of the miraculous water. His leg was made over at once and he could walk without crutches, while the doctor said to him: 'Your leg is like that of a new born child.' Exactly. An entirely new leg."

No one spoke, but there was an exchange of ecstatic looks.

"And, see," continued M. Sabathier, "it is like the story of Louis Bourrette, a carrier, one of the first miracles a Lourdes. Do you know about it? He had been wounded in an explosion in a mine. His right eye was entirely gone and he was threatened with the loss of the left. Well, one day his daughter got a bottle of the muddy water from the source, that hardly flowed. He then washed his eye with this mud and prayed ardently. He then gave a loud cry. He saw, monsieur, he saw as well as you or I. The doctor who took care of him had written a circumstantial account of it and there is not the slightest chance of doubt."—

"It is wonderful," murmured M. de Guersaint, delighted.

"Do you care for another case, monsieur? This one is celebrated; it is that of Francois Macary, the carpenter of Lavaur. For eighteen years he had suffered from a deep varicose ulcer on the inside of the left leg, with considerable congestion of the tissues, and here one morning he shuts himself up with a bottle of the water from Lourdes. He took off his bandages, washed his two legs and drank the rest of the bottle. Then he went to bed and to sleep, and when he awoke he felt, looked; nothing there! The varicose veins, the ulcers had all disappeared.

The skin of the knee, monsieur, had become as smooth, as fresh as it had been when he was 20."

This time there was an explosion of surprise and admiration. The invalids and pilgrims were entering into the country of miracles, where the improbable was realized at the turn of every path, where one easily went from prodigy to prodigy. And each had his story to tell, burning to bring his proof, to lean his faith and hope on an example.

Mme. Maze, the silent one, was moved to be the first speaker:—

"I have a friend who knew the widow Bizan, that lady whose cure was so much talked of. For twenty-four years her whole left side had been paralyzed. She threw up whatever she ate, she was like an inert mass that had to be turned in bed, and finally the sheets had rubbed against her skin. One evening she was so low that the doctor said she would die during the night. An hour later she came out of her torpor and asked in a feeble voice to have some one fetch her a glass of the Lourdes water from a neighbor's. She could only get this water the next morning, and she cried:—'Oh, my daughter, I am drinking life. Rub my face, my arm, my leg, all my body.' And as the child obeyed her she saw the swelling reduced, the paralyzed and tumefied members regain their suppleness and natural aspect. That is not all. Mme. Bizan cried that she was cured, that she was hungry, that she wanted some bread and meat, she who had not eaten for twenty-four years. And she got up, dressed herself, while her daughter called out to the neighbors, who, seeing her overcome, thought her mother must be dead. 'No, no; mamma is not dead; she has been resuscitated.'"

Tears had come into the eyes of Mme. Vincent. Oh, God! if she might see Rose thus eating with an appetite and running about. Another case, that of a young girl, that had been told to her in Paris and that had gone for a great deal in deciding her to come to Lourdes, came back to her memory.

"I, too, know the story of a paralytic, Lucy Druon, a boarder in an orphanage, still young, who could not even kneel. Her members were twisted round; the right leg, the shorter, had finally turned entirely around the left, and when one of her comrades carried her one could see her legs, like dead, hanging in space. Notice that she did not even go to Lourdes. She simply went into retreat for nine days, and her desire to be cured was so great that she passed her nights in prayer. At last, on the ninth day, she drank a little of the water from Lourdes, and felt a violent commotion in her legs. She got up, fell down, got up again and walked! All her companions, astonished, almost alarmed, cried, 'Lucy walks! Lucy walks!' and it was true. In a few seconds her legs had again become straight, healthy and strong. She crossed the court yard, was able to go up to the chapel, where the entire community, transported by gratitude, sang the Magnificat. Ah! the dear child! she must have been very, very happy."

The tears that had rolled down her cheeks fell on the pale face of her daughter, whom she kissed passionately.

But still the interest increased, the ravishing joy of these splendid tales, where heaven always triumphed over human frailties and exalted these child-like souls to that point that even the most ill sat up and found speech. And behind the recital of each one there was the preoccupation of their own ill, the belief that he would be cured because some identical malady had been effaced like a bad dream by a divine breath.

"Ah!" stammered Mme. Vetu, her mouth drawn by suffering, "there was another, Antoinette Thardivail, whose stomach was eaten like mine; one would think that dogs were devouring it, and it sometimes got as large as the head of a child. Tumors grew there as large as eggs, as well as that for eight months she vomited blood. She, too, was going to die, her skin sticking to the bones, dying of hunger, when she drank some of the water from Lourdes and made them wash the pit of her stomach. Three minutes after her doctor, who had left her the day before in agony, not able to breathe, found her up, sitting in the corner by the fire and regaling herself with the wing of a chicken. She had no more tumors, her face looked youthful again. Ah! to eat again whatever one wants, to be young once more, to suffer no more!"

