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MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 1. NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 21, 1909. NO. 47

Hotel Michel

T. Crahan, - : - Proprietor

The Largest, Most Modern
and Best Equipped in the Pass.

Michel, - British Columbia

NYAL'S

WILD STRAWBERRY COMPOUND

A Safe, Pleasant and Effective Remedy

For Relaxed Condition of the Bowels

In various kinds of Summer Complaints, such as

COLIC, CRAMPS, CHOLERA, DYSENTERY
DIARRHOEA, ETC.

KENNEDY'S
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
NEW MICHEL

JUST ARRIVED

A Consignment of Hand Painted Chinaware, consisting of

Salad and berry dishes, plates, cups and saucers, salad bowls, etc.

20 dozen tumblers, assorted, in very neat designs, extra quality, at $1.00 a dozen

Water Sets, and Cut Glass Nappies. A very fine assortment of vases

In **Pictures** we have Landscapes, Fruit and Game Subjects and Pastorals

SOMERTON BROS.
Jewelers and Opticians
New Michel, B. C.

Imperial Bank of Canada

Head Office: TORONTO

Capital Authorized $10,000,000.
Capital Paid up $5,000,000. Rest $5,000,000

Savings Bank Department.

Interest allowed on Deposits at Current Rate from Date of Deposit.

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit issued, available in any part of the World.

MICHEL BRANCH, T. B. BAKER, MANAGER.

41 Meat market Ltd 41

High-class Butchers

New Michel

All meat fresh killed---Prime Beef, Pork, and Mutton
Dairy Butter. Mild-cured Hams and Bacon---Fish in Season

The Store Where They Send What You Order

2 Deliveries Daily 2

Buy Government Inspected

MEATS

The meats you buy from us all bear the **Blue Label** which stands for good quality

Give as a trial order, and prove that our meats are the best

P. BURNS & CO. LTD.
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

ANOTHER BIG WEEK

Of our Stock-Clearing Sale

Another week of Bargains. More and—if possible—better values than before. Selling goods at the prices we have marked is like

Pelting You with Dollar Bills

A Big Half-Dollars Worth

Children's Dresses, Pinafores, Blouses, Flannelette Night Gowns, Etc., Women's White and Colored Aprons, White Cambric Blouses, worth up to $1.25. Clearing Sale Price ..... 50 cts, each

Men's White Linen Collars
Three ply. All sizes, in half-dozen bundles, 6 for 50 cts.

Big Shirt Values
Negligee and Outing Shirts, in latest designs and colorings. Clearing Sale price $1.25 each

Men's Silk Four-in-Hands
In a wide range of newest patterns Worth 75 cts. Clearing at .45

Men's Working Shirts
Large and roomy, all sizes. Special values 75 cts each

All our Balbriggan Underwear at Half Price.
Men's Suits at Bargain Prices

The Trites-Wood Co. Ltd.
Michel, B. C.

C. P. R. INVESTIGATE

SPECIAL AGENT GRIERSON LOOKING AFTER BUSINESS

The efforts of the Board of Trade and the Reporter, in connection with C. P. R. affairs, are apparently in a fair way of getting what is desired. Special Agent Grierson dropped off here Monday, and spent Tuesday on a tour of enquiry, and from a lengthy conversation with him, we are pleased to announce that the C. P. R. will do everything in their power to allay the apparent friction that has for some months been irritating the business men of New Michel.

Mr. Grierson came here on a special mission, and from the thoroughness of his investigation we rather imagine he goes back with a few hard facts to lay before his superior officers. Prominent among the desires of New Michel is the building and equipment of a first class station, freight sheds, express and telegraph offices, and the removal of the obnoxious sign, "Natal." From the explanations given Mr. Grierson, and from the general tenor of his remarks, we confidently look for everything we have been pressing for. and with our town improvements in sight, there is a distinct removal of that feeling that has hovered over our town, and we look for the big corporation handing out every facility for the rapid and accurate transaction of business in New Michel.

Old Man Baldwin's Fright

An old man in Georgia, named Jack Baldwin, having lost his hat in an old well one day, hitched a rope to a stump and let himself down. A wicked wag named Neal came along just then, and, quietly detaching a bell from Baldwin's old blind horse, approached the well, bell in hand, and began to ting-a-ling. Jack thought the old horse was coming, and said: "Hang the old blind horec! He's coming this way sure, and he ain't got no more sense than to fall in on me, Whoa, Ball!" The sound came closer. "Great Jerusalem! The old blind fool will be right on top of me in a minute! Whoa, Ball! Whoa, haw, Ball!!" Neal kicked a little dirt on Jack's head, and Jack began to pray: "Oh, Lord, have mercy on—whoa, Ball!—a poor sinner—I'm gone now! Whoa, Ball---Our Father who art in---whoa, Ball---hallowed be thy—gee, Ball, gee; what'll I do? Now I lay me down to sl—gee, Ball!" Just then in fell more dirt. "Oh, Lord, if you ever intend to do anything for me—back, Ball, whoa—Thy kingdom come—gee, Ball! Oh Lord, you know I was baptised in Smith's inildam---whoa, Ball! Ho up! Murder! Whoa!." Neal could hold in no longer, and shouted a laugh which might have been heard two miles, which was about as far as Jack chased him when he got out.

S. J. Watson and Alex. Goyette of Frank, were registered at the Kootenay on Sunday.

FIRE AT COAL CREEK

A Repetition of the Fernie Disaster

Last Sunday evening a disastrous fire occurred at Coal Creek, supposed to have been started from an overturned lamp, and before it was extinguished some 24 buildings were wiped out. Owing to the high winds and the limited water pressure, it was impossible to stay the flames. Dynamite was used in an effort to break the onrushing fiend, but without avail. Happily a change in the wind saved the balance of the town. The heaviest losses are sustained by the Coal Co., and the Trites-Woods Co., although many of those wiped out suffered proportionately. The following is the estimated cost of the losses:

House 156: Fred Varlow, Co. value $1500.

Houses 157 and 158, double, J. Stevens and Duncan Matheson, Co. value $1000.

Jail, provincial, $200.

Trites-Wood store, Co. value $5000, stock $50,000.

Charles Williams, barber.

Houses 207 and 208, John Evans and Bob Hubbertsey, double, Co. value $1000.

Houses 209 and 210, J. Marklem and John Smith, double, Co. value $1,000.

Houses 211 and 212, John Jones and Sid Walley (at coast) double, value $1000

Houses 213 and 214, J. Evens and J. C. Smith, double, Co. value $1,000.

House 153, Henderson's Boarding house, Co. value $3000.

House 154, Atherton's boarding house, Co. value $3000

House 155, M. Stevents, Co. value $1500.

House No. 147, Dr. Workman, value $2000

Coal Creek Club, value of building $1500, estimated loss $10,000

Gymnasium, Co. value of building $1000

House No. 148, Fairclough's boarding house, Co. value $3000

House 149, Mitchell's boarding house, Co. value $3,000

House 150, Mrs. Sharpwell, private, Co., value $1500

Houses 151 and 152, double, John Biggs, and John Bagley, Co. value of building, $1600

The latest thing on wheels. Ask Scotty at the big store.

G. F. Moses and wife are visiting at Coal Creek for the week end.

The Canadian Club may charter a private car and take in the A. Y. P. Exposition.

You can be sure you are successful when you hear people are knocking you. ---Moyie Leader.

What a lot of time some people waste in wondering about things that are none of their business.

Two baseball teams, the "Coal Company," and the "Scouts," from Fernie, played on the Recreation grounds here on Sunday evening. Some 350 people from Fernie were here to witness the game, besides a large turn out of our home sports. The score was 8 to 3 in favor of the Coal Company.

Great Northern HOTEL

NEW MICHEL, B. C.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS

Cuisine Unsurpassed

Bar Stocked with the Finest

Attendance Unexcelled

McCool & Moore, : : Proprietors

HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.

Douglas & Stedman - - - Proprietors

RATES $2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

"Elk Valley Beer"

Pure and Pleasing:

Manufactured from
Canadian Malt,
Bohemian Hops
and the now Famous
Crystal Spring Water

Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited

Livery, Dray and Transfer

Bus leaves 7.40 a. m., 1.40 p. m., and 6.40 p. m.

Returns on arrival of trains

GEO. FISHER, Proprietor

SLICK UP

Get Your Hirsute Appendage Clipped and Your Whiskers Pushed in at the Great Northern Tonsorial Parlors—You're next.

P. M. MacLanders, Prop

Call at the Crow's Nest Hardware Co., and see their extensive display. What you don't see, ask for.

Bamboo Fishing Rods, Your Choice for 15 cents

Right Prices, Right Goods and Right Treatment.

The Model Bakery

NOW OPEN!

Bread, Cakes, Pies, Buns, Etc. Fresh Every Day

Driver will call for orders and deliver

The Model Bakery New Michel

Fine Art Printing

At the Reporter Office

HER CONQUERING FAITH

It Overcame the Scheming of a Selfish Sister.

By ARABELLA NASMYTH.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

The indisputable fact which has so often sadly surprised people that two and two will not make five was staring the Anslem girls in the face.

It was a year after the death of their father, and many evasions and putting off of the fatal day had gone for naught. They were face to face with the knowledge that they could no longer afford to keep up the old family home and, moreover, must do something to add to their infinitesimal income.

"In some way," said Regina, looking up rather wearily from her pencil and paper—"in some way we've got to have money. We've got to go to work."

Regina was twenty-six, with rebellious dark hair and a firm chin which always amazed people by the dimple they discovered in it. Regina was the one who always did things in the family. Nobody had ever taken time to call her a beauty, so she had never quite realized the fact that she came very close to being one and could devote her leisure to accomplish results.

Of course with Esther it was different. From the time her first fluff of golden hair had made itself manifest and her big blue eyes had first glanced appealingly at humanity it had been decided that Esther was a beauty, and the decision had clung to her through life, though at maturity it is doubtful if she would have been thought more than an ordinarily good looking fresh young girl had not those around her been so educated in the other view.

But as a beauty Esther had always been waited on and put forward, and even when time went on and girlish petulance and fickleness and caprice degenerated into pettishness and selfish inconsiderateness nobody ever expected Esther to do anything but exist.

And now she was thirty, for in spite of belledom the men who had wooed her seriously had been few and, with her aspirations, beneath her consideration. At her sister's flat Esther drew her brows together fretfully.

"Work!" she said. "You are ridiculous! It's all very well for you to talk, but how could I work? What could I do? Regina"—

She hesitated a little, for there was something in the straight browed face meditatively surveying her as though she were seen for the first time that bid her pause. "Regina—if you would—it would be very easy for you to place both of us beyond all money cares forever. I'm sure"—

The voice died away before the sparkle of anger in the dark face across the table. Regina bit her lip before she spoke in a repressed voice. "I won't pretend to misunderstand you," she said. "It's like you to propose offering something else than yourself! Understand once for all that I'll never marry Dr. Brightright! He is selfish, he has a cruel and vindictive nature with all his surface and polish, and he is sixty years old."

"Also he owns the most magnificent country place in the state and is a millionaire," breathed Esther as her sister stopped. "Really, Regina, for a grownup person you are distressingly silly! I'm sure Dr. Brightright is no worse than lots of men, and think what you'd have!"

"Which you, of course, would share," said Regina coldly. Her face took on an immobile expression as she looked down at her sister. "Understand, I'll never marry him. I'll find work to do."

"It's Neal Maxwell!" the older girl flashed angrily. "You'd be glad of the chance if you weren't eating your heart out for a man who threw you over and never cared anything for you! You"—

But Regina had swept from the room, her head in the air, her hands clutching mechanically the papers covered with their rows of discouraging figures.

She was hurt as only a proud person can be hurt, and the sure knowledge deep in her heart that Neal Maxwell had indeed, beyond all doubt, cared for her, in spite of the opinion voiced by her sister and shared, as Regina knew, by nearly all her acquaintances in the town, did not help much in bearing the taunt.

It was a year since Neal had gone abroad as foreign representative for his firm and eleven months since his letters had stopped abruptly, without warning. Her two letters of inquiry bringing no response, pride had stepped in and she had made no further effort to hear from him beyond learning from his firm he was alive and well.

And when he left they had been engaged. She could hardly remember when she and Neal had not intended to marry one another, so many had been the years of their more than friendship. In spite of her indignation and her secret grief, in spite of his mysterious neglect, Regina still clung to the feeling that, wherever he was, whatever had happened, Neal still must care for her just as day must follow night.

And she was of too strong a nature to seek to cover her jilting by accepting the man who had haunted her footsteps for the past year, Dr. Brightright, whom she instinctively disliked and steadily shunned, to the furious exasperation of Esther. This had not been the first difference they had had upon the subject.

This night she was tired, very tired, and discouraged. Sympathy, understanding or help from Esther she felt she never could expect. The weakness, the shallowness, that were her sister's were forcing themselves on her recognition against her will.

If only Esther had been of a different mold their situation would even now be vastly improved. Encouragement and energy at her elbow would have given Regina the strength of ten. Instead there were bitterness, complaint and reproach weighing her down, and beneath it all the old longing for Neal, the hurt wonder that he could have failed her!

Sunk in her thoughts, absentmindedly making preparation for the night, Regina stood for several minutes staring at what she had uncovered at the bottom of the long utility box on her dresser without a complete realization of what the discovery meant.

First it dawned on her bewildered mind that the box was blue instead of pink, as it should have been. Then if it were blue it belonged in the next room on Esther's dresser. The woman who had swept and cleaned for them that day had probably mixed them. And at the bottom of the blue box, under all the handkerchiefs and ribbons which Regina had mechanically disarranged in her search for a particular ribbon, lay, with a rubber band binding them, the last two letters she had written to Neal Maxwell inquiring as to his silence and which he had, of course, never answered.

Regina leaned against the dresser, breathing heavily, clutching the letters, trying to think. The face that looked out at her from the mirror was white with excitement. Some one had kept her letters from reaching Neal—some one—

In the doorway stood Esther, still petulant from the scene downstairs. As she walked toward her sister Regina turned and faced her silently, the letters in her outstretched palm.

With a little gasp Esther saw, crumpled into a chair and began to cry in a frightened way.

"I did it for your own good," Esther wailed. "Neal never will be rich, and we want—we need—so much! I thought—I thought you'd see how much better a position Dr. Brightright could give you—I thought you'd forget—I wrote Neal you were going to marry the doctor and hadn't courage to tell him yourself and that you did not want to hear from him again. I—I got your letters both times by taking them to slip into the drop while I asked you to get stamps or cards at the window—do you remember? I—I did it because I thought you would be happier, Regina!"

The tall, stern girl, standing like an avenging goddess, looking down on the hysterical, weak woman huddled in the chair, did not speak for some minutes.

"Why didn't you destroy them when you got them?" she asked abruptly.

"I didn't dare," wept Esther. "I was afraid it was criminal or something."

The faint flicker of humor which swept Regina's face even in her moment of righteous wrath spread to her generous heart.

"We won't talk about it again, Esther," she said quietly. "You'd better go to bed. And now—now I'm going to write to Neal."

Called His Bluff.

A young woman of smart wit and striking beauty presided at one of the stalls at a Paris charity bazaar. Among the small crowd which pressed round the fair vender was a young man of much assurance, who gazed upon the girl with freedom and affected to admire the various fancy articles exposed for sale, but bought nothing.

"What will you please to buy?" asked mademoiselle, with an exquisite smile.

"Oh," replied the young dandy, with a languishing look, "what I most wish to buy is unhappily not for sale."

"Tell me what you wish?" she responded.

"Oh, no; I dare not declare my wishes."

"Nevertheless let me know what you wish to buy," persisted the fair saleswoman.

"Well, then, since you demand it, I should like a ringlet of your glossy black hair."

She manifested no embarrassment at the bold request, but with a pair of scissors immediately clipped off one of her beautiful locks and handed it to the astonished youth, remarking that the price was only 500 francs.

Her audacious admirer was thunderstruck with the demand, but dared not demur, as by this time a group had collected and were listening to the conversation. So he took the hair, paid over the money and left the hall.

The Man in the Rain.

"Men," said a fashionable tailor, "are much more particular about their clothes than women, though few people realize this fact. Take a man in a light gray suit caught in a shower. Does he go blithely on, heedless of the elements? No. He seeks the nearest shelter and remains there till the downpour has stopped absolutely. But it is his straw hat that a man takes most care to preserve. I have seen men in pouring torrents hurrying along bareheaded, their straw hats carefully concealed beneath their coats. Did you ever see a woman go to those lengths? Often a man caught in a shower carries his hat sort of casually at arm's length at his side, as if he was doing it unconsciously, don't you know. And how often do we see them holding newspapers over their hats. Ever see a woman do that? No. Somehow women seem to be able to go through a shower without making conspicuous figures of themselves. They are always serene, never troubled, and they never seem to get as wet as men do."—London Answers.

ARTILLERYMEN.

They Were Once Regarded as Mechanics, Not Soldiers.

Until the time of Charles XII. of Sweden the artillery was not considered a part of the army. The men serving in it were not soldiers, but regarded as mechanics. The officers had no army rank. Charles XII. gave artillery officers a rank and regularly organized the artillery into companies. The battle of Pavia demonstrated the superiority of the gun in the hands of the Spanish infantry. The musket carried a two ounce ball and sometimes brought down at one fire two or three mailed knights. The French sent a flag of truce to remonstrate against the use of such barbarous weapons.

Alexander had four kinds of cavalry—the cataphraeti, or heavy armed horse; the light cavalry, carrying spears and very light armor; the acroballistae, or mounted archers, used for outposts, patrols and reconnoitering duty, and the dimachoe, or troops expected to act either as cavalry or infantry. Alexander the Great reorganized his father's army. The file or inchos of sixteen men was the unit; two files made a dilochy; two dilochies made a tetrarchy; two tetrarchies a texiarchy; two of these a syntagura; sixteen of these a small phalanx; four of these a tetra-phalangarchy, otherwise known as a large phalanx.

The Greeks attacked in a phalanx, the spears interlocked and shields overlapping. After the first onset the spears were dropped, and the day was decided with the sword. The cavalry attacked the enemy in the rear if possible and in case of victory undertook the pursuit.—Pearson's Weekly.

SOFT SHELLED CRABS.

The Way They Get Rid of Their Hard Outer Coats.

Many persons believe that the hard shelled crab and the soft shelled crab are two different species. This is not so. The shellfish thus distinguished are merely two conditions of the same species.

Once a year the crab sheds its hard outer coat, much as does a snake, in order to give itself room for greater growth. When it gets ready to make the transformation it sidles in close to shore, where the water at low tide will just cover it, and where it is comparatively safe from its maritime enemies. Then, when it is half buried in the sand, its shell splits open behind, and it painfully crawls out. The new coat, as soft as skin, is already well started. But until it shall have become fairly hard the crab stays almost motionless in the shoals. While it is in this condition its pinchers are useless, and it falls an easy prey to the most insignificant enemy which happens upon it.

