At Swords' Points;

OR, A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER I.
A KNICKERBOCKER FROM OVER THE SEA.

When Paul Rhinelander, an American student at the famous old German university of Heidelberg, sauntered idly along the aisles of the great public garten he had entered, it was a wonderful spectacle that greeted his vision in every direction.

To young Rhinelander the kaleidoscopic spectacle was no new sight, though it had never lost its charm in his eyes. As Paul came strolling by, a student, who wore the dark blue cap, signifying that he belonged to the Rhine Korps, put out his hand and tackled him.

It was evident from the momentary flash of pleasure that appeared upon the face of the American that this yellow-haired young athlete was at least of more importance to him than the average run of students with whom fortune threw him in contact.

As they sat together at a table and chatted over the foamy beakers their conversation naturally covered the whole range of subjects that might be supposed to interest students. Paul's eyes at last settled upon a certain table at which sat a number of persons.

Karl saw him start and evince unusual eagerness—when Paul turned to him his face was possibly as impassive as ever, but in his eyes a fierce light had flamed up that announced a purpose on the eve of accomplishment.

"Pardon me, my friend, but you know, as a comparative newcomer here, I have not yet made the acquaintance of all students who have distinguished themselves in the battle of the books or the sword. I do not remember seeing yonder young fellow before, and yet, unless my eyes deceive me, he wears the insignia that marks him a leader among the Saxo-Prussians."

"He is a terror with the rapier, a wizard my fencing master has declared. I myself was accounted something fair, but Hoffman made sport of me. I was told I came out lucky in the encounter."

"Hoffman, you said?" between his teeth, as though something in the very name stirred up ugly memories.

"Conrad Hoffman, first leader of the fighting Saxo-Prussians."

"It is well. And now, my friend, you who know so many of the good people in this university town, perhaps you might even be able to tell me who that lady is who is with him."

Karl turned in swift anger. "What, you, too, are a victim of her fatal beauty. Perhaps she has lured you on as she did me, with false promises and sweet phrases, the jade! But I have sworn that no man shall step between and enjoy the undisputed possession of her heart. I am a son of the Rhine, and we fight for those we love, caring little though the whole world be against us."

But Paul only laughed.

"Reserve your fighting arm for your real rival, Conrad Hoffman, after I am done with him. Yes, I love that sweet girl, my dear fellow, and why not, when she is my own sister!"

CHAPTER II.
CHALLENGED BY THE VICTOR OF FIFTY DUELS.

The expression upon Karl's face when he heard these astonishing words from the lips of his friend was a combination of incredulity and joy.

Why, not, when in their utterance he saw one possible rival swept from the field and felt that he had gained a brother.

"What?" he gasped.

"Listen," said Paul, "to my life's story.

"I was born in New York city, and my father, being a well-to-do man, nothing was refused me that money could buy.

"Until I was about ten my life jogged on in the usual rut, with little that was uncommon to mark it.

"Then I began to notice that a difference had arisen between my parents, who seldom appeared together. Frequently I surprised my mother in tears, while my father almost lived at his club.

"The truth never dawned upon me until one day my father took me into the library—I shall never forget his awful face as he told me the story of his great wrongs.

"Pardon me if I do not dwell upon this matter, simply stating that the man who had once been his bosom friend had stolen the affections of his wife, and that they had fled, taking my little sister with them.

"He made no effort at pursuit, for he lay at death's door for almost two weeks.

"Recovering, he fled from the scene of his disgrace, where the papers mocked his shame, and grief with theories and false scandals.

"We went to Texas, where he bought a ranch, and there in that wild life I learned how to ride and shoot and do a good many things that cowboys pick up.

"A year or more ago I found myself an orphan—he was lost with others in that terrific blizzard that swept through Texas—the most heroic search failed to find one of the party, and all hope was finally abandoned.

"My degrees there came upon me a two-fold desire that grew stronger as the months passed. This purpose was to visit Germany and to seek my sister if she were yet living.

"I would not confess then, but I know now, there was another motive that urged me on—and this, revenge!

"Often in secret I had cursed the author of our shame, and registered a vow to some day pay him or his back father suffered through his duplicity.

"We knew they had gone to Germany, and it was the vague hope of meeting this treacherous friend that really lured me here. That is a nutshell is the skeleton story of my life.

