THE CRANBROOK HERALD.

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The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

HON. GEO. A. COX, President. B. E. WALKER, Gen. Man.

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We carry everything a man needs, Underwear, Gloves, Mits, Hats, Caps, Socks, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Overshoes, German Socks, Etc.

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Crows Nest Pass

$6.50 a ton. **Coal and Coke.**

J. H. LAIDLAW,

Agent for East Kootenay.

MINING BROKER.

Cranbrook, B. C.

The Herald Does Fine Job Work

ABOUT PEOPLE

Living In or Visiting Cranbrook, Whom We All Know or Should.

Hyde Baker is on the sick list.

Thomas A. Kennedy visited Fort Steele Monday.

J. M. Hedley is confined to his room bs sickness.

H. W. Barnes, the Fort Steele constable, is very sick.

Ike Williams and family were in town Sunday enroute to Moyie.

H. T. Brown, of THE HERALD, will return from Spokane next week.

Charley Wellman came up from the loop Monday night for a brief stay.

G. A. Jennings, of Wardner, came up last Sunday on some private business.

Percy Irvine has returned from the hospital much improved from his siege of fever.

Gov. Hanson was over from Wasa on Tuesday to look after his interests in Cranbrook.

V. Desaulnier, proprietor of the Central hotel at Moyie, was a Cranbrook visitor Monday.

Inspector Saunders left for Fernie Tuesday morning, after remaining in Cranbrook a few days.

Charles Dohr, formerly of Wardner, stopped in town a few days this week. He was enroute to Nelson.

Constable Cole, of the N. W. M. P., came in from the west Sunday and left for Macleod Tuesday morning.

Messrs. Sick and Kaiser of the Fort Steele brewery, were in town Monday. Mr. Sick was on his way to Spokane.

Jack McMahon, of Moyie, was in town Monday. He speaks of Moyie as the metropolis, and says it without a smile.

Mr. Baker, a nephew of Col. Henderson, of Moyie, was in town Tuesday. He had been on a shooting trip up Sheep creek.

James Greer was confined to the house several days last week by illness, but is able to get around again and attend to his business.

Mr. G. H. Gills, inspector of inland revenue, was in the city Saturday on an official tour of investigation. He went from here to Moyie.

Charles Thies, of the Fort Steele Mercantile company, expects to start for Hawaii soon on a tour of investigation of Uncle Sam's new possessions.

J. G. Shier came over from Steele Monday night to take the train for his old home in the east. He has not seen his wife and babies for nearly 18 months.

Mr. and Mrs. Binmore came over from Steele Monday evening. Mrs. Binmore took the train Tuesday morning for the east where she will visit friends and relatives.

Oliver Burge, of the East Kootenay hotel, has been feeling badly under the weather the past few weeks, and contemplates a trip to the Banff springs if he does not improve very soon.

J. R. Brown, of Sarnai, Ont., was in town several days this week. Mr. Brown is taking a trip through the Kootenays with the view of selecting a location for the practice of law.

William Carlin, of Fort Steele, was in town Saturday. He was accompanied by his brother Mike Carlin, of the Columbia River Lumber company, of Golden. The Carlin brothers are heavy weights in the fullest sense of the term.

Scott Morrell arrived Saturday from Jennings, Mont., where he was agent for the International Transportation company during the navigation season. He will take charge of the books for the Fort Steele Mercantile company at Cranbrook.

A. B. Fenwick returned last Monday evening from Macleod where he went to meet his sister who has come over direct from London. Miss Fenwick will remain a portion of the winter at least with her two brothers, Arthur and Tom.

O. B. Williams, of Trail, of the firm of Kaake & Williams, hardware dealers, and a partner with Mr. Kaake in his business in Cranbrook, has been in the city the past week. Mr. Williams is a thorough business man, gives evidence of being a hustler, and is also a most genial person to meet.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Leask, and John Leask and family, arrived Monday night to join the Leask colony in Cranbrook. The machinery for the new sash and door factory to be started by Thomas W. Leask, has been shipped and will arrive here in a few days. John Leask, who is a merchant tailor, will have his goods here next week and be ready to open up business.

AGAINST PROHIBITION.

The People of South East Kootenay Do Not Favor the Move.

It is evident from the result of the vote taken last Thursday on the prohi bi tion plebescite, that the people of South East Kootenay are nearly all of one mind regarding the question. Throughout the district the vote was very light, and the majority returned at each polling place was overwhelmingly against prohibition. At some of the precincts, no votes were cast, and at all the others the vote was very light The returns were as follows:

	For	Against
Cranbrook	3	17
Wardner	1	5
Fort Steele	24	26
Kimberly	0	4
Moyie	1	5

THIS WEEK DECIDES IT

A Conference on the North Star Branch is Being Held.

DAN MANN HERE FOR THAT PURPOSE

Work Will Probably Begin Without Delay—It is An Easy Road to Build.

Dan Mann, as he is familiarly known throughout Canada, of the well known firm of McKenzie & Mann, arrived in the city Monday evening accompanied by his wife and her two sisters, the Misses Williams. Carriages met them at the train and the party were driven to the Cranbrook hotel where rooms had been reserved. Tuesday morning the ladies of the party were driven to Fort Steele where they will visit a few days with friends.

The visit of Mr. Mann has been looked forward to with great interest by the people of Cranbrook, and several railroad contractors, since it was understood that on his coming depended the final decision as to when work would commence on the branch road that is to be built from Cranbrook to the North Star mine, in which Mr. Mann is heavily interested.

A representative of THE HERALD had a brief interview with the gentleman just before he departed for the mine in company with Mr. Curran, business manager of the North Star Mining company. He said that he had never been in Cranbrook before, and had not seen his mine for two years.

"What is going to be done relative to work on the branch?"

"That I cannot tell at this time. It will, however, be settled this week as to when work will begin. I want to see the mine and see how much ore we have got in sight before I do anything else."

"Is there any question about the route?"

"I know nothing about that, as it has been so long since I have been here. I cannot say anything about the line located, as I am not informed."

Mr. Mann then spoke of the weather and a few other matters that had no bearing whatever on the branch road, and a few minutes later jumped into a buggy and left for the mine. He expects to return to Cranbrook next Saturday or Sunday.

An Easy Road to Build.

The work of locating the line according to surveys made by Engineer Richardson will be completed this week. It is understood that with the exception of one short stretch, the maximum grade is two feet. There is no heavy work along the proposed route except for a short distance about four miles from Cranbrook, where the line skirts a side hill.

Engineer Richardson arrived in town a short time after Mr. Mann left, in response to a telegram to meet him here. He returned at once to the mine, where he will hold a conference with Mr Mann.

TWO MURDER CASES.

Both Were Carried Over to the Spring Assizes at Nelson.

The trial of Antonio Bruno, charged with the murder of Guiseppe Puero, near Moyie several weeks ago, was held, and the jury stood seven for conviction and five for acquital. The second trial resulted in another disagreement, the jury standing eight for conviction and four for acquital. The prisoner has been held over for the spring assizes.

The case of Phillips, the half breed, charged with the murder of a man at Egan's camp last summer, was continued until the spring assizes.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

The Unfortunate Experience of Mr. Crossdale Recently.

Mr. Crossdale, representing the Halls Mines company, met with an experience some two weeks ago that nearly cost him his life, and may yet result fatally. He wanted to go to Cranston where he was to meet Mr. Proctor, another representative of the company. He took the train at Cranbrook in the evening and arrived at Cranston after dark. The one hotel there is located back from the railroad a short distance and to reach it one must pass through a narrow strip of timber. Mr. Crossdale got turned around and soon found himself completely lost in the woods. The night was quite cold and he had no wraps or blankets. He tramped around until he was worn out and not until daylight did he find the hotel, and then he was nearly exhausted. The gentleman is a little past middle age, and the exposure proved too much. He was taken down sick and after 10 days was taken back to Nelson by the way of Macleod.

Building Notes.

The Perdue block is now ready for occupancy.

Work is progressing in good shape on the Aikin block.

An addition is being built to the St. Charles restaurant.

Work is being pushed on the block that is being erected by McInnes & Co

J. C. Brown's new jewelry store is nearly completed. It is going to be a very neat and attractive place.

The addition to the Cranbrook hotel is rapidly nearing completion. The fronts are being placed in the two lower rooms.

The store building that is to be occupied by the Fort Steele Mercantile company, is about completed. It will be one of the very best in South East Kootenay.