There is no particular time of year chosen by the crab for the metamorphosis. All through the twelve months fisher lads and barefoot fishermen wading with their baskets along the shore at low tide gather the helpless crabs, which fetch a high price in the markets. In their soft state they are worth from four to five times their price when in their natural hard condition.—Chicago News.

The "King of Rome."

What became of Napoleon's son is a question often asked, as little mention is made in history of the young prince, the desire of his father's life, who was born March 20, 1811, amid great rejoicing in Paris and hailed as the "king of Rome." In January, 1814, Napoleon embraced his wife and child for the last time, and this really ended the reign of the little king "who never saw his kingdom." He was reared in the Austrian court under the name of the Duke of Reichstadt and grew to be a handsome young fellow and quite a brilliant scholar. He had one short year of military life and then contracted pulmonary disease, from which he died in his twenty-second year. He worshiped the memory of his father and always spent the anniversary of his death, July 22, in his own rooms. He is buried in the Carthusian monastery of Vienna, which is the Austrian Westminster abbey.

Crowded New York.

New York always was crowded. In 1837 it had about thirty first class hotels. Most of them were below City Hall park. The capacity of these houses was about 6,000. The average number of visitors to the city at that time was estimated to be 20,000. It is stated by an early historian that it was not an unusual sight to see strangers in the city wandering from house to house, carrying their baggage with them, seeking lodging for the night. At that time there were only three hotels conducted on the European plan. Lodging at the latter was from $2.50 to $3.50 a week.—New York Press.

Only an Amateur Now.

"No, sir," said the man who had been asked for alms; "I can give you nothing. You are a professional beggar, aren't you?"

"I used to think so," replied the beggar, as he sadly pulled two cents and a collar button from his picket, "but I have come to the conclusion that I am only an amateur."

Classified.

"She is a clergyman's daughter, you said, didn't you?" inquired a young man of a friend who had introduced him.

"Yes," was the reply. "He's the rector, his wife's the director, and she's the misdirector."

One Request.

Medium—Is there any question you would like to ask your first wife? Sitter—Yes; I would like to ask her to give my second wife her recipe for mincemeat.

For SUMMER SORES For

When troubled with sunburn, blisters, insect stings, sore feet, or heat rashes, apply Zam-Buk!

Surprising how quickly it eases the smarting and stinging! Cures sores on young babies due to chafing.

Zam-Buk is made from pure herbal essences. No animal fats—no mineral poisons. Finest healer!

Druggists and Stores everywhere.

The Right Place

A pretty young English woman seated at dinner next to Father Healy, the witty Irish priest, said to him:

"They tell me, Father Healy, that you have no mistletoe in your country?"

"Is that so, my dear young lady? Now I think of it, I believe it is true."

"Then what do the boys and girls do at Christmas time without it?"

"Is it kissing you mean, my dear? Sure they do it under the nose!"—Tit-Bits.

A Sure Corrective of Flatulency.—When the undigested food lies in the stomach it throws off gases causing pains and oppression in the stomachic region. The belching or eructation of these gases is offensive and the only way to prevent them is to restore the stomach to proper action. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do this. Simple directions go with each packet and a course of them taken systematically is certain to effect a cure.

"Do you believe hell is paved with good intentions?"

"Well, if the job has been performed by some of the modern contractors I think that must be the condition."—Scranton Tribune.

It is an undisputed fact that one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads has actually killed a bushel of house flies. Fortunately no such quantity can ever be found in a well kept house, but whether they be few or many Wilson's Fly Pads will kill them all.

"What with whooping-cough, measles and all that," began the first traveller, "children are a great care, but they are blessings sometimes—"

"Certainly they are," interrupted the second traveller. "I don't know how we should get along without them."

"Ah, you're a family man, too?"

"No; a doctor."—Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Berkowitz and Sternberg, travelling salesmen, met on the train.

"I have just come from St. Louis, where I did a tremendous business," said Berkowitz. "How much do you think I sold?"

"How should I know?" replied Sternberg.

"Of course you don't know, but what do you guess?"

"Oh, about half."

"Half of what?"

"Why, half what you say."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Foe of Indigestion.—Indigestion is a common ailment and few are free from it. It is a most distressing complaint and often the suffering attending it is most severe. The very best remedy is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken according to directions. They rectify the irregular action of the stomach and restore healthy action. For many years they have been a standard remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion and are highly esteemed for their qualities.

A Cruel Blow

Dr. Charles A. Eaton, of the Madison avenue Baptist church, said in the course of a brilliant after-dinner speech in Cleveland:

"Laziness is responsible for too much of the misery we see about us. It is all very well to blame alcohol for this misery, to blame oppression and injustice, but to what heights might we not all have climbed but for our laziness?"

He paused and smiled.

"We are too much like the supernumerary in the drama," he went on, "who had to enter from the right and say, 'My lord, the carriage waits.'

"'Look here, super,' said the stage manager one night, 'I want you to come on from the left instead of the right after this, and I want you to transpose your speech. Make it run hereafter, 'The carriage waits, my lord.'

"The super pressed his hand to his brow.

"'More study! More study!' he groaned."—Cleveland Leader.

'Liza, the cook-lady, according to the Louisville Courier-Journal, was observed to be donning her joyful raiment and setting out adorned with a festive scheme of decoration that cannot be described, but was striking, to say the least. Her destination was inquired into. "W'y, honey," she said, "I'se done goin' to a funeral. Mah lodge is goin' to escoht de remains to the cemetery." "Why all the gorgeous attire, then, 'Liza?" she was asked. "Lawsee, chile," she replied, with spirit, "Dis yere pahty we is tuhnin' out fuh was a lady, and don't you s'pose she wants de decorations to be scrumptious.

W. N. U., No. 751

His Fixed Income

A Southern congressman, who formerly practised law in Mississippi, tells of an amusing case he once tried in that state. He was then a student in the office of his uncle, a Col. Martin, who figured in local politics.

The main figure in the trial was a lazy darky named Dick Sutton, arrested at the instance of his wife, who alleged that he contributed nothing to her support and refused to work.

During the examination of Sutton the young lawyer asked:

"Dick, have you any fixed income?"

Sutton was puzzled by the term. Counsel explained the expression meant a certainty, money paid not for odd jobs, but for steady employment; in other words, a compensation at stated intervals on which one could absolutely rely.

Upon the conclusion of counsel's remarks the darky's face brightened.

"I think I has a fixed income, sah," said he.

"And what is this fixed income?" was the next question.

"Well, sah," answered Dick with a broad grin in the direction of Col. Martin, "de colonel dere allows me fo' dollars and a sack of flour on 'lection day!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The worthy parents of a sophomore at college were one day disputing as to the date of their last letter to their hopeful, from whom, somewhat to the distress of the mother and the indifference of the father, they had not heard for some time.

"Are you sure, Thomas?" asked the mother, unconvinced, "that it was on the twelfth that you last wrote to Dick?"

"Absolutely," was the old man's decisive response. "I looked it up in my cheque book this morning."

Sandy and Maggie

Sandy and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.

"Maggie," he said at length, "wasna I here on Sawbath nicht?"

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"An' wasna I here on Monday?"

"Aye, so you were."

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht an' Wednesday nicht, an' Thursday nicht, an' Friday nicht?"

"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."

"An' this is Saturday nicht, an' I'm here again?"

"Well, what for no? I'm sure ye're very welcome."

Sandy (desperately)—"Maggie, woman! D'ye no' begin to smell a rat!"

An Impressionist

"And to think," cried the artist, "that this picture, this great work of art—though I say it—was rejected by that decrepit and fat-headed institution, the Royal Academy!"

"It's a shame," agreed the pretty young lady who stood by his side, regarding the masterpiece. "I think it is a lovely picture, Mr. Splashleigh. It fairly makes my mouth water, it is so realistic!"

Splashleigh dropped his paint brush. "Mouth water!" he exclaimed. "How can Mount Vesuvius in eruption make your mouth water?"

"Yes, yes; of course it's Mount Vesuvius! How stupid of me!" replied the lady. "For a moment I thought it was a rum omelette!"—London Sphere.

Miss Chatters—It surprises me to see what a small man your brother is. He's no more than half your size.

Mr. Patters—Yes; but he's only my half brother, you know.—Judge.

George—Do you believe the woman ever lived who could truly say to her lover that he was the first man she had ever kissed?

Madge—Yes; Eve.—Judge.

THERE'S NO USE IN

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STEAMER FASHIONS.

How to Be Well Groomed While Crossing the Atlantic.

HAIR NETS A NECESSITY.

A Convenient Way to Carry One's Toilet Articles—Mannerisms of the College Graduate—The Girl That Is Welcomed Heartily as a Guest.

My Dear Elsa—I am so glad you are sailing from New York on the Lusitania, for then we will get a glimpse of you before you cross the pond. This is your first venture as a transatlantic voyager, and you want me, as an old globe trotter, to give you a tip or two about steamer clothes? Well, my dear, whether the trip over is physically for better or worse, for sickness or health, do make wise provision before starting to protect and cherish your personal appearance while on the briny deep. Don't get the mistaken idea into your cerebellum that you can revel in frumpiness and be happy at the same time or that most of the feminine part of the ship's company will be equally ungroomed, for they won't.

The girl who has naturally curly hair can afford to laugh at the antics of old Boreas, but she with the straight locks that get salt soaked and blow across the face in unsightly long wisps will rue the day that she left her native shore without a generous supply of hair nets, for they add more to one's comfort and beauty on shipboard than one has any idea of until they experiment. No; the sea wind always blows and makes the notorious March ones seem like a zephyr, so be warned in time and get a half dozen good, big twenty-five cent hair nets and be grateful to me for the rest of your life.

JEWELED TORTOISE SHELL FILET AND BARRETTE.

The last time I went over a pretty girl in our party spent most of her time manipulating the electric curling irons that are to be found in every stateroom. And her persistency was greatly to be admired, but, alas, not her wavy locks, for no curls but real ones can withstand the combined effects of sea and wind to destroy them. Electric pads to take the place of the hot water bottle are fine to take along.

And, dear, provide yourself with a voluminous automobile veil. A brown chiffon one is best, for it doesn't give you the ghastly look that green, blue or gray will when you may not be feeling quite up to the mark. Then unless you want the A.'s to think when you arrive on the other side that your complexion has gone off tremendously avoid using water to wash the face while at sea and, I might add, while traveling by rail. Use your cleansing cream night and morning, and you will not have a rough gray skin when you land at Queenstown. If you do not feel refreshed after sleeping without the accustomed dash of cold water a good toilet water will be found stimulating. By the way, don't fail to have a good sized bottle with you, because it will be found the greatest comfort if you are unfortunate enough to suffer the horrors of mal de mer or, barring this, the less strenuous headache. And I have found that when treating the face to a cream bath is out of the question a mixture of alcohol and borax rubbed over the face with a piece of old linen takes off the dirt and the uncomely shine.

Now I am going to let you in for a pet traveling invention of mine.

It's a low, broad tin box the depth of my largest pot of face cream, which I divide into compartments with pasteboard strips that will just hold each article without rattling. Little aluminium boxes for the cream are the lightest and best to carry, for when abroad weight counts. Then night and morning you can place this box on your dressing table. All your toilet things will be just where you want them, and that tedious looking through the trunk will be avoided. Speaking of luggage, this broad, low box is easy to pack in your steamer trunk. But stock your box completely before leaving home; otherwise you will find you must pay exorbitantly for whatever you need. You doubtless have read what Mr. Bok and his bevy of fair lady contributors have had to say about "what clothes to take on a trip to Europe," and your traveled friends have all added their "do" and "don'ts" on this particular phase of the situation, so regardless of the fact that my information has been sought I am going to exercise the privilege or withholding it. But let me whisper so soft and low that I have a nice little set of chair cushions waiting to be tucked in with your steamer things—dear little snuggly affairs that can be poked in behind a suffering head or back—and the comfort of owning cushions is a little thing, but it passeth all understanding of a landlubber.

Now, I will, with your permission, ease my mind about the visiting ways of the up to date young girl. I've had two of them stopping with me for a week, one a college brand new creature and the other a product of a fashionable school. Well, there's all the difference in the world between what for a better word I'll call the mannerisms of these two girls. The college girl was conspicuous for her lack of manners—that is to say, she had bad manners. The boarding school graduate had the most charming way of doing and saying the simplest thing. This week as hostess has made me think of all kinds of hints for the girl we're glad to see, and I'm going to unload some of my theories upon you instanter. In the first place, the guest we enjoy having with us has definite ideas about what she does and does not want to do. She does not reply, "Oh, I don't mind," to every suggestion for her amusement, but says frankly, "I should like that very much," or else, "I'd rather not, thanks, unless you're very keen on it." She falls in with the ways of the household. She comes down to breakfast and in to lunch and dinner at your fixed times and does not expect the household arrangements turned upside down to suit her convenience. If for any reason she wants to stay away for a meal she asks you first if you mind. She appreciates the little things done for her and does not take them all as a matter of course, and she does not have to be perpetually amused or expect her hostess to be trailing after her continually. She realizes that she wants to be left alone sometimes and either has "some letters to write" or "some shopping to do" till it is convenient for her to be in evidence again.

Without making herself obtrusively at home the girl is glad to help her hostess to entertain other guests. She tries to be agreeable to every one she meets at your house, whether they appeal to her or not. She will sing or play without needing a heap of persuasion, but is under no false impression as to the quality of her accomplishments and does not attempt to monopolize the piano stool. She is just as much at home with the children and with the old folk as she is with those of her own age. The little ones adore her, for she is never too tired to play with them, receive their childish confidences, comfort their little sorrows and make peace among them. She never rubs you the wrong way. She is good tempered and cheerful and does not suffer with moods and nerves. She makes the best of the weather, she looks on the bright side of things, and somehow or other after she has gone you always say: "I'm so glad Nellie came. She is always so jolly. I feel so much brighter after she has been here awhile." And, to close this discourse, she arrives when and how she said she would. And she does not leave a heap of odds and ends to be sent on after her. And she never forgets to write and tell you she reached home safely and how much she enjoyed her stay with you. Don't you think my summing up of a guest's duties toward her hostess is a just one? And do you not think the filet of tortoise shell picked out with a daisy design in tiny pearls and the barrette to match were a charming little gift for my college guest to send me?

Do arrange your plans so that you can spend at least a week with me before sailing, and until then believe me ever most sincerely yours, MABEL.

New York.

PURSE FOR TRAVELING.

An Old Norwegian Pattern That Will Appeal to Those Who Knit.

This small double purse is intended for the traveler in foreign lands, where gold and silver coins must be carefully guarded and kept apart lest the tarnished gold be given for copper, as is only too often the case. The purse is

DONE IN TWO SHADES OF SILK.

a development of an old Norwegian pattern of knitting and works out charmingly in any of the pure knitting silks that are used for knitting ties. The purses are made in one color edged with another. Mole gray and green make a good combination, or any color may be chosen to suit the dress with which the purse is to be worn.

SOME CLERICAL BULLS.

Recent Bad Mixups That Have Disturbed Grave Ceremonies.

The proceedings at a recent Church Congress were enlivened by the intrusion of several very fine bulls, of which the following are samples. At one meeting Canon A. W. Robinson, in his opening remarks, warned his auditors that his speech would be "pointed to the verge of bluntness," while later in the evening Sir A. Coote, explaining his presence at such a gathering, said that he was like "one of those satellites of Jupiter which, when they were visible, were always obscured."

The late Mr. Spurgeon was a keen collector of mixed metaphors, finding a rich field in the correspondence that daily overwhelmed him. A lady, enclosing a small contribution for his schools, wrote, "I hope this widow's mite may take root and spread its branches until it becomes a Hercules in your hands." The pulpit prayers of ambitious probationers added something to the great preacher's store.

One prayed that "God's rod and staff may be ours while tossed on the sea of life, so that we may fight the good fight of faith and in the end soar to rest." "We thank Thee for this spark of grace; water it, Lord," was the sententious, almost imperious entreaty of another promising young man. Still another prayed, "Gird up the loins of our mind that we may receive the latter rain." "As if we were barrels whose hoops were loose," was Mr. Spurgeon's laughing comment.

It was an Irish clergyman who remarked, sadly, "This is a sad and bitter world; we never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead"; while another Hibernian cleric, preaching a funeral sermon while the corpse lay before him, exclaimed, "Here, brethren, we have before us a living witness and a standing monument of the frailty of human hopes!"

Equally unconscious of his humor was the parson who, at the close of his sermon, said: "And now let us pray for the people on the uninhabited portions of the earth"; as also the minister who, pleading for funds for a parish cemetery, asked his parishioners to consider the "deplorable condition of thirty thousand Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial."

Even more unfortunate was the clergyman who was addressing a woman's missionary meeting. "My sisters," he said, solemnly, "it is terrible to think that thousands of gallons of rum go into Africa for every brother who is sent there." "Rather a large allowance for one missionary," was the whispered comment of one of the sisters to her neighbor.

He Doesn't Like Peanuts.

When, fifty-four years ago, Sir Robert Hart was first attached to the British Consulate at Ningpo, he had an experience which was the reverse of pleasant. He was traveling to Shanghai in a 150-ton schooner, and the voyage took three weeks instead of one, on account of a monsoon. Provisions gave out, and the ship's company were reduced for twelve days to an unsavory diet of water-buffalo and peanuts—all they could get from a nearby island. "Was it any wonder that Hart could never afterwards endure the taste of peanuts, or that at the sight of a passing water-buffalo his appetite was clean gone for the day?"

This is not the only occasion when Sir Robert has experienced some of the troubles of starvation. During the Boxer rebellion of 1900, when the Legation of Pekin was besieged by the fanatics, Sir Robert, in common with the other refugees, cheerfully ate mule, "which was hatefully coarse while it was fat, and unutterably tough when it grew lean."

Lord Charles Beresford on Irishmen.

The Emerald Isle is proud of "Charlie," and "Charlie" is proud of his native land and countrymen. "Irishmen may have their faults," he says, "but give me an Irishman—the best fellow that ever was. Could anybody tell more stories than the Irish?" One of the best stories he ever heard was about a fellow who was fond of shooting. He said, "The first bird I ever shot was a squirrel, and the first time I hit him I missed him altogether, and the next time I hit him I hit him in the same place, and after that I took a stone and dropped him from the tree, and he fell into the water and was shot, and that was the first bird I ever shot." And Lord Charles is never tired of quoting the story of the Irish member of the House of Commons who compared a certain whisky to a "torchlight procession trickling down his throat."

Bedlam.

The word "bedlam" is a corruption of the word "Bethlehem" and originated as a synonym for chaos at the time when the house of Bethlehem, occupied by a sisterhood of London, became an insane asylum. The treatment of the insane in the early part of the sixteenth century was not well understood, and, according to the theories then prevalent, it was necessary to frighten the patient out of his lunacy. All sorts of awful expedients were resorted to, among them "surprise floors," which slipped from under the feet; "surprise baths" and floggings at the periods of most severe illness; hence the name "bedlam," the result of incorrect spelling, possibly, came easily to stand for awful things.

