THE ATLIN CLAIM.

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WAR NEWS.

Diplomatic relations between Russia and Japan were broken off last week, and the first shot was fired on Monday, Feb. 8th.

Special Daily Bulletins have been arranged for by the "CLAIM" and the following despatches were received this week.

Port Arthur, 9th:—Japanese torpedo boats attacked the Russian Fleet here during the night, and three of the Russian ships were badly damaged. The Japanese, who thus scored the first success of the war, escaped undamaged. In consequence of the attack by the Japanese torpedo boats martial law has been proclaimed here.

St. Petersburg, 9th:—Admiral Alexieff's official report of the attack by the Japanese is as follows:—"I most respectfully inform Your Majesty that at about midnight Feb. 8-9th Japanese torpedo boats made sudden attack by means of mines upon Russian Squadron in Outer Roads of the fortress of Port Arthur in which battleships Retvizan and Czarevitch and Cruiser Pallada were damaged.

Berlin, 9th.:—A special from St. Petersburg says three Russian ships at Port Arthur were severely damaged last night by torpedoes discharged from Japanese torpedo boats while the latter were passing the harbor. Subsequently a large fleet of Japanese battleships and cruisers appeared before the Port.

St. Petersburg, 9th:—The Imperial ball which was to have been held this evening has been cancelled. At 2 o'clock this evening the Imperial Court and all functionaries will attend a solemn Te Deum to pray for victory for Russian arms.

London, 9th.:—A dispatch to Lloyds from New Chwang says that owing to enormous trade interests involved, the Powers should demand that Russia surrender the port of New Chwang and agree to the neutralization thereof.

Paris, 9:—The attitude of th French government in view of war is now definitely determined upon. France will remain neutral under any and all circumstances, the Franco-Russian Alliance being so construed as not to require France to intervene in behalf of Russia, even should Great Britain or any other power intervene in behalf of Japan. China, it is understood has given official assurance that she will immediately issue a declaration of neutrality. This is considered highly important in view of possibility of the Chinese, impressed by Japanese success at Port Arthur, joining the Japanese.

Copenhagen:—The Great Northern Telegraph Line to Japan via Vladivostock has been closed to general traffic.

London:—The Japanese Minister Baron Hayashi, said this morning: "Russia is making desperate efforts through the various Embassies to have Powers intervene. Russia now is willing to concede everything, but the offer comes too late."

Vancouver, B. C.:—Canadian flour of all grades has jumped fifteen cents barrel today as result of news from the Orient.

Rome 9th:—The Chilean Legation announces the sale to Japan of a battleship, cruiser and gun-boat, the property of Chilian government and that they are now fully equipped and on way to Nagasaki.

London:—Despatch to Central News from Port Arthur says Japanese fleet returned there Tuesday afternoon and again bombarded the Russian fleets and forts, but that it soon withdrew. The losses to Russians were small. During firing a Japanese cruiser grounded.

London,—Summary of losses sustained by Russia in first 24 hours of war with Japan show that eleven Russian warships were placed out of action in one way or another and that the Japanese did not lose a ship. The losses as follows:

Battleship Retvizan, torpedoed and beached, at Port Arthur.

Battleship Czarevitz, torpedoed and beached at Port Arthur.

Battleship Poltava, hole below waterline, at Port Arthur.

Armoured Cruiser Boyarin, disabled by Japanese fire.

Cruiser Polada, torpedoed.

Cruisers, Novik, Ashold and Diana, all three, holes below water line.

First class Armoured Cruiser Variag, destroyed at Chemulpo, Corea

Torpedo Gun Vessel Koreits, destroyed at Chemulpo Corea.

Gun Boat, Mano, said to have been seized by Japs at Nagasaki.

London:—Special despatch from Tokio says it is reported that three transports of the Russia volunteer fleet conveying about two thousand troops, have been captured by Japanese off Corean Coast.

Petersburg:—Latest returns of the Russian warships of the original squadron in the Far East show total of ninety four vessels, including 8 battleships, 16 cruisers, 7 torpedo boats and destroyers. Three more battleships and nine torpedo boats are to go to the Far East in spring.

Paris:—The impression prevails that the Russian ships and torpedoes are so disabled as to be unserviceable for the remainder of the war, thus placing the Russian fleet in a state of manifest inferiority.

London:—Minister Hayashi's official advices regarding battle of Chemulpo and text of official dispatch received by Baron Hayashi are as follows:

"On Monday a Japanese squadron escorting transports met on the way to Chemulpo, Corea, the Russian gunboat Koreitz as the latter was coming out of the port. The Koreitz took up an offensive attitude toward the Japanese vessels firing on Japanese torpedo boats. The latter discharged two torpedoes ineffectually and then the Koreitz returned to her anchorage in port. Early Tuesday morning Admiral Urik, commanding Japanese squadron, formally called on the Russian warships to leave Chemulpo before noon. The Admiral added that if his demand was not complied with, he would be compelled to attack them in the harbor. The two Russian warships left the port about 11:30 a.m. and a battle resulted outside the Polynesian Islands. About after an hours engagement the Russian warships sought refuge among the Islands. Towards evening the Russian cruiser Variag sank and at about 4 a.m. today Feb 10th. Koreitz was reported to have also sunk having been blown up. The officers and men of the two sunken vessels sought refuge on the French cruiser Pascal. There were no casualties on the Japanese side.

London:—It was announced in the House today that a proclamation of British neutrality will be drawn up at a special cabinet meeting tomorrow.

London: — Dispatches to Daily Mail, from Tokio and Nagasaki, report the capture of two large Russian transports, the Ekaterinslav of ten thousand tons, and the Argun by the Japanese Cruisers Sai Yen and Hei Yen, in the neighborhood of Fusan Korea.

Washington:—J. M. Ferguson, Secretary of the U. S. Legation at Tokio, sails from Vancouver on Feb. 22nd. by Str. Empress of China for his post. He carries personal instructions for the Legation.

Nagasaki.—The Russian Cruiser Variag, reported sunk at Chemulpo was captured and has arrived at Sasebo. In addition to the Russian vessels damaged in the torpedo attack on Port Arthur, seven others were captured.

General Kourobatkin, the Russian Minister of War, has arrived at Harbin to take personal command of the land forces.

London.—Dealing with Secretary Hay's note to the Powers on the subject of preserving the integrity of China, Baron Hayashi, the Japanese Minister said, "The neutrality of China was first suggested by my Government and we have received assurances that Chinese neutrality will be observed. Japan will certainly agree most heartily with Secretary Hay's proposition, which appears chiefly to be due to the suspicion that Russia might find pretext for military action against China. If, however, the United States and other Powers contemplate the neutrality of Manchuria, the case becomes very complicated. So long as there are Russian troops in Manchuria Japan cannot regard it as neutral territory.

London, 11—Lloyds' agent at Shanghai cables; it is reported and generally believed that a Japanese warship has destroyed the Russian mail Str. Mongolia bound from Shanghai for Dalny. Cablegram adds that the three Russian warships damaged by torpedoes at Port Arthur sank where they were and are absolutely out of commission for the war.

Japanese fleet made unsuccessful attempt Wednesday to land men in several bays in neighborhood of Port Arthur under the protection of guns of cruisers.

Tientsin, Feb. 11—The Russian garrison was withdrawn yesterday to Shan Hai Kwan. The post offices were transferred to the French authorities.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 11th.—Repeating the charge that Japan's attack on Port Arthur was made from the British port of Wei Hei Wei on the northern coast of the Shang Tang peninsula the government organ, the Novoe Vremya today bitterly assails Great Britain. "In allowing Japan the use of the harbor, as a basis of preparations, Great Britain violated the fundamental principles of neutrality.

Wei Hei Wei must be regarded henceforth as part of Japanese territory and Great Britain has forced the question of the right of Russia to participate in deliberations over the eventual fate of the harbor." The Novoe Vremya further holds that the case is analogous to that of Alabama, and says that Russia is entitled to demand heavy compensation from Great Britain for the loss she has sustained.

Constantinople, Feb. 11—In diplomatic circles here the fear is increasing that Turkey and Bulgaria will take advantage of Russia's preoccupation, in Far East, to settle their own differences without the customary interference from the Czar's ministers.

Port Said, Feb. 11—Russian transport Smolensk and one torpedo boat have entered Suez Canal.

Shanghai, Feb. 11—Russian gun boat Mandjur is still here. Two Japanese warships are waiting for her at mouth of Yang Tse Kiang.

Tokio, Feb. 11th.—Japan has seized Mashampo, Corea, and has despatched a heavy land force for there. Japan will fortify the port, and establish a naval and military position.

Japanese have blocked Manchurian Ry. by blowing up a bridge. Explosian killed thirty Russians.

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A Blurred Color Line.

"FIVE thousand dollars reward is offered for Miss Maddison," said the station sergeant, yawning over his last hour on duty, for it was two o'clock in the morning. "That's a queer disappearance as ever we tried to fathom. A young girl buys a ticket for Chicago, takes a Pullman car, gets to her destination, fees the porter, gets in a street car and is never heard of again. Her aunt telegraphs to know why she doesn't arrive. Her parents telegraph that she left as arranged. The conductor remembers her, the Pullman porter remembers her. And, with all that, she drops out of sight like a falling star. She was one of the prettiest girls in Denver."

"And her luggage?"

"Was claimed by someone the same day and shipped east."

"So she must have left Chicago."

"Not at all. Her checks were presented, but anyone might have got hold of them. Strange, however, that they struck the right place for finding the trunks, unless they were on the train, too."

"And the luggage was claimed again?"

"No, not until the mother described the contents of a left trunk at Grand Rapids, which had the girl's initials on it. It was one of the trunks just as the mother had packed it. Five thousand dollars reward," and the station sergeant sighed. "I'd like to earn it."

I was going to Grand Rapids, and laughingly remarked: "Well, I'll look out for Miss Maddison, sergeant. What did she look like?" The sergeant opened a locked drawer. "Here's a photograph of her," he said. "She's a beauty—at least, she was. I doubt if she's alive." I saw a cabinet portrait of a lovely, fragile-looking, refined girl, with long, slender nose and thin, arched lips, a sensitive, high-strung spirituelle creature, but with nothing of weakness in her features. The great, serious eyes were deep and very beautiful, and half veiled by rather heavy lids. Anyone seeing that face wouldn't easily forget it. "May I have that picture?" I asked, impulsively. "I'll bring it back on my return trip."

The station sergeant laughed. "I got it from a reporter who made a drawing of it for the paper," he said. "But, as you say, I'd recognize Miss Maddison anywhere. She had the loveliest pale-gold hair, that curled in little rings all over her head, just like a boy."

"You've seen her?"

"Certainly. She has often visited her aunt here, and I used to have a beat on the North Side before I got promotion. Miss Maddison spent one whole summer in Chicago, the year of the World's Fair. She was only a slip of a girl then. She was nineteen the day before she disappeared."

"Strange story!" I said, carelessly, but I put the photo in my pocket, and presently strolled to the station to await my train for the East. It was not long before I was comfortably settled for the trip, and had impressed my porter with the fact that I was a person of consequence. How it is possible to do this I shall not make public, but the porter, a tall and fine-looking negro, hovered about me with a solicitude which was most soothing.

"We change time at Chicago, porter; what is the right hour?" I asked, as he stooped before me to put in a cinder screen. He pulled out his watch, turning it away from me, and I caught its inner side reflected in the little mirror which was set between the seats, he holding the watch very close to it as he stooped. In the lid was set a woman's picture, at which I stared as if galvanized. It was a tiny replica of the large photo which at that very moment stretched my breast pocket. What was this son of Ham doing with the picture of the young Denver lady whose disappearance had raised such a commotion? Before I could draw breath, the porter snapped his watch shut, said in deferential tones, "Barely a quarter to three, sah," and straightened his tall form, as the cinder-screen slipped into its groove.

"Have you been long on this run, porter?" I asked, carelessly.

"Yes, sah; run from Chicago to Detroit for several years now."

"And never further?"

"No, sah. I don't know Canady at all."

"Nor west of Chicago, either?" I asked, carelessly still, with my eye on him, as he reached into an upper berth opposite. For just one moment he hesitated, then with a short laugh he answered:

"Well, not much, sah. I've run through to 'Frisco several times, and once or twice short trips. This is my regular route." Someone rang, and the porter hurried away, but presently he came back. "You goin' through to Canady, sah?" he asked.

"Perhaps so," I said. "If I don't find what I want first."

"Oh, you'll find it, sah," he said, with cheery conviction, and made himself busy over his bed-making again.

