

THE WHITE FEATHER.

One thing upon which the entire feminine portion of the garrison was agreed was that "that woman" (with the proper inflection) was the worst in the regiment, if not in the department. Mrs. Bolton's offences consisted of a fashion of raising her appealing, fawny eyes that was melting to the heart masculine, of a tendency to the wearing of gowns of an unusually frivolous and giddy pattern, and of making her front porch in summer and her sitting room in winter the most attractive in the post to the male element. Then there was the matter of Wainwright. Wainwright was an accepted fact, and filled in the intervals when Captain Bolton was at the barracks, at guard mounting, doing office of the day duty or stable duty, with untiring regularity. When Bolton was on scouts Wainwright played squire-in-chief to this P. n. lope. Bolton appeared to be the only one oblivious to the state of affairs; certain it was that it appeared not to trouble him that Wainwright should be so evidently in love with his Captain's wife, yet the Captain was not a fool.

It was surmised that he drew some comfort from the fact that the infatuation was all on Wainwright's side. Eleanor Bolton accepted, but did not encourage the man; her manner with him was of a part with that which she assumed toward men and things in general—one of sweet, pathetic indifference, lightened with a smile. Her very indifference goaded her maligners on. She so rarely rewarded their attacks by winning at the stings. Just at first, she had grown a little nervous, had made one or two attempts at conciliation, and had raised her eyes, misty with tears—pleading, yellowish eyes like those of a brown water spaniel—to those of some dizzied swain, thereby ensnaring him still further. But of late, within the last few months, she had taken no notice of such small slights as were put upon her, and had shown no disposition of tears or humility. There is no nature so pure that, by degrees, it cannot accustom itself to falling lower than at first it would have been deemed possible. What with Mrs. Bolton had begun in a desire for amusement and pastime was growing constantly more serious and more necessary. Having learned the power of her charms, she used it, and, as it grew apace, it needed more food to subsist upon.

Having won the submission of the many, she next required the adoration of the one. Wainwright was of goodly mien, with more mustache than morals, understood her perfectly and pretended that he did not. He found favor in her eyes, above all others. She set herself to please him, and in very little time he was at her feet. Then she did not know what to do with him. She knew that to have him forever at her side was not wise, but she hesitated to dismiss him. She was wont to think of him in the light of an opium habit, but not to be dispensed with. When he began to time his visits to the hours when his captain would be from home, she saw that she was on the edge of the precipice, yet she continued to walk beside it, and Wainwright with her. Wainwright was useful, moreover; he rarely let his duties keep him from carrying out his part of cavalier servant, and he earned his one hundred and fifty dollars a month easily and with a little trouble to himself as possible.

Sometimes, in the rare moments when she allowed herself to think, Eleanor would wonder why she permitted herself toward whom she was absolutely indifferent, to influence her life for evil, when she had refused to be influenced for good by the man to whom she had by no means been indifferent in the past. Yet had he not influenced her? For two years his memory—not that he was dead in the flesh, but worse, dead to her—had been her moving spirit for what of good she had done and left; having known him, she was better. Then the realization that all this was but part of a lazy past, a sort of dear "aside" in the drama of her life, had caused a reaction. Why should she—he who was so young—spend her best years in regretting? There was much ahead, a great deal yet to be enjoyed; and she began to live a life, that she told herself was pleasant.

She was thinking of this now while Bolton was at stables, and she awaited without anxiety Wainwright's certain coming. She was looking over the last Army and Navy, which the mail orderly had just brought. The outside sheets were still wet from the snow that had fallen on them. She read over the personals:

Lieutenant John A. Strickland, 1st Cavalry, has been ordered to report in his troop at Fort Keogh, Mont. Lieutenant Strickland, as he is above on sick leave and recruiting service for over three years.

Mrs. Bolton read it over several times, not quite grasping the words, yet conscious of the meaning. Her lips felt cold and the blood hummed in her head. Then Wainwright came, and was greeted with a smile even sweeter and gayer and happier than usual. Only twice she seemed a little absent-minded and did not answer a question, but she caught herself with a laugh. Wainwright thought he had never heard her laugh so easily. He asked her if she had had good news.