English Peers Can't Vote.

Disfranchisement is one of the peculiar disabilities under which a peer of the realm suffers. Lord Salisbury once attempted to secure a vote for Hertford and Middlesex, but the revising barrister at Hatfield refused the claim on the ground that time had given the disability the character of law and that peers, by the law of Parliament necessary for the dignity and freedom of the two Houses, were not permitted to vote for members of the House of Commons. Lord Salisbury took the case to the Appeal Court, but as he could quote "neither precedent nor authority" he was obliged to go back to Hatfield without his vote.—London Chronicle.

MALAY PIRATES.

Something About the People Who Are Troubling Singapore.

Singapore is agitated just now by a tale of piracy, one of the old sort, legendary now. Some few weeks ago a Chinese junk was boarded near Johore—that is, within sight of the island, if not of the city—and seven men were killed, besides the captain, spared for torture until he surrendered his valuables. Police, bluejackets and volunteers are searching for the miscreants. Perhaps there is no case on record so outrageous within such a trifling distance from the man-of-war in Singapore Roads, but elsewhere in those seas it would not have been remarkable less than 50 years ago. "Malay pirates," writes Frederick Boyle in The Pall Mall Gazette, are so closely identified with fiction of the boys' adventure class that sceptics have doubted their existence in plain fact. But the wildest romancer would not dare to describe them as they actually were in their great day. About 1850 Rajah Brooke put the number of those who swept the coasts of Borneo alone, going and returning with the monsoons, at 5,000. When Consul at Bruni, somewhat later, St. John estimated the population which lived, as one may say, by piracy, at 60,000. And if "casuals" had been included, with their women and children, it would have been vastly larger.

The judicious reader instantly replies that trade must have come to an end promptly under this infliction. But the ruffians did not depend on plunder It was welcome, but they sought slaves—and blood. Inexplicable as it seems to us, the parompaks, though mostly Mohammedans, regarded their employment as a calling or profession to which they were born With no thought of wrongdoing, apparently, they murdered harmless fishermen, sailors, or peasants dwelling on the shore, if too old or feeble to be worth transport, and tortured those whom they carried off Among the most dreaded pirates also were the Seribas and Sakarran Dyaks, Rajah Brooke's future subjects, who wanted heads and nothing more; all plunder they surrendered to the Malay Chief who provided the praus and navigated them. But these were a local scourge. It is not very surprising to learn that the worst Malay pirates were not Malays at all; that unfortunate race bears a good many imputations which it does not deserve. The Lanuns, or Illanuns, dwelt originally in Mindanao, a great island of the Philippines where Dampier found them peaceable enough, working gold. They were not a seafaring people then, though the chiefs had their gorgeous barges.

The Balinini came from Sulu; in fact, that was a piratical name for the islanders, otherwise called Sulus. Perhaps it was they who started the abominable practice, for the Spaniards were provoked into sending an expedition against them so early as 1589. It failed, as did many another; "and from that time," says the old historian Zuniga, "it is incredible what a number of Indians (Philippinos) have been made prisoners, what villages have been destroyed, and what vessels have been captured." But the Spaniards succeeded at length in making Mindanao too hot to hold the Lanun freebooters, who dispersed, forming settlements up and down the China Sea, each of which became a centre of piracy. One can understand that this way of life fosters courage and enterprise as well as seamanship. The daring of these two peoples especially was superb. In their praus of fifty to a hundred tons burden they started every year with the monsoon for a cruise of six or twelve or even eighteen months. Nothing daunted them until the treacherous European invented steam. Crawford admits that the Sulus had attained a "considerable civilization" of their own; in fact, Hunt's report on the main island, drawn up for Sir Stamford Raffles, pictures it a garden, admirably cultivated by a free and happy people Doubtless the pirates were law-abiding and industrious when at home.

English Politeness.

The expression "Thank you" is much more current in England than in America. It is also used with much wider significance, often as the equivalent of "I beg your pardon." For instance, an English person passing before another or perhaps jostling one or even treading on his foot will say in apology, "Thank you." The phrase is heard constantly. If a salesman in a shop or a newsboy on the streets solicits your custom and you refuse it he will say "Thank you" quite as cheerfully as if you made a purchase. There is a difference in the utterance too. The English emphasize the second word very strongly and finish with a rising inflection, as if asking a question. An American is recognized at once by his accenting the word "thank" and closing with the falling inflection.

Her Proposals.

Talking of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lord Houghton said: "Miss Coutts likes me because I never proposed to her. Almost all the young men of good family did. Those who did their duty by their family always did. Mrs. Browne (Miss Coutts' companion) used to see it coming and took herself out of the way for ten minutes, but she only went into the next room and left the door open, and then the proposal took place, and immediately it was done Miss Coutts coughed, and Mrs. Browne came in again."—Augustus J. C. Hare's Recollections.

A "Bounty" Relic.

There has just been sold at Sotheby's, in London, an interesting relic of His Majesty's ship Bounty and Pitcairn Island. It is a beautifully constructed box, made by Thursday Oct Christian, of Pitcairn, about 1850, out of Miro wood. On the top is a small metal plate made from the nails of the Bounty. This interesting relic realized four and a half guineas. Its prototype was presented to the late Queen Victoria by Admiral Moresby, in 1853, as "a mark of esteem from her subjects on the lonely island of Pitcairn."

ALL NESTS ARE INTERESTING.

But Some Birds Are Much Better Housekeepers Than Others.

An old French proverb says, "Each bird finds its own nest beautiful," but to human eyes there is a mighty difference. The dove, for example, is a mighty bad housekeeper, either wild as the wood-dove or tame as the domestic pigeon. Two sticks, three straws, a suspicion of coarse grass, and Madam Dove is ready to lay her pearl-white eggs and brood them with a touching devotion. Neither she nor her mate has any shame in such a nest, for they always set it where it can be plainly seen.

Robin Redbreast belies the adage that practice makes perfect. He often builds three nests a season, but they are solid, commonplace, mud-plastered affairs, as unpoetic as the mud nests of the house martin. The lee martin puts up a different home for himself and mate. His nest may have a foundation of mud, but it is cushioned within, stuccoed without, with fine wood lichens, into a thing of beauty. It vies, indeed, with the nests of the chimney swallow, the queer angular affairs stuck flat against the sutty chimney side. They are of tiny sticks, built up like elfin log cabins, and cemented at the corners, as well as held fast to the chimney by a sort of glue secreted by the birds themselves.

The warblers are pattern nestbuilders. They generally choose a spot of safe seclusion, "far from the madding crowd," as it were, then pitch upon some cup of twig and line it and cushion it with the finest soft fibers, fine grass, horse hair, human hair, bits of string. In choosing they are curiously intelligent. If a handful of variegated threads be spread out where they can find them, all the sad-colored ones will the used, the gay ones left.

Not so with the cat bird. His catcall has something savage about it, and he has also a savage taste for red. Bits of red flannel are a dear delight to him. He will tug and tug at them, letting go, then seizing them again, until he has found the exact spot at which the weight of this treasure trove least impedes flight. The odd thing is that he does not line his nest with the flannel once he has it safe. He works it into the outer wall, the latter being of rough sticks and thorns.

Mocking birds love a nest in garden shrubbery, orchard tangle or the scented thickets of an abandoned field. They build big nests, soft, elastic and lined with the finest hair, sometimes off my lady's head. They come next to the oriole as aerial architects. Almost everyone who has lived in the country for any great length of time has noticed the pretty purse-shaped oriole houses swung from orchard boughs, but few, perhaps, know the bird's trick of bending down a leafy twig to ambush his precious nest, and holding the twig in place with a loose wrapping of long fibers.

A Flower of Many Names.

One of the most cheerful flowers in the old gardens was the happy faced little pansy that under various fanciful folk names has ever been loved. Its Italian name means idle thoughts; the German, little stepmother. Spencer called it pawnee. Shakespeare said maidens called it love in idleness, and Drayton named it heartsease. Dr. Prior gives these names: Herb trinity, three faces under a hood, fancy flamy, kiss me, pull me, cuddle me unto you, tickle my fancy, kiss me ere I rise, jump up and kiss me, kiss me at the garden gate, pink of my Joan. To these let me add the New England folk names: Birdseye, garden gate, johnny-jump-up, kit run about, none so pretty and ladies' delight. All these testify to the affectionate and intimate friendship felt for this laughing and fairly-speaking little garden face, not the least of whose endearing qualities was that after a half warm, snow melting week in January and February this bright-some little "delight" often opened a tiny blossom to greet and cheer us—a true jump up and kiss me.

No "Rooms for Rent."

"In London the good woman who has furnished lodgings to let never puts out that sign, 'Room for Rent,' so familiar in the cities of Canada," said a traveler. "Instead she displays the single word 'Residence.' That sounds queer to us, and until the Canadian visitor becomes wise as to its meaning he wonders what its purpose might be. Any native will tell him that such a legend means the occupant of the house will rent a part thereof to one who is seeking a place to reside in. So if you are in England and wish to rent a furnished apartment or room wherever you see the word 'Residence' go boldly in and state your mission."

Crape on the Door.

The custom of placing crape on the door of a house where there has been a recent death had its origin in the ancient English heraldic customs and dates back to the year 1100 A.D. At that period hatchments, or armorial ensigns, were placed in front of houses when the nobility or gentry died. The hatchments were of diamond shape and contained the family arms quartered and covered with sable.

Locating the Trouble.

One day Mary came to her mother and said, "Mother, my ear aches!"

"Does it ache very bad, Mary?" asked her mother.

"No."

"Well, run out and play. Then you will forget about it."

Mary went out, but pretty soon she came back and said: "Mother, my ear does ache. It is not the hole, but the ruffle around it."

Knew the Ropes.

"What do you say to a young lady at a dance?" quoted the youth who was about to attend his first ball.

"Oh," replied the society man, "talk to her about her beauty."

"But suppose she hasn't any?" said the youth.

"In that case," rejoined the society man, "talk to her about the ugliness of the other girls present."—London Tatler.

SOME COSTLY PICTURES

PRINCELY SUMS THAT HAVE BEEN PAID FOR PAINTINGS.

Sum of $360,000 Paid For Holbein's "Christina of Denmark" Ranks High In the List But J. P. Morgan's Price of Half a Million for a Raphael Prevents It Becoming a Record—Picture Costs Two Lives.

Big prices for pictures are by no means rare nowadays, but the sum of $360,000 demanded for Holbein's famous portrait of "Christina of Denmark" is almost unprecedented.

In the National Gallery at the present time the picture which cost most money is what is known as the "Blenheim Raphael," for which $350,000 was paid in 1885. The other Raphael in the gallery is the property of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and he is believed to have given $500,000 for the work.

There is an interesting story attached to a portrait of Lady Coburn and her children by Sir Joshua Reynolds now in the gallery. In 1892 this beautiful work was bequeathed to the nation by Lady Hamilton, and for a few years occupied an honored position among England's art treasures. Some time in 1899, however, the family discovered that Lady Hamilton had only a life interest in the work, and was, therefore, not entitled to dispose of it, and they claimed repossession. After testing their case, the Gallery trustees found themselves compelled to give up the picture, and the family sold it to Mr. Alfred Beit, the South African millionaire, for about $150,000. Now, however, the picture once more hangs in the nation's great gallery, for when Mr. Beit died a year or two ago, he bequeathed the work to the nation.

Romance is frequently a feature in the history of great works of art, and the story of a great picture that was bought for two human lives is not uninteresting.

The picture is a beautiful representation of the "Immaculate Conception" by Murillo, and hangs in the Louvre, in Paris.

While Marshal Soult was following the retreating army of Sir John Moore before Corunna, a party of his soldiers took as prisoners two monks. This class was very hostile to the French, and monks captured were generally at once shot. Instead of following the usual practice, however, the great marshal ordered these two to lead him to their monastery.

At the monastery, Soult saw the picture, and wished to buy it, but the prior refused to sell, stating that he had been offered $20,000 for the work. The marshal then offered $40,000, and, thinking he saw a chance to save his humbler brethren, the prior accepted, on the condition that the two monks should be handed over to him.

"Their ransom is $40,000," said Soult, seizing hold of his opportunity, and nothing the prior could say would move him from his quickly-made decision.

Eventually, the great picture was given up to the marshal in exchange for the lives of his prisoners.

Frequently, there have been cases of valuable pictures being lost or stolen, and never heard of again; and, on the other hand, pictures whose very existence have been forgotten, turn up from time to time, once more to cause a stir in the world. So recently as 1904, in the home of a gentleman at Whitehaven, a canvas was found rolled up, and in such a fearfully dirty condition that, at first, it was quite impossible to trace any signs of a picture. Careful cleaning, however, disclosed a portrait of two children by George Romney, and one of that artist's finest works.

Fifty years before, the canvas had been bought, with two others, for $5. At Christie's, it fetched $35,000.

Only the year before the unearthing of this treasure, in the possession of an old lady of Worthing was found the portrait of a lady in a white muslin dress with yellow trimmings. The picture was covered with dirty varnish and disfigured by two holes. An attempt to dispose of it to some dealer for $25 was unsuccessful, but when it was found to be a Gainsborough, and sent to auction, it sold for no less than $45,000, the purchaser being Sir Charles Wertheimer.

The Point of View.

There is, always was and ever will be so much in the point of view. An old darky, wandering through the east side in a vain search for work, wouldn't have understood this original thought if he had heard it, though he unconsciously exemplified it. Weary and footsore, he leaned against an electric light pole to rest. Several factory whistles in the neighborhood blew the noon hour. As the shrill blasts died away the old darky turned to a loitering resident of the block and remarked sententiously:

"Yas, sah, it's sure dinner time for lots o' folks, but it's only 12 o'clock fer me."

And he shambled on down the street—looking for a job.

To Change Umbrella Handles.

Sometimes a person would like to change an expensive umbrella handle to another umbrella and fasten it on solid. This can be done by cleaning out the hole left in the handle from the old rod and filling the hole with powdered sulphur. Place the handle in a solid upright position and after heating the umbrella rod red hot push the rod down into the hole containing the sulphur. The hot rod fuses the sulphur, and when cool it will hold the rod solid. This method may be applied to fastening rods into stone, iron or wood.

The Way It Goes.

"What sort of a customer is Brown?"

"Fine. He always pays his bills on the 10th of the month."

"And what do you know about Green?"

"I don't know much about Green's credit. You see, he always pays cash when he gets anything, and so I couldn't say whether he's honest or not."

Satan Sanderson

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES,
Author of "Hearts Courageous," Etc.

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(Continued.)

Chapter 4

INSIDE the study meanwhile the bishop was greeting Harry Sanderson. He had officiated at his ordination and liked him. His eyes took in the simple order of the room, lingering with a light tinge of disapproval upon the violin case in the corner and with a deeper shade of question upon the jewel on the other's finger, a pigeon blood ruby in a setting curiously twisted of the two initial letters of his name. There came to his mind for an instant a whisper of early prodigalities and wildnesses which he had heard.

"I looked in to tell you a bit of news," said the bishop. "I've just come from David Stires. He has a letter from Van Lennap, the great eye surgeon of Vienna. He disagrees with the rest of them. Thinks Jessica's case may not be hopeless."

The cloud that Hugh's call had left on Harry's countenance lifted.

"Thank God!" he said. "Will she go to him?"

The bishop looked at him curiously, for the exclamation seemed to hold more than a conventional relief.

"He is to be in America next month. He will come here then to examine and

"Will she go to him?"

perhaps to operate. Poor child! It will be a terrible thing for her if this last hope fails her, too, especially now, when she and Hugh are to make a match of it."

Harry's face was turned away, or the bishop would have seen it suddenly startled. "To make a match of it!" To hide the flush he felt staining his cheek Harry bent to close the safe. A something that had darkled in some obscure depth of his being whose existence he had not guessed was throbbing now to a painful resentment. Jessica was to marry Hugh!

"A handsome fellow—Hugh!" said the bishop. "He seems to have returned with a new heart—a brand plucked from the burning. You had the same alma mater, I think you told me. Your influence has done the boy good, Sanderson!" He laid his hand kindly on the other's shoulder. "The fact that you were in college together makes him look up to you—as the whole parish does," he added.

Harry was setting the combination and did not answer. But through the turmoil in his brain a satiric voice kept repeating:

"No, they don't call me 'Satan now!"

* * * * * * *

The white house in the aspens was in gala attire. Flowers—great banks of bloom—were massed in the hall, along the stairway and in the window seats, and wreaths of delicate fern trembled on the prim hung chandeliers. Over all breathed the sweet fragrance of jasmine. Musicians sat behind a screen of palms in a corridor, and a long scarlet carpet strip ran down the front steps to the driveway, up which passed bravely dressed folk, arriving in carriages and on foot, to witness the completion of a much booted romance.

For a fortnight this afternoon's event had been the chat of the town, for David Stires, who today retired from active business, was its magnate, the owner of its finest single estate and of its most important bank. From his scapegrace boyhood Hugh Stires had made himself the subject of uncomfortable discussion. His sudden disappearance after the rumored quarrel with his father and the advent of Jessica Holme had furnished the community sufficient material for gossip. The wedding had capped this gossip with an appropriate climax. Tongues had wagged over its pros and cons, for Hugh's past had induced a wholesome skepticism of his future.

There was an additional element of romance, too, in the situation, for Jessica, who had never yet seen her lover, would see her husband. The great surgeon on whose prognostication she had built so much had arrived and had operated. The experiment had been completely successful, and Jessica's hope of vision had become a sure and certain promise.

The operation over, there had remained many days before the bandages could be removed—before Jessica could be given her first glimpse of the world for nearly three years. Hugh had urged against delay. If he had stringent reasons of his own he was silent concerning them. And Jessica, steeped in the delicious wonder of new and inchoate sensations, had yielded.

So it had come about that the wedding was to be on this hot August afternoon, although it would be yet some time before the eye bandages might be laid aside save in a darkened room. In her girlish, passionate ideality Jessica had offered a sacrifice to her sentiment. She had promised herself that the first form her new sight should behold should be not her lover, but her husband. The idea pleased her sense of romance.

It was a sweltering afternoon, and in the wide east parlor limp handkerchiefs and energetic fans fought vainly against the intolerable heat. There, as the clock struck 6, a hundred pairs of eyes galloped between two centers of interest—the door at which the bride would enter and the raised platform at the other end of the room where, prayer book in hand, in his wide robes and flowing sleeves, Harry Sanderson had just taken his stand. Perhaps more looked at Harry than at the door.

He seemed his usual magnetic self as he stood there, backed by the flowers, his waving brown hair unsmoothed, the ruby ring glowing dull red against the dark leather of the book he held. But Harry Sanderson was far from feeling the grave, alien figure he appeared. In the past weeks he had waged a silent warfare with himself, bitter because repressed. The strange new thing that had sprung up in him he had trampled mercilessly under. From the thought that he loved the promised wife of another a quick, fastidious sense in him recoiled abashed. This painful struggle had been sharpened by his sense of Hugh's utter worthlessness. To that rustling assemblage the man who was to make those solemn promises was David Stires' son, who had had his fling, turned over his new leaf becomingly and was now offering substantial hostages to good repute. To him, Harry Sanderson, he was a flaneur, a marginless gambler in the futures of his father's favor and a woman's heart.

