

to see something | sick man. of the greatest of European statesmen. Prince Otto von Bismarck within half an train from Ham burg, and he gave a reception in

beautiful groves Count Herbert Bismarck. of his vast forests yesterday to a celebrated club of Hamburg. There was a dinner under the trees, and the and the affair was more like an American picnic than a formal feast. There were speeches and toasts in Bismarck's honor, and the Prince and all of his family were present and mixed with the people with an entire absence of conventionality.

Prince Bismarck chatted and laughed and made jokes with the ladies and gentlemen present. He moved about among them with his big dogs beside him, took flowers from the ladies and pinned them into his buttonhole, and acted, in short, like one of our country descons at a church picnic. He seemed to be perfectly happy, and he shows no signs of any trouble or sorrow over his change of life. A Novel Honor for the Host.

The people at the picnic were his friends and worshippers, and among the teatures of the celebration was the raising, at the close of a song, out of a grave hidden by branches a gigantic statue of Bismarck in the full armor of his rank as an officer. This was

done by about a score of men dressed for all the world like the dwarfs which Rip Van Winkle sees during his 20 years' sleep on the mountain. These men had long white beards and they wore brown, quaintly cut coats and woodmen's hats. The grave was on a small hill and the statue towered up among the trees, and when it was raised those little woodmen threw themselves down around its feet, making a scene which

was picturesce in the extreme.

As is stood upright a member of the club paid a high tribute to Bismarck, to whom the whole was a surprise, and the party cheered. Prince Bismarck made a witty and a pleasant response, and as he did so about fifty of the prettiest girls of Hamburg went up to the statue and threw them selves down on the ground about it, making, as it were, a picture of beauty worshiping fame. Bismarck then walked up to these adies and talked to them, and the two which he spent with the party was of a sim

I came to Friedrichsrube in the morning and spent the forenoon in wandering about through the beautiful forests, which make up a great part of the estate, and at the sug gestion of the Prince's private secretary at-tended the pionic reception. I had an op-portunity to shake hands with Prince Blsmarck and to have a short talk with him.

Pen Picture of the Iron Chancellor. I met many of his friends, and through them and the events of the day learned much that is new concerning the Prince and his life since he gave up his Chaccellorship of the German Empire and became a private



citizen. His whole family, including the Countess Hoyas, the affianced bride of Count Herbert von Bismarck, were present, and the affair was most charming in its un-conventionality, friendliness and simplicity. But let me tell you how Prince Bismarck

He is as big as any man you have ever seen, and he stands six feet two in his stockings. He is as straight as the mighty oaks which stand by the tens of thousands in his which stand by the tens of thousands in his forests, and his shoulders are broad and full. His frame is that of a giant, but he keeps it from fat by careful living, and his weight ranges from 186 to 200 pounds. The head of Prince Bismarck is one of the most striking I have ever seen, and his face, as I saw it, has a far different expression from that seen in his pictures. There seemed to me an entire absence of sternness about it, and his blue eves were kind and smiling. and his blue eyes were kind and smiling. They are said to flash fire, however, when Bismarck grows angry, and he can be the personification of wrath. Prince Bismarck's personification of wrath. Frince Distinct head is fully as large as was that of Daniel Webster. It is rather rounder than that seen in Webster's best portraits, but it shows more than Webster's strength of character. The torehead is broad and full and the top of the bead, as can be seen from its baldness, is one of characteristic bumps, such as would delight a phrenologist. Bismarch's hair consists of a fine fringe, which runs from high above his large ears around this white easis of baldness. It is now as white as snow and the heavy mustache, which shows prominently out from under his large and full nose, is of frosted silver, with a yellowish tinge directly under the

