19

THE ATLIN CLAIM.

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Atlin's Progress

Figures Talk—Gradual Increase of Output.

Returns for 1903 Exceed Those of 1902 by $80,895.00.—Marked Increase in Production of Individual and Company Operations.

The annual report of the Mines Department for 1903 will certainly show an increase of business in Atlin that many, even here, are not quite prepared for, and anticipating that report we are pleased to give the following figures which may prove of interest to our readers.

The amount of gold recoverd and reported for royalty last year exceeds that of 1902 by $80,895.

The individual miner's gold production for 1902 totalled $190,650, whilst last year it exceeded $288,970, which goes to disprove the statement many are today making, that individual digging is a thing of the past here.

The companies operating here in 1902 produced $71,450 and last year $110,000, also a considerable increase.

The output gives Spruce Creek the lead for 1903, as against Boulder in 1902, and is comprised as follows;—

Creek	Individuals	Companies
Pine	$69,698,00	$38,260,00
Spruce	99,500,00	175,00
Boulder	54,676.00	31,240,00
McKee	65,096,00	24,000,00

From the other creeks including Birch, Otter, Ruby we have no actual figures, excepting that of Birch Creek, where the company recovered over $6,000,00.

The revenue of the Government Office in Atlin surpassed that of 1902 by over $8,000.

There was expended by the B. C. Government in this District, under the supervision of our Government Agent, during 1903 on roads, streets bridges and buildings $17,250 of which about $15,000 was spent on roads, streets and bridges.

During 1903 the following statistics respecting leases and water records are interesting.

164 lease applications cancelled
15 ,, ,, delivered
49 hydraulic leases cancelled
37 ,, ,, issued
191 ,, ,, applied for
17 water records cancelled & abnd.
27 ,, ,, applied for
15 ,, ,, issued

When we state that 'Atlin's prospects were never brighter" a comparison with the above figures and those of previous years will go far toward proving the truth of the remark, and considering the fact that all the companies operating here have dardly got down to actual mining, is it surprising that we predict the output for 1904 to reach well over the million mark.

ALL PERISHED

One Hundred and Eighty Miners Killed

At Cheswick, Pa. Through a Stranger Striking a Match Underground.

Cheswick, Pa.—One hundred and eighty bodies have been recovered from the Harwick coal mines where they were entombed by an explosion caused by a visitor striking a match in the underground workings. The bodies are badly charred and blackened and neighbouring towns havs been asked to supply necessary coffins.

A subscription list for the widows and orphans has been opened and is being readily responded to.

Fatal Collision.

St. Louis, Mo.—Twenty lives were lost in a collision between two street cars, during a dense fog.

Many well known citizens are among the killed.

Boers Exile Ended.

Bombay.—Five hundred Boers are on their way back to South Africa, after having taken the oath of allegiance.

Final Payment Made.

Mr. A. C. Deniston has made the final payment on his options taken on Spruce Creek, from Blue Canyon, down stream. He did considerable prospecting with the keystone drill last season, with most encouraging results and will install a modern and up-to-date dredging plant on the property this year.

A Warning.

We understand that Mr. Peck, chief inspector of boilers, has had orders to summons every owner of a steam plant who has not a certified engineer in charge of same also the engineer who is operating.

It would mean a serious matter for some of those operating to have to pay into court $200., that being the minimum fine.

During the winter months the O. K. Barber's Shop will only have Baths ready on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Price 75 cents.

A Brutal Affair.

Vancouver, Feb. 4th.—A most brutal assault took place here this week. A young lady, resident of Mt. Pleasant, while on her way home, was assaulted by two foot pads and robbed of what valuables she had with her. The brutality of her assailants was so great that she became unconscious and was left lying in that condition in the bushes near the roadside.

Two pedlars are now in jail charged with the crime which has caused great indignation in the city.

Spruce Creek Deal.

Vancouver, Feb. 4th.—Ferguson and Walker have sold out their holdings on Spruce creek to the reorganized Spruce Creek Co. Ltd.

Imperial Parliament.

London, Feb. 2nd.—The Imperial Parliament was opened by King Edward today. The speech from the Throne contained nothing of special importancy.

War News.

London, Feb. 4th.—No change in the Russo-Japanese situation.

While Japan doubts Russia's sincerity as to her pacific intentions, many believe that a conflict may yet be averted. Both nations are prepared for an outbreak of hostilities at any moment.

Vancouver, Feb. 4th.—Many Canadians are volunteering for service in the Japanese Army in the event of war.

An Old Timer in a New New Business.

Vancouver, Feb. 4th.—Captain Nickerson, formerly of Atlin, has embarked in the furniture business in Cumberland, B. C.

One of our Pioneers.

Vancouver, Feb. 4th.—Mr. Gregory, who in the early days of Atlin was engaged in the auctioneer business and latterly prominent in Dawson business circles, has opened offices in Vancouver.

Important Legislation.

Victoria, B. C. Feb. 4th.—Legislation of special interest to Atlin is being introduced in the Provincial Legislature this week by the Attorney-General. A Bill to ammend the Counties Definition Act has been laid before the Legislature by that gentleman. One of the provisions of the measure created a separate county called Atlin, the southern boundary will be the Stickine River, following the Divide northward to the Provincial Boundary Line.

Whitehorse Diggings.

Vancouver, Feb. 4th.—Excitement in reference to new placer diggins near White Horse still continues. The Rev. John Pringle, formerly of Atlin, says Alsek is alright; he has staked discovery on Christmas creek. The White Pass Ry. are making ample preparations for the anticipated rush this spring.

Cashel Re-arrested and Hanged.

Calgary, Feb. 4th.—Cashel, the condemned murderer whose escape from the North West Mounted Police some weeks ago created such comment and excitement was recaptured near Calgary by the Mounted Police ten days ago. The sentence of death was carried out by hangman Radcliff here last Tuesday.

Before the execution took place, Cashel confessed his guilt.

Wheat at $1.00.

Chicago, Feb. 4th.—Owing to persistant rumors of war between Russia and Japan, the prices of all food stuffs have advanced, wheat reaching the dollar mark yesterday.

Sudden Death of Collector Milne.

After a brief illness, lasting only a few days, Collector A. R. Milne, C. M. G., passed away at 11.30 o' clock death resulting from an attack of pneumonia, developing from a cold contracted while going to the polls to record his vote. In the death of Mr. Milne, Victoria has lost one of her most prominent citizens.

Devoured by Pigs.

Oxdridge.—Thomas Millan, of Reach township, on Friday night, about dark, left his house to feed pigs. He did not return and a nephew went in search. He found the body lying in the pig pen with the pigs devouring it. His body was badly mangled. It is supposed that Millan, who was subject to fainting spells, fell into the pen and was attacked by the pigs.

KEEPING THE HEART TENDER.

Louis Albert Banks, D.D., Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, New York.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.—Romans, xii., 15.

The Christian is to be no hermit, no recluse who draws his heart into his shell and goes self-absorbed along the way of life, thinking only of his own affairs. His heart is to be open to the cries of joy as well as sorrow. He is to have a tender heart, easily reached with the gladness or the sorrow of his neighbor. "Rejoice," says Paul, "with them that do rejoice, weep with them that weep."

The way this command is put robs it of all possible selfishness. We are to rejoice with other people in their joy. A great many selfish people envy the joy of others and would if they could rob them of it and leave them bare, carrying all the joy away for themselves. But the Christian idea is to rejoice with the one who is glad and thus reinforce and increase his gladness. And we all know how much there is in that. Every man who has had a sudden gladness come upon him has had the desire to tell it to someone else. The joy of any great vision, such as a splendid waterfall or a glimpse of a great snow mountain or some scene of wild beauty in the forest, is a small thing, if one has the experience alone, compared to what it is if you have a congenial soul with which to share it. Such sharing, instead of dividing and subtracting from your own delight, multiplies it many times. And the same law holds good in all other joy. We have a desire to impart it, a desire to talk about it with others, and we often have the opportunity of greatly increasing the joy of another by listening and putting ourselves into sympathetic touch with the gladness which has come to his soul.

You know some lonely man or woman who has few joys and few friends, and when a letter or some little experience that seems trifling to you with your many friends and your numerous sources of happiness comes to that man or that women it is a real opportunity given of God to you to listen with kindling eye and appreciative face and word while they talk to you of their joy. Such a privilege to them is a little foretaste of heaven, where all selfishness will be banished and everyone will be seeking to give joy to others.

There is no more regrettable mistake for any Christian to make than to permit himself to become so self-absorbed, no matter how great his work may be, that he shall become a kill-joy to weak and ordinary people who look to him for appreciation in the gladness which comes to their lives. Jesus Christ was never so self-absorbed in His sublime mission for the world's salvation that He could not enter with sympathetic heart and tender appreciation into the joys as well as the sorrows of others. He cast no dark shadow at the wedding feast, but added to its gladness. Surely we have no right to be above our Lord and hold it beneath our dignity to bestow our smiles on the wholesome gladness that has come to any soul.

But we must not only keep our hearts tender in appreciation of the joys of others, but in sympathetic relation to their sorrows as well. We should be so sensitive in our relation to our fellow-men that it will be impossible for us to see a sad look on any face and our own heart not feel something of the flow of it. How sensitive Jesus was to the petition of the blind, to the lonely wail of the leper, to the silent shame of the disgraced woman, to the anxious appeal of the father whose child was sick, to the quiet tears of the poor widow following her only son to the grave! In these and countless other cases Christ's heart mourned as though He Himself were blind, or leprous, or anxious, or a mourner behind the bier. He entered with perfect sympathy and fellowship into the sorrows of the people with whom He lived. His heart was so tender that every breath of human sadness swept His soul as though it had been a harp. So we must keep our hearts tender.

Do you ask me how we can do this? The answer is very simple: By putting ourselves constantly in helpful relations to others. Do the kind deed on every opportunity, and you may be very sure that the kind feeling will soon come to be natural to you. The difficulty is that we often curb our kind feelings and restrain them. We shut back the sympathetic word that is on our lips until our tongues become dumb to that kind of speech. Give your heart a chance to show its gladness. Give your lips the opportunity to speak the sympathetic word. Give your hands and feet free will to go on their missions of kindness and cheer, and you will soon see that your heart is growing tender and mellow, so that none rejoice and you are not glad, and none are sorrowful and you are not stricken.

Away From the Office.

As a proof of what soldiers in the field can do when not hampered by the civilian element at the War Office, Lord Wolseley, in his book, "The Story of a Soldier's Life," instances the case of his Red River expedition—his first independent command:—

"I believe it was the cheapest operation we have carried out, when what was accomplished is fairly weighed and considered. The total expense was under £100,000. For that sum about 1,400 men were sent by rail and steamer . . . and then in canoes and boats for six hundred miles through a wilderness of rivers, lakes, forests and rocks, where, as no food was to be obtained, everything required had to be taken with us and transported on the soldiers' backs over difficult portages for many miles. I attribute this economic result to the fact that it was planned and organized far away from all War Office and meddling."

QUEER CUSTOMS.

Observed in Various Countries at Christmas Tide.

In England.

That fine old ceremony, the bringing in of the boar's head, is observed at Queen Victoria's table at Rugby, Eton, Winchester and Harrow, and at Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

It dates from the Pagan age, when the ancient Britons killed a boar at the winter solstice and offered its head to Freyr, the God of Peace and Plenty, who was supposed to ride upon a boar with golden bristles.

In Spain.

In old Seville and the other beautiful cities of Spain Christmas is largely an out-of-door celebration. The Anglo-Saxon idea of hearth and home is foreign to the Latin temperament, and the gracious climate lends itself to all fresco merry-making.

All is movement, color, tumult, dance, song. The great plazas are kaleidoscopes of human movement. The cathedrals and churches are thronged. Piety and gayety mingle.

In Italy.

Inspired by the ancient poetical thought of cheering the Virgin during the pangs of maternity, young men and maidens throng on Christmas eve before her shrines, and play upon their guitars and mandolins, singing songs of praise.

It is their part, too, to decorate the beautiful old churches most profusely—a loving service at which they spend the greater part of the night, refreshed by a collation after midnight mass.

