THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. 8. ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1903. NO. 188.

A BUSY TERM.

Many Matters of Importance Before the Commons.

Bad Condition of the Copper Market — The Copper State in Trouble.

The forth-coming session of the Dominion Parliament, which begins next month, promises to be a long and busy one. In the first place, there will be a lengthy and an important bill of fare presented by the Government, and, in addition to this, there will be a large number of public and private bills. Among the Government measures will be the bill for the redistribution of constituences, a bill providing for a railway commission, and a bill for the settlement of railway strikes by arbitration. The Alaskan boundary will also be one of the important matters discussed, while the application for charter, by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, for a transcontinental railroad is looked forward to as one of the most interesting subjects with which Parliament will have to deal. Besides this, there are several other applications for railway charters and railroad extensions all over the country.

Copper Market Depressed.

The closing down of the smelting plants of the State of Montana, owned by the Amalgamated Copper Co. at Anaconda, Butte and Great Falls, is hanging in the balance. At a meeting of the directors of the Company to be held in New York this month, positive action will be taken, and if it is decided to close down 10,000 men will be thrown out of employment. This corporation is the largest smelter company in the world, and action such as, it is said, every indication points to, will have a serious effect on every copper district on the continent.

In the city of Butte it is stated that business is paralysed, while the banks have cut down credits until there is barely enough to conduct the routine business of the city.

The principal reason assigned for this state of affairs is the latest reduction of five cents per pound in the copper market, while, at the same time, it is stated that there is a greater fight on than ever by the Amalgamated for the control of the copper product of the State.

In the three cities mentioned it is stated that since the first of the year there has been a fall in real estate, which is indicative that the reports that are in circulation are at least credited as possible.

A Fatal Fire.

The Finnish colony on Malcolm Island, opposite Alert Bay, B. C., has had a serious blow to its properity. Three weeks ago, while a meeting of the men of the colony was in progress in the assembly hall, fire broke out in the big three-storey building, in which were 24 living apartments, occupied by the married men. Nothing could be done to check the flames and eleven persons were burned to death, seven were seriously, perhaps fatally injured, and ten others painfully injured. The majority of the women and children escaped with nothing but their night clothes. There has been much distress on the island. Relief was promptly sent from the coast cities as soon as news of the disaster was received.

There Are Others.

Atlin is not alone in its "grip" epidemic, as the following telegrapic briefs will show:

LONDON, Feb. 7.—The King, who is suffering from a mild attack of influenza, passed a good night, and is making favorable progress towards recovery.

Three deaths from influenza are reported from the west riding of Yorkshire, where the disease is assuming epidemic form.

Influenza is very prevalent in many districts of Queen's county, Ireland.

Influenza has attacked nearly all the inmates of South Molton workhouse, Devon.

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

An Opportunity.

Atlin Will Be Called Upon to Entertain — The Annual Meeting of American Mining Engineers.

The current issue of the Engineering and Mining Journal calls attention to the proposed excursion of the Society of American Mining Engineers, which is arranged to take place next August. The itinerary of this excursion will cover British Columbia and Alaska, and will include Atlin, Whitehorse and Dawson. The membership of this society includes more mining engineers than any other organization in the world. Prominent mining men of every nationality, to the number of over 3000 belong to the society, and an average of about 250 ladies and gentlemen attend these annual excursions. Only great good to the countries visited can result from these excursions. It will behoove the people in this section to arrange for the entertainment of the excursionists when they arrive, and to see to it that their visit is made both a pleasant and a profitable one.

The Wave of Reform.

Following in the wake of the Sound cities and many other towns in the West, Anaconda, Montana, is now a tight shut town as far as gambling is concerned.

To Re-inforce the Herd.

The U. S. government has contracted with the Northwestern Commercial Co. to transport 1000 reindeer from Siberia to re-inforce the Alaskan herds.

A Fatal Bet.

Wesley O'Brien, of Minneapolis, is dead through trying to win a whiskey drinking wager.

The Grand Trunk Pacific has added Dawson to the list of cities to which branch lines are projected.

After the payment of a dividend of 2 per cent on preferred stock and 2½ per cent on common stock, the directors of the C. P. R. set aside a surplus of $3,202,907 for the half year ending December last.

Atlin in the East.

Mr. E. S. Busby, Inspector of Canadian Customs, was a visitor to Atlin this week, for the purpose of making his annual inspection of the local Customs office. Mr. Busby recently returned from a vacation, spent in the East, and he informs us that Atlin has begun to make a very considerable stir in the East, and that during next season we may look for a great influx of people and capital. The steady and persistent development of the district has done more to establish the reputation of Atlin than any amount of booming could have done. Mr. Busby says that he was agreeably surprised to find the district so well spoken of and he had many an anxious enquirer to satisfy. Fortunately, his opinion of the district is of the highest, so we may rest satisfied that he got in a good word or two.

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

Latest Novels at C. R. Bourne's Circulating Library.

THE FRASER RIVER.

Dredging Has Been Made to Pay.

An English Company Has a Fifty Per Cent Dividend from an Old Style Dredge.

On the eve of extensive dredging operations in the Atlin district, the following extract from a report of the Fraser River Dredging Co. will be of interest, especially so in view of the fact that this district is known to have an immense area of rich auriferous ground capable of exploitation by this method. The report was made by the chairman of the company named, upon his return to London from the company's property at Lytton, B. C.

"The Company received very encouraging results, so much so, that in five consecutive weeks it cleaned up 200 ounces of gold, sufficient, in fact, to give a net profit on the paid-up capital of the company at the rate of 50 per cent per annum. From a number of careful tests made, the average showed over $2 per cubic yard. Such returns in California would be considered abnormally rich, and would yield a very large profit after the payment of working expenses.

"No satisfactory method has yet been put in operation for saving the black sand which appears to be rich in gold, with assays varying from 2¾ to 4 ounces of gold to the ton.

"Some interesting experiments were made by the company's engineer in order to arrive at an idea of the distribution of the gold in the river's bed. In the place where he made his test the water was 9 feet in depth, the first 2 feet below this gave 23½ grains of gold per yard, the next 2 feet, 10 grains per yard, and the next 6 feet had very low gold values, while the last 6 feet, to bedrock, gave no gold values at all."

The dredge in use on this property is described as "not completely satisfactory, and is extravagant to work. Everything over 20 ounces per week is profit." When it is taken into consideration that dredges in New Zealand are handling gravel, at a weekly cost of 14 ounces, the Fraser river dredge must be "nuique."

The Fraser River Dredging Co. controls four dredging leases, some of these including the richest bars on the river, which are regularly washed at low water each year by miners with "rockers."

Coming West.

President Roosevelt has positively promised to visit Puget Sound in April.

A Four Leaved Clover.

I WAS hard at work drawing a bird, which might eventually draw a cheque, when the doorbell sounded. I didn't want to be interrupted, for my editor, as a few editors are, was a soulless brute where promptitude was concerned, and my drawing had to be completed.

In a moment the servant brought in a card. It was the proper size and all that, and the name upon it was "Mr. Edward Ross."

Now, there are peculiarities about cards, and somehow this one rather impressed me. I knew no one of that name, yet the neat, white thing was unmistakable; so, laying down my brush, I sought the reception-room.

A big, trim-looking young fellow faced me, a wonderfully musical voice made me good-morning with a certain cheery smoothness which was very pleasing, and a pair of particularly keen eyes took me in from head to foot, then apparently fixed themselves upon my left ear.

"I'm afraid you are busy?" he remarked, as his eyes shifted from my ear.

At that instant I remembered a second brush, for the moment forgotten in its usual place.

"Not too busy for business," I replied, at the same time saying inwardly, "You've got a quick eye and wit."

"Good—it's business," he commented. "The fact is, a friend of mine wants a story of the Speedway according to this memo. He asked me to get it; I made a few enquiries; Mr. ——— advised seeing you." As he concluded he handed me the slip of paper, upon which was scribbled, "Conception, prime movers, construction, cost, prominent patrons, value to public, undesirable features, if any; interesting as possible; not to exceed five thousand words."

"That's all easy enough, if the price be right," I said.

"I am at liberty to offer you $—, providing the story reaches him by the fifteenth," he continued.

There was ample time, so I closed with the offer, and the business end of the interview was reached.

"How far is this Speedway from here? I've never seen it," he said, as he prepared to leave.

"Only a few blocks," I replied; then, urged by a sudden impulse, I added: "If you don't mind waiting twenty minutes in my shop while I finish a small matter, I'll take you up there."

"Good," he replied. "I shall be only too happy, if you are sure I'm not too much trouble."

"This way," I replied. "Smoke up and talk as much as you want to—doesn't bother me in the least."

His eyes lighted with pleasure as they fell upon the almost completed drawing, and his remarks presently proved that he knew the bird well. In a few moments I was busy with finishing touches; and, while he said little, his keen eyes noted every move with absorbed interest. After a bit I laid aside brushes, picked up the glass, verified the work and rose.

"Take a look through the glass," I said. "It'll show you what the result will be."

He looked long and smiled approval.

"It's wonderful," he said, "what knowledge and skill can do. That bird is all right. I can't do such things, but I have a rare good eye. That little drawing carries me back to a place far away, where that bird made his home in a certain tree. I know him well and—would—would you sell me that? I mean after you are through with it," he hastily added.

"No, but I'll give it to you three weeks hence. I can't sell it twice, you know," I retorted, laughing.

"I'll take you at your word, and I'll get hunk," he retorted, meaningly.

In a few moments the drawing was ready for mailing, and we started. The first mail-box trapped the bird; then we swung away for our destination. From the bridge we looked down upon athletic field and ball-grounds, and here my companion's personal knowledge of Upper Manhattan ended. Once upon the Speedway he became as animated as an eager boy, but the shrewd comments he made upon every important feature proved him to be rarely well informed concerning the cost of and work and the requirements of a fast, safe course. Before we had passed beneath the mighty arches which eloquently declare man's mastery over natural obstacles, he had me wondering, for those keen eyes of his saw everything and his crisp remarks proved that he had read much and had a wonderful memory.

Those who have not seen the Speedway can have no conception of its beauty. Upon the one hand the broad water, yet stirring with the pulse of the distant sea; beyond that, noble hills rolling away in tremendous, halted billows of green; beside you the low stone wall, with its guarding metal rail; then the broad-flagged walk; then the Way itself, broad and ample and carefully brushed as smooth as a yellow carpet. Across it, another broad walk, and towering far above it, tremendous cliffs of roughest rock, with grand trees clinging where they may and brush and creepers draping with lovely screen all traces of man's wondrous effort. Such is the magic roadway which the wizard money conjured from among rock-masses flung by warring forces in mystic days of old. Legends of giants' hour and crafty elves cling like lichens to these rocks, but now, at their bases, curves a modern race-course, printed by the flying feet of the swiftest light-harness horses the world contains.

As we strolled along a beautiful brown colt passed at top speed, his gait the perfection of smooth trotting, the dainty pneumatic seeming hardly to touch the ground. Soon he came jogging back, full of fire and eager for another burst. I knew the driver, and in response to my query of "Anything doing to-day?" he replied, "Sure—the match—start in 'bout an hour."

Then I remembered that a couple of rival gentlemen drivers had matched their favorite fliers weeks before, and that this was the day of the race. Furthermore, I was aware that big money had been wagered and that a clinking ra was expected. The coming contest explained the deserted appearance of the Speedway—beyond a doubt a crowd of keen horsemen was gathered about the headquarters at the farther end of the course.

I explained the situation to Ross, and suggested our waiting where we were for a while, as we were near what would be the finish.

"Know anything about them?" he queried, while his shrewd eyes twinkled with interest.

"Yes," I replied; "one's the best horse, but its owner's up, and t'other nag's got the best mechanic behind him."

"What's the difference between the horses?"

"Lengths!"

"And between drivers?"

"Miles!"

"Sure of that?"

"Absolutely certain!"

"How will the betting be?"

"Probably two to one on the nag that's going to lose. He's a fast, showy horse, his driver is a great bluffer, and the crowd will surely back the combination. But I know something of the other pair, and neither horse nor man makes mistakes. The man is an amateur, but he's fit for professional company—a wise, cool, absolutely straight fellow, who is satisfied with a head when a head will do the trick."

"Looks like something of a cinch, then?"

"Very like it. The match was made apparently as the outcome of a chance-raised argument. I know both parties were looking for it for weeks. The man who is going to lose it imagines that he talked the other into making it. Do you savey?"

Ross smiled, then remarked that he wouldn't mind having a small bet on the result, and suggested that we move along and find out how things were. As we turned to go, he started slightly, then glanced at me.

"I see it, too—pick it up," I remarked, laughingly.

Before us, on the strip of sod and almost hidden, lay a small silver bracelet, a cheap affair, to which were attached a few plated bangles. As Ross picked it up he uttered a sharp cry.

"Well—of all the curious things!" he almost shouted, as he handed me the trinket. "What do you think of that?"

Attached among the bangles was a locket-like affair—two small crystals held together by a circular band of gold with a little ring to hang it by, and between the crystals was tightly pressed a tiny four-leaved clover.

"Neat bit of work," I commented, as I closely examined it; "and it's a genuine clover, too," I concluded, as I handed it back.

"Hurry up," he exclaimed, as he thrust the bracelet into his pocket. "I'll lay some long green on that driver you fancy. How're you fixed?" he continued, as we bustled along.

"Oh! I'll chance a ten-spot on it for luck," I said through my laughter, for Ross was visibly keen to follow his whim.

"Ten-spot be d—d! I'll make it five hundred if these guys are game!" he retorted with energy. "Why, it's like finding the good stuff. I only hope they've got their bundles with them!"

"It's good betting they have. These men always go heeled, and some of them have money to burn," I replied.