The Prince's Heavy Evebrows. One of the most striking features of his face is his eyebrows. These are very heavy and they stand out over his full steel blue eyes like silver bristles. His eyes are rather fat and the flesh under them puffs out slightly, though not so much as you see in the face of Secretary Blaine. His chin is long and full and almost double and he has a way of clearing his throat as he talks and of moving his head back and forth in emphasis of his words. He articulates distinctly and his tones are by no means un-pleasant. He does not, you know, believe much in oratory and he thinks that elo-quent public speakers are more of an evil

dudes, who wear shoes too small for them and spend their time in sticking out their face to be looked at. His manner of speaking is more like that of our best after-diamer or state to be looked at. His manner of speaking is more like that of our best after-diamer or state to be looked at. His manner of speaking is more like that of our best after-diamer or state to be looked at. His manner of speaking is more like that of our best after-diamer or state to be looked at. His manner of speaking is more like that of our best after-diamer or state to be looked at. His manner of speaking is more like that of our best after-diamer or state to be looked at. His manner of speaking is more like that of our best after-diamer or state that on the state of the sound style, any ing the most striking thing and the state of the sound style, any ing the most striking thing the state of the sound style, any ing the most striking thing or striking the state of the sound style, any ing the most striking thing and the striking the striking the striking the striking the striking the striking that the striking the s

Count Herbert and His Bride. The little table at which the Bismarck family sat at this picnic under the trees was about four feet wide and perhaps 12 feet long. It was covered with a white cloth,

The amount of timber in the forest is accurately known, and a scientific measurement was lately taken of every tree and its cubic feet of lumber calculated. Perhaps a dozen men do nothing else than take care of the forests. There is a head forester, and he has his assistants, and these men were present at the picnic vesterday. They were a livery of green cloth trimmed with velvet, which made me think of Robin Hood and his band, and the pretty wives of two of them were the short skirts and the queer headdresses of the peasant women. has a vast estate and the seats were chairs knocked up out of queer headdresses of the peasant women



pieces of split beech wood, and these were decorated with green branches. Count Herb-ert von Bismarck sat beside his fiance, the Countess Hoyas, at one end of the table, the only other person at this end being the wife only other person at this end being the wife of Prince Bismarck. The count is nearly as tall a man as his father. He is about 40 years of age and he has a big frame and broad shoulders. His face is a strong one, and he is said to be a man of great ability. He has been rather a wild young fellow in time past, but he devoted himself during the dinner very attentively to his sweet-

bright, common sense girl. She wore yes-terday a plain white and red lawn gown and

her only jewelry was a pair of very small gold hoop earrings. She is only about half as old as Count Herbert, but the two will make a fine looking husband and wife. The

Countess Hoyas is the daughter of a wealthy Austrian count by an English mother. She

looks more like an English woman than a German one, but she seems to be thoroughly

or sympathy with Germany and the Germans. Her family is wealthy and the Whitehead torpedo works belong to them.

I was much interested in seeing the Princess von Bismarck, the wife of the great statesman, and as I looked at her my mind went back to her most romantic mar-

riage when she was as young as the beautiful countess who sat beside her, and was, I venture, fully as beautiful. You must remember the story. She was the daughter of the sober, well-to-do Herr von Puttkamer, who owned an estate not very distant from

who owned an estate not very distant from that on which Bismarck lived before he be-

were the talk of the section. He met the Fraulein von Puttkamer and it was a case

of love at first sight on both sides, and shortly after this, much to the terror of

Herr von Puttkamer, he demanded his daughter's hand in marriage. He pushed his suit in such a way that the old gentle-man had to give in, and the marriage took

Bismarck is nearly 10 years older than his wife, and he was then 31. It is now nearly

wire, and he was then 31. It is now nearly
45 years since his wedding, and their married life is said to have been a singularly
happy one. Bismarck turned over a new
leaf shortly after his marriage, and he became studious and thoughtful. He soon got
into politics and from that time on he made

into politics and from that time on he made a man of himself and shortly rose to be one of the leading figures in the diplomatic circles of Europe. His wife kept pace with him, and once in speaking of her he said: "She it was who made me what I am." The Princess von Busmarck is said to be the perfect specimen of the best type of the German wife. She has all her life devoted herself to her husband and her children.

man wife. She has all her life devoted herself to her husband and her children, and
in her sixties she is still a fine-looking
woman. She is tall and dark and her face
is a kind and motherly one. Her hair is
now dark iron gray and her eyes are dark
and smiling. She was very popular with
the young girls of the picnic, and I noted
that many of them hovered about her chair
and laughed and chatted with her during

came a public man. He was at this time a wild young fellow, and was known generally to the people of his section as the Mad Bismarck and also as "Devil you Bismarck," and his carouses and his actions

A Look at Frau Von Bismarck. 6

about this part of Germany. The breasts of their dresses sparkled with gold or gold-plated buckles made of disks as big around as tin cups, and on the backs of their heads showing out from under hats, for all the world like inverted sewing baskets, were great butterfly bows of some stiff black material, which stood out from the head fully a foot on each side.

