

ondence on home topics of

Correspondence on nome topics of subjects of especial interest to wo-men is invited. Inquirics or letters should be brief and clearly written in ink on one side of the sheet. Write direct to Mrs. W. H. Fel-

ten, Editor Home Department Semi-Weekly Journal, Cartersville, Ga. No inquiries answered by mail.

WILL THE OCCUPATION TAX BENEFIT OR INJURE STATE

HE bill before the present legislature to put an occupation tax on all corporations has a very serious phase to it, as I under-

stand the situation.

tand the situation. If a person will examine the list of mer-chandise brokers that do business in the ity of Atlanta (not to mention other cities eity of Atlanta (not to mention other cities in Georgia), and also remember that the proposed tax is to be placed on the capi-tal stock of the main business no matter where it may be located in other states, it will be apparent at once that these mer-chandise brokers will cease to live or maintain a regular business in Georgia. They can go across the line, say to Chat-tanooga, or Birmingham, Ala., South Car-olina or maybe Jacksonville, Fla., and send their drummers and traveling agents all over the state of Georgia, without paying this heavy tax on foreign corpora-tions.

Their profits will be the same, or but Their profits will be the same, or but little less, while the people who have in-vested in office buildings in cities like Savannah, Augusta, Columbus, Macon and Atlanta, may whistle for renters or tenants and the word will pass around. "Keep out of Georgia," and our Georgia business men who have worked up a bus-iness with good profits for themselves must either go elsewhere or do something else

There is nothing in this world that is so sensitive as capital, and the south has been inviting business men to come here time out of mind. Certain great enter-prises have come in after a solemn pledge as been given to exempt such enterprises

has been given to exempt such enterprises from taxation. When once it is understood that no branch office can be opened in Georgia without taxing the main plant on its full value of capital stock, we will be sure to witness a "scatterment," and while I am not able to say whether such a measure would be constitutional or otherwise. I would be constitutional or otherwise, I can certainly foresee that these branch

an certainly foreset that there where affices will disappear. Nobody that knows me or cares to re-call the efforts I have made in Georgia for clean government and proper management of our public funds will accuse me of be-hig partial to trusts or syndicates, but when I look abroad and see how the whole state is groaning under heavy difficulties as to colored labor and how anxious we should be to increase our popul good white citizens, it does alarm me to find any proposed legislation recorded which will run off capital and drive away which will run on capital and pay taxes people who live in Georgia and pay taxes on their own property as citizens. They will be virtually debarred from maintain-ing branch offices with remunerative re-sults to themselves individually, and to the state generally. If one dollar may be collected in Georgia out of every thou-sand dollars that the main plant is taxed in Ohio, New Jersey or elsewhere, it

will become prohibitory. If that main plant has been taxed to the limit in other states, it stands to rea-son that it will not agree to be taxed twice on the same amount in Georgia.

twice on the same amount in Georgia. Why not come down squarely to an in-come tax and be done with it? Why not tax all incomes and let the people who fail to make living expenses go scot free? Tax the incomes of these foreign plants in Georgia. It you please, but do not drive all our Georgia boys away from the state who are now making a living here at home (instead of in Ohio, Indiana and else-mbers) be doine a legitimate husiness.

where) by doing a legitimate business. We complain heavily when railroad sys-tems and great manufacturing plants distems and great manufacturing plants dis-place our Georgia employes and place out-siders in the good paying positions over their heads, as is often done. This tax on merchandise brokers and all This tax on merchandise brokers and all foreign business as now operated by our Georgia men will cause offices to disap-pear in Georgia cities and the work will be operated from the outside, and largely am told our interstate commerce laws will certainly protect these businsses in will certainly protect taese outsinsses in their trade or commerce with other states, and as I see the situation the loss will fall mainly on the buildings that have been erected by our own Georgia cltizens to rent to these outsiders. I do not own a foot of ground or a tenement that is rented to a single person who might be affected, but all the same I should dislike to see our enterprising I should dislike to see our enterprising business men in Georgia rulned by hav-ing no renters for their property, aid, of course, the result in state, county and municipal taxation would be disastrous. Don't kill these enterprising property holders in Georgia in a desire to tax for-eign corporations. Go slow before the goose that lays the golden egg shall be hung up dry and dead.

through a barbed wire fence to get nearer to the spot where the steam was escap-ing. He fell down as if dead and when er parties reached him, it was only to

other parties reached him, it was only to find he was really dead. The trolley pole had been struck by lightning, expessing a bolt to a live wire. A guy wire rops was strotchad from the pole down to the field to held the wire steady and in place. This wire more was in contact with the turn to

steady and in place. This wire rope was in contact with the exposed bolt. A strand of barbed wire fence had blown against the guy wire, and an end of the barbed wire trailed in a an end of the barbed wire trailed in a puddle of water causing the steam. When the inquisitive man reached through the fence he accidentally pushed a wire through and against the guy wire, and instantly an electric shock killed him. Electricity is a splendid servant of man while everything is clear and in order, but there is no telling what may happen, if you place yourself in contact with any ever of a wire that is lying around in

sort of a wire that is lying around in your path, where it should not be. Let locse wires have a wide space and keep yourse'f free from the sl'ghtest entangle-ment. This uccident happened out west.

