THE ADVANCE.

H. HAWLEY, Publisher.

WORTHINGTON, - - MINN.

GALIX LEAVES.

By S. Rhett Roman.

HUGH GRANTON walked slowly from the mantel of the library, then back again to the bay window, his hands thrust in his pockets, looking moodily, not at the jumbled colors of the rugs under foot, nor at the polished flooring, but at a far-away scene, one vivid and real to his inner sense and which stood out distinct on the background of memory clear and distinct and bathed in sunlight, while the sound of water rushing over rocks and the sighing of the wind in the forest kept murmuring in his ears and the light and shadows of towering mountains thrown broadly across a pleasant village scattered along a smiling plateau were what he was looking at.

Oh, the pleasant days and long summer evenings, when night, starlit and calm, descended, slowly, with its ineffable charm, to take possession of the wood and valley, rock and hill, spreading its mysterious fascination over the majestic Blue Ridge.

Hugh Granton, with the mechanical precision of absorption, walked slowly up and down the handsome room, his footsteps muffled by the thick carpets, and the gloom of the afternoon was intensified by the silk curtains at the windows.

The flickering flames from the logs in the fireplace threw fitful gleams over the heavy covering of the furniture, the nude bronzes and gilding of the picture frames, on the oak panels of the room, and glittered in the thousand prismatic colors in the crystal pendants of the chandeliers and the scenes against the walls.

The satyr heads of an old Flemish table standing near the fire looked mockingly at Hugh in the uncertain light, and smiled sardonically as he stood motionless before a bronze brown bowl of Galix leaves on its polished center.

They seemed to say, "Young man, there is nothing surprising or unusual in your vain regrets and repinings. We have lived centuries and witnessed human joys and sorrows and under many conditions, we can assure you that disappointment and separations form the common lot of man. Bear up and forget. Laugh at your present pain and remember that life for you is as flashing as its joys. Laugh as we do."

But Hugh did not glance at the grinning, mocking, handsome satyrs, so strangely lifelike, perfect for being the work of some artist of the middle ages, but gazed long and sorrowfully at the Galix leaves, at their purple and blue sheen and rich beauty, remembering how he had first seen them.

It was on the road to Valley Crusis, near where a sawmill, hidden by the thick growth of mountain cedar and ash and dark, impenetrable underbrush to the Blue Ridge was utilizing the tumbling current of a stream, foaming over rocks and bowlders, to fall in a continuous roar over the ledge of a weir.

A mass of ancient weather-stained granite stood out from the side of the mountain, towering straight upward, imperiously asserting its right to be called "Rock of Ages," and along the road bushes of rhododendrons, thick with their soft pink bloom, grew, while blue forget-me-nots hiding in the velvet mosses at the foot of the rocks, smiled, defying forgetfulness.

Hugh recalled how he had stood leaning against the ancient bowlder, when a sweet, mellow voice overhead, undoubtedly unconscious that there was a listener, began reciting Lamartine's exquisite lines, which run like liquid music.

It was a young girl's voice, and it was both trained and cultured, and her rendering of the inimitable verses was perfect. She went through the whole exquisite picturing of of Lamartine's solitary musing and thought of herself alone in the solitude of the mountains.

When her voice died away Hugh with difficulty restrained violent applause.

The last rays of the sun had faded and the light gray mists were gathering when some loosened stones falling down from above, showed that the owner of the voice was attempting to climb down from her seat on the summit of the rocks.

A shower of leaves fell over Hugh's hat and shoulders, and a quick exclamation of regret came with them.

Hugh did not see a vision, nor a wood nymph, but something better, a very handsome young girl gowned in white, for it was the month of June, who was trying to find a safe foothold on the abrupt slope of rocks so as to make a secure descent. She was holding a large bunch of flowers in one hand and her hat, gathered up with her skirt, in the other.

It was evidently easier to get up than to come down, for she stood hesitating, looking perplexedly at the sheer descent of the rock and the mountain without making any attempt to move.

Hugh required no invitation. It took but a few minutes for him to clamber up to where she stood.

"It's always very much harder to keep one's balance climbing down, because you are looking down," he remarked in a matter-of-fact way. "Do let me help you. You'll never do it by yourself."

"Why, I had no idea I had climbed up so high. What an immense distance it is from here to the road," she said, peering over the ledge.

Hugh laughed. "It looks higher than it really is, because it is growing dark. Let me take your hand to steady you. You should have an alpinestick if you undertake mountain climbing."

"And something else, too," she added dryly.

