Librarian
Victoria

Tried
By the test of public opinion and found "all right."
Second Year
And increased success of the people's paper, the
Nanaimo Mail. 25c. a month by carrier.

The Nanaimo Semi-Weekly Mail.

Printing
Is our business, and the superiority of our work commends itself, while as to prices
It Is Profitable
To deal with us. All classes of work for all classes of customers is our specialty.

VOL. II.—NO. 4. NANAIMO, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1896. WHOLE NO. 63.

Strawberries.
Strawberries.
Strawberries.

Fresh supplies coming in daily.
LOW PRICES.

Sterilized Cream from Delta Creamery.....Pints,	$ .20
Delta and Duncan's Creamery Butter, per lb.....	.25
Extra Choice Dairy Butter, per lb.....	.25
Pure Maple Syrup, per gallon.....	1.75
Beans, Bayou and small white, 40lbs.....	1.00
Rolled Oats. 30lbs.....	1.00
Good Hams from 13 cents per lb.	
Bacon, extra choice, from 10 cents per lb.	
Pure kettle Lard, 3lb. tins, 40c.; 5lb., 60c.; 10lb., $1.25.	
Good Sultana Raisins, well cleaned, 10lbs.....	1.00
Good Muscatelle Raisins, well cleaned, 20lbs.....	1.00
Good Currants, well cleaned, 12lbs.....	1.00
Choice Jams, 7lb. pails.....	.65
Good Pickles, 6 bottles	1.00
Salt, Liverpool Dairy, 50lb. sacks.....	.65
Coffee, very choice, Empress Brand, per lb.....	.40
Coffee, good, other brands, per lb.....20 to	.50

TEA---We carry the largest stock in the city, and we offer the best value. Our "Special" Blend 25c., is not equalled anywhere in this country at the price.

We carry a full stock of Groceries, Provisions, Feed, Flour, etc., also a full line of Boots and Shoes.
Prices Away Down.

The People's Store, Victoria Crescent.

The "Slater Shoe"

FOR MEN
In Black and Tan.
BALS AND CONGRESS.

Ladies' Canvas Oxfords, } In Black and Tan.
Ladies' Kid Oxfords, }

Children's Tan Button Boots and Low Shoes.

Cash Boot and Shoe Store,
No. 17 & 19 Commercial Street.
E. E. C. JOHNSON, Manager.

LADIES!

As the New Spring Season is now upon us - - - - - - Do Not Fail to come and inspect our stock of

Ladies' AND Children's Millinery

Our stock this season we assure you is complete in every respect and bound to please. It comprises all the latest novelties, etc. A very fine and well assorted stock of Ladies' Sailors and Children's Galatea, Silk and Lace Hats.

J. S. STANNARD & CO.,
Crescent Store, Nanaimo, B. C.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The pastor, Rev. D. A. McRae, will preach next Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Morning subject, "Stand Fast;" evening, "The Young Men of Southern California and the Christian Church."

The Y. P. S. C. E. meets immediately after the evening service. A most cordial invitation is extended to all young people in the church to attend this devotion meeting.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

Fifth Sunday after Trinity—10 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m., Matins, Litany and sermon, "Judgment Immediate or Deferred" (1 Sam., xv.); 7 p. m., Evensong and short address on the Lord's Prayer.

ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH.

Fifth Sunday after Trinity—Holy Communion, 8 a. m.; Morning Prayer, Holy Communion and sermon, 11 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; Evening Prayer and sermon, 7 p. m. The preacher at the morning service will be the Lord Bishop, and in the evening the Rev. A. J. Hall of Alert Bay.

The service of song in the afternoon will consist of the ontario, "Christ and His Soldiers." There will be no charge for admission, but an offertory will be made on behalf of the choir fund.

GEO. W. TAYLOR, Rector.

W. C. T. U.

The monthly Gospel temperance meeting will be held Sunday evening at 8:30 in the Y. M. C. A. hall, Mr. Thomas Cunningham presiding. Rev. Mr. Knox will deliver an address, and a duet will be rendered by Miss Hartt and Miss Edwards.

Nanaimo Business Directory

BARRISTERS.

BARKER & POTTS, Barristers and Solicitors. Commercial street.

G. F. CANE, Barrister and Solicitor, Room 11, Johnston Block.

MCINNES & MCINNES, Barristers, Room 6, Johnston Block, Commercial street,

YARWOOD & YOUNG, Barristers, corner of Commercial and Bastion streets.

BOTANIST.

T. HARDY, Botanic Druggist, Winfield Crescent. Try Hardy's Pile Ointment.

DENTISTS.

DR. MASON, Dentist Extracting a specialty. Gas and Ether administered. Office, Odd-Fellow's Block, Nanaimo.

W. J. CURRY, D. D. S., Green Block. First-class work guaranteed.

DRUGGISTS.

CRESCENT PHARMACY. HALL & STEARMAN, proprietors. Victoria Crescent. Dispensing and family recipes a specialty.

MCDOWELL, ATKINS, WATSON CO., Limited. Medical Hall, corner Commercial and Bastion streets. Telephone 1-3-5.

DYE WORKS.

NANAIMO DYE WORKS.—Dyeing, Cleaning and Repairing 14 Nicol street. C. CHARLTON, Manager.

FISH MARKET.

G. MARSH, Wholesale Dealer in Fish and Game, Bastion Street, Nanaimo.

HOTELS.

GRAND HOTEL—W. STEEL, Proprietor—Victoria Crescent.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL—PETER WEIGLE, Proprietor. Victoria Crescent.

INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL AGENT

M. WOLFE, Financial and Insurance Agent, Johnston Block.

PAINTING, PAPER-HANGING.

A. NASH, House and Sign Painter, Paper-Hanger, etc. Corner Albert and Milton streets. P. O. box 298.

REAL ESTATE—INSURANCE.

FOREMAN & HARDY, Real Estate Brokers, Bastion street.

SECOND-HAND STORE.

D. TAYLOR, Dealer in all kinds of New and Second-Hand Furniture, and Fancy Articles of every description. Masonic Building, Commercial street.

J. H. PLEACE,
—GENERAL—
Hardware Merchant

A Full Assortment at the Lowest Market Rates

JOB WORK
Promptly Attended to.

All kinds of
Tin and Sheet-Iron Work.

Victoria Crescent, Nanaimo

Office Tel. 30. P. O. Box 16. Residence Tel. 101

M. J. HILBERT &CO.
SUCCESSORS TO
JOHN HILBERT
Funeral Director and Embalmer

Graduate of the Oriental, the Eureka, the New York and Clark's Schools of Embalming.

1, 3 and 5 Bastion St., Nanaimo

ANTI-CHINESE PETITION

Its Necessity Urged Upon the People of this Province.

Australia Furnishes a Precedent Which, if Followed, Would Meet the Requirements of the Case.

EDITOR WORLD: The Mongolian question has now assumed such alarming proportions that something must be done and at once, as at the present rate of progress it will not be a question of the whites turning the Mongols out of British Columbia, but whether the tables will not be turned and the whites have to go instead. Unless some very effective measures are taken to prevent it, British Columbia will soon become a Mongolian colony. The Chinese and Japs are parasites at the best, and may be likened unto migratory hordes of barbarians wandering hither and thither seeking something to devour. They have no abiding city here, but come for plunder, which they one and all transport to China and Japan. The low state of morality which prevails among them is most offensive and bebasing to our social life, and our younger members of society are frequently contaminated thereby. Their habits generally are such as to render them neither more nor less than a pollution in our midst, and the time has now come when the fiat must go forth with no uncertain sound that British Columbia is determined, and strongly determined, that any further importation of this obnoxious people shall cease. The question affects British Columbia alone of all the provinces which go to form the Dominion of Canada, and therefore the people in the east have no right to impose such an incubus upon us because they happen to be in a majority. I do not for one moment think they wish to do so, but the baneful effects are not apparent to them because they do not exist in the east and they practically have no knowledge of them. So long as British Columbia is quiescent, the rest of the Dominion will not interfere, and why should they? as it is none of their business so long as we are content with the existing state of things. There must be no half-hearted efforts in this business, or we fail. Let every man, therefore, put his shoulder to the wheel, and at once, as there is no time to be lost. Let our petition be not only a large one, but the largest one that has ever been presented to a Dominion Parliament, and thus let our friends in the east see that we are in earnest on this question and intend to be heard add have our pressing necessities attended to without delay.

Australia has set us an example which we will do well to follow. The people in that country have had the same difficulty to contend with. They grappled with it; they overcame it. Their tax in Australia is £100 per head, or $500 in our money, and this has been found to meet the necessities of the case. Our present tax of $50 per head is so ridiculously low as to be of no value for the purpose for which it was designed. The people of this province must act as a unit in this matter. There must be no difference of opinion, and all minor differences will have to sink into obscurity. We cannot afford to have cliques or parties, because it is a case of "united we stand, divided we fall." The cry from one end of British Columbia to the other must be "The Mongolians shall go." The methods to be adopted require to be constitutional to insure success. The main point in the programme, therefore, will be to demand of the Dominion Government that a tax be imposed sufficiently large to render prohibitory any further importation of the Mongolian races. This will be perfectly in accord with constitutional usage and within our right, because we have a precedent now existent that only requires to be extended to meet our views in every particular. We should now therefore demand that, to meet the requirements of the case, nothing less than a tax of $500 per head be imposed. We should also strongly impress upon all our members of Parliament that it is their bounden duty to bring forcibly before the Government the urgency of the question, so that there be no delay in bringing it to an ultimate issue. In conclusion, I wish to say that, in my humble opinion, the question is such a vital one that the very existince of the province is in serious jeopardy. Persistent agitation must be our motto.

J. FIELD JOHNSON.
Vancouver, June 30.

Women and Immigration.

The Canadian Gazette welcomes the efforts which the Women's Protective Immigration Society af Montreal is making to improve the immigration system of Canada. At a recent meeting the society urged that the time has come for a national system of immigration—the immigration of women, while under the control of women's committees, forming part of this national system. This system should, they declared, include agencies abroad and in Great Britain sanctioned by the home governments and receiving and distributing centres throughout the Dominion; and they urged most strongly on the government the desirability of concentrating as far as possible the settlements of the Northwest in order to obviate the loneliness so often met with now and secure for all settlers (1) the benefit of companionship, (2) facilities for the proper education of the children who are to be the future citizens of the Dominion, (3) cottage hospitals and the services of doctors and nurses, and (4) the means of mental and moral improvement by the circulation of good literature, etc.

Harriet Beecher Stowe died on Wednesday last. Mrs. Stowe will be chiefly remembered as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which did more good and had a greater influence in its day than the work of any other modern writer. It was read with avidity by English-speaking people, and created a public opinion in the United States against slavery which helped the cause of emancipation materially. She also wrote "Dread," another work on slavery, which from a literary point of view was superior to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but it was not so popular as her first work and its influence incomparably less. Mrs. Stowe will always be remembered among the benefactors of mankind. Unlike many other workers in the cause of humanity, she had the satisfaction long before she was taken away to see the good fruit which her labor had produced.

The Cowichan Creamery Association is now in full swing, and that there will be a ready market for all the butter it can turn out, and at remunerative prices, too, there is no doubt, if a sample supplied us is anything like an average. Too long have we depended upon California and the Northwest Territories for our butter supply, and been obliged to accept occasionally, at all events, a very inferior article. Now that creameries are being started in British Columbia, and that it has been proved they can turn out first-class butter, an impetus will be given to dairy farming in this province.—The Province.

Mr. Hewitt Bostock, the hero of the Yale-Cariboo election contest, will be given a royal welcome upon his arrival at Victoria this evening. Later in the evening a torchlight procession will be formed and, headed by the band, a tour will be made of the principal streets of the city. Speeches will be delivered from the balcony of the Times office by Mr. Bostock and other prominent Liberals.

There was no change in the condition of affairs at the Pittston mine yesterday. Not more than eight feet of rock and debris had been removed since the previous night, and the use of dynamite was abandoned, as it was feared it might do great damage to the interior of the mine. From the present outlook it will be three weeks before the entombed miners are reached.

It transpires that, as a result of the deliberations of Mr. Laurier and his friends, the decision has been reached to appoint a royal commission to inquire into the working of the present tariff, to report at the session of Parliament next year. This is conceded to be a wise step, as it will show in what directions a cut can be made without jeopardizing Canadian industries.

Carnegie, Hanna and Otis, the great trinity of scab labor and starvation wages, are hurrahing for "McKinley and protection to American labor."

THE U. S. CAMPAIGN.

A War of the Classes Against the Masses.

The Financial Problem One That Affects Every Man, Woman and Child in the Country.

The main issue of the Presidential campaign in the United States will be the financial problem, or rather a fight of the power of gold against every other interest. The tariff is no longer an issue. An impost that will pay the enormous cost of running the government, of building and maintaining a great navy, and the interest and principal of a large public debt, will afford all the protection any reasonable protectionist could ask, and to this the Democratic party is pledged, so that the tariff will not be a vital question of the campaign. But the financial problem is one that affects every man, woman and child in the United States. It is a question as to whether the toiler shall work harder, produce more and have less, while the favored sons and daughters of wealth indulge in greater extravagance and folly; or whether the producers of all wealth shall have a larger interest in the wealth they produce and less of destitution and want. It is to the banker's and bondholder's interest to have the money of redemption scarce and of high value as compared with other kinds of property; hence they favor the single gold standard for money, and so long as it makes them richer, they care not that it makes everyone else poorer. They are looking out for themselves, and if the people do not unite and resist them, they will soon find themselves bound hand and foot.

Hanna, the man who nominated McKinley and dictated the terms of the St. Louis platform, is the same Hanna who has for years waged a relentless war on labor, organized and unorganized, in the state of Ohio. He has reduced the pay of the lake sailors fully 50 per cent, and the home of every workingman within a radius of many miles around Cleveland can trace the loss of some comfort or the beginning of some new privation to his insatiate greed and heartless tyranny. Well has it been said of him: "He is the perfection of his type, representing the millionaires, the banks, the corporations, the trusts and every other remorseless and plutocratic element of the country." And yet Republican speakers are prating about that party's consideration for the interests of the American workingman.

Fatal Accident on the C. P. R.

An accident occurred half a mile east of No. 4 tunnel on the C. P. R. last night, owing to the water filtering through the damp and loosening the track. The train loaded with the Empress's freight was derailed; the engine and eight cars of tea and one of coal left the track and were thrown into the water. Edward Dearin, brakeman, was killed, and driver Curry and fireman Coughlin injured. It is thought that half the freight can be saved. No trouble now exists on the line and traffic will be resumed without interruption.

The Coal Mines Regulation Act.

The hearing of the case to determine the constitutionality of the Coal Mines Regulation Act in reference to the exclusion of Chinese working underground is set for Monday next. The case will be presented before the full court, and then laid over for a few days to admit of notifying the different coal companies, the miners' union and other interested parties, so as to give them a chance to be represented. This is a case of vital interest to the miners of Nanaimo, who no doubt will be properly represented at the final hearing.

First Murder at Rossland.

Alfred White, an Englishman, was stabbed and killed by Chas. D. McGregor at Rossland on Thursday morning. Race, religion and whisky are said to have been the casues of the act, which was the result of a saloon altercation. McGregor was arrested.

It pays to read our advertisements.

LADY PAUNCEFOTE AT HOME.

THE wife of the British ambassador at Washington is deservedly one of the most highly esteemed among the women of the diplomatic circles. Lady Pauncefote does not look the "grande dame" that one is led to expect, for she is not tall and is stoutly built; but she has the air of ages of high-bred ancestry about her, and ably is she aided in the discharge of her official duties by her four charming daughters, all of whom are in society. Her ladyship is essentially a home-abiding woman, and by no means enamored of society life, though she entertains delightfully, but no oftener than diplomatic etiquette demands. She has no desire whatever to mingle in politics, as so many English women do, and believes that her duty to her position and that of her husband is discharged when she sees well to the appointments of her home, and extends a hearty welcome to their large circle of friends. She thinks that a mother has a very serious duty to perform in rearing her family to become good citizens, and that she has very

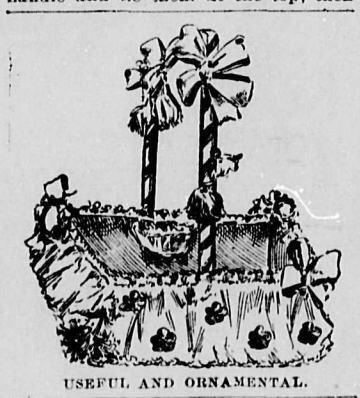
LADY PAUNCEFOTE.

nearly discharged her duty to society when the rearing is well accomplished.

There are no "official" frills about Lady Pauncefote; she is too high-bred for such snobbishness as that. She believes that a lady is a lady always, no matter what her position, and that unless she is really liked by the people nothing that she might do in an official capacity would assist her husband or make her own position any securer. Lady Pauncefote is somewhat imbued with the English idea that birth and breeding have much to do with making the lady and defining social position, and that unless there are disagreeable traits of character developed in a woman she may rest secure in whatever position she may be born. Her idea of "helping" her husband support his official position, which is one of the highest in the gift of the Queen of England, is to make his home charming for his friends and to receive his guests with courtesy and kindness.

A Pretty Work Basket.

Purchase a "nest" of plain white pith baskets and proceed to trim them as here illustrated, with first a lining of bright-colored silk or sateen, and then lace-edged frills of figured muslin, cretonne or plain silk. Add a couple of pockets inside your basket, twist two colored ribbons round and round the handle and tie them at the top; then



USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

add another bow at two of the corners and pompons at the other two.

Girls and Boys at War.

Ten young ladies belonging to the best families of the town of Baden, Beaver County, about twenty miles from Pittsburg, have organized a boycott against the young men of the place. The girls have organized what they call the "Trilby Club," have vowed "never to marry men, and won't even go with the horrid things."

The cause of this strange action on the part of the ten girls is a grievance they have nursed. It seems that the boys of the town expected the girls to make some use of their leap year privileges. The girls, on the contrary, wanted the boys to be as attentive as ever. The upshot was that indignation meetings were held, and ten of the most determined young ladies formed the "Trilby Club," and took a solemn oath never to wed.

While the weaker of the girls go on as usual, the ten members of the club have remained out of young men's society. Instead, they hold meetings at their own homes. The club is about to purchase bloomers and wheels, and enjoy life without masculine aid.

Taking Care of the Feet.

Low shoes should be worn instead of high ones whenever practicable, as the low shoes allow a much freer ventilation to the foot than a high boot can possibly do. Some of the most impure matter from the body exudes through the perspiration from the feet, and for this reason they should be well ventilated and washed daily with scrupulous care. The neglect of the hygiene of the feet in the matter of bathing and incasing them in close shoes, through which there is no chance of ventilation, has more to do with corns, bunions and other afflictions of the feet than the worst shoes ever invented. The perfect fitting of stockings is a very important matter, the neglect of which has much to do with the complaints of sore and tender feet that one so often hears in summer. A stocking that is too long is sure to crease somewhere and irritate the foot.

Circles Around the Eyes.

