

LOTS OF MONEY IN IT.

Life of a Spy Though Hazardous is Lucrative.

The word "spy" has an ugly sound owing to its many unpleasant associations, yet in war time spies afford an army aid which is as valuable as it is highly remunerated.

One of the maxims for commanding officers in a book for their guidance written by Lord Wolsley, is that a successful spy must be pitted and made much of. The management of spies is very difficult. Out of every ten employed by an officer commanding a war district, he is fortunate if one gives him truthful information. It is a most important thing that spies should not be known to each other. Great care is generally taken by officers that each spy shall imagine that he is the only one employed.

It is very necessary that all bona fide spies should have about their person some means of proving themselves really to be what they represent themselves. For this purpose, a coin of a certain date, a Bible of a certain date, a Testament with the seventh or fifteenth leaf torn out, are generally employed.

By their means a spy who was employed by an officer in a neutral state, making his way to headquarters of the army in the field, could thus make himself known to the Intelligence Department there. In some instances it is considered that a password or sign should be employed, as it is less compromising. The putting up of the right hand to the ear and then to the left ear, or some such gesture, is generally employed.

The more extensive the ramifications of the system, the better are the chances of escaping detection. It is very necessary that officers of the Intelligence Department should be provided with specially prepared paper, upon which letters can be written in ink that does not become visible until it has been subjected to some chemical process. It is also necessary that a letter in ordinary ink should invariably be written on the same paper containing the information that is required to keep secret.

Although a spy runs the great risk of immediate death if he is detected, yet the service is not without glory at times, and is certainly extremely lucrative.

A REMARKABLE RING.

One of the most interesting little curios in the world.

The most charming little ring and interesting little curio in the world is the property of Mr. Temple, of London. This gentleman is a nephew of the celebrated Sir Richard Temple, and the ring in question is a highly-prized old family heirloom. Its history is pathetic and romantic in the extreme.

Inside of this tiny circle of gold are the works of a perfect little music box. You touch a spring and hold the ring quite close to your ear. Then you hear the sweetest, wardest, finest little tune, which seems like a voice from the spirit land.

This ring was once in the possession of one of Mr. Temple's ancestors, who lived in France. He was a staunch royalist, and in the days of the Revolution, he valiantly espoused the cause of the unfortunate Louis and his lovely, doomed queen, Marie Antoinette.

He was arrested, thrown into jail, where he lingered for days and weeks. One of the few pleasures in the gloomy solitude of his dreary dungeon was to listen to the voice or tune of the little musical ring, which he always wore on the third finger of his left hand. He had inherited it from his grandfather, who had it manufactured in Genoa at great cost.

One day, sullen faced men, heavily armed, came to his dark dungeon and told him he must follow them. He knew that this meant the guillotine. He stepped bravely out to meet his fate, determined to die like an English gentleman and a brave man. And he did.

A strange fancy took possession of him just before they led him to the block. He touched the spring of his little ring and lovingly held it to his ear. It sang its little tune merrily and briskly.

Then the signal came. He laid his head on the guillotine which a few hours before had known the life blood of a queen.

In the course of time the little ring found its way back into the Temple family, but it was silent. Its present owner took it to a London jeweller, who found in the mechanism a clot of blood that for years had lain there and impeded the working of the machinery.

This was removed and the little ring sang again the same little tune that beguiled the many sad hours of its former owner.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

The revival of gardening is almost the most interesting movements in the outdoor life of modern England. It is more than a revival for the flower garden of to-day is more beautiful and contains more flowers and finer flowers than any garden the world has ever seen. It is more permanent than a taste. It is an art well understood in thousands of country houses, not only by the servants, but by the owners.

The modern flower gardening has its "schools," in which the formalist and the naturalist compete on principles well understood, and in their competition advance the common cause of the service of the beautiful. At the present moment the "naturalists" are in the ascendant. They have developed and improved hundreds of the hardier outdoor plants; they have shown how and where they should be planted.

THE DAY AFTER.

Mrs. Mixer—Tell me the worst, doctor, is my husband's condition serious?

Doctor—There is no cause for alarm, madam; he is now out of danger, although suffering acutely from enlargement of the cerebral glands.

