THE CRANBROOK HERALD.

VOLUME 1. CRANBROOK, BRITISH COLUMBIA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1898. NUMBER 34.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

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

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $6,000,000.00.

Accounts of Corporations, Merchants and Individuals received on favorable terms.

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Pioneer Hardware Store

JUBILEE BRAND BUILDING PAPER.
Plain and Tarred.
It costs a little more than some others, but as it is the toughest and warmest, it is the cheapest. It is the best in the world. Compare it with others before buying.
Write for free samples.
MERRICK, ANDERSON & CO., WINNIPEG

Headquarters for
Building and Shelf
HARDWARE
SASH AND DOORS

Stoves and Tinware, Paints, Oils and Glass.

Tinsmithing in Connection. : : :

G. H. MINER.

SHERLOCK & BREMNER,

CRANBROOK, B. C.

. . . .Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

General Merchandise.

PRICES RIGHT. A CALL SOLICITED.

T. A. Creighton,

GROCER

Is too busy to write an ad, but will have something to tell you later on.

A complete and well selected stock of Family Groceries, Miners' Supplies, etc., now arriving.

TORONTO :: CLOTHING :: HOUSE

Another Large Arrival of : : :

Suits, Pants, Shirts and . . . . .
Woolen Wear . . . . . .

Just a few of those

$8.00 Suits Left. Good value at $12.00

October has exceeded our most sanguine expectations in business. OUR VALUES ARE RIGHT. Come and see us.

REID & CO.

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.

Crows Nest Pass

$5 PER TON **Coal and Coke.**

J. H. LAIDLAW,
Agent for East Kootenay.
MINING BROKER.
Cranbrook, B. C.

A. W. McVITTIE, D. L. S., P. L. S. JOHN HUTCHISON, Notary Public.

McVittie & Hutchison,

BAKER STREET, - - - CRANBROOK.
—Dealers in—
Mines and Real Estate.
. . . Insurance Agents.
MINES AND LANDS SURVEYED.

W. R. ROSS. H. W. HERCHMER.

ROSS & HERCHMER

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Conveyancers.

CRANBROOK AND FORT STEELE. Cranbrook Office 15 and 16 Hanson Block

H. L. Cummins, C. E.

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR

FORT STEELE, : : BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Gilpin's Stores

Fort Steele and Cranbrook. . . . . .
Dry Goods,
Clothing,
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings, Footwear,
Hardware,
Machinery,
Paints and Wall Paper.

Large Car of Furniture on sale at Cranbrook Till about October 27th.

Goods and Prices Right.
G. H. GILPIN.

C. L. HILLIARD,

General Blacksmith

CRANBROOK, B. C.

HORSESHOEING, MINING WORK AND GENERAL REPAIRING.

WAGON WOOD-WORK
Promptly Attended to.

J. C. BROWN
New Jewelry Store

Watches and Clocks Repaired

FULL LINE OF
Jewelry, Silverware,
Watches and Clocks
WILL BE CARRIED.
New Store. — — Armstrong Ave.
CRANBROOK, B. C.

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.

Bowling Alley . . .

T. LOVE, Prop..
Near Cranbrook Hotel,
CRANBROOK, B. C.

NOW OPEN

Come in and Exercise your muscles; it will not cost you much.

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.

Wood and Freight.

J. H. McMULLIN

CRANBROOK, B. C.

Is Prepared to Furnish Wood and Deliver Same Promptly on order. Well seasoned and cut to stove length.

FREIGHTING AND HAULING
Of all kinds will receive prompt attention.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

During the past few weeks the relations between Great Britain and France have been such as to make the British public apprehensive of war, and the urgent orders given to the army and navy to be ready for action at a moment's notice increased the feeling of uneasiness. It was therefore with suppressed nervous excitement that Lord Salisbury's speech on the occasion of the banquet given to General Kitchner by the lord mayor of London a few days since was listened to by the assembled guests, especially as the premier was expected to make an important statement. He said that while all the causes of controversy between the two great powers had not been removed, the most difficult point at issue had been settled, the French having agreed to withdraw from Fashoda.

Before, but especially since, the murder of General Gordon at Khartoum in the Soudan, the power of the Dervishes, whose territory bordered on that of Egypt, has been a continual menace to the peace of the latter country, raids being constantly perpetrated. Lord Rosebery, when proposing the toast to the army and navy, said that the campaign just closed had wiped out the "bloodiest and most barbarous tyranny in the history of mankind." It was necessary that the Soudan should be pacified and brought under the control of Egypt and, indirectly, under that of Britain.

For a long while the French have been jealous of the ascendency that the British had obtained in the affairs of Egypt, and while General Kitchner was making his way to Omderman, a strategic point on the river Nile, a French expedition under Major Marchand was pushing its way from the French possessions in Central Africa, also an important point on the Nile, the object being to provide France with an outlet on that river and bringing them into direct contact with Egyptian territory. This would give them a distinct advantage. Within the past few months it became evident that the two expeditions would reach their respective objective points about the same time, and General Kitchner got to Omdurman only to find that Major Marchand had just taken possession of Fashola in the name of France with a small force of men. General Kitchener pushed on to Fashoda and claimed it for Egypt. Major Marchland refused to withdraw, hence the present dispute.

There is a good deal more importance attaching to the controversy than the mere possession of a small town on the river Nile. To allow France an outlet on the Nile would be to admit that river to be common property, whereas Lord Salisbury insists "that the Nile valley had belonged and still belongs to Egypt, and whatever diminition that title had suffered by the Mahdi's conquest had been removed by the victory at Omdurman."

It is a relief to know that a war between Britain and France is removed from the sphere of the immediately probable. Such an event would be an awful calamity. There is no knowing where it would stop. All Europe might soon be in a blaze.

BUILDING IMPROVEMENTS.

New Structures Commenced and Others Nearing Completion.

Only one or two new buildings have been started during the past week, but those previously under way have been progressing as fast as workmen could do the work. "Dad" Willis on Monday commenced the construction of a 20x30 foot building on Durick avenue which is intended for business purposes, and applications have already been filed by parties who will either rent or purchase.

Contractor Grier is erecting a dwelling house on Burwell avenue for Mr. A. Moffatt, 18x20, two stories, with an addition 14x20.

Mr. F. E. Simpson's residence in the east end, built by Mr. N. Hanson, is complete except the painting, which will be finished this week, or by the time Mr. S. and bride arrive to take possession.

Work on the Aiken block is being pushed ahead rapidly and it will be ready for occupancy by Saturday night provided glass for the fronts arrive in time. This structure will present a fine appearance when fully finished, and as a revenue getter will be one of the best in town, having four store rooms on the ground floor and several good-sized apartments on the second floor, all having outside light. The board of trade expect to occupy rooms in this building.

The McInnes block, on Baker street, is beginning to assume a finished appearance, workmen now being engaged in putting in the front and finishing the walls of the room to be occupied by Mr. McInnes as a retail meat market.

The townsite office building is complete except for the inside painting, and is occupied by Col. Brayton. The exposed side of the building fronting the railroad right of way bears this legend: "Canadian Pacific Railroad Co., Farm Lands Agency, Cranbrook. Lots in all parts of the city for sale."

The Forrest hotel is progressing as fast as workmen can push it, the framework for the third or mansard story being up and ready for roofing.

Real Estate Transfers.

Since last report the following named persons have become owners of Cranbrook real estate:

Alexander McHugh, lots 12 and 13 in block 91.

John Willis, lot 11 in block 91.

Rodgers & Robertson, lot 11, block 90.

Ivor H. Williams, lot 9, block 41.

Messrs. Rodgers & Robertson will at once commence the erection of a building upon the lot purchased by them to be occupied by a meat market. The property is on Hanson avenue.

SALAD and DRESSING

All Britishers—in fact, all English-speaking people—have a warm place in their hearts for the Prince of Wales. The prince is the eldest son of her majesty and was born in 1841. He is known the world over for his good nature, tact and love of sport as well as his all-round "good fellowship." Long life to him.

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If there is one thing more than another that the people of Cranbrook should pull together for it is a recording office, or at least a deputy recording office. Next spring, unless all signs fail, there will be claims and transfers innumerable to be recorded in this vicinity and there is no reason why people should be obliged to go to a distant point on the Kootenay river to record their claims and other transactions when it might be done right here on the railway. All it wants is "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull together" to have a recorder, or at least a deputy recorder, here.

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It is remarkable what a hold upon the imagination of a quartz prospector or individual who has become imbued with the idea that there is a fortune in store for him in the shape of rock containing precious metals the sight of a strange piece of rock has. He imagines he can see gold silver, copper or lead in every piece of rock that is brought to his notice, and can tell, without an assay, just how much of each kind of metal the rock will produce under mill or smelter reduction; can tell whether it contains sulphide, chlorides, oxydes, manganese, mica or misery. Ex editor of THE HERALD Wentworth had the disease pretty bad, but he is not anywhere near as bad off as a resident of Cranbrook. This gentleman is evidently in the last stages of the disease called quartz fever, and it is attacking his brain. Sitting at the dinner table a few evenings since, in company with our quartz expert, the writer, while waiting to be served, extracted from the bottle upon the table a poor, acid-eaten, shriveled-up pickle—very good in its place and when taken in large quantities at the right time. However, we did not crave a large quantity, and after taking a small bite laid the remainder of the slice alongside our plate. Imagine our astonishment a moment or two after when our friend remarked: "That is a nice piece of rock; where did you find it?" at the same time pointing to the pickle. It is not THE HERALD'S intention to expose the gentleman's name, but simply say that he was greatly taken aback when he discovered his mistake.

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"I wonder what the C. P. R. is going to do?" "I wonder if the townsite people will do this and that?" Such remarks may be heard every day on almost every corner in Cranbrook. We wonder if it strikes people that our salvation and our success is much more in our own hands than in those of the C. P. R. and the townsite people? If we allow ourselves to sit down and just see what the C. P. R. and the townsite will do and do nothing ourselves, we cannot expect to build a city. The C. P. R. and the townsite are doing their part, and if we only do our own as well we shall undoubtedly make a success of this town of ours. What are we to do, someone asks, to help make Cranbrook keep her place as the first city in South East Kootenay? The answer is simple: Keep everlastingly pegging away; keep constantly before your eyes the fact that if you don't think much of your own town no one else will. Do all you can to make the town attractive by being courteous to strangers, showing them round and pointing out to them the natural resources of the town and district. This is easy to do in Cranbrook, for unlike some places the natural position of our town, its magnificent site, the open, level country around it, makes it the very best point for a town in South East Kootenay and absolutely the only point on the Crows Nest Pass railway in East Kootenay for a large city. Another thing to do is to let your correspondents in the east and elsewhere know all you can about this country and its resources, so that if even they are not interested themselves they may tell others. In fact, the secret of success is believing. If we believe ourselves in the future of our country then we can make others believe. Half-heartedness is no good at all. We must be all or nothing.