The foresters have the animals of the The foresters have the animals of the woods to take care of in addition to the trees. There are a large number of deer and wild boar in the forests and the venison for the table of Prince Bismarck is supplied from them. The birds of the woods are also carefully encouraged and protected, and in going along a winding and romantic road through a part of the estate I noted that the trees had haves the size of a gigar hor save

> good farmer, and I don't believe that his buttermilk is like that of Senator Evarts, about which when he offers to his guests be says: "Which will you have, gentlemen, champagne or buttermilk? I have figured

it up and they both cost me about the same Bismarck takes more care of himself, I am told, as he grows older, and sleeps later in the morning. His rising hour is between 9:30 and 10 o'clock and he has a cup of strong black coffee, some rolls and eggs when he gets up. He reads the morning papers as he eats and afterwards looks over such of his mail as his private secretary has ready for him. His second breakfast is taken about 11:30 and this usually consists heart, and the Countess Hoyaa is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She is about five feet eight inches in height, and her form is slender, but not angular. She has very pretty blue eyes, rosy plump cheeks, and she looks like a bright, common sense girl. She wore yesting the common sense girl. She wore yesting ond glass in his hand and carries it home

In his walks, and, at all times in fact, he is accompanied by his dogs. These are two large Danish hounds, so tall that they reach to the height of the waist of an



The Countess Hayes ordinary man. They are very dark iron gray in color and they were with him at the feast yesterday, sitting at his feet under the table and going with him, one on each side of him, whenever he walked about each side of him, whenever he walked about the grounds. One of these dogs is named Rebecca and the other answers to Tyras, and were, I am told, a present from the present Emperor to Bismarck. Both are beautiful animals and they are remarkable for their devotion to their master. They are splendid watch dogs and the man who would dare to touch Bismarck in their presence would be dragged down in an instant and most probably killed. They are with him, as I have said, all the time. They sleep in his room at night, sit beside him in his study as he works and go with him whether he goes abroad either on foot or in his carriage.

that many of them hovered about her chair and laughed and chatted with her during the atternoon.

Bismarck's Estate at Friedrichsruhe.

I wish I could give you a stereopticon view of Prince Bismarck's estate here. He has a big house on Wilhelm strasse in Berlin, and his other homes at Varsin and Schoenhausen are said to be very fine, but of them all he prefers Friedrichsruhe, and it is probable that the most of the remainder of his life will be spent here. It is little wonder that it is so. There are few fines possessions in the world than this probable that the most of the remainder of his life will be spent here. It is little wonder that it is so. There are few fines possessions in the world than this probable that the most of the remainder of his life will be spent here. It is little wonder that it is so. There are few fines possessions in the world than this probable that the most of the remainder of his life will be in good shape for his biographer and will contain a wonderful amount of unwritten history.

the business is forced to limit itself. Methods That Are Wastefu'.

seven canning concerns have been compell-

the streams, but they destroy many fish for everyone they use.

Their nets capture all fish indiscriminately. Some of the salmen have very pink flesh, while the flesh of others is white or only light pink. All but the first kind are thrown away and wasted, because the market demands pink-fleshed salmon, and havers who receives any other core think

Always Breed at the same Place. and wild boar in the forests and the venison for the table of Prince Bismarek is supplied from them. The birds of the woods are also carefully encouraged and protected, and in going along a winding and romantic road through a part of the estate I noted that the trees had boxes the size of a cigar box, save that they were about twice as thick, nailed up among their branches and that each of these boxes had a little round hole in its side for the birds to go in, and I counted hundreds of these nesting places.

Prince Bismarek as a Farmer.