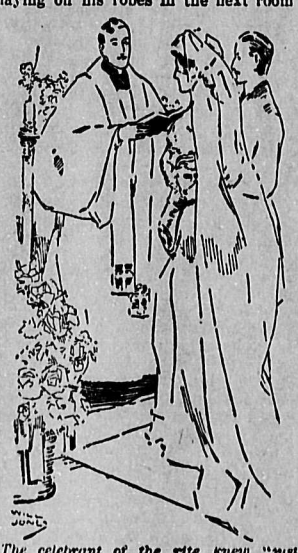
Only a moment Harry stood waiting; then the palm screened musicians began the march, and Hugh took his place, animated and assured, looking the flushed and expectant bridegroom. At the same instant the chattering and hubbub ceased. Jessica, on the arm of the old man, erect, but walking feebly with his cane, was advancing down the roped lane.

Harry's eyes dropped to the opened book, though he knew the office by heart. He spoke the time worn adjuration with clear enunciation, with almost perfunctory distinctness. He did not look at Hugh.

"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace." In the pause—the slightest pause—that turned the page he felt an insane prompting to tear off his robes, to proclaim to this roomful of heated, gaping, fan fluttering humanity that he himself, a minister of the gospel, the celebrant of the rite, knew "just cause."

The choking impulse passed. The periods rolled on. The long white glove was slipped from the hand, the ring put on the finger, and the pair whom God and Harry Sanderson had joined together were kneeling on the white satin priedieu with bowed heads under the final invocation. As they knelt choir voices rose.

Then, while the music lingered, the hush of the room broke in a confused murmur, the white ribbon wound ropes were let down, and a voluble wave of congratulators swept over the spot. In a moment more Harry found himself laying off his robes in the next room



The celebrant of the rite knew "just cause."

With a sigh of relief he stepped through the wide French window into the garden. The strain over, he longed for the solitude of his study. But David Stires had asked him to remain for a final word, since bride and groom were to leave on an early evening train; the old man was to accompany them a part of the journey, and "the Stires place" was to be closed for an indefinite period.

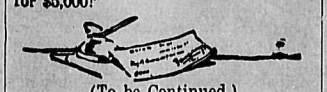
It was not long before the sound of gay voices and of carriage wheels came around the corner of the house, for the reception was to be curtailed. One by one he heard the carriages roll down the graveled driveway. A last chime of voices talking together—Harry could distinguish Hugh's voice now—and at length quiet told him the last of the guests were gone.

The east room was empty save for servants who were gathering some of the cut flowers for themselves. He stood aimlessly for a few moments looking about him. A white carnation lay at the foot of the dais, fallen from Jessica's shower bouquet. He picked this up, abstractedly smelled its perfume and drew the stem through his buttonhole. He heard voices in the library, and, opening the door, he entered.

In the room sat old David Stires in his wheel chair opposite his son. He was deadly pale, and his fierce eyes blazed like fire in tinder. And what a Hugh! Not the indolently gay prodigal Harry had known in the past nor the flushed bridegroom of a half hour ago! It was a cringing, a hangdog Hugh, with a slinking dread in the face, a trembling of the hands, a tense expectation in the posture. The thin line across his brow was a livid pallor. His eyes lifted to Harry's for an instant, then returned in a kind of fascination to a slip of paper on the desk, on which his father's forefinger rested, like a nail transfixing an animate infamy.

"We have married Jessica to a common thief!"

"Sanderson," said the old man in a low, hoarse, unnatural voice, "come in and shut the door. God forgive us! We have married Jessica to a common thief! Hugh, my son, my only child, whom I have forgiven beyond all reckoning, has forged my name to a draft for $5,000!"



(To be Continued.)

MILADY MOVES.

He moved into a roomy place
With roses round the door
And many blooms of brilliant hue
Man never saw before.

Upon its fair and broad expanse
A kitchen garden grows.
Its gently rolling upward slope
An orchard will disclose.

The homely barnyard chanticleers
Within its gates are found,
And scattered through its leafy nooks
The song birds sweet abound.

There is a mortgage on the roof—
Her spouse will vouch for that—
Nor does he bless the day on which
She moved into her hat.

—McLandburgh Wilson in New York Times.

On to Him.

Prodigal Son—Father, I have returned!

Father—Yes, gol dern ye! I thought you'd show up about the time the pretty summer boarders began to arrive at the farm!—New York World.

Oxford Bibles.

The Bible press of Oxford produces on an avearage 3,000 copies of the Bible, not to mention prayer books, every day. The skins of 100,000 animals are used every year for the covers of Oxford Bibles.

Flattered.

"Waal, I swan!" drawled the postmaster at Bacon Ridge. "Thar goes old Dr. Grimes."

"Yaas; the old man is getting to be quite a sport," chuckled one of the loungers—"shaves twice a week, puts b'ar's grease in his hair, wears his mustache pointed like a corkscrew and puts on a b'iled shirt once every Sunday."

"Gosh and hemlock! What's the old man up to?"

"Why, he thinks he's handsome!"

"What in tarnation gave him that idea?"

"Haven't you heard? The pretty schoolteacher from the city passed him on the road and asked him if he wasn't a 'beauty doctor.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Making a Garden.

I got some packages of seeds and planted
them in rows.
The land was freed
From clod and weed
And watered with a hose.

And where I planted early peas I take
my solemn vow
That early peas
Wave in the breeze
And gayly blossom now.

I hate to balk the humorists, but I am
forced to say
That beans have grown
Where beans were sown.
It sometimes works that way.

—Kansas City Journal.

Recognized the Umpire.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am learning a lot about baseball. I can pick out the umpire every time."

"Oh, you can!"

"Yes. He's the gentleman with the marcel waves on his chest."—Washington Star.

A Diamond Divorcee.

She made a hit and wed her first. She stole her second man,
fan. ball base- with a home She's third; her get to ficed sacri- Was

—W. B. Kerr in Judge.

BOWSER'S GOOD SPIRIT

Determined to Be Pleasant and Gives Wife a Surprise.

BUYS A LOT OF ANTIQUES.

Philosopher Hands Himself a Bouquet, but Mrs. Bowser's Criticisms Result in a Spoiled Anniversary, and Threats of a Divorce Follow.

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IT was half-past 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and Mrs. Bowser, who had been downtown to do a little shopping, had reached home and was feeling for her key to unlock the door when it was opened from within by Mr. Bowser. Her first thought was that he had come home ill, but the bland smile on his face proved to the contrary. Her next thought was that he had traded the place for a chicken farm and had come home to pack the furniture and get right out among the hens that night, but his words dispelled that.

"You are surprised, dear," he balmily said, "but a word will explain all. I came home early to give you a bit of surprise."

"A surprise?" she queried. "Why—why should you?"

"Do you know what date this is?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember what happened twenty-two years ago today?"

"No-o-o-o."

"No? Well, love, twenty-two years ago today I led one of the nicest little women in the world to the altar. That little woman stands before me."

"Oh, you mean it's our twenty-second wedding anniversary?"

"Exactly."

"And I had forgotten all about it. How nice of you to have kept track of it!"

"There's the difference between husbands and wives, Mrs. Bowser. It is always the husband that keeps sentiment alive after marriage. I have had this day in mind for long weeks."

"HE PAINTED IT WHILE IN PRISON."

"How good of you! I am ashamed that it had quite slipped my mind. *Think of it—twenty-two years ago!*"

"And there's never been an unkind word passed between us. Our married life has simply been a dream. I hope and trust we may see another twenty-second anniversary. Yes, twenty-two long years, dear, and no man has ever had a better little wife. If any one were to offer me a thousand dollars I couldn't mention one single fault on your side."

"You really make me blush. I know I have got a lot of faults, and it is kind of you to overlook them. So you have got something to surprise me?"

"I have, love. I have been hunting about for the last month. I wanted to render the occasion extra memorable."

"That's just like you. Shall I try to guess what it is?"

"You might guess for a week and you couldn't hit it. It's nothing in the line of jewelry?"

"No?"

"It isn't books or any article of clothing. It's no use for you to guess."

"You haven't gone and got me a parrot?" queried Mrs. Bowser, with her heart in her mouth, but determined to make the best of it if he had.

Mr. Bowser flushed up and then broke into laughter and slapped his leg and exclaimed:

"Hear the little one talk! A parrot! Gee whiz! No, dear, I haven't quite lost my senses yet. Come into the parlor with me. I wanted to get the things into the house without your seeing them, and I couldn't have managed it if you had not been out. It must have been the hand of Providence that guided you downtown this afternoon. Behold!"

Mrs. Bowser beheld.

She beheld an old stand.

She beheld an old chair.

She beheld an old oil painting with a broken, tarnished frame on it.

She beheld an old blue pitcher with the nose knocked off.

She beheld what seemed to be a silver salver covered with verdigris.

"W-what are they?" she asked as she sunk into the nearest chair and gasped for breath.

"Mementos of our twenty-second wedding anniversary, Mrs. Bowser, and I am proud and happy to present them to you. Each and every one of them will remind you of each and every day of our blissful married life. You will come to regard them as priceless."

Sentiment Surrounds Each Piece.

"But—but"—

"Oh, I will explain them to you. I shall have to in order to make you understand the sentiment and value. When I saw them at the dealer's I took them for a heap of old rubbish, but ten minutes later I knew they were just what I wanted. Listen, Mrs. Bowser. That stand once occupied the place of honor in the throne room of Julius Caesar."

Mrs. Bowser lost her breath and heard a dull roaring in her ears.

"Cleopatra sat in that chair when she hugged the asp to her bosom and was stung to death!"

Mrs. Bowser choked with the lump in her throat and wondered if she was going to die right then and there.

"That oil painting is by Aristotle. He painted it while in prison and awaiting trial for the killing of a girl who jilted him. When he came to trial it was the picture that saved him. His judges agreed that a man who could paint like that could not be guilty of murder. The painting was afterward stolen from him and at the end of twenty years was found in the house of Charlemagne, who had gobbled it. Whether Charlemagne was punished for his offense against the law is a matter lost in the lapse of time. All the old masters took this picture as a guide. In fact, it was the beginning of the old master business. Please remember what I have told you, so as to be able to explain it to your callers."

Mrs. Bowser gave a shiver and lost her memory in a flash.

"This old blue pitcher has a curious history. Cicero first presented it to Nero. After a year or two Nero presented it to Claudius. Then it passed from Claudius to Alexander the Great. It was while Alexander had it that he slipped on a banana peel and fell down and broke the nose off. It was then thrown on the scrap heap and was not heard of again for a hundred years. It then appeared on the banquet table of Cyrus, king of Persia, and we can trace it down through various hands until it finally reached those of Benedict Arnold. He left it behind when he fled from West Point, and it is said that this was the only sorrow he had. It is now in our possession, Mrs. Bowser, and will remain here as long as we live. That silver salver simply belonged to William the Conqueror. If you have anything to say you can have the floor."

Because Dealer Told Him So.

Mrs. Bowser had been sitting and silently praying for an earthquake or a cyclone to come, but neither is ever made to order. She had to speak, and after a great effort she said:

"Who—who told you about these things?"

"Why, the dealer I bought them of."

"And how do you know that he told you the truth?"

"Why, what possible object could he have in deceiving me? Of course he told me the truth."

"But history doesn't say that Aristotle was ever in love, ever in prison, or ever painted a picture."

"Suppose it doesn't? Do you think history has kept track of everything that's happened in the world? Mrs. Bowser, you show a disposition to carp, and I'm astonished."

"But how could Cicero present that old pitcher to Nero when they didn't live in the same century? There were no stuffed chairs in Cleopatra's time. Nero and Claudius were also a hundred years apart. It was very nice and thoughtful of you"—

"Mrs. Bowser," interrupted Mr Bowser as the red came into his face, "are you going to criticise these valuable mementos?"

"No, but you see"—

"I see that you would have preferred a fifteen cent pinchbeck breastpin to what I have collected here!" he shouted.

"You know I wouldn't, only"—

"Only out of the way, woman! I might have known how you would act. Relics of Nero, Claudius and Cleopatra, goodby!"

And, picking up the chair, he used it as a sledge to break and smash and splinter until a heap of broken stuff represented the history of a thousand years ago. When he had finished he broke the last leg off the chair, kicked the stuffing out and then stood with folded arms and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, our forty-second anniversary may come, our hundredth, our thousandth, but never again do I bring a memorial into this house—never! You telephone your lawyer and I will mine, and we'll have the divorce arranged for in an hour!"

M. QUAD.

Illustrated Definitions.

"Tipping the scales."

Something Alike.

"Music and the real estate business are something alike."

"How's that?"

"Sharps and flats play a large part in both."—Kansas City Times.

MAIDS OF HONOR.

Their Position in the Royal Household of England.

Maids of honor are chosen by the queen herself from among the daughters of peers, who if not themselves connected with the royal household are personal friends of her majesty. A letter is always sent to the parents of the young lady requesting that as a personal favor to the queen she may be permitted to attend at court. As the position is undeniable and the salary is £300 a year, the request is invariably accepted, and then the newly chosen maid receives from the lord chamberlain the command for her first "wait."

The first thing brought to the maid of honor is her badge, which is a miniature picture of the queen set in brilliants and suspended to a ribbon. Just before the dinner hour the maid of honor in waiting has to stand in the corridor outside the queen's private apartments. She carries a bouquet, which on entering the dining room she lays at the right hand of the queen's plate.

The maid of honor sits at dinner next to the gentleman on the queen's right. This rule is relaxed when royal guests are present. After dinner, unless otherwise commanded, the maid of honor retires to her own room, whence, however, she is frequently fetched to read, sing, play the piano or take a hand at cards.—Cassel's Saturday Journal.

CROWS ON GOLF LINKS.

One Fastidious Bird That Would Steal Only New Balls.

The crow seems to be attracted to golf balls in a way wholly peculiar from the rest of the bird species. In parks, where the rook and the crow abound, one can notice them sitting in the trees or hopping about the putting greens in the distance watching the roll of the ball with a direct or sidelong glance expressive of the keenest interest and curiosity, which is soon translated into a desire to carry it off to the roost in the neighboring wood.

The Kew gardens adjoin the mid-Surrey course, and in the royal preserve there used to be a fairly large colony of crows nesting among the trees. Of this colony there was one particular crow that found his greatest amusement in mingling among the golfers and in disconcerting their play by indulging in repeated predatory campaigns against their golf balls.

His policy was to hover in attendance on those players who used new white balls only. Those on which the paint had been chipped or which had been used in play for several rounds by an economical player were always rejected by this particular bird as being beneath his fastidious attention.—London Field.

The Normal Attitude Toward Death.

The normal attitude of men toward death seems to be one of inattention or evasion. They do not trouble about it; they do not want to trouble about it, and they resent its being called to their notice. On this point the late Frederick Myers used to tell a story which I have always thought very illuminating. In conversation after dinner he was pressing on his host the unwelcome question what he thought would happen after death. After many evasions and much recalcitrancy the reluctant admission was extorted, "Of course, if you press me I believe that we shall all enter into eternal bliss, but I wish you wouldn't talk about such disagreeable subjects." This I believe is typical of the normal mood of most men. They don't want to be worried, and though probably, if the question were pressed, they would object to the idea of extinction, they can hardly be said to desire immortality. Even at the point of death, it would seem, this attitude is often maintained.—G. Lowes Dickinson in Atlantic.

Old Thoughts on April.

Old Nikolas Breton, in those delightful "fantastics" (1626) of his, grew more lyrical over April than over any other month. One reads such a passage as this with delight: "The Larke and the Lambe look up at the Sun, and the labourer is abroad by the dawning of the day; Sheepes eyes in Lambs heads tell kind hearts strange tales, while faith and troth make the true Lovers knot; the aged haires find a fresh life, and the youthful cheeks are as red as a cherry. It were a world to set down the worth of this moneth; but in summe, I thus conclude, I hold it the Heavens blessing, and the Earths comfort."—London Chronicle.

To Live Long.

Virchow, the German scientist, said the way to live long is to "be born with a good constitution, take care of it when you are young, always have something to do and be resigned if you find you cannot accomplish all you wish." It is easier to live long with a poor constitution than to violate the other conditions and reach old age.

A Bad Spell.

"Poor Jacy! He never could spell, and it ruined him."

"How?"

"He wrote a verse to an heiress he was in love with, and he wrote 'boney' for 'bonny.'"

His Funny Look.

"Say, Daisy, did yer see when I took hold of yer hand the funny look yer ma gave me?"

"Go on, Tim, ma didn't give it to yer; you've always had it."—Life.

Let no man think he is loved by any man when he loves no man.—Epictetus.

BOWSER, RAINMAKER.

First Lets Wife Into Secret of His Latest Plan to Win Renown.

PROCEEDS TO EXPERIMENT.

Is Arrested by the Police, and Mrs. Bowser Makes a Statement After the Excitement Is All Over—Sheds Bitter Tears Over His Failure.

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WHEN Mr. Bowser came up from the office the other evening he left a package in the vestibule instead of carrying it into the house, and all through the dinner hour Mrs. Bowser was in complete ignorance that something was going to happen later on. Mr. Bowser was so good natured and talkative that she finally dared to ask him for a dollar to invest in stockings. While he didn't stand aghast, as usual, and refer to the poorhouse, he didn't hand it over, but went on talking as if he had not heard the request. Like a wise woman, she left the subject of the stockings until she should find a dollar in the road, and the cook remarked as they went upstairs that such balminess on the part of Mr. Bowser meant nothing less than that some one would be crippled before morning. Five minutes later he was saying to Mrs. Bowser:

"I did think last night that we would take in a theater this evening, but I find that I have something else on hand."

"Going to one of your clubs?" she queried.

"No."

"Are you thinking of writing a poem or a play?"

"Nothing of the kind. What I have on my mind contains such tremendous

"SHE DROPPED THE DISHPAN AND MADE A RUSH FOR HER ROOM."

possibilities for good or evil that I almost hesitate to state the case to you."

"You are not going to build a coop and buy chickens?"

"There you go with your sarcasm, same as you always have! By jinks, but I wonder if there is another wife like you in America! Coop! Chickens! Do I talk and act like an idiot? Why don't you ask me if I'm going to build a stall up in the garret and keep a giraffe there?"

"Forgive me, dear, but I happened to be thinking of chickens just as you spoke. There are tremendous possibilities for good or evil in chickens, aren't there?"

"Tremendous nonsense!" snorted Mr. Bowser, and he turned in disgust and went upstairs to chew the rag. He didn't mean to come down for two hours, but he had something on his mind he must get off or perish, and after ten minutes he was back again.

"Won't you please tell me what it is?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"It's a scientific matter, and you wouldn't understand it. Science is all Greek to any woman."

