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THE ATLIN CLAIM.

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ROBBED.

The Atlin Mining Co's Flume Robbed of $10,000

Robbers Cut off Water Supply to Power House, Putting Out Electric Lights, and cleaned Up the Three Front Boxes before Lights were Turned on.

The Atlin Mining Co. was visited by thieves last Sunday night about 11 p. m. Mr. J. Fetherstonhaugh, who was in charge of the dynamos at that time, was surprised to find the water supply suddenly shut off, he immediately went to the gate, about 1½ miles up the creek and found it shut. He opened it, ruturning to Power House turned on the lights, not dreaming that anything was wrong.

Early next morning a startling discovery was made. The side of the flume, abont three boxes from the mouth, had been sawn out about a foot wide and the riffles in the front boxes removed, enabling the robbers to wash the gravel, sand and gold into a sack held at the opening in the side of the flume. The sudden turning on of the lights evidently scared the robbers as they left over $2000 worth of gold on the ground which had washed through the opening, they also left all their tools, crowbars and shovels, a strap (with a name on it), an empty whisky bottle and some ore sacks. It is estimated that the robbers got at least $8000, and so far no trace of the men has been found although several suspects are being closely watched by the local police.

Mr. Fetherstonhaugh has offered a reward of $250 for any information which will lead to the arrest and conviction of the robbers.

ANOTHER ROBBERY.

Watchman on London Pit Held Up by Masked Men.

The Pine Power Co. also visited by Robbers who However Failed to Secure Much Gold, Only Disturbing Two Riffles.

About the same time as the robbery on McKee Creek, the Pine Power Co's London Pit was the scene of a hold up and attempted robbery.

The company was busy Sunday sweeping down bedrock and getting ready for the clean-up, and that night the manager, Mr. Loveridge put his son Will, (a lad of 18 years), to watch the boxes. About the time Will went on duty, the men in the upper pit (Harrigan Pit) were leaving for supper; he heard some one whistle on the bank of the London Pit and answered, thinking it was one of the company's men. A big husky man then walked into the pit right up to Will and grabbing both his arms called to his three partners who then came up. They searched young Loveridge, took his revolver, removed the cartridges and handed it back to him telling him to get out or they would fill him full of lead. He ran up town and raised an alarm but it was fully half an hour before a posse of citizens and constable Heal got back to the pit, Mr. Loveridge senior getting there first. The men had left, evidently having been scared, as only two riffles were disturbed.

It is not thought that they got much gold. The men were masked and evidently belong to the same gang as operated on McKee.

QUARTZ DEVELOPMENTS.

Unexcelled Opportunities for the Investment of Capital.

Necessity of Concerted Action by Quartz Miners to Show that Atlin's Mineral Deposits Are Not to be Overlooked.

The success, which has attended the exploration of capital in the alluvial gold diggings of the Atlin District must be hailed with delight by those men who have been instrumental in inducing capital to come here, as well as a source of gratification and encouragement to those who have chosen Atlin for their investment.

There is still ample scope for more, and larger expenditures of capital throughout the district, either for hydraulicing or dredging propositions, while there is also another field open but which so far seems to have been overlooked by the investor. As in all placer districts the development of quartz properties usually receives but scant attention whilst the placers are yielding good results. Now that the placer grounds of '99 are gradually becoming worked out it is to be expected that the development of quartz ledges throughout the district will receive greater recognition than formerly.

There is much satisfaction to be gleaned from the fact that, wherever development work has been done upon the mineral claims in the different parts of the district, the results have been eminently satisfactory. It is hardly to be expected that all claims would be as phenomenally rich as the "Rock of Ages" and the "Yellow Jacket" proved when first opened up by capital, but today there is sufficient inducement for capital to take hold of Atlin quartz propositions and by consistant and persistant development make mines of them.

In a recent interview with a mining expert who was on a visit of investigation of the quartz possibilities of Atlin, the writer was informed that though several of the properties he visited were "peculiar" in their local formations, yet the general characteristics of the quartz belts were such that he felt assured those belts would prove of great value, and when the problem of transportation was solved he had little doubt that the Atlin district would have a name in the mining world equal to the great district of Colorado.

Development work by individual miners has been mostly confined to "Assessment" work, and from the fact that no mining district in B. C. has had fewer re-locations of quartz claims than Atlin, the best argument is shown that the claims are worth holding as the law requires that they should be.

For the welfare of the district it is to be regretted that but a very limited amount of capital has found its way into Atlin for quartz development and it behoves holders of mineral claims to make a concerted effort to show to the mining world that this district has mineral areas not to be despised.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

Sad Accident.

Whilst running the edger at the Northern Lumber Co's mill, Mr. W. J. Moffitt met with a bad accident losing four fingers on his left hand. Mr. Moffitt is at the Atlin Hospital and is progressing favorably.

The American Cup.

New York.—American Cup defender Reliance won first race on Aug. 22nd by 9 minutes. Time was: Reliance, 3.17.45. Shamrock III, 3.26.40.

Reliance also won second heat on Aug 25 by 1m19. The Shamrock III got away 19 seconds late at the start.

The race on the 27th. was declared off, yachts not finishing within time limit. Reliance was in the lead.

Lord Salisbury Dead.

London.—Lord Salisbury died, after a short illness, in London on the 22nd.

Lord Salisbury was a conservative and was since 1881 leader of his party. He held office as prime minister through four administrations. All England mourns the loss of the great statesman.

Train Wrecked.

Centralia, Wash.—Fatal wreck occured on the Northern Pacific on the 22nd. The Elks' excursion train was wrecked near Chealis. Three men were killed outright and over one hundred injured, mostly residents of Portland.

The Alaskan Boundary.

London.—The first meeting of the boundary commission convenes here, Sept. 3. Lodge and Turner have arrived at Paris enroute to the place of meeting.

New Bridge in Place.

The big steel bridge which is being put in on the W. P. & Y. near Glacier is in place, and the old bridge and false work will be torn out and the new structure put in commission.

McKee Creek Robbery.

Six men were arrested at Discovery on Thursday evening, on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery of the Atlin Mining Co's sluices.

They were brought before Judge Woods on Friday morning and remanded for eight days.

County Court.

Morrison v The Western Engineering and Construction Co. The Plaintiff was engaged in Vancouver as a carpenter to work on a dredge in Atlin. The contract contained a provision that the Company should pay transportation from Vancouver to Atlin and return and four days time on the way out. The Company dismissed Morrison on August 18th. and refused to pay his transportation or time out, claiming that he had forfeited this by misconduct, and that in any case under another clause of the contract they were entitled to dismiss arbitrarily. The Court held that the Plaintiff was entitled to his wages up the evening of the day of his dismissal and to his expenses out and four days time and gave judgment accordingly against the Company for $116,65 and costs.

Mr. D. Taylor appeared for the Plaintiff. Mr. A. E. Garrett for the Company.

Horrible Story of Suffering.

Many parties are starving in the Tanana, one party lived 17 days on huckleberries. Capt. Richards wired his department for authority to send relief, without which many will die of starvation.

THREE PICTURES OF JESUS CHRIST.

Rev. H. P. Nichols, Holy Trinity Church, Harlem, New York City.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man.—Luke, ii., 52.

The Scripture is almost wholly silent on the early life of Jesus Christ. The circumstances of His birth are given with some detail—the visit of the shepherds and the wise men, the presentation in the Temple, the massacre of the innocents and the flight into Egypt. Then for twelve years silence, and we see the matured boy going up to the great feast of His people. Then again silence for eighteen years more, a silence illuminated by only two allusions found in the biography of His three years' ministry—"Is not this the carpenter's son?" "As His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day." Jesus Christ died a young man, and thirty years of His youth are unwritten, save one week at the age of twelve and two retrospective incidental hints.

There are three pictures suggested to us in these unrecorded years:—Jesus in His home; Jesus at worship; Jesus at the carpenter's bench.

Jesus in His home. That home was Nazareth, a quiet town isolated among the hills. Mary, the mother, sweetest type of womanhood, kept aloof from its roughness, guiding her household, cherishing the sweet mystery of her boy's birth. Joseph, gentle, quiet, fatherly, protected and cared for the little home. And Jesus, growing in height to manly vigor, growing in wisdom of mind and heart, growing in favor—the love of God, the love of the children in the market-place, the love of beasts and birds and flowers on the steep slopes of the village.

Jesus at worship. Every Sabbath He with his household attended the plain little synagogue. At the proper age He went up to Jerusalem for the greater worship, a narrative preserved for us in striking detail by St. Luke's graphic pen. In His Father's temple seems to have come to Him the first deep breath of the divine tragedy and triumph in which He was to be hero and conqueror.

Jesus at the carpenter's bench. His fellow-townsmen cried in contempt, "Is not this the carpenter?" Their scoff is His glory; the carpenter is the world's Saviour. A pious Bishop in the Middle Ages prayed often to God that it might be manifested to him what Jesus did in His youth. Then the Bishop had a dream. He saw a carpenter working at his trade, and a little boy beside him gathering chips. Then came forth a maiden clothed in green, who called them to their meal and set porridge before them. And the Bishop stood looking from behind the door. Then the little boy said: "Shall not the man also eat with us?" The glimpse of that reality is better than all the mediaeval fancies of Madonnas and aureoles.

Three unrecorded lessons are suggested to us from these thirty years of the maturing life of Jesus, the son of God—the lessons most ennobling for human living.

The family is divine. The Son of God for thirty years was a child, a dutiful son, a brother, a member of the home. Home comes to be the dearest word of human life; home comes to mean heaven. The hardest place to be good is in the family; there is no escape from the family table; there seems nothing big or noble in family righteousness. Jesus proved family life to be the best school for ripening divinity. Nothing is more true in theology than that in these family years Jesus was saving the world, even by living through these closest relations of life and making them beautiful. Then it was the great work of the second Adam was done, rather than in one transcendent moment on the cross; then it was that by one man's obedience many were made righteous; then it was God came among men in the gracious, cheerful, dutiful life this one boy lived on to His manhood. We may not follow Jesus in all His ministrations, as He teaches and heals and suffers a martyr's death; we may share the yet more effectual means of recovering God's children to their Heavenly Father by self-forgetful, self-sacrificing home living.

Labor is divine. The Son of God was an industrious carpenter. Every man needs to have something to do. It not only makes him safe for this life; it is a divinely-appointed means for making him safe for the life to come. Character is perfected, the divine possibility discovered, only by labor. Labor saves the man and saves the world. In Holman Hunt's noble picture, we see Jesus, the carpenter, sawing a board at the bench; the sun as it streams in from behind is caught by His figure at its toil, and there is cast on the workroom floor the shadow of himself on His cross. As we do our day's work we are bearing the world's burdens, are helping to save the world unto the Divine Carpenter.

Worship is divine. Every Sabbath the Son of God was in the home synagogue. Every great feast He went with His fellow-worshippers, if possible, to the Temple. He who had no sins to confess, He who might well plead the privilege of privacy and quiet, did not fail to unite with his neighbors in public worship. No one is too good, too busy, too preoccupied, to spare from his life the worship of God with so he reveals God to his fellows and leads them with him into God's presence.

Such are some suggestions of these unrecorded thirty years—the divinity of home, of labor and of worship.

One fact stands out in clearest light the hope of the world is in its youth. The lives that are to lift the world to God are the lives that with Jesus have begun and grown on in wisdom and stature and favor, grown on to be more and more divine. If we have begun late to put on Jesus, let us learn even now the lesson and bring others to begin early the divine way.

For Poultry-Keepers.

Poultry and Small Fruit.

Keeping of poultry combined with care of small fruit makes the land doubly useful and the profit more than double, as each crop assists in the protection of the other, while the waste enriches the soil, and, if well stirred, rotation of crops and health of fowls are better than if either is pursued alone.

With the exception of strawberries and grapes, fowls enjoy the shade of the vines, without injury to the crop, and will do much good in picking up the fallen fruit, and thereby destroying the worm, which does much toward preventing the scourge of these insects during another season. The shade, too, is very essential to fowls during the hot summer days, and while they scratch and wallow under the bush the working of the soil keeps the moisture in the ground and improves the crop. If the little chicks are free to run in the garden as well, their food will consist of worms and insects injurious to the plants; in this little difference the amount of food saved in feeding them will be many dollars during the year. Many breeders seem afraid to let their poultry have access to the garden and berry field, while I have always found their presence a benefit to the crop. My flock is healthy, free from lice and disease, always laying, and go about with a lively cackle, seemingly glad that they are so; and I reap a profit from them just because I give them nature's way as far as possible in chickendom.

To conclude, I think $20 worth of fruit, and $20 worth of eggs and poultry can be raised on a single village lot each year.—Michigan Poultry Breeder.

Great Demand for Chickens.

The present time is most favorable for the production, fattening and marketing of farm chickens. There has been such a substantial increase in the consumption of chickens and eggs within the last few years that it is not possible to rear a greater number of suitable market chickens than can be sold with profit. Last year there were not sufficient chickens sold in Canada to supply the home markets. As a result of the shortage the trade with Great Britain was lessened. This is unfortunate on account of the great demand for Canadian chickens in Great Britain and the good prices that are paid.