In other parts of the estate I found large fields under cultivation and all kinds of farming going on. Prince Bismarek is a good farmer, and I don't believe that his For the sake of illustration take a virgin alive that were spawned in that stream, and so it ceases to be a salmon river.

such numbers that there seemed to be more fish than water. A similar phenomenon can be observed to-day in some other Alaskan rivers. On the other hand the salmon which frequent the Yukon for spawning purposes travel as far as 1,500 miles in order to lay and tertifize their eggs, the result being that very few of the breeding fish ever get back to the ocean alive.

A Wound Is Fatal to a Salmon.

habits are no man can tell.

The diminutive creek known as the Karluk river may tairly be called the most wonderful salmen stream in the world. On August 2, 1889, 153,000 of these fish were caught at its mouth. During that year 4,000,000 red salmen were taken from its waters and packed for market in 350,000 cases of 48 one-pound caus each. This enormous production was secured by literally running a fence across the river and stopping all of the fish that were entering for the purpose of breading.

An Island Devoted to Salmen.

An Island Devoted to Salmen,

The salmon commonly build nests by collecting stones and piling them in little heaps, laying their eggs in the crevices. Around every such nest may usually be seen a greedy borde of little freshwater sculpins and bullheads. Trout also gobble the spawn greedily, and the young fish are eaten in great numbers by gullt, ducks and loons. Bears are often seen standing on the banks of the streams and striking with their claws at the breeding fish in the shallews, throwing those which they catch upon the shore and devouring the heads by preference. In the ocean the salmon find other enemies in the salmon-sharks, porpoises and sea lions.

The canners first cut off the heads and fins and take out the entralls, after which the fish are washed, cut into lengths the size of the cans, and fed into the latter by machinery. Finally the cans are "topped," cooked with steam, and labelled for the market. Nearly all of the work is done by Chinese. The salmon commonly build nests by e

PARK FOR SALMON,

One of the Suggestions for Saving the Valuable Food Fish.

WASTEFUL METHODS OF ALASKA.

Streams in Which There Is as Much Swimming Flesh as Water.

HOW THE BEARS FEED UPON THEM

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Can Congress save the salmon of Alaska? It is going to try, having at last waked up to the danger which threatens this valuable shery. Money will be appropriated without further delay for putting a stop to destructive methods of eapture, and probably millions of fry batched by artifice will soon be poused into the streams of that region. Piscicultural science has attained such development that the propagation of a finny species to any desired extent is a simple affair, requiring inexpensive apparatus and only a little labor. The Senate has requested Fish Commissioner McDonald to suggest measures for preserving the indus-try, and an agent is to be sent at once to Uncle Sam's Arctic province to examine the situation.

At the same time, the peril which menaces the salmon of Alaska is scarcely so mminent as has been declared. If there were an unlimited demand, the fishery would unquestionably be wiped out within five or ix years. Companies would set up canneries en every stream, blockading all the rivers with nets and traps so that not a single fish could go up to spawn, and pretty soen there would be no more to catch. Fortunately, the market will only take a certain product at profitable prices, and thus

This year owing to a previous glut, the ed to reduce their output to one-half that of last year. The fish they legitimately need for their annual pack might be taken without causing any perceptible diminution in the numbers of salmon, but the tsouble arises from their shockingly wasteful methods. Net only do they prevent natu-ral prepagation by extending barriers aeross the streams, but they destroy many fish for

ket demands pink-fleshed salmon, and buyers who receive any other sort think that they are getting a poor article. Although, as a matter of fact, the white-fleshed fish are as excellent in quality as those which have pink meat, there is not a single cannery on the largest river south of Behring Sea, the Stickeen, simply because the salmon that frequent it have mostly white flesh. It was believed by the aboriginal natives that this difference of coloring was due to the different species of shrimps on which the salmen feed in various localities; the Russians accepted this view, and it has been indorsed by modern naturalists.

Always Breed at the Same Place.

Nearly one-half of the salmon pack of Alaska has been obtained for many years past from the Karluk river, which is a little stream only about 30 feet wide and so shallow at times as to be not more than kneedeep in the middle. The reason for the extraordinary plentifulness of the fish in that traordinary plentifulness of the fish in that locality is that they are obliged to travel a few hundred yards from the sea in order to reach a series of lakes, where they can deposit their spawn. Hence in this stream an astonishing spectacle used to be witnessed annually, the salmon crowding up it in such numbers that there seemed to be more fish they water A similar heacement.

