

THE ATLIN CLAIM.

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WAR NEWS.

JUNE 4TH

A Tokio despatch gives the total Japanese casualties at the battle of Nanshan Hill, May 26th, as 4,304. General Stoessel reports to St. Petersburg from Port Arthur that the Russian losses at Kin Chou were 30 officers and 700 killed or wounded. Persistent rumors are current at Liao Yang of another great battle in progress near Port Arthur. Continuous cannonading is heard to the south. An additional Japanese force of 15,000 is reported to have landed at Taku Shan. Chinese junks from west of Taku Shan report that Japanese have captured two Russian officers and forty soldiers disguised as Japs.

A despatch from St. Petersburg to a Paris paper says a force of 30,000 Russians were sent to relieve Port Arthur, but abandoned its mission because of the fall of Kin Chou.

St. Petersburg has received news of sharp fighting twenty miles north of Samtaza, June 1st. Six Cossacks were killed and 22 wounded. Japanese losses are not known. Russians were obliged to retire on account of the difficult nature of the ground.

Tokio has received news of a serious fight forty miles north of Port Adams, on Liao Tung Peninsula, Monday, between Cossacks and Japanese. The former were defeated and driven back. The number of casualties are not given.

A passenger who arrived at Chefoo from Dalny states that he was at Port Arthur recently. The Russian force there numbered 40,000 men. Four of the larger vessels of the Russian fleet were undamaged, but all the others were in the hands of repairers.

JUNE 6TH

Seoul.—The Japanese Consul at Censan wires that during the skirmish on the 3rd, thirty Japanese soldiers and one lieutenant were killed. The Russians, in retreating, burned a number of Korean villages.

Liao Yang.—It is persistently reported here that the Port Arthur squadron made a sortie before dawn on Saturday and found the Japanese quite unsuspecting their presence, with the result that four Japanese ships were sunk.

Tientsin.—The Japanese minister to China was here yesterday from Peking where he had a conference with the viceroy. It is believed that the Japanese are trying to get China to occupy territory conquered from Russia, thus inveigling China into breach of neutrality and give Russia an opportunity of attacking China.

JUNE 7TH

A Tokio despatch says a detach-

ment of Japanese, which landed at Taku Shan, surprised and routed a company of Cossacks, Sunday, about seven miles north-west of Taku Shan.

Russians are said to have poisoned water sources before abandoning Kin Chou.

Admiral Togo has succeeded in clearing the channel leading to Talien Wan. He found and exploded forty-one mines.

New Chwang says that Lewis Bazel, correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, an American, and Ernest Brindle, correspondent of the London Daily Mail, while investigating the movements of Chinese bandits, were fired upon, and the former was killed. The American consul is investigating.

A despatch from Chefoo says that preceding the sea attack on Port Arthur last night, the Japanese apparently made determined efforts to advance by land, and the Russians, seeing this, sent their fleet out to give battle. The result is unknown.

MAY 8TH

Tokio says four Japanese gunboats made a close reconnaissance of Port Arthur harbor at midnight on the 6th, examining entrance, and were exposed to a severe cannonade. One gunboat was hit eight times, sustaining some damage. One sailor was killed and two wounded.

The admiralty, St. Petersburg, are convinced that either the battleship Yashima or Shikishima have been lost off Talienwan.

Tension, regarding the situation at the theatre of war, is manifestly increasing. At St. Petersburg the general staff are becoming more reticent, and the public are convinced that an important battle is impending, which may decide the fate of the campaign. The outpost engagements between Generals Kuropatkin and Kuroki have suddenly ceased.

Russians have re-taken Samtaza. Nothing is known in St. Petersburg of various rumors of Port Arthur having fallen, but it is considered possible at this time.

JUNE 9TH

The first section of Talienwan Bay is cleared of mines. Two Russian ships were found under water on the west coast of San Shan Island; other sunken vessels were found on the south-west.

St. Petersburg.—Chinese report that Port Arthur was attacked by land and sea and the Japanese were repulsed with heavy loss, but the information is not believed.

A Chefoo despatch says that the Japanese are bombarding Port Arthur daily at long range.

Liao Yang says that 17 Japanese warships are bombarding the coast of Liao Tung Peninsula, possibly with view of landing troops.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

ATLIN LEADS.

Minister of Mines' Report.

A careful examination of the report for 1903 shows an increase for Atlin of \$40,000 over the previous year's output, and places Atlin at the head of the list as a placer mining camp, its yield being \$125,600 greater than that of the famous Cariboo Division.

The improved methods and large scale of mining on Pine, Spruce, Boulder, McKee and other creeks show undoubtedly that the steady increase of our output is only a natural consequence, and for this year we predict sensational returns.

Development work on our quartz mines is now being actively pushed, owing, principally, to the extraordinary fine showing on the "Beavis" mine. The proof that we have now ore bodies capable of profit under the expensive process of shipping and smelting, augurs well for the future permanence of Atlin.

DREDGING PAYS.

Handsome Results From the Lillooet Dredge.