"And the curing of Sister Julienne," said La Grivotte, sitting up on her elbow, her eyes brilliant with fever. "She had been taken like me, with a bad cold, then she commenced to spit blood. Every six months she would get another and then she had to take to her bed. The last time, it was plain to be seen, she would have to stay there. They had tried every remedy in vain—iodine blisters, hot irons. She was finally pronounced a regular consumptive by six doctors. Well! then she comes to Lourdes, and God knows in what a state of suffering, for at Toulouse they thought she was dying. The sisters held her in their arms. At the pool the hospital ladies did not wish to bathe her. She seemed already dead. Well, they undressed her, and plumped her in unconscious and all covered with sweat, and when they took her out she was so pale that they laid her on the ground, thinking it was all over this time. Suddenly her cheeks became red, her eyes opened, and she sighed deeply. She was cured. She dressed herself again alone, made a great meal, after having gone into the grotto to thank the Virgin. No one can gainsay it, for it was a genuine consumptive, and radically cured as if by hand."

Then Brother Isadore wished to speak, but he could not, so he was obliged to say feebly to his sister:—

"Martha, relate the story of Sister Dorothea that the vicar of Saint Sandens told to us."

"Sister Dorothea," the peasant commenced awkwardly, "awoke one morning with her leg asleep, and from that moment she lost the use of the limb, that became cold and as heavy as a stone. Besides this, she had a fearful pain in her back. The doctors could not understand it. She saw half a dozen different ones, who ran needles into her and burned her skin with lots of drugs. But it resulted in nothing. Sister Dorothea understood very well that only the Holy Virgin could find the remedy, and so she started for Lourdes, where she was put in the pool. It was so cold that she first thought she would die. Then the water became so soft that it seemed almost tepid and delicious, like milk. She had never known anything so nice. All her veins seemed to open and the water ran in. You understand that from the moment the Holy Virgin had touched it life flowed through her body. She no longer felt the least illness. She walked about, ate an entire pigeon that evening and slept happily all night. Glory be to the Holy Virgin! Eternal gratitude to the powerful Mother and to her Divine Son!"

Sister Hyacinthe then told about Paul Delannoy, who was ataxic, who had been cauterized, burned, swung up; who had been fifteen times in the hospitals of Paris, where his case had been diagnosed by twelve agreeing physicians, who, when the holy sacrament was carried past, felt a strength that lifted him to follow with healthy limbs. Marie Louise Delpon, 14 years old, whose legs were stiffened by paralysis, her hands contracted, her mouth drawn to one side, saw her members get straight, the contortion of her mouth disappear as though an invisible hand were cutting the horrible chains that held her. Marie Vachreor, for seventeen years nailed to her armchair by paraplegia, not only ran and raced upon coming out of the pool, but could not even find a trace of the sores that had been caused by her long immobility. And Georges Hauquet, seized with a softening of the spinal cord, who was absolutely insensible, passed without transition from agony to perfect health. And Leonie Chartor, another sufferer from the spine, whose vertebrae protruded considerably, felt her hump melt away as if by magic, while her legs stretched out, quite new and vigorous.

Then followed accounts of all sorts of ills. First, cases of scrofula, more wasted legs made strong again. Margaret Schier, ill for twenty-seven years, her hip entirely gone, anchylosis of the right knee, suddenly falling on her knees to thank the Holy Virgin for her miraculous cure. Philomena Limousou, the young girl from La Vendee, whose left leg was covered by three horrible sores, in which might be seen a caries of the bone, let fall her crutches, and the bone, the flesh and skin were made new. Then came dropsical cases. Mme. Ancelin, whose feet, hands and entire body were reduced without having any idea where all the water had gone. Mlle. Montagnon, from whom they had taken at various times twenty-two quarts of water, and who, when again swollen, had emptied under the simple application of a compress soaked in the miraculous spring, without finding a trace of it in the bed or on the floor. The same way, no trouble of the stomach could resist. All disappeared at the first glass. It was Marie Souchet who vomited black stuff, wasted to a skeleton, who was ravenous, and recovered her flesh in two days. It was Marie Jarland who had burned her stomach by drinking by mistake a glass of sugar of lead, felt the tumor that came afterward melt away. In fact all the tumors went the same way, without leaving the slightest trace.

But what was still more marvelous were the ulcers, the cancers, all the horrible visible sores, that were healed by a breath from above. A Jew, an actor whose hand was eaten by an ulcer, only soaked it and was cured. A young stranger, immensely rich, whose right wrist was afflicted by a wen as large as a hen's egg, saw it dissolve. Rose Duval, who had a hole in her left elbow big enough to hold a nut, caused by a white tumor, could trace the quick formation of the new flesh that covered the hole. The widow Fromond, whose lip was half eaten away by a cancer, only had to bathe it, and not even a red mark remained. Marie Moreau, when suffering fearfully from a cancer in her breast, went to sleep, after having applied a cloth wet with water from Lourdes, and when she awoke two hours later the pain had ceased, the skin was clear and fresh as a rose.