In ascending the streams the salmon must leap up waterfalls, run the gantlet of rap-ids and chance other dangers. They are very apt to receive outs or bruises, and the slightest injuries are usually fatal, parasites fastening upon the wounded parts and litfastening upon the wounded parts and literally eating out the vitals of the fish. Consequently, at the spawning season great numbers of them may be seen dead and floating down the rivers, thousands lying along the banks in rotting windrows. Curiously enough, nothing whatever is known as to the marine life of the salmon. Where they find their feeding grounds in the briny deep at other seasons and what their pelagio habits are no man can tell.

The diminutive creek known as the Kar-

An Island Devoted to Salmon.

It has been recently suggested that the Government would do well to set aside while there is yet time a reservation for the permanent protection of the salmon. The island of Afognak in the North Pacific, 750 miles west of Sitka, is recommended as an appropriate spot for the purpose. This is a small island only 50 miles aprose, but it has several streams flowing into the surrounding ocean, which at the breeding season contain innumerable fish of all the finest varieties.



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY DORA RUSSELL

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Broken Seal," "The Track of the Storm," "A Fatal Past," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Two lovers, Sir James MacKennon, Bart., and Miss Miriam Clyde, are standing by the seashore, and the former is urring her to name the wedding day. She pleads for delaw. In the meantime an accident occurs, a soldier being wounded by a firing party. Miriam binds up his wound and saves his life. Glancing at each other's face a mutual recombilish takes place. On arriving home the doctor who was summoned to the wounded man gave her a note which the soldier had hastily scribbled. It contains the words "For God's sake keep my secret." Miriam, by means of Dr. Reed, sends to her soldier-patient a brief measage, "Do not be afraid!" which he receives as he is lying in the hospital. In the meantime Miriam's mother, Mrs. Clyde, makes up her mind that her daughter shall be married to Sir James in a month, and tells her so. But Miriam, thinking of a life dearer than her own, hanging in the balance, pleads earnestly for more time. Mrs. Clyde writes to her other daughter, Joan, who is married to hard and stern General Conway, asking them to the wedding. Conway thinks it's a good match, but pains Joan by intimating that Miriam should not so soon forget another affair in which his nephew was the hero. He and Mrs. Clyde agree it is best to hurry the wedding for fear Sir James should hear of that, Miriam is obstinate, and gets Sir James to ask Mrs. Clyde for postponement. Colonel Clyde is unable to change Miriam's mind. She worries herself sick, and Dr. Reed is sent for. By means of notes through him, Miriam and Private Dare arrange a clandestine meeting. Miriam tells her secret lover he must leave the country. He says he would have to buy his way out of the army. At her next meeting with Sir James she asks him for the necessary money, and he gives her double the amount. Then she arranges another clandestine meeting, and just as she is returning to her room in the night Mrs. Clyde catches her.

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CHAPTER XIII. THE RETURN OF THE GIFT.

"Miriam!" cried Mrs. Clyde, in dismay; where have you been?" Miriam made no answer. She was to

terrified to speak, but the quick-witted Ford "We have been trying to see the wreck Mrs. Clyde," she said. "It's an awful night; we've been nearly blown away. We

shouldn't have gone, but Miss Miriam wanted to see a wreck, so we went." As the girl hurredly and mendaciously made this explanation Mrs. Clyde's stern eyes for a moment left her daughter's rainsoaked figure and rested on the lady-maid's

"It's just blowing a hurricane," contisued Ford, somewhat abashed. But Mrs. Clyde did not speak; she raised her candle and looked at the two before her. Ford's face was rather pale, but her dress was perfectly neat and dry, and she had evidently not been out in the rain. Miriam's dress, on the contrary, was storm-beaten and disarranged, and her dark hair blown and tangled, and her face white and agitated, and her eyes stained. And Mrs. Clyde did not believe Ford's story. In a moment the

thought flashed across her mindthat Miriam had been out on some secret errand; out alone in the storm for some hidden purpose, and his idea was absolutely terrible to her mother.

