THE VALLEY SHADOWS.

By ALPHONSE COURLANDER.

I did not want to fight my Cousin Gaston at all. To begin with, I, Renee Lavallere, had a reputation as a ly, and was en garde again, by the swordsman which many Frenchmen envied. My skill with the steel was such that it was no uncommon thing to see the phrase in the newspapers, "A Levallere of Swordsmen." But apart from this, my cousin Gaston was my junior by ten years; he was but his laughter as he talked. He was peryoungster of 25, gay-hearted and fair-haired, as befitted youth. I had I had wished, I could have pierced his a great affection, brinking almost on heart even in that second when he was ove, for the boy, and more especially retreating before my short attack. loved him for the hot fire of youth that burnt within him.

Yet here he had called me out to mally. There was De Courcel, always

name was Mariette; and for her to realize that my Cou wretched sake, as fine a fellow as my indeed cousin Gaston was risking his life insulting me.

creature, whose a terre, to beg me in the name of the Holy Mother not to cross swords with mise me yo him because she was his affianced wife, ton was pressing and because she loved him with a I battling my retreat purer love than that of Mariette, I could only shrug my shoulders.

I said, "nobody "Mademoisselle," is more averse from the encounter narrow eyes of his, to see if one of now in negotiation, and the procession on Gaston's fair hair; his face verbaux are being drawn up."

"You will not fight him?" she implored. "He is so you and hand-bome, and headstrong." and hand-heart, and then—it seemed

"I do not wish to fight him." I re plied. "He is far weaker than I am. But-the newspapers have heard that ! Renee Levaliere is about to fight; they had dropped back into the art are printing paragraphs about me, and seconds; the scarlet blot on -It is too late to retract."

"Promise me you will not hurt him,"

"I will try not to," I a She kissed my hand Cousin Gaston was a

old stroke of mine-I struck his blade aside, and would have pierced his under-arm, but that he retreated clevertime De Courcel held up his stick to signify that the first reprise was over. We handed our swords to our respective seconds, and, turning our backs to

one another, chatted with our friends, Gaston lit a cigarette, and I could hear fectly at ease. He little knew that, if

"M'sieurs, etcs-vous prets?" came De Courcel's voice again. The sun was in my eyes as I took my sword a duel. His seconds had visited me for- and stood up to Gaston. This time he came at me fiercely-it was a spoiling for a fight, and Dr. Lamar- lange, thrust and parry-and I needed ine, who loved to see his name in all my skill to keep my ground. Our the papers, if only as second to a duel, blades licking round each other, the Why? Oh, over some ridiculous sunlight gleaming on the bright steel, cafe squabble, and a jest over a worth- and every now and again he made litless maiden with yellow hair; her the darts at my chest, until I began icle

tore like one mad, until the blood flowed from my finger-tips. The sun beat down upon me, and still I scrape. away, bending to my work and trying not to flinch as the cruel flints pricked my flesh and made fresh wounds. As hour passed, and I was grasping handfuls of earth and flinging them about me in a frenzied eaverness. "He mus be buried before sunset," said a voice "or his blood shall stain your life." I fell to with renewed energies, dig ging deeper and deeper into the earth with my hands, and at the end of hours I had only scraped a small hole, about a foot in depth. The sun dropped lower. A chill came over "I can never do it," I sobbed. "O God, forgive me!"

"Murdered! Go on," said the voice. Then, whimpering in pain, I went a all fours and tore like one distracted at the ground. I felt that a mad ness was everwhelming me. Ties sun dropped low toward the horizon, and I saw that I could never dig the grave in time to save my soul, I flung my self forward on the ground, and sobbed convulsively in despair.

"O God, forgive me!" I shricked. The sun dropped lower, and vanished in cloud-colored clouds.

I spened my eyes and stared vaguely around me. The train of though in my brain stopped and started abruptly upon a new track. I saw Tolin peering anxiously at me, and, miracle of miracles, my cousin Gaston holding me tenderly by the arm. The sun was shining, and I was being supported on some one's knee. "A slight prick on the arm," said Dr. Lamardine. "Curious that it should have made him faint."-Daily Chrop

THE WORKMEN OF PARIS found "Collectiviste Possibiliste"

VISIT TO THE QUARTERS WHERE THEY LIVE.