Finally Sister Hyacinthe recounted the immediate and radical cures of consumption, and that was the great triumph; that horrible disease that ravages humanity, and that the incredulous defied the Holy Virgin to cure, was, however, overcome, it was said, by a single motion of her little finger. A hundred cases, each more extraordinary than the other, came up and were told off. Marguerct Coupel, for three years a consumptive, the top of her lungs eaten by tubercles, got up and walked off, radiant with health. Mme. de la Riviere, who spat blood, and who was covered by a continual cold sweat, whose nails were already clinched, about to draw her last breath, had only to drink a small spoonful of water that was forced between her teeth; instantly the rattle ceased, she sat up, responded in the litany and asked for a cup of soup. Julia Jadot had to take four spoonfuls, but she was no longer able to hold up her head; her constitution was so delicate that the disease seemed to have melted her away; in a few days she became very stout. Anna Catry, a degree further advanced, her left lung half destroyed by a cavity, plunged five times into the cold water, contrary to all prudence, and she was cured, with a sound lung. Another, a young girl who had a weak chest, condemned by fifteen doctors, asked for nothing, but knelt simply at the grotto, by accident, and was subsequently most surprised to have thus been cured, as she was passing, by chance undoubtedly, at the time when the Holy Virgin mercifully let fall the miracle from her invisible hands.

More miracles and yet more miracles! They rained down like flowers in a dream from a soft and clear sky. Some were touching, others were childish. There was an old woman with anchylosis of the hand, who had not moved it for thirty years, bathed herself and made the sign of the cross. Sister Sophie, who barked like a dog, jumped into the pool and came out with a pure voice, singing a hymn. A Turk, Mustapha, invoked the White Lady and recovered the sight of his eye after putting a compress on it. An officer of Lurcos had been protected at Sedan; a cuirassier of Reischoffen would have been killed by a ball if the ball that struck his note case had not stopped at a picture of our Lady of Lourdes.

Then the children, the poor, suffering little ones, they also found favor. A little boy of 5, who was paralyzed, upon being undressed and held for five minutes under the icy stream of the fountain stood up and walked; another, 15 years old, who could only scream like an animal in his bed, rushed out of the pool crying he was cured; another, 2 years old, a little mite this one, who had never walked, remained in the cold water for a quarter of an hour, then, merry and smiling, took his first steps like a little man. For all, big and little, while the miracle was in operation, the suffering was intense; for the work of reparation could only be accomplished by a violent shock to the entire human machinery. The healing bones, growing flesh and dispersed disease all passed away in a final convulsion. But afterward, what happiness! Doctors could not believe their eyes, their astonishment increased at every cure to see their patients running, jumping and eating with a ferocious appetite. All these elect ones, these healed women, walked three kilometres, sat down before a fowl, or slept soundly for twelve hours. In fact, there was no convalescence; it was a sudden jump from sickness to health, to renewed members, closed sores, organs restored to their former uses, flesh regained; all these came like a clap of thunder. Science was baffled; they did not even take the simplest precaution, bathing women all during the month, plunging consumptives into the icy water, leaving their sores of open putrefaction without any use of antiseptics. Then, after each miracle, what songs of praise, what cries of gratitude and love. The miraculously cured threw herself on her knees, every one wept, conversions were made, Jews and Protestants embraced Catholicism, miracles of faith by which heaven triumphed. When the miraculously cured one returned to her village all the inhabitants went to greet her in a crowd, while bells rang out their peals; and when she was seen to jump lightly from the carriage cries and sobs of joy were heard, and the "Magnificat" was intoned. Glory to the Holy Virgin! Eternal gratitude and tenderness.

What shone forth most in all these hopes realized, these burning actions of grace, was the gratitude of the very poor and admirable Mother. She was the great passion of all these souls, the almighty Virgin, the merciful Virgin, the Mirror of Justice, the Throne of Wisdom. All hands were stretched toward her, the Mystic Rose in the shadow of the chapels, the Tower of Ivory in the horizon of dreams, the Door of Heaven opening upon the Infinite. From daybreak she shone bright Star of the Morning, brilliant with young hope. Was she not further the Health of the Infirm, the Refuge of Sinners, the Consolation of the Afflicted? France had always been her best loved country, where she was adored in ardent worship, even the worship of womanhood and wifehood, in a burst of divine tenderness, and, above all, it was in France that she had been pleased to reveal herself to the little shepherds. She was so good to the little ones! busied herself continually about them, and it was easy to pray to her, because every one knew that she was the intermediary of love between earth and heaven. Every night she wept tears of gold at the feet of her Divine Son to obtain mercy from Him. And these were the miracles He permitted her to perform; this lovely blossoming field of miracles, sweet smelling as the roses of paradise, so prodigious in size and perfume.

