My Friend The Chauffeur.

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON, Authors of ..THE.. Lightning Conductor ..THE.. Princess Passes, ETC.

(Continued).

Four times he rang, and by this time the Prince and I were at his back, striving to pierce the darkness behind the door, which was half of glass. At last a greenish light gleamed dim as a glow-worm in the distance, and framed in it a figure was visible—the figure of a monk.

For an instant I was half inclined to believe him a ghost, haunting the scene of past activities, for one does not expect to have the door of an hotel opened by a monk. But ghosts have no traffic with keys and bolts; and it was the voice of a man still bound to flesh and blood who greeted us with a mild "Buona sera" which made the night seem young.

Terry responded, and announced in his best Italian that we desired accommodation for the night.

"Ah, I see," exclaimed the monk. "You thought that this was still a hotel? I am sorry to disappoint you, but it ceased to be such only today. The house is now once more what it was originally—a monastery. It has been bought by the Order to which I belong."

"Isn't he going to take us in?" asked the Countess dolefully.

"I'm afraid not," said Terry, "but I'll see what I can do."

Ah, that "seeing what he could do!" I knew it of old, for Terry's own brother is the only person I ever met who could resist him if he stooped to wheedle. Italian is a language which lends itself to wheedling, too; and though the good monk demurred at first, shook his head, and even flung up his hands with a despairing protest, he weakened at last, even as the douanier had weakened.

"He says if we'd come to-morrow, it would have been impossible to admit us," translated Terry for the ladies' benefit. "The lease is going to be signed then. Until that's done the house isn't actually a monastery; so he can strain a point and take us in, rather than the ladies should have to travel further so late at night. I don't suppose we shall find very luxurious accommodation, but—"

"It will be perfectly lovely," broke in Beechy, "and Maida, anyhow, will feel quite at home."

"He won't accept payment, that's the worst of it," said Terry, "for we shall make the poor man, who is all alone, a good deal of bother. Still, I shall offer something for the charities of his Order, and he can't refuse that."

We filed into the hall, lit only by the lantern in our host's hand, and "Kid, Kidder and Kiddest," charmed with the adventure, were delightfully ready to be pleased with everything. We seemed to have walked nearly half a kilometre before we were shown into small, bare rooms, furnished only with necessaries, but spotlessly clean. Then beds had to be made and water brought. Every one worked except the Prince, and every one, with the same exception, forgot to be tired and ceased to be cold in the pleasure of the queer midnight picnic. We had not dared hope for anything to eat, but when our host proposed a meal of boiled eggs, bread and wine, the good man was well-nigh startled by the enthusiastic acceptance of his guests.

A small room containing a table, and a pile of chairs against the wall, was chosen for the banquet. Terry and Maida laid the table with the dishes from the tea-basket, and a few more found in neighboring cupboards. Beechy boiled the eggs while our host unearthed the wine; the Countess cut slices of hard, brown bread, and I added butter in little hillocks.

Then we ate and drank; and never was a meal so good. We seemed to have known each other a long time, and already we had common jokes connected with our past—that past which had been the present this morning. It was after one o'clock when it occurred to us that it was bed-time; and as at last the three ladies flitted away down the dim corridor, Terry and I, watching them, saw that something flitted after.

It was the little black dog of Airole.

PART II.

TOLD BY BEECHY KIDDER.

VII.

A Chapter of Childishness.

When I waked up that morning in the old monastery of San Dalmazzo, if that's the way to call it, and especially to spell it, I really thought for a few minutes that I must be dreaming. "There's no good getting up," I thought, "for if I do I shall somnambulize, and maybe break my rather pleasing nose." Once, when I was a little girl, I fell downstairs when I was asleep, and made one of my front teeth come out. It was a front tooth, and Mamma had promised me five dollars if I'd have it pulled; so that was money in my pocket. But I haven't got any teeth to sell for five dollars now, and it's wel to be careful. Accordingly I just lay still in that funny little iron bed, saying, "Beechy Kidder, is this you?"

