THE HEART OF FORT TSCHEU

By HASKETH PRICHARD.

sea, and, in its turn, overlooked by a tropi- please them." cal sun, stands an ancient fortification, from the summit of which the British flag lags fazily in the still air. Away to the rim of sight the shallow swells wash among many sprinkled islands, where the dim life of the far east still dreams on untouched by the centuries. It is a water junk haunted, and where it slips up into the mainland through long and tortuous inlets pirates are said to dwell in sun-smitten lagoons. Yellow pirates, blue amethyst seas, black and unthe end of her run toward the rising sun. The site of the fort had been chosen by some long-forgotten strategist. Its natural powers of defense were remarkable, and a instance. good deal of modern masonry engrafted upon these old-world beginnings still lifted an uneven yet solid front seawards.

Such is Fort Tcheu viewed close at hand. From the home standpoint things look different. It is no more than an outlying post of the empire, about which we worry very little, although feverish Canton correspondents invariably mention it in connection with French interests. Yet we refuse to believe that the French have coveted Fort Tcheu for at least a decade. Their gunboats and cruisers nose stealthily in and about the little bay under the fort to reconnoiter, their officers are entertained by Tcheu's small garrison, and afterward long reports as to the strength of the batteries and outworks somehow find their way to Paris for the edification of the war office there. For it happens that a mile or so to the southwest, and almost out of sight in with houses, its shores fretted with shipping, lives out its hot, busy life under British rule. The loot of that island hive serves

as a dream to the navies of the world. During a certain war scare, not yet grown gray, a French gunboat of 1,000 tons, more or less, drew slowly up out of the bay, and the rattle of her anchor chains struck clear across the lonely morning water.

The French captain was on the bridge with his first lieutenant, gazing at the twin hills, at the right of one of which the old fort sat

"My friend," said the captain, a shortlegged Gaul, with a pointed beard, "we must not fail. Presently we go ashore, when you will carry the little camera. Sir Ronald Brusil has given me a letter of introduction to Colonel Lennard. They say M. le Com-mandant has a daughter." He grinned significantly at the slender, handsome young fellow beside him. "You, Francois, will engage the attentions of this young lady and by some little ruse of a tender nature procure for me photographs of the defenses we have so long desired. To linger with mademoiselle on the roof after dinner-how natural! how delightful! You comprehend?"

Lieutenant Francois intimated that he entirely understood. He only deprecated the fact that mademoiselle must inevitably possees the teeth of Albion-so large, so in

M. le Captaine shrugged his shoulders. It was not a question of teeth, but of photographs of the defenses, the strength and position of the batteries. For his part he had met several beautiful English womenhere he laughed in a suggestively reminiscent manner. For the sake of his lieutenant he hoped the girl was beautiful, but, if not, he urged upon Francois that the ugly ones appreciate flattery all the more. However, one would see. To begin with, Colonel Lennard would be invited to inspect the

Francois remained on deck while the dawn changed into orange morning, and he reflected that after all in China even an English miss would help to pass the time, besides keeping his hand in for future successes amongst the most desirable of his own countrywomen. As he thought over these things the chink of picks from the direction of the fort traveled to his ears and the watch of the Loup-garou came aft with sandstone, buckets and brooms to clean the decks in anticipation of an exchange of international courtesies.

Meantime the Fort Tcheu garrison awakened to the fact that a gunboat had come up from the Tonquin station. They had heard of the Loup-garou and of its commander, Captain Merovinge, before. He had been recently appointed and was proportionately full of zeal and curiosity.

"I know exactly what we shall all expected to do," Miss Lennard said to her father over the breakfast table, while the breeze from the sea fanned the pretty chestnut curls upon her forehead. through the same stupid program. Two formal visits-our dinner to them and their invitation to us to visit the ship, and all the while bowing and compliments for you and Mr. Cannon.

"None for you, Cardelia? That does not accord with my experience," Colonel Lennard laughed.

"O, of course, a share for me too. But I don't like the French. They are tootoo-what shall I call it? too French in fact. Still, there may be some amusement to be got out of it-who can tell?" she ended thoughtfully.

Colonel Lennard put down his coffee cup and wrinkled his forehead.

