IT is significant that in homes of wealth where the very best is demanded, Ivory Soap is used in the nursery. At the same time, in hundreds of families where economy decides the choice, Ivory Soap is selected. Thus its purity attracts the rich; its economy attracts the poor. High quality and low cost: is there any better combination?

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TOTAL ECLIPSE OF SUN

AN EVENT THAT IS ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF THE WORLD

PHENOMENON TO BE RECORDED

A Unique Camera Being Made Under the Supervision of the Director of Philadelphia Observatory—The Observation to Be Made in the Neighborhood of Raleigh—Mounting Awaits Appropriation.

The forthcoming total eclipse of the sun, on May 28, is attracting world wide attention, and astronomers everywhere have long been making preparations for observing and photographing the phenomenon. Besides making the usual time observations, interest largely centers in photographing the corona, the coronal streamers, the spectra of the chromosphere, and particularly the celebrated flash spectrum appearing both at beginning and end of totality.

Prof. Simon Newcomb, of Washington, is of the opinion that the greatest interest lies in photographing the stars immediately about the sun, with a view of discovering a long suspected intra-Mercurial planet. This planet is supposed to swing out fourteen degrees from the sun, and it would require something like a score of cameras of ordinary construction to thoroughly cover this field.

This latter difficulty, it is believed, has been overcome by the Philadelphia observatory, which has ordered in its equipment two cameras of eight-inch aperture, which the director has designed to be built on the plan of a curved or spherical plate, which will take in a diameter of twenty-eight and a half degrees, and hence covers about sixteen times the area on the sky usually taken in by an ordinary plain plate camera, which is able to cover only about seven degrees diameter.

The cameras are nearly completed and already have excited the approval and interest of astronomers in this country. Prof. Hale, of Yerkes' observatory, has pointed out the immense service to astronomers that may come from the use of the spherical plates during the coming eclipse, while Prof. Samuel P. Langley, of the Smithsonian institute, has been eager to have a special camera of this character constructed on account of its value in making observations at that time.

Unfortunately, it is said, the delay attending the appropriation of $12,000 necessary to complete the Philadelphia Observatory has up to this time prevented the giving of an order for the mountings, for the cameras to be available at the time of the eclipse. It has been hoped that, because of its magnificent equipment, the Philadelphia Observatory would actively participate in the work of observing the eclipse to the credit of the city which has created the institution; but, unless the appropriation is made within a very brief period, the opportunity will be lost.

Some of the instruments included in the equipment have been erected in the observatory. Among them are the eight-inch equatorial refractor, the transit circle and the Riefler sidereal clock. The eight-inch equatorial is mounted in the smaller or western dome, and is perhaps one of the most complete instruments of its size anywhere existing. It is arranged for a considerable variety of astronomical work, and is specially adapted for giving instruction to students. It is supplemented not only with a micrometer and a spectroscope, but also with a photometer for observing variable stars.

Among the larger instruments delivered, but not yet mounted, is the concave grating apparatus. The big fifteen-inch telescope is being pushed to completion, so far as the optical parts are concerned, but the mounting still awaits the appropriation for completing the observatory.

The selection of the location of the Philadelphia expedition for observing the eclipse of the sun has not yet been determined, but it is expected to be in the neighborhood of Raleigh, N. C.

MEXICO'S LITTLE WAR.

FOUR ENGAGEMENTS WITH THE INDIANS NEAR COCORIT.

AUSTIN, Tex., March 11.—A special from Potam, Mexico, states that during the four days ending on Friday the Yaqui Indians and the Mexican troops had four engagements near Cocorit, Mex. The Mexican troops are endeavoring to force their way through this section of the country so as to keep a road way between Torin and that point open for travel. There are a great many Indians known to be in that immediate section and it is evident that a very strong force will have to be put into the field at once to suppress the uprising.

The engagement of the four days mentioned resulted very disastrously for the Indians as in the neighborhood of 200 are known to have been killed and possibly more. The Mexican troops suffered very little loss of life, though some twenty-five soldiers were wounded.

