

There is a movement in the direction of woman's suffrage in France.

About \$200,000,000 worth of registered United States bonds are held by private individuals.

TWO SPANISH bacteriologists, Drs. Boet and Acosta, have made a very unpleasant discovery. It is that old, greasy and crumbling bank notes weigh more than new ones do.

The Argentine Republic is rapidly becoming a prominent competitor in the business of supplying grain to the European markets.

Samory, the great Mohammedan chief of interior Africa, is about the last semi-savage of the dark country to yield to civilization and the force of arms.

The railway companies of the United States have no reasonable cause, asserts the New York News, to complain of their business for the fiscal year.

It is estimated that there are 10,000 books of poetry in the National Library at Washington. The rules of the library require the keeping of every copyrighted book, so that the collection must include an enormous amount of trash.

The reclamation of the arid wastes of southwestern desert lands proceeds marvelously apace. Another reclamation company was incorporated at San Bernardino, Cal., a few days ago, with a capital stock of \$2,500,000.

It illustrates the need of a Pacific cable that the news of the two most important events in the Hawaiian episode passed between Washington and Honolulu only after traveling backward round the globe some 21,000 miles in order to compass a direct distance of some 5,000 miles.

HEARTS OF GOLD OR THE HEIRESS OF MAPLE LEAF FARM



GENEVIEVE ULMER

CHAPTER VII. MYSTERY.

The snow fell deep that night. It was the first wintry storm of the season, but the over-freighted clouds hovered low until dawn, and field, forest and farm lay clothed in a robe of spotless white when day broke.

There was not a tremor in the form of Farmer John as he came down to the breakfast table, not the quiver of a muscle was visible in his starchy face.

He was even cheerful, and he spoke to the hands and to Ralph Prescott as if nothing in the world had happened to disturb the serenity of the home circle, as if the vacant chair at his side did not exist.

If the iron had pierced his soul he had cauterized the jagged wound with the pride, stubbornness and endurance that would have made of him an excellent martyr in the days when they burned men at the stake.

He gave his orders calmly. When he apportioned Ruth's customary work to the dairymaid there was not the token of a tremor in his voice.

Any one faced Ralph Prescott approached him as he hustled to the door in his great coat.

"Mr. Elliott," he said timidly, "I want to speak to you."

"About that girl?" demanded Elliott, turning sharply.

"About Ruth—yes. You know—"

"Stop! I forbid you ever to mention her name under this roof again. She is as dead to me as if she were buried fathoms deep in the sea. I'm sorry for you, my boy, but you and I must try and work some comfort out of the middle of a lying thief and a disobedient daughter have left us in."

Ralph Prescott looked glum and then crafty. Affairs were bad, decidedly so. He had lost Ruth. A far more sordid thought oppressed his mind just now, however. Would he lose old Geoffrey Forsythe's money as well?

He wandered about restlessly that day, over the farm, through the village. There was no trace of Ruth. The storm might have swallowed her up, for all the clue the most persistent inquiry brought as to her whereabouts.

"She's gone with him," muttered Prescott, sourly. "They were married, sure enough and legally enough, for the minister says so. Paul Dalton has won the prize, but if I can win the money—"

He reflected over that phase of the case for many hours. Old Geoffrey, as he understood it, had left his fortune equally divided between himself and Ruth. That of course had the tacit condition attached that they would eventually wed one another.

Now, as soon as the old recluse understood the new complications in affairs, he might make an entirely different disposition of his wealth.

He was whimsical and crotchety. Getting older, he disliked to be disturbed. "Since he talked to me about that money I lost at gambling, that some busy-body told him about, he hasn't been so bland to me," soliloquized the anxious Prescott. "I half believe, if he did not think I was to marry Ruth, he'd change the will, and cut me off without a shilling. I only wish he'd die while the will stands in my favor! Had I better go and see him? I will. I must look sharp, or I'll find myself in a pretty bad position. My revenge! Bah! Matters are far worse for me than before I tried to drown that miserant of a Dalton. I've lost everything, and he has gained everything he was after—the girl."

Ralph Preston did go to the home of the recluse. He found Geoffrey propped up in bed, and looking like a man at his last gasp.

at the tavern informed him that old Geoffrey had sent that afternoon for his lawyer, and that later a doctor had been hastily summoned.

"I'm going to have a talk with old Elliott to-night," mused Prescott. "I'm going to know if I'm to expect a fortune or nothing. I've been abused and defrauded all around, and I'm going to get something out of the wreck in some way."

There was an alarm at Maple Leaf Farm, however, before he reached home. A messenger had come from old Geoffrey in hot haste.

The invalid was dying, he said. And when Farmer John reached the lonely house in the village the old man had breathed his last.

