

MARCH OF THE WHITE GUARD

SIR GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The cups were passed round. The Sub-factor measured out a very small portion to each. They were not men of uncommon sentiment; their lives were rigid and isolated and severe.

But Jeff Hyde's eyes were bright, and suffering as he was, the heart in him was brave and hopeful.

Late Carscallen was thinking of a brother whom he had heard preach his first sermon in Edinburgh ten years before.

Cloud-in-the-Sky's thoughts were with the present, and his "Ugh!" of approval was one of the senses purely.

And Jasper Hume, the Sub-factor, what were his thoughts?

His was a memory of childhood; of a house besides a swift-flowing river, where a gentle widowed mother braced her heart against misfortune and denied herself and slaved that her son might be educated.

Looking around him now, the debating look comes again into his eyes. He places his hand in his breast and lets it rest there for a moment.

But he came back in the night and sat beside her, and would not go away, but remained there till the sun grew bright, and then through another day and night until they bore her out of the little house by the river to the frozen hillside.

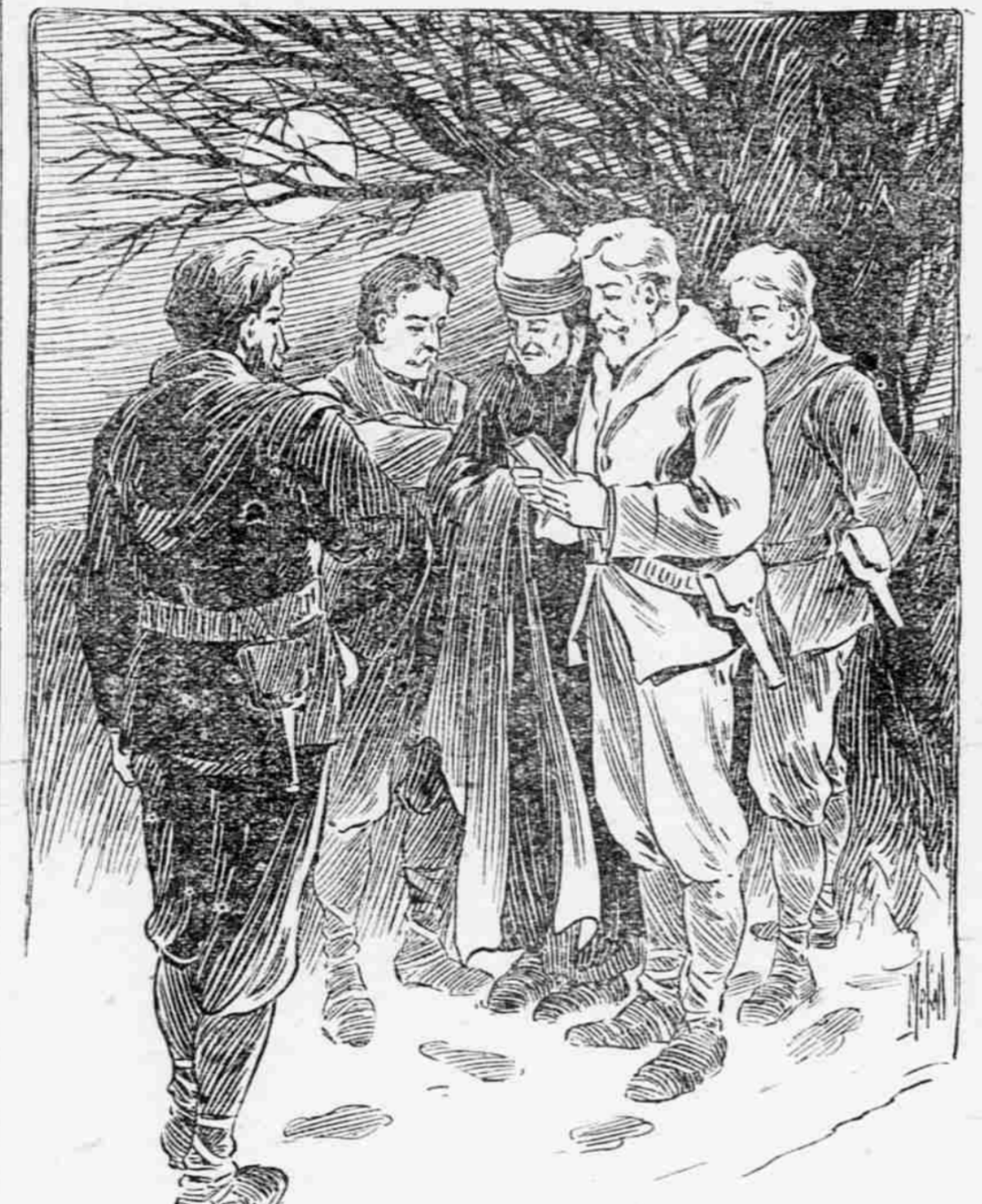
And sitting here in this winter desolation, Jasper Hume beholds these scenes of 20 years before and