"Very. The resurrection of one's youthful pleasures is always so sweet—intensely sweet; don't you think so?"

This time Wainwright did not understand her. Mrs. Bolton wondered what Strickland would have thought of her now, if he could have overheard what this brazen-buttooned Adonis was saying to her, and what she was allowing him to say. Yet when Bolton came in from the cold, snowy, windy, outside world, his brother-at-arms and his wife were languidly discussing the outcome of the rifle contest, a topic which it did not occur to him was slightly threadbare.

And the affair went on apace, steadily developing. Even the men began to wonder what was coming. Strickland arrived. The day he drove into the post, the mules of his ambulance drew up, panting, in front of the commanding officer's, beside a sleighing party about to start off. Strickland recognized among the fur-wrapped figures that of Eleanor Bolton. She was humming "Jingle Bells." He wondered why her lips were so tightly drawn. He ascribed it to the cold; but it was not becoming. They had not been so of old. Of old * * * he shook himself impatiently; that was what he was going to forget, as that merry woman in the sleigh evidently had.

Eleanor stopped her song to greet him. There was nothing more than the ordinary exchange of civilities; not even a covert

glance nor the tremulous smile of fiction. Strickland replied to her spoken hope that she should see him soon, that he would surely call upon her at the earliest possible moment.

Strickland found Wainwright with Mrs. Bolton when he called on the following day; Bolton was at the troop quarters. After a time Wainwright went away. When the Navy's blanket portiers had fallen behind him, there was a moment's pause—only a moment's—a look of inquiry on both sides, an understanding and resolve; when the ball of frivolities rolled on.

But in the next few weeks she thought a great deal, for two people. For Strickland's reasoning powers had left him, and he was back under the spell of years before—a noxious time now. There was only one thing of positive, unassailable good left to Mrs. Bolton; it was Strickland's respect; besides, his love was as nothing to her. She must keep them at all costs, but to do that she must give up his love, and it was very dear. He had said nothing as yet, but she knew that he soon would. The one man whom she had endowed with superhuman strength was about to show himself weak, and because of her. To stop his fall and her own would cost her much; but she would do it. Whatever the regiment thought, Strickland should always believe her to be a noble woman.

The moment when Eleanor Bolton put out her slender arm to stop the downward of two desperate creatures came sooner than she expected. She walked beside Strickland, keeping step with his regulation stride, for she was tall enough to do it with ease; they had been strolling in the keen night air. Her hands tore the lining from her muff, but her voice was low and even.

"I am sorry you said that, Jack, but I knew you would. Perhaps it's just as well to have it over with. Oh, Jack, if you only could know, if you only knew! You have been unhappy, you say; but I have been happier. I've been a flirt, I know it; but I wasn't always so, was I? I didn't flirt with you, Jack, and you know it. I honestly fancied I was not worthy of you. I thought I was doing a painful duty. I was only seventeen, then, remember, and I worshipped you more than I loved you. Now—I love you more than I worship you. I thought that you had forgotten me, that's all. Do you know what I have done, Jack? (One is not a charming woman for nothing. The powers that be are like other men. One of the powers took a fancy to me once, and I made use of it. Fred will be ordered away from here within a few days. I asked the Power, as a special favor, to be taken away from this purgatory as soon as possible. He granted my petition. Of course, I didn't tell him why. I suppose he will think it's the climate. It's best so. But it is. You'll see it some day. There are others besides ourselves; a future as well as a past. The past is ruined; let's not ruin the future. Some time it will be over; we shall have outgrown it, I suppose. Do you hope so? I don't. Take me home now, and don't come to see me again. Look what I've done to my muff. I've torn out the lining. Here's a handful of feathers. There! One has blown on your coat. Are you going to keep it? All right. Some day you will find a little old white feather among your papers, and you will laugh and blow it away. When you can do that we can meet again. Jack, say good-by!"