All the engagements were in the nature of skirmishes lasting only a few hours when the Indians would retire. The fact that the Maya Indians have also taken to the war path and are harassing the troops a great deal gives rise to grave surmises to how long it will take to bring the uprising to a termination. It is feared that unless both factions are brought in submission soon, they will combine forces.

A special from Ortiz, state of Sonora, is to the effect that on Friday reports reached there of a bloody skirmish between a band of some 300 Yaquis and about an equal number of soldiers about fifty miles west of that place. The loss among the soldiers was light, owing to their splendid fortification, being ensconced behind a natural breastwork of boulders on a hill side with the Indians in the open. It was a cleverly laid trap into which the Indians were led and while they left none of their dead on the field, it is thought their loss is heavy. Quite a number were seen to fall. Reliable information states that full 2,500 Yaquis are now in the neighborhood of Guaymas and fully as many more are prowling between Medano and Potam.

OAXACA, Mexico., March 11.—A force of Mexican troops, numbering less than 1,200 men, under Col. Francisco Gonzales, made a steady advance against the Maya Indians in Yucatan during the last several days, and has gained several miles of rebel territory. Several attempts were made by the Indians to ambush the government troops, but were unsuccessful. Skirmishes between the troops and Indians are of a daily occurrence, but there are few casualties reported on either side.

HOLDING THE NEGROES.

Five Hundred of Them Detained at Athens.

ATHENS, Ga., March 11.—A crowd of about 500 negroes assembled at the Seaboard Air Line depot here today for the purpose of emigrating to the Mississippi valley. It had been reported that they were to be given free transportation, but the railroad officials here were instructed to allow none on the trains who had not paid their fare to Atlanta. When the first train came along there was a scene of wild confusion. The negroes made a rush for the coaches, and the police had a hard time keeping them off. In the melee Policeman Alex Sage was badly bruised.

The same scene was repeated on the arrival and departure of other trains.

James R. Smith, who runs the largest farm in Georgia, was on hand, and had sixteen of the negroes arrested, as they were under contract with him. Other farmers took similar action with hands under contract with them.

Many of the negroes had sold or given away all their possessions in order to get away, and are confident that they will be taken out. Tonight the negroes are still at the depot, and the authorities are at a loss to know what to do with them.

Through Tourist Sleeping Car Service to Texas, Old Mexico and California

Via Chicago Great Western Railway to Kansas City and Missouri, Kansas & Texas, San Antonio & Aransas Pass and Southern Pacific Railways through Dallas, San Antonio, El Paso and Los Angeles to San Francisco. Only through car line from the Northwest to Texas points, and connecting at Spofford Junction for all points in Old Mexico. These cars are in charge of an experienced official and leave St. Paul every Friday at 11:20 p. m., reaching Dallas the following Sunday, San Antonio on Monday, El Paso on Tuesday, Los Angeles at noon Wednesday and San Francisco early Thursday morning. These are Pullman Tourist Cars similar to those run on all transcontinental lines, and the charges for berths are about half those regularly charged. To persons who have made the trip to California via other routes, this Southern route will prove a most delightful change, and to persons contemplating a trip to Texas or Mexican points it furnishes facilities heretofore unoffered. Full information furnished by J. P. Elmer, G. A. P. D., Fifth and Robert streets, St. Paul.

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WORCESTERSHIRE

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John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

The Ship's Adventure.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL. (Copyright, 1899, by S. S. McClure Co.)

Chapter III.—The East India Dock Road.

At about 2 o'clock on the following day a cab of the old type, with rattling windows, straw as though fresh from the tramp of swine, a wheezing cabman, encumbered with capes, shawls and rugs, with nothing but a drunken nose glowing under the sallow brim of a rain-bronzed hat; this old cab, with a corded trunk hopping on top of it betwixt the iron fencing, drew up at a house in the East India Dock Road.

Mr. Hardy, the gentleman whom we left asleep on the sofa in Bax's farm, got out, leaving Miss Julia Armstrong sitting in the cab, and knocked on the door, which was opened in a few moments by a little woman in the clothes of a widow, clean and neat in person, with a wistful eye which softened her face into a look of kindness.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Hardy," she immediately said. "I got your letter, sir. Your room's quite ready."