WATCH THE LABEL ON YOUR SEMI-WEEKLY AND IF IT HAS THE MARK OF A BLUE PENCIL YOU MAY KNOW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION HAS EXPIRED AND THAT NOW IS THE TIME TO RENEW. BUY A \$1.00 MONEY ORDER OR SEND US 100 ONE-CENT STAMPS. SELECT YOUR PREMIUM AND GET YOUR READ-ING MATTER FOR THE NEXT YEAR.

The Protection of Young Women.

HE brutal murder of an unpro tected American woman in Paris

has alarmed the parents and guardians of other American girls

who are residing in the same French metropolis. The Associated Press tells us that such girls are being recalled and the alarm is extending.

I have never been abroad (sorry to ad-mit my lack of foreign travel), but the stories which are printed about the manstories which are printed about the man-ners and customs of certain Parisian lodging places are not attractive to my mind nor to common sense and common judgment as I view the situation. It is estonishing that so few horrors have been chronicled up to date, for our American girls are to be congratulated that they have been so fortunate in their surround-ings and protected from more serious dis-enter.

asters. Young women risk considerable when they go into our own American cities to pursue art. or even journalism, but they must be better protected under our own

laws and with English speaking people than in Paris. Some weeks ago I wrote a letter of in-troduction for a lady friend of mine who is spending the winter in one of our large

American cities. The gracious statesman who is well into his eightles replied to my introductory letter, to beg me to induce the young lady not to go, for every place was crowded, not to go, for every place was crowded, hindrances were many and it was his best judgment that she should stay away. The inrush into great citles by young and old of both sexes is very great, and the risk is immense, because it is a difficult task even in small citles to protect young task even in small cities to protect young ladies from some disadvantages as to ac-quaintanceship and surroundings. All these things are greatly increased when a girl is deprived of the benefits of a chaperone or a mother's care.

Perhaps some young lady reader will think I am dashing cold water on her hopes, for it is a restless age we live in, and one and our young people are easily infected with the idea that ambitious minds must get into the swim to accomplish results, but experience will demonstrate the necessity for care in all the matters here mentioned. My warning is the outgrowth of my

earnest desire for the prosperity of my young countrywomen. The gruesome story of Mrs. Heler



"You'd think I hadn't any, Mr. Grignon

have.

said

hearth.

BOOK III.-ARRIVING.

He helped himself to everything except a few shillings, weeping because his nec-essities were so great. But I told him I was used to being robbed, and he had done me all the harm he could; so his urn to pluck me naturally followed. Then I softened, as I always do towards by the hand.

Then I softened, as I always do towards the claimant of the other part, and ad-ded that we were on the same footing; I had been a pensioner myself. "Sire, I thank you," said Bellenger, having shaken the wallet and poked his fingers into the lining where an unheard-of gold piece could have located Ingers into the lining where an unheard-of gold piece could have lodged. "It tickles my vanity to be called sire." "You are a true prince," said Bellenger. "My life would be well spent if I could see you restored to your own." "So I infer, from the valuable days you have spent in trying to bring that re-sult about "

"Your majesty is sure of finding sup-port in France.". "The last king liked to tinker with clocks. Ferhaps I like to tinker with Insult about.

dians." "Sire, it is due to your birth--" "Never mind my birth," I said. "I'm busy with my life." He bowed himself out of my presence

without turning. This tribute to royalty should have touched me. He took a handshould have touched me. He took a hand-some adieu, and did not afterward seek further reward for his service. I heard in the course of years that he died in New Orleans, confessing much regarding myself to people who cared nothing about it, and thought him crazy. They doubtit, and thought him crazy. They doubt-less had reason, so erratic was the wan-derer whom I had first consciously seen through Lake George fog. His behavior was no more creditable than the behavior of other Frenchmen who put a hand to

the earlier years of their prince's life. the earlier years of their prince's life. The third to appear at my tent door was Chief Williams himself. The sur-geon told him outside the tent that it was a dangerous wound. He had little hope for me, and I had indifferent hope my-self, lying in torpor and finding it an effort to speak. But after several days of effort I did speak. The chief sat beside me, concerned and silent.

"Father," I said. The chief harkened near to my lips. "Tell me," I begged, after resting, "who brought me to you." His dark sullen face became tender. "It was a Frenchman," he answered, "I was hunting and met him on the lake with two boys. He offered to give you to me.