An Apology.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is responsible for the condition in which THE HERALD is printed this week. Although shipped from Winnipeg three weeks ago, our "patent in'ards" had not arrived up to last night and in consequence the publishers had to fall back on some sheets that were printed during the Spanish-American war. Some of the reading matter is a little stale, but much of it is instructive if not entertaining. In fact, the writer is not sure but it will prove more acceptable to the readers of the paper than if the space had been filled by the tiresome slush dished up in these columns for the past three weeks—barring, of course, those items of news which have been furnished by accommodating friends. Anyhow, an apology is due, and as the railroad company is not engaged in that line of business it falls upon us to make it. However, it is to be hoped that when the operating department of the road assumes control of traffic it will be able to deliver goods to shippers in less than three weeks from Winnipeg.

Money to loan in sums of from $100 to $1000. McVittie & Hutchison.

MOYIE LAKE.

Cranbrook People Investing in the New Town.

Several parties living in Cranbrook have during the past week made investments in the new town of Moyie, plats of which have been prepared in advance of the survey and are in the hands of Col. Brayton, who is handling the property. James Ryan, of the Cranbrook hotel, has purchased lots 1 and 2 in block 15, and Wm. Frith and James Black, also of Cranbrook, have taken a lot each in the same block. Malcolm McInnes, the gentleman who supplies East Kootenay with nearly all the fresh meat that is eaten, has purchased lots 9 and 10 in block 15, and will occupy the property with a building for his business.

C. P. R. Agent Hilliard, of Calgary, now owns lots 11 and 12 in block 1, John Donald lots 9 and 10 in block 4, and Richard Daly lot 8, block 1. These latter-named gentlemen are mechanics connected with the C. N. P. and will likely erect residences.

The hotel which is to be put up by a syndicate will be built on lots 7, 8, 9 and 10, block 14. Two blocks have been reserved for the government.

ECHOES OF THE RAIL.

The C. P. R. will open a dining hall at the station here. It is said that Mr. Leonard, late of Superintendent Whyte's dining car, will be in charge.

It is rumored that Assistant Superintendent of Construction Turnbull will be made divisional superintendent of the Crows Nest branch, with headquarters at Cranbrook, when the road is taken over on the 15th inst.

Word has gone out from construction headquarters that the C. N. P. road will pass into the hands of the operating department on Tuesday, the 15th inst. In consequence there are many employes here and elsewhere along the line who are on the anxious seat, none knowing where the axe may fall.

M. J. Haney and Engineer Macleod passed through Cranbrook west bound on Friday night last, returning on Saturday night. The party made no stay here either going or coming. It is understood, however, that this is Manager Haney's last trip over the road preparatory to its being turned over to the operating department on the 15th inst. The terminal work at the lake has been completed in so far as the construction department has to do with it, and was accepted. Mr. Haney is reported to have said that the company desired him to continue in charge of construction until the road was completed to Nelson, but he declined.

A passenger who arrived in Cranbrook Sunday night from the east gave THE HERALD some information in regard to the obstruction of travel for several days last week on the C. N. P. road. He stated that at what is known as the "loop" a slide had occurred covering the track for 60 feet in length and to a depth of two to eight feet. The track cuts through the mountain side, and where the slide occurred there is a deep cut, the bank on the lower side of the mountain being some 15 feet high. To remove the rock and earth from the cut work could be prosecuted from each end only, or by the slow method of hand shoveling, one man raising the dirt to another man above him and so on till the top of the cut was reached. The laborers were all tired and completely worn out, and the work progressed very slowly. According to THE HERALD'S informant it took on an average just one minute by the watch for a shovelfull of dirt to go from the track or slide over the top of the cut. The work from the ends was nearly as tedious, being done with wheelbarrows. It was finally accomplished, however, and the train managed to get through. It was expected that a piledriver would commence putting down piles at the obstruction on Monday.

Presbyterian Church.

The contract has been let for the building of the Presbyterian church and a pile of lumber may be seen on Armstrong avenue, corner of Louis street, preparatory to commencing operations on the structure. Before another issue of this paper appears it is expected that Mr. Grant, the contractor, will have the building in such shape that no doubt will be entertained as to the use to be made of it. Let all who are interested hand in their subscriptions to Mr. George Bremner, the secretary-treasurer, right away. About $150 more are needed before the time for opening the church is at hand.

Was Married Wednesday.

A letter reached THE HERALD office this week from Editor Simpson, written and mailed at Omaha, Neb., on October 28th, containing the information that he expected to leave for Cripple Creek, Colarado, that night and would be married at the home of the bride's sister in that city on Wednesday, November 9th. Therefore, if there has been no "slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" Mr. F. E. Simpson and Miss Kate Phelps have been made one, and are now doubtless journeying toward their future home.

McVittie & Hutchison are ready to build a few more houses to suit tenants or buyers.

At at football game played at Nelson a few days ago between Rossland and Nelson teams, the latter won by a score of 13 to 8.

Albert Clark a brakeman on the C. P. R. was struck by a passenger train and received injuries from which he died almost instantly.

ABOUT PEOPLE

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

Harry McVittie, of Fort Steele, is in town on business.

A. W. McVittie made a trip to Moyie on insurance business yesterday.

Col. Henderson, of Moyie, spent Sunday in town as the guest of A. W. McVittie.

Michael Phillipps, Esq., the pioneer merchant of Tobacco Plains, paid Cranbrook another visit this week.

Elmer Musgrave, late of Moyie, has removed to Cranbrook and opened tonsorial parlors in the Aiken block.

Mrs. W. N. Brayton, wife of Acting Townsite Agent Col. Brayton, arrived on the train from the east last night.

Acting Provincial Constable Lindsay, of Moyie, passed through town for Fort Steele with a prisoner last Saturday.

M. Freeman, representing the Northwest Jobbing and Commission Co., of Lethbridge, was in town on Monday.

Gov. Hanson was in town from Wasa on Saturday attending to business in connection with his various buildings.

Mr. H. W. Herchmer, of the law firm of Ross & Herchmer, returned to Cranbrook Monday from a visit of several weeks' duration as far east as Regina. Mr. H. will now remain here permanently, having opened an office in the Hanson block.

Manager Curran, of the North Star mine, was in Cranbrook Monday trying to get track of a steel cable which had been ordered from Hamilton, Ont., about two months since. That and a carload of hoisting and pumping machinery for the mine should have arrived some time ago.

A private letter received in Cranbrook a few days ago from Mr. Ed Irvine, who left here a month ago seriously ill for his home in Montana, contains the information that at the time the letter was written he was still unable to be out of the house and had been very sick since his arrival home.

Mr. Headley, the genial teller in the Bank of Commerce, returned Sunday night from Nelson, where he has been convalescing from an attack of mountain fever. He looks much better than when he left and says Nelson is a good town, but is also much surprised at the wonderful strides made by "Beautiful Cranbrook" during his absence.

M. McInnes returned from a trip east as far as Calgary, Alberta, on Sunday evening's delayed train, having been held up about 18 hours at the "loop," the point where so much trouble is being experienced on the C. N. P. Mr. McInnes reports the weather fine down on the prairie, with no snow, but at Fernie it is simply horrible—rain snow and mud in abundance.

Matt Rockendorf, the young man who manipulates antimony and lead in THE HERALD office, departed for his home in Moyie Tuesday. Having been ill for several days it was deemed best that he should be under the care of his mother, where he could receive every attention and the comforts of a home. He will doubtless be all right in a few days.

Readers of THE HERALD in and about Cranbrook will remember Col. A. H. Raynolds, the man of many moods and flowery speech. A private letter received by a friend in this city locates Mr. Raynolds in Cleveland, Ohio. But what will surprise the colonel's acquaintances most is the fact of his being a man of family. He states in his letter that he "will be in Spokane, Wash., with my wife and family in a couple of weeks." A. J. Geddes is dispensing fluids at the Star cafe, Findlay, Ohio.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A. M. Knee will open a bank at Grand Forks.

Nelson is to have an opera house, the estimated cost being about $10,000.

Rossland is preparing for a week of carnival, to take place some time in January.

The New Westminster fire cost the insurance companies over $800,000, most of which has been paid.

William Caine and Patrick Nolan fell down No. 2 shaft on the Sunset mine, Rossland, on the 3d inst., breaking their necks.

A. B. Hearne, manager of the Imperial bank at Revelstoke, was in Nelson a few days ago arranging for the opening of a branch in that city.

John Kirkup, gold commissioner for the Trail creek division, has given notice that all placer mining claims legally held in that district may be held over from November 1, 1898, to May 1, 1899.

There are 150 teams hauling freight from the railroad at Bossburg and Marcus into the Boundary country. There are 60 carloads now at Bossburg awaiting transportation into the mining districts.

There is more building going on at present than at any time since the boom of 1897, and it is with difficulty that the contractors are able to get enough timber to carry on their operations, says the Rossland Miner.

Dr. Farrer, of Kamloops, who had been ill in the Jubilee hospital at Victoria for about three months, died on the 1st inst. He was physician of the provincial government institutions at Kamloops, but the new admistration had dismissed him.

THE INTERNATIONAL.
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The Klondike doesn't seem to be cutting quite so much ice as usual.

As further evidence of martial spirit the new baby that is christened Dewey is likely to be immediately up in arms.

If England and Uncle Sam ever do join hands and circle to the left they will lead the rest of the world a lively dance.

"Spain," says the Boston Transcript, "is rotten to the core." Well, what's the matter with the core? Isn't that rotten, too?

Admiral Montejo admits that "the American gunners are good marksmen." This must be considered in the light of an expert opinion from the target.

A Western contemporary wisely remarks: "There is always some great duty left unperformed when death knocks at the door. Now is the time to subscribe."

Says a Chicago poetess: "We stood knee-deep in the restless grass by the whispering breezes stirred." She is probably in the hospital now, unless she is a prevaricator.

The secretary of the Chinese legation in Madrid, Shu Ting, has come to America to watch the war. If there is anything in a name he should be a pretty good judge of marksmanship.

The New York Evening Journal wants to know whether a girl who has been jilted should consider herself disgraced or not. No; ninety-nine times in a hundred she should consider herself lucky.