And the train was rolling on—always rolling on. They had just passed through Contras—it was 6 o'clock. And standing up Sister Hyacinthe clapped her hands, once more repeating:

"The Angelus, my children!"

Never were "Aves" wafted above in a more fervent faith or more inflamed by a desire to be heard by heaven. And then, suddenly, Pierre understood, had a clear explication of these pilgrimages, of all these trains that were rolling all over the world, of these hurrying crowds; of Lourdes blazing in the distance like the salvation of both body and soul. Ah! the poor wretches that he had seen ever since the morning, torn by suffering, dragging their sad carcasses in the fatigues of such a journey! They were all condemned, abandoned by science, weary of having consulted physicians, of having tried the tortures of ineffective remedies. And one could comprehend that burning with the wish still to live, unable as yet to resign themselves to an unjust and indifferent nature, they dreamed of a superhuman power—an all powerful divinity—who might, perhaps, for their sakes, overturn established laws or change the course of the stars and come back to a new creation. Was not God left to them, even if earth had failed? Reality was to them too abominable; there arose in them a great longing for some illusion, some falsity. Oh, to believe that there exists somewhere a supreme judge, who rights the apparent wrongs of persons and things; to believe that there is a redeemer, a consoler who is master, who can make torrents return to their sources, give back youth to age, resurrect the dead. To say, when one is covered with sores, when one's members are crooked, the stomach swollen with tumors, the lungs gone, to say that makes no matter, that all can disappear and to be born again upon a sign from the Holy Virgin, and that it is sufficient to pray, to touch her, in order to obtain from her the favor of being chosen. And then, what a celestial fountain of hope, when all these beautiful stories of the cures begin to flow forth in a prodigious wave; these adorable fairy tales, that soothe and intoxicate the feverish imagination of the diseased and infirm. Ever since Sophie Couteau, with her healed, white foot, had gotten into the railway carriage, the illimitable sky of the divine and supernatural had opened, as if they understood the breath of resurrection that was passing by, raising the most hopeless little by little from their beds of misery, brightening the eyes of all, since life was possible for them, and perhaps they were about to begin it again.

Yes, that was it. If this lamentable train was rolling along, always rolling; if this railway carriage was full; if the others were full; if France and the whole world was gridironed by similar trains; if the crowds of the 300,000 believers, carrying with them thousands of invalids, had been put in motion from one end of the year to the other, it was because thither the grotto flamed forth in its glory like a beacon light of hope and illusion, like the revolt and the triumph of the impossible over inexorable matter. Never was more passionate romance written to elevate souls above the rude conditions of existence. To dream this dream was ineffable bliss. If the Fathers of the Assumption saw this year after year the increasing success of their pilgrimages it was because they sold to a people famishing for illusions, for consolation, this delicious bread of hope, for which suffering humanity will always hunger and will never be appeased. And not only did the physical ills demand to be cured, but the whole moral and intellectual being expressed its misery in an insatiable desire for happiness. To be happy, to place the certainty of life in faith, to lean until death on that sole and solid staff—such was the longing that came from every breast, that caused all moral ills to drop on their knees, asking for a continuation of grace, the conversion of dear ones, the spiritual salvation of self and those we love. This great cry was propagated, mounted, filled all space—to be happy forever, in life and in death.

And Pierre had noticed that all, all the sufferers around him no longer were feeling the jolts of the wheels, were getting stronger as each mile was covered that brought them nearer to the miracle. Mme. Maze herself became garrulous in the certainty that the Holy Virgin would give her back her husband. Mme. Vincent, smiling, was gently rocking little Rose, and found her much less ill than those two children they had plunged into the icy water and who played. M. Sabathier joked with M. de Guersaint, and explained that in October, when he should have his legs, he would take a trip to Rome, a journey he had put off for fifteen years. Mme. Vetu, calmed, her stomach only twitching, thought she felt hungry, and asked Mme. de Jonquiere to let her soak little pieces of bread in a glass of milk, whereas Elise Rouquet, forgetting her sore, was eating a bunch of grapes, with her face uncovered. And La Grivotte, sitting on her bench, and Brother Isidore, who had stopped complaining, retained such a happy remembrance of all these lovely tales, that they inquired what time it was, being impatient for the cure. Above all the man for a moment revived. As Sister Hyacinthe once more wiped the cold sweat from his face he opened his eyelids, while a smile lighted up his face for an instant. Once more he hoped.

Marie had held Pierre's hand in her little, warm hand. It was 7 o'clock; they were only due at Bordeaux at 7:30, and as the train was late they went faster and faster in a mad hurry. The storm had passed over and an infinitely pure calm fell from the great, clear sky.

"Oh, Pierre, how beautiful! how beautiful!" once more repeated Marie, pressing his hand with all her tenderness.

And, leaning toward him, in an undertone, "Pierre, just now I saw the Holy Virgin, and I asked for and obtained your cure."

