The Ward of King Canute

A Romance of the Danish Conquest.

By OTTILIE A. LILJENCRANTZ, author of The Thrall of Lief the Lucky.

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CHAPTER XI—Continued.

It was Sebert who brought the dragging pace finally to a halt, throwing himself upon a stone bench to hold his head in his hands. "We cannot drive them off, that needs no further proof. And I do not see how we can hold out till the time that chance entices them away, when but one meal stands between us and starvation, and already we are as weak as rabbits. Naught can profit us save craft."

"I think I could manage it for you, lord. They think me your unwilling captive; you remember what the messenger said about freeing me? If I should go to Rothgar—" his voice broke and his eyes sought his friend's eyes as though they were wine-cups from which he could drink courage—"if I should go to Rothgar, lord, I could declare myself escaped, and he would be likely to believe any story I told him."

Sebert leaped up and caught the lad by the shoulders, then hesitated, weighing it in his mind, half fearing to believe. "But are you sure that your tongue will not trip you? Or your face, poor mouse?"

The boy seemed to gather strength from the caressing hands, as Thor from the touch of his magic belt. "As to that, I think he is not wise enough to guess the truth. I will tell him that you have thought it revengeful toward him to starve your Danish captive."

Pulling the soft curls with a suggestion of his old lightheartedness, the Etheling laughed with him. "You bantling! Who would have dreamed you to that degree artful? I would not have you suffer their anger. Are you capable of so much feigning?"

For an instant the boy's eyes were even audacious, and all the hollowness of the cheeks could not hide a flashing dimple. "Oh, my dear lord, I am capable of so much more feigning than you guess!" he answered, daringly.

"Nay, have I not been wont to call you elf?" Sebert returned. Then his voice deepened with feeling. "By the soul of my father, Fridtjof, if you bring me out of this snare, me and mine, I declare with truth that there will be no recompense you can ask at my hands which I shall not be glad to grant—" He paused in the wonder of seeing the sparkle in the blue eyes flee away with a fitting light.

The page turned from him almost with a sob. "Pray you, promise me nothing!" he said hastily. "If ever I see you again, and you have more to give me than pity— Nay, I shall lose my courage if I think of that part. Get me out quickly while the heart is firm within me."

"We cannot drive them off; that needs no further proof."

"Certainly it would be best for you to come to them while they are in such a state of feasting that their good-humor is keenest and their wits dullest," Sebert assented.

"It would show no more than friendship if you said that you were sorry to have me go," she told him with quivering lips. "Are you so eager in getting me off that you cannot say you will miss me?"

But the young lord only laughed good-humoredly. "What a child you are! Do you not know those things without my telling you? And as for missing you, I am not likely to have time. The first chance you get, you will slip back to me—if you do not, I will come after you and dog you into the bargain; be there no forgetting!"

She could not laugh as she would once have done instead she choked in the cup and pushed it from her. A passionate yearning came over her for one such word, one such look, as he would give the dream-lady when she should come.

"I wish I had not thought of it! I wish I had not told you!" she sobbed into the soft muffling. "Only to be near you I thought heaven; and now the Fates have cheated me even out of that."

The Etheling put his hand under the bent head to raise it that he might hear what the lips were saying, and she covered his palm with kisses. Then slipping away, like the elf he had called her, she glided through the narrow space of the half-open door and was gone, sobbing, out into the night.

CHAPTER XII

How Fridtjof Cheated the Jotun.

"I trust my sword; I trust my steed,
But most I trust myself at need."

the fair-haired scald sang exultingly to the Danishmen sprawled around the camp-fire. It was to no graceful love-song that his harp lent its swelling chords, but to a stern chant of mighty deeds, whose ringing notes sped through the forest like the bearers of war-arrows, knocking at the door of each sleeping echo until it awoke and carried on the summons.

Echoes awoke as well in the breasts of those who listened. When the minstrel laid aside his harp for his cup, Snorri Scar-Cheek brought his fist down in a mighty blow upon the earth. "To hear such words and know one's self doomed to wallow in mast!"

A dozen shaggy heads wagged surly acquiescence. But from the figure outstretched upon the splendid bear-skin a harsh voice sounded. "Now I see that because you lie in mast you have a swine's wit," it said. "Do you want the thrall to stand forth and prove for the hundredth time that their bins must needs be as empty as your head?"