"But I'll try my hardest. Perhaps I can understand a little bit of it."

Mr. Bowser looked at her to see if she was guying him, and, being satisfied by her demure countenance and attitude that she was not, he melted and said:

"Well, you know what rain is, of course?"

"Yes; I have seen it rain several times in my life."

"And you know what a drought is?"

"Yes; we had one last summer. A drought is caused by the absence of rain."

"You know more than I thought for, but don't get giddy over it. The drought we had last summer caused this country a loss of a hundred million dollars. A rainstorm at intervals would have saved all that money. If we can get rain any time we want it the farmer is sure of big crops."

"I begin to see," said Mrs. Bowser. "You are going to turn rainmaker. I have read of them in the papers, but I thought they were not a success."

"There is the whole thing in a nutshell, Mrs. Bowser. More than a dozen so called savants have set out to make rain when wanted, but all have been miserable failures. They had the idea all right, but they couldn't deliver the goods. They might as well have tried to bring down the moon."

His Mode of Rainmaking.

"But you—you can make it rain?"

"Not the slightest doubt of it. Just wait a minute."

He went down the hall and opened the front door and returned with the package he had left in the vestibule. When the contents were exposed they seemed to consist of five roman candles.

"The necessary powders and liquids to bring about a gathering of the clouds and produce a precipitation are contained in these," he explained as he handled one of them with great reverence. The professor has been working for thirty years on the idea, and"—

"Oh, there's a professor in it, eh?" she interrupted.

"Well, yes. He was hard up, and he came to me as one scientific man comes to another. He wanted to be kept in the background, however. I am to reap all the glory of the discovery. What are you looking at me that way for?"

"Mr. Bowser, you've been worked again!"

"I deny it! I deny it!" he shouted as he waved the candle around his head. "I've got the greatest invention of the century, and you are jealous of me!"

"What professor is it?"

"Never you mind."

"How much did you pay him?"

"That's my business."

"Very well. I have nothing more to say. If I want a dollar for stockings"—

"You can have ten, a hundred, a thousand, but for heaven's sake have a little common sense. This is a sure thing. It's bound to bring in millions. You can wait a day or two without its killing you. In a week you can buy out all the stocking factories in the United States. I am going to bring rain within two hours."

"Do you think you can?"

"Think! Why, I know I can! This is a frosty night, and there's an inch of snow on the ground. I'll fire these candles into the air, and you watch the results. In half an hour the air will be balmy; in an hour the snow will be gone; in another hour we will be having an April shower."

"But it has always been a failure," said Mrs. Bowser even as she tried to look hopeful.

"Yes, and why? Why? Because Bowser was not in it, because the so called savants were fakers. They might as well have shot into treetops to bring down rabbits. Now, not another word from you. I have always succeeded and shall this time. I'll go right out and begin the performance. Just sit tight and wait for the April shower."

Like Fourth of July.

As he went downstairs and passed through the kitchen on his way to the back yard the cook caught sight of the candles, and with a yell she dropped the dishpan and made a rush for her room at the top of the house, where she could jump into bed and cover up her head. Five minutes later he was whirling a blazing torch in his hand, and balls of fire were shooting heavenward. By the time the last ball had ascended there seemed to be thirty men and boys in the alley. Mrs. Bowser was at a rear window, and as the second candle was ready to be lighted Mr. Bowser called to her:

"It's great! It's a success! The thermometer has risen 20 degrees already!"

The second candle increased the crowd, a portion of which invaded the yard, and one man had the impudence to say to Mr. Bowser:

"Say, old man, what's your brand? This is no Fourth of July."

The third candle may be said to have closed the performance. It went off to the accompaniment of cheers and yells and whoops, and that April shower was only a few miles away and coming like an express train when two policemen grabbed the savant and announced in chorus:

"Come along with us, you blamed lunatic!"

As announced above, I was at a rear window looking on.

I saw the crowd and heard the whoops.

I realized that something was bound to happen, but I was powerless to prevent it.

I saw the arrival of the police.

I saw Mr. Bowser led struggling away.

I saw that coming April shower halt and turn back.

All the rest of the night I sat up waiting for Mr. Bowser's return, but he did not appear.

It was only at 10 o'clock next forenoon, after he had been arraigned in court and fined $10, that he came scuffling home.

"Well, did it rain where you were?" I asked, but was sorry a second later.

Mr. Bowser never said a word about divorce or my going home to mother, but sat down on the lounge and shed tears—real tears—and murmured that the world was "agin" him. Poor man!

MRS. BOWSER.

Per M. Quad.

Purely Patriotic.

Mistress (to cook)—But, Minna, you said you wouldn't have anything more to do with soldiers.

Cook—Ah, ma'am, I find the love of my fatherland can't be so easily extinguished.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

A WRONG NOTION.

Every Woman Doesn't Take to Housekeeping Naturally.

The notion seems to be prevalent because a woman is a woman she ought to know how to keep house, just as many think when she becomes a mother she will instinctively know how to care for and bring up the baby.

Both are prevalent notions that have done much harm. The haphazard housekeeping that rules in many a home is often the result of this very belief that knowledge of housework will come as naturally as a duck takes to water.

A girl would not undertake bookkeeping or even the most ordinary business position without having studied for it to some extent. What a sorry mess she would make of it if she did, and how quickly she would lose her position! But a girl will enter blithely into matrimony without the slightest preparation for the housekeeping that is as sure a part of it in nine cases out of ten as the putting on of the wedding ring. And housekeeping is a business, a profession, an art. As compared with the ordinary business life it is as calculus to short division.

If the new housekeeper be an exceptional, earnest, ambitious, conscientious girl she may win out in time, but through much tribulation.

If she be a girl of less fine caliber she struggles along for awhile, then gives up in despair. Housework becomes a synonym of unpleasant, uncongenial work, of drudgery, and she drifts into the haphazard, unthrifty kind that is one of the smoothest worn roads to the divorce court, though it is not often so named in the suit.

Training would have obviated all this and in addition put a keen joy into the work she has elected to do of which the untrained has little comprehension.

When a woman thoroughly and scientifically understands housekeeping it becomes a delight. It is first a joy to know that she is giving her loved ones a home in the truest sense of the word, bright, beautiful, sanitary, healthful; to know she is spending the family income wisely; that she is getting value received for her money; that she is providing nourishing food so combined chemically at each meal as to give the highest food value and the utmost palatableness.

In addition to the joy of this personal science there is the professional delight of meeting and mastering the problems that arise. They are just as big as, often far more important and farreaching than, the problems of the business girl's day. The untrained do not know there are such problems, or if a big matter does come up which they feel they are not capable of coping with they skirt in a dissatisfied way around the edge of it because they know not what else to do with it. Not so the trained woman. She grapples it and conquers it as the stenographer does a hard letter or the bookkeeper her trial balance. And she has the same keen joy the business woman experiences in performing her work well, but with the added happiness of knowing this is not business, but the work of making loved ones happy.

Use Linen Strips in Packing.

If you go off on frequent jaunts it is a great help to have the following articles, which with a machine can be made in a few moments and after using can be laid away for future use. Bind strips of linen in different colors about a yard wide and three-quarters of a yard long with white linen tape or merely hem them if you prefer to save the time. In the green one, we will say, lay your linen and plain white waists. Fold it over and button or pin together with safety pins.

In the blue one place your lingerie waists. In smaller ones of suitable sizes put your stocks and belts, in another your veils, with a stiff square of cardboard to hold them flat. Bind squares fifteen or sixteen inches and sew tapes to one corner for your shoes, which can be rolled up like a package diagonally, with the ends turned in and tied.

Vary these colors for convenience in finding them. You can outline in embroidery cotton, if you care to, "Ties," "Pumps," "Shoes," "Rubbers," or merely pin a written label on each. The cases containing these accessories can be laid in a drawer on your arrival.

She Will Outgrow It.

The hatband shown is the latest device for protecting children from too

demonstrative friends. It is suggested that the little maid will outgrow her own motto in the course of time.

Keeping Cakes Fresh.

Cookies put in an earthen jar lined with clean cloth, while they are still hot and kept covered close, will be much more melting and crumbly than if they were allowed to cool in the air.

AN UNCERTAIN RIVER.

The Indus Has a Bad Habit of Changing Its Channel.

The river Indus in width during the year may vary by miles. Traffic for long distances cannot be guaranteed because the ever shifting channel throws up mud flats and sand banks here and overwhelms good land there in a manner which defeats the wisdom of the ancient boatmen.

With the Indus, too, it is not merely a question of land or water. There is always a gamble as to the kind of land which the river will recede from. In one place it will leave magnificent soil ready at once to take a splendid crop of wheat even if the winter rains, as is too often the case, amount to nothing. In another the greater moisture will only allow leguminous plants of country peas and pulses. In the dampest ooze of depressions a plant caller shamuka is produced, of little value save as fodder, but beautiful with its bright green color and excellent to the sportsman as an attraction to flocks of gray and bar headed geese. Other lands again will grow nothing but long reeds and low tamarisk scrub. These, if properly placed in the neighborhood of fields, have their value as preserves for black partridges and hare, but for utilitarian purposes can only provide materials for hunting or at best give employment to the makers of fan handles; but, alas, there is the possibility that in the place of soil—good, bad or indifferent—sand only may be thrown up, and the Indus has a bad reputation for the amount of sand it carries. Native lore gives the river the title of "fille de joie."

THE FIRST STEAMSHIPS.

Screw Propellers Did Not Come Into Use Until 1850.

"We are prone to smile at the archaic prototypes of our modern steamships," writes Gustav H. Schwab in Harper's Weekly, "at their diminutive size, their clumsy build, their huge paddle boxes and their single slender smoke pipe, but we do not stop to think of the few brave men of those days who, undaunted by the opposition and ridicule of most of their fellows, persisted in their efforts to supplant sail by steam and who finally by sheer pluck and perseverance succeeded in these efforts."

The Savannah, which crossed the Atlantic in 1819, was a full rigged packet ship to which had been added a small one cylinder steam engine turning two paddle wheels, which were set in motion in smooth water when the wind failed. For two-thirds of the way across the Savannah depended solely upon her sails. In 1833 the Royal William made the passage in twenty-five days, under steam the whole way. In 1837 the Great Western was constructed, but her unusual length of 230 feet gave rise to many apprehensions as to her safety. The first screw steamship was built in 1850, and eight years later the Bremen made the passage in fifteen days. In 1862 the Scotia cut down the time from Queenstown to less than nine days. From that time on the record has been gradually reduced.

Pins.

Queen Catherine obtained pins from France, and in 1543 an act was passed "That no person shall put to sale any pinnes but only such as shall be double headed and have the heads soldered fast to the shank of the pinnes, well smoothed, the shank well shapen, the points well round filed, cauted and sharpened."

At this time most pins were made of brass, but many were also made of iron, with a brass surface. France sent a large number of pins to England until about the year 1626. In this year one John Tilsby started pinmaking in Gloucestershire. So successful was his venture that he soon had 1,500 persons working. These pins made at Stroud were held in high repute. In 1636 pinmakers combined and founded a corporation. The industry was carried on at Bristol and Birmingham, the latter becoming the chief center.—London Standard.

How Mandarins Rank.

Mandarins in China may be distinguished by the birds which decorate their uniforms as well as by their buttons. Mandarins of the first rank have a bird known as the fung embroidered on their clothes. Mandarins of the second rank have their robes adorned by the figure of a cock. Mandarins of the third rank have a peacock. Mandarins of the fourth rank are adorned with a pelican. Those of the fifth rank are easily distinguished by the silver pheasant, those of the sixth rank are favored by a stork, mandarins of the seventh rank have a partridge, mandarins of the eighth rank quail and mandarins of the ninth rank the humble sparrow.

Enforced the Rules.

Museum Attendant—You'll plaze lave your umbreller or cane at the door, sor. Visitor—Very proper regulation. But it happens I have neither. Attendant—Then go and get wan. No one is allowed to enter unless he laves his umbreller or cane at the door. You may read the card for yourself, sor!—London Tit-Bits.

Diplomacy.

"You persuaded your husband to join a glee club?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Biggins; "when he starts to sing at home I can now advise him not to tire his voice, and when he sings in the club I can't hear him."

The asp borrows poison from the viper.—Latin Proverb.

THE CABBAGE CURE.

Old Ezekiel Had Long Been Wanting a Boiled Dish.

"This idea that people thrive best on the food they like best is not as modern as you seem to think," said the old doctor to the young doctor. "When Ezekiel Holmes was something over 100 years old he was taken sick, and my grandfather, one of the best physicians in that section, was called in to see him after the family had done their worst to make him better.

"Grandfather pronounced Mr. Holmes very ill and told the family that the end was probably near—he might not live out the night. As soon as this news spread through the neighborhood several friends called to sit up or watch with the sufferer. Among them was a sea captain, who took the second watch.

"A little after midnight Mr. Holmes awoke and said the doctor was starving him. The captain asked what he would like to eat.

"'Corned beef and cabbage,' replied the old man.

"The captain found some in the pantry—it was a staple dish in those days—and gave him a generous plateful, reasoning, as he said afterward, that so long as the old man's hours were numbered he might as well have what he wanted while he lasted. After eating heartily Mr. Holmes said he felt much better and went quietly to sleep. The next morning, when grandfather called, he found his patient on the road to recovery. The old man not only got well, but kept so for four or five years afterward, and he always stoutly declared that his midnight meal had cured him.

"'I'd been wanting a boiled dish a fortnight,' he used to say, 'and mother wouldn't let me have it. But I worked a traverse on her and got well.'"—Youth's Companion.

"MATUSHKA VOLGA."

Melody of Sorrow Heard in Prison and Palace in Russia.

There is an air so popular in Russia that it is even more familiar than their national anthem to the people of that great, mysterious empire. I have heard it in all parts of the czar's dominions from the Baltic sea to Bering strait and from Archangel to the Caspian, in the glittering palaces of Petersburg and in foul prison dens of Siberia.

It is a simple melody in the minor key, suggestive, like most Slav music, of sorrow and unrest, and it is called "Matushka (or Mother) Volga," as for some cryptic reason every Russian, be he noble or nihilist, is taught from childhood to regard this great river in the light of a maternal relative. Yet the river is full of sad associations, for convicts formerly traveled a portion of the journey to Siberia along its broad, sluggish stream.

I can never forget the haunting sweetness of "Matushka Volga" as I heard it sung on a prison barge one quiet summer evening by a party of fettered politicals banished to the great lone land of exile, for "Mother Volga" was their last link with home and the loved ones they might never meet again.

Fortunately the condemned are now sent into Asia by the Transsiberian railway, and the unhappy exile is spared at least one bitter parting—that from his well beloved "Mother Volga."

A Curious Tree.

One of the natural curiosities of south Mashonaland is a "German sausage tree." It bears deep crimson flowers, three inches long, in blazing bunches of twelve, but when the tree fruits into fat, substantial, sausage-like pods there remain no leaves, and it looks like a sausage larder indeed. These beans are twenty inches long and twelve inches in girth and are beloved of the native tribe of Shangaans and baboons. But the tribe of the Karenga are a very superior people and would never deign to eat them. There can be no reason for this, as at least no one can accuse these "sausages" of being connected in any way with dogs or cats.—Natal Witness.

May Cure Snoring Too.

"I've found a cure for nightmare," said the man who will eat despite his subsequent sufferings. "When I go to bed at night I slip a string through an empty spool, secure the spool firmly so it will not slide and then tie the string around my waist in such a way that the spool comes in the middle of my back. The result is that if I try to turn on my back in my sleep I lie on the spool, and I can assure you it awakens me promptly. No; it isn't pleasant to be wakened in that way, but it is better than having to go through one of the diabolical nightmares from which I have suffered for several years."—New York Press.

Must Keep It Dry.

The teacher had explained to a primary class the difference between solids and liquids and illustrated her points by objects kept on a table. When she thought her pupils had grasped the idea she held up her watch and asked, "Now, children, must I put this among the solids or among the liquids?" "Among the solids, teacher," a bright little boy replied. "Why not among the liquids?" she asked. "Because," replied the little fellow—"because if you do you will get it wet."

All About Her.

Winkle—See that little woman in black over there? I'll bet there are more men crazy about that woman than any woman in town. Hinkle—What makes you think so? Winkle—Well, she's the matron out at the insane asylum.

Without a friend the world is a wilderness.—German Proverb.

A REAL ESTATE EXPERT.

His Right to the Title Not Shaken by Cross Examination.

The late Mr. N. J. Bradlee was summoned to appear as an expert on real estate in Boston some years ago in a lawsuit over the value of certain property. The lawyer on the other side, not knowing Mr. Bradlee, undertook to counteract his testimony. In the cross examination the questions and answers were somewhat as follows:

"What did you say your business was, Mr. Bradlee?" began the lawyer. "Well, I have charge of a good many trusts, mostly real estate," said Mr. Bradlee. "How much real estate have you ever had charge of at one time?" "Well, I don't think I can say exactly." "But how much should you guess?" "I couldn't even guess." "Well, sir, would you say it was $5,000 worth?" "I should put it as high as that, certainly." "Would you put it as high as $10,000?" "Yes." "Fifteen thousand?" "Yes." "Twenty-five thousand?" "Yes." "Fifty thousand?" "Yes." "A hundred thousand?" "Yes." "Five hundred thousand?" "Yes." "A million?" "Yes." "Well, how many millions?" roared the astonished lawyer, who only now began to discover that he had caught a tartar. "Well," said Mr. Bradlee very coolly, "I told you at the start I couldn't say, but since you insist on it I will roughly estimate it at say a hundred millions." "You may stand down," said the attorney, who was soon nonsuited.—Argonaut.

DIMINUTIVE FARMS.

Those in Portugal Have Been Cut Up into Very Small Portions.

The Portuguese are an extremely conservative people. Every one follows rigidly the methods employed by his father and forefathers. In very many parts of the country the old wooden plows are still used.

When a man dies, instead of one of the heirs taking the whole property and paying the remaining heirs for their parts, the whole property is divided into as many parts as there are heirs. More than this, each separate part of the property is thus divided.

Thus, if a property consisted of ten acres of pasture land, eighty of vineyard and ten of grain land and there were ten heirs, each heir would receive one acre each of grain and pasture land and eight acres of vineyard. This process has been going on for a very long time, so that now in the most fertile part of Portugal the land is divided into incredibly small portions.

The immediate result of this, according to the United States consular reports, is that the product of the land is barely sufficient at best to sustain its owners. South of the river Tagus, on the other hand, there are enormous tracts of excellent land lying unused, but it has been found impossible to induce the farmers of the north to move into this region and take up large holdings.

Inherited.

"I entertained some friends at dinner the other night at a well known hotel in Boston," said a New Yorker, just returned from the Hub, "and was served by an ebony giant on whom lampblack would make a white mark. It is the custom at that particular hostelry for the waiters to write their own orders. Upon receiving my bill I could scarcely check the items. The spelling bore no similarity to any other under the sun.