"No amusement for me, at any rate. The fact is, Cordelia, the French want some-They never come here without reason. This time they have brought a letter from Sir Robert, and are to have a run of the bay for a week while they are waiting to fill their bunkers from the next collier that comes along. And that means incessant bother. I must send for Cannon."

Now, it happened that at this period Fort Tcheu was credited with possessing a heart for probably the first time during the variously calculated number of centuries 1 had frowned from the bare desolation of the Wang-Tcheu-Fung ridge. The explanation is simple. Miss Lennard had appeared at a few of the rare festivities given along the coast, and some British subaltern in an amorous moment had spoken of her as "the heart of Fort Tcheu." The epithet clung as epithets will, especially since, for

many reasons, it was considered a peculiarly Miss Lennard helped herself to fruit while she listened to the echo of rapid feet ascending the long flight of steps behind the "I hear some one coming," she said, as a young man in a white uniform appeared between the whitewashed pillars at the further end of the veranda. He gave plore you, not unknown." her a quick look from his brown eyes as he

came up to the table before he shook hands. 'Are the French officers coming ashor at once?" asked Cordelia with quite unneceasary interest. "How delightful! You

know I like the French." Colonel Lennard stared at this, but he had not been the father of a pretty grown-up daughter for the last ten months without learning that there are things in heaven and earth not dreamed of in male philosophies.

"Look at this, Cannon." Colonel Lennard handed a letter across the table. "Brastl says the French are at us again and that we must humor them in one way or another. There is, it appears, a little soreness among a moment when some blamed idlot has been saying that Fort Tcheu is being placed on

(Copyright, 1836, by Hasketh Pritchard). | out I can't imagine, but it's infernally awk-Overlooking the blue waters of the China ward. I really don't see how we are to

> Cannon raised his alert red head after moment's thought. "Faith, I'd show them around, sir. That

would gratify them anyway." The commandant rose abruptly from the table. "Don't be a fool, Pat," he said testily.

I rather relied upon you for a suggestion. I tell you it seems to me just one of those stupid dilemmas that a little tact should handy sailing craft, and occasionally the help one cut of. Yet I can't see my way long smoke-trail of a big steamer nearing to it."

"Just so, sir. I wouldn't show 'em round all at once. I'd let them see things by degrees-round the northeast batteries, for "You don't mean. Why, they will see-"

"I can arrange all they will be interested in seeing in forty-eight hours, sir. They'll be off in a week-after that-" Lennard suddenly burst into a great laugh

as his subaltern's meaning grew clear to

"Gad! yes, Pat-show 'em round." Many things fell out as Cordelia Lennard she had not-openly at least-predicted. The formal visits were exchanged, the formal invitations to the customary dinner which she listened to his rhapsodies. She under his heavy moustache. were sent out to the Loup-garou by a yellow sleep while he worked continuous gangs of storms, the fevers and the climates! men along the galleries of the old northeast behind the sheltering ridge, an island, roofed busy as an anthill, although from the outside racial exaltation of spirit. When Pat Can- while, an indifference that they were absolutely

doing nothing to strengthen an important in Paris were shouting "A bas Albion!" him. 'Conspuez Albion!" and the papers teemed organization, but the army-what of that? Contemptibly small, broken and fragmentary, In these and many more telling similes did Captain Merovinge indulge. In fact, had Britain been preparing herself at all points for war she would but have given another evidence of her ancient and inalienable perfldy; yet, since she seemed to be merely going about her own business as usual and with serenity, the imaginary insult flung in the face of France appeared doubly bitter and unforgivable in the eyes of the officers

of the Loup-garou. But that is the way of Frenchmen. Ignorance is the mother of a numerous family of wrongs, thus Pat Cannon's energetic days and nights went by entirely unappreciated by those who watched and waited in the bay under the very mouths of the guns which claimed so much of his

But whatever it might be to the others, there was one person to whom the week was a time of feverish pleasure and excitement. Francois went ashore with Merovinge and was agreeably disappointed in the daughter of the commandant of Fort Tcheu. She was blonde, and her teeth were not in evi-dence except when she smiled and then-Francols pressed one hand to his heart and blew away a kiss with the other when he recalled it. She was distractingly pretty, and peasessed of a soft frankness of manner

which is not to be met with on the southern side of the English channel. He found that his inclinations and his duty to France led for once in the same direction. He paid Cordelia the most adorable compliments and admired himself predigiously in the process. In fine, he did everything to ingratiate himself with Mile Lennard that could be expected even from one of his gallant nation.