"Well, I can't say I'm glad to see you, Mrs. Brierley, because you know what seeing you means to me. Did your husband love the stowing job, and the hauling out through the gates, with a crowd of drunken Dagos on the fok'sle, and the dockmaster bursting bloodvessels in expostulations to the mud pilot?"

She seemed to smile, but her attention was elsewhere. She had caught sight of Julia in the cab and was dodging Mr. Hardy, who stood right in the way, to get a better sight of her.

"I want a lodging for that young lady you are trying to see," said Hardy. "Now say at once that you have a very comfortable bedroom for her in this house."

"You don't tell me that you are married, sir?" exclaimed Mrs. Brierley, putting this question just as she might put her eye to a keyhole before answering.

"No, nor keeping company with her, as you people call it," he replied. "It is a romantic story, and you shall hear the whole of it, provided that you can accommodate her with a bedroom, otherwise—mum!"

"Mr. Hardy," said the widow, with some earnestness, "you've long used this house. You knew my poor huband. My struggle has been to keep it a thoroughly respectable home for them who patronize me, and you'll not take it amiss, sir, I'm sure, if I ask you, is she a lady you can recommend on your honor as a sailor man?"

"I swear, Mrs. Brierley," exclaimed Hardy with great feeling, "that she is a pure, charming, heartbroken lady, the daughter of a naval officer, whose sword was once at the service of his country."

"Then, sir, I have a very comfortable bedroom," answered the widow. "How long shall she be wanting it for?"

"She shall engage it by the week," he answered, and walked to the door of the cab. "Tumble down, my lad, off that perch of yours," he shouted to the cabman, who seemed to have fallen asleep, "and carry that trunk into the house."

Both pavements were filled with people, walking the everlasting walk of the London streets. Numbers had the appearance of seamen, some of them lurched in liquor; there were numerous black and chocolate faces, here and there a turban; grimy women flitted past in old shawls and rakishly perched bonnets; rojstering young wenches flaunted past with feathers in their hats, with cheeks deeply colored, with yellow brows adorned with jet-like love locks; and chill as it was children went by with naked feet, and the shuddering flesh of their backs showed through their rags, filthy-eyed, hatless and all the glory they had trailed from their God had died out in the atmosphere of fog, which added bulk to the thunderous omnibus, and made the fleet hansom a shadow down the road.

"The landlady," said Hardy, putting his head into the cab, "has a comfortable bedroom at your disposal. We cannot do better. She is a thoroughly respectable woman, the widow of a master mariner, who command brigs, and so on."

He opened the door and Julia jumped out, and they went together into the narrow passage with the cabman and the trunk following them.

The landlady, curtseying her greeting to Julia, admitted them into her own private room, which was, in short, the front parlor. The cabman was paid and went away looking at the shillings in the palm of his hand. In a very short time it was settled that Julia was to have the use of this parlor for her meals, and there would be no extra charge. The only other lodgers in the house were a sea captain and his wife.

The parlor was worth a pause and a look around. No apartment was ever more nautically equipped. The very clock was a dial fitted into the mainsail of a brass ship; the candlesticks on the mantelpiece represented mermaids; the walls were embellished with pictures of ships and those carvings which sailors delight in; ships on a wind, half their ghastly white canvas showing against the board, and the water very sloppy and fearfully blue; there were models of ships, and an old galleon in ivory stood under glass on a table in the window. A boy's heart would have beat high in this room. It was full of curiosities; artful carvings by whalemen out of the bone or teeth of the mammoth of the sea; queer findings along shore under the Southern Cross, weapons of cannibals, heathenish jars, earthen vessels which had been the sepulchres of the remains of broiled whites.