"'Sam,' I said, 'this is the worst spelling I ever saw,' and added facetiously, 'where did you learn to spell?'

"Without moving a muscle Sam replied courteously, 'I reckon, boss, I must have inherited it from my ancestors.'

"The laugh being on me, Sam got an extra tip."

General Washington on Looting.

Headquarters, Sept. 6, 1776.—The Gen'l is Resolved to put a stop to Plundering or converting Publick or Private Property to their own Use when taken off or found by any Soldier, he therefore calls upon all the Men to exert themselves against it, and if the Coll. or other Officers of Reg'ts see or know of any Horses, furniture, Merchandize and such other Property in the hands of any Officer or Soldier and does not Immediately take hold of it, giving immediate notice of it to their Brigadeer Gen'l, such Officers will be deemed a Party, brought to Court Martial & broke with Infamy. For let it ever be Remembered that no Plundering Army was ever a Successful one. — From General Washington's Personal Order Book in Journal of American History.

Too Public.

The young lady, with her fiance, was awaiting a street car. After several cars had passed and they could not get aboard the young man became impatient. When the next car stopped at the corner he leaped upon the platform and said in pleading terms, "Come on, Mary; we can manage to squeeze in here, can't we?" The young woman colored slightly, but bravely replied, "I suppose we can, dear, but don't you think we had better wait until we get home?"

A Protest.

Dolly—We had to practice Chopin for three hours today, mamma.

Mrs. Parvenoo—Really, my dear, shoppin' is all very well, but your papa sent you to the ladies' hacademy to learn music an' that sort o' thing."—London Mail.

The very act of life, so far as I have been able to observe, consists in fortitude and perseverance. — Sir Walter Scott.

HER PICTURE CARD.

It Brought About an Understanding Between the Lovers.

By ANNETTE DUMOIS.

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"It's kind of lonesome since pa died, but I can't seem to make up my mind to Silas some way."

The speaker had a worried look in her bright blue eyes as she dropped a fresh batch of doughnuts into the frying pan, saying, "Just six an' no more, say I, an' then they won't soak fat."

"Your doughnuts cert'nly do come out jest right, Sophrony," said the little dressmaker as she snapped her thread with a twist of her finger. "Seems as if I could not work half so fast since I got these store teeth an' can't bite off my thread any more. Silas is forehanded an' well meanin', though he ain't as handsome as some."

"Oh, I don't mind red hair myself," replied Sophrony amiably, "but"—

"It's time you was gettin' settled," persisted the dressmaker. "You never was cut out for an old maid."

She eyed Sophrony's comfortable curves with appreciation. "Let's see—you're thirty, come August. You was born the day our Betsy had them twin calves—dretful cute little critters they was. One had a white ring around his eye. Now, if you was little an' skimpy, like me, you'd be a proper old maid."

Her black eyes twinkled behind the gold bowed specs as she continued: "I ain't never felt the loss of a man yet. He'd be sure to want the rocker jest when Marcus Aurelius had to hev it." (Marcus was the spoiled Angora.) "I calkerlate I've hed two chances, though leastwise one of 'em was an out an' outer; the other was a seafarin' man, so I don't know. No, Sophrony; I've ate two already," declining the tempting circles, "but I might take a drop more tea. Too bad Sam Jenkins got

"SOPHRONY, DID YOU SEND ME A PICTURE CARD?"

stove up so," she said, with a sharp side glance at the girl.

She gave a satisfied nod as the rich red flamed in Sophrony's cheeks. "Who'd 'a' thought that plow would strike dynamite in his old ten acre lot? Nobody knows how it came there, neither. He was such a likely young feller an' dretful handsome"—

"His face ain't hurt none," interrupted Sophrony, rattling the stove covers aimlessly.

"They say when he gets them newfangled legs with joints he'll be as good as new, barrin' his three fingers. Lucky 'twas the left hand, say I. Didn't he uster come over here a lot?" questioned Miss Perkins.

"Yes, for quite a spell." Sophrony turned around and allowed the tears to roll over her plump cheeks without any pretense. "That's why I can't make up my mind to Silas, I guess. But a woman can do nothin', an' Sam's sort of backward."

"My grief, I should say so—when a man couldn't get up spunk to ask a girl till she's most thirty!"

"He knew I wouldn't leave pa," excused Sophrony. "I went over to inquire, but Mary Jane said he wouldn't let anybody inside the house."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the dressmaker. "I kind of mistrusted how things was," she sympathized, "but he's jest sensitive, that's what. Likely he says to himself, 'I ain't got no right to ask any woman to tie up to a one legger.'"

"I'd rather have Sam with one leg than any other body with two," half sobbed Sophrony. "Oh, Miss Perkins, it does me a sight of good to speak out! I've just been bottled up till it seems as if I should bust."

"There, there, Sophrony; you jest think reel hard that things is goin' to come out right, an' they're bound to. I've been readin' some of the new thought papers lately, an' there's a heap o' comfort in 'em. Why don't you send him a picture card?" she asked suddenly.

"Mebbe I might," said the girl doubtfully.

"You jest send him a pritty one, an' we'll see," said the little dressmaker as she put on her modified "Merry Widow."

"Some way I feel a heap better than when you came, Miss Perkins. Everybody says you're the village comfort, anyway," said Sophrony. "I wish I had your pompadour. You keep your hair wonderful well," gazing admiringly at the wavy gray hair.

"Nonsense!" with a pleased flush, however. "The Perkinses all have good heads o' hair. Runs in some families, I guess."

"I know just what she'll pick out," soliloquized the spinster on her way home, "somethin' with hearts an' a pagoda with doves in it. That ain't what a man wants who's all stove up an' got the grumps. I will! I vum!"

The little dressmaker retraced her steps to the village "emporium," where she carefully scanned the stock of cards. Finally her eye lighted on the picture of the "Ministering Angel." "It's jest the ticket," she chuckled. On a flowery couch reclined a young man, and a young woman was offering him a plate of most impossible looking fruit with an air of tender solicitude. The motto read:

I fain would soothe thy wearied hours
With all a woman's powers.
'Tis woman's place to serve and wait
Upon a loving mate.

Miss Perkins wrote something on the card and firmly affixed a one cent stamp.

"There; I guess that'll set him to thinkin' anyway."

After tea Sophrony sat by the window knitting in the dusk when she saw Mary Jane going into a neighbor's.

"She won't get away from there for an hour. Miss Parks is an everlastin' talker," commented Sophrony. "I've a half mind to run over an' inquire, just neighborly like. He might be in the sittin' room with Louisy."

With fast beating heart the girl whipped her best pink shawl around her and started out. Sure enough, Sam was in the easy chair with his crutches on the floor beside him, and Louisy, his twelve-year-old sister, was doing sums. Sophrony could see them through the window as she tiptoed up the gravel path.

"Come in, Sophrony!" shouted the young man as he caught the sound of her voice in the hallway.

"My," whispered Louisy, "he ain't seen nobody since he was hurt!"

Sophrony trembled, but said cheerily, "Hello, Sam!" in her usual fashion. As Louisy disappeared after a pitcher of cider in hospitable manner Sam leaned forward with a nervous flush on his thin face as he asked hurriedly, "Sophrony, did you send me a picture card?"

"Mebbe I did an' mebbe I didn't," answered the girl nervously, laughing and blushing.

"Don't fool, Sophrony. Quit it. Did you?"

"Yes, Sam," she replied, sobered up by his earnestness.

"Did you mean it?" he demanded.

Sophrony looked bewildered. What was the motto? She could not remember. She had just picked out a "pretty" one, as the dressmaker had surmised. It would do no harm to say "Yes" anyway.

"Did you, Sophrony?" he persisted. "Would you put up with a man who has only one leg?"

"Indeed, I would if it 'twas you, Sam," replied Sophrony honestly.

"Come over here, my girl," entreated Sam, holding out his arms longingly. All his shyness seemed to have disappeared.

Sophrony went and knelt beside his chair, and as his arms closed around her Sam said, "If it hadn't been for this blessed card"—he pulled it out of his breast pocket—"I'd never have had the courage to ask you."

Sophrony caught her breath sharply as she looked at it. "Oh, Sam," then she hesitated, "I never sent that one, but," she added hastily as she read the verse, "I would have if I'd seen it. I think it's just lovely."

Sam drew the pretty, blushing face against his shoulder again. "Well, it's all right, then. But, see, here are your initials down in the corner. Who do you suppose sent it?"

"It's that blessed little dressmaker," said Sophrony, with a flash of comprehension.

"Land o' Goshen! I guess there'll be a weddin' in this family 'fore long—teehee," giggled Louisy from the doorway, almost dropping the pitcher of cider in her excitement.

"I just guess there will," replied Sam masterfully.

Waked Them Up.

It is related of an eccentric chaplain to a foreign court that he became so annoyed in consequence of his audience, or, rather, congregation, making a practice of going to sleep during his sermons that he resorted to the following "awakening" expedient. In the midst of one of his sermons he drew forth a harmonicon from his pocket and began to play. The one or two who were still awake, astonished to see such a performance in a pulpit, awoke those who slept, and pretty soon everybody was lively as well as being filled with wonder. This was the preacher's opportunity, for he at once commenced a most severe castigatory discourse, in the course of which he said, "When I announce to you sacred and important truths you are not ashamed to go to sleep, but when I play the fool you are all eye and ear."

No One to Run It.

The agent had dwelt eloquently and at some length upon the superior merits of the heater he was trying to introduce into the homes of Saymouth, but the woman at the door had looked thoughtfully into the distance, away from his compelling eyes, as she listened.

"Why," said the agent at last, "a child could run that heater."

"We have no children," said the woman conclusively as she shut the door and locked it.—Youth's Companion.

THE DISPOSSESSED HEART.

FAIR Mabel had a dainty waist,
A triumph of the fashion's art;
But, ah, so tightly was it laced
There wasn't room for Mabel's heart!

The hapless heart was in despair.
"I must beat somewhere! I believe
I've heard a pretty girl will wear
Her heart sometimes upon her sleeve."

But Mabel's sleeve clung like a skin
To Mabel's softly rounded arm.
The beating heart could not squeeze in.
It looked about in vague alarm.

"Well, well, I must try other routes!
Of timid maids I've heard it said
Often their hearts are in their boots."
And downward then it quickly sped.

"Ah, this place," said the heart, "I choose!"
Alas, it found no room to beat—
The little patent leather shoes
So snugly fitted Mabel's feet.

Now, though deep fear the poor heart smote,
It thought: "Sometimes a girl can't sing
Because her heart is in her throat.
I do believe that's just the thing."

To Mabel's lovely throat it stole,
But once again—poor, luckless wight—
It failed to reach its longed for goal—
Her collar was so high and tight.

The desperate heart, despairing, sighed:
"There's no place left but Mabel's hat.
Aha! I'm saved!" with joy, it cried,
For there was lots of room on that!
—Carolyn Wells in Saturday Evening Post.

The Kind.

"I want some cigars for my husband, please."

"Yes, madam. What kind?"

"I don't quite know, but he's a small man and always dresses in black!"

Billy's Predicament.

Sister Bessie came running home from the church bazaar in breathless excitement.

"Oh, mamma," she panted, "Billy met with an accident down at the bazaar."

"Dear me!" sighed the mother. "What mischief is he in now? I declare he's a bitter pill."

"Oh, but he won't be so bitter now. He's sugar coated. He just fell into the tub of soft molasses taffy."—St. Louis Republic.

Awakened Sympathy.

"When the balmy zephyrs come stealing o'er the scene," said the young man with feathery hair, "doesn't it make you feel kinder toward human nature to dream of being on the moonlit lake with your light guitar waking the echoes with song?"

"It does," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "It makes me feel kinder than I did before toward the fellow that rocks the boat."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Crusty Bachelor.

Crusty Bachelor—Yes, since I have been in this hotel, surrounded by so much beauty, I have carried a rabbit's foot."

Pretty Girl—Ah, in the hope of winning some congenial partner?

Crusty Bachelor—No; to keep me from falling a victim.—Chicago News.

The Safest Way.

"You never show your age!"

She blushed prettily.

"Well, I'm sure," she said, "it's kind of you to say so."

"Yes," resumed the older woman, closing the family Bible. "It's been scratched out some time, hasn't it?"—Atlanta Constitution.

His Structure.

Frayed Frederick—Dere's a ole saying dat ev'ry guy is de arkertect uv his own forchune.

Tattered Theodore—Dat's right. By bein' ekernomic an' savin' I've built up a colossal pile dat looks like twenty-t'ree cents.—Boston Transcript.

Hurried It Up.

"Didn't you propose to her sooner than you expected?"

"Yes; but, you see, old man, I didn't want to exhaust all my topics of conversation before we were married."—New York Life.

Letting the Cat Out.

"Say, grandma, make a noise like a frog," coaxed little Tommy.

"What for, my son?"

"Why, papa says that when you croak we'll get $5,000."—Success Magazine.

The Difference.

Knicker—Why the dickens has it taken you an eternity to dress?

Mrs. Knicker—And when it took you five years to propose I said, "This is so sudden."—New York Sun.

WIDOW PLIMPTON'S ANSWER.

She Had Waited a Long Time For the Question.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Gilbert Butler whistled softly as he strode along the road that bright May morning. When the white gate of the Plimpton farm gleamed in the distance he paused for a brief instant, and the whistle died away into silence.

"She loves me. I know she does. It's nothing but sheer contrariness to keep me dangling along. I swear I'll settle this matter today or"— Gilbert paused and swallowed hard. Then his big brown clinched fist fell to his side and he resumed his walk.

The Widow Plimpton sat on the step of the side porch making flower wreaths—heaps of yellow eyed daisies, dark green ivy and box, an armful of purple lilies, a mass of syringa blooms and a few very early roses which the hot month had forced into flower.

"Good morning," said Gilbert Butler from the stone wall.

Widow Plimpton raised a sweet face to his, a face framed in dusky hair,

"IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, THEN, AIN'T IT?" HE ASKED.

with cheeks like pink roses and golden brown eyes. "Good morning, Gilbert," she said gravely.

"Going to the cemetery, I see," said Butler disagreeably.

"Of course. It is Memorial day."

"You go there every Sunday, too," said Gilbert quickly.

Anna Plimpton crimsoned indignantly. "Why shouldn't I?" she asked haughtily.

"It's a heathenish custom. Ain't it enough that George Plimpton should have got killed down there in Cuba fighting those Spaniards and then to be brought home and buried with military honors, and just because you're his widder"—

"Because I am his widow I shall continue to express my love and respect for his memory by visiting his grave as often as I please. You must be very small minded, Gilbert Butler, to grudge a few flowers to a dead soldier."

Gilbert reddened to his ears, and his blue eyes flashed ominously. "I don't grudge the flowers, Anna," he said with slow deliberation, "but it seems to me if you could spare a little kindness to some folks that are alive, meaning myself, it would make more real happiness. George, he's been dead nine years, and I been coming to see you for five of 'em."

Widow Plimpton rose to her feet and daintily shook the broken leaves and stems from her white gown. Then she slipped four wreaths over her arm and descended the steps."

"I'm going up to the graveyard now, Gilbert. Will you go with me?" she asked gently.

"I can't," he said almost roughly. "You're not treating me fairly, Anna. If I were dead up there in the graveyard you'd come and put flowers on my mound, but just because I'm alive you grudge me one bit of happiness. You have never given me an answer to that question I asked you."

Anna Plimpton bit her red lip reflectively. "If you will go home and think the matter over quietly perhaps you may discover why your question may not have been answered."

She went out of the gate and disappeared up the white path that led to the cemetery on the hill.

Gilbert stared after her with fascinated eyes until she disappeared among the clustering cedars; then he took her advice and went home.

All that day he wrestled with the problem. What reason could there be for Anna's withholding that long delayed and coveted "Yes?" Was he not industrious, of good habits, possessed of comfortable means and not ill looking? And there wasn't another living man whom Anna had favored with her smiles, and yet—

"By thunder!" he exclaimed at last. "It must be because I'm so all fired mean spirited as to be jealous of a dead man. She's seen it right along and despised me for it."

He sat there an hour and thought deeply. At last he went into the house and opened the door of the sitting room.

In the square bow window luxuriating in the waning sunlight were Aunt Heppy's calla lilies. Twelve stately plants they were, and each one bore two snowy blossoms, twenty-four in all. Aunt Heppy had nursed them tenderly all winter, and now—they were rewarding her care.

Deliberately he drew out his knife and cut the lilies from the plants. As he turned away with his arms full of the long stemmed beauties the door opened and Aunt Heppy's horrified eyes fastened upon him.

"Gilbert Baker, are you crazy?" she shrieked.

"I guess I am," said Gilbert dryly as he reached into his pocket and drew forth a five dollar bill. "I've got to have these, Aunt Heppy. You take this money—the sewing society's seen the lilies anyway—you won't miss 'em."

He was gone, and Aunt Heppy sank into a chair and looked dazedly from the five dollar bill over to the denuded plants in the window.

"For the land's sake! The boy's crazy!" she ejaculated at last, tucking the money away in her pocket.

Just as the red sun dipped behind the high cemetery hill Gilbert Baker toiled wearily up the white path. In his arms he held a rude wooden cross, to which he had clumsily tied the calla lilies. Some of the snowy bloom was marred by his awkward fingers, but his patient labor had not been in vain, for at a little distance the white cross shone a lovely symbol.

The cemetery was deserted. Over in the Plimpton plot he saw a glimpse of purple flowers and slowly made his way into the space inclosed in a hedge of arbor vitae.

On the low grassy mound were laid Anna's offerings—wreaths of daisies and box, syringa and ivy, purple lilies and evergreen. A little flag was stuck in an iron standard at the head of the young soldier's grave.

Gilbert solemnly laid his cross on the other emblems. "I made a cross because he was Episcopal," he muttered softly.

When he straightened up his startled eyes looked straight into the soft brown ones of Anna Plimpton.

"I—I didn't know you were here. I thought everybody was gone," he said awkwardly, fingering his hat.

"I came back to look at it again," she said softly. "What a beautiful cross! Did you make it, Gilbert?"

He nodded curtly. "I took your advice, Anna, and thought things over, and I guess the reason you won't give me an answer is because I'm such a low down, jealous minded fool. I didn't feel quite so mean after that, and I wanted to show him"— He gestured toward the grave.

Anna came and stood beside him. "I have been sorry you felt that way about him," she said in a queer little voice, "but that is not the reason why I have never answered your question, Gilbert."

"What is the reason, then?" he demanded.

"Because—because you have never asked me any question that I could answer, Gilbert," she half sobbed. "You have beaten around and around the bush and"— She hid her face against his rough coat sleeves.

"Why—why, it's all right now, then, ain't it?" he asked hazardly as his arm encircled her waist.

"Yes."

"I hope he don't mind," said Gilbert after a little while.

"I'm sure he doesn't," replied Anna sweetly as they passed out of the little gate.

And even then Gilbert Butler did not realize that he had not asked the proper question.

Thinking of Her.