"Lead me to them. I'm a cooking-range!" he gurgled gleefully, and presently we neared the crowd.

Ross's manner at once changed. Calmly indifferent, he moved among the little knots of whispering horsemen, until he had bored his way into the center of a noisier crowd, where betting talk was free.

"General—one hundred even?" queried a sweaty, red-faced fellow, but the gray-haired Southerner addressed smiled and shook his head. "One hundred to seventy-five! Come, General, time's short," continued the man, but the offer was declined. "Does anybody care for it? Open to anybody! Come, gentlemen!"

For a moment there was no response, then Ross remarked, "I'd like a bit of that."

"How much? Money talks!" said the red-faced man.

With the celerity of the turf they got together, and the wads they produced were fat to bursting. After a brief conference the red-faced man planked down $500 at the odds, Ross counted out the needful, the house took charge of it, and the red-faced man remarked: "Just had $500 to play with. Might as well have it all in a lump. Saves trouble collecting!"

Ross smiled a four-leaved sort of smile; then we worked our way out.

"Don't know him, but he's a good 'un!" I heard a well-known sporting man remark as Ross reached the door.

The story of the race need not be dwelt upon, for it was the old, old story of the mechanic versus the amateur. After losing the first heat by an open length, our horse, or rather our driver, took command and won out. There was the usual hot discussion, the usual kick from losers, and finally a challenge from the loser for another race for bigger money, professional drivers. This the owner of our horse declined.

"A long-headed chap, that fellow," remarked Ross, as we tramped homeward. "You had him sized up all right. Now we'll have a bite and settle."

We turned at length into a cafe, where over the cigars we discussed the fortune of the day and the curious finding of the bracelet.

"Wonder if it would be any harm to put that charm on my chain?" queried Ross, as he fingered it lovingly. "I don't want the other truck, but the little clover must stop with me. I believe in it. To find one is lucky; but to find one all ready mounted like this is something unheard of, and I'll see the oracle's worked full time," he added with a grin.

With a knife he tinkered at the tiny ring until the clover was detached; then he fastened it to his chain, and while we sat his fingers kept playing with it.

When the check was brought he settled for everything; then divided his winnings in half and pushed one wad over to me.

"What's this?" I gasped.

"Your whack!" he remarked, crisply.

"But—but—" I remonstrated. "What the devil have I to do with it? It's your money—I won't have it!"

"Yes, you will, too!" he retorted. "We were in on the deal. You saw the trinket before I did. It won for us. I've had a right pleasant time, and I insist!"

"But I won't stand for it!"

For a moment his eyes met mine with a peculiar, hard expression; then they softened to a mirthful twinkle, and he said:

"Oh! very well! If you absolutely decline to take what's yours, I can't help it!" With which he thrust the twin rolls into his pocket. "Now steer me to the L-road stairs, and I'll away home."

Within a block we met a small girl—one of the weasel-faced, half-fed type so common in New York streets. She must have imagined herself on 125th street, Paradise instead of Manhattan, for Ross stopped her, slipped the bracelet over her grimy paw, pressed a quarter into her palm, smiled and passed on. For a moment she stood petrified with amazement, then she sped away as fast as her wretched little shanks could carry her. No doubt she told her friends "de swell guys" gave it to her and no doubt her friends guessed she'd "pinched" it, or, if swell guys actually had given it to her, that they were very, very drunk at the time.

By the foot of the stairs we chatted for a few moments, then up he went, two steps at a time, for the rumble of an approaching train was plainly audible. As I turned away he, whistled sharply, and, leaning over, shook his clover charm. I laughed and waved my hand.

"So long!" he cried. "Best not put your left hand in your coat pocket," and he vanished as the creaking train came to a standstill.

Of course my hand at once went into my pocket and closed on a roll of bills. He had feared some stealthier hand finding it.

"Curious chap, but game and good as they make them," I thought as I strolled homeward.

* * * * * *

Weeks passed, and I saw no more of Ross, but one day I received a brief note, which read: "I have an empty bird-cage at No. —, ——— street." I at once mailed the drawing to the address. Next day came an envelope, which contained a brand-new "twenty" and a note, which read: "Made this myself with a pen—try to pass it." He'd made the note with a pen all right, but the "twenty" was genuine. I wondered, for these things seldom happen.

A couple of weeks later came a photograph of the clover-charm, and on the back was scribbled: "It's a wonder—nothing but 'fours'—and all winners."

I whistled—for mine eyes began to see things, and that evening I sought for a certain Puritanical-looking party, who might have passed for a Presbyterian divine, but who never passed for anything the other parties might say in red, white and blue speech. I found him in a certain quiet corner which he was given to filling when there was nothing doing. He looked very depressed, but greeted me pleasantly enough.

"Deacon," I ventured, "do you happen to know a fellow named Edward Ross?"

He gave a mighty start, then in a strangely hollow voice he asked:

"Haven't you seen to-night's paper?"

I shook my head.

"Read it," he said, as he drew a copy from his pocket.

Great headlines told it all. A party of gamblers had gotten into a row in a saloon, and after the smoke had cleared away, a few were on the floor, some wounded, one dead. The dead man's name was Walter Cozade, alias Ross, alias "Four-leaved Eddy." There was the usual sensational story.

I looked at the Deacon, and remarked that I had met Ross.

"Then you met one of God's own gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "Eddie was the soul of honor, a college man and a perfect gentleman. He always wore a four-leaved clover in a charm on his chain. Last night he was a big winner—he claimed he'd always been lucky since he found that clover charm. He said 'found' it, but we didn't believe any such nonsense. His girl gave it to him for a birthday present. Last night it was hot in certain rooms; he had his coat off and his watch was in the pocket of his shirt, the little charm hung right over his heart. When the row began everybody got on their feet, and he stood there with that thing shining on his shirt. It was a mark, I tell you—a mark—and the cursed hound that did the gun-work couldn't help but hold on it!"

"And—?" I ventured.

"Why, the lead just took out the glass and the clover, that's all! But, stranger!" he almost shouted, "if you knew that dead boy you knew a square, game man. There's a diamond stud will be another mark before many days—you mark my words!"

And there was.

Church Hymns.

CONSIDERABLE interest and perhaps some uneasiness has been aroused of late by criticism, widely reported and discussed, of certain well-known and popular church hymns. The critics urge that our most common hymns "are not literature;" that they do not possess sufficient literary excellence to win the approval of intelligent and cultivated minds, and therefore would better be dropped.

Objections of this kind—and they are not made for the first time—are usually made by men who are better known for their literary attainments than for their religious experience. They are based on an error, argues the "Youth's Companion." Neither in conception nor in purpose are hymns intended to be literature. Many of them are literature in the strictest sense. Yet who supposes that Luther was stirred by literary ambition when he produced "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott"—"A mighty Fortress is our God?" or that John Fawcett, the obscure country preacher, thought he was producing literature when he wrote "Blest Be the Tie that Binds?" The one was beset by forces with which he felt himself unable to contend alone, the other touched by the love of the humble parishioners who crowded about to beg him to decline a call to a rich church in London. Each gave voice to the spirit which sang in his heart, and so were born one of the noblest songs of Christian courage and one of the tenderest expressions of Christian brotherhood.

It is not what the hymns are, but what they do, that counts. Think of the noble list—the "Rock of Ages," "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah," "Lead, kindly Light," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" and hosts of others which have molded the religious life of the whole English-speaking race. They have inspired deeds of love and mercy, instilled patience and courage in the depressed, comforted the dying, and consoled those who mourned. So long as they continue to do these things they fulfil the purpose for which they were intended, and are worthy of the place they hold in the hearts of those who sing them.

The New Arrival.

The morning after she got to the hotel, had been to the dining-room twice, and had sat on the piazza for an hour, the following statements were hazarded:

That she was a widow.

That she was a young married woman, whose husband would probably come up on Saturday for Sunday.

That her mother had been detained and would appear later.

That she was very wealthy.

That she wasn't.

That she had a past.

That she had a future.

That she was a fashionable dressmaker.

That she was the real thing.

That she wasn't.

All agreed that she was well dressed, pretty and desirable as a moonlight companion.

The proprietor of the hotel was mum. So was the clerk. The bell-boy, however, was able (and willing) to give some information. She had taken a room on the third floor, rear of the house. This might argue (1) lack of funds; (2) secrecy. Also, the night before she had ordered a claret punch at 9.30. This looked suspicious. But, although she registered from New York, we knew she couldn't be an actress, as no actress would take anything at 9.30 but a whiskey sour or a high ball.

A committee was formed to follow clues.

At 10.30 she walked to the lake, and was observed talking with the boat-house man. She had asked his price per hour. This showed that she was economical, and consequently that she might be worth a million or nothing. At eleven a large box arrived for her by express. It was sent to her room, and the porter was gone eighteen minutes.

At noon another small package came.

All the afternoon she was invisible. The excitement was intense.

"Who is she?" was on everyone's lips.

The next morning all bets were off. As the committee entered the hotel office the old familiar click was heard, and there she sat, her brief reign over.

She was the new typewriter.

The British Empire as Slave Buyer.

A queer anomaly came under our notice a day or two ago in perusing some State paper in which the British Government appears in the novel position of slave buyer. It was fifty years ago, and Lord Palmerston was in command at the Foreign Office. The slave buying came about in this way: A poor slave-girl, an Abyssinian Christian—apparently dying and too weak for the brutal dealer to carry off with him—was thrust into the house of an English resident in Cairo, the dealer departing on a journey to Morocco.

The Englishman and his family treated her well and restored her to health, she gratefully serving them meanwhile for wages. In course of time the trader returned; found the girl in marketable condition, and promptly claimed his property. Naturally the Englishman refused to surrender her. But the dealer appealed to Mahomet Ali, who allowed his claim and threatened to send a company of soldiers to enforce it. The Englishman came in disgust to Sir Charles Murray, the Consul-General, who, burning to interfere, yet dreading to make an international row, wrote off to Lord Palmerston for instructions.

Old Pam's reply was a marvel of astuteness. He pointed out that the girl was not at the Consulate, which might be considered British soil, but at the house of a British subject liable to the laws of Egypt. The Viceroy's reading of those laws was that the dealer was entitled to have back his slave or be paid for her. "But," concluded Lord Palmerston, "it would be impossible to sanction the surrender of the slave. I therefore hereby authorize you to pay a fair price for the girl, charging it in your accounts with this office. It seems to me the price should be the value of the girl when left behind, not according to what she is now. Fifteen or twenty pounds is quite enough in my opinion. But settle this as best you can." Sir Charles did settle it.

Bathing at Manhattan Beach.

"Been in bathing?" asked the Republican politician of his friend the Democrat, as the latter took a seat on the sand of Manhattan Beach. The Democrat's bathing suit was dripping with brine, and he shivered a little when the sea breeze struck him.

"Bathing!" exclaimed the Democrat. "I was swimming. Women and children bathe."

"Well, swimming, then," said the Republican. "I have not been in this year, for the reason that I became thoroughly disgusted with this kind of sport last year. Why, I would dive off the raft out there only to go head first into a heap of banana skins. I would be swimming out some way from shore, and, getting tired, would grasp what I thought was a life-buoy, only to find myself entangled in a lot of old barrel staves coated with grease. Finally, on coming out of the water, I'd step on a tomato can and nearly cut my foot off. Oh, no! I've had enough of this sport.

"But your Tammany gang was running the city then," continued the Republican. "Now things are different. Commissioner Woodbury is street cleaning commissioner, and dumping refuse at sea has stopped. The water along the Coney Island coast is clean now. That man Woodbury is a wonder, I tell you. Why, instead of dumping refuse in the sea he is selling it wholesale, to be converted into commercial products. So much for reform."

"You always make politics out of everything," said the Democrat as he shivered again. "You would make politics out of a funeral, you Republicans would. But I must say, I like this man Woodbury. If he were put up for Mayor I'd vote for him. I believe that if you gave the man time he would stop sewers emptying into the North and East rivers, so the poor could bathe all along the shore of Manhattan."

"Clean water and clean government naturally go together," said the Republican.

And the Democrat shivered again.—N. Y. "Tribune."

Anecdotal.

Not long ago a prominent country lawyer, becoming nettled at the ruling of a judge, picked up his hat and started to walk out of the court room. He was halted by the court with the enquiry: "Are you trying to express your contempt for the court?" "No, Your Honor," was the reply; "I am trying to conceal it."

A poor Scotchwoman lay dying, and her husband sat by her bedside. After a time the wife took her husband's hand and said: "John, we're goin' to part. I have been a gude wife to you, haven't I?" John thought a moment. "Well, just middling like, Jenny, you know," anxious not to say too much. Again the wife spoke. "John," she said faintly, "ye manu promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard at Str'avon beside my mither. I couldna rest in peace among unco' folk in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow." "Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John, soothingly, "we'll just try ye in Glasgie first, an' gin ye dinna be quiet we'll try ye in Str'avon."

It is related by an exchange that in a certain parish, the name of which is prudently withheld, the wife of a clergyman was mending clothes when a neighbor dropped in for a social chat. The visitor's attention was attracted to a large basket half-filled with buttons, and, carelessly fingering them, she suddenly remarked: "Why, here are two buttons exactly the same as those my husband had on his last winter suit!" "Indeed," said the clergyman's wife, "that is curious! All those buttons were found in the collection-basket, and I have saved them, thinking I might put them to use." After this the conversation languished, and very soon the visitor took her departure. But the story got abroad, and no more buttons were found in the basket.

NO NEED TO SUFFER.

Torture of Rheumatism Relieved in Six Hours Cured

In One to Three Days.

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Pain in Your Kidneys?

South American Kidney Cure purges the kidneys of every impurity, and restores them to health—speedily and perfectly. No. 81

Three Photographs.