In Germany.

This is the land of Santa Claus—the home of the beautiful legend of Kris Kringle, which is a corruption of Christ Kindlin, or Christ Child.

While the good child finds its little stocking laden with Kris Kringle's gifts, the naughty child finds nothing but a birch rod placed there by the avenging Pelsnichol—St. Nicholas with the fud." Such an experience makes the small victim intensely miserable.

In Mexico.

To eat cakes on the Noche Buena (Christmas Eve) is the immemorial right of the Mexican belle—and they are all sweet-tooths.

The Mexican confectioner is an artist. His show window at this season presents a rich and rare array of such things as make the mouth water—such elaborate combinations of creams, glaced fruits and the like as transcend the imagination even of the New York matinee girl.

In Sweden.

One of the earliest and quaintest of Christian legends is an article of faith among Scandanavians.

They believe that even as the ox and the ass of Bethlehem are said to have fallen upon their knees when Jesus was born in the manger, so all domestic cattle on the stroke of midnight that heralds Christmas Day prostrate themselves in silent worship.

This belief gives rise to a kindly feeling toward the brute creation.

In Australia.

It is the midsummer season. The mercury may register 100 degrees or more. Families, instead of being united, are divided, for this is the time of the long vacation.

Still, English traditions are preserved. Plum pudding is the dessert and holly the decoration. Moreover, the Australians have a decoration of their own—a crimson-flowering shrub which they call "Christmas bush" and which blooms only in December.

It is related that a woman, who visit the British Museum recently, said to attendant: "I have been looking abo for a skull of Oliver Cromwell. Ha you no skull of Cromwell here?" "N madam," the attendant answered. "H very odd," she exclaimed; "they have fine one in the museum at Oxford."

In the "Memoir" of Robert Chambers by his brother William, is a delightful allusion to Peebles, their birthplace, and a spot ever warm in the loving memory of Scotch residents. One of these, a man who had lived there all his life, was enabled by some uplift of fortune to visit Paris. When he came back his townsmen gravely gathered about him. "Noo," said one, while the others listened, "tell us aboot it." "Paris," he began, "a' things considered, is a wonderfu' place. But still, Peebles for plea sure."

Wasted Indignation.

"Let me see," said the minister, as he was making out the baptismal certificate, "this is the thirteenth, isn't it?"

"The thirteenth," exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed, but it's only the seventh, and would have been the sixth, only two of 'em were twins."

"The thirteenth—of September," said the minister, mildly, and peace was restored.—Ex.

Keep the Windows Open.

You would not think of drinking stale or poisoned water, would you? You know that if you were to be shut in an air-tight compartment death would result. Of all the necessities of life, you can live longer without any of them than air. Impure air and darkened apartments are the cause of an untold number of deaths annually. You know that on a sunless day, with a close atmosphere, you are out of sorts at the best, if you are lucky enough to escape physical ailments, while you are mentally depressed. But once let the sun shine brightly, and clear the atmosphere, how different, how much better you feel in every way.

Cold weather is coming, and when you are tempted to close up the house as tight as it can be made, remember these things, and don't do it, especially at night. Keep the windows in the sleeping apartments open enough to at least give you sufficient fresh air. A cold room does not indicate that it is healthy, far from it. A sleeper will soon breathe up all the fresh air in a room, and if there is not a constant supply of fresh air, he simply breathes over and over again the poison thrown off by his lungs. And the breathing of this vitiated air only tends to lower the temperature and vitality of the system, so that it is not as capable of withstanding the rigors of winter. Fresh air is heating to the body; in fact, upon it depends the combustion of the fuel in the body and by which we are kept alive, which we should always bear in mind.

Even with open windows during the night, bed chambers and bed clothing should be thoroughly aired each morning, and allowed all the sunlight possible. During sleep, not only do the lungs throw off more poison than during the day, but it is especially so with the body in its relaxed condition and when the pores are all open. During sleep the body should have plenty of covering; better to have too much than not enough, both to induce deep slumber and to keep the skin moist and the pores open that they may have the opportunity to rid the system of poison. Bear in mind that death would follow the closing of the pores.

Fresh air in cold weather will cost money, as more fuel will be required, but it will be economy, for if it does not save sickness and doctor bills, and which it most likely will do, you will feel better and the stronger for it.—Cooking Club.

SHE IS A MERRY CHILD AGAIN

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Little Edith Harris' Dropsy

Hers was a Terrible Case—It Proves that the great Kidney Remedy is good for Old and Young alike and Cures all forms of Kidney Disease.

Weyburn, Assa., N.W.T., Dec. 21.—(Special)—No more remarkable cure of Dropsy has ever been put on record than that of little Edith Harris, the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harris of this place.

The little girl had dropsy in its worst form. She was swollen from her feet to her shoulders so badly that the doctor was afraid one of her feet would burst. Her natural waist measure was eighteen inches, but when the disease was at its worst she measured thirty-four inches. Two doctors attended her, but after three months struggle with the disease the child was gradually growing worse and the parents had about given up all hope of saving the life of their child.

At this time they determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Imagine their surprise and delight when under this treatment the child began to rapidly improve. By the time she had taken three boxes, half a pill at a dose, the swelling was gone and the helpless little invalid was transformed into a merry, laughing, healthy child again.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure old and young alike. They cure Kidney Disease without regard to where or in what form it is found.

New Zealand's Man-Killing Geyser.

The Australian "Review of Reviews" for September, just to hand, contains a vivid account of a remarkable disaster which occurred recently in New Zealand:

Waimangu geyser, Rotorua, New Zealand, is one of the most remarkable geysers in the world: a lake of boiling water, black and threatening, that, at irregular intervals, shoots up into space a vast column of water, mud and stones to a height sometimes of over 1,000 feet. It is simply one of the wonders of the world. It is situated on a crater chain, which was formed by the great Tarawera eruption rift. One photograph taken while it was playing shows liquid mud rising to a height estimated at 1,800 feet. The immense stone, shot up hundreds of feet, as shown on the photograph, was afterwards found to measure 12 feet by 8 feet. The steam cloud from the geyser can be seen thirty miles away. One feature is the echelon discharge of many of the shots. The first might send stones and mud perpendicularly, so that they all fall back into the crater. The second might come at an angle, and bombard the bank where the victims stood. On Sunday afternoon, August 30, a group of tourists were waiting to secure a snapshot of the next eruption, when a dreadful discharge of boiling water and mud took place, and four persons—two of them young ladies, and one of them a well-known guide—were caught in the watery cyclone, swept away in a moment and destroyed; the mother of the two girls, only a few feet distant, being a shrieking spectator of the tragedy. Here is a description of the incident by an eye-witness:

"My sister and myself had been staying at Rotorua since Monday last. Our first view of the giant geyser at Waimangu was obtained on Tuesday. There was then not a ripple on it. We made up our minds that we would visit it again, and we did so on Sunday, accompanying a fairly large party, consisting for the most part of tourists. The geyser was then playing gently. We took up a position near the shelter shed and watched the jets of water shoot upwards. About 12.30 a shot went up to a height of 400 feet or thereabouts. After crossing to the far side and inspecting the display from numerous positions, we came back, passed over the bridge, and stood on a slight projection. Looking over the edge of the geyser, we were rewarded by seeing an outburst from the geyser reach a height of 800 feet. Other shots went higher still. It was a stupendous spectacle. About 3 p.m. I noticed a party of ladies and gentlemen, who had arrived at Waimangu about 2.30 or 2.45. They included the Misses Nicholls, Joseph Warbrick and Mr. McNaughton. The ladies and gentlemen took up a position some forty or fifty yards in front of where I was standing. They had cameras with them, and were evidently bent on getting snapshots of Waimangu in action.

"At twenty minutes past three the geyser sent up a huge column of boiling mud and scalding water that spread out over a wide area. For perhaps rather more than a minute the entire scene was enveloped in darkness, made all the more terrifying by reverberations as of thunder and a vibration that filled the atmosphere and caused the ground under our feet to tremble. I called out to my sister to run for her life, and I fled after her. Fortunately, we had a clear path in front of us, and we got away just in time, a huge fragment of rock falling within a yard of us. The eruption lasted for about two minutes.

"The disappearance of Misses Nicholls, Mr. J. Warbrick and Mr. McNaughton caused the utmost consternation. They had apparently attempted to reach the path, but without success, the boiling torrent sweeping them into the seething cauldron below. Search was at once made for the victims. Warbrick, the guide, assisted by a number of others, including myself, took part in this painful task. The first body recovered was that of Mr. McNaughton. This was found about half a mile from the bridge in about twelve feet of water. It was terribly disfigured, the head in particular being badly cut. Some distance further on the body of Joseph Warbrick was found, also shockingly distorted. The bodies of the ladies were recovered at a distance of about a mile from the spot where they were standing when the eruption took place. Their jackets and shoes had been washed off them, and they were greatly disfigured. Mrs. Nicholls, mother of the unfortunate young ladies, was dazed and heart-broken. It was pitiable to witness her grief.

"You will form some idea of the force of the explosion when I tell you that a stone weighing not less than a hundredweight was projected through the air for well nigh a mile, and ere it buried itself almost out of sight in the earth split a huge rock into fragments. Hundreds of tons of mud and stones were thrown up from the mouth of the geyser."

German Anti-Tipping League.

A movement has just been started in Berlin to abate, if possible, the practice of tipping in cafes and restaurants. An anti-tipping league has been founded in Berlin, with branches in the principal cities of Germany. The members of the league sign a pledge to frequent only those restaurants and cafes in which tipping is strictly prohibited. The proprietors of the establishments which abolish the tipping will be supplied gratis with a big sign bearing the letters "O. T." (Ohne trinkgerd) meaning "no tips," printed in large type. The waiters themselves profess to be in favor of the innovation as long as their employers pay them a wage sufficiently large to enable them to dispense with tips. It would be a great relief to the traveling public and particularly to American tourists, who at home are not accustomed to be taxed at every turn, if the league should become a success.

Most people think too lightly of a cough. It is a serious matter and needs prompt attention. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic

when the first sign of a cough or cold appears. It will cure you easily and quickly then—later it will be harder to cure.

Prices 25c., 50c. and $1.00

S. C. WELLS & CO.
Toronto, Can. LeRoy, N.Y. 26

Just So.

Little Elmer (who has an enquiring mind)—Papa, which bone was it that was taken from Adam to make a woman of?

Professor Broadhead—The bone of contention, my son.—"The Smiler."

"What a queer fad Mrs. Dashington has started since returning from her latest visit to South Dakota."

"Do you mean the popular society favorite who has had so many divorces?"

"Yes. She has had her wedding-rings put on a chain and is wearing them as a necklace. It is awfully fetching, too."—New York "Herald."

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

Little Emily Kingsbury, aged four, who attends the kindergarten and calls it the "kidney garden," was being examined as to the senses.

"What are your ears for, Emily?"

"To hear with," was the answer.

"And what are your eyes for?"

"To see with."

"And what is your nose for?"

"To blow," was the innocent answer.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The late Dr. Thomas Hoyt, after preaching his last sermon as pastor of the Chambers-Wylie Church, was entertaining President Patton of Princeton; Henry C. Minton, Moderator of the General Assembly, and other eminent men, at dinner. The guests were speaking in strong praise of the sermon the minister had just preached on the different religions, and those versed in theology were discussing the doctrinal points he had brought out. Dr. Hoyt's son was sitting at the table and Dr. Minton, turning to him, said:

"My lad, what did you think of your father's sermon? I saw you listening intently."

All waited to hear the boy's reply. Mr. Hoyt smiled cordially.

"I guess it was very good," said the boy, languidly; "but there were four mighty fine places where he could have stopped."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Among the company, says The Essex Weekly News, at the West Field, Grays, to witness the distribution of prizes to the Shaftesbury boys were two brothers of the cloth, who, though differing in denomination, got on well together as clerics should. At length, as the scent of a fine Havana was wafted to his nostrils, one pulled out a well-seasoned pipe. "Ah, brother," said his friend, "when shall I cure you of that bad habit of smoking?" With a twinkle in his eye the other replied, through a cloud of smoke, "There are two places to smoke, you know. One is this world; the other is the next. I'm going to get mine done in this." "You can do as you like."