Perhaps it was because of all those bewildering impressions the day before, or perhaps it was from having been so dead asleep that I felt exactly as if I were no relation to myself. Anyhow, that was the way I did feel, and I began to be awfully afraid I should wake up back in Denver months ago, before anything had happened, or seemed likely ever to happen.

When I thought of Mamma and myself, as we used to be, I grew almost sure that the things hadn't happened, because they didn't seem the kind of things that could possibly happen to us.

Why, I didn't even need to shut my eyes to see our Denver house, for it was so much more real than any other house I'd been in, or dreamed I'd been in since, and especially more real than that tiny, whitewashed room at the monastery with a green curtain of vines hanging over the window.

A square, stone house, with a piazza in front (only people out of America are so stupid, they don't know what I mean when I say "piazza"); about six feet of yard with some grass and flowers. Me at school; Mamma reading novels with one eye, and darning papa's stockings with the other. My goodness, what a different Mamma! When I thought of the difference, I was surer than ever that I must be dreaming her as she is now, and I had half a mind to go and peek into the next room to look, and risk falling downstairs bang into realities and Denver.

Would she have smooth, straight dark hair with a few threads of grey, all streaked back flat to her head to please papa; or would she have lovely auburn waves done on a frame, with a curl draped over her forehead? Would her complexion be just as nice, comfortable, motherly sort of complexion, of no particular color; or would it be pink and white like rose leaves floating in cream? Would she have the kind of figure to fit the corsets you can pick up at any shop, ready made for fifty nine and a half cents, and the dresses Miss Pettingill makes for ten dollars, with the front breadth shorter than the back? Or would she go in at the waist like an hour-glass and out like an hour-glass, to fit three hundred franc stays in Paris, and dresses that would be tight for me?

Poor Mamma! I'd made lots of fun of her these last few months, if they were real months, I said to myself; and if more real months of that kind should come, I'd probably make lots of fun of her again. I am like that; I can't help it. I suppose it's what Papa used to call his "originality," and Mamma his "cantankerousness," coming out in me. But lying there in the narow bed, with the dream-dawn fluttering little pale wings at the window, I seemed suddenly to understand how hard everything had been for her.

At some minutes, on some days, you do understand people with a queer kind of clearness, almost as if you had created them yourself—even people that you turn up your nose at, and think silly or uninteresting at other times, when your senses are n't sharpened in that magic sort of way. My "Good-days," are what I call those strange days when I can sympathize with every one as if I'd known their whole history and all their troubles and thoughts and struggles, ever since they were born. I call them that, not to be irreverent, but because I suppose God always feels so; and the little spark of Him that's in every human being—even in a naughty, pert thing like me—comes out in us more on some days than others though only for a few minutes at a stretch even then.

Well, my spark burned up quite 'brightly for a little while in the dawn, as I was thinking of Mamma.

I don't suppose she ever could have been in love with Papa. I guess she must have married him because her parents were poor, or because she was too kind hearted to say no. Anyway, it must have been horrid for her to know that he was rich enough to let her do anything she liked, but wouldn't let her do anything nice, because he was a Consistent Democrat, and did n't believe in show or "tomfoolery."

I'm sure I could n't explain what a Consistent Democrat really is; but Papa's idea of being it was to scorn "society people," not to have pretty clothes or many servants, to look plain and speak plainly, always tell the whole truth, especially if you would hurt anybody's feelings by doing so, and not to spend much money except on uninteresting books.

Mamma would have loved better than anything to be a society leader, and have her name appear often in the papers, like other ladies in Denver who, she used to tell me, did n't come from half as good family as he did. But Papa would n't let her go out much, and she did n't know any of the people she wanted to know—only quite common ones whose husbands kept stores or had other businesses which she did n't consider refined. I'm afraid I was never much comfort to poor Mamma either. That cantankerousness of mine makes me see how funny people and things are, always came between us, and I expect always will, I must have been born old.

Her only real pleasure was reading novels on the sly, all about smart society and the aristocracy, but especially English aristocracy. She simply revelled in such stories; and when Papa died suddenly without time to tie up his money so as to force Mamma to go on doing what he wanted, and not what she wanted, all the rest of her life, the first thing that occurred to her was how to make up for lost time.