A Boston man has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for stealing 72 cents. The judge probably thought it would be dangerous to permit a man to be at large who didn't know enough to take more than that.

The last consular report from the United States representative at Corunna, Spain, says that "the use of bicycles in Spain is not increasing; there is no demand for wheels and bicycling is considered merely a pastime for the rich." That settles it; such a nation is hopeless.

Let the volunteers remember this, that in the war of the rebellion the men got along best who stuck to army rations and did not pamper their stomachs with sutler's canned stuff. Another thing: Don't wear narrow-soled or high-heeled shoes. The army brogan is not handsome, but it is the easiest on the long march.

To Cuba, in 1892, the United States exported somewhat more than four million dollars' worth of machinery and manufactures of iron and steel; in 1897, three hundred and forty-five thousand dollars' worth. It makes a difference to us, in dollars and cents, whether our neighbors are filling sugar-hogsheads—or ambulances.

It is little more than 100 years ago that the events began to shape themselves which came to a crisis just before the close of the century, and invited the French revolution. How singularly similar is the history that Italy has been making lately. The story of 1790 is the story of 1898. It is a revolt against the unequal conditions that society throws about the toilers and the drones who sit in authority.

There is no refinement in war and there can be but little consideration for an opponent in any sort of a contest where there is a prize to win. In war, especially, there is no reason why a great country should not employ all its resources to overcome a small country. War is a dreadful thing and ought to be brought to a close at the earliest moment possible consistent with the cause of justice and the honor of the country which is in the right.

The spring's bread riots in Italy were full of significance, and we shall be surprised if they do not lead, indirectly, to complications that will involve the whole of Europe. It is one of the axioms of monarchy that when discontent and dissatisfaction begin to prevail at home it is time to divert attention by war abroad. The complexion of affairs in continental Europe is beginning to take on the hue and color which, according to the familiar teaching of history, precede strife and commotion.

After a long period of suspension the ironworks of a Western city resumed operations and the black chimneys poured out dense clouds of soot over the town. Ruskin would have anathematized it for its hideousness, and daintily clad women looked upon it with horror, but a little girl, hungry and cold, whose father had been for months without work, clapped her hands and exclaimed: "Was there ever anything so beautiful as to see the smoke in the chimneys again! That big piece is a shawl for mother, and those cunning little bits tumbling down are shoes for baby, and oh, there comes such a lot of the smoke maybe it is a really hat for me; anyway, I know it's shoestrings."

Like Doctor Faustus, the American people, until recently, worshiped the idea of youth. The young man was in demand, and the young woman was irresistible. The young gave the dominating tone to society. The son managed the father, the daughter controlled the mother. This reversal of usual relations was regarded as a distinct and commendable American practice, and excited comment and censure from the rest of the world. Meanwhile, slowly but surely, common sense and travel were modifying the conditions. Society saw that abroad, especially in England, age, not youth, per se, counted. It perceived that a man in England, or Europe, was about to really commence his career at the time he was compelled to abandon it here. It noted that the mother, and sometimes even the grandmother, was kept in evidence. And it saw that this was possible because middle age and old age were distinctly recognized as separate and important periods of existing. In time these truths struck home, and the tide has turned, or at least is turning. The prejudice for mere youth dies hard, but it is dying. We may even see the day when middle age, with its experiences, and old age, with its freedom from prejudices, will be even more highly appreciated in New York than in London, and American society will be young, not for a few years only, but as long as the body is healthful, the mind is active and the spirit ambitious.

It has been said that the loss of life and property by war is a lesser evil than the attendant or resultant damage done to the quality of a whole people's life by mental and moral distraction. A popular war excitement is like "a house afire." It is no small calamity that the orderly life of millions of people should be interrupted; that thought and feeling should be turned away from ordinary business, common duty and the gentle methods of culture; that the aimless expenditure of nervous energy and the rush of blood to the head should cause an epidemic of moral insanity. Whatever happens or does not happen, our people should keep cool in these eventful war days. To the soldier, simple self-possession is the better part of courage and of discipline. So it should be with that great mass of our people who, in time of war as in time of peace, constitute the home guard of American civilization. Firm, soldierly qualities are everywhere in demand. If we keep all our wits about us, we shall be none too well furnished for the present crisis. We have a great deal to care for besides the war; in fact, everything for which we ought to care if war did not exist. The exciting character of the duties imposed by the war itself must not uncentre or unbalance us—must not allow our best life to be interrupted.

A report to the State Department from Consul General Goodnow at Shanghai brings some interesting facts as to the manufacture and trade in that peculiarly Chinese pest, the firecracker. During the year ending June 30, 1897, there were exported from China 26,705,733 pounds of them, valued at $1,584,151 in gold, and of the total shipment by far the largest part came to this country. A small quantity went to England and infinitesimal amounts to other countries, from which it would appear that in the matter of noise and nuisance the United States has not advanced beyond the standard of China. The amount exported does not begin to represent the extent of the industry, as millions of them are made in shops and small houses, and four-fifths of the crackers consumed in China are made by the families of those who sell them, these people of course receiving no wages. Crackermaking is about the cheapest form of industry, from every point of view. At Canton the ordinary size cracker costs 1 tael (62 cents) for 10,000 for export. The hours of labor are from 6 a. m. to 11 p. m., and there are seven working days in a week. Thirty women and ten men can make 100,000 crackers a day, for which work the women receive five and the men about seven cents each. An expert at the trade cannot get more than ten cents, which is about the average rate of wages paid in China for common labor. The most alarming feature of Consul Goodnow's report is the fact that the giant cracker may be re-enforced in the near future by a new product of Chinese skill known as the "twice sounding."

The executors of the law in Europe have been swift to seize upon discoveries in science to help them to run down criminals. The British Druggist notes a curious use of the microscope which was lately made in Prussia. A barrel of specie sent from the frontier to Berlin was robbed and filled with sand. This was supposed to have been done on the way to Berlin. The eminent chemist, Prof. Ehrenbergh, obtained samples of all the sand near the stations through which the barrel passed, and by means of the blowpipe and microscope, found sand of the station at which it had been emptied and filled. The thief was afterward discovered and arrested. In France noted rogues are not only photographed, but weighed and measured carefully, and forced to speak and sing into a phonographic instrument before their discharge from prison, that they may be identified afterward in any attempted crime. It has also been noted for the identification of criminals that the one part of the human body which is never duplicated in man or woman is the markings on the skin of the thumb. The face and figure may be altered at will, but the lines on the thumb—never! For the detection of criminals, an impression of the thumb is stamped upon paper. A story is told of the Princess of Wales. She was once shown through the museum at Scotland Yard, containing the photographs of countless rogues, and also some of the methods, scientific and legal, for tracing crime and for punishing it. "It is all very clever," said the kindly princess, with a sigh, "but if the world were as anxious to discover and reward the good men as it is the bad, what a pleasant place it would be!"

Derivation of the Word Klondike.

"The River Trip to the Klondike" is the title of an article by John Sidney Webb in the Century. Mr. Webb says: "From Dawson the trail to the mines leads over a steep hill to the creek made so famous by its tributaries; for there is not a single mine on the principal stream, which in the miners' slang is called Klondike. And yet this stream does in reality bear a characteristic name given it by the Indians, which is utterly murdered by this pronunciation, now so common.

"The Indians name the creeks throughout the country from some characteristic in connection with the stream itself; and as this one is so swift that in order to set their salmon-traps or nets they were obliged to use a hammer to drive the stakes to anchor them, the creek was named by them Hammer Creek, or, in their language, phonetically, Troan Dik. The spelling Klondike means absolutely nothing, but has been accepted, so I learn, by the Board of Geographical Names of the United States."

If there are any Spaniards in heaven, we don't want to go there.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

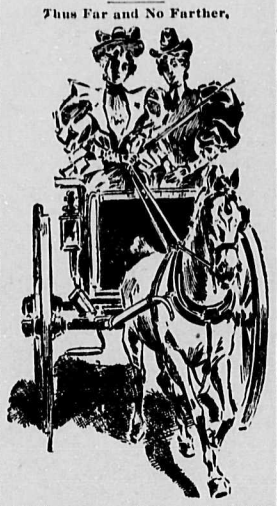
The Love Affair of a Diplomat.

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Hambus, "war is dreadful. How well I remember the gloomy days we had whenever our brave soldiers lost a battle during the rebellion. Why, it was as if every family had been personally afflicted."

"I'm surprised to hear you say that," exclaimed William Wimbledon. "I didn't suppose you were old enough to remember anything about the civil war."

Up to that time Willie's attention to Geraldine Hambus had not been looked upon with favor by her mother, but the young man has won out.

Thus Far and No Farther.



"Will your mother ever marry again?"

"Not with my approval. Such is my opinion thus far, and not a step father."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Dewey's Suits.

"They say Admiral Dewey is a regular dude, and that he has fifty different suits of clothes."

"Yes, I read about them somewhere, but I guess he must have left all but his fighting suit behind when he started for Manila."

A Winning Scheme.

Booth Barrett—What's your idea in putting on "Othello" at such a time as this? The people won't have Shakspeare now.

Manager—My dear fellow, that's where you are short-sighted. Othello was a Moor. The Moors once made it warm for the Spaniards. We'll lay especial stress upon that fact in our advertisements, and electrify the country.

The Beauty of It.

She—I don't see what you find in the lives of great men that can interest you so much. It seems to me you're always reading about them.

He—Ah, yes, in reading about even the greatest of them I always find that they were just as foolish in some respects as I am. It gives me confidence in myself.

There's Money in It.

She—After all, what is fame? An empty bauble that is not worth striving for.

He—There's where you're mistaken. The man who is famous can hire some literary hack to write articles for $5 a day and then, by signing his own name to them, he can sell them to the magazines for 50 cents a word."

The Outlook.

Mrs. Barstow—Do you think we will ever really be able to talk to the people on Mars?

Mr. Benham—That will depend entirely upon whether the women ever get to running things or not.

Hemmed In.

"How did you feel while you were imprisoned in your folding-bed?"

"To put it briefly, I felt just as I imagine those Spaniards felt when Dewey got into Manila Bay."

One Thing in Its Favor.

Mrs. Mann—If you go to war, Harry, I cannot go with you.

Mr. Mann—No, Harriet; war is terrible, I've heard tell, but still there is something to say in its favor.—Boston Transcript.

No Rival Wanted.

Mistress—Where is the key to the pantry?

Cook—My beau has it. He is dreadfully jealous.—Fliegende Blatter.

Used to It.