We had just lost a son." When I had rested again, I asked: "Do you know anything else about me?" "No." The subject was closed between us. And all subjects were closed betwixt the world and me, for my face turned the other way. The great void of which we knew nothing, but which our faith teaches us

to bridge, opened for me.

hope. When blood and life mounted, and my torn side sewed up its gap in a healthy. scar adding another to my collection. autumn was upon us. From the hunting lodges on Lake George, and the Williamses of Longmeadow, I went to the scorched capital of Washington. In the end the government helped me with my Indian plan, though when Skenedonk and I pushed out toward Hlinois Territory we pushed out toward Illinois Territory we had only my pay and a grant of land. Peace was not formally made until De-cember, but the war was ended that sum-

tioned to the number of forces he can draw around himself to work with him. I have been able to draw some forces;

not have tolerated. The Oneidas were ready to follow

mark on the inside of the cupboard door, "Eh!" said Pierre Grignon, sitting be using a system of bookkeeping evidently agreed upon between themselves and the landlord. He shouted for the lazy bar-keeper, who answered nothing out of nothingness. side me. "Their dirty trophies make you ghastly! Do your eastern tribes nev-er dance war dances?" r dance war dances?" After the land was secured its bo

ries had to be set. Then my own grant demanded attention; and last, I was anx-ious to put my castle on it before snow Nightfall was very clear and fair in this northwestern territory. A man felt nearer to the sunset. The region took flew. Many of those late autumn nights Skenedonk and I spent camping. The outhold upon me; particularly when one who was neither a warehouseman nor a Cana-dian for hunter, hurried in and took me door life was a joy to me. Our land lay up the Fox river and away from the bay. But more than one stormy evening, when we came back to the bay for supplies, I by the hand. "I am Pierre Grignon," he said. Indeed, if he had held his fiddle, and turned it upon an arm not so stout, I should have known without being told that he was the man who had played in that he was the man who had played in plunged into the rolling water and swam breasting the waves. It is good to be hardy, and sane, and to take part in the

visible world, whether you are great and have your heart's desire or not. the Saint-Michel cabin while Annabel de Chaumont climbed the chimney. We sat and talked until the light faded.

When we had laid the foundation of the Indian settlement. I built my house with the help of skilled men. It was a spacious one of hewn logs, chinked with cat-and-clay plaster, showing its white ribs on the hill above the Fox. In time I mean to cover the the method We sat and talked until the light faced. The landlord brought a candle, and yell-ed up the loft, where Skenedonk had al-ready stretched himself in his blanket, as he loved to do: "Chambermaid, light up!" "You drive your slaves too hard ,land-lord," said Pierre Grignon. "You'd think L hadn't any. Mr. Grignon: I meant to cover the ribs with perennial vines. There was a spring near the porches. The woods banked me on the porches. The woods banked me on the rear, and an elm spread its colossal um-brella over the roof. Fertile fields stretch-ed at my left, and on my right a deep ravine lined with white birches, carried a stream to the Fox. for they're never in the way when they're wanted." "One industrious man you certainly

From my stronghold to the river was a long descent. The broadening and nar-rowing channel could be seen for miles.

have." "Yes, Sam is a good fellow, but I'll have to go out and wake him up and make him rub the horses down." "Never mind," said Pierre Grignon. "I'm A bushy island, beloved of wild ducks, parted the water, lying as Moses hid in osiers, amidst tail growths of wild oats. Lily pads stretched their pavements in the oats. Beyond were rolling banks, and going to take these travelers home with "Now I know how a tavern ought to be kept," said the landlord. "But what's the use of my keeping one if Pierre Grig-non carries off all the guests?" "He's my old friend," I told the landbeyond those, wooded hills rising terrace over terrace to the dawn. Many a sunrise was to come to me over those hills Oaks and pines and sumach gathered to

"He's an old friend to everybody that my doorway. In my mind I saw the garden we aftercomes to Green Bay. I'll never get so much as a sign painted to hang in front ward created; with many fruit trees, beds, and winding walks, trellised seats, squares of the Palace tavern." I gave him twice his charges and he of flaming tulips, phlox, hollyhocks, roses. It should reach down into the ravine, where humid ferns and rocks met plants "What a loss it was to enterprise in where humid ferns and rocks met plants that love darking ground. Yet it should not be too dark. I would lop boughs rather than have a growing thing spindle as if rooted in Ste. Pelagie—and no man who loves trees can do that without feeling the knife at his heart. What is long developing is precious like the im-mortal part of us "What a loss it was to enterprise in the bay when Pierre Grignon came here and built for the whole United States!" The Grignon house, whether built for the whole United States or not, was the