"PHOTOGRAPH all the prisoners? But why?" demanded Sir Felix Felix-Williams.

Old Canon Kempe shrugged his shoulders. Admiral Trewbody turned the pages of the Home Secretary's letter. They sat at the baize-covered table in the magistrates' room—the last of the visiting justices who met under the old regime, to receive the Governor's report and look after the welfare of the prisoners in Tregarrick county jail.

"But why, in the name of common sense?" Sir Felix persisted.

"I suppose," hazarded the Admiral, "it helps the police in identifying criminals."

"But the letter says 'all the prisoners?' You don't seriously tell me that anyone wants a photograph to identify Poacher Tresize, whom I've committed a score of times if I've committed him once? And perhaps you'll explain to me this further demand for a 'Composite Photograph' of all the prisoners, male and female. A 'composite photograph'—have you ever seen one?"

"No," the Admiral mused, "but I see what the Home Office is driving at. Someone has been persuading them to test these new theories in criminology the doctors are so busy with, especially in Italy—"

"In Italy!" pish'd Sir Felix Felix-Williams.

"My dear Sir Felix, science has no nationality." The Admiral was a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and kept a microscope to amuse his leisure.

"It has some proper limits, I should hope," Sir Felix retorted. It annoyed him—a chairman of Quarter Sessions for close upon twenty years—to be told that the science of criminology was yet in its infancy; and he glanced mischievously at the Canon, who might be supposed to have a professional quarrel with scientific men. But the Canon was a wary fighter, and no waster of powder or shot.

"Well, well," said he, "I don't see what harm it can do, or what good. If the Home Secretary wants his composite photograph, let him have it. The only question is, have we a photographer who knows how to make one? Or must we send the negatives up to Whitehall?"

So the visiting justices sent for the local photographer and consulted him. And he—being a clever fellow—declared it was easy enough, a mere question of care in superimposing the negatives. He had never actually made the experiment: his clients (so he called his customers) preferring to be photographed singly or in family groups. But he asked to be given a trial, and suggested (to be on the safe side) preparing two or three composite ... nts, between which the justices might choose at their next meeting.

This was resolved, and the resolution entered in the minutes; and next day the photographer set to work. Some of the prisoners resisted and 'made faces' in front of the camera, squinting and pulling the most horrible mouths. A female shoplifter sat under protest, because she was not allowed to send home for an evening gown. But the most consented obediently, and Jim Tresize even asked for a copy to take home to his wife.

The Admiral (who had married late in life) resided with his wife and young family in a neat villa just outside the town, where his hobby was to grow pelargoniums. The photographer passed the gate daily on his way to and from the prison, and was usually hailed and catechized on his progress.

His patience with the recalcitrant prisoners delighted the Admiral, who more than once assured his wife that Smithers was an intelligent fellow and quite an artist in his way. "I wonder how he manages it," said Mrs. Trewbody, "he told Baby last autumn that a little bird would fly out of the camera when he took off the cap, and everyone allows that the result is most lifelike. But I don't like the idea, and I think it may injure his trade."

The Admiral could not always follow his wife's reasoning. "What is it you dislike?" he asked.

"Well, it's not nice to think of one's self going into the same camera he has been using on those wretched prisoners. It's sentiment, I dare say; but I had the same feeling when he stuck up Harry's photograph in his showcase at the railway station, among all kinds of objectionable persons, and I requested him to remove it."

The Admiral laughed indulgently, being one of those men who find a charm, even of subtle flattery, in their wives' silliness.

"I agree with you," he said, "that it's not pleasant to be exposed to public gaze among a crowd of people one would never think of knowing. I don't suppose it would actually encourage familiarity, at the same time there's an air of promiscuity about it—I won't say disrespect—which, ahem, jars. But with the prisoners it's different—my attitude to them is scientific, if I may say so. I look upon them as a race apart, almost of another world, and as such I find them extremely interesting. The possibility of mixing with them on any terms of intimacy doesn't occur. I am aware, my dear," he wound up, graciously, "that you women seldom understand this mental detachment, being by nature unscientific and all the more charming for your prejudices."

At the next meeting of justices, Smithers the photographer presented himself and produced his prints with a curious air of diffidence.

"I have," he explained, "brought three for Your Worships' selection; and can honestly assure Your Worships that my pains have been endless. What puzzles me, however, is that although in all three the same portraits have been imposed, and in the same order, the results are surprisingly different. The cause of these differences I cannot detect, though I have gone over the process several times and step by step; but out of some two dozen experiments I may say that all the results answer pretty closely to one another of these three types." Mr. Smithers, who had spent much time in rehearsing this little speech, handed up photograph No. 1; and Sir Felix adjusted his spectacles.

"Villainous!" he exclaimed, recoiling. The Canon and the Admiral bent over it together.

"Most repulsive!" said the Admiral.

"Here indeed"—the Canon was more impressive—"here, indeed, is an object lesson in the effects of crime. Is it possible that to this, man's passions can degrade his divinely inherited features? Were it not altogether too horrible I would have this picture framed and glazed and hung up in every cottage home in the land."

"My dear fellow," interrupted Sir Felix, "we cannot possibly let this monstrosity go up to Whitehall as representative of the inmates of Tregarrick jail! It would mean an enquiry on the spot. It would even reflect upon us. Ours is a decent county, as counties go, and I protest it shall not, with my consent, be injured by any such libel."

Mr. Smithers handed up photograph No. 2.

"This looks better," began Sir Felix, and with that he gave a slight start, and passed the photograph to the Canon. The Canon, too, started, and stole a quick glance at Sir Felix; their eyes met.

"It certainly is singular"—stammered Sir Felix. "I fancied—without irreverence—but you detected it too," he wound up incoherently.

"May I have a look?" The Admiral peered over the Canon's head; who, however, did not relinquish the photograph, but turned on Smithers with sudden severity.

"I presume, sir, this is not an audacious joke?"

"I assure Your Worship"—protested the photographer—"I had some thoughts of tearing it up, but thought it wouldn't be honest."

"You did rightly," the Canon answered; "but now that we have seen it, I have no such scruple." He tore the print across, and across again. "Even in this," he said, with a glance at the Admiral, who winced, "we may perhaps read a lesson, or at least a warning, that man's presumption in extending the bounds of his knowledge—or, as I should prefer to call it, his curiosity—may—er—bring him face to face with—"

But the Canon's speech tailed off as he regarded the torn pieces of cardboard in his hand. He felt that the others had been seriously perturbed and were not listening; he himself was conscious of a shock too serious for that glib emollient—usually so efficacious—the sound of his own voice. He perceived that it did not impose even on the photographer. An uncomfortable silence fell on the room.

Sir Felix was the first to recover. "Put it in the waste-paper basket; no, in the fire!" he commanded, and turned to Smithers. "Surely between these two extremes—"

"I was on the point of suggesting that Your Worships would find No. 3 more satisfactory," the photographer interrupted, forgetting his manner in his anxiety to restore these three gentlemen to their ease. His own discomfort was acute, and he over-acted as a man will who has unwillingly surprised a state secret, and wishes to assure everyone of his obtuseness.

Sir Felix studied No. 3. "This appears to me a very ordinary photograph. Without being positively displeasing, the face is one you might pass in the street any day, and forget."

"I hope it suggests no—no well-known features?" put in the Canon nervously.

"None at all, I think; but see for yourself. To me it seems—although hazy, of course—the kind of thing the Home Office might find helpful."

"It is less distinct than the others," said the Admiral, pulling his whiskers.

"And for that reason the more obviously composite—which is what we are required to furnish. No, indeed, I can find nothing amiss with it; and I think, gentlemen, if you are agreed, we will forward this print."

No. 3 was passed accordingly, the photographer withdrew, and the three justices turned to other business, which occupied them for a full two hours.

But, I pray you, mark the sequel.

Mr. Smithers, in his relief and delight at the magistrates' approbation, hurried home, fished out a copy of No. 3, exposed it proudly in his shop window, and went off to the Pack Horse Inn for a drink.

Less than an hour later Mrs. Trewbody, having packed her family into the jingle for their afternoon's ride with Miss Platt, the governess, strolled down into the town to do some light shopping; and, happening to pass the photographer's window, came to a standstill with a little gasp.

A moment later she entered the shop; and Mrs. Smithers, answering the shop bell, found that she had taken the photograph from the window and was examining it eagerly.

"This is quite a surprise, Mrs. Smithers. A capital photograph! May I ask how many copies my husband ordered?"

"I'm not aware, ma'am, that the Admiral has ordered any as yet, though I heard Smithers say only this morning as he hoped he'd be pleased with it."

"I think I can answer for that, although he is particular. But I happen to know he disapproves of these things being exposed in the window. I'll take this copy home with me, if I may. Has your husband printed any more?"

"Well, no, ma'am. There was one other copy; but Lady Felix-Williams happened to be passing just now, and spied it; and nothing would do but she must take it away with her."

"Lady Felix-Williams!" Mrs. Trewbody stiffened with sudden distrust. "Now what could Lady Felix-Williams do with this?"

"I'm sure I can't tell you, ma'am; but she was delighted. 'A capital likeness,' she said. 'I've never seen a photograph before that caught just that expression of his.'"

"I should very much like to know what she has to do with his expression," Mrs. Trewbody murmured to herself, between wonder and incipient alarm. But she concealed her feelings, good lady; and, having paid for her purchase, carried it home in her muff and stuck it upright against one of the Sevres candlesticks on her boudoir mantelshelf.

And there the Admiral discovered it three-quarters of an hour later. He came home wanting his tea; and, finding the boudoir empty, advanced to ring the bell. At that moment his eyes fell on Smithers' replica of the very photograph he had passed for forwarding to the Home Secretary. He picked it up, and gave vent to a long whistle.

"Now, how the dickens—"

His wife appeared in the doorway, with Harry, Dicky and Theophila clinging to her skirts, fresh from their ride and boisterous.

"My dear Emily, where in the world did you get hold of this?"

He held the photograph towards her at arm's length; and the children rushed forward to examine it.

"Papa! Papa!" they shouted together, capering round it. "Oh, mammy, isn't it him exactly?"

A Bank on Wheels.

ONE of the most brilliant ideas of modern times has just occurred to the local authorities which administer the public moneys of the town of Mezieres, in the Ardennes. The new scheme consists in an "automobile savings bank." The term requires some explanation.

The inventors apply it to a new sort of motor car which they are having built. The vehicle is propelled by electricity and contains four seats, one in front and apart from the others, for the driver. The three places behind are arranged round a revolving table in the middle of the car, one at each side and one at the rear of the vehicle. Writing desks are fitted over each of the three seats and devised in such a way that they can be either folded flat against the sides of the carriage inwardly or opened outwardly. The central table also contains desks, besides bookshelves and a small metallic strong-box. Such is the new automobile. The use to which the authorities of Mezieres intend to put their invention is as follows:

The car will travel round the country, making stoppages of an hour or so on prearranged days in the different localities of the department. The passengers will be two clerks of the local treasury administration and a cashier. They will carry with them a complete collection of savings bank books, registers and forms, and the third of the above-mentioned officials will be empowered to receive moneys. Your readers will have now divined the purpose of the financial authorities of Mezieres. It seems that these gentlemen, assembled in council lately, came to the conclusion that something should be done to encourage thrift among the peasantry of the Ardennes. On the other hand, it was recognized that the saving propensity was already very marked among the country folk. What was needed was that the administration should meet their wants halfway. The peasants put by their earnings thriftily enough, but frequently fail to invest them in savings banks because, especially in the busy summer months, they have little time for journeying to the few principal towns where the offices are situated. So the authorities determined upon sending the savings bank to the country folk instead of waiting any longer for the latter to find time to come to the office.

The description of the vehicle which the authorities have had built, according to their own designs, requires no further explanation except to say that the movable desks are intended for use by the public, hence the arrangement by which they can be opened outward over the road. It is reported that the scheme meets with the unqualified approval of the savings bank clerks, whose days hitherto throughout the fine season have been spent in musty offices. But, contrary to what might have been expected, the public does not look upon the innovation with unalloyed delight. Some suspicious persons have spread a rumor that the administrative motor car will not always convey savings bank clerks, but will occasionally bring—more often, perhaps, than would be desirable—that unwelcome visitor, the tax collector.

The Phraseology of Sport.

THE London "Outlook," in a recent number, while conceding that every sport and pastime should, naturally, have an especial phraseology, deplored the fact that this phraseology is becoming mere jargon. In its "palmy days" the P.R. could boast a language of its own; and one regrets to notice that the picturesque reporter is now doing the same disservice to cricket. When an eleven makes a bad start it is suffering from "rot and rout." One batsman is "breezy," another plays with "graceful assurance," a third is "cheaply dismissed." A score that progresses unevenly is "streaky," and a very favorite formula runs that So-and-So "played excellent cricket." This might reasonably be expected on a cricket field, where Bridge or Ping-pong would be somewhat out of place. After all, however, it is the billiard reporter who most savagely dislocates the vertebrae of the King's English. Not long ago one of the brotherhood varied the monotony of life by describing the red ball as a "pinky round."

After all, the most glaring examples of idiotic phraseology in the English papers are exceedingly tame beside those of our own, says the "Bookman." For instance, let us take the American equivalent for the English game of cricket. The knowing reporter writing a description of a game of baseball never makes the mistake of calling the ball "the ball." To him, of course, it is the "sphere," the "pellet," the "pea" or the "leather." A batsman never makes his base on balls, "he strolls" or he gets "a free pass to the first corner." He does not make a base hit, but "he singles" or he "slams the pea to the center garden." He does not strike out, but "he fans" or "he pounds the air." The pitcher does not pitch, he does "slab duty" or he "bends them" or he "passes them up." We might continue in this strain indefinitely.