MINES AND MINING.

It is estimated that Rossland will soon be shipping 10,000 tons of ore a week.

The Empire mineral claim on Sand creek, known as the Major Steele property, is being surveyed.

O. J. Johnson is now developing the Aurora claim on the west shore of Moyie lake. He has a 60-foot tunnel with a good showing of ore.

McVittie & Hutchison say that they are convinced that the mineral belt extending east from Archie McLeod's place, will in the near future add several shipping mines to South East Kootenay.

Dr. John Bousall Porter, head professor of mining and metallurgy at McGill's university of Montreal, is now making a tour through West Kootenay, and will return to East Kootenay this month, and will visit Cranbrook. The professor is anxious to gain a more thorough information of mining conditions in the Kootenays.

Mr. Sprague, one of the best known mining men in South East Kootenay, and one who has done as much as any man in British Columbia for this part of the Province, paid his first visit to Cranbrook last Saturday. A year ago Mr. Sprague did yoeman service in the States spreading the knowledge of this district's richness, and thousands of dollars have been invested here as a result of his work.

Moyie Leader: The 70-ton ore bin at the Lake Shore mine is finished and the trestle for the car track is well under way. Work in the tunnel will begin about Monday. . . W. J. Tierney returned from Cranbrook Friday. He was over to inspect the workings on the Gertrude and Emma claims, which are located about five miles from that place, near the Union Jack mine, and owned by himself and Charles Diamond. Work to the extent of a 12-foot shaft has been done and there is now a 6 foot ledge of excellent looking quartz in sight.

Jerry Murphy brought a fine sample of ore into THE HERALD office this week. *It is from the Copperine, one of the twin* claims owned by J. R. Harvey and himself on Perry creek, about four miles from old town, and eight or nine miles from Cranbrook. It is from the surface and shows heavy streaks of copper, while an assay gives over $10 in total value. Jerry says that they have got a large body and that it grows better as depth is secured. They will develope the property next spring, and feel confident that they have a good thing.

Mr. Kean, who is extensively interested on Tracy creek, drove in Saturday, coming direct to Cranbrook. Speaking of that district, Mr. Kean said: "Cranbrook would do well to look for the business in that section. The government road from Bummers Flat to Tracey has just been completed at a cost of $1200. A road could be easily secured from Cranbrook to Tracy. Going from Crrnbrook to the Mission the road is now all ready for travel. From the Mission it is a level stretch down the St. Marys to Bummers Flat, and there you strike the new road to Tracy. This route is eight miles nearer than around by the way of Fort Steele, and no hills except the one at the Mission. There will be plenty of business from there this winter and next summer from the Estella mine, also camps on Lewis creek, Wasa, Luroy and Speculators. Several of these will be shippers, and it would pay Cranbrook to have the ferry put in again for use on this road."

The North Star.

The North Star mine, owned by D. D. Mann, has been a constant shipper for the past three years, says the Fort Steele Prospector. The development work consists of about 1500 feet of tunnels, drifts and shafts. A new hoist has been placed on the property during the past week. On the 22-foot level a large block of ore has been determined by tunnels and cross-drifts, considered to be *the largest body of silver-lead ore on the* American continent. Ore has been struck on the 100-foot level. A large double compartment shaft, now under construction, will be sunk 300 feet. A road bed has been commenced at the new shaft, connecting with the main tunnel, for the tramway down the mountain to connect with the railway. It is reported that the North Star will become a constant shipper as soon as the railway to the mine is completed.

Winnipeg Letter.

Editor THE HERALD: The eyes of all having money or enterprise to go on with are turned to the rich country opened up by the building of the Crows Nest Pass Railway line, and the towns which are springing up along its route.

Amongst the latter Cranbrook comes in for a great share, Fernie making a goad second. In spite of all that has been said and done in regard to dissemenating of the facts regarding these go ahead towns, the reports that are brought back by visitors are at times conflicting as to their respective sizes.

The completion of the Crows Nest Pass railway as far as the bottom of the Kootenay lake, within the time set by Mr. M. J. Haney, viz., 14 months from the start, is looked upon by railway men as quite a record breaker in its class.

The power to be able to ship freight straight through from Winnipeg to Rossland without transhipment is undoubtedly a great benefit to those directly interested. G.H.

School Inspector.

William Burns, inspector of schools for the Kootenays, was in town Wednesday for a short time. He was anxious to learn of the conditions existing at Cranbrook so far as they related to the school question, and expressed the opinion that this town would surely be given a school within a very short time.

THE LAST SPIKE DRIVEN

Iron is Laid From Lethbridge to the Kootenay Lake.

OFFICIALS ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION

Operating Department Will Soon Take Charge—Van Horne Will Visit Cranbrook.

The rails are laid to Lake Kootenay. The iron on the Crows Nest Pass road now extends from Lethbridge, Alt., to the Kootenay lake in West Kootenay, a distance of 360 miles. A little more than a year ago there was nothing more than Indian trails between many of the points along the line, and last evening a party arrived in Cranbrook traveling in all modern comfort in a well equipped sleeper with a dining car. On the 17th of July of last year the first work was done on the road at Lethbridge. Last night, October 5, the last spike was driven at the lake. A year ago, when Mr. Haney said he would have the rails laid to Kootenay lake by the first part of October, railroad men scouted the idea. To build a road through a mountainous country in such a time they said was impossible. The road has been built within the time and trains are now running over the entire line.

A Party of Visitors.

Last evening about 7 o'clock, a special pulled up at the foot of Baker street. On board were M. J. Haney, manager of construction, Mr. Schriber, deputy minister of railways and canals, the Hon. Mr. Dobell, Miss Dobell, Miss Gwynne, Government Engineer Fellows, M. H. Macleod, chief engineer, W. J. Weller, superintendent of bridges and buildings, Inspector Saunders and Mr. Graham, private secretary to Mr. Haney. The party was on a tour of inspection and stopped in Cranbrook over night, leaving for the west at 8 o'clock this morning.

Died in His Bunk.

Charles McNally, one of the men working in the railroad yard, was found dead in his bunk Wednesday morning. Commissioner Armstrong was notified, but after investigating the case decided an inquest was unnecessary. The man had died from heart disease. He leaves a wife in Algona, Ont.

Over to the Operating Department.

It is quite probable that the Crows Nest Pass line will be turned over to the operating department of the C. P. R. the first of November. If not at that time, it will be done December 1.

President Van Horne is Coming.

President Van Borne, of the C. P. R., is in Vancouver. He will take a trip over this road about the middle of the month in company with other officials.

Railroad Notes.

The new C. P. R. eating house is completed.

Work has been resumed on the depot building.

Mr. Latter, Paymaster Barnhardt's assistant, visited Fernie last week.

George Nelson, who has been contracting with Major Bowles on the Crows Nest line, has been in town the past week. He expects to take a trip west soon.

"Jack" Fraser, for a long time storekeeper at Wardner, has taken Mr. Charleston's place in this city. Mr. Charleston will leave this week, taking a trip to the coast before going east.

J. C. O'Neil returned last week from a trip to his home in the east. One of his children has been quite sick but was nearly recovered when he left.

It is said that the C. P. R. have 50,000,000 bushels of grain to move in eastern Canada and that all the heavy engines on the system will be pressed into service on this work.

Paymaster Barnhardt has gone to Vancouver to bring his family back to Macleod. He will be away about ten days and his assistant, Mr. Latter, will remain and look after the business in Cranbrook.

Thinks Well of This Province and Cranbrook.

E. J. Walsh, of Ottawa, who has been interested in properties about Cranbrook for the past two years, arrived Monday. He will spend several days looking over his interests. Speaking of British Columbia, Mr. Walsh said that he expected to see the time come when British Columbia would be the empire province of Canada. "You have the wealth here, and its development means the development of the province in both riches and population."

Mr. Walsh was very favorably impressed with the appearance of Cranbrook, and looks to see this become an important place.

New Money Order System.

Manager Smythe, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, has received an installment of blank money orders that have been issued by the associated chartered banks of Canada. Under this new system a money order from $1 to $50 can be had at prices ranging from eight cents to 14 cents. These orders are payable at any of these banks at par, and presents a most convenient and economical mode of sending money away, which also possesses the additional feature of being absolutely safe.

Tinner Wanted.

Practical tinsmith. Apply at once to G. H. Miner, Cranbrook.