"'It is wonderful,' said Karl; 'but you did not make any effort to speak to her?'

"'That time is not yet ripe. I must learn more about her, more about her mother, and what relations she bears to that man!'

"'But—Hoffman—I do not understand.'

"'He is his son—the man was a widower when he stabbed my father in the back. I have his picture, a handsome devil he was, surely, and the boy promises to be the same unless some steady and cunning hand manages to mar his looks.'

His manner as he said this was almost ferocious—the wrongs of years had burned in his heart until the seat of life had become like a young Vesuvius.

And Karl Von Stettin understood the eagerness that was in his soul.

"What is it you would know of Beatrix?" he asked, presently.

"Tell me everything, as I am in complete ignorance."

"That is little enough. She lives with the lady you saw, her aunt, she calls her, and known to us as handsome Waldeck."

"And her name—Beatrix what?"

"Stannard."

"It was my mother's maiden name. Tell me, do you know aught of her—have you ever heard Beatrix mention her?"

"Once she said her mother was dead."

A spasm passed over Paul's face—that was all.

"God forgive her, as I do. But as to him—the traitorous hound, may he be rewarded through his son, whose actions shall sting his pride sharper than a serpent's tooth."

"You are determined to fight him, in spite of the fact that he is the bully of the university, a devil with the sword who has never yet been beaten?" asked Karl, eagerly.

"At the very first opportunity," calmly, as he looked around as though in search of the offender.

"Speak of the devil!" said Karl. "Yonder he comes now, and heading straight this way. By my soul, there is blood in his eye, too. I never saw Hoffman look so savage."

"That is good—it makes it easier," muttered Paul grimly, with the air of a man who sees all things within his grasp.

Straight up to the table at which the friends sat came the Saxo-Prussian, scowling like a dragoon.

"One of you curs presumed to insult a lady in my company—which one was it—I demand satisfaction," he blustered.

Paul looked him calmly in the eye. "Did the lady complain?" he asked, quietly.

"Not at all; but I have eyes, and I could see she was deeply disturbed by some gesture I imagine your companion, who is insanely jealous of me, made."

"You are mistaken, Herr Hoffman. Neither of us made the slightest gesture. But I see you are spoiling for trouble. In my country we are always ready to oblige, and I shall insist on your crossing swords with me."

"It is my right and privilege," growled Karl.

"I shall be most happy to oblige you both at the accustomed place at four in the morning; but it must be a toss up who comes first," he said, showing his white teeth.

"That privilege is mine," said Paul, and when his companion started to raise a protest he added: "And I shall clinch matters thus," saying which he slapped the gloves he carried directly in Hoffman's face.

"Prosit," growled that individual, reddening with the insult; "you shall have the first bout, young America, and heaven help you," with which he swung on his heel and strode away, followed by a disdainful laugh that must have stung him to the quick.

CHAPTER III.
AT SWORDS' POINTS.

When Karl came with a carriage for his friend at an unearthly hour in the morning he found the American composed and smiling, as though bent upon a holiday. A light breakfast was eaten. Then they drove away just as the first rosy flush of dawn appeared in the east.

When they reached the court yard of the Hirschagasse Karl noticed that an unusual number had turned out this morning. Nor was he ignorant of the cause, since it must have gone abroad that the new student, the American protege of the Rhine Korps, was about to take his chance before the invincible Saxo-Prussian leader.

Half a dozen affairs were on the carpet for this particular morning, so that Paul might have something of an opportunity to watch the others for points ere his turn came, he being the last. As football is to American and English college boys, so dueling is the height of ambition on the Teuton's part.

Rhinelander eagerly watched the solemn details of the affairs that came off before his own, since it was his desire to profit by the experience.

He saw Hoffman eyeing him hungrily, as a wolf might a lamb, and knew the chief of the valiant Saxo-Prussian Korps was anxious to get at him, yet Paul had not the slightest fear as to the outcome, and even decided in his mind just how he would slash the other on the left cheek so as to mar his exceedingly handsome countenance.

When the time came for him to enter the arena he felt as fierce and remorseless as the panther that crouches in a tree over a spring and waits for a thirsty deer.

At last he was to taste the sweets of revenge.

To strike, and in the name of his dishonored and heart-broken father—this was a consummation devoutly to be wished.

So he walked forward, supported by Karl, another student and the doctor, an Englishman, who had come to assist one of the regulars.

