THE LITTLE FEET.

The pattering of little feet My all expectant car doth greet, A childish tread across the floor In effort to attain the door, Where it shall be mine to see That which is precious unto me. A laughing face, with eyes of blue, So like her mother's tender, true, When toll for me each day is o'er I homeward wend my way once more, With fond anticipations thrill My being, as I climb the bill, No lagging footsteps mine I ween When from the summit home is seen; What matters weariness and care Once I have crossed the threshold there.

-Boston Transcript.

A STRANGE LEGACY.

新風風風風風風寒風風風雨雨風風風風風風風風

TROMEWARD through the murk | kill him to be sent to such a placeand gloom of a November evening, through the dank night air and gathering fog, along greasy pavements and over slippery crossings, across the great bridge, with the yawning darkness on either side and down the mean streets of Southern London, wearily but steadfly Mary MacAllister bent her way.

Three years of hard work as a typist in a city office, three years of lonely strede on her way, morning and evening, backward and forward, to and from the city, where her work lay, a brave, earnest-minded, steady-eyed woman, a typical figure of London's women workers.

Sometimes there would be a suspicion of moisture in the big gray eyes when work was more than usually irksome or employers more than usually trate and unreasonable.

Sometimes for a moment her mind would stray from the dark, close office | this world." to the glorious fields and hedgerows which from babyhood she had looked agon as hers in time to come. Now and again as she ate her solitary mea! in her poor little room in the shabby house in a third-rate street just berend "the Elephant," the memory of the plenty in the old days brought a shadow for a moment, and then the memory of Dick-her Dick-would which four years ago had ruined alike his father and hers, quietly and uncomplainingly. She had refused his affer to release her from her engagement to him, and with mutual protestations of love and fidelity they had parted-he to seek wealth across the seas, she to earn her living as best she could in the great world of Lon-

Many a letter from Dick lay care illy folded in her little workbox, letwhich she had read again and igain when the struggle was hard and her heart grew faint. They told of progress, slow but sure, until eighteen menths before, when the black cloud of war lowered, and ruin had for the second time in his young life stopped at Dick Herrick's door.

With the first clash of arms his emsloyment ceased, the land he had invested his savings in was seized by the Boers, while he himself was commandeered and imprisoned as the rewilt of his refusing to fight against his own countrymen. Since thensince she had lived at her present address-no news had come to enlightan her sorrow, to relieve her anxiety.

. On her doorstep she met her landixdy, Mrs. Bird, who had been shopand sometimes more than aggressive. "You are late this evening," Mrs. Bird asserted tartly.

"Yes I I am, rather," nervously esponded Mary; "I was a little beaind at the office, and I've walked." "Walked, a night like this! Then

sold and got laid up?" The buses were full and I-I conduct afford a cab, you know."

Mary answered, smiling gently. "No, in course, though you might so that a night like this if you didn't go, saddlin' yourself with that foreign addisc man upstairs."

Mrs. Bird closed the door with an arm. many attle bang as she followed Mary

buto the passage "Ob. hush, please, Mrs. Bird; think bow ill the poor fellow has been." "Ill-course he has, and you, with

all you can do to keep yourself, must go and look after him. Nonsense, that's what I call it! What do we pay rates for and keep up that there place round the gorner for, if it ain't for such a man ?"

"But, you don't understand, Mrs. is an artist and a gentleman. It would play before-in the days when he was | man, is a pitiful sight.

I know-I feel it-just as it would kill me to be sent there. Our cruel fogs have brought him to death's door and as he has lain insensible -up there delirious, raving-his tongue has told me the tale of his sunny home away yonder in Italy, of the poverty which drove him here to earn his bread, of his music, which is like life to him. And now-now he is better be patient still for a little longer. I will give struggle with fortune, had robbed him all the attention I can and save Mary's cheek of the bloom it boasted you as much as possible. The money when she was nineteen, but still she that is owing you I will pay, willingly, a little at a time. See, here is some that I have earned working late. Take it and let me have my own way, won't you? Ah, you will! Thank you, Mrs. Bird! As I tend him and help him, poor fellow, so I pray that a woman's hand may help the man I love, should be need it."

She turned slowly, and mounted the stairs. Mrs. Bird looked after her a moment irresolutely. "Humph!" she muttered, "that gal's too good for

"You are better-ah, I'm so glad. Now lie still, or I shall be angry!" "Angry, you cara mia! Ah, but no

-how can an angel be angry?" Mary smiled. "Your illness has not made you forget your compliments,"

she said, lightly. Mary MacAllister had stolen into the

sick man's room, after taking off her shase the little cloud away. If Dick hat and jacket, and had found him sould be brave and go away to Africa up and dressed and sitting in front to win a fortune for her she would be of the fire. The firelight shone on his brave, too. Dick had faced the crash handsome face, so drawn and pale, on his hands so thin and white. Mrs. Bird had during the day given off some of "her views," and Carlo Terrini knew for the first time what Mary MacAllister had done for him in the hour of his extremity.