SALAD and DRESSING

The guests at the Cranbrook hotel wondered at the noise about the building day and night all last week. It was a peculiar, persistent, unremitting disturbance that seemed strange and unusual. Finally an investigation was instituted, and it resulted in the discovery of McMillan and Frith wearing shirts that could be heard to Fort Steele and Moyie. The guests are thankful this week that the shirts are in the wash.

Cranbrook is destined to become at no distant day a great matrimonial market. There are more young men in this town who can cook, wash, make beds—and we believe we are safe in making the assertion—rock cradles, than any town in British Columbia. What a snap is here presented for the modern woman. With husbands like those to be found in Cranbrook, she need never bother her head about domestic responsibilities.

Rev. Ball came into this office one day last week and in a business-like way, asked the subscription price of THE HERALD, and planked down the cash like a gentleman. That is the kind of a preacher we like to see. He wants the news of the town and community and is willing to pay for it instead of dead-beating his way. We don't belong to his church, we have never heard him *preach, but we propose to, for we have* had lots of experience with preachers of a different stamp.

And speaking of subscribing for a paper reminds us of the fact that there are always a certain class of individuals who labor under the impression that they are displaying great business shrewdness and commercial sense when they manage to squirm along and read their home paper without paying for it, while they enjoy all the benefits derived from a live newspaper in a town like Cranbrook. The Son of Galilee used to characterise such people as hypocrites and Pharasees, and we are willing to let it go at that.

There is the other bandy-legged individual who will walk into the office, and with a smile that he invariably quotes at par, remark: "I say there, have you any spare papers? I thought I would send a few to some friends back east. It will advertise you and help the town," and he will reach out his hand with confidence enough to insure him first place among a gang of lightning rod agents or pirates. He gets his papers and he sends them to his wife, brother or some friend, who don't care about the country, town, paper or editor who is acting the part of a philanthropist when he should be hustling for winter socks.

"Jim" Cronin, of the St. Eugene mine, was in town Thursday. Cronin is a man that has little to do with newspapers, and doesn't care a snap whether they have anything to say about him or his mine. Well, we are different. If we had as large an interest in the St. Eugene as has Mr. Cronin, there would come a day when we would say to all the newspaper men in the Kootenays, "Boys, you poor devils have plugged right along for this country with mighty small dividends. You have helped to bring people in here to look at our mines, and you have given confidence to capital; now just meet me at Nelson, Cranbrook, or any other central point at any time you say and we will eat, drink and be merry for one night." But Cronin is modest, and he shuns newspaper noteriety. But his heart is in the right place.

F. J. Smyth, editor of the Moyie Leader, arrived in town last Sunday, and naturally in the course of his ramblings over the city landed in the THE HERALD office. We had never seen Smyth before, and now we know why he spells his name with a "y." He is the best looking newspaper man in the Kootenays, and what is more he is a hustler and is giving Moyie a 22-karat paper. If we had enjoyed his good looks in our youth, we would have been married years ago, and we dont understand how he has escaped so long.

Dan Mann, the railroad and mining magnate—and you will notice we call him "Dan," not because we know him so well as all that, but simply because all Canada does so—came into Cranbrook this week, but failed to find our office. We had fixed up an easy chair, put a full head of steam on the stove and sat down to wait his arrival. Time passed, and so did several people. Finally the story of Mohamet and the mountain occurred to us. We took the hunch and started up town where we found him cracking jokes with Harry Melton, George Nelson and a few others. That settled it. We threw off our editorial reserve like a scrapper does his top coat, and in another moment we had touched the palm of one of the luckiest, shrewdest and hardest working men in all of Canada. It did us good, and as there was a smile broke out through his neatly trimmed black whiskers, it probably did him good also. Anyhow, it didn't cost either one of us a cent. He failed to subscribe for THE HERALD and we played even by not purchasing his mine.

150 Men Wanted.

One hundred and fifty good bush men wanted. Apply to

COLUMBIA RIVER LUMBER CO., Ltd.
Golden, B. C.

Subscribe for THE HERALD. $2.00.

CRANBROOK HERALD

THURSDAY, OCT. 6, 1898

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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MINING AS AN INVESTMENT.

Legitimate mining is sound business. Wildcat mining is the concrete essence of recklessness, the same as wildcat commercial transactions are as foolish as they are disastrous. But the man who deals in mines in a conservative manner, and uses business judgment and sound sense in his transactions, is just as sure of securing profitable returns as the man who is engaged in any line of commerce. There is one difference, and it is an important one. The successful mining man amasses greater wealth in less time than the man engaged in any other line of business. The history of legitimate mining shows this to be a fact by a very large majority.

Men of capital today realize that this is the case and in consequence of this fact, coupled with the prevailing condition that makes investment in many other lines a hazardous undertaking, more money is being invested in mining than ever before. Not only in British Columbia, but throughout every country where the mineral showing warrants development. The next ten years will make great mining history and cause to flow into the laps of the people an unceasing stream of precious metal, that will add millions to the wealth of the world and furnish a basis for the legitimate and profitable expansion of every other industry.

A CHANCE FOR THE HUSTLER.

Work brings wealth, if the work is in the line of development in any industry where the field is promising. There will be more work done in the mines of South East Kootenay during the next 12 months than has been done in all its past history. That this is a wonderfully rich territory is conceeded by every man with a knowledge of the facts, and the reason that it has laid dormant for so long is due to the lack of necessary transportation facilities. Now it has a railroad, and already the people with the money to invest in large enterprises, are flocking into the country. No man with energy and good business sense can help but make a comfortable fortune in South East Kootenay during the next few years. It will have to be worked for. No one need sit still and expect to see it fall into his lap. But it is here, and the hustler will get his share.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

When the United States congress meets the Spanish war will be fought over again. The results promise to be interesting.

There will be many shipping mines within a radius of 20 miles about Cranbrook when the snow disappears next spring.

The building continues in Cranbrook, and the demand for property is unabated. There are men who see the opportudity presented in Cranbrook and are taking advantage of it.

The fire at New Westminster demonstrated what the various cities in Canada will do in a case of pronounced distress. Aid was granted throughout the Dominion and even from cities in the United States. The sympathies of the Anglo-Saxon race are quick to respond.

The man who continues to harp on the one town idea in South East Kootenay would better follow the example set by the bear, and crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after him. Such an idea is unwise, unjust, senseless and ridiculous, without profit or honor, and disloyal to the grand territory known as South East Kootenay.

The vote on the plebiscite in South East Kootenay was not a surprise to THE HERALD. It was light, and it was emphatic. The question of prohibition is not bothering the people of this section just now.

M. J. Haney has made a record in the building of the Crows Nest Pass railway that has given him an exalted position among the managers of construction in the world. Time and expense are the two essential points, granting that the grade and work is satisfactory, and on these points Mr. Haney has left no doubt as to his ability.

It is now possible to reach Cranbrook by rail from either the east or west.

To come to Cranbrook is good judgment; to stop in Cranbrook is undoubted wisdom; to hustle in Cranbrook is wealth.

The population of South East Kootenay will at least be doubled within six months, and in all probability will be quadrupled.

The falls of South East Kootenay are grand and glorious. A more magnificent climate cannot be conceived. It is invigorating and inspiring, filling the lungs with the breath of life and action, and the brain with energy and confidence. It is a great climate and a great country. It is no wonder people capitulate when they come here.

Cranbrook will soon have regular overland trains bringing passengers direct from the Atlantic coast.

There will be thousands of dollars made in mining in the Cranbrook district within the next year.

President McKinley will take a trip through the western states next month. He has earned a vacation.

The Herald

Has the best equipped office in the Kootenays. Its facilities for turning out first-class Job Printing are complete. Send in an order and become convinced of the fact.

A LITTLE SONG OF HOPE.

I've battled through adversity when skies were blue an' bright
To win of fickle fortune but a feather in the fight,
An' I've never felt a flurry nor the smallest mite distressed
Till Sol had sunk to slumber in the cradle of the west.
It always seemed that even, with its darkness an' its dew,
Brought forth a host o' pygmies, an' these little troubles grew
Till, like Gulliver, they bound me, an' when hope had nearly gone
I felt a peace come stealing through the gateway of the dawn.