The dinner party ashore was a grand affair for the place and clime. Old wines came up from the bowels of the fort. Captain Merovinge spoke wittily of the arts of Paris, with an airy pointedness of Cairo, and then passed on with a fine enthusiasm to dwell on the twin services and their affection for each other. While Francois, speaking into a small, shell-like ear, dwelt at length upon the sad beauty of the night, on music, on song, on-well-amatory problems. His original desire to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the English girl for a time had by the conclusion of the evening merged into a resolve to win her favor for always. It matters not at all that a Frenchman's "always" is often bounded by the day after

tomorrow. Let it be owned, and at once, that Cordelia behaved outrageously. Colonel Lennard did not appear to notice Pat Cannon, who had spent the whole night and part of the day in his shirt sleeves working like a navvy with successive gangs of men behind the northeast face of the fortification. If he disapproved he did so unobtrusively, and the French commander beamed propitiously around him. As for Francois, cold English

annot convey his sentiments. After dinner they went up to the roof, and the young Frenchman murmured in the moonlight of loneliness.

"Yes, I am very lonely-sometimes," ad mitted Cordelia with a little air of sadness which seemed from the heart. "Speak to me-tell me of your lonely

hours, mademoiselle; I can feel for you. also have been lonely." Mademoiselle merely smiled divinely. She knew better than to inflict her thoughts on

Francois. With a woman's art she put the next question. "How can you know? You have compan ions, friends-

"Companions? What are they?" he replied 'The soul is lonely and fall of longing until the happy hour arrives when all the solitude is made up for by the touch of that one adorable sympathy a man has to dream of!" Cordelia gazed out across the shining water to where the spars of the Loup-garou

"La recompense," she said, in a low tone, then, shaking her head slowly, she added 'But such meetings are rare. "Rare, yes,"- he ventured to bend toward

trembled in shadow on the tide.

her, "but not unknown. Say to me, I im-Cordelia allowed him to meet a flying glance from under her long lashes. delight of such a rencounter is enhanced by its rarity," he continued. "Mademoiselle, have you never enet with one who could

understand you?" Cordelia's fair face looked preternaturally rad and wistful under the moon as she said a low voice:

'Have you?' Francois afterward declared that he could have died of that charming whisper. "Tonight, mademoiselle!" he answered

rapturously And then, ah, evil fate! it was time to say goodnight and depart in the captain's gig. But even separation had its alleviations. He them at present, and he thinks if we could paced the deck of the Loup-garou during was filling up her bunkers, when Francois give 'em a show in here and soothe 'em his watch and saw the daylight grow into a down a bit it might serve our interests at | pallid circle through the porthole of his cabin | begging her to see him again. That if it fawhile he still dwelt ecstatically not only cilitated matters, the whole ship's company ridge looking toward the island, but though drift of things they are compensatory, and upon Miss Lennard's claims to admiration - were ready to go ashore with him. For in they may be much more useful they are not if we only give to science a reasonable time

pretty, hesitating French-although it was Cordelia's invitation to others besides himthe French of Montreux and Brussels-but self mean; a natural desire on her part to also upon the flattering response his atten- veil her real motive, which was no doubt to secure a tete-a-tete.

tions had drawn from her. In the morning Merovinge took occasion appeared to go" (here Merovinge winked in highly complimentary manner), "as the Americans say-on veels! Francois replied with happy self-ap-

reclation, adding a warm comment upon Miss Lennard's attractions. "She is beautiful? Ah, yes! Have I not

said that there are English women-ah, the most bewitching?" the captain sighed retrospectively. "I? Yee, yes, I know it!" But Francois had little interest to squander ipon Merovinge's past triumphs.