Discussing the difficulty of young and unknown playwrights in getting manuscript read, David Belasco said the other day:

"In a majority of cases the plays are not read, nor even looked at. But the managers like to make a man think his play has been read, even if they have to reject it. When I was a young man I went with manuscripts to a manager to whom I afterwards sold several plays. My copy was tied up in a neat roll, with a knot of pink tape. I knew that knot, and I knew that the manager or his reader couldn't tie another one like it if he tried.

"'Come in two weeks,' he said.

"I went, and the play was handed back.

"'Have you read it?' I inquired.

"'Sure,' said the manager. 'Read it myself. Sorry it won't do.'

"I untied the knot, unrolled the manuscript and laid on the manager's desk sixty-four pages of white paper without a mark on it."—New York Times.

There are very few cleansing operations in which Sunlight Soap cannot be used to advantage. It makes the home bright and clean. 1B

A FATAL WOOING

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "The Crime of Hallow-E'en," "The Flirta. ons a Beauty," "Willful Gaynell," "Little Leafy "Only a Mechanic's Daughter," etc.

She remembered Silvernook must lie toward the north. There were no stars to guide her; still she told herself she knew the way; she could not miss the road, it could be but a few miles distant.

Izetta watched the first gray streaks of dawn pierce the dull, leaden sky, with a grateful heart. All the night long she had pushed steadily onward. It was dark and lonely; she thanked God for the friendly morning light; she could not be far from there, she told herself.

Then she stood still and looked about her. Merciful Heaven! where was she. She never remembered having been in that locality before. She had been so sure she was in the right path, whereas, she found herself in a trackless, boundless sea of snow.

She was the only living being amidst all that vast expanse of frozen whiteness, whose outline was broken, here and there, only by some hardy, bare branched shrub or tree that rose up darkly from its white, shrouded bed; the cold, white, dreary expanse of snow stretched out on all sides as far as her eye could reach; no path was discernible through the uneven drifting.

For some moments Izetta gazed around her in blank bewilderment; then her lips grew white with a sudden fear.

"I have lost my way!" she cried out in horror.

There was no path before her, and the footprints of her own feet were completely obliterated by the thick, falling snow.

She could not retrace her steps; she sat down in the snow and tried to think.

Izetta was growing quite used to sorrow; unforeseen events were ever thursting themselves unawares upon her.

She could see the raven careening about in the upper air above her head. One thought occurred to her:

"Should she ever be able to reach Silvernook!"

She felt cold and benumbed; she longed to lie down in the soft, white snow and rest. Yet she had often heard such rest meant death.

She would try to bear up a little longer.

"Ah, well," she thought, "it does not matter much what becomes of me."

She had not tasted food since the night before, still she did not feel the need of it.

She felt wofully tired and weary, that was all. Ere she was hardly aware, the sun had sunk behind the crimson, western clouds.

The darkness of night would soon fall around her, ushered in by the still heavily falling snow.

Suddenly the chiming of far-off bells fell upon her ear; at first they sounded like church bells; then she remembered that this was Christmas Eve.

As she paused in the twilight, the jingling bells sounded nearer and nearer. A dark speck was skimming toward her from the distant horizon.

Could it be a human being? Her first impulse was one of intense joy, which suddenly gave place to the most pitiful terror.

"What if it should be Heath Hampton?" she thought, trembling like a leaf.

Ah, she could screen herself behind the bushes; if it was no one who might be seeking her, she would cry out to them.

Izetta was not a moment too soon. Nearer and nearer each moment dashed the sleigh and its occupants over the white, crusted snow.

Another instant, and they had reached the very spot where she knelt, screened by the alder bushes! they were so near she could have put out her hand and touched them as they grazed her hiding-place.

Had those prancing steeds swerved ever so slightly toward those alder bushes, they must have crushed her.

Now she could see their faces. A voice, hoarse with wrath, which she knew but too well, cried sharply:

"I say she must have come this way; you stupid dolt, to have lost track of the footprints."

"I could not help it," answered a voice, which she instantly recognized as the dwarf's; "the fault is the snow falling so fast not mine."

Suddenly Vatal drew rein.

"Have you forgotten, sir, you are nearing dangerous ground? Yonder lies Ulvesford Manor in the distance, to the right, there."

His companion uttered a short, hard, mocking laugh, that made Izetta, crouching in her ambush, almost faint with fear.

"I have forgotten nothing," answered Heath Hampton, wrathfully. "Ulvesford knows nothing of my return from abroad. I have succeeded in keeping that a profound secret. I could not wish him better luck than to meet him here and now. He has led a charmed life; twice he has escaped me, once in Switzerland, and once on this very road by the cliff; he shall never escape me the third time. He little dreams of the vengeance which shall soon be meted out to him."

"Fate seems against you of late," answered the dwarf.

"Yes, I'm at the bottom of the wheel now, Vatal," answered Hampton; "but it revolves quickly. I'll soon be at the top. Dame Fortune dealt Ulvesford the winning cards in gaining the heiress of Lorrimer Hall. Even this dark-eyed little beauty has eluded my grasp. I was so sure — hark! what noise was that?"

The next instant Izetta met the glaring eyes of Heath Hampton gazing firedly at her through the branches.

CHAPTER XXII.

Ulvesford Mansion.

"What noise was that?" again queried Heath Hampton.

"I'm sure I did not hear any," answered Vatal.

"Pshaw!" muttered the other, impatiently. "I believe I'm growing as fearful as a woman."

His keen, shrewd eyes had not detected the startled, dark eyes gazing as if fascinated upon him.

"You had better turn about, Vatal," he ordered; "she cannot have gone very far; we will take a short cut across; she must be somewhere about."

The next moment the horses were plunging on through the darkness in an opposite direction.

"Mother," she cried, raising her eyes to heaven, through her tearless sobs, "I had rather lie cold and lifeless upon the pure, cold snow here, food for the vultures of the air, than breathe the same air with this human vulture, from whom you have saved your child!"

The bitter cold and the great mental excitement through which she had so lately passed were beginning to tell upon Izetta's sadly shattered nerves; her garments were white with the fallen snow, and with great difficulty she made her way step by step.

Once she staggered and fell. She was beginning to feel delightfully warm and drowsy; the bitter cold seemed to have passed harmlessly by her. If she could only lie down and rest a few moments she would feel refreshed directly.

Suddenly the shrill cry of a night-bird circling above her head partially aroused her lagging energy.

They had spoken of some place at the right; she had walked many miles and found no such place, she had told herself, with a pitiful little laugh that sounded strangely weird among dark trees and waste of snow.

Suddenly the flashing of many lights burst upon her view; for one brief instant she half imagined she was walking down the street of some Italian city upon a gala night. Delightful strains of music fell upon her ear. The music awoke Izetta's soul to consciousness of her position.

Oh! how she strove to reach the lights and the music. A few steps more and she reached the park gate. The sound of revelry was at its height.

Izetta crept up the broad walk, from which the snow had been carefully brushed.

From the great rows of windows which opened out upon the arched porch the shimmering curtains were looped back, and the brilliant, rosy light poured warmly out upon the cold, white snow.

Izetta crept nearer and nearer, her dark garments trailing after her.

She could see great throngs of gay-dressed women, against backgrounds of great banks of roses, who seemed to laugh at the cold, the storm and the snow without.

Their arms and shoulders, 'neath gossamer tulles, shone like polished marble under the blazing light of the colored chandeliers.

Izetta pressed her white, wild face closer against the window-pane. No one could see her, she told herself; no one would know she was watching out there in the cold and the darkness.

Her long, dark hair, on which the white snowflakes lay thick, tossed about her face with the breeze. Her dark, sorrowful eyes, like gleaming stars, shone strangely lustrous.

She could have gazed on the scene forever, with never a thought of the cold or the storm. She quite forgot she had intended to inquire the way to Silvernook.

She was riveted to the spot by the mirth and lights within.

* * *

Loraine Ulvesford intended her first Christmas at home should be a magnificent affair.

An hour before her guests arrived she stood before her mirror, clasping a diamond bracelet on her white, rounded arm, that gleamed and quivered with every motion with a thousand jets of flame, her proud, haughty mouth was wreathed in smiles.

Loraine was always thinking of her husband when she smiled.

He sat at a little distance from her, his head bent on his hands in a strange fit of despondency, which even she could not charm away with her witty banter and winning smile.

Suddenly she turned to him.

"Ulmont," she asked, "you are quite sure you are pleased that you married me?"

She was leaning both her elbows on his chair, her lovely eyes gazing into his own.

"It is rather late in the day for you to be asking such a question of me, Loraine."

She put back his fair hair from his forehead with her soft, white, jeweled hand, answering slowly:

"Ulmont, my husband, I can never feel quite sure of your love for me. Sometimes when your arms are about me, and your lips pressed to mine, I feel a strange sensation, as if a strong hand had suddenly thrust us asunder, and your kisses, while yet warm, seem to grow cold on my lips; there are times you seem so silent and abstracted— why is it?"

"There has ever been a weight on my mind since the accident which befell me; probably some trifling affair, it may be after all."

"Do you think it is the memory of some one whom you have met abroad?" she asked, anxiously.

"Jealous, Loraine," he laughed; "it is more likely some message I have promised to deliver for some friend which eludes my memory so persistently."

"You have never loved any one except me, have you, Ulmont?"

"You do not doubt that you are my first last and only love, do you, Loraine?"

"No; to doubt you would be death," she answered; "yet, somehow you are not the same; you have seemed so changed since you went abroad. You are not gay and merry as before."

Ulmont laid his handsome head back upon the crimson cushion with a merry laugh.

"How would you have it, my pretty Loraine; if a man's love does not strengthen and deepen under the influence of so peerless a wife as yourself, he may safely be labeled heartless— better have lived a bachelor forlorn."

Still Loraine was not satisfied; she would be the sharer of his every thought.

"I believe I am growing jealous," she said, with a smile; "still I am thankful I have only your thoughts for rivals."

A rival— it was the first time such an idea had crossed her mind.

"If I had ever had a rival in your affections, Ulmont," she said, "I could not have answered for myself."

She was the last daughter of the long line of Loraines; it had often been said they were never crossed in love. Heaven pity the man who was weighed in the balance of their affections and was found wanting.

Loraine, with a bright glow in her heart, went down among her guests, little dreaming of the terrible web fate was weaving around the husband she so madly loved.

Had her life been asked as a ransom for his, she would cheerfully have paid it. Those who saw Loraine Ulvesford that night in the glow of her peerless beauty never forgot her, or the strange occurrence that made that Christmas Eve a memorable one.

Mirth was at its height, intoxicating the sense with rapturous bewilderment. Loraine had given the first waltz to Dr. Stafford; he regretted when it was over.

"It is not often I am favored with so graceful a partner as yourself, Mrs. Ulvesford," he said, gallantly, leading her to a seat in a bower of bending ferns that arched above one of the long, French windows that led out into the porch.

Loraine was about to make some light rejoinder, but the words died away on her lips in a piercing scream which brought the guests hurriedly about her as she pointed to the window.

There crouching close against the dark pane, they beheld a white, wistful, beautiful face, framed by long, dark, disheveled hair, and gleaming, mournful eyes.

The white, cold snow on the ivy vines, and the long, glistening icicles formed a weird background that struck a subtle fear to the hearts of all who gazed.

In an instant flashed across Loraine's mind that beautiful, foreign face that had haunted her so strangely in the vine-covered Alps.

The gentlemen had started out to search for the owner of face, which when observed, had instantly disappeared.

Loraine looked around for Ulmont; he was not among them. She heard strange murmurs from the porch without.

"Keep the ladies back," the gentlemen were saying; but the ladies would not be kept back; they would know all about the disturbance.

Loraine, heedless of shawl or wrap, made her way out to the group hovering around some dark object lying upon the snow.

The gentlemen entreated her to return to the house.

"You will catch your death o' cold, Mrs. Ulvesford," they urged; "see, you are shivering now."