In the "Recollections of a New England Town" is the story of Mr. Bush, an inventor and a very studious man, who sometimes became so absorbed in thought as to forget both place and people. His wife was a notable housekeeper, but she did not always go to church. One Sunday she accompanied her husband thither, and glad and proud was he. But when the service was over he walked away home, leaving her behind. Mrs. Brush was grieved.

"My dear," she said when she reached the house, "I don't know what people will think. You came away without me. It was plain to be seen that I was entirely forgotten."

Mr. Bush looked at her in comical dismay. "Forgotten, my dear?" said he. "Oh, no. I don't think that's possible. Why," a brilliant idea striking him, "now I remember. I was thinking of you all the way home. I was thinking what a good dinner you'd give me!"

Brillat-Savarin's Sleepy Sisters.

Brillat-Savarin, the French writer, had two spinster sisters, who found as much pleasure in sleeping as the author of the "Physiologie du Gout" found in eating. They lived in the country and were in the habit of passing ten months of the year in their beds, leaving them only to prepare for the annual visit of their brother, who invariably arrived on Oct. 1. He remained with them until the end of November, when they bade him farewell with the words, "Goodby till next year, Anthieme; we are going back to bed." This somnolent regime agreed with them admirably, for they both lived to a great age, one of them, Pierrette, attaining her hundredth year. Pierrette's end, according to her brother's biographer, was worthy of her life. She was sitting up in bed eating her dinner and, not being served quickly enough, screamed, somewhat angrily, "Bring the dessert." When the servant brought it she found her mistress dead.

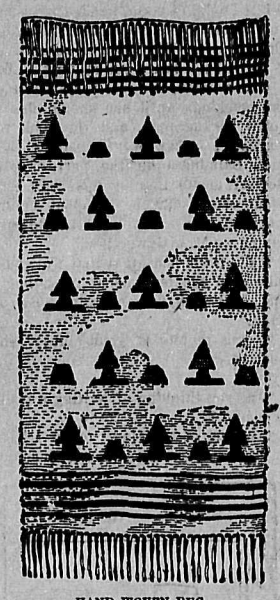
FOR THE BUNGALOW.

The Furnishings Should Be Simple, Artistic and Inexpensive.

COLOR SCHEME IMPORTANT.

In Floor Coverings an Arts and Crafts Square Is Very Satisfactory For Living or Dining Rooms—Mission Chairs and Demin Hangings Effective.

For furnishing a bungalow there is plenty of simple, inexpensive furniture available, and it only requires a little thought on the part of the owner to make her rooms comfortable and cozy. Next to simplicity of design, harmony of color is the most important consideration. In a living room hung with Japanese grass cloth in a light green shade or tinted a soft brownish gray the cushions of the armchairs and window seat should be of dark green or some other equally good contrasting

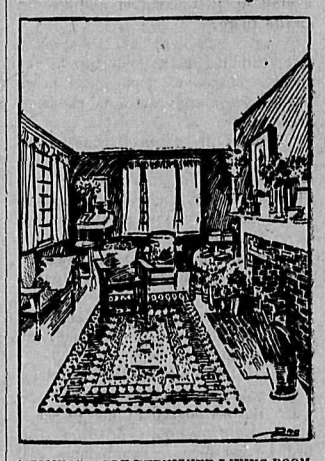


HAND WOVEN RUG.

color, and the rugs upon the floor should be of corresponding tones, but light, fadable tints should never be employed in conjunction with such a wall treatment.

The illustration shows a charmingly furnished living room. The walls are hung in dark green grass cloth, and the woodwork is stained white. The fireplace at one side of the room is constructed of red brick laid in white mortar, and the narrow mantel above is stained to match the woodwork. Simple white muslin curtains shade the long, narrow windows, which open outward, and a few prints and a small mirror adorn the walls. The couch and chairs of polished hard wood, with rattan backs and seats, are fitted with cushions covered with denim in tones that harmonize with the wall hangings. An arts and crafts desk and stool, painted white, stand in one corner, and four small tables serve as receptacles for magazines and various knickknacks. A large rug in shades of green and red is placed before the fireplace and adds a note of brightness to a very pretty whole.

In the choice of floor coverings for the bungalow there is a varied supply to choose from. For the living room a



A COMFORTABLY FURNISHED LIVING ROOM.

large art square of wool and cotton weave is very suitable. It comes in various shades and can be purchased for $15. It will last four or five seasons. An arts and crafts art square is very satisfactory for either the living room or dining room and can be purchased at any handcraft shop for $20. It can be made to order in any shade and design desired and will wear longer than the majority of floor coverings and always look well.

Then there is a large brown wool rug which comes with a border of brown and yellow and which is admirably suited for a room where the mission type of furniture is employed, as is a Scotch rug, a woolen product, finished alike on both sides, which comes in various sizes, the 9 by 12 size costing $30.

Picture Pad.

A stationery novelty which is calculated to make the modern youngster enjoy his writing exercise is an unusual writing pad. The novelty lies in the cover, which is decorated with six different decalcomania pictures. These are intended to be cut out when the tablet is exhausted and transferred to cardboard or boxes by the process which every child is familiar with.

There are several different sets of pictures used on the pads. One group consists of Indian heads; another shows a menagerie and yet another a spirited circus.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

The finest fabric is not too delicate to be safely washed with Sunlight Soap. When other soaps have injured your linens and faded the coloured things, remember the word Sunlight.

A Labor-Saving Device

Joseph H. Choate, at a recent banquet in New York, praised Attorney-General Wickersham.

"When this able man fights," he said, feathers will fly. But he won't fight until he has a grievance. There will be nothing spectacular, nothing burlesque, about his battles."

Mr. Choate smiled.

"No," he said, "we shall see nothing of Broncho Bill in Attorney-General Wickersham. Broncho Bill, you know, had only one eye.

"'Lose it?' Bill thundered. 'Did you say 'lose it?'

"'Why—er—yes,' faltered the tenderfoot.

"'Lose it be hanged,' said Bill ferociously. 'I cut it out so's I wouldn't allus be havin' to shut it in drawin' a bead.'"

If every housekeeper would use Wilson's Fly Pads freely during the Summer months the house fly peril would soon be a thing of the past.

Teacher—Johnnie, do you know what a blotter is?

Johnnie—Yessum. It's de t'ing wot youse hunts fer while de ink gets dry. —Chicago Daily News.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The thin, pale man sighed. "Why," asked his friend, "are you so sad?" "Alas!" he answered, "the sea is the grave of my first wife." The friend's lips curled superciliously. "But you are married again," he murmured. "Yes," said the thin, pale one, "and my second wife won't go near the water."

An Oil Without Alcohol.—Some oils and many medicines have alcohol as a prominent ingredient. A judicious mingling of six essential oils compose the famous Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and there is no alcohol in it, so that its effects are lasting. There is no medicinal oil compounded that can equal this oil in its preventive and healing power.

Expert Diagnosis

A student at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him: "Of what cause, specifically did the people die who lost their lives at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii?"

"I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student.

Cool, Delicious and Refreshing

"SALADA"

TEA

Iced, with a dash of lemon in it.

AT ALL GROCERS.

LAMENESS from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone or similar trouble can be stopped with

ABSORBINE

Full directions in pamphlet with each bottle. $2.00 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Horse Book 9 D free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for man kind, $1 a bottle, removes Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Varicocities, Old Sores, Allays Pain. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 187 Temple St., Springfield, Mass. LYMANS Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents. Also furnished by Martin Sole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary; and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

THE LATEST CREATION FOR SUMMER WEAR. ALL THE COMFORTS OF A TURN DOWN EFFECT.

"Anchor" Brand "Westmount" 2 for 25c.

"Iron Frame" Brand "Almonte" 3 for 50c.

SOLD BY LEADING FURNISHERS.

MADE BY TOOKE BROS LIMITED, MONTREAL.

MANUFACTURERS OF SHIRTS, COLLARS, NECKWEAR AND IMPORTERS OF MEN'S FURNISHINGS. 16

TOOKE

CHINESE DWARFS.

Humans Who Seem Lower In the Scale Than African Baboons.

Pygmy human beings who live like animals and seem lower in the scale than African baboons were discovered in the mountain solitudes of Northern China by Dr. W. E. Geil, an American explorer, and writer, who has just returned to this country. The discovery was made in the course of a caravan journey along the entire extent of the Great Wall of China,, 1,800 miles, and it confirmed the legend that far in the interior dwelt a race of hairy dwarfs—the kind of beings described by Marco Polo and Baron Munchausen with damage to their reputations for veracity. But the dwarfs exist, and ancient inscriptions on the Great Wall, deciphered for Dr. Geil by Chinese scholars, profess to explain their origin. Back in 210 B.C. the Emperor Chin decided that his country needed protection from the fierce Tartar tribes on the west and north, and he ordered the building of a horse shoe shaped barrier thousands of miles in length to inclose the empire from sea to sea. A work more monumental than the erection of all the Egyptians pyramids and temples was begun. Millions of Chinese toiled at the Great Wall, cutting and laying granite blocks for the first courses and making brick for the superstructure. The towers were built first, and they served as military blockhouses while the connecting walls were put up.

Kept at their job by strict compulsion, the millions of laborers were inspired by the fear of an unusual penalty for error or rebellion. The workman who made a mistake or listened to agitators was promptly incorporated in the wall as so much building material. Burying alive proved to be good discipline with a majority of the laborers, obviating strikes and discontent, but some of them ran away to the remote forests on the Tibetan border. They took their wives and children with them. So affected were they by their terrible experience that some of them went crazy, and the rest had such a hard fight for existence that they deteriorated physically, transmitting dwarfishness to their present day descendants. The Chinese legend to this effect may not be entirely astray, since it is likely that deserters from the army of labor fled to the forests and that the hardships of a wild, isolated life should have had effect on them after many generations. The dwarfs have long nails, terrible faces and resemble apes. Dr. Geil believes that the Great Wall has never been entirely explored in modern times previous to his expedition last year. He found a stretch of 200 miles that had not been mapped. At places the Great Wall climbed to a height of two miles above sea level. There were evidences of monumental barriers antedating Emepror Chin's celebrated inclosure.

The Dwelling of the Void.

There is still enough unexplored land in the world to make a new continent if lumped together. For instance, within ten days' journey from London by modern express routes there is a tract of country the size of Germany, France and Holland combined and as unknown as the Mountains of the Moon. It occupies nearly the whole of central southern Arabia. This pleasing district is known as the Dahkna, or the "Dwelling of the Void," and consists of what Lord Salisbury once politely referred to as "chiefly light soil" when he was speaking of the French possessions in Africa. It is a mighty waste of sand, with not a single river—so far as can be judged—in more than 400,000 square miles. Compared with this country the Sahara is a pleasant and fruitful tract. It defies even the Arab and the camel—Westminster Gazette.

Belaying His Jaws.

Shark stories, with some reason, are commonly received with incredulity. A well authenticated anecdote, however, is told of Dr. Frederic Hill, an English surgeon of distinction. A man fell overboard in the Indian Ocean and almost into a shark's mouth. Hill, who was standing close to the rail, grabbed a belaying pin and without hesitation jumped to save the sailor. The great brute was just turning on his back to bite when Hill drove the belaying pin right through both jaws. Both men were got on board again unharmed.

"Perhaps that fellow won't want another toothpick. Has any one got a clean shirt to lend? This was my last," were the only words of the rescuer.

The Pig In Water.

Of pigs it is commonly reported that so queerly fashioned are they that if they attempt to swim they cut their throats with their fore feet, but this is only an old wife's fable. Whether wild or tame, they are all good swimmers, though, owing to the shortness of their legs, they just touch their throats with their fore feet and beat the water very high. Many of the islands of the southern seas are now inhabited by wild pigs, which are the descendants of those which have swum ashore, sometimes great distances, from wrecked vessels.

The First Kindergarten.

The first kindergarten was opened by Froebel in 1837 at Brandenburg, Germany, and fifteen years afterward he died. This short period was sufficient to establish a system of education that has made life different for little children. When the King of Prussia in 1851 forbade the establishment of kindergartens the old man died of a broken heart, not dreaming that his life work had been a noble success.

The Acorn.

Take a large acorn, suspend it by a thread so as to nearly touch the water in any glass vessel, set it upon your mantelshelf, bracket or table and let it stand there for about two months without in any way interfering with it excepting to supply fresh water. The acorn will burst, throw a root down into the water and a stem upward, sending out from the stem beautiful green leaves.

If You Rid Poisons FROM THE BLOOD

By awakening the liver and kidneys, you will be freed of pains, aches and the tired spring feeling.

Poisons only accumulate in the blood. Pain and aches have the same cause.

Poisons only accumulate in the blood when the liver and kidneys get torpid and slow in action and when, as a result, the bowels become constipated.

Get the liver and kidneys working right and away go the poisons. That is their work, to rid the blood of poisons.

When they fail because of the excessive accumulation of poisons in the spring, use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and they will soon resume their natural functions with renewed energy and vigor.

No other organs of the body can filter the poisons from the blood, so you must get the liver and kidneys active if you are going to restore healthful digestion, regular bowel action and free the body of pains, aches and feelings of fatigue and depressing.

It is only natural that the liver and kidneys should give out in the spring when the blood is usually loaded with impurities, but you can quickly and certainly set them right by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

This is the greatest of spring medicines, because it is unique in its direct and combined action on the liver and kidneys.

Put it to the test this spring and you will be astonished at its wonderfully prompt and thorough action on the digestive and excretory systems. You can be certain that it will move the bowels, awaken the action of the liver and kidneys and completely purify the blood. One pill a dose, 25 cts. a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

What He Remembered

"An' ye fell from a window, Jerry? How far wuz it ye fell?"

"Tin stories."

"Well, well! That was a great fall. And what did you think on your way down?"

"Begorry, I didn't think of nothin' until I passed th' fift' shtory. Thin I remimbered I left me pipe on the window sill."

Wise mothers who know the virtues of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator always have it at hand, because it proves its value.

Turn About

"Some people," grumbled Groucher, "make me sick." "I should think nearly everybody would make you sick," replied Diggs. "Indeed? Why?" "Reciprocity, you know."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Teacher—I wonder what your mother would say if she knew how backward you are in geography?

Girl—Oh, my mother says she never learnt jogfry and she's married; and Aunt Sally says she never learnt jogfry and she's married; and you did and you ain't.—Punch.

Try Murine Eye Remedy

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Is Compounded by Experienced Physicians; Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids. Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

Irate Parent—Am I to understand there is some idiotic affair between you and that impecunious young ass, Lord Bilaris?

Fair Daughter (very sweetly)—Only you, papa!—Illustrated Bits.

The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat frequently puts a strain upon the system that produces internal complications, always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful ailment is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.

"I want to get this cheque cashed," said the fair young matron, appearing at the window of the paying teller.

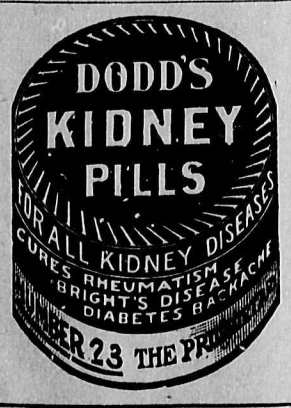
"Yes, madam. You must endorse it, though, explained the teller.

"Why, my husband sent it to me. He is away on business," she said.

"Yes, madam. Just endorse it—sign it on the back so we will know and your husband will know we paid it to you."

She went to the desk against the wall and in a few moments presented the cheque triumphantly, having written on its back:

"Your loving wife, Edith."—Chicago Evening Post.



CHINA'S HOLY DUKE.

Greatest Aristocrat In the Celestial Empire.

The father of the infant Emperor of China, who is acting as Regent during his son's minority, is doing much to abolish the distinctions between the Manchus and the Chinese. Until now the Manchus, that is to say, the conquering race, to which the reigning dynasty belongs, have enjoyed all sorts of special privileges before the law, now all will be treated alike. Should the regent carry into effect his intention of betrothing his son, the three-year-old emperor, to a maiden of pure Chinese blood, probably either a daughter or granddaughter of China's "Holy Duke," instead of to one of the Manchu princesses from whom the monarch's consorts have until now been chosen, he will have made a long step toward reconciling the bulk of the Chinese people to the reigning dynasty and toward obliterating the antagonism that exists between the Chinese and the Manchus.

The Holy Duke is fully alive to the advantages of reform. A man about fifty years of age, and seventy-sixth in unbroken descent in the male line from Confucius, he may be regarded as the most blue blooded noble in the world, the more so as he is still in possession of the landed property which belonged to the illustrious founder of his house more than three thousand years ago; that is to say, some twelve centuries before the birth of Christ. The property is situated in the province of Shantung, and it comprises the tomb of Confucius at Kyfu and his residence. The duke is very rich, since each generation of emperors, Chinese as well as Manchu, has lavished gifts upon the "Holy Duke" of its day. This one's name is Kung Lingi, that is to say, Duke Lingi, and his official designation is Sheng Kung, which means "Holy Duke." He is a tall, heavy faced Chinaman, of somewhat massive build, with a rather majestic presence and a good humored face, the mouth inclined to laughter and in keeping with the shrewd cheery eyes. Though regarded as a saint, he is a very jovial saint, and extremely fond of all the good things of life. Every now and again he visits Pekin, where he is received with imposing honors, and on these occasions he does not disdain to travel by rail.

STORIES OF THE KAISER.

Little Tales Which Are Enjoyed by His Subjects.

William II. of Germany has many acts of kindness to the poor to his credit. One day at the palace of Potsdam he noticed that one of the sentries seemed very melancholy. With much hesitation the man told his story, how he had been on the point of getting married when he lost all his money and now hardly hoped ever to realize his dreams. The emperor, after inquiry had proved that the man was speaking the truth, gave him a generous present for the expenses of his wedding, promoted him corporal and found a place for his wife in the service of the empress.

A poor sewing woman at Cologne, finding it impossible any longer to earn her living with a worn out old sewing machine, appealed to the emperor for assistance. A week later a new machine with all the latest improvements reached her from her sovereign.

When the kaiser told Prince von Buelow he was to be chancellor it was evident from Buelow's face that something about the appointment did not alogether please him. The emperor pressed him to tell what it was, and Von Buelow reluctantly explained that greatly as his wife would rejoice in finding her husband appointed chancellor, she detested the palace of the chancellerie, as she was a great housewife and he was sure that the thought of the two or three months that would be needed to clean the immense palace to the pitch she would want to would terrify her.

"Don't let that bother you, my dear Von Buelow. Present my compliments to the princess and tell her that it will be a great pleasure to me to contribute to making that job less difficult to her."

It was not a regiment of soldiers detailed for house cleaning purposes that came to the princess, only a small parcel, which on being opened was found to contain a hundred pieces of soap.

Love's Young Dream.

The Stern Parent—And if you marry this young Littlecash where do you propose to live?

The Girl—Why, George says we are going to live at the same hotel where he lives now.

The Parent—Don't you know it costs a great deal to live at a hotel?