"The back of mademoiselle's neck," he went on, "white, innocent, exquisite-one sees its counterpart only in a little child or in the picture of an angel!" Merovinge came back from his own tender

ecollections with some diseatisfaction. "Indeed?" he said rather coldly, he had the leave he found necessary to fulfill the she satisfied even the exigent vanity of her duty France required of him.

plied him with such apt and intelligent ques-

It appeared empty and placid enough, and non came aboard later, smart, straight, alert Captain Merovinge remarked to Francois as usual, with many apologies for the delay slowly agreed to the proposal. Cannon dethat nothing was more offensive about the duty had forced upon him, Francois received murred a little, but his objection was over-English than their arrogant folly, which him with effusion. This kindly feeling was ruled, and Francois led the way with Corallowed them to take matters with so easy yet further increased when he observed Can- delia, his heart beating in his throat, as in non go up to Miss Lennard and say a few imagination he saw himself being decorated words, to which the young lady gave a short | for his achievement. station such as Fort Tcheu, while the mob answer and promptly turned her back upon

"You can fetch your adorer and his monkey with haired and menace. He confessed the gang along any time tomorrow." Pat Cannon British fleet to be a sufficiently formidable had said, rather sourly, it must be admitted, for Cordelia's behavior toward the dapper French lieutenant pleased him little. She already dispersed to the four winds of the was playing a part, perhaps, but it appeared

> up the running with Francois immediately. Now, Francois had had his own prepara tions to make for the reception of his fair alone with her enamored companion. guest. Early in the morning, after shaving, he had occupied himself in his cabin by fered, and Francols made the request he had taking down the photographs of the girls of | been working toward since he arrived in yesterday, his former conquests, and hiding | Tcheu bay. them in a book. It was not desirable that the present and the past should meet. So

beyond the market, were deposed.

the fleeting character of his own regard for the English girl, yet he desired above all things on earth to leave upon her memory a she looked so beautiful. tender recollection of himself that should never be effaced. In the future he would dwell with a delicate pleasure upon the to be a shy delight. That was as it should knowledge that far away Cordelia Lennard still sighed for his loss, still treasured his design. words and looks in her heart. Even when

Filled with these praiseworthy intentions neck, and she seemed more than ever adorof fact, she didn't. She merely thought it stuffy, but was too civil (and interested) to

By an unfortunate mistake she put her hand upon a book that lay upon the tablethe book into which Francois had put the yesterdays. A yesterday fell out. It was a striking photograph of Coralie of the opera. Francols picked it up skillfully.

"My beloved mother," he said, "before her marriage to the hero, my father." "Which?" asked Cordelia innocently. She had caught sight of more than one. "The others are my sisters," he hastened

to add.

"You have a great many sisters," she remarked with interest. "How many?" Now, Francois had no means of knowing the exact number of yesterdays which Miss Lennard's sweet blue eyes had seen, so

he left an easy margin and answered-"Fourteen "Really? Fourteen? Do let me

"Spare me your eyes, your-"Where are you, Cordelia. Time's up!" the colonel's big voice rolled through the open door from the mess room.

"You are coming ashore tomorrow asked Cordelia timidly. "We-we could go over the fort. Your friends might like to Francois was transported with his luck.

"Alas! dear mademoiselle," he replied with what joy and dispatch would I come! To see the fort naturally affords me precisely the excuse I need to bring some of my comrades with me, but that favor is denied to us by your jealous country.'

Cordelia stood for a second, thoughtful. "Should you really care to come?" she asked demurely at length. The ardor of his reply left nothing to be

"Then I think I can manage it father always allows me to do as I like. Why should we not go over the fort?" She looked inquiringly at him.

"But Captain Cannon? What of him?" Some instinct told Francois that Cannon's red head held the acutest material available at Fort Tcheu. Cordelia opened her eyes with a certain

lignified astonishment "Are you not aware that my father is the ommandant?" Had Francois belonged to any other race, he must have betrayed his real meaning by ome useless denial. As it was, he tried

"I comprehend that, dear mademoiselle. but were I M. le Captaine Cannon I should to be. What they actually were is given here, use every artifice to keep other men from together with the comments of the gentleworshiping at the shrine of my own devo-

Cordelia colored.

He followed her on deck trying to soften her evident annoyance, but it was only at the gangway, that he ventured to whisper,

'A demain?" but Cordelia gave no sign. arrived with coal, and the little gunboat in desperation sent a note to Miss Lennard.