I've lain awake so troubled, an' a-tossin' through the night,
A-hopin' I'd be guided in the paths o' truth an' right,
A-wrestlin' with my conscience over somethin' I had done,
Or else a-plannin' duties with the risin' o' the sun;
An' I've conjured up the sorrows that it seemed were sure to fall
Upon me an' to wrap me in a sort o' somber pall,
But the ills have always vanished when the morning cried: Begone!
An' a dream o' peace came stealing through the gateway of the dawn.

An' so I say to sinners, an' to saints who strive as well,
The cares that came upon you when the shades o' sorrow fell
Will vanish with the vision of a soul-enlightened day,
An' God will wipe the tear-drops from your swollen eyes away.
The host of little worries that beset you through the night
Shall steal in stealth an', banished, shall be frowning in their flight,
An' the rest will be the sweeter for the ills you've undergone
When that holy peace comes stealing through the gateway of the dawn.
—Roy Farrell Greene, in Leslie's Weekly.

HIS ROMANCE.

It was two years since Joe Bentley had left his home in a quiet little Ohio town to seek his fortune in the west. For two years each working day had found him at his desk in a large mercantile house in Chicago. He had been fortunate in securing a position at once, through a brother of his town postmaster, who was now chief clerk in the office. Joe will never forget those two years—lonesome two years they were, the more lonesome, perhaps, because he had never been away from home and among strangers before.

When he first came to Chicago the world's fair and other attractions made the city a wonderful place for the country boy, but these soon paled or passed away, and the loneliness settled upon him as he felt himself a stranger in a strange land.

For a time he attended church, as had been his habit at home, but they were such large places, and the congregation and young folks dressed and acted so differently from the church folk at home that he finally got in the habit of staying away. He sorely missed his own acquaintances, the companionship of his sisters and brothers and the bright smile of Cousin Fan, who used to pop in so unexpectedly and leave such a volume of sunshine behind her when her father would come to town to do his marketing. The girls with whom some of his fellow clerks associated, and with whom they tried to make him at home, somehow failed to fill the bill. Somehow it didn't seem right for the fellows to greet them on the street with a familiar slap on the shoulder and a "Hello, Kit, old girl, how you is?" and in spite of himself he felt too much of an aversion to them to enjoy himself or make himself entertaining, and dropped them.

At last a change came—gradually, to be sure, so slowly that Joe hardly knew there had been a change till it was there. For several days the seat at the opposite end of the table in the restaurant where Joe ate lunch had been occupied by a modest-appearing little woman, whose long lashes fringed the darkest of blue eyes, and whose slightly pouting lips and rounded cheeks glowed with the natural health which can never be duplicated by art and which only country air can give. The next day she was in the same seat, and the next and the next, and Joe soon came to look forward, unthingingly, to see the bright face of the unknown.

One day the chair was vacant, and Joe, with a sense of deep disappointment, knew why it was he looked forward so eagerly to the noonday meal. The next noontime he took particular pains with his toilet and was so impatient that he was at the table five minutes before his accustomed time. She was not there, and his heart sank. A minute later it bounded again as he saw the well-known figure coming down the aisle. As she pulled back her chair preparatory to taking her seat, somehow or other, Joe never quite knew how it happened, the big blue eyes flashed for a moment into his and he was on his feet, blushing and bowing.

This was the beginning, and it became customary to bow, later to sit side by side and talk during lunch, and, if time permitted, to walk with her as far as the Monadnock building, where she was employed. He had vainly tried to discover her name, but when he had naively informed her that it was awkward to call her "Say," she had asked him to call her simply Miss Margaret, adding that this was what she was most generally called and was most accustomed to.

This went on for several weeks and Joe had several times been on the verge of asking for her address, that he might call, or asking her to accompany him to the theater, but he kept delaying, fearing that he might rupture the growing friendship and be left again to himself and the lonesomeness of feeling that he knew almost no one.

One noontime (and Joe will always remember it) she was not in her accustomed place, although the day before she had been speculating what the bill of fare would be. He ate as slowly as he could and spent his whole noon hour in the restaurant, but when he left the chair was still vacant. The next day the same experience. He reproached himself for not finding out more about her—perhaps she was sick or had met with an accident. At any rate, she knew his name and address—why didn't she at least drop him a line? Surely it was cruel to leave him in such uncertainty. He brooded over what might possibly have happened to her, till his health began to fail. He never thought the daily walk of a few blocks could mean so much to him.

Several weeks passed by and the chair still continued vacant. On the very day his two years was up Joe remembered that she had spoken of Oconomowoc one day in connection with her family. He would ask for a few days' respite from work and go up there. He had never asked for a vacation and they surely would not refuse him. Besides, it was not far from Chicago and many Chicago men went up Saturday nights to spend Sunday with their families who were stopping there. Anyhow, he would go for the rest of the week—possibly he might see her or hear of her and the change would do him good even if he didn't.

The next morning, Wednesday, he started. He could only be spared for the rest of the week, but what might not happen in four whole days? When he arrived at the depot of the pretty little Wisconsin town he found himself anxiously looking around, though he condemned himself for his foolishness in doing so—why should she be around the depot if she was in the town?

After he had registered at a hotel he wandered aimlessly about the town admiring the handsome houses and the beautiful twin lakes, and watching the launches, filled with happy campers darting to and fro. In the afternoon he hired a boat and tried to fish, but after a couple of hours' effort, when only a couple of sickly-looking dogfish rewarded his efforts, he gave it up in disgust and returned to the hotel.

At dinner that evening he was made aware of the fact that a circus was in town by a couple sitting across the table from him, who had come in from the surrounding country and were going. In the barber shop also there was nothing talked of but the circus. It made him feel quite at home to see the enthusiasm created by the mere fact of a circus being in town. How different from Chicago, where nothing seemed to be able to command but passing interest.

Then he remembered that at home everybody went to the circus—why shouldn't they do it here?—and perhaps she might be there. He would go to the circus.

It was a little late when Joe reached the tent. He had not calculated on how many would be ahead of him for the single barber's chair nor how long it would take the hotel bootblack to put a satisfactory gloss on his shoes.

As he entered the tent he went down the open space to the ropes and starting at one end glanced as critically at each face as the flickering of the gasoline lamps would allow. Of a sudden he stopped, rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, surely that was Margaret, looking fairer and more winsome than ever, appearing quite out of place among the rustics who surrounded her—and, wonder of wonders, there was an empty seat beside her. In a matter of ten minutes Joe had forced his way to where she sat and found himself at her side. She appeared glad to see him and Joe felt supremely happy as explanations on both sides were being made—though he thought it strange that she assigned no reason for her sudden departure from Chicago.

All things must have an end and the entertainment came to a close. Joe's request to "see her home" had been accepted and he seemed to be treading on air as he left the tent with the little hand resting lightly on his arm. As they were nearing a crossing and Joe was opening up the subject of carrying on a correspondence a woman's form came under the light across the way. Margaret half turned around to go back with a "Gracious, there's ma!" Joe looked more closely and saw a middle-aged woman with a determined-looking face hurrying toward them. She took Margaret sharply by the arm and drew her to one side as she said:

"I've been hunting for you everywhere—what made you change your seat? We won't trouble this young man for his company any further"—with a seathing look at Joe—"I'm ashamed of you, out with a young man and your wedding only three days off. I'll be glad when Frank has you to look after instead of me."

And as Margaret was being hurried away from him across the street, Joe caught the gleam of the ring on the little hand that was surreptitiously waved to him.—Chicago News.

Law as She Is.

Lawyer—You say you saw the prisoner, my client, commit the murder? Remember, you are on your oath. How do you know you saw him?

Witness—I saw him with my own eyes.

"Did you have on your spectacles?"

"I never wear spectacles."

"You don't? How do you know you don't need them? How do you know you don't see incorrectly? Answer that. Did you ever have your eyes examined?"

"Only once. I applied for a position on a railroad, and was refused because I could not tell an olive-green zephyr from a sea-green one."

"Ah, ha! Gentlemen of the jury, the witness admits that he is color blind, and yet he stood up here and perjured his soul to injure my client, when his own testimony shows he can't tell a white man from a negro."—N. Y. Weekly.

All He Could Do.

"Your boy is simply a depraved boy Mrs. Bronson," said the physician. "You need a doctor of the soul, not one of my profession."

"I didn't know, doctor," said the tired little woman, "but what you might help me a little with advice."

"No, madam, the only thing I can prescribe for him is a mixture of strychnine and prussic acid." — Bay City Chat.

Good Defense.

"Have you any defense?" asked the judge.