The chief of the poultry division, Mr. F. C. Hare, states that numerous letters have been received from produce merchants, poulterers and commission merchants who desire to learn in what localities chickens can be bought in great numbers and at reasonable prices. From several Canadian cities, and especially from Montreal, produce firms have asked to be informed where market chickens suitable for shipping to Great Britain could be obtained in the greatest numbers. British poulterers and commission merchants have repeatedly asked for the same information. The letter of a well-established produce house in London, England, was received last week. This firm wished to "start an undertaking for the purpose of importing Canadian poultry to Great Britain." They desired information as to the probable success of such a project and the possibility of obtaining poultry (especially fowls) in large quantities, and the best districts for the collection of them. Last fall a firm in Cape Colony wished a poultry trade developed with that colony. One shipment of Canadian chickens was made to Cape Colony, which arrived in a satisfactory condition and pleased the trade. A New York firm wrote that they desired to import Canadian chickens and were recommended by the department to a firm in the Maritime Provinces, from whom they purchased chickens and were impressed favorably by them.

The above and similar requests are difficult of solution even by one in touch with the Canadian produce firms and packing houses that are buying and marketing chickens. The majority of our established firms are equipped with a complete plant for marketing in Canada or Great Britain several times more chickens than they can buy. Their profits are diminished through scarcity of chickens. Nevertheless merchants in Great Britain, Cape Colony, the United States, and even in Australia, are looking to a supply of Canadian chickens to satisfy their growing trade.

The problem of supplying this wonderfully increased demand for chickens can be solved by the farmers alone. Instead of the farmer rearing fifty or a hundred chickens that receive little attention or feed, he should rear from 200 to 1,000 chickens annually. These should be of a utility type, such as can be found in the popular breeds, Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes. The chickens should be hatched and reared by incubators and brooders, and when ready for market the cockerels should be placed in fattening crates and fatted. The equipment required to do this work is not an expensive one—$100 to $250 is the cost of incubators, brooders, houses and fattening crates for finishing 1,000 chickens. It is as necessary for realizing the greatest profits from the poultry business as threshing and mowing machinery is for general farming. The work connected with finishing 1,000 chickens with the proper appliances is no more than is necessary for rearing 200 chickens by the natural means. Poultry farming is a business that requires to be developed in the same manner as the butter, cheese and fruit branches. A substantial profit can be made from the poultry business when it is carried on as an adjunct to farming, and with the same careful attention and financing.

The Dominion Department of Agriculture is endeavoring to increase the poultry trade of Canada; to encourage the growing of the greatest number of high-class chickens, and to assist in the marketing of them. A revised edition of the bulletin "Profitable Poultry Farming" has just been issued, and will be mailed without charge on application to the Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying, Ottawa. The information it contains is of great value in the poultry work, and it should be in the hands of every interested poultryman in Canada.

Should Cultivate the Voice.

"If the rising generation of American girls is not taught to use the speaking voice properly we shall develop into a race of unconscious, unintentional shrews. If some rich woman wished to bring upon her head the blessings of posterity, she should endow a chair of voice development, which would not necessarily include singing lessons." So said Miss Helen Lord, one of the prima donnas in "The Runaways," as she sat at a table in the centre of a smart restaurant. "Listen to the penetrating feminine voices all around us, shrilling, almost shrieking in head tones. And I am sure that not one of those women realizes that her remarks are being heard all over the room. If she did she would talk less of personal matters. Ride on the elevated trains or on open surface cars, and your head will ache more from the piercing voices of the women around you than from the combined din of train and street. Have you ever had a telephone ring in your ear because the woman at the other end of the wire was using head tones in talking? It is frightful. The true root of evil is that the American woman either cannot or will not use her speaking voice properly. Hundreds of dollars to cultivate a singing voice, but not one cent nor a jot of her time to improve her speaking voice! Massage and lessons in physical culture to develop a plump throat, but not five minutes a day to enlarge her chest. And yet a gentle voice is woman's most effective weapon. If a woman will stand squarely before her glass, with her shoulders back, her head high, while she slowly inflates and empties her lungs, she will secure excellent chest development. Then let her give the sound of double O (oo) as the lungs are emptied; but in rich, low tones, which she feels come straight from the chest, or, as one woman expressed to me, from the pit of her stomach, and she will have taken the first step in developing a pleasing speaking voice. Next, let her take the same position and count up to ten as slowly as possible while emitting one long breath, steadily increasing her chest expansion. Then let her practise her new speaking tone on her family, seeing how deep she can place her voice and yet be heard distinctly by members of the home circle. When on trains or walking on the street let her aim to strike a voice tone below the din, and not above it, so low, in fact, that it rings like a second or alto part in singing. She can then be heard as distinctly as if she tried to shout above the roar of street traffic, and her voice will lose that penetrating, shrill quality which is the hallmark of the ill-bred woman."—Exchange.

Artists and Fashions.

The Tailor and Cutter's art critic (London) is again lamenting the lack of sartorial knowledge displayed by portrait painters in their pictures at the Royal Academy. In a recent issue of the journal he exclaims, in large capitals, that if these pictures represent the present day school of British artists, it is "high time England awoke!" "Are men's clothes to-day," he asks, "so utterly unworthy of the painter's art? Are they so completely devoid of taste and beauty that they are so shamefully reproduced? They cannot prove otherwise than to be the laughing-stock of tailors and their customers." Coming to details, the portrait of Lord Mount-Stephen shows a total absence of buttons on the coat, there is not a buttonhole in the lapel; and the trousers are quite innocent of seams. The coat and vest are contortions in black, the trousers a smudge in grey.

"There were few of the pictures, indeed, that portrayed a gentleman in ordinary dress that was the least bit like what gentlemen of to-day wear.

"Coats are so miserably drawn that they bear no possible resemblance to the originals."

In one portrait "the right lapel is at least five times as large as the left," while in another "there is one solitary buttonhole in the lapel, and that is large enough for three, and there is not a single button indicated on either the coat or the vest." One coat presents "a style that no one but an old woman who is brought into the house sometimes to mend the clothes would adopt. It is a libel on tailordom."

A reverend gentleman, alas! is portrayed with his sleeve half way up to his elbow.

"We should like to condemn those who have produced them to wear only garments such as they have portrayed on their figures; they would then present such a pitiable spectacle that they would never dare to leave their homes."

A Count's Proposal.

This is from The Chicago Record-Herald:—

Language Was Not Needed.—I don't see how the Count could propose to you when he can't talk any English and you don't speak French.

"Oh, it was very easy. We were sitting in the parlor. Pointing up at an oil painting of papa, the Count took out a piece of paper and a pencil. Then he set down a dollar mark, and after it placed a figure 1. Looking at me out of his big, deep, eloquent, lovely eyes, he began making ciphers after the dollar mark and the figure 1. When he had made four ciphers, which, with the other figure, meant $10,000, I nodded my head for him to go on. Then he made another cipher. That meant $100,000. I nodded my head again. He made another, which raised it to $1,000,000. I nodded for him to go ahead. He put down another cipher, making it $10,000,000. Then I smiled and took the pencil from him, and he caught me in his arms, and—and ah, it was so lovely. It almost seems like a dream to think that in three weeks I shall be a real Countess."

Boer Doctor in British Prison.

The London Daily Mail of June 1 says:—Dr. F. E. T. Krause, late public prosecutor and Governor of Johannesburg, who was convicted early last year in connection with the Broeksma-Douglas Forster matter, has now served fourteen and a half months of his sentence—two years' imprisonment without hard labor—and will be liberated from Pentonville Jail on August 29 next. "Infirmary No. 6," as he is officially described in the prison register, has grown much stouter since his incarceration, and although the yellow prison garb sits strangely upon the dapper young Afrikander, he speaks with enthusiasm and gratitude of his British custodians. Thanks to the prison doctors, of whose system and science he expresses unstinted admiration, his old asthmatic complaint has disappeared, but he is still retained in the hospital of the jail to assist in attending sick prisoners. The doctor's pince-nez, so strangely foreign to his clumsy prison clothes, flashes with the light of a merry smile as he points to his good conduct badge. "I got these three stripes—which are the maximum reward for good behavior—quite a long time ago, and," he added, jokingly, "I have earned ten shillings since I came here. This, with the 19s. 6d I had when my career was interrupted, is registered in my favor." His is the "otium" without the "dignitate." "Infirmary No. 6" is not, however, without the wherewithal to commence a new start in life. Though "disbarred," and therefore, unable to practise as a barrister in the British courts by a decision of his former Inn, Dr. Krause will endeavor to obtain his rehabilitation after his release. He also intends to visit America, and is petitioning the Home Office for a remission of his sentence. Dr. Krause compares British prisons with Boer "tronks" as follows:—"Discipline is more rigorous here than it was there. But though I naturally feel keenly the enforced seclusion, the terrible monotony and the humiliation of my present position, I have, in the circumstances, no cause for complaint about my prison treatment. The medical supervision of the prison, of which I see a great deal, is splendidly carried out."

Dressing the Wirksworth Wells

With fitting mirth and jollity Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, celebrated the centenary of the annual custom of dressing the wells or "taps." All the previous night long in the streets of Wirksworth the people worked hard with mosses and flowers and grasses, dressing the wells, in annual pursuance of a custom which is really thousands of years old. It is chronicled by Seneca, and was carried out in Pagan ritual by the Greeks and the Romans. When yesterday morning broke there were decorated shrines inside the old Derbyshire town, and flower-built structures hard by the gaunt quarries where millions of tons of hard stone have been hewn out of the sides of the great round hills. Little boys and girls with strong Midland accents sprang out from the small shrines and rattled mugs and asked the passer-by for a copper for the well-dressers, and at the large shrines, architectural structures of noble dimensions and praiseworthy design and coloring, men and women kept watch and ward, and set white china bowls on snow-white table cloths for the reception of coins thrown down in admiration of the work. As a matter of fact, there were no wells. The decorators piously erected monuments for the occasion in places where the wells used to be before the prosaic days of waterworks. A great slab based on mineral water boxes, approached by an improvised lawn, and decked out with a really charming picture of Chatsworth, all done in flowers and berries to make the lines and different colors (these stuck on with deftly-handled clay), won the first prize of seven sovereigns. The red berries were used beneath the picture to limn the words, "Fountains and gushing streams murmur 'God is good.'" A stream of water forced through a gas-burner made an effective and feathery fountain in front. Most of the shrines about the town (and there were several dozens of them) bore scriptural texts. The first prize was won by Mr. Luther Gould, a mason's laborer; the second (£6) by Mr. Isaac Gratton, general dealer; the third (£5) by Mr. William Leeson, a farmer, and the fourth (£4) by Mr. William Oakley, a bricklayer's laborer.

Knox—Why do you always put "dictated" at the bottom of your letters? You have no stenographer.

Knix—Well, you see, I'm a very poor speller.—Evening Wisconsin.

Beyond the Limit.

"How much do you love me?"

"I love you," exclaimed the young and ardent admirer, "as much as J. P. Morgan is worth—nay, I will add to this the United States sub-Treasury."

"That is not enough," she observed coldly.

"I love you," he continued, "as much as Hetty Green's millions added to those of Russell Sage. Nay, as much as Carnegie and Schwab combined."

But she shook her head. She was playing for larger stakes. Her lover, however, did not despair.

"I love you much more than all these," he continued. "I love you as much as the Chemical Bank and the Standard Oil. What do you say to that?"

Then it was her turn to look pleasant.

"Do you," she observed carelessly, as if it were the easiest thing in the world, "love me as much as the Emperor thinks of himself?"

And her lover murmured abjectedly, "Alas! You ask the impossible!"—Life.

A Pretty Fichu.

Queen Victoria in Dublin.

An incident of Queen Victoria's first acquaintance with Ireland, in 1849, says The London Chronicle, is worth recalling as a harbinger of the visit which King Edward is shortly to pay the Green Isle. Now, no doubt, as then, Dublin will have triumphal arches and bunting galore for the occasion. As Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were driving beneath the last arch a "poor little dove"—so she records in her "Journal"—"was let down into my lap, with an olive branch round its neck, alive and very tame." King Edward will go to Ireland at a time when the olive branch is in evidence. Queen Victoria called Dublin "a very fine city," Sackville street and Merrion square "remarkably large and handsome," and the bank and Trinity College "noble buildings!"

"The Domestic Euclid."

The following excerpt from what the students of Vassar College call "The Domestic Euclid" was published by The Kansas City Journal. It would seem that even the pupils of our most fashionable female college have the landlady and boarding-house troubles which have been a feature of college life from time immemorial:—

Definitions:

(1) All boarding-houses are the same boarding-house.

(2) Boarders in the same boarding-house and on the same flat are equal to one another.

(3) A single room is that which hath no parts and no magnitude.

(4) The landlady of the boarding-house is a parallelogram—that is, an oblong, angular figure that cannot be described, and is equal to anything.

(5) A wrangle is the disinclination of two boarders to each other, that meet together, but are not on the same floor.

(6) All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.

Postulates and propositions:—

(1) A pie may be produced any number of times.

(2) The landlady may be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

(3) A bee line may be made from any boarding-house to any other boarding-house.

(4) The clothes of a boarding-house bed, stretched ever so far both ways, will not meet.