A couple of hours later an invitation to to congratulate him on his success. 'That luncheon arrived from Colonel Lennard for Captain Merovinge and the officers of the Loup-garou. Francols was naturally of the party that went ashore in response. He had no manner of doubt that the festivity had been worked by Cordelia, and was in some thape an answer to his impassioned appeal.

At luncheon he surpassed himself. Even derovinge gave place to him. The others been worked by Cordelia, and was in some shape an answer to his impassioned appeal. Merovinge gave place to him. The others had also their orders, and were as comparatively silent as it is given to Frenchmen to They allowed Francois to take the floor, so to speak, and he availed himself of the chance in a manner that thrilled his compatriots. He was magnificent. He sunned himself in the smiles of the fair, he told stories of the duels he had fought and the dangers he had braved, he dwelt on his approaching departure with a point and a quiver of feeling that won him many compliments later on round the mess table not observed the back of mademoiselle's on board. And all the time Cordelia's attenneck, but he was prepared to take its charms tion never flagged, she sympathized and on trust. Meantime, Francois could have all looked terrified in the right places, in fact

The party from the fort that came Francols, however, directed most of his aboard the Loup-garou for dejeuner in conversation to Pat Cannon, whose labored cluded Colonel Lennard, his daughter, and politeness delighted Cordelia. For, in spite a pink-faced young subaltern of marines. | of all, Cannon was as jealous as a red-haired Cordelia was handed up the gangway by man has a right to be. He was a young fellow the incomparable lieutenant. He paraded of parts and sagacity, but he was very human her about the deck, he spoke to her of his and Cordella, like many other women, dealt hopes and his struggles, of his past, of his hardly with an affection of which she felt had foreseen, also some other things, which future, of his ambitions. He was plainly secure. Colonel Lennard understood the making rapid headway in the girl's heart. various elements of the scene wonderfully, judging from the absorbed attention with and smiled from time to time grimly enough

At length lunch and Francois' tales of his messenger in a little white boat. And mean- tions, she realized, with a fullness the affec- own prowess came to an end. It was still time Pat Cannon sweated and slavel and tions alone can teach, how great were the too carly in the day to go upon the roof, and swore, and hardly gave himself time to dangers he must face in his career, the Cordelia proposed an expedition by some sheltered passages to the fort, where in a He perceived himself to be the envy of cool gallery with embrasures open to the front. The mound for three days was as his comrades in arms and glowed with a sea the men might smoke and saunter for a

Cordella had put on a big white hat that only made a frame to enhance the beauty of her face.

What Francois said during that memorable hour, his eloquence, his pathos, can never be written down, but he cunningly led the fascinated girl hither and thither, past endless sentries, who, however, stood only rigempire could not the gallant soldiers of to him that she entered into the fun-if fun idly stupid as the couple paced the length of France pick them off the face of the earth it was with a quite uncalled-for amount of the fortification. It may be added that Coras a fowl swallows insects on a rainy day? zest and enjoyment. Cordelia only replied: delia herself was astonished at the extraor-"Very well," in her coldest tones, and took dinary number of men on guard, the fact being that Cannon had no idea of allowing her to be for one moment out of earshot

After a time a favorable opportunity of-

"Dear mademoirelle, you will permit me a recollection?" he said with eagerness, as he Coralle of the opera comique and handsome | produced his camera, "I scarcely dare to Marie Girrol of Marseilles, the girl who lives ask so much, but in the lonely moments at sea, when, perchance, the last storm that I Now, it must be understood that Francois am destined to hear is blowing, I will take in the depth of his consciousness recognized one last look at that exquisite face. You cannot refuse me?"