"Be wary! I never saw such an evil look on Conrad's face," whispered anxious Karl.

Rhinelander was to all appearances as cool as the most solid native in the den; as he received and tested his sword not a nerve seemed to tremble, and those among the Rhine Korps whose fears had been great because they had one and all gone down in turn before that wizard blade of the Prussian began again to take fresh courage under the belief that possibly a miracle had been wrought in their behalf and a champion discovered by their chief before whom the proud banner of their gloating rivals might be trailed in the dust.

Of course Paul, as a foreigner, could not become a Burschen, or full-fledged korps student, but he fought under their colors, and each man took as much interest in him as though he had been initiated into the most mysterious rituals of their secret order.

The hall was almost packed when Hoffman's turn came, an unusual thing, by the way, and which he took as a great compliment to himself, judging from the smirk upon his face as he waved his hand to enthusiastic admirers in the audience.

Herr Hoffman seemed very gay. Scores of eyes surveyed him with hatred and venom, and should defeat come his way all conventionalities would be brushed aside in favoring the victor honor.

If ever those sturdy students prayed, it was that the god of war would favor the champion of their cause and humble the pride of the vainglorious Prussian.

When all preliminaries had been gone through with the rapiers came together with a clash that announced the opening of the duel.

Hoffman's style was already well known to every man, who had learned to his sorrow how baffling an attack he put up.

Hence their attention was directed toward his opponent, and every motion Paul made was eagerly scrutinized by experienced eyes.

When several brief rounds had been fought, during which he met Hoffman's attacks with an ease that astonished the champion, those who had been most skeptical began to pluck up heart and hold their breath with awe.

(To be continued.)

LORD SALISBURY'S PATRONAGE.

The Long List of Important Appointments He Has Made.

The marquis of Salisbury since he became premier for the first time has enjoyed a surprising amount of patronage. The two benches of bishops and judges are almost solely filled by his nominees, for, though the liberals have been in power nearly three years out of the last fifteen, they had scarcely any opportunities of making appointments during that period, and the ecclesiastical and legal survivors of the pre-1886 period are very rare.

To take the judges, only one, lord of appeal in ordinary, Lord Davey, owes his appointment to the liberals. In the Supreme Court of Appeals Sir John Rigby was the last survivor of Gladstonian days. The chancery judges are all Lord Salisbury's nominees, Sir Arthur Kekewich, the senior, having been promoted for political services in 1886. Of the King's Bench Division, now that Sir James Mathew has gone up higher and Sir John Day has retired, Sir Alfred Wills and Sir W. Hann Kennedy alone owe their appointment to liberal influences.

Of the episcopal bench only the bishops of Lincoln, Llandaff, Ripon, Salisbury and Southwell date from the pre-Cecil dynasty, and in the course of nature at least three of these will before long seek retirement. It is a cause rather for congratulation than regret that in fifteen years men who are generally of full maturity when they begin these high duties should give place to younger men. But it is a little remarkable that during the three years of liberal ministry so few vacancies should occur except by death. Of bishops and judges were not above such subterfuges, one might suspect that they had postponed retirement in order to put further patronage in the hands of the present premier.

BUCKEYE ANIMADVERSIONS

In an Indianapolis Plan to Make Life Sweeter.

The young women of the Indianapolis telephone exchange are to be given the benefits of voice culture. A prominent elocutionist has been engaged, and all the sharp voices will be filed down, and all the rough voices will be planed off, and if there is any dignity and sweetness in a voice it will be drawn to the surface. It is a nice scheme, but it will take some time. The average Hoosier voice is far from being of the liquid velvet order, and the elocutionary improver will find his hands full for some time to come. Of course the hours for vocal practice will have to be snatched from the regular hours of duty, and the Indianapolis subscriber who calls up "exchange" may be expected at any time to hear somebody shrieking: "I am not mad! I am not mad!" A good deal startled, he will probably hastily remark: "Hello, central; you have given me the insane asylum." And then the girl will explain that she's only getting letter perfect in "Tis the Manie." Very likely some other subscriber will be told that the curfew shall not ring tonight, and perhaps he'll vigorously ask the curfew to ring off. And may be an incensed patron of the line who earnestly inquires what the girl means by not answering his call will be told to "wake and call me early, call me early, mother, dear." In short, there'll be a good deal doing in that Indianapolis call shop before all the voices that need it are cultured into proper vocal shape.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In mythology, no god falls in love with Minerva. A mannish woman only attracts a feminine man.