A married man, on being asked whether he was seriously injured when a steam boiler exploded, replied that he was so used to being blown up by his wife that mere steam had no effect on him.—Pick-Me-Up.

All on Account of a Fellow.

Lucy—You're a two-faced thing; so there.

Myrtle—I'm sorry I can't say as much for you. Almost any other one that you could get would be an improvement.

Mistakes of an Amateur Diplomat.

"If I were a single man," said Willikins, "I'd go to war in a minute."

"Am I to understand, then," Mrs. Willikins angrily retorted, "that you are sorry you married me?"

"Not at all," he answered, thinking to pacify her; "I'm glad I married you. Otherwise I wouldn't have any excuse for remaining at home."

"George Willikins," she exclaimed, "if I am to be regarded as simply an excuse for keeping you out of danger the sooner you shoulder a musket and go the better it will be for both of us."

Worse than Camp Life.

"What an inconsistent woman Plimley's wife is."

"How so?"

"A little while ago she said she wouldn't let him go to the war because she didn't consider him able to stand physical hardships, and now she's gone and adopted young twins."

A Beneficiary.

"Old Man Haggus is in great luck."

"What's he done; struck a gold mine?"

"Better than that. He owns an interest in a summer hotel that located 850 miles from tidewater."

Another Spanish Triumph.

"I'd like to know how you can regard the killing of 327 of our men as a victory," said the Spanish colonel.

"Why," his general replied, "it's easily figured out. We didn't lose a mule, and now have that many men less to feed."

Innocence.

Mabel—Do you think the war will have any effect upon the price of candies?

Jack—Wouldn't be surprised if it did. They say everything'll go up.

Mabel—Then why don't you get a supply now?

Comes High Sometimes.

She—Talk is cheap.

He—I don't know about that. I once knew a man who was fined $10 for sassing a jung and he didn't say more than half a dozen words.

The Place for Her.

Birdie—Where do you expect to spend the summer?

Alice—Right here at home. Since this war broke out, you see, I have learned that most of the gentlemen I know can't possibly get away.

In Confidence.

Miss Willington—I'm glad this trouble with Spain has come, even if it is going to be rather costly.

Miss Wrightley—Why, you heartless girl! What makes you say that?

Miss Willington—Because hereafter when ma gets to telling about cunning things I used to do before the war it'll not be such a complete giveaway.

Useless Extravagance.

"It is said that in some of the European armies every regiment has its own corn doctor."

"That's foolish. It would take more than corns to interfere with my running if I were a soldier and heard the retreat sounded."

Her Mistake.

"See here, Lucy," said the teacher to one of her bright scholars, "you have written the word 'oyster' without an 'r'."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the scholar, reaching for the slate to make the correction; "I must have been thinking this was one of those months when there is no r in oysters."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Remarkable Truth.

Maud—Really, Mabel, I think your brother is the kindest boy I know.

Mabel—O, that may be; you see you're not his sister.—Moonshine.

Swindled.

Miss Oldham—How does it happen, Mrs. Newrocks, that so many of the leaves of these books in your splendid library are uncut?

Mrs. Newrocks—Let me see. So they are, as true as I live. And we paid the highest prices for them, too. I told Josiah when he was buyin' them that I was afraid them booksellers was a-goin' to cheat him.

A New Way.

They used to say that wealth had wings
With which to fly away;
But, like most other earthly things,
Wealth goes on wheels to-day.

Tact.

Fair Passenger—Why didn't you stop when I waved my hand?

Conductor—Thought yer wuz blowin' kisses to me.—Boston Globe.

Unterrified.

The Good Man—Ah, my young friend, remember that there are things which money can't buy.

The Grasping One—I suppose so, but people on this earth have no use for them.

A Curious Request.

An ambassador receives many curious communications from all sorts of people, and in all sorts of ways. A former American ambassador to Germany, in speaking of his term in that office twenty years ago, says he received many queer letters from Americans who wanted his influence in court circles.

Perhaps the funniest of all was a very mandatory epistle from an old lady living in the West, who inclosed in her letter four pieces of white linen, each some six inches square.

"We are going to have a fair in our church," she wrote, "and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get me the autographs of the Emperor, the Empress, the Crown Prince, and Bismarck; and tell them to be very careful not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed for putting them together."

Getting Ease.

Keedick—Young Browne added the "e" to his name after he inherited his uncle's big fortune.

Fosdick—That's quite right. Rich people are entitled to more ease than poor people.—Harlem Life.

HIS START IN LIFE.

His Desire to Accommodate a Customer Brought About His Success.

The Philadelphia Times prints an interesting and encouraging account of the manner in which Mr. McLaughlin, the late publisher of that paper, gained his first upward start in the world. He was then employed in the printing-office of the Ledger. Young readers may find in the narrative something better than a good story.

Upon one occasion in 1851, when Frank McLaughlin was twenty-three years of age, it happened that the foreman and his assistant were absent, and that John McLaughlin was at home ill. Young Frank McLaughlin was then the fastest setter of type in the office.

At the dinner hour on the day in question, when every "stick" was lying at rest, Abraham Barker, the father of the well-known Wharton Barker, and himself then one of the very few brokers in this city, walked into the Ledger job printing-office with a stock-list—an enumeration of the figures of the financial market of the day—and expressed a desire to have it put in type and fifty copies struck off for immediate use.

By reason of the conditions described, there was no one in authority to wait upon him, and Frank McLaughlin stepped forward and received the order. The stock-list of that time, unlike the complex affair of the present day, was an abbreviated statement, and two men could easily place it in type within a quarter of an hour.

When Mr. Baker asked the young printer if he would undertake the task, the latter answered with cheerful alacrity, "Certainly." Cutting the list in two and turning to one of the oldest compositors in the office, he said, "Here, Jim, take one of these 'takes' and I'll take the other, and we'll rush her through in a jiffy."

The man addressed walked forward with a frown on his face, and after he had taken the slip of paper and was moving back to his case, he mutetred some half-understood words about "giving a fellow a chance to eat his dinner."

"Never mind, Jim," said young McLaughlin, walking quickly after him and taking the copy from his hands, "I'll do the job myself." During these proceedings Abraham Barker never left the office, nor did he do so until the work had been completed. He leaned quietly against a make-up table, reading a copy of the New York Tribune, apparently oblivious to all that was going on about him.

Young McLaughlin's fingers flew as he picked up the little pieces of metal. In less than half an hour he had the stock-list in type, revised, and fifty copies struck off. He handed them to Mr. Barker with an apology for keeping him waiting. "What! Done already?" said the broker, and with a simple "Thank you!" he left the office.

The following morning the young printer was surprised by receiving a note from the customer of the day before, requesting him to call at his office. He did so.

"I heard everything that took place in the Ledger office yesterday," said the financier, "and fully appreciate your conduct. I would like you to print the stock-list for me every day for one month, and I'll pay you five hundred dollars for the work."

"But it is not worth so much as that," answered the printer.

"It is worth as much to me to have it done as you did it yesterday," was the reply.

That was Frank McLaughlin's first work for himself. At the expiration of the month the contract was extended to three times that period, and then to twelve months, with an annual recompense of six thousand dollars. At that time journeymen printers were receiving about ten dollars weekly, and only in extraordinary instances earned one or two dollars beyond that sum.

A Yukon Financier.

"The River Trip to the Klondike," by John Sidney Webb, appears in the Century. Mr. Webb says: The "Napoleon of finance" of the region, and certainly the richest man there, is a brawny Scotchman known as "Big Aleck" Macdonald. He managed to make a large clean-up on his claim—said to be $90,000—and invested every dollar of it in other claims in the manner I have indicated—part payment down, the remainder when the water came in the spring. Every one about the camp knew of Macdonald's speculations, and all were wondering whether he would become a bankrupt or a multimillionaire. The water did not come down early in 1897, and in some instances the clean-ups on the claims he had bought on speculation came so close to the day of payment that, as the story goes, the gold was paid over "before it was dry." The death of two brothers to whom he owed $40,000 on a claim is said to have been his financial salvation, because the time of payment of a debt to a decedent's estate is extended one year by law, the gold commissioner acting as judge of probate for the time being. Macdonald is probably owner of an interest in about twenty-odd claims, bought on his mining knowledge and his wonderful nerve. He paid enormous interest on the money he borrowed, took tremendous risks, and finally won. In some instances during the winter of 1896-'97 money was loaned at 10 per cent. for ten days.

Tinplate Scrap Has a Value.

The tinplate clippings from the stamping factories of this country are gathered together, tied in bales and delivered at the dock in New York for about $6 a ton; thence they are shipped to Holland, where the tin is recovered and made into ingots, while the iron scrap is sold and turned to different uses. Some factories have as high as 1,200 tons of this scrap tin to dispose of in a year. The process used in Holland for separating the two metals is secret, and the efforts of manufacturers to obtain a knowledge of it has thus far been in vain.

Seemed the Appropriate Kind.

"Joseph is real sick with slow fever."

"Well," and Mrs. Martin smoothed her apron reflectively, "I knew if Joseph had a fever it would be a slow one!"

People are so prone to think evil that no one ever thinks that the letter d, followed by a dash, might stand for darling.

THE "PROUD" SPANIARD.

A Former Captain General of Cuba that Was Not Over-Scrupulous.

As the question of Spanish good faith is prominent in the press these days, this pertinent anecdote of the civil war will be timely. It is told in Bullock's Secret Service of the Confederate States. Capt. Bullock tells of the exciting incidents concerning the freeing of the rebel ram Stonewall from the international complications attendant on her release from the French shipyard where she was built; how she was watched by the agents of the Federal Government; how she was followed to Denmark, whither she went under the Danish flag; how she was again followed to Ferrol, Spain, by the United States ships Niagara and Sacramento; how she eluded them there and sailed for the coast of the United States with the evident intent of attacking the Federal ships, for any one of which she was more than a match, being then the most formidable ironclad afloat.

But when the Stonewall, under the command of Capt. Page, reached Havana in May, 1865, Page learned of the surrender of Gen. Lee, and soon after of the capture of Jefferson Davis. Page's funds were exhausted. The Confederacy had collapsed. The position was perplexing. Capt. Page opened negotiations with the Spanish authorities at Havana for the surrender of the ship to them if they would advance the money to pay off the crew. Capt. Page sent Lieut. Carter to the captain general to make the arrangements. Carter reported that after five minutes' conversation the captain general asked him what sum was required. Carter replied, $16,000. The captain general said: "You had better make it $100,000." Carter replied that his orders were to ask $16,000. The captain general then turned to an official and bade him write a document, and then, turning again to Carter, said: "Shall we not make it $50,000?" But Carter obeyed orders and accepted only $16,000.