Mrs. Mixer—But, doctor, how do you suppose it was brought on?

Doctor—On a tray, probably.

THE MEAN THING.

Miss A.—When I asked to sing I don't say, "No, I can't sing," nor wait to be coaxed, but sit right down at the piano and sing.

Miss B.—Leave it to the company to find it out for themselves.

Little Willie—Say, pa, when a man fails in business, what is meant by his liabilities? Pa—The sum for which his creditors get left, my son.

Through Storm and Sunshine

She must weather the storm alone. She must stand alone guarding the honor of her house. For evil days had dawned upon Lancewood—evil days for the beautiful home where heroes and lived and died, where pure and noble women had lived almost saintly lives—evil days for the grand old home where no shame had ever been sheltered. She stood as guardian of the place, trying her best, doing her best, yet wearing her heart away in bitter sorrow for the evil she could not remedy.

The sympathy of the whole county went with her. There were few houses in which the imprudent conduct of Lady Nellie was not canvassed. It was all the same to "miliadi." She laughed at it, and she would do as she liked. She ruled with Monsieur de Nouchet, he insisted on his being treated as an equal, she scoffed at all advice; she dressed, she sang, she laughed, danced, flirted, and pleased herself; while no further mention was made of Oswald's lessons, and Gerald Dorma silently went on teaching.

So the dreary months rolled by, and Vivien found that slowly but surely all her father's old friends had given Lady Nellie up. Vivien herself was not discarded. She was invited to the best houses in the county. Lady Nellie's name was passed over, no significant allusion to it was made, she was invariably refused. Then she became defiant. She braved her neighbours' contempt—she was seen often than ever riding with Monsieur de Nouchet.

"Why does she not marry him?" people asked. The question could have been answered by "miliadi" herself.

Months passed on, and as winter drew near "miliadi" began to find Lancewood dull. While she had plenty of visitors—while parties and balls and picnics had occupied her—she had liked it well enough. Now it was dull; she had little to amuse herself with.

"Vivien," she said one morning, "do you know whether these absurd people intend to persist in declining my acquaintance?"

"Yes—so long as you set the ordinary rules of society at defiance," replied Vivien.

"Ah, well, that I shall continue to do. I consider myself in a position to follow my own rules of conduct."

"No one can do that—not even a queen on her throne," replied Miss Nellie.

"Then I will do what a queen cannot. What I wanted to say is this—if these immaculate neighbours of yours will not visit me, I shall invite friends of my own—people that I knew in France years ago."

"Then heaven forbid," Lancewood thought Vivien, but she was no reply.

"I knew some gay, light-hearted happy people there who do not measure everything by rule as you English do. I shall send for them."

Evil days indeed were coming to the home of the proud Neslies.

Before many weeks had passed Lancewood was filled with guests, but they were of a kind never seen there before—ladies who laughed loudly and long, ill-bred men who aped fashionable manners. It was something in those degenerate days to see a riding-party start from the grand entrance trodden once by the feet of kings. It was no wonder that the whole neighbourhood talked of the strange proceedings at Lancewood.

There was perhaps nothing to be said against the morality of any one under its roof, but a cloud hung over the place—ladies gave a slight shudder when the place was mentioned.

The verdict of society did not affect the gayeties there. The inmates had private theatricals, charades, dances. There were times when Vivien Neslie, listening to the loud laughter and conversation, thought she would have been a queen. "The life led at the Abbey seemed to her now one round of orgies. She wondered that the very walls did not fall upon the revelers. Single-handed and alone she tried to stop the current of folly, gaiety, and dissipation. She might as well have tried to stop the flowing tide; yet she did her best for the honor of the house.

"Vivien," said Lady Smeaton, on meeting her at a friend's house one day, "I insist upon your coming over to the Park; I expect some very nice visitors, and you will enjoy yourself."

"How can I leave Lancewood?" she asked, sadly.

"The people will not set the house on fire—though it seems to me they have done everything else," said Lady Smeaton. "You look pale and ill; come for the night. You will be all the stronger for the combat when you do return."

