

A new story of Kitchener is said by G. W. E. Russell to be "probably not so very far astray." Cecil Rhodes made more or less trouble for the military authorities in Kimberley, and finally Col. Kekewich one day telegraphed Lord Kitchener that Rhodes's interference was getting unbearable. Kitchener's prompt answer was: "You had better put him in chains!"

Why can't we have civil bank cashiers as well as civil engineers?

Solomon was the wisest man. Who was the wisest woman?

Let us believe neither half of the good people tell us of ourselves, nor half the evil they say of others.

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Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-East, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

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made, but no dearer than the poorest. Has the largest sale of any ink in the world.

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If you have not tried Magnetic Starch try it now. You will then use no other.

It's a lonely day in a yellow dog's life when nobody tries to kick him.

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For children's teething, reduces for inflammation, relieves pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Thou who wouldst give, give quickly. In the grave thy loved ones can receive no kindness.

Try Magnetic Starch—it will last longer than any other.

The principal business of one generation is the training of the next.—Shaw.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

A large, large lady never forgets the man who once called her "little girl."

1900

There is every good reason why

**St. Jacobs Oil**

should cure

RHEUMATISM  
NEURALGIA  
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for the rest of the century. One par-

amount reason is—it does cure,

SURELY AND PROMPTLY



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Instructive and interesting booklet mailed free to all applicants.

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# GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Poor little Mrs. Bouvierie, having given up all idea of attending the chrysanthemum party at Lady Barry's is considerably surprised when, at about 3 o'clock, her son dashes into the drawing room with speed and exclaims:

"The dogcart will be round in five minutes. Jump into your bonnet, mother mine, and we'll trot over to Barrytown."

Mrs. Bouvierie stands up, with a look of pleasure and gratification on her sweet old face. Any little attention from George touches her heart.

"How good of you, my dear boy, to think of me! So sweet of you, George!" she says, reaching upon tiptoe to kiss his brown cheek, pride and love in her eyes.

George had refused to go to the party at Barrytown. He had made an excuse, and his mother thinks, that, seeing her disappointment, he has regretted his decision and changed his mind.

"But are you sure, dear, you don't mind?" she asks, her sweet eyes on his face. "It is good of you to give up your afternoon to take the old woman out."

"Of course, I like going!" George replies, half shame-facedly. "Trot off, mother, and put on your toggery; I've got to change, too."

Twenty minutes later a very spruce and well-groomed young man, with little tiny old lady with a bonnet with violets in it sitting perched beside him, spins down the avenue and out of the gates of the Grange at a pace little short of terrific. Mrs. Bouvierie is frightened, but has every confidence in her son as a whip.

"He is very fresh, dear, isn't he?" she ventures to ask, as the chestnut performs various frantic evolutions.

"Your aren't frightened, little mother, are you?" George says. "We must hurry along, you know, for we've a good bit to go; but there's nothing to be afraid of."

The chestnut is a rare good goer, and steadies to his work presently; but it is dark when they reach Barrytown.

"So good of you to come so far, dear Mrs. Bouvierie," Lady Barry says, in a high-pitched, harsh voice; "and you have brought your son. How very delightful! I know it is hard to get young men to do anything but hunt."

The rooms are full. George Bouvierie's golden head rises out of the crowd. How handsome he looks! Mrs. Saville, seated on a sofa amidst a bevy of friends, remarks wistfully that it is a pity poor dear Mrs. Bouvierie has such a bad, unprincipled son.

"He is breaking his mother's heart," she adds, lowering her voice. "Poor thing!" she told me herself that she has never known happiness since he took to gambling. His father, you know—" And here she lowered her voice still more, and shakes her head till the osprey in her headgear shakes like a field of barley when the wind passes over it.

It won't be Mrs. Saville's fault if George Bouvierie's failings are not magnified into crimes.

George is looking for Barbara. Perhaps she is in the tearoom, and thither he wends his way; and then to the conservatory, which is off the drawing room, and lit with lamps to display the beauty of blossoms there.

Yes, Barbara is there, and Sebastian is at her side. Barbara's cheeks are flushed, and her eyes are sparkling with anger. Sebastian looks moved, too, out of his usual cynical calm.

Barbara's face as George appears is a revelation, and the man's heart throbs.

"You have come," the girl says softly, turning her back on her cousin and looking up from beneath the brim of a black velvet picture hat trimmed with ostrich tips. "I thought you weren't coming."

Sebastian's face is white, and his eyes gleam. How dare Barbara treat him like that?

"Will you come back to my mother now?" he says pointedly to her. "You have seen all the chrysanthemums."

"I am going to show them to Mr. Bouvierie," Barbara says, with a smile that after all is forced. "If you are tired of them, Sebastian, Mr. Bouvierie will take care of me."

Without a word Sebastian Saville walks off, and then all Barbara's carelessness, easy manner vanishes; her lips tremble, and if the lashes hide her eyes it is because she is striving to conceal the tears.

"He was cruel to me," she falters. "George, I am afraid of him."

They are alone, and he takes both her hands in his in a close clasp.

"Let us announce our engagement, Barbara, and give me the right to champion you."

"Not yet," she whispers. "We must wait, George, till I hear from father."

"But that will be weeks and weeks, Barbara," he urges. "How am I to wait and see Sebastian Saville persecuting you?"

"A faint smile curves her lips. "It is foolish of me, George, but I feel afraid of him, he is so cold, so cruel."

"Does he make love to you, Barbara?"

Two troubled eyes look up at him for a second.

"Yes," she whispers, very low.

George Bouvierie is young and passionate.

"It is my right," he exclaims, "to let Sebastian know that you are mine, that you have given your love to me."

And, woman-like, Barbara loves the masterful tones of his voice.