It is quite evident that this high official, the captain general of Cuba, was attempting to get the Confederate naval officer to ask for $100,000 to pay off his crew, when he needed only $16,000, the difference to be divided between them. When the Confederate officer absolutely refused to accept either $100,000 or $50,000, but only the exact sum needed, it is evident that the captain general concluded that the American was a fool, and charged up $100,000 to the Spanish Government and put $84,000 in his pocket. This throws a strong light on Spanish financial honor.

The New York Public Library.

It is stated in the bulletin of the New York public library that the total number of periodicals and transactions of societies to which the library is subscribing for the year 1898 is 2,502. Of these 483 are American, 497 British, 595 French, 660 German, 125 Italian, 36 Scandinavian, 27 Belgian, 16 Dutch and 12 Russian. During the calendar year ending Dec. 31, 1897, the total number of volumes received by purchase was 16,098, and by gift 10,128, making a total of 26,226. The total number of volumes catalogued and accessioned during the same period was 29,792. The number of pamphlets actually received during the year, by purchase, was 10,350; by gift, 40,247, and the total number catalogued and accessioned was 15,274. The total number of cards written during the year was 156,925. In addition to this, 15,404 slips from the printer were written, and for each of these slips five printed cards were obtained. The total number of cards in the index catalogue, which was open to readers, on the 31st of December, 1887, at the Astor branch was about 80,000, at the Lenox branch it was 27,800. The total number of readers during the year was 103,384, and the number of volumes called for by readers' slips, outside of those taken from the free reference shelves, was 304,466.—Scientific American.

Queer Bequest of a Gambler.

A citizen of Kharkoff, Russia, recently purchased a statue of Apollo Belvedere, which one of his children soon afterward overturned and broke. Out of its hollow interior rolled a little bundle which, on being opened, was found to contain Russian bank notes to the value of 3,000 roubles, together with a declaration of one Chevalier Irlonun Prokheroff to the effect that the money contained in the handkerchief was the proceeds of his gambling transactions, and was designed to build a church. The slip bore a date in the year 1840. It is supposed, therefore, that the owner died suddenly and thus was unable to carry out his pious design.

Let Down Easy.

Clerk—I have been in your employ now going on five years, and I am getting the same salary I started with.

Proprietor—I know it, but every time that I've made up my mind to cut you down or discharge you something has reminded me of your wife and little ones at home, and so I just couldn't do it. There, my man, you see I have a heart as well as a head.

Never Seen There.

She—And what business are you in, Mr. le Skullion?

He—I am a poet.

She—Oh, how lovely! But I wonder how it happens that I have never seen any of your poems in print?

He—I write only for the magazines.

Mixed.

She—How are things in Manila, anyway?

He—What do you mean?

She—Oh, excuse me. You sat there silent for so long that I got to thinking you were with Dewey and that the cable was still cut.

The shower that spoils a woman's new bonnet is a rain of terror.

In Germany "von" implies nobility, and all persons who belong to the nobility prefix "von" to their family names without any exception.

There are quite 100 roads of one kind and another over the Pyrenees between France and Spain, but only three of these are passable for carriages.

A Kansas man is the owner of a floral freak in the shape of a geranium plant that is more than 12 feet high. It grew nine feet in one season.

Toronto printers have made a demand for th eight hour day.

Four fifths of the members of the Amamgamater Association of Iron and Steel workers work on the eight-hour system, and the rule has been gradually put into effect since 1885.

Bricklayers Union of Philadelphia has put into effect the rule of 45 cents an hour, eight hours a day, and a half holiday on Saturdays.

The Labor Union of Little Falls, N. Y., petitioned the board of education with good effect to have all new work and repairs on school buildings done on the nine-hour day.

Milwaukee and Racine, Wis., have city work and without reduction in wages.

Bay View Mills, of the Illinois steel mills, find the eight-hour day lately put in force there working grandly.

Guinness &Co., the famous brewers of port and stout in Dublin, Ireland, started the eight-hour system last month to continue as a fixed rule.

Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' union of St. Louis, and the brass workers of that city, got an eight-hour day this spring by united action.

Mason contractors of Buffalo N. Y., granted the eight-hour day to their 1,800 employes a few weeks ago, and are change and wondering why they didn't do it before.

At San Francisco the new charter contains a provision that eight hours shall be a day's labor on all municipal work, and $2 a day the minimum wages.

San Francisco printers seem to be winning in their nine-hour fight, as a number of the larger plants have signed the scale and fully $15,000 worth of jobs have been taken from the Typothetae establishments

The nine-hour day is enjoying a boom just now. Unions from all over the Unitions of levying an assessment to help the cause along, and when the time comes nearly every union will be "armed."

J. B. Stetson, the non-union manufacturer, says: "This will never be a union factory while I live, and I have made arrangements to have it continue after I die. But the unions may make other arrangements.

New York now has that no printing shall be done in any state prison, penitentiary or reformatory for the state except such printing as may be required for or used in the building where the work is done.

A Pittsburgh paper announces that the laundries of the city, which have a total value estimated at $1,000,000, are likely to go into one company. The promoters of the trust figure that at least $100,000 can be saved by the new arrangement in reducing the number of workers, rent, taxes, etc. Thus the grand work of mobilizing capital, destroying competition and centralizing human effort goes on nationally and locally.

The independent whiskey distilleries have combined and will be known as the Standard Co.; capital $30,000,000.

Printers were on strike on the St. Louis Star three weeks and won out.

There is a molders' strike on at Cincinnati.

The daily papers of Detroit are accused of having formed a combine and closed their columns to organize labor and mean to destroy unionism in that city. The Traders Council threatens to start a daily labor paper.

The mill owners of the textile industry of England are attacking the union. At Newmiln a notice was posted in one of the largest plants informing organized workers that they were locked out. The trouble is liable to spread.

British capitalists have gobbled a majority of the stock of the $75,000,000 thread trust, and they are now absorbing the thread concerns of Germany other European countries, and another world's trust will be the result.

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Westward ..... 8.55 a. m
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F. I. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

HIS MOTHER HIS SWEETHEART.

"His mother's his sweetheart—the sweetest, the best!"
So say the white roses he brings to my breast;
The roses that bloom when life's summers depart;
But his love is the sweetest rose over my heart!
The love that hath crowned me—
A necklace around me,
That closer to God and to heaven hath bound me!

"His mother's his sweetheart!" Through all the sad years
His love is the rainbow that shines through my tears;
My light in God's darkness, when with my dim eyes
I see not the stars in the storm of his skies,
When I bow 'neath the rod
And no rose decks the sod,
His love lights the pathway that leads me to God!

"His mother's his sweetheart." Shine bright for his feet,
O lamps on life's highway! and roses, lean sweet
To the lips of my darling! and God grant his sun
And his stars to my dutiful, beautiful one!
For his love—it hath crowned me—
A necklace around me,
And closer to God and to heaven hath bound me!
—Ladies' Home Journal.

A DESERTER'S RETURN.

SHE stood in the doorway of the shack and watched him trailing down the road after the horses in a cloud of dust. When he had passed over the rise and the jingle of harness came no longer to her ears she sat down upon the doorstep with a troubled sigh. The shanty, almost the one brown spot in the tumbling wilderness of grass, was small and dingy and redolent of the tar paper that covered its sides. From its one tile chimney there faltered a thin column of smoke that struggled weakly for a moment and then sank to the ground, bringing in its midst a shower of soot that touched here and there with grimy fingers. Over the white-curtained window ran a vine, twining about the decaying sash in a luxuriant profusion of foliage, heavy with budded promise. One sprig, bolder than the rest, stretched its length of tender green across to the door, and hung far down, swinging in the wind and holding out its curling tendrils, like tiny fingers, in wistful greeting to the woman below. A row of lusty sunflowers ran from the house to the straw-thatched barn, holding up their rotund faces for a kiss from the sun and forgetting entirely the timid devotion of the morning glories that wound about their sturdy limbs and climbed high up to offer to their unbending masters a taste of morning dew from their horns of scarlet and gold. A hen, fussy with the responsibilities of an overlarge family, basked in the warm earth and clucked unheeded warnings to her downy brood.

The woman took off her hat and laid it beside her. The breeze, fresh with the smell of ripening wheat, blew onto her cheek and lingered to coax a stray ringlet into her eyes. A gray squirrel that had run from his burrow to snatch a few crumbs paused to note her disconsolate attitude and perked his head in inquisitive wonder. A little way fro mthe house the railroad crossed the farm in a long stretch of yellow clay. Sometimes Annette had sat on the ties and looked longingly into the glimmering distance from whence she had come and wished that she could go back, and then grew afraid of herself that she could make such a wish. She remembered now, how, from the flying train she had looked out upon a cluster of buildings huddled close together for warmth, it seemed, and casually wondered how a person could live in such a place, and afterwards, when she found it was to be her home and Jack's, she felt with a sudden sinking of the heart how dreary her life must become. Even then, strong with the fervor of love, she had somehow realized the hopelessness of the undertaking, and now that the roseate flush of the honeymoon had faded she sat up with a dull pain in her head and a wave of homesickness rolled over her.

Annette was, in truth, a child of civilization. She loved the noise and bustle of the city, the rattle of trucks, the rumble of cabs, the clanging of cable-car gongs, the purr of the trolley; she loved the cries of the street, the hurry of footsteps, the shrieking of locomotives, the sounding of whistles; and this morning she thirsted with heart-sick eagerness for the sight of home, the crowded thoroughfares, the brightly-green patches of lawn, the smooth stretches of boulevard, the mottled shadow of the sun shining through the leaves, the glare of night illumination on shiny wet pavements. She longed for the shop windows, the tall buildings and the smoke-canopied sky of her native city; for a sight of the familiar office, the clicking typewriters, the patter of the ticker as it thrust forth its long tongue of dotted paper; her cushioned seat by the window, from which she could look out on sanded roofs and black-throated chimneys, and where voices of the pigmy street multitudes came up to her in a murmuring babel of tongues. All this she had left for the love of him—and she did love her husband.