(5) Any two meals at a boarding-house are together less than one square feed.

(6) On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges for the same thing.

(7) If there be two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, and the wrangle between the one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other boarder, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal. For if one bill be the greater, then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd.

American and Russian Jews.

The New York Tribune of Wednesday last, in an editorial under the caption, "America and Russian Jews," said in part:—"The cry is still raised that the President does not interfere. He does not 'read the riot act' to Russia. Such carpings are, of course, insincere and dishonest when they are not ignorant. They are prompted by purely factional purposes. But lest their speciousness should perhaps deceive some, it may be well to treat them for a moment with a seriousness which they do not deserve. Let us suppose for a moment that the Russian, or the German, or the British Government should seek to interfere in the negro lynchings, which have claimed more victims in America than the massacres of Kishineff. Suppose some foreign Government should 'read the riot act' to us on that account; or, seeing that a United States Senator had, in the Senate Chamber, defended and approved such lynchings, should arraign the American Government as responsible for them. What would be the American reply? What would be the reply of those very critics who are now railing at the President for not 'reading the riot act' to Russia?

"But the President might at least suggest to the Czar that religious liberty would be desirable in Russia, they say. Yes. The other day a French gentleman of official rank was arrested in the suburbs of Washington for riding in the 'Jim Crow' section of a street-car. Suppose the French Government should suggest to the President that equal rights for men of all races would be desirable in the United States. Suppose some foreign Government should make representations to this country concerning the desirability of letting negroes vote in the Southern States. There would be an outburst of indignation from Maine to California against the impertinent meddling of a foreign country in a purely domestic affair of this country. But that which is sauce for the American goose, is it not also sauce for the Russian gander?"

The Latest Blouse.

Humor of the Day.

Some fellows marry poor girls to settle down, and others marry rich girls to settle up.—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Mann—This milk tastes as if it contained water.

Milkman—Great Scott! Did you expect I could put champagne in it?"—Chelsea Gazette.

A youngster stood upon the street
And cried, and cried, and cried,
For basket, dropped upon the pave,
And broken eggs inside.

"Oh, me! oh my!" said Parson Good,
As up he stepped to scan
The tearful face and rumpled head;
"There, now! Come, be a man!"

Then something very like a smile
Revealed two rows of pearl.
"Please, sir, how can I be a man
When I'se a little girl?"
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath softens the water and disinfects. 38

ROLFF HOUSE

By G. H. BENEDICT.

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure.

CHAPTER I.

It was many years ago—before this era of steam, telegraph and electrical and mechanical development in fact, just previous to that very queer war of 1812—that in a quaint old Dutch-built village of southern New York, lying not far from Hudson's noble river, there was living one Jacobus Bruyn, a substantial farmer, of the purest Dutch lineage.

On a beautiful sunny fall afternoon farmer Bruyn was sitting on the front porch of his fine old Dutch farm-house, tolling at ease in his great chair, and smoking his long clay pipe with an expression of perfect contentment resting in his stolid features. He could well afford to take his ease. His broad acres of fat valley land had borne unusually abundant harvests, and his capacious farm buildings were filled to overflowing. As he sat and allowed the wreaths of blue smoke to curl up about his swarthy, honest face, he was listening with satisfaction to the beating of the flails of his threshers in the great red barn not many rods distant.

The house of farmer Bruyn was built on the substantial, comfortable style of the well-to-do Dutch burghers of the colonial period of New York history. It was a large stone building, whose heavy walls had been laid by those who evidently intended them to last for generations. The great roof mounted up to a high peak, and sloped nearly to the ground in the rear. The numerous windows, with their many little green panes of glass, hinted of light and cheerfulness within. Everything about the place was neat and orderly. Along the garden fence, at the end of the low kitchen, was a bench, on which a row of shining milk-pans were sunning themselves. In the rear a tall, sloping churning machine hinted at one of the domestic occupations of the place. The yard was not particularly spacious, but showed the supervision of some one with a love for order and beauty in clumps of shrubbery and beds of late blooming flowers. It was evident who was the presiding spirit of this horticultural display, for a young maiden was wandering among the flower beds, dallying with the plants in a patronizing way that declared more plainly than words the deep interest of affection and guardianship. This was Rosa, farmer Bruyn's only daughter, whose age, it was apparent from her looks, could not be far from eighteen. Moving gracefully about under the soft light of the clear autumn sky, her plain, neat house-dress contrasting with the brilliant verdure about her, the young girl presented a charming object to the eye—and so thought farmer Bruyn, as he watched her from his seat on the porch. Her figure was plump and comely, although perhaps a trifle under size, and perfect health was indicated in the full, graceful curves of her form, the rosy bloom upon her cheeks and the liquid clearness of her soft grey eyes. A wealth of rich brown hair hung about her shoulders in natural ringlets, unconfined and untied, free to the kisses of the sun and the toyings of the gentle zephyrs. No fairy creature was Rosa Bruyn, but a substantial bodily presence, who might have sat for the Madonna of some old Flemish painter. The form, features and movements all indicated a pure, healthy, womanly nature, capable perhaps of great devotion and tendenness, but one not likely to succumb to any trial or duty of life.

The house of farmer Bruyn sat some distance back from the road. Several tall poplar trees threw their shade along the roadway in front, and, at the upper edge of the yard, some clumps of shrubbery acted as a partial screen to a lane that led to the outbuildings in the rear of the house. The road in front wound down a gradual hill and down the hill the tall form of a young man could be seen drawing near. Rosa's wandering gaze had detected his approach, and, with a sudden flush, she drew slowly away from her position among the flower beds, and proceeded, as if inadvertently, up to the lane fence among the shrubbery. Her movements were evidently observed by the young man, for he entered the lane, and, drawing near, placed his hand on the fence, gave a light spring, and bounded over.

In a moment he had taken the blushing maiden in his arms, and pressed a kiss upon her brow with all the ardor of an accepted lover.

As they stood thus in the shade of the bushes, no handsomer youthful couple could have delighted the eyes of an artist who wished to sketch some scene of rural love-making. The young man was of a form and style of manly beauty to contrast well with the plump, rosy girl. He was tall, and his form was lithe and graceful. His face was frank, open and handsome, and the features were chiseled in outlines of almost Grecian beauty. Ringlets of fair, flaxen hair escaped from beneath his cap, and curled over a broad, white brow. Clear, mirthful blue eyes lit up a countenance in which the expression of geniality was offset by a certain air of over-confidence that almost indicated recklessness.

"And how's my little sweetheart?" he asked, releasing her form from his arms, and gazing upon her with undisguised admiration.

"I am well, Claude," she replied. "Little need there is to ask. And you appear well, too. But how is your aunt to-day?"

"Aunt? oh, she is growing worse," he replied. "The doctor told me since dinner that she is failing slowly but surely, and cannot possibly survive long. Indeed, it looks as if I were soon to be free."

"Free!—why, Claude, what can you mean? One might suppose that you rejoiced that your aunt is worse—perhaps upon the brink of the grave."

A peculiar shadow passed over the young man's face.

"Do you think so kindly of me, Rosa?" he asked. "Or—but, no; you read my feelings, and you misinterpret them. Suppose aunt should die—can I help it? I shall sorrow for her as sincerely as anybody; but I must own that there is a sense of freedom in the thought of my being my own master and coming into my fortune. What is the use of denying or concealing it? I do not wish her dead; but I cannot deny that the grief I should feel is tempered by the thought of the scope that will be opened to my hopes and ambition. There, there, little one—don't look so grave. Remember, I have not been brought up to be sensitive. Aunt has not wasted any tenderness upon me, although I know she loves me well."

"But, Claude, think how it would grieve her to the soul to dream for a moment that you could count up the gain her death would be to you."

"But she will not dream it, little monitress. No act or word of mine shall add a pang to her dying hours. I shall do all and be all that duty and affection require. But can I help my natural feelings? I am not an angel in human guise, like yourself, Rosa. I profess only one virtue—a desire to be honest, and not to hide my real feelings for mere appearance's sake. It is not in my nature to play the hypocrite. I shall feel very badly if aunt dies. She has always been kind to me—in her way—and I truly believe has loved me with her whole heart. But it is only just to remember that her way has always been a strange one, and that her guardianship has deprived me of the rights and privileges in a large measure to which I was born. A strange, gloomy, eccentric woman, fixed in her ideas and immovable in her resolves, no one can tell the tyranny her government has exercised over me. And, by a strange fate, I have no escape from tyranny so long as she lives except at the peril of my fortune. Look at it!—with all her wealth, her farms, her boats, her ferries, her mills (there is an immense fortune stowed up somewhere, and I the prospective heir), what pleasure or privilege has been mine in life that the veriest country lad in the region could not enjoy? Aunt's love of hoarding has run away with her judgment till her household has been kept as if we were predestined victims of poverty. Rolff House has been abandoned to decay. As for me, the eccentric whim of my father has made me more subject to her than the veriest servant—dictated to in my education, curbed in every natural wish and ambition, and left to dream of freedom and happiness only as possible through her death. My name—the name of Rolff—has become a very by-word through the country. Half the country folk believe Rolff House to be haunted, and it is not two years ago that I thrashed a burly lout who taunted me with my aunt being a witch. If aunt dies, I come into absolute proprietorship of all the Rolff estates and wealth—and not till then. Ah, Rosa, can I help contrasting my present position with what it will be then? Is it in human nature not to desire to throw off the burden that has weighed upon my hopes and aspirations for so many years?"

"I will not try to answer your questions, Claude," replied the young girl, with a pained expression of countenance. "I know that it is wrong, very wrong, for you to talk and think as you do. If I did not believe you to be truer at heart than you represent yourself to be, I should almost lose my faith in you. As for your aunt, although she is peculiar in many things, I know that she loves you too much to have curbed you needlessly or cruelly. Perhaps your fancy has painted your treatment in exaggerated colors. Your ambition is intense; you are proud and not a little willful; and it may be you are not the proper judge of all that is good and necessary for you. I fear, if your wishes are now realized, and you are given the freedom and opportunity you seem so to desire, you will only demonstrate the wisdom and prudence of your aunt's treatment of you."

An expression of gloom passed over the young man's countenance.

"You judge me severely, Rosa," he said, "but I do not care for that. I do not plead the propriety of my feelings, but only that I cannot help them. Yet why should I not gratify my ambition? I am the son of a wealthy man, and in justice and right should be undisputed master of my father's estate. I do not long for vulgar display and pleasure. No, no; my desire is to travel; to store my mind with observation; to develop my taste; and, above all, to give myself opportunity for the study of the art that is my ambition and delight. You forget that I inherit a right to art. But has aunt ever encouraged me in my ambition? No; she has repressed it in every way. She would make of me nothing but an overseer of laborers, and a hoarder of money. My soul loathes the life she would have me lead. Oh, Rosa, you cannot know how I long to be away, spending my days among the great galleries of Utrecht, of Munich, of Dresden, of Venice and Rome, drawing inspiration and knowledge from the works of the mighty masters of art. How can I help the spirit that is within me? At the mere thought of being able to fulfill my dreams, my soul is filled with an ecstacy that seems to banish far from my sight every other feeling and consideration."

"And to feed that ambition, you would banish me, too, from your thoughts, Claude, and leave me for your art?"

"Why—yes, Rosa; to be sure—that is, for a little time. It would not be long; we are both young, and do not contemplate speedy marriage; so there seems no reason why I should not devote my time to improving myself, so that I may become more worthy of your love. I can't stay here, in this dismal little village, to rust and fret myself to death. I must cultivate my talents. I desire to become a great painter. As soon as I am in a position to carry out my plans, I will tell you all my dreams, and I am sure you will sympathize with me, and take delight in my purpose to achieve talent and fame. It will not be so long that I will be separated from you; and we are young, Rosa, and can bear up under separation, and wait patiently for the happiness that will be ours when I return with some part of my ambition achieved to claim you as my bride."

The eyes of Rosa Bruyn lit up for a moment, but she dropped them quickly to the ground, and was silent. At last she spoke quietly:

"I hope your aunt will get well soon, Claude."

The young man bit his lip and turned his face impatiently away.

But his anger was only momentary. Turning his gaze back to the fair, grave young face before him, an expression of deep tenderness took possession of his handsome countenance.

"You do well to reprove me, Rosa," he said. "Yes, I, too, hope aunt will get well, and live many years. Then all my fine plans will be scattered to the winds, and I shall be sure of nothing—not even of you."

"But you know, Claude, we are so young yet — and — and father may change his mind when you settle down to steady habits. He thinks you are wild and reckless."

"I see, Rosa," said the young man, with a return of the bitterness of his tone, "that even in your estimation to aspire to any life but that of a plodding money-getter is to be wild and reckless."

"No, no, Claude," she exclaimed hastily, "you know I do not think so. But you would not have me offend father?"

"No, my love and my light!" he exclaimed, with a glow of enthusiasm, "I would have you do nothing unbecoming your character as the purest and best girl in the world. Better that I should suffer the wreck of every hope. But I must not linger. Your father will begin to suspect something. Good-bye!"

And, with a tender caress, he turned and, springing over the fence, disappeared as he had come.