"We'll travel in Europe for a year or two," she said to me, "and come back we'll just show Denver society people that we're somebody."

That was all she thought of in the beginning, but when we'd gone East to Chicago for a change, and were staying at a big hotel there, a new idea came into her head. Partly it was from seeing so many smart-looking young women having a good time every minute of their lives, and feeling what was the use of being free to enjoy herself at last, with plenty of money, when she was dowdy and not so very young any more? (I could tell just what was in her mind by the wistful way she looked at gorgeous ladies and who had the air of owning the world, with a fence around it.) And partly it was seeing an advertisement in a newspaper.

Mamma didn't mention the advertisement to me at first. But when she'd been away one morning alone on a secret errand she stammered and fidgeted a little, and said she had something to explain to me. Then it all came out.

She'd been to call on a wonderful French madame who could make a woman of thirty-eight (that's Mamma's Bible age) look twenty-five, and she hoped I wouldn't lose respect for her as my mother or think her frivolous and horrid if she put herself into the madame's hands for a few weeks. I could n't help laughing, and Mamma cried, and said that she'd never had a real good time since she was grown up. She did long to have one at last, very much, if only I'd let her do it in peace.

I stopped laughing and almost cried, myself; but I did n't let her see that I wanted to. Instead I asked what would be the sense of looking twenty-five, anyhow, when everybody would know she must be more, with a daughter going on seventeen.

Mamma hadn't thought of that. She seemed years older than ever for a minute; and then she put her hand in mine. Hers was as cold as ice. "Would you mind going back a little, darling?" she asked. "It would be so kind and sweet of you, and it would make all the difference to me."

(To be continued).

MEN! BOYS!

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MEN'S SEPARATE TROUSERS, $2.10 Up—In Fancy Tweeds and Worsteds. Plain and Broken Stripings. Sale Prices: $2.10, 2.70, 3.00, 3.60.

WORKINGMEN'S TROUSERS $1.45 Up—Made of Strong Homespuns and durable Moncton Tweeds, Extra well sewn with roomy legs and hips. All seams strapped. SALE PRICES $1.45, $1.60.

BLACK TROUSERS, $2.50 UP—In Fine Twill Worsted, also in Soft Cheviots. Very dressy. SALE PRICES; $2.50, $3.00, $3.15, $3.90, $4.20.

For the Boys.

BOYS' NORFOLK SUITS $1.80 UP—In Fancy Mixed Tweeds and Navy Blue Serges. SALE PRICES: $1.80, $2.10, $2.40, $3.30, $3.60, $4.10.

BOYS' SAILOR SUITS $1.85—Ages 3 to 8 years. In Navy Blue and Mixed Tweed. Trimmed with Braid to match.

BOYS' SEPARATE PANTS 39c. UP—In Fancy Mixed Tweeds, 4 to 7 years, 39c. Boys 8 to 11 years, 44c. Boys 12 to 16 years, 49c. Better qualities in the same kinds of cloth, 49, 54 and 59c. In Navy Blue Serges, 59c., 69c., and 74c. pair.

RAINCOATS $6.25 UP.

Buy Saturday.

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ALLHALLOW EVE.

Its Observance Is Clearly a Relic of Old Pagan Times.

The observance of Allhallow eve, or Halloween, is clearly a relic of pagan times, for there is nothing in the church observance of the ensuing day of All Saints to have originated such extraordinary notions as are connected with this celebrated festival or such remarkable practices as those by which it is distinguished. The leading idea respecting Hallowe'en is that it is the time of all others when supernatural influences prevail. It is the night set apart for the walking abroad of spirits, both of the visible and invisible world. One of the special characteristics attributed to this mystic evening is the faculty conferred on the immaterial principle of man to detach itself from the body and wander abroad through the realms of space. Divination, or second sight, is believed then to attain its highest power, and the gift asserted by Glendower of calling spirits from "the vasty deep" becomes then at the command of all who choose to avail themselves of the privileges of the occasion. There is a remarkable uniformity in the fireside customs of this night in all parts of Great Britain. Nuts and apples are everywhere in requisition and are consumed in immense quantities. Indeed, the name Nutcrack night, by which Halloween is known in the north of England, indicates the predominance of nuts in the entertainments of the evening. They are not only cracked and eaten, but are made the means of divining and prophesying in love affairs. Apples are also used in many of the evening games for the same purpose.