But her world, how empty it was, how lonesome and still, how utterly forsaken she had grown to feel in spite of him. When she had first come the novelty had charmed her. The air was deliciously soft and the grass in its first greenness above the sod. Patches of snow still lingered on the shadow side of the swales; in the sunny places the crocuses sprang up and bloomed. But now the grass was tall and the wind swept through it in grewsome whispers that made her think of a country graveyard. And every tall bearded stalk had answered with a nod of its head and seemed to look askance at her with knowing smile; the grasshoppers perched in the shade and tzig-tzigged in monotonous cadence, the gophers chattered impudently and the plovers whistled from above, and with one accord they seemed derisively to say, "Homesick, homesick—a bride and homesick." And so she was—miserably, unbearably so, and every one appeared to know it save Jack

Poor, busy Jack! It was all work with him and no sympathy. In the morning he hurried to the fields, he hurried from the table, at night he hurried to bed that he might be the early riser that the next day's labors demanded. Thus it was, perhaps, that he did not notice the shadows that deepened in her eyes. At first, with a little encouragement, she would have told him all and cried it out on his shoulder, and, perhaps, together they might have learned the lesson of endurance. But now her heart had crusted over and hid beneath its surface her sorrow. Suffering, doubt, grew in noxious luxuriance in her soul's garden and threatened to choke out timid love. For this she blamed him. She said, over and over to herself, that he did not care, and then, out of loyalty to him, denied it, but at last, against her will, she had admitted the truth of the accusation.

Finally she had told it to the dog and wept into his shaggy mane, and he had listened gravely and with infinite patience, and licked her hand in fond sympathy. But of late it seemed to her that he had deserted her cause, and, as if to reprove her discontent and set an example of fidelity, left her side to follow his master all the day long. And it had come to this! She would answer the pleadings of her soul; she would leave him. She would go home, back to noise and bustle and life; back to friends and voiceful companionship. Strengthened with sudden resolution, she sprang to her feet and looked at the clock. There was time to catch the down train. She had money of her own, the remains of her spinster savings. She would take the pony and leave at the postoffice a note that would explain the story of it all to Jack. With nervous fingers she set about tidying the room. When this task was finished she placed upon the table Jack's luncheon, noting with a tender smile some of the things she had brought with her and which she was about to leave—the dainty tea urn, the sugar and cream holders that Jack had laughed at for their smallness, the cup with a broken handle that was reserved for him because of its size and solidity. When the table was set she covered it with a pink net, and turned to lay out her pretty traveling dress that she had worn but once before.

The train pulled in with a rattle and clang of brakes and she climbed aboard and saw the house fade out of sight behind her. Presently, with a shock of recollection, she sat up and pressed her face to the pane. The train was passing through their farm. The low, sod barn, the house with blinds pulled down, and Prince, the dog, running after the train and finally ceasing, satisfied with having chased it off the premises. At last there was Jack in the hayfield; he waved his hat gayly and the horses looked backward over their shoulders at their flying rival. With a frightened gasp Annette shrank into the cushions. A flood of sickening anguish engulfed her. For the first time the full realization that she was forsaking her husband crowded upon her. She forgot the dreariness of the prairie, the emptiness of its landscape, the acres of solitude; she forgot her desolation and suffering. The vision of the empty home smote her. The words of Jack's last good-by sounded in her ears; the presence of his kiss was upon her lips.

She slowly straightened herself in her seat and brushed her face as if to drive away the sight of it. Then a new look came into her eyes; a holy fire suffused her countenance, such as might have shone in the eyes of the Christian maiden and blotted out fear of the beast.

Yes, she would return! It was not too late. She could take the next train back, and intercept that cruel note. He should never read it—should never know.

The sun was sinking low into the western horizon when she came again to the town, and its golden light glorified the tall, red-turreted elevators and softened the outlines of the gaunt frame buildings until they looked no longer hateful to her. She hastened across the sandy road to the postoffice with almost a light heart.

"You sent the letter out to my husband?" she cried sharply.

A numbing fear took possession of her. It was, then, after all, too late. Already he had read the lines, and knew of her unwifely intentions. Could he ever love her—now? And in her desolation the need of his love, above all things, grew apparent.

However, it should make no change in her resolve. Duty still pointed out the road. Wearily, regretfully must she take up the dropped stitch of life; perhaps, sometime, she could live it down.

The misery of the homeward ride she can never forget. She shut her teeth in firm resolve and clung desperately to the pony, while he flew over the road; all the while the dull thuds of his footsteps sounded in her ears like coffin clods.

She seemed to see in her mind's eye Jack's surprised greeting, his calm, cold, cutting words, than which she would rather face death, she sobbed, weakly, over and over.

Then, from the crest of the rise, the house came in view. The picketed horses came trotting toward her to the length of their ropes, with many an arch of the back and friendly neigh of recognition for their comrade. Prince came running down the road, frantic with welcome, and Jack came to the door with a skillet in his hand.

"Supper is ready," he cried gayly, coming to lift her tenderly from the saddle.

What—what, she cried to herself, dizzily, could it be he had never received the letter. Then she fainted in his arms.

When she revived she clung to him and looked earnestly in his eyes; hope leaped in her bosom. There was no cloud on his brow; he did not know.

When the dishes were cleared away they took their chairs into the front yard. The moon was rising in sleepy-eyed splendor.

"I have something to tell you," he said, drawing close to her. "Good news," he added hastily, alarmed by the look on her face. "I sold the farm to-day. The Illinois man bought it, paid every dollar in cash, and I have it here, and, best of all, the letter that came this afternoon"—she caught her breath—"was from the Journal. Briggs says I ca l have my old place again, and for me to come at once."

He silenced her with a wave of his hand. "I knew," he continued, "that you were dissatisfied; I saw it all along, and it nearly killed me. I blamed myself for bringing you to such a place, and—but—wait till I get my pipe——"

A moment later she heard him knocking about in the house. Then she noticed Prince digging in the dirt and caught the flutter of something white.

"Bring it here, sir!" she cried, sternly.

When he had brought it, with reluctant step and downcast demeanor, she saw it to be a letter—her own letter to Jack—the hateful letter, crumpled and earth-stained, but—unopened. With a cry of joy she seized the dog in her arms and kissed his earthy nose. She ceased her demonstrations a moment to answer Jack's voice from the doorway.

"Oh, in that package!" she replied. "Why, cigars. I bought them for you to-day—the biggest ones I could find."

"Um, um," said Jack, sniffing at them suspiciously; "they are nice. I will save them for Sunday."

When he had lighted his pipe and taken a few satisfied puffs, he remarked: "Copley said he left two letters for me under the door, but I could find only one. I suppose the wind blew it away."

Annette said nothing, but stroked Prince, and he thumped his tail on the ground and looked fondly, first at one, then at the other.—Indiana State Journal.

SPEED OF THE HORSE.

A Claim That He Can Outrun the Deer.

A man on a horse is twice a man. He feels more secure, is braver, is in every way more formidable. European officers know this. In clearing the streets of Paris only cavalry are used. We call out the infantry or the militia and have to shoot people. In Europe they use the flat of a sword held by a mounted man. No unarmed body of humanity will stand the impact of horses. They melt before the charge like snow. It is the uncontrollable instinct to get out of the way, and to do it as soon as possible. Some day we will grow wiser on this side of the Atlantic. Just now we have fifty infantry companies of militia to one of cavalry. Many of our militiamen are unable to pay for the keep of a horse, which is expensive, even if a man does the currying and bedding with is own hands. Many others of them would not know what to do with a horse if they had one. This is bad, but with the trolley and the bicycle crowding the steed of our fathers closer and closer to the wall there is not much chance that it will be bettered. Five hundred years from now, unless all signs fail, gray-headed college professors, with piano-leg calves and eighteen-inch chests, will be lecturing upon an extinct animal and reconstructing him for the benefit of students from a piece of stifle and a front tooth.

I believe that the horse is the swiftest animal in the world. One hears strange tales of the speed of the antelope, the white-tailed fawn, the springbok, the elephant, the jack-rabbit and the wolf. The fastest of these is the American antelope, and I have never seen one that a good pony could not best. As for the rabbit or any kind of deer, the horse will simply run over him. Taking into consideration the fact that the horse generally carries more than 150 pounds of rider, saddle and gun, one gets an idea of how much superior he is. A speedy pony will outrun a greyhound. I have seen this tried. It is customary among men who use them to give the dogs all the law possible in order to avoid riding over them. In hunting with a brace of very good coursing hounds five years ago it was found that there were five ponies in the party which would outfoot the dogs, and one of them, a gray of undoubted mustang ancestry, if given the bit, would do his best to run over them and killed them. He did not like them. They belonged to his owner and he was jealous.—Chicago Times-Herald.

QUER STORIES

Japan was originally civilized by way of China; to-day Japan sends scholars and men of science to instruct the Chinese.

France pays in pensions every year 70,000,000 francs, of which 25,000,000 are substracted from the salaries of officials.

Java is said to be the region of the globe where it thunders oftenest, having thunder storms, on an average, 97 days of the year.

It takes thirty-seven specially constructed and equipped steamers to keep the submarine telegraph cables of the world in repair.

Deafness is more common in cold countries than in warm climates, the ear being very sensitive to atmospheric changes.

There are something like 40,000 public schools in Japan. The buildings are well built and very comfortable, education being compulsory.

It has been stated that there are in the United States over fifty distinct secret orders, with over 70,000 lodges and 5,000,000 members.

A story is in circulation to the effect that the city of Washington stands on leased ground, and that the lease must be renewed in 1899.

There have been over sixty lions in the London Zoo during the last fifty years, many being presents from the Queen or members of the royal family.

A writer in the Arena declares that 500,000 men now do the work, with the aid of machinery, which needed 16,000,000 persons to do a few years ago.

Useful Thief-Catcher.

A simple thief-catcher has been invented for the protection of money tills. It consists of an electrical connection between the till and some point where an alarm can readily be heard. A boy who had for a long time been stealing his master's money was brought up before a London judge. The master said that in consequence of the loss of small sums from the till he had the clerks' drawer fitted with electric alarms. In the absence of one of the clerks, the prisoner tampered with the till, when the electric alarm rang, and he was caught.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Truth.—The soul lives by truth and is nourished and developed by truth.—Rev. Father Mackey, Catholic, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Love and Duty.—Love makes the best of every condition; love is the guarantee of duty.—Rev. Charles M. Shepard, Presbyterian, Evanston, Wyo.

Ideals.—We are the missionaries of the ideal, the conscience of the universe, the soul of which nature is but the body.—M. Mangasarian, Ethical Culture, Chicago, Ill.

The Home.—A house with fine appointments is not a home, but the oneness of purpose, the love and confidence bestowed make the home.—Rev. F. H. Lewis, Methodist, Baltimore, Md.

Music and Heaven.—The nearer one gets to heaven the more he likes music. The only time Jesus sang was just before he was taken by the soldiers.—Dwight L. Moody, Evangelist, New York City.