Cordelia's eyes were alight. Never had "To place with your mother and sisters?" she demanded with what Francois deemed

be. She had clearly no suspicion of his real

They were on one of the bastions. Two married to some dull, coarse-grained British old sun-warmed guns frowned innocently out husband she would turn back through the over the gleaming water. Francois begged years with appreciation of the superb young Miss Lennard to place herself by one of these, turning an apt compliment out of the contrast. He was inclined to be a little e fluttered about her endeavoring to deepen | contemptuous of the girl's blindness and her the impression he believed himself to have facile responses to his flattery and advances already made. The wind had blown the soft Moreover, he largely despised the British, chestnut curls about her brow, her ears, her who could look with complacency upon these obsolete pieces of artillery or remain ignoable. He took her below to show her where rant of the very patent fact that the whole her lieutenant lived. He fancied she would fortification would be about their ears in ten always picture him there, his hair wet with minutes under the shells of a man-of-war, the spindrift of the stormy seas and other against which they must be entirely helpless, heroic concomitants. She would make that as none of the ancient specimens of castcabin the home of her romance! As a matter | iron he saw about him could throw any projectile more than 100 yards-and that

> be descried from the spot where he stood. Ah, the future! He placed Miss Lennard, and, retiring, got his focue. In many places and in divers positions he photographed her and with her the fortifications coveted by the war office

crooked. And then he turned with zest to

take a look at the opulent island to the

south, one small corner of which could just

at Paris. As his professional outlook brightened the more warmly glowed the words of the inflammable Gaul. At the first picture she was "chere mademoiselle," before the last she was-but never mind. Miss Lennard might read this story and then where should I be if I told?

That evening Merovinge said: "My friend, let me ambrace you! You have achieved a success! You have achieved an immense service to France and to me! Be tranquil! You will have your reward!" Francois responded as was expected of him, but his heart was unreasonably heavy, and though he tried to persuade himself that the great desire he felt to develop his plates was only the outcome of professional zeal, that it had nothing whatever to do with the numan interest contained in the photographs, ie was obliged before long to own that his motives were not purely patriotic-were in

fact a little mixed. So the Loup-garou put out to sea, and Francois, gazing back at the receding fortcrowned ridge, acknowledged to himself that ne had indeed conquered, but the conquest had left a sting in his memory. As the shores of China were growing with every moment more indistinct there came across the amethyst water a dull, reverberating noise, and then again, and yet again. It was almost as if blasting were going on. Captain Merovinge opined that the English were probably trying to fire a salute from "those

guns! On the Tonquin station it is very difficult. almost impossible, to get leave of absence, and so a weary month wore on while Francois yearned to return to China. The photographs and information had been duly sent o the proper authorities in Paris, and upon their answer Francois built hopes of securing time to return to Fort Tcheu, for that desolate spot he now knew had an irremediable hold upon his heart. Judge then of his feelings when a letter arrived for him to touch the fingers that somehow eluded bearing upon it the unforgotten handwriting his, while he replied with a fine theatrical of mademoiselle. He clasped it to his heart and retired to his cabin to read its contents Goodness only knows what he expected them man to whom they were addressed:

"Dear M. Francois-I hope you have no quite forgotten Fort Tcheu and ourselves. "My father is calling me," she answered (Nevaire, mademoiselle!) Do you remember those photographs which you took while you were here? (Francois cast his eyes upon one of them which hung over the the last moment, when she was already on locker.) I am going to ask you a favor. (It is already granted, ma belle!) I was very fond of the old fortifications, but our stupid a war footing. How anything has leaked her eyes, her hair, her figure, even her the interval he had begun to imagine that nearly so picturesque as the old, and I it will leave us none of that labor to be done

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would let me have a copy of one or two Then comes the uneasy question as to what away and get a place in one of the newlyof the views you took that day. My hus- is to become of the classes thus deprived of created superior callings. He is not such a band sends his compliments to all on board occupation. The working classes themeslyes fool as to weste his time in applying for an the Loup-garou. And, thanking you before- often curse the progress of invention, and opening as an electrical engineer. But there hand, I remain yours sincerely.

"CORDELIA CANNON." SCIENCE AND LABOR.

New Callings for Men Displaced by Modern Machinery.