CHAPTER III.

The tavern in Voorhiskill, (so let us call the little old Dutch village), was a wooden, clap-boarded building, with three stories, a double-sloped roof, and many windows. It was a somewhat pretentious structure, and did a thriving business, for the village was on the line of an importan. mail and business route, and the times were favorable to travel and convivali.

The bar-room of Konk's Tavern, as the hostlery was called, was the great meeting-place for the men-folk of the vicinity. Here they gathered of an evening, and smoked their pipes, and drank their flip, or other decoctions, and told stories, talked politics and retailed the gossip of the vicinity.

It was on the evening after the events detailed in the last chapter. The candles were lighted in the bar-room, and the landlord was behind his bar answering the calls of his customers, who had begun to drop in. He was a tall, grave man, with a complexion and skin like parchment, dark straight hair mingled with gray, and an almost preternaturally solemn countenance. At bottom, however, he was generous and whole-souled, and delighted in nothing more than to see his guests well-provided for, his bar-room thronged, and jest and anecdote going the round of an evening, as pipes were lit and stout potations dealt out.

The usual group was gathered around. It was early evening yet, however, and more were to come before the gossip or discussion reached its full height. One after another dropped in, till at last there entered an old man of rather singular appearance. He was short and sturdy of frame, and dressed in old, rusty brown woolen clothes, with knee-breeches and stockings, while his heavy shoes had broad steel buckles. His face was almost covered up by a heavy growth of snowy white beard that descended and swept his breast. Underneath his heavy, grizzled eye-brows a pair of keen, pleasant blue eyes gazed out. His general appearance was that of an intelligent, self-possessed old fellow, with probably a large portion of eccentricity and individuality done up in his composition. His sturdy frame

(To be Continued.)

It was W. D. Howells.

"Your average detective is about as fat-witted a citizen as exists," says Mr. George K. Rinthman of Boston in the Washington "Post." "He may be clever in his line, but outside of that his mind is a howling wilderness. His point of view is narrow and his judgment contracted as a result of his calling." To illustrate this, Mr. Rinthman tells this incident:

"A friend of mine who is fond of showing up the defects of his fellow-man had a lot of fun lately with a pair of Boston's leading detectives. He called the sleuths into his office in the most serious way and exhibited to them the picture of a tough-looking individual, about whose identity he was crazy for information. He flattered his visitors into the notion that if they could unravel the puzzle he would regard them as world-beaters. Each gazed at the photo long and earnestly. Both were positive that it was in the rogues' gallery. One of them identified it as being the counterfeit presentment of a notorious bank-robber; his mate thought it the likeness of an equally noted forger.

"When they got through, my friend turned the likeness over, and on the back thereof they read the name of the original—William Dean Howells. Mr. Howells isn't handsome, but he was never accused before of being an ornament of the rogues' galleries. But Mr. Howells laughed when the incident was narrated in his presence."

A Novel.

A moon, a sky,
A mountain high,
A lane;
Some trees, some grass,
A youth, a lass,
A cane.
A smile, and sighs,
And drooping eyes,
Alack!
An arm, a waist,
A squeeze in haste,
A smack.
A church, an aisle,
Some folks in style,
Aside:
A vow, a band,
A bridegroom, and
A bride.
A tenement,
Top floor, cheap rent,
Not all;
Ten children gay,
Who love to play,
And bawl.—Ex.

Hallit—"What's the matter, Klay? You look all tired out! Klay—And no wonder. I've had a hard day of it. I don't know when I've worked so hard. I looked at the men clean up the railroad station this morning, and after that I saw three safes raised into four-story windows, and four loads of coal delivered in baskets."—Boston "Transcript."

Spooks and Their Clothes.

In a Berlin spiritualistic trial that has furnished much entertaining "copy" to the newspapers, one of the witnesses testified to having seen the Reformer Zwingli standing over the entranced medium, and gesticulating in harmony with her utterances. The witness did not know, he told the president, when or where Zwingli lived, or who he was, except that he was a Reformer; but he "recognized his features distinctly." The "spook" was "a corpulent man with a mass of hair," arrayed in "a summer jacket suit." This is quite the last get-up in which a contemporary and fellow-laborer of Luther might be expected to present himself to a latter-day audience, suggests Henry Labouchere. One could as easily think of John the Baptist reappearing in a suit of dittoes. Perhaps after all it was only some Schmidt or Schneider who died last year at Hamburg or Frankfort.

But whether it was Schmidt, or Zwingli, or John the Baptist, the summer jacket suit raises a question which spiritualists of all schools ought to face frankly. I had a very interesting letter bearing upon it a few days ago. The writer dealt with "spooks" or ghosts at large, and wanted to know where they get their clothes. He pointed out that in all ages they have appeared in chains that clanked and silks that rustled, whereas in the vast majority of cases they have been buried in simple winding-sheets. Hamlet's father, for instance, was doubtless interred in the usual fashion, whereas there he was on the ramparts, armed cap-a-pie. Even if you assume that the spirit might reconstruct some passable semblance of his more or less decomposed fleshly tenement, he could not borrow a suit of armor which was probably at the same time mounted on a stand, somewhere in the precincts of the palace. The same problem presents itself in the case of all spooks. Do they manufacture a new suit of ghostly clothing for each appearance in public? Or are there in the spook world (this is my correspondent's suggestion) second-hand clothing depots, where a spirit desirous of materializing can obtain at the shortest notice a gentlemanly outfit suitable to any epoch or rank of life—just as he could, when living, at Nathan's or Alias's? The evidence from Berlin about Zwingli obviously supports the latter theory. The only plausible explanation, to my mind, of the Reformer's summer jacket suit, is that he wanted a costume in a hurry, and had to take anything that would fit—apparently something that had been worn last at Margate or Monte Carlo. Having an insatiable thirst for occult knowledge, I should like to know more about this.

A Disenchanting View.

It is unsafe to judge by appearances, even the most agreeable ones. The bachelor who is interested in the experiences of his married friends was in a car with a couple with whom he was acquainted. It was a rainy morning.

The young wife had her umbrella well out of the way of those who passed up and down the car, but a lumbering, overgrown boy, on his passage to the door, managed to hit it with one foot, fall over it and break it before he regained his balance.

"Oh, I'm sorry I broke it," stammered the unfortunate, with a scarlet face. "I—I'd like to pay—"

"Never mind. I'm sure it wasn't your fault," and the lady smiled up at him without a trace of anger or even irritation on her face.

"Well, I must say your wife is an angel!" exclaimed the bachelor, warmly. "Most women would have withered that clumsy boy with a look, if they hadn't scorched him with words."

"She is an angel," said the married man, as he picked up the pieces of the umbrella and smiled quizzically at his wife, "but—she's wanted a new umbrella for a month, and now she knows I'll get it for her. It's a sad world, isn't it? full of disappointments and disenchantments."

TROUBLES OF EX-CHIEF OF POLICE

Could not Stand Before Dodd's Kidney Pills

Mr. Charles Gilchrist had Diabetes for Years—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

Port Hope, Ont., July 13.—(Special).—Mr. Charles Gilchrist, Chief of Police here for fifteen years and afterwards Dominion Fishery Overseer, is always willing to add his testimony to the volume of proofs from all parts that Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure any form of Kidney Disease.

"I am a healthy man. Dodd's Kidney Pills have done the job," is the way Mr. Gilchrist puts it. "When I first started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills I was in an awful state. I had been a sufferer from Diabetes and Kidney Disorder for ten years. My urine was of a dark bricky color and I would suffer something awful while passing.

"I tried everything and tried the doctors but could get no help till I was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have made me a new man."

Mr. Gilchrist is getting on in years but he feels young. That's what Dodd's Kidney Pills do for a man.

Unionist Fault-finders.

The Parliamentary reporter of The Christian World says, in its issue of May 28th:—There is scarcely a sitting at which some of the most crushing criticisms of the Government do not come from their own side. In fact, the lethargy of leading Liberals is sometimes excused on the ground that it allows a greater opportunity for the Unionist fault-finders. The opportunity was improved on Monday night, when Sir George Bartley sneered and Sir John Gorst scoffed, and when even faithful Mr. Kimber, and equally faithful Mr. Cripps, hotly denounced the constitution of the education authority designed for London. Passion flared up when Mr. Middlemore, one of Mr. Chamberlain's colleagues in the representation of Birmingham, joined in the denunciation. Mr. Walter Long and the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, who were in charge of the bill, had been impatient and disdainful under criticism, Sir William Anson's attitude being that of an Oxford don among troublesome undergraduates. "Rubbish!" exclaimed one Minister to the other, in an undertone. The word reaching Mr. Middlemore, he expressed his enraged feelings with almost savage severity. It was generally supposed that the offender was Mr. Long, who carries on a running commentary, but subsequent reference proved that the contemptuous word had fallen from Sir William Anson. "He speaks," said Mr. Middlemore, "as if he were one of the deities—as if he were omniscient. All the time, sir, he is only an ignorant child of time, for whom it is enough to follow his own nose." A roar of laughter from the Liberals greeted these words. They were uttered, as Mr. Middlemore afterwards remarked, in "a moment of irritation," but they seemed to have been lying in his mind. They revealed in a flash how strained are the feelings of certain Unionists.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 29TH, 1903.

Up to date Atlin has had the reputation of being a model law abiding district, but since the camp has been better known and the great richness of its placers proven, a great many new comers have arrived, amongst whom, unfortunately, is that element that always follows a rush to a successful mining district. That the criminal class is amongst us is now evident and it behoves the authorities to use every effort to rid us of their obnoxious presence.

No doubt but what an organised gang of thieves is in our midst and the sooner it is broken up the better for the community, every citizen should do all in his power to assist the authorities whom, we feel sure, are doing their best to apprehend the offenders, who if caught, should be given the maximum penalty the law provides.

DREDGING.

The following letter, addressed to Mr. F. L. Stephenson, Secretary of the Atlin District Board of Trade, will probably interest many of our readers:

Dear Sir:—

In reply to your request that I prepare for you an article on the subject of Dredging. I beg herewith to submit to you the following:

A great deal has been said and written on the subject of Gold Dredging, but up to the present time the average Miner knows little or nothing about the real working of the modern Gold Saving Dredge.

New Zealand is entitled for the credit for constructing the first Gold Saving Dredge. In that country there were large alluvial deposits, and the scarcity of water prevented the working of the ground, and a condition somewhat similar to that existing here, a flat country and no dump is responsible for their efforts for constructing a machine that would operate under these conditions. The first Dredge they built was known as the "dipper type", which is somewhat similar to the Steam Shovel now used by Railway Companies, which were alright for handling dirt, but faultly when it came to the question of saving fine gold. A number of years were spent in experimenting with this type of Dredge with varying results, but considerable progress was made. About this time the Legislature of California restricted Hydraulic mining in that State, this was due to the fact that the numerous operations so altered the climatic conditions of the country as to interfere with Agriculture pursuits, and the washing down of the mountains of gravel filled many of its navigable rivers and interfered with shipping, this interference with the class of mining referred to, was the Angel in disguise that caused the evolution of the Dredge, which was brought about by the concentration of energy and inventive ingenuity of the California Placer Miner. Their first effort was to dredge a Tributary of the Sacramento river, and was far from being successful, as about all of the River Dredges have been since that time. The great difficulty with dredging rivers is the uncertainty of the depth to Bed Rock, and the continuous washing of barren dirt by the current to the point of digging, this in connection with the trouble caused by freshets, is responsible for the failure of nearly all the first dredging operations. The Fraser River country is probably more noticeable for the number of failures with this class of dredge than any other district, and has done much to discourage those interested in the Dredging business. These numerous failures caused a distinct departure in the manner of working, and what is now known as Inland Dredging, had its inception in this country, this simply means the creation of a lake large enough to float a dredge, a comparatively flat piece of ground where the Bed Rock is not sixty feet below the surface is necessary.

The Bucyrus Company, of South Milwaukee, manufacture the style of Dredge now being erected by our Company on Gold Run, and the successful operation of the many Dredges in the different states, built by this Company, has placed this class of mining out of the range of speculation and has classed it as a simple business proposition or a question of handling the largest amount of ground possible, at the least possible cost, by the introduction of a scientifically constructed mechanical appliance, as against muscular energy. As a matter of fact, I don't know today of a single Inland Dredge that has not been a money maker where the operation has been honestly handled.

The Dredge in question, is over all, about 175 feet in length, draws 3½ feet of water, and contains about 600 tons of material, the digging end consists of an endless chain of buckets (of the close connected type) 96 in number, and have a capacity of 3½ cubic feet each, and dump at the rate of 16 per minute, the chain of buckets work over the end of a ladder, from the middle of the bow of the dredge, the buckets coming up loaded dump into a Hopper which feeds a revolving cylinder, perforated, as the cylinder revolves with the Boulders, Gravel and Gold in it, two centrifugal pumps placed on either side of the dredge discharge 3000 gallons of water per minute in the cylinder, causing a perfect disintegration of the material, and the gravel and gold are carried through a steel flume with an under current arranged with the most modern

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VANCOUVER, B. C.
A. C. Hirschfeld, Agent, Atlin, B. C

Good Cash Values at N. C. Wheeling & Co's.