FOOLING A GREAT DOCTOR.

The Trick the Belgians Played on Sir Morell Mackenzie.

The Belgians once succeeded in getting cut rates on an operation from Sir Morell Mackenzie. He engaged to attend a case at Antwerp. When he landed he was met by three men in mourning, who informed him, according to the Reader Magazine, that the patient had died, but that they would pay his full fee.

"And now," said the man, "since you are here, what do you say to visiting the city hospital and giving a clinic for the benefit of our local surgeons? It is not often they have an opportunity of benefiting by such science as yours."

Sir Morell said he would gladly comply. He went to the hospital and performed many operations, among which were two of a similar nature to that for which he had been called over. When he finished, all thanked him profusely. On the steamer going home he met a friend who had a business house in Antwerp.

"Pretty scurvy trick they played on you, Sir Morell."

"What do you mean?" asked the surgeon.

"Told you the patient died before you arrived, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"Lied. You operated on him and a friend with the same trouble at the clinic. Got two operations for one price!"

The Salts In the Ocean.

The salts of the sea have fed throughout all time countless living things which have thronged its water and whose remains now form the rocks of continents or lie spread in beds of unknown thickness over 66,000,000 square miles of the 143,000,000 square miles of the ocean's floor. They have lent the substance to build the fringing reefs of the land and all the coral islands of the sea, and there are at present on the basis of an average salinity of 3½ per cent in the 290,700,000 cubic miles of water which make up the ocean's 90,000,000,000,000,000 tons, or 10,173,000 cubic miles, of salt. This is sufficient to cover the areas of all the lands of the earth with a uniform layer of salt to a depth of 1,000 feet.

Peru's Railway Wonder.

A remarkable railway, one of the wonders of Peru, is that which runs from Callao to the gold fields of Cerro de Paeco. Beginning in Callao, it ascends the narrow valley of the Rimao, rising nearly 5,000 feet in the first forty-six miles. Thence it goes through the intricate gorges of the Sierras till it tunnels the Andes at an altitude of 15,645 feet, the highest point in the world where a piston rod is moved by steam. This astonishing elevation is reached in seventy-eight miles.

To Treat a Sprain.

The most successful treatment for a sprain is use of hot footbaths for fifteen minutes three times a day. Follow each bath with massage for fifteen minutes, then apply snugly a rubber bandage from toes up to as high as ankle and have patient walk. Ballet dancers use this method with such success that they are seldom incapacitated for work longer than a week.

Standing Room Only.

The Lawyer—So your wife has sued you for a divorce, eh? Will she have any standing in court? The Client—I'm afraid so. From the nature of the evidence she threatens to bring in there won't be half enough seats to accommodate the crowd.

Selfishness.

There are some tempers wrought up by habitual selfishness to an utter insensibility of what becomes of the fortunes of their fellow creatures, as if they were not partakers of the same nature or had no lot or connection at all with the species.

Occasionally a man figures on a reserved seat in heaven because he once gave away an old coat.

A. M. Rowan will be asked to become a candidate for Lansdowne ward at the next civic election. A strong requisition will, it is understood, be made to Mr. Rowan in the course of the next few days from a number of the influential residents of the ward. It is confidently believed Mr. Rowan will accept a nomination. D. J. O'Neil has decided not to become a candidate for alderman-at-large.

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MONTREAL

SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

COAL STRIKE IS EXPECTED

Operators Refuse Increase and Men Will Fight--Trouble Expected in April.