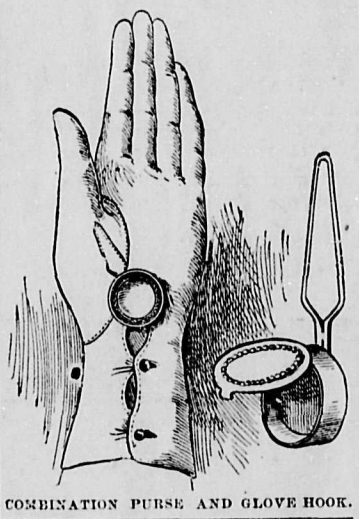
The orbit of the eye is filled with cellular tissue and fat, with many blood vessels. The skin under the eyes is extremely thin, and if for any reason the blood vessels are relaxed, the venous congestion is made manifest by the dark circles under the eyes. The remedy would be, of course, to find the cause and remove it. An effort should also be made to improve the local circulation, which can be done by massage treatment. Relief may also be found in hot fomentations over the eyes; for this purpose apply flannel cloths folded into smooth, compact strips, and wrung out of water so hot that the hands cannot bear it for any length of time. Many a nervous headache, caused by close application to sewing that must be finished in a given time, may be relieved in this way.

A Phosphorescent Tea.

A phosphorescent 5 o'clock tea was recently given in Paris at 8 in the evening, at which no lights were used, the light coming from the ceiling, carpets, chairs, pictures, teacups and flowers. The ladies wore phosphorescent dresses, and their faces, shoulders and arms gleamed with light. M. Henry, of the Academie des Sciences, has invented a phosphorescent starch, which was used on the occasion, and which, employed as face powder, "lends a moonlight radiance very becoming to some."—Philadelphia Record.

Purse and Glove Hook in One.

The Jewelers' Circular calls attention to a new article in the combination line



COMBINATION PURSE AND GLOVE HOOK.

designed expressly for women. It serves the two-fold purpose of purse for coin and glove hook and is made in sterling silver. It is easily accessible and is securely held in the palm of the hand.

A Woman Hermit.

In the northern part of Lyme, near the boundary line of Salem, Ct., in a lonely clearing, surrounded by woods, stands a dilapidated old house of the seventeenth century style, with a stone chimney on the outside at the gable end. This old house is the home of Miss Desiah Wilcox, a maiden farmer, who resides there alone. In former years she used to keep oxen and cows, and till the soil, but she is getting past heavy work, and her stock now consists of a horse and a flock of sheep. The only income derived from the farm is the annual clip of wool and what little hay or timber she may dispose of, which amounts to very little. She has lived alone since the death of her parents, and seems perfectly contented and happy.—Boston Herald.

Louis XV. Jacket.

Mrs. Nancy McKeen, of West Stoneham, Me., has the honor of having killed the largest bear ever captured in that region. The bear was chasing her sheep, when she attacked him with a club, and, after a hard-fought battle, succeeded in laying him out. Mrs. McKeen is 83 years of age, in good health, and says she is ready for another bear.

SUDDEN LIGHT.

I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell.
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet, keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before—
How long ago I may not know,
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall—I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?
And shall not thus time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our loves restore
In death's despite
And day and night yield one delight once more?

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

ON A BATTLEFIELD.

I remember our running through the wood, and how our cannon balls whistled as they tore down the branches of the hawthorn bushes as we broke through them. Beyond the border of the forest we could see something red flashing here and there. Sidoroff, a young soldier from the First battalion, suddenly fell to the ground, and silently looked at me with big, frightened eyes. From his mouth poured a wave of blood. Yes, I remember it very well.

I also remember the Turk I noticed when we reached the clearing. He was tall and stout, and I was short and thin. I ran straight toward him. Something snapped. Something huge, as it seemed to me, flew past me. I heard it whistle. "He has shot at me," I thought. But he, with a wail of pain, leaned against the hawthorn bush. With a blow I knocked the musket out of his hands. With another I thrust his bayonet far away. I heard him moan, and then I rushed on.

Our men cried, "Hurrah!" Some fell. Some gave fire. When I had left the wood, I also fired several times right on the plain. Suddenly the "Hurrah!" grew louder, and we all rushed on—that is, not we, but our men, for I remained. This seemed strange to me, and, yet more strange, that everything had disappeared and the noise had stopped. I heard nothing, but I saw a bit of blue color before me, very likely the sky. After awhile this also had vanished.

I was never in such a funny state before. I am lying, it seems, on my stomach, and I see before me a bit of ground. A few grasses, little broken pieces of last year's herbs and some ants crawling over them—this is all my world. And all this I see with but one eye; the other is closed with something hard—perhaps a branch on which my head rests. I feel very uncomfortable, and I want to move, but I do not understand why I am not able to. Time passes. I hear the noise of the grasshopper, the buzzing of the bee. At last I made an effort to free my right hand from under my body, and leaning with both hands on the ground I try to stand on my knees. Something sharp and quick as lightning passes through my body, and once more I fall. Once more darkness and nothingness.

I awake. How is it that I now see the stars shining brightly on the dark blue Bulgarian sky? Am I not in my tent? Why am I not there? I try to move, but I feel a torturing pain in my leg. Yes, I have been wounded in the battle. Dangerously? I touch my leg where I feel the pain. Both legs are covered with blood. When I touch them, the pain grows stronger. There is a noise in my ears, and my head is heavy. In a confused way I understand that I am hurt in both legs.

How did it happen? Why did they not pick me up? Is it possible that the Turks have beaten us? I try to remember what has happened to me, first in a confused manner and afterward more clearly. I remember now that we were not beaten at all but that we began to run and that I had to drop down on the plain near the hill. Our commander had pointed to the plain. "Boys, we shall be there," he had called out. And we were there; that proves that we are not beaten. But why did they leave me? This is an open place where they could have seen me. They fired so often very likely I am not alone. I must turn my head and see. I can do so easily as this time I had fallen on my back—this accounts for my seeing the stars instead of the ground.

I raise myself into a sitting position, but this is hard work, when both legs are wounded. Several times I have to rest, and the pain brings tears into my eyes. At last I sit up. Above me are the dark blue sky and the twinkling stars; around me seems something dark and high. My hair stands on end. I have fallen into the busnes, and they have not found me. But how did I get here, when they shot at me on the plain? Very likely, driven by pain, I had rushed on. Strange! Now I am not able to move, and then I could run so far.

The big stars have grown paler and the little ones have disappeared; the moon is rising. How good to be at home! I hear strange sounds. It seems that, after all, there is somebody. Yes, that was a groan. Is there somebody near me, also forgotten, with wounded legs or a ball in his stomach? No, the groans are too near, for there is nobody so close to me. Good heavens, it is myself! Slow, plaintive groans! Am I really so sick? Very likely. But I hardly realize the pain, because there is a mist in my head, it feels like lead. I had better lie down and sleep. Sleep? Shall I ever wake up? I hardly care.

Suddenly a broad streak of moonlight illuminates the place where I am about to lie down, and I see something dark and big lying at a few steps from me. Something on it glistens in the light of the moon. I recognize a brass button. Very likely a dead body or a wounded man. All the same to me, I lie down.

No, it cannot be! Our men have not left the field. They have beaten the Turks and have remained in this position. But why do I not hear the sound of voices or the crackling of fire? But then I am so weak that I am not able to strain my ears. Surely they are here.

"Help, help!" I call out.

Wild, hoarse sounds burst from my chest. They remain unanswered. All is silent around me. The moon has a mournful expression on her round face. I remember the bright buttons. "If he were alive, he would have heard my call. He is dead. Is he ours or a Turk? Oh, God, if it were not, all the same!" And sleep closes my weary eyes.

I am lying with shut eyes, although I awoke long ago. Through the thick branches of the hawthorn I feel the heat of the sun, and I do not care to open them. It is better not to move at all. Yesterday—was it yesterday?—I was wounded. One day has passed, others will pass, and I shall die. How good it would be not to think, but this is impossible. Thoughts and remembrances come to my mind and besides it will soon be over. They will publish that our losses were of no consequence. "Wounded, so many; killed, Ivanoff, a private from the volunteers." Perhaps they will not put the name. Simply, "Killed, one." A private! As if they would say "a dog."

It was long ago. All my life—that is, the life when I was not lying here—seems so long ago. I walked in the street, where I saw a crowd of people looking at something white, covered with blood. It was a pretty little dog, which had been killed by the tramway. A man came and carried it away.

Will they carry me away too? Or shall I remain here to die? How sweet life seems to me! When I saw the little dog that day, I had felt happy. Remembrance, why do you torture me? The past happiness; the present misery. Homesickness, thou art worse than all the wounds!

It is growing warm, the sun is burning. I open my eyes and I see the same bushes, the same sky, but in broad daylight. And there is my neighbor. Yes, it is a dead Turk. What a giant! I remember him; he is the same I killed. Why did I kill him? Why did he come here? Who is he? Like myself, he may have an old mother looking out for him. And I? And I also. Yes, I should like to change with him. He does not hear; he does not feel the pain in his wounds, anguish or thirst. The bayonet pierced his heart right through.

There is a great black hole in his uniform. This was done by me. I did not want to do it. I did not wish to harm anybody when I went to the war. I did not expect to kill people. I had thought more of exposing my own breast to the enemy's balls. And then? Fool, fool! And this wretched fellah (he wears the Egyptian uniform), his fault it was still less. He had never heard of Russia or Bulgaria. He was told to go, and he went. We attacked, he defended himself. Where is his fault, and why did I kill him? Why does thirst torture me? Who knows what that means? Even when we marched through Roumelia, under a glaring tropical sun, I did not feel the thirst as I feel it now. Oh, if some one would but come!

Good heavens! In his great flask there may still be some water, but how to reach it? It will cost me agonies, but I must try. I begin to crawl. My feet drag. My weakened hands are hardly able to move the lifeless body. There are but a few steps to the dead body, but for me the distance seems endless. I must. My throat is parched and burns like fire. I should die soon without water, but I go on. Every movement is agony. I scream—I scream with sobs. At last I reach the flask. There is water enough to last me until I die. He whom I have killed saves me now. I try to open the flask, but the effort is too great. I lose balance and fall right on the body of the dead Turk. I could smell the odor of decay. I took a long draft. The water was warm, but fresh, and would last me several days. I had read somewhere that a man could live a week without food if he had water. What if I lived several days longer? Our men are gone, the Bulgarians dispersed. There are no roads. Die I must, but instead of three days' suffering I shall suffer a week. Perhaps it would be better to end directly. Near my neighbor lies his gun. I have but to stretch out my arm. One moment and all is finished. Shall I do it, or shall I wait? Deliverance or death? No, I shall have courage. I shall struggle on to the last. If they find me, I am saved. Perhaps my bones are not touched, and then they will cure me. I shall once more see my home, mother and Mary.

O Lord, never let them know the truth! Let them think that I was killed at once.

I am beginning to feel dizzy. My visit to my neighbor has entirely exhausted me. He is growing black and beginning to decay. What will become of him later? I can hardly bear the odor, and I am not able to move. The sun scorches my face and my hands. Nothing to cover me. If night would but come! This will be the second, I think.

My thoughts are growing confused.

I must have slept long, for when I awoke it was night. My condition is the same. My wounds hurt. My neighbor, huge and lifeless, is still there.

I cannot help thinking of him. Is it possible that I have left all that is dear and precious to me, that I have come thousands of versts, have starved and frozen and been tormented by heat and thirst and am now lying here in agony only in order to kill this miserable Turk? Did I accomplish anything else besides this murder?

Murder—murderer! And who? I!

When I longed to join the army, my mother and sister did not keep me back, although they grieved deeply. I was sorry for them, but, blinded, I refused to see their tears. I did not understand how much I hurt them. Now I do.

If I could but bring back the past! How strange my conduct seemed to our friends.

"Madman, you do not know what you are doing!" they had said. How could they talk like this when our country was in question? Where was the love and patrotism they were constantly extolling? When I aimed at all these lauded virtues, why did they call me madman? I went with thousands of others, some of them like myself, as volunteers. A sharp morning wind stirring the bushes reminds me that this is my third day of suffering. The third! How many more? I am too weak to move away from the dead body. We shall soon be equals. I am thirsty. I shall drink three times a day, morning, noon and night.

The sun has risen. Its great circle, crossed and divided by the boughs of the hawthorn, is red as blood. It will surely be warm today. My neighbor—what will become of him? He is terrible now. His hair is beginning to fall off; his dark, Egyptian skin has become yellow; his face has swollen to such an extent that it has burst on one side, and the worms are covering it. What will the sun do with him today? To lie near him is impossible. I must move farther, however I shall have to suffer for it. But how? I am able to extend my hand and open the flask, but to move my heavy, immovable body! I must, if it should take me hours to make a step.

The whole morning passes in the effort. The pain is terrible, but what is that to me? I have forgotten how it is to feel well. I have succeeded in reaching the old place, but even here I have the terrible odor of the decaying body, carried to and fro by the wind. It makes me sick. My empty stomach is shrinking. I am beginning to feel spasms. My whole interior turns with the terrible odor, which does not leave me for a moment! I have reached despair, and I weep—weep like an infant. Exhausted, all torn by the thorns of the bush, I feel almost unconscious.

Suddenly—is this a mistake—I hear talking and the stamping of hoofs. I was going to scream, but refrained. If these should be the Turks! Then, to my own suffering, others still greater would be added. I have heard and read how the Turks tear off the skin and burn the wounds. Nothing worse than brutish men! Will it be better to end life in the hands of the Turks or here? But if they should be our men? Oh, these bushes! Why are they so thick? I can hardly see through them! There is one little place like a window which enables me to see in the distance. There seems to be the little, brook where we quenched our thirst in the battle, and there is the big stone which was our bridge across the brook. They will surely come this way!

My hearing has grown so weak that I cannot distinguish the language which they talk. Lord! if they should be ours! I shall call out! They will hear me from the brook. Why does it take them so long? Impatience tortures me. I do not even notice the odor, although it is increasing, and suddenly Cossacks appear on the other side of the brook. The blue coats, with red stripes on the trousers, the lances, a whole battalion! In front, on a beautiful horse, the dark officer. As soon as they had reached the brook he suddenly commanded:

"Turn—march!"

"For heaven's sake, stop! Help! Help!" I scream, but the stamping of the hoofs and the general noise drown my rattling cries, and I am not heard. Oh, God! In my helplessness I fall with my face to the ground and I sob. From the overturned flask flows the water—my life, my salvation from death. After this I lost consciousness, and must have lain for many hours in this state, till at last a gust of wind blowing the terrible odor over me brought me to my senses. I looked at my neighbor. He had changed beyond expression. The first look at him nearly frightened me to death. The flesh had dropped off his face, and, although I had often touched a skull, I had never yet seen anything that might have been compared to that awful, hideous, bony smile. I began to shiver when I looked at the skeleton in the uniform with the bright buttons. "This is war," I thought; "the representation of it!"

Once more the burning sun scorches my face and hands and causes me to feel thirsty. Not a drop of water is left in the flask. Why did I not scream louder? The Cossacks might have heard me. Even the Turks would be better than these pangs. Mother, darling mother! You would tear your hair if you knew! You would curse those who instigated the war to bring suffering over people! Goodby, mother, sister—all!

Once more the little white dog. Why did I come here? Tomorrow is the third day. How many more? Death, where art thou? Come and take me.

But death does not come. I have still to live and to suffer. I am here under the burning sun, without a drop of water, and the nearness of the dead body is poisoning me. The worms have nearly finished him, and then they will be ready for me. The day passes and the night. The same thing. Another morning and another night.

There is a stir in the branches, and a noise as if they were talking. "You will die, die, die!" they whisper. "Never see again!" answer the bushes from the other side.

"From here you can see them!" says a loud voice near me.

I start and gain consciousness at once. Through the bushes I can see the kind blue eyes of Iakovlev, our corporal, looking at me.

"Shovels!" he cried. "Here are two more, ours and theirs."

"No shovels! I don't need to be buried! I am alive!" I want to call out, but my throat is parched, and the closed lips are unable to utter a sound.

"Heavens! He is alive! Mr. Ivanoff. Boys, come here! Our young carine (master) is alive. Quickly call the doctor!"

Although one of my legs had to be operated upon, I have lived to tell and write of the terrible days I passed on the field of war.—Exchange.

"Horning" Professors.

Many college men will be interested in knowing just what the practice of "horning" professors is. President Tucker of Dartmouth gives what may be considered an official definition of this form of disorder. It is an expression of dissatisfaction among students with a professor and consists of a "noisy and insulting demonstration against the instructor at his office or at his residence." Sometimes it is "attended with damage to property, but not with violence to person."—New York Tribune.

It was hemstitched and bordered with "beading,"
Then edged with this "footing," or lace,
And it looked like a part of a flower,
When held to her dear, dimpled face.

I thought, when it waved me a greeting,
That it seemed like a fluttering dove,
Then, afterward, with our hands meeting,
It seemed like the white badge of love.

Will it ever be emblem of sorrow?
Of pain, or of shuddering fears?
Will it wave sad farewells, will it ever
Receive her warm, womanly tears?

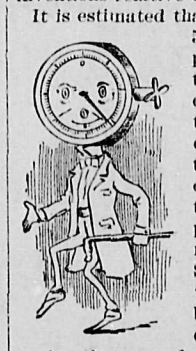
Ah, dear little bit of fine linen,
I pray such a fate will not be!
May you never have office less happy
Than to wave a gay greeting to me!
—Detroit Free Press.

FLOOD OF INVENTIONS.

Patents for Wheelmen's Sundries Are Constantly Applied for.

The patent office at Washington has been flooded during the last year with inventions relative to the bicycle.

It is estimated that the ambitions of 500 persons are displayed in the invention of bicycle sundries submitted to the patent office every month. It is estimated that 80 per cent. of the inventions sent to the patent office are of no use to the rider. Something over 100 "toe clips" have been invented. A dealer said the other day that very few of the clips were of any consequence, but that all had ready sales.



The dealer was asked if all the bicycle sundries found ready sales. He said: "No, not by any means. There are many things that are meant to be blessings to riders that are comparatively unheard of. They are just the things that the makers claim are necessary to make a bicycle complete. Why, there are things in the store to-day that we never expect to get rid of. To tell the truth, there are many of them that I would not sell if I could. I could not look the buyer in the face an hour later if I did. If a bicycle rider were to supply himself with everything that is claimed to be necessary to make his outfit complete, he would find it extremely difficult to put them all in an average-sized wheelbarrow. There are bicycle sundries and there are bicycle sundries."

SUCCEEDS CECIL RHODES.

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, Cape Colony's New Premier.

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, who has succeeded Cecil Rhodes as premier of Cape Colony, is another one of the men who have gone to South Africa possessing neither health nor wealth, and he now enjoys both. Thirty years ago he was a newspaper reporter in London. His physician advised him to emigrate for his health, which had been broken as the result of overwork. When he was carried on board of the vessel which bore him from his native land he little thought that he would be premier of

SIR J. GORDON SPRIGG.

the new country to which he was being conveyed. In fact he has been three times premier, being first chosen in 1878 and serving until 1881, and then again from 1886 to 1890. From 1884 to 1886 and again from 1890 until his reappointment as successor to Sir Cecil Rhodes, Sir Gordon was treasurer of the colony. The circumstances upon which he first gained the post were similar to those upon which he now returns to power. In 1878 Sir Bartle Frere dismissed the Ministry because of his dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Transkeian rebellion. Three years later he resigned after a fiasco in regard to another rebellion, that of the Basutos.

The real polite member of a family is the one who does the most lying when guests are present

That

xtreme tired feeling afflicts nearly every-dy at this season. The hustlers cease to ush, the tireless grow weary, the ener-etic become enervated. You know just hat we mean. Some men and women ndeavor temporarily to overcome that

Tired

eeling by great force of will. But this unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the ervous system, which will not long stand uch strain. Too many people "work on eir nerves," and the result is seen in un-ortunate wrecks marked "nervous pros-ation," in every direction. That tired

Feel-

ng is a positive proof of thin, weak, im-ure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, talized and vigorous, it imparts life and nergy to every nerve, organ and tissue f the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sa saparilla for that tired feeling s, therefore, apparent to every one, and e good it will do you is equally beyond uestion. Remember that

Hood's
Sarsaparilla

s the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. repared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

SCROFULA

Miss Della Stevens, of Boston, Mass., writes: I have always suffered from hereditary Scrofula, for which I tried various remedies, and many reliable physicians, but none relieved me. After taking 6 bottles of S.S.S. I am now well. I am very grateful to you, as I feel that it saved me from a life of untold agony, and shall take pleasure in speaking only words of praise for the wonderful medicine, and in recommending it to all.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address.