And the years passed, and the regiment still talked, and Mrs. Bolton's name was lightly handled even then, and Strickland was promoted to greater rank and pay. One day the wind found a little down feather among the papers in his desk and blew it away. And the feather was never missed.—The Argonaut.

THE LAW DID NOT APPLY.

It Was Not Anywhere when the Head of the House Was Pursued.

A patrolman on Wilkins street was passing the house of a colored man at midnight when he discovered the owner standing at the gate and accosted him with:

"Well, isn't this rather late bedtime?"

"Sah," replied the man, "dar's sich carrying on in my house dat I can't go to bed."

"What's the matter?"

"It's de ole woman, sah. I got home a jist a few minutes ago, an' she was sittin' up an' waitin' to pitch inter me fur bein' out so late. Dat's her smashin' de furniture now. Doan' de law say a man shall boss his own house?"

"The husband generally bosses," replied the officer.

"Has dat woman got any right to pitch inter me?"

"You must settle that for yourself. The law supposes you to be the head of the house."

"Dat's what I thought, sah. Yes, sah, I've de lead of dis house, an' I've gwine in dar an' determinate dat point on-per-ick!"

"Don't proceed to violence," cautioned the officer.

"No, sah—no, sah—I won't purreced to no violence. I'll jist go in as de legal head of de house an' inculcate dat woman to stop dis misbehavin' or git out!"

The officer passed along and around the corner, but five minutes later heard a whoop and a yell, followed by the clattering of feet on the sidewalk behind him. As he faced about, the man he had been talking with nearly ran over him, and close behind him followed a colored woman with a bed slat in her hands. They were down the street and out of sight in a minute, but as the officer reached the next corner the colored man came across the street, breathing hard and limping on his leg and said:

"Reckon yo' saw it, didn't yo'?"

"Yes. Your wife was close after you, but you must have dodged her somewhere."

"Didn't yo' tell me dat de law 'sposes de husband to be de head of de house?"

"Yes, I did, but you see—"

"No, sah—no, sah—doan' see nuffin' 'tall 'cept de head of de house gwine down de street as hard as he kin run, wid de tail of de house clus arter him an' hev'in' all de advantage! Officer, yo' must be all mixed up. Dar' am either one law fur de white man an' another fur de culd, or else de

folks what made dat law hadn't nebbber heard of my ole woman!"—Detroit Free Press.

HE WAS A LAZY MAN.

Perferred To Repair the Roof Rather than Carry Buckets of Water.

Abijah Sleighton lounged into Captain Wheeler's little shop, and seated himself on a three-legged stool. "I declare to man," he said, languidly, addressing the active owner of the shop, who was mending a net. "It's distressin' to see a feller as lazy as m' wife's brother William!"

"William!" echoed the sturdy little captain in amazement. "Why, William is always tinkerin' somethin', so far as I can see. Ain't he fixed out your house with all o' conveniences an' contrived all manner of inventions to make things easy?"

"That's jist what I mean," said Mr. Sleighton, with a doleful expression on his sallow countenance. "William's whole mind seems to be set on making things easy, 'stead of keepin' up a siddy wrestle with 'em, same as I always have."

"Why, when William come back from follerin' the sea, an' I accepted of his invitation to come and make a home with us, payin' a little somethin' each week, I explained to him jist how things was."

"I told him that the rain came through the roof so me in bad weather in the room where he'd have to sleep, but I told him jist where it come through, and showed him where I kep' the buckets to catch the water."

"Well, if you believe me, he never used them buckets but once an' that was the day after he come! He was so lazy that he get up and patched that roof the very next day, ruther'n' lift them two buckets back 'n' forth once or twice!"

"An' the same way with the pump. Ruther'n' stop across to Mis' Wilson's an' fill his pitcher of a mornin' that man tinkered on our pump till he got her to goin' again. Took him the greater part of two days to git her fixed, but he don't begrudge time 's long's he can save himself a few steps."

An' the same way with the chickens; he's built a coop, ruther'n' have n' wife git a little exercise now and then chasin' the little critters off'n the strawberry bed."