Three More to be Constructed—Over 70 Miles of the Fraser River Has Been Staked.

Mr. Ames, of the Iowa Lillooet Dredging Co., operating at Lillooet, says that their new dredge handles 4,000 cubic yards of dirt per day of 24 hours, with an average gold product of \$1,000 daily. So pleased and gratified were the directors that they subscribed over \$200,000 among themselves to take up other dredging leases and for the construction of three more dredges.

"The Claim," since the possibilities of dredging in Atlin was advanced, has always done everything to encourage such undertakings, being convinced that the industry will in the end be one of the greatest paying propositions in the province. For the dredge now operating on Gold Run we have no fear as to its success; the few weeks' trial has settled this question, and it is now only a matter of clean-ups and dividends to the fortunate shareholders of the B. A. D. Co.

Messrs. Dixon & Shultz have the contract for hauling the new dredge to be operated on Spruce Creek. The ground is already being prepared for its erection and it will probably be ready by the end of the season.

Two new dredges are this year being installed in the Yukon, one on the Stewart and the other on the Fortynile rivers.

First Boat.

The "Gleaner" arrived at Taku at 11.30 p. m. Thursday with forty passengers, only to find that the "Scotia" was ice bound at Scotia Bay. On Sunday the first passengers arrived here in a row boat, bringing with them 800 pounds of mail. The arrivals were: Bob McLaughlin, Joe Brooks, Jake Christensen, Dan Clacher, Norman Fisher and O. Olsen.

On Monday noon the first officer, T. H. Brown, with two of the crew of the "Gleaner," brought over the following passengers in row boats: K. T. Cooper, C. H. Gatewood, L. Chambers, J. Lesperance, J. Lewis, E. W. Sutcliffe, A. Beck and O. A. Boulette.

Another boat load arrived the same afternoon in charge of George Findlay, bringing George, L. and J. J. Van Volkenburg, Geo. Gash, G. Bueneke, J. O'Connor, R. Grierson, J. B. and V. L. Faulkner, Victor Lesperance.

On Tuesday Mr. Findlay made his second trip, with nine passengers and some perishable freight. The passengers were: Thomas Gibbons, E. Luce, W. Jury, H. Jackson, W. N. Franklin, P. Matteau, C. Parent, W. J. Northey and A. Weir.

At 10 p. m. the same evening the "Scotia" arrived on her initial trip for the season, bringing two tons of mail and a quantity of freight. The only passengers were Mrs. Brooks and family and Mrs. Lee.

In speaking of the long wait at Taku, the passengers are unanimous in their thanks to the captain and crew of the "Gleaner," special mention being made of Mr. J. Lipscombe, whose indefatigable efforts to make every one comfortable and contented is very commendable.

Mr. Brown reported that the "Gleaner" brought only thirty tons of freight, all of which was put aboard at Caribou by small boats, the water on the bar being only 1½ feet deep and rising slowly. She also had a scow in tow on which was the Taku line locomotive, which had been taken out last fall to be overhauled.

Millions for Another Road in the Yukon.

John Macnamara, a New York capitalist, is on his way to the Yukon as representative of a United States syndicate which proposes to invest fifteen millions in building another railway line in the Yukon with steamship connection with Pacific coast ports. The location of the road is not yet known; in fact, Mr. Macnamara's mission is largely connected with this portion of the scheme.—Vancouver Daily Ledger.

A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont.)

She sat in the Redwoods, pew at Marwell Church, on Christmas Day, with an aching heart, and heard the angels' message of peace on earth with an awful sense of incongruity, reminded that Philip, who had not written for months and was supposed to be shut up in Lucknow, if alive was one of a small band beleaguered by innumerable foes reputed demons of cruelty, when the familiar sentence which had so early struck her imagination, "for every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood," rang through the church, she turned sick at the endless battle scenes it suggested, scenes in which Philip was ever present, dimly seen through fire-cloven clouds of smoke. "Whilo shepherds watched their flocks," she sang, her eyes clouded with tears, and, looking up, she became aware of the intent gaze of a lady in the Marwell Court pew—a gaze which was repeated and interrupted by the raising of Jessie's eyes several times during the sermon.

"Whatever made Miss Lonsdale look our way like that?" Cousin Jane asked at dinner. "There was nothing wrong with my bonnet, Jessie, was there?" "I am sure your bonnet was as neat as a new pin. And if Plummer did go to sleep with his mouth wide open, as though he expected the sermon to jump down his throat, it's nothing but what she've been accustomed to ever since she was as high as the table. And I'm sure my mourning is deep enough for a sister."

Miss Lonsdale was at the same moment asking Lady Gertrude, who that charming girl in mourning with the Plummers was, and how a creature so graceful came among such rustics.

"Charming girl? Graceful creature? Pathetic? Refined?" murmured Lady Gertrude, bewildered. "I saw no stranger, Clara, and I usually look round the church, one owes it to the people."

Clara has discovered another prodigy, said her cousin, Hugh Medway. "Be merciful, Clara. Leave the rose to wither on its stem."