CURED

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

ching and Bliud, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to DR. BOSANKO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops itch-absorbs tumors. A positive cure. Circulars sent free. Price Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.

f

Your Dealer

ill not sell you

e

S·H·&M·

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS

we will.

Write us for free samples showing bels and materials.

"Home Dressmaking," a new book by Miss ma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, ing how to put on Bias Velveteen Skirt Bind-s sent for 25c., postage paid.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 600, N. Y. City.

Is this what ails you?

Have you a feeling of weight in the Stomach—Bloating after eating—Belching of Wind—Vomiting of Food—Water-brash—Heartburn—Bad Taste in the Mouth in the Morning—Palpitation of the Heart, due to Distension of Stomach—Cankered Mouth—Gas in the Bowels—Loss of Flesh—Fickle Appetite—Depressed, Irritable Condition of the Mind—Dizziness—Headache—Constipation or Diarrhœa?

Then you have

DYSPEPSIA

in one of its many forms. The one positive cure r this distressing complaint is

Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets,

by mail, prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents

CHARLES RAMSEY, Hotel Imperial, New York, says: "I suffered horribly from dyspepsia, but Acker's Tablets, taken after meals, have cured me."

ACKER MEDICINE CO., 10 & 18 Chambers St., N.Y.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

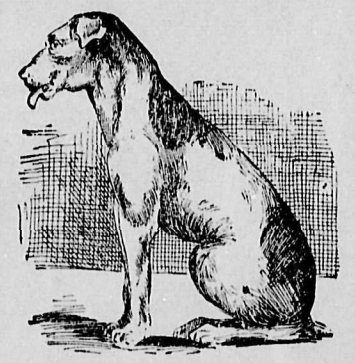
CONSUMPTION

25 CTS.

CANINE WORTH $50,000.

He Was Once a Tramp Dog—Found by a Rich Man.

In Denver, Col., there is a dog that is worth $50,000 in his own right, and he dissipated until now he is suffering with consumption. At present he is still alive, is receiving attention at the hands of the most eminent physicians



THE LUCKY DOG.

in the West, and is waited upon by a trained nurse. This particular dog is a small fox terrier, and was a tramp until picked up some years ago by a rich Philadelphian named Davis. The poor dog and the rich man became inseparable, and when Davis became ill the dog was greatly affected, and would neither eat nor sleep. Davis died, and the dog would not be quieted until after the body had been interred in the cemetery. Davis' love for the canine was so great that he willed $50,000 to the dog.

The condition of the dog would not improve in Philadelphia, so the physician ordered a change of climate. It was suggested that he be taken to Denver. He was taken there in the hope that the change of air might benefit his lungs. At the present time the dog, in common with the family of the dead man, is quartered at the leading fashionable hotel of Denver.

It is an interesting question whether the $50,000 reverts to the family in the event of the dog's death, which is certain, or goes to the State of Pennsylvania.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF A GRAY OVERCOAT

Upon the tongue, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, nausea and uneasiness beneath the right ribs and shoulder blade, is that the victim of these discomforts is bilious. The "proper caper" under such circumstances is to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cures chills and fever, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatic and kidney complaints and nervousness.

He (from Boston; very musical)—Wegner's works are simply grand. She (from Chicago)—Oh, you ought to see Pullman's!

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY,

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

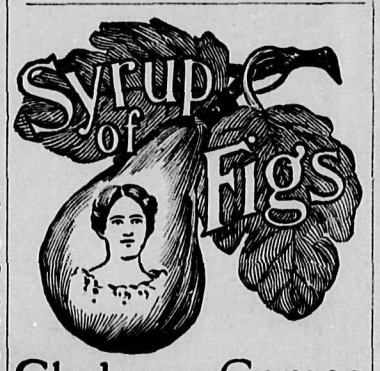
Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 26, 189'.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND

PENNYROYAL ✻ PILLS

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2891 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WOMAN

the name of Woman's Friend. It is l in relieving the backaches, headaches hich burden and shorten a woman's omen testify for it. It will give health and strength nd make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists. LUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.

FOR

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given uniformly success- and weakness life. Thousands of

YOU

TRAINING GRIPMEN.

BREAKING IN COUNTRYMEN FOR CITY RAILWAY SERVICE.

Young Farmers Make the Best Gripmen on Account of Their Strength and Caution—A Situation That Requires Close Attention and Plenty of Nerve.

"Where do the gripmen come from?" a strong armed, blue uniformed employee of the Washington and Georgetown railway was asked last night as he left his car at the end of the route for a cup of coffee and a sandwich in the all night restaurant.

"Why, from the country, most of them. These fellows who are raised on cigarettes and beer in the city don't seem to have the muscle necessary to throw on the brake and stop the train on a down grade. Then again a countryman is mighty careful about going through the streets. He's afraid that every man he sees step off the pavement is going to be run over, and he is absolutely certain that every team that comes out from a cross street is going to collide with him. It takes him about two years to get over this fear, and then, as he becomes a little careless, he has a few accidents that smash up fenders and take the paint off the coaches, and then he gets fired, and the road is ready to break in another countryman."

"How do they break them in?"

"Well, they are mighty careful with them. A new man on the grip is about the worst scared object in the world. Talk about your condemned man being scared when he's walking out to be hanged—why, his sensations ain't in it with the man who's running a grip car for the first time. To be sure, an experienced gripman is on the car right beside him, ready to throw on the brakes and sound the 'lookout' bell. But between the grip, and the wheel brake, and the track brake, and the 'go ahead' and 'stop' signals, and the 'look out' bells, and the people jumping on and off the grip car, your new gripman just gets seasick. They say they don't mind it, but they're talking through their bonnets, that's all. Then, another thing, the way they throw on the brake yanks their arms out of joint and makes 'em good and sore, I tell you.

"There's something funny about braking up a grip car. I came from the country to my job, but I wasn't always a plowboy. When I was a young fellow, I used to work in a country printing office, and used to have to run a Washington hand press. Ever run a Washington hand press—you're in the newspaper business? What! Never run one? Well, then, I can't tell you anything about it, except that if you don't know the trick you can't throw 'er over and get an impression no more than a rabbit. You may have a muscle like a blacksmith, but if you don't know the knack you can't pull the lever over, but if you are on to the trick, and don't weigh more'n 90 pounds, you can throw her around just like lightning and make 600 impressions an hour—that is, if you've got a good 'devil' to do your inking.

"Well, as I was saying, that's just like braking up a grip car. Some big fellows weighing 200 pounds, with muscles on them like Fitzsimmons, go out on one of these grips with two coaches behind 'em, and the way they brake 'er up makes all the passengers think they have gone to sea. Then a little fellow, who don't look heavy enough to handle a team of mules attached to a sulky plow, gets a job on the road, and he grabs that old grip like a drum major throwing a baton, and he'll get the knack of the thing right quick, and when he brakes 'er up the passengers think that the first waltz at the Charity ball is just starting.

"But while he may be throwing on the brakes all right he's kind of off his pins when it comes to hearing the two bells for go ahead. You see, a new man can't do everything at once. Takes about a week to get the shiver off, and during that time a regular gripman runs with the new man, keeping a sharp lookout. Then the new man, after his week, goes to the superintendent and has to pass an examination. They ask him all about the signals, and where other cars cross, and where the 'dead men' are—'dead man's' a block you strike if you don't let go the cable where you have to, and if you ever strike a 'dead man' your job's gone, no ifs and ands about it—and all about the street and so on. Well, if the new man passes the examination, he puts up $10, and they give him a certificate, and he can go and put that up for a uniform and an overcoat, and there you are—he's a gripman, ready for 20 degrees below zero and 100 degrees above zero and his little old $3 a day.

"The company's breaking in six new gripmen on the Fourteenth street line right now. Two of the old men died and a couple quit. Each line always keeps about a dozen extra gripmen on hand ready for an emergency, so they're breaking in these new ones. One of the new boys had an accident at Ninth and the avenue the other afternoon. Ran into an Anacostia bobtail car. By ginger, I thought he was going to knock the thing clear to the Good Hope hill, but he didn't. Scared? Well, the passengers on the bobtail wasn't half as scared as he was. He could hardly get off the grip to pick up the pieces of the fender. He thought he was as good as fired, but the company never said nothing. Guess they thought they was lucky to get off with as little damage. And besides an accident right at the start makes a gripman extra careful for all the rest of the time."—Washington Post.

All Hope Gone.

Mr. Flabley—J. told me that he never knew what it was to be happy up to the time of his marriage.

Mrs. Flabley—Haven't I always told you that marriage is the only happy state?

Mr. Flabley—Yes, but J. says he never expects to know what it is to be happy now.—Brooklyn Life.

HAIR OF GREAT LENGTH.

Nearly One Foot Longer than Its Owner Is Tall.

Mrs. D. J. Davis, of San Francisco, Cal., has the longest hair in the world. She is 5 feet 9 inches tall, and her hair is 6 feet 8 inches long. Her sisters also have very long hair.

"I never brush my hair," said Mrs. Davis, as she removed those long, coral pins that held great coils in place about her head so that her hair might be measured, "for the reason that I do not believe it is good for the hair. In fact I have demonstrated my belief to my own satisfaction by experimenting. When a girl I gave very little attention to my hair, and in consequence

LONGEST HAIR IN THE WORLD.

it did not grow at all. Sometimes I felt very much chagrined to see how much longer and prettier was the hair of all three of my sisters, but I was somewhat careless. When I became a woman I suddenly developed a desire to have long hair like theirs, and began to take the utmost care of what little I had. Every morning, and sometimes twice a day, I brushed it thoroughly, but it did not grow any better. Then I noticed that the brush, after the daily application to the hair, even when the latter had no tendency to fall out, would be filled with very fine hairs, and soon I realized that while the brushing had no effect upon the long hair it effectually killed the new growth, and I decided to stop.

"Since then I have used nothing but a very coarse comb. Every morning I go over the hair thoroughly and carefully, removing every snarl until it is as free and flowing as water. Then I braid it and coil it into varied coiffures about my head. I never used cosmetics on my hair."

FRENCH MINISTER'S WIFE.

Takes Precedence Over Every Woman in the Diplomatic Corps Except One.

Mme. Patenotre, wife of the French ambassador, takes precedence over every woman in the diplomatic corps save one, Lady Pauncefote, wife of the British ambassador. When Lady Pauncefote is not present Mme. Patenotre is the guest of honor. She must be taken out to dinner by the host, and

MME. PATENOTRE.

she must be allowed to give the signal for departure at all the ceremonial banquets when foreign representatives are present. But two years since Mme. Patenotre was Miss Eleanor Elverson, of Philadelphia. She was educated abroad, and had seen little of society until after her brilliant marriage. She is a beautiful woman, with a charming manner; she is absolutely natural and unaffected. She speaks French and German fluently, plays the harp with much skill and sings well. She is a general favorite, and has the ability of remembering names, which is a priceless boon to the wife of a diplomat. Her costumes are always chic and her jewels number among the handsomest in Washington. M. Patenotre's career has been marked by great success. After finishing his education in Paris he made a tour of Morocco, Egypt and Palestine. He then went as attache to Athens. Persia was his next post, and he saw that country under the protection of the Shah. At Buenos Ayres he learned Spanish and visited every point of interest in South America. He has seen diplomatic service in Sweden, and distinguished himself in China in the negotiation concerning the treaty of Anam.

Natural Question.

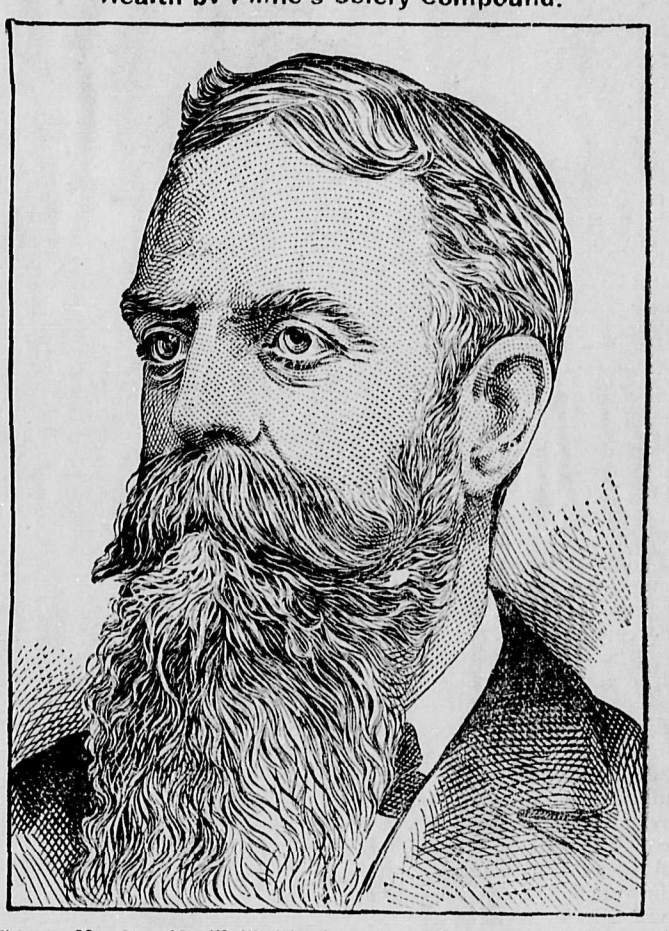
A Knight Templar and his family were traveling over the New York Central to attend last summer's conclave in Boston.

The "limited" train was rushing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, when a five-year-old youngster, who was sitting at the window, was startled by the rush and roar of a passing train, and fell back in his fright. Recovering himself quickly, he looked up in his father's face, and gasped, "Papa, did we swallow it?"

When there is a snow storm the fancy of very young men lightly turns to thoughts of tracking rabbits.

ALL CHICAGO KNOWS HIM.

W. W. Watson, Leading Real Estate Man, Restored to Health by Paine's Celery Compound.



Chicago, May 25.—Mr. W. W. Watson's reputation throughout the West for unerring judgment in the valuation of land has made him foremost among the most conservative, careful class of investors in Chicago.

Unlike many hard driven business men, the owner of "Alpine Heights," that splendid suburb of Chicago, has not neglected his health on account of his exacting business. The following unrequested statement from Mr. Watson shows how consistent with his lifelong, careful, conscientious and successful business habits has been his attention to getting well. He states in the Times-Herald:

"Upon the recommendation of a friend, I used Paine's celery compound for headaches, constipation, indigestion and loss of sleep, and found it all it was recommended to be. I suffer no more from headaches, sleep soundly at night, and am now in perfect health. This is the only medicine that I have ever taken for these complaints, which has benefited me at all.

"W. W. WATSON, 225 Dearborn st."

Busy men and women are apt to think there is always time to get well. The fact that only one person in a hundred dies of old age shows how recklessly men and women postpone attending to their health and allow it to go to pieces while they devote themselves heart and soul to affairs that are trifling in comparison. Wives and mothers have no greater duty than to see that those dear to them do not become so absorbed in the work of providing for the household as to lose their health and shorten their days.

No more thoughtful step could be taken during the spring days that are now here than to urge such tired and often irritable home providers to take Paine's celery compound. There are thousands of homes where overwork has led to worrying, fretting and despondency, that need only Paine's celery compound to banish the unhealthy atmosphere and make things bright and cheerful again

It is the only spring remedy universally prescribed by physicians. It makes people well by giving them a hearty appetite and a relish for their food. Hard-worked men and women, the nervous, weak and debilitated, get new strength, fresh nerve energy and a purer, more vigorous blood supply from Paine's celery compound.

This most valuable nerve and brain invigorator and restorer practically demonstrates the lifelong conviction of its eminent discoverer, Professor Phelps, M. D., LL D., of Dartmouth College. Professor Phelps was for a long time convinced that sound nutrition was the keystone of firm health, and that where there were signs of poorly nourished nerve tissues, and of thin, pale-colored blood, some means must be devised to supply these deficiencies briskly and rapidly. Professor Phelps prepared Paine's celery compound on this basis. It has proved an invigorator, strengthener and a great spring purifier, such as the world has never enjoyed before our day.

Tomorrow, or next day, or the day after is not soon enough to look about getting rid of weakness or disease. Take Paine's celery compound today. There is no time equal to these early spring days for throwing off poor health. There are few persons who do not need to take a spring remedy.

Many not downright sick, but tired or ailing, would be immensely benefited by taking Paine's celery compound, especally at this particularly favorable season of the year.

This great compound will banish that tired feeling, cleanse the blood and regulate the nerves.

A Statue of Dempsey?

It is said that there is a movement on foot to erect a statue to the memory of the late pugilist, Jack Dempsey. The statue will, according to the story circulated yesterday, be placed over Dempsey's grave in Calvary cemetery, Long Island.

Dempsey's body has not yet been interred in Calvary, but will be brought on from Portland, Or.

The statue is to be a life size figure in ring costume, if the story told is true.

The statement was made that many noted sporting men, among them Fitzsimmons, would subscribe for the monument. Fitzsimmons was alleged to have offered $200. This was denied by Fitzsimmons.—New York World.

Good Rule to Enforce.

Profane or indecent language is to be sufficient cause for removing a player from the baseball field the coming season. Good strike!—Boston Herald.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE.

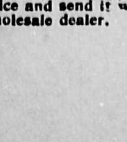
FOR SALE BY OREGON AND WASHINGTON MERCHANTS and Dealers generally.

WHO CARRIES THE LARGEST

Line of Cutlery, Sporting Goods, Barber Supplies and Bazaar Goods? Why, don't you know

THE WILL & FINCK COMPANY?

They will supply you with anything you want at lowest market prices. Send for General Catalogue or Catalogue of Sporting Goods or Barber Supplies. 820 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.



FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK or "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS are the One Thing to use.

Only One for a Dose.

Sold by druggists at 25c. a box Samples Free. Address the Dr. Bosanko Med. Co., Phila. Pa.

N. P. N. U. No. 651.—S. F. N. U. No. 728

OFFICE OF BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO COMPANY. DURHAM, N. C.

To ALL Merchants Who Retail TOBACCO.

Dear Sir:

You are entitled to receive FREE from your wholesale dealer, WHITE STAR SOAP with all the

Blackwell's Genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco you buy. One bar of soap Free with each pound, whether 16 oz., 8 oz., 4 oz., or 2 oz., packages.

We have notified every wholesale dealer in the United States that we will supply them with soap to give you FREE. Order a good supply of GENUINE DURHAM at once, and insist on getting your soap. One bar of Soap FREE with each pound you buy. Soap is offered for a limited time, so order to-day. Yours very truly,

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO COMPANY.

If you have any difficulty in procuring your soap, cut out this notice and send it with your order to your wholesale dealer.

The Nanaimo Mail

PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
BY THE
MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY
E. C. BEARD, Editor and Manager.
Bastion Street, Nanaimo, B. C.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail—One year.....2.00
" Six months.....1.25
" Three months.....75
Delivered by carrier.....25c. per month

SATURDAY MORNING, - - - JULY 4, 1896

The City's Danger.

