AN INTERESTING STORY BY YVETTE GUILBERT

NEW YORK, March 8.—As she sat before the morrior she noticed two little silver streaks in her hair. Already! She sighed as she quickly plucked out the two white hairs which had caused her emotion; and she began to review in her memory all the circumstances and all the colors through which had passed her poor hair during her life's stormy journey.

Her hair when a little girl! A light chestnut with a thousand golden tints, yet so thin, so short, and her ridiculous braid, which looked so skimpy and mean in spite of the pretty ribbon which she preferred to have hanging down her back so as to feel the sensation that her hair was longer, and to which her precocious coquettishness—

Mme Yvette Guilbert
Photo by Sarony

she was already a little woman—sometimes led her to add the old fashioned hair pins of her mother.

The hair of her hard times, the hair of her wretchedness, smoothed back in haste so as not to lose any of the time devoted to earning her bread. Her messenger girl hair, when she ran all over the busy streets of Paris with her big cardboard box on her arm.

Her hair as a little girl when she was industrious and innocent. Her little hair which had no wave in it nor the least little fringe, nor the most innocent "love curl"; her flat little hair, smooth and without any adornment, framing in a straight and homely line her little face, which was pretty but pale and anaemic, without other attractions than two inteligent eyes and a good mouth filled with beautiful white little teeth, like a young puppy.

Then she grew up and became a tall girl. She remembered her hair as it was then. Not quite so stiff, a little less smoothed down, a little more brilliant, not quite so poor looking, but always arranged simply and demurely. Oh, so demurely that she had the appearance of an English governess, but she took better care of her hair now; she made it brilliant with perfumed oil washed it regularly and dried it with eau de cologne.

Then came the hair of better days! She was now employed in an important dressmaking house, and a few franc pieces had made her rich. How much medicated water did she pour over her hair like the "Lady Superintendent"—those red brown copper tints, such as she had seen on the heads of certain women in pictures in the museum!

She tried hard in those days to curl her hair a little and to powder her face, but before going home she was always careful to smooth down her hair again and to wash her face well. That was the time when the buyers made love to her. She laughed with them and was neither too free not too prudish, just like a Parisian girl, who knows how to take care of herself, but who does not want to make enemies in her career, for at that time she expected to "remain in the dressmaking business for life."

Then, all at once, began a period of trouble and illness. Her father died. She herself was an anaemic, always fatigued, never having enough rest. Her legs refused to bear her weight, and she left the dressmaker's crushed disheartened, anxious. What could she do?

The stage! She began with her head. Peroxyde water did its work; the once blond hair became lighter. It was the period of hopes and disappointments. The little English head had lost its demureness. It was in the furnace.

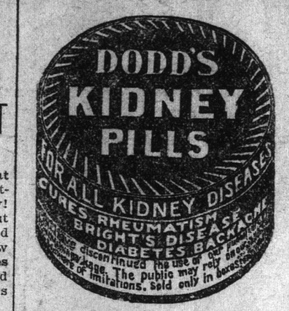
Wavy, curly, it had lost its sad and serious charm, and the powder and the rouge on the lips gave to it a semblance of life as well as a semblance of gayety—all conspired to render her whole being an external "make up." She had acquired a little grace, her coquettishness was an additional adornment, but her hair was destroyed by the discoloration and began to fall out at the same time that her heart suffered, and a forced gayety concealed her sorrowful soul.

Ah, how she had suffered, how she had wept, how disgusted she had been with life, how she had hated it, "during those yellow hair days!" And it was during the time of that yellow hair, her hair of sorrow, that she had the most courage, that she became suddenly irrevocably seized with a resolution to devote years to an endeavor to achieve something, to be some one. And soon, little by little, from week to week, her will power accomplished marvels. People were astonished at her tenacity, which nothing could shake. Every one held out a helping hand and encouraged her. Anxious at first, she was soon reassured. Her luck was turning, her courage redoubled, she felt things were coming her way, and little by little, from week to week, her hair now became Titian colored, red, flaming! It was like a crown of red gold on her head. How far away now was the poor scant hair of the old days. How puffed out it was, how silky, brilliant; it was her hair of happiness, her hair of joy, her hair of fortune, her hair of success, her hair of glory. It was the emblem of her happy, joyous life, happiness conquered by work. Her hair became the flag of her work, and several months passed.