"What?" Hugh queried.

"Sense enough not to scale impossible rocks and to get back to the cottage before night," the girl said with a little laugh.

"That is a commodity summer tourists invariably and rightly leave at home when they visit the mountains," Hugh answered, helping her gently along. "If by sense you mean a troublesome and unnecessary anxiety about staying to see the moon rise on the lake, or wandering through the valley at meal times, or getting up at four to watch the sun from Grandfather, or climbing rocks and getting lost. Foolish caution will warn you not to be rash. But you will find that somebody always comes along to the rescue, and we owe it to ourselves, for a short while at least, when June apples are ripening, to get rid of rut and routine, social habits and dinner at seven, and to fan that glowing spark of Bohemianism which the Lord has kindly implanted in our hearts until it grows into a blaze of rebellion and independence of society's dictums.

"That's what the mountains teach, besides there is nothing more wholesome than to kick over the traces of ultra-conventionalities occasionally and run riot and do as we please.

"Climbing rocks at nightfall is wholesome recreation?"

Vera laughed gaily, thus accepting her companion's social ethics.

The hall mark of distinction was unmistakable on Hugh and Vera Favershem, descendant of the old Roxley Favershems of colonial fame, clever, observant and a great social success, did not hesitate to accept the assisting hand of this unknown person in a descent which was provedly perilous, for the gloom had gathered over the gigantic rocks and great forest trees cut off much of the fast fading light.

Her's were handsome shoes, and handsome feet, Hugh noticed as he guided the girl, who stepped gingerly on the rough inequalities of the rocks, where moss and thick shrubs hid crevices and danger.

"I dropped my beautiful Galix leaves," Vera said regretfully.

Of a sudden she lost her footing and would have fallen but for Hugh's muscular arm and quick grasp.

They finally reached the road in safety.

"How in the world did I ever manage to get up there?" Vera said, looking up when Hugh stopped and picked up her Galix leaves from the dust of the road where they had fallen.

They were green and tender, not yet having been touched by the frost and snow, which give them their wonderful gorge de pigion coloring and strange satin sheen.

"You should see them in the fall. They are glorious," Vera said as together they walked down the road towards the village where the lights were beginning to glow.

Vera was glad to have Hugh walking along by her side, not quite having gotten over her city views and apprehensions as to stray home-coming cows at dusk, and big, clumsy mountaineers lumbering along in travel-stained vehicles and wagons.

They stopped to watch a group of campers in a clearing under some big elms by the roadside. Their horses, unhitched and tethered, were cropping grass, the covered wagons were prepared for the night, and the men and women were sitting around a campfire chatting gaily and eating supper with evident enjoyment.

"Come along you and your lady and jine us," one of them said, with mountain hospitality.

"How good it smells," Vera remarked, as they thanked their would-be entertainers and sauntered on.

How the flame of the campfire lit up his companion's face and how beautiful and gracious she looked as she laughingly shook her head. How graceful her light elastic step and how dainty her manner of gathering up her white gown from the dust of the road.

That was the first of many other walks and rambles through the mountains taken with Vera, many evenings sitting on the cottage porch until the chill of the moonlight nights drove them indoors.

Of many drives and rides to discover distant views and all the enchanting spots in the fastnesses of the great Blue Ridge not known to the ordinary tourists.

Vera's aunt, Mrs. Heresford, had too long abandoned the useless and fatiguing habit of walking, finding her Victoria or coupe better substitutes, to undertake any change in the smooth, even tenor of her pampered life, particularly if it meant trudging over precipitous and stony roads, either up or down the mountains.

"I came up here for rest, Vera, do remember. I have no objections to your tramping and excursionizing all over the country, so long as it gives you an appetite and color. But don't ask me to go with you," Mrs. Heresford declared, getting her glasses, novel and arm chair.

Vera would give her aunt a hug and a kiss, and declare that her lazy habits would certainly give her the gout, and she would start off for a long ramble with Hugh in brilliant spirits.

They had flown with fleeting wings, those summer days two years ago, Hugh thought, and had taken with them all the sunshine of life, its ambitions and its desire.

What now remained? It was at the close of October, for they had lingered fascinated by the gorgeous change in the mountain scenery, from its summer to its winter aspect, robed in crimson and golden hues of the forest, when a telegram called Hugh away.

"Promise me you will wait here a few days longer. I will be back in one week, and then you must give me another promise," Hugh said, holding Vera's hand lingeringly, while saying good-by for a few days.