It certainly seems at first sight to be an economic danger this educating of the laboring man and woman to be far too good for laborer's work, says a writer in the Nineteenth Century. Let us cast our thoughts, the decades that bring the peril are also bringing the remedy. Science is steadily sweeping away all those humblest classes of his shoulder. The donkey engine does the purely animal part of the work. The reaper is replaced by the machine and the plowman is fast receding as the steam plow up planks as in the olden days. The need

of men to do the work of horses is steadily diminishing. It is true that science has by no means conquered the whole domain. There is still much scrubbing of floors to be done by men and women on bended knees, and coal is still hewn out with pick and axe and the use of muscle, with but little use of brains. And yet, even in our fertile country, science never works by revolution, but only by progress. One doman after another has gone. Where are now the army of water carriers, and chair porters, and night men and sawyers whom our grandfathers used to require? Imagine, if ships had still to be moved by galley rowers, what millions would be doomed to a beast-like toil. Some parts of the big domains of unreflected labor will long he left untouched, but the process is going forward, and it is clear that while education is rendering the lower classes unfit for Thus another day passed. The Rebecca government had condemned them as effete the humblest sorts of occupations, science -(Mon Dieu)! I don't know whether I is steadily sweeping away these occupations. mentioned that to you when you were here? It would be too much to hope that these pro-(What perfidy!) They were destroyed the cosses should be at all times strictly proday you left! There are new ones on the portioned to one another, but in the general

bitterness of feeling. And yet there was a time when a whole army of manuscript book however, over a wider horizon and see how copiers had to give way before the advent of the compositor.

But the difficulty is always evanescent, for

here, too, there are compensating influences employment. Hardly any man has now to at work. For if eclence is abolishing occutoil up ladders with the hod of bricks upon pations at the lower end of the scale, she is creating new ones at the top. Think of the hundreds of thousands of men who in England are now employed in callings that had the upper end and abolishes those that are no existence sixty years ago, the telegraphers more or less brute-like at the lower, and so makes its appearance. We rarely see long and phonographers, land machinists of a lines of men, laden with coal bags, running hundred kinds. In the last decade or two is, therefore, no reason to feel uneasy at a what an army of skilled man have been demanded by the invention of the bicycle, the telephone and the electric light. As compared with the beginning of the century, think of the long array of marine and locomotive engineers, the chemiste, the journalists, the draughtamen, the teachers, the pest- famous little pills for constipation and liver men, railway perfers and tram conductors, and bowel troubles. What a multitude of callings are there which are either new or else newly stocked, so that while the population has quadrupled, their ranks have been multiplied a hundredfold. But it is the entirely new employments that strike the mind most forcibly, and any one who runs his eye down a census of the oc cupations of the people will satisfy himself that in England of the present day one-fifth part of the adult male population find their livelihood in callings that had no existence

when the century began. Thus while science takes away with one hand it liberally bestows with the other, but into my left leg I won't keer much, kase what it takes away are the low-class occupations and what it gives are the high-class ones, demanding intelligence and cultivating humanizing.

are tempted to look upon it as no friend to is a gradual creeping up that is always taktheir welfare. There are now, it is true, no ing place. And yet the transfer is much less longer any machine-breaking frenzies; but effected by the promotion of individuals than the difficulty often arises in an scute, though by premotion of generations. No doubt it ellent, suffering. Unfortunately society has sometimes happens that the intelligent always to travel to permanent good through plumber steps into the new opening for an transitory ills. When an army of composi- electrical engineer, and leaves a gap which ters is dismissed because some one has in- some one of an inferior calling steps into, vented a machine there is excuse for some the gaps being filled in succession until, perhaps, the riveter, thrown out of work by the introduction of hydraulic machinery, finds a vacancy at last and steps into it. But it more frequently happens that the plumber educate his son to be an electrical engineer, and the carter apprentices his boy to the plumber, and the dock laborer sees , his young folks aspiring to be carters.

Thus the general drift of the whole social scale is steadily upward in proportion as science provides intelligent occupations at humanity as a whole is the gainer. There You never know what form of bleed polson

will follow constipation. Keep the liver clean by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers and you will avoid trouble. They are

A Georgia Philosopher. Atlanta Constitution: "How's all the

family? "Right peart." 'An' how'd yer crap turn out?"

'Jest middlin' 'An' how's the lame mule a-doin?" Only toll'able.

"Bank much 'taters?" "Right smart." 'An' yer rhoumatism-how's hit?" 'Well, hit's done left one j'int an' crope into another, but ef I ken jest rub bit down

half that leg is wood." Geo. Noland. Rockland, O., says: "My wife

The general tendency is, therefore, had piles forty years. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her. It is the best salve in But, of course, it never happens that the America." It heals everything and cures