

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

I will horsewhip him if he ever again crosses my path.

'In that case, I think he will require to speak personally to you,' said the messenger.

'I think not,' retorted the artist. 'Should he so wish I shall be here until half-past nine.'

But, altogether Hugh waited till ten, Stanton never came; then the young artist called on Estrella, who granted him her first sitting.

His visits became frequent, and he felt his interest in this beautiful girl deepen.

And as Inez's mother watched the pair, she began to hope that a new love would overcome her daughter's grief.

But although Hugh admired his fair model greatly, the old love was as strong as ever within his breast.

Several times he went to hear Estrella sing, and on each occasion it seemed to him her voice had grown more beautiful.

At last the picture was finished, and he stood gazing, first at that, and then at the blushing model.

'Why do you look like that?' inquired Inez, fixing her brilliant eyes upon him, and then quickly lowering them. 'Are you not satisfied with your work?'

'It has not been work,' answered Hugh. 'It has been only pleasure. But I am not satisfied with my picture.'

'Perhaps the fault rests with you model,' suggested Inez, smiling.

'That is undoubtedly the case,' replied Hugh. 'How could I, or any other man, reproduce on canvas such beauty as yours? It is hard to catch the expression of eyes that change with every glance, as yours do. I am under a great obligation to you for—'

'And what are my obligations to you?' interrupted the beautiful maiden, meeting his eyes bravely now. 'Do you think I can ever forget that I owe my life to you?'

'No. I think you are as good as you are beautiful,' he answered, taking her hand in his. 'I believe you would remember the past, even though that memory marred the future.'

'You, too, remember the past,' answered Inez, though she made no attempt to withdraw her hand.

'Yes,' returned Hugh sadly. 'A first love is not lightly to be forgotten. Good-bye, Inez. You will let me take you for a walk this evening?'

'Certainly. Adios!'

He released the little hand, and hurried away, while Estrella sat pondering over his words.

And as it did so, thoughts of the past came to her, and filled her eyes with tears.

For she pictured that fearful scene when her loved one lay upon the sward, with a cruel wound in his breast.

She was recalled to the present by her mother's voice.

Inez mia! why are you weeping?'

'It is nothing, dear mother. I was but recalling the years gone by, and there is sadness in them.'

'But there is happiness in the future. Ah! it is a beautiful picture. I have seen you look like that so often, Inez. The young Englishman has true genius; one day his name will be famous. He is good and true, too; I can see it in his eyes. Tell me, Inez, has he ever spoken to you of love?'

'No, no; indeed he has not,' cried the girl, with crimson face. 'Why do you ask such a question?'

'Because I would wish it, dear,' answered the old lady. 'I should feel at rest if I could see you the wife of that young man. I am old and cannot live much longer; before I die I would desire to see you happy, and, as Senor Allingham's bride, I am convinced happiness would be yours. Now, tell me, Inez, supposing he should ask you to be his wife, what would be your answer?'

'He will not ask me, mother,' answered Inez. 'He has asked that question of another, and he is not a man to forget—neither can I.'

'Ah! time changes all things, and happiness, which we think we have lost for ever, comes back to us, leaving the past but a dream. Once, when I knelt by your dear brother's deathbed I felt that an agony of grief would be mine for all time. Then you came to me, and happiness was mine once more.'

'Yet you have not forgotten, dear mother?'

'True; but the wound is healed, and though it may ache at times, 'tis not to be compared with the first great grief. If Senor Allingham has told you so much, he will tell you more.'

'Nay, madre mia, he does not love me; neither do I love him.'

'But the love will come. You will look upon the past as but a dream of what could not be. And I shall live to see you a brave man's wife. May Heaven grant my prayer.'

Later that day Hugh called, and took Inez for the promised walk.

It was a glorious evening, and they wandered on up the hill towards the little church, then listened to the music of the organ mingled with the voices of the choir.

And somehow those sweet strains reminded Hugh of home.

He thought of the sad light in Muriel's eyes, as he and she had stood on the sunlit hills, and he knew that his love for her was as strong as ever.

'Inez!' he exclaimed suddenly, after they had been silent for some minutes, 'I am thinking of returning to England.'

'I am very sorry,' she answered. 'It is hard to lose a friend.'