I went through to Detroit, after all. I don't know why, except that I hate being routed out at night, and when one has privileges such as I enjoyed it's no matter how far one chooses to travel. At Detroit I gave my man a dollar. "Buy your sweetheart an ice cream," I said, as he profusely thanked me. "My good lady thanks you, sah," he said, merrily. "I'se a married man, sah."

"Then what the mischief," said I to myself, "does your wife think of your carrying a white girl's picture in your watch cover?"

As I selected a cigar in the nearest reliable shop, again I thought of the five thousand dollars awaiting an earner, and a solution arrived. "He's got the picture for the very same reason I've got mine," I said to myself. "I mustn't go on any bat with this photo in my possession and be searched by some officious bobby!" and I grinned at what my wife would say if she read in the papers that I was a suspected abductor of Denver womankind.

I had occasion to visit a man whose apartment was in rather an unpopular neighborhood that afternoon, and as we lounged in his sitting-room window I idly asked him what sort of neighbors he had. "Oh, all sorts," he said, cynically. "Poor clerks can't live in swell localities. I have Jews to the right, and shady folks here and there. They're an inoffensive lot, white, brown and black." I looked across the road, where some very tidy windows stood open. A small shop occupied the ground floor, and "Room To Let" was the legend on a card in the window. Above were the tidy open windows, and just within one of them hung across a chair a blue coat, gold-buttoned, and a railway porter's cap.

"Very decent nigger and his wife live there," said my Bohemian. "I suppose he's a Pullman porter; he's always apparently in bed most of the day when he's home. Wife's a perfect little dandy, with the prettiest voice. Sings very nicely, and is a good-looker. Not a real nigger; more of white than black. One of Topsy's cream-colored niggers. Works somewhere. I often meet her going up-town of a morning. But what am I giving you, old chap? Excuse me. In my lonely life I become observant of any person not quite repulsive. Let's drop the neighbors. They're a sorry lot."

I stayed in Detroit for a week, and had business with this man which took me to his rooms again. While there I heard a beautiful soprano voice singing a rather difficult scrap of an opera some five years old. "That's my cream-colored Dinah," said the man, flippantly. "I wish she'd come and water her window-boxes. It's time she looked after them." Just as he spoke the curtains parted and a slim arm came out, holding a small shower watering-pot. The singing woman began to water her flowers, and I could see her small brown face peering down as she carefully showered her plants. Her dark hair lay in little curls upon her forehead, and her eyes looked handsome across the narrow street. When she caught sight of us watching her she became mute and drew partly back. "She's a nice little thing, and not bold, as you see," said my client, observing her. "Even these humble folk have the good of life. They took those rooms about three years ago, and I quite enjoy them. Just a tidy pair. He's a great big chap; very good-looking for a darkey. See! there he is, at the other window." There he was in his shirt-sleeves, my porter of the train from Chicago. We both drew back, as he leaned from the window and looked up and down the narrow street. The woman at the other window also leaned out, and called to him, pointing to a straggling strand of nasturtiums which trailed nobly independent from her flower-garden. She reached her arm very far out and tried to imprison the trailing flowers, and just then her sleeve caught in a nail protruding from the window-frame, and rip! went the dark cambric, laying bare a couple of inches of her upper arm. I started and exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" said my client, curiously, as the cry burst from my lips.

"Oh, nothing. She's torn her dress," I answered, as she disappeared, and the porter also withdrew into the seclusion of the room opposite.

But I have extra good eyes. I had seen her bare upper arm, and as sure as I was alive it was as white as the driven snow!

It was quite dark that night when I entered the small shop, wearing my worst coat and a newly-purchased cheap hat, in which I felt very much over-dressed.

"You've a room to rent?" I asked the old mother who sold wurst and other delectable edibles.

"Yah, mein herr; vater, komm!"

Vater came, and we soon struck a bargain. "I will pay you for a month," I said. "And when I get my trunk I will send it. My name is Jones. Put the trunk in for me."

"Yah," said vater. "It is a nice room, and maype some goot essen is by the shop."

"You could send up my breakfast each day?" I enquired.

"Yah, for ein mark—twenty-fif cent."

"Very good. Send it to-morrow morning at eight o'clock," and I betook myself to my small hall bedroom, only separated from the porter's menage by a plastered wall. During the evening I journeyed out more than once, purchasing several things at the queer little shops and grinning as I saw across the way the head and shoulders of my client, propped up in an easy chair.

Presently a soft, clear soprano voice began to sing very sweetly next door, and a tinkling accompaniment on a rather fair piano was audible. The woman played and sang with evident culture and ability. And she was the wife of a colored porter! She sang so softly that I didn't catch the words at first, but presently I entrapped a line which was not English. My heart beat quicker. No one can imagine the strength of the impulse that guided me, as I gently set my door ajar and intently listened.

The old German frau was going to bed, and she paused before my door. "You dere, mister?" she asked. "You don'd light de gas?"

"No; I have bad eyes. I am resting them after working," I mendaciously explained.

"Dose singin' bees nice?" she asked. "You like dem?"

"Yes," I said. "Is it your daughter who sings German."

"Ach, no; das ist Frau Jackson. Ach! She is schmart singer, hein?" and the old woman glided away as my neighbor's door opened quickly and the girl came out.

"You want me?" she called to the retreating German.

"Nod ad all, my chilt; nod ad all. Only I wait to hear 'Du Bist wie Eine Blumchen.' That is nice singin'."

"Good-night," said the clear, sweet voice—the cultured, white voice!

"Guten-nacht, my chilt. Schlafen sie wohl," said the guttural German voice; and I stood in the dark, with many queer thoughts.

The girl paused before my open door. "Is anyone there?" she said, nervously.

"A blind man, young lady, who has rented this room to-day, and thanks you for your music."

She shrank into her room timidly. "Oh! I did not know the room was taken," she said, hesitating. "There is a box of mine in it. Shall I send down for the boy to take it out?"

"Don't trouble until to-morrow," I said. "It will be quite safe. I shall lock my door, madam." Then she very gently closed her own door, and the house was perfectly still.

And I waited until very late before I cautiously lit my gas and found under the sofa bed the box of the porter's wife. It was a very good box, indeed—expensive, and not much used—and on the end were three letters—E. G. M.—which certainly did not spell Jackson! Very early in the morning I arose and went out, and found a locksmith to open a locked trunk. He soon had the trunk open, sold me a key which fitted it, and took himself off before eight o'clock. Then I hesitated, but only for a moment. I had gone too far to resist further temptation. In a trice the tray of the trunk was on my bed, and I was looking at its contents. As a married man, I could appreciate the cost of the dainty things it contained, none of which I dared disturb. I gingerly opened the hat-box. There, tucked in one corner was a dainty gray card-case, which I very carefully took out. Several cards were in it, and on each one was engraved "Emily Gordon Maddison!" I took one of them, hid it in my own pocketbook, and replaced the tray, locked the trunk, and carefully shoved it back under the sofa-bed. I had found what I wanted, and five thousand dollars lay in my inside pocket! After breakfast the boy came for the trunk, which he carried into the next room, and during the day I heard some more singing—such happy carols that I almost thought the whole business must be a weird dream, until I stealthily glanced into my pocketbook at the card. "What under the canopy could have led this sweet young lady to bestow herself upon a nigger?" I asked, furiously. "To leave home and family and associations, and live in a grubby city slum and yet be happy enough to sing in that wondrous way?" I am afraid when on the second or third morning I heard a deep mellow voice blending with her clear treble I had a murderous impulse to begin an assault upon a son of Ham!

Before I became solicitor for the railway I had taken five years of criminal practice, and had come across some queer cases. But here was I, by a curious fatality, mixed up in a complication at once weird and interesting to a degree. "I shall go to Denver," I said, suddenly, when I had received at my supposed hotel an imperious telegram from my wife, asking when I was coming home to arrange our holiday trip. So on the next evening I boarded a train, and as soon as I stepped into the sleeper I encountered the tall form and dollar smile of my friend the colored porter.

"Evening, sah. Yes, the parlor is vacant. I got a message from town 'bout an hour back," he said, politely. "You go clear through this time, sah?"

"Yes, to Chicago," I said.

He regarded me with reminiscent eye and smiled. "Got what you was lookin' for, sah?"

I started and stared, then answered thoughtfully, "I think so, John; I think so," for I remembered my words of a fortnight earlier.

"That's good, sah. Tole you you would, you know," and with a low chuckle the porter showed me to my state-room.

I fell asleep as comfortably as old travelers do, and neither dreamed of Jackson nor his white helpmeet. When I wakened hell was abroad. There was a hideous jolt and jar, loud calls and a crash of rending timbers. The door burst open, and the porter shot in, his arms outstretched as he plunged. Together we fell to the floor, to the roof—somewhere—he over me, and then there was a sickening interval of faintness, which lasted but a moment, and cool night air blowing upon me, and someone deeply groaning close by. I stretched up an arm and touched a warm face. "Oh, God! Is that you, sah?" said a deep bass. "We'se wrecked, sah, an' a beam is lying cross my back. It's close on good-bye time, I guess, for me!"

I put up my hand again. "I'm all right, porter, but a cut on the head," I said, weakly. "I shall call out for help," which I proceeded to do with my feeble might.

Then the deep voice went on. "I'se done, sah. This big beam's broke my back. I feel it coming. Oh, God! and Lady-bird's all alone!"

A sudden terror rang through his voice. I touched his face again. "See here, porter; is Lady-bird your wife," I asked, gently stroking his cheek. "Don't give in yet. Tell me what you want me to do, when we get out of this wreck."

"Do!" he screamed. "You can't do nothing, sah. She's all alone except for me. She left all of 'em for me," and his voice trembled. "She's an angel, sah, is my wife, sure enough. God help her!"

"Well, she shall never want, John," I said, solemnly. "I swear it, and if you—feel so badly—is there anything you'd like me to say to her from you?"

"Tell her I died worshipping her," he said, in almost fierce tones. "Tell her if it could be done over again I couldn't do different; but tell her to go back. She'll understand. Tell her if hell lasts forever and I'm in the midst of it, I've no complaint to make. I've had my heaven. Can you reach me again, sah?" I knew perfectly what was coming, and touched, not his face, but his body. "Can you get my watch, sah, and put it in your clothes? Will you take it to her? My address is written on it, on the chamois case. Will you just give it to her yourself, sah?"

"Indeed I will, if you don't get there first," I said, cheerily, feeling in the vest pocket and taking out the watch. "Looks like robbery, porter," I continued, stowing it away in my pocket. "See here, if my legs weren't pinned down, I'd try to help you. Now, I am going to call out again—a lantern is coming this way."

My shouts soon brought some scared rescuers, who succeeded in freeing my legs and dragging me from the wreck, when I promptly fainted and was carried to a shed near by. When I came to, my first words were, "Where's the porter?"

A man gasped out, "We can't loose him; he's pinned fast. Ain't groaning any more, so I guess he's passed in his checks. Did you know him, mister? Reckon he saved you from that big beam that's lying crost his spine now. He was a powerful nigger that, and as white inside as they make 'em."

The past tense was chilling. "Go and see if he is dead, and if not, tell him to hang on, and that I swear I'll not forget to do as I promised him, and more also."

"Well, don't excite yourself, mister, or you'll go off again. Here's the doctor was nearest," and away he went, grimy and weary, to take my message. Presently he came back. "Porter's passed out, mister," he said, tersely. "I went straight to him with your word, and as soon as I gave it, he just said, 'Good-bye, Lady-bird!' and gin up."

When I had been put to bed in a wayside shack, and another man had gone with a telegram to my wife and yet another to "Lady-bird," and the day dawned on the wreck, the doctor came again. "They have freed the body of your porter, sir," he said. "What do you wish now?"

"Have it cared for in the best way possible. Forward it by special if you can to the nearest undertaker, and then look out for the answer to my telegram. And say, doctor, I have his watch and a message for his wife, which I am pledged to deliver."

"Right," said the doctor, heartily. "For, by design or accident, he certainly saved your life, sir!" "Oh, he meant it all right," I said, with a catch in my voice. "He made straight for my state-room when he collided, and spread his arms above me. God have mercy on him!" Then I bethought me of my friend the clerk in Detroit, and the five thousand dollars reward offered by the parents of Miss Maddison for information as to her whereabouts. "I'll give him a chance to earn that some day!" I said. "For I don't want to have a hand in the matter till after I have just one talk with the Lady-bird!"

Very soon a man came in with a wire for me, two, three of them! My wife's first—only three words, "Thank God! Coming." My partner's—"Will be down by special this morning." The Lady-bird's—"Send body to Mrs. Jackson, —— Second street, Detroit. Wire when to meet it." Then, for all the horror and the sadness, I slept for hours.