"You probably mean little Jessie Meade, the miller's daughter," Sir Arthur added. "You must often have seen her before, Clara. She is certainly growing into a very nice-looking girl. But the refinement soon wears off in that class."

This speech put Miss Lonsdale on her mettle. "Do not imagine," she replied, "that our class has the monopoly of everything. Uncle Arthur. That sweet girl at no age could be anything but refined. She has a history, too. I saw it in her face. She moved among the rustics in coming out of church like a stray princess. These ridiculous aristocratic class prejudices!"

"Clara waves the red flag—A, bas les aristocrates! Vive le peuple souverain!" commented Hugh teasingly. "My dear girl, I do so admire that little sweep of the hand; it brushes the whole upper ten in a mass to perdition. It really is a pity that ladies cannot enter parliament."

"It is," she replied, with unabated majesty. "Jessie," she added, musingly, "a caressing sort of name, soft but not sufficiently dignified for her."

A few days later Sir Arthur lamented in her hearing that what with one thing and another, he had not a horse fit to ride that morning, and supposed he must walk. "Redwoods was not so very far, but he wished also to call at Ferndale and Little Marwell."

"Why not let me drive you?" Clara said. "the ponies want exercise, and I like an object for a drive."

"Thank you, my dear, I shall be too glad to avail myself of the honor, if you do not mind pottering about with an old fellow," he replied; so the ponies were brought round, and they started, Sir Arthur half buried in furs like a Russian prince, his niece fully occupied with her ponies, who sniffed up the frosty air as they tossed their pretty manes and made believe to take every bush and stone for an enemy. They drove through the park, where the noble oaks and beeches bore fairy-like foliage of hoar-frost instead of green summer leaves on the fine tracery of their boughs, which sparkled with delicate jewel-flashes against the pale blue sky; through the village, where the rime-crystals glittered on thatched roofs, and women at cottage doors dropped courtesies; past the inn with its swinging sign, the school-house with its live-like hum, thence along the high road. They soon came to a comfortable farm-house standing a little way back from the road in a trim flower-garden, fenced by a low stone wall over which the dainty little "roving sailor" spread its shining trails, and yellow stone-crop and patches of green and gold moss peeped. The house was of gray stone, and hidden by creepers, which in summer made a very bow of bloom the tiled roof was richly embroidered

by yellow lichen, that caught and kept the sunshine in reserve so as to throw a golden glow over gloomy days. The warm brown tiles rooted the barns and other buildings in the yard, and were similarly embroidered by nature's hand; the pale yellow stacks beneath a group of elms in the rick-yard glowed in the frosty sunbeams and sent out a rich odor of corn together with a pleasant radiance; it was a sunny place, suggestive of summer and warm comfort. So Miss Lonsdale thought when she stopped the ponies at the garden gate, by an old-fashioned flight of stone steps in the wall.

CHAPTER IX.

The sound of wheels on the frost-bound road and the apparition of Miss Lonsdale's bright-plumed hat above the hedge-row, occasioned a certain excitement within Redwoods Farm.

"Patience alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Plummer. "Sir Arthur and Miss Lonsdale! and me in a cap! I wouldn't be seen out of my own family with five pounds. Dear! dear! to think that I must be brushing the cheese in my oldest dairy gown this morning of all others!"

"Never mind, cousin," said Jessie; "people can't expect you to be in full dress at this hour."

"Full dress! Well, there, Jessie, I never did come across your equal for want of feeling," complained Mrs. Plummer, in a tearful voice, "and not so much as a clean collar or curls brushed out have I got to my name, and the sun showing every speck of dust. Well, to be sure, you must run out, I suppose, and say I'll be down in a minute, and Plummer's only just gone out round. Only let me get clear off before they come in," she concluded brushing past Jessie, and busting upstairs as fast as her round and comfortable figure could go.

You cannot brush and turn mity cheeses with clean hands or clean garments, and Mrs. Plummer's appearance was certainly far from magnificent. Her gown had seen hard service, her sleeves were rolled half-way up her plump firm arms, a very dingy old shawl was pinned over her shoulders, her cap had reached the lowest rank in the cap scale, of which Jessie believed there were ten grades, each grade fitted for some special time and occupation; the bunches of curls which adorned either side of her face at more ceremonial hours, were now rolled up in one solid curl on each temple, giving her round, apple-cheeked face a severity more suitable for aying serving-maids than for welcoming distinguished guests; to crown all she wore, tied high up over the ends of the crossed shawl, a large, coarse apron, the strings of which refused to do anything but tie themselves in knots while she was shouting complaints and directions to Jessie. "Well, if ever I was in a pickle for visitors!" she might well exclaim, on surveying herself in the glass.

