

**BOOKS AND FACES.**

How many faces greet the book?  
How many visions thence arise!  
How oft enraptured readers look  
On some far paradise!

Old eyes look on them with delight,  
Tracing the dark and bloody times  
When in rude battle for the right  
They fought in foreign climes.

The youth, in eager quest of lore,  
Turns, breathless, leaf on leaf, and bears  
Rapt voices that shall ring no more  
With war's triumphant cheers.

Where'er the daring dare die,  
In castle hall, in lover's court,  
Where'er the flashing blades may fly,  
Where bounds and hunter sport.

He follows, who, to fortune given,  
Rends his renown in every line;  
And dreams that to have bravely driven  
Is glorious and divine.

—Literary World.

**HOW JACK'S DEBTS WERE PAID**

**T**HEN Aunt Eliza began to cry. Helen never could stand that, so she tried her best to check her aunt's flowing tears.

What was it all about. A trifle. People generally do disagree over trifles. This cause of difference, however, between Helen and her aunt was twenty thousand dollars, which had been left to Helen by a relative. Helen declared the money did not belong to her.

Helen Reeve was a young widow. She looked very pretty as she stood before her aunt in her gown of half mourning, her wavy brown hair combed back from a broad, low forehead, and coiled in an unruly knot at the nape of her neck. Aunt Eliza was not inclined to find fault with the fate that caused her to be the companion of such a charming young woman.

"Not belong to you!" cried Aunt Eliza. "What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean," said Helen, "that this sum will just settle the last of poor Jack's debts, and I am going to pay them."

"There is only one way to settle," said her aunt, "and that is for you to take this money and be thankful to the good Lord that it has been thrown your way, and not act so ungrateful to Providence for your good luck."

"I think," said Helen, "I see what Providence meant me to do with it. When dear Jack died I know the thing that worried him most during his last days was the money he owed his old friend, Mr. Bethune. Mr. Bethune was ruined, aunty. The greatest happiness that this money brings to me is the thought that I can do him and his family some good. The poor man is blind. They live down near the river somewhere, and are very poor."

Aunt Eliza looked obstinate, but their talk ended in an agreement to see old Mr. Carruthers, the lawyer. He was consulted and would not deny that there was justice in Helen's determination, although he did not consider her called upon to carry it out.

But she did. Fifteen thousand dollars was paid to Mr. Bethune. A letter that she received at this time had the effect of closing Aunt Eliza's mouth, no matter what her inner reflections might be. It was from a daughter of Mr. Bethune, and gave Helen such thanks as made her heart feel warm and her cheeks to glow with delight.

Now there remained five thousand more. The other creditor, Mr. Clarence Bartlett, was a rich man. Bartlett began again between Helen and her Aunt Eliza.

"I have never forgotten what I heard he said about Jack, and he shall have his due if it be only for the opportunity of expressing my feelings. I want Jack's name cleared from every imputation of dishonesty."

"There never was any on it," said Aunt Eliza. "Everybody knew that if he had lived he would have successfully carried out his business."

"Mr. Bartlett said differently."

"I declare, Helen, you make me ill. I managed to get along with the first affair; that turned out a mercy to be sure, for that poor blind man, but this; why I never heard of anything so un-called for."

But Helen was determined, and in spite of Aunt Eliza the money was ordered to be paid. Then Helen wrote a letter in which she decidedly expressed her pleasure in being able to settle the debt, and gave Mr. Clarence Bartlett a rap for having expressed an opinion derogatory to her young husband, signing it "very truly yours" in the most dignified manner.

To Helen's boundless indignation, there came a letter from Mr. Bartlett, in which he informed her that she was mistaken as to his ever having blamed her husband, and coolly informed her

that although he approved of her wish to settle her husband's debts, she could not do so where he was concerned; that he had always considered her husband a personal friend; that he would not have troubled her with this letter, but for the reason that he felt it due to himself to refute the misrepresentations which had evidently been so deeply impressed on her mind.

"The most important letter I ever read in my life," she declared to Aunt Eliza. But her aunt would not see it that way.

"I will go and see Mr. Carruthers this very day," cried Helen.

Aunt Eliza could not trust herself to answer. Silence was her only safeguard.

Down to Mr. Carruthers' office rushed Helen, but she had to be content with his saying:

"Very well, Mrs. Reeve, I will do my best."