As Loraine persisted in seeing what was the matter, the group silently made way for her.

There was something in the still beauty of the white, upturned face lying there that touched a deep chord in Loraine's heart as she knelt down in the snow beside her.

In after life people often spoke who witnessed that sight, of the strange contrast they made. Loraine in her robe of velvet, the flashing lights quivering on her flaming jewels and on her golden hair, and the slight, delicate figure lying there wrapped in the dark, snow-covered cloak, the sweet face, perfect as if carved in marble, on which the dark, silken lashes lay, seemed the face of a child; there was a pitiful expression about the mouth, hard to see on one so young.

"Where is Dr. Stafford?" called Loraine.

"I am here," he responded, promptly; "I have forced some wine down the poor creature's throat; she will soon recover, Mrs. Ulvesford."

"Why is she not brought into the house?" asked Loraine.

"I have ordered a carriage to have her removed to the hospital," replied the doctor; "little good comes of harboring people of this kind in one's home."

There was something appealing in the still, white face that made the heart of Ulmont Ulvesford's wife warm unconsciously toward her.

It was a strange fate which led these two women together, these two who so passionately loved the same husband— the bitterest of rivals.

"The child must be brought into the house, for the present, at least," responded Loraine, resolutely.

The long cloak which had hitherto quite concealed the silent figure lying there, was suddenly tossed back by the driving wind.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Loraine, as she gazed in startled awe upon the white, marble face; "she is no child; she is——"

"Hush!" commanded the doctor, who hastily replaced the cloak about the quiet form, and bore her tenderly within. "Shall she be sent to the hospital, Mrs. Ulvesford?" he asked, anxiously.

"No," answered Loraine, simply; "I could not have the heart to turn the poor creature from the sheltering walls of Ulvesford Mansion."

How little she knew who it was whom she harbored; she knew not that she, who had been borne into that home so helplessly, should by rights have reigned there, its mistress, the loved and honored wife of its master.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In The Gray Dawn.

The mirth and revelry, which had been momentarily suspended, flowed on again with redoubled zest, little heeding the strange occurrence which was taking place in another part of of the building.

The doctor had been quickly and secretly summoned.

"I am sorry for making a pleasure visit one of business," said Mrs. Lorrimer, apologetically; "but there may be occasion for your services before morning, doctor."

"I shall be only too pleased to render what assistance lies in my power."

"If anything out of the usual order transpires, you will please inform me at once," said Mrs. Lorrimer.

"Certainly."

It was a strange, unnatural sight; Doctor Stafford in full ball-room costume, sprays of white heather in the lapel of his coat, watching gravely the flickering shadows that crossed the most beautiful face upon which he had ever gazed.

He felt a strange thrill of interest in the friendless young outcast.

Once the dark eyes opened wide, and a sweet voice whispered:

"Alderic, darling, is that you?"

Doctor Stafford clinched his hands in a tight grip as he brushed a tear from his eye; then patiently resumed his watching.

In the gray early dawn of the Christmas morning, the doctor hurriedly called for Mrs. Lorrimer.

"You wished to be notified if anything unusual occurred;" there was a kindly smile on his care-worn face as he continued: "I am happy to inform you of the presence of a handsome male child."

"Oh, Dr. Stafford!"

"It is very true, madam," he replied, leading the way to the apartment he had lately quitted.

"See," whispered Mrs. Lorrimer, pointing to the white hand of the young mother as it lay beside the infant; "she wears a marriage-ring. Poor thing! where is her husband, I wonder?"

"That is not an easy question to answer, madam."

Suddenly the dark eyes opened wide, fixing themselves upon the elegantly-attired lady and gentleman bending over her.

"Where am I?" asked Izetta, in a weak voice.

The doctor took up a little bundle which lay beside her; the wee, piping voice of a little babe fell upon her ear; those two standing at that bedside never forgot the glorious light that broke over the young mother's face when she heard the voice of her little babe.

Tears sprang to Mrs. Lorrimer's eyes, cold proud woman though she was, and the doctor, quite used to such sights, turned away his head.

"You are not to talk, my dear," commanded the doctor, placing the little bundle in her arms. "You are to lie still and keep very quiet."

As the sun rose on that well-remembered Christmas morning, and the chiming church bells kept time to the merry sleigh bells' jingle and the merry laugh of sportive children, a great sense of security and peace fell over Izetta as she closed her eyes in a dreamless sleep.

Loraine was almost incredulous when she heard the news.

Ulmont had been quite indignant when he heard of the affair.

Loraine, who was sitting beside him when the intelligence was brought her, looked up into her husband's face, reading instinctively his thoughts.

"Of what are you thinking, Ulmont?" she asked, timidly.

He gazed thoughtfully over the distant hills as he answered:

"Loraine, this is the first stranger ever born beneath the roof of the Ulvesfords. Every member of the famidy was born here," he repeated, "and here they returned to die. It is strange, the first break has been made in our time, Loraine. I had rather it had been otherwise."

"I am sure I did not know, Ulmont; I never thought."

"It was all due to your kindness of heart, Loraine; there is no help for it now. The bells of Ulvesford Mansion should not ring; it is not an heir of the Ulvestords, whose birth should be joyously celebrated."

"You are not angry with me, Ulmont."

"Certainly not, dear," and he passed on to his library.

A few moments later Loraine followed him, the most curiously beautiful smile playing about her mouth.

"I have something here to show you," she said, blushing rosily.

Ulmont leaned back in his chair, and pushed the pile of letters before him into a drawer.

"Now I am all attention; what is it?"

For answer, she placed a little, wee, soft bundle she carried directly in his arms; the next instant an infant's piping wail fell upon his ear.

Two great, dark eyes were staring wonderingly up into his own, and a little, waxen hand curled confidingly around his forefinger.

For an instant every drop of blood left Ulmont Ulvesford's handsome face.

Ah! who could tell what thet tiny, creature that held him spellbound, causing his heart to thrill as it had never thrilled before.

The magic touch of the little waxen hand unmanned him.

The little head rested against his breast with a soft, low coo.

The great, dark, searching eyes never left his face.

Ah! who could tell what thet tiny, nursing cherub had discovered.

Loraine's face grew white as death as she watched the infant lying so contentedly upon her husband's breast.

She was beginning to feel heartily sorry she had brought it to him.

"Ah, Loraine," he sighed, "I would give half my fortune, and think it well spent, if this little one was the heir of Ulvesford Manor!"

The white lines of pain grew deeper about Loraine's face, as, with a forced laugh, she replied, quite carelessly:

"You will make me forget my errand, Ulmont!"

"It must have been a very important one if it could be so easily forgotten."

"Is it not important the baby should have a name? That was my errand here. The young mother held out her hands to me and said, 'Call him what you will.' I thought perhaps you could help me, dear."

"I? How?"

"By suggesting something you think appropriate."

"There's plenty of time to think of that."

"I have already thought of a name for him," declared Loraine, timidly. "Somehow I thought—I did not know whether you would approve of it."

"What is the name you thought of?" he asked, curiously.

Was it the cruel irony of fate that caused Ulmont Ulvesford's guileless young wife to lay her hand trustingly upon her husband's arm as she answered, with a smile on her lips:

"Because this little stranger was born at Ulvesford Mansion, I wish him called Ulmont."

A silence, deep as death, fell between them.

The dark eyes of the infant pleadingly searched Ulmont Ulvesford's face.

His beautiful young wife knelt at his feet, the firelight playing on her golden hair.

(To be Continued.)

GOING TO TELL IT.

The Great South American Rheumatism Cure; the kind that cures in a few days the most obstinate and painful cases.

If you have a friend suffering from that horror, or from lumbago or neuralgia, it is your duty at least to offer it to him. It will relieve, with the first dose. You too.

William Marshall, of Varney Post Office, County of Gray, Ontario, writes:

"For the last year I was continually in bed. I spent hundreds of dollars in doctoring and medicines which proved of little relief. The first dose of South American Rheumatic Cure gave me instant relief. I am completely cured."

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE TONIC builds up into vigor and health the most shattered systems. It is unmatched in female complaints, or general debility in either sex.

Hundreds of testimonials from the cured ones. 19

Archie Shade's Watch.

"While picnicking with a crowd in the country the other day," says the Joplin "News-Herald," "Arch Shade accidentally dropped his watch in a spring, and, quite naturally, it has since refused to run. He took the timepiece to a jeweler, and the following conversation ensued:

"'Here's my watch; can you fix it?'

"'What's the matter? Did you break the spring?'

"'No; the spring broke the watch.'

"The man wondered, but proceeded to examine the injured article.

"'The spring is broken,' he finally announced.

"'No wonder,' said Arch; 'I dropped the watch in it.'

"It began to dawn upon the jeweler that the young man was certainly insane, and just as he was glancing around for some avenue of escape Arch explained the situation."

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SATURDAY, FEB. 6TH, 1904.

As the season advances and people will soon be returning, the great question asked is "What are the prospects for this year"? Our reply is, the same as in 1903, "Atlin's prospects never were better."

Statistics given in another column leave little doubt as to the permanency of the camp and as years go on, the gradual increase will soon place Atlin where she belongs, at the head of the mining centres of British Columbia, if not of the whole continent.

As regards the output for 1904, it is certain that all Hydraulic Companies will commence operations much earlier than in previous years besides being able to start work on ACTUAL PAY and continue so to be until the freeze up. Then the Big Dredge will rob Gold Run of its Golden deposit and add greatly to the returns.

With these facts in view we predict, and consider the prediction a very conservative one, that the output for 1904 will substantially pass the MILLION MARK.

GOVT. AGENT AUTHORISED TO MAKE RECOUNT.

Dr. Young moved to amend Section 149 to provide that the Government Agent should be capable of hearing applications for recounts, when a County Court Judge is not obtainable in the districts of Atlin and Skeena.

Mr. Oliver thought it would be improper to make an employee of the Government a tribunal for such an important matter.

Dr. Young said it was impossible to get to Vancouver to find a Judge and back to Atlin within the time allowed for an appeal. They must have some resident person capable of exercising the Judge's functions.

The Attorney-General said the right of appeal in Atlin could not be given to a County Court Judge because there was not a Judge there. The Government Agent was always approachable, and if dissatisfaction with his arbitrament occurred, there was always an appeal to the Supreme Court.

Mr. Oliver said if an opposition candidate desired to appeal from the finding of a Returning Officer, he would, if Dr. Young's suggestion were adopted, be obliged to go to the Government Agent, a partisan of the Government, or in active sympathy with them.

The Attorney-General pointed out that the functions of the Government Agent in this connection would be judicial, and that there was no good reason to think that these duties would not be properly fulfilled.

Mr. Brown thought it would be dangerous to clothe public officials with such powers.

The amendment passed.

Opposes Coast-Yukon Co.

Dr. Young presented a petition from "The Pacific Northern and Omineca Railway Company," opposing Private Bill to incorporate the Coast-Yukon Railway Company. The petition was received and referred to the Railway Committee.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest and highest temperatures recorded for the week ending 5th. inst. are as follows:

Jan.	30	27 above	31 above
	31	24	26
Feb.	1	10	14
	2	0	5
	3	25 below	12 below
	4	30	21
	5	34	13

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—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

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

AMUR:—January 9th. and 25th.
" —February 10th and 35th.

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

Atlin, Nugget and Grape Rings
And All Kinds of Jewellery Manufactured on the Premises.
Why send out when you can get goods as cheap here?
Watches From $5 up. Fine Line of Souvenir Spoons.
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Mixed Drinks a Specialty.
DINING ROOM SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.
Vegetables Daily From our own Garden.
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MERRY MASKERS

Hold Down The Atlin Rink.

Successful Fancy Dress Carnival Held Last Saturday—Many Striking Costumes.

Our anticipations were fully realized regarding the success of the Carnival held last Saturday and Messrs Ward and Lewis, the managers and owners of the Rink are to be congratulated on their first entertainmet of the kind held this season.