To refer to a baseball team representing a certain city by its proper name would be to betray a woeful lack of knowledge and experience. A few years ago, after the veteran ballplayer Anson relinquished his leadership of the Chicago team, that team was, for a short time at the beginning of the season, without any nickname whatever. Sporting writers all over the country were in a state of chaos. The Chicago newspapers opened their columns to suggestions for a suitable sobriquet, and matters generally were unsettled and unsatisfactory until the significance of the desertion of Anson dawned upon one ingenious scribe, and the Chicagos immediately became "the Orphans." During the first two years of its career in the National League the New York team was known as the "Maroons." In 1885 this title was dropped for that of "the Giants," a term which at a period when the team was unpopular was modified to "the Joints." The Bostons are, of course, "the Beaneaters;" the Washingtons, "the Senators;" the Baltimores, "the Orioles," or "the Birds;" the Brooklyns are "the Trolley Dodgers."

She (scornfully)—I despise you from the bottom of my heart! He (cheerily)—Oh, well, there is always room at the top.

Why "Mike" Didn't Rise.

AMONG the employees of one of the important mercantile establishments of Chicago is a husky young man who is known as "Mike." There seems to be no clear understanding among "Mike's" immediate superiors as to the nature of his duties. He sits around among boxes at the rear end of the concern most of the time and smokes an old pipe that has the death-rattle in its throat.

Occasionally there is a rag-picker or a suspicious looking prowler to be driven out of the alley, but aside from looking after such persons "Mike" has no regular work to do. This gives him plenty of time to get fat and to ponder upon the great mysteries of existence.

The other day one of the firm's trusted men had occasion to look around among the boxes where "Mike" was on guard, and, finding the latter with his heels cocked up and his chin on his breast, while the old pipe gurgled and wheezed and threatened after every puff to give up the struggle forever, the man from the office proceeded to read his colaborer a little sermon.

"'Mike,'" said the one who amounted to something, "why do you sit around here wasting your spare moments? You are neglecting golden opportunities. Instead of idling your time away you might have a book and be studying. Many a man in your place would educate himself, and so become capable of taking a higher place in the world. I myself started in here at the bottom. But I was determined not to remain at the bottom. How do you suppose I got up? By sitting around and waiting for my employers to come and lift me out of my place? No, indeed, 'Mike,' I fitted myself for a better position. I put in my spare time finding out things about the way the establishment was run. I made myself too valuable to be kept at the bottom. I was determined from the start that I would be promoted, not merely for my own benefit, but for the benefit of the firm. I decided to make myself so valuable that they could not afford not to take advantage of my knowledge and my ability. I think a great many young men make mistakes in the attitude they assume at the start. They try to get up merely for their own profit. They should make themselves so competent that their employers could not help seeing that it would be unprofitable to keep them down. You have a hundred chances here for every one that I had when I started. Three-fourths of the time you have nothing to do. You could put in this time studying and finding out how our business is done. In that way you could make yourself worth more to the firm than you are at present. Why don't you do it?"

"Mike" slowly removed his heels from the box on which they had rested, and, after having gulped down a mouthful of nicotine, he replied:

"I've noticed one thing around this place. The less a feller knows the less he has to do."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

Wit and Wisdom from New Books.

How little the world knows about its modest heroes who bear burdens uncomplainingly and show no envy towards those who are more fortunately situated from a worldly point of view.—"Blennerhassett."

Master Hawes spoke shrilly and with a lisp, for which he would have been admired had it been affected, but for which he was often ridiculed because it was natural.—"Captain Ravenshaw."

Children are like jam; all very well in the proper place, but you can't stand them all over the shop.—"The Wouldbegoods."

All women fear and suspect irony when they are able to recognize it.—"The Serious Wooing."

"A man, Phillpotts, is never beaten, till he has said in his heart, 'I am beaten.'"—"Sir Christopher."

The whole affair was eminently unsatisfactory, yet so little might have made it perfect; but that is the tragedy of many things.—"A Woman Alone."

The biding in the world and the leaving of it are both tiresome enough at times.—"The Seven Houses."

The attempt to produce ideas by rubbing pen and paper together is much like trying to evoke fire from the friction of a couple of sticks; it is a thing not entirely impossible, but it is always a tedious and generally an ineffectual process.—"Talks on Writing English."

One way or other, belief is a frightful thing. It assassinates everything except itself.—"Temple House."

Culture is accessible to everyone, but there are people who not only do not need it, but whom it is liable to spoil.—"Foma Gordyeeff."

She learned how brutal a man who is not ashamed of himself can be.—"The Night-Hawk."

The price of existence with some people must be an eternal silence.—"Two Men."

Schoolbooks are implements, but they don't teach in school how the implements are to be used in one's business.—"Foma Gordyeeff."

Nature shows us the beautiful while she conceals the interior. We do not see the roots of her roses and she hides from us her skeletons.—"The Morgesons."

"The world's a-dyin' o' clo's. Perlitical ambition, sercicty ambition, this world's fashion—what is it all, I ask ye, but clo's?—"Flood-Tide."

You cannot paddle in sin and go with white feet before the throne of God.—"Karadac, Count of Gersay."

New Zealand Like Newfoundland.

There will probably be no inclusion of New Zealand in the Commonwealth of Australia during the next fifty years, if, indeed, it ever takes place. The scheme has now been condemned by the commission appointed by the New Zealand Government to study the federation question, and the commission's judgment seems well based. New Zealand is twelve hundred miles from Australia by sea, a fact that neutralizes the military argument drawn from the benefits of a joint defence in case of war. Again, should New Zealand be brought under Australian control, such a step would imperil the many economic and socialistic experiments being made under the auspices of the New Zealand Government.

She—Let's sit out the next one. He—Why, I thought you were fond of dancing? She—I am.—Detroit "Free Press."

Curious Bits of News

Of the 12,000,000,000 letters annually distributed by the postoffices of the world 8,000,000,000 are addressed in English, 1,200,000,000 in German and 1,000,000,000 in French. All the other languages have less than 2,000,000,000 between them.

By employing compressed air, a Dresden manufacturer has lately succeeded in producing glass vessels of extraordinary size. Heretofore, it is said, concave glass could be blown into vessels having a capacity not exceeding about 26 gallons, but by the new process glass bath-tubs and large glass kettles can be blown.

The highest tunnel in the world is now in course of construction by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at Crow's Nest Pass. It is at an altitude of 4,500 feet above sea level. The Loop Tunnel, as the work is called, will be 840 feet long, of which over 360 feet are completed. A force of 200 men is working day and night, and it is anticipated it will be finished by December next. This tunnel will shorten the route by fourteen miles, and will greatly reduce grades and curvatures.

A sporting friend of the editor of "Sporting and Dramatic News" keeps some green tree frogs in a glass globe, and the children feed them on flies and other insects. "In their bowl stands a miniature flight of steps, and when the frogs climb up and perch on these steps my friend leaves his mackintosh at home, being assured of fine weather. When the frogs huddle together at the bottom of the globe, then he says it is a safe sign of coming rain."

For soldiers' use, and for employment under circumstances where fresh milk, coffee and chocolate are not easily obtainable, a dried preparation is now being manufactured which serves excellently as a substitute. Skimmed milk is evaporated by the help of an air blast to the condition of a paste, and, after being dried, is reduced to powder by grinding. Then it is mixed with powdered chocolate, half and half, and is either put up as dust or compressed into cakes. When wanted, water is added, the resulting fluid is boiled, and all that is needed is a little sugar.

A lunacy commissioner was making his customary rounds. An inmate whose particular fancy it was to pose as a much-married man approached with the announcement that he had once again taken to himself a wife. "And who is the fortunate lady?" said the commissioner. "Ah," said the lunatic, smiling sweetly, "she's the daughter of the devil." "Indeed; and how do you get on together?" "Get on? Oh, well, I get on right enough with the wife; but it's the old people I can't put up with."

The Atlin Claim.

Published every Saturday morning by THE ATLIN CLAIM PUBLISHING CO. A. C. HIRSCHFELD, PROPRIETOR. D. TODD LEES, MANAGING EDITOR. Office of publication Pearl St., Atlin, B. C. Advertising Rates: $1.00 per inch, each insertion. Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special Contract Rates on application. The subscription price is $5 a year payable in advance. No paper will be delivered unless this condition is complied with.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21ST, 1903.

IT was incidentally mentioned in our last issue that we were pleased to see the fruition of our hopes in connection with the local organization of a B. C. Miners' Association. Now that delegates have been selected and sent out, we trust that the matter will not fall into oblivion, but that the Association will form the basis of one of the dominant forces of the Province in all that appertains to the mining industry, and especially to the welfare of this community.

As to the personnel of the delegation, we are of the impression that the Executive deserves the unanimous support of the members of the Association in its choice. The three delegates, Messrs. Dockrill, Pearse and Hathorn, are thoroughly representative, and the latter two have this great advantage, they have travelled much and have seen and familiarized themselves with the mining laws and conditions prevailing in other countries. They are, all three, men of liberal views, and men who may be depended upon to do and act for the best interests of the mining industry and for this section of the Province in particular.

It is a regretable incident, now the first aim of the local branch has been accomplished, that some of its members should express sorrow at having participated in the furtherance of the main object, and are now carried away with the idea that the whole movement is one originated by hydraulic operators in Victoria. When it is considered that hydraulic men will cut but a very small figure alongside the general mining interests of the Province, such men may easily disabuse their minds of the idea that hydraulic men are going to "run" the Convention. We have followed the present movement very closely from its inception, and feel assured that no attempt will be made to seek legislative changes for any branch of mining, which will in any way affect, or prejudice the interests or rights of any other. We should not anticipate trouble or attribute motives to the originators of the movement, which we feel are unjustifiable, but we should have enough faith in these gentlemen to believe that they were prompted to act solely for "the general good and advancement of the mining industry."

We have had the pleasure of reading the Eight Annual Report of the California Miners' Association, and if our B.C. Association accomplishes but one object which that attained—"the stability of mining legislation"—it will have placed the industry where it has never yet been.

1825.

The Treaty of That Date The Basis of Settlement.

The Alaskan Boundary Question Creating Much Comment—An Order-in-Council.

The Alaskan Boundary Question appears to be one of the most knotty problems of the hour. The preamble of the treaty sets forth that the United States and Great Britain are equally desirous of a settlement of the true meaning of certain clauses of the convention between Great Britain and Russia, signed under date of February 16th, 1825. The essential terms of the treaty are found in the Fourth Article, which reads as follows:

"Referring to Articles 2, 4 and 5 of the Treaty of 1825, the tribunal shall answer and decide the following questions:

1. What is intended as the point of commencement of the line?

2. What channel is the Portland Channel?

3. What course shall the line take from the point of commencement to the entrance to Portland Channel?

4. To what point on the 56th parallel is the line to be drawn from the head of the Portland Channel, and what course should it follow between these points?

Etc., etc.

The decision of the tribunal is to be final, and a majority of the whole number of commissioners to rule. Should the tribunal agree on certain points and disagree on certain others, the facts are to be fully reported to each government by its "agent or official," who, under the terms of the present treaty, is to attend the meetings of the commissioners.

The Convention names no concessions on either side as a condition precedent to the consideration of the boundary question, and there is no reference to Skagway or Dyea or other settlements on the coast.

The Commission will meet in London "as soon as practicable after receiving their commissions."

The new regulations recently passed at Ottawa, in connection with the coasting trade, it seems, will not be applicable to the Pacific coast. In response to a private enquiry, Commissioner of Customs McDougall says, "New regulations are not intended to interfere with transit privileges accorded heretofore on Pacific coast waters."

Free Advertising.

The S. F. Mining Review thus advertises a proposed new Portland company:

"The Portland Smelting & Refining Co., Ltd., of Portland, Or., with Otto M. Rosendale as director, prospectus and letter writer, general manager, secretary, mining engineer and a few other things, is before the public with tempting invitations to "get in on the ground

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Now occupy their new quarters next to the Bank of B. N. A., First Street. The bath rooms are equally as good as found in cities. Private Entrance for ladies.

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

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.
CAPITAL PAID UP, $8,000,000.
RESERVE, $2,500,000.
Branches of the Bank at Seattle, San Francisco, Portland, Skagway, etc.
Exchange sold on all Points.
GOLD DUST PURCHASED—ASSAY OFFICE IN CONNECTION.
D. ROSS, Manager.

THE ROYAL HOTEL,
E. ROSSELLI, Proprietor.
Corner Pearl and First Streets, Atlin, B. C.
FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.
CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS—CASE GOODS A SPECIALTY.

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

We can give You as Good Value for your CASH as any House in Town. Groceries, Provisions, etc.
Try us with it and see. Giant Powder on hand.
J. A. Fraser & Co.

floor." The company has a smelter treating 400 tons of ore daily at a profit of $1430.70 per day, that is the smelter is erected and in full blast in the fertile imagination of Otto Rosendale, the chief executive and guardian of the exchequer. The capitalization of the concern is only $2,000,000, a very modest sum when all the smelters and things in the head of that great financier, Otto Rosendale, is taken into consideration. Colonel Sellers was all right in his day and generation, but in these days, when Rosendales can start smelters and pay out millions in a single day by the aid of printer's ink and a vivid imagination, Mark Twain's promoter of great enterprises is in penumbra. How condescending and confidential is this rival of S. Pierpont Morgan. This is how he starts to write to prospective shareholders:

"Dear Friend—I am going to write to you exactly as I would to the best friend I have on earth, although our acquaintance is, as yet, largely one that has sprung up through the medium of correspondence. We shall be better acquainted some day, I trust."

"There is no doubt about the truth of the last assertion. Some day the 'dear friend' will be better acquainted with Otto Rosendale. When the smelters and the millions in dividends have disappeared in thin vapor, and with them the hopes and the money of the stockholders, they will know him better."