Jessie was soon opening the door to receive the guests; visitors very rarely had occasion to ring at Redwoods. It was deemed inhospitable not to go out to welcome them as soon as they appeared in sight. The sight of her caused Sir Arthur to remove his hat from his head and himself from the low pony chaise, and confirmed Miss Lonsdale in her admiration. The touch of the ungallant frost which does not hesitate to nip the nose of the rarest beauty, only brought a delicate rose to Jessie's cheeks, the sunshine fell full in her face, causing her to lift one slender hand to shade her beautiful eyes, while with the other she held a light blue wrapper, one end of which was thrown over her head, beneath her chin; her bright hair, the true "chionio d'or all'aura sparse" so dear to Tasso, glittered in tiny ruffled rings about her temples, as if each separate hair were a beam of light. Appearing thus, tall and slim, in her plain black dress, while some white pigeons, startled by the wheels, flew up with clanging wings and settled on the lichen-bordered brown roof above her, she was a delightful vision. She stepped lightly down the garden-walk, unconscious of the admiration she evoked, to ask Sir Arthur if he would walk in while she sent a boy to fetch Mr. Plummer, who was somewhere about the farm.

Sir Arthur preferred to go in search of Mr. Plummer himself, and when he was gone Jessie went out to ask Miss Lonsdale to come in. She assented with a smile, and laying the reins aside, alighted. Tall, well made, warmly clad in rich furs, with the jewel-like breast of a bird glowing iridescent in her hat, with that indefinable air of one daily used to polished human intercourse and the constant homage due to an absolute grace of speech and movement—Clara Lonsdale seemed to Jessie, who rarely saw but homely, often uncouth people, a being from a more gracious sphere, and her clear glance fell with a becoming deference before the penetrating gaze of the lady's golden-brown eyes.

"Not Mrs. Plummer's daughter, I am sure," she said, in a voice naturally musical, but the more so, because of a softer accent than that to which Jessie was used.

"No," she replied, opening the door for Miss Lonsdale to pass in. "I am Mrs. Plummer's cousin, Jessie Meade."

She led her into a large, low room with heavy furniture, and two fair-sized casement windows with deep cushioned seats. Some sporting prints adorned the walls, two guns were on a rack over the chimney piece, massive silver tankards gleamed upon a side-table, a bright fire blazed in a large grate with hobs to it, here stood a high-backed wooden arm-chair which Jessie placed for her guest. The battered form of Sebastopol, reposed in a tight tabby coil near the fire, just in front of a window stood a small easel holding a canvas on which a landscape in oil was beginning, to show, palettes, brushes, and tubes of color scattered near showed that the artist had but just left work. An old bureau with its sloping desktop closed, stood against one wall, and a sofa, wide enough to serve for a bed at a pinch, was against another; a few pots of growing flowers were in the window, and a dish of russet-red apples on the top of the bureau. All these details Miss Lonsdale took in one rapid glance. The interior was cozy, yet there was a lack of something which she soon discovered to be books. These were few but not select. One leather broken-backed tome with an illegible title served to raise a flower-pot into the light, another made a press for Mrs. Plummer's cap, laces and ribbons. Jessie went straight to a cupboard by the fire-place and took out a dish of round golden-brown cakes and some decanters and wine-glasses, which she placed on the table, in accordance with the unwritten custom that supposed all guests to be hungry.

Mrs. Plummer's dough-nuts are irresistible," Miss Lonsdale said, accepting one with a smile that went straight to Jessie's fresh heart; a rare smile that came slowly and made her seem beautiful though not really so. Jessie smiled brightly back, the smile of a grateful child. "It would be no use," she said, "for my cousin to make doughnuts, if no one came to appreciate them."

"There is reason in that," Miss Lonsdale returned; "there are in art two essential factors, the artist and the amateur or admirer."

"Yes," Jessie rejoined, "it would be futile to write even an 'Iliad,' if there were no readers."

This Miss Lonsdale reflected was not what one might expect from a miller's daughter of eighteen, and wondered to what extent the young lady was conscious of her superiority. But Jessie, who sat on the other side of the hearth sideways to the window, in such a manner that the sunshine lighted her face and kindled the gold of her hair, looked perfectly unconscious of self.

"You must be very lonely," Miss Lonsdale said, with an abruptness that brought the color to Jessie's face, yet with an accent that bespoke such a sympathy and accurate reading as she had not expected. "forgive me," she added, "but your face interested me when I saw you at church. I speak so plainly because I feel distinctly drawn to you."

"This is too kind," Jessie faltered, "but you will be disappointed. I am not at all interesting, especially to myself. I would rather forget that I am alive."

"Poor child!" said Clara, in a rich, caressing voice; "poor, dear child!"

Jessie rose quickly and knelt before the fire, very busy at mending it, with her face averted from the lady. Clara smiled a peculiar little smile that Jessie could not see, and with ready tact went over to the easel.

"From nature?" she asked, with some surprise, when she saw the distant park with the village and church in the foreground all firmly and truly sketched. "From nature in winter, too! You have a good deal of feeling for landscape, Miss Meade."