My wife sat at my bedside when I awoke, pale but smiling. Only those who enjoy happy married life can guess how our first words and thoughts were intimately personal, but suddenly an idea struck me. Here was my natural helper in the case of the Lady-bird. So, while we sat hand in hand, I told her what you know from this tale, showed her the two pictures and enlisted her warm sympathy. "You must go to her," I said, decidedly. "Go to the Cadillac, send a carriage for her, and get that damn stuff off her face and hands. I suppose the hair-dye will take time." My wife put her hand over my mouth. "Don't swear over it, dearest," she reproved. "She shall be beautiful Miss Maddison once more if there's a face-doctor in Detroit worth her salt. She's my sister or yours, and has run away with a theatrical troupe. Could you stand the disgrace?" I kissed her emphatically. "Julia, you're a trump!" "Not an ace of spades, anyway," said my beaming wife. "I'd adopt a whole nigger family, I am so grateful for your escape—so grateful to that brave, good porter-man. Just leave it all to me, honey, and you'll see how I can manage."

A week after I was shown into a room at the Cadillac, where my wife sat with a slender woman in a crape gown. Her face was pale, and on her small head was a luxurious crop of golden curls, over which that most pathetic of the many crowns of womanhood, a widow's cap, was perched. To a mere man, ignorant of the barber's art and the mysterious toupee, the change was magical. My wife rose and took the slender woman's hand. "Mrs. Jackson, this is my husband, who has something to tell you. Be brave, my dear sister," she said, and kissing the pale cheek of the porter's wife—of Miss Maddison!—she left us alone.

I cannot report that interview, but it is one of the short times I don't desire to live through again. My brain, usually so alert and well-regulated, was simply at loose ends. I was now the blind lodger, now the Peeping Tom across the road, now the man of business, and, above all, the man for whom another man had faced death and been taken at his word. Mrs. Jackson, being quite unsuspicious, had decidedly the advantage of me. I gave her the watch and the message, the latter as well as I could. Then I dodged her tremulous thanks, her tremulous lips upon my hand, and bolted from her presence in a complete state of demoralization.

"We are going home soon, husband, are we not?" asked my wife, when she had somewhat calmed me.

I sent for my friend of Second street, and invited him to earn five thousand dollars. Needless to say, he left for the West on the next train with a bee in his bonnet and an address in Denver in his breast pocket. In due time a couple of notices appeared in the Denver papers to the effect that Miss Maddison had reached home a widow, having eloped three years before with a secret lover and on his death returned and been welcomed with enthusiasm. My wife and myself advised the Lady-bird to keep her own counsel, and she did so, her married life being amply vouched for by my wife and myself, and its details being unknown even to one clerk, who pocketed the five thousand dollars and made his fortune apparently through a chance recognition of the lost girl when in our company in Detroit. We love the Lady-bird dearly, and my wife looks with detective eyes at every porter on the line.

One day I visited once more the sergeant of police, and returned him the photograph. "You should have had it sooner had I not been nearly killed in that railway collision," I said, with a wild desire to tell him of my series of surprising experiences.

"Ah well, sir, them that's born to be hanged, you know," said the sergeant, yawning. "Now, wasn't it queer that just two months after you and I had that talk about Miss Maddison she should turn up? She saw life, if that's what she went away for, anyway!"

"Aye, and death, too," said I, softly.

"And to think how easy that Detroit chap spotted her at the Cadillac. But I suppose he got there just in time. They say she was on her way home to her people. Well, there won't be another five thousand dollars lying round for him to pick up as easy. There wasn't much about it in the papers?" he asked, with professional curiosity.

"Very little," I assented. "It was just a runaway love match." But all the same, it remains to me a psychic mystery.

Humor in a Catalogue.

A specimen of humorous cataloguing, quoted by the "Critic" from a Wyoming auctioneer's list, is as follows:

Grand. "The Heavenly Twins." (Not to be had separate.)

Grey, Maxwell. "The Silence of Dean Maitland." (Broken.)

Haggard, H. R. "She." (Unique.)

Holmes, O. W. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." (Plates missing.)

"How to Be Happy Though Married." (Rare in this state.)

Phelps. "The Gates Ajar." (Unopened.)

To the World's End.

He (describing his journeyings)—Then, leaving Gibraltar, I made my way to Australia, and from there I went to the diamond mines in South Africa, where I made my fortune. Then—do you follow me, Miss Crynkle? She (with a vivid blush)—To the world's end, Mr. Rocksworthy.—Cape "Register."

Athletics vs. Beauty.

An English exchange comments as follows on the subject of Athletics for Women:

"The 'beauty specialists' appear to be doing a better trade than ever before, for which they have to thank the immoderate indulgence in athletic exercises which so many women now affect. It is impossible for a woman to abandon her natural position in the scheme of creation without losing something, and the attainment of masculine strength and skill involves, for woman, the penalty of ugliness—that is, from the standard which centuries have set up. Beauty, as generally understood, depends chiefly upon the curves produced by softness and roundness of outline, and a facial expression void of strain or effort.

"Among the lower classes beauty is rare, except in very young, well-fed girls. Comparative idleness, quiet surroundings, mental and physical repose, favor the development of beauty; while work and such sports, games, and exercises as call for more than a trifling amount of exertion harden the muscles and expression together, with artistically unfavorable results.

"The beautiful women of to-day who are known to the world as such are not very numerous. But early in the century painters of portraits were hard put to it to keep pace with the demands of lovely women. Those beauties rode quiet horses, used a needle slowly, and played the harp. To straddle a bicycle would have been an impossible, if not an improper, feat for any one of them, had such a machine existed.

"The health of our girls is certainly much improved, and many a modern father feels the bald patch on top of his head more exposed to the gaze of his giant daughter than is comfortable. But health and stature are purchased at a great cost, and portraits of grandmother, painted in youth, look down without cause for envy upon their healthy, firm-jawed, flat-footed, muscular successors. The apostle of moderation seldom gets a hearing until excesses have been long indulged in, for vested interests without number cause every social hobby and craze to be thoughtlessly and recklessly encouraged.

"The 'open-air' craze has much to answer for. Delicate people open their bedroom windows to fog and damp, to dust and dirt and microbes, with a pathetic belief that the outer air is always safer than that within. The 'morning tub' has before now produced fatal illness, and in all the physical training fads there is danger for those without special knowledge. The chief disease of the day is overstrain, and it fathers a hundred others. 'Nervous disorders,' says Dr. Goodhart, 'affect the muscularly weak, and the muscularly strong,' which is a hard saying for those who would rival Hercules."

Write on your doors the saying wise and bold,
"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere "Be bold!
Be not too bold." Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector on the field to die,
Than like perfumed Paris turn and fly.

—Longfellow.

THE ATLIN TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, Underwear, Blankets, Boots & Shoes, etc.

Also Gold Seal Rubber Goods.

60 and 75 per cent Powder, Caps & Fuse, etc.

We carry the Largest and Best Assorted Stock in the District.

Tons of Groceries on hand for the Spring Trade, and All at Close Prices.

A. S. CROSS, President.
N. C. Wheeling, Secretary.

P. M. A.

A Cariboo Pioneer's Opinion On Placer Mining Act.

James Moore, Delegate to Provincial Mining Association, Recommends Allowing Prospectors Crown Grants.

James Moore, one of the pioneer mining prospectors of the province, arrived from the Cariboo district yesterday as a delegate to the annual convention of the Provincial Mining Association, to be held on the 22nd of next month in this city.

This morning he said that the shallow placer claims of the interior were practically worked out. There were, however, any amount of deep deposits of auriferous gravel. These could be found in any of the interior districts, Cariboo, Yale, Lillooet, Omineca and Cassiar, but were, on account of the law out of reach of prospectors.

Explaining this, he said that according to the present act a miner, in order to get a twenty-year-lease of any property, was required to spend $1,000 in development work. This was unfair, because even if the provision mentioned was carried out, only a limited lease was acquired. Such a thing was of little use to a miner because of the great expense necessary for the development and operation of these mines. He could not sell the lease to capitalists because the latter in most cases were unwilling to purchase, unless assured that the property would be theirs for all time. Large properties of much value were, on this account, lying dormant and would continue in the same condition until some change was brought about.

Asked what alteration he would recommend, Mr. Moore stated that there should be some provision providing for the granting of crown grants to miners after they had done a certain specified amount of development work, at an expenditure of $500 and $1,000, and proved that they have discovered a mine of value. They could then go to the capitalist with the title and have some hope of securing the investment of the necessary money for the operation of the property. Mr. Moore emphasized this point--that it would encourage capitalists to invest their money in British Columbia mining. This was what was required more than any thing else, if the prosperity of the Province was to be assured.

Vancouver Province.

Northern Lumber Co.

Prices for the Season 1903.

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

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 Raut 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.

G. T. Swinney.

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 7 1901.
Daily except Sunday.

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

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

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

J. G. CORRELL.

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.

Pellew-Harvey, Bryant & Gilman

Provincial Assayers

The Vancouver Assay Office, Established 1890.

W. WALLACE GRIME & Co.,
Agents.

Large or Small Samples forwarded for Assay

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J. D. DURIE'S

FOR

UPHOLSTERY
MATTRESSES
FURNITURE
HARDWARE
PAINTS & OILS

Atlin & Discovery.

The Royal Victoria Life Insurance Co.

OF CANADA
Capital $1,000,000.
A. C. Hirschfeld, Agent.

NEW YEAR.

ERRY, Merry Christmas, passed away,
"Happy, Happy Old Year!" shout today.
Happy, Happy Old Year, nevermore
Shall we taste the pleasure past and o'er.

Gleaming on the hill-side, shining bright,
Comes the New Year sunshine, golden light,
When the happy seasons pass away,
May there be for us no darker day.

Forth all people straying, here and there,
Careless, happy greetings ev'rywhere,
There is no repining, all is cheer,
Shout aloud to hail the glad New Year.

TWO LITTLE REBELS.

It was the last night of the dying year, and "Ole Sherman's" Yankees were but a few miles from our home in Georgia. We heard the beating of the drums, the prancing horses and booming of cannon.

I sat up in bed, and rubbed my eyes. There on the floor lay our black Mammy Venus, wrapped in her patchwork quilt, and beside me lay little sister; it was no dream, for through the open window, along with the perfume of the orange blossoms, came those strange sounds, nearer and nearer.

Mammy's black head advanced from under her quilt like a cautious terrapin.

"What is it, mammy?" I asked, and I began to tremble.

"Oh, my honeys!" cried mammy, taking little sister and me both into the shelter of the patchwork counterpane, "don't git skeered nohow; no Yankees, not Marse Lincoln he-self, kin tek yo' f'um yo' mammy, an' yo' mammy f'um yo'."

"The Yankees!" I gasped; "have they come really and truly?" and immediately I began to wonder if I dared tiptoe to the window to get a peep at the terrible and interesting creatures.

"Would that noise kill me if I looked out of the window, mammy?" I asked at last.

"To de course it would," answered little sister, shuddering.

"Well!" said mammy, "'pears to me like you better not; it's right resky foolin' wid Marse Sherman, and dat's him, fo' shore. I steddy, an' I steddy, an' 'pears like I can't mek it out nohow. Talk 'bout free! 'pears like dese Yankees can't know dat nuttin' is so no-count as a free bawn nigger."

"A band!" I cried, and forgetting our fears all three rushed pell-mell to the windows. As the tramp, tramp, tramp, came nearer, and the front ranks came into sight, little sister set up a dismal wail: "Dey is only men, and not real and true Yankees at all," she said.

"They are real enough," said poor mamma, who had come hurrying in, and she made us close all the shutters, and although she let us peep through the blinds, she would not look again, even when we entreated her to point out "Ole Sherman."

"Yes," sniffed mammy, "dey is a playin' 'When dis cruel wah is over,' and dey is a-doin' it dey-self all de time!"

As we sat around the drawing room fire that afternoon, the door was thrown open with a flourish, and Cyrus announced: "Gineral Sherman, Missus!"

My mother went forward to greet her visitor, with youngsters clinging in mortal terror to her gown, for that name was more frightful to us than "Bluebeard," or "Hop-o'-my-Thumb's" ogre, or "Red Riding-hood's" wolf, all rolled into one.

Mamma put her hand behind her and drew me forward, saying: "General here is a young person who is very anxious to see 'Ole Sherman.'"

"I declare, mamma, I didn't say it," I began, trembling like an aspen leaf; "'twas mammy or little sister——"

"No! no! I cross my heart I never did," sobbed little sister miserably.

Our dreadful visitor looked from one culprit to the other, from under his bushy eyebrows, and then—he did not cut our heads off with his great sword, as I fully expected him to do; he laughed! oh, so long and loud!