Into the den the daughter of Frode came on her difficult mission. It was the Scar-Cheek who offered the first welcome in a jovial shout. "The hawk escaped from the cage! Well done, champion! Did you batter a way out with your mighty fists?" A score of hands were stretched forth to draw the boy into the circle; a score of horns were held for his refreshment.

Rothgar sat up on the great skin with a gesture of some cordiality. "Hail to you, Fridtjof Frodesson!" he said. "Your escape is a thing that gladdens me. I did not like the thought of starving you, and I hope your father will overlook the unfriendliness of it."

The Scar-Cheek, who had been scanning her critically where she stood before them, drinking, gave a pitying grunt. "By the crooked horn, boy, you must have had naught but ill luck since the time of Scoerstan! No more meat is on you than a raven could eat; and the night I was in the Englishman's hall, you had the appearance of having been under a lash. Your guardian spirit must have gone astray."

Though she managed to keep her eyes upon her cup, Randalin could not hinder a wave of burning color from over-running her face. Seeing it, Rothgar held up his handless left arm for silence.

"You act in a mannerless way, Snorris Gudbrandsson, when you remind a high-spirited youth that he has been disgraced in his mind. Yet do not let that prevent your joy, my Bold One. If it is possible for me to take him alive and bind him, your own hand shall be the one to strike Sebert Oswaldsson his death-blow."

The girl's nervousness betrayed her into a burst of hysterical laughter, but her wits were quick enough to turn it to good account. She said with Fridtjof's own petulance, "Your boon is like the one Canute has in store for me. I am likely to wait so long for both that I shall have no teeth left to chew them with."

The abruptness with which silence fell over the group was startling. Snorri bent forward and plucked her sternly back as she made a move toward the bread. A dozen voices questioned her.

"What do you mean by that?" . . . "Why will it take long?" . . . "Are they not short in food?"

Knowing that she could not achieve unconcern, she kept to her petulance, jerking her cloak away from the hand that detained it. "Should I be apt to blame him for starving me if he did it because no better cheer was to be had? Let me by to the bread."

Instead, the ring narrowed around her, and the chief himself put peremptory questions in his heavy voice. "Has he food? What do you mean? The thrall told us they are wont to keep their provisions in the house we burned. Did he lie?"

"I do not know whether he lied or not," Randalin answered slowly, "but it seems to me great foolishness that you did not take the time into consideration. At the end of the harvest, any English house would be fitted out for weeks of feasting. You came the night the larder was fullest, and they have only spent one meal a day since."

Rothgar got upon his feet and towered over her, his Jotun-frame appearing to swell with irritation. "Tell shortly what you think of their case, can they last one day more?"

Fridtjof the Bold took refuge in sulleness. "They can last two weeks as easily as one. How much longer are you going to keep me from food?"

She was free after that to do anythink she liked, for their excitement was so great that they forgot her existence. Those whose fluency was not hampered by their feelings relieved their minds by cursing. And the few who were boldest turned and bearded the son of Ludbrok himself.

"How much longer must we endure this?" "Think of the game we are missing!" "There is little need to remind me. My naked fists could batter the stones from their places—" "In a week more, it is possible that England may be won!" "What do you care for their wretched land, chief?" "Chief, how much longer must we lie here?"

When that question was finally out, every man heaved a sigh of relief, straightening in his place like a dog that is pricking his ears, and there was a pause.

A fell look came into the Jotun's face as he gazed back at them; and for a time it seemed that he would either answer with his fist or not at all. But at length he began to speak in a voice as keen and hard as his sword.

"You know my temper, and that I must have my will. Always I have thought it shame that my kinsman's odal should lie in English hands, and now I have made up my mind to put an end to it. You know that I am in no way greedy for property. When I obtain the victory, you shall have every acre and every stick on it to burn or plunder or keep, as best pleases you." He interrupted himself to bend forward, shading his eyes with his hands. "If I am not much mistaken," he said in quite another voice, "yonder is Brass Borgar at last! Yonder, near those oak-trees."

In an instant they had all turned to scan the moon-lit open. And now that they were silent, the thud of hoofs became distinct. Shouting their welcome, some hurried to heap fresh fuel on the fire, and some ran after more ale-skins; while others rushed forward to meet the messenger and run beside his horse, riddling with questions.