A Cincinnati physician took some of his own medicine. The verdict of the coroner's jury was "Death due to unprofessional conduct."

PROTECTING CABLES

Dangers That Threaten Sub-Marine Telegraph Lines

Unexpected perils await submarine cables, even in the depths of the ocean. Though the largest waves in a storm probably do not appreciably disturb the water beyond the first 100 fathoms, if indeed they go so far, currents are sometimes strong enough to fray the cable against some submarine crag and various living creatures will do it a mischief. Among them fishes have long been suspected, and now the charge has been proved in a cable connecting Sydney with Nelson. A defect was detected, and on examining the piece a shark's tooth was found imbedded in the insulation, and a man took ed of the usual thick iron wires and their outer covering the aggressor must have given a hard bite. The motive is not easily divined. Could the shark have mistaken the cable, in the imperfect light, for a new species of conger eel? It would seem more likely, blunder against it at a place where it did not touch bottom, and relieve its temper by a vicious snap?

A swordfish will express its resentment against a vessel by driving the bayonet at the end of its nose into the planks, and a narwhal will use its lance of ivory in similar fashion; each, like the shark, to its own detriment, for it illustrates the maxim, "Can't you leave it alone?" by losing the weapon of offense.

Living creatures will follow great ocean slopes downward to very great depths. Sponges, at least certain kinds, go far below the thousand-fathom line. A hydrozoon two yards long was dredged up by the Challenger from 2,900 fathoms, and occasionally a coral or some near relation may be found as great a depth. A well-known species of the former was brought up on a telegraph cable from more than 1,100 fathoms, and Dr. Carpenter obtained a mollusk, generally found in shallow water, from not much less than 15,000 feet. Even at depths as low as Mount Everest is high, living creatures have been obtained, but they are comparatively low in organization. Still, fishes have been captured at the lowest depths, in which case they are often blind.

Sharks in general keep near to the surface, a habit which makes them such a terror to bathers. Still, one kind of a shark, more nearly related to the dog-fishes than to the dreaded blue shark, is brought up from depths greater than those mentioned. The genus, which contains several species, has a wide range, and spearlike teeth, one of which may have done the mischief. Off the Portuguese coast there is a regular fishery for a species of this fish, which is about five feet long; it is caught with lines, at depths of 400, and occasionally 500 fathoms. As it is accustomed to live under a pressure of about eighty atmospheres, it is dead—practically suffocated—when brought to the surface.

The raisin crop of California for the year 1901 is said to be 72,000,000 pounds, a decrease of over 20,000,000 pounds, as compared with last year.

IRRIGATION IN THE WEST

Much Good Work Being Done By United States Government.

The spread of irrigation in the northwest and the increasing dependence upon it for the utilization of vast areas of land which are now of little or no value has stimulated the hydrographic division of the United States geological survey to undertake a systematic search for water for development and distribution.

Fortunately the arid sections are seamed by numerous lofty, forest-clad and often snow-capped mountain ranges, from which flow the purest streams. Thus the streams and rivers and the underground or artesian-well waters where they exist have become the pivotal factors on which rest the agricultural development of immense sections of the west; their waters must be brought to the land before it can be productive.

In the search for water for irrigation two parties are now engaged. Already discoveries of value are reported. Prof. Isaac C. Russell, who has been working on the great lava-covered section of southern Idaho, reports the discovery of an artesian basin over 100 miles in length, whose western limit, though undetermined, lies in the Oregon border. The land which can be supplied with water from this basin lies along the Snake river and in Bruneau valley, a tributary to the Snake on the south. Several flowing wells exist in this locality already and there are indications of artesian water also near Shoshone.

The other party, under F. H. Newell, the chief of the division of hydrography of the geological survey, says the New York Times, made an extended reconnoissance of northern Oregon with reference to the water supply of that section. They penetrated into the wilderness of central Oregon, along and to the head of the Deschutes river and, turning to the eastward, skirted the northern portion of the great Harney and Malheur deserts, into which the mountain ranges to the north send many streams.

The party was much impressed by the opportunities of development in central and eastern Oregon.