And Vivien allowed herself to be persuaded; the notion of rest, even if only for a few days, was so terribly full of misery. She went to the Park, and one of the first people she met there was Lord St. Just. He had just returned from Egypt, and was delighted to see her.

"I had intended to find you, Miss Neslie," he said quietly, "even if I had to search all England over. It was in the hope of meeting you that I came to Lancewood. I have always lived in the hope of seeing you again. I should have returned to England at once, but my plans were all arranged for a sketching tour down the Rhine, to be followed by a journey to Egypt. Had I had only myself to consult about these plans, the disarrangement of them would have cost me a thought; but others were involved, so that I could not give them up."

"You did quite right to adhere to them," observed Vivien.

"Do not be angry with me, Miss Neslie, if I say that I took the memory of your face and voice with me." She was not angry with him. There was a new faint exquisite sensation stirring in her heart—something like the rhythm of a beautiful melody—something that thrilled every nerve and flushed her face with a strange, sweet happiness.

"You would even be amused," continued Lord St. Just, "if I told you

how your face has haunted me, on the banks of the Nile, under the shade of the mighty pyramids, under the shadow of giant palms. I have thought of you; and the first thing I did on reaching England was to come in search of you."

She turned to him with a slow, luminous smile.

"How did you know my name?" she asked. "I did not tell it you."

"No—you were cruelly reticent, but I soon learned it. All the English where I was stopping knew of Miss Neslie, heiress of Lancewood."

A shadow fell over her face and deepened in her eyes.

"I am no longer heiress of Lancewood," she said.

"So I understand—I have heard the story. I could not tell how often I wondered what had caused your sorrow. It was neither sickness nor death, nor the loss of friends or of fortune. I have pondered it for hours; now I understand you were lamenting the loss of Lancewood."

The scene returned so vividly to her—the blue, cloudless sky, the deep, clear river, the picturesque ruins, the arched window with its clinging ivy; the soft thick grass, on which she had flung herself in the passion of her despair.

"I have lived through so much since then," she said; "yet I remember the pain of that morning better perhaps than any other in my life."

"And I have wandered far and wide since then, but I have never forgotten that hour," he observed, gravely.

She, whose experience of life had been so bitter, looked upon him in wonder.

"You have thought so much of our meeting," she said simply.

"You will never know how much," he replied; and then a deep silence fell upon them.

It was about the middle of August, and Vivien had been there some days at Smeaton Park. They had been very happy days, despite the trouble that lay so heavy at her heart. Lord St. Just had been so pleased to see her that he had become such intimate friends. Lady Smeaton, who desired nothing better than that Vivien should marry, threw them as much as possible together. She was delighted at finding Lord St. Just admired the beautiful Miss Neslie. She gave a quiet hint to her daughters to that effect; and Vivien hardly guessed how many hours each day she spent in the company of her new friend. They were standing one evening in the Park—they had been walking for some time and had paused at a low stile that led to the cornfields. How fair and calm and sweet it was! The rich sunlight fell on the golden wheat—sheaves the hedge-rows were filled with masses of bloom, the western wind seemed to breathe of love, hope, and happiness, far away stretched the wide, undulating Park. It was a fair, tranquil home-picture.

Vivien sat down on the moss-covered stepping-stones, and looked around her.

"This is surely fairer than any scene in France or Italy," she said. "You saw nothing in Egypt, Lord St. Just, like this?"

"No," he replied; "I prefer English scenery, as I love English faces best. But, Miss Neslie, pardon me, it is of you yourself I want to talk to you."

"Then heaven forbid," Lancewood thought Vivien, but she was no reply.

"I know some gay, light-hearted happy people there who do not measure everything by rule as you English do. I shall send for them."

Evil days indeed were coming to the home of the proud Neslies.

Before many weeks had passed Lancewood was filled with guests, but they were of a kind never seen there before—ladies who laughed loudly and long, ill-bred men who aped fashionable manners. It was something in those degenerate days to see a riding-party start from the grand entrance trodden once by the feet of kings. It was no wonder that the whole neighbourhood talked of the strange proceedings at Lancewood.

There was perhaps nothing to be said against the morality of any one under its roof, but a cloud hung over the place—ladies gave a slight shudder when the place was mentioned.

