

MARCH OF THE WHITE GUARD

SIR GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER I.

"Ask Mr. Hume to come here for a moment, Gosse," said Field, the chief factor, as he turned from the frosty window of his office at Fort Providence, one of the Hudson Bay company's posts.

"Hume, I've something here that's been worrying me a bit. This letter came in the monthly batch this morning. It is from a woman. The company sends another commending the cause of the woman and urging us to do all that is possible to meet her wishes. It seems that her husband is a civil engineer of considerable fame. He had a commission to explore the Copper Mine region and a portion of the Barren Grounds. He was to be gone six months. He has been gone a year. He left Fort Good Hope, skirted Great Bear Lake, and reached the Copper Mine river. Then he sent back all of the Indians who accompanied him but two, they bearing the message that he would make the Great Fish river and come down by Great Slave lake to Fort Providence. That was nine months ago. He has not come here, nor to any other of the forts, nor has any word been received from him. His wife, backed by the H. B. C., urges that a relief party be sent to look for him. They and she forget that this is the Arctic region, and that the task is a well-nigh hopeless one. He ought to have been here six months ago. Now, how can we do anything? Our fort is small, and there is always danger of trouble with the Indians. We can't force men to join a relief party like this, and who will volunteer? Who would lead such a party and who will make up the party to be led?"

The brown face of Jasper Hume was not mobile. It changed in expression but seldom; it preserved a steady and satisfying character of intelligence and force. The eyes, however, were of an inquiring, debating kind, that moved from one thing to another as if to get a sense of balance before opinion or judgment was expressed. The face had remained impassive, but the eyes had kindled a little as the factor talked. To the factor's despairing question there was not an immediate reply. The eyes were debating. But they suddenly veered and Jasper Hume said sententiously, "A relief party should go."

"Yes, yes; but who is to lead them?"

Again the eyes debated.

"Read her letter," said the factor, handing him it.

Jasper Hume took it and mechanically scanned it.

The factor had moved toward the table for his pipe, or he would have seen the other start, and his nostrils slightly quiver as his eyes grew conscious of what they were looking at.

Turning quickly, Jasper Hume walked toward the window as if for more light, and with his back to his superior he read the letter. Then he turned and said, "I think this thing should be done."

The factor shrugged his shoulders slightly: "Well, as to that, I think so, too, but thinking and doing are two different things, Hume."

"Will you leave the matter in my hands until the morning?"

"Yes, of course, and glad to do so. You are the only man who can arrange the affair, if it is to be done at all. But I tell you, as you know, that everything will depend upon a leader, even if you secure the men."

So you had better keep the letter to-night. It may help you to get the men together. A woman's handwriting will do more than a man's word any time."

Jasper Hume's eyes had been looking at the factor, but they were studying something else. His face seemed not quite so fresh as it was a few minutes before.

"I will see you at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, Mr. Field," he said

quietly. "Will you let Gosse come to me in an hour?"

"Certainly. Good-night." Jasper Hume let himself out. He walked across a small square to a log house and opened the door, which he created and shrieked with the frost. A dog sprang upon him as he did so, and rubbed its head against his breast. He touched the head as if it had been that of a child, and said: "Lie down, Jacques."

It did so, but it watched him as he doffed his dog-skin cap and buffalo coat. He looked around the room slowly once as if he wished to fix it clearly and deeply in his mind. Then he sat down and held near the firelight the letter the factor had given him. His features grew set and stern as he read it. Once he paused in the reading and looked into the fire, drawing his breath sharply between his teeth. Then he read it to the end without a sign. A pause, and he said: "So this is how the lines meet again, Varre Lepage!" He read the last sentence of the letter aloud:

"In the hope that you may soon give me good news of my husband, I am, with all respect,