"Compliments! What words of mine can be called compliments, after what you have done for me?"

Mary started. "You know?" "Yes, the good Signora Bird has told

"Then she ought not to have done so. It is nothing-nothing. I repeat. And you must not think of it again,

She paused and the man looked at her inquiringly. "Or what, Mees Mac-

"Or I shall not be able to come and see you-or-or help you any more." "But." said Carlo weakly, "I-I do not understand. It is but the truth. You have saved my life, mia cara mia; I must thank you-I must pour out

my gratitude to you- from my soul."

He stopped, exhausted, for a moment, and then went on excitedly: "I -I have been thinking of you, longing to see you-to look on you-to perhaps be able to take your little hand-so-and kiss it, and let fall my tears-as of blood, on it. You have sing around the corner. Mrs. Bird saved my life-you have done morewas well meaning, but rather massive, you have inspired me-I have been dreaming a picture of you, as I lay watching the fire, a vision of goodness, so high, so pure, so true, and the melody came. I heard, somewhereaway up above me, in God's air, a host chanting your praises; the music they sang was the melody my soul has cou'd no business. S'pose you caught sought so long. I put it in my work. That work at last will be complete, It will triumph, for none can resist such music as this."

He rose abruptly, with sudden strength. Then he staggered across the room to where a violin lay in its case. Mary MacAllister uttered a cry and laid a restraining hand on his

"What are you doing?" she cried. You will kill yourself if you exert

yourself like this." The violinist took up his instrument

and crept back to his chair. "No, it is life to me to play, and you must hear. Then you shall tell me if it is good enough for my opera."

He seated himself and began to play. The girl, seeing remonstrance useless, quietly dropped into a seat and listened. For a few moments she Bird; he is not a common man; he heard only music she had heard him able woman, married to a worthless

well. Then suddenly her lips parted. and she sat breathless. From the instrument poured a melody almost unearthly. The man played as if inspired. It was as if voices from another world were speaking. On, on he went-from a pean of praise to a frenzy of passion, from a hurricane of hope to a dirge of despair.

And then on again, higher and higher, faster and faster, the liquid melody poured from the violin, until, with one great overpowering chord of grandeur, the music stopped and the bow fell from his nerveless hand, while the musician sank back panting, exhausted, but triumphant, in his chair.

So engrossed had he been with his beloved music, so enraptured had been the girl with the marvelous strains that Carlo Terrini had evoked, that neither had heard the footsteps that had mounted the stairs, nor seen the form that now stood in the doorway. Gently the cirl chided the poor violinist for his great exertion, sweetly she bade him good-night and rest, slowly she turned from him to the door. For a moment she gazed, as if looking on the dead, then with a cry of passionate gladness she flew to the outstretched arms, crying "Dick!"

And as the lovers passed from the room and the door closed behind them Carlo Terrini's head fell, and a great sob shook him from head to foot.

Downstairs in Mrs. Bird's front parlor Dick Herrick's story was soon told. After months of imprisonment at Watervaal he had recovered his liberty, but not his rights. The Dutchman who had sold him the land was now in possession of it again and was disputing his title. Too poor to take the necessary legal action to recover, he had returned to England as poor as he left it four years before.

The next morning Mary, dressed for the city, paid her usual visit to Carlo Terrini before going. She found him very ill. He confessed that he had not been to bed. He had been working all through the long night, writing the music he had composed and played to her into his opera.

"But now, now you have finished," she pleaded, "you will sleep—and rest?" "Yes, cara mia. I will rest-soon-I promise you," and as the door clos-

ed behind her he added, with a wan gard to conditions of soil, water, clismile, "forever."

Terrini let himself out of the house, without a sound and made his way to a West End music firm, the head of which was a compatriot of his.

After a few minutes' talk he persuaded him to listen to the opera. which he played through without a

Astonished and delighted the pubfrom which he never rose again.

A few hours before he died he gave a letter, sealed, to Mary MacAllister, and whispered to her to keep it till he was dead. The day after he was laid to rest Mary MacAllister, remembering the letter, opened it and read the last words of her dead friend.

He had given her the opera which she had inspired, and which had cost him his life.

Two years later Mary MacAllister looked down into the face of her firs, born. With the money which ha poured in on her like a golden stream from Carlo Terrini's work her husband had fought and own his cause, and was now on his way to becoming a South African millionaire. With opulence around her, a child she adored and a husband she worshipped at her side, there was yet a wistful sadness in her look as she gazed at her little one. Her husband caught her glance and laid his hand genuy on her shoulder.

"You have something to ask me?" he said, gently.

"Yes, a little favor, dear," she hesi tated. "What could I refuse you? Tell

me." "Let our little one be named-Carlo."