There was general satisfaction regarding the distribution of prizes they were awarded as follows:—1st, Pocahontas, Mrs Haslett; 2nd, Mephistopheles' wife, Miss Carrie Doelker; Gentleman's 1st Spanish Cavalier, Mr. Rorke; 2nd, Weary Willy, Mr. Woods; Children's 1st, Farmer, Miss Bertha Doelker; 2nd, Indian Girl, Hazel Hartshorn.

The costumes were very effective and showed the keen interest displayed by all; the following is a partial list of the characters represented:—Gipsy, Mrs. Woods; Autumn, Mrs. Stephenson; Daughter of the Regiment, Mrs. Rant; Sister of Charity; Mrs. Doelker; Tambourine Girl, Miss Douglas; Spring, Mrs. Rorke; Dolly Varden, Mrs. Costigan; Mistleto, Miss Edwards; Robin Hood, Mr. Wallace; Russian, B. E. Moberly; Mephisto, D. Lewis; Kola, S. Johnson; Ghost, C. R. Bourne; Sedate Old Maid, Mr. McFee; Happy Hooligan, B. Nichol; Uncle Sam, Mr. Blodgett; Flower Girl J. Doelker; Turk, Norman Taylor. There were a great many spectators, who though not in carnival costumes thoroughly enjoyed the evening's fun.

In the above, which appeared last week, we inadvertantly omitted to mention several of the maskers, and incidentally, some of the best. By request of the managers of the rink we re-publish the article with the additional list, as follows:—Christmas, Miss Molineaux; Winter Night, Mrs Wheeling; Black Diamond, Miss Dickison; Sailor Girl, Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh; Canadian Snowshoer, N. C. Wheeling; Clown V. Trotman; Advertising Medium, J. H. Richardson; Carrie Nation, Mr. Symmons; American White Cap, J. D. Lumsden; Colored Gentleman, Mr. Anderson; Clown, Mr. Dayton; Clown, Mr. Brown: Habitant, C. Jones: Spaniard, Norman Taylor; Rough Rider, Douglas Taylor; Red Riding Hood, Leonard Haslett.

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Prices for the Season 1903.

Rough, up to 8 inches, $35
do do 10 " 40.
do do 12 " 45.
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NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership hitherto existing between S. A. Martin, E. O. Bulette, Henry Kerchoff, Fred Overlander, Augustus Constantine and Sydney Rose has been dissolved, and that all assets and liabilities have been taken over and assumed by the undersigned.

Sydney Rose.
E. O. Bulette,
Henry Kerchoff.

NOTICE.

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 land situated on Taku Arm, at the mouth of Otter River—viz: Commencing at a post marked J. A. P. Corner Post placed on the Lake Shore, thence in a Westerly direction a quarter of a mile, thence in a Southerly direction one mile, thence in an Easterly direction one mile, thence following the lake shore in a Northerly direction to place of commencement, containing in all 160 acres more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. this 9th day of January 1904.

J. A. Perkinson.

NOTICE.

Sixty days from date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of Land. Commencing at a post marked N. L. Co's Ltd. S. W. corner post situated near the main road to Surprise Lake, and being about half a mile from the shore of Surprise Lake, thence North half a mile, thence East half a mile, thence South half a mile, thence West half a mile to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

Northern Lumber Co. Limited.
F. T. Troughton.

December 30th. 1903.

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: Commencing at post marked W. J. A's S. W. corner post placed on the East line of Lake Street 120 feet north from the corner of Rant Avenue and Lake St. in the Town of Atlin, B. C. Thence in an Easterly direction 110 feet, thence in a Northerly direction 60 feet, thence in a Westerly direction 110 feet, thence in a Southerly direction following the line of Lake Street 60 feet, to point of commencement. Containing 0.16 acres more or less.

W. J. Anderson.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. Oct. 26th., 1903

NOTICE is hereby given, that sixty days from date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, for permission to purchase the following described property.

Commencing at Initial Post No. 1 at a point on the Southerly Boundary of the Flora Bench Lease on the north bank of Pine Creek in the Atlin Mining District, and following the Southerly Boundary of the Flora Bench Lease North Easterly five hundred feet, thence North Westerly three hundred feet, thence South Westerly five hundred feet, thence South Easterly three hundred feet more or less to point of commencement. Containing 3.44 acres more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. October 20th. 1903.

O. T. Switzer.

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

JOB PRINTING

AT THE "CLAIM"

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.

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 1 1903.

Daily except Sunday.

No. 3 N. B. 2nd class.	No. 1 N. B. 1st class.			No. 3 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. 20 "	10. 55 "	"	WHITE PASS	3. 05 "	"	2. 10 "
	11. 00			3. 00 "		
11. 40 a.m.	11. 45 "	"	LOG CABIN	2. 10 "	"	1. 00 "
12. 20	12. 15	"		1. 33		
	12. 35 p.m		BENNETT	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.

ED. SANDS, Proprietor.

O. K. BATHS BARBER SHOP

F. SHIELDS & EDDY DURHAM.

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.

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The Vancouver Assay Office, Established 1890.

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Large or Small Samples forwarded for Assay

TRY

J. D. DURIE'S

FOR

UPHOLSTERY
MATTRESSES
FURNITURE
HARDWARE
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Atlin & Discovery.

The Royal Victoria Life Insurance Co.

OF CANADA

Capital $1,000,000.

A. G. Hirschfeld, Agent.

A Point of Honor.

By Norman Duncan.

DAVID GREY was an old man when first I knew him, a bent old fellow with a staff in his hand, who was long "past his labor," as they say elsewhere, and had settled down to pass the last of life where he had spent the strength of it. That was long ago; it was when I was a schoolboy, and spent my long summer vacations in the Red River district.

Boy and man, David had been in the service of the Hudson Bay Company as hunter, clerk, trader, explorer, factor; and there, in the changed wilderness, while the moon was up and silence was all about, he told us many a tale of trade and fight and narrow escape. It was on such a night that we learned how Donald McLeod, the factor, strong, courageous, defiant, had scorned a compromise with his honor, although his arms were pinioned behind him and a dozen tomahawks were flourished about his head.

"I said I wouldn't, and I won't," I had said to my friend, Jimmy Evans, as we passed up the walk to David's cottage that night.

"You're not always so particular," said Jimmy, tartly.

It was pure perversity on my part—the seizing of an excuse to escape a canoe trip to Hunter's Island.

"Well," I repeated, obstinately, "I said I wouldn't, and I won't."

"What's that you're saying?" old David called from the porch.

"Billy's obstinate," said Jimmy, with a laugh, as we sat down with David. "He said he wouldn't, and he won't—go to Hunter's Island to-morrow."

"You call Donald McLeod to my mind again," said David. "That was what he said. 'I said I wouldn't, and I won't.' But it was different," with a glance at me out of the corner of his eye. "Something important—something important to McLeod, to me, to the women and children, to the poor fellow to whom McLeod had passed his word—something of great importance hung upon it then."

"Tell us about it," I asked.

"It was long ago," said David, "not later than 1829, I'm sure, for I was little more than a boy then. McLeod was the factor at Fort Refuge, a remote post situated three hundred miles or more to the north-east of this, but now abandoned. And a successful, fair-dealing trader he was, albeit so stern and taciturn as to keep both his helpers and his half-civilized customers in awe of him. It was deep in the wilderness—not the wilderness as you boys know it, where a man might wander night and day without fear of wild beast or savage, but a vast, unexplored place, with dangers lurking everywhere.

"'Grey,' he said to me when I reported for duty, fresh from headquarters, 'if you do your duty by me, I'll do mine by you.'

"'I'll try to,' said I.

"'When you know me better,' said McLeod, with quiet emphasis, 'you'll know that I stand by my word.'

"We dealt, of course, with the Indians, who, spring and fall, brought their furs to the fort, and never failed to remain until they had wasted their earnings in the fashion that best pleased their fancy.

"Even then the Indians were degenerate, given over to idleness and debauchery; but they were not so far sunk in these habits as are the dull, lazy fellows who sell you the baskets and beaded moccasins that the squaws make to-day. They were superstitious, malicious, revengeful, and they were almost in a condition of savagery, for the only law they knew was the law our guns enforced. Some authority was vested in the factor, and he was not slow to exert it when a flagrant offence was committed near by.

"'There's no band of Indians in these parts,' I was told, 'that can scare McLeod. He'll see justice done for and against them as between man and man.'

"Fort Refuge was set in a wide clearing. It was built of logs and surrounded by a high, stout stockade. Admittance to the yard was by a great gate, which was closed promptly at sundown, and always strongly barred. We had no garrison regularly stationed there to defend us. In all, it may be, we could muster nine men—McLeod, two clerks, and a number of stout fellows who helped handle the stores. Moreover, were our gate to be closed and our fort surrounded by a hostile force, we should be utterly cut off from communication with those quarters whence relief might come. We had the company's wares to guard, and we knew that once we were overcome, whatever the object of the attack, the wares and our lives would be lost together.

"'But we can stand a long siege,' I used to think; and indeed there was good ground for comfort in that.

"Our stockade was impregnable to an attack by force, no doubt; but as it soon appeared, it was no more than a paper ribbon before the wily strategy of the Indians. One night, when I had shut the gates and dropped the bars, I heard a long-drawn cry—a scream, in which it was not hard to detect the quality of terror and great stress. It came, as I thought, from the edge of the forest. When it was repeated, near at hand, my heart went to my mouth, for I knew that a band of Indians was encamped beyond, and had been carousing for a week past. Then came a knocking at the gate—a desperate pounding and kicking.

"'Let me in! Open! Open!' I heard a man cry.

"I had my hands on the bar to lift it and throw open the gate when McLeod came out of his house.

"'Stop!' he shouted.

"I withdrew from the gate. He approached, waved me back, and put his own hand on the bar.

"'Who's there?' he asked.

"'Let me in, McLeod. It's Landley. Quick! Open the gate, or I'll be killed!'

"McLeod's hesitation vanished. He opened the gate. A man stumbled in. Then the gate was shut with a bang.

"'What's this about, Landley?' McLeod said, sternly. 'What trouble have you got yourself into now?'

"I knew Landley for a white man who had abandoned himself to a shiftless, vicious life with the Indians. He had sunk lower, even, than they. He was an evil, worthless, ragged fellow, despised within the fort and respected nowhere. But while he stood there, gasping and terror-stricken, I pitied him; and it may be McLeod himself was stirred by the mere kinship of color.

"'Speak up, man!' he commanded. 'What have you done?'

"'I've done no wrong,' Landley whimpered. 'Buffalo Horn's young son has died, and they put the blame on me. They say I've cast the evil eye on him. They say I killed him with a spell. You know me, McLeod. You know I haven't got the evil eye. Don't turn me out, man. They're coming to kill me. Don't give me up. You know I'm not blood-guilty. You know me. You know I haven't got the evil eye.'

"'Tush, man!' said McLeod. 'Is that all the trouble?'

"'That's all!' Landley cried. 'I've done no harm. Don't give me up to them.'

"'I won't,' McLeod said, positively. 'You're safe here until they prove you blood-guilty. I'll not give you up.'

"With that, McLeod turned on his heel and went to the shop. When he had ordered a watch to be kept on the clearing on all sides, we devoted ourselves to the matter in hand—the preparation of the regular quarterly statement for the officials at headquarters. But as we labored, hatchets, knives and the cruel, evil faces of the savages, by whom, as I chose to think, we were threatened, mixed themselves with the figures, to my bewilderment.

"Soon the dusk came, and while I trimmed and lighted the candles in the shadowy outer room there seemed to be shapes in the corners which I had never seen there in quieter times. McLeod, however, was unperturbed. He had forgotten all about the numerous band which he stood ready to defy.

"'Do you think there is danger?' said I.

"'Danger?' said he. 'From what?'

"'Buffalo Horn's band,' said I.

"'Nonsense!' said he. 'What is that last total? There seems to be a shilling and sixpence missing here.'

"At that moment one of the helpers came in. He was visibly excited—like a man who bears tidings.

"'Red Feather is at the gate,' he said.

"'Is he alone?' said McLeod.

"'Yes, sir. We made sure of that.'

"'Fetch him here,' said the factor calmly. 'Take Tom and Tobias to the gate, and don't let Red Feather hold it open.'