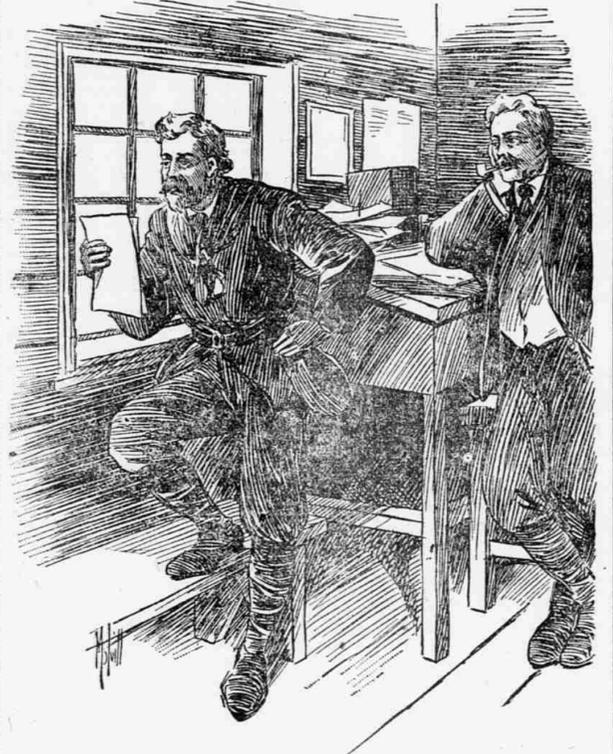
Sincerely yours, "ROSE LEPAGE."

Again he repeated, "With all respect, sincerely yours, Rose Lepage." The dog Jacques looked up. Perhaps it detected something unusual in the voice. It rose, came over, and laid its head on its master's knee. Jasper Hume's hand fell gently on the head, and he said to the dog, "Rose Lepage, you can write to Fort Field what you dare not write to your husband if you know! You might say to him then: 'With all love, but not 'With all respect.'"

He folded the letter and put it in his pocket. Then he took the dog's head between his hands and said: "Listen, Jacques, and I will tell you a story." The dog blinked, and

many days, but had never heard him talk so much at a time as he had done this last ten minutes. Jasper Hume was generally a silent man; decisive even to severity, careless carriers and shirking under-officers thought. Yet none could complain that he was unjust. He was simply straightforward, and he had no sympathy with those who were not the same. He had carried a drunken Indian on his back for miles, and from a certain death by frost. He had, for want of a more convenient punishment, promptly knocked down Jeff Hyde, the sometime bully of the Fort, for appropriating a bundle of furs belonging to a French half-breed, Gaspe Toujours. But he nursed Jeff Hyde through an attack of pneumonia, insisting at the same time that Gaspe Toujours should help him. The result of it all was that Jeff Hyde and Gaspe Toujours became constant allies. They both formulated their oaths by Jasper Hume. The Indian, Cloud-in-the-Sky, though by word never thanking his rescuer, could not be induced to leave the Fort, except on some mission with which Jasper Hume was connected. He preferred living an undignified, an un-Indian life, and earning his food and shelter by coarsely laboring with his hands. He came at least twice a week to Jasper Hume's log house, and, sitting down silent and cross-legged before the fire, watched the Sub-factor working at his drawings and calculations. Sitting so for perhaps an hour or more, and smoking all the time, he would rise, and with a grunt, which was answered by a kindly nod, would pass out as silently as he came.

And now as Jasper Hume stood looking at his "Idea," Cloud-in-the-Sky entered, but his blanket fall by the hearthstone and sat down upon it. If Jasper Hume saw him or heard him, he at least gave no sign at first. He said in a low tone to



With His Back to His Superior He Read the Letter.

pushed its nose against its master's arm.

"Ten years ago two young men who had studied and graduated together at the same college were struggling together in their profession as civil engineers. One was Varre Lepage and the other was Jasper Hume. The one was brilliant and persuasive, the other was persistent and studious. Varre Lepage could have succeeded in any profession; Jasper Hume had only heart and mind for one. Only for one, Jacques, you understand. He lived in it, he loved it, he saw great things to be achieved in it. He had got an idea. He worked at it night and day, he thought it out, he developed it, he perfected it, he was ready to give it to the world. But he was seized with illness, became blind, and was ordered to a warm climate for a year. He left his idea, his invention, behind him—his complete idea. While he was gone his bosom friend stole his perfected idea—yes, stole his perfected idea, and sold it for twenty thousand dollars. He was called a genius, a great inventor. And then he married her. You don't know her, Jacques. You never saw pretty Rose Varcoe, who, liking two men, chose the one who was handsome and brilliant, and whom the world called a genius. Why didn't Jasper Hume expose him, Jacques? Proof is not always easy, and then he had to think of her. One has to think of a woman in such a case, Jacques. Even a dog can see that."