Sane and Lively Intelligence of the Parisian Working and Middle Clas. es.-The Value of Environment in Developing Skilled Artisans,-Attitude of the Common People Towards the Roman Catholic Church,

Every day of last week I drove 20 miles or so through the working-class quarters of Paris and its suburbs. have seen hundreds of thousands of Parisian faces at windows or by the side of our carriages, kind, amused, a little skeptical at first, but toward the end of the weck genuinely enthusiastic. With regard to those things which directly concern my work on the education committee, I have been taken, under the wise and helpful guldance of M. Louis May, round schools of various types, technical, secondary, and elementary, as well as those State factories of Sevres pot tery and Gobelins tapestry which continue into today the artistic traditions of the French crafts

Throughout our whole visit I have received, whether at the great ball given to 16,000 guests at the Hotel de Ville, or in the street, or in the schools, an overmastering impression of the sane and lively intelligence of the Parisian working an i middle classes. The people seem to be poorer and worse housed than in London Even in the new quarters outside the fortifications, they seem to live in crowded tenement buildings rather than in the comfortable, ugly, two one sees along the on dis-

useful term. When this was done we used to plunge at once, as far as my French allowed, into the heart of hings.

One felt the intense reality of the present French love of peace, not only as a shield behind which modern civilization may develop, but as the satisfaction of a moral need, and its relation to that sensitiveness for national and individual dignity which makes even the suspicion that he is being treated with unfeeling insolence an agony to every Frenchman. Here and elsewhere, as one learned way in which men looked on life and the motives from which they apparent ly acted, one was reminded of the morality tinged with emotion" of Matthew Arnold's definition; and when an educated agnostic schoolmaster spoke to me of his opinions as "ma religion" there seemed nothing incongruous in the word

This religion, if it is one, is boldly introduced into the schools. I had accepted the criticism so often made of the "moral instruction" and "civic training" which appear on the French time-tables, and are represented by so many text books that it was trite, tasteless-a weariness to teacher and taught. This time I was given by a friend a copy of "ten school commandments" which I was told were much used for the purpose of moral instruction. The name and the number were to our notions aggressively anticlerical, but the interest in the document lay in its positive and not in its negative qualities.

Live instruction; it is the bread of the mind.

Honor honorable people, respe rights of all, and do not to any one. Do n



Watering Chicks.

The best way I find to water little chicks is to fill a flat tin nearly full of pebbles, and pour in water. The chicks drink in the little pools between the pebbles and are kept from getting in the water with their feet

To be successful with little chickens you must keep them dry and warm,

When the Cow is Chocked.

Cows will often get choked with a small notate or other hard substance in food. To relieve them, take of fine cut chewing tobacco enough to make a ball the size of a hen's egg; dampen it with molasses so it adheres closely, lift up the cow's head, pull the tongue for ward and crowd the ball as far down the throat as possible. In a short time It will cause sickness and vomiting and obstruction will be thrown out.

Made Fertile 9

The Brood Sow.

One of the essentials of successful plg breeding is to carefully select the sows from which future litters are to be obtained. It is just as necessary to save the most thrifty and growthy sows as breeders as it is to breed them to a good boar: indeed of the two, it is more important, from the fact that upon the thrift and capacity of the sow will depend, to a large extent, not only the size of the litter, but their food during infancy. It is only the thrifty sow that will be able to feed a large litter of pigs during the first few weeks of their lives, a time when it is all important that they should be well fed.

The breeding sows should be selected early, fed properly, bred to selected boars and give them good care and the result will be the right A little extra es

ORVILLE BROWN.

Now, Orville Brown, he's just moved here
F'om Millerstown, an' he don't give
A cent for all us folks, 'cause we're
Not like those where he use' to live.
Wy yesterday at school, he got
A whippin' when he broke a rule,
An' nen he talked a nawful iot
About th' smaliness of our school.
"Ithi! Whippin's, 'mickered Orville Brown,
"Is twicet as hard at Millerstown,"

Us boys, we tried to show him 'roun',
Hut nothin' at we took him to
Was half as good as Millerstown;
Our town hall isn't half as new
As theirs down there, an' our Main stree;
Ain't half as wide; an' our town pump
Don't lift you clean up off your feet
Each lime you make the handle jump.
"Th' town pump there," says Orville Brown,
"Is twicet as dry in Millerstown,"

We showed him where th' cellar is
Where our new op'ra house will be.
But he just blinked those eyes o' his—
"They re twicet as deep at home," says
he.

he.
An' nen we showed th' l'erkins twins—
One of 'em's Lucy, one is Lou—
They look as 'like as two bright plus;
An' Orville Brown he says: 'Just two?"
"Three in a set at Millerstown."