Jessie had persuaded Philip, who recognized her decided talent to let her exchange Miss Blushford's fine pencil drawings and water-color flowers and fruit for lessons from a broken-down artist, whose constant potations had not been able to quench a spark of genius which might have brought him to the front rank, and under this man she had made some progress and learnt to cherish great hopes. Had she seen many of the great masters? Who was her teacher? Did she know the Claude Lorraine at Marwell Court? Had she seen the De Wints and Constables? She could scarcely believe that Miss Meade had seen nothing and yet painted so charmingly.

While they were standing thus at the easel, Cousin Jane, her curls beautifully arranged in glossy bunches on either cheek, with a cap five grades higher than that of the cheese-brushing, and her afternoon gown and apron on, came in and was complimented upon her dough-nuts. Almost at the same moment Sir Arthur was seen returning to the carriage, so Miss Lonsdale took leave and went out to join him, accompanied by Jessie, who stood until the pony-phæton with its smart groom, Russian prince Sir Arthur, and bright-plumed lady, driver had vanished like some ethereal vision.

(To be Continued.)

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

PEAS AND OATS TOGETHER.

Peas and oats make a grand soiling food for milch cows when grown in due balance and a rich land, says Professor Thos. Shaw, of Minnesota. This crop may be sown on almost any kind of land that is rich, and well prepared and moist, and it comes anywhere in the rotation. The small variety of peas are more suitable than the marrow-fat varieties, as they produce fine straw, making them more palatable. The weak point about this food for soiling purposes is the short period during which it can be fed green. This period will, not usually extend beyond three or four weeks from one sowing, but it may be extended by having another plot sown two or three weeks later than the first.

This crop may usually be best sown on fall plowed land rich naturally, or made so, and sown as early as tillage is practically in the Spring. The modes of sowing will vary with the conditions. In many cases the seed may best be sown with the grain drill after the peas and oats have been mixed. On reasonably stiff clay this method of sowing will answer well.

In other situations, as on prairie soils somewhat woody, it has been found best to scatter the peas over the ground while yet unplowed, and then to plow in four to five inches deep and in rather narrow furrows, so as to prevent the seed from growing in rows to distend from another.

The oats should then be sown just before the peas come through the ground broadcast or with drill, and the ground should then be harrowed to destroy young weeds and to prevent the escape of moisture from the soil. When thus sown the oats and peas reach the perfect condition for cutting more nearly than when sown at the same time, and the oats are less likely to overshadow the peas.

It would not be possible to name the proportions of seed to be sown that would best suit all soil conditions, as they vary greatly. Where peas grow better a less quantity should be sown. The proportions that are exactly suitable for any locality can only be ascertained by actual tests. The idea should be kept prominent that the peas are the more important factor in the experiment. They are more nitrogenous than the oats, and are also more palatable. The proportion of oats that will sustain the peas from falling will be enough.

Usually not less than two and a half bushels per acre should be sown of the mixture. Ordinary not more than one-third should be oats. On some prairie soils one peck of oats per acre should suffice. On other soils it may be necessary to increase the oats until they furnish by measure nearly half the seed used.

This food is exactly for milk production. From 15 to 20 tons per acre may be taken of the mixture, and it may be followed in many seasons by a catch crop on the same ground more especially of rape. The cutting may begin as soon as the peas come into bloom and may continue until the crop is nearly ripe.

The dwarf Essex rape crop is more frequently grown for pasture than for soiling food, and yet it is an excellent soiling food for milch cows. Some will not except this statement on the ground that it will taint the milk. That depends on how it is fed. If fed to cows just after the milk has been withdrawn it may be given twice a day, and in considerable quantities. But it would be impossible to feed so much even in the manner indicated above, that the system would become so saturated as to produce taint. But this certainly will not follow from modern feeding. When it can be done, the ideal way would be to feed rape as a soiling food one end of the day and some other kind of soiling the other end of the day.

Dwarf Essex rape may be sown on any kind of rich moist soil of reasonable open texture. Deep humus soils, as for instance, slough soils grow it in greatest perfection. It would scarcely be possible to make land too rich for the growing of rape, and the yields are usually in proportion to the richness and cleanliness of the soils. Early crops are best sown on Fall plowed land.

HOW TO JUDGE BEEF CATTLE.

No knowledge has greater value to the farmer than that which gives him the ability to select profitable feeding animals.

The animal is a machine, and as there are great difference in different machines, so are there great differences in the efficiency of different animals.

There are some beef animals that will consume corn, hay and grass and produce therefrom an unfinished carcass which will sell for five cents, live weight, on the market.

There are other cattle fed on exactly the same kind of food for the length of time that will bring from five and one-half to six cents per pound live weight.

This difference is not altogether a difference of condition or fatness, but depends upon the conformation of the animal.

The correct conformation which must be presented in the better class

of beef animals can be accurately described and can be learned by any farmer of average intelligence.

The profitable feeding cattle that bring the high prices on the market all possess certain characteristics.

They have a straight top line, with broad, deep bodies and short legs.

If the head and legs were cut off, the remaining portion of the animal's body would resemble a box with round corners.

Especially important evidences of good feeding ability are clear, bright eyes and broad forehead, with moderate short head and short, thick neck, a well-sprung rib, strong loins and a long level rump.