When the man finally stood before him, Rothgar said sternly, "It is time you were here! Ten days have gone over your head since I sent you out. You must do one of two things—either tell great tidings or submit to sharp words."

The Brass One laughed as he saluted. "I should have been liable to sharp steel had I come sooner, chief. Would you have taken it well if I had left without knowing how it went with the battle?"

"Battle!" three-score mouths cried as with one voice. "Who were victorious?"

The man laughed again. "Should I come to you with a noisy voice and my chin held high, if other than one thing had happened? Honor to the Thunderer, the Raven possessed the field!"

Such a clamor arose as though the wolf-pack had tasted blood. Three times, through the trumpet of his hands, Rothgar bawled a command for silence.

"The battle! Where was it? And how long since? Yet, before any of these, how goes it with my royal foster-brothers? And how do his traitors carry sail, Odin's curse upon them! Speak! How fares he?"

(To be continued.)

FARM YIELD $4,500,000,000.

Product, Not Including the Feeding of Stock, Estimated by an Expert.

George K. Holmes, chief of the division of foreign markets, department of agriculture, says a conservative estimate of the value of the farm products of the county not fed to live stock in 1903, on the basis of the census valuation, places it at $4,500,000,000.

"In varying fractions, parts of many of these products, not being wanted for national consumption, are conveyed to foreign countries, but are stopped at the ports and international boundaries of this country, where officers of the customs take account of them and make a record of their values and weight of such of them as are measured and weighed in commercial practice. The values so ascertained are not farm values, since to the original farm value of the products have been added numerous charges and profits which the products must bear in the course of a distribution that is often intricate in its business details.

"The export value of the exported farm products of this country was $878,479,451 in the fiscal year 1903. During the preceding five years, 1898-1902, the annual average value was $861,037,815, and during the next preceding five years, 1893-1897, it was $616,074,047. During the last eleven years the highest value reached was $951,628,231 in the year 1901, chiefly due to cotton."

WAGES BASED ON FAMILY.

French Railway Grades Salaries of Its Employes.

"Solicitude for the population of France has frequently found expression in public and private utterance," says the Railway Age, "but it has remained for the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway Company to institute a system intended to promote larger families." According to this plan officers and employes are divided into three classes by incomes and subdivided according to the size of the families. Employes getting wages of less than $400 a year are to receive an annual premium of $6 to $120, the lower sum for those having three children and the larger for those having nine, with intermediate sums for proportionate numbers. In the second class are those earning less than $460, for whom the premium is placed at $15 for a family of six, ranging up to $40 to the employe with nine children. The third class, drawing up to $520 as salary, only enjoys the premium when the number of children has reached eight, then having $20 added, and $50 should the number increase to nine. This action is the first of its kind to be taken by a corporation in Europe, although the German states have adopted similar measures through reduction of taxes and increased wages to states employes.

"Maarifsh" River.

The late Maxwell Sommerville of the University of Pennsylvania spent nearly forty years of his life in Oriental travel and study.

Prof. Sommerville used sometimes to narrate the strange error that was once made by a French explorer he had known.

This explorer had made a journey to Kairwan and had drawn a map of the country he had passed through. The singular thing about this map was that the name "Maarifsh" appeared so many times on it. A river would be the "Maarifsh River"; a mountain would be "Mount Maarifsh"; a village, a lake, a valley—each would be called "Maarifsh."

When Prof. Sommerville saw the map he laughed.

"Don't you know," he said to the traveler, "what 'maarifsh' means in Arabic?"

"No," said the other. "What does it mean?"

"It means 'Don't know.'"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mosaics for Stanford University

Maurizio Camerino, an artist from Venice, has begun work on several more elaborate mosaic designs on the exterior of the Stanford Memorial church at Stanford university, California. The new mosaics will represent biblical scenes and will be placed over the entire side walls of the organ loft and the east and west transept wings. At present those walls are surfaced with smooth-faced stone, ornamented with artistically carved designs, but these will be hewn out and the mosaic work substituted. When the proposed work is completed the entire interior wall surface of the edifice will be covered with mosaic. The work will require eight months for completion.

To Preserve Old Capitol.