So nothin' we could show him beat
Th' things they have in Millerstown,
An' Freekies Andrews says; "You meet
Me back of Johnson's, Orville Rrown."
An' Freekies Andrews met him there
An' bracked his eye an' bunged his nose
An' oren—nen, what do you suppose!
"I've often been," says Orville Brown,
"Whipped twicet as bad in Millerstown;"

-Chicago Tribure,



he would have fought for starting have odd ideas of love. The day of the in the sunlight I had killed the one I duel drew nigh, and I tried in valu to loved. In fair duel, said an inner effect a reconciliation between my hot- voice, in extenuation. But I knew headed cousin and myself. His mother that I was the stronger, the better -my aunt-who lived in La Vendee, duelist, that it was sheer folly of my endeavored to induce me to abandon the meeting, but I could do nothing. To ing me. I had even wounded Brasrefuse to fight now would be to ac- seur, the Name of God hero of a hunknowledge myself a coward. I had dred duels. been insulted, and there was but one course open to me, as a Frenchman. I took down my foil and played my cousin. I caught his lifefess hand,

fancifully with it before the long mir-

ror in my room.

The sun was yellow in the blue sky with a sheet. The crowd drifted on the morning when I came to the Grand Roue, the dueling place of Paris. to meet my Cousin Gaston. He was there before, me, in his white shirt, touched my shoulder, and I looked up. slightly open at the neck, one hand up- It was De Courcel. His voice was on his hip and the other waving to husky as he spoke: "You could not and fro as he gesticulated in conver-help it, mon ami. He rushed on your point." I covered my face with my the little waiting room and tested my hands, and De Courcei stole away, too, sword. Tolin was there; good, honest How long I was there I do not know, Tolin, who was a friend of both of but suddenly I heard the silken noise us at school, "Armand," he said, "don't hurt the lad; just play with him. It won't hurt your reputation if you don't wound him. Enfin, you are ton's death. How she knew I did not

not a maitre d'armes!" trouble to guess. Perhaps she had "My dear Tolin," I replied, "if Gasbeen waiting outside the dueling place. ton came to me and offered me his Her face was white, drawn and terrihand I would kiss his cheek." Whereat Tolin rushed off to communicate my and threw herself upon the dead body, ble, as she pushed me roughly aside. words to my seconds, who in turn com-

scanning our sword arms with than I, for it, too, love the boy. But were touched; a mere sword prick on tiens! he has insulted me publicly, and the wrist or forearm would suffice to I can do no more. Our seconds are terminate the duel. The sun was gold flushed with the excitement, his were intensely bright, as thou lunged forward-the sun went me, there was a hiss of voice I was standing over Gast

shirt, a little above the h

aword was on the sand. I sun seemed to go out as my whom I loved, twisted his body in a

cousin to have ever dreamed of worst-

I flung my sword aside, and pushed

through the crowd that surrounded

and kissed it, with the foolish idea

that I might be able to kiss him back

to life again. They bore him into the

little waiting room and covered him

silently away, and I entered the room

couch where Gaston was lying. A hand

and flung myself at the foot of the

of a woman's skirt, and I turned and

It seemed that she knew of Gas

before his mad onslaught.

home-made product does not indicate that the American manufacturer is not building cars as blg or as costly as his foreign rivals. The difference is caused by the fact that while few small cars are imported the Americans are producing great numbers of small runabouts, etc., in which the purchaser is getting more for his money every year. An interesting feature of the year's record is that the increase in cost to the manufacturer himself is very much greater than the increased cost to the consumers, into realize that to hold their home trade and to create an export business for the future they must give a higher grade of material and of workman ship.-Philadelphia Record.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS. A Chicago preacher has discovered

what is called a "candy fag."