The priest, understanding her, was overwhelmed by the divine light in the eyes she fixed on his. She had forgotten self; she had asked for his conversion; and this act of faith, coming so candidly from this suffering and beloved creature, gave him back his heart. Why should he not some day believe? He himself was overcome by so many extraordinary tales. The oppressive heat of the railway carriage had dazed him and the sight of the misery crowded in there made his pitying heart bleed. And the contagion spread. He no longer knew where reality and possibility stopped, incapable in this mass of stupefying deeds to make a division, to explain some and to reject others. For a moment, as a hymn began again, carrying him on the headstrong thread of his obsession, he was no longer himself; he fancied that he would end by believing in the hallucination and vertigo of this hospital that was rolling along—always rolling with all speed.

(To be Continued Next Sunday.)

### THE WORLD'S WORKSHOP.

Uncle Sam issued 24,000 patents last year.

Submarine cables stretch 150,000 miles.

With the aid of platinum wire, a battery and an electric bell you can hear a plant grow.

French railroads employ 232,000 persons.

Turkish railroad conductors get $27 a month.

Most of the telegraph operators in Sweden are women.

The latest figures bearing on our domestic industry give the loom power at about 9,000. The capital aggregated in the industry reaches the vast sum of $40,000,000, while 30,000 persons are employed who receive in wages yearly from the 173 mills employed in carpet weaving, nearly $12,000,000. The value of the product figuring at the mills for $50,000,000.

A German officer has invented a motor in which a fine stream of coal dust is utilized to drive a piston by explosions in the same manner as the gas in the gas engine.

It has been estimated that at least one-half of the power expended in the operation of the average manufacturing establishment is wasted in overcoming the friction of lubricated surfaces of shafting and other machinery.

Canadian tailors are sending agents to the United States, along the border, to take measures of men and have their clothes made in the Dominion. When the suits have been finished the purchasers go to Canada and bring the articles home free of duty as personal effects. The Treasury department has decided that the practice is a fraud upon the revenue, and steps will be taken to stop it.

The forthcoming report of the commissioner of labor for Michigan will show that out of 2,066 factories inspected between September 1 and February 1, 1893, 1,117 were running full time, 572 part time, while 377 were idle. At the time of inspection there were employed 69,773 males and 10,637 females, while, if running to full capacity, 48,752 more would be employed.

The decrease in the number of children in factories and other employments in England has generally been laid to factory laws. Yet, while outside of New England, our states are deficient both in the existence and enforcement of preventive legislation on this subject, the number of children employed has diminished in the last ten years both absolutely and relatively. In 1880 there were 133,607 children employed in all manufacturing and mining industries; in 1890 only 121,194. In 1880 children were 3.4 per cent of the 3,837,112 persons employed in these industries; in 1890 children were 2.5 per cent of the 4,711,832 persons employed.

Paris is to have a new underground electric road.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pills, safe pills, best pills.

# HOME OF THE CANVASBACK

## A Glorious Morning on Otter Island in Goose Lake.

## ONE OF KING REX'S ACQUEOUS EXPLOITS

**Getting Ready for the Flight—The First Flock In—Among the Decoys—A Big Kill and Mr. and Mrs. Canada.**

MOUNTING the wagon seat, as we halted on the shores of Goose lake on the morning referred to in my last article, Hamilton pointed with his whip off toward the east side of the big basin, and exclaimed:

"There's your canvasback, Sandy, there they are by the hundred."

And sure enough there they were, an half-acre of them. It is doubtful, though, whether the lawyer and I would ever have discovered that they were canvasback had it not been for our host's declaration. To us they resembled simply an immense flock of ducks, with nothing about them to distinguish their species. But it was different to Hamilton's practiced eye. As far as he can see a bird in the air, and I honestly believe he has the most penetrating vision of any man in the world, he can tell you instantly what it is—canvasback, redhead, mallard, bluebill or sprig. He never hesitates, and, more wonderful yet, never errs. When the birds are a long way off—little more than a shadowy line against the background sky—it is apparently from their aerial position and manner of flight he distinguishes them. When closer it is their shape of form which apprises him of their identity, and when closer still, their plumage or cry. He has but to get a flash at a swiftly passing bird to know exactly to what class it belongs.

"Canvasback?" I interrogated half incredulous, but with the one desire of being reassured that no mistake had been made.

"Canvasback! certainly. Don't you see their white backs and breasts flashing in the sun? They are feeding and are under the water about half the time."

That was sufficient. The intermittent fever the lawyer and I had been affected with since leaving Omaha now returned with renewed violence, and we appealed to Ed to get us into our blinds without further delay.

Accordingly it took us but a remarkably short time to transfer our shooting paraphernalia to the island. As we pulled out from the shore the feeding birds in the offing arose in a great cloud, and after circling about in the air for several moments, sailed off over the low sand hills to the south.