"I will tell my aunt myself," she says, "but she will be dreadfully angry, George. I know quite well Aunt Julia means me to marry Sebastian. She said so over and over, long before—"

Her quick blush finishes her sentence.

"Before you cared for me," George whispers softly.

The lovers do not look at the chrysanthemums after all, but into each other's eyes, for they have entered a paradise that opens to mortals in the days when the heart is young.

## CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Saville is standing in her own room dressed for dinner. Her dress is ruby velvet, very long, and a small lace cap rests on her white hair. On the hearthstand stands Barbara, in a simple white frock, a primrose sash round her slim waist. There is an expression of resolution on her pretty face, but the eyes are wistful and appealing.

Mrs. Saville is putting on her bracelets. Even in her old age she is a vain woman, and casts sundry glances at a face that owes much to art.

Barbara turns round suddenly, her heart beating wildly beneath the white, lace-trimmed bodice of her gown.

"Aunt Julia, I want to tell you something."

The agitation in the young voice does not escape Mrs. Saville. She crosses the room suddenly, and lays two jeweled hands on Barbara's shoulders.

"My dear, are you going to be my daughter? Is that what you are going to tell me, Barbara?"

Barbara turns rather white, but the beautiful blue eyes are brave enough as she looks up at her aunt.

"No, Aunt Julia. I told Sebastian today—this afternoon at Barrytown—that I could not marry him, because I am engaged to George Bouvierie."

It is out at last, the wonderful secret, and the girlish face is covered with confusion.

"Engaged to George Bouvierie?" Mrs. Saville echoes the words wildly. "I am surprised, Barbara! Since when, may I ask?"

"About a month ago," Barbara replies. "George wanted to speak to you, but wished him to wait till I heard from father. He ought to know first," with a pleading look.

Mrs. Saville is very angry. A legend looks over her face, and her pale full eyes scintillate with passion; yet she only gives a short, unpleasant laugh.

"My dear child, do you think your father will sanction such an engagement for a moment? I have no power over you, Barbara—engage yourself as much as you please; but I do not for one moment think your father will allow you to marry a young man who possesses nothing but debts. As for Mr. Bouvierie, he may be very disinterested; but it is far more probable he imagines you have money. But I may as well tell you at once you will have no fortune if you marry contrary to your father's wishes."

"We could not help caring for each other," falters Barbara.

"My dear, with that I have nothing to do. I am sorry for Sebastian. He has loved you for years, and it has been the dream of his life to make you his wife, but of course all that is at an end. Come, Barbara, I feel sure dinner is ready, and Sebastian will not like to be kept waiting—laying her hand on Barbara's arm.

And together they pass through countless long, draughty corridors, Mrs. Saville sweeping along in her velvet gown, inwardly furious at Barbara having dared to become engaged without her knowledge; for Barbara's fortune had been destined to build up the Court and restore the Saville family to wealth.

George does not come any more to the Court. In honor he feels bound not to do so. And Mrs. Bouvierie, coached by Mrs. Saville, also thinks it better not to ask Barbara to the Grange; so the lovers are forced to meet each other how and where they can.

These stolen interviews are truly delightful, and the young people build lovely castles in the air, and count the days till the letter can come from Tasmania, never doubting that the answer will be anything but favorable.

(To be continued.)

"Never!" the girl exclaims, passionately. "And I think you are cruel and cowardly."

"Cruel and cowardly? You shall unsay those words!" he breathes out fiercely, his face close to her scarlet cheek. "Barbara, your beauty maddens me! I have looked upon you as mine for so long, and your father wishes you to marry me. He wrote to me himself."

She lifts her dark head with pride. "And am I to have no voice in the matter? Sebastian, you need not say any more; I have made my choice."

"And so have I!" he says, with a ring of suppressed passion in his voice as he rises to his feet. "Don't think for one moment, Barbara, that I will give you up"—moving away across the room.

The days that follow are unhappy enough. Barbara finds her engagement ignored, and she herself undergoes a sort of domestic boycotting.

George arrives at the Court one afternoon and holds a short interview with Mrs. Saville. That lady gives him to understand pretty plainly that, without the consent of Barbara's father, the name even of engagement is not to be mentioned.

Barbara is under my charge, Mr. Bouvierie, and her father would never forgive me if she made an undesirable marriage. I may as well tell you at once he has other views for his daughter!"

George is furious; but what is the use of being angry? He and Barbara are treated as a pair of children, allowed to play at being engaged if they choose, with the distinct understanding that it can never come to anything.

"Of course I cannot prevent my niece promising to marry you," Mrs. Saville says, with great frankness, turning her heavy, expressionless face on George. "She is quite at liberty to engage herself to any one she chooses; but I feel sure, Mr. Bouvierie, you will have the good sense and taste to agree with me that, under the circumstances, it would be better for you not to visit at the Court until Barbara can hear from her father. You have written to him, I presume?"

Yes, George has written, and colors up as he thinks of his letter, which he had found so hard to write, for he had so little to offer Barbara but his love.

A kind of smile passes over Mrs. Saville's face.

"I suppose you have explained to Mrs. Saville how you intend to support a wife?" she asks, with a degree of sarcasm.

"I have two hundred a year," says poor George, "and in course of time the Grange comes to me."

"Ah, yes, but I fear Mr. Saville may not take quite such a hopeful view as you do."

Which is undeniable, and George feels that he can say nothing in reply.

Mrs. Saville writes herself to Tasmania by the next mail. Barbara watches her aunt as she sits at her writing table, her pen racing over the foreign newspaper, covering page after page abusing George, thinks Barbara indignantly. The letter is posted, and, greatest trial of all, Barbara's love affair is quietly ignored.

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(To be continued.)

HORSES IN WARFARE.

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