"Certainly," replied the bicyclist. "The man very foolishly tried to cross the street and I naturally ran him down."

"It's a difficult case to pass upon," said the judge, thoughtfully. "Of course, you are blameless, but I don't know whether to call it a case of justifiable homicide or suicide."—Chicago Post.

An Inconsistent Complainer.

"It's tiresome," he remarked, cynically, "to see people getting so excited over a circus. It's the same old thing over and over again."

"May be you haven't observed closely," ventured his wife.

"Humph! I guess I ought to know what I'm talking about. I've seen every one that ever came here since I was six years old."—Washington Star.

Tempting Fate.

When one is settled down, it's still a pleasure
To think of all the girls who gave one joy;
And that is why we're so disposed to treasure
The tell-tale billet-doux we should destroy.
—Philadelphia Press.

SOOTHING TREATMENT.

"I'm sure it's angry. You go first, Lucy; you're a vegetarian."—Pick-Me-Up.

After the Prevailing Style.

"You're going to build a house? Well, well!
Have you settled upon a plan?"
"You bet! My plan is to build it cheap,
And rent it as high as I can."
—Chicago Tribune.

An Unconscious Explanation.

First Chappie—I wonder now, Chollie, how the donkey ever came to be used as the—er, emblem of stupidity?

Second Chappie (with a yawn)—Don't know, I'm sure, dear boy, must have been before our day.—Brooklyn Life.

The Changes of Time.

"When we were first married you gave me half the closet."

"Yes."

"And now you act as if I ought to keep my coat and trousers hanging over the hall banisters."—Chicago Record.

In Pity for Him.

Algy—Now—now, Miss Giddy, suppose I should try—try to kiss you?

Miss Giddy—Don't think of it, Mr. Gosling; you're so agitated that I am sure you would scream!—Philadelphia Press.

How He Did It.

Landlady (to new boarder)—I hope you slept well last night.

New Boarder—Yes. Happened to have a bottle of chloroform in my pocket. I put 'em all to sleep before going to bed myself.—Cleveland Leader.

Decision Reserved.

He—What do you think of the horseless carriage?

She—Can you—that is, are both hands required in managing them?—Detroit Free Press.

Effective Ruse.

Maude—Wonder how it happened that Mr. Smarte proposed to Carrie?

Edith—I understand she told him that another man was trying to marry her for her money.—Boston Transcript.

Up in Technicalities.

Puttencall—You know what we mean by "squeeze," don't you?

Miss Meanitall—It's what the brokers do to you when they get you in a corner.—N. Y. World.

Shirking Effort.

"Desdemona Peyster must be a very indolent young woman."

"What makes you think so?"

"She is going to marry a man who is already bald."—Chicago Record.

Which Won?

Esther (meeting a friend)—I received two proposals last night, dear.

Eunice—Well, love, don't let me detain you if you are on your way to Dun's commercial agency.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Above the Average.

She—I see by this paper that the average person speaks 12,000 words a day.

He—Yes; but you're way above the average person, dear.—Yonkers Statesman.

When the Trouble Began.

Judge—Were you present when this quarrel first began?

Witness—Yes, your honor. That was three years ago. I was one of the guests at their wedding.—N. Y. World.

Left.

"Was there anything left of the estate after it got through the courts?"

"Oh, yes, the heirs."—Chicago Journal.

All Right at Times.

"Does your wife object to your playing poker?"

"Not when I win and she gets the winnings."—Chicago Post.

Proved.

"Every man has his price," it is said.
You sneer at the saying old,
But I think you'll agree that every man
Has sometime or other been sold.
—N. Y. Tribune.

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TAKING THE YELLOW FEVER

TOLD BY ONE WHO TRIED IT.

First a Golden Mist Before the Eyes, Then the Desire to Sleep, and Finally "Up in the Woods."

The man on the next cot boosted himself into a half-sitting position with one arm and made swift dabs at the small of his back with the other.

"As between yellow fever and fleas," said he, "I choose yellow fever."

His was a more than usually mild case, or he might have chosen otherwise.

At Siboney doctors and nurses try to comfort the patient with that thought because they know if a man with yellow fever gets scared he is as bad as lost. The odd part of it is that one doesn't get scared easily. Perhaps it is because the senses are blunted and the mind clouded by the disease.

One ceases to care about things and the only desire in life is to sleep.

Several physicians in Chicago, notably Dr. Reilly of the health department, say that what we had down there wasn't yellow fever at all, but only an accentuated form of malaria. As the doctor has had the fever his opinion is to be considered. He says the patients recover too quickly for one thing, and that the death rate is not so high as it would be if the disease were genuine yellow fever.

Doctors in Cuba were unanimous, I think I may safely say, in the opinion that the scourge of Siboney was the real article, though a mild type. When I left Cuba July 14 there were between two and three hundred cases, and the number was growing hourly.

Mild type or not, what we had was enough and to spare, and every man who got it will assure you that a little yellow fever goes a long ways.

The late spring and early summer days at Tampa were the best kind of preparation for catching any malarial disease that may be lurking about. Those two months debilitated everybody, and the forces mobilized there went to Cuba full of ague and biliousness.

As I recall it now—though I didn't understand the significance of it at the time—the first hint of oncoming yellow fever is to be found in a lovely golden-hued mist that hangs in front of your eyes when you open them in the morning. Lying in the tent, half awake and half asleep, you see it move lazily in front of you, and you lift your hand to brush it away. It refuses to avaunt, and incidentally you observe that the hand is a bright yellow shade—about the color of a mulatto.

You say, "That's funny," and then get up. A vigorous blinking of the eyes and a dash of cold water on the head drives away the pretty yellow cloud, and if you think about it at all it is only to decide that you are bilious and to take half a dozen grains of quinine.

In a few days, say a week, an immense desire to sleep and a calm indifference to food take possession of the patient. Up to this time it has been easy. One goes about his usual affairs and there is only a vague consciousness of "not feeling well." Then some fine morning one wakes to the knowledge that every bone in his body is being twisted, broken and ground. More quinine is taken, and for awhile it gives an unnatural feeling of strength and lightness. That passes, and the sick man feels worse than ever. Then a sense of worry is added to the physical agony, and an army surgeon is wearily sought. He says it's biliousness or a touch of malaria and gives the patient, who all this time is staring stupidly at him and letting out a frequent groan by way of keeping up the conversation, six quinine pills of two grains each, to be taken two at a time between the hours of 3 and 6 in the morning, "whenever you happen to wake up." The fact that the doctor gives the quinine shows he doesn't believe the trouble is yellow fever for quinine is never given in that disease.

Next day the visit to the physician is repeated and the patient is stupider and more listless than before. Hence, I can't remember what the doctor said during the second visit, but I have a faint impression he was a very busy man, and I wondered where he got his clean clothes.

Also I said, "Doctor, if I could only have a bath, I think that would do me more good than anything else." I knew there was a big stone basin in the hospital he presided over—which had been the quarters of a Spanish officer in the days before the occupation—and that it had a shower spray over it.

"You don't need a bath," he answered. Of course that was a matter of opinion, but I thought at the time the refusal was brutal in the extreme. It seemed as if a bath in clean, soft water, in a real tub, with real soap and a real towel, was a thing more to be desired than anything else in the world.

The third day, somebody, or several somebodies, would come around and say, "How do you feel?" and a drowsy "'Bout same" would be the answer.

The somebodies evidently were worried for along toward night a couple of doctors would be brought in by your friends. Usually one was a Cuban physisian who had had yellow fever and knew all the ins and outs of its progress, and the other an American army surgeon, who seemed rather awed in the presence of this new form of "malaria" which quinine wouldn't cure. Together they would tap gently on the abdomen and ask if it hurt, and take down the flaring candle and hold it close to the eyeballs. They would kindly leave you to your sleep then, but if you didn't drop off at once you could see them beckon one of your friends outside the door and you could hear them whispering together.

This was annoying and made you feel that a great deal of unnecessary fuss and solemnity was being indulged in about a plain case of malaria or bilious fever. Then you dropped off to sleep and dreamed nervously of bathtubs and cracked ice, only to me awakened every two hours by a friend who said: "Here's your medicine, old man." He gave you a pill or two pills and a drink of water, took the candle and went scuffing away in his bare feet to the next tent or to the next compartment of the shanty, if you happened to be living in a shanty, there to give medicine to somebody else.

This condition lasted a day or two more, the pains in the bones grow less sharp, the loathing for food and the decline of strength increased.