"Red Feather was soon brought in. He was the chief of the band, an old, crafty Indian, chief in name, but inferior in authority to Buffalo Horn, who was chief in fact. McLeod continued his work.

"'Let us talk,' said Red Feather, at last.

"He spoke in his own tongue, which I shall interpret freely for you. McLeod put his pen aside and faced about.

"'What have we to talk about?' he asked. 'The trading is done. You have your supplies. There is no business between us.'

"'We have the white man to talk about,' said Red Feather. 'He has killed a child of our tribe, and you have given him refuge here. He has killed the son of Buffalo Horn with the evil eye. He must be put to death.'

"'I know this man,' said McLeod. 'He has not the evil eye. He has killed no man, and he shall not be given up.'

"'His life is forfeit to the tribe.'

"'His life is in my keeping. I have said that he shall not lose it. Am I the man to break my word?'

"'You have kept your word between us,' said Red Feather. 'You are not the man to break your word.'

"'What business, then, lies between us? Our talk is done.'

"The guard at the gate interrupted. 'There is a man knocking at the gate,' he said.

"'It is my brother,' said Red Feather. 'He comes to join the talk. Let him in.'

"'Open the gate,' said McLeod.

"It was growing dark. I went with the guard to admit the brother of Red Feather. Dusk had fallen over the clearing. The sky was overcast; in half an hour it would be deep night, the clearing one with the forest. But we opened the gate. A tall Indian stalked in. He was alone, and I knew him for the brother of Red Feather. I followed him to the shop, making sure first that the bar was in place.

"'Let us have the white man,' he said to McLeod. 'Let the peace between us continue.'

"McLeod perceived the threat. He was not a rash man. He had no wish to provoke a conflict, but he had no thought of surrendering the refugee. As for me, my trust was in the stockade.

"'I will talk with the white man,' he said.

"The factor was gone for half an hour. He secreted Landley, inspected the defences, gathered the women and children in the blockhouse, and returned to the council.

"'The white man is not blood-guilty,' he said, proudly. 'I have promised him protection and he shall have it.'

"Again the helper came. 'There is another knock at the gate,' said he.

"'Who is there?' said McLeod.

"'It's so dark I can't see,' said the helper.

"'The man is my cousin,' said Red Feather. 'He has come to talk with us. Let him in, for he is a wise man and may help us.'

"'Open the gate,' said McLeod.

"We sat silent, waiting for the cousin of Red Feather, the wise man who might help us. I heard the rattle of the bar as the helper lifted it, then the creak of the gate. Then a furious outcry, a confusion of howls and screams, a war-whoop and a rush of feet. The Indians were within the stockade. A moment later they burst into the shop and advanced upon us, uttering blood-curdling whoops and brandishing their hatchets and knives. McLeod reached for the musket above the desk, but before his fingers touched it Red Feather caught him by the arms, and with the help of the brother made him prisoner. At the same instant I was secured.

"'Let us strike! Let us strike!' the Indians kept shouting, all the while dancing about us, flourishing their weapons.

"The danger was real and terrible. We were at the mercy of the band, and at that moment I did not doubt that they were bent on murder and pillage. There had been a cruel massacre at Fort Pine but a few months before. The story was fresh in my mind. That crime had gone unpunished; nor was it likely that a sufficient force would be sent west to give the band their due. There was nothing now to deter Red Feather's men from committing a similar outrage. We were remote from our kind, on the edge of a wilderness into which escape was a simple matter. Our guns, as I have said, had been our law and defence, and we were now utterly in the power of our enemies.

"'Let us strike! Let us strike!' was the cry.

"Buffalo Horn had come in with the band. It was soon evident that to the restraining influence of his presence was due our respite. He waved his braves back. They withdrew and became quiet.

"'Will you give the murderer of my child to our tribe?' the chief said to McLeod.

"'He is no longer mine to give,' said the factor.

"'Will you give him to us in peace and forget that he has gone with us?'

"McLeod was still in the grasp of Red Feather and his brother. Buffalo Horn was facing him. Behind the chief, awaiting his signal, was the band, with knives and hatchets in hand.

"'No,' said McLeod.

"The tumult was renewed. The Indians advanced, threatening the factor with their weapons and crying out for his death. But McLeod was not to be terrified.

"'Let us take the white man,' said Buffalo Horn, lifting his hand for silence. 'We have no quarrel with you. Let all be as it was.'

"'No,' said McLeod. 'I will never consent to his murder.'

"'Let us take him.'

"'I said I wouldn't,' said McLeod, 'and I won't.'

"It seemed to me that the end had come. Buffalo Horn looked steadily into McLeod's eyes. McLeod gave him glance for glance. He was ready to die for the word he had passed. The Indian hesitated. It may be that he did not want to precipitate the slaughter. Then he turned, as if to give the signal. Before his hand was raised, however, the daughter of the Indian interpreter of the post pushed her way through the band of braves and stood before their chief.

"'Listen,' said she. 'Have you come to rob the great company of its goods?'

"'No,' said Buffalo Horn. 'We have no quarrel with the great company.'

"She was a slip of a girl, to whom, in sickness and in health, McLeod had been unfailingly kind. She knew no fear, and in intelligence she was superior to all the other women of her race I have known.

"'Have you come to take the life of this man?' she went on, moving closer to Buffalo Horn, and looking deep into his eyes.

"'No,' said the chief, 'we have no quarrel with this man. He is a good man, but he will not deliver the murderer of my child.'

"'Will you take his life because of that?'

"'No; we will take his life because he will betray our part in the death of the white man whom he has tried to shelter.'

"'There are others who might betray you.'

"'And their lives, also,' said Buffalo Horn, composedly.

"All that had been implied was now expressed. He was to massacre us all to shield his tribe from the punishment that might follow the discovery of his revenge.

"'You will lay waste the fort,' said the interpreter's daughter, 'but will the ruins not accuse you to the great company which this man serves?'

"'We will be far away.'

"'And will you never care to return to the grounds you have hunted from childhood?'

"To this Buffalo Horn made no reply. He looked at the floor, his arms folded, and he was silent for a long time.

"'This man,' said the girl, touching McLeod on the shoulder, 'has dealt fairly by you. He has kept his faith with you. He said that he would provide you with food through the hard seasons. Has he not done so?'

"'He has kept faith with us,' said the chief. 'Therefore he is a good man.'

"'He is a good man because he has kept faith with you,' the girl said, eagerly. 'Would you, then, have him break faith with some other? He has said to the white man, "I will not give you up." Would you have him break the word he has passed? For if he breaks it once, will he not break it again? If he should yield up the white man, what security would you have that he would provide for you through the next hard season?'

"'He keeps his word,' said Buffalo Horn. 'He is a good man.'

"He made a sign to Red Feather to release McLeod. Then he gathered his braves about him, and stalking solemnly at their head, led them out of the shop, over the courtyard and through the gate. We were left alone.

"'Leave the gate open, Tobias,' said McLeod. 'Come, boy,' to me, 'let us get to work on the quarterly statement again. This interruption came at an awkward time. We'll have to make up for it.'"

That was the end of David's story.

First Theatergoer—This play was taken from the Italian. Second Ditto—Lucky Italians—Ex.

Business Term.

"Discount for cash."

Pat Illustrates.

Bridget and Pat were reading an article on "The Law of Compensation."

"Just fancy" exclaimed Bridget. "Acordin' to this, whin a mon loses wan av his sinses another gits more developed. For instance, a blind mon gits more sinse av hearin' an' touch, an' ——"

"Shure, an' it's quite thrue," answered Pat. "Oi've noticed it meself. Whin a mon has wan leg shorter than the other, begorra the other's longer."—"Tit-Bits."

"Has Mrs. Lowboy any marriageable daughters?" "No; but she thinks she has."—Ex.

The veterinary made a critical examination of the ailing steer.

Here and there, wherever the demarcation of a bone was visible, he attempted to pinch the skin.

But it would not work.

"What is the matter with it?" asked the owner of the steer.

"He has what would be called conservatism in a man. But as he is only a dumb brute, we say he is hidebound."—Baltimore American.

"I saw you out walking with your wife yesterday."

"I didn't know you knew my wife."

"I don't."

"Then what makes you think it was she that you saw me with?"

"You didn't appear to be saying anything to her."—Chicago Record Herald.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who is an admirer of girls, tells this story of a maiden named Dorothy, who always found some good excuse for having her own way. Dorothy's father came to her one evening and said:

"See here, Dorothy, I don't like young Freshman's coming here so much. Next time he makes you a visit just give him the cold shoulder."

"But, papa, he is a vegetarian," answered the unabashed Dorothy.—New York Times.

"He seems to be quite an important personage now."

"Why, he always was, and so were the other members of his family."

"Nonsense."

"Not at all. He started as janitor in a flat, his brother is a policeman, and his sister a cook-lady."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Noorich—That picture's one of the old masters'.

Norah (the new maid)—Well, it can't be of any value, ma'am, or sure he'd 'av' taken it wid him whin he moved.—Harper's Magazine.

Post-Nuptial—He (whose wife has been reading some of his old love letters to her)—What is the use of keeping all those old things?

She—Lest we forget—lest we forget.—Brooklyn Life.

Day Before Christmas.

Kris Kringle Closing his Orders for Christmas.

CHRISTMAS SMILES.

"Now I am in holiday humor."—Shakespeare.

FOR A BACHELOR.

"A Christmas gift for a bachelor bold,
One not too young and not too old,
What would you give?" I asked sweet May.
She blushed and pouted—the charming elf—
"I'd give—I'd give—I hardly dare say:—
But if you won't tell
I'll confess that—well,
Were he rich and handsome, I'd give him—myself."
—T. CATON.

THE ... OF CATARRH

It makes a man ridiculous, it makes him an offensive nuisance and it makes him dangerously sick.

Catarrh is not a luxury or a necessity.

It is pretty sure to bring on consumption, pneumonia, or at least, bronchitis. You cannot afford either.

You can afford the cure for it. A cheap cure that has never failed. It is Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

It relieves a cold or catarrh, or cures a headache in ten minutes, it entirely heals up the catarrh-wasted surfaces.

No other remedy can count noses with us—cured noses.

C. E. ZIMMERMAN, of the staff of the Roanoke World, states:—

"Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Cure is the only remedy that has ever given me any permanent relief, after suffering more than fifteen years from Catarrh."

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure first looks to the main spring of life and health, sets up the heart in new strength, feeds the nerves and fills every other organ with life. Cured thousands; will cure you. 22

Yule Delicies.

Mrs. Cornelia G. Bedford gives the following Christmas recipe: Cream together one-half of a cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar. Add gradually two well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of cream or rich milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla and three cupfuls of flour with which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, then stand for an hour in a very cold place. Have ready a tin cutter in the shape of a doll about five inches long. Take a portion of the dough out on the board at one time, roll out one-half inch thick and cut into dolls. Brush each over with milk and dredge lightly with powdered sugar; use currants for eyes and bake on greased pans in a moderate oven. When cold decorate the skirts of each doll with ruffles of frosting. Wrap separately in sheets of waxed paper. In packing place the doll in a long shallow box, pack firmly with tissue paper and before closing the box add a tiny Christmas card and sprig of holly. Tie the box with red ribbon.

It is worth while to get tired out because one so enjoys rest afterward.—Mark Twain.

GOOD BLOOD IS NO GOOD UNLESS CIRCULATED

A Sick Man mistakes his illness, or his Doctor does

He shows symptoms of consumption, or dyspepsia, or what not, because improper blood nourishment of lungs or liver has brought them on. In such cases look to the heart; unless it pumps rich red blood through the system, your specific doesn't reach the spot.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure sends the blood coursing through the veins as nature intended. It heals the heart and thus helps the health of every organ.

REV. L. W. SHOWERS, of Eldertown, Pa., writes:—"For many years I suffered with organic heart disease. I have tried many physicians and taken numberless remedies. I purchased a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and received almost instant relief. The choking, beating, thumping and palpitation have now almost entirely disappeared. The remedy is wonderful."

Keep clean inside as well as outside. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the correct form. Cleanse and stimulate the digestive apparatus. Only 10c. for forty doses. 22

On Trial for His Life.