'Then you would wish me to stay?' inquired Hugh.

'I would advise you to go,' she answered. 'We are friends, Senor Allingham, and I give you a friend's advice. Go to that beautiful place you have told me of—Surrey, is it not?'

'Yes; Haslemere, in Surrey.'

'True; then plead your love to Muriel once again. Hark! what is that?'

Hugh stepped towards a clump of bushes, and saw a man walk quickly

away. The moon had risen now, and he recognized that form quite distinctly.

The man was James Stanton, and that he had heard every word of their conversation the artist never doubted.

But why had the villain gone away so suddenly?'

Why had he not waited to hear more? That he must have heard Muriel's name mentioned Hugh felt certain; also the place where she lived; and that he should have hurried away at that moment struck the young man as very strange.

He could not help thinking that this man was in some way connected with his fate.

However he made light of the incident to Inez, and that night he bade her farewell, as he believed, for ever.

'Good-bye,' he said. 'I will strive to win the fame you predict for me. I shall never forget you.'

He pressed his lips to her hand; then hurried away, and it seemed to him that he had said farewell to a dear friend.

He even wondered whether this beautiful girl was not something more to him than a friend.

For long that night Inez sat by her open window gazing out on the moonlit scene, while a deep sorrow was in her breast.

But when at last she rose, she murmured—

'Jack! My loved one! I shall never forget my vows. For all time my heart is yours.'

Hugh made his way to the hotel with a feeling of desolation for which he could ill account.

Entering the coffee room, he was accosted by a young Mexican lieutenant, whose acquaintance he had previously made.

'Ah, senor!' he exclaimed, speaking in Spanish. 'I am glad you have arrived. I have the opportunity of taking you over a Mexican prison, a sight that might give inspiration to your artistic mind. What say you? Will you come?'

'With pleasure, Lieutenant Ramona,' answered Hugh. 'I am about to leave your beautiful country—'

'Beautiful!' exclaimed Ramona. 'Do you speak in jest?'

'No, indeed; I was referring to the scenery.'

'But not to the people; to the men and women, and our laws?'

'Your women are surely beautiful,' answered Hugh. 'If I may judge the men by Lieutenant Ramona, I certainly have naught to cavil at. Of your laws I know nothing.'

'Senor Allingham, you have flattered me; but—'

'No! I spoke as I have found you—a man whom I am proud to call my friend.'

STANDARDS OF MEASUREMENT.
Variations in Different States and in Various Countries of the World.

'The establishment of the bureau of standards authorized by the recent session of the U. S. Congress means ultimately, though not immediately, the adoption of a standard United States bushel, ton and every other weight and measure,' explained a gentleman who had taken great interest in the legislation. 'At present some States have what is called a 'short ton' and a 'long ton,' the former 2000 pounds and the latter 2240 pounds, though nearly all the States which have legislated on the subject in recent years have adopted a ton of 2240 pounds on the standard. The United States government has no standard ton, though in all contracts when made there is a provision stating that the ton shall be 2240 pounds, even in States which have a standard of 2000 pounds for a ton. The same is true in regard to the bushel. There are a lot of instances in which the same state the various counties have a different weight stated as a bushel. It is to remedy all these conditions and seeming contradictions that a national standard is found to be necessary. Of course the federal government has no power to provide a standard of anything for a state without the consent of the state, but it is understood that, as the federal government is to provide a standard, there will be little or no objection to the adoption of that standard by the various states. It seems a work of some years, however, for each state will have to accept the federal standard by an expressed statute. It will be a good thing for all concerned.'

'When the standard weights and measures have been adopted copies of the same will have to be distributed to each of the state capitals,' so that the pound, pint and yard will have to be absolutely identical in each and every state and all portions thereof. The fact that the United States have adopted a standard will have a great influence in securing the acceptance of the same in all the states, but it cannot be legalized in the states unless the states themselves legislate on the subject. Strange as it may appear, the British government though it has a standard yard, pound, and gallon, has no standard acre; and an acre in many parts of the British empire means considerably different from what it means in other parts.'

