

## The Woman Hater.

The man who sets his heart upon a woman is a chameleon and doth feed on air.

Three things a wise man will not trust:  
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,  
And woman's plighted troth—

quoted Capt. Beauchamp, cynically.

"Considering, my dear Beauchamp, that your sojourn upon this planet cannot have exceeded thirty years, you must have been singularly unfortunate in your experiences of women to adopt such aphorisms," remarked Mr. Wyndham, in answer. "The man who takes them for a creed suggests a boy who, having chanced to come across one or two sour plums among a tree full of sweet ones, vows he will never taste a plum again!"

This dialogue took place one summer evening on the lawn in front of Mr. Wyndham's Surrey residence, while the two men were smoking their cigarettes. Capt. Beauchamp was an officer in a crack regiment—a man of fortune, handsome, fascinating, intellectual. Mr. Wyndham, who was well advanced in middle age, had known him from his boyhood, and the captain was a frequent visitor at the Pines.

There had been an unseen listener to this conversation. The two men were seated close to a very large rhododendron bush, and were unaware that a lady was seated on the other side of it.

Clarice Wyndham, the only daughter of the host, who was a widower, was dreaming over a volume of Browning when the quotations with which this story opened struck upon her ear. A look of mingled pain and sadness stole over her beautiful face.

After a silence Wyndham consulted his watch. "By Jove!" he said, "we have only just time to dress for dinner! I expected a lady down. Hark! I can hear a motor on the road. I shouldn't wonder if it be she!"

"A lady? You did not tell me you expected any one down to-day," said Beauchamp, lighting another cigarette. "I understood some people were coming to-morrow!"

"Who is it? Some one I know?" interrupted Beauchamp, a little irritably.

"Yes, Lady Beaton—Maud Selby that was. You—Eh! What's the matter?"

Beauchamp had given such a violent start that the cigarette dropped from his lips. "Oh, nothing!" he answered, stooping to pick it up again.

"Yes, the motor has stopped at the lodge gate. It will be she!" cried Wyndham.

Beauchamp turned upon his heel and strode towards the house.

Lady Beaton was a fair, handsome woman of about twenty-six, and fascinating. She had only recently been married to the rich peer whose name she bore, and, as she was the daughter of a poor country clergyman, it was considered a fortunate match, although her husband was seventy.

After the first greetings she said, rather anxiously, "Who is the man I caught a glimpse of through the trees entering the house? His figure seemed familiar to me."

"Oh, an old friend of yours—Capt. Beauchamp," answered Wyndham.

A couple of hours afterwards Beauchamp was smoking a cigar out of doors in the moonlight. His meeting with Lady Beaton in the drawing-room had been that of an old acquaintance, and her woman's tact had carried her through the situation with at least equal success. But all the time Beauchamp was under the severest tension.

He had strolled some little distance from the house when the woman, wrapped in a light cloak, advanced rapidly toward him.

"Maud!—Lady Beaton!" he exclaimed. She stood in his path.

"Give me a few minutes' conversation with you. I—I want to explain!" she cried in a broken voice.

"If you refer to the past, no explanation is needed. You were wooed by a richer and a titled suitor, and you ignored that you were the plighted wife of another!"

"I know how badly, how wickedly, I have acted! You were away at the time, and every possible pressure, by father, mother, friends, was put upon me. Did you receive the letter I wrote in my distraction?"

He bowed his head.

"Forgive me, Herbert, forgive me! I hardly know how it came about. I must have been under some spell—some hallucination!"

"No you were so dazzled by the coronet that you could not see right from wrong!"

"It has brought me nothing but misery and remorse," she moaned.

"Nonsense! This meeting has unnerved you, has brought back memories that are still fresh."

"But only listen to me!"

"No, it would be useless. The fact will still remain that you are not Maud Selby, but Lady Beaton, that every tie is broken between us forever. If you have no more thought for your honor as a wife than to risk being discovered here with me, I will retain too much respect for the woman I once loved and looked upon as my future wife to prolong this conversation. Good-night!"

With a bow, he turned upon his heel. When he returned to the house he found Mr. Wyndham alone in the smoking room.

"I am sorry to say that I must leave early tomorrow morning, my dear Wyndham. Do not mention it

to-night to any one. I must ask you to make my excuses!"

Wyndham looked up at the pale face, upon which the recent scene had left its traces, and answered, "I am sorry to hear that. I had anticipated some pleasant days together; and to-morrow we have some nice people coming down. But if it must be, it must be."