Then all at once, brutally, ferociously, she was stricken by illness. The reaction had set in. Weeks and weeks pass. She was going to die. It was talked about all over town. All was over with her, her life ended. One evening, clammy with sweat and fever, she asked to be combed; and she noticed that her hair had once more become a sombre brown; it was again the hair of her old days of misery. Ah! how the old color had come back at the fatal hour. Was it a final warning?

She wept, wept softly, and she prayed low and gently, and gently, slowly, she came back to life after months and months. And now she was cured. She sat down and combed her hair in front of her mirror, and, seeing two white hairs, she remained silent and pensive. Are they only the result of the past suffering or are these two little silver threads a warning os some new phase? Who knows?

And in the joy of her new found life she desired to be happy once more, and she aroused her courage and bestirred her activity. New projects were made, new hopes built up, a new era of happiness was assured, and strengthened in brain and body, rejuvenated, she arose joyously, exclaiming:—"'Tis well. I await! It is my will that I be happy, and for some time yet to come am mistress of my fortune! Provera donna."



EARL GREY WILL SHORTLY VISIT NEW YORK

He Has Accepted the Pilgrims' Invitation to a Dinner at the Waldorf

NEW YORK, March 10—Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada, has accepted the invitation of the Pilgrims to the dinner which they will give in his honor at the Waldorf-Astoria on Saturday March 31 and will come down from Ottawa for the occasion with several of his cabinet ministers, according to the Tribune. Secretary of State Root and other members of the administration as well as Sir Mortimer Durand, the British ambassador, have also promised to attend the dinner, while the President may be present if his engagements permit.

The dinner will be the first public entertainment of a governor general of the Dominion anywhere in the United States.

In the absence of Bishop Potter, Morris K. Jeesup, one of the vice presidents of the Pilgrims will take the chair.

FATE.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought,
Each of the other's being, and no heed,
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands shall cross,
Escaping wreck, defying death and all unconsciously
Shape every thought and bend each wand'ring step
To this one end, that some day out of darkness they shall meet,
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So closely side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face.
But still with wistful eyes that never meet,
With outstretched hands that never clasp, and lips
Longing in vain for ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied. And this is fate.

MRS. ALBERT CROSSMAN.

SACKVILLE, N. B. March 7.—The death of Mrs. Albert Crossman occurred this morning after a few days' illness. Deceased was 44 years old. She is survived by a husband and eight children, the youngest seven years old. Funeral will be held on Friday. Rev. B. N. Nobles will officiate.

DEATHS IN BOSTON.

(Special to the Sun.)

BOSTON, March 9.—Among recent deaths were the following: In Dorchester, March 3, David C. Corey, formerly of St. John, aged 60 years; in this city, Alexander Purvis, aged 90 years, native of Halifax; in Chicago, March 3, Jas. H. Ward, a well known telegraph operator, native of Nova Scotia.

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

PARTICULARS OF THE PHILIPPINE FIGHT.

General Wood Happened to be There by Accident.

Further Outbreaks are Anticipated, But It Is Not Thought That They Will be of Serious Nature.

MANILA, March 10—The cable between Jolo and Mindanao is broken and there is only a launch service between the two islands. Consequently, further details of the recent battle on Mount Dajo are not obtainable but the military authorities are endeavoring to obtain them speedily. Apparently there will be no more fighting on the island of Jolo. On the island of Mindanao federal troops and most constabulary are pursuing hostile Moros and probably some unimportant engagements will follow.

Advices on hand show that the attack on Mount Dajo was a notable one. Major General Wood directed Col. Joseph W. Duncan to attack the Moros in the crater and kill or capture them. This was accomplished after repeated demands to surrender. Six hundred Moros were killed. It is believed that prisoners were taken. The attack was

MAJOR GENERAL WOOD.

made under the most hazardous circumstances. Starting early in the afternoon of March 6 the assailants climbed for a distance of 2,100 feet up a lava cone, the thickly wooded ridges of which furnished the only foothold. The last 500 feet of the ascent was at an average angle of 60 degrees and the last 50 feet almost perpendicular. At the top were 600 fanatical Moros armed with rifles and knives and supported by native artillery. The fortified crater was almost invisible and seemingly inaccessible. At the word of command, the troops rushed into the crater and a hand to hand encounter followed.

A complete list of casualties has not yet been made up.