Now the political campaign is over and has resulted satisfactorily to the country at large, it would be in order for those interested in the welfare of this city to consider its more immediate requirements with a view to bringing about the required legislation. First and foremost is the matter of water supply. With the hot and dry season upon us, the city is practically at the mercy of the fire fiend, for it is patent to all that the water service is alarmingly inadequate to the requirements of the city, rendering it an easy prey to the devouring element. The most important safeguard of any city is efficient fire protection, and when built almost entirely of wood, as is the case in Nanaimo, greater precautions should be taken and greater vigilance exercised, instead of a comparative apathy that portends disaster sooner or later. It is a matter that should rise above personal considerations and individual or corporate interests, and all who have the true interests of the city at heart will not seek to extenuate the present state of affairs or oppose efforts toward improvement.

The Miners' Strike.

While the miners of Nanaimo heartily sympathize with their fellow-craftsmen in the antipodes in their laudable efforts and sacrifice in the cause of labor, they should not forget that assistance of a practical nature is now sorely needed by them, the extension of which would go far toward cementing the bond of brotherhood and demonstrate in a substantial manner their sympathetic interest, which doubtless would be reciprocated in time of need. There is also another phase of the question, a selfish one we admit, but one which should not be overlooked. That is, that in aiding the Australians to continue their strike to a successful issue, they would not only indirectly help the cause of labor in this country, but would directly benefit themselves by causing an increased output of coal from this province; and in view of this fact we are assured the business community would supplement in a substantial manner any appropriation or subscriptions made by the miners for the purpose

The blue-ruin alarmists are still descanting on the deformities of free trade which is to paralyze the business of the country, ignoring the avowed policy of the Liberal party to give credence to the false alarm by which the howling dervishes of the Conservative party sought to deceive and frighten the people. An equitable adjustment of the tariff to the necessities of the country, with justice to all and special privileges to none, to which the Liberal party is pledged, commends itself to the honesty of the people. This cannot be accomplished in a day, and when it has been put to the test and found wanting will be time enough for the calamity-howlers to be heard from.

Eugene V. Debs spoke to a large gathering of railroad men and others in New York recently. He said that what the country needed was not strikes, but a different industrial system. The present wage system, which is a slave system, will, he predicted, give place to co-operation, enabling every workingman to reap the full reward of his toil. Speaking of government ownership of railroads, Mr. Debs said the government is being made a repair shop for wrecked railways, and he declared that if the government could operate railroads after they they were wrecked, it could do it before they were wrecked.

The Conservative press is now engaged in a frantic attempt to convert ignominious defeat into a semblance of success, the local apologist going so far as to predict the Liberal majority will "melt away like snow in July." This is only another instance of drowning men grabbing at straws, and the result will more likely show the Conservatives to have as much show of realizing their predictions as a snowball in hades has of contending against the melting process.

The state Democratic convention of Illinois renominated Governor Altgeld by acclamation, notwithstanding his plea to be excused on account of bad health. It also adopted a free silver platform with a shout. Illinois is all right.

SECOND YEAR

—AND—

Increasing Success

—OF THE—

NanaimoMail

ENDORSED BY

THE DISTRICT,

THE PROVINCE

AND THE NATION!

The electors of Vancouver District, by a plurality of nearly

200!

Have indorsed the principles and policy of

The Mail

As against all other papers and influences of the District, and the justness of its verdict is ratified by the Province and Nation at large, which all join in one grand jubilee at the triumph of right and the Liberal party, and thus glorifying the

First Anniversary

of THE MAIL (an ominous coincidence), testifying to its popularity and usefulness in the past and guaranteeing a successful future.

THOMAS KITCHIN

MINING BROKER

I WANT

20 MEN

TO JOIN ME IN A

Mining Deal

COST

$100 Each Only

PAYABLE

$25 Down
25 in 1 Month
25 in 2 Months
25 in 3 Months

I would do my best to make this a big success.

Call and see me.

THOMAS KITCHIN.

Johnston's Block, Nanaimo.

SEND YOUR CHILDREN TO US.

If you do, it'll make a great difference with the youngsters and a still greater difference with you. They'll be better shod than they possibly could be elsewhere and at a considerably less cost. When you can save money by buying better goods, youv'e struck a good imitation of a bonanza. That's what you'll always find in our stock—the best juvenile footwear in Nanaimo. You can't beat either our goods or prices. You might as well try to beat a drum with a feather.

ORR & RENDELL.

Broken Bicycles

—SHOULD BE—

Repaired in Good Shape

to avoid danger of accidents.

Repairing Bikes a Specialty

—AT—

R. J. WENBORN'S.

See the HYSLOP.

Revier House

SKINNER STREET,

MRS. JAS. HAWKING, (late of the Temperance House) desires to express her thanks to the public for former patronage, and now begs to state that the Revier House has been comfortably arranged for the accommodation of boarders, steady or transient. Single or double rooms with hot or cold water baths, and electric light in each room. Everything strictly first-class and charges moderate. Remember the house, a half-minute's walk from the old stand north.

RE-OPENING

The Globe Hotel

FRONT STREET,

Has been renovated and re-furnished, and is now conducted as a first-class hotel.

MR. ALBERT RAUCH can be found as mixologist.

Superior accommodation is provided for the public.

P. O. Box 225. Telephone 7-9.

Nanaimo Meat Market,

VICTORIA CRESCENT,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of

Fresh and Salt Meats, Sausages, Etc.

Meats Delivered—
To any part of the City free of charge.
Special Attention paid to Shipping Orders.
A Trial Solicited.

M. LEBERRY & CO.

Arlington Hotel.

MR. J. A. THOMPSON

Having completed the erection of the Arlington Hotel at NANOOSE BAY, this handsome and commodious hotel is now prepared to receive and comfortably entertain travelers and others.

THE CUISINE

Is presided over by Mrs. Thompson, and the Table d'Hote constantly provided with all the delicacies of the season. Combined with the elegant furnished apartments, the visitor finds the surroundings of the most pleasant description.

FISH AND GAME.

MARKET, BASTION STREET.

Steamers and Shipping supplied on short notice at Wholesale Prices.

People who Appreciate

PURE DRUGS

Have their prescriptions dispensed at

PIMBURY'S DRUG STORE.

Their Prices are Right. Telephone 3.

For a Cool Drink

Ask for Lawrence's

CHAMPAGNE CIDER
SODA WATER
GINGER ALE
SARSAPARILLA

EUREKA SODA WORKS,
Manufacturer of Temperance Drinks, Syrups, &c.
Delivered free to all parts of city and vicinity.
Prompt attention paid to shipping orders.
Telephone 2-4. P. O. Box 79. NANAIMO.

BEST VALUE IN

PHOTOS

AT BROOKS', 50 VICTORIA CRESCENT Nanaimo, B. C.

The Most Complete Stock

—OF—

Gents' Furnishings

IN THE CITY, AT

Jas. McGregor's

Victoria Crescent.

PIONEER

Carbonating and Bottling

WORKS.

MITCHELL & RUMMING, Proprietors.

Manufacturers of Lemonade, Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, Ciders, Etc.

TRY OUR GINGER BEER.

All Orders Promptly Attended To.

Telephone 20. P. O. Box 90.

Notice to Ladies.

I AM AGENT for Nanaimo and Districts for the New and Perfect Carter's Tailors' System. This system is up to date; a perfect ladies' system; is without a rival and easy to learn; is noted for its graceful lines and elegant forms; it is not an experiment but a development. I can also teach how to use this system, and also all kinds of Dressmaking executed in first-class style. Prices to suit the times. Address,

Margaret M. Macdonald,

No. 69 Haliburton Street,
D. S. Macdonald's Store.

THE BEST —:— IS THE CHEAPEST

The Nanaimo Bakery Excels

SMART & THORNE,

The Popular Bakers.

ICE CREAM

Will be in season after Sunday, and you should not fail to get the richest and best flavored, for which you must call at

Excelsior Bakery.

"CRITERION"

Restaurant and Chop House

COMMERCIAL STREET.

Oysters in every style.
Meals, 25c. and upwards.
Good Beds, 25c. and upwards.
Spring Chicken always on hand.

Try Philpott's Tomato Catsup

25c. and 50c. per Bottle.

We Never Sleep. *Open Day and Night.*

City Market

HEMANS & WAMSLEY

Wholesale and Retail Butchers

COMMERCIAL STREET

P. O. Box 227 Telephone 7-8

Cuban Cigar Factory.

Our Cigars are made of the Choicest Havana Tobaccos. Our famous

Cuban Blossom AND Black Diamond

Are called for everywhere, and are superior to any imported cigar. Made by Union Labor.

M. J. BOOTH, Wharf Street.

JOS. M. BROWN, Watchmaker.

All Kinds of Watches Demagnetized At Short Notice
By SPECIAL MACHINERY on the Premises.

Fine and Complicated Watches and Clocks
Carefully Cleaned and Repaired

Fine CYCLOMETERS, for Bicycles, in Stock.

CORNER CHURCH AND CHAPEL STREETS.

C. C. McKENZIE,

Land Agent and Conveyancer,

AND ACCOUNTANT.

OFFICE: FRONT STREET, NANAIMO.

Town Lots and Farms for Sale. Money to Loan on Mortgage at low rates.

Agent for the United Fire Insurance Company of Manchester, England.

THE ENTOMBED MINERS

Further Particulars of the Pittston Accident.

The Total Number of Victims Will Reach 100—Little Progress Made in the Work of Rescue.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 30.—While 90 miners were at work in the Red Ash vein of the Twin shaft at Pittston, about 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the roof caved in and it is believed all of the men perished. About 40 of the imprisoned men are English speaking miners, the others foreign. The names of the former are: M. J. Lanigan, inside superintendent; M. J. Linet; inside foreman; Alexander McCormack, fire boss; Robert Gastin, machinist; Thomas Murphy, driver boss; and the following miners: M. Costello, J. H. Kelly, Michael Gauhan, John Hart, James Daily, Michael Connel, Daniel Ward, Frank Kehoe, James Cleary, Edward Buckley, John Casey, Edward Rogers, James Kehoe, James McDonald, Ed. Delaney, Cornelius McGuire, James Goldman, T. O'Brien, Michael Hughes, James Burke, Edward Kilkenny, Patrick Ruane, Thomas Tenpenny,, Michael R. Gaffney, Thomas Doing, Anthony Kane, J. W. Murphy, Owen Lee, Anthony Gordon, James Wall, — Wall, his son, Dominick O'Malley, Peter Martin, Michael Ford, Timothy Burbrick, Thomas Dempsey, Thomas Carlin, Patrick Gibbons, John O'Boyle, Peter Joyce, Anthony Gordon, married; John Gill, single; Daniel Daven, single; P. S. Kelly, single; — Hoistrich, married; Joseph Zurindo, married; Tony Tollaski, married; Peter Savoskiz, married; Andrew Stovinski, married; Simon Maskovitz, married; John Cadanizky, single. There may be other English speaking miners among the unfortunates. Thirteen Polanders and Huns were entombed and it is thought the total number of bodies in the mine will reach 100.

The men were at work propping up the roof when the fall occurred. The alarm was immediately given by the ringing of the fire bells and rescuers were put to work without delay. At 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon the first bodies were found in the slope some distance from the plane in which the men had been working. More than two-thirds of the victims were married men. Among them were acting Mayor Lanigan, who was the inside superintendent of the mine, and J. H. Linet, a ward councilman.

About two weeks ago the surveyors reported to General Superintendent Law that the mine was squeezing and that unless steps were immediately taken to timber it, a cave-in or fall might be looked for.. Superintendent Law lost no time, but at once put a force of timber men at work to brace the falling roof. The "squeeze" continued, however, and yesterday the situation became alarming. In the afternoon a slight fall occurred and the men who were at work had to retreat before it. A consultation of mine officers was then held and it was decided that heroic measures would have to be resorted to, to prevent heavy damage to the mine. Inside Superintendent Lanigan gave orders that the most experienced miners should be secured and that the party would go down the mine at 7 o'clock. Expert timbermen put in an appearance at that hour and were soon lowered into the workins. They made their way to Red Ash veining, 150 feet down the slope. The work of propelling proceeded rapidly until 11 o'clock, when another fall occurred. A low rumbling noise and the flying coal and debris drove the men back. Then the squeeze ceased again and the men thought it was safe to resume work.

They labored until 3:30 o'clock, when it is presumed the roof fell in without warning, making a tremendous crash. It is believed, however, that men were not not all together, but some near the slope and these probably ran up the incline when the fall occurred. If the men received any warning, they had time to run up the slope, but not to any great distance. The falling rock and coal filled up the slope and the adjoining gangways, completely shutting off an avenues of escape. It was at first supposed the men escaped being caught and that they were imprisoned behind the debris. It is still possible, however, that living men may still be behind the fall, although it is extremely improbable. Even if they escaped being crushed by the falling rocks, the probability of their being alive for any length of time is a gaseous mine is doubtful.

The alarm was first given by John Sheridan, who with Thomas Gill and another man were the only ones to escape out of the whole party who entered the mine last night. Sheridan was on his way up the slope to get some fresh water for the men and, when about 100 feet from the foot of the shaft, was knocked down by the concussion. He was badly cut and bruised by the flying coal and rock. He lay unconscious ten minutes and then came up the shaft. The concussion was so great that it was heard for miles around. The foundation of nearly every building in Pittston was shaken and windows and doors rattled as in a tornado. In the houses near to the mine, persons were thrown from their beds.

The first thought was that a great earthquake had occurred and the inhabitants rushed pell mell from their houses. The ringing of bells and the shriek of the big mine whistle told the story. Great crowds appeared at the mouth of the shaft. Stalwart men stood appalled and frantic women, who had husbands or sons in the doomed mine, waited in despair. One mother cried out that she had two sons below. Another was the wife or the widow of some unfortunate one, and had nine helpless children at home. Many knelt on the ground and in voices broken in sobs, implored the divine Providence to restore their loved one alive. When it was given out that there was little hope of rescuing the men alive, women and girls fainted and were borne away.

The rescue work was promptly begun. The best miners who remained on the surface joined voluntarily in the hazardous task, for hazardous it certainly was. It was the constant menace of another fall or an explosion of firedamp. Special efforts were made to keep the air fan in good order, so that if by chance the men were alive, they should have fresh air to breathe. The locked slope and gangways held out little hope of the air reaching them. The rescuers were divided into three relays of forty men each under the direction of Mine Foreman Alexander McMullen.

The men worked as they had never before worked clearing away the debris in the slope with the energy that only springs out of the knowledge of dear lives behind it. They made good headway, considering the difficulties they had to contend with, and at 3 o'clock this morning had cleared the slope a distance of 600 feet.

At 2 o'clock this afternoon it became necessary to swear in extra policemen to control the crowd around the mouth of the shaft. It had increased to fully 7,000. Ropes were stretched around the shaft and only mine officials were allowed to enter the enclosure.

Sheridan, the water boy, who had such a narrow escape, tells a thrilling story of the catastrophe. He thinks there was an explosion of gas which blew down the newly erected timbers and caused the cave-in. He said those inside had no apprehension of a fall or a squeeze. Everything was working nicely and the men expected to be out of the mine within an hour.

"The noise of the fall," says the boy, "was like a hundred cannon and the force of it blew me fully twenty-five feet. I was hurled against the side of the slope. A piece of rock hit me on the back of the head, and the wound commenced to bleed and then I fainted."

Richards and Gill, who were on their way out after timber, concur with Sheridan that the concussion was terrific. They were knocked off their feet and banged against some brattice work. They cannot conceive the possibility of anybody being in the wreck and escape with his life. Superintendent Law says: "Nobody regrets this dreadful occurrence more than I do. It is too early yet to give any reason as to the cause of the accident, but I can assure you that if I thought there was an danger in the work undertaken by the men, not a single one of the men would have been allowed to enter the mine. I don't care for the damage to the mine. It is the loss of life that gives me so much sorrow."

The report that two bodies had been found in the mine was proved to-night to be premature. Up to 9 o'clock to-night no bodies had been found. At that hour all hope of finding any person alive had been lost. The superintendent of the Lehigh Coal Company, who is an authority, says it will be ten days before the bodies are reached. During the late hours of the afternoon the searchers made but little progress, because the part of the slope upon which their energies were bent was "working." The heaviest timbers were like straws under the heavy pressure from above.

The breaker of the Twin shaft burned down three years ago. There were over 100 men in the mine at the time, but all escaped through a second opening. The first great disaster in the anthracite region was in September, 1869, when 120 men perished in the Avondale mine, this country. The breaker over the mine caught fire and all the men in the mine were suffocated. This great catastrophe caused the legislature to pass a law compelling mines to have two openings. But when a cave-in occurs in a mine and the men are surrounded on every side by debris, it makes little difference how many openings there may be.

At 11 o'clock last night the situation at the ill-fated mine was unchanged. The rescuers were hard at work, but making little progress. Superintendent Miller has given orders that the rescuers must proceed with great caution now as the rock they are laboring under is "working" more or less. There is danger that in hurrying the work other lives may be lost.

A conference of prominent mine superintendents from all over the Wyoming valley was held to-night and the situation was discussed. The conclusion was reached that to prevent further loss of life the work of rescue must proceed with care. It is also the unanimous belief of the superintendents that the mine is now a tomb and that it will be some days before the rescuers reach the bodies.

TRAGEDY IN WINNIPEG.

William Warren Murders His Wife and Suicides.

Winnipeg, July 2.—A horrible double tragedy occurred here this morning. Wm. Warren, who has been very abusive to his wife, caught her as she returned home and severed her throat from ear to ear, also slashing her face and body in a terrible manner, causing her instant death. He then turned the razor on himself and inflicted such in a few minutes. Warren has been employed in the C.P.R. shops as a helper and resided on Gunnel street. He leaves a large family here.

Winnipeg, July 2.—Davin's majority in West Assiniboia is 5, but this may be changed when the official declaration is made.

The Northwest Legislative Assembly will meet for dispatch of business this month.

UNLUCKY "LUCKY" BALDWIN.

Miss Ashley Nearly Puts an End to His Career.

San Francisco, July 2.—Miss Lilian Ashley, of Boston, whose case against F. J. Baldwin, a prominent capitalist and horseman, for seduction under a promise of marriage, has been on trial in the superior court for several weeks, created a sensation in the court room this morning by walking over to Baldwin, drawing a revolver and firing at his head. A bystander knocked the weapon aside in time to save Baldwin's life and the only injury was a slight grazing of the scalp. The woman was removed to the prison, and it is believed her mind is unbalanced.

CONVICTED OF MURDER.

Peter Wheeler to be Hung in September.

Halifax, July 2.—Peter Wheeler has been convicted at Kemptville, N. S., of the murder of sixteen year old Annie Kempton, and is sentenced to be hanged on September 8.

HUMAN EARS ON SALE

The Latest Development of the Armenian Atrocities.

Remarkable Increase of Leprosy in Europe—Campaign of Destruction Promised in Havana.

London, July 2.—The correspondent of the Daily News writes from Crete: "Well, cured human ears are on sale in the camp here. A friend of mine saw a large box of them last night." So said one of the consuls last night to me in Caned. The ears, however, were not Cretean, but Armenian, having been imported by newly arrived Turkish regiments."

The news that Dr. Bouffe, of Paris, had lately assured the French academy of science that he had a positive cure for leprosy, causes much comment in medical circles here. The fact is this disease is increasing alarmingly in Europe. Hundreds of cases are known to exist in Paris, while at least a score are under treatment in London hospitals.

The leading specialist in Harely street said to-day: "If Bouffe's discovery will cure leprosy, I cannot over-estimate its importance. Leprosy undoubtedly has increased of late years, possibly owing to the constant passage of a stream of emigrants from Norway, where leprosy has always been a terrible curse. Pains are taken to isolate lepers by the Norwegian authorities, but many slip out of the country, finding their way either here or to America."