follows himself, a poor dispensing clerk in a doctor's office, working for that dream of achievement in which his mother believed; for which she hoped. And following further the boy that was himself, he saw a friendless first-year man at college, soon, however, to make a friend of Varre Lepage, and to see always the best of that friend, being himself so true.

Looking at Jasper Hume's face in the light of this fire it seems calm and cold, yet behind it is an agony of memory, the memory of the day when he discovered that Varre Lepage was married to Rose Varcoe, and that the trusted friend had grown famous and well-to-do on the

carefully look upon the infirmities of men, and to stretch forth his hand to keep and defend them in all dangers and necessities.

Immediately after, at a sign from the Sub-factor, Cloud-in-the-Sky began to transfer the burning wood from one fire to the other until only hot ashes were left where a great blaze had been.



He Read the First Four Verses of the Thirty-First Psalm.

offspring of his brain. His first thought had been one of fierce anger and determination to expose this man who had falsified all trust.

And he was making this journey to save, if he could, Varre Lepage's life. And he has no regret. Though just on the verge of a new era in his career—to give to the world the fruit of ten years' thought and labor, he had set all behind him that he might be true to the friendship of his youth.

These men of the White Guard are not used to religious practices, whatever their past has been in that regard, and at any other time they might have been surprised at this action of Jasper Hume.

no fire is ever lit; a place where the electric phantoms of a nightless land pass and re-pass, and are never still; where the magic needle points not toward the north but darkly downward, downward!—where the sun never stretches warm hands to him who dares confront the terrors of eternal snow.

The White Guard sleeps!

CHAPTER IV.

"No, Captain; leave me here and push on to the Manitou Mountain. You ought to make it in two days. I'm just as safe here as on the sleds and less trouble; a blind man's no good. I'll have a good rest while you're gone, and then perhaps my eyes will come out right. My foot is nearly well now."

Yes, Jeff Hyde was snow-blind. This, the giant of the party, had suffered most.

But Jasper Hume said, "I won't leave you alone, my man. The dogs can carry you, as they've done for the last ten days."

But Jeff replied, "I'm as safe here as marching, and safer. When the dogs are not carrying me, nor any one leading me, you can get on faster; and that means everything to us; now don't it?"

Jasper Hume met the eyes of Gaspé Toujours. He read them. Then he said to Jeff Hyde, "It shall be as you wish. Late Carscallen, Cloud-in-the-Sky, and myself will push on to Manitou Mountain. You and Gaspé Toujours will remain here."

Jeff Hyde's blind eyes turned toward Gaspé Toujours, and Gaspé Toujours said, "Yes. We have plenty of tobacco."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Superior American Workman. Notwithstanding that he has to pay more for his clothes than the English workman, the American dresses himself and his family far better and more tastefully than his English cousin.

JACK'S DELINQUENCY

"Mary, do you think I look as if I had been crying? Well, I suppose the wind has made my eyes a little red."

"Jack—Mr. Harris—didn't meet me at that tearoom downtown as he promised. But I don't care at all—not in the least. I had rather an unpleasant time and couldn't eat anything. It's all Jack's—Mr. Harris'—fault, too."