Assured that they would come straggling back shortly, Hamilton, the lawyer and I lost no time in getting ready to receive them. Our stool of decoys numbered somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred. We were to shoot from holes on the eastern shore of the island and, wading out some twenty yards, we scattered the decoys carelessly all around the point, arranged our shell boxes and got into our blinds. Hamilton and I occupied one, while the lawyer took possession of another but a few yards distant, and at Ed's command Rex coiled himself up out of sight in the tall brown grass that stood so luxuriantly all over the island back of our hides.

We were all ready. Squatting low in our blinds, which were surrounded by a fringe of broad-bladed marsh grass, we waited, Simeral and I impatient and feverish, Hamilton imperturbable, confident, watchful.

On either side, across the watery expanse, was a broad sweep of barren plain and sand hills, swelling from the very shores of the lake. Here and there bunches of cactus, withered and dead, strewed their dull tints, hardly detectable amid the universal greenish yellow. Heavy clouds, with bright edges, had crowded into the sky, and the whole scene was fitful with lights and darks. Sometimes a struggling beam lighted sudden and startling on the top of a shadowed sandhill, overflowing it with splendor. A fresh shadow then darted from the base, peeling off the light until the whole mass frowned again in gloom. So with the uneasy lake. Now it showed one sullen hue; a gleam would break forth, widening until dazzling gems danced upon the surface, followed by a leaden tint, which closed like an enormous lid over its broad, sparkling face. A growl of thunder echoed around the scene, as if the frowning hills were giving vent to anger.

"I don't like that!" exclaimed Hamilton. "I am afraid it means all kinds of weather. Mark!" The last sharp monosyllable sent the blood coursing through our veins and, bending still lower behind our grassy barricade, we peered eagerly off across and up and down the lake.

"There they come—canvasback—over the hills to the south," directed Ed, who had evidently noticed the anxious glances of the lawyer and I.

Then we discovered them—a gray line—possibly twenty birds—against the whitish clouds, yet like meteors cleaving the air our way.

"Careful now—they will be onto us before you know it," continued Hamilton. Then he gave three or four sharp, crow-like squawks on his caller and pushed his Lefever out before him. Billy and I, of course, were there before him.

The flight of the canvasback duck is something to be marveled at always. No other bird that I know of cuts the trenchent air with half his lightning speed. He is surely the racer of the skies. On any mission he goes through the air at a rate of anywhere from eighty to one hundred miles an hour. If he has business anywhere and has got to get there he puts at least two miles a minute behind him and does it easily, too. If you do not believe this just shoot at the leader of a string of canvasbacks who are on a business errand sometime and see for yourself. Shot travels pretty fast, especially out of one of Chamberlain's champion shells, and if you are so lucky as to bring down one of the birds, see if it isn't about the tenth or eleventh one back of the drake or leader. A drake does not always lead, however, as the above remark might induce you to believe, but generally does if there is but one in the bunch. If there are more they seldom pilot, but a wise old hen will be found in this responsible position. If you wish to bring her to grass you must pull ahead ten or twelve feet at least, and if she falls it will most likely be at a long distance off, say one hundred yards or more.

Truly, as Hamilton had admonished us, the birds were onto us before we could realize it. On they came, straight as a string, and looked as though they must pass high over us. But our decoys and the seductive notes Hamilton had sounded on the air, did their work effectually. When five hundred yards away the birds fairly dove down from their onward rush and came in over our decoys with a swish of wing that fairly took our breath.

The lawyer and I were upon our feet together and we gave them four barrels before Ed had time for a word of caution. Seeing what we had done he shot, too, bringing down a big drake with his last barrel as the birds, with electrical velocity, were cutting across the lake. Billy and I, although we were a trifle premature, hadn't done so bad, though, for two birds with their white bellies uppermost were floating shoreward, while the third, a wing-tipped drake, was cutting through the white caps off toward the line of rushes to the northeast.

"You were too quick. Don't shoot—he's too far out now. He'll dive in a moment, then Rex will tend to his case," remarked Ed hurriedly, as he saw the lawyer about to pull on our wounded bird.

The next instant the drake went down, and motioning to Rex, who had kept his bright, sparkling brown eyes on the escaping duck, Hamilton exclaimed:

"Go get him, Rex."

With a leap the dog was out of his grassy perdu and with an anxious whine plunged into the lake. Straight out, past the floating dead birds, and through the bobbing decoys, with powerful strokes the royal spaniel clove his way to the spot where the drake had disappeared. Here he halted, looked about impatiently, then began paddling in a circle, suddenly raising himself high above the waves, he dashed away again.

"There's your bird," said Ed, as the rufous hood of the drake broke the surface again, off about forty yards to the right of the dog. "Rex will get him, and I want you to watch close and see how he does it. If the canvas dives, so will he. They can't fool Rex!"