'The term 'foot' has but little meaning, though as a rule there are twelve inches in every foot. The inch, however, is not always the same. The American inch, by common consent—for there is no law on the subject—is identical with the English inch. One hundred German feet make 103.6 American or English feet. The French foot varies from ours also, though

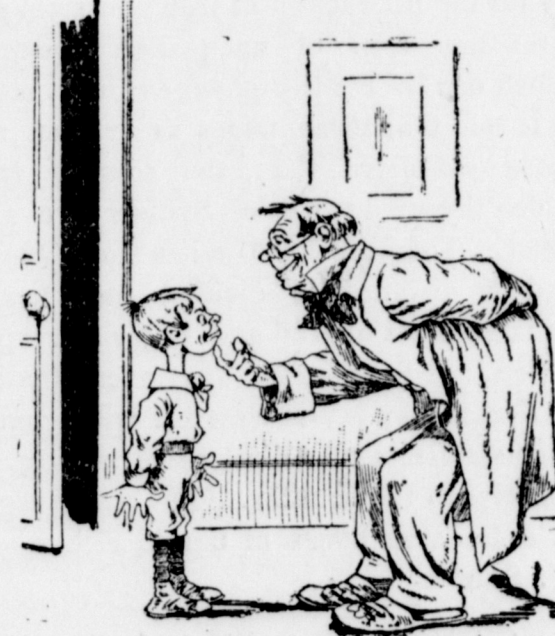
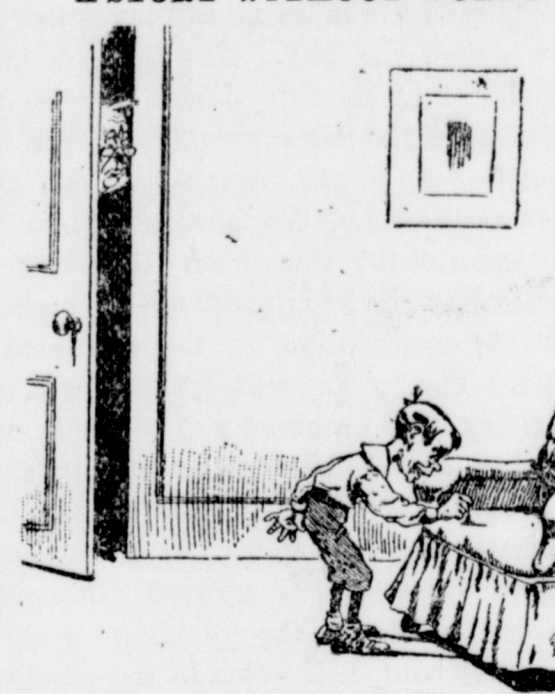
it is not the same practically. Though the gas companies charge so much for every hundred feet, and the electric light companies so much for every hundred watts used, there is no standard gas foot or electric watt in this country, that is a legalized standard. The gas company foot is an arbitrary thing settled to suit the gas companies, the foot of hardly any two gas companies in this country being absolutely identical. To standardize such things is the eventual work of the bureau of standards. There is no standard what ever in connection with electrical measurement, every electric company working out its own salvation and profit.'

Where They Belonged.

The Baltimore 'Sun' prints a story as told by the wife of a member of the House of Representatives. Toward morning, not long ago, the lady was awakened by unusual noises below stairs, and tried to rouse her husband. 'Wake up! Wake up!' she said in a low voice. 'You must wake up and go down stairs: there are thieves in the house!' 'Oh, no, my dear,' rejoined the half-awake husband, reassuringly. 'There are no thieves in the House: they are all in the Senate.'

WANTED—Men and women who want to make money and have money to save, to sell Dr. White's Electric Comb. It saves hair and makes hair grow. It enables agents to get rich. Pat. Feb. 2, '99. Send 60c for one. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

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RATTLESNAKES COMING OUT.

And Hunters Busy Now Collecting Handsome Belts for Women.

This is the time of the year when the rattlers in this region come out of the dens in which they have spent the winter and make for the water. It is also the time of the year when the snake hunters get out their implements and set forth for their annual harvest. They get at work as early as they can, because the skins of the snakes are more brilliant now than they will be three months hence and therefore bring a higher price in the market. Later in the year the snakes will be fatter and there will be more oil in their bodies to reward the hunters, but that is a factor which is not of so much importance to the hunters as the skins, which have been increasing in value ever since it was learned that they had a commercial worth as the material for belts.