After a little talk Mrs. Brierley took Julia up stars to her bedroom. Hardy, who had often before viewed the curiosities, wandered again around the room, but his mind was musing over other things, and soon he came to a stand at the window. The look out was gloomy and grimy; opposite were a tobacconist, a house in which a stevedore lived, two lodging houses, a pastry cook and a public house. There was a great deal of mud in the road, and the sky hung down, sallow and dingy, and so close that the crooked black smoke, working out of a hundred shapes of chimney pots, seemed to pierce it and vanish. A change indeed from the autumn glories of the country which the couple were newly from, where the hillsides, still thick with the leaves of the summer, were gashed with the red fires of the coming ruining winter; where the clear pale blue sky sank with its faint splendor of sunshine to the sharp, dark, terrace-like heights, which in their red breaks and scars of autumn overlooked the valley and the sheltered houses, and the quiet breast of river floating under the arch of the reflected bridge.

A man, thought Hardy accepts a large obligation when he undertakes to look after a girl. But what a beautiful figure she has and her face appeals to me. I cannot meet her eyes without feeling that I am in love with her. Shall I be able to get her a berth before I sail? If I cannot, ought I to leave her alone in London with about seven pounds ten in her pocket?

His brow contracted, and he hissed a tune through his teeth, while he pondered. The thoughtless devil, her father, he mused, never came near Bax's farm. What is it to him that his daughter has bolted from her brutal home and gone away with a young fellow who, for all the beggar cares, may leave her behind him in London in shame and destitution? 'Tis rather a tight corner, though. And he would have gone on meditating but for being interrupted by the entrance of Julia, followed in a respectful way by the widow.

"It is a very nice bedroom," said Julia. "I shall be very comfortable whilst I am here."

"I suppose you have told Mrs. Brierley all about it," exclaimed Hardy, whilst Julia seated herself, posturing her head with her unconscious, inimitable grace, as she glanced around the sights of the room, and resting her hands on her hips and crossing her feet to the undoubted admiration of the widow, who had on her entrance admired her beautiful figure.

"Yes, sir, yes," said the widow; "and I'm truly sorry for the young lady, but don't doubt she'll find a berth and do well where she's going."

"Miss Armstrong," said Hardy, "I'm not due at the docks until tomorrow, and then I shall put in for an afternoon off. This afternoon we shall spend without troubling ourselves about anything. We are human, and must eat, just as every night we must put ourselves away in a frame of iron or wooden pillars, covered with blankets and sheets and sleep, or else we go mad and die. There is a decent eating house not far from here; we will go there and dine. You'll have tea ready for us, Mrs. Brierley, by 6; and if the evening hangs, which it will, we will look in at a music hall and purchase a shilling's worth of pure vulgarity, which to me, when perfectly unaffected, is more humorous and more artistically refined than much of the genteel comedy of the West end theaters."

Julia laughed and looked at the widow, who said, "I don't visit the halls myself. They've got one good singer at Whitechapel, I hear. He comes in dressed as a coster and brings a donkey with him which he sings about, and they say it's so affecting that even strong sailors cry."

"If he sang of the donkey's breakfast Jack would cry more," said Hardy, and saying he woud return in a minute he went to his bedroom for a wash down and a brush up, leaving the widow explaining to Julia that the term donkey's breakfast signified the bundle of straw which sailors who are reckless of their money ashore carry on board ship with them as a bed.

Whilst he was going up stairs a man dressed in blue serge, smoking a curly meerschaum pipe, came out of a bedroom and passed into an apartment that had been converted into a sitting room. They glanced at each other, and Hardy went up another flight to his bedroom. Here he stayed a few minutes. His carpet bag had arrived before him and in it were a change of apparel, two or three shirts, brush and comb and the like. The rest of his duds were in his sea chest, which had been sent to the docks. He smartened himself up and looked a manly young fellow. The light of the sea was in his eye and the freshness of its breath was in his cheery expression, and the color of his cheek was warm with the sun glow.

"Are you ready?" said he to Julia; and they went out, attended to the door by the widow, who appeared to have taken a liking to Miss Armstrong; but no one with a woman's heart in her could have heard the girl's story without being moved.

Hardy paused on the door step to say to Mrs. Brierley, "Is the man in blue serge, who smokes a meerschaum, the captain who's lodging with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What ship does he command?"