The dog was now rapidly overhauling the fleeing fowl, and we were expecting to see him nail him any second, when suddenly up shot his pointed tail and into the deep he went like a flash. But you can partake of our surprise when I tell you that Rex did precisely the same thing—went under after him, and with none the less agility at that. To prove this assertion and also that the wounded drake had miscalculated the distance, Rex's shapely head came thrusting itself up through the water again, almost instantly, and the drake was in his mouth!

"Fetch him!" yelped Ed, as he proudly turned to the lawyer and I, who were watching this marvelous work spellbound, but in deepest admiration.

Again, I reiterate, as a retriever, Rex is second to no dog in the world. I have shot over many good dogs, but have yet to see one that could be mentioned in the same day with Hamilton's matchless champion.

"There! knock that redhead down, Sandy! he's yours!" was the cry from Ed that brought the lawyer and I back to earth.

A single bird had swung right into us, notwithstanding our upright positions. I gave it to him, both barrels, and so did Simeral, but he kept going until Hamilton's gun cracked, when he fell, just as if he had flown plump against a stone wall.

"Don't worry over that, you were not ready, you know, and I was, and that makes all the difference in the world in duck shooting. Still, that was a pretty good long shot I made, eh?" and Ed looked quizzically at Bill and I, who felt as if a good kicking would do us good.

"You bet it was," I replied, "but blamed if I ever made a worse shot. Why, he was right on top of me!"

"Of course he was," got back the lawyer, acrimoniously, "and if you had kept that old cannon of yours down I could have killed him with a bow and arrow!"

"Mark!"

Hamilton's quick eyes had descried another flock of birds and, like the component parts of a piece of well-oiled machinery, we all went down into our blinds together.

Rex had brought in the wounded bird, and Ed had crushed his stout skull with his teeth, when he discovered the second gray line above the hills.

"Now, don't be in a hurry this time—yes, they are canvas—they will come down like Helen Blazes, sweep past our decoys, but will circle and come back. They always do this, and if you will allow them they will light right among the decoys. Squawk! squawk! squawk!"

Here they come, just like the first flock, so many white and slate-colored racers, each one apparently striving to get in first, but so evenly are they matched that none are able to outstrip his fellows.

It is a blood-tingling moment, a trying one on the nerves of the restive gunner.

S-w-i-s-h-h-h! They skim along over our decoys with dizzying speed. Then they start off up into space again, as if bound to the clouds. But they are not. They have mistaken our decoys for feeding relatives and intend to join in the banquet. They make a sweeping circle, then come back with that same wild rush of wing and gleaming red of iris. The lawyer and I hold our breath, for before we can fairly credit our senses fully two-thirds of them slide into the water, just off our decoys, like so many feathered apparitions. The balance of the flock, as if by some strange intuition of danger, do not come back, but keep on their way south, and are soon lost to view beyond the hills.

"Don't be in a hurry," whispered Hamilton, "they will not fly. Just watch and see what they do."

For a moment the birds sat perfectly still, then they began to move with the almost imperceptible motion of a thistle down upon calm water, first to this side, then to that, inspecting their wooden counterfeits curiously, half suspiciously all the time. Finally, as there seemed to be no occasion for alarm, the whole flock, and there must have been three dozen of them, converged slowly together, then timidly began approaching the decoys. Now they would halt and glide off to one side, then back again, as if yet afraid to approach too near. Suddenly, as they bunched well together again, and looked as if they might be off at any second, Hamilton said:

"We might as well raise now, boys, and give it to them!"

All together we stood erect, but instead of flying instantly as we expected, the birds sat still a moment on the water, craning their thick necks, until we could see the flash of their deep red eyes, evidently more astonished than ever. They did not dally long, however, to satisfy any useless curiosity, but with a loud splashing and a few spasmodic squeaks arose in a body, and we let them have it.

It seemed as if there was a rain of dead and wounded canvasbacks, for no less than ten birds fell at the reports of our Lefevers. Think of that! Ten canvasback at one fell swoop, or six fell swoops, rather, for each man let go both barrels. More canvasback than many a hunter has killed in this region, anyway, in a half-dozen seasons.

This may not be a very edifying or creditable confession, but I do not believe there is a single sportsman in the country, let it be President Cleveland, ex-President Harrison, George A. Boyd of Philadelphia or even the veteran old president of the far-famed Cuvier club, Cincinnati, and lifelong wild fowl hunter that he is, Len Harris, would have done ought else than we did, under similar circumstances. This sentiment about the preservation of game birds is all right enough for discussion, but when it comes to practicing the same in the midst of a scurrying flight of such incomparable birds, why the man isn't there, that's all.

After shooting over the "cripa"—which must be done at the quickest possible moment on canvasback, we all crouched down in our blinds again, for the air off to the south now seemed full of birds. They seemed to be moving aimlessly in all directions and Hamilton said a storm was not far distant.