The whole animal should be smooth and evenly covered with thick flesh.

A moderately large paunch on a healthy, vigorous steer should be regarded as a desirable indication. Moderately fine bones is also an indication of a good feeding quality.

On the contrary, a coarse bone with long body, large head and general appearance of coarseness is always to be considered an undesirable characteristic.

Cattle possessing the desirable characteristics mentioned above will fatten more quickly and will distribute their flesh on those portions of the body where the highest-priced cuts are located.

It is impossible here to give all the information one will need in applying these principles.

WATER FOR SHEEP.

Sheep will suffer if not supplied with water in winter, even though they have free access to snow. Don't allow them to eat snow, or to drink ice water. Water them in the middle of the day when it is warmest, and warm the water above the freezing point a good deal, to about the normal temperature of spring water.

They need water most in dry summer, but when the grass is fresh and growing well, less is required. You might as well expect your dairy cows to produce milk, some seventy or eighty per cent of water, as to expect your breeding ewes to raise lambs that are drinking milk on grass alone. In winter when they are eating dry feed more water is taken than when they are supplied with roots and silage. Ordinary a sheep should have from 1 to 6 quarts of water daily, according to water and food.

There is no place in which will take water with more zest than in a shed. In such a place the water does not freeze nearly so readily as outside. A shallow trough is best and in very cold weather, if the water is not wanted after the sheep drink it may be drawn off to prevent the accumulation of ice. It is a mistake to try to water them in the same trough in which cattle drink.

SUICIDAL SALMON.

Battles of Death Enacted in Alaska's Streams.

Imagine yourself on the seashore in Alaska, in the month of September, rambling on for the pleasure of it, and picking up a curious shell now and then. You see ahead a fresh water stream which is in your path. As you approach you are surprised to find the whole stream filled, crowded, with struggling salmon. If you follow the stream back from the shore a mile or so, you will find it literally packed with salmon all the way, although the water is so shallow that no fish is more than half covered.

Your surprise is increased when you approach near enough to touch with your foot, and find that they pay not the slightest attention to you. They struggle fiercely on up the stream, the females to deposit their eggs, the males to protect the females. All are intent upon that mad, suicidal rush up the stream. It is suicidal because not a single salmon out of these thousands before you ever comes back alive. From the outset they neither eat nor rest, and as you follow them up stream you soon see the effects of their battle. Their flesh is knocked off against the stones; here against his fellows, with nothing left of his once powerful tail but the bones, and many of them are broken; the flesh may be falling from his back or torn from his belly, still he fights on until death.

If it is a female you may see the eggs dragging from an ugly gash in her side, one fin is torn off, two more are useless, every effort to propel herself leaves a trail of blood, but she swims on with the rest.

You are sickened by such a sight, and conclude that the shallowness of the stream will account for the condition of the fish. So you go to a larger stream, thirty feet in width and eight feet in depth; here you find thousands of salmon lashing the water into foam in their efforts to distance one another. They are swimming packed layer on layer, like sardines. Here the conditions of the smaller streams are repeated on a larger scale. The fish are not only torn to pieces by rocks, but destroy one another. If you pick up one that appears whole he will fall to pieces of his own weight.

First Russian:—"You say the fight was quickly over?" Second Russian:—"Yes; it was finished before you could say Jackpotinsky Robin sonopolotowsky."

Customer:—"How is this? You have charged me twice the usual price for shaving?" Barber:—"My razor was dull and it took me twice as long."

The Atlin Claim.

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unless this condition is complied with.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11TH, 1904.

With the opening of navigation we are especially pleased to note the return of many of our old-timers who for a few months, quit the camp to go to the greatly "boomed" Aleck diggings. One and all express their sorrow at leaving that which they now call a "standard camp." We can only refer to our previous issues, in which we practically warned people against going into that district until some kind of confirmation as to its actual value was obtainable, and as a consequence, only a few left Atlin, who are now back, wiser but sadder men. Atlin is today the best, steadiest and most progressive mining camp in the North, not even excepting Dawson, where we are creditably informed that men are actually working for as low wages as \$60 per month, and hundreds unable to get employment at that. Summing up the situation here, we repeat that there is every prospect, in fact, assurance, that this will be the most prosperous year—the amount of gold practically in sight far exceeding the output of all previous seasons.

Investigations into the climate and agricultural possibilities of the Yukon Territory have greatly modified the ideas hitherto held with regard to that region. The climate on the coast is no guide to the climate of the interior; in fact, the mountain barrier acts as a wonderful shelter to the hinterland. The winds from the Pacific pass over into the Yukon as a constant Chinook or warm, dry wind, during the open season, which lasts from about the middle of April till the end of September. During three months of the year there is a daily average of eighteen hours of sunshine, and consequently the growth of vegetation is enormous. At Dawson City, garden produce—lettuces, cabbages, cauliflowers and tomatoes—furnish large crops, while small fruits grow almost wild. Professor Macoun found barley, oats and wheat were being largely raised for fodder; that barley and oats sown in June ripened in August, and samples of red wheat sown at the same time, though not quite ripe at the latter date, would certainly have ripened if put in earlier. One hundred grains of Yukon-grown wheat were tested for germinating power at the Government Experimental Farm at Ottawa, where the whole made remarkable progress and growth without developing one weak grain. As to the native grasses, of some fifty specimens, all have hitherto made good growth, and should spread rapidly over the valleys and hillsides as the country is opened

up and the timber cleared away. Mr. Macoun considers that Yukon may add 100,000,000 acres to the land suitable for settlement in the Dominion.