MANILA, March 9.—Another account of the fight near Jolo states that 600 outlaw Moros were killed in the crater of the precipitous volcano, five miles from Colo. The Americans lost 18 killed and 52 men wounded, including Captain Rivers, of the fourth cavalry; Lieut. Agnews, of the 6th infantry; Lieut. Gordon Johnson, of the signal corps; Ensign Cooke, commanding the Parapangs, and Cautain White, of the constabulary.

The attack was under the immediate command of Col. Duncan, of the sixth infantry. The fighting lasted two days among the lava ridges, which had been strongly fortified by the Moros. Artillery had to be hoisted by means of ropes up the last 500 feet at an angle of 60 degrees.

General Wood highly commends the work of the troops.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Discussing the engagement, Secretary of War Taft said today:

"General Wood appears to have been there by accident, or rather without any idea of what was going to happen. I had a cablegram from him saying there were some matters calling him into the southern islands, but he would not be out of reach of the cable, and I suppose when he got there he found the trouble on. General Bliss, who as commander of the department of Mindanao exercised military jurisdiction over the Jolo group, was probably already at Zamboanga when General Wood arrived there on his trip of inspection. Here is Wood's cablegram:

"MANILA, Feb. 26.—Leaving for Zamboanga, be absent about eight days. Civil and military business preparatory to turning over duties as governor of Moro provinces. Shall be constantly in cable communication."

This data relative to General Wood's movement was produced by the secretary in response to a suggestion that possibly General Wood may have gone to Jolo to organize a punitive expedition against the Moros in the mountain fastnesses who had held out for the two years against the American forces.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

ORIGINAL CHARACTER IN JARNDYCE vs. JARNDYCE.

Joseph Jennings has Recently Died at an English Almshouse.

LONDON, March 10.—The oldest inhabitant in the town of Colchester, Jos. Jennings, has just died in an almshouse at that place. It was a disputed will in his family which led to the lawsuit on which Dickens founded the case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce in "Bleak House." A tablet in St. Peter's church, Colchester, to one of the relatives of Jennings concerned in the suit bears this inscription: "Through deceit they refuse to know me."

NEWS OF THE BOSTON MARKETS

Demand for Salt and Cured Fish Still Quiet.

BOSTON, March 9.—The tone of the market for all spruce lumber is strong. From the very high prices quoted below there are no concessions, and it is even affirmed that for the prompt shipment of stock, the quality of which is beyond criticism, it would be possible successfully to demand premiums. The feeling is certainly very firm and another advance would cause less surprise than a decline.

Eastern hemlock boards are even more valuable than at the date of our last report. At this writing $21 is an inside price and some holders are confidently asking $22. The supply is so light that it is not improbable the top figure may be realized before our next issue.

Good slab laths, to which alone our quotations refer, are higher than they were. Sellers think, perhaps, that buyers have been sufficiently impressed with the difference in quality between them and the round wood variety and will be found willing in consequence to pay the prices quoted. There is a story that some houses here, who looked for a larger production of laths than the mild winter rendered possible, sold more to parties in New York than they will be able to deliver, and that as a result the demand from that centre is destined to be even more active than expected. No one seems quite sure that this is more than an idle tale, but numbers of people show an interest in it, nevertheless.

Shingles continue to grow dearer. For the nicest extras $3.60 has been obtained, and $3.50 is inside for anything really good. Further advances are expected. In the demand for clapboards there has been as yet no revival.

The cut on the East Branch waters of the Penobscot is said to reach this season the large total of 61,300,000 feet, all new logs. This does not represent all the logs to come out of the East Branch next summer, for there are from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 feet of old logs left hung up last year by low water. The question more easily asked than answered, is whether the snow will last long enough to permit all these to be hauled to the landings.

The prices below are those asked the yards by the wholesale trade:

Spruce lumber, rail shipments—10 and 12 inch dimension, $27; 9 inch and under dimension, $25; 10 and 12 inch random lengths, 10 feet and up, $26.50; 2x3, 2x4, 2x5, 2x6 and 2x7, 10 feet and up, $25.50; all other random lengths, 9 inches and under, 10 feet up, $24; merchantable board, 5 inch and up, $20; matched board, $23 to $24; eastern hemlock board, 12, 14, 16 feet, $21 to $22; Vermont hemlock board, 12 feet, ——; bundled furring, clipped to same length, p. 1 s, $22 to $22.50.

Shingles—Cedar ex, $3.50 to 3.60; do, clear, $3 to 3.10; do, 2nds, $2.40 to 2.50; do, clear white, $2.25 to 2.35.