The Average Man.—An average man may by persistent employment of average faculties come to achieve genius, come to be a class out of the ordinary, come to be a leader.—Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Baptist, Boston, Mass.

The Soul.—A pool of water is a thing of beauty when the moon shines on it, and the smallest soul that ever breathed is a miracle when the spirit of God is reflected therein.—Rev. George H. Hepworth, Congregationalist, New York City.

The Sayings of Jesus.—Jesus' sayings impress us not as the excogitatino of the student, but as the inspirations that have come to one lying under broad trees or sitting on mountain tops to think.—Rev. Dr. Frank Crane, Methodist, Chicago, Ill.

Godlike Acts.—Never do we perform an act more like to the godlike act of our heavenly father than when we cause the flowers of joy and gladness to grow in hearts that were barren and desolate before.—Cardinal Gibbons, Catholic, New Orleans, La.

Individualities.—We are made from varying materials like the parts of the organ's mechanism, and the lesson of its harmonious workings to a great result teaches us to respect our own individualities.—Bishop Henry C. Potter, Episcopalian, New York City.

Harmony.—Let our conduct harmonize with our knowledge of the mysteries of God, and so living in obedience to his precepts make certain our life of happiness through the endless ages.—Rev. M. G. Ryan, Episcopalian, San Francisco, Cal.

Making a Church.—Put the Christlife into two or three men and women and you have the vital nucleus of a church. You cannot make a church of a thousand ceremonial automatons. The key to the kingdom of heaven is a life, and the church must keep pace with a Christ who is alive forevermore.—Rev. W. T. Hutchins, Evangelist, Indian Orchard, Mass.

Of Society.—Society as a whole needs religion and morality for the development of the highest civilization and culture. Without the proper working of these two factors a human brotherhood marked by tolerance and the absence of hatred is impossible.—Rev. Dr. William Rosenau, Hebrew, Baltimore, Md.

Men and Scholars.—The object of the day is not to make scholars less scholarly, but to bring it to their hearts that the whole attitude of the Scripture upon the matter means that it is the order of the divine intention that a man should be a man before he is a scholar.—Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York City.

Youth.—A decision for the right in youth means a peaceful old age and a triumphant end. The bird of earthly love now singing in bowers of youth at the bridal altar and in the home circle shall be transformed into the bird of paradise, trilling the music of heaven.—Rev. Dr. T. M. Grith, Methodist, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW TOY FOR THE NAVY.

Some of Our Sailors Would Enjoy Using It on the Spaniards.

Here is a toy for the navy—one which some of the navy's men would enjoy playing with. It is a Dregges-Schroeder six-pound rifle. It can fire thirty-three shots a minute, and its projectile can pierce three inches of steel at a distance of three miles. It is the new

DREGGS-SCHROEDER MACHINE GUN.

gun which has just been placed on the revenue cutter Gresham. It will be in charge of Gunner Finn, who has been on the old cutter Andrew Jackson and on the Gresham for twenty-six years. The Gresham has only one six-pounder rifle, but she could easily increase her armament by four or five more. She has a speed of twenty-one miles an hour. But her chief weapon of offense is her torpedo tube.

Pretty Japanese Custom.

At the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted, which must remain untouched till the marriage of the child. When that hour arrives the tree is cut down and a skilled cabinetmaker transforms the wood into furniture, which is always cherished by the young couple as the most beautiful of the ornaments in the house.

Mrs. Hortor (whose daughter is at the piano)—They tell me you have an ear for music, Mr. Humaner. Humaner—Yes; but by all means let your daughter go on with her playing and not mind me.—Boston Transcript.

The married men make the greatest fools of themselves in the name of Patriotism; the unmarried men still have an avenue open in Love.

The human race is but a contest for dollars.

SAID TOO MUCH FOR HIS GOOD.

How Self-Praise Kept a Man From Obtaining a Position.

The danger of saying too much is always more imminent than that of saying too little. The man who is convinced he has approximated the virtues of the Creator, and insists upon it to his fellowmen, is always more offensive than the man who secretly believes it, but spares his acquaintances the knowledge of the awful truth.

A story recently related to a representative of Hardware by the head of a large hardware house in New York, illustrates the case in point. Something of this merchant's disposition may be gleaned from the fact that, when speaking of his employes, he says "the boys," with an affectionate intonation, born of long appreciation of their good points, and kind toleration for their occasional errors.

It was the intention of the house to put another representative on the road, and the man they had in view had been favorably, though not thoroughly, known to them for a long time. Negotiations were about concluded, and the signing of a remunerative contract by the salesman was regarded by him as a mere matter of form. At a final interview with his prospective employer, and evidently with the idea of further impressing the latter with his desirability, he said: "Mr. ——, I am an older man than you. I have been in this business for twenty-five years, and I wish to add that I have never made a mistake."

As the would-be employer reached out on his desk in an abstracted manner, and gathered in the unsigned contract, which he slowly tore up in the same absent-minded manner, he remarked that it was a source of keen regret to him that he simply couldn't afford to employ such a valuable man; that there was not a man connected with the house, from himself to the dago who sorted the refuse paper every morning, who was not constantly making mistakes and profiting by the experience; and that the direct result of the placing of a perfect man among the force would be immediate demoralization. As the perfect man slowly wended his weary way up the street it probably occurred to him that he had smashed a beautiful record.

AGRICULTURE IN ALASKA.

The Government Sends an Expert to Establish Experimental Farms.

Agriculture in Alaska has many peculiarities, and also, in the opinion of some well-informed people, many impossibilities. To determine this latter point is the mission of Prof. C. C. Georgeson of Kansas, who has been sent by the general government to the territory to make experiments. He will establish farms in the various sections. One of these will be located somewhere on the southern coast, one at Cook Inlet, one on Kadiak island, and one in the neighborhood of Circle City. Each will be devoted to the culture of cereals and vegetables that are known to thrive in similar soil and climate elsewhere. In some parts of Alaska almost any kind of vegetation will thrive that grows in the far northern states. On the Teller reindeer reservation, near Bering straits, potatoes as large as hen's eggs are raised every summer, and on the Yukon, not far from Circle City, a colony has successfully cultivated all the hardy cereals and various kinds of vegetables, although the plough that prepares the ground for potato-planting scrapes the top of the ice. At no time does the thaw at that point go deeper than two feet, but the sun shines so continuously and fiercely up there—the thermometer in midsummer averages 96 degrees in the shade—that plant life is forced to maturity much more rapidly than in the states.

It is said that it has been decided to have the entire country of the South African Republic surveyed geologically.

RELIEF FROM PAIN.

Women Everywhere Express their Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. T. A. WALDEN, Gibson, Ga., writes:
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before taking your medicine, life was a burden to me. I never saw a well day. At my monthly period I suffered untold misery, and a great deal of the time I was troubled with a severe pain in my side. Before finishing the first bottle of your Vegetable Compound I could tell it was doing me good. I continued its use, also used the Liver Pills and Sanative Wash, and have been greatly helped. I would like to have you use my letter for the benefit of others."

Mrs. FLORENCE A. WOLFE, 515 Mulberry St., Lancaster, Ohio, writes:
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with what the local physicians told me was inflammation of the womb. Every month I suffered terribly. I had taken enough medicine from the doctors to cure anyone, but obtained relief for a short time only. At last I concluded to write to you in regard to my case, and can say that by following your advice I am now pefectly well."

Mrs. W. R. BATES, Mansfield, La., writes:
"Before writing to you I suffered dreadfully from painful menstruation, leucorrhœa and sore feeling in the lower part of the bowels. Now my friends want to know what makes me look so well. I do not hesitate one minute in telling them what has brought about this great change. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. It is the greatest remedy of the age."

Printers:
Why not try NATHAN'S reliable inks? Any kind, quality or price. Stock of Type, Ink and Sundries on hand at Spokane Branch of American Type Founders' Co., 10 Monroe Street.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

SPAIN'S ALLY THE MOSQUITO

The Real Enemy in the Tropical Islands a Tiny Insect.

"Manila and the Antilles contain," says Edgar Saltus, "a foe with which the board of strategy has not reckoned. It is the mosquito. There is the real enemy. The damage from marksmen and machetes is insignificant in comparison. There are other foes of course. There is the climate to begin with. But it is an exploded theory that to the unacclimated the atmosphere of the tropics is necessarily pernicious. It is an exploded notion too, that it is responsible for diseases commonly attributed to it. Anaemia is frequent, but it is not due to heat. Mosquito is as familiar with it as Manila. Certain affections of the liver are also frequent. These, however, are of parisitic origin and by proper precautions may be avoided. Sunstroke, also, is due to a microbe, and that, as the writer has seen it somewhere finely stated, 'in spite of the mistaken etomology perpetrated by erroneous nomenclature.' There remain the vibrion of malaria and the bacillus of fever, which, like the wind, have been supposed to come no one knew whence and to blow wheresoever it listed. Recent investigations have traced these germs to a definite agency. It is the mosquito that conveys them. There is the enemy."

A saloonkeeper in Springfield, O., who was thought too poor to support his family, informed his wife on his death-bed that he had buried money in the side of the house. After the funeral she found $4,050.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from repatable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The sunflower is cultivated in many European countries. In Russia the seeds are parched and eaten like peanuts in the United States. The oil is used for illuminating, and often for culinary purposes.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The debris left from coral made into articles of jewelry, etc., is crushed, scented and sold as a tooth powder at a high price by Italian perfumers.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ld., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

One of the novel ideas of decorative effect in Japan is to catch fireflies, keep them in a cage or box of wire until guests arrive, and then release them in the garden.

For lung and chest diseases Piso's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. L. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

The river Nile has its rises, but those that do mischief are not frequent. During the last 1,000 years there has been only one sudden rise of the Nile, that of 1829, when 30,000 people were drowned.

HOITT'S SCHOOL.

Burlingame, Cal., accredited and limited to 50 boys. The location and surroundings, together with the almost perfect climate and careful attention to mental, moral and physical training, easily places Hoitt's among the foremost schools for boys on the coast.—S. F. Chronicle.

Eighth year begins Aug. 9. Ira G. Hoitt, Ph.D., Principal.

The fad for burnt orange is carried in Paris to the extent of having roses of that color on hats.

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.

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We guarantee PROGRESS WHITE LEAD to cover more surface with greater body and to last longer than any lead in the world under a forfeit of $100
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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, 484 Isabella Bldg, Chicago.