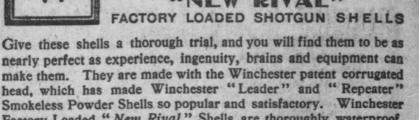
largest in Green Bay. Its lawn sloped down to Fox river. It was a huge square of oak timbers, with a detached kitchen, or oak timbers, with a detached attender, sheltered by giant elms. To this day it windows in the gables keeping guard frame like some massive rock, the fan stands defying time, with its darkening north and south. mortal part of us. The stoicism that comes of endurance has something of death in it. I prepared a home without thought of putting any wife therein. I had grown used to being slone, with the exception of Skenedonk's A hall divided the house through the center, and here Madame Grignon wel-comed me as if I were a long-expected

taciturn company. The house was for castle and resting place after labor. I took satisfaction in the rude furniture we made guest, for this was her custom; and as soon as she clearly remembered me, led me into a drawing room where a stately satisfaction in the rude furniture we made for it. In after years it became filled with rich gifts from the other side of the world, and books that have gladdened my heart. Yet in its virginhood, before pain or joy or achievement had entered there, before spade struck the ground which was to send up food, my holding on the earth's surface made me feel prince of a principality. me into a drawing room where a stately old lady sat making lace. This was the grandmother of the house. Such a house would have been incom-plete without a grandmother at the

The furniture of this hall or family room had been brought from Montreal; spindle chairs and a pier table of maf a principality. The men hewed a slab settle, and staspinale chairs and a pier table of the hogany: a Turkey carpet, laid smoothly on the polished floor to be spurned aside by the young dancers there; some impos-sible sea pictures, with patron saints in the clouds over mariners; an immense tioned it before the hearth, a thing of beauty in its rough and lichen-tinted backs, though you may not believe it. My floors I would have smooth and neatly joined of hard woods which give forth a shining for wear and polish. Stools I had, stuffed sofa, with an arm dividing it across the center the very place for those head-to-head conversations with easily made, and one large round of a tree for my table, like an eastern tabou-

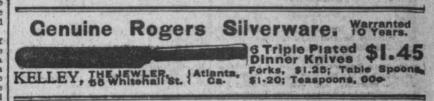
those head-to-head conversations with young men which the girls of the house called "twosing." It was, in fact, the favorite "twosing" spot of Green Bay. Stools there were for children, and armchairs for old people were not lack-ing. The small yellow spinning wheel of Madame Ursule, as I found afterwards Madame Grignon was commonly called, stood ready to revolve its golden disk wherever she sat. The servants were Pawnee Indians, moving about their duties almost with stealth. Before the river closed and winter shut n. Skenedonk and I went back to Green ay. I did not know how to form my ousehold, and had it in mind to consult Madame Ursule. Pawnees could be had: and French landholders in the territory owned black slaves. Pierre Grignon him-

owned black slaves. Pierre Grignon him-self kept one little negro like a monkey among the stately Indians. Dealing with acres, and with people wild as flocks, would have been worth while if nothing had resulted except our welcome back to Pierre Grignon's open house. The grandmother hobbled on her stick across the floor to give me her hand. Madame Ursule reproached me with de-house and Pierre seld it was high time



head, which has made Winchester "Leader" and "Repeater" Smokeless Powder Shells so popular and satisfactory. Winchester Factory-Loaded "New Rival" Shells are thoroughly waterproof. and are loaded by exact machinery with the standard brands of powder, shot and wadding which makes them uniform and reliable.

Shoot Them and You'll Shoot Well



Madame Ursule a shock at the head of the and Marie. Holding their hands, she stairs.

and Marie. Holding their hands, she walked between them toward me, and bade them notice my height. "I am his Cloud-Mother." she said. "How droll it is that parents grow down little, while their children grow up big!" Madame Ursule shook her head piti-fully. But the girls really saw the droll side and laughed with my Cloud-Mother. Separated from me by an impassable barrier, she touched me more deeply than when I, sued her most. The undulating ripple which was her peculiar expression of joy was more than I could bear. I left the room and was filnging myself from the house to take in the chill wind; but she caught me. "M's'r Williams." My hostess paused and looked at us. "Did she come to you of her own ac-ord?" 'Yes, madame."

"I never knew her to notice a stranger before." "Madame, do you know who this is?"

'Madellene Jordan.'

"It is the Marquise de Ferrier." "The Marquise de Ferrier?" 'Yes, madame."

"Do you know her?" 'I have known her ever since I can re-

member." "The Marquise de Ferrier! But, M's'r Williams, did she know you?" "She knows me," I asserted. "But not as myself. I am sure she knows me! But she confuses me with the child she lost! I cannot explain to you, madame, how positive I am that she recognizes now positive I am that an recognitive I am that an recognitive I am that an explain why she will call me Paul. I think I ought to tell you, so you will see the position in which I am placed, that this lady is the lady I once hoped to marry." "Saints have pity, M's'r Williams!"