The days went on, and Mr. Carruthers said that Mr. Bartlett was out of town, so nothing could be done with the money which awaited him.

Strange came, and Aunt Eliza decided that after their worry they needed a change. Aunt Eliza was neither a tyrant nor a miser. She cared little whether Helen had a penny or not; she had plenty for both. But she had chosen to be delighted when Helen's fortune came to her, for she had been left with little and had a great love for beautiful things, and this money would make her feel independent in the gratification of her desires.

"I am sure I am thankful that we have anything left," said Aunt Eliza, and she gave a sigh of relief, as if there had been a time when she thought that Helen was in a fair way to give away not only her own money but her aunt's also.

They decided to visit the Yosemite, and Aunt Eliza was in her element. She would arrange and rearrange finery for herself and Helen; refuse to buy a ribbon because they must economize, and next day purchase some article not at all needed, and pay a most extravagant price with smiling satisfaction.

Every one knows the almost impossible roads by stage to "Clarks" in going down the Yosemite Valley. Helen and her aunt had gone as far as possible by rail, and were now in the last stages of their journey behind six horses in the lumbering six-seated coach usually used to finish this trip and convey the patrons to their final destination. There were two ladies beside the brother of the ladies and another gentleman.

Helen was enjoying the ride and paying no attention to the fears and complaints of the others over the roughness of the road. There were magnificent views, and as they went higher the ladies grasped the sides of the vehicle and held on to it in fear and trembling, as they looked down the dangerous mountain side.

Helen had well-balanced nerves and thought of no danger; but suddenly she was conscious of a crash, a fall, one horrible shriek from the other ladies, then it seemed to her that she was rolling on, on into eternity. She stopped at last and lay still. Was this death?

But after a moment the inconvenience of supporting a weight that lay across her convinced her that she was much alive. She managed to turn partly over and crawl out from under the debris. She was not much hurt.

"Aunt Eliza! Aunt Eliza!" called Helen.

All was silence. She looked about her, but could see only wreckage. A little way up the hill a man lay still and motionless, his white face turned upward in the sunlight. Sudden fear

made her turn away. Just then a man came from behind a clump of bushes, pale, and with his right arm hanging helplessly.

"Thank God! Somebody is alive," cried Helen.

"It is a miracle," he faintly answered.

"Where are the others?"

"Oh, I can't tell. I fear they are all under the wagon."

"What shall we do?"

He looked down helplessly at his arm and Helen asked pityingly:

"Broken?"

"Never mind," he said, "we can't lament over that until we know there is nothing worse."

Just then several men appeared, who had been driving in sight of the accident. They first released the ladies under the coach and then placed them gently in a wagon. Finally every one was disposed of but Helen and the gentleman with the broken arm.

"I have a one-seated buck not far from here," one of the mountaineers suggested.

The gentleman looked dolefully at his arm.

"Oh, I can drive if that's all," said Helen. "Let's go. It's only a short distance. You are suffering terribly," as she saw him groaning pale.

"I believe I am," he answered.

They drove off, and after the first few moments began to talk.

"It seemed to me that we rolled over and over for an endless time," said Helen.

"You did turn a complete somersault. I was thrown off at the first lurch. The elderly lady I do not think is much hurt. Your aunt, you called her?"

"Yes, my aunt."

"Are you frightened?" he asked suddenly, looking at her curiously.

"I don't know," said Helen. "I feel rather wild."

"Few young ladies have as serviceable nerves as you."

Helen did not answer at once, but cried, as a turn of the road brought a house in view:

"Oh, there is the hotel! I am so glad."

An hour later she was watching by her aunt's bedside. She felt relieved at the physician's assurance that Aunt Eliza was not seriously hurt. For two or three days she was kept a prisoner, but Aunt Eliza was not one to pet ailments and was soon about.

The next day but one after the accident Helen's driving companion sent to ask after her health, and she was appalled by the name on the card: "Mr. Clarence Bartlett."

Aunt Eliza laughed heartily at the absurd situation.

"I think it very impertinent of him," said Helen.

"To get his arm broken?"

"To inquire after us."

"Perhaps he does not know who we are," said Aunt Eliza.

"I think I would perhaps like to leave here to-morrow," was Helen's reply.