Moonlight intense and calm, bathed the valley and little village, showing the road like silver ribbon winding away into the forest, and intensifying the towering heights of the surrounding mountains, against the background of the blue vault of heaven studded with stars.

The sweet old story had been silently told by Hugh and Vera to each other, while they laughed and jested, or fell into dreaming silence during those happy days.

"Promise, sweetheart," Hugh whispered, marveling at the splendor and beauty of the flushed face before him.

"Come right in, Vera. It is entirely too cold to be out on that porch," Mrs. Heresford called out.

The promise was given in the old, old way.

"To remind you of our last walk together," Vera whispered, giving Hugh a bunch of Galix leaves they had picked that afternoon and which she had placed in her belt.

Driving away, Hugh held them with passionate tenderness, for the somber beautiful leaves had lain gathered close to her heart, and must have caught some of its heat and fire.

On coming back one week later the cottage was closed, and its inmates, Vera and her aunt, were gone.

Nor could Hugh discover where to, nor did any message from Vera ever reach him.

Months later he learned they had gone abroad. Mrs. Heresford had wealth, and liked to travel.

Hugh Grantly made his preparations to follow. But fate stepped in.

All the papers had the notice of the sudden death in Paris of a wealthy Miss Vera Heresford, with the usual words of praise which Hugh never read.

The blow had not impaired Hugh's health, nor prevented him from following the routine of his every day life.

He looked after his executive business with mechanical precision, ate, slept and talked to his friends, and outwardly, except that he seldom smiled, there was no sign that he was a heart-broken man.

There was always by his strict orders a bunch of Galix leaves on the library table, as that evening when he passed back and forth in the luxuriantly appointed rooms, and recalled the vanished scenes of two summers before.

The butler announced that the coupe was waiting and he took out his overcoat.

"Faust" was being sung at the opera that night, and Hugh had asked no one in his box.

There seemed to him there was close affinity between all perfect music, and his memory of a vibrant, mellow voice, which rendered Lamartine's verses with such exquisite modulations, while the stars had begun to peep out and the breath of the mountains struck the forest.

Hugh took a Galix leaf from the bowl and passed out into the hall.

The opera house was crowded when Hugh entered and sat down at the back of the box.

The curtain dropped on the inimitable first scene of the inimitable drama, and listlessly Hugh lifted his glasses.

"My God!" he said, letting them drop.

With a shaking hand he raised them again.

The girl he was looking at was focusing the attention of most of the lorgnons of the opera house.

She was rarely beautiful. Her eyes were glorious in their intensity and feeling, but her manner was cool and indifferent.

She was with Mrs. Stanford Barton, a recognized leader in the world social, and a warm friend of Hugh Granton, in spite of her open endeavors to marry him off to a vivacious niece of hers.

"I must show you the best-looking man in town, Vera. That's his box over there. A charming fellow, horribly rich, and a perfect bear. He always comes late," Mrs. Barton said, leaning forward to scrutinize Hugh's avant scene.

Vera was listening abstractedly to the tall man, when Kitty Barton entered, bringing a frou-frou of laces, much laughter and chatter, and her escort along with her.

Vera drew back and stood facing Hugh, who, pale to the lips, could only whisper hoarsely, "Vera, Vera, Vera," while crushing her hands.

"Then you never got my note?" Vera said, breathlessly, after some moments of agitated explanation.

"Yes, darling, auntie died in Paris. She was always fond of you. We left hurriedly because she was so horribly ill."

He took a crushed Galix leaf from his pocket and held it out.

Vera's hand closed over it and remained in his.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

The Yankee in England.

An enterprising Yankee came over to England and decided to open a shop in Birmingham. He obtained premises next door to a man who also kept a shop of the same description, but was not very pushing in his business methods. The methods of the Yankee, however, caused the older trader to wake up, and, with the spirit of originality strong upon him, he affixed a notice over his shop with the words, "Established 50 years," painted in large letters. Next day the Yankee replied to this with a notice over his store to the effect: "Established yesterday. No old stock."—Country Gentleman.

FOREST FIRES.

Hunters and Fishermen are Asked to Use Care so as to Reduce Danger to the Minimum Point.

Every summer and autumn large areas of public and private forests are devastated by fire. This destruction is a universal injury. It not only destroys a valuable asset in the list of the country's resources, but is productive of floods. The forest is the most effective means of preventing floods and producing a more regular flow of water for irrigation and other useful purposes.

To prevent the mischievous forest fires congress has enacted a law which forbids setting fire to the woods, and forbids leaving fires (camp fires and others) without first extinguishing the same.