He took pretty little sister on his knee, and kissed her, and said he had letters in his pocket for mamma, and asked for some sugar for us, to cheer us up a bit. There was no sugar, nor had there been any for many months; so General Sherman told us to come to his headquarters next day and he would give us all we could eat.

We got our sugar (brown by choice), in nice pasteboard boxes marked "Colgate's Soap," and what else do you think we got?

A New Year's box, perhaps it came straight from Santa Claus, a week late, whom General Sherman met on his "March to the Sea," else how could he have got it for us?

As we skipped joyfully home we said with conviction:

"You see, mammy, you were all wrong. 'Ole Sherman' is not a 'Yankee,' after all."—E. G. Parker, in Wide Awake.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever or contains any injurious chemicals

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

Swearing Off.

"With the new year I am resolved—"

NOT A TWINGE IN HIS BODY

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured W. J. Dixon's Rheumatism

He was Crippled for weeks before he tried the great Kidney Remedy —How the Cure was Effected.

Barwick, Rainy River, Ont., Dec. 28.—(Special).—The cold, wet weather, with its accompaniment of Rheumatic pains has set the people here talking of the case of Wm. John Dixon. Mr. Dixon, who is well known in this neighborhood, was a cripple from Rheumatism. To-day he has not a twingle of his old enemy anywhere in his body, and he gives all the credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I had an attack of Typhoid Fever," Mr. Dixon says in speaking of his cure, "and after I got over it, Rheumatism set in. I had pains in my back and in my right hip so bad I had to use a stick to walk. I had no comfort in sleeping and could no more than dress or undress myself for two months. For three or four weeks I could not put my right leg on my left knee.

"On my brother's advice I started using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes I began to walk around and do my work as usual. I am all right now, and Dodd's Kidney Pills did it."

Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. The natural way to cure it is to get the uric acid out of the blood. If the Kidneys are sound they will take all the uric acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys sound.

Terms That are Out of Date.

"No one says 'ladies' or 'gentlemen' nowadays, Sarah," said Aunt Betty Modish to her country-bred niece, whom she was endeavoring to "form" on the approved lines of the fashionable type of her world, before presenting her to society. "We are men and women now, Dieu Merci! And it sounds like a servant to speak of people in any other way. And for Heaven's sake, child," continued her up-to-date mentor, "never let me hear you use that dreadful word 'genteel' again. I heard you say that something looked 'genteel and ladylike' yesterday, and I nearly fainted."

"Gran," who was knitting a fleecy mass of white Shetland wool into soft, dainty little baby's garments, looked up quizzically.

"Yes, Sarah," she said, "it is quite true; there are no ladies, in the old acceptation of the term, left in these modern times. They are like old lace and lavender, and belong to a bygone age. The delicacy and refinement, the purity of speech and manners, the sweet primness which laid an embargo on over-free speech, the dignity of demeanor, and the graciousness of courteous deportment, which we used to consider indicative of a 'lady,' are all old-fashioned, and, of course, must not be cultivated. The gentlemen, too, as your Aunt Betty says, have disappeared. Chivalry is quite obsolete, courtly manners are considered ridiculous, and I do not think that Tom, Dick and Harry, whom you will meet when you go out, need fear to have the old-time appellation."

Power of a Remark Overheard.

A man waiting patiently at the glove counter of a New York department store heard one young shopwoman say to another, as she handed down a box of gloves: "Maria told him downright she'd have nothing more to do with him; and she called him a poison-faced adder, he gripped her in the waltz that scandalous." This was all! Customers clamored for attention, and the confidence ceased at this point. But the force and richness of the language, the liveliness of the allusion, captivated the hearer's soul. He confessed that, for years afterwards, when he was waltzing with decorous reluctance under the compelling eye of his hostess, memories of Maria's partner would assail him, and he would find himself envying the adder the mysterious nature of his enthusiasm.—New York "Life."

For the Ladies.

Knives.

The loosening of the handles of knives is due to the fact that the knives have been tossed into a pan of hot water, together with the forks and spoons, and, in consequence, the cement has melted away. Knives when brought from the table, should be scraped against the edge of a plate to remove as much soil as possible, and the blades should then rest in a jug, not a pan, of hot water, into which a little bit of soda has been melted, care being taken that the water does not reach the handle, where it joins the blade.

Bookish Women.

Bookishness is an unreliable test of ability. I have known bookish women who were profuse readers and delighted in study, but were not of much use for anything else, and I have known other women who took books rather hard, but amply made up for that disability by their closeness of observation and mental energy. As between persons who read to save themselves the trouble of thinking, and persons who observe and think, but find reading laborious, the latter are likely to be best worth while. But reading, observation and thought ought to work well together and to make for practical efficiency. A mind that is capable of Greek and analytical geometry is usually capable also, under proper training, of omelets, good coffee and household administration.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Bazar.

Hindu English.

Lady Curzon, who was Miss Leiter of Chicago, gets a lot of fun out of her life in India. Among other fads, it is said that she makes a point of collecting any amusing attempts made by Hindus to write English that may come under her notice, and has many ludicrous specimens in her scrapbook. Recently she got from Bombay a letter that two brothers sent out to their patrons on the death of their father, who had been the head of the firm. The letter ran: "Gentlemen,—We have the pleasure to inform you that our respected father departed this life on the 10th inst. His business will be conducted by his beloved sons, whose names are given below. The opium market is quiet, and mal. 1,500 rupees per chest. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? We remain, etc."—Leslie's Weekly.

Care of House Plants.

The advent of colder weather means increased fire heat, the latter also meaning an increased aridity or dryness of the atmosphere. The latter condition will probably induce a visit from insect pests, unless precautions are taken to prevent their appearance. Green fly and red spider are most to be feared, especially the latter, as their appearance is not so easily detected as that of the aphis, or green fly.

Copious sprinkling and syringing with cold water is the best preventive for the attacks of the so-called spider. Salvias, fuchsias, roses and carnations are first favorites with this little pest. When first attacked, the leaves of these plants present a whitish, dusty-looking appearance, especially on the underneath side, and the leaves will soon commence dropping twice every day. Tobacco water is the best remedy for green fly, although tobacco leaf stems, or even a cigar thoroughly dried and rubbed into a fine powder and sprinkled on the plants infested with green fly will generally rid the plant of them. The latter application is best made after the plants have been recently sprinkled or syringed, as the tobacco dust adheres better when the foliage of the plant is moist.—William Hunt, Guelph, Ont.

A Stormy "First Night."

Commenting on the receptions of his various plays, H. J. W. Dam recently told a reporter that at one time at the opening production of his play, "The Coquette," he thought nobody connected with the entertainment would leave the theater alive. "The house," he said, "was the little Prince of Wales, managed by Oscar Lowenthal. The piece did not go very well, and at the end there were calls for the author. I did not mind going out for a similar play of mine, 'The Shop Girl,' had run twenty months in the Society, and I felt that the pit and gallery would treat me with some courtesy as one who had, at least, pleased them once. But the 'Boo!' that came over the footlights that night as I made my appearance was really like a tornado! It was almost palpable. I fairly reeled and staggered back as it came at me like something that might be warded off had I the thickness of the curtain between me and it. And it endured, too—endured until I felt myself pulled and jerked about, and realized that the curtain, to the end of which I had been holding with one clenched hand, was ascending. I looked about, and there stood Lowenthal, the color of pure marble. He stepped down, pushed me aside, and then gave that audience a vast amount of information concerning the private character of each and every individual composing it. I do not believe that a coster from Whitechapel could have competed with the manager that night in the expert use of choice Billingsgate. He blackguarded them until they were stilled and then he blackguarded some more. He paid for that speech with a fortune, for popular indignation told against the Prince of Wales Theater, and he, too stubborn to let go, held on until he was wiped out."

The thousands of people who write to me saying that

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

cured them of chronic coughs cannot all be mistaken.

There must be truth in it.

Try a bottle for that cough of yours.

Prices 25c., 50c. and $1.00

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

Strenuous Miss Roosevelt.

When a London journal ventured the information that Miss Alice Roosevelt had invited herself to attend the coronation of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and even designated the Westminster Abbey position she would be pleased to occupy as the "American monarch's" daughter, there was sincere resentment felt throughout the States, and the slur was attributed to English pique in return for the American criticism of the British Boer War, says "The 400." There was not believed to be the least foundation for the amazing London insinuation. But the conspicuity and ubiquity of Miss Roosevelt the past year has caused American society to pause and ponder a little, principally sotto voce, of course, although the Newporters in August wagged their tongues vigorously and made no attempt to veil their opinions when the President's pretty, if vain, daughter appeared there with a train of trunks prepared to enter energetically into the gayeties of the season. Although she was a guest of the Cuttings, one of the leaders of the german at Mrs. Astor's dinner-dance, dancing with John Jacob Astor, and returned as the guest of the Baroness O'Brien-Selliere for the Thayer-Brooks wedding and the Horse Show, the Newporters generally did not manifest a disposition to do any special entertaining for the President's daughter this season.

Miss Roosevelt seems to be possessed of a passionate penchant for society and its limelight, not only that of the Washington court, but everywhere that it especially glitters and attracts. She is unquestionably pretty and stylish, as well as strenuous, albeit young and frail; but her record for 1903 is most extraordinary, and probably unprecedented in the list of the world's princesses. It includes the exacting Washington season from the holidays to Lent; the New Orleans Mardi Gras festival and round of balls; a voyage to and circuit of Porto Rico; a week at Biltmore, the Vanderbiltian chateau at Asheville; the post Lenten Washington season; a fortnight in Boston; August at Newport; the New York international yacht races; and September in the Adirondacks. Whence the proposition originated to star Miss Roosevelt at the Veiled Prophets' ball in St. Louis this month the chivalrous press of our sister of the Mississippi has not vouchsafed the intelligence, but that it was speedily and emphatically rejected is significant. The most charitable view of the situation is that the accidental Presidency and the suddenness of the bewildering social position have dazed or turned Miss Roosevelt's youthful head, and his Strenuous Majesty has not exercised his paternal prerogative and tautened the reins upon his deliriously dashing progeny.

London to Have a Gay Winter.

The social outlook for the winter season in London is most promising now that the English royal family is out of mourning, and King Edward and Queen Alexandra have begun to entertain lavishly. The sisters of the King are also throwing off the mantle of sorrow. The papers comment enthusiastically on the recent brilliant dinner-party, followed by a ball, given on the Isle of Wight by Princess Beatrice, the widow of Prince Henry of Battenberg, the handsomest of all the "handsome Battenbergs." Her mourning for Prince Henry has been long and sorrowful, but she would have emerged sooner from the gloom that enshrouded her life for so many years had she been less the principal companion of Queen Victoria, and been allowed to follow the natural bent of her years, for of all the children of the late Queen there are none that seemingly love the pleasant things of this world more than her eldest son, King Edward, and her youngest daughter, Beatrice. According to the London correspondent of the New York "Herald," she is far more attractive than some of the younger members of the royal family in manner and appearance, although prone to stoutness, like Princess Christian, her eldest sister now living, and of late also the dispensor of considerable hospitality at her new, beautiful town house in Pall Mall. The most attractive of the King's sisters is Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, whose London residence is Kensington Palace, where her youngest sister, Princess Beatrice, has also had willed to her for life a suite of spacious apartments. Princess Louise has never acted as hostess to any great extent, and even since the accession of her husband as the sixth Duke of Argyll (who has nearly a dozen other hereditary titles in addition, and innumerable posts that increase his income), the expenditure of Princess Louise for purely social hospitality is very limited, both in London and at the Scottish seats.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious disease.

Story of a Rubber-Neck Turkey.

1—The bad boys cut off the turkey's head and attach a hose to its neck.

2—Poor Mr. Jones goes blithely along and suffers a shock when he reaches home.

Her SHATTERED NERVES; then strengthened by it they will put every vital organ to work vigorously. The liver will do its share, the heart will have blood to pump, the nerves will be quiet. The woman will be beautiful again.

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

The Great South American Kidney Cure dissolves and washes out waste matter at once from kidneys and bladder, and simultaneously begins the building up of new tissues. Relief in six hours. 28

Painting the Empress Dowager.

A distinguished artist, Miss Carl, of the United States, one of the few women painters admitted as members of the Paris Salon, is now living in the summer palace, near Pekin, as the guest of the Empress Dowager, whose portrait she is painting. The Empress, to make up for her former deficiencies and the long unperpetuated line of her ancestors, is having three pictures done of her. One will be hung in her private apartments, another in the Hall of Audience, and the third will be sent to the St. Louis Exhibition. The last named is to be the most ambitious work, showing the Empress Dowager in full panoply, tricked out in satins and brocades, "armed for defence, feathered to fortify." She will wear the head-dress known in China as the "shower of pearls," in which ropes of beautifully matched pearls hang like a curtain to her shoulders, as well as her barbaric bracelets and priceless earrings. She has also ordered the Emperor to sit for his portrait, and it probably will be completed in a fortnight or three weeks. Miss Carl's brother, a high official in the imperial Chinese customs, has been chosen to escort China's delegate, Prince Pu Lun, to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

GOOD NEWS FOR SORE NOSES!

AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER

wins—the only one of them all that was and is a CURE. Beats all others in the first five minutes.

Begins to cure instantly and does not stop until its work is done. Colds, headaches, put out of the way.

Means a certainty of pure breath, easy breathing, blood purified, defects of hearing relieved, and avoidance of pulmonary disease.

CAPT. BEN CONNOR, of Toronto, radically cured of Catarrhal Deafness of 12 years' standing, writes:—"Some time ago I procured Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and it has cured me entirely. I can to-day hear as good as ever."

Don't have a single blotch on your skin when Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure any and all disfiguring skin diseases.

And if you suffer with Piles, while 'tis in the house you suffer no more. Price 35 cents. 28

A FATAL WOOING

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

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

Baby cooed softly, lying against his breast.

The very chiming of the Christmas bells seemed echoing the strain:

"Call him Ulmont!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Portrait.

Which side would the scales fall?

One day, two weeks later, Loraine and Izetta sat in the drawing-room in deep conversation.

"Yours is indeed a strange story, Mrs. Ross; still, after hearing it, I again repeat my former offer. You say you are searching for a situation, why not accept mine?"

"It is very different now, Mrs. Ulvesford, since I have baby. I cannot expect to procure the same kind of a situation as before."

"That will not make any difference with me, Mrs. Ross."

"You are very, very kind," murmured Izetta, impulsively kneeling at Loraine's feet, her eyes filled with tears. "You have been so good to me," she sobbed, "I would give my very life for yours, if I could ever repay you."

Loraine smiled down into the dark, beautiful face, little dreaming of the heroic will lying dormant in the girl's breast, or of the terrible ordeal which would try her beyond all power of human endurance.

It was a question evenly balanced, only heaven could tell on which side the scales would fall.

"How strange it is," said Loraine, "that such deep shadows have fallen upon your life, while mine has been all sunshine. I can understand, poor child, how well you have loved your husband, but I cannot see how your love would live through such bitter neglect. Truly the ways of women are wonderful."

"You would not have wondered had you seen him," answered Izetta, "he was all that was good and noble. It is so hard to believe those lips I thought so true, could have uttered falsehoods while they smiled."

"Still you say," pondered Loraine, "he never once told you he loved you?"

"No, he never spoke of love; he may not have cared for me at first, but, oh, Mrs. Ulvesford, I truly believe he was learning to love me before that cruel letter came to separate us."

A doubtful expression crossed Loraine's face; she knew very little of the world, yet she felt that no husband, who truly loved, could desert his wife in that dastardly fashion.

"What makes you think that?" she asked.

"His last farewell," responded Izetta. "It was not the parting of an indifferent husband, madam. 'My darling,' he said, 'something has happened which will necessarily part us for a few days, but it will be only for a few days at most, then I shall return to my wife.' He placed all the money he had about him in my hands, together with the address of the nurse. He never knew I was left destitute, he was not so hard on that."

"But the address," questioned Loraine, "even had you not lost it, it was useless; no one in Silvernook knew to him, you say?"

"That was the only part of it I could not understand, madam. I advertised for months in the city papers for Alderic, or any one who knew his whereabouts; it was all useless. Since that fatal morning I have never looked upon his face."

Loraine could not imagine the depths of such cruelty.

"I ought to be very happy, Mrs. Ross; I have never known one wish unfulfilled. I never had a serious thought in life until I met my husband; then I said to myself, unless I gain the love of this man, life will hold no pleasure for me; he was more to me than all the world, and when I married him my happiness was complete. I would as soon think of living without the sunshine as without my husband's love," and the proud, petted beauty trembled as she spoke.

Izetta sighed, as she replied:

"My husband's love was wholly apart from my life; I had no share in it; now I shall live only for my boy alone. I loved Alderic so fondly, such a love as mine ends only in death."

There was such pathos in her voice that Loraine felt vaguely uneasy; she did not like sombre thoughts.

She was so irresistibly drawn toward Izetta that she determined not to part with her.

"You have not seen my husband, Mrs. Ross; he was called suddenly away the morning after Christmas. I expect him home some time to-day."

"I shall tell him the sad story of this poor creature, then when he sees her, he will think more kindly of her," she thought.

Loraine did not quite like the idea of having the child there, and as soon as practicable she believed Izetta could be induced to part with it; she believed, too, that having it taken charge of elsewhere would be best for the child.

She had yet to learn the power of mother-love; she was sorry she had named this stranger's child after her husband.

Loraine was wondering how she could find words to tell her she must part from her child, as Izetta thanked her so gratefully for her goodness. Poor Izetta, how could she think that this fair, proud woman envied her the possession of her little child.

Deep down in Izetta's heart she had a hope that some day she would be united to Alderic through his child her faith was so steadfast.

"We must wait very patiently, you and I baby," she said; "some day we shall meet Alderic," her heart gave a great throb of joy at the thought it almost took her breath away.

Loraine had decided to say nothing of the plans she had concluded for baby's future until she conferred with Ulmont.

Quite as Loraine had expected, he was amazed; he heard his haughty wife, whom few could please, had decided to keep the benighted wanderer, who had fled there for shelter beneath their roof.

A feeling of pity for the deserted young wife, whom he determined not to like, stole over him, as his golden-haired Loraine repeated her sad story.

"It seems almost incredible," he said, "that such wrongs can go unpunished. I will see this young person to-morrow; then I can better judge whether she is more sinned against than sinning; whether or not she is a fit companion for you my wife."

He was determined she should not be urged to remain until after he had seen her.

There was but one incentive which led him to think favorably of the affair which was a keen desire to keep the child near him.

He meant never to lose sight of the child born at Ulvesford Mansion; if he never had an heir of his own, perhaps—who could tell what he would do for the little fellow in the future!

He told himself he would think as well of the mother as he could—for the child's sake.

The next morning Izetta was summoned to the library. Loraine had sent word that her husband wished to speak with her.

Izetta was holding baby when the maid delivered the message.

"Mr. Ulvesford wishes to see me?" she asked, in dismay.

"He says you are to come at the earliest moment, please; he's a walking up and down the room, and not in a pleasant mood either. He's a nice gentleman, but he does get most awful cross when he has those thinking spells, as we call 'em. Why, them times you could go straight past him a dozen times a minute and he would look straight over your head without seeing you. I've seen him even turn his head away from his wife, and say: 'Don't trouble me now, Loraine; go away, I'm thinking.' He's always been thinking, no one but himself knows what about. If we have anything particular to say to Mr. Ulvesford, we always wait till he's through with his spell o' thinking."

"Ah, baby," whispered Izetta, when alone, "perhaps Mr. Ulvesford regrets his wife has offered you and me a shelter."

Unconsciously her hand closed over the same little waxen fingers that had curled so confidingly in Ulmont's clasp; slowly she turned and descended the grand stairway.

"Come in, Mrs. Ross," called Loraine, as she passed her door.

Loraine's boudoir was a fitting casket for the jewel it held; the room was a mass of softened bloom and perfume with a great profusion of tall, white lilies, that held up their white cups to the glimmering sunlight.

Izetta never forgot Loraine as she stood there on that winter morning; the memory lingered with her, half pleasure, half pain, all the years of her after life.

She wore a robe of spotless white; as she bent her beautiful head over the lilies, one of her golden curls twined around the lily's stem, and mingled with its golden calyx.

For an instance the blood receded from Izetta's face; this picture which Loraine formed was certainly no picture to her; where had she seen one like it?

Quickly her mind drifted back to that morning on the beach, and the portrait her husband had shown her; his work, he had said.

"How strange it is," she thought; "I should see just such a picture in real life as crossed his brain in fancy."

She remembered the dull pain in her heart when Alderic had carelessly admitted he liked fair women best.

Loraine never knew why a sudden faintness seized Mrs. Ross; she would have fallen to the floor had she not steadied herself against the marble mantel.

"You are nervous and agitated, Mrs Ross," said Loraine; "I trust it is not due to this interview with Mr. Ulvesford; he has heard your story, and feels very kindly disposed toward you."

A hesitating rap at the door interrupted her.

"Well, Annette, what is it?" asked Loraine.

"If you please, ma'am," answered the maid, "the artist has finished Mr. Ulvesford's portrait and sent it home; do you wish it brought up to you?"

"By all means," answered Loraine; "let it be brought up here at once."

"Now, Mrs. Ross," she said, "you shall see in a moment's portrait and judge for yourself; he is just the reverse of one to inspire fear, even in the heart of the most timid. I have told him so much of you, he has a desire to have his curiosity gratified."

There was a slight shuffling of feet without, and the next moment a servant entered bearing the portrait of Ulmont Ulvesford.

"Ah, it is true to the very life," exclaimed Loraine, delightedly.

Then she turned to Izetta, proudly as a young queen might have done, as she said:—

"Look, Mrs. Ross, this is my husband!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Face to Face.

The bright sunshine fell full upon the pictured face.

"Look, Mrs. Ross," Loraine repeated proudly; "this is my husband."

Izetta stepped forward; for a single instant only her dark eyes rested on the picture; then, with a low, piercing cry she sank down beside it in a dead swoon.

"I wonder what could have startled her so?" pondered Loraine.

The white lips opened with a faint moan:

"Alderic—Alderic!"

"Poor child!" thought Loraine, "she must have been comparing her own cruel lot with mine."

Slowly the dark eyes opened.

"I—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ulvesford," she said, while in her heart rose one great cry; "so like, ah! so like!"

"If my husband's portrait had represented a stern, forbidding face, I should say it was that which caused you to faint."

Izetta shuddered.

"May I look at the portrait again?" she asked.

Loraine was only too pleased.

"Yes," she answered, leading the way to an inner apartment; "I have had it hung where the best light will be thrown upon it."

As she spoke she parted the amber satin curtains, and Izetta was face to face with the portrait of Ulmont Ulvesford.

She did not cry out or utter a moan her brain whirled and her breath seemed to come and go in short, convulsive gasps. At the first glance the fatal resemblance to Alderic had almost overpowered her. As she looked again she saw the portrait of a fair-haired young man, while Alderic's dark, clear brown. She remembered Alderic's mouth, proud and haughty; this one was almost wholly concealed by the long, drooping mustache. The proud, uplifted head, and the dark-blue, searching eyes alone reminded her forcibly of Alderic.

"It is simply a coincidence," she told herself, "nothing more."

She had not thought it possible for any one in the wide, wide world to look like Alderic. She was startled at the tumultuous throbbing of her own heart. The sudden warbling of a yellow canary, hanging in a gilded cage above her head, aroused her from her deep reverie.

"I am pleased that you like my husband, Mrs. Ross."

It suddenly occurred to Izetta that Mrs. Ulvesford might not be pleased but she could not turn away; the gaze she had bestowed on the portrait with the intense scrutiny and rapt dark blue eyes held an unaccountable fascination for her, the same questioning expression in their depths she had often read in Alderic's; then the heavy silken folds of the curtain fell between Izetta and the portrait, and she felt as if the darkness of night had slowly settled around her.

The words of Loraine still sounded in her ear. She could not tell why the bitterness of death seemed to fall upon her, as she gazed upon that pictured face and heard the words:

"Look, Mrs. Ross, this is my husband."

"Mr. Ulvesford awaits Mrs. Ross in the library," said the maid, again making her appearance.

"Tell him she is with me, in the morning-room, I will send her down directly. There need be no hurry," she said, turning to Izetta; "I want you to regain some of your lost color before you go down. Any one would imagine you had seen a ghost."

Ah! she little knew the young girl had stood that morning amid the shattered ruins of her dead hopes, face to face with her past.

Izetta walked with a firm step toward the library.

"Why should I shrink and cower?" she asked herself. "I have done no wrong; I must be brave for baby's sake!"

The door was standing ajar, she knocked timidly once, twice, but there was no response; at the third and little louder rap, Zack, the coachman, answered the summons.

"If you please, you are to take a seat; master was called away for a moment, he will return in a very few moments," he said.

Then Zack withdrew from the room and Izetta was left to the contemplation of her own thoughts.

A note-book, a glove, and a riding whip lay on the desk before her. A huge mastiff lay on the hearth-rug watching her from under his shaggy eyebrows. The sound of her own name falling upon her ears from the adjacent room chained her attention.