The verdict of society did not affect the gayeties there. The inmates had private theatricals, charades, dances. There were times when Vivien Neslie, listening to the loud laughter and conversation, thought she would have been a queen. "The life led at the Abbey seemed to her now one round of orgies. She wondered that the very walls did not fall upon the revelers. Single-handed and alone she tried to stop the current of folly, gaiety, and dissipation. She might as well have tried to stop the flowing tide; yet she did her best for the honor of the house.

"Vivien," said Lady Smeaton, on meeting her at a friend's house one day, "I insist upon your coming over to the Park; I expect some very nice visitors, and you will enjoy yourself."

"How can I leave Lancewood?" she asked, sadly.

"The people will not set the house on fire—though it seems to me they have done everything else," said Lady Smeaton. "You look pale and ill; come for the night. You will be all the stronger for the combat when you do return."

And Vivien allowed herself to be persuaded; the notion of rest, even if only for a few days, was so terribly full of misery. She went to the Park, and one of the first people she met there was Lord St. Just. He had just returned from Egypt, and was delighted to see her.

"I had intended to find you, Miss Neslie," he said quietly, "even if I had to search all England over. It was in the hope of meeting you that I came to Lancewood. I have always lived in the hope of seeing you again. I should have returned to England at once, but my plans were all arranged for a sketching tour down the Rhine, to be followed by a journey to Egypt. Had I had only myself to consult about these plans, the disarrangement of them would have cost me a thought; but others were involved, so that I could not give them up."

"You did quite right to adhere to them," observed Vivien.

"Do not be angry with me, Miss Neslie, if I say that I took the memory of your face and voice with me."

She was not angry with him. There was a new faint exquisite sensation stirring in her heart—something like the rhythm of a beautiful melody—something that thrilled every nerve and flushed her face with a strange, sweet happiness.

"You would even be amused," continued Lord St. Just, "if I told you

how your face has haunted me, on the banks of the Nile, under the shade of the mighty pyramids, under the shadow of giant palms. I have thought of you; and the first thing I did on reaching England was to come in search of you."

She turned to him with a slow, luminous smile.

"How did you know my name?" she asked. "I did not tell it you."

"No—you were cruelly reticent, but I soon learned it. All the English where I was stopping knew of Miss Neslie, heiress of Lancewood."

A shadow fell over her face and deepened in her eyes.

"I am no longer heiress of Lancewood," she said.

"So I understand—I have heard the story. I could not tell how often I wondered what had caused your sorrow. It was neither sickness nor death, nor the loss of friends or of fortune. I have pondered it for hours; now I understand you were lamenting the loss of Lancewood."

The scene returned so vividly to her—the blue, cloudless sky, the deep, clear river, the picturesque ruins, the arched window with its clinging ivy; the soft thick grass, on which she had flung herself in the passion of her despair.

"I have lived through so much since then," she said; "yet I remember the pain of that morning better perhaps than any other in my life."

"And I have wandered far and wide since then, but I have never forgotten that hour," he observed, gravely.

She, whose experience of life had been so bitter, looked upon him in wonder.

"You have thought so much of our meeting," she said simply.

"You will never know how much," he replied; and then a deep silence fell upon them.

It was about the middle of August, and Vivien had been there some days at Smeaton Park. They had been very happy days, despite the trouble that lay so heavy at her heart. Lord St. Just had been so pleased to see her that he had become such intimate friends. Lady Smeaton, who desired nothing better than that Vivien should marry, threw them as much as possible together. She was delighted at finding Lord St. Just admired the beautiful Miss Neslie. She gave a quiet hint to her daughters to that effect; and Vivien hardly guessed how many hours each day she spent in the company of her new friend. They were standing one evening in the Park—they had been walking for some time and had paused at a low stile that led to the cornfields. How fair and calm and sweet it was! The rich sunlight fell on the golden wheat—sheaves the hedge-rows were filled with masses of bloom, the western wind seemed to breathe of love, hope, and happiness, far away stretched the wide, undulating Park. It was a fair, tranquil home-picture.

