergeant Stein, the veteran standard bearer of the regiment, and that superbly punctilious old soldier straightened up like a Norway pine and saluted with rigid precision and hoped the lieutenant

was well and his lady mother and Miss

Farrar. "There's nothing," thought Will, "like the discipline of the old regiment, after all," as the orderly came to ask for the checks for the lieutenant's baggage, and all went well until the luckless moment when the colonel and Leale, with some of the elders, turned aside to look at a batch of recruits sent by the same train, and Farrar, chatting with some of his fellow youngsters, was stowing his bags in the waiting ambulance, and there in the driver Will recognized Saddler Donovan's freckle faced Mickey, with whom he had had many a hunt for rabbits in the old, old days, and then an unctuous, caressing Irish voice fairly blubbered out, "Hiven save us if it isn't really Masther Will!" and there, corporal's chevrons on his brawny arms, was old Terry Rorke, looking wild to embrace him, and even as Will, half ashamed of his own shyness, was shaking hands with this faithful old retainer of his

squad of recruits came marching past. The third man from the front, heavily bearded, with a bloated, ill groomed face and restlessly glancing eyes, gave a quick, furtive look at the new lieutenant as he passed, then stumbled and plunged forward against his file leader. The squad was thrown into momentary disarray. The sergeant, angered at the

father's household in years gone by, the

mishap at such a time, strode quickly up to the offender and savagely muttered, "Keep your eyes to the front, Graice, and you won't be stumbling up decent men's backs." And the little detachment went briskly on.

"I thought I'd seen that man be fore," said Leale an instant later, "and now I know it, and I know where."

CHAPTER IV.

The winter came on early at old Fort Frayne. Even as early as mid-October the ice was forming in the shallow pools along the Platte, and that eccentric stream itself had dwindled away in volume until it seemed but the ghost of its former self. Raging and unfordable in June, swollen by the melting snows of the Colorado peaks and the torrents from the Medicine Bow, it spent its strength in the arid heat of a long, dry summer and when autumn came was mild as a mill stream as far as the eye could reach and fordable in a dozen places within rifle shot of the post. Many a time did old Fenton wish it wasn't. Frayne's reservation was big and generous; but, unluckily, it never extended across the river. Squatters, smugglers and sharpers could not intrude upon its guarded limits along the southern shore, and the nearest groggery—that inevitable accompaniment of the westward march of civilization -was a long two miles away down the right bank, but only a pistol shot across the stream.

In his day Farrar had waged war against the rumsellers on the north shore and won, because then there were only soldiers and settlers and no lawyers -outside the guardhouse-within 90 miles of the post. But with the tide of civilization came more settlers, and a cattle town, and lawyers in abundance, and with their coming the question at issue became no longer that of abstract right or wrong, but how a jury would decide it, and a frontier jury always decides in favor of the squatter and against the soldier. Fenton strove to take pattern after Farrar and very nearly succeeded in landing himself in jail, as the outraged vender went down to Laramie, hired lawyers there, swore out warrants of assault and appealed to his countrymen. The fact that no less than four of the Twelfth within six months had died with their boots on, victims of the ready knives or revolvers of the squatters across the stream, had no bearing in the eyes of the law. Fenton had warned the divekeeper a dozen times to no purpose, but when finally Sergeant Hannifin was set upon and murdered there one fine April evening within easy range, and almost within hearing of his comrades at Frayne, Fenton broke loose and said impetuous things, which reached the ears of his men, who went and did things equally impetuous, to the demolition of the "shack" and the destruction of its stock of spirits and gambling paraphernalia, and it was proved to the satisfaction of the jury that Fenton did not interpose to stop the row until it had burned itself and the "shack" inside out. The people rallied to the support of the saloon keeper-he, at least, was a man and a brother, a voter, and, when he couldn't lie out of it, a taxpayer. The officers at Frayne, on the other hand, in the opinion of the citizens of that section of Wyoming, were none of the four, and Bunko Jim's new resort across the Platte was a big efit of customers from the fort. It was forbitiden to land on the reservation, but did so, nevertheless, when the sentry on the bluff couldn't see, and sometimes,

it must be owned, when he could. The boat was used when the water was high, the fords when it was low, and the ice when it was frozen, and it was a curious thing in winter to see how quickly the new fallen snow would be seamed with paths leading by devious routes from the barracks to the shore and then across the icebound pools straight to Bunko Jim's, Bowing, as became the soldier of the republic, to the supremacy of the civil law, Fenton swallowed the lesson, though he didn't the whisky, but Jim had his full share of customers from the fort, and the greatest of these, it soon transpired, was the big recruit speedily known through-

out the command as Tough Tom Graice. Joining the regiment at the end of September, it was less than a month before he was as well though not as favorably known as the ergeant major. There is more tha way of being