"The Glamis Castle."

"I know her," exclaimed Hardy; "a fine Indiaman. What the deuce does a swell like him do in these lodgings? He should put up at a hotel."

"His home's at Penge," answered the widow, "and two or three weeks before he sails he always comes and stops with me and brings his wife. Aren't my lodgings good enough for a captain of an Indiaman?"

"They are good enough for the owner of an Indiaman. They are good enough for a German prince," said Hardy in his pleasantest manner. "Should I bring this lady here if they were not of the highest?" and nodding to her he stepped on the pavement, and Julia walked by his side.

He was free in his comments upon the nastiness of the East end of London, and by his abuse of the mud and the shops, and the quality of the passing folks, he implied an apology for introducing Miss Armstrong into such a neighborhood.

"It's sweeter to me than Bodley," she said, referring to the place she came from. "What is the good of fine houses and broad streets and handsome carriages to a girl who has no money, who has but one friend, from whom she must be shortly separated forever, perhaps, and whose most ambitious dream dare not go beyond finding a cabin as emigrant or stewardess aboard a ship and the berth of a servant, or, which is worse, a nursery governess when she arrives?"

They walked for awhile in silence; but the silence was in their mouths, not in the street. One of the music murdering organs of those days was playing at the street corner they were approaching. Huge wagons were grinding thunder into the solid earth. There was a fight over the way—two Italians were going for each other. A crowd of dirty women were dancing round them, encouraging them by the stimulating plaudits of the stews. An optician, with a row of chronometers in his window, stood upon his doorstep howling "Police!" They turned the corner, and the notes of the organ died away behind them, and after a little walking they arrived at an eating house with big windows and a sheet of paper stuck upon the glass, with red wafers telling what was to be eaten inside.

Hardy and Julia walked in. It was a long room, with tables separated one from another by brass rails and baize curtains, and nettings for receiving headgear. About a dozen people were in it—some of them neighboring tradesmen, some of them obviously captains and mates. With a few of the men were women, who were evidently wives or sweethearts; in fact, the prices charged kept the place sweet.

Hardy and Miss Armstrong sat down side by side at an empty table. A waiter arrived, looking hard at the lady, and the sailor gave his orders. He guessed the girl was hungry; he knew that he was, and if he could not have spent a sovereign when ten shillings would have handsomely sufficed he would have been no true salt. It is worth saying here that all the money our friend had was about £200, and he had come to London with 20 sovereigns in his pocket and a check book. As he was an only child he would inherit his father's leavings; but what would they amount to? A country practitioner, who dispensed his own physic and was glad to get three and sixpence a visit! A country practitioner with £1,300 in bad debts on his books and a horse, gig and boy to keep! Still, whatever the doctor left would be George Hardy's, who did not value the prospect beyond the worth of the furniture, and had begun to save a little on his own account, with some light dream of amassing enough to enable him to purchase shares in a ship, which he would command.

He ordered a good dinner from the bill of fare, and asked the waiter if the champagne of the establishment was real wine or chemicals. The waiter named a good brand, and swore there was nothing in the market to equal it. It was nine shillings a bottle.

"I never drink champagne," said Julia.

"But I do," exclaimed Hardy. "Bear a hand, waiter. We've been fasting since 8 this morning."

The waiter sidled away.

"Champagne is the best of all drinks for young ladies," said Hardy; "and it helps the spirits of chief mates who are bound away on long voyages. What shall we do when we've dined?"

"I should like to see the docks," said the girl.

"Not today," exclaimed Hardy, pursing his mouth into an expression of disgust. "Let us hug the land as long as we can; besides, it will be drawing down to 4 o'clock before we've dined, and the docks and ships in them will be invisible."