Fatal Accident.

W. S. Lanktree, government telegraph operator at Yukon Crossing, was drowned Thursday morning at Rink Rapids. Accompanied by another man, Lanktree was returning in a canoe from a trip over the line. In running the rapids, the canoe upset. Lanktree was drowned but his companion escaped. Deceased was a most promising young man and highly esteemed by Yukon travellers. He was a native of Stirling, Ontario.

Japan and Christianity.

Preaching at Vancouver lately, Rev. Dr. Grant said that the Japanese government had lately appointed a commission to go and investigate Christianity in different parts of the world and report upon its applicability to modern life, with a view to discovering whether it was worthy to displace Buddhism as the national religion of Japan. The commission had recently finished its work in England and had reported that there Christianity was a failure. Dr. Grant deduced from this startling announcement the necessity for preaching the Bible in a simpler manner. He said that it almost seemed as if he had been shaken out of his pulpit that he might be freer to do this. Dr. Grant concluded by ridiculing the higher criticism.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest and highest temperatures recorded for the week ending 10th inst. are as follows:

June 4	37 above	49 above
5	34	47
6	27	52
7	33	59
8	32	57
9	30	56
10	29	57

Atlin Lodge, No. 15.



meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 8 p. m., at the A. O. U. W. Block, Third Street.

Visiting Brothers are cordially invited to attend.

F. W. DOWLING,
Master Workman.
E. M. N. WOODS, Recorder.

HOTEL VANCOUVER.

THIS HOTEL IS STOCKED WITH
THE BEST OF GOODS.

Sam. Johnstone, Prop.

Atlin, Nugget and Grape Rings
And All Kinds of Jewellery Manufactured on the Premises.
Why send out when you can get goods as cheap here?
Watches From \$5 up. Fine Line of Souvenir Spoons.
JULES EGGERT & SON, The Swiss Watchmakers.

THE KOOTENAY HOTEL.

A. R. McDonald, Proprietor.
COR. FIRST AND TRINOR STREETS.

This First Class Hotel has been remodeled and refurnished throughout and offers the best accommodation to Transient or Permanent Guests—American and European plan.
Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Billiards and Pool.

GOLD HOUSE,

DISCOVERY, B. C.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

JOHN WOLTERS, Proprietor.

STAGE & LIVERY IN CONNECTION.

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

J. H. RICHARDSON,

ATLIN & DISCOVERY.

Full Line of Clothing Just From the East

THE LATEST STYLES.

Complete Stock of Dry Goods

THE LATEST IN HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

GOLD SEAL GUM BOOTS

Our Goods are the Best and Our Prices the Lowest.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$3,700,000.
RESERVE, \$3,000,000.

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,

V. TROTMAN, Manager.

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.

THE ATLIN TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.

CARRIES THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCK OF

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

IN THE CAMP.

Fresh Fruit and Vegetables always in stock.

Specialties in Eggs, Butter and Cheese.

SEE OUR LARGE STOCK OF CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

POWDER, CAPS AND FUSE, &c., &c.**WAR NEWS.**

Continued from First Page.

The Russian admiralty are not disposed to credit the report that the Port Arthur squadron have left to join the Vladivostok squadron. If it comes to the worst, the Port Arthur squadron will go out and give battle.

[By the time of going to press no later news had arrived.]

News of the World.

Winnipeg's assessment is \$48,000,000 and the population 67,000.

The ore shipments last week from the Rossland mines totalled 4,632 tons.

A rupture of diplomatic relations has occurred between France and the Holy See.

The first Chinese coolies for the Transvaal were to be shipped from the Orient on the 8th of this month.

The Canadian Government will have seven wireless telegraphy stations established on the Atlantic coast.

The bill authorizing the building of the transcontinental Grand Trunk Pacific railway was passed at Ottawa, May 31st, by 105 votes to 59.

British and American squadrons have sailed for Tangiers in connection with the kidnapping by brigands of a British subject and an American.

It has been decided to send Mr. R. G. McConnell, of the Dominion Geological Survey, to the Alsek country this season, to make a report on the new gold fields.

Six Stages

Running

Each Day

Between

Atlin and

Discovery.

Fare 50c.

Each Way.