"You need not make coffee for his dinner. No, nor tea. We'll have just milk. Oh, I know he doesn't drink milk, but we can't always be considering what he likes. By the way, you need not fry the chicken, either. We'll have creamed codfish; Jack detests it, if you can think of anything else that he doesn't eat, you may as well cook that, too."

"No, I'm not in the least angry. No, indeed, I never get angry with my husband. I merely can't always be thinking of his dislikes and likes. He didn't remember his engagement with me today and I—I don't care if I never, never see him again. No, I don't. I suppose I'd get along equally well without him. So, Mary, you may as well get the dinner at once. I won't wait for him—he can eat it cold; though perhaps it would be better to have dinner very late—for he always comes home so hungry."

"Why, it's after five o'clock now. What do you suppose is the reason he doesn't come?"

"Oh, can anything have happened to him? You say he may have been struck by an automobile? Mary, how can you suggest such a thing? You had a friend who was smashed to pieces by one? Oh, oh! If they are bringing Jack home in pieces—I'll love every little tiny piece."

"Oh, some one is coming! It's Jack!"



"But I Didn't Stop."

He's whistling! How can he when I'm mourning him for dead?

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad to see you I can't even think! It—it was such a surprise to—open the door and find you here. I felt sure you were coming to me dead, so I told Mary to put on the hot water—"

"John Vincent Harris, why didn't you meet your little wife in the southwest corner of the luncheon, as you promised? Yes, it was the southwest corner. I remember distinctly, because I kept saying 's' for soup and 'w' for fish. W-h-a-l-e, fish, you know."

"Are you sure? Maybe it was north-west—'n' and 'w,' soup and fish—noodle soup, of course. Yes, that was it. I was there promptly at two o'clock."

"Well, if you think I could do all that shopping and get there at 12 o'clock, you never were more mistaken in your life. Now, John Vincent Harris, do you mean to say that you think more of your business than of your own wife, so that you could not wait two hours for her?"

"Oh, about the lunch. I ordered for you, too, because I knew you would be so hungry. Jack, the waiter, had such handsome eyes! I think he rather liked to look at me—so I ordered more than I wanted and all the things you liked. When you disappointed me I couldn't eat a thing. I gave the waiter 50 cents—he had been so kind. But I nearly fainted when I looked at the bill and discovered that I hadn't money enough—I didn't know things cost so much."

"I wanted to be brave and dash out without paying, and then send the cashier postage stamps, but I was afraid the patrol wagon would come after me, and if the police got me you never, never would know where I was, would you, Jack, dear?"

"So I counted my pennies, pretended that I was in an awful hurry and fairly threw the money at the cashier. Yes, some of the money rolled on the floor—but I didn't stop."

"Now, Jack, dear, please pay me for your lunch and send the cashier a check for seven cents—and you'd better make it anonymous so—so that waiter won't know."—Chicago Daily News.



Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Made of extra quality tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

'Nearthing the Briber. During a recent campaign in England a certain woman called on a laborer's wife and asked if her husband would vote for Lord Blank. "No, he won't," was the reply. "But, remember the blankets and coals you got from the clergyman." "Never mind them. He's been promised a new pair of trousers if he votes for Mr. Dash."

A New Sleeping Car Story. Among the railroad visitors in town yesterday was F. A. Miller, general passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. He visited all of the general offices in town and at the Hollenden Hotel yesterday told a story of one of the sleeping car porters who was recently found asleep while on duty.

Mr. Miller says that while the negro had violated the rules, he was permitted to keep his job on account of his wit.—Cleveland Leader.

BIRD TRAVELS WITH GIRAFFE

Red Billed Weaver Constant Companion of Animal Skyscraper.

The red-billed weaver bird is a constant companion of the giraffe, perching itself upon the withers and flying along when its host takes to flight, and immediately alighting again on its back at the first opportunity.

Giraffes are very swift of foot, and it requires a very fleet horse to run them down. Experienced hunters, however, charge them at full speed, and by this means are often able to run into them, and if the giraffes are fat they will soon become "blown."

But Change of Food Gave Final Relief. Most diseases start in the alimentary canal—stomach and bowels.