"Saints have pity, M's'r Williams!" "I want to ask you some questions." "Bring her down to the fire. Come, dear child," said Madame Ursule, coax-ing Eagle. "Nobody is there. The bed-rooms can never be so warm as the log fire: and this is a bitter evening." The family room 'was unlighted by candles, as often happened. For such an illumination in the chinney must have quenched any paler glare. We had a few moments of brief privacy from the swarming life which constantly passed in and out.

and out. I placed Eagle by the fire and she sat

there obediently, while I talked to Madame Ursule apart.

"Was her mind in this state when she came to you?" "She was even a little wilder than she is now. The girls have been a benefit to her."

to her." "They were not afraid of her?" "Who could be afraid of the dear ohild? She is a lady-that's plain. Ah. M's'r Williams, what she must have gone

through !" "Yet how happy she looks!"

"She always seemed happy enough. She would come to this house. So when the Jordans went to Canada, Pierre and I

ooth said, 'Let her stay.' "Who are the Jordans?"

The only family that escaped with their lives from the massacre when she lost her family. Madame Jordan told me the her family. Madame Jordan told me the whole story. They had friends among the Winnebagoes who protected them." "Did they give her their name?" "No, the people in La Baye did that. We knew she had another name. But I

we knew she had another name. But i think it very likely her title was not used in the settlement where they lived. Titles are no help in pioneering." "Did they call her Madeleine." "She calls herself Madeleine." "How long has she been with your fam-tue?"

I understood why she had kept such hold upon me through years of separate-ness. A nameless personal charm, which must be a gift of the spirit, sur-vived all wreck and change. It drew me, and must draw me forever, whether she knew me again or not. One meets and wakes you to vivid life in an immortal hour. Thousands could not do it through eternity. eternity. The river piled hillocks of water in a strong north wind, and no officer crossed from the stockade. Neither did any neigh-

she caught me.

from the stockade. Neither did any neigh-bor leave his own fire. It seldom happen-ed that the Grignons were left with in-mates alone. Eagle sat by me and watch-ed the blaze streaming up the chimney. If she was not a unit in the family group and had no part there, they were most kind to her. "Take care!" the grandmother cried with swift forethought when Marie and Katrina marshaled ir a hopping object from the kitchen. "It might frighten Madeleine."

she caught me. "I will be good!" pleaded my Cloud-Mother, her face in my breast. Her son who had grown up big, while she grew down little, went back to the family room with her. My Cloud-Mother sat beside me at ta-ble, and insisted on cutting up my food for me. While I tried to eat, she asked Marie and Katrina and Pierre Grignon and Madame Ursule to notice how well I behaved. The tender hearted host wiped his eves.

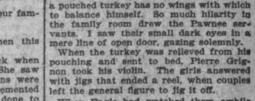
his eyes. I understood why she had kept such

from the kitchen. "It might frighten madeleine."
Pierre Grignon stopped in the middle of a bear hunt. Eagle was not frighten-ed. She clapped her hands.
"This is a pouched turkey!" Marie announced, leaning against the wall, while Katrina chased the fowl. It was the little negro, his arms and feet thrust into the legs of a pair of Pierre Grignon's trousers, and the capacious open top fastened upon his back. Doubled over, he waddled and hopped as well as he could. A feather duster was stuck in for a tall, and his woolly head gave him the uncanny look of a black harpy. To see him was to shed tears of laughter. The pouched turkey enjoyed being a pouched ture the gris; tried to pick up corn from the floor with his thick lips, tumbled down and rolling over in the effort; for a pouched turkey has no wings with which to balance himself. So much hilarity in the family room drew the Pawnee service of the set of the pawnee service was up of the target.

times, but never with such abandon of

Joy. Our singular relationship was establish

Nobody of that region,



The little Grignon daughter who had stood lost in wonder at the dancing of Annabel de Chaumont, was now a turner

stealth

But the chief's and Skenedonk's nursing and Indian remedies brought me face earthward again, reviving the surgeon's

Man's success in the world is propo

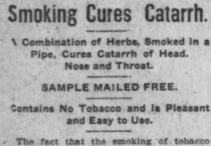
though in matters where most people pro tect themselves, I have a quantity of asinne patience which the French would

In the Midst of Life We Are In Death.

How little we know of the dangers that eset humankind until it is too late. Let me give an example-a singular occurrence. A few weeks ago a man stood on the platform of a suburban electric road station, and noticed steam escaping from the ground in an adjacent field.