The law provides a maximum fine of $3,000 or imprisonment for two years, or both, if the fire is set maliciously, and a fine of $1,000 or imprisonment for one year, if the fire is due to carelessness. It also provides that the money from these fines goes to the school funds of the county in which the offense is committed.

Commissioner W. A. Richards of the general land office, has issued circulars, warning the public against carelessness, inasmuch as many fires start from neglected camp fires, and makes the following requests:

1—Do not build a larger fire than you need.

2—Do not build your fires in dense masses of pine leaves, duff and other combustible material, where the fire is sure to spread.

3—Do not build your fire against large logs, especially rotten logs, where it requires much more work and time to put the fire out than you are willing to expend, and where you are rarely quite certain that the fire is really and completely extinguished.

4—In windy weather and in dangerous places dig a fire hole and clear off a place to secure your fire. You will save wood and trouble.

5—Every camp fire should be completely put out before leaving the camp.

6—Do not build fires to clear off land and for other similar purposes without informing the nearest ranger or the supervisor, so that he may assist you.

As hunters, fishers and campers will soon haunt the woods and streams, it is hoped that newspapers everywhere will circulate this warning and information.

Coming Back.

Immigration officials of the northern coast lines say that evidence is accumulating which tends to show that many of the American settlers who have gone into the Canadian Northwest during the last few years will return and will take up farms in the Western states. A considerable inquiry is developing, and arrangements have already been made to bring back a number of families and settle them on lands in Washington.

Many of the settlers that went from the United States into Canada, the letters indicate, have not fared well, and have been less successful than they expected. Many of them found the winter very severe, and they are anxious to dispose of their holdings and seek the milder climate of the Pacific coast states. The local commercial bodies in Washington cities, an official said yesterday, have received an even heavier inquiry from Canadian points, and in several instances have been able to complete arrangements to bring back parties of Americans who settled in the Northwest territories and locate them on American land.

Bottom Drops Out.

The boom among mineral prospectors on the Highland range in St. Louis county proved short-lived. A year ago hundreds of prospecting leases were taken out, and very few are being renewed. Of 400 which expired recently, less than a dozen were renewed. The prospecting lease, which costs $25 for 160 acres, allows the holder to prospect for iron ore for a year, and at the end of the year the holder may take out a fifty-year contract, which costs $100 a year until ore is shipped. Then the holder pays a royalty of 25 cents a ton.

A Good Catch.

Catching a muskalonge weighing thirty-five pounds through a hole cut in ice three feet deep is a novel experience, but that is just what James North and Frank Tibbets, well known citizens of Cass Lake, did yesterday. They went over to the south shore of Cass lake near Star island, to fish through the ice. They took with them a heavy crowbar, two or three large pieces of scantling and the ordinary cane poles, with strong silk lines attached.

William J. Donahower, of St. Paul, who was sworn in as attorney general to succeed W. B. Douglas, who goes on the supreme bench, is one of the youngest attorney generals that Minnesota has ever had. He is thirty-nine years old, having been born at St. Peter in 1865. He came to St. Paul in 1887 and engaged in the practice of law.

Mathew Christenson, a farmer, 55 years of age, living near Mankato, committed suicide at his home by shooting himself with a 44-caliber revolver just above the heart.

When the China Inland Mission was formed, 36 years ago, there were but 91 missionaries in all China, and in the interior there were 200,000,000 people with no missionary. There are now about 800 missionaries connected with the work. Hudson Taylor was the first man to dedicate himself to that work.

Japan has over 3,000 miles of railway and 1,500 miles of telegraph lines in operation. Twenty-five years ago not a mile of this system existed.

Nothing worries a liar more than to be compelled to tell the truth.

SELF-PROPELLING VEHICLES.

Out of 250 automobiles in the annual exhibition in New York city, 50 are electrical and 175 gasoline.

The dowager empress of China recently placed an order for 50 motor cars to be "made in Germany."

Will the souvenir craze ever become so great at automobile shows as it once was at bicycle shows?—Motor Age.

The motorcycle in America as well as in France and England is beginning to vie with the automobile for public attention and adoption.

One jarring note in the symphony of automobile color in Chicago recently was that, a team of horses furnished the power to haul the band around town to announce the fact that the automobile show was open.

New York is automobile boat mad! There is hardly a concern interested in the manufacture or sale of automobiles that does not anticipate some connection with the power craft business, either in building, selling or operating.