As he spoke these words the man whom he had caught a sight of in his lodgings smoking a meerschaum pipe came into the rooms with a lady whom you at once guessed was his wife. They looked right and left, and took a table exactly opposite that occupied by Hardy and Miss Armstrong. The man, who had been represented by Mrs. Brierley as the commander of an East Indiaman named the Glamis Castle, was short and square, with a strong, red beard, and shorn upper lip; his eyebrows were reddish and habitually knitted, as though from long years of steadfast staring into the eyes of the wind. His eyes were dark and sharp in their glances; his brow was square as his form, and delicately browned by the sun. The lady was a homely looking woman, in a bonnet and velvet mantle. She began to pull off her gloves, and her companion, after bawling "Waiter" in a quarterdeck roar, gazed fixedly at Hardy, who gazed back.

All the time the man was giving his orders to the waiter with occasional references to the lady, he kept his eyes bent on Hardy, who muttered to Julia, "I believe I know that man." The moment he had done with the waiter he rose and stepped over to Hardy.

"Is your name George Hardy?" said he, with a slight glance at the girl.

"Yes," answered Hardy, "and now that I've got the bearings of you, I don't need to ask if your name is James Smedley."

They clasped hands.

"Let me introduce you," said Hardy, "to Miss Julia Armstrong, daughter of Commander Armstrong, late of the Royal Navy. Capt Smedley, of the Glamis Castle, Miss Armstrong."

"How did you know that?" asked Smedley, exchanging a bow with the girl, whose peculiar grace of form, whose charm of movement, whose face, romantic and pleading, with the gifts of nature and the passions of her heart, his swift eye was observing with pleasure and curiosity.

"I am stopping in the house you're lodging in," answered Hardy, "and Mrs. Brierley told who you were. Are you going to dine here?"

"Yes."

"Is that your wife?"

"Yes."

"Bring her across, Smedley, and we'll make a dinner party."

Mrs. Smedley had been bobbing to catch a view of Miss Armstrong, and the bugles in her bonnet twinkled like fireflies as she swayed her head.

"Miss Armstrong's story," continued Hardy, "is so moving that Mrs. Smedley will be grieved to the depths of her kindly heart when she hears it."

Julia looked down, and Capt. Smedley studied her for a few moments, then wheeled abruptly, and stepped over to his wife. After a brief confab they both came to Hardy's table, and Mrs. Smedley was introduced to Miss Armstrong and her companion.

"Do you sail with your husband?" asked Julia.

"No," answered Mrs. Smedley, who seemed struck by the girl. "The owners won't let the captains carry their wives with them."

"A ship," said Julia, "should never be so safe as when a captain's wife is on board, because of course her presence would make the commander doubly vigilant and anxious."

"Haw, Haw!" laughed Smedley.

The fish which had been ordered was now placed upon the table, and on both sides they began to eat. The waiter uncorked the champagne, and Hardy told him to fill the glasses opposite. This was resisted by Mrs. Smedley, a homely woman, who declared that for her part she loved nothing better than bitter beer. Again her husband "Haw, hawed," and said they would see Hardy's champagne through, and then he would order another bottle. He believed it was not usual in polite society to drink champagne with fish; but it was all one to him. Champagne went down the same way, whether its messmate was fish or flesh.

"Are you leaving England?" inquired Mrs. Smedley, addressing Julia, at whom she continued to look hard, though not in the least rudely, as if she found a good deal in the girl that was infinitely beyond the range of her speculations.

"I am endeavoring to leave it," answered Julia, looking at her with her head a little on one side.

"May I tell them your story?" said Hardy, "for we shall want our friend's influence," he added, with a nod at his old shipmate.

"Oh, yes, tell them," exclaimed Julia a little passionately; "it will account for my being in the East India Dock road," and her face relaxed as she looked at Mrs. Smedley, who smiled upon her in a motherly way.

Hardy in his blunt, sailorly fashion began. He did not spare Capt. Armstrong, neither did he spare Julia's stepmother. He warmed up and put the girl's case in forcible terms. Asked what a young English lady was to do who was, to all intents and purposes, expelled from her father's roof by the brutality of a drunken stepmother, he related some of her experiences in nursing and in seeking independence in other ways, just as she had related them to him. He spoke of his finding her unconscious by the wayside, and how he was determined to take this poor, friendless young lady by the hand, and help her to the utmost stretch of his ability to find a home, a refuge across the seas.