Skagway Social Circles.

We now have the city divided up into sets. There is the card party set, the dancing set, the lodge set, the old set, the young set, the goody-goody set, the jolly set, and the sober set, who regard everything lively as frivolous. There is too much exclusiveness and too little sociability. The common people are not in it. You must flock with a crowd or go off alone.—Alaska Guide.

A Sensible View to Take.

The recent retaliatory measure, passed by Order-in-Council, of the Canadian Government, has necessarily called forth considerable comment from the Coast press. The order provides that henceforth all goods of Canadian production which are transported from any port of the Dominion, through waters outside Canadian jurisdiction, shall be carried exclusively in Canadian vessels.

The "Daily Alaskan" editorially says: "The Order-in-Council which is reported to have been made by the Ottawa Government, forbidding the entry into Canada of Canadian goods carried in United States' bottoms, is in direct line with the laws of the United States, which precludes the carriage of bonded domestic goods in foreign bottoms. It will be inconsistent for merchants and carriers of the U. S. to take umbrage at this harsh order. On the score that governments should protect commerce by the taking of such advantages, the Canadian Government has behaved patriotically. It is a matter of plain business in which there can be no sentiment involved. The people of this nation should, on the contrary, applaud the manner in which the Canadian Government protects the commercial interests of its people."

A Coast Cable.

In the army appropriation, passed by the Senate on the 4th inst, there is a paragraph appropriating the sum of $485,000 for an Alaska cable from Seattle to Juneau, and as the item appears in both House and Senate bills, it will become law. It is expected that the War Department will begin the work of laying the cable before the end of the present year.

In Honor of St. Patrick.

Sir Thomas Lipton has fixed the date for launching Samrock III. It will take place March 17th. He said he considered the placing of a third leaf to the Shamrock a fitting ceremony for St. Patrick's day.

ATLIN ASSESSMENT DISTRICT.

NOTICE is hereby given, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax, that all assessed taxes and income tax, assessed and levied under the Assessment Act and amendments thereto, are now due and payable for the year 1903. All taxes collectible for the Atlin Assessment District are due and payable at my office, situate at the Court House in the town of Atlin.

This notice, in terms of law, is equivalent to a personal demand by me upon all persons liable for taxes.

Dated at Atlin this Seventeenth day of February, A.D., 1903.

J. A. FRASER,
Assessor and Collector,
Atlin Assessment District, Atlin, B. C.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next Session for an Act to incorporate a Company with power to build, equip, maintain and operate a line or lines of railway of standard gauge, from a point at or near Hazelton by the most feasible and practicable route to a point on the northern boundary of British Columbia, at or near Teslin Lake or Atlin Lake, or both; also from Hazelton, by the most feasible and practicable route, via the Skeena, Babine, Driftwood, Omineca and Finlay Rivers to Peace River Pass, or Pine River Pass or both, thence Easterly to the Eastern boundary of the said Province, with authority also to construct, equip, maintain and operate branches from any points on the proposed line or lines, not exceeding in any one case [illegible] hundred miles in length; and with power to construct, acquire own and maintain wharves and docks in connection therewith; and to construct, own, acquire, equip and maintain steam and other vessels and boats, and operate the same on any navigable waters; and to construct, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines along the routes of said railway and its branches, or in connection therewith, and to transmit messages, for commercial purposes, and to collect tolls therefor; and to acquire and receive from any Government, corporation, or persons, grants of land, rights of way, money, bonuses, privileges or other assistance in aid of the construction of the Company's undertaking, and to connect with and to enter into traffic or other arrangements with railway, steamboat or other companies, and for all rights, powers and privileges necessary, usual or incidental to all or any of the aforesaid purposes.

Dated this 3rd day of December, A. D. 1902.

Cornwall & Rogers,
de-27-6t Solicitors for the Applicants.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate a Company with power to build, construct, equip, operate and maintain a line of railway of standard guage from Dawson, in the Northwest Territories, by the most direct and feasible route to a point at or near the northern boundary of the Province of British Columbia to connect with the Pacific Northern & Omineca Railway; with authority also to construct, operate and maintain branches from any points on the proposed line or lines, not exceeding in any one case thirty miles in length and with power to construct, operate and maintain all necessary bridges, roads, ways and ferries; and to construct and acquire, own and maintain wharves and docks in connection therewith and to construct, own, acquire, equip and maintain all necessary bridges, roads, ways and ferries; and to construct, own, equip and maintain steam and other boats and vessels and operate the same on any navigable waters; and to construct, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines along the routes of the said railway and its branches or in connection therewith, and to transmit messages for commercial purposes, and to collect tolls therefor, and to acquire and receive from any Government, Corporation or persons grants of land, rights of way, money bonuses, privileges or other assistance in aid of the construction of the Company's undertaking, and to connect with and to enter into traffic or other arrangements with railway, steamboat or other companies, and for all rights and powers and privileges necessary, usual or incidental to all or any of the aforesaid purposes.

Dated this 3rd day of December, A. D., 1902.

McPhillips, Wootton & Barnard,
de27-5t Solicitors for the Applicants.

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 parcel or tract of land for agricultural purposes: Commencing at a post planted on the east shore of Atlinto River; thence 20 chains in a northerly direction along the shore of Taku Arm; thence 20 chains in an easterly direction; thence 20 chains in a southerly direction; thence 20 chains in a westerly direction, to the point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less.

T. Hinchcliffe.

Taku City, B. C., December 15th, 1902.
de27-8t

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next Session by the Pacific Northern and Omineca Railway Company for an Act to Amend its Act of Incorporation, being 64 Victoria, Chapter 50, of the Statutes of the said Province, as amended by the "Pacific Northern and Omineca Railway Act, 1902," being 2 Edward VII., Chapter 77, by extending the time for the commencement of the construction of the Company's line of railway and for the expenditure of 10 per cent of the capital and for the completion of the said railway as limited by Sub-section five (5) of Section 44 of the British Columbia Railway Act, and by increasing the capital of the said Company.

Dated the 29th day of November, 1902.

CORNWALL & ROGERS,
Solicitors for the Applicants
de-27-6t

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next sittings, for leave to incorporate a Company to be called "The Coast-Yukon Railway Company," to construct, equip and operate a railway from a point on or near Kitimat Inlet, Douglas Channel, British Columbia; thence to Atlin Lake; thence to the Yukon River; thence to the International Boundary line between Alaska and Yukon Territory, via the City of Dawson. With power to construct and own boats and wharves, telegraph and telephone lines, to generate electrical power, and to collect tolls and all powers incidental to a railway.

Dated at Vancouver, B. C., this 12th day of November, A.D., 1902.

D. G. MACDONELL,
no-20-9t Solicitor for Applicants.

Pioneer Bakery and Restaurant.
SPECIALTIES IN
FANCY CAKES & PASTRY.
Fresh Bread, Rye Bread, etc.
CHAS. MYER, Proprietor.
Good Rooms to Rent—By the Day, Week or Month at reasonable rates.

LOUIS SCHULZ,
Wholesale and Retail Butcher
FIRST STREET, ATLIN, B. C.

JIMMY REGAN
Shelf and Heavy Hardware,
Men's Half Soles and Shoe Nails. — Henry Diston & Son's Saws. — Windows, Doors, Glass and Puttoy, etc., etc.
BOOM — BANG — BOOM! — Dynamite, Caps and Fuse.
Full Line of Winchester—Black & Smokeless—Rifle & Shotgun Cartridges.
Goods Bought Sold and Exchanged.

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

MR. POOLY'S GOVERNESS.

A SCORE or more of men and youths, rough-clad and unshaven, booted and spurred most of them in cowboy fashion, were assembled on the platform of a Western railway station. In the center of the group a large man with red, shaggy face and good-natured blue eyes was expounding to the others an important matter.

"I tell you fellers emphatically," he said, slapping his leather leggin vigorously, "I ain't takin' no contract to furnish the whole county with wives. Yeh better jest import a carload an' be done with it, 'stead o' scramblin' over every young woman that comes in sight."

"Look here, Cal Pooly, yeh ought to be ashamed, bein' so narrow-minded and selfish," expostulated a tall, lank man with a thin, pale whisker. "If yeh wuz the right kind of a public-spirited citizen ye'd be glad to do what yeh can to civilize and populate the county. Course we'll marry 'em, every one of 'em, jest as fast as we can."

"Yes, and I'll bet a horse, Ted Sanders, you'll be over 'fore breakfast to-morrow spyin' round to see what this'n looks like," said the big man, with a sparkle in his small eyes. "But doggone my times! Yeh better stay away. I swear I'll git an injunction on you fellers, and not let yeh come on the place."

The whistle of the approaching engine interrupted this colloquy, and the men scattered in a line along the platform watching with curious faces. Mr. Pooly stood a little in the rear, inwardly chuckling at a seasonable joke which he felt was about to be perpetrated on the boys. As the train came to a stand, puffing and hissing, a single person descended and stood confronting the staring spectators. Looks of anger, disgust, pain and resentment passed from man to man, looks that said plainly and despairingly, "Is that her? Do you think thet's her? Good Gawd!"

The person who was being thus unfavorably received stood for some time looking from one observer to another; then her face reddened angrily.

"Well, what are you staring at?" She fired the question point-blank into their faces and put them quickly to rout. "Don't you like my looks? Well, it's not costing you anything to see me, and if you're not pleased you can move on."

They moved away from her in alarm and huddled helplessly on one corner of the platform, swearing deep oaths of vengeance against Pooly, and keeping their eyes fixed in a sort of fascination on the stranger.

"Where's that man Fooly, or Pooly, or whatever his name is?" asked the apparition, approaching the group of men.

Pooly was at that moment behind the depot jumping up and down and hugging himself in an ecstasy of joy. But at mention of his name he came forward soberly enough to greet the newcomer.

"Good-mornin', ma'am," he said, with hearty politeness. "I'm Pooly, and I reckon you're Miss—Miss——"

"Miss Virginia Quigley, from Tennessee, Giles County, Pulaski Postoffice."

"Glad to see yeh, Miss Quigley. Fine day."

"I hadn't noticed anything remarkable about the day," she answered curtly. "Here's my check. You better get my trunk and let us be going. Where do you live?"

"Yes'm, ten mile out, ma'am, south," responded Pooly. "Wagin's round behind there. Jest climb in, and I'll have the trunk out in a hurry."

In the privacy of the baggage-room Mr. Pooly indulged himself with another brief period of jubilation, side shaking and thigh slapping. Then, pulling the trunk out, he heaved it into the wagon.

"Here we are, ma'am. Everything ready? All right, off we go." And cracking the whip, he set the team of mules going at a gallop.

As they drove past the saloon many faces peered at them, muttering soundless imprecations, and many fists were raised in indignation. Pooly succeeded in giving the men in return a sly, triumphant wink on the side of his face that was away from his formidable companion.

"Who were those ill-mannered fellows?" she asked.

"Who? Them at the depot? Oh, I don't know; some of the boys, I reckon. They're always there, 'specially if they think a woman's comin'."

"They didn't seem to be highly pleased," she said, smiling grimly.

"Why, mebbe not," answered Pooly, with bluff frankness. "No, I guess yeh did strike 'em purty hard." He laughed loudly at the recollection. "Lord! Lord! but I reckon yeh did hit 'em hard enough!"

She turned to him a face fiery with anger. "I wasn't aware, sir, that there was anything so extraordinary about my looks," she said.

"No'm, oh, no'm!" Mr. Pooly hastened to explain. "Nothin' so very extraordinary, only, yeh see, they wuz lookin' fer somp'n different. I told 'em I had another governess comin' to-day. You're the fourth one inside of a year. The others didn't turn out well."

"Couldn't give satisfaction?"

"That wuz jest the trouble—they give too much satisfaction. Yeh see, they's about a hundred men in the county, and only half of 'em married, and no women loose, so whenever one comes the boys jest flock after her. An' these others that I brought out from East wuz young and peart and good-looking, an' the boys wouldn't give 'em no peace. They married, every one of 'em, 'fore they'd been here a month."

"Huh!" ejaculated Miss Quigley in extreme disgust.

"Yes'm, that's what I said," continued Pooly. "I got mighty tired of it, an' when the third one married, I wrote East an' told 'em to send on another, but doggone it all, not to be sending one that 'ud up an' marry on me inside of a month, but to find one that wuz so blamed ugly no self-respectin' white man could stand to look at her."

"And they sent me!" said Miss Quigley, with spiteful emphasis on the pronoun.

"Eggzactly! They sent you," said Pooly, looking at her with the admiration that a man must always bestow on a perfect type. "An' I guess you'll do. I don't hardly think you'll be takin' up with any of the boys right away."

"Huh! I guess not!" responded Miss Quigley in contempt. "If I had wanted to marry I needn't have come so far. There are lenty of men in Giles County, and better-looking and better-mannered men than any I've seen here. How many children have you?" she asked, changing the subject abruptly.

"Four, ma'am, all boys—oldest thirteen and youngest five," Mr. Pooly explained. "They're gittin' purty wild, too—jest like young colts that been runnin' on the range, with nobody much to look after 'em. Wife died three year ago, an' I ben kind o' bringin' 'em up by hand since, jest like tryin' to raise a calf on a bottle. But they're gittin' big enough now to be sassy, and need a woman to look after 'em; but it seems like I have the hardest luck, keepin' a teacher fer 'em. Their aunt, my sister, is there, but, Lord! what can she do? They run right over her. I guess them four boys'll keep yeh interested so yeh won't git lonesome."

"I shouldn't wonder," answered Miss Quigley, "if the children are at all like the men I've seen."