As he passed into the hall he met Lady Beaton, who had just returned from the grounds. "I have been indulging in a moonlight walk, hoping to hear the nightingale. But they are not singing to-night, it would seem," she said, speaking quite loudly. She was pale, and her eyes looked a little red, but her tone was free and unembarrassed.

"It was very ungalant of the nightingales to disappoint a lady," he answered, in the same strain.

"I shall find more than compensation in the drawing room. What a delicious voice Clarice has! She is singing one of my favorites—Schubert's 'Serenade.' Are you coming to listen?"

"I am afraid I must deny myself the pleasure. Good night, Lady Beaton!"

Four summers have come and gone, and it is the June of the fifth year when we again look upon the verdant lawn and bosky gardens of the Pines. The scene is the same, so are the dramatic personae.

Mr. Wyndham, looking rather grayer, though he is still a handsome man on the sunny side of sixty, is smoking a cigarette; Clarice is reading aloud, while Beauchamp, now a colonel, is reclining in a chaise longue. But how altered! He has been serving abroad and has returned home invalided.

Outwardly at last there is little left of the proud, indomitable, self-reliant man of the past in the pale, worn-looking figure, whose hollow gray eyes, once so ruthlessly keen, are now intently fixed upon the reader.

Clarice is little changed, save that her beauty is more matured; her tall, graceful figure is more firmly set. The dark eyes are as soft and lustrous as ever, the pale complexion is perhaps a shade wamer, but a shadow of sadness is over all.

Beauchamp has been staying at the Pines nearly a month. When he first came he had not long left a sickbed, and was incapable of using any exertion. But the genial Surrey air has wrought wonders upon him. Each day he is gaining strength.

He glanced toward Mr. Wyndham, who was dozing in his chair. Then he whispered softly, "Clarice!"

And, as though there had been a compelling magic in his voice, she rose and, with hot, flushed cheeks, advanced to his side.

"Clarice!" he whispered again, taking her trembling hand in his. "Dare I say that I love you? Dare I ask you to be my wife?"

Was the declaration as unexpected as it was abrupt? Oh, no; his eyes had uttered it long before. She was waiting only for the word.

Their eyes met, and though she made no audible reply, the next moment his arms were about her and his lips pressed to hers.

Mr. Wyndham awoke with a start, stared amazedly for a moment at what he saw, then closed his eyes again and gave a warning cough.

When he looked up again Clarice was gone. The two men regarded each other, and there was something in Mr. Wyndham's face which apprised Beauchamp that he had witnessed this love passage.

Beauchamp said quietly, "I have asked Clarice to be my wife, Mr. Wyndham. Does it meet with your approval?"

"There is not another man I know to whom I would so heartily say 'Yes,'" answered the father, rising and grasping his hand.

"Thank you!" said Beauchamp, warmly returning his pressure. "Then, after a moment's thought, while the other resumed his seat, he said, 'Do you remember a conversation we had upon this very spot just about five years ago?'"

Wyndham, who was lighting a cigarette, nodded. "You have changed your mind since then," he said, with a sly twinkle in his eye.—*Modern Society.*

**An Expensive Kodak.**  
It is said that the Sultan of Turkey has a kodak that cost approximately \$2000. It was made by an American firm and the metal work is of gold, the framework ivory, while the whole is enclosed in a case of white morocco with a gold lock and key.

**Smoking at a Funeral.**

Short clay pipes and tobacco are furnished every mourner who attends funerals in the cemetery at Bab-ruck, Connemara. After the grave has been filled in the mourners quit smoking, the pipes are broken and the ashes scattered over the mound.

**Oldest University.**  
The "Schools for the Sons of the Empire," located at Peking, China, is the oldest university in the world. It has a granite register, consisting of 220 stone columns, on which are inscribed the names of 60,000 graduates.

**Encouraging Poultry Raising.**  
In Ireland the Department of Agriculture annually appropriates a sum of money to each county for the improvement of poultry. The Government also conducts a school for poultry raisers.

**Bamboo Lighthouse.**  
There is a lighthouse made of bamboo used in Japan which is said to have great power in resisting waves and the wood does not rot.

## CRUELTY OF SEAL HUNTING.

Wholesale Depletion Called for Government Interference.