Enthusiastic motorcyclists of Chicago have lately organized. Burley B. Ayers, one of the most enthusiastic votaries of the spot in the United States, and who a few years ago did much to promote the growth of the League of American Wheelmen, is devoting his efforts to popularize the new sport. Ira H. Whipple, another prominent motorcyclist, has also been active in promoting interest in the new club.

ITEMS OF INDUSTRY.

After an exhaustive inspection of electric railways throughout Europe and the United States, a committee appointed by the Swedish government recommended that the state railways abandon steam for electricity as a motive power.

In spite of the heavy falling off of pig-iron production during the last three months, 1903 broke the pig iron record, the total output, according to the preliminary report of the Iron Age, having amounted to 17,949,008 tons, against 17,821,307 tons in 1902 and 15,378,354 tons in 1901.

The work of changing the gauge of the Mexican National railroad has been completed at a cost of $13,000,000 gold, and the entire road, which was until a year ago the longest narrow-gauge railroad in the world, is now standard gauge from Laredo to the City of Mexico.

The Mexican railroad has erected a monument, with suitable inscription, marking the point where the globe is crossed by the Tropic of Cancer. The monument is of wood 12 feet high and 24 feet long. On the top there are two arms pointing out the two zones. It is situated on a desert ground a few miles south of Catorce.

FUN ON A STREET CAR.

And This Nonsense Was Heard in the Sedate and Sensible City of Philadelphia.

On a Walnut street car the other day, says the Philadelphia Record, two women who evidently knew each other but slightly struck up this conversation: "Why, Mrs. Brown! How d'ye do?" "How d'ye do, Mrs. Green? I wasn't sure it was you at first." "Yes, it's me, all right. How's Mr. Brown?" "Oh, he's all right. How's Mr. Green?" "He's all right, too. How's the children?" "They're all right. How's yourn?" "They're all right."

There was a slight pause, as though neither knew what to say net. Suddenly one had an inspiration. She giggled a minute and then said: "Say, my husband asked me the other day what your first name was, and to save my soul I couldn't tell him. What is it?"

Then it was the other woman's turn to giggle. "Why, it's Millicent," she said. "Millicent? How do you spell it?" "Oh, it's an easy name. M-i-l-l-i-c-e-n-t." "Well, you can't never say you ain't got a cent to your name, can you?"

A scream of laughter followed this witticism, and they began to slap each on the wrist.

NOT SUPERLATIVELY POOR.

Land That a Poverty-Stricken Man Was Not Bad Enough Off to Want.

Bourke Cockran was condemning a certain popular novel, relates the New York Tribune.

"This novel," he said, "is as poor and barren as Elmo county land."

"Is Elmo county land very poor and barren?" asked one of Mr. Cockran's interlocutors.

"Is it?" said he. "Well, I should say it is. Once two strangers rode on horseback through Elmo county, and the barrenness of the land amazed them. Nothing but weeds and rocks everywhere. As they passed a farmhouse they saw an old man sitting in the garden, and they said:

"'Poor chap! Poor, poverty stricken old fellow!'

"The old man overheard them, and called out in a shrill voice:

"'Gents, I hain't so poor an' poverty stricken as ye think. I don't own none o' this land.'"

In the Spring.

Lowndes, Mo., April 4th.—Mrs. H. C. Harty, of this place, says:

"For years I was in very bad health. Every spring I would get so low that I was unable to do my own work. I seemed to be worse in the spring than any other time of the year. I was very weak and miserable and had much pain in my back and head. I saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised last spring and began treatment of them and they have certainly done me more good than anything I have ever used.

"I was all right last spring and felt better than I have for over ten years. I am fifty years of age and am stronger today than I have been for many years and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills credit for the wonderful improvement."

The statement of Mrs. Harty is only one of a great many where Dodd's Kidney Pills have proven themselves to be the very best spring medicine. They are unsurpassed as a tonic and are the only medicine used in thousands of families.

Tess—"Well, their engagement is off." Jess—"The idea! It was only announced yesterday. What did they quarrel about?" Tess—"As to which was the more unworthy of the other."—Philadelphia Press.

"Read Brown's last novel yet?" "No; just convalescing from his first!"—Atlanta Constitution.

He who thinks to deceive everybody deceives nobody but himself.—Ram's Horn.

With Interest.

Magician—Why, here's a quarter in your eye, sir! How'd it get there, I wonder?

Village Chump—Well, I swan! It must be that penny I swallowed 25 years ago.—Boston Post.

Why, of Course.—"What's good for insomnia?" "Sleep."—Chicago Post.

Defective P