Groceries, Provisions, Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, etc.

The Most Complete Stock in The District.

gold saving devices known, while the Boulders are discharged through the end of the cylinder and dumped through stone chutes over-board. The result of the most careful test show that we save 98 per cent of the gold.

In California today there are dredges working on ground that had once been Hydrauliced, and the gold lost by that method, has left the ground worked over sufficiently valuable to dredge. It has been proven also that ground carrying as low as ten cents per cubic yard can be worked by this method at a profit.

The Dredge in question will be run by Electricity, generated by the Company's power plant situated below Pine Creek Falls. Six miles of pole line, will connect the Power House to the Dredge. Two Victor High Pressure Turbine Wheels which generate 350 horse-power, will furnish the power. One mile of ditch, 350 feet of wood flume, and 1800 feet of steel flume, 30 to 24 inch discharge, with 180 foot head, will supply water to the wheels. The Dredge will be Electrically lighted, and the Telephone line will connect the different stations.

Yours very Truly,
O. T. Switzer

Kootenay Restaurant.

Sunday Dinner.

ABRAHAM PLASIE, Proprietor.

MENU
Crab Salad.
SOUPS
Chicken Celery
FISH
Boiled Salmon Trout, Cream Sauce
BOILED
Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce.
ENTREE
Chicken Fricassee, Fried Spring Chicken, Cream Sauce, Macaroni and Cheese.
ROASTS
Prime Ribs of Beef au jus
Leg of Pork, Green Apple Sauce
VEGETABLES
Mashed Potatoes — Asparagus
DESSERT
Ice Cream and Cake
PIES
Green Apple — Pumpkin
EXTRAS
Tomatoes — Cucumbers
Peaches and Cream.

The Royal Victoria
Life Insurance Co.
OF CANADA
Capital $1,000,000.
A. C. Hirschfeld, Agent.

NOTICES.

Certificate of Improvements.

The YELLOW JACKET Mineral Claim, situated on Pine Creek, about one mile east of Discovery, in the Atlin Lake Mining Division of Cassiar, B. C.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, Julius M. Ruffner, F.M.C., No. B33359, Agent for the North Columbia Gold Mining Co., F.M.C., No. B34111, intend 60 days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

AND FURTHER Take notice that action under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Atlin, B. C., this 19th day of May, 1903.
my23-60d Julius M. Ruffner, Agent

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land for agricultural purposes: Commencing at a post marked David L. Hall's N. E. corner, thence 20 chains West, thence 80 chains South, thence 20 chains East, thence 80 chains North to place of commencement, containing in all 160 acres more or less.

Situated two miles east of Atlin Lake and about 10 miles North of Atlin Townsite on a small creek known as Burnt Creek.

David L. Hall

Dated at Atlin, B. C. this 24th day of August 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty days from the date hereof, I intend making application to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase sixty acres of land for agricultural purposes, in the Atlin District of Cassiar, situated as follows:

Commencing at a stake marked B. B's North-West Corner Post situated on the East Bank of the Atlintoo River, thence in an Easterly Direction 20 Chains, thence in a Southerly Direction 20 Chains, thence Westerly about 40 Chains, thence along the East Bank of the Atlintoo River, about 80 Chains to the point of commencement, containing in all about 60 acres, more or less.

H. A. Butler,
C. H. Butler.

Dated at Taku, B. C, 19th, August, 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that after 60 days from date, we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase one-quarter of an acre of land for a site for a power plant in the Atlin District, situated as follows:

Commencing at a post marked "The British Columbia Power & Manufacturing Co., Ltd.'s S.E. corner," planted at a point on Discovery street, in the Town of Atlin, thence in a westerly direction 104¼ feet, thence northerly 104¼ feet, thence easterly 104¼ feet, thence southerly 104¼ feet to point of commencement, containing one quarter of an acre more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. this 25th day of June, 1903.

The British Columbia Power & Manufacturing Co., Ltd
je6-30d.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land in the Atlin district for agricultural purposes: Commencing at an initial post, planted about one mile north-east of Atlin Townsite, thence running east 40 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 20 chains to the point of commencement, containing 80 acres more or less.

William McNern

Dated at Atlin, B. C., this 22nd day of June 1903. Jne 27 60d

Northern Lumber Company, Limited.

NOTICE is hereby given that F. T. Troughton has been appointed Managing Director and Secretary Treasurer of the above Company, in the place of A. J. Baker resigned, and will sign all contracts and settle all accounts for the Company.

F. T. Troughton,
Secretary.

O. K. BATHS BARBER SHOP
G. H. FORD Prop.
Now occupy their new quarters next to the Bank of B. N. A., First Street. The bath rooms are equally as good as found in cities. Private Entrance for ladies.

E. S. Wilkinson, P.L.S. Wm. Brown, C.E.
WILKINSON & BROWN
Provincial Land Surveyors & Civil Engineers.
Hydraulic Mine Engineering a Specialty.—Office, Pearl St., near Third St., ATLIN, B.C

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.

THE GRAND HOTEL
FINEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN THE NORTH. EVERYTHING CONDUCTED IN FIRST-CLASS MANNER.
French Restaurant in Connection.
DAVID HASTIE, PROPRIETOR.
Corner of First and Discovery Streets.

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.

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.

Pacific and Arctic Railway and Navigation Company.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Company.
British Yukon Railway Company.

TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JANUARY 7 1901.
Daily except Sunday.

No.3N. B. 2nd class.	No.1 N. B 1st class.			No. 2.S. Bound 1st class.		No. 4 S. Bound 2nd class.
8. 30 p. m.	9. 30 a. m.	LV.	SKAGUAY AR.	4. 30 p. m.	AR	4. 15 a. m.
10. 30 "	10. 55 / 11. 00	"	" WHITE PASS "	3. 05 / 3. 00	"	2. 10 "
11. 40 a.m.	11. 45	"	" LOG CABIN "	2. 10	"	1. 00 "
12. 20	13. 15 / 12. 35 p.m		" BENNETT "	1. 35 / 1. 15 p.m	"	12. 20 p.m.
2. 45 "	2. 10	"	" CARIBOU "	11. 50 a.m	"	10. 20 "
6. 40 "	4. 30	"	AR WHITE HORSE LV	9. 30	" LV	7. 00 "

Passengers must be at depots in time to have Baggage inspected and checked. Inspection is stopped 30 minutes before leaving time of train.

150 pounds of baggage will be checked free with each full fare ticket and 75 pounds with each half fare ticket.

J. G. CORNELL.
Nugget Hotel
Discovery.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.
Headquarters for Brook's stage.

Pine Tree Hotel.
DISCOVERY, B. C.
NEW DINING ROOM NOW OPEN,
Furnishing The
BEST MEALS IN CAMP.
Finest of liquors. Good stabling.
RD. SANDS, Proprietor.

Pellew-Harvey, Bryant & Gilman
Provincial Assayers
The Vancouver Assay Office, Established 1890.
W. WALLACE GRIME & Co.:
Agents.
Large or Small Samples forwarded for Assay

TRY
J. D. DURIE'S
FOR
UPHOLSTERY
MATTRESSES
FURNITURE
HARDWARE
PAINTS & OILS
Atlin & Discovery.

England's "Guinea-Pig" Aristocracy.

We are all "ladies' and "gentlemen" now, but the ladies and gentlemen themselves—the bitterest enemies of the latter could not accuse the majority of them of being either the one or the other, says an English journalist. Shopkeepers sell their goods, "Society" sell their friends! The following advertisements, which are quoted from a well-known London newspaper, bear out the charge:

"A lady of title, moving in the best London society, is prepared to introduce a lady of means. Luxurious home in the West End; carriages kept. Terms must be liberal. The highest references offered and taken. Address Box —."

"A well-known lady, titled, is willing to chaperon a colonial or American lady. Would instruct one unaccustomed to the habits and behavior of good society. Liberal terms required. Address, in confidence, care of —."

"A lady—a member of one of the oldest county families, having a beautiful place in the country, would receive a young lady during the winter months and introduce her to the society of the neighborhood. Good hunting, hospitable county. An unique opportunity."

"A West End dressmaker who desires to extend her connection wishes to meet with a lady, or ladies, who would introduce business. Liberal commission offered. The strictest confidence may be relied upon. Address —."

"An old-established firm of wine merchants (city) is desirous of obtaining West End orders. A high percentage given to ladies or gentlemen introducing business."

"To noblemen or gentlemen of position in society able to influence capital. A large sum wanted by an old-established firm. Genuine concern. Particulars in confidence through ——."

"A young lady, rich, desires to spend the season in London, and to be introduced to the best set in society. Would pay handsomely for services rendered. Absolute secrecy guaranteed. Address Box —."

Our commercial friendships! Not content with selling worthless shares, ill-conducted horses, impure wines and unsmokable cigars, the "ladies" and "gentlemen" of the day apparently sell each other to middle-class aspirants for social distinction and to tradesmen! They complain that their servants receive commissions, and accept commissions themselves! Our selling-society is a combination of touts for all the trades! That explains, perhaps, why London "society" has become an object of such general pursuit; it is the only "gentlemanly" profession left, now that competitive examinations bar the way to appointments and sinecures under the Crown. How popular in the West End should be the well-known hymn as revised by Artemus Ward:

"I want to be an agent,
And with the agents stand!"

Where they Missed it.

It was their first baby.

The young mother was in a perfect rapture.

It was an ugly baby, but she did not know it.

Happy young mother.

All of them are like her.

But the father had dark misgivings.

His salary was only two-ten a week, and babies are expensive luxuries.

Her father was rich, but he had frowned upon their union, and had heterodox and heretical notions as to supporting a son-in-law besides.

Cruel old man.

One day, when the baby was about a month old, the father came home from his desk in the city and found his wife radiant.

She was not happy when the baby was out of her sight.

"What is it, Jennie?" asked her husband gloomily, for he was yet uncertain as to the blessings conferred by the baby.

He was also sleepy.

"Oh, Charlie," she chirruped, "I heard from papa to-day."

Charlie looked gloomier than ever.

"Don't say anything, dear," she pleaded, for she knew her husband's opinion of her father. "He has heard of our baby, and though he has not yet determined to forgive us, he has sent us a cheque for fifty pounds for dear baby's sake."

At first the young husband's face lit up with pleasure, then it shadowed again.

"Aren't you glad, Charlie?" she asked with a quivering lip.

Then he smiled joyfully.

"Yes, darling," he whispered, "but what a pity it wasn't twins."

Watered Stock.

A woodsman, said the New York "Sun," was one day chopping a tree overhanging a stream, and, pausing in his work to flirt with a passing milkmaid, he dropped his axe into the river.

The woodsman sat down comfortably and proceeded to bemoan his fate. Mercury, hearing his lamentations, appeared before him, and upon being informed of the loss of the axe, he at once dived into the water and brought up a golden hatchet.

"Is that yours?" asked Mercury.

"No," replied the man.

Mercury thereupon plunged into the water for a second time and brought up a silver hatchet. Again the man denied that the axe was his.

For the third time Mercury disappeared under the water, and at last brought up the very axe that the man had lost, which the woodsman eagerly claimed as his.

The god, being pleased with the man's honesty, presented him with the gold and silver hatchets also.

The man told his friends about this and the Mercurial Gold and Silver Company was at once organized with a capital of a billion or so. They bought up all the rivers and ponds in the country and honest woodsmen were employed in double shifts to drop iron axes into the water and get gold and silver ones for their honesty. The stock paid very well.

That is the true derivation of the term —watered stock. As for the milkmaid (the cause of it all), the woodsman very properly married the girl.

"Did you give that woman two good eggs for her five cents?" asked the corner-grocer of the new boy. "I did, sir." "You're discharged. You should ave sold her two bad eggs, so that she'd ome back to kick, and give me a chance o sell her a porterhouse steak."—Baltimore "News."

The Mother-in-Law.

Very little is known of the origin of this species, writes Dorothy Dix in her "Studies in Natural History." Many people who have had opportunity of studying it at close range believe that the first one was the original Serpent in Eden that put Eve up to making trouble for Adam, and that its descendants are still at work breaking up Domestic Paradises. In confirmation of this theory, which is held by many men of experience, it is pointed out that the Mother-in-Law is generally the First Aid to the Divorced, and that in families where none is kept the wife generally lives and dies without eating of the apple of knowledge, and finding out that she is married to a Brute and is a Poor, Persecuted Angel.

Generally speaking, the Mother-in-Law is indigenous to Europe and America, only a few scattering ones, and those of a feeble character, being found in Asia, and none at all in Africa, which accounts for the large immigration of recent years to the latter country.

Naturalists have no trouble in placing the Mother-in-Law among the predatory and man-devouring animals, but much difficulty has arisen in settling the exact class to which it belongs, some students contending that because of its mania for putting its finger in everybody's pie it pertains to the genus feminis intermeddlis, while others hold that its arbitrary temper and determination to rule the roost indicate that it is a species of the genus feminis henpeckus. An eminent authority, however, advances the opinion that while both of these theories are true, they do not go far enough, and that the Mother-in-Law is, perhaps, the finest specimen extant of the genus feminis stirup troublibus.