Henry I. of England was called "Beauclerk," because he was one of the few kings of his time who could read and write.

Songs and Their Singers

Fortunate People That Have Leaped to Fame in a Single Bound

The actors who have made their fame on one play, the authors whose reputation rests upon one book, or the orators whose celebrity is connected with one speech, are not nearly so numerous as the singers who have become known through one song. The recent death of "The Green McPermott," who will go down to posterity as the singer of "Hy Jingo, We Will," the song which made the term "jingoism," a familiar term in the English language, recalls the story of many of these one-achieved individuals.

A song will sometimes be sung by a music hall singer which will seem to have in it no more of the elements of popularity than any other song. Yet suddenly it will become all the rage, and will be hummed and whistled by thousands of people all over the country who never heard the name of the singer, and perhaps never put their foot in the music hall.

It was Miss Lottie Collins who first sang "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" in a London music hall. Few thought it was a song out of the ordinary, even those who heard it, yet within a few days all London was humming it, and it was not long before it had become as familiar as "God Save the Queen."

It is said that there are at least a dozen singers of comic songs who are known in the profession as "one-song men." For instance, Charles Coborn, the man who sang "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," made more money out of other songs, but for one person who knows one of his other songs probably a hundred know this one.

Other familiar instances of the one-song success are Anna Held's "Won't You Come and Play With Me" and Ernest Hogan's "Who Said Chicken in This Crowd?" Both of these have sung many another song, but none of the others has had such extreme popularity. The authors of "Little Annie Rooney," "After the Ball Is Over," and other equally well-known songs are almost unknown, yet in many cases their one song carried them to temporary fame.

The first submarine telegraph wire in this country was from Governor's Island to the Battery in New York, laid in 1842.

HOW A LOCOMOTIVE BLOWS UP.

Old Engineer Describes the Bursting of a Huge Machine.

"I am one of the very few persons who ever saw a locomotive blow up," remarked an old railroad man to a reporter of the Baltimore Sun the other day. "Generally the men who witness the explosion of a steam engine are so dead when the smoke has cleared away that they are never able to give an account of the disaster.

"Like many other accidents, the one I saw was the result of carelessness—low water in the boiler, for the engine had just come from the shops and was in complete repair. It was on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in West Virginia a number of years ago. I was on a locomotive some distance behind the one which exploded, and was looking ahead out of the cab window, so that the ill-fated engine was immediately before my eyes. Suddenly I saw the machine rise in the air; it seemed to me to be about as high as the telegraph poles in the city. Then came a cloud of dense black smoke and dust, which hid the engine from view, and almost simultaneously I heard the roar of the explosion.

"Both the engineer and the fireman were killed and the locomotive was fit for nothing much but the scrap heap when it fell to the ground. The crown sheet over the fire box had blown out. The strange thing about the explosion was that no white steam was seen. You know that perfectly dry steam is invisible, being like the air, and before it had time to condense it was probably smothered by the volume of smoke and dust raised by the bursting of the boiler."

Historic Mirror.

The clerk of the senate committee of the District of Columbia, Charles Moore, has resurrected from the lumber room of the capitol a mirror that every vice president of the United States is said to have looked into. It is a small one in a gilt frame and was bought by John Adams for use in the vice president's room. He paid $40 for it, and there was a long debate in the senate as to whether the sum should be allowed, but the bill was finally paid. The mirror was handed along from vice president to vice president until it reached Garret A. Hobart. After Mr. Hobart's death the mirror was taken to the lumber room of the capitol. This last summer, after Mr. Roosevelt had left Washington and before he came back as president, Mr. Moore got out the mirror and had it regilded, intending to give it to Mr. Roosevelt.

Protestants in Russia.

There are some 6,000,000 Protestants in Russia who enjoy religious liberty with the stipulation that they must be born of Protestant parents and must not proselyte. Preaching in nine languages is heard every Sunday in St. Petersburg in the Protestant churches.

A New Relic of Burns.

There has come to light in one of the auction rooms an interesting relic of Robert Burns. It is an ordinary business silk tumbler, inclosed in an oak case lined with velvet and secured by a Brahmin key. The tumbler has engraved on it the following inscription: "This glass, once the property of Robert Burns, was presented by the poet's widow to James Robinson, Esq., and given by his widow to her son-in-law, Maj. James Glencairn Burns, 1840." The James Robinson to whom Jean Armour gave the relic was a Sunderland gentleman, who became by marriage connected with the Burns family. The box is made from one of the piles of the old London bridge, with some lighter pieces of oak, relics of the Royal George.—The Scotsman.