By John Fox, Jr.

The following episode is taken from John Fox, Jr.'s, exquisite story, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," a book published this fall. Chad, a boy, the hero of the story, returns home to find that his dog Jack has been accused of sheep-stealing. The Turners are the people with whom he lives. The Dillons are the enemies of the Turners. Whizzer is the Dillons' dog.

BY degrees the whole story was told Chad that night. Now and then the Turners would ask him about his stay in the Blue-grass, but the boy would answer as briefly as possible, and come back to Jack. Before going to bed, Chad said he would bring Jack into the house.

"Somebody might pizen him," he explained, and when he came back he startled the circle about the fire:

"Whar's Whizzer?" he asked, sharply. "Who's seen Whizzer?"

Then it developed that no one had seen the Dillon dog since the day before the sheep was found dead near a ravine at the foot of the mountain in a back pasture. Late that afternoon Melissa had found Whizzer in that very pasture when she was driving old Betsy, the brindle, home at milking time. Since then, no one of the Turners had seen the Dillon dog. That, however, did not prove that Whizzer was not at home. And yet—

"I'd like to know whar Whizzer is now!" said Chad, and after, at Joel's command, he had tied Jack to a bed-post—an outrage that puzzled the dog sorely—the boy threshed his bed for an hour, trying to think out a defence for Jack, and wondering if Whizzer might not have been concerned in the death of the sheep.

It is hardly possible that what happened next day could happen anywhere except among simple people of the hills. Briefly, the old Squire and the circuit-rider had brought old Joel to the point of saying the night before that he would give Jack up to be killed if he could be proven guilty. "But," the old hunter cried with an oath, "you've got to prove him guilty." And thereupon the Squire said he would give Jack every chance that he would give a man—he would try him; each side could bring in witnesses; old Joel could have a lawyer if he wished, and Jack's case would go before a jury. If pronounced innocent, Jack should go free; if guilty—then the dog should be handed over to the sheriff to be shot at sundown. Joel agreed.

It was a strange procession that left the gate of the Turner cabin next morning. Old Joel led the way, mounted, with "old Sal," his rifle, across his saddle-bow. Behind him came Mother Turner and Melissa on foot, and Chad with his rifle over his left shoulder, and leading Jack by a string with his right hand. Behind them slouched Tall Tom with his rifle, and Dolph and Rube, each with a huge, old-fashioned horse-pistol swinging from his right hip. Last strode the schoolmaster. The cabin was left deserted, the hospitable door held closed by a deerskin latch caught to a wooden pin outside.

It was a strange humiliation to Jack thus to be led along the highway, like a criminal going to the gallows. There was no power on earth that could have moved him from Chad's side, other than the boy's own command, but old Joel had sworn that he would keep the dog tied, and the old hunter always kept his word. He had sworn, too, that Jack should have a fair trial. Therefore, the guns—and the schoolmaster walked with his hands behind him and his eyes on the ground; he feared trouble.

Half a mile up the river and to one side of the road a space of some thirty feet square had been cut into a patch of rhododendron and filled with rude benches of slabs, in front of which was a rough platform on which sat a home-made, cane-bottomed chair. Except for the opening from the road, the space was walled with a circle of living green, through which the sun dappled the benches with quivering disks of yellow light, and high above great poplars and oaks arched their mighty heads. It was an open-air "meeting-house" where the circuit-rider preached during his summer circuit, and there the trial was to take place.

Already a crowd was idling, whittling, gossiping to the road, when the Turner cavalcade came in sight—and for ten miles up and down the river people were coming in for the trial.

"Mornin', gentlemen," said old Joel, gravely.

"Mornin'," answered several, among whom was the Squire, who eyed Joel's gun and the guns coming up the road.

"Squirrel huntin'?" he asked, and as the old hunter did not answer, he added sharply:

"Air you afeerd, Joel Turner, that you ain't a-goin' to git justice from me?"

"I don't keer whar it comes from," said Joel, grimly, "but I'm a-goin' to have it."

It was plain that the old man not only was making no plea for sympathy, but was alienating the little he had, and what he had was very little, for who but a lover of dogs can give full sympathy to his kind? And then Jack was believed to be guilty. It was curious to see how each Dillon shrank unconsciously as the Turners gathered—all but Jerry, one of the giant twins. He always stood his ground, fearing not man nor dog—nor devil.

Ten minutes later the Squire took his seat on the platform, while the circuit-rider squatted down beside him. The crowd, men, women and children, took the rough benches. To one side sat and stood the Dillons, old Tad and little Tad, Daws, Nance, and others of the tribe. Straight in front of the Squire gathered the Turners about Melissa and Chad and Jack as a center—with Jack squatted on his haunches foremost of all—facing the Squire with grave dignity, and looking at none else save, occasionally, the old hunter or his little master.

To the right stood the sheriff with his rifle, and on the outskirts hung the schoolmaster. Quickly the old Squire chose a jury, giving old Joel the opportunity to object as he called each man's name. Old Joel objected to none, for every man called he knew was more friendly to him than to the Dillons, and old Tad Dillon raised no word of protest, for he knew his case was clear. Then began the trial, and any soul that was there would have shuddered could he have known how that trial was to divide neighbor against neighbor, and mean death and bloodshed for half a century after the trial itself was long forgotten.

The first witness, old Tad—long, lean, stooping, crafty—had seen the sheep rushing wildly up the hillside "'bout crack o' day," he said, and had sent Daws up to see what the matter was. Daws had shouted back:

"That damned Turner dog has killed one of our sheep. Thar he comes now. Kill him!" And old Tad had rushed indoors for his rifle and had taken a shot at Jack as he leaped into the road and loped for home. Just then a stern, thick little voice rose from behind Jack:

"Hit was a God's blessin' fer you that you didn't hit him."

The Squire glared down at the boy, and old Joel said kindly:

"Hush, Chad."

Old Dillon had then gone down to the Turners, and asked them to kill the dog, but old Joel had refused.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Chad asked, sharply.

"You can't axe that question," said the Squire. "Hit's er-er-irrelevant."

Daws came next. When he reached the fence upon the hillside he could see the sheep lying still on the ground. As he was climbing over, the Turner dog jumped the fence and Daws saw blood on his muzzle.

"How close was you to him?" asked the Squire.

"'Bout twenty feet," said Daws.

"Humph!" said old Joel.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Again the old Squire glared down at Chad.

"Don't you axe that question again, boy. Didn't I tell you hit was irrelevant?"

"What's irrelevant?" the boy asked bluntly.

The Squire hesitated. "Why—why, hit ain't got nothin' to do with the case."

"Hit ain't?" shouted Chad.

"Joel," said the Squire testily, "ef you don't keep that boy still, I'll fine him fer contempt o' court."

Joel laughed, but he put his heavy hand on the boy's shoulder. Little Tad Dillon and Nance and the Dillon mother had all seen Jack running down the road. There was no doubt but that it was the Turner dog. And with this clear against poor Jack, the Dillons rested. And what else could the Turners do but establish Jack's character and put in a plea of mercy—a useless plea, old Joel knew—for a first offence? Jack was the best dog old Joel had ever known, and the old man told wonderful tales of the dog's intelligence and kindness, and how one night, Jack had guarded a stray lamb that had broken its leg until day-break, and he had been led to the dog and the sheep by Jack's barking for help. The Turner boys confirmed this story, though it was received with incredulity.

How could a dog that would guard one lone, helpless lamb all night long take the life of another?

There was no witness that had aught but kind words to say of the dog, or aught but wonder that he should have done this thing—even back to the cattle-dealer who had given him to Chad. For at that time, the dealer said—so testified Chad, no objection being raised to hearsay evidence—that Jack was the best dog he ever knew. That was all the Turners or anybody could do or say, and the old Squire was about to turn the case over to the jury when Chad rose.

"Squire," he said, and his voice trembled, "Jack's my dog. I lived with him night an' day for 'bout three years, an' I want to axe some questions."

He turned to Daws.

"I want to axe you ef thar was any blood around that sheep."

"Thar was a great big pool o' blood," said Daws, indignantly.

Chad looked at the Squire.

"Well, a sheep-killin' dog don't leave no great big pool o' blood, Squire, with the fust one he kills. He sucks it." Several men nodded their heads.

"Squire, the fust time I come over these mountains, the fust people I see was these Dillons—an' Whizzer. They sicked Whizzer on Jack hyeh, and Jack whooped him. Then Tad thar jumped me and I whooped him." (The Turner boys were nodding confirmation.) "Sence that time they've hated Jack an' they've hated me, an' they hate the Turners partly fer takin' keer o' me. Now, you said somethin' I axed just now was irrelevant but I tell you, Squire, I know a sheep-killin' dawg, and jes' as I know Jack ain't, I know the Dillon dog naturely is and I tell you if the Dillons' dawg killed that sheep and they could put it on Jack—they'd do it. They'd do it—Squire an' I tell you, you—orten't—to let—that—sheriff—that—shoot my—dog — until the Dillons answers what I axed—" the boy's passionate cry rang against the green walls and out the opening and across the river—

"Whar's Whizzer?"

The boy startled the crowd and the old Squire himself, who turned quickly to the Dillons.

"Well, whar is Whizzer?"

Nobody answered.

"He ain't been seen, Squire, sence the evonin' afore the night o' the killin'!" Chad's statement seemed to be true. Not a voice contradicted.

"An' I want to know if Daws seed signs o' killin' on Jack's head when he jumped the fence, why them same signs didn't show when he got home."

Poor Chad! Here old Tad Dillon raised his hand.

"Axe the Turners, Squire," he said, and as the schoolmaster on the outskirts shrank, as though he meant to leave the crowd, the old man's quick eye caught the movement and he added:

"Axe the school teacher!"

Every eye turned with the Squire's to the master, whose face was strange, serious straightway.

"Did you see any signs on the dawg when he got home?" The gaunt man hesitated, with one swift glance at the boy, who almost paled in answer.

"Why," said the schoolmaster, and again he hesitated, but old Joel, in a voice that was without hope, encouraged him:

"Go on!"

"What wus they?"

"Jack had blood on his muzzle, and a little strand o' wool behind one ear."

There was no hope against that testimony. Melissa broke away from her mother and ran out to the road—weeping. Chad dropped with a sob to his bench and put his arms around the dog; then he rose up and walked out of the opening, while Jack leaped against his leash to follow. The schoolmaster put out his hand to stop him, but the boy struck it aside without looking up and went on; he could not stay to see Jack condemned. He knew what the verdict would be, and in twenty minutes the jury gave it, without leaving their seats.

"Guilty!"

The sheriff came forward. He knew Jack and Jack knew him and wagged his tail and whimpered up at him when he took the leash.

"Well, by——, this is a job I don't like, an' I'm damned ef I'm agoin' to shoot this dawg afore he knows what I'm shootin' him fer. I'm goin' to show him that sheep fust. Whar's that sheep, Daws?"

Daws led the way down the road, over the fence, across the meadow, and up the hillside where lay the slain sheep. Chad and Melissa saw them coming—the whole crowd—before they themselves were seen. For a minute the boy watched them. They were going to kill Jack where the Dillons said he had killed the sheep, and the boy jumped to his feet and ran up the hill a little way and disappeared in the bushes that he might not hear Jack's death shot, while Melissa sat where she was, watching the crowd come on. Daws was at the foot of the hill and she saw him make a gesture toward her, and then the sheriff came on with Jack—over the fence, past her, the sheriff saying kindly, "Howdy, Melissa. I shorely am sorry to have to kill Jack," and on to the dead sheep, which lay fifty yards beyond. If the sheriff expected Jack to drop head and tail and look mean he was greatly mistaken. Jack neither hung back nor sniffed at the carcass. Instead he put one forefoot on it and with the other bent in the air looked, without shame, into the sheriff's eyes, as much as to say:

"Yes, this is a wicked and shameful thing, but what have I got to do with it? Why are you bringing me here?"