Among the fashionable furs for several seasons sealskin has been conspicuous by its absence, and there is no doubt that the want of its popularity can be traced to many inhumanities. This is rather a startling statement, but facts point to the truth of it. The wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter of these gentle and harmless animals has, in the course of years, had its effect; the method pursued by the British government alone being sufficient to ultimately exterminate the fur seal.

It may not be generally known that what is called the fur seal is, properly speaking, the sea bear, and is probably more nearly related to the bear than to the true seal. A noteworthy item is that the short, soft, thick fur, which is so beautiful, is generously sprinkled with a long, stiff, white hair, which, in the process of dressing, must be removed.

There are two methods employed in the hunting one, referred to above, as pursued by the British government, being the open sea, or pelagic sealing. The animals are killed by spearing them as they lay peacefully sleeping on the water. The "raids" are made in the breeding season, and the males do not feed during that time, but when the puppy seals are about a week old the mother ventures out to sea in search of food. After feeding she lays asleep on the water, and the sealers steal upon her and end her life. The pups left on land are too small and feeble to care for themselves, and they are simply allowed to starve to death on the frozen snow.

During the nineteenth century the destruction of breeding females, literally by the millions, sadly depleted the herds and practically exterminated them in southern waters, whence came the most valuable skins. They have, for some time, been protected by the government, and pelagic sealing in northern waters is limited as to time, place and manner, while only licensed sealing vessels are permitted to engage in fur sealing.

While the British method eliminates the reproductive class and is cruel in its results, the Americans, who kill on land and select only "bachelor" seals, are far more barbarous and inhuman in their killing. The land "drive," in itself untold suffering for these animals, fitted with no feet for dry land and compelled to hunch along with a great strain on the lumbar region, is the least of the cruelties practiced in the killing. Many drop by the wayside during the "drive," and are left to die, the skins of all such having no market value.

The hunting season is very short, as the animals are "prime" for only twenty-eight or thirty days. Consequently, everything is done in great haste. The "drive," which extends over miles of rough, stony country, from the sea to the vicinity of some village, is hurried and inhuman. They are allowed to rest occasionally, and again at the killing grounds, but for purely commercial reasons, for if killed while over heated and in a state of exhaustion the fur would be valueless. The next step is to march them in a long column of from three to five abreast and drive them between men armed with heavy clubs, as they pass their skulls are crushed. The great rapidity with which this work is conducted prevents the certainty of instant death, and as they are cast aside in great piles, many lie there suffering.

The poorer class, the scarred, and those whose fur is not in good condition, together with the breeding seals, are allowed to find their way back to the sea.

**No Hunting in Yellowstone Park.**

The Yellowstone National Park is our greatest federal reserve, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. It now contains 1,600 antelope, 100 mountain sheep, about 200 bison and numerous deer, elk, black bears, beaver and smaller game.

For a new refuge in the mountain sheep, about 100 bison and the necessary inclosures have now been built. A herd of twenty-one of these animals purchased a few years ago for this inclosure has already increased to fifty-six, and besides these there are some forty or more wild bison ranging in the park at will.

There are more elk than any other species of big game in the great preserve. Formerly the greater number of these animals left the park in winter to feed in the lower ranges of neighboring states, but now they are fed in the preserve during the cold months and are becoming remarkably tame.

In fact, several different species venture close to the buildings of the park and even upon the parade ground of Fort Yellowstone. The experiment with big game in Yellowstone has demonstrated how readily our big game can be saved from extirpation in parks or forest reserves.

The hunting season in the Yellowstone Park is always closed. No firearms are permitted inside its boundaries save those carried by the military guard. If the civilian insists upon carrying a gun into the park he may do so by first having it sealed against use.

**Great Oyster Epicures.**

The ancient Romans were said to be great oyster epicures. They not only ate them in great numbers, but were able to tell, with eyes closed, just what coast they came from.

## FROM AN OLD MAID'S KODAK.

Consoling Thoughts in Her Hours of Loneliness.

First—However dreary the outlook, as you wait for Prince Charming to show up, it is indefinitely pleasanter than some find it who sit up waiting for their husbands to come home!

Second—As you read the divorce cases, and the stories of deserted wives and mothers, throw envy to the winds and be glad that you missed those mercies, anyway, as well as whatever led to these culminations.

Third—A happy old maid is easily possible, as is an unhappy Mrs.

Fourth—Be cheerful over the fact that no man is afraid to be agreeable to you because of your jealous husband—and enjoy all the attentions that come your way, from men, and women, too.