Women don't like the snakes when they are alive, but there is no handsomer belt in the world than the hide of one of the big diamond backs when it has been tanned in such a way that all the markings are preserved and its scales are returned in their places. A snake skin is a delicate one to handle and there are not many men who know how to take it off its owner, tan it and keep it in shape for use in a belt. The skin is used for other purposes, but most of the good ones are worked into belts, and the supply is never ahead of the demand.

Only once in awhile is one of these belts made up for a man. The vast majority of them are worn by women and most of them are made up to order, usually being the present of some young man who does not hesitate to tell a story of the capture of the snake that will make the wearer think that he is one of the bravest snake hunters that ever lived.

As a matter of fact there is nothing particularly dangerous in the pursuit and killing of a rattler. The snakes are timid and always try to run if there is any chance for them to get away. Usually there is such a chance that the snakes attempt to escape and when it does its capture is assured, unless the hunter is clumsy or the ground very broken. No man experienced in the hunting of snakes ever placed himself in a position to be stung by the quarry, and in the case of the hunt of the rattler the prey always gives notice of its presence before it strikes.

Many of the hunters of rattlesnakes are chasers of snakes in a way. One of them, Charles Mason, who for years made a part of his living by the sale of snake skins and oil to visitors in the Berkshire Hills, was able to handle any one of the many snakes he caught alive without apparent effort or danger to himself. Long experience had accustomed him to the society of serpents, and he knew all their habits so well that he was prepared for any move.

The favorite spot for a snake is on the sunny side of a rocky ledge, where it can lie and get warmed through. The serpents go to such places in great numbers, and hunters, approaching them from behind, catch them with a slip-noose of piano wire at the end of a small but rigid pole. Creeping up behind the snakes the hunter slips the noose over the head of the snake that he has selected until it is just behind the triangular head. Then with a quick jerk he draws the snake into the air. Sometimes the force of the jerk is enough to break the neck of the snake, but to make sure that it is killed the hunter strikes it a smart blow on the head with a switch. A very light blow will break the neck of the snake and then the body may be laid aside until the muscular contraction has stopped and his snakeship is ready to be skinned and the oil dried out of the body.

In the country there used to be great faith in the properties of rattlesnake oil as a cure for rheumatism and similar diseases and there was always a ready sale for it. Once in awhile a man would turn up with a belief that the poison from the glands of the snake was good for the disease from which he was suffering, no matter what it

was. The poison is not harmful if it is taken into the stomach, unless there is an abrasion of the membrane through which the poison can enter the blood. Mason used to drink the poison once in awhile just to show that it was not harmful, and he told those who saw him do it that the stuff tasted good. No one ever wanted to make an experiment to find out what the flavor was, and Mason's word was taken.

The supply of snakes is running low of late years, for the war made on them by the farmers and the owners of the big places in the country is beginning to tell.

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Conveying a Mild Rebuke.

'That is ungrammatical,' said Mr. Upperby, a smart young man much given to criticism. 'What is?' asked his business partner, an elderly blue-eyed man of a sly humor but unflinching good nature.

'That sentence you just now uttered.' 'Perhaps it was. I did not notice how I spoke it. By the way, suppose you look in Webster's dictionary and see if you pronounced that word 'ungrammatical' correctly.'

'I am quite certain I did,' returned Mr. Upperby, taking the volume down from the shelf and opening it.

'Why,' he exclaimed, after a moment's search, 'I can't find it in Webster!'

'I thought perhaps you couldn't rejoin his partner, with a twinkle in his eye.'

Dead Folk's Hair.

You can buy it. They make wigs out of it; but why wait until you are forced to wear it. Use Dr. White's Electric Comb and have live hair, your own hair, glossy and luxuriant and free from dandruff. Sample 60c. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

A Brave Hen.

An Oregon woman is the owner of a hen that she would not trade for an entire flock of poultry. A Philadelphia daily declares this hen to be the only one in the United States that ever fought and killed a hawk.

The hen was tending her brood in the usual way, when a chicken-hawk made its descent. The hen did not squawk and run but with a fierce and well-directed blow buried her bill under the hawk's left wing.

It may have been a chance blow, but it did its work. The hawk seemed surprised and dazed. It rose feebly, flew aimlessly against a clothesline and dropped dead.

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