A movement has been started at Colorado Springs, Colo., to preserve the old territorial Capitol building, in that city, which is now occupied by a Chinese laundry. The El Paso County Historical Society is considering plans for keeping the old log building intact and suitably marking the structure.

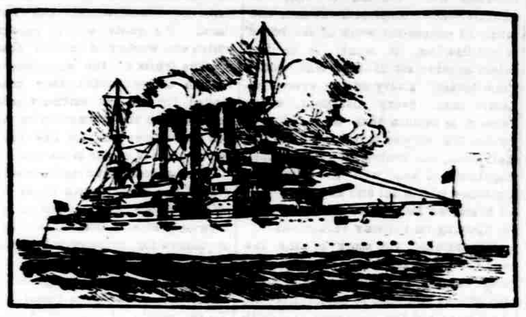
Turks Tax the Greeks.

The Porte having issued orders for the collection of license taxes from Greeks in the Turkish dominions, it is feared at Athens that there will be fresh trouble, especially at Smyrna.

Irish Parliamentary Fund.

The Irish parliamentary fund for the year 1904 amounted to $63,005.

BATTLESHIP OHIO DOES WELL ON HER FIRST SPEED TRIAL



The battle-ship Ohio was given her speed trial in Santa Barbara (Cal.) channel Aug. 1. The course was up the coast thirty-six miles to a stakeboat opposite Point Conception. On this run the Ohio more than made the required speed, and as she swung around the stakeboat at full speed was half a minute ahead of the time required to make, eighteen knots. On the run down the coast the tide and wind were against her, however, and she lost a minute and a half in the thirty-six miles. Rear Admiral Whiting, who acted as the government's representative aboard the Ohio, and Capt. Forsythe, representing the builders, were sanguine that the Ohio would show the required speed. Capt. Forsythe said the Ohio will have another trial run, possibly within a week or ten days, over the same course.

EVA BOOTH A GREAT ACTRESS.

Salvation Army Leader Bountifully Equipped by Nature.

The Canadian contingent at the Salvation Army congress in London was under command of Miss Eva Booth, the "unconscious actress," whose wonderfully dramatic manner was the astonishment of all who heard her speak at the gathering named. Her tones are sweet, full and vibrant with passion and her enunciation is flawless. As she approaches the climax of an appeal for converts her face becomes almost ghastly pale. With hands uplifted she strides to and fro upon the platform, now bending almost to the floor, now sweeping the assembly with a compelling gesture like a young queen of tragedy. Her pose, walk, every movement, is graceful. Mr. Choate, the United States ambassador, is credited with the remark, after hearing her at the Royal Albert hall, where Lord Rosebery and others were present: "I have heard but one other woman on our side of the water with equal oratorical gifts, and that was Anna Dickinson." One dramatic critic says: "Even Coquelin could not improve her in point of facial expression."

OVER "TOM" REED'S GRAVE.

Granite Monument Reared in Memory of Ex-Speaker.

A granite monument has been erected in Evergreen cemetery, Portland, Maine, over the grave of ex-Speaker Thomas Brackett Reed. The monument is cut from white Hallowell granite, and rests on a broad base stone of the same material in the form of a parallelogram. The monument itself, which is about ten feet high, tapers slightly as it rises, and its rugged simplicity is relieved only on the side bearing the inscription. There is carved in relief a laurel wreath, after a design of St. Gaudens, as seen upon the Shaw memorial in Boston. Beneath the wreath is this inscription:

THOMAS BRACKETT REED

1889—1902.

His Record Is with the Faithful, the Brave and the True of All Nations and All Ages.

WHEN HE TENDED BAR.

Dr. Howard Surprised at Cordiality of His Greeting.

Dr. Leland O. Howard, head of the bureau of entomology in Washington, is a native of Rockford, Ill. Some good stories are told at his expense. On one of his recent trips in western Pennsylvania, which involved long and dusty field and forest tramping in connection with the observations which he was making, he dropped into a barber shop to get "brushed up." The "tonsorial artist" who attacked his problem happened to be an elderly German. He accosted Dr. Howard warmly, addressing him as "old man" and expressing the greatest delight at this accidental reunion of old friends. Dr. Howard expressed some surprise at the cordiality of the reception and asked where they had met. "You don't remember me," asked the barber in ill-concealed disgust, "when I run a shop right next to where you were tending bar at the Philadelphia centennial?" The doctor did not recall such an early entomological experience, valuable as it might have proved in his subsequent researches.