en picuous in the 1. / service, and had chosen the worst. Even the who came with him from the pot, the last lot to be shipped from that once crowded garner of "food for powder," could tell nothing of his antecedents, though they were full of grewsome details of his doings since enlistment. He was an expert at cards and billiards, said they-for they had found it out to their sorrow-and a demon when aroused by drink. Twice in drunken rage he had assaulted comparatively inoffensive men, and only the prompt and forcible intervention of comrades had prevented murder on the spot, while the traditional habit of the soldier of telling no tales had saved him from richly merited punishment. Within the month of his arrival Graice had made giant strides to notoriety. He was a powerful fellow, with fine command of language and an education far superior to that of the general run of noncommissioned officers, and it was among the younger set of these he first achieved a certain standing. Professing to hold himself above the private soldier, proving himself an excellent rider and an expert in drill with carbine or saber, he nevertheless declared it was his first enlistment and gave it to be understood that a difficulty with the sheriff, who sought to arrest him, had been the means of bringing him to the temporary refuge of the ranks.

For the first few weeks, too, he drank but little, and wearing his uniform with the ease and grace of one long accusomed to the buttons, and being erect and athletic in build, he presented a very creditable appearance. The bloated, bloodshot look he wore on his arHisbest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U. S. Gov't Report

rival, the result of much surreptitions whisky en route, passed somewhat away. and it was only when one studied his face that the traces of intemperance, added to the sullen brows and shifting, restless eyes, banished the claim to good looks that were at first accorded him. From the first, however, the old sergeants and such veterans among the corporals as Terry Rorke looked askance at Trooper Graice. "Another guard-house lawyer," said the first sergeant of Leale's troop, as he disgustedly received the adjutant's notification of Graice's assignment. "Another wan of thim jailbirds like Mr. American Blood, the newspaper pet," said Rorke, in high disdain. "We'll have a circus with him, too, as they had in the Elev-enth, or I'm a Jew. Where have I seen that sweet mug of his before?" he added reflectively, as he watched the newcomer surlily scrubbing at his kit, and the newcomer, glancing sideways at the Irish corporal, seemed to read his thoughts, although too far away to hear his muttered words. It was plain to every man in C troop that there was apt to be no love lost between Terence

Rorke and "Tommy the Tough." And there was another still who wore the simple dress of a private soldier, whose eyes, black, piercing and full of expression, were constantly following that new recruit, and that was the Sioux Indian, Crow Knife, a youth barely 19 years of age. He had been a boy scout before the days of the ghost dance craze. A valued and trusted ally of the white soldiers, he had borne dispatches up to the very moment when Kill Eagle's mad brained ultimatum drove his band into revolt and launched them on the

warpath. With them went Crow Knife's father and mother, and the boy rode wildly in pursuit. He was with them, striving to induce his mother to abandon the village, when the warriors made their descent on the ranches of the Dry Fork, and later, when Farrar's fierce attack burst upon them like a thunderbolt through the snowclouds. Seizing his mother in his arms, the boy had shielded and saved her when Leale's vengeful men rushed upon the nearest Indians, when unquestionably, yet unavoidably, some squawsreceived their death wounds in the furious fight that followed Farrar's assassination. Recognized and rescued by his former friends, Crow Knife went back to Frayne when the brief but bloody campaign was ended and then was sent to the Indian school at Carlisle. Returning in the course of three years, be had been enlisted in what was left of the Indian troop of the Twelfth, and was one of the few of his tribe who really made a success of soldiering. By the schum; of this eventful year Crow Knif 's courades were rapidly being discharge and returning to their blan-kets and lodge life at the reservation or hanging about the squalid cattle town across the river. Crow Knife, sticking to his cavalry duty and showing unlooked for devotion to his officers, was regarded by the Twelfth as an exceptation when he rose to leave and not tional case and was made much of accordingly.

"What d'ye think of that fellow. Crow?" asked Corporal Rorke one day as he watched the expression in the Indian's face, "Ye don't like him any more than I do. What's the reason?"

"There is a saying among my people," was the answer in the slow, measured tones of one who thought in another tongue, "'Eyes that cannot meet eyes guide hands that strike foul.' Hethe:-stabs-in-the-dark is the name we give such as that man."

'D'ye know him, Crow? Did never see him?" persisted Terry. "Ever since the day he came the captain has had his eye on him, and so have ye, and so have I. I can't ask the captain, but I can ye. Where have ye seen him before?"

But Crow Knife shook his head. "I cannot remember his face. It is his back I seem to know. My people say that way they see their enemies."