Little Girl's Unconscious Wit.

Ex-Congressman Cable of Illinois has a charming young daughter, who is receiving her education in France. When she was several years younger her father took her on his knee one day and said to her: "To-day a man asked me if I would not sell little brother. He said he would give me a whole room full of gold. Shall I let him have little brother?" The child shook her head. "But," persisted her father, "think how much money this room full of gold would be. Think how many things you could buy with it. Don't you think I'd better let the man have little brother?" "No," said the daughter; "let's keep him till he's older. He'll be worth more then."—Washington Star.

An Important Discovery

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 13.—A sensational statement is made by Mr. Benjamin Major, whose home is at the corner of Jane and Hurlbut Ave., this city.

Mr. Major says that he has found a remedy which will positively cure all Kidney and Bladder troubles. He suffered himself for a long time with these diseases in the most painful form, and during his illness experimented with a great many medicines without getting any relief. Finally he tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, and to his great joy was cured completely.

The statement he makes seems to have ample confirmation in reports being published every day of wonderful cures by this remedy.

Swiss Law on Hats.

There is in existence an unrepealed law in Switzerland which forbids the wearing of hats of more than 18 inches in diameter, artificial flowers and foreign feathers, under a heavy penalty.

"To the Shade of the Palm."

The C. H. & D. Ry. have inaugurated through car service from Detroit to St. Augustine, Fla., commencing January 7th. Through cars will leave Detroit, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday during the Florida Dining Car Season. The trains are made up of through Pullman Sleepers, Parlor and Cafe cars, offering the public the finest type of modern train service. For particulars and rates address J. A. WILLIAMSON, D. P. A., Toledo, O.

A woman never really begins to get interested in a man until he pays some attention to her—dearest friend.

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PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are easier to use and color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

There is no greater punishment than that of being abandoned to one's self.—Quesnel.

WHEN YOU GO TO BUY BLUING, Ask for Rum Blue. Best. Made by The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

There is no man easier to be deceived than he who hopes, for he aids in his own deceit.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Although Shakespeare was not a broker he furnished a great many stock quotations.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 18, 1900.

He who makes his own God always makes one that never gives him an hour's rest.

The man whose office is on the tenth floor is apt to complain of the climb if when the elevator isn't running.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

The best that Money and Experience can produce. 25c

At all stores, or by mail for the price. HALL & RUCKEL, New York.

General Health.

Gentlemen:—I used two bottles of Baxter's Man rake Bitters and it had a decidedly good effect along the line of general health. I took it for digestive troubles and was much pleased with the result. G. A. Botsford, Onaway, Mich.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

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WESTERN CANADA'S

Wonderful wheat crop for 1901 now the talk of the Commercial World is by no means phenomenal. The Province of Manitoba and districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta are the most wonderful grain producing countries in the world. In stock raising they also hold the highest position. Thousands of Americans are annually making this their home, and they succeed as they never did during the West and with the tide and secure a farm and house in Western Canada. Low rates and special privileges to homeseekers and settlers. The handsome forty-page Atlas of Western Canada sent free to all applicants. Apply for rates, &c., to F. Pedley, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to J. Grieve, Sault Ste Marie, Mich., M. V. McInnes, No. 2, Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Mich., C. A. Laurier, Marquette, Mich., H. M. Williams, 227 Spitzer Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, or Joseph Young, 31½ State St., East, Columbus, Ohio, Canadian Government Agents.

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1900 = 1,259,754 Pairs.

1901 = 1,566,720 Pairs.

Business More Than Doubled In Four Years. THE REASON: W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.50 and $3.00 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the world. W. L. Douglas $4.00 and $5.00 shoes placed side by side with other makes, cost from $6.00 to $8.00 to make, are found to be just as good. They will outwear two pairs of shoes costing $2.50 or $3.00 each. Made of the best leathers, including Patent Corona Kid, Corona Calf, and Enamel Seamless. Fast Color Eyelets and Always Hold Shoes used. W. L. Douglas $4.00 Gilt Edge Shoes cannot be equalled. Sold by mail, postage 25c. Catalog Free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 3.—1902

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