As he was familiar with the locality and could not account for the steam, he decided to wait for the next car, and go over to the place, and find out what caused the steam to escape in that unusual

place. He was seen by others to be examining the phenomena, and he pushed his arm



is injurious to the health is no argument against the use of Dr. Blosser's Catarth Cure in a pipe, or in the form of cigar-ettes, as this remedy contains no tobacco any injurious drug. The effect of a edy applied directly to the diseased part is much better than the uncertain on of medicines taken into the stom-This is the philosophy, profound as it is simple, of the treatment of catarrh

It is simple, of the treatment of catarrn with Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure. It is the only known remedy that can penetrate the recesses of the head, throat and lungs. No liquid remedy can do this. No spray that ever whs devised—surely no "constitutional" nostrum taken into the stomach-can reach the inflamed surfaces and cleanse, soothe and heal them as this medicated smoke-vapor does.

In order to demonstrate its merits, a three days' trial treatment will be sent, absolutely free, to any sufferer. Ad-dress, Dr. Blosser Company, 51 Walton St. Atlanta, Ga.

Gore's sad taking off is one of the dread-ful happenings of this era of shocks and disasters. Doubtless Mrs. Gore felt safe in Paris, but she was not only destroyed, cruelly murdered, but her whole history has been ripped up and published in two continents to the terror of her kinspeople and acquaintances.

Going to Europe is considered no mor of a trip than going to New York used to be twenty years ago. While the beneto be twenty years ago. While the bene-fits of foreign travel are many and to be desired, it is a risky business at any time for an unprotected young woman who has no older woman to advise with and chaperone her, to fling herself into boarding house life in Paris, when she is unprotected and alone.

The Art of Letter Writing.

Every child should be encouraged to write letters, carefully instructed in the art, and there is nothing which gives more real pleasure to parents than nicely writ-ten letters from absent children at school. I was well acquainted with a girl who wrote home to her mother once a week while she was at college, and that weekly letter was a kind of a diary of every day's happenings-during the inter-vening seven-and no sconer was one let-ter sent to the mail before another one self. ter sent to the mail before another one was begun, or put on the stocks, to speak as ship-builders might do. The mother remarked that mail day (they had only a weekly mail) was the gaia day of the entire week, for the letter was sure to come, and the contents were rapturously entertaining in that rural home. Words were inadequate to express the pleasure that dutiful child gave the family at The postage rate was five cents

on every letter. Owing to cheaper postage and rapid communication in these latter days the arrival of a letter from a school girl is not such an event as formerly, but the cheap postage and rapid transit should not change the freedom of epistolary communications between parent and child. Nothing reveals one's knowledge of their own language as the letters they write

in the fullness of their affection and with unrestrained confidence. There is manifest decadence, or it thus appears to me. The results of our public school system in this line show inade-quate attention to the fine art of letter writing, for it is an art that can be per

fected until it equals the excellence of music or painting. Some of the finest and most enduring literature of former pe-riods were thus obtained.

ROYAL PERSONAGES.

Chicago Daily News.

Chicago Daily News. Emperor William of, Germany's personal ac-quaintance with England dates from the year 1851, when at 4 years of age he was brought over by his parents to witness the wedding of his uncle, the then prince of Wales. The late Bishop Wilberforce in describing the royal wedding said: "Every one behaved quite at their best," with the exception, hinted the good bishop, of the "little Frince William of Prussia, who was placed between his two little uncles (Prince Arthur and Prince Wolliam of proper little frince the of the state there on the state of the state of the state weathing the state of the state of the state weathing the bit in their bare highland legs whenever they touched him to keep him quiet." Mr. Frith also, who painted the wedding scene, once confessed that he had never in his lift had such a troublesome little fellow to deal with as the prince when he sat to him for his portrait.

It keeps nature pretty busy inventing new diseases for the benefit of patent medicine

wherever I led them. And so were many families of the Iroquoise federation. But the Mohawk tribe held back. However, I felt confident of material for an Indian state when the foundation should be laid. We started lightly equipped upon the horse paths. The long journey by water and shore brought us in October to the head of German Bay. We had seen Lake Michigan, of a light transparent blueness, with fire ripples chasing from the sunset. And we had rested at noon in plum groves on the vast prairies, cases of fertile des-erts, where pink and white fruit drops, so ripe that the sun preserves it in its juice. The freshness of the new world continual-We include the second us. We shot deer. Wolves ansaked upon our trail. We slept with our heels to the campfire, and our heads on our saddles. Sometimes we built

heads on our saddles. Sometimes we built a hunter's shed, open at front and slop-ing to ground at back. To find out how the wind blew, we struck a finger in our mouths and held it up. The side which be-came cold first was the side of the wind. Physical life riots in the joy of its re-vival. I was so glad to be alive after touching death that I could think of Madame de Ferrier without pain, and say more confidently: "She is not dead," because resurrection was working in mybecause resurrection was working in my-

Green Bay or La Baye, as the fur hunters called it, was a little post almost like a New England village among its one street and a few outlying houses beside the Fox river. The open world had been our tavern; or any sod or log hut been our tavern; or any sod or log hut cast up like a burrow of human prairie dogs or moles. We did not expect to find a tavern in Green Bay. Yet such a place was pointed out to us near the Fur company's block warehouse. It had no sign post, and the only visible stable was a pen of logs. Though negro slaves were owned in the Illinois Territory, we saw none when a red-headed man rushed forth thouting.