Weinar, Germany, July 2.—Thomas Moore, United States commercial agent here, has transmitted to the state department at Washington exhaustive statistics to prove the value of the serum treatment in diphtheria as applied in Germany. In the case of one of the largest Berlin hospitals, it has been shown that while the number of cases of diphtheria steadily increased and the percentage of death kept pace with the increase until the introduction of the serum, during the two years in which the treatment has been followed, the mortality has fallen away in a most satisfactory manner.

HAVANA IS IN DANGER.

A Campaign of Destruction Promised During Summer Months.

New York, July 2.—Several Cubans who arrived here last night from Havana on the steamer Saratoga brought with them copies of a warning circular addressed to Cubans, informing them that during the summer there would be many explosions in the towns of the island, caused by dynamite. The circular advised all Cubans to abandon the threatened region while this campaign of destruction was in progress. The circulars, in Spanish, were dated June 15, and were printed upon white tissue paper. Many thousands of these were said to be in circulation in and about Havana when the steamer left that port. At the Cuban junta headquarters yesterday it was said that the destruction of Havana in this way had been under contemplation for a long time, and that private buildings and property owned by Spaniards who are opposed to the independence of Cuba would be sacrificed, as well as the public edifices occupied by the Spanish.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

British Columbia's Claims for Cabinet Representation.

Ottawa, July 2.—The Evening Journal (Independent) says that if Messrs. Prior and Earle are unseated and Mr. Templeman again runs, he will no doubt be elected and get a position in Laurier's ministry.

After Sir Charles has had an interview with Lord Aberdeen this afternoon, it is more than likely that something definite will be learned as to when he and his colleagues will resign. So far nothing in this direction can be obtained.

The Governor-General arrived this afternoon. In the meantime the premier is doing all he can to get positions for his hungry followers. So much has already been done in this way that it would seem that there was no intention to hold up in organization to fight Conservative battles in the future.

Birmingham, the Ontario organizer, has been provided for and his assistant, who distributed campaign literature, has now ben appointed Indian agent at Sault Ste. Marie in place of Van Abbott, who is to be superannuated. Hugh John Macdonald resisted the appointment for a time, but Montague finally got him to consent. There is a great protest entered against it from the leading Conservatives at Saulte.

W. Gordon, of Ottawa, whose friends helped Hugh John in Winnipeg, has got an appointment to a position in the departemnt of the interior.

Toronto, July 2.—The recount in East York took place yesterday and the result places the seat in the doubtful list. If ballots were allowed for both candidates in which marks were placed outside the blank, the candidates are about even, and the result depends on three ballots on each side, on which special argument will take place. Dalton McCarthy will to-day argue on these for MacLean, Conservative, and E. F. Johnson for Frankland, Liberal.

Montreal, July 2.—Hon. Chas. Langelier, will contest the election of F. C. Casgrain of Montmorency.

Latest advices from Saskatchwen elect Laurier by 94, two polls to hear from will not change the result.

Ottawa, June 30.—Tupper is still hanging on to office and working hard to get offices for his supporters. His latest appointment is that of John Wellington Hughes, who was brought here by the late Sir John Thompson and who has been doing odd jobs among the numerous departments ever since that time. Hughes has now been appointed pemanently to a position at the Soo canal. The reason of Hughes' preferment is because he is a brother-in-law of Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax.

To-day is the end of the financial year and the government have no more money to squander.

There is no use of talking about precedents in this case for there is no precedent in British parliamentary government of any administration being in power after the life of parliament had expired, and after the period when all estimates which had been voted had been expired. British institutions provide no precedent for anything of this character.

An influential French company has sent out an agent to Canada to arrange for a shipment of Canadian horses and cattle.

A gang of picture fakirs who have been operating here as the Paris Studio of Art skipped out yesterday to avoid prosecution for a breach of the transient traders by-law.

C. Marker, of the diary commisioner's staff, has been authorized to open up a dairy school at some convenient point on Vancouver Island. Mr. Marker has been out in British Columbia for some time.

Senator Robt. Read, of Quinte, died her last night of heart disease in his 82nd year. He was taken ill about the close of last session and suffered greatly, but pased away quietly. At his bedside were his daughter, Miss Read, and his second wife, whom he married only two years ago, a Mrs. Wartman. The body will be sent to Belleville to-morrow for burial.

Hugh John Macdonald arrived last night.

Toronto, June 30.—There is much speculation among postoffice and custom house employees as to when Sir Charles Tupper will resign, as the question whether their salaries will be paid on time next month is involved. After to-night, when the civil servants in the pay of the Dominion government will receive their salaries for June, the government not being empowered to expend one more cent, supplies having been voted only until June 30th.

If Laurier meets the house on the 16th with a government formed, it may be possible to pass supplies in time to pay the civil service for July. If Sir Charles Tupper waits until he is hedged out of power it will be the middle of August before Laurier can pass supplies, and postoffice and other employees will have to wait two months before another salary days comes round.

The latest rumor in semi-political circles is that Mr. Casey, of West Elgin, will be appointed customs inspector of Hamilton, in place of Alex. McKay, and that David Mills, late of Bothwell, will get his seat.

SCENE IN THE COMMONS.

All-Night Debate on the Agricultural Land Rating Bill.

London, June 30.—The house of commons sat throughout the night debating the Agricultural Land Rating Bill, intended to lessen taxation on agricultural land. The debate proceeded quietly until 2 o'clock in the morning. The government kept their forces well in hand, ensuring a majority of over 150.

After midnight the excitement increased and the different clauses were carried under the closure rule.

The Liberal leader, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, denounced the method which the Conservative leader, Mr. Balfour, was adopting in order to extricate the government from a mess into which it had fallen from making too many election promises and overweighting itself with important bills, which, like the educational bill, recently shelved for repairs, they had been unable to pass in spite of an overwhelming majority—a fact for which the leadership of Mr. Balfour had been greatly to blame.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach, chancellor of the exchequer, angrily retorted that the opposition was most factious and asserted that its tactics were rapidly reducing parliamentary proceedings to little more than a farce.

Mr. Jas. H. Dalziel, Liberal, accused Lord Hugh Cecil, Conservative, fifth son of the Marquis of Salisbury, of a deliberately organized interference with the debate. The Speaker, the Hon. Wm. Court Gully, when appealed to declined to interfere beyond exhorting the members to be more orderly during the debate.

A little later Mr. Dalziel characterized Sir Michael Hick Beach's speech as being "impertinent," whereupon there were cries of "withdraw!" The speaker then suggested that Mr. Dalziel had no intention of being offensive in his remarks, and, after some more skirmishing with another clause, the bill was closured.

This brought forth another storm of derisive shouts from the opposition. Dr. C. K. D. Tanner, Irish Nationalist, was heard to shout "gag!" and for this the doctor was warned by the chair. After the morning came on the members began to get hungry and thirsty and things generally became quieter. When the sun rose the government leader was still at his post, apparently as fresh as when he entered the house on the previous evening and evidently ready to fight all day of necessary.

The Liberal leader was also standing by his guns, but showed the effects of the wear and tear of the night. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who is generally in the thick of such a fight as this, was absent. He was present, it is true, on one division, but, apparently not caring to face the storm which he saw approaching, disappeared from the house and enjoyed a good night's rest, while his fellow cabinet ministers fought throughout the long dull hours between midnight and morning.

The bill was finally reported to the house at 8 o'clock this morning, and the third reading of the Agricultural Land Rating Bill was fixed for Wednesday.

FRASER RIVER RISING.

Three Feet Higher Than High Water Mark Last Year.

Lillooet, July 2.—The weather is warm and the river is about the same as yesterday.

Soda Creek, July 2.—The weather is warm. The river is three feet higher than high water mark last year and is steadily rising.

Winnipeg, June 30.—It is feared that James Ross, brother of A. W. Ross, ex-M.P., has suicided. There has been no trace of him since Sunday night. He left letters after him to the effect that he would not be seen alive again.

A "HEALER" UNDER ARREST.

Karl Herrmann Arrested for the Illegal Practice of Medicine.

Tacoma, July 2.—The Tacoma theatre was filled to the doors on Monday afternoon with an audience of women who had turned out to see Karl Herrmann, the healer, and to hear W. Fletcher Hall hold forth in a lecture to "women only." At five minutes past three, while the professor was delivering his lecturings was opened and W. S. Perry, under sheriff for the county, and William E. Cromwell, bailiff to Justice McMurray's court, entered. They carried with them a warrant issued out of Justice McMurray's court sworn to by Dr. Henry Dewey, charging W. Fletcher Hall and Karl Herrmann with practicing medicine and surgery without a license, contrary to the laws of the state. A portion of the warrant, which follows the language of the complaint, charges them specifically with "using for and upon said persons certain drugs, medicines and agencies for the treatment, cure and relief of certain wounds, fractures or bodily injuries, infirmities and diseases."

JUDGE FITZGERALD MARRIED.

Nuptials Celebrated at Fredericton on Tuesday.

Fredericton, July 2.—The wedding of Judge Fitzgerald, of Port Arthur, and Miss Helen M. Wetmore, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Justice Wetmore of the New Brunswick supreme court, was celebrated here on Tuesday.

San Francisco, June 30.—The United States court of appeals has decided that the Paris award in matters pertaining to sealing in Behring sea must be upheld as the supreme law of the land and that the United Staets government had no right to make special laws, governing citizens in hunting seals, that do not permit them equal privileges with citizens of foreign countries in the sealing grounds. The decision is important as it defines clearly for the first time the restrictions to be placed upon American seal hunters in Behring sea.

Arrival and Departure of Mails

NANAIMO POSTOFFICE.

E. & N. RAILWAY.	CLOSE.	DUE.
	Daily ex. Sun.	
Wellington, Northfield and East Wellington	A.M. 11.25	A.M. 8.50
Victoria, Southern States and places along line of E. & N. Railway	Daily ex.Sun. 8.26	11.50
BY STEAMER.		
VANCOUVER ROUTE.		
British and foreign, Eastern Provinces, Eastern States, Vancouver and other places on Mainland of B. C.	Daily ex.Sun. P.M. 7.30	P.M. 5.00
COMOX ROUTE.		
Comox, Union, Union Bay, Sandwock, Courtenay, Granthan, Qualicum, Hornby Island and Denman Island	Tues. P.M. 8.20	Fri. P.M. 3.00
VICTORIA ROUTE.		
Salt Spring Island, Burgoyne Bay, Fulford Harbor, North Salt Spring Island and Gabriola Island	Fri. P.M. 8 20	Tues. P.M. 3.30
BY STAGE.	Tues. Fri. P.M.	Mon. Thur. P.M.
Alberni, Parksville, French Creek and Errington	12.30	6.00
	Fri.	Thur.
Nanoose Bay	12.30	6.00
	P.M.	A.M.
Departure Bay, daily ex. Sun	12.45	10.30
Cedar (South), Saturday	2.00	11 00

Brian O'Lynn had no boots to wear,
So he came to Nanaimo to buy him a pair;
"I'll have one pair of thick and one pair of thin,
If I can find Whitfield's," says Brian O'Lynn.

He hunted the stores all along the main route,
Says he: "The right one I've not yet found out.
I want Whitfield—I'll buy only from him,
For he sells the cheapest," says Brian O'Lynn.

He stepped a little west of Albert street;
He saw Whitfield's sign—sure 'twas a treat;
He opened the door and George stood within—
"I've found it at last," says Brian O'Lynn.

We showed him our calf boots, kid and cowhide,
The ones we praise most—no seams at the side.
We've boots of all kinds from Quebec and Berlin.
"Sure you've boots for the million," says Brian O'Lynn. [no trash:

He bought him his boots, which of course were
He paid down his money, for we sell only for
To the public he says: "Be not taken in, [cash.
Buy only from Whitfield," says Brian O'Lynn

"If there's a leak in the toe or side of your shoe,
Just take it to Whitfield, that's all you need do;
He will peg it or patch just while you are in,
And the charge seems like nothing," says Brian O'Lynn.

WHITFIELD, the Shoe Man.
VICTORIA CRESCENT, NANAIMO.

Partnership Notice

SCOTCH BAKERY,

VICTORIA CRESCENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that Edwin Matthews has been admitted a partner in the above business. In future the business will be carried on by the undersigned under the style and name of WILSON & MATTHEWS, who will assume all liabilities and collect all debts due the said business, and we trust that by careful attention to the needs of our customers, to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed in the past.

JEROME WILSON,
EDWIN MATTHEWS,

Nanaimo, B. C., April 7, 1896.

On and After June 1st the

PEOPLE'S STORE

Will Close Every Wednesday

AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.

☞ *Note this and send in your orders in good time, so they can be delivered.*

JAMES YOUNG.

J. H. PLEACE,
—GENERAL—
Hardware Merchant

A Full Assortment at the Lowest Market Rates

JOB WORK
Promptly Attended to.

All kinds of
Tin and Sheet-Iron Work.

Victoria Crescent, Nanaimo

Office Tel. 30. P. O. Box 16. Residence Tel. 101

M. J. HILBERT & CO.

SUCCESSORS TO
JOHN HILBERT
Funeral Director and Embalmer

Graduate of the Oriental, the Eureka, the New York and Clark's Schools of Embalming.

1, 3 and 5 Bastion St., Nanaimo

THE UNION Bakery and Restaurant.

Invites Inspection and Comparison as to Quality and Price.

THE BEST BREAD IN CITY.

Awarded First Prize at the Agricultural Show.

BEST TWO-BIT MEAL IN THE CITY

Bastion Street, opp. Telegraph Office
F. ROWBOTTOM, *Prop.*

ALWAYS IN STOCK
GROCERIES, MINERS' CAPS, UNDERWEAR, LAMPS, Etc. etc.

TAXIDERMIST DEPARTMENT
BIRDS AND ANIMALS set up in a thorough workmanship manner.
On Hand—Four fine Deers' Heads, which will be sold for price of setting them up. Also a fine case of Birds.
SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES OF ALL KINDS.
D. S. McDONALD.
69 Haliburton Street, Nanaimo.

Commercial Hotel.

Corner Commercial and Bastion Sts.

This long-established Hotel is comfortably fitted up with superior accommodations for travelers and others.

None but the best brands of Wines, Liquors, Ales and Cigars dispensed at the bar.

T. O'CONNELL, Prop.

Nanaimo Business Directory

BARRISTERS.

BARKER & POTTS, Barristers and Solicitors. Commercial street.

G. F. CANE, Barrister and Solicitor, Room 11, Johnston Block.

McINNES & McINNES, Barristers, Room 6, Johnston Block, Commercial street,

YARWOOD & YOUNG, Barristers, corner of Commercial and Bastion streets.

BOTANIST.

T. HARDY, Botanic Druggist, Winfield Crescent. Try Hardy's Pile Ointment.

DENTISTS.

DR. MASON, Dentist Extracting a specialty. Gas and Ether administered. Office, Odd-Fellow's Block, Nanaimo.

W. J. CURRY, D. D. S., Green Block. First-class work guaranteed.

DRUGGISTS.

CRESCENT PHARMACY, HALL & STEARMAN, proprietors. Victoria Crescent. Dispensing and family recipes a specialty.

McDOWELL, ATKINS, WATSON CO., Limited. Medical Hall, corner Commercial and Bastion streets. Telephone 1-3-5.

DYE WORKS.

NANAIMO DYE WORKS.—Dyeing, Cleaning and Repairing 14 Nicol street. C. CHARLTON, Manager.

FISH MARKET.

G. MARSH, Wholesale Dealer in Fish and Game, Bastion Street, Nanaimo.

HOTELS.

GRAND HOTEL—W. STEEL, Proprietor—Victoria Crescent.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL—PETER WEIGLE, Proprietor. Victoria Crescent.

INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL AGENT

M. WOLFE, Financial and Insurance Agent, Johnston Block.

PAINTING, PAPER-HANGING.

A. NASH, House and Sign Painter, Paper-Hanger, etc. Corner Albert and Milton streets. P. O. box 298.

REAL ESTATE—INSURANCE.

FOREMAN & HARDY, Real Estate Brokers, Bastion street.

SECOND-HAND STORE.

D. TAYLOR, Dealer in all kinds of New and Second-Hand Furniture, and Fancy Articles of every description. Masonic Building, Commercial street.

THE NANAIMO MAIL

MAIL PUBLISHING CO.

NANAIMO . . . BRITISH COLUMBIA

AN OPAL CANNOT BE LOST.

Apparent Verification of a Virtue Claimed For the Alleged Unlucky Gem.

A wealthy broker of West Philadelphia had a rather singular experience the other day. He and his family have had in their possession for a number of years some very handsome opals, but the superstition which was formerly entertained concerning the stone being unlucky prevented him making use of the gems. Last year he took a trip to Europe. While in London he met at the house of a mutual friend a dealer in precious stones, who had just come from Gracias a Dios, in Honduras, and had brought back some fine gems.

Instead of putting any faith in the popular superstition this gentleman believed in the opal very thoroughly and attributed to it virtues which no other gem possessed. Among the things which he said about it was that the opal was attached to its owner by invisible cords and that it was impossible to lose it, though it might be mislaid. The Philadelphia broker on his return to Philadelphia chose the finest opal in his collection, had it set in a ring, surrounded by small diamonds, and at Christmas presented it to his wife. It was truly a beauty, and she wore it with conscious pride.

One day on returning from a day's outing she received quite a shock—the opal was gone. Search proved vain. No trace of the stone could she discover. Not only on account of its value, but because she knew how highly her husband prized the stone, she hated to inform him of her loss. At last she felt obliged to do so, when, greatly to her astonishment, he drew from his vest pocket a tiny package and presented it to her. Upon opening it what was her delight when she recognized her lost opal.

More astonishing still, her husband affirmed that while he was walking down Chestnut street a day or two before he felt something under the sole of his shoe, which upon investigation proved to be the opal which he had last seen shimmering upon his wife's finger. There was no doubt about it being the lost one, for the jeweler who had set it recognized it also. —Philadelphia Times.

HEROIC TREATMENT.

How a Dislocated Jaw Was Put Back Into Its Place.

While talking in his sleep Henry Flocke, a builder, residing in Ozone Park, L. I., dislocated his jaw. Mr. Flocke's habit of talking in his sleep has made him the butt of a good deal of joking. He went to bed as usual, but he had not slept long when he began talking. This awoke his wife, who listened for about ten minutes. Suddenly Flocke's nocturnal monologue stopped. He began gasping. Mrs. Flocke was frightened, and she shook her husband into wakefulness.

"Why, what's the matter, Henry?" she asked.

Her husband tried to speak, but in vain. His jaw was immovable. He motioned to his wife that he could not speak, and she endeavored to force his mouth shut. She could not move it. Fearing her husband was suffering from lockjaw, she sent for Dr. McDonald.

"Do you want me to replace your jaw in my own way?" asked the doctor.

Mr. Flocke motioned in the affirmative. Dr. McDonald stepped in front of Flocke. Without warning the doctor struck Flocke a terrific blow on the left side of the jaw. Flocke showed a disposition to strike back.

"You told me to do it my own way," said the physician. "You observe that your ability to speak is restored."

The blow had knocked Flocke's dislocated jawbone into its proper position, and except for a little soreness he was none the worse. Dr. McDonald explained that Flocke's jaw was liable to dislocation at any time unless he broke himself of the habit of talking in his sleep. —New York Times.

A Disappointed Diplomat.

An interesting story is told in Washington regarding M. Patenotre, the French embassador. After congress passed the law empowering the president to send embassadors to such countries as would raise the rank of their representatives, Sir Julian Pauncefote was the first to inform the president of the intention of his country to make him an embassador. M. Patenotre conceived the ambition to be the dean of the embassadors and communicated it to his home government, and his commission arrived before Sir Julian's. He went to the state department in the hope of immediate recognition as the first embassador to this country. He was told that Sir Julian had anticipated him by informing the department of the action of his government. He was angry, and wrote to the president requesting his intervention. He received instead a chilly letter from Mr. Gresham.

College Athletics.

"Any emphasis given to academic gymnastics that goes beyond the point of developing a man's animalism for any other purpose than to give the best possible support to his enlargement as a rational and moral possibility is a perversion of the purpose of human discipline, and to that degree blocks the wheels of all proper college intention," writes Dr. Parkhurst in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Nevertheless the real animus of the athletic tendency is a wholesome augury of a better breed of men."

Work For a Prospective Ancestor.

"You don't seem to boast much about your ancestors."

"No. I'm too busy fixing things so my posterity can brag on me."—Chicago Record.

PICKPOCKETS.

They Must Have Nerves of Steel to Be Successful Operators.

Because a man is a pickpocket it does not necessarily follow that he is not well educated nor a close observer of his fellow mortals. The latter trait might be said to be an absolute requirement to a successful purloiner of pocketbooks. One of the gentry who possessed both characteristics expressed himself the other day to an Enquirer reporter at police headquarters:

"There is no class of artists who in their calling are as dexterous as pickpockets. This is due to a double incentive. Not only do we find a bait for effort and exertion in success, but have the added spur of a fear of failure. Success means as much to a pickpocket as to any man, and failure means a great deal more.

"A vocation in which the slightest slip means a loss of liberty and perhaps of life will ever be apt to have a degree of expertness in its followers not present in more reputable and safer avenues of trade.

"Pickpockets, like poets and other people, are born, not made. Their nerves must be iron and yet as sensitive as instinct. Their hands must be as complete in make up and accomplishment as Herrmann's, the magician, and strong as steel, while light as down. Out of the vast army of humanity who are soldiers of the shadows only one-fourth of 1 per cent can or do become pickpockets.

"These form the nobility of thieves and are reverenced by the burglar as of a higher class than they. The practice of a pickpocket while not really at work is as constant as that of some famed professor of the violin or harp. He keeps pace with the profession. No sooner does some jeweler invent a new fastening for diamond pins or studs than these men of finest touch devise the motion which evades its purpose.

"The chief object of a picpkocket, after certainty, is speed. He cannot dally with his victim by the hour. What he does is to be over in a flash. Speaking of pins and studs, there has never been a fastening so complex but the expert thieves could defeat it in a motion. They do in their business as fine work as any Hindoo, and the thief himself could not analyze or explain its detail. His powers of execution have gone far beyond his powers of reception or relation.

"A pickpocket consults his own nervous condition constantly. No fine lady ever has such a time with her nerves as this aristocrat of the outlaws. If he does not feel right, he won't 'work.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SAND AS AN UNDERSTUDY.

It Caused the Wrath of a Tragedian Doomed to Hang.

Jack Moynihan, known chiefly to fame from the fact that he managed a play called "The Scarecrow," which was written by a Chicago newspaper man, and which ran one consecutive night in St. Louis, tells of the only actor he ever knew as being legally executed.

On the day before the execution the condemned man called the sheriff to his cell.

"Are we going to have a good house?" he inquired of the official.

"Fairly good, I guess," was the reassuring answer.

"Have you papered the town pretty well?"

"Two hundred tickets to the sad event have been issued."

"Worked up any fake about confession and previous crimes to rouse interest and give free advertising?"

"I think the newspaper men have been pretty vigilant."

"Do you think you care to rehearse the thing so as to get your lines?"

"I don't believe it will be necessary. Everything has been designed pretty well. We tested the gallows and rope with a 400 pound sack of sand just an hour ago."

"Sand? Sand? The thunder you say! Do you mean to tell me, a man who has gone on with Forrest and Kean, that you are using an infernal dumpy sack of sand for my understudy, and that you depend on your rehearsal with it to see you through? Here you've gone and got a packed house just on the strength of my star part, and yet you insult the dignity of the profession by running on a sack of sand to rehearse the leads with. Well, I'll warn you of one thing—if your rehearsal fails of effect, and you find you've forgotten your lines, you needn't expect me to invent a lot of business at the trying time and to make a gag talk just to fill in a stage wait. I'm a game sport, but my dignity has been stepped on by you and your sack of sand."—Chicago Record.

Pat Laughed Last.

An Irishman on seeing a notice in a haberdasher's window one day which ran, "Everything sold here by the yard," entered and asked the man of the shop if he sold buttermilk.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Then give me a yard," said Pat.

"All right," said the man, and dipping his finger into a dish of milk at his side he drew it a yard in length on the counter.

"Anything else?" he queried triumphantly of Pat.

"No," said Pat. "Just rowl it up in a picee of paper, and I'll take it with me."—Limerick News.

A Coming Prophet.

Mrs. Wabash—I shall not be in the least astonished if Johnny develops clairvoyant powers.

Mrs. Jackson-Parke—Indeed?

"Yes. He is the son of a seventh husband, you know."—Indianapolis Journal.

In the neighborhood of Shanghai there grows an herb known as the laughing plant, the flowers and seeds of which, when eaten, are said to cause the same effect as that produced by the laughing gas sometimes used by dentists.

The first adobe houses were built by the swallows.

ROENTGEN IS A BARON

THE BAVARIAN SAVANT HONORED BY PRINCE REGENT LUDWIG.

Recognized After Years of Toil—Decorated Also by Kaiser Wilhelm—Something of His Life—His Townsmen and Friends Surprised.

In recognition of valuable services to his native country and to all the world, Prince Ludwig of Bavaria has created Professor Roentgen of Wurzburg a baron.

A little more than a month ago the name of Professor Roentgen was only known in a few exclusive scientific circles, mainly for some speculative papers on chemical subjects. Today it is popular throughout the civilized world.

And yet the world will never know much of the years of endless toil and patient research which preceded the phenomenal discovery which has brought fame and no doubt fortune to this Bavarian savant. The news that the professor had found a way of photographing the invisible struck the old world like a lightning flash, and America was also startled, notwithstanding her rapid strides in mechanical inventions and scientific discoveries.

Of the private life of the inventor of the X ray little is known, as the professor lives a secluded life, being present only at important social gatherings of his students. He might be called a book-

PROFESSOR ROENTGEN.

worm, and his townsmen and most intimate friends are most surprised at his sudden elevation and the distinctions shown him by royalty and scholars.

I learn from these that Baron Roentgen has always been a tireless experimenter, and finally (his enemies say by mere chance) he learned one of the undiscovered wonders of nature. He is admired by scientists of all countries, but to the unscientific multitudes in the fatherland and elsewhere it seems inexplicable that we should be enabled to photograph in total darkness, and that we should be able to photograph through walls of wood or solid and opaque bodies is little sort of a miracle.

Baron Roentgen was born in 1845 in Zurich, Switzerland, and until his twenty-fifth year studied in the Zurich university, where he graduated and received his M. D. diploma.

After a brief practice in Strasburg, he was appointed professor of chemistry in the Strasburg university. Since 1872 he has been professor at Hohenheim, Giessen and Wurzburg. It is said that he will devote all his energies in future to the perfection of his discovery.

It will be remenbered that Kaiser Wilhelm decorated the professor with the Order of the Royal Crown a few weeks ago. His majesty had invited the professor to the schloss to illustrate his discovery by a few experiments, which proved highly satisfactory.—New York Journal.

LORDLY LITERARY BUREAU.

Douglas—Coker Combination Soon to Start on a Tour.

The Lord Douglas-Lord Coker literary syndicate is flourishing and will soon start out from California on its path to fame and wealth through Mexico. All the participants are members of the English nobility, and they intend to travel through Arizona and New Mexico and then go to old Mexico.

They say they will visit many unexplored portions of the neighboring republic and that they have made arrangements to have the matter they will produce published by San Francisco and New York papers and one of Harper's publications.

The most prominent member of the party is Lord Sholto Douglas. With him will be Lord Vaux-Coker, who has been for some time a writer on the local press. He is the only man in Los Angeles who wears a monocle. Lord Frederick Willoughby de Clifft and Lord Percy de Capel Burke are the other members of the party. They come from Bakersfield, where they have been learning farming, and where they met Lord Douglas. They will go more for sport than for literary work.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Mark Hanna's Ambition.

It is pretty well understood among friends of McKinley that not only will Mr. Hanna want the cabinet position of secretary of the treasury in the event of McKinley's nomination and election to the presidency, but that he will get it, the ex-governor having so announced himself. To this, it is claimed, is really due the opposition to Hanna in Cleveland of Myron Herrick and his friends. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

They Wanted No Sunday School.

Eleven badly battered citizens are in the lockup at Alpena, Mich., in consequence of a well meant effort to establish a Sunday school. The school was to be held in the schoolhouse on the Indian reservation near Alpena. Some of the French residents objected to the use of the building for religious purposes, and a free fight ensued, with the result stated.

WHERE PRESIDENTS LIE BURIED

Twenty-one Tombs Contain All that Is Mortal of American Executives.

1. George Washington died from a cold which brought on laryngitis; buried on his estate at Mount Vernon, Va.

2. John Adams died from senile debility; buried at Quincy, Mass.

3. Thomas Jefferson died of chronic diarrhoea; buried on his estate at Monticello, Va.

4. James Madison died of old age; buried on his estate at Montpelier, Va.

5. James Monroe died of general debility; buried in Marble cemetery, New York City.

6. John Quincy Adams died of paralysis, the fatal attack overtaking him in the House of Representatives; buried at Quincy, Mass.

7. Andrew Jackson died of consumption and dropsy; buried on his estate, the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn.

8. Martin Van Buren died of catarrh of the throat and lungs; buried at Kinderhook, N. Y.

9. William Henry Harrison died of pleurisy, induced by a cold taken on the day of his inauguration; buried near North Bend, Ohio.

10. John Tyler died from a mysterious disorder like a bilious attack; buried at Richmond, Va.

11. James K. Polk died from weakness, caused by cholera; buried on his estate in Nashville, Tenn.

12. Zachary Taylor died from cholera morbus, induced by improper diet; buried on his estate near Louisville, Ky.

13. Millard Fillmore died from paralysis; buried in Forest Hill cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.

14. Franklin Pierce died from inflammation of the stomach; buried at Concord, N. H.

15. James Buchanan died of rheumatism and gout; buried near Lancaster, Pa.

16. Abraham Lincoln, assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth; buried at Springfield, Ill.

17. Andrew Jackson died from paralysis; buried at Greenville, Tenn.

18. Ulysses S. Grant died from cancer of the throat; buried in Riverside Park, New York City.

19. Rutherford B. Hayes died from paralysis of the heart; buried at Fremont, Ohio.

20. James A. Garfield, assassinated by Charles J. Guiteau; buried at Cleveland, Ohio.

21. Chester A. Arthur died from Bright's disease; buried in Rural cemetery, Albany, N. Y.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

PARROT RIDES A WHEEL.

He Becomes Speechless When He Sees a Woman in Bloomers.

A New-Yorker named J. J. Walsh has a parrot named "Don Caesar," a green and red bird of South American birth, which goes bicycle riding every day with Mr. Walsh. "Don" is a familiar sight along the boulevards, and, according to his owner, becomes speechless with rage at the sight of a woman in bloomers. He sets up a fierce, hoarse shriek, which he keeps up for several minutes, at the end of which he is in danger of falling off the handle-bars.

"Don" does not push the pedals. He perches in the middle of the handlebars, on the spot where some enthusiastic bicyclists place their babies. There he stands and vociferates and

PARROT RIDES A BICYCLE.

scratches himself. Now and then he ducks his head down to see how the front wheel is going. It is a wonder that he has never punctured the tire and dislocated his beak, but that has not happened yet.

Occasionally he leaves the handlebars and takes a fly into the air. For a parrot he is a good flyer. Having taken a view of the crowd, of the river, or whatever may be in sight, he returns faithfully to the wheel. Mr. Walsh slackens his speed slightly when the bird goes flying.

Insurance in Nebraska.

The insurance companies doing business in Nebraska took out of the State last year about $500,000 more than they put in. And this was done in a year of business depression, when the indefinite thing called moral hazard is said by fire insurance men to have pervaded the State. More than this, fire insurance companies have operated under the valued policy law, which compels them to pay the face of a policy in case of total loss. As general business improves insurance business will materially revive and a still better showing can be made.—Omaha Bee.

A Patriotic House.

Captain Jud Haskins, who lives west of Mount Vernon cemetery in Atchison, Kas., is perhaps the most patriotic man in that section. He lives in a two-story frame house and has just completed the work of painting it red, white and blue. The stripes run horizontally around the house. The first stripe, which is blue, comes up to the lower windows; the second stripe, white, reaches to the second story windows, and the balance and the roof is red. The house looms up in great shape from the road, and it is said that it looks rather artistic. Captain Haskins is an old soldier.

WEYLER'S SIDE OF IT

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SPANISH COMMANDER IN CUBA.

He Explains a Few Things to a Woman Reporter—Cuban Women Who Fight and Wield the Machete—One Now In the Famous Morro Castle.

The New York Journal sent a woman correspondent to Cuba to interview the Spanish commander in chief, General Weyler. The following is a part of the conversation between them.

"Then I can deny the stories that have been published as to your being cruel?"

The general shrugged his heavy shoulders as he said carelessly:

"I have no time to pay attention to stories. Some of them are true and some are not. If you will particularize I will give direct answers, but these things are not important."

"Does not your excellency think that prisoners of war should be treated with consideration and mercy?"

The general's eyes glinted dangerously.

"The Spanish columns attend to their prisoners just as well as any other country in times of war," he replied. "War is war. You cannot make it otherwise, try as you will."

"Will not your excellency allow me to go the scene of battle, under an escort of soldiers if necessary, that I may write of the fighting as it really is and correct the impression that prevails in America that inhuman treatment is being accorded the insurgent prisoners?"

"Impossible," answered the general; "it would not be safe."

"I am willing to take all the danger if your excellency will allow me to go," I exclaimed.

General Weyler laughed. "There would be no danger from the rebels," he said, "but from the Spanish soldiers. They are of a very affectionate disposition and would all fall in love with you."

"I will keep a great distance from the fighting if you will allow me to go."

The general's lips closed tightly, and he said:

"Impossible! Impossible!"

"What would happen," I asked, "if I should be discovered crossing the lines without permission?"

"You would be treated just the same as a man."

"Would I be sent to Castle Morro?"

"Yes." He nodded his head vigorously.

That settled it. I decided not to go.

"Why," I then asked, "is the rule 'incommunicado' placed upon prisoners? Is it not cruel to prevent a man from seeing his wife and children?"

"The rule 'incommunicado,'" said the general, "is a military law. Prisoners are allowed to see their relatives as a favor, but we exercise discretion in these cases."

"There are stories that prisoners are shot in Morro castle at daybreak each morning, and that the shots can be plainly heard across the bay. Is this true?"

The general's eyes looked unpleasant again.

"It is false," he said shortly. "The prisoners go through a regular court martial, and no one could be shot at Morro without my orders, and I have not given orders to shoot any one since I have been here."

"Do you not think it very cruel that innocent women and children should be made to suffer in time of war?"

"No innocent women and children do suffer. It is only those who leave their homes and take part in battles who are injured. It is only the rebels who destroy peaceful homes."

"It is reported," I said, "that 30 women are fighting under General Macco. Is this true?"

"Yes," replied the general. "We took one woman yesterday. She was dressed in man's clothes and was wielding a machete. She is now in Morro castle. These women are fiercer than the men. Many of them are mulattoes. This particular woman was white."

"What will be her fate?"

"She will go through the regular form of trial."

"Will no mercy be shown her?" I asked.

"Mercy is always shown to a woman. While the law is the same for both sexes, there is a clause which admits of mercy to a woman."

"There are several Cuban women insurgents in Morro and the Cabanas. Would your excellency," I asked, "allow me to visit and converse with them?"

"No," he said. "There is a law that no foreigner shall enter our fortresses. It is a military law. We can make no exceptions. You understand that I do not wish to be discourteous, senorita."

"Some of these women," I continued, "are said to be imprisoned for merely having Cuban flags in their homes. Is this possible?"

"Treason," explained the general, "is always a crime punishable by imprisonment."

For the Willie Boys.

A midnight vaudeville club is the latest thing in the pleasure chasing line. It is being organized by those young and old men who prefer amusement to sleep. According to circulars falling into the hands of people who are supposed to turn night into day, the scheme is to provide "a spicy variety performance nightly from 10 p. m. to 2 a. m." Anything that keeps the boys out of bed here should catch on.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Where the Ill Wind Does Good.

The inauguration of a new Salvation Army will give some enterprising chap a great opportunity to corner the bass drum market.—Washington Post.

What Do You Say?

All the senators pronounce it "Wyler." Senor Dupuy de Lome says it is "Way-ler."—Chicago Times-Herald.

LIKE OUR INDIANS.

The Matabeles of South Africa Have taken to Slaughtering Settlers.

Events are crowding one another with remarkable rapidity in Africa. The Transvaal, the Soudan, Abyssinia and now Matabeleland are the scenes of theatrical and tragic events and bid fair to make the present year most memorable and bloody in the history of the

A MATABELE WARRIOR.

Dark Continent. Taking advantage of the discomfiture and misfortune that befell the soldiers of the British South African Company in the recent discreditable raid under Dr. Jameson into the Transvaal, the Matabeles have revolted and like the Indians of our own plains in Western pioneer times have taken to the murdering of scattered European settlers and the plundering and burning of their properties.

The Matabeles, who are of a mixed race, have always been fierce fighters and, indeed, have lived in a constant state of warfare with neighboring tribes. Under King Lobengula and his predecessor they attained their greatest strength and reached a population of a quarter of a million. They used to make raids into Bechuanaland and Mashonaland, murdering the male members of these people, leading their wives and children into slavery and possessing themselves of the live stock and other property. It was to check these raids among the Mashonas that the last war was waged against King Lobengula.

LARGEST ON RECORD.

A Bird Which Stands Full Six Feet High and Weighs 100 Pounds.

A bird of prey as tall as a man! Such is the prize just captured by the superintendent of Richard Gird's ranch

A SIX-FOOT VULTURE.

the hills south of Chino, San Bernardino County, Cal. The prisoner is a magnificent specimen of the California vulture, without doubt the largest ever taken captive. From the crown of its ferocious-looking, red-wattled head to its strong, scaly talons, it measures six feet. Its plucky captor is an inch or two shorter in his cowhide boots. The man has the advantage in weight, for the bird weighs 100 pounds. Still, this is a fair fighting weight to carry through the rarefied air. In order to accomplish this feat the vulture is provided with wings that have a spread of twelve feet. Withal, the ornithologists who have seen it say that it is merely a youngster.

Allured by the palatable flavor of a dead cow, recently, the bird devoured nearly every particle of flesh from the bones, which so oppressed him that however vigorously he flapped his wings he was unable to soar away to his eyrie among the distant mountain fastnesses. In this humiliating predicament he was lassooed and dragged fluttering ponderously but helplessly to Mr. Gird's stable.

Raffle for a Preacher.

A Georgia paper tells of a raffle for a minister that was recently held at Parrott, Ga., the loser being compelled to take him. The Methodist congregation was having a revival which had dragged its length along until the congregation had become worn out with church-going and providing for the preachers, who came from all around to assist in the cause. The last preacher that came was the straw that broke the back of the dromedary. No one wanted him, and a meeting of the stewards was held to consider how he was to be provided for. One of them proposed to draw straws for him, which was not agreed to, but finally the question was settled by a proposition to raffle the minister off, and this actuary happened, the steward who made the lowest throw taking the unwelcome preacher and providing for his physical wants during the closing hours of the long religious services.

Oils.

A substitute for the oil of rose is being manufactured in Germany under the name of "reunoil." It belongs, it is stated, to the alcohol series, exists in the oil of geranium, and forms one of the principal constituents of oil of rose. It is economical in use, resists oxidation, and its odor resembles that of the tea rose.

It would be pleasant living in this world if there were not so many fools in it, but more difficult to make a living.

The man who kills two organgrinders where one lived before, is a public benefactor.

The Overton Claim.

MARTHA
CULLOCH
WILLIAMS

T BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, 1894

s cheeks grew hotly red.
ve seen Mr. Hawkins," she mur-
"I hate him. I wish he was not

will not stay long, only till after
I will see to it that you are not
d by his presence," Mrs. Townley
othingly. Dare stopped short on
ermost stair, prisoner to an al-
verpowering impulse to turn and
r in the door fronting her a man
evouring her girlish beauty with
such as she had never till then
ered—a tall man, lithe and well
with drooping lidded eyes, a bean-

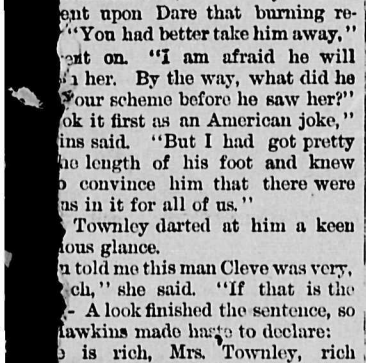
pleasure is mine. Mr. Cleve, this is my little niece, Dare Overton."

ruel mouth and the look of one
to be gainsaid. At sight of her
stopped short, even fallen back a
om the threshold he was in the act
sing. At his elbow a ruddy bronze
ge was staring likewise, but with
d, innocent, blue eyed stare,
unlike the other's burning gaze.
en the two Hawkins peered fur-
for a half second, then thrust
f forward, saying, with his best

rs. Townley, Holtham here is
dumb or seems to be, so let me
nown to you Mr. Cleve, whose
we hope to have for neighbor if
ld turn out that we can't have
."
lighted, I'm sure," murmured
leve, his eyes still upon Dare.
ownley put out a hand to him
id, with it still in his grasp:
e pleasure is mine. Mr. Cleve,
my little niece, Dare Overton."

CHAPTER XV.

he hall clock struck 10 that night
ins, who stood hat and whip in
ready to make his adieu, said low
hostess:
ally it begins to look as though
began as a speculation may turn
rand passion."
aven send it to be mutual," Mrs.
ey said, with the faintest possible
ation of her head toward the
farther side, where Royal Cleve
ent upon Dare that burning re-
"You had better take him away,"
nt on. "I am afraid he will
her. By the way, what did he
our scheme before he saw her?"
ok it first as an American joke,"
ins said. "But I had got pretty
he length of his foot and knew
convince him that there were
s in it for all of us."
Townley darted at him a keen
ous glance.
told me this man Cleve was very,
ch," she said. "If that is the
- A look finished the sentence, so
awkins made haste to declare:
is rich, Mrs. Townley, rich
h to want very badly to be richer.
e, his father is a big iron master
ere. There are just two sons, this
d another, and their ambition is
ome iron kings. That's why they
king for investments here."
is one is handsome and well bred,
ks dissipated. That I don't like,"
Townley said conservatively.
kins smiled a grim smile.
doubt he has gone the pace," he
"but that only makes him the
to settle down. Clearly he thinks
he girl is charming, and he has got
se about her than even"——
hom?" asked Mrs. Townley as he
d short. Hawkins did not answer.
as lost in rage at the memory of
Fauntleroy, of delight in the
t of how well his wrong at that
man's hand was likely to be
d. Hawkins knew, what was as
secret, that Allen, while apparent-
epting Major Overton's refusal,
o arranged affairs that the old
death would make Dare sole
of the property in dispute. When
as Mrs. Royal Cleve, no doubt
leroy would kick himself for his
rupulosity. And that she should
way or another—fairly, if pos-



ad hung at her side the evening through.

The way was plain and easy
eve's ardor did not frighten her.
Townley was right, though it
d never do to leave him uninter-
dly in the girl's presence. Striding
s the room, Hawkins said, with af-
tion of jocular terror:

"Mr. Cleve, please don't shoot me for saying it—we really must be riding."

Cleve started a little, but said, with a light laugh:

"Oh, go away, Hawkins! You talk like a member of parliament. I have only had five minutes with Miss Overton, and you speak of leaving at half past 8."

"Half past 10, you mean, with 15 miles to ride," Hawkins said, showing his watch. The other frowned.

"You are an unmitigated nuisance, with your hours and distances." But he got up, looked lingeringly at Dare and made his adieu with what grace he might.

Dare rose, too, and went up to her aunt. The girl's cheeks were damask roses, her eyes starry in their dark dilation. She seemed to herself all one throbbing pulse of new sensation, not wholly pleasurable, but wildly strange. Royal Cleve was unlike aught she had ever seen or dreamed of. Her favorite heroes even were quite put out of court. His voice was music itself. He had a smile that glorified his face. Yet somehow the girl shrank a little from the memory of him, shivered at the thought of those too persistent eyes.

He had hung at her side the evening through, with eyes, ears, for naught else. She wondered vaguely if it were not because she was a new species, something wholly different from any he had hitherto known. In all the story books she knew grand gentlemen had a habit of amusing themselves with the country girls they chanced to meet and then riding away, leaving their victims to death or desolateness. Mr. Cleve should not do that; she was too wise in the ways of his kind. Besides she went no further even in her thought, though the quick red flushing over neck and brow proclaimed some mighty postulate unspoken.

Mrs. Townley saw the blush and misread it to suit her own desires. As she kissed her niece good night she said, lightly touching the smooth cheek:

"I think this face might charm even cruel fate. Do be careful of it, child. Ill fortune has lain in wait for us so long that it really behooves you to try to change the family luck."

Dare lifted her eyes and asked:

"Aunt Mel, am I really extraordinarily pretty?"

"Judge for yourself, my child," Mrs. Townley said, turning her to face the long pier glass, that surely had never reflected loveliness more winsome. For a minute both looked in silence at the fair image. Then Dare gave a low cry, the elder woman screamed aloud, for there, faintly, from the half lit depths behind her, a man's face showed, white and set, in the mirror over her shoulder.

Next minute it had vanished. Dare rubbed her eyes. Mrs. Townley said, sharp tremor in her tone:

"Did you see anybody? Whose face was it?"

Dare did not answer at once. When she did speak, it was to say:

"I thought I saw something, but no doubt we were both mistaken. We must have been. There is no one here but ourselves."

"Not a soul," said Mrs. Townley, shivering violently. "It must have been the flickering of the light."

Dare said nothing. Instead she walked away with tingling pulses. She had no fear of, no belief in, ghosts or visions. Her eye was too true and keen for optical illusions. She had seen a face, a face she knew well. It was Allen Fauntleroy who had looked at her from that clare obscure.

* * * * * *

A little later Hawkins reined up from their hand gallop to say to Royal Cleve:

"No need to ask if every prospect pleases. 'Pon my life, man, you came near to making a spectacle of yourself."

Cleve shook the other's hand impatiently from his sleeve, saying rather coldly:

"Stop that, Hawkins. I am immensely obliged to you for the initial suggestion, but please remember that while I am always ready and willing to hear you on business I prefer to escape discussion of my personal affairs."

Hawkins gave an angry whistle and said roughly:

"See here, Mr. Royal Cleve, it's quite too late for you to take that tone with me. Remember we have drawn and signed a few papers, papers that would be awkward reading for a young lady I could name. You went into this on business. Now you want to shift to sentiment. Very good, but you'd better keep a civil tongue. By turning my hand over I can put a lion in your path—another lover—beside whom you would have as much chance of winning this Overton girl as I have of going straight to heaven just as I stand. I meant no harm, no disrespect to you, to her. I am as anxious nearly as yourself that you shall marry her, but I won't get in the dust and take kicks and cuffs at your pleasure to bring it about. The sooner you understand that failure or success for you rests wholly in my hands the better it will be for both of us."

Royal Cleve swore a great oath under his breath. Aloud he said, half mockingly:

"Is it so, my good Hawkins? Now listen to me. I hope you are my faithful ally. Certainly I will do all that I can have said, but I reckon surely on one thing. This girl, Dare Overton, shall be my wife in spite of everything."

Through the bright moonlight Hawkins smiled sourly, saying, half to himself:

"I hope you are a true prophet. The day I know she is to be your wife that day makes her heiress of Overton's claim."

CHAPTER XVI.

Dare went to her room so filled with tense expectance as almost to stop the beating of her heart. She went straight to the toilet table and saw, with no sense of surprise, a handful of field flowers laid loosely upon it. At her touch they fell apart, letting her eye rest upon a scrap of paper, bearing in Jubilee's best flourish:

"misS dare, this Toe say, wil yo cum toe gait wil bee Thair twell Arfter Midnight."

Drawing her curtain, she looked outside. The "gait" was almost half a mile away. You came through it from the highway that ran past Exeter. The distance was as nothing to her quick feet. Even had she not been absolutely fearless, all abroad was now such silver shining as mimicked day. But ought she to heed a message so vague? Her aunt, she knew, would disapprove. Did not honor forbid her to do under her roof the thing which would be against her wishes?

But the case must be urgent, the need strong, to bring her thus a secret message. What had Jubilee to tell that the whole world might not hear? The boy was sharp, shrewd beyond his years, and Allen's sworn advocate and worshiper. In leaving Ridgeley her last word had been for him, bidding him bring her instant news if anything befell the household. Most likely that was what had brought him to this midnight conference. Still that face in the glass. Spite of her bravery, her firm nerves, she shivered, recalling eerie tales of apparitions forewarning death or peril.

She must go. Below stairs she heard the clang of closing doors. Running hastily down, she said to the servant:

"I'll fasten the west door. I want to sit on the small porch awhile and see the moonlight and the mists along the creek."

"As you please, Miss Dare. Better take de key outside wid yo'. De do' falls shet sometimes. You might fin yo'self locked out," Black Patsey said, adding after a minute: "You don't look lik' yo' mother. I 'member her. I hear 'em say, Aun' Jincey say yo' des de livin image of her mistes, yo' gran'pa's mother, dat died so long ago."

"I am like her portrait more than any one else," Dare said, impatient to be off, but not daring to show it. After a little she said, as though the thought had just come to her: "Shut the door, Patsey; then nothing can get in, no matter how moonstruck I may happen to be. With the key I can come in whenever I please."

"Young ladies mos' giner'lly want ter watch de moon when good lookin beaux des gone erway," Patsey chuckled, obediently closing the door. Dare dropped down upon the steps and for 10 minutes watched the faint ghostly mists writhe up from the babbling runnel and hover and waver in the full leafed tree tops.

As she stepped lightly to the grass a low growl fell on her ear. She saw in the moonlight a big, shaggy white cur standing full in her path, gently waving his tail and looking at her with the air of a stern but loving guardian. With eyes full on his she went straight up to him and laid a hand on his head, saying very low: "Nice fellow! Big dog! Come and walk with me!"

Half reluctantly he yielded to her impulse, stood aside and at last walked soberly behind. Keeping well in shadow, darting from tree to tree, from covert to covert, Dare gained the carriage way and ran so swiftly along it that, almost before she thought of it, the gate barred her way.

Not for long. As she stopped breathless and panting it swung open, and Jubilee's voice said:

"Oh, Miss Dare, if you please, progress outside. Those dog is too expicious here in the plain moonshine."

In silence Dare followed him to the shade of a big oak that stood a little to one side of the highway. As soon as they were well within it she said very low:

"What brought you here, Jubilee? Are you by yourself? Tell me quick. Is anything wrong at home?"

"My two feet brought me here," Jubilee said, with a grin. "That is to say, I pedestrianed since 12 o'clock today."

"Why did you come? Is mammy sick, or grandfather, or anybody in trouble?" Dare asked hurriedly. "That was only

She went straight up to him and laid a hand on his head.

three hours after I left. Surely nothing happened in that little time."

Jubilee looked down and began to speak very low, in his earnestness forgetting the dictionary and relapsing now and then into the dialect of his race.

[CONTINUED.]

A Queer Deposit.

Julius Howe has a peculiar deposit on his farm in East Brookfield, Mass. It covers about an acre and lies at the bottom of a ravine in a bog. It is about one and one-half feet thick and is twelve inches below the surface. It has been analyzed and found to consist of the petrified shells or bodies of minute flies or beetles. Upon being burned it crumbles into a white powder, valuable for scouring metal.

London Wheelwomen.

The Green Park club, formed a few years ago for the convenience of lady cyclists in Battersea park, is about to enter upon the occupation of handsome new premises in Grafton street, Piccadilly. The list of members at present includes the names of the Countess of Londesborough and Mrs. William Court Gully. A hundred new members are about to be enrolled.—London Spectator.

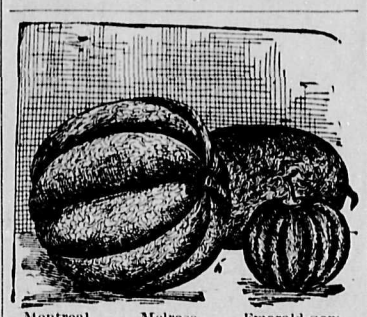
ALL ABOUT THE FARM

SUBJECTS INTERESTING TO RURAL READERS.

Some Valuable Hints on Melon Culture—How to Prevent Destruction by Insects—Feeding Hay to Hogs—Don't Cover Seeds Deeply.

Melon Culture.

Pumpkins and cucumbers will grow everywhere, but there seems to be a prejudice or conviction among many that melons are difficult to grow. On the contrary, they can be grown as easily as any of the vine vegetables. Insects are their worst enemies, but are not troublesome after the vines have started to run. Air-slacked lime dusted



Montreal. Melrose. Emerald Gem.
DELICIOUS MUSKMELONS.

on thickly when the plants are wet with dew or rain will keep off the troublesome flea-beetles, and nothing is so cheap or effective. Tobacco dust is also good. Melons like a warm, moist, sandy or gravelly loam, though muskmelons will grow in a heavier soil than watermelons, but the flavor is best when grown on lighter land.

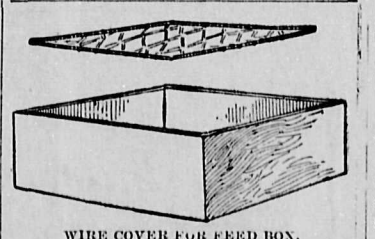
The main secret in melon culture is to start the plants early. Muskmelons should be planted 4x6 feet and watermelons 8x10 feet apart. They should be cultivated as long as possible and will cover the whole ground at these distances. The land should be heavily fertilized with good manure, and a liberal handful of fertilizer hoed in around each hill. Big melons and lots of them do not grow where plant food is scarce. Of the muskmelons and cantaloupes, the former being the round, netted ones, and the latter the long, smooth sorts, the Emerald Gem is one of the earliest and best. It is quite small, dark green, deeply ribbed, has thick salmon flesh, small cavity, and the very finest flavor. The Melrose, a new sort, is very handsome and good. Green Montreal is large, and a very good, late kind.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Dairy Herds Infected.

Commenting on the reported decision of the French Government that all live stock imported into that country hereafter must be subjected to the tuberculin test, the New York Times says that this country should prepare for similar action on the part of other foreign nations, to which we export cattle to the value of about $30,000,000 per annum. The Illinois Board of Live Stock Commissioners has determined, "for the welfare of the general public and for the protection of the inmates of the various charitable institutions throughout the State, to subject all dairy cattle connected with such institutions to the tuberculin test." Of the large herd attached to an asylum in Elgin nearly half of the seventy-five cows were found to be tuberculous. The second herd which the commissioners examined was one of 182 cows, attached to the Eastern Illinois Hospital, at Kankakee. Here forty-three were found to be diseased and were killed.

To Prevent Horses Eating Rapidly.

When a horse eats his grain too rapidly—as many horses do—a device like that shown in the illustration is of advantage. It is a rectangle of stout wire that will fit easily inside the feed box, and from side to side are stretched lighter wires, or a piece of poultry netting is fitted into the wire rectangle. This, laid upon the grain in the box, prevents the horse taking too large mouthfuls. It falls, of course, as the grain is eaten. Where the grain for the horse's ration is poured into the manger, the same end may be secured by nailing parallel strips of wood across



WIRE COVER FOR FEED BOX.

the bottom of the manger. It much better, however, to feed in a box which can be washed out occasionally, for where soft feed, especially, is turned into a manger, the latter is likely soon to become sour.

Hog Cholera.

Hog cholera makes fearful ravages wherever it appears on farms, and although hundreds of remedies have been suggested, yet there is no sure cure known. Experiments show, however, that where the disease appears most frequently is on farms where the hogs are inbred and confined too closely to a grain diet. Feeding slop of a filthy kind is also a cause. To avoid the disease feed the hogs on a variety of food, making grass an article of diet, give clean water, and procure new males every year.

Potatoes.

Farmers who are disgusted with low prices for potatoes will find many others who are also not now very partial to them, and there will probably be a much smaller crop this year, simply because farmers will not venture into a crop which gave such little profit as potatoes did last year. The fact is that it was not so much the acreage devoted to potatoes last year that caused the large crop as it was to the favorable conditions for their growth, it being what is termed a "good potato year."

King of Insecticides.

The one supreme insecticide is kerosene; and kerosene emulsion should be always kept on hand for immediate use when needed. It is invaluable to be sponged into the bark of all trees twice or three times a year. I use it on maples, elms, and all lawn as well as orchard trees. It is made by dissolving half a pound of any hard soap in a gallon of boiling water. Then add two gallons of kerosene and churn all together with a common force pump until the substance is homogeneous; that is, churn for ten minutes. Use a pint in a pail of water on strong trees, a weaker solution on tender plants. This is the remedy also for cabbage worms. I add hellebore and use the combined mixtures on currant worms and all soft-bodied pests.

Effective Spraying.

Smith Hawley, of Michigan, in a lecture before the horticultural society of that State, said that the picture so often seen in agricultural papers of a man standing on a wagon and throwing spray into apple trees as he was drawn along is a delusion. To do thorough work one must go all about a tree and throw spray upon it from every direction. When this work is properly done the trees will retain their foliage until the snow falls and will produce much fruit on off years.

Hay for Hogs.

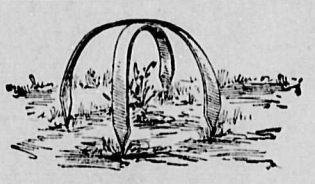
Feeding hay to hogs may seem new, yet there are farmers who provide bulky food to their hogs in winter, when green food is scarce, by cutting clover hay very short and steaming or scalding it. The cut hay, after it becomes softened, is sprinkled with bran or corn meal and fed warm. It is not only highly relished by the hogs, but promotes thrift, and is as cheap as corn, serving also to afford a balanced ration.

Don't Cover Deeply.

When covering small seeds be careful not to have too much earth over them. They cannot push through the ground after germination in some soils, and especially where the land banks. Such seeds as carrots, parsnips, turnips, kale, cabbage, etc., require only a slight sprinkling of dirt for a covering. Beets, peas, beans and other large seeds may be planted deeper, but half an inch of dirt is sufficient for them.