"Go to your room, Miriam," she said, in a strangely-altered voice to her usual placid tones; "take your wet things, and I will bring you some wine. It was madness of you to go out."

When the brandy came she insisted upon blame. She was with the spirit. But she asked no questions and gave no blame. She was frightened; almost for the first time in her, and went with trembling feet to her.

"In a moment the thought flashed across her mindthat Miriam and warm and dry ones soon replaced them. Then she and Ford lifted the half-fainting girl on the bed, and Mrs. Clyde sent Ford for some brandy.

"Then she and Ford lifted the half-fainting girl on the bed, and Mrs. Clyde sent Ford for some brandy.

"Do not alarm the Colonel," she said; "say Miss Miriam is not very well."

When the brandy came she insisted upon Miriam taking some, and rubbed her test also with the spirit. But she asked no questions and gave no blame. She was frightened; almost for the first time in her self-assured life a dread of something she look in the hall, and she at once went up to him.

"If fear you have got very wet," she said.

"It's a tremendous gale," answered Colonel Clyde, "and the ship on the rocks is breaking up fast. It struck just below the ramparts."

"Unfortunately, yes; but the life-brigade and the soldiers have saved several of the seamen. That Dare, the man who was shot, showed conspicuous courage. One poor fellow was clinging to the rocks, with the stood watching her with an uneasy heart.

own room, which was on a higher story than her mother's, and Ford followed her also in silence. But when they reached Miriam's room Ford's tongue was loosed. "Oh! Miss Miriam, what will you say?"
she asked in a terrified whisper, as she proceeded to unfasten Miriam's wet cloak.
"We had better stick to the story about the wreck, hadn't we?"
"She did not believe it; she does not believe it."

lieve it," answered Miriam, falteringly. "I can say nothing. It is best not to speak."

"Oh! but Miss Mirlam—"

"Hush? do not talk; I cannot bear it,"
said Mirlans, putting her hand to her forehead as if she were utterly exhausted. "I—
I—feel quite faint."

She had grown deadly pale, and her
whole form was trembling, and Ford grew

"Oh! where is the sal-volatile?" she cried,
"or the salts? Oh! Miss Mirism, don't look
like that; after all, she can't kill us, you
know; let me hold you up."
Almost as she spoke Mrs. Clyde entered
the room, and she at once saw Miriam was too ill to be questioned.

"Pull off her shoes and stockings, Ford, and chafe her feet. Miriam, lay you head against me, or best let us lift you on the bed."

Miriam made no reply, and Mrs. Clyde speedily had her wet clothes all removed,

did not understand erept over her. What!
Mirlam, her proud, reserved girl should have gone out alone at night positively appalled her. Ford, she saw, had not been out, and when Ford began to pluck up her spirits and said something more about the ship-wreck, Mrs. Clyde, with a look and a genture commanded her to be silect.

She sat by Mirlam's bedside, and the girl lay with closed eyes and quivering lips. She was conscious, and thankful to her mother for her forbearance. At last sie sfell into an uneasy sleep, probably under the unusual influence of the brandy that her mother had given her, and when Mrs. Clyde as we this she signed to Ford to go to bed.

Long Mrs. Clyde sat there watching her daughter, her acute mind seeking for some possible motive to account for Mirlam's conduct. That she had gone out to meet someone—some secret lover—seemed to be the only solution that Mrs. Clyde could think of. And this thought was most grievous to her. And who could it be? Captain Escourt seemed at one time to admire Mirlam, but it had never apparently gone any further than admiration. Indeed, Mrs. Clyde did not encourage the attentions of young officers to her daughter. Dr. Reed! Could it be Dr. Reed? But no, no,

waves washing over him every moment, and waves washing over him every moment, and Dare had a rope fastened round his waiss and swam out to the rocks through the boiling surf, though he was driven back again and again, and ran the risk of his life, but at last he reached the rocks and managed to get hold of the poor drowning sailor, and then the men on shore pulled in the rope, and Dare brought the man in alive. It was a brave action, and Dr. Reed and Excourt both went up and shock Dare by the hand, but the doctor blamed him at the same time, and said he was not well enough yet to have done such was not well enough yet to have done such

a thing."
"That is the man they think is a gentle-man, is it not?" asked Mrs. Clyde thought-fully.
"He looks like one, at any rate—a fine-

looking fellow, with a daring expression of face. I went up and spoke to him, and he merely bowed. Reed seemed anxious about him, and insisted on his leaving the shore

before I came away."