"Sam, you lazy nigger, come here and take the gentleman's horse! Where is that Sam? Light down, sir, with your Indian, and I will lead your beasts to the

hostler myself." In the same way our host provided a in the same way our host provided a supper and bed with armies of invisible servants. Skenedonk climbed a ladder to the loft with our saddlebags. "Where is that chambermaid?" cried

the tavern keeper. "Yes, where is she?" said a man who ounged on a bench by the entrance. "I've heard of her so often I would like to see

her myself The landlord, deaf to railery, bustled about and spread our table in his public room. "Corn bread, hominy, side meat, ven'-zin," he shouted in the kitchen. "Sty

zin," he shouted in the kitchen. "Six to he yourself, you black rascal, and dish up the not?" gentleman's supper." Skenedonk walked boldly into the kitch-

en door and saw our landlord stewing and brolling, performing the offices of cook as he had performed those of stableman. He kept on scolding and harry-ing the people who should have been at the firepisce cupboard if he wants to sharpen his appetite. Where is that little nigger that picks up chips? Bring me some more wood from the wood-pile! I'll teach you to go to sleep behind the door" Our host served us himself, running

trasting , with the darkness of Katrina Tank. Katrina was taken home to the Grignon's after her mother's death. Both girls had been educated in Montreal.

The seigniorial state in which Pierre The seigniorial state in which Pierre Grignon lived became at once evident. I found it was the custom during Advent for all the villagers to meet in his house and sing hymns. On Christmas day his tables were loaded for everybody who came. If any one died, he was brought to Pierre Grignon's for prayer, and after his burlal, the mourners went back to Pierre Grignon's for supper. Pierre Grig-non and his wife were god-father and godmother to most of the children born at La Baye. If a child was left without La Baye. If a child was left without father and mother, Pierre Grignon's house became its asylum until a fome could be found for it. The few American offi-cers stationed at the old stockade, nearly every evening met the beauties of Green at Pierre Grigon's, and if he Bay Bay at Pierre origins, in a the de-not fiddle for them he led madame in the dancing. The grandmother herself some-times took her stick and stepped through a measure to please the young people. Laughter and the joy of life ruled the house every waking hour of the twenty-four. Funerals were never horrible there. Instead, they seemed the mystic begin-

"Poor Madame Tank! She would have "Poor Madame Tank! She would have been so much more confortable in her death if she had relieved her mind." Madame Ursule said, the first evening, as we sat in a pause of the dancing. "She used to speak of you often, for seeing you made a great impression upon her, and she never let us forget you. I am sure she knew more about you than she ever told she never let us torget you. I all sure and knew more about you than she ever told me. 'I have am important disclosure to make,' she says. 'Come around me, I want all of you to hear it!' Then she fell back and died without telling it.'

A touch of mystery was not lacking to the house. Several times I saw the tail of a gray gown disappear through an open Some woman half entered and drew back

"It's Madeline Jordan," an inmate told me each time. "She avoids strangers." I asked if Madeleine Jordan was a rel-

ative. "Oh, no," Madame Ursule replied; "but the family who brought har here, went back to Canada, and of course they left her with us."

Of course Madeleine Jordan, body else who lacked a roof, would be left with the G/gnons; but in that house a hermit se/med out of place, and I said so

to Madyme Ursule. "Pyor child!" she responded. "I think sly likes the bustle and noise. She is not a hermit. What difference can it make to her whether people are around her or

The subject of Madeleine Jordan was a doubt beyond a man's handling. I had other matters to think about, and directly plunged into them. First the Menomi-nees and Winnebagoes must be assembled liees and Winnebagoes must be assembled in council. They held all the desirable land.

nigger that picks up chips? Bring me some more wood from the wood-pile! I'll teach you to go to sleep behind the door!' Our host served us himself, running with sleeves turned back to admonish an imaginary cook. His tap-room was the fireplace cupboard, and it was visited while we ate our supper, by men in seal-skin trousers, and caps and hooded capetes of blue cleth. These Canadians mixed their own drink, and made a cross-

laying, and Pierre said it was high time to seek winter quarters. The girls re-counted harvest reels and even weddings, with dances following, which I had lost while away from the center of festivity. The little negro carried my saddlebags to the guest room. Skenedonk was to to the guest room. Skenedonk was to sleep on the floor. Abundant preparations for the evening heal were going forward in the kitchen. As I mounted the stair-way at Madame Ursule's direction, I heard a tinkle of china, her very best, which adorned racks and dressers. It was out forth on the mahomus heard The upper floor of Pierre Grignon's house was divided by a hall similar to the

one below. I ran upstairs and halted. Standing with her back to the fading light which came through one fan window at the hall end, was a woman's figure in a gray dress. I gripped the rail. My first thought was: "How shall I tell her about Paul?" My next was: "What is the matter with her?" She rippled from head to foot in the shiver of rapture peculiar to her, and stretched her arms to me crying: light which came through one fan window

'Paul! Paul!'