"Are you not afraid your daughter will rue it, Mrs. Lorrimer, allowing this stranger to remain beneath her roof?" said a strange voice.

"I have been seriously expostulating with Loraine on this very point; I assure you I have felt a great depression ever since that woman, with the beautiful foreign face, entered this house; then there is the child, I am urging strongly that he shall be ——" at the mention of the child Izetta strove to hear what they were saying, but the voice had sunk to a low, inaudible whisper.

"I heartily agree with you," responded the stranger, "only yesterday I told your daughter: 'Take care, my dear Mrs. Ulvesford, this child does not prove a thorn in your path of roses!' Is the child pretty?"

"Decidedly so," answered Mrs. Lorrimer; "yet there is something about that child that puzzles me. I have told Loraine so, but she only laughs and replies: 'How fanciful you are, mother.' Still, I repeat it, I do not like the child."

"What does Mr. Ulvesford think of the plan you propose?"

"He has not heard of it yet, he will certainly object. I assure you he is quite interested in that child."

"That is a very startling idea," exclaimed the visitor; "it reminds me of the serious trouble a friend of mine once experienced. Her husband and she, although dearly loving children, were childless; that boon was denied them. She took a neighbor's child into her home. Husband and wife never seemed the same to each other after that; imperceptible at first, the husband turned from his wife to that child. When at last an heir of their own was born, it was too late, no power on earth could alienate the husband's affections which were lavished upon the stranger. The young wife lived to see her own child turned from its own father's door, its place usurped by a stranger's child."

"Your story quite frightens me," replied Mrs. Lorrimer; "if I anticipated such a denouement in this case, do you know what I should be tempted to do?"

In vain Izetta strove to catch the next few words.

"Heaven help me!" she cried, rocking herself to and fro, "surely they do not wish to separate baby and me!"

She could hear the distant rumbling of the storms which were gathering over her future. One thought only forced itself upon her—they did not want her little child.

"No!" she cried, starting with new energy to her feet; "my darling, you are all I have in this wide, wide world. No one shall take you from me. If they turn us from their door we shall still have each other; and if we find the world too cold, baby, you and I can die together."

She remembered how the dark waters looked tipped by the silvery light of the stars; those waters which gently laved the coral bed which entombed her grandfather; still she tried hard to put these dark thoughts away—for baby's sake.

Then she quite laughed aloud; she had certainly mistaken stood them. How could any one mean to separate her from her little child?

She remembered they had said Mr. Ulvesford was pleased with baby; they said of him, too, that he was kind of heart.

She would tell him a home beneath that roof would be heaven to her; but she would kneel at his feet and tell him she must keep her little son with her. Better, homeless, penniless, out in the perils of the storm again, than parted from her little child.

Suddenly the sound of a clear, ringing step was heard on the stair; the shadow of a tall, dark form fell between Izetta and the sunlight, a strong, white hand pushed back the partially opened door, and a pair of dark blue eyes flashed pleasantly about the room, observing at once the slight figure by the fireside, and a voice, whose cadence fell upon her ear like the memory of some forgotten dream, said courteously:

"Mrs. Ross, I believe?"

A deep silence fell between them.

At last Ulmont Ulvesford and Izetta had met—face to face!

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Plot Deepens.

In the library at Hampton Place quite another scene was being enacted.

It was early morning, yet the lights remained as they had been lit the previous evening. The fire was burning low and fitfully in the grate. There was a haggard expression on the face of Heath Hampton in the flickering firelight. He strode up and down the room in deep thought.

No word had broken the deep silence for an hour or more.

He clenched the letters he held in his hand, as if they were sensible of the pain he would inflict upon the writer if he could.

"Read these letters again, Vatal," he commanded; "I say there must be some loop-hole."

Slowly the dwarf picked up the letters that had been tossed into his lap, smoothing them out carefully with his hand. The first was marked "Official," post-marked, "Switzerland," and read as follows:—

"My Dear Hampton: As per agreement, I ascertained, upon close investigation, owing to the extraordinary complications which surround this uncommon case, that a warrant for the extradition papers, for the removal of Ulmont Ulvesford back to Switzerland on the charge of murder in the first degree, could be obtained if the facts in the case were clearly proven, as stated.

"True, the surgeon who officiated is dead; and the opposite parties left the ground before the extent of the injury had been declared.

"My testimony was corroborated by the finding of some poor fellow's mangled remains over the cliff, utterly unrecognizable.

"Every one at the inn admits the knowledge of a disturbance. Upon the stand, Wylmer Lee admitted that the duel had taken place on the very edge of the precipice, though he insisted that death had not taken place at the time he departed in company with Ulvesford.

"Of course, old fellow, I say now, as I said then, you were foolish in returning to America. You should have remained abroad.

"I am lost in wonder when I imagine you back in a locality where you are so well known; if you were once recognized, all our work here would be in vain.

"The officers in charge of the necessary papers sailed on the steamer White Cresson. I hope to hear in your reply of the successful issue of our enterprise.

"Yours very truly,

"De Risnar."

With a grating, sardonic laugh, Hampton took the letters from Vatal's hand, thrusting them into the breast pocket of his coat.

"Money," he said. "I never knew a day's peace in my life; some one is always hounding me down for money; I staked my all on winning the heiress of Lorrimer Hall; even my mother's companion, like a frightened bird, took wings and flew away while under my very grasp."

Vatal was just on the point of telling the great secret he had but yesterday unearthed.

As he was driving slowly past Ulvesford Manor, he had seen a white, terrified face that had instantly vanished from the window, as her gaze met that of the dwarf.

"No," he told himself, "the secret will keep; it will be worth money to me in the future; it was not worth while to divulge it just now; Hampton has no money to pay for it."

"What are you mumbling about? Why don't you speak out, man?" cried Hampton, angrily, stopping short in his walk.

"Because there's no cause for my saying anything," growled the dwarf, snapping his white teeth viciously together, his small, ferret-like eyes flashing fire.

For a moment Heath Hampton regarded the creature before him with a keen, critical, searching gaze.

"There's no use in our quarreling over trifles, Vatal," he said, with a forced, grating laugh, "honest men get their just dues when rogues fall out."

He did not notice the dull gleam in the dwarf's eye, as he turned impatiently on his heel, resuming his quick tread up and down the room.

"All would have gone well with me if I had captured the heiress," he muttered, excitedly; "all this would never have happened but for that cursed Ulvesford!"

He clenched his nails deep into the palms of his hands as the imprecation burst from his lips. The loss of the golden prize had been a bitter blow to him.

"It is evident that I must have money," he muttered, "no matter where I get it, or how."

His brow darkened vindictively.

"What's the time, Vatal?"

There was no response, and turning round, he found the dwarf had silently left the room.

"Curse that fool!" he muttered; "he must be watched like a sleuth-hound. If he was only out of the way, I could breathe freer. He knows too much—altogether too much; we have worked in the harness together too long; he must be effectually swept from my path!"

A deep, diabolical plot was revolving in Heath Hampton's brain, a fatal plot which led to the sorriest of crimes.

(To be Continued.)

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

The Test of Respectability.

The New York "Evening Post" points out the fact that Carlyle's favorite definition of respectability, a "gigman," seems obsolete in the light of modern developments. In place of the old standard "he keeps a gig," we have substituted "he has a steam yacht." Most amusingly was this latter-day measure of wealth brought out in the letters from Paris of the promoter in search of an underwriter. Question arose as to the financial responsibility of one ready subscriber (apparently without ready cash), and the astute American applied himself to the task of rating the fellow. But how did he go to work? Did he go to the banks, the agencies, the Bourse? No, he simply observed the man's manner of life. When he discovered that the backward underwriter kept a yacht, his doubts were instantly relieved, and he cabled the joyful news to New York. Evidently, we say, in the lexicons of to-day we must look to see the entry: "Gigman: modern, yachtsman."

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The subscription price is $5 a year, payable in advance. No paper will be delivered unless this condition is complied with.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13TH., 1904.

Now that war has actually broken out between Russia and Japan, the great question asked is, "Will it be confined to local issues"? We think not, but rather that the conflict will necessarily involve other powers. The sympathy of Europe is with Japan and the powers realize that a Russian victory would be a menace to the whole world. China, in her own interests, will in all probability help Japan, as otherwise, Russia, if victorious, would absorb China, besides taking Korea and Manchuria and possibly Japan, thus gaining control of the entire Asiatic Continent.

Baron Hayashi while in London, said:—

"We believe we are now fighting a diplomatic battle on behalf of America and Great Britain, but, if only war can settle it, we know we shall receive assistance from neither. We are prepared to fight our own battles and take the consequences."

The question now is, Is Baron Hayashi right? Will Great Britain and America look on and allow Japan to be beaten?

At the inquest held on the bodies of the Clallam victims, some startling information has been furnished, the most important being that there is a pracrice of borrowing equipment from steamers out of commission for the purpose of passing official inspection.

That all vessels be furnished with their full equipment of life saving apparatus, should be the first duty of those in charge of the vessels, and non-compliance with such regulations should be deemed a criminal offeuce.

We publish the following which appeared in the editorial column of the Vanconver Province, and extend to Mr. D. Todd Lees, our late managing editor, our best wishes for the future success of his new publication.

"The British Columbia Lumberman, the first number of which has just been issued, is the latest addition to the press of the Province. It is a monthly publication, and is under the management of Mr. D. Todd Lees. The first issue is replete with information at once interesting to the public, and valuable to the trade, and gives assurance of a successful and useful future for the new enterprise. Mr. Lees' name in connection with the direction of the paper guarantees that the standard which the first number has set will be maintained.

The extent and growing influence of the lumber interests in this Province justify the existence of such a journal and that the Lumberman will fill, and ably fill, the requirements, there can be no question."

Fatal Collision.

Ottawa:—As result of Engineers failure to obey orders, two passenger trains met in head-on collision today at Sand Point, near Arnprior fourteen killed. Seven of the killed were shanty-men on their way to woods and seven were trainmen. 30 passengers were injured.

FORM OF TENDER.

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to the 24th day of Feb. 1904, for the construction of a Drift or Tunnel on the Victor Lease of the Crown Gronp of hydraulic leases on Spruce creek at a point near what is known as the Upper Canyon, said tunnel is approximately 250 feet long and must be constructed according to Plans and Specifications which may be seen at the stores of the undersigned.

The tenders must state price per foot in matter other than solid rock; the additional sum per foot, should side lagging be required, and the price per foot of rock work.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

D. G. Stewart, Discovery.
James Stables, Atlin.

WANTED—FAITHFUL PERSON TO CALL ON retail trade and agents for manufacturing house having well established business; local territory; straight salary $20 paid weekly and expense money advanced; previous experience unnecessary; position permanent; business successful. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Superintendent Travelers, 605 Monon Bldg., Chicago.

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A STRICTLY FIRST CLASS HOTEL.
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☞ GOLD SEAL GUM BOOTS
Our Goods are the Best and Our Prices the Lowest.

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CAPITAL PAID UP $8,700,000.
RESERVE, $3,000,000.
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D. ROSS, Manager.

THE ROYAL HOTEL,
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FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.
CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS—CASE GOODS A SPECIALTY.

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HYDRAULIC GIANTS, WATER GATES,
ANGLE STEEL, RIFFLES &
HYDRAULIC RIVETED PIPE.
Pumping & Hoisting Machinery.
Estimates furnished on application
The Vancouver Engineering Works,
VANCOUVER, B. C.

The Joy of a Good Conscience.

Rev. A. P. Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers, New York City.

Tribulation and anguish upon the soul of every man that worketh evil.—Romans, ii.

A good conscience that is at peace with God surpasseth every joy. It comes to a man when he has loyally and faithfully kept the whole law in his heart and has stoutly resisted even unto blood the allurements of evil.

There are many incentives in this life of ours impelling one to wander away from the paths of rectitude. It is far easier to indulge one's self amid the soft cushions of a pleasure-loving life than to struggle with a soldier spirit to abide by the discipline of the law. It is much more agreeable to float with the tide of easy-going friendships, to yield to every inordinate desire of physical and social voluptuousness, than it is to stem the currents by stern resolve and harsh self-denial.

One way, however, leads to moral destruction; the other leads to the pastures of a peaceful conscience, where prosperity and plenty abound. John the Baptist in his prison is happy; Herod on his throne is miserable. How good it is to serve God! What pleasure and tranquility there are in loving Him! He is benign and merciful to those whose hearts are right before Him. He is terrible to those who offend and deny Him. A good conscience is calm and at rest; a bad conscience is turbulent and agitated. Peace and repose reign in a soul which belongs to God; trouble and inquietude distract the soul of the wicked.