Mrs. Clyde did not speak for a moment. "By-the-by, how is Miriam?" asked the Colonel. "Ford came for the brandy just as I was going out, and said she was not

"The guns startled her, and she turned



impossible! decided Mrs. Clyde. Then she remembered how determinately Miriam had delayed her wedding for a month. Indeed, Mrs. Clyde grew more and more uneasy as she reflected. Good heavens! had the girl been comforts. I am sure you ought to take

delayed her wedding for a month. Indeed, Mrs. Clyde grew more and more uneasy as she reflected. Good heavens! had the girl been playing a part all this while, perhaps not meaning to marry Sir James after all?

Mrs. Clyde felt positively afraid to leave the room; afraid to leave Miriam alone, and yet she did not wish to tell her husband that anything extraordinary had happened. It seemed she thought a reflection on herself this strange escapade, that such a thing could have occurred under her roof.

The Colonel had gone out to see after the wreck, but in an hour or so Mrs. Clyde heard him return, and as she did so, after another glance at Miriam, who was still sleeping, she rose and quietly left the room. She found her husband taking off his wet cloak in the hall, and she at once went up to him.

"I fear you have got very wet," she said.

"It's a tremendous gale," answered Colonel Clyde, "and the ship on the rocks is breaking up fast. It struck just below the ramparta."

"I hope there has been no loss of life?"

"Unfortunately, yes; but the life-brigade and the soldiers have sayed several of the soldier."

"Yes, most likely," said Mrs. Clyde, and the soldier bare, after your comforts. I am sure you ought to take some brandy."

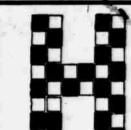
Colonel Clyde did not refuse his wife's offer, and as he sipped his cognac he once more alluded to the soldier Dare.

"I think there must be some history attached to this Dare," he said, "for just before he plunged into the sea he went up to Dr. Reed and asked him to take charge of a small packet which he had in his hand. I may not return, you know whom," Escourt thought he said, sq I suppose Reed knows all about him. At all events, after he had saved the man, I saw Reed give him this packet back, and, moreover, Reed would not say anything about it."

"A packet?" repeated Mrs. Clyde, "It looked like a big envelope, and Dare carried it away with him when the dootor insisted on his leaving the shore; some gift from his sweetheart most likely, poor fellow."

"Yes, most likely."





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Now is the time to secure one cheap. Not a cheap, poorly made carriage we don't mean, but a good carriage, cheap because good. You could not make a mistake as to quality if you selected blindfold, but, as the style and trimming might not suit, it's best to buy

with your eyes open. Our line will stand investigation and our prices bear comparison with anything in the carriage line to be found in the city for cash or for

REMNANT TIME

Carpets.

We have scores of Remnants in Carpets of every grade, also in borders, which we are offering at prices far below the actual worth. Our immense Carpet business this season has left us with an unusually large quantity of short and odd lengths.

Splendid time to make selection in these at money-saving

Great Reductions MATTING PRICES.

Nothing nicer for summer floorcovering than a good matting. We have reduced prices on these 5c to 10c per yard. Elegant designs in Chinese, and, Japanese of fine qualities at very low prices.

OUR VAST STOCK

Of Summer House Furniture contains everything you can be looking for at this season of the year. We have the finest and richest assortment of Furniture and Floor Coverings to be found anywhere. Bedroom Suits in every kind of wood. Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Lawn and Porch Rockers. We can't begin to quote a tenth part of what we have to show you. In, brief, we sell everything that anybody-can ask for.

REFRIGERATORS.

Have you bought one yet? Don't try to worry through the summer without one. It won't

As the season is advancing we have made special prices on the

whole stock. There isn't a poor or mean Refrigerator in the entire assortment, and we can suit you in any size or style.

923, 925, 927