The Girl—Why, no, papa; it won't cost any more. George says that if you know how to order one portion is ample for two persons. I really won't be the least bit of a burden on George, papa.

That Is the Difference.

"Now, then, boys, if you had to address a large box of tea on the one hand and a schoolmaster on the other, what would be the difference in your form of salutation? Of course you will reply 'We don't know.' Well, we will tell you. A large box of tea you would address as 'thou teachest,' and a schoolmaster you would salute with 'thou that teachest.' This is the difference, you see."—London Scraps.

The Remedy.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg was one day gambling at the Dober an tables and was betting on the same numbers as a rich master potter who stood next to him.

Both having lost their money, the grand duke inquired, "Well, potter, what shall we do now?"

"Oh," replied the master potter, "your highness will screw up the taxes, and I shall make pots."

A FAITHFUL PORTER.

He Tried to Follow Orders as He Understood Them.

The major dropped into his club in London one night with three pieces of courtplaster on his nose and an eye in half mourning and was vainly importuned to divulge the cause. He declined all confidences, but one friend, to whom, in a weak moment, he related the circumstances under which he had received his scars, told all about it after the major's departure.

It appears that he was stopping at an out-of-town hotel where a brawny farmer's son had been engaged with no experience in hotel work, but with a frame capable of caring for his master's property during the small hours and with a profound sense of duty as well. The weather was cold, and the major asked the landlord to have a fire made in his room at 6.30 the next morning. As is customary, a slate was hung in the hallway containing directions for the night porter regarding the time guests were to be called to catch early trains, etc., so the landlord wrote upon the slate:

"Fire 40 at 6.30."

Next morning the major was awakened by a loud knock at his door. He shouted "Come in," for it was 6.30, and the porter entered.

"You're to git out," he said briefly.

"What do you mean?" asked the major testily.

"I'll show you phwhat I mane," remarked Pat, "if you don't git mighty quick. I've orders to fire you out at 6.30, and out ye go."

"What kind of a fool are you anyway?" shouted the major, sitting up in bed.

"I am all kinds," responded the porter, "but I obey orders just the same, and out you go."

Suiting the action to his words, he grabbed the major by the neck and hauled him out into the middle of the room.

"Now driss yourself," said Pat, "and driss quick or Oi'll throw you out as ye are."

The major began to storm and used language not to be repeated, whereupon the exasperated and honest porter sprang upon his victim and shot him into the hall like a bundle of rags. The major's clothes, traveling bags, rugs, etc., followed.

"Now," said Pat, "if ye don't driss in foive minutes out ye go in the strate as ye were born!"

And out the major would have gone, but the landlord, disturbed by the noise, came and rescued him from his formidable persecutor. And that was the result of Pat's interpretation of "Fire 40 at 6.30."

A Puzzling Fly.

"A funny thing occurred here one day," said a barber as he was putting the finishing touches on a hair cut. "A fellow came in to be shaved who was somewhat under the influence of intoxicants. He took his place in the chair, and all proceeded well till I had shaved one side of his face, when he stopped me.

"'Hold on-' he cried. 'I want this thing splained.'

"I asked him what was the matter, and he replied: 'There's a fly on my cheek, and you have shaved the lather and whiskers off, but the fly didn't move. Now, what's the mazzer with him?'

"I told him there was no fly on him, but he pointed to the mirror and said: 'You think I can't see him. I ain't so drunk that I can't see a fly.'

"I turned to the glass, and there stood the fly on the mirror and in such a position that from my customer's range of vision it seemed to be on his cheek. He afterward said that he had felt that fly tickling him all the time and wondered how I could shave underneath it and not cut its legs off."

Fish That Cannot Swim.

More than one species of fish that cannot swim are known to naturalists. Perhaps the most singular of these is the maltha, a Brazilian fish, whose organs of locomotion only enable it to crawl or walk or hop. The anterior (pectoral) fins of the maltha, which are quite small, are not capable of acting on the water, but can only move backward and forward, having truly the form of thin paws. Both these and the ventral and anal fins are very different from the similar fins in other fishes and could not serve for swimming at all. Other examples of nonswimming fishes include the sea horse, another most peculiarly-shaped inhabitant of the sea, and the starfish.

Staterooms and Portholes.

An experienced traveler warns the uninitiated against paying from $5 to $20 extra for an outside stateroom on ocean liners. The inside rooms she has found to be perfectly comfortable and perfectly ventilated, and the portholes in the outside ones she considers a doubtful advantage. "They are kept locked," she says, "most of the time unless the weather is very pleasant, and even in calm weather they sometimes ship a deluge of salt water. Dirty water, too, swept from a deck above by the cleaners, may pour into a porthole of a room below, and the noise from the deck is annoying." Why, then should one pay extra for a porthole?"

Considerate.

Young Writer (to editor of newly-established journal)—If you find this little story available for your columns I don't ask any pay for it beyond a life subscription to your paper.

Editor—But, great goodness, young man, you may live for fifty years!

Young Writer—Oh, I don't mean during my life—during the life of your paper, you know!—London Tit-Bits.

Signs of Storms.

As stormy weather comes on, seabirds fly inland in search of food; wild fowl leave the marshy grounds for higher localities; swallows and rooks fly low before and during bad weather; frogs are unusually noisy before rain; sheep huddle together near bushes and trees.

HOW WEAK GIRLS MAY GROW INTO STRONG WOMEN

The Blood Supply Must be Kept Rich, Red and Pure—Good Blood Means Good Health.

Healthy girlhood is the only path to healthy womanhood. The merging of girlhood into womanhood lays a new tax upon the blood. It is the overtaxing of the scanty blood supply that makes growing girls suffer from all those headaches, backaches and sideaches—all that paleness, weakness and weariness—all that languor, despondency and constant ill health.

Unhealthy girlhood is bound to lead to unhealthy womanhood and a life of misery. Nothing but the blood-building qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can save a girl when she undertakes the trials and tasks of womanhood. That is the time when nature makes new demands upon the blood supply. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich blood which meets those new demands with ease. In this simple scientific way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fill a girl with overflowing health and strength.

Miss Eva Dennis, Amherst, N. S., says:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me a world of good. I was completely run down, was very pale, easily tired and suffered from frequent severe headaches. Though I tried many medicines I got nothing to do me the least good until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Even the first box of these seemed to help me, and after taking a half dozen boxes I was again a strong healthy girl. I have not had any illness since, but should I again feel run down Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will be my only medicine, and I strongly recommend them to every weak and ailing girl."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Another Kind of Sauce

Lawyer—When you served the prisoner, did he eat his dinner with gusto?

Hotel Waiter—No, sir; he ate it with Worcester sauce.

Wire Wounds.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until after three weeks, the sores have healed and best of all the hair is growing well, and is NOT WHITE as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET.

Weymouth.

During a trial in a county court it became necessary that the exact position of a staircase in a large flour mill should be explained to the jury. Mike O'Connor, the caretaker of the building, was called. "You have been employed in these mills," said the solicitor, "for twenty years, and, of course, you know exactly how the main staircase runs?" "Oi do, sor," replied Mike confidently. "Then," continued the solicitor, "I wish you would tell the gentlemen of the jury how these stairs run." "Gintlemen av the jury," said Mike, turning with an oratorical air to the jury-box. "Ye see it's loike this wid thim stairs in thim mills. This is how they run—When ye are down below thim stairs they run up, and when ye are up they run down!"

Gertie—My brother is just awful; he can't keep a halfpenny.

Bertie—He's been keeping ten bob of mine a long time now, anyway.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"So you don't care for bathing?"

"Too much of a crush, don't you know." "Well, it would be nice if we could have individual oceans."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

"Every rainstorm," complained the youthful pessimist, "means a postponed game."

"And every postponed game," pointed out the juvenile optimist, "means a double-header."—Kansas City Journal.

Practically all Canadian druggists grocers and general dealers sell Wilson's Fly Pads. If your storekeeper does not, ask him why.

Teacher—Is it proper to say, "I am going to the ball game?"

Johnny—No, ma'am.

Teacher—Why not?

Johnny—Because I ain't got the price.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

"And yet you call this a perfectly honest game?" queried the girl in white, risking just one more question. "Sure," replied her escort, keeping his eye on the sphere putter. "Well, then," she asked innocently, "couldn't they arrest that man, if they wanted to, for stealing second?"—Boston Herald.

THE MICHEL REPORTER
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

GEORGE G. MEIKLE, -- MANAGING-EDITOR

Issued every Saturday, from office of Publication, Northern Ave, New Michel.

SUBSCRIPTION TWO DOLLARS
A YEAR IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

MAN KILLED

Rock Fell and Crushed Him

No. 4 mine, main slope, was the scene of an accident this morning. Mike Povic, a Slav, was pinned down by a fall of rock, and Tom Hampton went to his assistance.

Another fall of rock killed Povic, and Hampton had one of his arms broken and was badly bruised. He is in the hospital.

In and Around Town

A Socialist convention will be held in Fernie.

Geo. Somerton, of Frank, spent Sunday here.

F. Pearie of Corbin was at the Kootenay on Wednesday.

H. H. Depew, of Fernie was here on Wednesday.

A. C. Cummings, of Fernie, was here on Tuesday.

Frank Jackson has returned from a visit to Nanton, Alta.

Struther's grocery in Fernie was burnt on Tuesday morning. Insurance $3,000.

Geo. Dorenbecher, S. Dragon and J. S. Gusty of Fernie, were in town on Tuesday.

A cow was struck by the flyer here last night and was instantly put out of business.

A contractor in new Michel has secured the contract for the construction of 40 houses in McGilvray Creek.

A meeting of the base ball club will be held in Somerton's hall on Monday night at 8.30, to arrange for a ball in Weber's new store on Friday night.

J. E. Furshong, late of Frank, is here on a business trip. Mr. Furshong has been trying to locate in Corbin, but from what we can learn he is likely, like all the rest, to reside in New Michel.

Our advertisers will convey a big favor if they will kindly get in their changes of ad. early in the week. We want to get out the paper the first thing on Saturday morning, but when the changes for half a dozen ads. are rushed in on Friday, it is impossible to get it out as early as desired.

Those who failed to attend the ball given by the Canadian Club, in the school-house last night, missed one of the events of the season. There was a good crowd, a plentiful supply of good music and refreshments, and the floor was in elegant shape.

O. N. Wood, of the Imperial Bank, while driving with Principal McLeod, met with an accident on Friday evening. Coming into collision with another rig, their horse started to run, and they either jumped or were thrown out. Mr. McLeod is limping around with a sprained ankle, while O. N. is nursing a hip and a badly strained side.

The Government road gang are completing their work for the Coal Co., and will be here next week to resume on the public roads.

L. P. Eckstein, G. G. Moffat, Fred Johnson and E. H. Banwell, of Fernie, were registered at the Great Northern od Sunday.

The Kootenay hotel still continues to employ white labor only, not because they dislike the Oriental, but because they have a decided preference for white people.

J. D. Fink, H. D. Fink, J. B. Henderson and W. H. Burton, of Cranbrook, came in on Monday and are up the Elk on a fishing excursion.

M. Quain, manager of the Kootenay Telephone Lines Co., Ltd., was here on Thursday. He is arranging for a telephone exchange for the town.

E. Stubbs was here Thursday. He is employed on the Government road, and he looks just the same as he did away back in Fernie. Ed. is one of those fellows who make friends wherever they go. Good luck, Ed!

Ed. Stubbs' Bear Story

E. Stubbs, sportsman, was out in the bush on Sunday, and heard a dog coming through the woods, a large buck ahead of him. The buck ran into a huge black bear, about a mile and a half above Michel creek. The bear had to take back-water, but the buck, in order to get clear of the dog, had to cross the stream. The dog, finding himself in a critical position took back to dry land and made himself scarce. The buck crossed the creek and got away, the bear got back into the bush and Ed. got home, and the bear story is open for a scientific investigation.

One Cent a Word

Advertisements such as For Sale, To Let, Lost Found Wanted etc., inserted at the uniform rate of One Cent a Word Each Insertion

LOST AND FOUND

LOST.—VALUABLE PEARL NECKLACE. Finder please return to Reporter office. Liberal reward.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

HELP WANTED—MALE

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

FOR SALE

LOT FOR SALE. ONE OF THE BEST IN business districts. Apply at this office.

TO LET

NOTICE

AT ONCE!

A Reliable Local Salesman Wanted to Represent
Canada's Oldest and Greatest Nurseries
In Michel and adjoining Country

We have been shipping stock for thirty years to British Columbia, and as our trees are grown on Limestone soil, they are acknowledged by experienced fruit growers to be longer lived, and hardier than Coast stock

A permanent situation for right man with territory reserved

Pay weekly. Free Outfit. Write for particulars.

STONE & WELLINGTON
FONTHILL NURSERIES
(Licensed by B. C. Government)
TORONTO - - ONT.

The Summit

An Ideal Summer Resort At Crow's Nest

This hotel, situated at Crow's Nest, about eight miles from Michel, is just the place to spend a week end and enjoy yourself. Good boating, bathing, fishing and big menagerie and museum. Fine place to go to, to get away from the daily grind. Leave on Saturday evening's express and back Monday morning in time for business.

Reasonable charges.

Andy Good, Proprietor

SUNDAY SERVICES

METHODIST CHURCH

MICHEL AND NEW MICHEL
SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY

NEW MICHEL, 10.45 a. m., in room over Somerton Bro's store.

MICHEL, Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. Evening service, at 7.30. Band of Hope every Monday at 7.30 p. m.

Rev. S. T. Chenoweth, Pastor.

The pastor and officials extend a cordial invitation to you to attend these services.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

MICHEL, B. C.

Services—1st. Sunday in the month, Holy Communion, 11 a. m.
Every Sunday, Evensong, 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School, every Sunday, 2.30 p. m.
A. Briant N. Crowther, M. A., Vicar.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

MICHEL, B. C.

Sunday: Low Mass, 8 a. m.; High Mass, 10.30 a. m.; Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Vespers, 4 p. m.
Monday: Mass, 8 a. m.

Rev. Fr. Meissner, Pastor

L. P. ECKSTEIN D. E. MCTAGGART

ECKSTEIN & McTAGGART
Barristers, Solicitors Etc.

ECKSTEIN BUILDING, FERNIE, B.C

Waterworks.

At a meeting of the Michel Water, Light & Power Co., held in Somerton's Hall on Tuesday night, the following board of officers and directors were appointed: President, A. J. McCool; Secy.-Treas., G. B. Stedman; Directors, T. B. Baker, H. Somerton and A. Kennedy. Arrangements have been made with A. C. Cummings, for plans and levels this week, and estimates will be ready for the Company to ask for tenders next week.

Hungarian Society Sports

The Hungarian Society gave their annual celebration here on Monday, and as usual it was a pronounced success. The Coleman Brass Band, comprised of the following, were in attendance all day and livened up proceedings in good style: A. Dragon, clarionette; A. Easton, W. Crawford, D. Banks, A. Milley, cornets; W. M. McLeod 1st cornet; P. Barnes, 2nd cornet; L. Nightingale, Solo tenor; W. Roughead, 1st tenor; J. Stafford, 1st baritone, J. Holmes, solo euphonium leader; R. Easton. solo trombone; J. Boulton, 1st trombone D. Rogers, 2nd trombone. J. McLeod, Eb bass; H. Gates, Bass; F. Boulton, snare-drum; O. Saville bass drum.

The dancing pavilion was one of the features of the day, and was the scene of a lot of pleasure. The program of sports, and the winners in the several events have been unavoidably crowded out.

CROW'S NEST

Thos. Davis sends in many alluring reports from the Flathead coal fields.

Mrs. Andy Good will leave the 1st prox., for an extended trip to Seattle and other coast cities.

Mr. C. E. Kunsch has returned from Perry Creek, where he has been doing development work on his placer claim.

B. F. Walling, of Nampa, Idaho, together with Mr. Hayward, of Pittsburg, Pa., are now leaving for the Flathead country.

Messrs. Moe, Reynolds and Henderson, of Taber, Alta., have engaged a pack-train of eleven horses, from Andy Good, and they will do some development work in the Flathead.

Robt. Wallace and A. L. McKelvie, of Lethbridge, are separating the lakes and streams from many large trout. Their catch yesterday was twenty-seven in two hours. Both gentlemen are expert anglers.

Andy Good has engaged an orchestra to render selections in his large pavilion Saturday night. The dancing and other attractions are free, and the dining hall will remain open all night for the benefit of those who desire an evening lunch.

Semi-Ready
CLOTHING

Leads all for Quality, Fit and Prices

We have just received Fall Samples of this Celebrated Make of Clothing

Every Semi-Ready Garment is Guaranteed

H. F. WEBER

Agent for

Semi-Ready Clothing

Business Bringers

Reading Notices inserted under this Heading at the rate of Ten Cents a Line, each insertion. No ads inserted amongst Locals.

SMOKE Crow's Nest Special and Extra. Union Made Cigars.

SHIPPING Tags, printed to order, good tough stock, at the Reporter office.

ENVELOPES. Any quantity, good stock, well printed, at the Reporter office.

STATEMENTS, Printed and padded as you want them, at the Reporter office.

LETTER Heads. Plain or Fancy. Any color ink. Printed as you like them at the Reporter office.

BUSINESS Cards. Finest work in the Pass. Any size and any color ink you desire. Printed at the Reporter office.

PRINTING Ink. We can decorate your printing jobs with any color or shade of the finest inks in the world. For fine color work send your order to the Reporter.

Union Bakery
G. SOVRANO, Proprietor
OLD TOWN, - - - MICHEL
Fresh Bread Delivered Daily

Coffins
In stock and made to order
FRED. POMAHAC,
NEW MICHEL

J. J. SCOTT,
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Horseshoeing a Specialty
NEW MICHEL

E. V. Holding Co.,
Builders and Contractors
Repairs and alterations promptly attended to.
Estimates cheerfully given. . . . . .
New Michel

Blairmore Townsite. Lots for Sale all over Blairmore Townsite, : : by the only Real Estate man in Blairmore. If interested, write for particulars
Office on Main Street
A. McLeod, Blairmore

LUMBER YARD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
All Kinds of Lumber, Mouldings, etc.—Fancy Windows, Doors and Verandah Posts in Stock and to Order.
Fernie Lumber Co., Ltd. :-: New Michel

JUST ARRIVED!
"Cailler's Swiss Milk Chocolates"
Best on Earth.
Ice Cream, Fruit and Candies.
KING'S KANDY KITCHEN New Michel....

For First Class
INVESTMENTS
— IN —
Prince Rupert
Saskatoon, and
Lethbridge City Property,
Creston Fruit Lands, and
Farm Lands,
See, or write
MORGAN & McKAY
BOX 58 - MICHEL, B. C.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
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DESIGNS
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
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THE MEN'S
OUTFITTING STORE
Will open in a Few Days with an Up-to date Stock of
Clothing, Furnishings, Boots & Shoes
We Carry Everything in Men's Wear
Watch for Our Opening Announcement
BOYD & MUIR
GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL BLOCK
NEW MICHEL