Vivien sat down on the moss-covered stepping-stones, and looked around her.

"This is surely fairer than any scene in France or Italy," she said. "You saw nothing in Egypt, Lord St. Just, like this?"

place was crowded with strange French visitors, people whom her father could not have admitted.

"And you can do nothing to put an end to it?" he said.

"No, my interference makes it worse; that is the sorrow of my life," she said—"the sorrow that takes the brightness from my days, the sleep from my nights—the sorrow that seems to hang over me and hide all hope from me. To see degraded the home that I have loved with such passionate love, to imagine the shameful future of a race that has never known dishonor—this has produced a sorrow for which there is no cure."

"I feel keenly, for you," he said, gently.

"No one knows what I suffer," she observed. "If I could save Lancewood by sacrificing my life I would do so. I would do anything to restore it and make it what it was in my father's time."

"But these friends of Lady Nellie—who are they?" he asked.

"I cannot tell you. There are two or three military men—French captains, who play at billiards and drink wine all day. The ladies—well, they are quite unlike any other ladies I have seen; they quarrel a great deal amongst themselves, but in one thing they are all united—in flattery and praise of Lady Nellie."

"Why do you not leave the place?" he said. "It must be very uncomfortable for you."

"It is uncomfortable," she replied, "but I cannot leave it, Lord St. Just, because my father confided the honor of his house to my hands."

"If you father uttered such strong words as those, he must have had doubts about his wife," said Lord St. Just.

(To be continued.)

Dreaded Meal Time.

THE STORY OF A DYSPETIC WHO HAS FOUND A CURE.

There is an intimate connection between food and health, and food and digestion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only food that can be taken without any of the usual conditions.

From the Tribune, Des Moines.

Without good digestion there can be neither good health nor happiness. More depends upon the perfect working of the digestive organs than most people imagine, and even slight functional disturbances of the stomach leaves the victim irritable, melancholy and apathetic. In such cases most people resort to laxative medicines, but these only further aggravate the trouble. What is needed is a tonic; something that will build up the system, instead of weakening it as purgative medicines do.

This purpose is served by no medicine equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich the blood and strengthen and stimulate the digestive tract from first dose to last. In proof of this assertion the case of Mr. Thomas A. Stewart, the well known and general proprietor of the Oriental Hotel, Des Moines, may be quoted. To a reporter of the Tribune who mentioned the fact that he was suffering from dyspepsia, Mr. Stewart said: "Why don't you take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" Asked why he gave this advice Mr. Stewart continued: "Simply because they are the best medicine for that complaint."

For years I was a great sufferer from indigestion, and during that time I tried a score of medicines. In some cases I got temporary relief, but not a cure. I fairly dreaded meal times and the food that I ate gave me but little nourishment. On the recommendation of a friend I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a little over a year ago. I soon experienced relief and no longer dreaded meal time, but as I was determined that the cure should be permanent if possible, I continued taking the pills in light doses for several months. The result is every vestige of the trouble left me and I have as good an appetite now as any boarder in the house, and my digestive organs work like a charm. I may also say that my general health was greatly improved as a result of using the pills."

"Do you object to my publishing this in the Tribune?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I have no desire for publicity," said Mr. Stewart, "but if you think it will help anyone who suffers as I did, you may publish the facts."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is that? Prof. Broadhead—Tact, my son, is the art of knowing what not to do.

Stub—I compel our cook to keep an alarm clock in her room. Penn—Does the gong arouse her? Stub—No, but it arouses my wife and then she goes up two flights of stairs and raps on the cook's door.

One finds very little real poetry in print nowadays, remarked the young woman. Yes, answered Mr. Bardy Scrips, as he pushed his hair back from his brow, it's the old story with me. If a man wants to be sure something is well done he must do it himself.

I never tell my boy that I won't take him to the circus if he isn't good, remarked the candid man. Why not? I don't care to take any chances. I'm tired of worrying for fear he'll do something that'll keep the whole family home.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

You say in your paper this morning, cried the irate Mr. Heeler, that in politics, Heeler is a lobster. I want a correction.

My dear sir, replied the editor, it was corrected in the proof, but the typo overlooked it. I wrote "jobster" very distinctly.