Aunt Eliza did not argue, as she knew it would only increase Helen's prejudice, but she proposed to stay where she was.

It was not long before Helen and he met. She was on an upper piazza, early one evening, and came face to face with him. His arm was in a sling and he looked pale and worn, but was evidently pleased to see her again.

He held out his hand.

"I am glad to have made your acquaintance, Mrs. Reeves. You will introduce me to your aunt, will you not? Your husband and I were good friends. I was also a friend of your father, although I was young at the time."

She could not refuse, and he talked so pleasantly that Helen could not help forgetting her prejudice, and did not see her way clear to bringing up the money question. Aunt Eliza was delighted, but shrewdly held her peace.

Such a first meeting as they had had naturally caused their acquaintance to grow rapidly. Mr. Bartlett was most agreeable, and all his efforts tended to make Helen's days happy. They stayed six weeks at the hotel and it was the evening before they were to go. Helen and he were on the piazza enjoying the sunset, when Aunt Eliza came up with a letter.

"For you, Helen."

She stood and chatted a few moments and then said she must be off and finish packing. Helen still held the letter in her hand, turning it over and over in embarrassment, for she recognized the writing of Mr. Carruthers. She was nervously fumbling at the clasp of the bag at her side, to put the letter out of sight, when Mr. Bartlett said:

"Pray read your letter."

"It is of no consequence," Helen answered.

Helen opened the letter and read the crabbled handwriting in great haste. Mr. Carruthers wrote to say that Mr. Bartlett refused to take the money and "wished to hear no more about it." She flushed and glanced at her companion.

He was looking at her with a quiet smile.

"I think I know whom your letter is from," and he laughed.

"Please don't," she said, coloring more brightly; but determined to speak now. "Mr. Bartlett, I want to talk with you about this. I want you to do me a favor, but first promise—"

she hesitated.

"You don't want me to promise until I have heard what it is, do you?"

"Only that tiresome money. I want you to take it."

"Oh," he answered slowly and gravely.

"Yes; say you will. It will make me so much happier."

He waited a moment and then said: "I will take it on one condition."

Something in his voice made her eyes drop suddenly.

"That I may take you with it," he whispered, as he leaned over her. "May I, Helen?" He held her hand now—and it was not withdrawn.—Waverley.

**KAISER'S FAMOUS DEATH DICE.**

**Curious Old Story of the Seventeenth Century Times.**

The German emperor has made a most interesting historic presentation to the Hohenzollern Museum. It consists of the famous "death dice," by the help of which one of Kaiser Wilhelm's ancestors decided a difficult case about the middle of the seventeenth century. A beautiful young girl had been murdered and suspicion fell on two soldiers, Ralph and Alfred, who were rival suitors for her hand. As both prisoners denied their guilt, and even torture failed to extract a confession from either, Prince Frederick William the Kaiser's ancestor, decided to cut the Gordian knot with the dice box. The two soldiers should throw for their lives, the loser to be executed as the murderer. The event was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity, and the prince himself assisted at this appeal to divine intervention as it was considered by everybody, including the accused themselves.

Ralph was given the first throw, and he drew sixes, the highest possible number, and no doubt felt jubilant. The dice box was then given to Alfred, who fell on his knees and prayed aloud: "Almighty God, Thou knowest I am innocent. Protect me, I beseech Thee!" Rising to his feet he threw the dice with such force that one of them broke in two. The unbroken one showed six, the broken also showed six on the larger portion, and the bit that had been split off showed one, giving a total of thirteen, or one more than the throw of Ralph. The whole audience thrilled with astonishment, while the prince exclaimed, "God has spoken!" Ralph regarding the miracle as a sign from heaven, confessed his guilt, and was sentenced to death. It is probable that Alfred ever after did not number himself among the those who had upon thirteen as an unlucky number.—New York Sun.

**Farms Are Big in Dakota.**

"Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota farmer, as the crowd of agriculturists seated themselves round a little table; "yes, sir; we do things on rather a sizable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plow a great furrow until autumn. Then he turned round and harvested back. We have some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one which he had to give a mortgage on, and I pledge you my word the mortgage was due at one end before they could get it recorded at the other. You see, it was laid out in counties. And the worst of it is it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief—women yelling, children howling, and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp truck packed on seven four-mule teams, and he was going round bidding everybody goodbye."

"Where was he going?"