Democratic Ghost Appears.

Esopus chroniclers have another mystery to solve. It is said that the ghost of Garry Van Wagonen, a famous Democrat of that place, who said he would never have his hair cut if Abraham Lincoln was elected, has been seen at Union Center, near Judge Parker's residence. The ghost has made its appearance periodically ever since Garry died, first in 1876 (Tilden), next in 1884 (Cleveland) and again in 1892. Democrats look upon the wraith's appearance as a good omen. There seems to be no question about its identity, as it is reported to have "Garry's peculiar loping gait."

All Had Humble Beginnings.

It is interesting to recall how men now of prominence labored in their early days. Grover Cleveland when a lad worked in a country store, Senator Beveridge was a railroad laborer, Senator Fairbanks a carpenter, Judge Alton B. Parker taught school, Gov. Odell of New York delivered ice, Cardinal Gibbons was a clerk, Gov. Herrick of Ohio sawed wood and peddled dinner bells and organs, Bishop Merrill learned the shoemaking trade.

Age Has Not Withered.

Rev. William W. Howe, the venerable Baptist clergyman of Cambridge, Mass., celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday on Wednesday last. Mr. Howe, except for a severe cold, is in good health and is remarkably bright. He still keeps up a keen interest in what is going on throughout the world and on many matters of public interest has decided convictions.

Great Author Died in Debt.

The estate of Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian author, who recently died, shows liabilities to the amount of $20,000, with assets practically nil.

GIVE FEW RAILROAD PASSES.

Vanderbilt Family Chary of Courtesies of This Description.

A peculiar characteristic of the Vanderbilts is that individually they seldom, if ever, give railroad passes. These favors are managed more or less by Chauncey M. Depew and H. C. Duval. In fact, many stories are told by guests of Frederick and William K. Vanderbilt, when there was no special train, having their fares paid for them by their hosts. The distances, except where special trains or cars were provided, were comparatively short; for instance, up to Frederick Vanderbilt's place on the Hudson. The Newport and Long Island country places are on other roads and the Vanderbilts, except on some extraordinary occasion, travel like ordinary mortals. The first change in this system has been made this summer by Alfred Vanderbilt, who has had a light draught yacht built, with a fast motor boat, for the accommodation of his guests from Wickford landing to his country place outside Newport.

OVERCOAT HIS ONLY GARMENT.

Patrick O'Brien Hurried From Bath to Cast Vote in Parliament.

Members of parliament are called upon most unexpectedly to attend a division of the house. When the bell sounds the summonses there is invariably gathering in haste to present snap votes being taken by the opposition. Patrick O'Brien, an Irish member, was once caught in an uncomfortable predicament when a division was called. He was enjoying a piping hot bath off the dressing room in the parliament building when the clanging of the bell reached his ears. It was a desperate situation, but Mr. O'Brien was not dismayed. He put on some kind of overcoat, walked boldly up to the division lobby and did not allow even his nearest friend to suspect that, except for the overcoat, he was dressed with the same absence of the superfluous as the first parents when they wandered happy and unclothed, and probably unbathed, in the meandering paths of Eden.

FIGURES THAT DIDN'T JIBE.

Man From Village Thought He Detected a Palpable Exaggeration.

Henry Clews, the banker, who has had an experience in Wall street extending over thirty years, was riding on a crowded New York elevated train a few weeks ago. He was accompanied by a friend from up the state, and the latter, not accustomed to being jostled, remarked with a great deal of emphasis that it was terrible the way people were packed into the elevated cars. "This system," said Mr. Clews, who has a penchant for statistics, "carried 246,587,022 passengers from June 30, 1902, to June 30, 1903." "I know they do a big business," said the man from the quiet village, "but they couldn't carry that many people. You know this country only has a population of 80,000,000."

Works of Untaught Sculptor.

Henry Merwin Shrady, who is to model the Grant memorial monument to be set up in Washington, is a son of Dr. Shrady of New York, who was Gen. Grant's physician during his last illness. Young Shrady, singularly enough, never took a lesson in drawing, painting or modeling. Still he has on his merits succeeded in several competitions for the production of heroic statues, in addition to the one above noted being a Grant monument for Brooklyn and a statue of William the Silent for Riverside park, New York.