And so Borke could find no satisfactory solution of the ever vexing question. Twice or thrice he accosted Graice and strove to draw him into talk, but the newcomer seemed to shut up like an oyster in the presence of the Irish corporal, a great contrast to the joviality he displayed when soliciting comrades to take a hand at cards. The recruits had hardly any money left. Graice had won what little there was on the way to Frayne, and now he had wormed his way into the gambling set that is apt to be found in every fort-all comers who have money being welcome-and for a few weeks fortune seemed to smile upon the neophyte. He knew, he protested, very little of any game, but played for fellowship and fun. Then he kept sober when others drank, and so won, and then came accusations of foul play and a row, and the barracks game was broken up, only to be resumed at night in the resort across the Platte, and there whisky was plenty, and so were the players, and there Graice began to lapse into intemperate ways, and by the time the long, long nights of December came his reputation as a "tough" was established throughout the garrison. All but three or four of the most dissolute members of the command had cut loose from him entirely, a matter he regretted only because pay day was at baud—the soldiers would then have money in plenty for a few short, feverish hours. The squatters and settlers had none until the soldiers were "s rapped" and so Graice and three or four Ishmaelites like unto himself were left to the concentration of brutality to be found in one another's

in which have been been been been

CHAPTER V.

For several days Trooper Grains been in the guardhouse. About in been in the guardness. Abserting check roll call, from his quarters our night and from reveille, he had tand up at sick call with a battered viage and all the ear marks of a drunker by the check been hauled up before a contract the contract of the contra and all the ear marks of a drunken se.

He had been hauled up before a senmary court, Major Wayne's first dup
after reporting at the post, and receive
sentence of fine with a scowling farand no word of plea for elements promise of betterment. What can't for fines? He could win more in a night than they could stop in a month is was out again doing penance with the police cart about the post the day to available transportation came driving back from the railway with a load of precious freight, and Trooper Grass splitting wood in the major's back rus, dropped the ax with a savage cath and turned a sickly yellow for one minus when he heard the busy tongues of the domestics next door proclaiming the arrival of Lieutenant Farrar's mother and sister. The sentry on day our prisoners bade him stop his swearing and get to work again, for Captain Leale was passing rapidly up the will in front, and Leale was a man whom eyes were ever about him and whose ears seemed never to lose a sound, but the captain merely glanced keenly at the soldier with his brace of malontents and hurried on.

It was Leale who opened the door of the stanch Concord and assisted the ladies to alight-Mrs. Farrar, Ellis (for the Farrars had returned to the fort and a stranger, a gentlewoman evidently, yet one who seemed to shrink from accepting aid or attention and whom beautiful blue eyes ever followed Mrs. Farrar, "My friend, Mrs. Daunton; my older friend, Captain Leale, of when you have heard so much," were the words in which these two were made known to each other, while Will and the servants were tumbling out best and rugs and wraps, even as another and similar vehicle was being unleaded in front of the colonel's.

Legle dined en famille at the Farrar' that evening, Will proudly presiding as became the head of the house and the foot of the table, and beaming upon his mother, who sat facing him and rejoining in his happiness. Very bright and cozy were the prettily furnished quarters, for, with boundless enthusiasm, the ladies of the garrison had aided the young gentleman in making them attractive against the coming of the wife of their honored old colonel and his fair daughter, and right after dinner the visitors began to arrive, welcoming, army fashion, the old friends long endeared to all the other members of the garrison, men and women both and, while Mrs. Farrar and Ellis had hosts of questions to ask and answer, Captain Leale found himself interested in entertaining the stranger, to whom all this blithe and cheery intercours, all ways, were so odd and new. It was poor Will without - Will, who had twice gone up to Fentou's hoping to steal a word or two with Kitty, only to find that such portion of post society # was not gathered about his mother aid sister was congregated at the colone's -and then, fatigued by the journey and showing plainly the effect of the excitement of her arrival, Mrs. Farrar was induced to seek her room, while Ellis remained in the parlor to chatwith others still coming in to bid them welcome home, and not until long after 10 were the lights turned down in No. 5, and not until even later aid they gleam no longer from the big house on

the edge of the blaff. [TO BE CONTINUED.] WOMEN IN FRANCE.

They Are Not Only the Stronger but the Better Half In That Country.

Women are the stronger as well as the better half of France. They do everything but build houses. The best inspector in the French custom house is a woman. She is in the Havre office, and she has a nose that can detect dutiable goods without opening a lock. She is naturally amiable and slow to anger, but wee to the foreigner or countryman who pro-

vokes her ire. There is no sadder spectacle in the republic of France than the women sh polishers, who doze under the sheds of the markets and quay, one eye shut and t'other fixed on the bootbox over the way, patiently waiting for trade. They ask 5 cents and accept 2 cents for their

unwomanly work. At Thiers, the blackest town in France, the women sit outside of the grimy little machine shops mating seis-sor blades and polishing knife and seissor handles. The stream that turns the 10,000 little mill wheels is blacker than the Chicago river, and as the furnices never burn without belching the tolker and their devoted lifelong apprentices are sometimes Malay and sometimes Mongolian, but seldom Cancasian in

Not long ago a college woman went down to Thiers to teach school for the winter. The promise of 80 papils was a temptation, but on reaching the colors of soot begrimed and smoke stained smithies she found that the position paid \$5 a month, and the teacher was expected to furnish the fuel for the winter. - Philadelphia Times.

Sweet Peas.

Whether sweet peas can be see fully planted in autumn depends lar on the latitude, says Garden and