Maybe the fifth day, to the patient's great amazement, his clothes, or such of them as lay handy, were gathered up and wrapped in his blanket, and he was told he would be taken "up in the woods," a vague wave of the hand toward the south indicating where "up in the woods" was.

Questions as to the reason of this were not answered with the completeness to be desired. A newly established hospital was there, it was clean and dry, the air was pure, you would get more care and be better off in every way. But you didn't want care, nor did you yearn for the pure air of "up in the woods." You wanted only to be let strictly and severely alone. The prospect took on dreadful possibilities to a man's sick and fevered brain. You got quite dramatic and said, with a fine air: "If I'm going to die, I want to die among my friends. If you try to pack me off up there I'll cut and run."

Remembering how uncertain my legs then were, I think as a runner I would have been a picturesque failure. Oddly enough, my friends didn't seem to relish the proposition of having me "die among them," nor yet to tarry in their midst. They kept steadfastly at work gathering up my belongings, and in a way quite regardless of me—as if I had been a child or an insane man—saying to one another: "Think he'll need this?" or "Had I better pack two suits of underwear or three?"

Protests were in vain. Flatly I said I wouldn't go, and somebody said: "Don't talk that way, because they'll take you by force if you don't go willingly."

With that a great hatred of mankind and the realization that I was a martyr overtook me and I said, "Very well." The little engine that hauls the coal trains of the Spanish-American Iron company steamed up the line with a ramshackle and very primitive open "summer" car and a flat car attached to it. Cots, blankets, clothes and men were bundled into it, some of the men on stretchers.

All were angry—at least those who had strength left for an emotion— and all were ignorant of the fact that the dreaded scourge, of which we had deard so much and which we feared so greatly was heavy upon them.

The engine yelled twice, and slowly moved toward "up in the woods" where we were to stay for days that seemed as long as weeks, days in which nothing seemed to happen, so weary were they.

Yet so many things happened that I can make another story about them.

No fewer than 1173 persons have been buried in Westminster Abbey.

Of 28 cities in the United States containing over 100,000 inhabitants the death rate of Omaha is the lowest.

A $4,000,000 bridge is to be built by the Danish government to connect Jutland witth the island of Funen.

The latest quotations in the autograph market shows that a one-page letter of Mr. Gladstone's is now worth 1 pound 5 shillings.

Spain has more blind men than any other state in western Europe. The proportion is 148 to every 100,000 inhabitants, while in France, Germany and England it is 84, 85 and 88, respectively.

Of the 7559 convicts now in the prisons of Massachusetts 1087 are women. During the year just ended there was an increase of 68 in the number of women and a decrease of 155 men.

COMMANDING OFFICERS.

Tales of Comical Happenings at the Front.

A Kansas correspondent at Chickamauga says the Arkansas regiment camped near the Kansas troops furnishes lots of fun for all observers. He recites the case of one of their captains who, instead of giving the order "In two ranks, form company!" shouted, "In two rows like corn!" and then, in place of the order "Fours right!" commanded, "Now swing like a gate!"

General Compton was riding through the camp of the Fifth Missouri at Chickamauga when he encountered an unusually raw recruit. The recruit saw by the uniform that the stranger was an officer, and he saluted with a friendly flourish of the hand, as much as to say, "Hello, old boy!" Then General Compton reined in his horse and instructed the recruit that the proper way to salute an officer was to come to a halt, face out and present arms. "Not much," said the recruit. "You can't give me no game like that. I'm too old a bird. You just do it this way. See?" And again the friendly flourish. "Who told you that?" said General Compton. "Lieutenant ——," said the recruit. "Say, do you know him? He's a peach, and when you want to know anything 'bout this military business you go to him. See?" Then the recruit marched away along his post, and General Compton laughed till his sides ached. The recruit was too much for him and he rode away without attempting further instruction.

A Tampa correspondent writes that Colonel Duffy, of the Sixty-ninth New York, is a typical Irishman, and his remarks to his men often cause a broad smile to pass over their countenances. The other day a number of new recruits arrived, and two of them came from the far West. These two were placed on guard, but the corporal of the guard had considerable difficulty in keeping them on their posts. He reported to the Colonel that the men would not remain on their posts, as they were scouts and trailers. "Scouts and thrailers, are they? Well, I'll fix them. Bring me two tint-pins." The pins were brought to the Colonel, who took them and placed one at each end of the guards' post. "Now bring me them scouts and thrailers and a piece of rope, and I will see if I can't show them their bate." The men were brought, and Colonel Duffy tied the ropes around their ankles and said: "Scouts and thrailers, are ye? Well, ye thrail from that tint-pin to that tint-pin, and when you get through ye thrail between the two tint-pins, and I guess that ye will get all the thrailing ye want."

On the Amur river and its tributaries the Ussuri and the Shilka, there are now plying 94 private steamers, besides 18 belonging to the Russian government.

In fasting feats the sect of Jains, in India, is far ahead of all rivals. Fasts of from 30 to 40 days are very common, and once a year they are said to abstain from food for 75 days.

In France the oxen that work in the fields are regularly sung to as encouragement to exertion, and no peasant has the slightest doubt but that the animals listen to him with pleasure.

HOT WATER WITHOUT FIRE.

University Professor Heats It by Stirring With a Paddle.

It is possible to make a pail of water boil without putting it on the fire and without applying external heat to it in any way. In fact, you can make a pail of water boil by simply stirring it with a wooden paddle. The feat was recently performed in the physical laboratory of Johns Hopkins university in Baltimore, Md., and anyone may do it with a little trouble and perseverance. All you have to do is to place the water in a pail—it may be ice water, if necessary—and stir it with a wooden paddle. If you keep at it long enough it will certainly boil. Five hours of constant and rapid stirring are sufficient to perform the feat successfully. The water will after a time grow warm, and then it will grow hot—so hot, in fact, that you cannot hold your hand in it, and finally it will boil. Professor Ames of Johns Hopkins annually illustrates some of the phenomena of heat by having one of his students perform the trick in front of his class. It is a tiresome job, but it is perfectly feasible.

The point which Professor Ames wishes to illustrate is what is known as the mechanical equivalent of heat. It requires just so many foot pounds of work to develop a given quantity of heat. By turning the paddle in the water at a regular speed it is possible to find out just how much work is required to raise the temperature of water one degree. The best measurement so far made and, in fact, the one which is accepted as the standard of the world, is that which was measured in Johns Hopkins college.

Heat is developed in almost any substance which is subjected to continuous or very violent action. It is an old trick for a blacksmith to forge without fire. Long continued and violent hammering on two pieces of wire will heat them to such an extent that they can be welded together. A lead bullet, if shot directly at a stone wall, will develop heat enough by the contact to melt and fall to the ground a molten metal. There are many other occasions wherein this mechanical development of heat becomes manifest.

The Afro-American continent represents about 12 per cent of the total population of this country.

Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of salt 230 feet deep if the water should evaporate.

Playing cards were first printed about 1350. It is estimated that the present annual output exceeds 7,000,000 packs a year.

Hot water lamps are being set up in London with slot arrangements by which hot cocoa, coffee or soup can be obtained as well as water.

Wales is threatened with another tinplate workers' strike on the top of the coal strike, which seems as far from settlement as at the beginning.

Cheap and good coal is now being conveyed down the Zambesi river to Chinde. The quality of the coal is described as equal to the best English.

In moving the battleship Timeraire in the Devonport dockyard her bowsprit knocked to pieces the big 60-ton shears in the yard, which cost $25,000.

HIPPOPOTAMI DISAPPEARING.

The Last One in Natal Has Been Slaughtered.

The last hippopotamus has been slaughtered in Natal. All the larger and more curious creatures are disappearing so fast that this will be a monotonous world, at any rate for the naturalists, in another century. Not so long ago the hippopotamus haunted the rivers of Cape Colony and Natal, and "lake cow bacon," as the salted layer of meat underlying the hides is called, was a favorite dish, but now this huge creature has disappeared from both countries. The hunter has been its enemy for many a century, but the rifle is a far more deadly weapon than the assegai.

The animal had an appetite proportional to its bulk, and can accommodate a great deal of vegetable produce. Besides this it is a wasteful feeder, tramping down and tearing up much more than it consumes, and it prefers cultivated plants to wild vegetation. That has proved its doom in Natal.