As the wagon drove up before the ranch house and stopped, Miss Quigley sprang down without waiting to be assisted. The four young Poolys dashed out with wild whoops to greet her, but stopped short, shocked into speechless silence and stood with mouths agape as they saw what manner of woman she was. The youngest, out of sheer childish sympathy, set up a frantic wailing and ran back into the house. Mr. Pooly laughed immoderately at the effect produced by the prospective governess, and called loudly to the weeping youngster:

"Here, Ben, what's the matter with yeh? Yeh ain't goin' to be a baby, ar yeh? Come along and see the lady she won't bite yeh."

The aggrieved Bennie came sullenly, rubbing his fists deep into his eyes. The woman stooped down and in a voice altogether different from the one she had hurled at the impertinent gazers at the station, soothed the child till his resentment was so far modified that he allowed her to lead him into the house. The other boys followed at a safe distance, whispering to each other: "I say, Jim, did yeh see her nose? Did yeh see her nose!" "An' her spectacles, Bob? I bet yeh don't pull her hair and play tricks on her like yeh did the other one."

It became evident before many hours that the new governess, whatever might be her superficial defects, had an effective way about her. She had had no previous experience of the domestic economy of a ranch house; but with a few quick, comprehensive glances she took in the whole situation. Her position was school mistress to the four boys, but she took a large view of her functions. Mrs. Reed, the widowed sister of Mr. Pooly, who was the nominal head of the household, was a thin, colorless creature, who let the boys and the Mexican servants do about as they pleased. She was quite willing to have some stronger will assume the responsibility of management. So the new governess, with the approval of everybody whose approval was necessary, set to work to institute a domestic revolution in the household of Pooly.

Before night she came to the inevitable issue with the juvenile Poolys. She took Jim first, he being the largest. The conflict for a few minutes was fierce and noisy; but when it was finished the wild colt was broken; she had only to look at him after that to have quick and cheerful obedience. The senior Pooly from a safe distance watched the conflict, with various dramatic gesticulations and inward guffaws expressive of satisfaction.

The following day several of the men who had witnessed the arrival of Miss Quigley rode out to the ranch. Pooly went out to the gate to meet them with boisterous good will.

"Hello, boys! Git down an' come in," he said, then added in a stage whisper, with expressive grimaces: "She's in there, right in there! Walk right in an' see her. She noticed yeh yesterday, an' has been wishin' she might see yeh again."

"Say, Cal, we want a-know what yeh got agin us," said Ted Sanders in a tired, aggrieved voice. "We ain't never done nothin' to yeh, have we? We ain't killed yer sheep, or run off yer cattle, an' what in thunder yeh want a-treat us like this fer. Why, man"—he leaned from his horse and spoke in regretful tones—"the creek down there's already dryin' up; the' won't be a foot o' water in the county inside of a week, and the grass is all dyin'. What yeh want to do us like this fer? We wouldn't mind her bein' old and ugly and havin' a voice like a sawmill, but that nose! that nose!"

Pooly leaned on the gate in a convulsion of laughter. "Oh, yes, her nose! her nose! Git down, boys, an' walk right in," he urged. "She's waitin' fer yeh. I say it's dog mean of yeh to come an' take every one I get, but I reckon I'll have to stand it fer the good o' the community. Which one'll go first? You, Ted, you're the smoothest-tongued."

The melancholy Mr. Sanders looked at Pooly without a smile. "Don't, pardner, don't," he said, "you hurt our feelin's. Don't make us yer enemies fer life. Box her up an' ship her away to-night; we'll pay the expenses."

At this moment the subject of their lamentations appeared at the door and stood frowning at the six cavaliers. They looked at each other in alarm, then, taking up their bridle reins, rode away. Pooly followed them, calling loudly:

"Say, boys, don't rush off like this in the heat of the day. Stay an' take dinner. Can't? Well, come over often, be glad to see yeh any time."

The men called back to him with sundry threatening motions, "Sack it up, Cal." "Stave it off." "Try cold buttermilk," and "Cornbread an' molasses makes a good poultice."

Before the rule of Miss Virginia Quigley was a month old order and thrift had been introduced into the Pooly household. Every room and the verandas and yards were tidy. The meals were served on time by servants who moved deftly and with the precision of clockwork. The children went to their lessons without murmuring, and no longer, when they were free, made a playhouse of every room. The tired Mrs. Reed rejoiced with many satisfied sighs, and Mr. Pooly thought what he thought, and said nothing. Then occurred an affair which might well have changed the even course of events.

Mr. Pooly had for some time suspected that some of his herders were stealing his sheep, and one evening he discharged four of them. The worst one of them was Pedro Nunez, an ugly cutthroat greaser, easily capable of making trouble. The following morning Mr. Pooly posted off to town to find men to take the places of those discharged. About noon, while he was gone, the Mexican servant girl Nana came into the house crying violently.

"Oh! oh!" she moaned, clasping her hands tragically. "Oh, oh!"

"What's the matter, Nana?" asked Miss Quigley, sharply. "What's hurt you? Speak out, now. What is it?"

"Oh, him, Pedro! Him mek trouble" wailed the girl many times. And in spite of pleading and scolding she was either unable or unwilling to say more.

A little later the boy Jim came running in from the lower pens with scared face, saying that Pedro and three other Mexicans were shooting the sheep. "An' they say 'at they're comin' up here an' set the barns on fire an' scare us and run off, 'cause I heard 'em," explained the boy, in great excitement.

Miss Quigley, with the masterly decision of a general, took things immediately in hand. She put the children with Mrs. Reed and the two Mexican women into one room and told them to stay there. Then she took her stand at the door to await developments.

Pretty soon the four Mexicans rode up, yelling furiously. They dismounted and came toward the house, evidently bent on mischief. Pedro had a Winchester and began shooting at the chickens. Fortunately, he was half drunk, so that most of his shots went wild; but his conduct set Miss Quigley wild with anger. She strode out boldly and confronted the drunken greasers.

"Here, you hombres, what do you mean? What do you mean, I say!" she stormed. "I'll teach you to come round here scaring women and children. Gi'me that gun."

The Mexicans huddled together like frightened sheep, not knowing what to do. Pedro had raised the gun, pointing it at the irate woman.

"Put down that gun!" she cried, in feminine fury. "Put it down, I say quick!"

And as he lowered it she ran up and seizing the end of it, jerked it from his unresisting hands. Then, menacing them with the gun, she scolded and rebuked and threatened until they were thoroughly cowed. They understood little of what she said, but the vigor of her speech gave it all the power of the most virile masculine profanity. They tried to slip away to their horses and escape, but she stood before them with the gun at ready, and her finger on the trigger.

"No, you don't get away," she said. "Do you see that bench yonder?" She pointed to the front veranda where was a long wooden bench. "Go in there and sit down, every one of you. Sabe? I say go and sit down on that bench!"

She put the end of the gun against Pedro and gave him a push toward the house. Meekly as lambs they went in and sat down as she commanded.

"Jimmie," she called then to the boy inside, "saddle your horse and go for your pa. Hurry, now, and tell him to bring the sheriff. Jail is the place for such outlaws as these." And while the boy went as directed she sat down to guard her prisoners.

Mr. Pooly told afterward with a great relish the story of Miss Quigley's victory. "Yeh see, when we got there," he said, "there wuz them four greasers sittin' humble as yeh please on the front porch, and her settin' in a cheer in front of 'em with the gun in her hands guardin' 'em. Her nose wuz red and her eyes still poppin'. An' dog my cats if everyone o' them Mexicans wasn't lollin' back with their mouths open like they wuz tired to death, fer she'd been lashin' 'em with that long tongue o' hers fer three mortal hours, so they wuz damned glad to see the sheriff come, an' went along same as if they wuz goin' to feed."

This adventure served to confirm Mr. Pooly in a determination that had been slowly forcing itself on him for some time. The following day, when Miss Quigley had finished with the four small Poolys and sent them scampering away to play, the lord of the manor, coatless, and booted and spurred, lumbered into the room set apart for school purposes.

"Good-mornin'," he said in a robust voice, for once thinking to take off his hat. "How's the schoolma'am after the fracas? Feelin' peart and healthy, is she?"

Miss Quigley's unprepossessing features relaxed to a half smile, indicative of serenity and confidence. Mr. Pooly continued, fingering his hat nervously:

"I want to speak to you on a matter. I've about decided that I won't need a governess any longer." He planted himself aggressively in front of her with legs a-sprawl and looked at her with twinkling eyes. Her face reddened quickly.

"Very well, sir," she answered, "if my work is not satisfactory or my services are no longer needed, I am quite ready to go."

"No, I've decided that the governess business is a failure," he went on in a voice that might well have disturbed the sheep grazing on the distant meadows. "They're all alike. The best of 'em don't last more'n a month. Now when I got you, I thought mebbe——"

"Thought I was so ugly none of the men would look at me, did you?" cried Miss Quigley, standing up and confronting him angrily. "Thought my nose would scare them off. Thought my face would curdle their blood, did you?"

Mr. Pooly backed away from her in alarm, his eyes still twinkling mirthfully. "Somp'n like that, ma'am," he replied. "An' I can't say 'at the boys have been quite so anxious as before. No, somehow they haven't been round much lately. But 'tain't goin' to be so my longer. Since what yeh done yesterday with them greasers the' ain't goin' to be no keepin' the boys away. Looks don't count much with them when a woman's got grit like that."

"So you think I had better go before the harm's done," said Miss Quigley, recovering her composure. "Very well, I can be ready in half an hour."

"Hold on now, don't git huffy," admonished Mr. Pooly, in tones that were intended to be mollifying. "I ain't said nothin' about goin'. I jest say the governess business has played out, an' we got to try somp'n else." He planted himself firmly before her, and cramming his big hat down on the back of his head, collected his strength for a great effort. "I say, Virginia," he vociferated in tones that reverberated through the whole house, "he's you an' me git married!"

Miss Quigley collapsed utterly at this startling adjuration. "Hush! don't talk so loud, everybody'll hear!" she cried, shaking her hands at him frantically, whereupon Mr. Pooly continued in a tragic whisper:

"That's what I mean, jest what I say. I don't look like a fool, do I? I don't look like a man what 'ud let a good thing slip through his fingers without tryin' to grab it? Well, look at me. Here I am a lone man with four children to bring up, an' knowin' no more about it than a rooster does 'bout raisin' a gang o' chickens. Kids runnin' wild; house goin' to rack, an' everything in a devil of a fix. Then here you come, look things over, take holt an' go to work. In two days the kids is broke, house set to rights, and everybody knows what's what. You don't think I'm goin' to let a thing like that go, do you? Well, I ain't, an' that's jest what I'm sayin' now. I don't need no governess, I need a housekeeper, an' one 'at will be permanent, an' the' won't be no danger o' some other feller comin' along an' takin' her away jest when she is gittin' useful. Understand? Hey? How does it strike yeh?"

"But I'm so ugly, you know, that no self-respecting white man can stand to look at me!" declared the lady, her eyes flashing again.

"I know—I know 'bout that," responded Pooly, turning red to the edges of his shaggy beard. "An' I ain't sayin' yeh would take any prizes in a beauty contest. But looks ain't everything by a long sight. An' I ain't such a handsome looker myself. So come now, no hard feelin's; what d'ye say? I got to go to town this mornin', an' if yeh say so, I'll jest put on my coat, an' while we're down there we'll git hitched. What d'ye say?"

Miss Quigley said nothing, but her silence must have been quite satisfactory, for Mr. Pooly blustered noisily out of the room, stopping at the door to call back to her:

"All right, rush along now an' primp yehself up a little, an' I'll have the buggy at the front gate in half an hour. An' say, bring my coat along out, will yeh?—so we won't lose no time."—"Ainslee's."

Political Assassinations in Times Past.

POLITICAL assassinations were as frequent in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as in the nineteenth, only the rank of the assassins was different. Philip II. ordered the assassination of the Prince of Orange and of Queen Elizabeth, and advised the Queen-mother of France to have Coligny and the Queen of Navarre "removed." Elizabeth escaped through her great popularity and the vigilance of Walsingham. Henri III. ordered the assassination of the Duke of Guise. The Lords of the League ordered in turn that of Henri, and one may surmise that the governments of Spain and Austria were agreed as to the expediency of murdering Henri IV. The frivolousness of the Duke of Buckingham did not save him from the dagger of a political assassin. The sex of Mary Stuart did not prevent her being the accomplice of Bothwell in the murder of Darnley. Ruthven and other noblemen murdered Mary's favorite, Rizzio, in her presence. Cromwell lived in constant fear of being stabbed or shot. Recently published documents prove that the poisoner was a favorite diplomatic and political instrument of the Venetian Council of Ten. To go back to the time when the bloom of Italian art was finest, the Borgia were always assassinating or employing assassins. Going back still further, assassination was a common political expedient in Rome, both as a republic and as an empire.

The violent passions that used to move rulers in times past and the directness of their methods have descended, like their cast-off clothes, to a much lower social stratum. Orders to take away the lives of monarchs no longer proceed from the Escurial, or the Tuileries, or the Council Chamber of Venice, but from dens where Anarchists meet. The monarchs, on the whole, have been less badly used in our time than the Presidents of North and South American republics. Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley represent the United States in the black list. Between 1872 and 1877 four South American Presidents were murdered. M. Carnot, who fell under Caserio's knife, is the only President of the French Republic who has been assassinated.

Most of the political assassins of the last forty-five years belonged to excitable races. The first on the list was the Spaniard who attempted to murder Queen Isabella at the church of the Atocha. Bresci, Luccheni and Caserio—who murdered the late King of Italy, the Empress of Austria, and Carnot—were Italians. The murderers of Alexander II. were Slavs, with nerves excited to frenzy by poor food and too much cigarette-smoking and tea-drinking. All the murderers of the Spanish-American Presidents were countrymen of theirs. Gulteau, who murdered Garfield, was of French origin. The man who fired at McKinley is a Pole. The northern races murder for the sake of lucre, but very rarely to improve the lot of mankind. The student who fired at Bismarck was a Jew. Sipido, who fired at King Edward when he was Prince of Wales, is of Italian ancestry.