Slab lath, spruce—1½ inch, $4.25 to 4.50; 1⅝ inch, $4.50 to 4.65.

Clapboards—Spruce, 4 feet ex, $40 to 42; do, clears, $38 to 40; do, 2nd cleas, $36 to 38; pine extras, $47 to 49; clears, $43 to 45; 2nd clears, $38 to 40.

The demand for salt and cured fish continues quiet. The large supplies of fresh fish and the low price of eggs are

WASHINGTON, March 8.—The treasury department at Washington has signified a willingness to send a representative to Boston or some other convenient point to meet a representative from the customs department at Ottawa, to confer on matters in connection with the "line stores," and to bring up the same at the present sessions of congress and the dominion parliament.

There are 56 "line stores" between Cornwall, Ont., and Calais, Me. They are erected on the boundary line, with one portion of the building in Canada and the other in the United States. Goods are purchased in the cheapest markets and are being continually smuggled from one country to the other.

This joint conference will endeavor to be the means of putting these law breakers out of business within the next few months.

Another thing which is receiving the attention of the Canadian customs department is the sardine business. Boats convey these fish from New Brunswick weirs to Eastport without reporting at the custom house. The law will be strictly enforced in the future.

THERE IS NOW A MASS OF PROOF

THAT LUMBAGO IS ALWAYS CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Quebec Man Cured His Kidneys With Dodd's Kidney Pills and His Lumbago Vanished.

QUEBEC, P. Q., March 9—(Special)—John Ball a bricklayer, residing at 57 Little Chamberlain Street, this city, has added his statement to the great mass of proof that Lumbago is caused by disordered Kidneys and consequently easily cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Ball says:

"I was troubled with Lumbago for two years. I could not work. I had to get up at nights to urinate so often that my rest was broken. I read of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and made up my mind to try them. After the first box I could see and feel a change. Three boxes cured me completely."

Lumbago, like Rheumatism, is caused by uric acid in the blood. Uric acid cannot stay in the blood if the kidneys are working right. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys work right.

Spasmodic advertising is better than no advertising, but the best results come from persistently keeping before prospective buyers the information which interests them.—Dayton, O., Journal.

CONCERNING A HUSBAND'S LOVE.

The man who is as much a sweetheart after marriage as before it is a rare exception.

Whether this is the fault of the man or the woman is always a question. Probably they are both a bit to blame

There is much advice given to young men and maidens who wish to marry.

Women as well as men lay all sorts of traps to catch their game, but the animal being caught, little energy is expended in taming him and teaching him to eat from one's hand.

Winning a man's love is a simple proposition compared with keeping it, for, as Becky Sharpe says, any woman can win any man providing she has'nt a hump or he a previous attachment.

But she does'nt say anything about its being easy to keep a man's love. The sooner a woman realizes that she has some hard work to do when it comes to keeping a husband interested the greater are her chances for happiness. Before marriage no girl would think of going into detail about her domestic troubles, dressmakers, etc.

But after marriage these form her chief topics. Either the fire won't burn, the cake is soggy, her dress has come home and is a perfect fizzle, etc.

If these things had happened before the wedding they would have been put upon the shelf and forgotten.

There would have been so many interesting things to discuss.

So why would'nt it be a good idea to husband should be allowed to enter after marriage?

One shelf in the room could be given up to dressmakers and their shortcomings.

Another to the kitchen range and all horrors connected therewith.

A third to servants, if you be so unfortunate as to have them.

A fourth to minor household difficulties, such as sour bread, ugly wall paper on parlor, wall, etc.

This room should be opened in the morning, after hubby has gone to work but should be closed before he comes home at night.

For, remember, he is not to have as much as glimpse into it.

Any two people who have to go through life together are bound to have many real troubles.

If sympathy is to be expended upon these minor difficulties there will be nothing left for the real troubles when they come.

So don't ask for sympathy for every little thing that goes wrong; put it in your chamber of horrors, and the chances are you will soon forget it.

Troubles put upon the shelf are very soon forgotten.

WINNIPEG, March 9—Great activity is displayed in securing lands along the Kirkella branch of the C. P. R. and between that line and the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, now under construction. Two large sales have been recently made, one of 9,450 acres, north of Lipton, which is to be settled by Germans, and another sale of 14,800 acres made yesterday to Winnipeg men. All government sections in the district have been taken up as homesteads and many settlers are now buying adjoining lands.