There was no need of this warning, the damp, crispiness of the increasing winds, told us that a change was about to occur. The distant hills were looking darker and darker through the misty air, and glummering more and more indistinct, until they were entirely shaded in. Over the head of the lake ragged scuds were flitting, and afar to the north we could see that the rain was already falling.

"Mark, boys! Geese!" again warned our vigilant host, who had been standing to better his view of the oncoming storm.

"There are but two of them, but they are Canadas; don't you see 'em there to right low over the water? They are coming straight in and you and Simeral take them; if you fail, I'll be ready."

Hardly had Hamilton delivered these words of advice when the geese, a pair of big Canadas, came flopping nonchalantly in. The lawyer and I were onto our job, and when the great birds were close enough for us to see the whites of their eyes, we arose. There were two quick reports and both birds fell dead among our decoys.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Sweet breath, sweet stomach, sweet temper? Then use DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

TRY A MERCANTILE

EXACT SIZE PERFECTO!

THE MERCANTILE IS THE FAVORITE TEN CENT CIGAR.

For sale by all First Class Dealers. Manufactured by the F. R. RICE MERCANTILE CIGAR CO., Factory No. 304, St. Louis, Mo.

*"There is, in fact, no publication which enters into serious rivalry with it."*—New York Tribune.

THE CENTURY WAR BOOK

G. A. R.

Every Grand Army man remembers very well exactly what position *he* took in the battles of the civil war; possibly even the position of his company, at most his regiment.

G. A. R.

Reminiscences of the war form the chief enjoyment of a post meeting. Any relic, picture, or account is welcome. Though over and over told, all anecdotes are ever new.

G. A. R.

The book for every G. A. R. Post's library, for every G. A. R. man's library, is the "Century War Book." It is made up of the famous war articles that appeared in the Century Magazine a few years ago.

G. A. R.

Readers of this paper may have this great production in its present popular form (the original bound edition is $22 to $28) at the smallest price ever asked for such a work.

G. A. R.

The terms are as follows:

On page 2 of this paper will be found a War Book Coupon, 4 of these coupons of different dates will, when accompanied with ten cents, entitle the holder to Part No. 1 of this book. The whole work will be complete in about 20 parts, bound in heavy paper covers; a new part will be issued each week, and coupons will be printed daily until the series is complete. Any 4 of these coupons, with 10 cents, entitles you to any issue or number of this book.

**FOR CITY READERS**—Bring coupons, together with 10 cents, to the office of The Omaha Bee, where you can obtain one part. Others parts will follow weekly.

**FOR OUT-OF-TOWN READERS**—Mail to War Book Department, Omaha Bee, coupons and 10 cents in coin. Be particular to (1) state the number of the part desired; (2) your name and full address; (3) inclose the necessary coupons and 10 cents. The part you request will be sent, post-paid, to your address.

Palace Office Building OF OMAHA.

ABSOLUTELY FIRE PROOF.

NOT A DARK OFFICE IN THE BUILDING

68 VAULTS.

INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LIGHTS

PERFECT VENTILATION

NIGHT AND DAY ELEVATOR SERVICE.

THE BEE BUILDING.

DIRECTORY OF OCCUPANTS.

BASEMENT FLOOR.

FIDELITY TRUST COMPANY, Mortgage Loans.
WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, Remington Typewriters and Supplies.
FOREST LAWN CEMETERY ASSOCIATION.
WALTER EMMONS, Barber Shop.
OMAHA REAL ESTATE AND TRUST COMPANY.
W. N. NASON, Agent Union Life Insurance Company.
REED JOB PRINTING COMPANY.
STEPHEN A. CROWE, Buffet.
R. E. CAMPBELL, Court Rotunda, Cigars and Tobacco.
THE OMAHA LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION, G. M. Nattinger, Secretary.
MUTUAL LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION.
HODGIN TAILORING CO.

FIRST FLOOR.

BEE BUSINESS OFFICE.
AMERICAN WATER WORKS COMPANY.
P. F. EKENBERG, Fresco Painter.
SUPERINTENDENT BEE BUILDING.
SWART'S PRIVATE GYMNASIUM.
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
STEARNS FRUIT LAND CO.
Y. W. CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

SECOND FLOOR.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
C. S. ELGUTTER, Law Office.
DR. CHARLES ROSEWATER.
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOMS.
J. W. SQUIRE, Loans.
GEORGE E. TURKINGTON, Attorney-at-Law.
HARTMAN & ROBBINS.
C. HARTMAN, Inspector Fire Insurance.
MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.
H. A. WAGNER, Agent United States Accident Insurance Company.
EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
JOHN A. WAKEFIELD, Lumber.
READ & BECKET, Attorneys.

THIRD FLOOR.

R. W. PATRICK, Law Office.
UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE CO.
ANGLO-AMERICAN MORTGAGE & TRUST COMPANY.
DR. O. S. HOFFMAN.
M. R. TRAUERMAN, Attorney.
EQUIT