The sheriff came back greatly puzzled and shaking his head. Passing Melissa he stopped to let the unhappy little girl give Jack a last pat, and it was there that Jack suddenly caught scent of Chad's tracks. With one mighty bound the dog snatched the rawhide string from the careless sheriff's hand, and in a moment, with his nose to the ground, was speeding up toward the woods. With a startled yell and a frightful oath, the sheriff threw his rifle to his shoulder, but the little girl sprang up and caught the barrel with both hands, shaking it fiercely up and down and hieing Jack on with shriek after shriek. A minute later Jack had disappeared in the bushes, Melissa was running like the wind down the hill toward home, while the whole crowd in the meadow was rushing up toward the sheriff, led by the Dillons, who were yelling and swearing like madmen. Above them the crestfallen sheriff waited. The Dillons crowded angrily about him, gesticulating and threatening, while he told his story. But nothing could be done—nothing. They did not know that Chad was up in the woods or they would have gone in search of him—knowing that when they found him they would find Jack—but to look for Jack now would be like searching for a needle in a haystack. There was nothing to do, then, but to wait for Jack to come home, which he would surely do to get to Chad, and it was while old Joel was promising that the dog should be surrendered to the sheriff that little Tad Dillon gave an excited shriek:

"Look up thar!"

And up there at the edge of the wood was Chad standing, and at his feet Jack, sitting on his haunches, with his tongue out and looking as though nothing had happened or could ever happen to Chad or to him.

"Come up hyeh," shouted Chad.

"You come down hyeh," shouted the sheriff, angrily. So Chad came down, with Jack trotting after him. Chad had cut off the rawhide string, but the sheriff caught Jack by the nape of the neck.

"You won't git away from me agin, I reckon."

"Well, I reckon you ain't goin' to shoot him," said Chad. "Leggo that dawg."

"Don't be a fool, Jim," said old Joel. "The dawg ain't goin' to leave the boy." The sheriff let go.

"Come on up hyeh," said Chad. "I got somethin' to show ye."

The boy turned with such certainty that without a word Squire, sheriff, Turners, Dillons and spectators followed. As they approached a deep ravine the boy pointed to the ground where were evidences of some fierce struggle—the dirt thrown up, and several small stones scattered about with faded stains of blood on them.

"Wait hyeh!" said the boy, and he slid down the ravine and appeared again dragging something after him. Tall Tom ran down to help him and the two threw before the astonished crowd the body of a black and white dog.

"Now I reckon you know whar Whizzer is," panted Chad vindictively to the Dillons.

"Well, what of it?" snapped Daws.

"Oh, nothin'," said the boy with fine sarcasm. "Only Whizzer killed that sheep and Jack killed Whizzer." From every Dillon throat came a scornful grunt.

"Oh, I reckon so," said Chad, easily. "Look thar!" He lifted the dead dog's head and pointed at the strands of wool between his teeth. He turned it over, showing the deadly grip on the throat and close to the jaws, that had choked the life from Whizzer—Jack's own grip.

"Ef you will jus' rickollect, Jack had the same grip the time afore—when I pulled him off o' Whizzer."

"By ——, that's so," said Tall Tom and Dolph and Rube echoed him, amid a dozen voices, for not only Joel, but many of his neighbors, knew Jack's method of fighting, which had made him a victor up and down the length of Kingdom Come.

There was little doubt that the boy was right—that Jack had come on Whizzer killing the sheep, and had caught him at the edge of the ravine, where the two had fought, rolling down and settling the old feud between them in the darkness at the bottom. And up there on the hillside, the jury that pronounced Jack guilty pronounced him innocent, and, as the Turners started joyfully down the hill, the sun that was to have sunk on Jack stiff in death sank on Jack frisking before them—home.

A Country Editor's Plea.

Here is a heart-to-heart talk which a country editor, who evidently has troubles of his own, recently gave to his delinquent subscribers: "Good morning. Have you paid your subscription this year? Perhaps you owe for last year, or several years. Now, you understand, we don't need money; we have millions—to get. But it is really an imposition to let people go on carrying our money when we are strong and healthy, and so abundantly able to bear the burden ourselves. For this reason we ask anybody who has any of our money in his possession to leave it at the office, or send it by post, freight train, express, or any other way, just so it gets here. Silver and gold are heavy, and it would be a matter of life-long regret if anybody should get bow-legged carrying it about for us."

For The Extermination of The "Piano Pest."

In Germany the attack on the promiscuous use of the piano and other noisy musical instruments at all times and places has assumed almost the phase of a crusade. The latest and most characteristic discussion of the problem is a determined protest made by Siegmund Auerbach, a leading physician of Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the Supplement of the Munich "Allgemeine Zeitung," No. 142, the oldest and probably most influential general scientific journal in the country. The publication of the protest in this journal is significant, indicating that the learned world of the Fatherland is taking the matter seriously. We translate and quote the following:

"The protest of thinkers against the piano pest is not new, nor have the protestants been the meanest among men. Both Goethe and Schopenhauer have virtually cursed the evil habit of their thoughtless neighbors that interfered with their work and comfort, and yet, comparatively speaking, their sufferings must have been small compared with that of most modern men. Still more recently the litterateur, M. Lessing, wrote a series of articles in the 'Nord und Sud,' in which he voiced the protest of nervous people against this evil. It is well known to what trouble Mrs. Carlyle went to save her husband from molestation of this kind, and how Richard Wagner bought peace at a high price from the distorting street rabble in Florence. The question itself has a history which prominent men have helped to make.

"The question has both a medical and a legal side. The effect of such noise on the finely-strung nerves of the thinkers and writers is very dangerous, and as a physician I can testify to this danger. Piano-players have no right to endanger the health of their neighbors, and, this being the case, it is the right and the duty of states and governments to protect their people against the pest. There are regulations that forbid crying out wares on the streets, that regulate the noise that may be made by hucksters and others; why should there not be regulations to protect people from the piano hammerer? Just how this is to be done it will be the business of our lawmakers to determine. But one way that seems to be good would be to determine that those who by their callings or by choice are bound to use the piano or the loud musical instruments hours and hours each day should be compelled to live in certain quarters of the city, or in certain squares in a street, or in certain sections of squares, just as in the railroad trains there are certain parts and portions where smoking is allowed and others where it is forbidden. In this way there would be unmusical places where other people could live undisturbed and be sure that the next moving-day would not bring the unwelcome pianos into the new neighborhood. But both medical and legal considerations call for an extermination of the 'piano pest.'"

Woman's Privilege.

W. T. Stead says that there are only three privileges of the female sex, namely, that in going in or out of a room the woman goes first, that she is served before man at a meal (a statement which is quite wrong, by the way, only one woman at table having that distinction, the one on the host's right; the other guests, whether male or female, in every household above mere middle class being served in regular rotation), and that in a tram a man gives up his seat to her. I could give Mr. Stead many more. Our bills are paid for us—when our male belongings have any money to pay them with; we are made love to, which may be despicable but is distinctly enjoyable; we are admired, which is no doubt foolish but none the less gratifying to us.—The Countess in London "Outlook."

The Latest Humor.

Bertha—What a queer man that young professor is!

Ethel — Yes; I talked about new books, and he said he hadn't got through reading Shakespeare yet. — Detroit Free Press.

Mother—Why don't you behave better to your teacher?

Tommy—Why, I'm as kind to her as I kin be.

Mother—You are?

Tommy—Yes'm. Every time she licks me I cry as loud as I kin so's to make her believe she's hurtin' me.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Walking home from school the other day some children were discussing the perfection and usefulness of their respective fathers. "My father's the best man in the world," said one little girl; "he is a minister. He makes people go to church." "Mine is the best," piped up another; "he's a doctor. He makes sick people well so they can go to church." Three or four more enlarged upon the benefit the world derived from their fathers, when finally a sweet, blue-eyed little girl said: "My papa's the best of all. He's a poet." "A poet," said another, in sympathetic surprise; "why, a poet isn't a *profession*! It's a disease!"

One evening, during his recent visit to England, Rear-Admiral Charles S. Cotton was entertained at dinner. Among the other guests were the Bishop of Durham, a clergyman noted for his wit, and a millionaire manufacturer, a stout man with a loud, coarse laugh, who ate and drank a good deal, and who cracked every little while a stupid joke. He did not know the bishop from Adam, but seeing his clerical garb, he decided he must be a parson, and that here was a chance for him to poke a little fun at the parson's trade. "I have three sons," he began, in a loud tone, nudging his neighbor and winking toward the bishop—"three fine lads. They are in trade. I had always said that if I ever had a stupid son I'd make a parson of him." The millionaire roared out his discordant laugh, and the Bishop of Durham said to him, with a quiet smile: "Your father thought differently from you, eh?"

It is the custom in Abyssinia for all foreign missions to bring presents to King Menelik. The French, some years ago, brought a lot of Parisian mechanical toys—sheep that squeaked, pigs that ran about on their hind legs, and dolls that talked. They thought such things would be certain to tickle the fancy of a dusky king. Menelik looked at them for a moment with disgust and rage, then he thrust them aside. "Do you think," he asked, "that I am a child or a savage, that I should delight in toys?" The Russian and English emissaries showed a truer insight into his character. They brought him Mauser pistols, revolvers, and the latest and best rifles they could buy. He was delighted. "These are gifts worthy to be received by a warrior and a king," he declared. The influence of the Russians and English over Menelik dates from that lucky incident, but the French have always been badly represented at his court. After Kitchener's victory at Omdurman, the French at Addis Abeba assured Menelik that the English had been beaten, with the loss of 16,000 men. When he heard the truth later, that Kitchener had crushed the dervishes with the loss of only 323 of his soldiers, he exclaimed in disgust: "What liars they are!" Since then he has never believed a word the French envoys have told him, and he always speaks of them with contempt.

At one of his lectures, just after his return from the Klondike, Joaquin Miller told the following story: "One night I was invited to a dance in a miner's cabin, and while Bill Dalton scraped away on his fiddle we just hoed it down. But the miners tramped in and out so much between dances that before midnight the ladies declared the floor was so slippery they couldn't dance another step unless something was done. Then something was done that never was possible in mining days in California. Each miner gallantly opened his buckskin powder pouch and sprinkled gold dust on the floor! And this was repeated throughout the night. And in the morning, ladies and gentlemen, those miners never troubled themselves about sweeping up that gold dust. They just hitched up their dog-sleds and rode away." At this point of Miller's narrative there was a slight agitation in the audience, an ominous sign of incredulity, but Miller was equal to it. With a wave of his hand toward one of the boxes, he said: "And my old friend up there in the box, Captain John Healy, will substantiate what I say." It was a master stroke of the poet, for the house burst into applause, and greatly embarrassed the modest millionaire mining and railroad promoter of Alaska, who unsuspectingly had accepted Miller's invitation to attend the lecture in the afternoon.

He Has a Pull.

According to the critics of United States Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, now in the Philippines, who are trying to prevent the Senate from confirming his nomination to be a Major-General, he is an army doctor with very little military experience, who came to the front during the Spanish war through his acquaintance with President McKinley; who led his regiment of "Rough Riders" into an ambush at Santiago, from which they were rescued by the colored troops; who did what any other sanitary expert might have done in cleaning up Santiago; who inspired a magazine criticism of his superior, General Brooke, and then supplanted him as Governor of Cuba; who administered the affairs of the island so extravagantly as to leave the treasury well-nigh bankrupt; who fastened the gambling game of jai alai upon Havana by a ten-years' franchise, and received valuable gifts of silver and jewels from the gambling concern; who sent Major Rathbon to jail after an unfair trial, and who is now using his personal "pull" with the President to reach the highest rank in the army over the heads of a hundred or more of his seniors in service.

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The genial smile always found on Mr. Frank Dowling's countenence has broadened considerably this last week owing to the arrival in his home of a promising Junior telegraph operator.

The Asiatic Labor Bill has passed its second reading in the Transvaal Executive Council.

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An American View.

The system of taxation of mines and output as in vogue in British Columbia, is hardly just or equitable to the miner or company. Assessments should be made on the net output of a mine, and not on the gross output after deducting freight and treatment charges. Inducements should be made to get capital to invest in mining. Tax the profit and not enterprise. Where such laws are in force in our western states the results are more than satisfactory.

THE MINING WORLD.

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