In appearance this strange animal is what is described as hard-featured, being particularly noticeable for the set of its jaw and the fact that it presents, from every aspect, an unyielding appearance. It is generally of a black color, and it bristles with bundles as a porcupine does with quills. Its voice is also of a peculiarly grating and harsh quality, and has the extraordinary power of affecting men's nerves to the extent of driving them to drink.

The chief characteristic of the Mother-in-Law is its inability to let people alone. It can no more see a man and his wife happily going their own way in peace without wanting to throw a bomb in between them, than a dog can see a horse grazing in a meadow without snapping at its heels. This is not intentional mischief. It is just the nature of the beast, and it can't help it. It is built that way, with an insatiable mania for butting into affairs where it is not wanted. No man can hope to run his house, or play anything but second fiddle, who keeps a Mother-in-Law on the premises.

As may be supposed, knowing the danger to which they will be exposed, and seeing the fell fate that has befallen their friends, no man desires to have such a household pet; but so crafty and foxy is the Mother-in-Law that it comes upon him unawares, and the first thing he knows one of these creatures is inalienably attached to his establishment. A great many men are able by strenuous labor to keep the wolf from the door, but comparatively few are ever able to fight off a Mother-in-Law.

Let it not be thought, however, that this bloodthirsty animal has been made in vain. Not without reason is it well called the Watch Dog of Monogamy, for no man has such a horror of polygamy as one who has a Mother-in-Law.

Napoleon's Housekeeping-Book.

"The discredit that the tiara of Saitapharnes has brought on historical relics spoiled the sale of the account-book of Perron, 'maitre d'hotel' of Napoleon at St. Helena. This very suggestive and, I believe, authentic volume was put up to auction at 400 fr., and with difficulty worked up to 480 fr.," writes a Paris correspondent. "Napoleon went over it once a week, signed it, and made any observations that occurred to him on the margin. His hand, always illegible, became a fearful scrawl at Longwood. Montholon, his treasurer, however, re-wrote the observations in a legible hand, for Perron's direction. He often dined on kid or lamb or mutton in the early days of his captivity. He rejected fish on his doctor's advice. From the middle of 1820 he lived almost entirely on chicken and fruits, and occasionally had veal broth, with rice. The price of everything seems exorbitant. . . . Perron's accounts began in January, 1819, and ended on May 2, 1821. He lived to an old age. After his death all his personal property was sold by his grandchildren. A. M. Dablin, a well-known collector, who began by collecting letters of Queen Victoria to Louis Philippe, which an 1848 mob cast out of the windows of the Tuileries, bought the Perron account-book. It enables those who have a little imagination to picture faithfully 'Napoleon at home, at St. Helena.'

"This account-book confirms me in an impression I have long had as to the jerkiness of Napoleon's mind. The more I learn of that mind the more wanting in balance it seems to me. It runs in a childish way from subject to subject, shows a childish impatience of contradiction, and of all that stands in the way of his desires. One sees this disposition in slave-owners and in persons who have, without long preparation, won great situations. Their caprices become their masters. Napoleon had for his agents in ministering to his behests the most brainy people in Europe, and in his time the least groovy and most spontaneous. The handwriting throughout his life may be taken as a sincere exponent of his defects of character and intellect. It looks like a drunkard's scrawl. Could his forebears have been deep drinkers of heady wines? Perhaps. But, whether or not, the handwriting is jerky, unconnected, utterly deficient in composure and mental dignity. I may even add that it betrays utter selfishness. The writer is entirely led by impulse and never studies the convenience of anyone else. Had he been considerate, he would have tried to write legibly, and his efforts would have been attended with some success."

He—Miss Workman, I'm going to propose to you—— She—Really, Mr. Phoxy, I'm sorry, but— He—That we have some ice cream— She—O! I shall be delighted to— He—Some evening when the weather gets warmer.—Philadelphia "Press."

Proud Father—My baby girl has been learning to talk for six months now. Experienced Father—Well, it will take her longer than that to learn not to.

How Bret Harte Shocked His Proofreader.

In the newly published "Biography of Bret Harte" not the least interesting incident narrated is the revolt of the printer of the "Overland Monthly" against the appalling profanity of the editor in not merely accepting, but in contributing to its second number, this blasphemous story. Bret Harte, as the editor of the new magazine, feeling that it ought to have distinctively Californian features, sent the manuscript of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" to the printer. The printer, little suspecting how monstrous was the birth he was asked to assist, passed it on to his staff, who, mechanically, let us hope, set up the type. The proofreader, a young lady, was, therefore, the first, most unfortunately, to read, or to begin to read, the blasphemous production. When she had got over the first shock, she hurried to the printer, a church member, even a deacon, and complained to him of the outrage to which she had been subjected. He, hardly believing his ears, or even his eyes, hastened to the publisher, and laid before him the proofs he should have sent to the author and editor. Thus it happened that the editor was summoned to account to the printer for his misdeeds—a delightful Gilbertian inversion.

"The printer, instead of returning the proofs to the editor and author, submitted them to the publisher with the emphatic declaration that the matter thereof was so indecent, irreligious and improper that his proofreader—a young lady—had been with difficulty induced to continue its perusal, and that he, as a friend of the publisher and a well-wisher of the magazine, was impelled to present to him personally this shameless evidence of the manner in which the editor was imperilling the future of that enterprise."

But what, you ask, so horrified the young person? Why simply the scene where Kentuck, after reverently fondling the infant, said: "He wrastled with my finger, the d——d little cuss."

When she came to this appalling passage, the proofreader, like Francesca, "read no more that day." Dear old James Payn used to relate that in private letters to the editor of an American magazine to which he contributed, he used to send the current club stories, which were perhaps more shocking even than this extract from "The Luck of Roaring Camp;" it was not, however, till he had supplied regularly for seven years these club delicacies that his correspondent wrote at last to inform him that she was a lady! "I give you my word," added Payn, "I blush even now in bed when I think of her seven years' long-suffering!" But to return to the criticism of the prudish proofreader, who recalls Moliere's satire on "people whose ears are more chaste than all the rest of their bodies," Bret Harte's answer to it in his defence of his habit of holding up to admiration "a man of one virtue and a thousand crimes" is most effective. He wrote:

"The author has been repeatedly cautioned, kindly and unkindly, intelligently and unintelligently, against his alleged tendency to confuse recognized standards of morality by extenuating lives of recklessness, and often criminality, with a single solitary virtue. Of all the various forms in which cant presents itself to suffering humanity, he knows of none so outrageous, so illogical, so undemonstrable, so marvelously absurd as the cant of 'too much mercy.' When it shall be proven to him that communities are degraded and brought to guilt and crime, suffering or destitution, from a predominance of this quality; when he shall see pardoned ticket-of-leave men elbowing men of austere lives out of situation and position, and the repentant Magdalene supplanting the blameless virgin in society, then he will lay aside his pen and extend his hand to the new draconian discipline in fiction. But until then he will, without claiming to be a religious man or a moralist, but simply as an artist, reverently and humbly conform to the rules laid down by a Great Poet, who created the parable of 'The Prodigal Son' and 'The Good Samaritan'—whose works have lasted 1,800 years, and will remain when the present writer and his generation are forgotten."

Admirer—Don't you think that you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until four o'clock and then get up at eight to go to my work? Young Lady—I may be a little unreasonable, but it's perfectly brutal of you to mention it.—New York "Weekly."

"My husband has ceased to love me." "How do you know?" "I can't make him miserable any more."

A Scientific Explanation.

Josh Green—Thet, 'Mandy, is a fire escape. I don't know ez I kin explain exactly how th' fire escapes down the dinged thing, but s'pose it works on th' principle uv a lightnin'-rod.—"Leslie's Weekly."

An Awkward Distinction.

Mr. Hanks—I wish you'd come and dine with us to-morrow, Jimson. There'll only be four of us—two very nice fellows—and yourself.—"Pick-Me-Up."

Urbs Devoratrix.

All the sorrow in the world,
All the blighted souls,
All who strive in the dark,
The green of the fields,
The freshness of the God-given winds,
The stretch of upland, the dip of valley,
Call, call to mine own.
My robbed breast cries,
My dry, hot eyes stare afar
To the dark city-gulf
The, the scarlet wolf,
Has my beloved,
And lone I mourn through the whispering pines,
"May God restore."

Here is a Booker T. Washington divorce story:—

"Brother Turner's just been divorced from his wife," said Brother Smith.

"Is dat so?"

"Yaah! The Jedge done gone and give him his freedom this morning.

"Whar's he now?"

"Giving his freedom to Martha Johnston. She's Sister Turner by this time."

A Missouri woman sat up till 1 o'clock the other night waiting for her husband to come home. Then she gave it up and went upstairs, only to find him in bed fast asleep. "His deception," as she called it, made her so mad that she didn't speak to her husband for three days.

"Say, doctor, what's that last $3 item in your bill for?"

"Let me see. Oh, yes; I gave you a thorough examination on that day. Don't you remember"

"Sure I remember. But do you suppose I'm going to pay you for that when you took up an hour of my time and then couldn't find anything the matter with me, after all?"—Buffalo Express.

Automobilist—You say I'm under arrest for going at an unlawful speed? Why, my good man, I wasn't running more than ten miles an hour at any time before my machine broke down.

Constable—That's all right, but how about after yer old machine did break down. Why, that explosion threw some of the pieces at least forty feet in the air at a speed of not less'n fifty miles an hour both goin' an' comin'. I timed the thing, and I guess I oughter know.—New York Sun.

According to Senator Bailey of Texas, there was in that State a Judge who had been robbed of a horse, and before whom the thief, when apprehended, was brought for trial. His Honor eyed the prisoner with deep satisfaction for a minute or so, and then delivered himself of the following:

"Owing to a personal prejudice the court will not hear this case. It will, however, be tried by the bailiff, who will find a verdict in accordance with the facts and the law. In the meantime," he added impressively, "the court will go outside, bend a rope, and pick out a good tree."—New York Times.

"You look like a man who is fast going to the dogs."

"Do I, leddy? Den my looks is deceivin'. I goes frum de dogs much faster'n I goes to 'em. Dere don't happen to be none on dese premises, I hope, mum?"—Kansas City Journal.

"So you belong to the Don't Worry Club?"

"I do, and I'm glad of it, although my membership compels me to take a few chances."

"In what way?"

"I had to quit looking at the gas meter and weighing my ice."—Washington Star.

Warden—He was the coolest and most thoughtful convict that ever broke jail.

Jenkins—That so?

Warden—Yes. He left behind him a note to the Governor of the State, beginning: "I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I'm taking."—Daily America.

Women and Finance.

Several financiers and bankers were seated in the restaurant of a London hotel one evening during the past week, and the conversation turned upon peculiar incidents in banking life.

One of them remarked:

"A very comical occurrence took place at our bank recently. A lady who is well known in the city as a businesslike little body carries an account with us which was recently overdrawn to the extent of about thirty pounds. We sent her the usual notice that she had overdrawn and asked her to come down and settle up. As I said, she is a business woman from the word 'go,' and the next morning she appeared at the bank and handed one of our men a cheque for the amount she had overdrawn."

"Well, where's the point to that narrative?" asked someone, after the banker had presumably ended his story.

"The point," said the banker, "lies in the fact that the cheque by which she proposed to pay her overdraft was drawn on our institution, the very bank on which she had overdrawn her account."

Another banker chimed in with:

"You should have seen the young lady who visited our bank just before Christmas. She had been given a cheque for a snug amount by her father as a Christmas gift. She passed it to the paying teller, who handed it back to her with the curt announcement:

"'You'll have to endorse this.'

"'Why, it's a Christmas present from papa,' said the young lady, somewhat embarrassed.

"'Well, write your name on the back,' responded the teller.

"The young woman went to one of the public desks, wrote a few words on the back of the cheque, returned, and triumphantly handed the paper to the teller. What she had written was, 'Papa to Grace, Christmas, 1902.'"

Very Fine Indeed.

An Irishman, who was to return to his native land by a certain steamer, arrived on the pier just as she was starting—in fact, she was already on the move.

Taking a flying leap he covered the intervening space of six or eight feet at a bound, but tripped on alighting, and hit his head, temporarily stunning himself.

When he came to, the vesel was a couple of hundred yards out at sea.

"Be jabers!" he exclaimed, not realising what had happened, "what a moighty loine jump!"—Ex.

A Way to Prevent Panics.

"With the arrival of Whitsuntide the Fire Exhibition at Earl's Court has settled into its stride, and all the side-shows are running strongly. None is going better than the fire display in the Empress Theatre, which has improved almost out of knowledge in compression and effect. Its principal features have already been described in The Daily Graphic. The curtain lifts on a view of two streets run-

ning to an apex in the middle of the stage. At the corner is a big stone house, with closed shutters and drawn blinds, and in the distance the lighted clock of some municipal buildings announces the hour as close on midnight. This hypothesis receives support from other appearances of the street. A 'palace of varieties' at another corner pours out its assorted crowd—people in evening dress from the boxes, and people who are going home on the last omnibus. Hansoms and four-wheelers go by; the men with the potato-can and the travelling coffee-stall take up their nightly positions; the policemen go by in single file to take up their midnight beats. But while a cabman is still haranguing his fare, there is a glow at a blind of the corner house, and then a cry of "Fire!" The sudden crowd of London streets assembles; the glow at the windows dies out and springs up again, and there is a quick crash of glass. The fire spreads with a rapidity which is explained on the ground that the corner house is a fancy goods warehouse, and as a policeman breaks the front door open a crowd of screaming girls pours out. This is but the prelude to a realistic presentation of a London fire, with every incident that can make such a scene dramatic, and every appurtenance that can prevent it from becoming a tragedy thrown in. Fire engines, the short escape and the long escape, the rescued women and the cheering crowd, the cool firemen, the hard-worked policemen—the whole scene is a triumph of realism, and a better stage-managed crowd or more exciting effects have never been produced in any theatre."