Indianapolis, Feb. 1.—Rejection of the counter-proposal of the coal operators of the central competitive district by an almost unanimous vote of the national convention of the United Mine Workers and the adoption of a resolution offered by Secretary W. D. Ryan of Illinois, placing the miners on record as a unit in refusing to sign an agreement for any district until an agreement was signed for all districts under the jurisdiction of the United Mine Workers, today created a situation which, in the opinion of the officers of the miners' organization will result in a disruption of the joint agreement and possibly a great strike of organized labor throughout the country.

Immediately following the rejection of the operators' proposal the miners' convention set about to provide means for the accumulation of a strike fund of $6,500,000 in addition to a like amount now on deposit in international, district and subdistrict treasuries of the miners' organizations.

The subject was brought up by Secretary and Treasurer W. B. Wilson, who said in view of the fact, as he believed, the rejection of the operators' proposal meant a strike or an industrial war after April 1, he wished to inform the delegates that the funds of the international treasury could not at present be depended on to sustain the miners in such a gigantic struggle.

To provide for an emergency he moved that a per capita tax of $1 a week be voted and that all districts take care of the dependent miners within their jurisdiction for at least six weeks. He said that afterwards he believed the international organization would be in a position to take care of the miners.

The motion provoked considerable discussion and after it had been amended to substitute ten weeks for the six the whole subject of the motion was referred to the international executive board, with power to act. Then, as if to seal their position, the national convention adjourned till tomorrow.

Some delegates left for their homes tonight. Others remained for the final session of the joint conference in the morning. This will be for the formal adjournment of the interstate joint conference, recess being taken this afternoon to allow the miners' convention to ratify or reject the report of the scale committee.

In this last meeting lies a possibility for a settlement of the dispute.

"Only by the operators meeting the demand of their employes for an advance in wages can the question be re-opened," according to the action of the miners.

LIQUOR INQUIRY IN GLOUCESTER

Charges That Law Is Openly Violated Are Repeated---Officials Condemned.

Bathurst, N. B., Feb. 1—(Special)—Hon. W. P. Jones, commissioner in the Gloucester liquor inquiry, arrived here on the 3.15 train this afternoon and the hearing of the evidence on behalf of the commissioners and inspector was at once began. Mr. Mott first called Rev. Mr. Wheeler, the pastor of St. Luke's Presbyterian church, who was closely questioned as to his personal knowledge of the charges as they appear on the records. He practically endorsed them all, excepting the charge which refers to the inspector as a "confirmed drunkard."

He had no personal knowledge of the inspector but as one of the members of the organization behind the investigation, accepted responsibility for the charges generally, excepting only that one statement.

He did not consider that Commissioner Stewart was a man of good reputation in the community as he considered that the public held that he did not attend, as he should, to his duties.

He had nothing to say against the chairman of the board personally.

CONSPIRACY CHARGED

Hamilton, Ont., Feb. 1—(Special)—The preliminary examination in the case of the mayor and aldermen, who were charged with conspiracy, was on today.

J. M. Robinson, organizer for the Tailors' Union, was called by the prosecution. He admitted that there were "open" tailor shops here that could not tender for policemen's and firemen's clothing, which the council says must bear the union label.

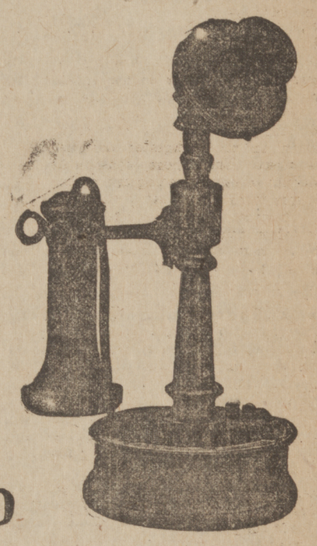
Herbert Barr, of the city clerk's department, testified that in all contracts for painting at the city buildings, the city insisted on the work being done by union men. The case was continued.

The marriage of William Essery, of Medicine Hat, Alberta, and Miss Fanny Constance Parkins, daughter of Rev. J. and Mrs. Parkins, is announced to take place at the Methodist parsonage, St. Andrews, February 8.

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