Grandchildren at Edward VII.'s Coronation.

It has not been a common thing in English history for the sovereign at the time of coronation to have royal children gracing the ceremony; and as for grandchildren being present, no king or queen of England had any at the outset of a reign. Royal juveniles have been conspicuously absent from these grand ceremonies, and it will be a unique feature of King Edward's coronation that some of his grandchildren will be old enough to witness and understand the scene. It was a matter of regret that the dislike felt by King William IV. for the Duchess of Kent occasioned him to refrain from inviting her and her daughter, the latter his heiress-presumptive, to see him crowned; and the Duchess felt the slight keenly.

Sentimental.

The capitalist colored when he spoke of the check that hung in a neat frame over his desk. "A bit of sentimentalism," said he; "the first billion I ever made!"—Detroit "Free Press."

One of the oddest of recent inventions is a refrigerating egg, as it might be called. It is an ovoid capsule of nickel-plated copper, about the size and shape of a hen's egg, hollow and nearly filled with ice. If you have a glass of milk that is not cold enough, you do not like to put ice into it, because dilution with water spoils the beverage. But, if you have one of these eggs handy, you may drop it into the glass, and in a few moments the liquid is reduced to the desired temperature. In the same way you may cool your cup of coffee, if it is too hot, and the idea is equally applicable to any other drink.

The newest floral wonder is the "Shasta daisy," originated by a flower-grower of California. It measures a foot in circumference, and, when one was exhibited recently in a florist's window in San Francisco, people literally flocked to see it. It is really a new kind of flower, and has been produced by several years of crossing and selection, three different kinds of daisies being used—the common American species, the larger and coarser European sort, and the Japanese daisy. There are three rows of petals of the purest white, and each blossom is upheld by a single strong and wiry stem which is nearly two feet long.

The Origin of Whist.

THE following statement, culled from the current number of a magazine, is an egregious blunder:

"The originator of the game of whist is (sic) Edmond Hoyle (1672-1760)." Cotton writing in 1674 tells us that Whist was so well known at that time that "every Child almost of Eight Years old, hath a Competent Knowledge of the recreation." Hoyle was then not two years of age. But we must go a great deal farther back for the origin of the game, which is indeed lost in the obscurity of the centuries. Previous to 1526 the game of Triumph (whence trump), which embraced the essential features of Whist, had considerable vogue in England. It furnished Bishop Latimer with an illustration for a sermon preached at Christmas, 1529. Shakespeare's familiarity with the game is evident from Antony's address to Eros ("Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV., Scene XIV.)

The game acquired the name of Whist, or Whisk, in the forepart of the seventeenth century. Butler uses the present appellation in Hudibras (1663).

About 1728 a little circle of players, presided over by the then Lord Folkestone, was wont to meet in the Crown Coffee House. This was the inception of scientific Whist. Hoyle was probably a member of the coterie in question.

The publication of his treatise (1742-3) and his efforts as a professional teacher did much to establish the game in the favor of the upper classes of English society.

"What do you think of the movement for shorter honeymoons?" I asked my fellow-traveler, an experienced gentleman from Chicago. "That's right," he declared, without a pause. "Short honeymoons and more of them. That's my platform."—Ex.

The Undeserved Evil Repute of Paris.

AN interesting discussion as to the public morals of Frenchmen and "Americans" has recently been started by Jules Cambon, the French ambassador to the United States, who made a trip home not long ago, and was so much impressed by what he saw in the Paris streets, during the summer season, that he felt constrained to make an earnest protest against what seemed to him bad tendencies. He complained of the marked increase in the absinthe habit, and of the growing quantity of indecent pictures and cartoons to be seen in the public streets. Senator Berenger, another prominent Frenchman, who is at the head of the Society for the Prevention of License in the Streets, promptly admitted the justice of M. Cambon's censure, and said that the police have of late put hardly any restrictions upon the exposure, in the central parts of Paris, of engravings and cards which offend decency. He declared that this evil is always at its worst during the summer months, and that its unusual prevalence at this season is because it "springs up especially to meet the average foreigner's conception of the gay capital." Thousands of foreigners go to Paris every year for a short vacation, he adds naively, "intent on having a good time, and declaring their intention so loudly that the city takes on a particular hue for their benefit." This view has been emphatically sustained by the pastor of a French Protestant church in Paris, who asserts that Anglo-Saxon visitors are the foreigners most to blame in this matter, and Americans the worst offenders of all. He contends that the keepers of kiosks where quantities of "lurid photographs" are sold told him that "Americans" are their best customers, purchasing handfuls of vicious papers and cards, which they distribute widely in their own country.

According to the New York "Evening Post," striking testimony to the truth of all this has just been furnished by a member of the United States Congress. Representative Gillett of the Springfield (Mass.) district, a man of high standing and proved independence, has been traveling for some weeks, with Speaker Henderson of Iowa, in England and on the Continent. In a recent letter he remarked that the shops, the hotels, and, above all, the class of amusements which we call "Frenchy," and which "Americans" flock to Paris to see, seemed to him "artificial and made to order to meet the taste of American visitors." He frankly admitted that "it's no credit to us what they think our taste is," and bluntly declared that he had been "thoroughly disgusted to see not only American men, but ladies, too, trying to be amused by sights which they would think both stupid and low at home." He added that it seemed to him as though "quite a proportion of the Parisians were engaged in exhibiting as their natural life and recreations a pretense of high spirits and risky abandon which was all affected, a constant bore to the participants, and only interesting and endurable to strangers so long as they are deceived into believing it is the custom of the country." There is thus virtual agreement on the part of the French legislator, the United States congressman and the French clergyman that foreign visitors, and particularly "American" tourists, are giving Paris a worse reputation than it deserves—in fact, making the city worse in the summer months of their presence than it is during the rest of the year. The clergyman quoted clears the resident American colony of blame, pronouncing it exemplary, but he thinks it "impossible to deny that visiting Yankees do Paris far more harm than Paris does them."

"Well, anyway, Willie, er—carrying dese babies 'll help our muscle,"—"Harper's Bazar."

Discretion Better Than Valor.

A New Yorker, the owner of a magnificent yacht, had for his guests on a recent trip three very clever young men, all of them suitors for the hand of his beautiful daughter. The young woman could not determine which she liked the best, they were equally good looking and equally eligible as to wealth and position.

In her perplexity she sought the advice of the Old Salt, a kindly and generous old sea-dog, who sailed the yacht.

"I tell you what I'd do, Miss, if I were you," he said. "The next time we are in a safe place you fall overboard. I will stand by to see that no harm comes to you, and then you can see which is the best man of the lot."

The plan was agreed to, and a day or two later the young woman slid off the plank into the water. In a second two of the young men were in after her and she was heroically rescued. As soon as possible the heroine sought the captain.

"What am I to do now?" she asked. "I have two of them still left."

"Well, I would say this," replied the captain. "If you want a good, sensible husband, you take the one that did not jump after you."

Mrs. Scrappington (in the midst of her reading)—Here is an item which says that in Patagonia a wife can be purchased for a dollar. Mr. Scrappington—Well, there may be wives in Patagonia that are worth that much.—"Harper's Bazar."

Anecdotal.

On one occasion, when Robert Fechter, the tragedian, appeared in "Monte Cristo," the curtain rose at twelve-thirty for the last act discovering Fechter in an attitude of contemplation. For some moments he did not make a movement, and not a sound broke the silence, until a small but clear voice in the gallery queried, in tones of anxiety: "I hope we are not keeping you up, sir?"

An English paper tells a good story of a Droitwich barber. He was just finishing lathering a customer and was talking volubly as usual. "Yes, sir," he said, "there's no carelessness allowed by our employer. Every time we cut a customer's face we are fined sixpence, and if we make an ugly gash it costs us a shilling." Then, picking up and brandishing his razor, he added: "But I don't care a rap to-day. I've just won a so'reign."

Parson Twine, the Chesterfieldian sanitary officer and a dog-catcher of Atchison, recently called at a house, says a Kansas City paper, and asked the woman who appeared if she kept a dog. "No, I don't," responded the woman; "look for yourself." "Madam," said Parson Twine, "what sort of an administration would this be if the dog tax collector doubted the word of a lady?" The woman looked at him helplessly for a moment, and then softly said: "I—I—I have one little dog which I will pay on if you say so."

Gen. Sherman was one of the most approachable men who ever commanded a great army. During his famous march to the sea both North and South were completely mystified as to what point he was striking for, and one day an old Georgia planter, who had called at his headquarters and enjoyed his good cheer, asked him plumply if he had any objections to telling where his army was bound. "Not the least," said Sherman. Then leaning over, he whispered in his guest's ear, but so loudly that everybody else in the tent overheard it: "We are going pretty much where we damn please."

The wife of a well-known New York lawyer, who visited London this summer, was operated on for appendicitis in the British metropolis shortly after her arrival there. The first day the patient was able to accompany her husband for a walk she met Ambassador Joseph Choate, an intimate friend, who had shown much solicitude for her recovery. The delighted Mr. Choate greeted the lawyer warmly, but seemed to ignore his wife, who finally said, with a pout: "Why, Mr. Choate, you don't take any notice of me. You haven't spoken a word to me yet. I really believe you have forgotten me." "My dear madam," said Mr. Choate, smiling, "I must confess that I did not recognize you without your appendix."

The methods employed by ex-Governor Throckmorton of Texas to make clear the claims of his clients were perhaps unlike those of any other lawyer, but they often carried conviction with them. At one time he was defending a man who was on trial for murder in Gainesville, Texas. He desired to make it plain to the jury that the man whom his client killed, although in his shirt-sleeves and without a pistol-pocket, might have been well-armed. "Can you see any signs of arms about me?" demanded the general, taking off his coat, and standing before the jurors. They shook their heads. "Watch me!" he said, dramatically, and with that he proceeded to draw a pistol from under each arm, one from each boot-leg, and from the back of his neck a bowie-knife of most sinister aspect.

The following story goes to show that all men have not their price—a theory held by some. It also emphasizes the fact that a rebuke can be more efficiently given quietly than in anger. Once when Gen. Ludlow, then a colonel of engineers, was in charge of some important Government contracts, a contractor came into his office and slipped into his hand a bill of a large denomination, and at the same time spoke of the size of his bid for certain Government works. Col. Ludlow at once made the contractor feel at home by smiling and inviting him to take a chair. Then he handed the contractor a cigar. The visitor by this time was in high feather over the apparent success of his attempt at bribery, but his idea of Ludlow was suddenly changed. "Won't you have a light, too?" asked the colonel, and stepping to the fireplace with the bill he lighted it and politely applied in a flame to the contractor's cigar, where he held it until it was entirely consumed. It is related that there was a deep silence; then the contractor went away gloomily and never returned.

Progressive Turkish Women.

The first Turkish woman, it is said who has visited Europe with the object of exposing the unhappy condition of her countrywomen is the Princess Hairie Ben-Ayad, who is now in London with her husband, Ali Nouri Bey, lately consul-general of Turkey in Rotterdam. The princess is declared to be well educated and accomplished, and expects to give a course of lectures on social conditions in Turkey, in which she hopes to arouse sentiment against the existing state of affairs. Her husband is well known as a leader of the Turkish Legitimist party, which is working for the release of Murad V. from prison, where his brother, the reigning Sultan, placed him on the plea of insanity. It is said in political circles that the accession of Murad to the throne would introduce a progressive policy into Turkish governmental affairs. The princess, who is deeply interested in these plans, is the daughter of the late Mahmoud Pacha Ben-Ayad of Tunis, a friend of Napoleon III. and prominent during his reign in Paris society.

A Bad Guess.

A girl in a pale-pink kimona
Picked up a young fellow—a Jonah;
Said she, "Well, for lunch,
I'll have reed bird and punch."
"Not much; you'll have beer and bologna."

Mrs. Gaswell—The Czar of Russia now has four daughters. Mr. Gaswell—Oh, the dear little Czardines!"—Pittsburg "Chronicle Telegraph."

Curious Bits of News.

A minister in a Kansas town recently adopted a novel scheme for bolstering up the church collection, which had been diminishing. He informed his congregation, just before the plates were passed around, that the members who were in debt were not expected to contribute. The collection that day was double the usual sum.

It really turns out that the population of France has increased three times more rapidly during the past five years than it did during the preceding five, and, consequently, the recent French census is regarded as unexpectedly favorable, notwithstanding that the rate of increase has been extremely low. It is important, if the decline has passed the deepest point of depression.

The oyster trade of England has fallen in ten years from an annual total of fifteen million dollars to two and one-half millions. Sewerage schemes carried out by town boards resulted in flooding the oyster beds with sewage, and several deaths ensued from eating poisonous oysters. The alarm became widespread, and the figures quoted show the disaster brought upon the trade.

It is evident that one of the popular superstitions had no hold on the designer of Uncle Sam's silver twenty-five-cent piece. In the words quarter-dollar are thirteen letters. Thirteen letters compose E Pluribus Unum. In the tail of the eagle are thirteen feathers, and in the shield are thirteen lines. There are thirteen stars and thirteen arrow-heads, while if you examine the bird through a microscope, you will find thirteen feathers in its wing.

According to the Birmingham "Daily Gazette," an extraordinary character has just passed away in a Carmarthenshire gentleman named Evans. Mr. Evans devoted his life to witnessing hangings, making the acquaintance of executioners, and collecting relics of murderers. In the early days of public hangings he would travel any distance to see a man "turned off." He was so fascinated by the business that on the death of Calcraft he applied for his post. As this was not granted, he set up a gallows in his own house and invited his friends to test the noose.