SUDDEN DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN OF HALIFAX FRIDAY NIGHT.

Had Been Ill Only a Short Time and No Danger Was Anticipated—Was Sixty-Two Years of Age—A Long and Useful Career.

HALIFAX, N. S., March 9.—The Right Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, D. D., Catholic archbishop of Halifax, died very suddenly tonight of apoplexy. His grace was in delicate health for several years, but recently showed much improvement and was actively engaged in the duties of his episcopacy. He issued his Lenten pastoral, which was read on Sunday last in the Catholic churches, and celebrated mass at St. Mary's Cathedral that day. A few days ago he complained of indigestion and was under his physician's care, but no serious result was anticipated. His doctor left him at ten o'clock comfortable and well. His grace had retired and his sister, who was at his bedside, left the room to get him a drink of water. Returning a moment later she found him dead.

He was sixty-two years old. He started life as a clerk in a country store at Summerside, P. E. I., where he had as fellow worker President Schurman of Cornell University.

Archbishop O'Brien was a man of great intellect, force and literary taste. As monuments to his religious zeal he has left many fine churches, schools and philanthropic institutions erected during his twenty-three years' episcopate. He was an eloquent advocate of home rule for Ireland, a staunch imperialist and strong Canadian.

His Grace Cornelius O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax R. C., was the son of a Wexford county father and a mother whose birthplace was in the county of Cork, Ireland. Born near New Glasgow, P. E. I., he commenced his common school education under Robert Laird, an elder brother of Hon. David Laird. He afterwards attended school at Pubnico, principally to learn French, and commenced the battle of life as a clerk in a mercantile establishment at Summerside. When 19 years of age he realized what had long been his strongest desire, by entering St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, to study for the priesthood. After two years he became a student at the College of the Propaganda at Rome. There he carried off the gold medal for excellence, and graduated doctor of divinity and philosophy. In 1871 he was ordained to the priesthood, and returning to P. E. I., was for two years a professor and prefect of studies in St. Dunstan's College. In 1873 he was appointed principal priest at the Cathedral, but his health giving way, he was sent as parish priest to Indian River, where he remained eight years. In 1880 he accompanied the late Bishop McIntyre to Rome as secretary, and in the following year paid a second visit to the Eternal City with Archbishop Hannan, at his special request. On the death of the latter prelate, Dr. O'Brien was appointed to succeed him as fourth Archbishop of Halifax.

Since his appointment His Grace has always shown unwonted activity in the work of the diocese, a large number of churches, schools and glebe houses having arisen through his instrumentality.

During his first year of office he commenced the erection of St. Patrick's Church, Halifax, which he later completed at a cost of $75,000. Subsequently he revived St. Patrick's Home, a reformatory for Catholic boys; founded the Victoria Infirmary and the Infants' Home; purchased an archiepiscopal residence; established several colonies of nuns; and carried out certain costly and much needed repairs in St. Mary's Catheoral.

In 1897, it was announced that the archbishop was taking steps for the establishment of a Catholic university at Halifax under the management of the Jesuits of the Benedictines. His grace's literary efforts have kept pace with his other work. To many fugitive poems, essays and articles contributed from time to time to the periodical press, he added works of lasting interest and merit. Of these the principal are: "Philosophy of the Bible Vindicated," "Mater Admirabelis," "After Many Years," a novel; "Saint Agnes, Virgin and Martyr," "Annita, a modern life drama," and "Memoirs of Bishop Burke."

Archbishop O'Brien was, during its existence, an office-bearer in the Imperial Federation League, and was a vice president for Nova Scotia of the British Empire League in Canada. He preached the sermon at the state funeral of the late Sir John Thompson, in January, 1895, and in 1896 was elected president of the Royal Society of Canada.

Accused of Stealing $3,000,000 Bank President Will Fight.

John R. Walsh — The Chicago National Bank

CHICAGO, March 9.—John R. Walsh, the president of the Chicago National Bank, who is accused of misappropriating $3,000,000 from that institution, is preparing to fight every inch of ground during his trial soon to begin. He declares he can account for every dollar, and threatens to drag into the case some of the wealthiest and most reputable financiers in America. He has secured the services of some of the best lawyers in Chicago and will spare no money in his defense.

Mr. Walsh is now out on $50,000 bail. The warrant upon which he was arrested charges him with violating the national banking laws in making false reports to the controller of the currency.