The Khedive of prypt owns most costly saddle in the world. It is made of black leather, though more gold than leather is visible, and it

School children in Strasburg, Darmstadt, and other cities of Germany not only have their teeth treated free of charge, but are taught how to masticate food with the least injury to the

a friendly little laugh at some of the vowel sounds in a French speech de

livered by an English visitor. The girls in the crowded school of embroidery were doing beautiful work and enjoying it, the tiny infants in the rue Jouffroy washed theelr hands, tled each other's bibs, and prepared for an imaginary meal at the "cantine sco laire" with real delight; the big boys at the great secondary College Chaptal, all behaved like fine-spirited young citizens, who, of their own will, were doing something to promote a cordial understanding with a new friend: the girls at the Higher Grade Edgard Quinet School sang a Scotch drinking song with irrestible solemnity, and laughed and cheesed and flag-wagged afterwards like the free-hearted and courteous young citizenesses that

What is the reason of this apparent ly high level of intelligence? It is obviously not a mere question of racial type. The Parisians are not of a greatly different origin from the sub dued little children whom I saw a month or two at "Bruges la Morte' kissing in endless series the crystal cover of the sacred Blood. One must fall back on the influence of "environment," which includes the whole his tory of Paris, as the scene of four revolutions, and as the administrative artistic, and intellectual centre of a great centralized State. It is less easy

for years been tossing about in ours. The nickels, the dimes, the 25-cent pieces, the 50-cent pieces and the dollar pieces that bear, if not exactly, the image and superscription, at all events the emblem of Uncle Sam, will plenty of coarse sand or fine gravel in vanish from the pockets and the tills the ground and put it where they can to and from which they used to pass in this country on equal terms with our own silver coin. Under an arrangement made by the Finance Department with the banks the latter are arresting all the American silver coins that come into their hands. At the beginning of the present month the plan for the expulsion of this alien money came into operation. All of the American pieces that reach the banks will be assorted and shipped to New York, where they will be received at the agency of the Bank of Montreal. It is not because they will be specially benefitted by the riddance that the banks are helping the coin out. Though the amount of this American metallic money in Canada is estimated at \$1,-000,000, it does not compete to any appreciable extent with bank currency, which is all in the form of notes of no lower denomination than \$5. It is true, if we give facility to the circulation of American coin we invite American paper money. Doubtless there would be less of the latter here if the The Epitomist.

silver of our neighbors were always re-

ed to them the small

drifted out of their circulation and na

necessary adjuncts to their rations in the cinders which they may pick out See that the hens have plenty of grit Break up some rock, old crocks of dishes, moderately fine, if there is not

get it at all times. Clover hay scalded and chopped is an excellent food for laying hens, 19 should be made fine through the feed cutter. Green food is positively necessary to health and happiness as well as productiveness. Chickens can not obtain it in winter unless we are care

ful to supply their wants. If you have a board floor in your poultry house (as you should have) it is a good idea to cover it with sand. It is then much easier to clean it off. Frequently, layers of dry leaves are preferred by some, which should be often applied and they answer the same purpose. In any event, keep the poultry house well cleaned all the time.

A supply of lime is absolutely neces sary for the hens and there is no better way to give this than pounded oyster shells. Bones, pounded fine, so as to have no long splinters, may also be used, or fine gravel which contain lime stone. Attention to these things is what makes poultry pay in winter.

cold rains, the mud craving for grass, make early spring the most trying time for stock and stockmen, requiring unusual vigilance and care, coupled with judicious feeding, to bring all through without loss,

Take the first chance in spring to set out strawberry plants, that they may start to root freely before the drouths of summer catch them. Then when fall comes they are well rooted and make a strong growth, being then in readiness to give a good crop of fruit the following season.

Evergreens should be planted early in the spring as the state of the ground will permit. It used to be the practice to plant them late, but this s a mistake. All trees, evergreens or deciduous are the better for being set out early as they become settled before

Tests of wheat, oats, and barley secand year from alfalfa sod, as compared with similer contiguous land that had not been in alfalfa, were made by the Colorado experiment station and in each case the alfalfa sod produced much the best results. With wheat, it was as 100 to 90; oats, 100 to 60; and

Work a little more by plan and sys-

"guilty."

"Why is it that the perso very few musicians please yo "Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "to tell you the truth, I don't know much about it. I am merely going by what the musicians say of one another." Washington Star.

"So you used some of the liniment I left here yesterday," said the agent, "Didn't you find that it worked well?" "I should say so!" cried the lady. "I mistook it for the furniture polish and it took all the skin off the plano legs in one application!"-Detroit Free

Teacher-What is the meaning of the word "Aperture?" Class-An opening. Teacher-Which one of you can construct a sentence with the word in it? Bright Pupil (confidently)-The big stores are now having their regular spring apertures.-Baltimore American.

"As I watched you dancing," he said, the thought suddenly came to me that you were a poem set to music." With a hopeless sigh she turned tem this spring. It is the only way her back on him for she knew someout of trouble. The conditions which thing about poetry and had made a.