"Your wish is mine, dearest. What better name than the name of that noble soul to whom we owe our all?" -London Tit-Bits.

The Poor Compositor Again. There was trouble between the proprietor of the Daily Trumpet, published in Slowbury Center, and one of the prominent citizens of the town.

The citizen is Orlando Vance Jones, who writes occasional verses for the "Poet's Corner" and pays for space in which to advertize his dental sirup. The trouble arose soon after the birth of Mr. Jones's grandson. Being much gratified by the resemblance to him which many of the diplomatic mothers in Slowbury detected in the features of Orlando Vance, third, Mr. Jones composed a tender poem which he entitled, "A Pigmy Counterpart,"

When he opened the paper, of which he had ordered one dozen copies, he saw at the head of the column his poem under the title, "A Pig My Counter-

A nice, worthy, ambitious and cap-

Five new courses have been established at the university of Michigan within the past three years: a iministrative law, naval architecture, bigher commercial education forestry, and insurance.

Whales and serpents are voiceless. So, are the porcupiue, the armailla and the giraffe.

A fireproof chimney, made entirely of paper, has been erected in Breslau Prussia. It is fifty feet long.

This is Miraculous.

Manhattan, Kan., March 14.-One of the strangest cases that has ever been heard of in Riley Co. is that of the three-year-old daughter of Mr. Jonas Brubaker, of this place.

Some time ago the little girl took whooping cough, which was followed by pneumonia. When the pneumonia left her, she was taken down with malaria fever with at times symptoms of spinal meningitis.

The family doctor brought her safely through these troubles, but after the fever Bright's Disease set in and the doctors gave her up. Her father tells the rest of the story:

We began to give ber Dodd's Kidney Pilis, and after she had taken about three and a half boxes, she was entirely cured. Now she is well as any child, running and playing as if nothing had ever been the matter with her. The doctors said she was beyond the reach of medicine. Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved our little girl's life, when she was so far into the chronic stage of Bright's Disease that we thought nothing could save her."

AGRICULTURE IN WESTERN CANADA.

Its Grain Fields Ranching Lands-Dairying Resources.

The editor of the Wisconsin Agriculturist, who was one of a party of editors of agricultural papers, took a trip through Canada during the past spring, writes to his paper in the following strain:

The reason of his visiting Canada was to satisfy himself that the reports coming to his paper regarding the wonderful resources of that country were accurate. In view of the wonderful settlement that was going on there, many from this country crossing the line in search of permanent homes and in view of what he had heard in remate, topography, fuel, grasses, rain Two hours after she had gone Carlo fall, markets., etc., and also the influence which these have had on the present and future of agriculture he deemed it necessary to make an extended trip through all of the above territory.

> In speaking of the Province of Mantoha, he says:

"The province of Manitoba comprises within its limits the far famed lisher instantly concluded a bargain grain-growing valleys of the Assintwith him, and Carlo Terrini crept boine and Red Rivers. Although callhome and fell exhausted on the bed, ed the Prairie Province of Canada. Manitoba has large areas of forests numerous rivers and vast water expansions.

"The soil is a rich, deep mould, or loam, resting on a deep clay sub-soil. It is well adapted to wheat growing. giving a bountiful yield of the finest quality, known the world over as No. 1 hard wheat. During the past ten years the growth of wheat and other grains has steadily increased, until now the production, by 35,000 farmers, reaches over 100,000,000 bushels. Of the 23,000,000 arable acres in Manitoba, probably not one-half of it is occupied. Cultivated grasses yield about two tons per acre, and native grasses a ton and a half.

"There can be no question but that dairying will become a great industry throughout the Northwest, and especially cheese making, as the climate is favorable and similar to that of Ontario.

"Crops grown are wheat, barley. oats, flax, rye, pens, corn for fodder, brome, potatoes roots etc. The soil is very fertile and moisture ample. The climate is good and the growing season, while not quite so long as in Wisconsin, matures crops as the sun shines much longer, rising about 4 o'clock and shines until about 9 at night. One can easily read a newspaper at 10 p. m. The long days make growth fast and push crops to maturity ahead of frost.

"The ranching, the wheat growing and the mixed farming belts all cross over Assinibola. The yield and the quality of wheat raised along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. at such places as Indian Head and its allied districts, have become famous. Its possibilities are shown by the averages of tests made at the experimental farm in 1902, when eleven varieties of the most suitable wheat, sown on April 19, were cut in 130 days, and yielded 4.314 pounds of straw and 43 bushels and 2 pounds of grain per acre. Its mixed farming area is excellent, its range cattle, horses and sheep are the equals of any seen in the Northwest, and its treeless portion is underlaid with coal. The town of Medicine Hat is heated and illuminated with natural gas. There are abundant deposits of brick, pottery and fire clays."

Agents of the Canadian Government will be pleased to mail an Atlas to any one interested and also all other information regarding railway rates,

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