"I doanno what we're comin' to," concluded Mr. Sleighton, as he opened the morning paper, from which it was his custom to spell out the news to the captain, much to the captain's distress. "I'm sure I doanno what we're comin' to. William hain't made no headway with me as yet, but you get sich a lazy feller as that right in the house with ye an' live with him day after day, an' I tell ye the firmest principles is libable to give way."—Youths' Companion.

SURPRISED BY THE FEE.

One Instance of a Lawyer who did not Put a Big Value on His Services.

Though yet a young man, Joseph Choate has for years been a leading member of the New York bar, says an exchange. He is a delightful story teller, and, as his tales generally relate to some incident connected with his own experience, they are never stale. His law practice is extensive, and, as he is not backward when it comes to the matter of fees, the following story told by him recently to a party of friends over the "coffee" at the Union League, is particularly good.

"Many years ago," said Mr. Choate, "I was at one time associated in a case with an attorney by the name of Paul, and another a Hebrew, whose name I will not mention, because of the fact that he is still prominent at the New York bar. Our client was a wealthy railroad corporation, and we obtained a verdict in our favor without much trouble. When we came to discuss fees, our Hebrew friend thought that we should divide about \$600. I thought that would be letting the railroad company off a little too tight, and Mr. Paul simply rebelled."

"Very well," said our associate, "whatever you do do will be perfectly satisfactory to me. Just collect for the three of us, and send a check to me at your convenience."

"I told Paul to make out a bill for what he thought was right, and I would be satisfied. A few days later Paul collected \$6,000 from the company, and gave me \$2,000. Together we went to give a check to the Hebrew, chuckling to ourselves at the surprise we had in store for him. A Paul handed him the \$2,000, without giving him a word of explanation. Thinking that of course, it represented the fee for the three of us, he said:

"Why didn't you cash this before coming here? I can't divide it into three parts."

"When informed that the check represented merely his share of the fee, he looked thoughtful a moment, shook his head, and quoted:

"Paul, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Our Girls Growing Taller.

There are indications that the American woman is gradually growing taller and higher, says an authority. Certainly there are more tall girls in Philadelphia than ever before. A few years ago the fashionable skirt length taken in the fashionable dressmaking establishments was 42 inches, and 42 inches was the length used for all the model gowns sent over from Paris. The model length has now increased to 45 inches, and the increase in other measurements is in proportion. The middle-aged American woman shows an inclination to grow broader across the hips and shou-

ders, and stouter and thicker through the arms; but the college graduate, the university woman and the debutante grow more gracefully vigorous every year. The typical college graduate is, from two to four inches longer from the waist down than formerly. Her waist is getting longer, her chest fuller and her limbs narrower. The middle-aged women grow corpulent and clumsy through indolence and indulgent habits of life, while the ever-increasing tendency toward athletic sports and outdoor exercise is improving the younger of the sex. The statuesque Juno type may yet express the American woman.—Philadelphia Times.

ONE TEACHER WE HAD.

When the writer was a schoolboy—a lackaday! many a long year ago—we sometimes had a teacher who possessed a genius for his vocation. "How rare men are," said Napoleon. How rare teachers are, say I. Most so-called teachers are mere word-mongers. They stuff the children's memories with phrases; they plaster them all over with the leaves out of text-books. Dear, dear, the thing styled education is a good deal of a fraud, isn't it?

"Well, one teacher we had, his name was Young,—he was a teacher indeed. He would often lay the book aside and talk to us on the lesson, whatever it was, and set us to talking and asking questions. Goodness! how he did throw light on things. He made them seem like realities, not mere theories; and so he got ideas of arithmetic, natural philosophy, botany, &c., into our heads before you could turn a hand-spring. Ah! but he was a teacher, not a stevedore. He sowed our minds with seeds, he didn't cover them with bones. Pity there aren't more like him."