"He was going half way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"Did he ever get back to his family?"

"It isn't time for him yet. Up there we send young married couples out to milk the cows, and their children bring home the milk."—London Tit-Bits.

**No Wonder.**

The heavy villain had just been scorned by the heroine.

"Percy Periwinckle!" she cried, hurling the heavily laden purse at his feet, "I re-re-useful yuh offer! Learn now that Doty Coughlozenge will never marry-ry for mere guuld!"

Percy stared for a moment at the purse, which had flown open and spilled its contents on the floor, and then, with a wild shriek of joy, flung himself upon it. He had forgotten his cue entirely.

A moment later the curtain had been rung down, and a group of excited actors collected around his unconscious form.

"Poor devil!" whispered the comedian, sadly, "he thought he saw a real dollar bill in that stage money. No wonder he fainted."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

**Destructive White Ants in Africa.**

In South Africa the white ants have been so destructive to wooden ties that steel has necessarily been adopted.

**INTERESTING TO AMERICANS.**

**Western Canada Will Soon Become the Supply Depot for Wheat for Great Britain.**

During the past year about 50,000 Americans went from the United States to Canada. Most of these settled upon farm lands, and the writer is informed by agents of the Canadian Government that the greatest success has followed the efforts of nearly all. To their friends on this side of the boundary line the fullest assurance is given of the prosperity that is in store for them. There will always be a splendid market for all the grain, cattle and other produce that can be raised in Western Canada, and with the advantages offered of a free homestead of 160 acres of land, and other lands which may be bought cheaply, an excellent climate, splendid school system, educational advantages of the best, what more is required? The husbandman gets more return for his money than in any other country in the world.

On the occasion of Sir Wilfred Laurier's visit to the Corn Exchange, London, England, Colonel Montgomery, V. D., made several important statements. "The function (he said) which you have just been assisting in connection with a kindred association has doubtless shown you the importance of the provision trade of Liverpool in its relationship with the Dominion and the enormous possibilities of the future development of that trade. Well, the grain trade of Liverpool has interests with Canada no less important than those of the provision trade. When it is borne in mind that 80 per cent of the breadstuffs of this great country has to be brought from abroad, you will readily appreciate with what great satisfaction we view the large and steadily increasing supplies of grain which are annually available for export from Canada, and I challenge contradiction when I say that of the wheats we import from Russia, India, the Pacific and the length and breadth of the United States, none gives more general satisfaction, none is more generally appreciated, than that raised in the Province of Manitoba. We cannot get enough of it, and it is no exaggeration to say that there are before us dozens of millers who hunger for it. This is not the time to enter into statistical questions, but we look forward with confidence to the time at which, with the present rate of progress, the Dominion of Canada will have a sufficient surplus of wheat to render this country independent of other sources of supply. I think I may, with justifiable pride, remind you that this is the chief grain market of the British Empire, and through its excellent geographical position, as well as through the enterprise of its millers, it is now the second milling center in the world."

Send to any authorized Canadian Government Agent for copy of Atlas and information as to railway rate, etc.

**For 30c and This Notice**

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., will send free

- 1 pk. May 1st Carrot.....10c.
- 1 pk. Earliest Green Eating Onions.10c.
- 1 pk. Peep of Day Tomato.....20c.
- 1 pk. Salzer's Flash Light Radish.10c.
- 1 pk. Salzer's Long Quick, Quick Radish.....10c.
- 1 pk. Salzer's Queen of All Radish.10c.

Above six rare novelties, the choicest and finest of their kind, have a retail value of 70c, but they are mailed to you free, together with Salzer's big catalogue, well worth \$100.00 to every wide-awake gardener, all upon receipt of but 30c in postage and this notice. (C. N. U.)

There is nothing that God loves more, and that makes us all feel better, than thankfulness.

**ARTHUR'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS**

are a scientific cure for the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia, biliousness, sour stomach, heart burn, etc. They have been tested for 15 years by thousands of people and have never failed to cure. Try a 50c box now. Sold only by ARTHUR DYSPEPSIA TABLET CO., Concord, Mich. Large Sample, 10c.

**Indispensable**

For all aches from head to foot

**St. Jacobs Oil**

has curative qualities to reach the

**PAINS and ACHES**

of the human family, and to relieve and cure them promptly.

Price 25c. and 50c.