A THING OF BEAUTY.

She—Did you get a good look at the bride. What is she like?

He—Fine eyes, good complexion, lovely hair.

And teeth?

Like a new born babe's.

ONE TASTE OF SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

will captivate the taste of any Japan tea drinker.

FROM SCOTLAND.

NEWS FROM THE HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS.

Many Things That Happen to Interest the Minds of Auld Scotia's Sons.

The value of fish landed in Shetland in the month of February amounted to £1,997, against £4,799 in the corresponding month of last year. The falling off this year is accounted for by the bad weather.

At the Edinburgh Town Council Lord Provost Mitchell Thomson intimated that he had received £100 from Miss Florence Nightingale towards the fund his Lordship is raising for the Scottish Hospital in South Africa.

The governors of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Training College have decided to erect their new college at the corner of George street and Montrose street, clearing away the old Anderson College.

The Glasgow Parks Committee has unanimously resolved to recommend that no permission be given to put down bolls in Kelvingrove Park with a view to work a model coal mine during the Exhibition of 1901.

Major-General Andrew Gilbert Wauchop, of Niddrie Marischal, Midlothian, and of the 42nd Foot Black Watch, who died in action at Magersfontein, left personal estate in England and Scotland valued at £82,742.

The death of the widow of Lieutenant Thomas Swanson, of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, took place at her residence at Heathfield House, Dunfermline, at the advanced age of 94 years. She had survived her husband 34 years.

General Hector Macdonald has sent his chocolate box and contents, which he, along with the other soldiers at the front, received from the Queen, to Trinity College, Glenalmond, to be preserved there as a memento of the Boer war.

Mr. James Christie, one of the founders of the Scottish Land Restoration League, died at Glasgow. Mr. Christie was a well-known figure in labour organizations in Scotland, and contributed voluminously to the press on the subject of land reform. In business circles as the city representative of the well known firm of Messrs. Beardsmore, of Parkhead, he enjoyed an extensive acquaintance, and was held in high esteem for his kindness and sincerity. He leaves a widow and family.

Cambusparan feels itself honoured at present, in being the residence of the late General Wauchop's widow. The name of the soldier in question, he is a Black Watch reservist, about twenty-eight years of age, and was a coachman in the Hillfoots district, when he was called upon to rejoin his regiment. He was then appointed General Wauchop's groom, and went with him to the front. At Magersfontein, Shannigan was close to his master when he was shot down, and ran to help him, but was himself wounded in both legs while doing so. Shannigan has been invalided home, and has taken a house with his wife in Cambusparan for a few months.

A case which came before a Scotch Court of Session the other day brings to light one of those half comic anomalies which Scotch legal procedure occasionally exhibits. A messenger-at-arms served a charge against a certain person for a sum of court expenses. The individual in question was not found in this house at the time, and the officer slipped the document under the door, this being a not unusual practice, it was explained. It was illegal all the same, and the judge suspended the charge. It seems that if a debtor is not found in his house, and entrance cannot be gained, the proper procedure is to give six knocks at the door and to affix the schedule of charge to the gate or door or put it in the key-hole! The difference between putting a summons below the door and into the house, very material, but in the eyes of the law, it is all important. The idea of sticking a legal document into a keyhole, is, of course, sufficiently ridiculous. This particular provision of the law must have come down from the time when keyholes were keyholes and not the diminutive apertures to which Chubb and others have reduced them. Lord Lord admitted that the case was a hard one, but he had no option but to stick to the letter of the law.

Khaki COSTUMES.

"Khaki" costumes are considered smart and likewise extremely serviceable. They will be used for traveling and all kinds of outing this spring and summer. But to many persons the material not only is trying, but positively unbecoming. This may be overcome without detracting from the desirable features of the khaki by the addition of a dash of red, just a little of it, for example, in the collar, cuffs and belt. For those who prefer some other color than red, blue is good, although the contrast is not so effective.

Khaki suits are showing much stitching in coarse white or blue thread and are extremely useful and suitable for outings. A brass-buttoned pocket here and there gives an additional touch of utility and military and is very spruce and trim on the right sort of girl.