Fifth—If you feel a bit lonely now and then, look about among the "eligibles" of your acquaintance and see how many (or how few) of them all you would be willing to pour breakfast coffee with conversation for 365 times a year.

Sixth—Rejoice and be exceedingly glad that there is no one to smooth his locks with your sidecomb because he doesn't "know what the — has become" of his military brushes.

Seventh—Take all the comfort you can in the thought that on "bargain day" you don't have to get home at a certain hour or minute on pain of a refrigerating process if your husband's dinner is late.

Eighth—Be glad, too, that when you go to the bank for a new supply of the "needful" you are not obliged to explain why you need it or what you did with that "last month's five dollars." Not all men "cough up" as readily as the cashier does.

Ninth—Remember with gratitude that "it is never too late to mend," nor to marry, and be sure to keep your mending (or marriage) basket ever in view of the man whose capture will make you eternally happy.

Tenth—"If at first you don't succeed," don't give up the ship, but wisely deny defeat and do some more until you make the lucky run which will enable you to choose whether you will have "Dearly beloved wife of —" carved on your tombstone, or merely "Miss."

**A Japanese Bathroom.**

A tiny space (x6 feet. In it were four objects—a stool to sit upon when washing oneself before getting into the bath, a shining brass wash basin, a wooden pail and dipper, in which to fetch the bath water, and the tub, says a writer in the Craftsman.

The tub, like most private baths, was round, casket-shaped and made of white wood. It was perhaps 30 inches in diameter and 37 inches high.

A copper funnel or tube passed through the bottom went up inside close to the edge. This, filled with lighted charcoal, supplied heat for the water. The pipe was higher than the tub, so the water could not leak inside.

A few transverse bars of wood fitted into grooves and formed a protection so the bather could kneel in the tub without coming in contact with the hot pipe.

The walls of the room were of white wood, with a slight slope and grooved so the water might flow into a gutter and through a bamboo pipe to the yard.

A moon-shaped lattice window high up let in air and light. As a provision for more ventilation the two outside walls for a foot below the ceiling were lattice of bamboo slats.

As my eye traveled from object to object I quickly sized up the cost. For the tub 8 yen, and it would last indefinitely; 2 yen for the brass basin, 40 yen for the pail and dipper, and 10 yen for the stool. Eleven yen would fit up my bathroom, and I asked for nothing else.

**Properties of Wines.**

"A misapprehension about the strength of red and white wines exists," said a Californian, "because red wine has a darker, richer look, people think it is more intoxicating. The opposite, really is the case.

"Red wines are made by fermenting grape juice, skins and seeds together. White wines are made by fermenting juice alone.

"In the skins and seeds there is a lot of tannin, and red wine contains much tannin, while white wine contains none. This tannin, an astringent, closes the pores of the stomach and prevents the alcohol in the red wine from entering the blood freely and going, as the saying is, to the head.

"White wine—champagne, for instance—has no tannin, and hence its intoxicating properties are much more keenly to be feared than those of the tannin-filled red wine."—Exchange.

**Oldest Chemist's Shop in England.**

The oldest pharmacy in England is the quaint and conspicuous shop occupied by Mr. E. W. Lawrence on the east side of the market place, Kimborough. The shop was established in 1720, and many interesting particulars of Mr. Lawrence's predecessors are preserved, including herbals, dispensatories, and the like, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Against a pillar in the shop are strips of leather formerly used to hold quills of quack-silver, and drugs worn as charms against accident and disease. A pound and mortar are still in use which were worked by a dog when dogs were employed to draw vehicles, turn meat bolts, and so on.

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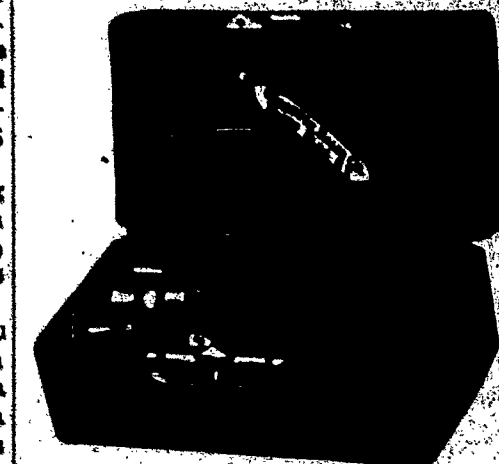
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