He was silent for a moment, and then he said, "Come, Jacques. You will keep secret what I show you."

He went to a large box in the corner, unlocked it, and took out a model made of brass and copper and smooth but unpolished wood.

"After ten years of banishment, Jacques, he has worked out another idea, you see. It should be worth ten times the other, and the world called the other the work of a genius, dog."

Then he became silent, the animal watching him the while. It had seen him working at his model for

the dog: "It is finished, Jacques; it is ready for the world."

Then he put it back, locked the box, and turned toward Cloud-in-the-Sky and the fireplace. The Indian grunted; the other nodded with the debating look again dominant in his eyes. The Indian met the look with stoic calm. There was something in Jasper Hume's habitual reticence and decisiveness in action which appealed more to Cloud-in-the-Sky than any freedom of speech could possibly have done.

Jasper Hume sat down, handed the Indian a pipe and tobacco, and, with arms folded, watched the fire. For half an hour they sat so, white man, Indian, and dog. Then Jasper Hume rose, went to a cupboard, took out some sealing-wax and matches, and in a moment melted wax was dropping upon the lock of the box containing his idea. He had just finished this as Sergeant Gosse knocked at the door, and immediately after entered the room.

"Gosse," said the sub-factor, "and Jeff Hyde, Gaspe Toujours, and Late Carscallen, and bring them here."

Sergeant Gosse immediately departed upon this errand. Jasper Hume then turned to Cloud-in-the-Sky, and said, "Cloud-in-the-Sky, I want you to go a long journey heraway to the Barren Grounds. Have twelve dogs ready by nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

Cloud-in-the-Sky shook his head thoughtfully, and then after a pause said, "Strong-back go too?" (Strong-back was his name for Jasper Hume). But the other either did not or would not hear. The Indian, however, appeared satisfied, for he smoked harder afterward, and grunted to himself many times. A few moments passed, and then Sergeant Gosse entered, followed by Jeff Hyde, Gaspe Toujours, and Late Carscallen. Late Carscallen had got his name "Late" from having been called "The Late Mr. Carscallen" by the Chief Factor because of his slowness. Slow as he was, however, the stout Scotsman had more than once proved himself sound and true according to Jasper Hume's ideas.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE HOME MAKER.

Right Way to Live Comfortably on Limited Income.

The increased cost of living all over this country, especially in the large cities, has not been accompanied by a similar rise in the income for most wage earners, and the already busy housemother finds additional responsibility in contriving to make ends meet.

How to live comfortably, lay by a little against the day of need, and at the same time live honestly in the sight of all men to one's own conscience, is a problem that it takes brains to solve. In the majority of homes—praise be!—the husband is still, by the laws of nature, therefore divine appointment, wage earner; but upon the woman rests the equal or greater responsibility of making the best possible use of the funds handed over to her for disbursement. With the same amount of money to draw upon, one woman who is a good manager may evolve a comfortable, homey life for her family, while another, without taking proper thought for her part of the housekeeping proposition, has everything running at "sixes and sevens."

In managing well on a limited income there are several "don'ts" worth memorizing:

Don't go in debt; never spend a dollar until you have it in hand.

Don't waste; it is the little leaks that count more than the big outlays.

Don't pattern your living after some one whose income is twice yours.

They don't pay your bills.

Don't be afraid of "what the neighbors will say." Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

Don't lose sight of the true proportion of things. Good food values there must be; ditto warm clothing, comfortable bedding, tools to work with; but never mind the silks and satins that oft "put out the kitchen fire" nor indulge "in ruffles when wanting a skirt."

Don't think if you are a young housekeeper that you must begin where your mother left off.

Don't shirk. "When industry goes out of the door, poverty comes in at the window."

CARE IN BOILING RICE.

Things to Remember if You Would Get the Best Results.

Never set rice to cook in cold water, or you will have a thick, mushy dish, most unpleasant to the sight and equally so to the taste.

Always use boiling water. Boil rapidly from the time you cover the pot until you take it off. Constant motion of water, allowing each grain to swell to three times its size, prevents sticking together.