An hour ago I said Mass at the House of Calvary and about me were a score of women in all stages of incurable cancer. I could hear above the lispings of prayer the suppressed moans of pain. The cold finger of death had touched the physical frame of each, but the warm fire of a divine love glowed in their hearts of devotion. The excruciating agony of decaying tissue wrenched from them an involuntary groan, but the pleasure and peace of a good conscience wreathed their wan faces into lines of joy. The certainty of impending death and the severing of all ties that bound them to home and lifelong friendships were little less than a daily martyrdom, but over it all was the glow of a westering sun, that touched the landscape of their lives with infinite beauty and brought their hearts into sympathy with the joys of a life beyond the grave.

The conscience of the just man is a type of heaven because he is at peace with God and God dwells in his heart; that of a sinner is a type of hell because it can find no rest and is governed by the spirit of evil. Good men fear nothing; the wicked fear everything. The just are good in themselves because their lives are governed by the inspirations of God; the secret motives and the hidden life of the sinner are corrupt and constantly at war with God. The just enter readily into themselves because all therein is peace and consolation; the wicked dare not enter into themselves because, like the seething of the witches' caldron, their hearts are a turbulent mass of vicious desires and unrestrained baseness. "Know thou and see that it is a fearful and bitter thing for thee to have left the Lord thy God." "What hast thou to do in the land of Egypt but to drink the troubled waters?" The just live well amid the pains and anguish of life and die with joy; the wicked live amid pleasures and enjoyments and die in bitter pain and anguish.

A life in conformity with the commandments of God is even from a temporal point of view the more desirable. It writes its history in the beaming face; it shows itself in the sprightly step of those who are glad of heart; it touches with a dash of sunshine the thoughts, and it lights up with a heavenly glow the desires of a soul that experiences the friendship of God. "A good conscience is a continual feast."—Proverbs, xv.

The joy of a good conscience being so precious, it is to be sought at any cost, it must be secured at all hazards. The first step is through repentance. "But Thou hast mercy upon all because Thou canst do all things, and overlookest the sins of men for the sake of repentance."—Wisdom, xi. The baptism of water washes away from the souls of children the stain of original sin; the baptism of blood washes away every stain from the souls of the martyrs; the baptism of the heart cleanses the souls of all penitents. It is impossible for any one to be saved unless he does penance, and the measure of repentance must be according to the extent of the guilt. "And now, therefore, saith the Lord, be converted to me with all your heart in fasting, and in weeping, and in mourning; and rend your hearts and not your garments, and turn to the Lord your God, for He is gracious and merciful, patient and rich in mercy and ready to forgive."—Joel, ii.

But while repentance is the key that opens the door to the joys of a good conscience a settled purpose to keep the commandments is the means to maintain one in their possession. When Jesus Christ enters into a man's heart to become its master He brings with Him a foretaste of the pleasures of paradise. "I have found Him whom my soul loveth and I will not let Him go." The essence of a good conscience is to possess God, and there is no sweeter joy on earth than this, nor is there any higher bliss in heaven.

For the Farmer.

The process of tearing down, or what is commonly termed "wearing out" our land, has been the work of generations, and the building up must necessarily be the effort of years. On the ordinary farm, with its five or six year rotation, each particular tract is reached and worked only six or seven times in one generation, which should prompt us to make as much improvement as possible when opportunity offers.

Sheep are necessary on some farms in order to save much of the waste materials. Sheep will eat many plants that other animals will not touch. It may not be profitable for some farmers to keep large flocks of sheep, but a dozen sheep will cost almost nothing. The same may be said of one or two pigs which give a profit because they consume materials that would otherwise go to the manure heap, but too many sheep or pigs may make the item of labor too costly to allow of a profit.

Value of Shredded Fodder.

Ask men who have made a practice of feeding shredded foder why they do it, and they will tell you that they feed it because their cattle, horses and sheep like it so well and thrive so well upon it, and because they cannot afford to let it go to waste and feed hay which could be sold for two or three times as much as the prepared fodder costs. When the farmer computes the cost of cutting and shredding his fodder it looks high, but he must remember that, although it does cost him from $2.50 to $3.50 per ton, it takes the place of hay which has a market value from two to three times that amount. Men who have made a practice of feeding shredded fodder state that it costs from $3 to $5 an acre to prepare it, and that an acre of average corn will yield from one and one-half to two and one-half tons of dry fodder. They say further that a ton of fodder has as much or perhaps more feed value than a ton of average hay. Corn used for shredding is bound and shocked when the grains are well dented and glazed over, but before the stalk has shown many signs of ripening. When thoroughly dry it is run through the husker and shredded and stowed away in the mow.—Iowa Agriculturist.

Double Yolked Eggs.

Many poultry leaders are proud that their hens produce double-yolked eggs, and I have known numerous cases in my experience of hens laying eggs with three yolks. The habit, however, is one to be discouraged in every possible way, says a writer in London Farmer and Stockbreeder, for it is not an indication of productiveness, but rather of disease. It is caused either by some sudden disturbance from the ordinary conditions of life, as a severe fright, or else it is due to weakness of the egg organs—the natural process of formation not being gone through properly and regularly. In almost every case this condition is brought about by overfeeding—a too rapid development of the yolks, causing more than one to leave the ovary at a time to enter the oviduct. A hen which once gets into this habit will always be liable to illness, which usually takes the form of loss of power in the legs, even if an actual rupture does not occur internally. Such a hen should therefore be put at once on short rations with a view to checking for the time being the development of eggs. It is not the hen which lays a double-yolked egg occasionally that is a profitable hen. What the poultry farmer should aim at is a higher general standard in egg production—a better average size and more regular laying. Some hens only lay once every two or three days. These are the "unprofitables," and they are often the birds which are addicted to the "double yolk" evil.

Great Demand for Poultry.

The Dominion Department of Agriculture has received communications from British dealers who desire to purchase Canadian poultry. One of the dealers, Mr. James Blackburn of Manchester, Eng., is at present in Canada negotiating for the shipment of poultry. For four years the Department of Agriculture has exported the chickens fatted at the illustration stations to Mr. Blackburn. The dealings have been perfectly satisfactory, and the prices obtained for the chickens have been profitable. Mr. Blackburn said that he would like to handle 3,000 cases of chickens per week.

Mr. Hare, chief of the Dominion Poultry Division, states that prices offer substantial inducements to Canadian exporting firms to ship poultry to Great Britain. The poultry should be forwarded in a steamship equipped with cold storage. The railway and steamship companies will inform shippers when suitable steamships will leave St. John or Halifax. Even on small consignments of poultry the freight charges will not be over one cent per pound.

The chickens fatted at the illustration stations have been sold in Toronto, Montreal, St. John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., Sydney, C.B., and Charlottetown, P.E.I., and also to dealers in other smaller cities. The price obtained for fatted chickens in Toronto was 11c per pound, in Montreal 13c per pound, and in the cities in the Maritime Provinces, with the exception of Charlottetown, 11c per pound. The chickens were sold in Charlottetown at 10c per pound.

The fatted chickens sold to the merchants gave perfect satisfaction, and it would be to the interest of farmers to fatten their chickens before they are marketed. The department could have sold several times as many fatted chickens if an extra number could have been bought from the farmers in the vicinity of the fattening stations. A Charlottetown merchant stated: "We have a reply from the party to whom we shipped the last lot, and he speaks of them as being very fine, and expressed surprise that we could produce such chickens in this country." Almost any farmer in this country can produce fatted chickens equal to the Government chickens at little extra expense for labor and feed.

When Booker T. Washington was asked by a Southerner recently to prove to a Northern audience that that section was really responsible for the introduction of slavery into the American colonies, Mr. Washington said he was reminded of the story of an old colored man who had a pig, which he sold one morning to a white man for three dollars. The white man drove off with his purchase, but on the road the pig escaped and found its way back to Uncle Zeke's cabin. A little later, another white man came along, and Uncle Zeke sold him the same pig for another three dollars. On his way home with the pig the second purchaser encountered the first returning in search of the escaped animal. After some wrangling they decided to go back and refer the question to the old darkey. "Uncle Zeke," said number one, "didn't you sell me this pig at nine o'clock this morning?" "Sho' I did, massa." "But, Uncle Zeke," said number two, "didn't I pay you three dollars for this pig at twelve o'clock?" "Sho you did, massa." "Well, then, who does the pig belong to?" "Sakes alive," said Uncle Zeke, "can't you white folks settle dat question between yo'selves?"

Like many Frenchmen, especially those hailing from the south of France, President Loubet is very fond of those national dishes in which garlic forms an important ingredient. Once in his lawyer days, when he was pleading in court after having partaken of some such dish, his democratic tastes, in this respect placed him in a somewhat embarrassing position. The presiding judge happened to be a man of aristocratic origin and breeding, to whom the odor of garlic was absolutely intolerable. M. Loubet rose and began his argument. He had not proceeded very far when the judge was observed to sniff rather uncomfortably and to take out a perfumed handkerchief, reinforcing it a few moments later with a smelling-bottle. These measures, however, proved of no avail as a protection from the pungent and penetrating effluvium which emanated from the future President of the republic. At last, his olfactory sense rising in open rebellion, the indignant judge shouted: "Usher, open the windows; open the doors. For heaven's sake, let out this abominable smell!" Since then M. Loubet, it is said, though he still preserves his simplicity of life, has eliminated garlic from his articles of diet.

The Value of A Character.

The captain of a large steamer was once filling up his crew for a long voyage, when a seaman came up and said:

"I want to sail wid you, sir."

"All right, my man," replied the captain. "On what line have you sailed before?"

"P. and O., sir."

"What countryman?"

"An Oirishman," was the reply.

"Well, you must get a character."

The character was obtained, and as the Irishman was presenting it another seaman came up and said he wished to join.

"What line were you on before?" asked the captain.

"Cunard, sir."

"What countryman?"

"English, your honor."

"All right. Go forward."

Shortly afterwards, as the two were swilling the decks in a heavy sea, the Englishman was swept overboard, bucket and all. Unmoved, Paddy finished his job and then went to the captain's cabin.

"Come in," responded the officer to his rap. "What's up now?"

"Do you remember Bill Smith, the Englishman and Cunarder?" queried Pat.

"Certainly, my man."

"You took him without a character?"

"I believe so; what of that?"

"He's gone overboard wid your bucket."

His Excuse.

"You can't go inside," said the doorkeeper of the village theater, wherein a certain "Uncle Tom's Cabin" aggregation were holding forth. "You are drunk."

"Zrunk?" echoed the applicant for admission, who was lavishly and luridly lighted up inside. "Coursh I'm—hic—drunk! Why — goodgosh'lmighty!—do you s'pose I'd—hic—wanta see your larned old show if I wasn't—hic—drunk?"—"Smart Set."

Teacher (to pupil, whom he has caught mimicking him)—Tom Jones, if you do not stop acting like a fool, I shall send you from the class.

The "Infernal Member."

At the meeting of the State Medical Society of Pennsylvania a few days ago, papers dealing with appendicitis were read by Dr. John B. Deaver of Philadelphia and Dr. Richard Henry Gibbons of Scranton, both prominent surgeons. Dr. Deaver said that he had during the past year operated in 500 cases of appendicitis, which indicates that the disease is as fashionable as ever. The strange part of the doctor's statement, however, was that only five per cent. of these 500 cases had terminated fatally, and they, he declared, would not have resulted thus if they had not been neglected. The thing to do, according to Dr. Deaver, is to have the vermiform appendix snipped out the minute it begins to be troublesome. "I advocate instant operation," he explained, "and I never cut so that a stitch is necessary." In other words, the patient who goes to Dr. Deaver in time shuts his eyes, takes a long breath, there is a tweak and a snip, and lo! the great expert flips the appendix into a pile of them in a corner, and the business is done with. This is encouraging, and should serve as a strong incentive to people whose vermiform appendices don't properly behave to have them out. Dr. Gibbons is even more relentless than Dr. Deaver in his opposition to the appendix. He was known, he said, as a physician who was "always cutting out the appendix," and he always advocated the removal of all appendices, whether they were supposed to be diseased or not. Removing a healthy vermiform appendix he declared, was no more dangerous than having one's hair cut, and with the "infernal member," as he called it, gone there would be a serious danger out of the way forever. He admitted that he cut out the troublesome thing every time he got a chance, and his remarks clearly indicated that he would as soon see a child of his growing up with horns as with a vermiform appendix.

Women as Judges of Character.

Are women better judges of character than men? A clever man, the other day whose profession as a barrister had given him many opportunities of studying men and women, confessed that where his judgment of acquaintances had often misled him, his wife had never made a mistake. It is difficult to explain why women should be such efficient critics. The average woman probably could not base her dislike of a person, immediately after his or her introduction to her, on arguments that would appeal to the male mind as reasonable. She simply knows that some mysterious intuition prompts her to pronounce Mr. Smith's or Mrs. Jones' condemnation. "The reason why I cannot tell; I do not love thee, Dooton Fell."