One herd was left at Seacow lake, a coast lagoon near Durban, and was protected by the government. It consisted of parents and a family of five. Unfortunately these, like young people all the world over, loved "sweeties," and made noctunal raids on the neighboring sugar cane plantations. The owners petitioned the government, a warrant of execution was granted, and the parental bull, who must have been nearly 50 years old, was the last to fall, and will henceforth be only an "exhibit" at the Durban museum.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous, and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Ten thousand testimonials of cures. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

Fifty-three vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of nearly 30,000, may be added to the American merchant marine through the annexation of Hawaii. Nearly all of them are owned in this country, but fly the Hawaiian flag.

How to Make Crayon Portraits.

Our new method, which any one can learn, will be sent free to you. We must have help and will pay you well for making crayon pictures at you home for us. Write today with enclosed stamp for full particulars. Northwestern Art Association, Portland, Oregon.

The population of Mexico is 12,619,949.

In Scotland at one time capital punishment was drowning.

ST. MARY'S HALL—A BOARDING AND day school for girls. Primary, preparatory and academic course. Music, German, French, drawing, painting and elocution taught by specialists. For information address 299 Pacific Ave., Spokane, Wash.

Almonte, Ontario, has a wooden factory which uses compressed air as motive power.

The proportion of foreigners to English in England is about 1 in 250.

Russia is going to abolish the difficulties of navigation at the mouth of the Volga by cutting a canal directly from the river to the Caspian sea. Work on it will begin this summer.

Among the Riffian pirates of Morocco the women do all the agricultural and other hard work, while the men, when at home, do the cooking and mend the clothes, including the women's.

Established 1780.

Baker's Chocolate,

celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, has our well-known

Yellow Label

on the front of every package, and our trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatiere," on the back.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

MADE ONLY BY

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

BUY THE GENUINE

SYRUP OF FIGS

... MANUFACTURED BY ...

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

☞ NOTE THE NAME.

Bishop Scott Academy Founded 1870.

A Boarding and Day School for boys. Military discipline in charge of U. S. Army officer. Primary, preparatory and academic departments. Manual Training or Sloyd has recently been installed. Boys of all ages received. Special instruction in music, modern languages, stenography. Through college preparation a specialty. Catalogue on application to the principal, J. W. HILL, M. D., P. O. Drawer 17, Portland, Or.

Trade Mark. BIG G. CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. **Sold by Druggists,** or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

YOUR LIVER Is it Wrong? Get it Right. Keep it Right.

Moore's Revealed Remedy will do it. Three doses will make you feel better. Get it from your druggist or any wholesale drug house, or from Stewart & Holmes Drug Co., Seattle.

OPIUM MORPHINE COCAINE LAUDANUM Stopped at home. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, 464 Isabella Bldg, Chicago, Ill.

REMEMBER

if you are dissatisfied with the size of piece or with the quality of the chewing tobacco you are using—

get BattleAx PLUG

HIGH QUALITY LOW PRICE

and you 'll get your money's worth. The 10-cent piece of Battle Ax is larger than the 10-cent piece of any other brand of the same high quality, and is the largest piece of really good chewing tobacco that is sold for 10 cents.

Remember the name when you buy again

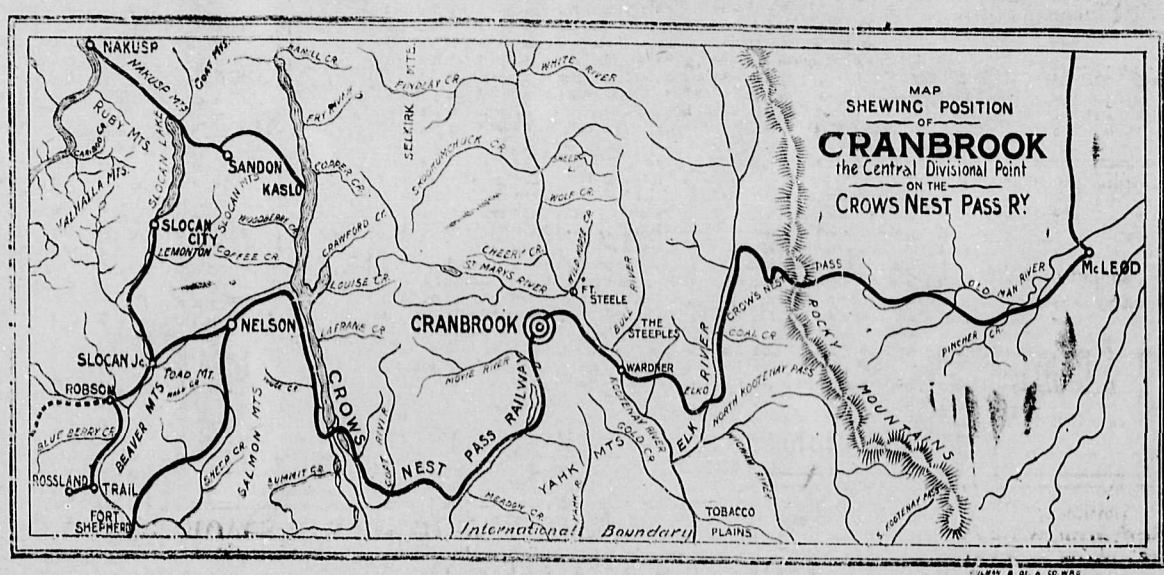
CRANBROOK : : : British Columbia.

The TERMINUS of the

Crows Nest Pass Ry.
Is now at Cranbrook.

The Construction Headquarters

Will be in Cranbrook until the road is completed to Kootenay Lake, the terminus for a year or more.



A strong point in favor of Cranbrook is the fact that wholesale houses of the east and west recognize this place as the distributing point of East Kootenay and are locating their branch houses here.

The C. P. R. are putting up better buildings in Cranbrook than at any other place on the Crows Nest line.

Cranbrook is already the financial center of East Kootenay, and has more banking capital interested than any other town in the district. And there is more coming.

For further information, maps and prices of lots apply to

B. C. LAND INVESTMENT AGENCY,
Victoria and Vancouver.

L. A. HAMILTON,
C. P. R. Land Commissioner, Winnipeg, Man.
V. HYDE BAKER, Local Agent, Cranbrook, B. C.

LOCAL NOTES

Picked Up About the City by Asking Questions of Many People.

McVittie & Hutchison have several houses to rent.

It is exactly 19½ miles from Cranbrook to Moyie by the railroad.

The building fund of the Presbyterian church is now nearly $500.

There is a large amount of Cranbrook real estate changing hands these days.

The Fort Steele Mercantile company will have their stock in place next week.

If you want to rent a house McVittie & Hutchison will build you one to suit you.

Geo. H. Henderson, of Owen Sound, Ont., will start a paper at Fernie some time next month.

The passengers who arrived on Monday night's train report a heavy fall of snow at Macleod and Pincher Creek.

Rev. Ball, of the Presbyterian church, will hold services at the North Star restaurant building next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

H. M. Wentworth on his arrival at Spokane proceeded to give to the papers some good pointers of South East Kootenay and Cranbrook.

The St. Charles restaurant has changed hands at good prices twice during the last week, showing the wonderful activity of real estate in Cranbrook.

George Bremner met with a painful and serious accident last Saturday. He stepped on a nail which ran nearly through his foot, and as a result he was laid up for several days.

Mr. Ciperly, of Vancouver, representing several insurance and loan companies, has been in town this week looking after his interests. He thinks Cranbrook is bound to be a great winner.

Reid & Co., of the Toronto Clothing House, have an announcement in today's paper that will prove beneficial to those who read and act on the advice given. They are receiving a large stock and need more room.

The nights are growing colder as the summer grows older. The snow line on the hills is coming down lower each week, and it will not be long before South East Kootenay will be wrapped in the mantle of winter.

Joe Laidlaw, agent for the Crows Nest Coal company, says that he is ready to bring coal in now at any time. Speaking of the quality of the coal for use in heating stoves, he says it has been thoroughly tested and found to be all right.

Tom Wellman met with an accident Friday while driving to the Mission. In crossing an irrigation ditch one of the axles broke, throwing Mr. Wellman out and bruising him considerable. He borrowed another buggy and arrived home safely.

A. H. Watson, secretary of the townsite company, is looking after the timber contract for the two mills now being operated by the Cranbrook Lumber company. He says that good work is being *done in getting out the logs and that the* supply of lumber will be ample to meet all demands.