Potentate Has Queer Whim.

Sidi Mohammed el Haj, bey of Tunis, has just returned to his north African domain after a visit to France, where he was much of a curiosity with his fez, gold braid, profusion of jewels and gorgeous entourage. His dusky highness was greatly interested in all things military, but found time also to visit a good many theaters. He took home with him a number of portraits of actresses, gravely informing his French friends that he intended to distribute these counterfeit presentments among his wives.

Helping the Shipwrecked.

Emile Robin, the aged vice-president of the French Society for Saving the Shipwrecked, has not only done a great deal for this association, but he also assists similar societies in other countries. At the recent meeting of the allied German society it was announced that M. Robin had again sent a handsome sum—$7,000—the interest on which was to be divided among old mariners and widows and orphans.

Violinist's Great Fortune.

Herr Kubelik, the Bohemian violinist, who lately received word that he was the proud father of twins, is said to have made over $500,000 in the last three years. With some of his great earnings from his violin he purchased Kolin castle, near his native place, in Bohemia.

Assassin Took His Cue.

It was perhaps a coincidence that on the very day of the lifting of the ban on the use of balloon torpedoes in warfare dynamite should have been employed by an assassin in St. Petersburg for the destruction of human life.

IN A PHILIPPINE JUNGLE.

Of Such Stuff Is Made the Amazing American Soldier.

The column was toiling along in the sun up a hillside. The grass was over the head of a man on horseback and it was very hot down near the ground, where no breeze could come.

The men were plodding along without light in their faces, doggedly following the others in front. Here and there a sick man was hanging back under his load.

It was the sort of a trail where you are quite worn out, and you make bets with yourself as to whether you will keep on going to the top of the hill, knowing very well that you cannot help it.

Suddenly the boom of a mountain gun ahead came down through the stifling air. The crash of a rifle volley followed, and then more guns, swiftly, steadily.

A shiver of life ran down the column.

"Hit 'em," said an old sergeant.

Heads lifted. The column closed. The walk changed to a half trot. There was only one thought—to go forward to get at 'em.

"Don't you think you'd better stay a while longer?" a hospital attendant asked a private who had just fallen out under the sun and was resting in the shade of a bush.

"Hell! don't you hear them guns?" was the unanswerable answer. "Gim me my rifle."—New York Sun.

The Microbe of Old Age.

In a lecture on "Old Age," delivered in Paris recently by Dr. Metchnikoff, the speaker expressed the opinion that sensility was produced by certain physiological states which cause the beneficent species of microbes called "macrophages" to increase too rapidly. Then in their turn they become injurious.

These parasites flourish in the large intestine, which mammals possess, whereas in birds it is almost entirely lacking. The result was shown in the person of the doctor's own dog, which was decrepit at eighteen, while the doctor's parrot, aged seventy, appeared to the audience hale and lively.

"It stands proved," says the doctor, "that senility is an infectious disease and it should be possible to treat it like other maladies—to cure it or prevent it."

The hope was expressed by Dr. Metchnikoff that a serum would should be discovered to counteract the "macrophages," and prolong human life; meantime, he recommended the consumption of curdled milk.

Story From Way Back.

"Private" John Allen tells the following as illustrative of the partiality of the southern darky for long words of whose meaning he is absolutely ignorant:

"A negro named Elijah Thomas, living in Tupelo, Miss., recently chanced to meet a friend who complained of feeling miserable. In fact, Thomas' friend feared for his life, so 'tuckered out' was he.

"'What's de matter wif yo?' inquired Elijah.

"'Lije,' moaned the second darky, indicating the region where the pain lay, 'I'se got sech awful pains in mah back heah!'

"'In dat case,' responded Elijah, solemnly, 'I knows what you oughter do! You oughter go over ter Jack son. Dey says dat here's de finest backterriologist over dere in de whole South!'"

"Touch" Was Queer.

"Last week," said Job Hedges, "I had the queerest 'touch' to which I have even been subjected. A man, evidently in the last stages of consumption, came into my office and said:

"'You know ——,' mentioning a client of mine who is in the undertaking business.

"I told him I did.