Do not stir from the moment it begins to boil, for it will be noticed that when first rice is put into the water, the water will cease boiling until the rice is heated. Stir occasionally during this period to keep from sinking to the bottom and burning, but do not touch with a spoon, fork or anything once it has commenced boiling.

Follow implicitly the directions about setting in oven and allowing rice "to sweat," as the old Creoles say.

You will then have a dish that is not only very beautiful and tempting to the sight, but most delectable to the taste.

Plants in Living Room.

In the living room the air is generally very dry, because we keep it at such a high temperature that moisture is burned out of it. Plants will not do well in a dry air. Those who love plants and desire to grow them will therefore try to counteract the evil effect of dry air by taking steps to impart a necessary degree of moisture to it. They will shower their plants. They will keep water evaporating constantly on stove or register. Plants like fresh air, and fail to flourish in rooms where the proper proportion of oxygen is not found. The plant owner will arrange for ventilation, and the admission of as much pure air as her pets need. By working all along this line she will have her efforts crowned with success, while those who do not study their plants and their needs and try to make unfavorable conditions favorable will fail with them.—From the Winter Window Garden, in the Home Magazine.

Preserved Grapes.

Grapes are too seedy, as well as rich in juices, to be preserved, excepting in the form of jam, either plain or spiced. To prepare the grapes for these forms of preserving, pick from the stems, wash and press the pulp out of the skins. Put skins in one preserving kettle and the pulp in another together with any juice that has run from the grapes. Let them cook 15 or 20 minutes, stirring often; strain the pulp through a pure sieve to remove the seeds. Add the cooked skins to the strained pulp, then measure. To every pint of the fruit allow a pound of sugar. Cook until quite thick, stirring often. Turn into small jars, or glasses, and seal.

Laundry Bag is Handy.

Bachelor girls who run about much will have to thank a fastidious bachelor for inventing a traveling laundry bag which spares them the disagreeable necessity of packing soiled linen in their trunks. The new device is a bag of brown canvas, somewhat like a mail bag. It fastens with a patent brass lock and has initials painted on it in trunk style. It goes empty, but it returns from the weekend or other visit with the linen which is ready to go to the laundress.

LIKE A FAIRY TALE.

The Story of Postum Cereal in Words and Pictures.

The growth of the Postum Cereal Co. is like a fairy tale, but it is true, every word of it.

"The Door Unbolted" is the title of a charming little booklet just issued by the Company which tells, and illustrates, the story of this remarkable growth. It takes the reader from the little white barn in which the business was started Jan. 1, 1895, through the palatial offices and great factory buildings of the "White City" that comprise Postumville, Battle Creek, Mich.

The little white barn, so carefully preserved, is a most interesting building, for it represents the humble beginning of one of the country's greatest manufacturing enterprises of today, an enterprise that has grown from this little barn to a whole city of factory buildings within but little more than ten years.

No less interesting is the quaint official home of the Postum Cereal Co. The general office building of Mr. Post and his associates is a reproduction of the Shakespeare house at Stratford-on-Avon, and upon the house and its furnishings has been expended vast sums of money, until the rooms are more like the drawing rooms of the mansions of our multi-millionaires than like offices.

That Mr. Post has believed thoroughly in the idea of giving to his employes attractive and healthful work rooms is proven not only by the general office building of the Company and its furnishings, but by his factories as well, and of all of these things this beautiful little booklet tells the interesting story. It will be sent to anyone on request.

HIS TROUBLE WAS INTERNAL.

Indian Chief Had Peculiar Ideas About Hydrophobia.

Mayor Stoy of Atlantic City was describing the cosmopolitan throngs that visit his famous and gay resort.

"Every nationality comes here," he said. "Greeks, Turks, Hindoos, Chinese, Moors—they all come."

"I was talking the other day to one of the physicians of the Pasteur Institute—the hospital, you know, for the prevention and cure of hydrophobia. The Pasteur Institute reminded me of Atlantic City, its visitors seemed to be of such a diversified character."

"The physician told me about an Indian chief who had come to him for treatment last year."

"My name," said the chief, "is War Eagle. Please take me in hand. I fear I am getting hydrophobia."

"Have you been bitten," the physician asked, "by a mad dog?"