The Northwest Mounted Police will soon close up their work along the line of construction and return to Macleod. The boys will be missed along the line. They have done their work well, made many friends, and will leave with the good wishes of the people.

John Willis & Sons have taken charge of the dining room at the Commercial hotel, having disposed of their restaurant. This fact is sufficient to guarantee the patrons of that hotel that they will get good meals, for as a caterer "Pap" Willis has a well earned reputation.

Harry Rhineman, of the Hotel Venosta at Fort Steele, by way of giving this paper an idea of what they have for dinner at his hotel, sent us a bill of fare last week. The proprietor of any hotel should feel proud of such a bill, and the man who can indulge in all the delicacies shown is fortunate indeed. Mr. Rhineman is paying special attention to his dining room and is doing a big business in consequence.

MOYIE CITY.

F. W. Peters, agent for the C. P. R., was in town Thursday, when he made a trip, accompanied by G. Campbell, to the St. Eugene mine. Mr. Peters is making arrangements for the shipping of ore, which will probably commence in about six weeks.

The owners of the Lake Shore mine have built a wagon road to the track and will shortly commence building ore bins. They will ship at the earliest opportunity.

The Moyie public school was recently opened, Mrs. E. C. McMahon being appointed teacher.

The Lake Shore hotel has been leased for six months to S. A. Scott. Mr. A. Manuel, the proprietor, has gone to Nelson to look after his interests in that quarter.

Mr. Clayton, who was around town in the spring, returned from Nelson last week to have a look around.

Mr. Kaiser, of the Fort Steele Brewery, was in town Thursday night looking after lost freight.

New fixtures and alterations are being made in the Moyie post office, which will be running as soon as the cars arrive.

D. L. Bettchin and A. L. McDermot, of Fort Steele, were taking a look around town Sunday and Monday.

C. M. Edwards has been collecting taxes the past few days. While in town Mr. Edwards was the guest of Col. Henderson.

WARDNER.

The lumber is on the siding here for a depot.

The school is making excellent progress.

The railroad office men are now stopping at the Central since the closing of the railroad eating house.

Work is progressing in good shape on the bridge.

G. A. Jennings is in Cranbrook and Moyie this week.

Mr. Martin is now in charge of the ferry.

Word has been received here that Tom Crahan and Hugh Stephens left the first of last month for the Klondike with a cargo of hams.

Martin Crahan expects to go into business at Cascade City.

Everyone was glad to see W. G. Lauchland return from the hospital looking so well.

Jake Fink visited with his family over Sunday.

Captain McCall has returned to his home in Seattle.

Mrs. John Warren has returned from a visit to Kalispell, bringing with her an addition to the family in the shape of a big, healthy boy.

Charles Dohr has left for West Kootenay. Mr. Dohr has many friends here who wish him good luck.

A letter from Cascade City says that quite a Wardner contingent has located there. Cormack & Livermore are running a stage, Captain Disbrowe, Tom Pool and Al Hitchcock have a contract for building a bridge, C. J. Eckstorm is running an hotel, Pete Kelley and George Gorum are looking for an opening, Pete Larson is living there, "Bert," formerly at the Wardner kitchen, is working in one of the hotels, and "Dick" Godfrey is talking walnut to the old gang.

Some miscreant broke into the Wardner hotel the other night, making an entrance through a dining room window. He left his boots in the dining room and made his way upstairs, and when discovered was creeping into the room occupied by Miss Jagger. Her screams aroused her mother who came to her assistance, and the intruder rushed by them and escaped, leaving his boots behind. They form a clue that will probably lead to the arrest of the party.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Moyie is getting ready for an official post office.

J. M. Lindsey is now acting as temporary constable at Moyie.

The Economist says that many capitalists are flocking into Nelson.

The new Catholic church at Moyie is under way. Rev. Father Walsh will be in charge.

Kamloops has a restaurant called the "Poodle Dog." One would naturally look for hairs in the soup at that place.

A modest Sandon man has presented the New Denver band with $50, but fails to reveal his identity. Surely that must be Dave Young.

The Moyie Leader says that Moyie has never had a boom. That is right. The town has grown steadily and will be one of the best camps in the Kootenays.

A. T. Lowery, of the New Denver Ledge, the only man known in the newspaper business who announces at the *head of his editorial column that he is* an "editor and financier," has gone east for a trip. We have always known that Lowery was an editor, and this eastern trip convinces us that he is a financier as well.

ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

Interesting Notes of News From the Four Quarters.

Theodore Roosevelt has been nominated for governor by the republicans of New York state. Mr. Roosevelt was a lieutenant-colonel during the late war, and is the man who organized the rough riders. He will be a hard man to defeat.

English farmers are complaining of a total lack of rain.

President McKinley says that all Spaniards must leave Cuba by January 1.

The new British policy in China has failed and Li Hung Chang is on top again having been reinstated.

President McKinley has appointed a commission to investigate the war department during the late war.

There are 3000 cases of typhoid fever at Dawson City.

Diplomatic relations between Colombia and Italy have been resumed.

A cyclone swept through Merriton Ont., last week, killing three persons and injuring many.

JAMES GREER,
Contractor and Builder.

Plans and specifications furnished on application. Estimates made on buildings. Our work will be satisfactory in every respect. That is better for you and better for me. Call and see me if you are figuring on building

Cranbrook, . . B. C.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands: Beginning at a post planted about two miles east of Irishman creek and about 300 feet north from the right bank of the Moyie river, thence north 40 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 40 chains more or less to the Moyie river, thence east along the Moyie river to the place of beginning, and situate in the District of East Kootenay, *and excepting the right of way of the British* Columbia Southern railway, containing 320 acres of land more or less.

Dated this 21st day of July, 1898.
ROBERT MURRAY PRATT.

Sage's Commission House.

Goods sold on Commission.
Second Hand Goods bought and sold. *Bargains every day.*

LEROY SAGE,
Hanson Ave., south of Cranbrook hotel.

NOTICE.

CRANBROOK, 24th August, 1898.

I hereby give notice that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, Victoria, for permission to purchase the following described tract of land, situated in the Southern Division of East Kootenay: Commencing at a post planted at the intersection of the east boundary of Lot 335 with the northern shore of Premier Lake, thence *north forty (40) chains, thence east forty (40)* chains, thence south forty (40) chains, thence west forty (40) chains to the point of commencement, containing one hundred and sixty acres.

T. W. STEPHENS.

All Night Restaurant,
J. E. MARCHILDON, Prop'r.

This restuarant is located opposite to the depot. The best is always served. Call and be convinced.

East Kootenay Branch
REDWOOD BREWERY,
WINNIPEG, MAN.
A FULL STOCK OF
Ales, Porters, Lagers, Canadian, English and American Beers. Ontario Apple Cider. Areated Waters.
Store room on Durick ave. JOSEPH MITCHELL, Manager.

The Stoves are Coming.

HEATING, coal and wood.
COOK STOVES.
A CAR LOAD, The best selected stock in East Kootenay.
Reserve your order and see the stoves. Prices will be right
G. H. MINER.

O. A. BURGE. FRANK McQUISTON.
East Kootenay Hotel
CRANBROOK, B. C. McQuiston & Burge, Proprietors.
Enlarged, Refitted and Furnished.
Best of accommodations for Travelers.
THE BEST OF Wines, Liquors and Cigars ALWAYS IN STOCK AT THE BAR.
Feed and Livery Stables in connection with the Hotel.

The Cranbrook Lumber Co.
Saw and Planing Mills
:::AT
CRANBROOK, B. C.
—ALL KINDS OF—
Rough and Dressed Lumber, Dimension Lumber, Shingles and Mouldings.
IN STOCK OR MADE TO ORDER.

Cranbrook Hotel
Guests Comfort a Specialty
Good Stabling in Connection
Nearest to railroad and depot. Has accommodations for the public unequalled in Cranbrook.
RYAN & MORRISON
.....Proprietors

The Cranbrook.....
Liquor and General Grocery Store
Will be open to the public in a few days where you will find first-class goods at prices to make all customers happy.
Creamery Butter - 35c. Eggs - 32c per doz.
THOS. A. KENNEDY.

Royal Cafe and Bakery
F. B. VAN DECAR, Prop.
Meals Served at all hours.
Regular Meals, The Best the Market Affords 35c.
Fine Line of Cigars and Tobaccos, Canned Goods, Confectionary and Soft Drinks.
CRANBROOK STREET. Read the Big Sign.