"'Well,' he said, 'he is holding an insurance policy on my life for $50. It's a cinch that that policy will be payable in a week or ten days at the most. Meantime I need $10. If you will advance me $10 I will give you a due bill against the policy. If you can't collect in ten days you can charge interest.'"—New York Times.

World's Production of Cork.

According to a bulletin issued by the Chamber of Commerce of Cadiz, the production of cork in Spain is estimated at 28,450,716 pounds. That of Portugal 32,515,104 pounds. Algeria and other cork producing countries, together, about 20,321,940 pounds, making the world's total annual cork production 81,217,760 pounds. The export of cork in sheets from Spain in 1902 amounted to 9,535,400 pounds and in 1903 to 9,516,082 pounds. The quantity of manufactured corks for bottle stopping purposes from Spain in 1902 amounted to 2,032,115,000, valued at 30,347,000 pesetas, the figures for 1903 being 2,178,456,000, valued at 32,677,000 pesetas.

A New Nose Bag.

A thoughtful expressman has devised a new kind of feed bag, which will be a great relief to horses in hot weather. The bag consists of a semi-circular tin pan fitting over the horse's nose so as to give him plenty of air and yet holding enough oats for a satisfactory mouthful. The pan is replenished from a loose sack opening into one end and fastened to the horse's neck below his jaws. If the oats do not run readily into the pan, the horse has but to shake his head to set them in motion. This particular expressman's horse has quickly learned how to manage his new nose-bag.

Compensation.

There was never a day so misty and gray,
That the blue was not somewhere above it.
There is never a mountain top ever so bleak,
That some little flower does not love it.
There was never a night so dreary and dark
That the stars were not somewhere shining;
There is never a cloud so heavy and black
That it has not a silvery lining.
There is never a waiting time, weary and long
That will not some time have an ending;
The most beautiful part of the landscape is where
The sunshine and shadows are blending.

—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

More Girls Than Boys.

"Superfluous women" are increasing in number. The births in England and Wales last year numbered 947,919—482,191 males and 465,758 females—and the deaths 514,450—266,338 males and 248,112 females. Thus, though there were more boys than girls born, the higher mortality among men more than restored the balance, the ranks of "superfluous women" being thus strenthened by 1,793 recruits.

WESTERN CANADA

Three Divisions Affording Great Chances for Settlement—Ranching, Wheat-Growing and Mixed Farming.

The old Romans used to say that Gaul was divided into three parts; so is the Canadian North West. Gaul's divisions were political; those of the Western Canada prairies are created by the unerring hand of nature.

The First Division.

Chiefly because of the elevation of the country, the absence of large lakes and rivers, and the operations of the "Chinook" or Pacific ocean winds, which readily cross the Rocky mountains in Southern Alberta through gaps and passes, the southwestern portion of the Canadian provinces is regarded as somewhat arid, and less fertile than other portions of the country.

Although this has been a prevailing idea in the past, it has been left for American settlers, who have invaded this district within the past two or three years, to prove that splendid

Battleford
Edmonton
Calgary
Medicine Hat
Swift Current
REGINA
Moose Jaw
Prince Albert
Battleford
Humboldt
Saskatoon
Duck Lake
Yorkton
Melfort
Tisdale
Kamsack
Pelly
Hamiota
Birtle
Minnedosa
Portage la Prairie
Morden
Manitou
Killarney
Boissevain
Deloraine
Souris
Virden
Brandon
Carberry
Neepawa
Minnedosa
Dauphin
Gladstone
Portage la Prairie
Winnipeg
Selkirk
Emerson
Morris
Gretna
Manitoba
Saskatchewan
Alberta
Assiniboia
Assiniboine
Qu'Appelle
Lake Manitoba
Lake Winnipeg
Lake Dauphin
Lake Winnipegosis
Red Deer
Battle
Saskatchewan
Bow
Qu'Appelle
Souris
Pipestone
Assiniboine
Red
Dauphin
Valley
Swan
Pembina
Rivers
Boundary
Turtle
Deloraine
Souris
Glenboro
Cypress
Lake Manitoba
Lake Winnipegosis
Lake Winnipeg
Lake of the Woods
Rainy Lake
Lake of Woods
Lake Dauphin
Lake Winnipeg
Lake Manitoba
Lake Winnipegosis
Lake of Woods
Rainy Lake