The world is full of subjects that ought to be treated in his plain, luminous way. One of them is the appetite. People think they know what they mean when they talk of their appetite. They would define appetite as the desire for food. And so far they are right. If your stove could let you know when it needs more fuel, or less, to keep pace with the conditions of consumption, draught, &c., you would be saved many mistakes in the supply of coals. Now the digestive organs, taken together, are a stove endowed with feeling. When they require fuel (or food, which is fuel) they feel a sensation which you call appetite. When they require none you feel no appetite. What is the inference? This, eat when you have an appetite and at no other time, no matter what your friends say or what the doctors say. Nature knows her business better than they know it.

Of the thousand of letters received by us from people who have been ill, almost everyone contains a statement to the effect: "My appetite was poor." "My appetite failed." "I had no appetite." "I loathed even the thought of eating." &c., &c. When you think of it, these are very suggestive words. No appetite means no food; no food no nourishment; no nourishment failure of the whole body; slow starvation; death. Every disease, no matter what name it goes by, kills at last by starvation. This is a fact, a fact, a fact. If you don't believe it you haven't thought deep enough to understand it. A lasting failure of the appetite is as dangerous as a cup of poison. It will soon produce poison and scatter it through your body like cholera germs in water. So look out. But why does the appetite fail? Why does it? Nature comes to a suicide? She doesn't. I'll show you that she does. Take a case—that of Mrs. Mary Ann Crichtley, of 179 Martin Street, Leicester, who writes under date of May 10th, 1893:

"For many years," she says, "I was ill. My skin was sallow and the whites of my eyes turned yellow. My appetite was poor, and after eating the simplest food to sustain life, I suffered great pain. My stomach was empty and yet food seemed loathsome to me. In March, 1892, I had a dreadful attack. I could scarcely breathe, and had to give up all work. By and by I got so weak, that I could walk only a few yards without stopping to rest. The doctors and their medicines did me no good."

And so she goes on telling of how one bad thing followed after another. Now can we see why the appetite failed? It was because the stomach was in such a condition that food would have done harm instead of good. The digestive organs were sore, inflamed, torpid and virtually dead. They had knocked off work. When there is no water to run the mill what's the use of putting grist in the hopper? Nature was right, as she always is. "Cure the indigestion and dyspepsia with which your careless habits have afflicted me," said Nature, "and I'll let you eat again. If you won't do that you must die of starvation—which the doctors will call consumption, very likely." So Nature talked.

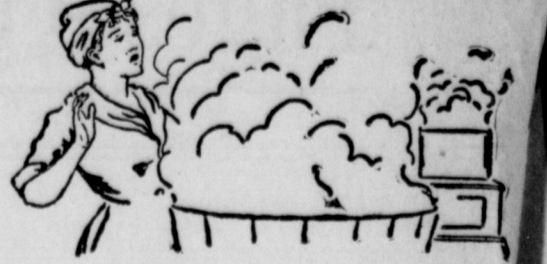
"A neighbor," says Mrs. Crichtley, told me of Seigel's Syrup. I used it and two bottles completely cured me, and I have been in good health ever since."

Now what does all this sum up? It sums up this. When your appetite fails, and you have one or more of the other symptoms mentioned, you are to conclude that Nature is whispering two words in your ear—Indigestion—dyspepsia. And your teacher—whoever dismisses the class—adds three of his own: take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

A Texas New Woman.

Texas—a State which reminds the world frequently that it is "bigger than France"—has sent out to the press a remarkable series of very new women, snake charmers, train wreckers, bandits, brides, cattle queens, and dead shots are a few of them. Dallas produces, however, a woman who is the mother of nine children, who believes in the bicycle, who shot at and hit a prowling thief, who when she lived in Michigan, was a deputy recorder of deeds, was admitted to the bar, then went to Ann Arbor and earned a diploma as an M. D. Mrs. Helene Bader, the Texas woman of this story, in an interview says: "Between the professions, law and medicine, because I think it is not such a great departure from woman's ordinary sphere, and it draws out her fine natural sympathies and feelings. In the selection of an occupation I think a woman, like a man, should be left to follow her own inclination and talents. She should be guided solely by adaptability and reason."—New Orleans Picayune.

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