Exploration, says "Science Siftings," has now revealed relics of Menes, the founder of Egyptian monarchy, fashioned more than sixty-five hundred years ago. Of Zer, the successor to Menes, it is astonishing to find the forearm of his queen still in its wrappings, with four splendid bracelets intact. This brilliant and exquisitely finished group of jewelry is two thousand years older than the jewelry of Dahshur, the oldest up to then known. The arm of the queen had been broken off by the first plunderers, and had lain hidden in a hole in the wall of the tomb.

Two curious cases of the use of the magnet in surgery are attracting some attention. Dr. Garel of Lyons, France, has drawn a nail about two inches long from the bronchial tube of a boy of eighteen months from Buenos Ayres. The nail had been there for some time, causing the child to cough much. Roentgen rays showed the position of it, and an electro-magnet drew it out. Another successful operation of the same kind has been performed by Dr. Piechaud of Bordeaux, on a child of three years. In this case the trachea was opened to get a projection from the pole of the magnet near the nail.

Too Great a Risk.

"I'm going to give up the business," said a life insurance agent with a sigh, whom the Detroit "Free Press" encountered. "I don't care whether they meant it for a joke or not. It's a hard life, and people have no business trying to be funny at my expense.

"I have always prided myself upon my ability to land a man when once I succeeded in getting his attention. But I had a new experience the other day. I was working hard to convince a party that it was his duty to take out some of our insurance upon his life for the protection of his family, and I saw that I had him wavering, when I had to pause for breath, and he broke in with:

"'By the way, how much do you carry on your life?'

"While I, taken unaware by the abruptness of the question, was stammering a reply, he escaped. The incident set me to thinking. I had induced hundreds of men to insure their lives for the benefit of their families, and yet I had never thought far enough to carry any insurance upon my own life. It didn't look consistent, now that I had come to consider the question, and I resolved to remedy it at once. To think is to act with me, and I sat down and filled out an application at once for a good round sum.

"I got the application back to-day marked, 'Refused—occupation too dangerous!' The next paper they get from me will be my resignation!"

Miss Oldgirl—After all, what so graces the world as woman?—"Harper's Bazar."

The Late Queen's Autographs.

According to the London "World," great annoyance has been caused at court by recent sales of Queen Victoria's private letters and autographs, of which an immense number have been produced in the open market during the last few months. It is impossible to understand how such strictly confidential communications as the Queen's private letters to foreign sovereigns and to the Duchess of Gloucester and other members of the royal family can have come to be publicly offered for sale, unless they have somehow passed into the possession of the servants of the recipients.

Lemice Therieux once worked off a little practical joke at the expense of a play in which the Pelion of misery was heaped upon the Ossa of despair, says a writer in "Chambers' Journal." Together with twenty friends he secured a prominent seat in the gallery. When the pathetic moment arrived, Therieux pulled out a handkerchief and burst into tears. The effect was electrical. The man next to him also fell to weeping, and also took hold of the handkerchief. The epidemic of tears thereupon extended all along the line of the faithful twenty, and as each man succumbed to his emotion he took hold of the end of the handkerchief, until at last all the confederates were weeping in it. The handkerchief was twenty yards long, and had been specially prepared for the occasion. The low comedian struggled gamely with this exhibition of woe, but his witticisms were of no avail, for the funnier he became the more frequent were the sobs of the sorrowing twenty.

Here are two stories of Lord Kitchener, told by a British officer, who served under him in South Africa. A young subaltern in charge of some construction work in Upper Egypt had the misfortune to lose some native workmen through the accidental explosion of several cases of dynamite. Full of fears of a wigging from headquarters, he telegraphed to the Sirdar: "Regret to report killing of ten laborers by dynamite accident." Then he set himself to await the reproof of his stern superior. In a few hours came this laconic despatch: "Do you need any more dynamite?" A second story is as follows: While engaged in building a bridge for the advance upon Pretoria, an engineer officer, apprehensive of danger to his workmen, communicated his fears to Lord Kitchener, explaining that a different mode of construction would be much safer than the one employed, which might, indeed, cost the lives of twenty or thirty men. Kitchener listened patiently, and then asked: "How much longer would it take to do the work by this safer method?" "Not more than an hour longer, sir." "Very well, don't change the plans. You will continue the work as it has been begun."

A ticket-collector on a railway got leave to go and get married, and was given a pass over the line. On the way back, he showed to the new collector his marriage certificate by mistake for his pass. The latter studied it carefully, and then said: "Eh, mon, you've got a ticket for a lang, wearisome journey, but not on the Caledonian Railway."—"Tit-Bits."

Brooklyn Workingman's Wife (in 1901)—What's happened, Danny? Her Husband (desperately)—Well, I've been fired by J. P. Morgan, and there's nobody else in the world to work for!—Brooklyn "Citizen."

Queer Cases of Heredity.

DOCTORS disagree as to the influence of heredity. Some hold that a great deal hinges upon it; others believe the contrary. Some of the authentic stories told to exemplify this mysterious bond between ancestors and descendants are very curious.

There was a loan collection of old portraits exhibited in London lately and a young girl was among the visitors. She was an orphan and wealthy, but without near relatives, and was often heard to complain of the loneliness of her position. As she passed through the gallery one particular portrait attracted her attention and she went back to it more than once. Her companion saw in it nothing but the commonplace painting of a middle-aged man in the costume of the latter part of the last century. "It is such a nice kind face," said the girl, rather wistfully. "I imagine my father might have looked like that had he lived." As most of the pictures were ticketed the visitors had purchased no catalogue but, before going away, Miss B. bought one at the entrance and made a last visit to the portrait for which she had felt so strong an attraction. To her astonishment she found her own name opposite to its number and learned on inquiry that the original was one of her direct ancestors.

Another occult coincidence or psychological phenomenon happened a few years ago to a Southern statesman and financier whose family has always been of rank in his native State. This gentleman was overhauling old documents and letters which had been stored in a musty chest for years and intended to publish whatever might be of historic value and interest. To his surprise he unfolded a letter yellow and time-stained, which was written in his own peculiar hand-writing, or seemed to have been written by him, although the date was two generations before his birth. The signature of the surname, which was the same as his own, was so markedly characteristic that he could scarcely believe his own hand did not pen the letters.

A Loquacious Cockatoo.

The most loquacious cockatoo in the world used to be owned by a civil servant in a Riverina township, Australia, and as this is, perhaps, the only bird that ever shut up a political "wind-jammer" the Melbourne "Punch" deems its escapade worthy to be put on record. A general election was on, and one of the candidates for the district had engaged a hall wherein to address the electors. There was a great attendance, and the candidate went from scratch with a rush, but at the end of five minutes was interrupted by a thin, croaking voice, like that of a little devil suffering from whooping-cough, which called from one of the rafters: "Oh, I'm full of this!" The crowd, suddenly discovering the cockatoo on his perch aloft, laughed uproariously. A long string of insults at the crowd came from the rafters. The candidate tried to get going again. "The man's an ass!" was the cockatoo's comment, and he jerked it in after every solemn expression of the candidate's opinion. At last the candidate's patience gave way, and, seizing the water-bottle, he hurled it furiously at the intemperate bird. It broke a window, and excited the bird to further efforts. Picking out the candidate, he heaped reproaches and insults upon him. The bird won; finding nothing left to throw, and unable to make any impression on the roaring audience, the politician flung himself from the hall, and the evil bird gave the last touch by calling pleasantly, "So long, so long!" The meeting forthwith carried resolution to the effect that the cockatoo was a fit and proper party to represent that district in Parliament.

Palmistry Triumphant.

(Fragment from a Town Romance.)

The enquirer was a little anxious as he placed his open hand before the earnest gaze of the soothsayer.

"You are a man of the utmost ability."

The enquirer seemed satisfied.

"You have the organizing power of a Kitchener and the dash of a Baden-Powell."

Again the enquirer smiled.

"You have the tact of a Talleyrand, the courage of a Buonaparte, the poetry of a Shakespeare, and the sense of color of a Rubens, a Vandyke and a Gainsborough."

"Quite true," murmured the enquirer.

"You could, had you wished it, have taken a Double First at Oxford or become a Senior Wrangler at Cambridge."

The enquirer bowed acquiescence.

"I can see from your garb you are not the Archbishop of Canterbury, and from my knowledge of the lineaments of the distinguished personages I am about to mention I am sure you are neither the Premier, the Lord Chancellor, nor the Commander-in-Chief."

"You are right," replied the enquirer.

"You occupy a position of greater importance, if I am not mistaken, than either of the situations I have specified."

"Again you are correct," returned the enquirer, "I have the honor to fill the post of Senior Superintendent of the Imperial Universal General Dry Goods and Provision Stores, Limited."

And with mutual expressions of respect and admiration, the soothsayer and enquirer separated.—"Punch."

Midsummer Maxims.

Old married folks never sit in the hammock together. A drug store in the neighborhood is always productive of thirst. It usually gets too cold for mamma and papa about 9 o'clock. The young lady who is always objecting to her brother's smoking tells her young man that she likes the odor of a good cigar—with the accent on the good—and the young man smiles complacently. The neighbor's piano ought really to be tuned. The man who can restrain his natural impulse to sprinkle the lawn with the hose always jollies his next door neighbor, who can't. A woman can sit with nothing in her hands and rock, but a man has to have a paper or a cigar or both. When the Old Man and his neighbor get their feet on the railing side by side the young man who is calling on the Old Man's daughter usually proposes a stroll, for he knows they are planted until bedtime.—Ex.

WANTED—Correspondents in every section of the district. Enquire at the CLAIM for particulars.

J. H. Richardson returned this week from an extended eastern trip. He is bringing in a big shipment of fine dry goods, which will be opened up next week. No need to be out of date now, since Mickey's come to town.

McDonald's Grocery keeps an excellent stock of staple and fancy groceries. They have their own teams and deliver goods on the creeks at the most reasonable rates. They have a new and fresh stock coming in immediately.

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

The play, "A Trial by Jury," postponed from last Thursday, will be given in Discovery next Tuesday evening.

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

To Smokers — If you want a really first class imported cigar, get an "El Ecuador." For sale only at McDonald's Grocery.

Fresh Eggs at Fraser & Co's.—Big shipment of fresh goods have just arrived.

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

A Literary Society has been organized in Discovery, with a membership of 20. Meetings will be held every Saturday evening in St. Andrews Church, to which a cordial invitation is extended to all.

Discovery friends are cordially invited to contest for the prizes at the Carnival on the 28th inst.

A few Subscribers for the year are in arrears, and in consequence of greatly increased expenditure by our accomplished enlargement, an early settlement will be appreciated.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest temperature recorded for the week ending 20th inst, is as follows:

Feb. 14	13 below
" 15	3 above
" 16	27 "
" 17	24 "
" 18	30 "
" 19	4 "
" 20	4 "

SECOND GRAND MASK
FANCY DRESS
CARNIVAL
ON THE
ATLIN SKATING RINK
SATURDAY, FEB. 28TH.
Six Handsome Prizes.

C. P. N. Co.,
—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—
The following Sailings are announced for the month of February, leaving Skagway at 6 p.m., or on arrival of the train:
AMUR, Feb. 6th and 20th.
For further information, apply or write to H. B. DUNN, Agent, Skagway, Alaska.

Now
Is
The
Time
Subscribe For
THE ATLIN CLAIM

IMPORTANT
We beg to quote the following Cash Prices until Further Notice:

Ogilvie Flour, per sack	$3.25	D G Sugar, per lb	.10 c.
Patent, do do	3.25	Agen Butter, 1-lb tins	.50 c.
Cream, Hotel size, per doz	4.75	Rex Hams, per lb	.23 c.
do Family size do	2.50	Cornmeal, 10lb sack	.85 c.
Milk, Reindeer do	2.25	Rolled Oats, B & K	.65 c.
Clams, per doz	2.75	Blue Ribbon Tea, per lb	.50 c.
Canned Corn, per doz	2.40	T & B Cut Tobacco, do	$1.00
Peas do	2.25	do Chewing do	.75 c.
Beans do	2.25	Ovo, per tin	.75 c.
Tomatoes do	3.75	Salmon, per doz	2.25
C & B Jams, 1-lb tins, per doz	3.50		

ALL OTHER GROCERIES REDUCED
Big Bargains still left in Dry Goods and Men's Furnishings.
A fresh supply of Gold Seal Packs have just arrived over the Fantail.
BLACKETT & CO.

C. DOELKER,
FRESH MEATS ALWAYS ON HAND.
Fish, Game in season and home made Sausage.
FIRST STREET, Atlin.

Russell Hotel,
DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors
Pool & Billiards, Free.
Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

Vancouver General Store,
Dealers in Provisions, Dry Goods, Etc.,
A. S. Cross & Co.

DISCOVERY!
DISCOVERY!
DISCOVERY!
WE have discovered that we are in the lead. And the lead we mean to keep. GUARANTEED GOODS—THE LOWEST Prices and courteous treatment is our motto.
We quote no leaders as baits, but come and see us and be convinced that we cannot be equalled in the line of groceries and miner's supplies generally.
Yours very truly,
D. G. STEWART.
Discovery, B. C., January 24th, 1903.

The Vancouver Hotel
IS NOW OPEN,
A Handsome, New, Modern Structure
THIS HOTEL IS STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF GOODS
Sam. Johnstone, Proprietor.

DRINK THE BEST
"NABOB TEA."
In Lead Packets of ½-lb and 1-lb each.
For Sale by all First Class Grocers.
KELLY, DOUGLAS & Co., Wholesale Grocers, VANCOUVER, B.C