"Not exactly bitten," War Eagle answered, "but I have the gravest suspicions about a black poodle that was served to me in a ragout last Friday afternoon."

TEN YEARS OF PAIN.

Unable to Do Even Housework Because of Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Margaret Emmerich, of Clinton street, Napoleon, O., says: "For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from kidney troubles. My back pained me terribly. Every turn or move caused sharp shooting pains. My eyesight was poor, dark spots appeared before me, and I had dizzy spells. For ten years I could not do housework, and for two years did not get out of the house. The kidney secretions were irregular, and doctors were not helping me. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me quick relief, and finally cured me. They saved my life."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Lord Rothschild's Tart Reply.

Lord Rothschild, who is taking a prominent part in the commission which is considering as to the best territory for Jewish colonization, is the wealthiest member of the wealthiest and most famous banking house in the world. His monetary and social influence suggest the monarch rather than the financier. There is a story that Jay Gould once called upon him on business. Lord Rothschild sent out word that he was too busy to see the caller. Mr. Gould, not accustomed to being denied audience by anyone, sent back rather a tart repetition of his request. After an interval the attendant returned with this reply from Lord Rothschild: "Tell Mr. Gould that Europe is not for sale."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance.

Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Mix Soap With Dough.

From a communication read to the Association of Belgian Chemists it seems that continental bakers are in the habit of mixing soap with their dough to make their bread and pastry nice and light. The quantity of soap varies greatly. In fancy articles like waffles and fritters it is much larger than in bread.

The man who sits down and waits for something to turn up will get his reward sooner or later. His toes will turn up.

A man without a wife is a balloon without an anchor.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. You pay 10c for cigars not so good. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A man's opinion of himself doesn't necessarily increase the circumference of his headgear.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Officers of New York Police. New York city has one captain or sergeant for every 20 members of the police force.

GAINED 34 POUNDS

Persistent Anemia Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Other Remedies Had Failed.

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Nathaniel Field, of St. Albans, Somerset county, Maine, "I was the palest, most bloodless person you could imagine. My tongue and gums were colorless and my fingers and ears were like wax. I had two doctors and they pronounced my trouble anemia. I had spells of vomiting, could not eat, in fact, did not dare to, I had such distress after eating. My stomach was filled with gas which caused me awful agony. The backache I suffered was at times almost unbearable and the least exertion made my heart beat so fast that I could hardly breathe. But the worst of all was the splitting neuralgia headache which never left me for seven weeks. About this time I had had several numb spells. My limbs would be cold and without any feeling and the most deadly sensations would come over me."

"Nothing had helped me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in fact, I had grown worse every day. After I had taken the pills a short time I could see that they were benefiting me and one morning I awoke entirely free from pain. The distress after eating disappeared and in three weeks I could eat anything I wanted and suffer no inconvenience. I also slept soundly. I have taken several boxes of the pills and have gained in weight from 120 to 154 pounds and am an perfectly well now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anemia because they actually make new blood. For rheumatism, indigestion, nervous headaches and many forms of weakness they are recommended even if ordinary medicines have failed. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

MAKES BEAUTY

Among the ladies no other medicine has ever had so strong a following, because, excepting pure air and exercise, it is the source of more beautiful complexions than any other agency, as

Lane's Family Medicine

the tonic-laxative. It puts pure blood in the veins, and no woman can be homely when the rich, red blood of health courses in her veins. Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Refuse substitutes.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 & \$3.00 Shoes

W. L. Douglas's \$4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equalled at any price.

To Shoe Dealers: W. L. Douglas's Jobbing House is the most complete in this country. Send for Catalog.



SHOES FOR EVERYBODY AT ALL PRICES. Men's Shoes, \$3 to \$1.00. Boys' Shoes, \$3 to \$1.25. Women's Shoes, \$3 to \$1.00. Try W. L. Douglas's Shoes, \$2.25 to \$1.00. Children's Shoes, \$1 to \$1.00. W. L. Douglas's shoes; for style, fit and wear they excel other makes.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. His name and price is stamped on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. Take no substitute and insist upon having them. W. L. Douglas shoes fast color fastness, they will not age or brass. Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Shoes. W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 12, Brockton, Mass.