A great deal of our stomach and bowel troubles come from eating too much starchy and greasy food. The stomach does not digest any of the starchy food we eat—white bread, pastry, potatoes, oats, etc.—these things are digested in the small intestines, and if we eat too much, as most of us do, the organs that should digest this kind of food are overworked by excess of work, so that fermentation, indigestion, and a long train of ailments result.

Too much fat also is hard to digest, and this is changed into acids, sour stomach, belching gas, and a bloaty, heavy feeling.

In these conditions a change from indigestible foods to Grape-Nuts will work wonders in not only relieving the distress but in building up a strong digestion, clear brain and steady nerves. A Wash woman writes:

"About five years ago I suffered with bad stomach—dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation—caused, I know now, from eating starchy and greasy food. I doctored for two years without any benefit. The doctor told me there was no cure for me. I could not eat anything without suffering severe pain in my back and sides, and I became discouraged."

"A friend recommended Grape-Nuts and I began to use it. In less than two weeks I began to feel better, and inside of two months I was a well woman and have been ever since. I can eat anything I wish with pleasure. We eat Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, and are very fond of it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE? Profit by the Experience of One Who Has Found Relief.

James R. Keeler, retired farmer, of Fenner street, Cazenovia, N. Y., says: "About fifteen years ago I suffered with my back and kidneys. I doctored and used many remedies without getting relief. Beginning with Doan's Kidney Pills, I found relief from the first box, and two boxes restored me to good, sound condition. My wife and many of my friends have used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results and I can earnestly recommend them."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sympathy Not Needed. Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, Norway's famous arctic explorer, now minister to Great Britain, makes light of the sympathy expressed by many persons among the "hardships" of travelers. He says: "There never was such misplaced sympathy as commiserating a man who has lived in the wilds. Most men who travel in out-of-the-way parts of the world do so because they like it. People who live in the center of what is called civilization do not understand, cannot realize, the spell that getting close to nature, battling with nature, has on the heart."

LIMB RAW AS PIECE OF BEEF.

Suffered for Three Years with Itching Humor—Cruiser Newark U. S. N. Man Cured by Cuticura.

"I suffered with humor for about three years off and on. I finally saw a doctor and he gave me remedies that did me no good, so I tried Cuticura when my limb below the knee to the ankle was as raw as a piece of beef. All I used was the Cuticura Soap and the Ointment. I bathed with Cuticura Soap every day, and used about six or seven boxes of Cuticura Ointment. I was thoroughly cured of the humor in three weeks, and haven't been affected with it since. I use no other Soap than Cuticura now. H. J. Myers, U. S. N., U. S. S. Newark, New York, July 8, 1905."

Rich Prize for Scientists. The person who discovers a method of communication between planets will receive \$20,000 from the French Academy of Science.

Worth Knowing. That Alcock's Plasters are the highest result of medical science and skill, and in ingredients and method have never been equaled.

That they are the original and genuine porous plasters upon whose reputation imitators trade.

That Alcock's Plasters never fail to perform their remedial work quickly and effectually.

That for Weak Back, Rheumatism, Colds, Lung Trouble, Strains and all Local Pains they are invaluable.

That when you buy Alcock's Plasters you obtain the best plasters made.

A kiss in time is fine.

Advertisement for Enameline Stove Polish, showing the product tin and text: "Enameline STOVE POLISH ALWAYS READY TO USE NO DIRT, DUST, SMOKE OR SWELL. NO MORE STOVE POLISH TROUBLES."

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills, showing the product box and text: "SICK HEADACHE Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE."

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills, showing the product box and text: "Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES."

Advertisement for Western Canada Farms, showing a map and text: "THE CANADIAN WEST IS THE BEST WEST. The testimony of thousands during the past year is that the Canadian West is the best West. Year by year the agricultural returns have increased in volume and value, and still the Canadian Government offers 160 acres FREE to every bona fide settler."

Advertisement for Grape-Nuts, showing the product box and text: "Some of the Advantages. The phenomenal increase in railway mileage—main lines and branches—has put almost every portion of the country within easy reach of churches, schools, markets, cheap fuel and every modern convenience. THE NINETY MILLION RUSHEL WHEAT CROP of this year means \$40,000,000 to the farmers of grain and cattle. For advice and information address the SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska."