THE ATLIN CLAIM.

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A BUGBEAR.

Atlin Miners Think They Are Deceived.

A Bad Break Found in the Proposed Placer Amendments—A Timely Explanation.

For the information of many of our readers, we herewith reproduce a section of the proposed amendments to the Placer Act, now in the hands of the Executive Committee of the B. C. Mining Association for final revision, which has caused righteous indignation here among men who have heard it read. It must, however, be borne in mind by those who were present at recent public meetings, both in Atlin and Discovery, that the proposed amendments read at these meetings were not the "finished article" but a rough draft, and that before final acceptance and recommendation to the Legislature, all ambiguity would be corrected, and a set of amendments—approved by the representative miners of the Province—as nearly perfect as could be framed, would be presented to the Government for action.

The particular section referred to is Section 18, of Part VII., of the proposed changes, and reads as follows:

"Placer Claims Containing Lodes—Where a Free Miner or association of free miners or corporation is in possession of a placer mining claim and also a vein or lode enclosed within the boundaries thereof, application shall be made for a Crown grant for the placer claim with the statement that it includes such vein or lode, and in such case the Crown grant shall issue for the placer claim, subject to the provisions of this Act, including such vein or lode, upon payment of $10 per acre for such vein or lode claim and 100 feet of surface on each side thereof, the remainder of the placer claim or any placer claim not embracing any vein or lode claim shall be paid for at the rate of $5 per acre, together with all costs of proceedings, and where a vein or lode, such as is described in the Mineral Act, is known to exist within the boundaries of a placer claim an application for a Crown grant for such placer claim which does not include an application for a vein or lode shall be construed as a conclusive declaration that the claimant of the placer claim has no right of possession of the vein or lode claim; but where the existence of a vein or lode in a placer claim is unknown, a Crown grant for a placer claim shall convey all valuable mineral and other deposits within the boundaries thereof."

To those who consider the sec-

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FREE OF DUTY.

The following telegram, which should have a most important bearing upon developments in this section, was recently received by Mr. H. W. E. Canavan of Atlin:

OTTAWA, April 16th, 1903.

"Have secured legislation in Ottawa admitting all placer machinery free for a year. W. J. ROBINSON."

McKee Creek Items.

Much Money Will Be Spent in New Developments — A Steam Shovel to Operate this Season.

Mr. F. Hamshaw, of New York city, who arrived here last week, accompanied by several influential gentlemen from the east, is the forerunner of a season of activity on McKee creek.

The property to be developed under the superintendence of Mr. Hamshaw, is that locally known as the Ware property, which was purchased by Mr. Kinyon and associates last fall, and consists of four bench leases and one creek lease, together with 1000 miners' inches of water.

In an interview with Mr Hamshaw this week we learn that it is his intention to instal a steam shovel upon the property this summer. This will have a lifting capacity of one and a half cubic yards, and shovel a daily average of 1000 cubic yards. Until a complete survey of the property and of the creek has been made to ascertain required elevations, it is undecided whether dump cars will be used or the dirt dumped directly into the sluice boxes. Bedrock on the creek lease, where the shovel is to be installed, is understood not to exceed six feet. The steam shovel equipment and other supplies will be brought in as soon as navigation opens. Some preliminary prospecting will be engaged in by Mr. Hamshaw to determine, if possible, the width of the channel, and this will be done by a series of drifts sunk to bedrock across the channel. It is not the intention of the management to engage in any hydraulic work this season, at least, but the higher bench ground, if found to contain pay, will undoubtedly fall under the nozzle later on.

A number of men will be employed on this property as soon as the season is advanced.

We will anxiously watch the progress of developments under the steam shovel, as this method, although new to this district, has been most effectively used on placer ground in many parts of the States. The enterprise shown by the McKee Consolidated Co. deserves the rich reward we fully believe to be in store for it.

Another McKee creek property, which has practically lain "fallow" for the last two years, is this season to be called upon to give up its gold. The Christopher property, alongside and below the ground of the Atlin Mining Co., is to be opened up.

The Christopher property has gone through several vicissitudes since it was first acquired, but now it has fallen into the hands of those who intend to systematically prove its value. It has recently been acquired by a few monied men in New York, who have formed a small syndicate to purchase and work the ground.

Mr. Clarence Hamshaw, brother of F. T. Hamshaw, a gentleman of considerable experience, has been engaged to superintend the work of installation of the plant upon the ground. Active work will be commenced in a few weeks, or as soon as the snow leaves the ground. A flume line was graded two years ago, but this will all have to be done over again. A water right of 900 inches goes with the property, the intake being at or near the mouth of Eldorado, and the water will be conveyed by means of a flume. The plant is nearly all on the ground, so that as soon as the flume is constructed no time will be lost in beginning hydraulic operations.

There is little doubt, now that the property has fallen into the hands of men who intend to put it in shape for actual work, we will hear satisfactory reports during the coming summer.

The property acquired consists of seven creek and bench leases and a dredging lease and comprises over 1500 acres.

Messrs. Ronayne Bros., Geneca and Jones consolidated their holdings on McKee creek last fall into a lease and intend to work the ground on a more extensive scale this year. Friction hoists and hydraulic derricks, similar to those in use on Spruce, will, in all probability, be used. Mr. Geneca has gone to McKee to begin work.

AROUND THE CAMP.

As a pertinent indication of the prospects of Gold Run, Mr. J. M. Ruffner, since his return, has increased his force by 20 men, and is running three shifts of eight hours each. He will have one of the biggest dumps on Gold Run, while of its value there is no doubt.

J. B. Kershaw and associates on Wright creek are going to hydraulic on their ground this season, and with pay in sight, the boys are likely to do well. Kershaw took the first load of pipe up to the creek last week.

We are advised on pretty good authority that Brook's property on Spruce creek will be operated by Messrs. Griffith & Loveridge, contractors for the Pine Creek Power Company.

The Pine Creek Power Co. intends to operate two pits on the high bench channel of Pine, below Discovery, together with the pit on Discovery claim.

The latest reports from the White Moose mine are accompanied by something material in the way of very fine samples, taken from a stringer evidently very close to the ledge. The back end of the drift is becoming very wet, indicating that the ledge wall is pretty close at hand.

Shamrock III.

Shamrock III. left the Clyde on April 4th for Weymouth to participate in several yacht races about to take place on the south of England during the next few weeks. She will return to the Clyde about the middle of next month to make her preparations for the trip across the Atlantic.

From the sailing capabilities which the new challenger has already shown, the American yachtsmen are beginning to feel that they have no easy rival for the International cup this year. According to a New York correspondent of the English press, "Shamrock III. is likely to prove a slippery customer and a hard boat to beat under almost any conditions of wind and weather."

The Juvenile Barred.

The Dominion House, by a vote of 103 to 48, has declared its opinion that in order to save the youth of the country, the manufacture, sale and importation of cigarettes should be prohibited. The opinion was expressed by everyone who spoke that the use of cigarettes by boys was a distinct evil. It was pointed out that the proper way to regulate the traffic was to prohibit the sale of cigarettes to boys under 16. Nova Scotia and Ontario had severe acts. Nova Scotia not only punished the seller, but the buyer, or anyone who acted on his behalf.

Temptation.

Milton S. Littlefield, the First Union Presbyterian Church, New York City.

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.—The Lord's Prayer.

In the prayer that teaches to pray, Jesus takes full account of the perils of life and teaches His followers what to think concerning temptation. It is significant that the petition gives expression neither to a hope of escape nor to a sense of despair. It is into temptation, but not into evil, that we are led; it is from evil, but not from temptation that we are to ask to be delivered. None knew better than Jesus that temptations are at once a menace and an opportunity, and, as our secret of safety, He indicated a two-fold attitude of mind: a sense of shrinking lest we be overconfident and fail of our equipment, a sense of security lest we falter and fail of the victor's crown.

The petition is not a cry for escape, but a confession of dependence. There is no escape possible but victory. To ask to be taken out of temptation is to ask to be taken out of the world. In the old parable of Eden the tree which represented temptation stood with its fruit low hanging and inviting, a standing challenge, in the very centre of the garden, where all must pass it every day. For all men all life is a series of testings; every day is a judgment day. The daily decisions of life test and attest us. Here is some call to duty; shall we accept it or decline it? Pain comes to us; shall we fret and chafe under it, or bear it bravely and try to see its deeper meaning? Some richness of life is ours; knowledge, position, ability, money; shall we clutch these things for ourselves or hold them in trust for the enriching of another's life? No man can escape these questions, and upon his answer depends his value to the social order.

Temptations are the penalty of manhood, they are the sign of a progress upward. Only a moral nature can be tempted. Temptations are the appeals of the lower nature the impulses to be untrue to one's highest vision and to carry into a higher stage of life the characteristics of a lower. In the nature of the case, therefore, they do not separate us from God. Only yielding does that. There is no experience of human life that lies outside the sphere of His purposes of grace. God never meant our lives to be artificially screened from danger. The safe life is not the sheltered life, but the victorious life. Untested virtue is only a possible virtue. The process of proving is for the purpose of approving. Testing manhood, temptations reveal it and prove its worth.

Every morning brought a chance,
And every chance a noble knight.

But testing implies the possibility of failure, and a moral failure is no trivial thing. The issues of eternal life are at stake upon the battlefields of the heart. Temptation met means the moulding of character; yielding means its sure and terrible prevention. Consider it a matter of no moment when a tongue of flame destroys a canvas beyond price; break without a thought an infinitely precious vase, but do not call it a trifle when the higher faculties of the soul are deadened, when lofty ideals are eclipsed, when one is severed from the greatness and the glory of life. Knowing human frailty, Jesus did not hesitate to teach us to walk warily. His own prayer in Gethsemane is the exact counterpart of this petition. He shrank from the trial whose shadow was deepening over His life, yet He did not decline to meet it. The bravest are not those who know no fear. He who alone of all men was never found wanting taught that the only way to be safe was never to be overconfident. Had the disciple who denied Him gone into the palace offering Jesus' prayer instead of vaunting his own strength he would not have gone out into his night of bitter remorse.

If the inevitable testings of life are a menace, perilous indeed are the testings that can be avoided, and if the petition invokes a spirit of dependence upon God moment by moment, supremely does it rebuke a spirit of presumption. While it is profoundly true that God leads us into temptation, He does not lead us into all temptations. Into some we lead ourselves. But when one wilfully makes a choice of circumstances or actions that are hostile to the higher life of himself or of others he simply places himself at the mercy of the forces of evil. Compromise is fatal. There is no possible security outside the pathway of God's guidance.

A prayer of dependence and a prayer of confidence. Not a request that we be taken out of temptation, but that we be kept in temptation. We need falter in no testing into which duty shall lead us. When, in loyalty to life's highest standard, it is your purpose to try as best you can to do the right thing, count it all joy when you fall into manifold temptations. They are a bugle call to battle in which you may win the crown of an eternal life. Yet ever let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

Apiary and Garden.

Red clover is valuable for the abundance of pasture it produces, and for its excellence as food. Rich in lime and nitrogen, as well as containing a large proportion of starchy matter, it is one of the best-balanced foods used, and is also highly relished by all kinds of stock. In addition to promoting a large flow of milk from cows, it is unexcelled as pasturage for hogs. Its value as a fertilizer is also admitted, and many farmers grow it for that purpose, as well as for food.

Old Age and Honey.

Aged persons who are toothless, says Dr. Fernie, in his work entitled "Herbal Simples," can live almost exclusively on honey. The great Duke of Beaufort, whose teeth were white and sound at seventy years of age, whilst his general health was likewise excellent, had for forty years before his death a pound of sugar daily in his wine, chocolate and sweetmeats. A relish for sugar lessens the inclination for alcohol, and seldom accompanies the love of strong drink. With young children cane sugar is apt to form acids in the stomach, chiefly acetic, which causes pain and flatulence, so that milk sugar should be given instead to those of tender years who are delicate, as this produces only lactic acid, which is the main constituent of digestive gastric juice. Tacitus informs us that our German ancestors gave credit for their great strength and their long lives to the mead or honey beer on which they regaled themselves. Pliny tells of Rumilius Pollio, who enjoyed marvellous health and vitality when over a hundred years of age. On being presented to the Emperor Augustus, who inquired what was the secret of his wondrous longevity, Pollio replied, "The eating of honey and anointing with oil."

Honey has certain claims as a food which cane sugar does not possess. It is a heat-former and a producer of vital energy both in the human subject and in the industrious little insect which collects the luscious fodder. Moreover, it is all ready for absorption straightway into the blood after being eaten, whereas cane sugar must be first masticated with the saliva or spittle, and converted somewhat slowly into honey sugar before it can be utilized for the wants of the body.

Hotbed Management.

The methods of preparing and caring for a hotbed are very simple, and with care one should have but little trouble. The ordinary hotbed sash is three by six feet, but any old sash will answer the purpose. The bed should extend east and west, and the frame should be a little higher on the north than on the south side, to give the glass a pitch toward the sun. Ten inches in front and 14 behind is about right. The sash should fit closely, and the ends of the frame should come up even with the top of the sash, to prevent the wind from blowing under on to the plants. The frame should also have a stay across the top about every six feet, to prevent the sides from springing in.

With the first warm days in March, or even as early as February in some districts, preparation should be made for the hotbed. A few barrels of good garden loam should have been prepared the fall before and stored in a place away from the frost, for it is difficult to get good soil at this season of the year. Select some sheltered spot, where there is plenty of sunshine, and draw out a few loads of fermenting horse manure. If the manure is heating evenly all through it may be built up into the bed at once, but if not it should be shaken up well and piled in a flat heap for a few days, and if any portions of it are dry these should be wet down. When the heat has permeated well through the pile fork it over and build it up into the bed, shaking out all of the lumps, so that it will pack evenly and give a steady heat. Tread it down quite firmly, for if left too loose it will ferment rapidly, giving an intense heat for a short time, then become exhausted. Build the bed about two feet thick and large enough so that it will extend two feet beyond the frame on all sides. Then set on the frame and bank it up to the top with manure. Next put in about four or five inches of soil, put on the sash and let it sweat. It will soon begin to heat quite violently, and the temperature will run up considerably over 100 degrees, after which it will begin to subside, and about the third or fourth day it will be down to about 90 degrees, when it will do to sow the seed.

It was claimed some years ago by The American Agriculturist that radish, lettuce and onion seed may be put in along with tomato, cabbage, pepper and egg plant seed for plants. Rake the bed smooth and fine, and sow the seed in drills three inches apart, covering half an inch deep. The plants will be up in a few days, and in about three weeks' time, if the weather is favorable, radishes will be fit to use. Lettuce, however, may be transplanted to a cold frame, and onions will give sets for the garden. If in picking the lettuce the leaves are removed and the roots and crowns left they will throw out a new growth and continue to produce all through the season. The plants should be kept free from weeds and thinned, so they will have room to develop. Tomatoes will make stronger, stockier plants if transplanted when they are two or three inches high.

The sash of the hotbed should be raised a little every day, to give the plants fresh air and to regulate the temperature. When water begins to gather on the under side of the glass it indicates that the temperature is running too high, and fresh air should be admitted, but be careful not to allow the cold winds to blow on the plants. The sash should be closed, as the temperature falls, toward evening. If the nights are very cold extra covering will be necessary. Old pieces of carpet or matting can be used, or light board covers can be made, which are more convenient.—Philadelphia Record.

An Interesting Locality.

The Detroit News-Tribune says:—"It is generally acknowledged that the Passmore Edwards social settlement in London is, indirectly, the result of the publication of Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'Robert Elsmere.' Gladstone and Tolstoi both gave liberal criticisms in praise of the work, and Mrs. Ward has been given generous recognition in England and abroad. Mr. Gladstone in his review of her first prominent book emphasized the writer's strong thought of the brotherhood of man, rich and poor, and Tolstoi has called her the greatest living English novelist. Mrs. Ward has always kept her home life and her public career distinctly separate, and refuses all efforts to be interviewed. It is said that George Meredith is the only other prominent fiction writer who has never been interviewed. Mrs. Ward's country home is one of the old English estates within easy reach of London, and one of the few remaining estates of its size still mentioned in 'Domesday Book.' The house was once the home of that charming seventeenth century poet, Waller. Sir Walter Scott also once occupied the old house, and it is supposed that the little Village of Ivanhoe, near by, suggested the title of Scott's famous novel. Indeed the whole country round about is full of the interest of literary association, and a delightful spot in which to evolve the studies of character which make such a strong feature of Mrs. Ward's works."

Carnegie and His Lieutenants.

Andrew Carnegie, according to an article in The New York Sun, was recently asked:

"What influenced you most in the selection of your lieutenants in the steel industry?"

"Apparently trivial incidents," was the reply.

Then, after a moment's pause, he added, by way of explanation:

"I watched young men with whom I came in contact, and whenever I ran across one who, all unconsciously, by some small action or word uttered in ordinary conversation, made me feel that he had the qualities demanded in my business, I gave him a chance to prove he really had them. And when he did, then he became one of my lieutenants, and in return for his assistance I endeavored to let him have a fair share in the profits of my business."

A number of incidents are related in the article bearing upon Mr. Carnegie's remarks, of which the following is one:

"Only a few years ago William B. Corey, President of the Carnegie Company and the Carnegie Steel Company, and frequently talked of as a future President of the United States Steel Corporation, was pushing a wheelbarrow in the yards of one of the Carnegie mills in Braddock. He wheeled so much more iron in a day than the men at his elbows that he was soon made a foreman over them. Then his employers noticed that he got three times as much work out of his men as the other foremen and at the same time the men worked harder without any grumbling and swore by their new and youthful boss. Corey was straightway picked out by Mr. Carnegie as a promising acquisition and he had constantly widening opportunities. He worked hard, studied at night to improve his public school education, and in time became an expert chemist and an armor plate authority. He was made Superintendent of this mill and that department, and invariably increased the output.

When Mr. Schwab resigned to become President of the Steel Trust, Mr. Corey was the only man considered for his successor at the head of the Carnegie Company and the Carnegie Steel Company.

Curate—And how did you like my harvest sermon, Mr. Wurzel?

Mr. W.—Not bad, sir, not bad at all, considerin' yer total hignorance of the subject.

POPE LEO XIII.

King Edward and Absolutism.

Under the caption, "English Distrust of Edward VII.," the Literary Digest says:

When a little over two years ago Edward VII. succeeded his illustrious mother on the throne of England, he proclaimed his intention of being "a constitutional monarch in every sense of the word." But an uneasy suspicion, vague at first, but ever growing more precise, has seized the British mind that the King is not keeping within the limits prescribed for him by the unwritten constitution of his country. He is accused of usurping, or attempting to usurp, functions which rightly pertain only to the responsible Ministers of the Crown. The tone of British comment upon this suspected development of the King's character indicates that the blood of the race which dealt with Charles I. still flows in the veins of the average Englishman. In other words, it is being intimated in the London press that if Edward VII. has really undertaken to interfere with the Ministry and to decide the policy of Great Britain after the fashion of the German Emperor, there will ensue consequences of a serious kind. The Spectator (London), it is true, scouts the idea that the King has done, or wants to do, anything of the kind. However, The Daily News (London) insists that Edward VII. forced the German alliance—so far as Venezuela is concerned—upon a reluctant Ministry, and it points out that this proceeding of his Majesty's was a most serious step to take. The Outlook (London) solemnly warns the King against his course, which is pronounced revolutionary and dangerous. This paper attributes the King's usurpation of Ministerial functions—if there was any such usurpation, and it says there was—to the weakness of Premier Balfour. To quote the exact words of our contemporary: "Our Prime Minister is Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Balfour is young to the office. And we can imagine that if some kingly desire had to be declared impolitic and impossible, more experience and austerity than Mr. Balfour possesses as yet would be necessary to utter the requisite interdict. As things have gone, a most glaring divergence of sentiment between the British Government and the British people has been revealed to the world. However little such a contradiction may matter as between the German Government and the German people, in this country it must, if persisted in, make the Government impossible. The British people rule in Britain. The German people do not rule in Germany."

The explanation of Edward VII.'s sudden taste for absolutism, proceeds this London paper, is to be found in the fact that the German Emperor is his nephew. The uncle is dazzled, and he has been misled into cajoling the Ministry, which in its turn has betrayed the people. "What answer would the ordinary Englishman give if asked why his Government so misrepresented him? Not to employ any phrases about the matter, he would and does say, plump and plain, that the reason is to be found in the relationship of King and Kaiser; that also is the answer of members of Parliament and those whose business it is to seek an explanation of so strange a Ministerial procedure. A Government containing Mr. Chamberlain, the Mr. Chamberlain who replied to Count von Buelow with brusque and unaccommodating brevity, could not want for a convinced interpreter of the plain sentiment of the British people, a sentiment of self-reliant national dignity needing no help from Germany in the work we have to do in the world. But Mr. Chamberlain is not Prime Minister."

The situation is certainly unusual, for it is generations since a British ruler has been accused of attempting what George III. failed so signally in achieving. The Paris Temps says it is "interesting and novel" to find English criticism directed against the throne. "For the first time in long years the throne is publicly accused, censured, impugned. . . Sagacious observers have remarked that Edward VII. feels disposed to govern. His friendly relations with William II. are understood, as well as the disagreeable comparison the British monarch must have made between what is permitted him by the constitution of his country and what is permitted his young nephew, the German Emperor, in world politics. . . The least that can be said at present is that the personal policy of the King of England coincides with the policy of his Ministry, and both coincide with the policy of Germany, while the British nation is inclined to a policy quite the reverse."

Relics at Newgate.

The first bid out of the ordinary at the sale of Newgate Prison relics, according to The Westminster Gazette, was obtained by means of an appeal to Dickens' worshippers. "Now, gentlemen," the auctioneer began, persuasively, "surely you remember your 'Barnaby Rudge'! Here is the cupboard to which Denis, the hangman, went for the keys!"—and the old oak, iron-faced, warders' key-cupboard, with an old record-book cupboard, went together for £12 10s. The pulpit from the chapel was sold for £8 10s., and the two seats, also from the chapel, set apart for the use of condemned prisoners, with the warders' pews belonging to them, sold for £3 5s. The heavy, wrought-iron grille that guarded the condemned cells went for £3; and the door of one of the same cells for £13, and its two small windows, with their bars and frames. In the second condemned cell—identical with the first—prices ruled only a shade lower, so that there seems to be money even in the encouragement of morbid curiosity, for a lot of doors which had done duty for ordinary cells brought in only £2 10s.—and there were twenty of them! The copper washing bowls from the cells, however, averaged over a pound apiece, while for the last few lots purchasers were prepared to pay more than thirty shillings a bowl rather than go away empty-handed.

He married a leading lady,
And she's leading still, 'tis said,
For she spends his money so freely
That he never can get ahead.

The Tramp Reasons.

Owner of Property (sternly, to tramp reclining on a mossy bank)—Don't you see that notice—"Trespassers will be prosecuted?"

Tramp (calmly)—No, I don't see it, for I can't read.

Owner of Property—Well, you know what it is now, so go!

Tramp—Hexcuse me, mister, but I don't know wot it is. I've only got yer bare word for it, and you're a pullect stranger to me. For what I know to the contrary, the notice may be "New milk sold 'ere," or "Cherries tuppence a pound," or "Welkim, weary wanderer!" Don't you lay your hands on me, mistor, or I shall 'ave to see whether my stick is really good old oak, or only a sugar stick!

WEARY, ACHING JOINTS.

The Awful Twinges of Rheumatism Mean Old Age in Youth.

Relief in Six Hours.

Ointments, Salves and Lotions are positively worthless for Rheumatism. Get at the cause—the blood—and by purifying that, restore the system to a clean, healthful condition. **The Great South American Rheumatic Cure** relieves in six hours and cures in one to three days Muscular and Articular Rheumatism, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, and any affections of the joints and muscles arising from impure blood. Mr. F. E. Wright of Toronto, Canada, writes: "I suffered almost constantly with Neuralgia and Rheumatism. I used several remedies, but nothing seemed to relieve the pain until I tried **South American Rheumatic Cure.** After using a few bottles of 'Rheumatic Cure' and also 'Nervine Tonic,' I was wholly cured."

Pain in the Region of the Kidneys.

Pain anywhere is a danger signal. Pain in the region of the kidneys means that they are not working properly. **The Great South American Kidney Cure** restores these organs to a healthy working state. No. 38

Anecdotal.

One of the keenest of journalists and wits, Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, had the better of the irate stranger against whom he ran by accident at the corner of a street in Munich. "Beast," cried the offended person, without waiting for an apology. "Thank you," said the journalist, "and mine is Saphir."

"Education."

Oh, the stuffed little boy is a wonderful boy,
He's so very precocious and bright;
He has tutors and teachers, blind, misguided creatures,
Who stuff him from morning till night.
And this marvellous youth, still a baby, in truth,
By this wonderful brain-cramming plan,
Has such wisdom acquired he is almost as tired
As if he were truly a man.

—From "In Merry Mood," by Nixon Waterman.

Don't Snuffle!

You make people sick—You keep yourself sick.

Cure that Cold.

You can do it if you exercise common sense and use only **Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.** It relieves colds and catarrh and cures headache in a few minutes. If you have common sense and catarrh you will use it now,

REV. L. MCPHERSON, of Jefferson St. Church of Christ, Buffalo, N.Y., says:—"Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieved me in ten minutes and is a blessing to mankind."

THE URSULINE SISTERS of St. Bernard's, Grand Forks, N. Dak., state:—"We have been using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder in our institution. We find it a very good remedy."

The Great South American Nervine Tonic

is first a nerve food and then a physician, searching out and strengthening every weak spot in the body of man, woman or child. It means nerve, health, vigor, hope, liveliness, lightheartedness and life. 29

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To Set Her Free

By FLORENCE WARDEN

Author of "The House in the Marsh," "A Prince of Darkness," etc., etc.

to overwhelm him by any uncomfortable display of excessive gratitude, yet there was no doubt he was her rescuer, and if she met him again she could hardly fail to refer to the fact.

Foiled in his own attempt to escape, Astley was seized with a sudden impulse to laugh on finding that the girl herself had been foiled in a similar fashion. When, therefore, she reached the fireplace, and turned round abruptly, in a shamefaced manner, towards him, she saw that he was convulsed with merriment.

Astonished, as well she might be, the girl stared at him in silence. Then, half turning as she stood with one foot upon the fender, she caught sight again, as she had done upstairs, of her own reflection in a weather-stained looking-glass, and her feminine vanity suddenly got the better of every other feeling.

The expression of her face changed suddenly as she stared at the unattractive-looking object before her. It needs beauty of a high order, and in the most perfect condition at that, to stand the ordeal of an appearance in a shapeless hat which has been thoroughly soaked and imperfectly dried, seen through the medium of an early Victorian looking-glass. The girl's good looks—for she was good-looking—could not stand such a test. Her olive skin looked green; her black hair looked lank, twisted up, half-dried, in an unbecoming fashion; and her large dark eyes and fairly regular features counted for nothing against these odds.

Instinctively she turned her head away from Astley, who was struggling to regain his gravity. For the awful thought had suddenly struck him that she might think he was laughing at her. In fact, the curious little knob into which she had fastened her hair peeped out under her shapeless hat in an extremely comical way. It behoved him therefore to be careful.

"I'm afraid you think it very stupid of me to laugh," he said, as he came forward a little way into the room, and stood behind one of the mahogany arm-chairs.

"Oh, no. Some people see fun in anything," said the girl, somewhat distantly.

Evidently she was not grateful for what he had done for her. Astley felt that this was a great comfort. And it amused him to think that he had been anxious to avoid an hysterical scene of tears and thankfulness, while she had been just as anxious to escape the sight of him at all.

"Well, when things are at a very bad pass they have a way of taking a laughable turn, don't you think so?" said he.

"I can't say I do," said the girl, tartly. "There's a long walk in the snow to be faced, for one thing, and in the dark, too."

And she glanced out into the gathering gloom. Astley broke in cheerfully:

"Oh, it's not quite so bad as that. I've sent in to Oxford for a cab, you know, and—"

"But I mean to walk," struck in the girl, and she suddenly sprang away from the fireplace and made for the door.

Astley, however, was nearer to it than she, and, in spite of his lameness, was able to obstruct her passage.

"Oh no, you can't do that," he said quickly, speaking with sudden gravity.

"Oh, but I can, I must!" And into the girl's tone there came suddenly the first intimation of inward distress which she had given since her reappearance.

"Indeed you must not. I can't allow it," said Astley, speaking in his turn with seriousness, and also with unexpected authority. "To venture on such a walk along an exposed road, in the dusk, with the snow and the wind driving towards you, would be danger, if not certain death, especially after such an adventure as you've had," he added hurriedly.

What gave him authority with the girl was not so much the fact that he had saved her life an hour or two before, but a certain hardness, amounting almost to a suspicion of mockery in his manner, which made her curiously conscious of a feeling of inferiority to him. Though he was perfectly courteous, it was with the courtesy of one who stands in an unassailably superior position. She felt that he looked down upon her, despised her, was courteous only because it was a convention of his class to be verbally courteous to women. The thought enraged her, quite swallowed up, indeed, any impulses she might have had towards gratitude.

"Oh, as for that, I'm none the worse for getting my feet wet," she said, ungraciously, as she paused a moment, watching for her opportunity to slip by him and get away.

"Getting her feet wet" was such a euphemistic description of what had happened that Astley could hardly forbear another smile. The girl saw it and made another dash for the door. She was foiled, however, again.

"Excuse me," said he, "but you must allow me to insist."

The girl drew herself up.

"Suppose I insist too?"

"Then we shall have to see who can insist the hardest," retorted Astley with perfect coolness, "and, to judge by our previous experience, you know, it—will not be you."

The spirit, the dash, the daring went out of the girl's face and bearing in a moment. She gave one shy, frightened look at his face, and turned away with a quivering lip. His manner altered directly.

"I should strongly advise you," said he, with the resumption of a more everyday tone, as he glanced towards the fireplace, "to take off your hat and wait quietly and get thoroughly warm before the cab comes, as you will have a very cold drive."

"And—and you?" faltered the girl, in a strangled voice, and she instinctively turned as if to obey him.

"Oh, I think I shall perhaps stay the night here, unless I tell the cabman to come back for me," he said.

It was quite clear that the girl began to breathe more easily after this. To the highly-strung mood in which he had first met her had succeeded the inevitable reaction, so that she now felt as anxious to conceal her identity from her rescuer and to hide the rash attempt she had made, as she had previously been indifferent to all these things.

"Oh!" she ejaculated in a low voice, in a tone of unmistakable relief. There was a pause, and then she said: "But I don't like to take your cab. And if you've been ill, it's even more important that you should get back than that I should. I think it will be better for you to go first, and to send the cab back for me. I'll promise to wait," she added quickly, and with a certain ingenuousness which confirmed the impression that she was very young indeed. Astley tried not to smile again.

"Oh," said he, "don't trouble your head about me. After roughing it through an African campaign, this sort of experience is a mere picnic."

A look of interest suddenly peeped out of the sidelong glance she gave him. Then, as he still stood in the way between her and the door, she muttered, "Very well, then," and immediately walked back to the fireplace, where she resumed her former position, standing with one foot on the fender, and her eyes directed towards that terrible looking glass.

Astley came forward slowly, drew one of the horse-hair arm-chairs back to a discreet distance, and sat down. As she was between him and the window, the only view he could get of her face was by the light of the fire below her, which threw distorting shadows upon her face. Little as he saw, however, he was conscious that she was taking up the burden of life again, and trying to devise some manner of tricking him, so that she might hide her identity.

Long before this Astley had discovered that his companion belonged to a different social class from that he had at first supposed, and perhaps she divined his curiosity. At any rate she presently said, after a pause:

"It's really most important that I should get back to Oxford quickly, as I'm only passing through it, with—with my aunt, and I have a train to catch tonight."

"Indeed! Then it's as well the cab is coming," said Astley politely.

"Yes, I hope it won't be very late. My aunt might be anxious. As we're both in great trouble, trouble about business, she might think, you know, she might think all sorts of dreadful things," went on the girl, fluently enough, but with a manner which was transparent to the observant Astley.

"Yes, indeed," said he, in the same tone as before, when she paused.

The girl went on with her odd confidences.

"You see women are easily depressed when anything goes wrong with them, and when you've kept a shop for years, and things suddenly go wrong with it, why you don't know what to do. But I suppose you don't know anything about shopkeeping?" she went on, turning suddenly to him, as if with a little burst of frankness.

Once again Astley smiled. This time safely enough, for his face was buried in shadow. And his answer was made in a little demure voice which startled her:

"Perhaps I know as much as you about it."

There was a pause and he heard her draw a sharp breath. Then she said curtly:

"You don't believe what I'm telling you?"

Astley answered with great suavity:

"Well, no, I don't. But what does that matter? It's no affair of mine, you know!"

Dead silence followed this unexpected retort. Then the girl moved restlessly, glanced two or three times at the motionless mass of shadow in the big chair, and at last asked in a querulous, high-pitched voice:

"How do you know it's not true?"

"I would much rather not answer you, but if you insist I'll tell you how I know."

Again she waited a moment, and then said imperiously, but in a low voice:

"I do insist."

"Well, then, I see that you don't belong to the class that keep shops, that keep them seriously, I mean."

"I don't see how you can know that. Tradesmen's daughters are educated nowadays, better educated, sometimes, than other people's daughters."

"Better educated, perhaps, but not educated in quite the same way. And they don't get the same tone."

Before the girl could reply to this, the sound of wheels and hoofs struck suddenly upon the ears of both, and they heard the cab stop. The next moment they heard someone running in the passage.

"We don't want to satisfy the curiosity of these people," said Astley quickly. "I'll go out and say I mean to stay here the night, while you will just get into the cab and drive away."

"Oh, thanks, thanks."

He was already at the door, and they exchanged a hasty bow as he went out. She saw nothing more of him. With her heart beating a little faster, she heard his voice informing the landlady that he hardly liked to risk the chilly drive, and asking for a room for the night. And a few moments later Mrs. Benne came in and told her the cab was at the door.

She got in quickly, not giving her address in the hearing of the landlady, but simply telling the driver to go into Oxford.

It was altogether a strange adventure, Astley thought, as he wondered who the girl he had rescued could be, and what her history was. Before night, however, he had personal concerns more pressing to think about, for the chill he had got developed into a feverish attack, and he had to send for his friend and a doctor.

Although he was well enough in a few days to go back to the hotel at Oxford at which he had been staying, Astley, weakened and demoralized by this fresh attack of illness following on the still more demoralizing typhoid, stayed on in the town, instead of going to his cousin's seat on the borders of East Lancashire, for the hunting season, as he had proposed to do.

The friend he had come to Oxford to see, an undergraduate, some half-dozen years younger than himself, did his best to make the time pass pleasantly for him. He introduced Astley to his friends in the neighborhood, one by one, and finally to a family named Bascot, who lived on the outskirts of the town.

"I'm afraid you won't find them very interesting people," he remarked, as they drew near the modern gabled red-brick house one Sunday evening. "But they're inoffensive at least. The son—there's only the one—is studying for the church. He's an ardent stamp-collector, and he's going to marry a rich cousin. That's about all there is to tell about him."

They were shown into the conventional drawing-room, which agreed in all respects with the promise of the modern gabled red-bricked exterior of the house. There were the usual small, over-crowded tables, the usual curiosities, the usual photographs. One of these attracted Astley's attention: it was that of a girl in evening dress, holding a bunch of roses. He thought he had seen the face somewhere, but could not remember where. He had not, however, had much time for considering the point when the door opened, and Robert Bascot, the son, came in.

He proved to be a rather small and effeminate-looking fair man, with curly light hair like a baby's, and a precise little voice and manner. Astley mentally agreed with his friend that the stamp-collector might be amiable, but was not interesting.

And then two ladies came in.

"Mr. Haigh—my mother—my cousin!" said Robert Bascot, introducing the visitor.

Astley bowed, and shook hands with the elder lady. Then his heart leaped up to his mouth. For as his eyes met those of the younger lady, their eyes flashed out a mutual recognition.

Robert Bascot's cousin was the girl Astley had saved from drowning ten days before!

CHAPTER III.

Nobody noticed the confusion of these two, as Robert Bascot chirped out their names in introducing them to each other.

Astley bowed and looked down; so did Norma Bascot. There was a second's pause, and then it was Mrs. Bascot, a thin-faced woman of forty-five or so, who wore glasses and was "intellectual," who began the conversation.

And Norma stole away to the furthest possible corner, and took care not to meet Astley's eyes.

He was so utterly bewildered by the discovery that the girl he had saved from drowning and the rich cousin whom Robert Bascot was to marry were one and the same person, that it was with the greatest possible difficulty that he answered intelligently, and laughed in the right places.

And as soon as he could, he took the opportunity of examining minutely the face of the woman who had appeared to him within so short a time in two such very different characters.

So different indeed, that if it had not been for her own miserable self-consciousness, Astley might even have been tempted to believe himself mistaken. For, with her black hair beautifully dressed, parted in the middle, waved, and coiled into a massive knot behind her head, her face looked much more beautiful than it had done when she was blue with the cold and sick with nervousness; while her slight figure, which had presented no particular attraction when wrapped in a bedraggled skirt and shapeless jacket, looked exceedingly graceful now that she wore a black silk skirt, with a slight train, and a blouse of lavender silk trimmed with black velvet, and two rows of lovely pearls round her throat.

In the course of the evening Astley noticed other circumstances about the girl which excited his curiosity still further. In the first place, she received the attentions of Robert Bascot, who was most effusively courteous and even affectionate to her, with an irritable petulance which was patent to such a close observer as Astley. When the devoted Robert chirped into her ear, she looked helplessly round the room as if anxious for a chance of escape; and when he leaned over her, with an odd, prim little assumption of tender possession, she got up and walked away.

And throughout the long and somewhat heavy evening, which was characterized by much exchange of a dry sort of talk which the frequenters of the house considered intellectual and stimulating, the girl talked to everybody in the house, which was soon half full of visitors, except to Astley.

He, on his side, was bound to respect her evident wish that he should be equally discreet; but his curiosity was piqued all the same, and he would have been glad to exchange if only a few words with his heroine.

The next best thing to talking with her, however, was to talk about her, and he contrived to mention her to Mrs. Bascot, by taking up the photograph he had previously noticed, and asking whether this was her niece.

"Yes," said the lady at once, "that is Norma. It's rather a good one; don't you think so?"

"Very," said Astley. And as he spoke he raised his eyes, and saw that the girl herself, with a look of deep anxiety burning in her eyes, had drawn near enough to listen to what her aunt and he were saying.

"It gives the Italian look, doesn't it?"

"Italian," said Astley, glancing first at the portrait and then at the beseeching eyes of the girl herself, and then quickly looking down again, "yes, perhaps it does. Is she Italian?"

"Not altogether, of course. Her father was my husband's brother. But her mother was half Italian, which accounts, I suppose, for some of her daughter's perversity. Norma's eccentricity is rather trying."

The good lady did not know how near her niece was.

"Well, eccentricity is rather refreshing in these days when we're all as much alike as if we'd been turned out by machinery," said Astley politely.

"Not in a young girl," retorted Mrs. Bascot almost tartly. "Why, only imagine what she did the other day! In the most dreadful weather, with a hurricane blowing and the snow falling fast, she went for a walk along the river bank, and of course slipped into the water, and came back more dead than alive, looking like a drowned rat. What do you think of that?"

Once more Astley looked up from the photograph, and saw that the girl was standing quite close to her aunt, looking piteously into his face. His eyes met hers for a moment only, and then he turned to the elder lady and said:

"Well, I think, if she fell into the water on a snowy winter's day, that you won't have to reproach her with such eccentricity again!"

The next glimpse he caught of Norma was of a pair of big dark eyes swimming in grateful tears.

When the time came for going away Astley tried hard to get near enough to the girl to bid her good-night. But she would not let him. She became absorbed in the conversation of somebody else whenever she saw him coming her way.

Astley, of course, said nothing to his friend, Jack Fielding, about his discovery. But he lingered on in Oxford, and when Jack proposed another visit to the Bascots, he readily assented.

"Now I wonder at your wanting to go there again," Jack said. "To my mind it's the slowest house in Oxford. And the women one meets there are all so high dried, except Mrs. Bascot's niece. You're not attracted there, I hope, because you know she's booked?" he added suspiciously.

Astley shrugged his shoulders with a frown.

"Am I likely to be attracted by any woman, after my experience?" said he impatiently.

"I know you say you're not, but—"

"And it's the truth. Perhaps one of the attractions of the Bascots' house to me is that the culture-press seems to have dried most of the attractiveness of femininity out of the ladies."

"Not out of Norma. She's feminine enough, in all conscience, with her impulsiveness and her impatience!"

"It's not the prettiest side of womanhood, that. No, Jack, young Bascot need not look upon me as a hated rival."

"All right, then. I own I shouldn't like you to make a second venture with an opera-singer's daughter."

"Opera-singer's, eh?"

"Yes. About the last thing you would expect to hear of that menage, isn't it? Bascot's brother married a singer, and though they are grieved at the taint, they are not at all unwilling that the money she earned should be kept in the family."

These details concerning the girl whose acquaintance he had made so oddly increased Astley's interest, and on his second visit he determined that she should not escape him as she had done the first time.

But to his surprise her manner to him had changed altogether. Satisfied now that he would keep her secret, and grateful for his reticence, Norma at once, upon his entrance, gave him her hand with a blush and a faint smile, and made no further attempt, as she had done on his previous visit, to avoid speech with him.

It was natural that, as on the previous occasion, Astley should be made much of as a hero who had fought and bled in his country's service. The fighting element was usually conspicuous by its absence from the slightly stuffy professorial Oxford atmosphere, and the ladies in particular were never tired of hearing his adventures, which he described with an attractive admixture of truth both new and strange.

And of course it was presently suggested by one of the matrons that he should marry. Jack Fielding, who was near, answered for him.

"Now I'm going to 'give him away,'" said he, with a laugh. "He made a confession to me last night, and owned that he disapproved of marriage altogether. Won't have it at any price, wants it abolished. Now you know what a serpent you've been harboring by your fireside."

There was a chorus of remonstrance, and Astley defended himself as well as he could, though he was hardly listened to. For each of the ladies was more intent upon being heard than upon hearing him.

Norma, who was near enough to hear all this, was the only silent and grave listener. But when, presently, he got the opportunity he wanted of speaking to her in a quiet corner, she turned to him at once, and said:

"I do agree with you so thoroughly in what you said about marriage. I think it's a hideous thing!"

Prepared as he was for the eccentricity of which he knew, Astley looked at her in real surprise.

"Why," said he, "that is, if you will allow me to say so, a strange thing to hear from a lady engaged to be married herself."

Norma's eyes flashed.

"I'm not engaged to him," she said vehemently. "They're doing their best to drive me into it; but I ask you, do you think it is possible for any woman with the least spark of humanity in her, to contemplate the thought of marriage with that white rabbit?"

Astley wanted to burst out laughing.

"Those are very strong words," he said.

"They're not stronger than my feelings," replied Norma, whose passionately uttered words had a strange piquancy from the fact that they were spoken in the lowest and most musical of voices. Astley remembered the voice: he had been struck with its sympathetic quality on the day of their adventure.

"Well," said he, more and more interested in the strange girl, "there's surely no need for you to waste so much emotion over the matter. No woman can be forced to marry against her will."

But at this, Norma threw upon him a look of scornful surprise.

"Oh, yes, she can," she replied with confidence. "I'm not very old, but I know that. And if you will think, and consider all your acquaintances, I'm sure you will find instances of girls being made to marry against their will."

Astley reflected.

"Well, perhaps I may know of some instances of particularly weak and easily led girls being persuaded into marriage," he said at last, "but not girls like you."

Norma turned towards him with a little grave smile.

"You think I'm strong-minded because I'm self-willed, I suppose," she said. "People often make that mistake. But I'm not. No girl can stand the constant pressure, the never-ceasing strain. My mother left me at the mercy of these people; I don't know why, considering all the circumstances of her life; but she did. And I can't move. I can't even have command of my own money, until I come of age—and that won't be for two years—two whole years—or until I marry."

"Well, then, why not marry somebody else?" suggested Astley.

"Because there is nobody else. They won't let there be," replied Norma quickly. "Look at that stamp-collecting idiot—"

"Oh, come now," protested Astley.

But he wanted to laugh again when he cast a glance in the direction of poor little Robert Bascot, and saw that he was fidgeting in his chair, and casting doleful, uneasy glances towards himself.

(To be Continued.)

Miss Weld, in writing of the visit of Tennyson to her father's house in London, says: "My uncle disliked an over-display of demonstration in public, and said that in his experience, When young married people keep on publicly raining "my dears" thick upon each other, it is a sure sign that a quarrel is at hand. Akin to this hatred of unreal affection was my uncle's dislike to the fulsome flattery and general vapidness of many after-dinner speeches, and he declared to me that, if called on to make a speech when he felt he had really nothing to say, he should just rise and exclaim:

"'Out of my latitude, as I live,
Therefore no platitude—pray forgive,'

and promptly resume his seat."

A story told of Lord Holt, who was Lord Chief Justice of England in the eighteenth century, shows what a deadly enemy to wild superstition a sense of fact may be. A man presented himself to Lord Holt, and said: "A spirit came to me from the other world, and told me that in your next case you must enter a plea of nol. pros."—that is, refusal to prosecute. Lord Holt looked at the man a moment and then smiled. "Do you believe that such a message is wise for a human being to obey?" "It is abso-

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SATURDAY, APRIL 18TH, 1903.

LABOR strikes seem to be the order of the day throughout the length and breadth of the continent, much to the injury and detriment of all concerned.

No sooner is a strike in one branch of trade settled than one in another is begun. British Columbia is having a surfeit of the economic evils, and the sooner some measures are adopted for their suppression the better, either by arbitration, compulsory or otherwise.

It is an unfortunate circumstance, but, nevertheless, true, that the strikes in this Province have, in the main, been brought about by foreign interference, and it seems to us that any legislation passed, should be with the end in view of making an example of these same foreign labor agitators.

The Dominion Government has been asked by Ralph Smith, M.P., to appoint a commission to go to British Columbia and take evidence under oath to ascertain the cause of labor troubles in the west, and report on the same. The Provincial Government intends to bring down a Bill with the view of obviating and settling industrial differences in future by conciliatory means.

Surely, to all right thinking men, a settlement of differences between labor and capital by arbitration or kindred means is far preferable to these disastrous strikes and lock-outs, which, of late, tend to ruin the country financially, socially and morally.

WE regret to note that Lawyer Sawers still continues to pour in hot shot to the people of Vancouver through the columns of the News-Advertiser, much to the discredit of this camp. He makes an almost direct assertion that the local Government staff has a "ring," and that that ring gets the "tip" of any snaps that are going, thereby making a most unjust slur upon the Gold Commissioner and the office.

If C. W. Sawers, Esquire, and his methods were as well known to the Editorial rooms of the News-Advertiser as he is here, he would find scant room in its columns for his worthless effusions.

ATLIN, and, for that matter, the Province, will have an excellent opportunity this summer of watching the operations of big mechanical devices for the treatment of our auriferous gravels, as well as the proving of the relative effectiveness of the steam shovel and the dredge. As both these devices are about to be installed here this season, interesting developments may be looked for.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

Oppositionists Carry Two Meetings.

Objections to Organizing a Permanent Mining Association —A Warning to Heed.

The meeting, called for the purpose of discussing the formation of a permanent branch of the B. C. Mining Association, which was held at Discovery on Tuesday of this week, was, like the previous meeting to hear the Delegates' reports, a farce. The meeting could not be called a representative one by any means, and was "run" by one or two speakers, who, unfortunately, for the good of the cause, by their evident enthusiasm persuaded many of the miners, against their own best judgment, that the Mining Association was run and controlled by the "hydraulic men,"—a statement utterly false and unworthy of consideration by any miner. The result was, that by a vote of 36 to 18, it was decided to disband the first local association and irrevocably cancel all that had been done.

A meeting, having similar objects to the Discovery meeting, was held in Atlin on Wednesday evening, and a similar condition of affairs prevailed, though the tactics pursued by the opponents to organization were unique in the extreme. By a vote of 15 to 11, an "endorsement of the minutes of the Discovery meeting, held 14th inst," was carried, when, as a matter of fact, there were no minutes to endorse! Again, a resolution, "That a branch of the B. C. District Mining Association be formed in Atlin and those willing to join, should sign the roll to be prepared by the Secretary," was voted out of order, in opposition to the ruling of the Chair, and the meeting adjourned practically without accomplishing anything. However, the first preliminary step was taken towards permanent organization, and a number of miners signed the roll of membership. In due course a meeting will be called and a permanent local branch organized with the necessary officers.

One of the first and most important things the opponents of the organization of a branch Association forget to take into consideration is the fact that the British Columbia Mining Association IS an organized body, and that Atlin helped to organize that body, further, that its influence is already such that no legislation will be effected by the B. C. Government except with the consent and approval of the Mining Association. If a few men are under the impression that our delegates or the Association have abused our trust the recourse is not by a protest to the Legislature, but to the Association itself, and this can only be done by and through the district branch of the Association! The necessity for permanent organization, with a big membership, is apparent to any one who studies the situation.

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Two Lion Stories.

Sir Charles Warren, in his recently published "On the Veldt in the Seventies," tells two capital lion stories that he heard while surveying between the Orange and Vaal rivers. "A man," he writes, "was driving in his bullock wagon one dark night along a road in the interior, where there were big game, but he was not fearsome, because he had several large, fierce dogs with him that barked at everything they met. On a sudden the oxen stopped, and, whip them as he would, they would not go on, but as the dogs did not bark, he did not think of danger. His native leader called out that there was a mule lying in the road in front, and he went forward and saw what he thought was a strange ox lying in front of them. Getting angry at finding his way stopped, he rushed at the beast and gave it a good kick, shouting 'Foot sook!' (get away). Then arose a majestic animal, which slunk with a roar into the bush. It was a lion, just deliberating how he could make his spring upon one of the oxen, but the sudden onslaught of the man so disconcerted him that off he went. When the driver went back to his wagon he found all his brave dogs lying skulking under the wagon; they could not bark for fear. The moral of this story is to put a bold front on matters and dangers will flee away. I rather distrust this story," adds Sir Charles, "as improperly told. Another version I have heard is that the driver did not go up and kick the lion, but gave it a good lash with his whip; that seems to me more probable."

The second story is as follows: "Some Korannas, when out hunting, came upon an elephant just as they were passing a lion's lair. The elephant, when he saw them, made after them, and they, in their alarm, ran close up to where the lion was, and he also was disturbed. Looking round they saw the lion running, also, but not after them; he was running with them, away from the elephant. After a time they all got into a narrow path, where there was little room, and by that time the Korannas had got so used to the lion that one of them was bold enough to give him a push, and say, 'Give me more room to run.'"

Sunday as a Social Holiday.

In all the larger cities of the United States there is nowadays no other social holiday equal to Sunday. There are some sorts of diversion that are still forbidden on Sunday by social conventions. Nobody ever heard, for instance, of a cotillion on Sunday or a tea to introduce a debutante. But there are gallons of informal tea poured in drawing-rooms every Sunday afternoon, and there are dinners on Sunday night—formal dinners at home and dinners at fashionable restaurants. Many hostesses prefer the latter, and as a result Sunday night is the most difficult time of any to find tables at a popular restaurant. In New York the vogue of the restaurant is even more pronounced, and it is very difficult for people to get tables at Sherry's, Delmonico's, or the Waldorf-Astoria. At these places a certain number of tables are always kept for guests who agree to come there to dinner every Sunday during the winter, or let the waiter know during the afternoon that they will not. "Then, on Monday," one manager informed a New York "Sun" writer, "the orders for tables for the next Sunday begin to come in. If there happens to be a large party—six or eight—we sometimes get word two or three weeks in advance. That is necessary. Then, throughout the week the orders come in until by Saturday the two dining-rooms are filled, and we could seat twice as many persons. The orders continue to come in all day on Sunday, and we set tables in the hall. That leaves no place for the casual guests who are certain to come without taking the trouble to telephone in advance. They make up almost half the attendance, and there must be room for them. So we bring down tables and chairs from the ballroom upstairs and spread tables in the men's cafe. Then, with only room enough to pass between the tables, every inch of available space is taken. This continues from the middle of October until May. And during the past five years that I have been in this restaurant, I have noticed the Sunday night crowd getting bigger every winter."

Devery's Warm Vocabulary.

"Big Bill" Devery has succeeded in having the Superior Court issue an order restraining the executive committee of Tammany Hall from taking any action until the leader of the Ninth Ward has been admitted to its fold. When he was barred out the other night at the organization of Tammany Hall's executive committee for 1903, because a protest was made that his election as district leader of the "Fighting Ninth" was secured by fraud and corruption at the primaries, Devery was enraged, and said: "Who threw me out? Why, the big four. There's Grand Central Plunkitt, the truth about him would poison the air; Pennsylvania Charley (Murphy), who held up the tunnel; Dago Dan, with his waxed moustaches (McMahon); and Big Tim, who tries to skin the New York Central and the Pennsylvania at the same time. Do they think they can put up such a job on me? I'm no railroad to be held up, and no farmer to take the big mitt and slide home. Before I'm done with them I'll make them dance a Liverpool hornpipe. I'll go to court, and I'll win. They can't keep me out. These jumping-jacks are not grafting a franchise when they take hold of me. They've got a live one to deal with. I've got the law with me, and I'll fight, fight, fight. I feel disgusted enough with the gang to start an independent Democratic labor party over our way. But I'm going to fight. I want to fight. I'll fight every minute."

Science on the Road.

Tramp—Say, mister, gimme a tanner.

Person Accosted—Drink water. Tramp—That's just it, yer honner. I want the tanner to buy a filter so as I can swaller the water without the risk of being poisoned by microbes.

Wife—I am going down town this morning to try to match a piece of silk. Husband—Very well, my dear, I'll tell the cook to save some dinner for you, and I'll put the children to bed myself.

"How about references?" enquired the mistress. "Oh, I loike yer looks, mum," said the applicant for the position of housemaid, "an' I won't ask yer fer references."

The Guild in China.

The handsomest buildings in China, excepting the great temples, says Public Opinion, are the guild halls. The Chinese are past masters in trade organizations. Every industry is a simple but effectively organized guild, and the guild halls of some of the richer trades in Canton are superb. Even in the north it would be hard to find anything to surpass the green-tiled, exclusively ornate middle gateway of one of the guild halls in Chefoo. The guild idea is highly developed, too, even to the extent of profit-sharing by employees. The beggars and thieves have their carefully governed guilds, as well as the carpenters and the silk dealers. A non-union beggar will be driven out or quickly made away with. The begging business is handled with scientific precision, the vagabonds making regular rounds, pounding tins, throwing offal, and otherwise making life impossible for reluctant givers. A regular payment to the head of the guild secures immunity. There is a considerable admission fee charged to candidates for membership in the beggar guild.

It is largely by means of the guild organizations that a Chinese city is governed. In Canton, for example, each guild has its own street, and, of course, its own elders. For the maintenance of the streets, its cleanliness, the preservation of order in it, the heads of the guild are responsible. Accordingly, at night one finds gates locked at each end of the street, and passing down one of the great streets where trade succeeds trade, requires a continuous squeezing through half-locked gates. Any crime committed in the street of the jade stoneworkers would be laid at their door, and they would have to produce the criminal or a substitute. Municipal orders would reach the guild members through their elders, with whom alone the Government deals. Even the guild of thieves finds its place in the Chinese civil system. The head thief occupies a semi-official position in south China, at least, for though he may continue to steal himself, his punishment is remitted that he may watch over thieves, and be in a position to recover stolen property.

British Military Problems.

In view of the recent interesting debate in the House of Commons, the following from Blackwood's Magazine is of interest:—

For the average reader who may have ceased to take absorbing interest in military reform after the passing of his hot fit, it is well to particularize. The War Office ideal of strategy gives us, in addition to recruits and non-effectives, 190,000 men for home garrisons, 200,000 men, more or less, for the defence of London, and a home field army of 120,000 men, with 80,000 white troops for India and 30,000 for the colonial garrisons. We must, therefore, carry forward a total of half a million men at least, committed, by the nature of their functions and the law of their recruiting, to a task which is nothing more nor less than a sinecure unless our navy is driven from the seas. "These numbers," said Mr. Brodrick to the colonial Premiers, "are certainly not deemed too large by our military advisers, in view of the possibility of our at any time losing the command of the sea." The veil is lifted and the murder is out. No words could express more naively the entire absence of comprehension of the real problem that confronts "our military advisers." The statement quoted is in direct conflict with the Duke of Devonshire's famous declaration of 1896: "The maintenance of sea supremacy has been assumed as the basis of the system of Imperial defence against attacks from over the sea." The high augurs are not in unison; we are back in the old, extravagant and disastrous system of government in compartments. The question which all those who interest themselves in great problems of national defence are asking is this: How comes it that after Mahan, Colomb, Thursfield, Laughton and all the series of brilliant writers on naval strategy have laid down for us in letters of gold the plain and incontrovertible principles of national strategy, how comes it that our War Office should continue to both preach, and, to our heavy cost, practise a theory of war which is the exact antithesis instead of the corollary of our naval policy? Buttonhole one of these solemn old gentlemen in Pall Mall, whose daily existence has only three fixed points—the office, the luncheon room at the Rag, and their West Kensington fireside—stop them and ask them why they ask us to pay for 640,000 men, mostly organized, to do nothing at home; ask them when last England was invaded, and why; ask them who is going to invade us, and how; ask them when last a British battery on the coast fired a shot in anger; ask them when a fort in the interior of England or Scotland was ever of service to man or beast. Ask them—and they will not tell you, because they do not know, and neither does anyone else.

A Canadian Nobleman.

The English papers contain particulars of one of the most remarkable cases of fraud that have occupied the time of the law courts for some years, and which has just been brought to an end at the Leeds Assizes, when James Albert Marson, a clerk, was convicted of obtaining £3,127 10s by false pretenses, and was sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

In 1898 there appeared in a weekly paper an article headed "The Coming Richest Man in the World." It described how a San Francisco multi-millionaire hermit willed all his possessions to his male successor, who would be found in England. Lawyers misapplied the vast estate and were imprisoned for the crime, and then the rightful heir was discovered and the hermit's mansion explored. Down a trap-door into a mysterious passage the way led to a large room lined with gold ingots, to another filled with bags of gold dust, and to a massive iron door which bore a warning that a person forcing it was liable to death. The door was opened by chemicals, the death-trap—a deep pit—was bridged, and further on was found a gold mine of countless worth.

The article went on to say that the heir was "still scratching with his pen," but shortly would enter upon a large estate in Devonshire which had "been secured for him by the Government," and that the Queen had "already intimated her intention of making him a peer of the realm as soon as the world was acquainted with the information."

The prospective Croesus was James Albert Marson, at that time earning 30s a week as a merchant's clerk in a Sheffield house. A tall, handsome, fairly-educated man, he found no difficulty in acting the part of the owner of millions. He showed to his friends copies of the will and documents purporting to entitle him to a fabulous yearly income, an estate in "Ontario, United States," half the size of Ireland, and vast quantities of diamonds and rubies.

He told them he was entitled to boundless wealth, signed letters "Albert, the future Lord Syerston" and "Marson, K.G.," wore a ring which he said had been sent as a token of good will by Lord Minto, the Governor-General of Canada, pretended to be purchasing a £12,000 steam yacht, and showed them a draft of £5,000,000 and a bill of exchange for £50,000,000, this money, according to his statement, having been forwarded by his Canadian agents. He retired from business, installed a telephone, a valet, a private secretary, bought horses, guns and fur-lined coats, and was attended by a retinue of favorites anxious to please. To some of them he promised "staff" appointments—the boots at the largest hotel in the city was to have the position of butler at £2,000 a year, and his doctor was to have £1,500.

All this meant money, and to keep off his creditors he borrowed on the strength of his "expectations." Sums from £5 to £250 were lent freely by his friends, who believed his promises implicitly. One man advanced as much as £3,120, another £420, and many lent smaller sums. The largest creditor, Mr. Thomas Eastwood of Chesterfield, once received from Marson cheques for £10,000 and £150,000, but he was asked to return them for "re-endorsement." Marson's accounts showed a deficiency of £5,307, and he had been living at the rate of £1,000 a year.

One of the most curious points about the story is the methods by which Marson duped Eastwood. On one occasion he wrote: "Rest assured that for every pound I have had from you the same will be repaid at the rate of £5,000 for every pound, and an annuity to each of your children of £10,000 to accumulate to their years of discretion."

Later, Marson wrote: "I have already signed half a million a year for your natural life, irrespective of your stipend, while in my service."

Marson lived in a house of which the rent was 6s per week, yet Eastwood believed him when he said that the Home Secretary and the Duke of Norfolk were coming to dine at his house.

The judge, in passing sentence, said prisoner had been convicted on clear evidence. Whatever the original story was, he took advantage of it and made untrue statements to Eastwood, who was a gentleman easily taken in.

Last Year's Violent Crimes.

The Chicago "Tribune" has again prepared a list of general statistics gleaned from the happenings of 1902 in Uncle Sam's country. Among them are crimes of violence, which embrace murders, suicides and lynchings. The figures, being compiled from the daily press, are not official, and probably not complete, since a number of occurrences in each class may easily have been missed. Sufficient, however, has been gathered to make an examination of it interesting.

The number of murders during the twelvemonth indicates a recurrence of the wave of homicidal tendencies which was prominent in the statistics between 1894 and 1897, and which receded after the latter year. There were nearly 1,000 more murders in 1902 than in 1901, when the number recorded was 7,852.

Last year there were also 1,000 more suicides than in the previous year, when 7,245 were reported. The pistol and the poison routes were chosen by two-thirds of those who sought a path to self-destruction, and carbolic acid was the favorite poison. Despondency, based on disappointment in love or domestic unhappiness, was the cause generally assigned. Only 67 suicides were ascribed to failures in business. It has generally been conceded by statisticians that the proportion of suicides as to sex is about four males to one female. Last year the figures formed a strong contrast with previous records. Three times as many women committed suicide as in 1901. The figures given are 5,032 males, 3,089 females. Lynchings show some sign of decreasing in number. In the Southern States there were 17 more legal executions and 21 fewer lynchings than in 1901. It is to be presumed that many of the negroes lawfully executed last year would have been lynched a few years ago in preference. The whole number of executions in 1902 were 144, as against 118 in the previous year, showing that punishment is keeping up with the increase in murders. Of the whole number of men hanged 88 were negroes.

The manager of a concert given in a small town, instead of putting "not transferable" on the tickets, posted a notice on the door: "No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

Spinsterhood.

Discussing old maids in the "Century Magazine," Lillian Hamilton French wonders why it is that history and tradition have done so little for the spinster except to make her absurd. "Why," she asks, "has literature never enshrined her, I ask myself often—set her apart in a corner by herself, as poets and philanthropists and great world-saviors are set, where she can rest honored and reverenced, not as some special and unselfish sister, nor yet as a certain unmarried and devoted cousin, but simply and without equivocation as an old maid, an individual as necessary to the world and its progress as even the married ones? For think of all the other people's children old maids have loved and reared; of all the homes in which they have been benedictions; of all the marriages they have helped to bring about, and the husbands and wives their counsels have kept together. Think of these things, and then of how, when no longer needed, these old maids have slipped away and been forgotten, like the ashes of last year's fires."

Another of their good traits, Miss French points out, is that they are such good listeners, despite the fact that nobody pays any attention to their speech. "And I wonder," she adds, "considering how many confidences men have poured into their ears, and how many other things men have found to say about them, that not a gentleman has yet been found good and generous enough to pay tribute to this surpassing excellence in spinsters—an excellence so dear to the masculine mind. How many old maid aunts, indeed, have nephews not be guiled? How many old-maid sisters have not opened their ears to the self-praise of their unsuccessful brothers who have missed a hearing at the bar, or in the pulpit, or wherever there was competition among men? Patient souls, these old maids, listening to each of us as a mother only listens to her own, and who have listened so long that at last they have the air of never expecting any one to pay attention to them. They venture into speech on their own account, as timid mice into parlors, ready on the instant to whisk about and seek cover again. These, though, are the old maids for whom corners are never lacking, so eager are the very least among men to assure themselves of a hearing somewhere."

There are quite a number of people who can look in a mirror without seeing themselves as others see them.

The Germ of Laziness.

The newspaper report of the recent address of Dr. Stiles, a zoologist of the Department of Agriculture, before the Sanitary Conference of American Republics about the hook-worm disease, has been received with impassioned interest by thousands of more or less afflicted readers. Dr. Stiles is the discoverer of this malady, which he has named uncinariasis. He has just come back from studying it in parts of the South where it flourishes. He says it is a bad disease, little understood, and almost always confused with malaria. It is what is the matter with many of the poor whites in the Southern States. Their laziness is abnormal, Dr. Stiles says. Their pitiable condition, due immediately to laziness and to their inferior physical and mental development, is more remotely due to the presence of this hook-worm disease among them for generations past. The clay-eaters and pickle-eaters of North Carolina owe their abnormal appetites to uncinariasis. The lazy crackers who send their infant children to work in mills have got it, too, but the children themselves, Dr. Stiles thinks, profit by the change in their environment. He says that the disease can be cured, but that the physicians in the sand districts where it abounds most must be taught to know its symptoms and how to treat it.

A newspaper, in telling of Dr. Stiles' discovery, cries in headline type that the germ of laziness has been found. That expresses the feelings of the general reader and accounts for his enthusiasm over the discovery. Every man, remarks "Harper's Weekly," feels the germs of laziness working in him, and would like to have them killed out of him by treatment from the outside if possible. He is glad to lay the defects in his energy to the hook-worm. But Dr. Stiles' hook-worms seem not to be available for general use. They are real microbes, and so far as appears, they only flourish in districts, and under conditions favorable to their development. It is no wonder that they have been confused with malaria, for the symptoms of malaria and the symptoms of sin are very much alike, and the hook-worm symptoms resemble both. We want to hear more about the hook-worm. If he can be extirpated in the cracker with good results a wonder will have been done. The South American delegates who were told about him think he exists in their countries, too, and are going to search for him when they go home. Moybe he exists in the Philippines also. A traveller lately returned from those islands says that the islands are beautiful and their possibilities enormous, but that the Filipinos won't work, and that industrial development can only come with the introduction of Chinese labor. That sounds like hook-worms.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

More people have starved to death from the want of love than from the want of food.

Those who respect the restrictions of the law are the least restricted.

Morality is economy.

Passion often boils over into tears.

Love in a girl of sixteen is hero worship.

Men sigh for two reasons; because they have loved, and because they have not.

Only old new things can be said of love.

To maintain a reputation of honesty requires great tact but not necessarily an honest character.

The man who seeks to evade fate is fully as foolish as the man who tempts fate.

There is nothing like an old book for a young person.

Wit prompts a laugh; humor, a smile, and satire, a grin.

The pun is the Jonah of literature.

Purchased honors and counterfeit coins are ever subject to suspicion.

Faults in great men tend to show their greatness in stronger relief.

Wield wit warily.

A poor story well told is better received than a good story poorly told.

A lazy man is the rejected stone that never becomes the head of the corner.

It is the "would-be" geniuses, to-day, who are eccentric.

Chance may make a reputation, but not preserve it.

It takes a business man to succeed in art.

Literature is considered more of a confession than a profession.

Truth, unadulterated with falsehood, would be very dull reading.

It takes falsehood to get at the bottom of truth.

The ladder descending from fame has but few rungs.

The tongue is the most generous organ in the body.

LIFE LINES.

We get very tired of enjoying our rights; it's other people's rights we're most like to enjoy.

A woman feels safe when she thinks she can trust a man, but she'd be a whole heap safer if she could always trust herself.

Success would be very sweet if it ever stayed long enough for us to learn the taste.

Many people try to get what they think they want; these are the knaves. The rest try to think they want what they get; and these are the fools.

The cheapest way to learn fortitude is to watch others suffer; their heart tears harden our cheeks.

If ignorance really is bliss, it's a wonder more of us don't die of sheer happiness.

BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS.

A girl's eyes are never so sharp as when they are looking through a marriage veil.

Probably the man who will end by coming the nearest to understanding women is Professor Garner.

When a man stops telling his wife that he loves her it is time for her to stop telling him that he doesn't.

A man can always stave off a quarrel with his wife by telling her something nice that some man didn't say about her.

The average woman would rather find out three days afterward that she had married a lunatic than to have him disappear the night before the wedding.

A woman is so constituted that whenever she doesn't smile she has to make faces.

The second week her husband is sick a woman looks over all her old black dresses.

Cook books were written to make young women think their mothers didn't know how to cook.

Probably the average mouse thinks women are the most dreadfully immodest creatures it ever saw.

"The consent of the governed!" Did anybody ever consent to be governed?

A laugh tells the tale better than a volume of words.

The great progressive soul resents the tyranny of custom. So does the criminal, but for different reasons.

When women are emancipated, what about the emancipation of men? Turn about is fair play.

The initiative lets in a horde who would never have ventured first.

Love and despair cannot occupy the same heart.

DINKELSPIEL SAYS.

Vare ignorance vas pliss more peoples geds killed py der trolley cars.

My son, uf you vould be a vise chentleman, yust led your ears grow und keeb your tongue tied mit a rope.

"Was willst du haben" sometimes means a vife ad home midouid money to pay der rent.

You can'd make a silk purse py a cow's ear ouid, und you doan'd need a silk purse anyvay, so vy is der use?

Pen Picture of Rockefeller.

In Ida M. Tarbell's history of the Standard Oil Company, now running in McClure's, the personality of J. D. Rockefeller is discussed at some length, in part as follows:—"Of course Mr. Rockefeller knew that the railroad was a public carrier, and that its charter forbade discrimination. But he knew that the railroads did not pretend to obey the laws governing them, that they regularly handed special rates and rebates to those who had large amounts of freight. That is, you could bargain with the railroads as you could with a man carrying on a strictly private business, depending in no way on a public franchise. Moreover, Mr. Rockefeller knew that if he did not get rebates somebody else would; that they were for the wariest, the shrewdest, the most persistent. If somebody was to get rebates, why not he? This point of view was no uncommon one. Many men held it, and felt a sort of scorn, as practical men always do for theorists, when it was contended that the shipper was as wrong in taking rates as the railroads in granting them. Thus, on one hand there was an exaggerated sense of personal independence, on the other a firm belief in combination; on one hand a determination to root out the vicious system of rebates practised by the railway, on the other a determination to keep it alive and profit by it. Those theories which the body of oilmen held as vital and fundamental Mr. Rockefeller and his associates either did not comprehend or were deaf to. This lack of comprehension by many men of what seems to other men to be the most obvious principles of justice is not rare. Many men who are widely known as good share it. Mr. Rockefeller was 'good.' There was no more faithful Baptist in Cleveland than he. Every enterprise of that church he had supported liberally from his youth. He gave to its poor. He visited its sick. He wept with its suffering. Moreover, he gave unostentatiously to many outside charities of whose worthiness he was satisfied. He was simple and frugal in his habits. He never went to the theatre, never drank wine. He was a devoted husband and he gave much time to the training of his children, seeking to develop in them his own habits of economy and of charity. Yet he was willing to strain every nerve to obtain for himself special and illegal privileges from the railroads which were bound to ruin every man in the oil business not sharing them with him. Religious emotion and sentiments of charity, propriety and self-denial seem to have taken the place in him of notions of justice and regard for the rights of others."

The Man Behind the Cow.

Much is being said of late in dairy journals and at conventions about the comparative quality of butter made where the cream is separated at the factory, and where it is separated at the farm and only the cream delivered to the factory. Put into a few words, it is a battle between the factory separator and the farm separator. In nearly every case the reports of the buttermakers are that a higher touch of quality is obtained from the factory separated cream than from the gathered cream separated at the farms.

Just here is an important matter for consideration, and one over which we have not seen any discussion that the advocates of the farm separators have brought to their aid. The milk, whether taken directly to the factory or separated at the farm, in both cases is alike when it comes from the cows. It is the man behind the cow that is the cause of any distinction, good or bad, that may be found, and not the separators. The cream as it comes from the small separator at the farm is in every respect as sweet, fresh and perfect as the cream from the large separator at the factory. It is in the after care of the cream that is the cause of such imperfection, if any, that may be met in the cream.

The quicker cream, after it leaves the cow, is carried through the necessary changes on its way to the butter product, the better will be the quality of the butter, as judged by present standards. Factory rules of management do not require prompt daily delivery to the factory of the cream from the farm separators, where the cream gathering plan is practised. For the convenience of the maker the cream is held at the farm where made for a day or two, and frequently for several days, before delivery. Under any conditions of care this delay is damaging, and, further, the care under which it is kept at the farm is not in all cases such as its best condition requires, nor such as it would receive at a well-managed factory. In this way the quality of the product made from it is graded down. The man behind the cow, in whose care the cream is left while at the farm, is responsible for all defects in the cream while under his care.

The practice of keeping cream for several days, or for a week, as is sometimes the case, cannot be too emphatically condemned. Choice butter cannot be made from cream a week old, as every critical buttermaker, private or factory, knows. Another error of the dairyman is in failing to clean and scald the separator each day, and every time it is used. Complaint is made in some localities, and at conventions, that anxious salesmen represent that this is not necessary. But this is all wrong. All utensils employed in handling milk and in dairy work whether the factory or the farm separator, or milk pail, must be thoroughly cleaned and sterilized after every using. A speaker at one convention declared that where separators were properly used they always got good cream.—Maine Farmer.

No animal can use its food twice. If a cow converts her provender into milk she cannot also make it into good beef. If you pick your ducks and geese regularly for their feathers you should not expect many eggs. Whatever an animal is doing for you it is hard to persuade it to do something else. Decide what product you want, and then get that kind of breed which converts its food into that product as a surplus from what it uses in living.

Legislation on Osculation.

Kissing will have to be done surreptitiously in Virginia, or those who kiss may be guilty of a misdemeanor and punished by a fine of five dollars for each smack—that is, if a bill recently introduced in the Virginia Legislature becomes a law. The author of the unique measure in question is Dr. R. B. Ware, a physician in good standing, who, like many other doctors, is firmly convinced that osculation spreads disease. Briefly, the provisions of the bill require that persons who insist upon kissing shall obtain a physician's certificate pronouncing them free from all contagious and infectious maladies. The text of the bill is as follows: "Whereas, kissing has been decided by the medical profession to be a medium by which contagious and infectious diseases are transmitted from one person to another, and whereas the prohibiting of such an offence will be a great preventive to the spreading of such diseases as pulmonary tuberculosis, diphtheria, and many other dangerous diseases, therefore, be it enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia, that it shall be unlawful for any person to kiss another unless he can prove by his family physician that he hasn't any contagious or infectious disease. 2. If physician testifies that the defendant has weak lungs he shall be found guilty of a misdemeanor, and the same penalty shall be imposed as if he had some contagious or infectious disease. 3. Any person violating the provisions of the first and second provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not less than one dollar nor more than five dollars for each offence." Commenting on this unique bill, the New York "Sun" says: "Dr Ware seems to regard kissing as a masculine indulgence. But kissing loses half its satisfaction if not reciprocated. As well smack a Parian statue as a lass who would not kiss back. The learned doctor must know this, and therefore he will amend his bill to cure the oversight. As it stands now, the gentle sex may osculate at will regardless of hygiene, but man must refrain. Fathers must not kiss their children, or lovers the maidens of their choice, unless they are free from the suspicion of infectious or contagious disease. We see Cupid in tears with his arrows broken, and the occupation of the amatory poets gone."

Blunders in Public Speaking.

Mr. Joseph Malins, in the "Prize Reciter," says: "A well-known public man was lately assured by the chairman that the assembly welcomed him 'with no unfeigned pleasure,' at which the visitor was so embarrassed as to say, 'I—I'm always glad to be here—or anywhere else.' These at the recent Birmingham town's meeting, on the bill touching the municipalization of the tramways, probably err in asserting that it was the mayor who ordered an interrupter to 'sit down and go out!' He was not as polite as a suburban councillor who delicately intimated that an opponent was 'doubtless afflicted with a slight impediment in his veracity.' Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, when Mayor of Birmingham, was less polite when he denied the 'allegation' of an opponent and repudiated the 'alligator.' In our presence a Gloucestershire speaker suggested that the pending proposition 'be postponed to the future—or some other time.' The recent appointment by a Midland authority of a lady as medical officer brought a protest 'against women becoming medical men;' which reminds one of the convening of a meeting of 'women of every class—regardless of sex or condition.' Sir Francis Scott, who commanded the late expedition in Ashantee, in subsequently reviewing his troops, said that 'if there had been any fighting there would have been many absent faces here to-day.' This reminds one of the scantily attended meeting at which we heard the chairman say, 'I am sorry to see so many absent faces here.'"

A Pullman to Whitechapel.

There are many stories in circulation regarding Mr. Albert Chevalier, the coster comedian, but the best of all is an absolutely true one which he himself tells, says "M. A. P." He was—to use a professional phrase—"working two turns." There was no time to spare between the engagements, and "Chivvy" used to run across to Edgware Road station in his war paint, cut-away coat, bell-bottomed trousers, pearlies, rakish hat, and red handkerchief included. One night he bustled to the booking office, put down his money and asked for a "first-class to Hammersmith." Standing close by was a real, genuine coster, whose attire was almost as picturesque as that of the actor. With amazed eyes he followed the movements of Chevalier, admired his "get-up," and was on the point of striking up an acquaintance with a seeming "pal" when he heard Chevalier ask for his ticket. "What?" cried the real coster; "that cove wants a fust-class to 'Ammersmiff? 'Ere, matey, give me a Pullman to Whitechapel!"

All Kinds of Kisses.

A serious book, on a frivolous subject, by an eminent scholar—such is "The Kiss and Its History." It has been translated into English from the Danish of Dr. Christopher Nyrop, professor of romance philology in the University of Copenhagen, by William Frederick Harvey of Oxford, and, according to the preface, has also been translated into German, Swedish and Russian, and has gone through two editions in Denmark. Verily, the history of the kiss is a matter of universal interest. Dr. Nyrop presents in the volume but little personal opinion; rather he contents himself with weaving together proverbs of all peoples of all times on the subject of kissing, and gives, in addition, quotations from the poets who have rhymed of kisses—and they are no small number! For his quotations he has hunted in out-of-the-way places, and has sought them among the masses as well as the classes. For instance, the ladies of Germany have the poetical saying that "a kiss without a beard is like Vespers without the Magnificat," but the milkmaids of Jutland express a like idea by the rough-hewn proverb that "kissing a fellow without a quid of tobacco and a beard is like kissing a clay wall." That kisses are naughty the Italians deny, saying "that a mouth is none the worse for having been kissed," while the French proverb runs: "Bah! two kisses. What of that? They are exchanged like bullets that miss the mark, and honor is satisfied," and even cooler-blooded races agree to that, saying "a kiss can be washed off," though to this proverb there is a corollary which runs: "A kiss may indeed be washed away, but the fire in the heart cannot be quenched." Of stolen kisses there are many proverbs. "One returns a stolen kiss," say the honest Germans, and the Spanish have the same idea. "Dost thy mother chide thee for having given me a kiss? Then take back, dear girl, thy kiss, and bid her hold her tongue." The learned author casts a glance at the proper number of kisses that ought to be bestowed at one time, and a page or two lightly touches the doubtful subject of "the topography of the kiss." Again, the various kinds of kisses—those cool and tender, or ones like those of Háfiz, whose mistress was afraid that "his too hot kisses would char her delicate lips," or those which leave marks behind, against which Arethusa warned Lycas in a letter—"Oh, suffer no young girl to print the mark of her teeth on your neck"—these are all treated. Of such tenor is the book; exhaustive almost, it would seem, of the possibilities of the subject—on paper.

Pickwick up to Date.

(Mr. Jingle's Elopement.)

"They're gone, sir,—gone clean off, sir!" gasped the servant.

"Who's gone?" said Mr. Wardle fiercely.

"Mister Jingle and Miss Rachel—started off in a motor hired ten minutes since, and—"

"Quick!" shouted Mr. Wardle, "my car, at once! John, Harry—some of you—go and get the petrol! Tom, my respirator and spectacles this instant! Come along, Pickwick, we'll catch 'em in less than no time—out of the way, Winkle, out of the way! Here we are—jump in, Pickwick. Stand clear there!"

And in less time than it takes to describe the event the two intrepid old gentlemen had started on their chase. Away they went, down the narrow lanes, jolting in and out of the cart-ruts and bumping against the hedges on either side.

"Is it—is it safe?" mumbled Mr. Pickwick behind his respirator, as he peered anxiously through his goggles into the surrounding darkness.

"Hope so," replied Wardle, fumbling with the speed-gear. "Wish I understood this blessed machinery better, though. Only had a motor a week, and—"

A violent cannon against a signpost cut the remark short.

For a while there was silence. Then Mr Pickwick, who had been sniffing uneasily, broke the silence once more.

"My dear good friend," he gasped, "what is this abominable smell?"

"Acetylene," rejoined Mr. Wardle abruptly. "Something gone wrong with the lamp. Look out, sharp corner here—and now we go downhill. Sit tight!"

But to comply with this direction was impossible. Mr. Pickwick was thrown up and down in his seat like a cork. His goggles were jerked from his nose, his cap blown like a feather towards the sky, his whole body converted into one tremendous bruise.

"Ah, we're moving now," cried Mr. Wardle exultingly—and indeed they were moving. Fields, hedges and trees seemed to rush from them with the velocity of a whirlwind. Suddenly Mr. Pickwick exclaimed with breathless eagerness: "Here they are!"

Yes, a few hundred yards ahead of them was a motor, on which the well-known form of Jingle was plainly discernible. It was traveling quite slowly, and Mr. Wardle increased his speed yet further with a shout of triumph. "We have them, Pickwick, we have them!" he cried, while the car flew like a streak of lightning. And then suddenly—a bump—a crash—and Mr. Wardle and Mr. Pickwick found themselves seated in the middle of the road, which was strewn with fragments of their machine. Two members of the constabulary were coiling up a rope which, stretched across the highway, had procured their downfall. A third policeman licked his pencil, and produced a notebook.

"Thought our rope would spoil your little game. Thirty-seven miles an hour, I make it. Names and addresses, please?"

Jingle's car had stopped a short way ahead. "Ta-ta, Pickwick," he shouted, "good-bye, Wardle—measured mile—scorching a mistake—police waiting—twigged 'em directly—slowed down. If lucky—option of fine,—probably imprisonment. Well, so long!" and restarting his machine, he disappeared.—"Punch."

Satan to Blame.

"Lightning knocked the church steeple down," someone said to Brother Dickey.

"Yes; Satan's eyes always flash fire when he sees a church steeple gwine up."

"And here's a colored brother killed another at a camp meeting."

"Yes; Satan goes ter meetin' 'long wid de res' er dem, an sometimes shouts de loudest."

"And a preacher was drowned in the river last week."

"Oh, yes; Satan's in de water, too. He 'bleege ter go dar ter cool off."

"So you blame everything on Satan, do you?"

"Bless God," was the reply, "ain't dat what he's fer?"—Atlanta "Constitution."

A Dinner at Ilagnevs'.

My friend Van Amberg worries me to death sometimes on the subject of food. He is a crank. If he were a chimpanzee at the Zoo, or some equally valuable exotic animal, he could not be more fanciful over dietetical matters. When he hears of a new form of breakfast oats he is not happy till he tries it, nor, when he has tried it, is he happy till he has tried all his friends with the story of its indigestibility.

His real disease is two thousand a year and nothing to do. He has made a hobby of his stomach, and his hobby has made him a frank, whole-souled and perfect bore.

I was sitting over the fire the other evening waiting for dinner and re-reading "Trilby" when Van Amberg, who inhabits the rooms below mine, came in and told me to rise up and follow him, as he had discovered a positively miraculous cafe, and wanted to take me there to dine. To escape a cold leg of mutton which had haunted me for two evenings and which I knew my landlady was at that moment "laying" only that it might appear before me in the more frightful form of a hash, I took my hat and followed Van Amberg.

"I will give you a dinner such as you have never eaten before," said he as we got into a hansom. "You know the state of my health and that I only live on sufferance, so to speak; sugar, without any metaphor, is death to me, and I love it. I have sometimes thought of going into Fuller's and ending my wretched existence in one wild debauch. I always take the other side of Oxford street when I am passing Buszard's, for the place has an attraction for me which I can only liken to the attraction of a precipice. I can't eat veal, I can't eat pork, I can't eat anything I want to eat. I sometimes pass the Carlton with a pocket full of sovereigns, but I no more dare go in there and dine than the man who sweeps the crossing just below; but at this new place Ilagnevs' I can eat anything. He is the wizard of the kitchen. You wait and see."

We dismissed the cab at the Oxford street end of Wardour street. We walked down Wardour street, through Old Compton street and down an alley; at the door of a dismal-looking third-class restaurant he stopped. "This is Ilagnevs'."

"Surely," I said, "you are not going to dine in a place of this description."

Without replying he entered, and I followed. The place was arranged inside in the old-fashioned English manner—loose boxes with a table in each. Van Amberg chose the box nearest the door which was vacant, and up came M. Ilagnevs in person to enquire what he could do for us. He was a tall man with long black hair and piercing black eyes; an ideal brigand, a man of energy, too, for in less than no time our dinner was served.

Ah! what a dinner that was, from the lobster-red crawfish soup to the pale-green curious-tasting ice. What a dream!

"A very great violinist is dining here to-night," said M. Ilagnevs as he served us with coffee himself; "no less a person than Herr ——. You will hear him play." I heard a fiddle being tuned, and then from a back room of that disreputable restaurant came music. Ah! that was music indeed: music to live for, music almost to die for.

When it ceased my friend arose wearily, and, placing the amount of the bill on the table, turned towards the door. "Come," he said; "let us go."

"Well," I said when we were in the alley, "I must compliment you on your discovery."

Van Amberg laughed. "What have you had for dinner?" he asked. I enumerated the courses and he laughed again. Then he said, "You won't be angry if I tell you something?"

"Perhaps not—go on."

"Well, that dinner was all a fake; all those wonderful courses were simply dry bread and cold water. Do you think I could have eaten those things? I ate them in my imagination whilst my body ate bread. Ilagnevs is a hypnotist; his guests are hypnotized. At his place one can eat and drink anything and enjoy it without harm to oneself—the fat man can revel in sugar, the man with indigestion can eat pork. Is not that the greatest discovery of the age?"

"But he did not hypnotize me; he did not touch me."

"Do the Indian fakirs touch the crowds they hypnotize, the crowds that watch them climbing ladders that hang with no support in the air and stabbing children in wicker baskets?"

"But the violin player?"

"Oh! he is an old fellow Ilagnevs gets in for eighteenpence and a glass of grog; he plays the tune the old cow died of, and under the spell of hypnotism it becomes the music of the spheres."

As he said this he suddenly vanished, the street collapsed and I woke up in my armchair by the fire just as my landlady entered the room bearing the hash. It was a dream—not the hash, but the dinner at Ilagnevs'—and I think it was caused partly by "Trilby," which I had just been re-reading, for when I examine the name "Ilagnevs" it seems very much like "Svengali" spelt backwards. It was a dream, but when one thinks over the matter there seems a good deal in that dream.

I have seen men mesmerized and made to believe that they are eating pineapple when, as a matter of fact, they are devouring a turnip, and if hypnotism can turn a turnip into a pineapple what might not hypnotism do for English cookery?

If it could, even in a dream, turn the "tune the old cow died of" into the music of the spheres, what might it not do for English music?—Henry de Vere Stacpoole in London "Outlook."

A Thackeray Letter.

An amusing rhymed letter from Thackeray to Miss Kate Perry and her sister Mrs. Elliot (Jane Perry), is included in a set of manuscripts to be sold at Sotheby's in London this month. It runs as follows:

"Well, I thought as sure as sure could be, should find a letter from kind J. E. Pray, why doesn't she write to me? I'd like to know, and if not she, where's her sister, Miss K. P.? One or other is surely free to send a line to double you tea. What is the reason? I have often said Are Kate and Jane both ill in bed? Is that little shivering greyhound dead? or has anything possibly happened to Fred? or have they taken a friend instead, of that old fellow they've often fed (along with Venables, Clem, and Sped) with a broken nose and a snowy head? Tell me, how shall the riddle be read?"

Its Annual Meeting.

An interesting illustration of corporate methods is afforded by the recent experience of a stockholder in the Standard Oil Company, reported in Leslie's Weekly. Armed with the regular printed invitation of the company to all of its stockholders to attend its annual meeting, he started for the office of the Standard Oil Company at Bayonne, N.J.

After threading his way through a labyrinth of tanks, pipes, cars and buildings, until he reached a commonplace brick building on the very edge of the bay, he was told to climb two flights of stairs on the outside of the structure, and there, hidden away in a loft, without a sign to indicate its location, the annual meeting of the great and powerful Standard Oil Company was being held. He says:—

"I found a fine-looking, courteous, middle-aged gentleman, seated by the side of a large table, upon which were piled the proxies sent in by stockholders authorizing Messrs. Rockefeller, Flagler and others to represent them at the meeting. I then discovered that I was the only stockholder from the outside who was present. I inquired if an annual report of the earnings of the company had been presented. The reply was in the negative, the gentleman immediately stepped into an adjoining office for confidential consultation with the clerks. I was the subject of a good deal of scrutiny and was apparently an object of decided interest. After a time my credentials were accepted, and I ventured again to ask whether he was able to give me a statement bearing on the company's business for the year. Courteous as ever, he declined to say more than that he must refer me to Mr. Dods, the solicitor of the company, at the New York office. I have not been a believer in anti-trust legislation, but I am changing my mind."

HOUSEY'S RAPIDS IS IN LINE

Geo. C. Chalker Tells What Dodd's Kidney Pills did for Him.

Took Him from his Bed, made him a Well Man, Able and Willing to do a Fair Day's Work.

Housey's Rapids, Ont., March 16.—(Special.)—As every city, town and village in Canada seems to be giving its evidence as to the wonderful cures resulting from Dodd's Kidney Pills, there is no reason Housey's Rapids should not be in line. People here have Kidney troubles just the same as elsewhere, and like others they have used Dodd's Kidney Pills and been cured.

One of the most remarkable cures is that of Geo. C. Chalker. He says: "I am cured of my Kidney Complaint. I have no doubt about it in the least. I weigh ten pounds more than I did fourteen months ago, can do a fair day's work every day and I am clear of my old enemy, lame back, heavy aching arms, dull bloated eyes—yes, it is all gone, purged out by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"No one can realize the relief except those who have been through it all. I was so bad I could not work hard, but was compelled to make a living. My head felt so bad that my eyes would seem to float. I felt tired all the time, my arms felt useless at times and so very heavy. At last I was laid up and could do no work.

"Then I was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and you see the result. It only took six boxes to cure me completely."

And Mr. Chalker is only one of many in this neighborhood who charge their good health up to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Mr. A. S. Cross had the pleasing intelligence some days ago that he has been elevated to the venerable position of a Grandpa, through the birth of a son and heir to Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Rorke, of Atlin, but who are now sojourning in Vancouver.

The new tariff of the W. P. & Y. Co. has been completed, but the terms will not be made public for some days.

For the first time in the history of the North has whisky been sold for "a bit" a drink, yet such is the means adopted by Mr. E. P. Queen, of the Leland Hotel, to sell out his large stock of "wet goods."

FOUND — A Lady's Fur Boa. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this advertisement.—Apply at The CLAIM Office.

A Mass Meetiug has been called by Mr. W. B. Conroy, to be held at the Nugget Hall, tonight.

Tom Kirkland, who has been spending the winter with his relatives in the East, returned last Friday, accompanied by F. McGinnis, late of the B. Y. N. Co.

Sixty-five cents per pair Ladies' Misses' and Boys' Rubbers at Blackett & Co.'s

Dr. Carroll of Vancouver has applied to the Government for a water concession in Atlin.

Fresh stock of Imported and Domestic Cigars at C. R. Bourne's.

Invitations were received this week for the wedding of Mr. N. C. Wheeling, which took place on Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeling will return to Atlin early next month.

Oranges, Lemons and Apples—McDonald's Grocery.

We regret to learn that Messrs. Blackett & Co. have decided to close out their business, just on the eve of prosperous times. The public, however, will derive the benefit of this decision, and we would call special attention to their add appearing in these columns, for there will be bargains which are worth taking advantage of.

The first of the season's crop of oranges at E. L. Pillman & Co.'s.

M. R. Jamieson, of the Nugget Hotel, Discovery, has returned from New South Wales, and is in Victoria, en route to Atlin.

Famous Moosehead Brand, Oil tan Shoe Packs, just arrived at Blackett & Co.'s.

We regret to announce the sudden death of Mr. C. H. DeWitt, which occurred at the Parker Hospital, New York, on Tuesday last. Mr. DeWitt leaves a widow and a large family to mourn him. The sympathy of this community goes out to them in their heavy bereavement.

There is more solid comfort in a cup of Blue Ribbon Tea than in a gallon of most beverages.

New Stock of Garden and Flower Seeds at C. R. Bourne's.

Captain Lawrence, of the Scotia, was in town this week on business connected with the White Pass Company.

For a good square meal go to the Pioneer Bakery and Restaurant.

The Rev. Father J. M. McGuckin, O.M.I., D.D., a pioneer of the Province, and parish priest of the Catholic Church of Vancouver, died suddenly on the 6th inst in that city.

Dave Hastie took over the Grand Hotel yesterday. He will give the business his personal attention in every way, and his talents as a hotel-man are so well known that "further comment is unnecessary."

Full line of Wall Paper at E. L. Pillman & Co.'s

The miners of the district should very carefully consider their position before they decide against the Mining Association.

George Findloy has taken over Hinchcliffe's Hotel at Taku. Mr. and Mrs. Hinchcliffe will be associated with Ed Sands in the Pine Tree Hotel, Discovery.

Men, get to work.—Overalls and boots you can get from Fraser & Co.

Over 150 hydraulic leases have been cancelled this week in the district.—A good time for a "foot race."

Blue Ribbon Coffee is absolutely pure.—It is sold in all the stores in Atlin

Spring Cleaning—Get your Wall Paper and House Lining from J. A. Fraser & Co.

Let your Light so shine.—Use Eocene Coal Oil. For sale at McDonald's Grocery.

A New Hotel.

The work of re-modelling the Gold Pan Inn, at Discovery, is about to be commenced for the new owner, Mr. W. A. Anderson, late of Caribou. The improvements contemplated will make of the Balmoral—by which name it will henceforth be known—a first class, up-to-date hotel. Mr. Anderson is one of the pioneers of the district, and is well known and highly respected by the community. By strict attention to business he is sure to get his full share of the trade.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest temperature recorded for the week ending 17th inst, is as follows:

April 11	15 above
,, 12	28 ,,
,, 13	23 ,,
,, 14	9 ,,
,, 15	22 ,,
,, 16	28 ,,
,, 17	12 ,,

A BUGBEAR.

Continued from page 1.

tion at all, it can be readily presumed that it will not be passed in its entirety, but that the last clause, which practically annuls all the good of the first part of the section, will be withdrawn or at least modified to exclude all other than the alluvial rights.

The miners of Atlin may depend upon it that those representatives who are remodelling the mining laws, will permit no such pernicious sections as the above to pass.

CLOSING OUT.

We are going out of Business. Our Stock must be sold by the opening of navigation. We have a large line of Men's Furnishing Goods, including

MEN'S UNDERWEAR, OVERSHIRTS, FEDORA HATS STETSON HATS, FINE SHOES, in different weights, DRY GOODS, BLANKETS, Etc., Etc.,

All of which can be bought below cost.

DON'T OVERLOOK THIS

Come and look around. You will surely see something you need and on which you will save money.

BLACKETT & CO.

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors.

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

Vancouver General Store,

Dealers in Provisions, Dry Goods, Etc.,

A. S. Cross & Co.

DRINK THE BEST

"NABOB TEA."

In Lead Packets of ½-lb and 1-lb each.

For Sale by all First Class Grocers.

KELLY, DOUGLAS & Co., Wholesale Grocers, VANCOUVER, B.C

A Boon to the Thirsty!

Drinks, 2 for a Quarter.

Commencing Monday, April 20th, I will cut prices on all my goods at the LELAND HOTEL. I have a large stock of First Class Goods and intend to dispose of them at Cost. This is strictly a CLOSING OUT SALE. Goods must be disposed of by July 1st.

Hotel Building for Sale—No Reasonable Offer Refused.

E. P. QUEEN.

Hydraulic Plant

FOR SALE—AT A BARGAIN—A complete hydraulic plant, consisting of:

260 ft., 18 in. steel pipe
684 ,, 14 ,, ,,
821 ,, 11½ ,, ,,
600 ,, 10 ,, ,,
1 reducer, 22 to 18 inch
1 do 18 to 14 inch
1 do 11½ to 10 inch
1 18-inch elbow
1 14-inch ,,
1 11½-in. ,,
2 6-inch monitors
1 11-inch water gate,
Etc., Etc.

The plant has been in use, but is guaranteed in first class condition.

For terms, etc., F.O.B. cars, call or write this Office.

Northern Lumber Co.

Prices for the Season 1903.

Rough, up to 8 inches, $35.
do do 10 ,, 40.
do do 12 ,, 45.
Matched Lumber, $45.
Surfacing, $5.00 per 1000 feet.

C. P. N. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

The following Sailings are announced for the month of March, leaving Skagway at 6 p.m., or on arrival of the train:

PRINCESS MAY, April, 7, 17 & 27

For further information, apply or write to H. B. DUNN, Agent, Skagway, Alaska.