VII.

"Oh. Madame!"I said, bewildered, and sick as from a stab. It was no comfort that the high lady who scarcely allowed me to kiss her hand before we parted, clung around my neck. She trembled against me.

"Have you come back to your mother, Paul?"

"Eagle!" I pleaded. "Don't you know me? You surely know Lazarre?" She kissed me, pulling my head down in her arms, the velvet mouth like a ba-

in her arms, the velvet mouth like a ba-by's, and looked straight into my eyes. "Madame, try to understand! I am Louis! If you forget Lazarre, try to re-member Louis!" She heard with attention, and smiled. The pressure of my arms spoke to her. A man's passion accressed itself to a little child. All other barriers which had stood between us were nothing to this. I held child. All other barriers which had stood between us were nothing to this. I held her, and she could never be mine. She was not ill in body; the contours of her upturned face were round and softened with much smilling. But mind-slokness robbed me of her in the moment of finding her.

"She can't be insane!" I said aloud. 'Oh, God, anything but that! I said aloud. 'Oh, God, anything but that! She was not i woman that could be so wrecked!'' Like a fool I questioned, and tried to

et some explanation. Eagle smoothed my arm, nestled her hand in my neck. "My little boy! He has grown to be a

man-while his mother has grown down to be a child! Do you know what I am

now, Paul!" I choked a sob in my throat and told her I did not.

"I am your Cloud-Mother. I live in a cloud. Do you love me while I am in the cloud?"

I told her I loved her with all my strength, in the cloud or our of ft. "Will you take care of me as I used to

take care of you?" I swore to the Almighty that she should

"I need you so! I have watched for you in the woods and on the water, Paul! You have been long coming back to me." I heard Madame Ursule mounting the I heard Madame Orale mounting the stairs to see if my room was in order. Who could uncerstand the relation in which Eagle and . now stood, and the claim she made upon me? She clung to my arm when I took it away. I led her by the hand. Even this sight caused Y?" "Nearly a year." "Did the Jordans tell you when this change came over her?" "Yes. It was during the attack when "Yes. It was during the attack when

her child was taken from her. She saw other children killed. The Indians were afraid of her. They respect demented people; not a bit of harm was done to her. They let her slow When Eagle had watched them awhile

They let her alone, and the Jordans care of her." e daughter and adopted daughter of she started up, spread her skirts in a sweeping courtesy, and began to dance a gavotte. The fiddler changed his tune, the house came in with a rush of outdoor air, and seeing Eagle first, ran to kiss her and the girls rested and watched her: Alternately swift and languid, with the changes of the movement, she saluted backward to the floor, or spun on the tips of rapid feet. I had seen her dance many the check one after the other. "Madeleine has come down!" said Maon the cheek

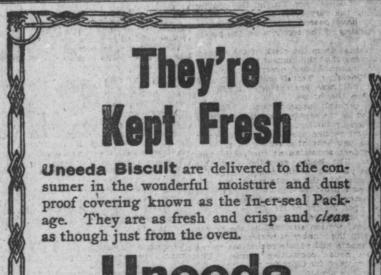
"I thought we should coax her in here netime." said Katrina.

Between them, standing slim and tall, their equal in height, she was yet a little sister. Though their faces were unlined, hers held a divine youth.

To see her stricken with mind-weakness, and the two girls who had done neither good nor evil, existing like plants in sun-shine, healthy and sound, seeme. an inuitous contrast.

Nobody of that region, except the he-firm, stayed indoors to shiver by a fire. Eagle and the girls in their warm ca-potes breasted with me the coldest winter days. She was as happy as they were; her cheeks tingled as pink as theirs. Sometimes I thought her eyes must ans-wer me with her old self-command, their beight resources was so natural If ever woman was made for living and dying in one ancestral home, she was that woman. Yet she stood on the border bright grayness was so natural. (To Be Continued.) of civilization, without a foothold to call of civilization, without a footnoid to can her own. If ever womain was made for one knightly love which would set her in high places, she was that woman. Yet here she stood, her very name lost, no man so humble as to do her reverence. "Paul has come," Eagle told Katrina

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