N. N. U. No. 27, '98.

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A Half-Million Dollar Stock to Be Closed Out.
Work will soon be completed on our new five-story building we are to occupy, and as we intend to place only new goods upon its shelves our present immense stock must be promptly disposed of.
We have
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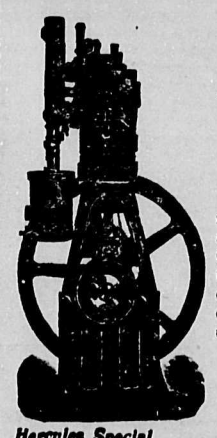
MEIER & FRANK CO.
PORTLAND, OREGON.



Hercules Special (8½ actual horsepower) Price, only $185.

POWER ...FOR... PROFIT
Power that will save you money and make you money. Hercules Engines are the cheapest power known. Burn Gasoline or Distillate Oil; no smoke, fire, or dirt. For pumping, running dairy or farm machinery, they have no equal. Automatic in action, perfectly safe and reliable.
Send for illustrated catalog.
Hercules Gas Engine Works
Bay St., San Francisco, Cal.

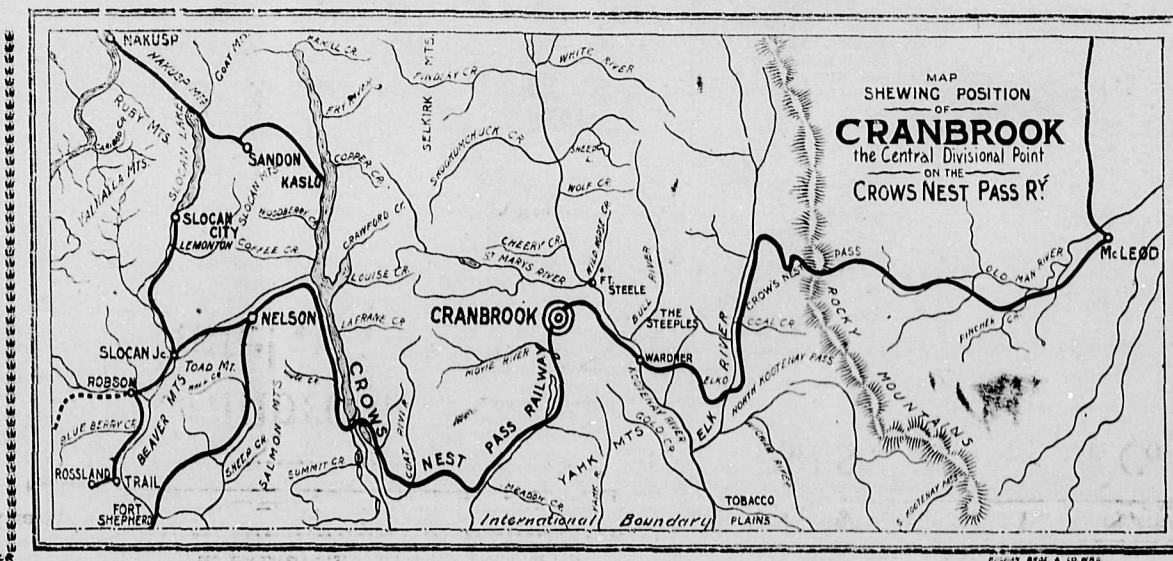
CRANBROOK : : : British Columbia.

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.

CRANBROOK HERALD

THURSDAY, NOV. 10, : : 1898

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One year $2.00
Six months 1.00

LOCAL NOTES

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

There have been a number of transfers of real estate this week.

Another carload of pipe for the rail road waterworks main came in on Monday.

How pleasant the bachelors look after eating one of Wilson's mock mince pies.

Now get your skates; the ice is in fine condition on the pond in the east end of town.

McVittie & Hutchison have been decorating the outside of their offices with some neat signs.

Wall paper at KING & Co., Armstrong avenue.

The frame work for the foundation of the railroad watertank is being put up this week and reaches skyward several or more feet.

Decorating of all kinds at H. E. KING Co., Armstrong avenue.

The first car of Crows Nest coal arrived on Monday. Mr. Hutchison is acting as agent for this coal for Mr. Laidlaw.

John Leask is now ready to do tailor ing business opposite the Kootenay house.

On the train from the east which arrived in Cranbrook on Monday night were 150 coal miners and their families. They stopped at Fernie to go to work in the mines there.

I have opened rooms for dressmaking in the Hanson block, Number 16, and shall be pleased to have the ladies of Cranbrook call.

MRS. HUGH MCMILLAN.

McVittie & Hutchison, report the renting of a store on Armstrong avenue to Mr. Phinn, a first-class merchant tailor of Vancouver. Mr. Phinn will be here in a few days and open up with a stock.

Pies and cakes made on short notice at Wilson's Bakery.

In response to letters sent out by Secretary McVittie of the Cranbrook board of trade to Commissioner Armstrong calling his attention to the necessity for a bridge over Jim Smith creek on the Moyie road and the opening up of a new road leading out to Palmer Bar, the commissioner replies that he will be in Cranbrook on Saturday next and take the matter up.

In addition to fitting and making dresses I will also attend to all kinds of plain sewing. Hanson block, up stairs

MRS. HUGH MCMILLAN.

William Watson, better known, perhaps to the people of Cranbrook as "Baldy" Watson, died at the St. Eugene hospital on Tuesday morning last after an illness of several weeks. Deceased had been a resident of Cranbrook since early spring, being employed by J. H. McMullin as teamster for several months and later in the Cranbrook hotel. "Baldy was a genial and jovial fellow, well liked by everybody who knew him, and his smiling, happy face will be missed by many Cranbrook people.

Go to Wilson's Bakery for fresh bread

Commercial Hotel . . .

Baker Street, Cranbrook, B. C.

Conducted on the European Plan

WELL APPOINTED CLUB ROOMS

Best Wines and Liquors at the Bar

The Great Clothing Sale

Will continue a short time yet at Hill's. Call and get one of his Nobby Suits. The prices are marked to suit you.

Hill, the Clothier

A part of the Commercial Hotel building, Cranbrook.

Service will be held, in connection with the Presbyterian church, in the North Star restaurant, Armstrong avenue, on Sunday next at 4 o'clock. A number of chairs have been purchased and the seating is more comfortable than formerly.

Signs, signs, signs. KING & Co., Armstrong avenue.

If you want good pastry, leave your order at Wilson's Bakery.

Charles A. Strong, who has been undergoing his preliminary examination on a charge of forging and uttering a time check, has been given until Saturday to prepare his defense. Gold Commissioner Armstrong is conducting the examination.

FOR SALE—Good driving or riding animal Will be sold cheap. Inquire of W. T. Kaake, at the Commercial hotel.

WILL HAVE SCHOOL.

Teacher Employed and Building Secured—Open Wednesday Next.

A day or two ago Secretary of the School Board Hutchison received word from the minister of education at Victoria that the government would pay a salary of $50 per month for a school teacher for Cranbrook. Acting under this authority a meeting of the school board was held yesterday afternoon and arrangements perfected for opening a school at once. Miss Maud Keay, sister of Inspector W. S. Keay of Wardner, was employed as teacher and a building on Armstrong avenue secured. School will open on Wednesday morning, November 16th. Children between the ages of 6 and 16 should be there Wednesday on time. Parents of children will please note that they will be expected to pay the sum of 75 cents per month in advance for one child, or where there is more than one child in a family, 75 cents for the first and 25 cents for each additional child. It is requested that these fees be paid promptly. The first payment should be made to the teacher on Wednesday morning next.

Call and see some of my Scotch tweeds. J. Leask.

Painting — Estimates on all kinds. KING & Co., Armstrong avenue.

GEO. R. LEASK,
(Late of Toronto)
Builder and Contractor,
CRANBROOK, B. C.

All kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to. Estimates furnished on application

J. GRICE, D. D. S.
Graduate Philadelphia Dental Colleges.
. . . DENTIST . . .
FORT STEELE, - BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Palace

Livery, Feed and Sale Stables . . .

NORBURY AVENUE,
Near Kootenay Hotel,
CRANBROOK, B. C.

Good Double and Single Turnouts and Saddle Horses.

Prompt atten paid to transient travel.

Geo. Geary, Proprietor

Queen's Hotel

E. C. Clarke, Proprietor.

(Late of Royal Hotel, Calgary.)

BAKER STREET, : : : NELSON, B. C.

A Modern Hotel,

HEATED THROUGHOUT WITH HOT AIR
And Provided with every convenience.

THE
CRANBROOK PHARMACY.

Believing in the great future of Cranbrook has opened a large and well assorted stock of

....DRUGS....

Patent Medicines,
Stationery and Pipes,
Toilet Articles.

Special attention given to mail and out of town orders.

R. E. BEATTIE.

Keep your Eye on

"ELKO"

The New Townsite of East Kootenay.

THE CENTER OF ONE OF THE RICHEST MINING DISTRICTS IN BRITISH Columbia, situate on the Main line of the Crows Nest Pass Railway, only 12 miles from the largest Coal Mines in the country, finest Water Power in East Kootenay, the natural advantages of the place are such that all who take the trouble to investigate have no doubt of the great prosperity and growth that must eventually come to this place. "Elko" is sightly and beautiful, situate on a high and level plateau. There are spots here and there in the world where the eyes of the stranger meet surrise and revel in beauty; where the soul is charmed and the impressions received long recur to the memory with delight. One of these spots is "ELKO," though a very small portion of the people living in Kootenay know of its real beauty. Some want gold. Some want silver. But almost everybody will want lots in the New Town of "Elko," because they are and always will be a staple commodity, and are profit yielding.

Choice Business and Residence Lots, 30x100 feet, with 20 foot Alley,

$50.00 to $200.00 Each.

Easy Payments — Title Guaranteed

For Maps and further particulars apply to

HEAD OFFICE - - - NELSON, B. C. — T. G. PROCTER, Manager

Branch Offices;
ELKO, CROW'S NEST LANDING, FORT STEELE, East Kootenay.

The Kootenay Valleys Co., Ltd.

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.

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

Pieper & Currie

Painters, Paper Hangers and Decorators

Sign Writing a Specialty.
Estimates given on all work.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

CRANBROOK, : : : : . BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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.

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.

Fort Steele Mercantile Co.

(Limited.)

We Carry Complete . . . . Lines of . . . . .

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Sash and Doors, Hay and Oats

OUR CELLAR IS STOCKED WITH THE FINEST

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

AT WHOLESALE.

Everything at Lowest Prices.

Free Delivery to any part of City.

Cranbrook, - - Fort Steele, - - Wardner.