The foregoing from The Daily Graphic is accompanied by sketches of the performances, including the accompanying one, showing how the audiences are prepared beforehand for the thrilling act.

Football in Ecuador.

While our ship was lying in the Gulf of Guayaquil, in Ecuador, a few degrees south of the Equator, says The London Daily Graphic, from which the accompanying illustration is taken, some of our men, with an admirable zeal for sport under all circumstances, took a football ashore to punt about after they had bathed. Several of the natives gathered round to watch the proceedings, and after a short time started to participate by kicking the ball back when it came near them. Some English residents explained the rudiments of the game to the natives. They entered into the spirit of the thing at once, and a match was organized. Convenient palm-trees were chosen as goal posts, and the Guayaquilians, having divested themselves of all but a loin cloth and sandals, kicked off. A sandy plain, covered with large boulders, does not make an ideal ground, and a temperature of about 100 degrees in the shade is not ideal footer weather—(the home team had the advantage of knowing both)—but the game went off splendidly. Of course, they knew nothing of "hands" or "offside," and their combination was distinctly lacking, but as far as speed was concerned the bluejackets could not get near them. However, skill told, and in the twenty minutes, which was as long as our men could stand, the navy managed to win by four goals to nil. Had the game gone on the home team could certainly have claimed a draw, for they would have been able to walk to our goal over the melted remains of their opponents.

[COPYRIGHTED]

To Set Her Free

By Florence Warden

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

"Who are you?" said Norma at last, hoarsely. "Are you Lottie, or are you not?"

"Lottie!" echoed Mr. Capper, starting. "Why, no, this is her sister, Mrs. Finch."

Trembling more than ever, the guilty woman looked down, unable to meet the lawyer's stern eyes.

Norma, still with her eyes fixed on the worn, pretty face before her, said, in a low voice: "She came to me, saying she was Lottie. Oh, why did you do it? How could you?"

Mr. Capper came forward quickly.

"What! What!" said he. "Is this the bottom of the mystery then? Your sister is dead, and you personated her? You dared to?"

Mrs. Finch sank, trembling, into a chair.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she murmured brokenly, "indeed I've never had a peaceful day or night since. Don't think I have had anything but misery from the misery I've caused you! Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

And she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"What on earth put this wicked, infamous plot into your head?" asked Mr. Capper presently.

"Oh, it wasn't my doing, indeed it wasn't. I should never have thought of doing such a thing by myself. It was Frank Wharles suggested it—"

"Ah! The doctor! I thought so!"

"He was very hard up, and at his wits' end for money. He and Fanny were always extravagant. And it seems Lady Darwen—" she glanced up askance, not liking to meet Norma's eyes—"said something to him, the first time he saw her, that made him think she believed Lottie to be alive. And then he said the idea rushed into his head, of what a good thing he could make out of it if only he could induce her and Sir Astley to believe that was true."

Norma uttered a faint exclamation.

"Oh," cried she, "then it was you I saw at Oxford! Why did you go there, and follow him as you did, and run away when you saw me? Making me think there was something wrong?"

"Why," said Mrs. Finch, drying her eyes, and speaking freely, as if she found confession a great relief, "I went to Oxford, when I found Sir Astley was there, to beg him to help my mother and me a little. I knew very well we had no right to expect any assistance from him, after the way Lottie had behaved, but he is so good-hearted, and we were so hard up that I thought I would venture."

"Then what made you shy at the last moment?"

"Why, when I heard you, a lady, ask for him, I thought it would not do for me to intrude, and I went away. And then I followed you both one evening, trying to screw my courage up, but afraid it would be of no use, since he was already married to someone else, so that he would feel there was no tie, even the slightest, between us and himself any longer. So I went away from Oxford without speaking to him."

"If only you hadn't done that!" sighed Norma. "That was the beginning of the whole miserable affair. I wondered whether his wife was really dead after all, and when Dr. Wharles said something about her, I asked the question which unluckily put this wicked plot into his head!"

"I can't understand how you, Mrs. Finch, could ever have lent yourself to such a business," said Mr. Capper, very sternly.

She burst into tears again.

"You don't know how ashamed of myself I felt over it," she said, with her head bent down, wiping her eyes. "I was over-persuaded; my sister and her husband were in fear of nothing less than ruin; my mother was not well, and I hadn't money enough to get her the little luxuries she likes. And so, and so—when the doctor urged and coaxed, and even threatened, I—I—gave way, and came here, and—and passed myself off as Lottie."

"But you tried to get into his room! And if he had seen you, you would have been found out!" said Norma.

Mrs. Finch looked up.

"I knew very well you'd never let me see him," she retorted. "I only pretended to want to go in, because if I hadn't, you'd have thought there was something wrong."

"Well, if the plot wasn't of your devising, you took very nicely to deception!" remarked Mr. Capper, dryly.

She made a reckless gesture with her right hand.

"Since it had to be done, it was as well to do it thoroughly," she said. "And, I suppose there's deceit in the blood of all the family. One thing I must tell you, though"—and she turned earnestly to orma—"I very nearly broke down and confessed everything when you took me into your room and were so kind to me. If you hadn't been called away you would have known everything in another five minutes."

Norma sighed. It all seemed like a nightmare that she had gone through, and she was trying to understand that she was now wide awake.

"And the letter," she asked suddenly, "the letter that Astley received, and was sure was written by your sister, was that a forgery?"

"No," said Mrs. Finch. "It was not. When the idea of making up this story came into Frank Wharles' head, you remember that he went to Leamington, is he said to find out the truth?"

"Yes."

"Well, what he really wanted was to see us, especially my mother, and to make sure of having a good, sound story, that had no weak points. And he rummaged among the things Lottie had left behind, her desk, and her cupboards, and he found this old letter, one of the scores she used to write and then never send. If you remember, it said just this:

"Will you forgive me for my deceit?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, she meant deceit of another kind, something that could have been proved against her."

"What a mass of trickery!" cried Mr. Capper impatiently.

Norma sat silent, chilled with horror and disgust in the midst of the relief she felt.

"Then this unlucky Rogerson," said Mr. Capper, "was murdered, I suppose, because he knew too much, and threatened to tell."

"Yes. Poor Tom Rogerson! He was really fond of Lottie, and—well, I don't want to say anything about either of them but just this. Tom Rogerson knew that Lottie was dead, and when he heard how Sir Astley was being tricked, he said it was a shame, and he should let him know the truth. I don't say his motives were altogether disinterested: poor Tom didn't like work, and he guessed that Sir Astley would be grateful for any information which put an end to his anxiety. So he came to Blackdale, and called at the doctor's house, and I believe there was a dreadful scene. But Tom stuck to his intention, and said he would meet Sir Astley, and tell him everything. And—and—you know what happened," she added in a low voice.

There was silence for a space. Then Mr. Capper, who had been standing on the hearthrug with his hands behind him, walked forward a few steps on the way to the door.

"Sir Astley must know of this," he said.

Mrs. Finch started again.

"Sir Astley! He isn't anywhere near, is he? I thought he was in London!" cried she in alarm.

"I don't know exactly where he is, but he certainly isn't in London," said Mr. Capper, with his fingers on the door handle.

"Then I must go. I couldn't meet him, I wouldn't. And nor would my mother!"

"How came you to have the impudence to put in an appearance here, and to engage to bring your sister, when you knew you couldn't?" asked the lawyer abruptly.

"We thought—mother thought—we could say she'd run away. And then—why we were going to chance what happened," said Mrs. Finch desperately. "The truth is, we have been living in such a state of misery and anxiety, always afraid of being found out, and wretchedly poor, because nearly all Sir Astley's money went to Frank and his wife, that we didn't know what to do. And when we were told we must come here, we were quite glad of an excuse for a change from the life we'd been leading. And I suppose, sooner or later, now that—well, now that Frank Wharles has got into this terrible plight, I suppose we should have confessed everything, and thrown ourselves on Sir Astley's mercy."

"I don't think you deserve much, frankly," said the lawyer, with a grim expression of face.

"I—don't—think—we do," sobbed Mrs. Finch. "And now, oh, do let us get away before Sir Astley comes, do, do let us! I wouldn't face him for the world!"

"You could face him at Leamington though, and with a lie," said Mr. Capper sternly. "By the by," he went on, with a puzzled face, "how did you manage to pass yourself off to him as your sister? You are not very like her, and—and, why, surely you were with me all the time!"

Mrs. Finch hung her head.

"It was my mother—you know she is very like Lottie—she pretended to be she. And in the darkened room, where you couldn't see how much older she was, and with some of the hair poor Lottie used to wear peeping out from under her cap, I myself thought she looked wonderfully, horribly like her!"

"Oh, trickery, trickery, thy name is woman!" muttered Mr. Capper. "There, go away, if you like. I don't suppose Sir Astley will be particularly anxious to see either of you!"

But Norma stopped her.

"I think you'd better see him," she said quietly. "He may have some questions to ask, and you owe it to him, as I think you'll admit, to give him all the poor satisfaction you can. I don't think you need be afraid of his not treating you even more generously than you have any right to expect."

"Very well," said Mrs. Finch, who was completely broken, very contrite, shy and miserable. "I'll go upstairs and see my mother, if I may, and then I'll come down and wait wherever you tell me to."

She went quickly past them, and ran upstairs.

"Do you think we shall ever see her again? Or will she steal away before he comes?" asked Norma.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders as he drew on his gloves.

"Impossible to say," he said. "Could anyone predict with certainty anything those wretched women would do?"

"Do you know," whispered Norma as she accompanied him to the door, "I feel rather sorry for her, just as I did before, when I thought she was—the other woman. She seems so unhappy, so miserably, horribly ashamed!"

"So she ought to be," retorted Mr. Capper quite fiercely, as he started in search of Astley.

Norma tried to sit still in the drawing-room until they came back; but she found it an impossible feat. Wild thoughts, hopes, fancies, danced in her brain. She could not believe her good fortune, and was forced to torment herself by imagining that Astley had grown tired of her, that he would rather have had Lady Myfanwy for a wife than the wayward, wicked little girl whose life he had saved.

And then, while she was still wandering up and down, up and down, listening with pained ears to Mrs. Finch's sighs as she sat in the library, ready to rush out and make confession, there was a tap at the window, and Astley, trembling, pale indeed, but with bright eyes and a different look on his face from the hopeless expression he had recently worn, demanded admission.

Norma flew to shut the inner door, which she had left open, listening for his ring, believing that he would come in by the portico entrance.

Mr. Capper had discreetly left the baronet to come across the lawn by himself; and the next moment Norma unfastened the window, and husband and wife were in each other's arms.

"My wife, my wife at last! Didn't I tell you it would come true?" murmured he into her ear.

"Oh, Astley, is it true? Can you believe it? Do you love me? Aren't you tired of me? Oh, it's too much, it's too much joy!"

But the young baronet had not many minutes to spare at that time for his newly-found wife. There was another sentiment, a less tender one, in his heart. The resentment which, in the woman, was instantly swallowed up in happiness, burned high in his breast against the two women who had so readily joined the scoundrelly doctor in the conspiracy against him.

He went straight to the library, on hearing that Mrs. Finch was there, not apparently needing Norma's prayer that he would not be harsh. But she need not have been afraid. Emmeline Finch was so abjectly miserable that it was impossible for a kind-hearted man to do anything but let her off easily: and the end of it was, that though he bade her follow her mother out of the house, and never come there again, he promised them a small allowance to free them from the monetary troubles which beset them.

"And you were a very silly woman," he added by way of postscript, as she left the house, "not to apply to me at Oxford boldly, and save all this horror."

Then he went back, and as the two sat together by the fire, too solemnly happy to talk much, the door opened, and there burst in upon them not only Mr. Capper, but Jack Wyersdale and Miss Brown, and Lady Myfanwy.

"You've got to invite us to dinner, Lady Darwen, and let us drink your health in the most solemn manner!" cried Jack, who was crazy with delight at the news which Mr. Capper had imparted on meeting them returning from a drive.

"Why, you ought not to be glad, you know," said Norma, mischievously to him, in an undertone, while the others talked. "You seem to forget that you gave me to understand that you were desperately in love with me yourself."

"Ah, well, so I was, so I was," said Jack, with a boisterous, boyish laugh. "That is, I was as long as I thought I had a chance. But I'm not one of those fellows who can sit and sigh for a woman who won't have anything to say to them," he added with a man-of-the-world air. "So I say honestly, I'm not jealous of Astley, not a bit."