At the funeral the next day few noticed particularly the reticent, plain-looking nurse who had been with Geoffrey Forsythe in his last illness.

Her presence was not questioned even when, after the funeral, the few mourners gathered at the house to meet the lawyer of the recluse at his own request.

Farmer John looked glum and uninterested, but Ralph Prescott's crafty face glowed eagerly.

"I simply wished to inform you of the last requests of the deceased," spoke the lawyer. "He made a new will yesterday, destroying the old one."

"Ah!" Ralph Prescott fluttered restively.

"To your daughter, Mr. Elliott, he has left this house and ground, with the expressed wish that the nurse here, Mrs. Easton, keep it in order till she chooses to appear."

Farmer John set his lips savagely. "To you," addressing Ralph Prescott, "he has left four receipted bills—debts you contracted at the horse races last week."

The plottor turned white with rage and chagrin.

"Maple Leaf Farm, Mr. Elliott, goes to you individually."

"And what of the rest of his fortune—the stocks, bonds and money in bank?" grieved out the baffled and disappointed Prescott.

"All that he has bequeathed, for some strange reason best known to himself, to Mr. Elliott's former superintendent, Paul Dalton!" was the lawyer's amazing reply.

CHAPTER VIII. LIGHT.

The affairs of Farmer John and his family had become a source of unremitting speculation for the gossips of Ridgeton, and the disappearance of Ruth and the strange will of Geoffrey Forsythe constituted a veritable nine-days' wonder.

People were amazed. Just as a cyclone, terrible, sudden and blighting, sweeps over a smiling landscape and leaves ruin and devastation in its track, so the unexpected had come to Maple Leaf Farm, wrecking hearts, destroying the home rest, and leaving traces of bitterness, hidden only by stubborn pride and the mute endurance of a stoic.

People talked, but Farmer John gave no explanation of it all; only from the farm hands could they gain the particulars, and rumor at last sifted the situation down to several very significant and startling facts.

Paul Dalton, an ex-convict, had robbed his generous master and had stolen away his daughter.

John Elliott had indignantly evicted his former superintendent, and had disowned his child for wedding him secretly.

A somewhat more than was expected him at Maple Leaf Farm, as he was expected to remain there, but this did not suit him.

He wanted money for his gambling exploits, and Farmer John was disappointed.

He visited the tavern early and late, seeking solace for his disappointments in the wine cup, he became a silent, sullen devotee at the festal board, drowning his cares in inebriety, and ready to quarrel with the first man who even gave him a pleasant word.

At the end of the week he was no nearer guessing the rights of the matter of the singular will than before.

One night, however, there came a development that interested him, staggered him, aroused him, and set in vivid action all the scheming elements of his evil nature.

A great crony of his was a young fellow named Evans, a clerk in the village postoffice.

He came to the tavern to drink with his friend, and upon this especial evening he made the casual remark:

"I say, Prescott! that nurse, Mrs. Easton, up at old Forsythe's house, is getting to be more of a mystery than ever."

"Is she?" growled Prescott, wearily.

"Yes. She comes and goes with that black veil of hers drawn down, like some specter. To-day, though, she mailed a letter at the postoffice that I saw."

"Did she?"

"For a fact; and say, Prescott, who do you think it was directed to?"

"Well, who?"

"Guess?"

"Oh, don't bother me. What do I care about it?"

"You will when I tell you that the letter was directed to your esteemed friend, Paul Dalton."

Prescott looked up, a startled, evil, lurid glow in his wicked eyes.

"What!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, Paul Dalton."

Ralph Prescott sat looking into nothingness, but his breath came fast, and his eyes emitted scintillations of hatred and revenge.

"What was the address?" he asked.

"I only saw the name. I was going to fish out the letter later, but forgot it."

The information set every crafty instinct in Prescott's nature agog.

It suggested much. Why was this mysterious, unknown Mrs. Easton corresponding with a man whose address even the lawyer did not know.

AMBER AND AMBEROID

Mardian Queen of Trees that Produced Millions of Years Ago.

A. Becker, of East Prussia, a member of the firm who own and operate the greatest amber mines in the world, the Anna and the Palmnicka, located on the north coast of the Baltic Sea, said recently:

"Our firm supplies over 90 per cent of the amber and amberoid sold in the markets of Europe, Great Britain, Asia, Japan, China, and America."

We employ in our mines and manufacturing processes about 2,000 people, who prepare our products for the market, ready for the manufacturer. We make no manufactured goods. Our output is the crude material amounting annually to about \$1,000,000."

Mr. Becker then exhibited an elegant cigarette holder of white amber ornamented with gold.

"This holder," said he, "exclusive of mounting, is worth \$8." Continuing he said, "Very little of the real amber is shipped to the United States. Most of that which is called amber here is only amberoid."