"Don't cry, my dear," said Mrs. Smedley. "I have known more cases than yours. It is very hard—and to be motherless—but you cannot allow your heart to be broken by a bad woman; and I think you are acting wisely in resolving to go abroad."

Julia put her handkerchief into her lap and closed her knife and fork. Hardy poured some champagne into her glass and bade her drink.

"What's the lady's idea of going abroad?" said Capt. Smedley, whose face exhibited no more signs of feeling than had it been a rump steak.

"She has no money and wants to work her passage out as a stewardess," replied Hardy.

"And when she arrives?" said Capt. Smedley.

"She is bound to find something to do," answered Hardy. "The colonies are yearning for young English ladies."

"Young English domestics, you mean," said Capt. Smedley. "What is the good of ladies? What is the good of gentlemen in lands where labor, and labor only, is wanted?"

"Why would not you go out as an emigrant, Miss Armstrong?" said Mrs. Smedley. "Of course," she added, "I presume you have Australia in your mind?"

"I would go out as anything as long as I could get out," answered Julia.

"Take my advice and don't talk of emigration," said Capt. Smedley. "You will be miserably fed and miserably berthed. You will have a matron and a surgeon over you, and the discipline will make you wish yourself overboard. Your associates will be mean and dirty wretches, who would have qualified for transportation could they have made sure of the sentence. Your ship will be ill found. They talk of the emigrants marrying on their arrival. Yes, but what is a young lady like you going to say to such suitors as offer? You wouldn't like to marry a convict? You wouldn't like to settle down with a hairdresser in a back street? Don't you go out in an emigrant ship, Miss Armstrong."

"It is all very fine talking about don't," said Hardy, "but what we want is do. Miss Armstrong wishes to leave England for good. She pockets her pride and is willing to work. She has no money and I must secure her a berth somehow before I sail, because I am not going to leave her alone in London, where she's friendless; and friendlessness in London, where all is opulence and misery, like the front and the back of the moon—one shining, one ice-cold as death, and black—is heart-breaking, and for many, Smedley, the invitation of the dark waters of the Thames has been welcome."

"My God! you're just the same—always sky high," said Smedley; and he drank some champaigne out of the bottle he had ordered. "When you were a midshipman under me you were talking like that, and you're talking it still."

"Surely a man can put his hand in the tar bucket without blacking his whole body," said Hardy, looking at Mrs. Smedley, whose face was in sympathy with his speech. "When I'm ashore I talk like a gentleman. One can't be always cussing and swearing; and oh! says you"—and his fine, dark keen eyes showed there was laughter in him—"Give me Jack Muck, nothing short of Jack Muck. Hitch up, turn your quid, pull your greasy forelock, mind that you're boozed. Oh, Lord! Smedley, ha'n't you had enough of it?"

"Miss Armstrong," said Smedley, rolling his eyes slowly from Hardy to the girl, "why do you want to go to Australia? Why don't you go to India?"

"India," muttered Hardy, "what's she going to do in India?"

"No, but I tell you what," said Smedley with emphasis, "such a young lady as that may do before she gets out there."

Julia gazed at him inquiringly, and Mrs. Smedley turned her head to watch his face.

"Don't you know, Miss Armstrong," continued Smedley, "that there is no marriage market in the world to equal an East Indiaman."

Julia flushed a little, but did not speak.

"She takes out young people," went on the commander of the Glamis Castle, "called Griffins. They are young men with a glass in their eye and susceptible hearts behind their waistcoats. They also take out planters, merchants, gentlemen going to join houses——"

"And ladies," interrupted Hardy. "Ladies in plenty."

"You know nothing about it," said Capt. Smedley. "A few ladies, most of them married. 'Now," he continued, "such a young lady as Miss Armstrong, no matter what position she fills on board, stands a first rate chance of finding a husband before her arrival in India. Your emigrant ship is not going to provide any chance of the sort."

"I do not think of marriage," said Julia, who, after coloring, had turned rather paler than usual, but she spoke calmly and even with sweetness, as though grateful for the interest these strangers were taking in her.