Insect Destruction Prevented.

Gardeners are often pestered by small insects eating young plants. To prevent the destruction, nail two half-hoops together at the center and sharpen the ends. Press the ends into the ground over the plants and throw over them cotton mosquito netting or cheese



THE CROP ASSURED.

cloth. The edges may be held down by drawing dirt on them. Such protection is better than boxes, as it lets in air and light. The frames can be kept for use from year to year.—Farm and Home.

Feeding.

Many farmers do not draw the line in feeding. They give the growing stock the same rations which are allowed to fattening animals, and make no distinction between winter and summer feeding other than to use the pasture in summer. It is a waste of food to give corn and ground grain at every meal in the summer, unless moderately, and it is of no advantage to have young stock very fat.

Royal Disobedience.

An amusing anecdote is told of Princess Royal, now Empress Frederick. When a child the queen had some difficulty in keeping her in order.

On one occasion, when Dr. Brown was staying at Windsor in attendance on Prince Albert, the little princesses, hearing their father call him "Brown," used the same form of speech to him also.

The queen at once corrected them for it; all obeyed except the Princess Royal, who was threatened with "bed" if she did it again.

The next day, when Dr. Brown came down to breakfast, the little princess got up and said:

"Good morning, Brown!" Then, seeing her mother looking at her, she continued: "And good night, Brown, for I'm going to bed!" And she walked resolutely away to her punishment.

It it well known that winds play on important role in the distribution of seeds. Prof. Bolley records that in two square feet of a three-weeks-old and three-inch-deep snowdrift upon an ice pond ten yards from any weeds he found nineteen weed seeds, and in another drift similarly situated thirty-two seeds, representing nine kinds of weeds. While the wind was blowing twenty miles per hour a peck of mixed seeds was poured upon the snow crust; and ten minutes after 191 wheat grains, fifty-three flax seeds, forty-three buckwheat and ninety-one ragweed seeds were found in a trench thirty rods from where they had been poured upon the crust.

The dust and small chips from turquoise polishing can be made up into artificial stones by means of hydraulic pressure that puzzle the best experts.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

CAPTAIN SMITH TELLS OF HIS CLOSE CALL AT DEATH'S DOOR.

The Diver Was Pinned Beneath Wreckage With Fifty Feet of Water Above—Felt the Water Creeping Under His Armor. Each Moment an Eternity.

Captain Charles Smith of Bridgeport, Conn., who had a thrilling struggle with death 50 feet under water the other day, told the story of his experience today. The captain is a well known diver, and while working on the sunken hull of the Clara Post became caught in the rigging and narrowly escaped with his life.

"The wreck lay quite deep—deeper than I usually care to go, although I have been down 16 fathoms," said the captain. "After the masts went by the board and the deck was torn off by the waves the cross timbers were strewed with the wreckage, and many were suspended over the decks and into the hold. I cut them away on the starboard side and then crossed over, doing the same. Then in some way some of the tangled mass slewed over and fell partially into the hold and I was caught with it and held fast. You cannot see very far in such a depth of water, and when I found myself pinned in, how I could not tell, I jerked the life line three times, which is the signal to rise. I felt myself rising a few feet, and then all the wreckage fell in upon me and everything came to a standstill. I jerked the life line repeatedly, but there was no response. I tried to move, but found the air pipe was somehow caught so that any movement shut off the current of air. It was an awful moment, and it seemed eternity to me.

"In the meantime those on the wrecking ship were wondering what had happened. It seemed to them as though the signals to haul up were quickly followed by others to lower, and then by one to stop. The man at the lifeline became confused at these contradictory orders, and hoping to take a safe course ordered the derrick to haul on the blocks. Nothing yielded to the strain, although the wrecking ship careened greatly. The men at the pumps worked for dear life, until they were exhausted and had to be relieved. Still no signs of release.

"All this while I was wondering," continued the captain, "why I was not hauled up, when I came to the conclusion that my lifeline had certainly been fouled when the wreckage shifted and that my signals were not properly sent up. It had now become black as night in the water. I had cut a small hole in the valve of my right hand rubber glove by catching hold of some iron bolts, and the water had come in and filled the glove full, exerting a terribly painful pressure on my hand, and was slowly oozing past the clamps at my wrist and had reached my elbow. It seemed to me in that mass which was moving by the tide that I would soon be hopelessly crushed by the wreckage. I found myself becoming confused through the great air pressure in my helmet, and I had about concluded that I should never clear myself, when suddenly the wreckage gave a lurch, and I found I could climb up to one of the deck timbers. Grasping my ax, I cut away at my feet, but some iron stays were in the way. As I hung there it seemed a lifetime, when again the tide favored me, and I began working desperately.

"Suddenly the whole mass broke away and began to rise rapidly, and I became so entangled that I was actually held head downward, as I was carried up. It seemed another eternity before I reached the surface. When I came up, the men at first did not suppose I was there, as there was such a mass of tangled material, and their surprise you can imagine when I shot up through the wreckage, feet first. When I was hauled upon deck and my helmet opened, it seemed as though my eyes were on fire, so terribly did they burn from the lessened air pressure.

"It was," concluded the captain, "the closest call to death's door that I ever had, and I have peeped through its keyhole pretty often, I assure you."

Captain Smith is a powerful six footer, 40 years of age, and has followed his dangerous calling some 18 years. His wide experience in these lines stood him in good stead in the thrilling event which followed his experience.—New York Journal.

A Trick Padlock.

A little mystic padlock is sold in Paris just now, although its value as a lock is not very great. A small key hangs on the chain attached to the lock, and everybody tries, of course, to open the lock by introducing this key into the keyhole. This is not the way to open it. The key must be introduced through the top of the lock until it strikes a small spring, which, when depressed, releases the catch and the lock opens. As a puzzle how to open it the little lock is a great success.

Nebraska Phenomenon.

A strange phenomenon has been noticed in various parts of Nebraska. Water stands higher in wells and is found in larger volume in streams than for several years at this season. There has been very little rain in Nebraska during the past fall and winter, yet streams which were dry last year are filling with water from unknown sources and wells show more water than usual.

The weather bureau has begun an investigation and the railroads are assisting.

The Yellow Dog Era.

It seems that, whenever a political party gets so strong that its leaders think they could elect a yellow dog if it were nominated, then they all begin to act like the nominee. — Dodgeville Chronicle.

But Will It Mote?

Should Keely's motor mote this year, it may give 1896 a greater name than will the election of a president.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE CITY AND PROVINCE.

Fifteen hundred Japs have gathered at Steveston for the fishing season.

Rev. R. Small M.A., has been appointed Archdeacon of the Anglican diocese of New Westminster.

J. Rollo has been elected school trustee for North Gabriola Island, J. Stephenson retiring.

Frank McLeod, a barber, has been arrested at Vancouver on the charge of rape, his victim been a Miss Brown, aged 14 years.

A strawberry festival and dance will be held at the Y. M. I. hall, Wallace street, on Saturday next, July 11, commencing at 7:30 p. m.

Cattle are being removed from the Island to the Mainland, owing to the very high water on the Fraser. No great damage has been done to farm lands as yet.

W. H. Burr committed suicide at New Westminster on Thursday. He was 67 years old, and leaves a young wife and child by second marriage. Financial troubles is said to have been the cause.

Miss Leigh-Spencer of Nanaimo, representing the Gold Ridge and other valuable mining properties on the Island, arrived in town Tuesday for a brief holiday, and is the guest of her brother, Mr. O. Leigh-Spencer, Comox street.

Bishop Perrin and the Rev. A. J. Hill of the Anglican Church mission at Alert Bay came up from Victoria to-day. The Bishop will conduct service at Wellington to-morrow evening and at St. Alban's in the morning, Mr. Hill officiating at St. Alban's in the evening.

Mr. Ralph Smith has accepted an invitation to address a mass meeting to be held in the Market Hall, Vancouver, on Monda evening, for the purpose of discussing the Chinese question, and drafting a petition for presentation to the Dominion Government respecting same.

Mr. Peter Aiken and Miss Sarah Jones were married Thursday at the Presbyterian mission church, Needham street, Rev. D. A. McRae officiating. This being the first marriage solemnized at the mission, the newly wedded couple were presented with a Bible at the close of the ceremony.

The fishermen connected with the five canneries at River's Inlet have declared a general strike, and the managers of the canneries, fearing trouble, telegraphed Superintendent Hussey, who swore in four special constables and sent them north by the Danube, which sailed from Victoria Wednesday night.

P. Morello was granted a liquor license at a recent session of the Wellington License Commissioners for his "Tea Garden," situated just outside the city limits on Halibuton street. An appeal against the issuance of the license was heard in the County Court on Thursday, but was finally adjourned until Tuesday next at 11 a. m.

John McLeod, a well-known citizen of Whatcom county, was killed Wednesday at Nelson, B. C., by a log, which rolled upon him. He leaves a wife, two daughters and one son, at Laurel, Whatcom county, and a brother and sister at Ten Mile. Another brother resides east of the mountains. He was 47 years of age and had been a resident of Washington state for ten years, coming there from Canada.

Commissioner Eva Booth, a daughter of the famous general, who has recently taken charge of the Salvation Army in Canada and Newfoundland, is expected to visit Nanaimo about the 23d inst., and a grand welcome banquet will be given on the evening of her arrival. It is expected a large number of officers and members will be present from Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster and other points.

Dying Hard.

TORONTO, July 4—The Globe's Ottawa special says: The "party-with-the-instinct-of-government," as they claim, do not know enough to get out when they are licked. It is now said Tupper will dawdle along a couple of days yet, though Saturday was fixed, according to a Quebec minister, as the day of abdication. The cabinet are really earning their money now, and it is calculated they are putting through appointments at the rate of twenty an hour. There was two hour's session of the council and a meeting of the treasury board this afternoon. The treasury board deals with offices and salaries. It is still hoped that Tupper will insist on resigning to-morrow.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant
40 Years the Standard.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

Local Report for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1896.

The fiscal year for the Dominion closed on June 30th, and the following figures show the Customs receipts of this port for that period, together with the value of ports free and dutiable and the quantity and value of coal exported. The corresponding figures for several previous years are also given:

Total duty collected	$54,366 22
Sick mariner's dues	2,325 34
Warehouse fees	40 00
Steamboat inspection	57 58
Miscellaneous	60 03
	$56,849 17

EXPORTS.

	Tons.	Value.
September quarter—		
Coal exported	151,122	$554,551
Other exports		4,245
December quarter—		
Coal exported	169,793	602,800
Other exports		6,618
March quarter—		
Coal exported	195,875	712,317
Other exports		3,875
June quarter—		
Coal exported	166,175	616,254
Other exports		29,826
Total	673,968	$2530,534

The value of goods exported during the three previous years was as follows: 1894-95, $2,907,185; 1893-94, $2,690,945; 1892-93, $2,586,016. The corresponding collections were as follows: 1894-95, $71,001.65; 1883-94, $66,094.34; 1892-93, $54,084.77.

IMPORTS.

	Dutiable.	Free.
September quarter	$38,320	$ 9,239
December quarter	51,615	3,252
March quarter	30,191	2,505
June quarter	28,234	18,908
Total	$149,360	$33,904

Inland Revenue.

The following are the Inland Revenue receipts for June:

Cigars	$172 80	
Malt	605 03	
Spirits	219 71	
		$997 54

LICENSES.

Two cigar manufactories	$150 00	
One bond warehouse	20 00	
Three brewdries	150 00	
		$320 00
		$1317 54

Standing of Parties.

TORONTO, July 4—The World gives the standing of parties in parliament as follows: Tories, 88; Liberals, 114; Independents, 11.

Stanley Dying.

LONDON, July 4—Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, who has been seriously ill for some time past, has experienced an alarming relapse.

Local Retail Market.

FLOUR—Ogilvie's Hungarian	$5.25 ₱ bl.
Green Crown	6.00 "
Hercules	4.00 "
SUGAR—Best granulated	$5.50 ₱ sack
Bright yellow	4.25 "
HAMS	From 15c. to 17c. ₱ lb.
BREAKFAST BACON	12c. to 20c "
LARD—Best	15c "
BUTTER—Creamery	25c "
Dairy	20c@25c "
ONIONS	3c "
EGGS	20c. per dozen
Apples	$2.00 per box
Potatoes	75c per sack
New potatoes	6c per lb
Chickens	25 to 50 cents

JOS. M. BROWN, Watchmaker.
All Kinds of Watches **Demagnetized** At Short Notice
By SPECIAL MACHINERY on the Premises.
Fine and Complicated Watches and Clocks
Carefully Cleaned and Repaired
Fine CYCLOMETERS, for Bicycles, in Stock.
CORNER CHURCH AND CHAPEL STREETS.

Woman's Work

Is never done, and it is especially wearing and wearisome to those whose blood is impure and unfit properly to tone, sustain, and renew the wasting of nerve, muscle and tissue. It is more because of this condition of the blood that women are run down,

Tired, Weak, Nervous,

Than because of the work itself. Every physician says so, and that the only remedy is in building up by taking a good nerve tonic, blood purifier and vitalizer like Hood's Sarsaparilla. For the troubles *Peculiar to Women* at change of season, climate or life, or resulting from hard work, nervousness, and impure blood, thousands have found relief and cure in

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED.
WANTED—Immediately, a Good Girl. Apply MRS. PRATT, 24 Commercial street, city.

Ice. Ice.
The Union Brewing Co.,
Limited Liability,
Delivers ICE at residences. Order before twelve o'clock. Terms Cash.
UNION BREWING CO., Limited Liability.
W. E. NORRIS, Sec'ty.

Lodge Notices.

Inkerman Lodge, No. 325, Sons of St. George.—Regular weekly meeting is held in Hilbert's Hall, Wharf street, on SATURDAY evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
FRED. WAGSTAFF, Sec.

Mrs. A. Baldwin
Offers her services to the Ladies of Nanaimo as an EXPERIENCED NURSE, who has had large experience in and through the Northwest Territories. Address
NURSE BALDWIN,
86 Nicol Street.

DRESSMAKING
Ladies and Children's Sewing done neatly. Prices reasonable. Address
MRS. DE VILBISS,
162 Nicol Street.

Nanaimo Furniture Store,
Johnston Block, Bastion St.
H. McTEIGH, Proprietor,
—Full and Complete Stock of—
Furniture, Mattresses, Lounges,
TENTS AND AWNINGS.
Upholstered Goods of all Kinds Made and Repaired. Furniture of all description bought and sold. Mattresses repaired and delivered the same day. A trial order solicited.

IF YOU WANT A TREAT
—TRY—
Okell & Morris' Pure Preserves
Prepared from Choice B. C. Fruits and B. C. Sugar.
They are the Purest and Best.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

First-class Accommodation. Fire-proof building
Terms: $1.00 Per Day and Upwards.
The Doon Hotel,
JAS. BENNETT, Proprietor.
Commercial St., Nanaimo, B. C.

Great Sacrifice
OF PIANOS, ORGANS AND SHEET MUSIC AT
Fletcher Bros.
As we are retiring from business, we will give every person who is thinking of getting a Piano or an Organ a snap
FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.
Our entire stock must be sold by August 1st.

WAITER,
Bring me one of Stevenson & Co's
Gents' Straw Hats,
A Neglige Shirt at 75 cents,
A Suit of Balbrigan Underwear at $1.25.
A pair thin dandy Black Cotton Sox, 25c,
A Summer Coat at $1.50.
Two Washing Ties for 25c.
And mind you get them at
STEVENSON'S
GREAT
CASH DRY GOODS and MEN'S FURNISHINGS STORE
Commercial St., Nanaimo, B. C.

Handled Only by N. E. P. S.
THE CELEBRATED
ADVENT FLOUR
$1.50 Per Sack.
The outside or wood substance of wheat is removed and balance of kernel ground into flour, making a perfect flour for all dyspeptics, and will aid digestion quicker than any other in use.
We claim to have TEAS, the best, the equal of which are nowhere to be had. They will go the farthest and please the most particular. Choice Blends, 25, 40 and 50 cts. per lb.
The Best Groceries handled by us. Give us a trial order this month and save money for yourself as well as store.

Bicycles. Bicycles.
ALL KINDS OF REPAIRS
To Bicycles done on our premises at the shortest possible notice. MR. COCKING being a thorough practical bicycle hand, will be pleased to furnish all information gratis, and all work done by this firm willbe guaranteed to be first-class.
CRESSEL & COCKING,
Next to Sloan & Scott's Old Stand.
P. S—A large consignment of bicycle sundries just arrived from the east.

HAVE YOUR
Shirts, Collars and Cuffs
DONE BY THE
Pioneer Steam Laundry
By so doing you will PATRONIZE WHITE LABOR And help to GET RID OF THE CHINESE!
Dye Works in connection.
P. O. Box 95. D. M. STEWART, Proprietor.

Corporation of the City of Nanaimo, B. C.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE

From January 1, 1896, to June 30, 1896.

Receipts.

Cash on hand January 1, 1896		$ 6 53
BANK BALANCES at January 1, 1896—		
Special Rates Account	$6,638 84	
Streets Improvement Loan Account, unexpended	839 14	
Fire Hall and Hydrant Account	473 75	
General Account	197 19—	8,148 92
TAXES—Real estate tax	1,008 49	
Revenue tax	2,655 00	
Road tax	932 00	
Commercial travelers' tax	25 00	
Dog tax	56 00—	4,676 49
SPECIAL RATES—		
Street improvement rates	241 67	
Bastion street bridge rates	45 55	
Commercial street filling rates	37 06	
Fire Hall and hydrant rates	100 80	
Schools erection rates	100 80	
Rock-crusher rates	26 79—	552 67
LICENSES		4,245 75
MISCELLANEOUS—Police Court fees	416 00	
City pound fees	116 50	
Schools per capita grant, B. C. Govt.	1,632 40	
Schools construction	5,000 00	
Contract deposits	290 00	
Loans Bank of British Columbia	11,900 00	
Rebate on bond premium	5 00	
Deposit for street lines	5 00	
Tax sale redemption	46 76	
Rent of City Hall	50 00—	19,461 66
INTEREST—Gas Works debentures	90 00	
Special Rates Account	39 06	
Fire Hall unexpended balance	17 23	
Commercial street filling debentures	191 25—	337 54
Total		$37,429 56

ADAM THOMPSON, City Clerk.

Expenditure.

COUPON INTEREST, viz.—		
Street Improvement Debenture Act.	$1,590 00	
Bastion Street Bridge Account	150 00	
Fire Hall and Hydrant Account	300 00	
Erection of Schools Account	300 00	
Commercial Street Filling Account	191 25—	$ 2,441 25
Street lighting	2,180 95	
Police Department	2,141 43	
Jail Department	330 75	
City offices	1,782 27	
City pound	94 00	
Schools	12,241 16	
Fire Department	571 80	
Elections	175 41	
Leper station	127 71	
Coroners' inquests	95 00	
Legal	395 33	
City Hall insurance	100 00	
Sanitary	37 85	
Charities	165 08	
Donations	254 00	
City Park	7 50	
Contract deposit refunds	270 00	
Interest on loans	141 41	
Street line deposit refund	5 00	
Repayment of loans	3,900 00	
Redemption of land by tax sale	46 76	
City scales repairs	19 15	
Street repairs	3,947 43—	29,029 99
BANK BALANCES at June 30, 1896, viz.:		
Street Improvem't unexpended Ac.	839 14	
Fire Hall and Hydrant unexpended Account	450 43	
Special Rates Account	4,620 92	
General Account	14 83	
Cash on hand	33 00—	5,958 32
Total		$37,429 56

Examined and found correct,
July 3, 1896. TULLY BOYCE, Auditor.