"And you'll marry Miss Brown, and live happy ever after," suggested Norma, laughing.

"Well, perhaps I shall. I think I might do worse. She's a very decent sort of girl—for an American!" said Jack loftily, as he twirled—nothing, and tried to persuade himself that it was a moustache.

Even Lady Myfanwy was nice. She had indeed taken a fancy to Astley, and would not have been sorry to console herself and him, if circumstances had permitted it. But, now that there was no doubt he was happy in the safe possession of a wife with whom he seemed thoroughly content, there was nothing left but to make the best of it, and to accept the inevitable in the shape of a new and amiable neighbor, with a good grace.

The young people positively refused to go back home to dinner, although they were warned that no preparations had been made for anybody. So after a little waiting, and much tribulation on the part of the housekeeper, some sort of repast was spread for them all, and Jack made a speech at what he persisted in calling the wedding breakfast, although it was pointed out to him that there was no breakfast and that the wedding was an old affair.

It was all the same to him. He thought that he shone as a speech-maker, and he was eloquent in the extreme. And they all had a pleasant evening, clouded from time to time by certain uncanny recollections of the past, of the tragedy which had so recently taken place, and of the further tragedy that was to come.

It came sooner than they expected. Dr. Wharles was arrested at Liverpool as he and his wife were about to sail for America. But the wily doctor escaped the gallows. Probably he had been prepared for some such contretemps as this. For he had not been in the hands of the police ten minutes before he contrived to swallow poison, and in half an hour he was dead, in spite of every effort which was conscientiously made to save him.

Mrs. Wharles disappeared from the sight of her mother and sister, and no one in Blackdale ever knew what became of her.

Poor Ned Raggett, though not exactly half-witted, never entirely recovered his normal wits after a relapse occasioned by the excitement of the adjourned inquest. He was taken on at The Haigh for such light work as he cared to do, and remained for many years the one sad reminder of a hideous tragedy.

Astley and his wife lived a very quiet life, as if they never quite recovered the youthful zest of life after the anxieties those dreadful weeks laid upon them. But they were happy, even happier than gayer couples, and Norma's gentle manners endeared her to her husband's tenants and friends, as much as her earnest efforts to make him as happy as mortal could be endeared her to him.

And when, five years later, they were present at the wedding of Jack (now grown into "Reginald") Wyersdale and Sadie Brown, the best wish anybody could give the young people was that they should be as happy and devoted a couple as the baronet and his wife, who had made their way to happiness through such a veritable sea of troubles.

(The End.)

A Sensitive Man.

"Ah! good morning," said a well-known gentleman, addressing a man whom he met in the street.

"How are you, Colonel?"

"Look here," the first speaker, after a short pause, continued, "every day I discover additional evidences of the fact that you do not like me. Why is it?"

"Do you mean why you discover the evidences or why I do not like you?"

"Why you do not like me, of course."

"Well, in the first place, you are such an outrageous liar."

"Yes."

"And, in the second place, it has been proved that you are a thief."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I merely wanted to know, and it strikes me that your reasons are very good. I am a sensitive man, and it nettles me to think that anyone dislikes me without a cause. I am glad you have expressed yourself so clearly."

Mainly About People.

The minister called at a certain Canadian home just after he had come to his new pastorate. The small boy was present long before his mother came downstairs to greet the dominie. Trying to be cordial, the minister said, "How old are you, my little man?" "I'm five at home, six in school and three on the cars," was the delightful reply.

P. T. Barnum was a great practical joker. On one occasion he notified the dealer from whom he bought a large amount of supplies that half the pepper he sent him was peas. The dealer indignantly denied the charge, and quite a warm correspondence followed, it being finally ended by Barnum, who enquired whether half the letters in the word "pepper" were not p's.

On April Fool's day, the audience at an amateur dramatic performance in the Naval Academy at Annapolis was startled when one of the instructors made his appearance before the curtain about the time the performance was to begin, and solemnly announced: "I wish to make an announcement—a very sad announcement. Under the circumstances it scarcely seems fitting that the entertainment should proceed. Word has just been received that one of the navy's vessels has gone down with all on board!" A hush of horror followed this gravely delivered speech, for most of those in the audience were connected by close family ties with the navy. "What was the name of the vessel?" came a voice from the rear of the hall. "The submarine boat 'Holland,'" replied the instructor, as he dodged and made a hasty exit.

A correspondent of the London "Outlook" tells a story which he heard Lord Dufferin relate of Sheridan Le Fanu: Sheridan's father—the Archbishop of Meath—was a great stickler for punctuality, a regard his son did not share. One morning young Sheridan, then about eight years old, descended unusually late for breakfast, and was met at the door by his father, watch in hand. "Is this right, sir; is this right?" demanded the prelate in stern tones. "I don't know, sir," replied Sheridan, looking at the watch and pretending to think the question applied to it and not to his conduct, "but I rather think it's fast." For this impertinence young Sheridan was condemned to write an essay on "The Three Ages of Man." Here is what he wrote: "There are three ages of man: First—When he is engaged in planning every conceivable mode of wickedness. This is known as the age of innocence. Second—When he is putting his nefarious plans into operation. This is called the prime of manhood. Third—When he becomes anxious about his soul and turns to religion. This is dotage."

Thomas A. Edison is of the opinion that it was anger that first turned him toward inventing the incandescent light. That was, of course, in the early days, and Edison was then quite the inventor that one reads of—poor, enthusiastic, never sleeping. He lived in a small house, innocent of anything approaching a laboratory; scientific apparatuses were in every room, and all the money went for experiments. Then, one day, came the crisis in the guise of the collector for the gas company. He had been to the house often, but Edison, hardly heeding his calls, had waved him away, saying, "Don't bother me." On this last call the collector's instructions were peremptory. He must turn off the gas. "But, man," protested Mr. Edison, "I can't stop this experiment to-night. I'll pay the bill, of course. I didn't know about it. I must finish this work with no interruption." But the man was a gas collector and the lights went out. "That night, as I sat helpless in the darkness," says the great inventor, "I swore a deep, solemn and far-reaching oath that I would put all the gas companies in the world out of business. I haven't done quite that, but I did the best I could."

Droop with Dyspepsia?

She was a beauty until irregularities peculiar to her sex brought on that dread dyspepsia and general misery. But there is certainty of cure for her.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE WILL FIRST FEED her SHATTERED NERVES; then strengthened by it they will put every vital organ to work vigorously. The liver will do its share, the heart will have blood to pump, the nerves will be quiet. The woman will be beautiful again.

Mrs. James Edge, Post-Mistress of Edge Hill, Ont., writes: "I have had indigestion and dyspepsia for nearly ten years. At times I could eat nothing. After taking two bottles of South American Nervine I was entirely well and am in perfect health."

The Great South American Kidney Cure dissolves and washes out waste matter at once from kidneys and bladder, and simultaneously begins the building up of new tissues. Relief in six hours. 35

Dogs in Hamburg are taxed according to size. The bigger the dog, the higher the tax.

There are three different railway gauges in Australia—3 feet 6 inches, 4 feet 8½ inches and 5 feet 3 inches.

FOLLOWING HIS NOSE

And you see where it's leading him. He has Catarrh, breeder of Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption.

A package of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will save him.

Relief instant, cure constant. Relieves Colds and Catarrh, and cures Headache in ten minutes.

Thomas Waterman, of Bridgewater, Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, states: "In consequence of a cold, I contracted a case of acute Catarrh. I could not breathe any more. I snuffed some of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and instantaneously my nostrils were free. I could hardly believe that anything could act so quickly."

For all skin diseases and for piles, Dr. Agnew's Ointment is rightly regarded by many of the medical fraternity as the surest, simplest, quickest cure. The relief is instant and the cure permanent in every such case. Price, 35c. 29

"Punch's" Hints For Housewives.

What to do with yesterday's mutton.—Eat it yesterday.

Soups should be made the day before they are required—never the day after.

For keeping the bed deliciously cool in the summer months there is nothing like sleeping on the sofa.

To make people feel at home.—Visit them at their own houses.

To prevent sunburn.—Keep in the shade.

The best thing to do if you desire to have soft white hands.—Nothing.

A NEW HEART FOR YOU

means renewed health, for on the heart depends all health.

Doctors will tell you that any diseased organ can be put in good working vigor by pumping plenty of blood into it to make new tissues.

First set the heart right—with most people it is wrong.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure Will Do It.

It strengthens the heart, rebuilds its weak parts, and enables it to feed the nerves, and through them all organs of the body. It cures at once.

Relief to weak hearts in thirty minutes by a simple dose is the sign and proof of what Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure will do permanently for them and for you.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets work their cure through digesting the food and letting the stomach rest. A piece of pineapple will digest instantly an equal size of beef at a temperature of 108°. Don't take pills and powders that weaken the stomach. Price, 35 cents. 27

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England:

St. Martin's Church, cor. Third and Trainor streets. Sunday services, Matins at 11 a. m., Evensong 7:30 p. m. Celebration of Holy Communion, 1st Sunday in each month and on Special occasions. Sunday School, Sunday at 3 p. m. Committee Meetings, 1st Thursday in each month.

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church hold services in the Church on Second Street. Morning service at 11 evening service 7:30 Sunday School at the close of the morning service. Rev. E. Turkington, Minister. Free Reading Room, to which all are welcome.

Bicycles for rent—bicycle repairing—Pillman & Co.

W. J. Smith, one of our oldest pioneer hotel men has gone into the Auctioneer business, some good snaps are likely to be knocked down to those who attend his sales. The first is today at 8 p. m. in Discovery.

Large shipment of Alarm, Mantle, Kitchen and Office Clocks just arrived at Jules Eggert's.

Andy Galarno is remodeling the B. C. Hotel, at Discovery, it will be quite a fine looking building when finished.

Just received a new line of dry goods and groceries at Pillman's.

Miss Mary Smith, of Vernon, has been engaged to teach at the Public School in Discovery. She will leave Vernon 1st. September.

McDonald's Grocery makes a specialty of fresh eggs and butter.

At the Bakery on First St. you can get about the most dainty lunch ever offered in Camp; Mrs. Mackintosh and Miss Dickison certainly make the finest Bread, Cakes and Pastry and their Ice Cream is unexcelled.

Capt. John Irving came in on Wednesday's boat.

Fishing Tackle of all kinds at C. R. Bourne's.

Mr. Benj. C. Warnick left last Monday for Philadelphia, he says Atlin is all right and that he will return next spring.

The Balmoral Hotel, of which Messrs. Anderson and Sabin are proprietors, is all newly finished and is probably the most comfortable and best equipped hotel in Discovery. It has in connection a fine Hall with imported fir floor and platform, suitable for meetings, dances and entertainments.

Mr. A. W. Naylor, England, is visiting here on a hunting trip. He will leave for the mountains with Walter Aitken. Mr. Naylor is registered at the Royal Hotel.

W. G. Paxton, Notary Public, intends being in Discovery every evening. — Office at Palmer's, opposite Nugget Hall.

Al Baker and son left Thursday for the coast.

The B. C. Power & Manf. Co. have finished work on their building and will be able to open up the Steam Laundry some time next week. A visit to the Laundry will convince any one of its up to date equipment. Charges will be moderate.

You will find a new line of stationary and confectionary at Pillman's.

Fresh fruits and vegetables received on every boat at Pillman & Co's.

Large assortment of all kinds of Boots and Shoes just arrived at N. C. Wheeling & Co.s'

"Wings" is with us again, no doubt is his mind about the worth of our camp. Mr. Wilkinson wrote up over $100,000 life insurance on his last trip in Atlin alone.

Fresh Lowney's Chocolates at C. R. Bourne's.

Mr. W. J. Robinson, wife and child of Philadelphia, Pa., accompanied by Messrs. W. A. Holcomb and J. A. Phillips, of Trenton, N. J., arrived on Saturday's boat.

Mr. H. Gilchen, of the Govt. Telegraph service, accompanied by his wife, paid a flying visit to Atlin. He expressed himself as very much impressed with the prospects of Atlin as a great mining centre. Mr. Gilchen will likely visit Atlin again this fall.

ENTERTAINMENT.

St. Martins Sewing Guild:

Will Hold Dance and Sale in Aid of the Fund.

The ladies of St. Martin's Guild will hold a sale of work consisting of fancy and useful articles in the A. O. U. W. Hall on Tuesday evening Sept. 8th. commencing at 7 p. m. admission free.

A dance in aid of the Guild will be held at the Grand Hotel, Friday Sept. 11th. Ladies free gentlemen $1.00.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest and highest temperatures recorded for the week ending 26th inst, are as follows:

Aug 22	38	63
,23	37	61
,24	37	67
,25	39	69
,26	39	56
,27	40	57
,28	30	64

W. J. SMITH.

AUCTIONEER.

ATLIN & DISCOVERY.

Sale at Discovery every Wednesday and Saturday evenings beginning Saturday 29 Aug. Over $5000 worth of clothing, groceries etc. to dispose of.

Parties having goods to sell should send in same for quick disposal.

C. P. R. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

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

Princess May	Amur
July 21	July 27
,, 31	Aug. 5
Aug. 10	,, 15
,, 21	,, 25
,, 30	Sept. 4

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