"Amber is the gum of a conifer, of what species no one knows. It belonged to the first period of vegetation of the earth. No one knows what climate these trees grew, as no fossil traces of them are left for geologists. It is not improbable that they produced amber and were stationary millions of years ago. Dr. Klebs, of Konigsberg, the highest authority on this subject in the world, says there are 2,000 different varieties of insects found imprisoned in amber, and this gives us a pretty correct idea of the fauna in the remote ages in which they lived. They give us besides evidences of that period of which we have no other trace. It is very interesting to compare these insects with those now existing, as the common fly, for example. Others, again, are entirely different, showing distinct species. Dr. Klebs's theory is that the amber was carried to East Prussia during the glacial epoch and imbedded in the blue earth where it is found. This blue earth is very heavy clay, and the strata vary in thickness from three to twenty-seven feet. Dr. Klebs considers that the imbedding process occurred in what geologists term the tertiary period.

"The right to mine amber or to take it from the sea dates back to the time the first knights who colonized East Prussia appeared—in the fifteenth century. They had the primary right to mine. Subsequently the right merged in the Government, which granted the privilege to private parties for an annual consideration. My firm pays to the Prussian Government every year 1,000,000 marks for the right, which equals about \$250,000 in your money. We mine and market between eighty and ninety different sizes of amber for shipping. The largest and most perfect specimens are made into mouth pieces of steamships, railroad coaches, and on fine furniture.—[St. Paul Globe.]

The Canary's Mirror.

Not long ago my wife purchased a canary at a bird store. It had been accustomed to companions of its kind at the store, but at our house it was entirely alone. The pretty little songster was evidently homesick.

It would not sing, it would not eat, it drooped and seemed to be pining away. We talked to it, and tried every means in our power to cheer the bird up, but all in vain. My wife was on the point of carrying the bird back to the store when one day a friend said, "Get him a piece of looking-glass." Acting on this suggestion, she tied a piece of a broken mirror about the size of a man's hand on the outside of the cage. The little fellow hopped down from his perch almost immediately, and going close looked in, seeming delighted. He chirped and hopped about, singing all the pretty airs he was master of. He never was homesick again.

He spends most of his time before the glass, and when he goes to sleep at night he will cuddle down close to the glass as he can, thinking very likely, that he is getting near the pretty bird he sees so often.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

A Dog that Humped for Eggs.

Occasionally a stray fowl would come to our yard. This Carlo mentioned by keeping it constantly on the move, not by making it run, but simply kept it walking about persistently unless it flew into the street, when he considered it gone and pursued it thoroughly. As the chicks began to lay he took it upon himself, without any teaching by us, to find and bring in the eggs, never sucking any and rarely breaking them. If broken, it was because he had them down too heavily upon the nest, he was sure to miss her egg, he was sure to miss her egg, he would search her out, then get her eggs, he could reach them; if unable to do so, he would stand and whine till he came.—[Science.]

Death of the Poet Priest.

GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass., Feb. 26.—Rev. Father R. J. McHugh, called by James Whitcomb Riley "The Poet Priest of Berkshires," is dead of consumption, after a serious illness. He was a young man of great promise and much poetic ability.

New York Legislature.

ALBANY, Feb. 26.—The efforts of the legislature this week will be devoted mainly to local legislation.

Gen. Early Holding His Own.

LEWISBURG, Va., Feb. 26.—Gen. Early's position at the morning that his position is holding his own.

SUNDAY'S SERMON

Subject: "The Human Face."

"A man's wisdom maketh his face to be countenanced, but the boldness of his face shall be softened."—Proverbs 16:32.

A little change in our English translation brings out the better meaning of the word which sets forth the character of the face as developed by the character of the mind. The main features of our countenance are decided by the Almighty, and we cannot change them, but under God we decide whether we shall have countenances beautiful or hateful, soft or stern, wrathful or gentle, benevolent or modest, courageous or cowardly, frank or sneaking. In all these things God there is nothing more wonderful than the human countenance, though the longest face in the forehead to the bottom of the chin and the broadest face in the nose, yet in that small compass God has wrought such differences that the 1,000,000 of the human race may be distinguished from each other by their facial characteristics.

The face is ordinarily the index of character. It is the throne of the emotions. It is the battlefield of the passions. It is the mirror of the soul. It is the geography of the soul. It is the index of the character before our birth, and the index of the character we form during our life. The face is the most beautiful and most expressive of our countenance shall be pleasant or disagreeable. This is so much so that the most beautiful and most expressive of our countenance shall be pleasant or disagreeable. This is so much so that the most beautiful and most expressive of our countenance shall be pleasant or disagreeable.

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