Women are more suspicious than men and, as a rule, more observant. Little traits of character which escape a man are simply revelations to his wife. Women are supposed to be more impressionable, more susceptible, more trusting than men, but facts do not bear out this supposition. Quite as many men make foolish marriages as women; indeed, it may be doubted whether more than a small minority of the latter marry without having formed a pretty accurate estimate of their partners' characters.

Strong reasons may induce a woman to accept a man—she may be tired of her poverty, her loneliness or hard work—but she is quite as well aware of his faults as other people. Women are rarely so unwise as to marry, as do men solely for the sake of les beaux yeux. As to judging her own sex, a woman is, as a rule, just, unless the particular person has come between her and the man she loves. Then indeed does she mete out no mercy, and the "dear friend" of a moment before is transformed into a monster of iniquity.

Declined.

Major Pond, who was responsible for introducing to the public some of the greater and lesser lights of the lecture platform, had many an experience full of eccentric humor. Sometimes his charges met him with the greatest good humor. Often those whom he approached felt compelled to beat back his persuasions almost at the point of the bayonet; for nobody was so persuasive as Major Pond. Mr. Kipling replied to a tempting proposition:

"I might do it as soon as I had two mortgages on my house, a lien on the horses, and a bill of sale on the furniture, and writers' cramp in both hands; but at present I am busy, and contented to go on with the regular writing business."

The great preacher, Charles Spurgeon, repulsed him in an ascending scale of denial. The first reply ran:

"It will only be a waste of time for you to see me, as I am not at all in your line."

The second said:

"Your good-natured pertinacity is so admirable that I trust you will not waste it upon an impossible object. The whole United States in bullion would not tempt me to deliver one such lecture."

The third reply was conclusive:

"I have, in as plain a manner as possible, declined to make your acquaintance, and I beg, with all courtesy and decision, to do the same again. I know your business, and I have no wish to enter upon it further."

Privileged.

The Honorable Colonel William J. Bryan appears to believe that the constitutional provision regarding free speech was inserted for his especial benefit.

Fired.

"I understand Blankley was ejected from Jones's house, where he went to pay a visit."

"Yes, he was an old flame of Mrs. Jones, and Jones put him out."

New Story of Pius X.

The following story of the Pope is told in the Italian papers. A deputation of the monks of some Order had obtained an interview with him. According to the etiquette of the Vatican, only Cardinals are allowed to sit in the Pope's presence, and an invitation from him to do so is deemed equivalent to the promise of a Cardinalate. Pope Pius X. is a plain man, utterly indifferent to the etiquette of the Papal Court. He, therefore, begged the monks to take seats. They hardly knew whether they could venture to do so, and whilst they stood hesitating he said to them, "You do not, I suppose, expect me to draw your chairs forward for you?"

Would that all other Sovereigns had strength of mind to put an end to the ceremonial tomfooleries of former ages that encircle them! devoutly exclaims "Truth." All the bowing and scraping, the kissing of hands, the retiring backward, and such like antics are out of date. I recognize the ditty of every citizen to treat his official head with respect, whatever be the title by which he is known. But all such tricks only befit a performing dog, and are out of place when the performers are human beings. Court uniforms, to my thinking, are equally absurd. What can be more ridiculous than some peaceful citizen, fat and scant of breath, masquerading as a deputy lieutenant in a military uniform, or some worthy father of a family in a velvet coat, knee-breeches, and ruffles? Yet so silly and so little sense of humor have these guys that I have seen many of them disporting themselves in clubs in this array, and I am credibly informed that they actually exhibit themselves to their admiring families, as proud of their appearance as a barn door cock is of his feathers.

A Despiser of Letters.

"Sigma" in his reminiscences in "Blackwood's Magazine" (by the way, can "Sigma" be Goldwin Smith?) says that excepting Justin McCarthy, he has met in his time only two individuals who knew Thackeray personally—"one of whom certainly deserves immortality, though unfortunately I am unable to record his name, having forgotten it in the march of time. I met this individual at dinner nearly thirty years ago, when in my first Thackeray enthusiasm. He was a gray-headed, square-jawed 'diner-out,' apparently of about sixty-eight or seventy, with an assentive nisi-prius manner, and one of those rasping voices that seem to dominate the dinner-table. After dinner, on the departure of an intervening lady, I found myself compelled to 'close-up' to this objectionable fellow-guest. As it happened, a minute or two previously I had heard him allude to the Charterhouse as his former public school. 'Why,' thought I, 'this old gentleman was most probably at the Charterhouse with Thackeray; suppose I break the ice by enquiring.' Accordingly, after an uncomfortable moment in which he seemed to be considering whether I was worth talking to or not, I timidly ventured to remark that I had heard him alluding to the Charterhouse, and wondered if by any chance he was there with Thackeray. 'Thackeray, sir; what Thackeray?' he answered with a contemptuous stare. 'I mean the great Thackeray,' I rejoined, rather astonished. 'What!' he rejoined; 'the fellow who wrote books? Oh yes, he was my fag, and a snivelling little beggar I thought him; often have I given him a sound kick for a false quantity in his Latin verses. I thought nothing of him, sir—nothing, I can assure you!' 'Ah, but,' I exclaimed, 'you have changed your opinion since, of course?' 'Not at all,' he growled, 'not at all; why should I?' 'Why, on account of his books,' I retorted, fairly staggered. 'Never read a syllable of them, I give you my word!' he growled with magnificent complacency; then, turning his back with a gesture of infinite disdain, he proceeded to tackle his neighbor on the other side. When I told this to Mr. McCarthy, he felicitously observed, 'What wouldn't Thackeray have given to have known that man!'"

Counsel (to witness)—How can you prove that the prisoner stole six of your handkerchiefs? "Why, because they were my handkerchiefs that were found on him. Look at them for yourself. They are exactly the same as mine." "That proves nothing. I have some handkerchiefs like those." "That's quite possible," replied the witness, "several more of mine are missing."—Ex.

He had risked his life to rescue the fair maid from a watery grave, and, of course, her father was duly grateful. "Young man," he said, "I can never thank you sufficiently for your heroic act. You incurred an awful risk in saving my only daughter." "None whatever, sir," replied the amateur life-saver; "I am already married."—Chicago "Daily News."

Cockneyisms.

The following dialogue between a 'bus-driver and a droopy-looking youth with a well-watered silk hat who was handling the reins on the box of a brougham is a fair sample of the ready wit and the equally ready animosity of the London Jehu. The youth had evidently inconvenienced the 'bus-driver in some subtle way—a state of affairs in which each party, according to the other, is to blame.

'Bus Driver—'Ere; you ought to be drivin' cows in the country, you ought!

Droopy Youth—Gain! w'ere's the reg'lar man? The company don't know you're takin' 'is job, do they?

'Bus Driver—You're the man wot washes dahn the brougham, ain't yer?

Droopy Youth—No wonder you ain't got many passengers; they judges by the foce, yer know.

'Bus Driver—Foce! Wot d'you call that thing you've got? W'y, it only wants a 'andle to be a 'atchet.

Droopy Youth (whipping up his horse)——————!!

'Bus Driver—That's right; you 'urry home; yer farver wants 'is 'at!

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England:

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

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

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

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

On January 22nd., last the Russian Grand Duke Alexis broke the bank at Monte Carlo, winning $50-000.00 in half an hour, playing roulette.

Latest Periodicals and Magazines at C. R. Bourne's.

Ten thousand rabbits were slain in a rabbit drive in Oregon, the skirmish line was 2 ½ miles long.

Fresh Eggs just arrived at E. L. Pillman & Co's.

Circulating Library, containing the best books, at C. R. Bourne's.

Mrs. Maybrick was released from prison on January 31st. 1904. after having completed fourteen years of a life sentence imposed upon a conviction for murdering her husband. She will leave England for America.

Latest Magazines, Periodicals and Circulating Library at E. L. Pillman & Co.

James Dunsmuir has given the government of B. C. an option on the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railroad for $3,500,000. Mr. Dunsmuir reserves all coal deposits and coal lands.

For Airtight Heaters, Building Paper, Steel Traps, Gunpowder and Ammunition, you get the best value at J. D. Durie's.

Hector Ross, N. W. M. P. and collector of Canadian Customs at White Pass, shot himself at Dawson last week.

Get your prices for Wall Paper at E. L. Pillman & Co's before ordering elsewhere.

Canada has been presented with five cannon captured from the Boers; they will be retained as trophies.

Fresh Smoked Halibut and Finnan Haddock just arrived at the A. T. Co. Ltd.

Mr. C. E. Wynn Johnston arrived here on Monday night to look over the Beavis property with the view of doing some development work, which will be started at once. Mr. Johnston is calling for tenders to sink a shaft on the property for the first 50 ft. and will continue the shaft in order to intercept the pay chute already encountered on the old incline.

Large stock of Fresh Fruit and Vegetables at the A. T. Co. Ltd.

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

Slaughter Sale of Dry Goods at E. L. Pillman & Co's.

WAR NEWS.

Japanese have captured the Russian steamers Nenni and Mukden belonging to the Chinese Eastern Ry. Co.

Ottawa, Feb, 11.—Secretary of State issued notice today at request of the Colonial Secretary, commanding all Canadians to remain neutral in the war between Japan and Russia.

London.—Lord Roberts has accepted the appointment to the new office of Inspector General of London. Lord Roberts will be succeeded in six months by the Duke of Connaught, whose command in Ireland will be taken over by General Grenfell.

In Windsor Castle, this afternoon in St. Georges Chapel, where the late Queen Victoria married the Prince Consort, and on the anniversary of that wedding, Prince Alexander of Teck and Princess Alice of Albany were married, King Edward giving the bride away.

Ottawa.—Duncan C. Fraser, of Guysboro has been called to the Supreme Court Bench of Nova Scotia to succeed Justice Henry, who has retired. A bye-election to fill this vacancy in parliament will take place on March 16th.

Baltimore, Maryland, almost completely wiped out by big fire Sunday Monday. Estimated damage two hundred million. Area mile square.

Baltimore, Md. Feb. 9:—The great fire is now under control after forty hours of hardest work by fire fighters of this and surrounding cities; with exception of few buildings 140 acres is devastated. A careful round of the hospitals reveals the fact that not a single life was lost.

Rome:—Pope Pius x. is practically blind. His sight has failed continuously since his ascension to the Papacy, owing to extreme dampness of the air in the Vatican.

Melbourne 9th:—Premier Irving has resigned on account of ill health.

TENDERS WANTED.

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned up to 18 Feb. 1904 for the sinking of a shaft on the property known as the Beavis property, to a depth of 50 feet, said shaft to be 5x7 ft.; and the tenders must include timbering as far as necessary.

Specifications may be seen at the address given below.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

C. E. Wynn Johnson,
Royal Hotel, Atlin.

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

Feb. 6	25 below	6 below
7	29	14
8	32	12
9	19	2 above
10	11	4
11	30	9 above
12	21	6

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THE IRON STORE.

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OUR AIM: Once a Customer, always a Customer.

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16 Candle Power Incandescent $3:00 per month per light.
18 " " " $1:50 "

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Shelf and Heavy Hardware.
Giant Powder Fuse and Caps.

Tin and Granite Ware---Miner's & Blacksmith's Supplies.---Doors and Windows.

One Price to All.

ROYAL HOTEL.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

CHOICEST WINES LIQUORS & CIGARS.

ALEXANDER BLAIN, Proprietor.

NOTICE.

Re Atlin Mining Co., Ltd.

To all whom it may concern: NOTICE is hereby given that C. M. Hamshaw has been appointed to take charge of all property and assets of the above mentioned company.

All parties having accounts or claims of any kind whatsoever against the said Company are hereby requested to send statement of same immediately to said C. M. Hamshaw, Atlin, B. C.

This notice to take effect as from the 6th. day of February, 1904.

Dated this 12th. day of February 1904.

For The Atlin Mining Co. Ltd.
S. G. Bruff. Secretary.

Mr. Sam. MacCauley arrived from the Coast yesterday.

Stevens Ideal Rifle. No. 44.

Price Only $13.25

Made in all the standard calibers both Rim and Center Fire. Weight about 7 pounds. Standard barrel for rim fire cartridges, 24 inches. For center-fire cartridges, 26 inches.

If these rifles are not carried in stock by your dealer, send price and we will send it to you express prepaid.

Send stamp for catalog describing complete line and containing valuable information to shooters.

THE J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.
P. O. Box CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.