"Oh," cried Capt. Smedley with warmth, "but you must think of marriage. It is a condition of every woman's life. It is thought of from about the age of twelve until it happens, and nothing else is thought of. All the milliners and dressmakers contribute to the dream. It is the one idea in the darlings' heads, and, of course, it is a wrong one."

"What will Miss Armstrong think of such stuff and nonsense?" said Mrs. Smedley.

"What's a girl to do when she gets to India if she isn't married?" asked Hardy.

"They want governesses and nursemaids, I daresay," replied the captain. "Let her call upon the missionary. I took out the Bishop of Calcutta last voyage. He's a dear old chap, and many a yarn we spun together. I'll venture to say that a letter of introduction to him from me will ensure this young lady a berth."

Hardy, putting his elbow on the table, rested his cheek in the palm of his hand and looked at Miss Armstrong musingly. Nobody spoke until Hardy started, and, turning to Smedley, said: "Can you give her a berth on board your ship?"

"I am thinking of it," was the answer.

Julia looked almost startled, and exclaimed to Hardy, "We should be going different ways."

Smedley and his wife exchanged glances.

"I must see you safe on board bound to somewhere," answered Hardy softly. "I am bound to Melbourne; afterwards to a New Zealand port. Your ship will be bound to Calcutta. These places are different ways, and India is the same thing."

She looked down upon the table in silence. The other three saw how it was with her, poor girl, and how impossible it was, and Hardy then felt this with a sort of yearning of the heart that was as bad as sorrow.

(To be continued.)

If you visit the metropolis, the ad of the Hotel Empire on page 8 will interest you.

AMUSEMENTS.

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America's Greatest Comedienne,
FANNY RICE IN TWO GRAND TRIPLE BILLS.

Tonight and Tomorrow Night.....	A Double Lesson, My Milliner's Bill, The Circus Rider.
Wednesday Matinee and Night.....	Wig and Gown, Nan, the Good-for-Nothing, The Circus Rider.

Evening Prices—$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.
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SAME AS LAST SEASON.
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Week March 19—VIOLA ALLEN IN "THE CHRISTIAN."

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Hurt in a Landslide.

SANDON, B. C., March 11.—A landslide occurred here at noon today, demolishing six houses. William McLeod is missing, and is supposed to be under the ruins.

Mrs. Mary Nash, Mrs. W. Fogg and Mr. Livatt are seriously injured. Several others were slightly injured.

DEATHS.

DOYLE—In St. Paul, Sunday, March 11, 1900, at 7:10 p. m., at his late residence, 431 Aurora avenue, Patrick Doyle, aged sixty-seven years. Notice of funeral hereafter.

HOTELS.

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NOTICE OF SALE OF DITCH BONDS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT at the Office of the County Auditor, in and for the County of Red Lake, State of Minnesota, on the 19th day of March, 1900, beginning at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the County Commissioners of said County will sell Ditch Bonds of said County in the aggregate sum of $9,000.00; said bonds are issued for the purpose of defraying the expense of constructing the Sanders-Black River Ditch, in said County of Red Lake. Said Bonds to be issued and dated the 1st day of May, A. D. 1900, to bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, to be eighteen in number and to be in denominations of $500.00 each, maturing on the 1st day of May, 1910, principal and interest payable at the Office of the County Treasurer of Red Lake County, Minn.; each of said bonds to contain a recital to the effect that they are issued in accordance with the provisions and pursuant to the authority of chapter 97 of the Laws of Minnesota, for the year 1897, and acts amendatory thereto. Bids for said bonds will be received at any time prior to the hour of beginning said sale, at which time all bids will be opened. Each bid will be required to be accompanied by a certified check in the sum of $200.00, to be forfeited to Red Lake County in case of failure to comply with the terms of said bid if accepted.

The County Commissioners of said County hereby reserve the right to reject any and all bids, and to continue said sale from day to day if deemed necessary in the interests of said County.

Dated at Red Lake Falls, this 6th day of March, A. D. 1900.

(L. S.) ADAM ZEH,
County Auditor of
Red Lake County, Minn.