Dixon & Schultz.**NOTICE.****APPLICATION FOR TRANSFER OF LIQUOR LICENCE.**

I, FRANCIS THOMAS TROUGHTON, of the Town of Atlin, British Columbia, hereby apply to the Board of Licence Commissioners for a transfer of the hotel licence now held by E. R. Roselli, to sell intoxicating liquors under the provisions of the Statutes in that behalf, in the premises known and described as the Royal Hotel, Atlin, situate on Lot 7, Block 15, of the Townsite of Atlin, to commence on the first day of July, 1904.

My post office address is: Atlin, B. C.
The name and address of the owner of the premises proposed to be licensed are: Francis Thomas Troughton, Atlin, B. C.
Dated this 6th day of May, 1904.
F. T. TROUGHTON
Signature of the holder of the licence: E. ROSSELLI.

NOTICE.**APPLICATION FOR TRANSFER OF LIQUOR LICENCE.**

I, ALEXANDER R. McDONALD, of the Town of Atlin, British Columbia, hereby give notice that I shall apply to the Board of Licence Commissioners for a transfer of the hotel licence at present held by George E. Hayes, to sell intoxicating liquors under the provisions of the Statutes in that behalf, in the premises known and described as the Kootenay Hotel, situate on First and Trainor Streets, Atlin, British Columbia, to commence on the first day of July, 1904.
My post office address is: Atlin, B. C.
The name and address of the owner of the premises proposed to be licensed are: Mrs. Sarah McDonald, Atlin, B. C.
Dated this 6th day of May, 1904.
A. R. McDONALD
Signature of the present holder of the licence: GEO. E. HAYES
by his attorney in fact, J. G. CORNELL.

The Atlin Studio,

ATLIN CLAIM BLOCK.

PHOTOGRAPHS

OF

ATLIN AND ALASKA.

Films and Plates Developed and Printed at reasonable rates at "The Atlin Studio." Enlarging and Copying also done.

C. P. R. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

The following sailings are announced for the month of May, leaving Skagway at 6 p.m., or on arrival of the train:
"Princess May"—May 14th, 24th and June 3rd.
"Amur"—May 19th and 29th.

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

E. S. Wilkinson, P.L.S.

Wm. Brown, C.E.

WILKINSON & BROWN**Provincial Land Surveyors & Civil Engineers.**

Hydraulic Mine Engineering a Specialty—Office, Pearl St., near Third St., ATLIN, B.C.

THE GRAND HOTEL

FINEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN THE NORTH

EVERYTHING CONDUCTED IN FIRST-CLASS MANNER.

Up-to-Date Restaurant in Connection.

DAVID HASTIN, PROPRIETOR.

CORNER FIRST AVENUE AND DISCOVERY STREET, ATLIN.

FOR

Office Stationery

Call and get prices at

"Claim" Office.**THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.**

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

TIME TABLE.IN EFFECT JANUARY 1st, 1904.
Daily except Sunday.

No. 3N. B.	No. 1 N. B.	No. 2 S. Bound	No. 4 S. Bound
2nd class	1st class	1st class	2nd class
8.30 p.m.	9.30 a.m. LV. SKAGWAY	AE. 4.30 p.m.	AE. 4.15 a.m.
10.30 "	10.30 "	1.30 "	3.30 "
11.40 a.m.	11.40 "	2.30 "	1.00 "
12.30 "	12.15 p.m.	1.30 p.m.	10.20 p.m.
2.45 "	12.30 p.m.	11.30 a.m.	10.30 "
6.40 "	1.30 "	9.30 "	1.00 "
		LV. WHITE HORSE	

Passengers must be at depot in time to have baggage inspected and checked. Inspection is stopped 30 minutes before leaving time of train.
150 pounds of baggage will be checked free with each full fare ticket and 75 pounds with each half fare ticket.

Nugget Hotel

Discovery.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT
IN
CONNECTION.

Headquarters for Dixon's stage.

Pine Tree Hotel.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

NEW DINING ROOM NOW OPEN.

Furnishing The

BEST MEALS IN CAMP.

Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

Ed. SANDS, Proprietor.

O. K. BATHS

BARBER SHOP

F. SHIELDS & EDDY DURHAM.

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

Northern Lumber Co., Limited.

On and after the 23rd. of April, 1904 and until further notice the following will be the prices of Lumber.

Rough, up to 8 inches, \$40.

do do 10 " 45.

do do 12 " 50.

Matched, \$50.00

S. D. \$5.00 & D. D. \$10. extra.

12 1/2 per cent discount will be allowed for cash at time of ordering.

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

AND

MACHINE SHOP,

Metropole Hotel Bldg., Discovery Street, Atlin.

Blacksmith Work, Bolts & Nuts, Pipe & Pipe Fitting, Engine and Boiler Repairing, Hot Water Coils made and fitted, Derrick Mounting, Wire Cable, Pulley Blocks & Tackle, Boats & Boat Fittings.

W. J. SMITH & CO., Proprietors.

CATCHING A FLAT

Martha says I am a fool.

Martha is welcome to her opinion; there are others who think different. But I will not boast. The laws never did, and they have done great things in their time.

Martha says that I am not capable of taking care of money. I only wish that Martha would trust me with more than half a sovereign, a look, that's all.

Martha has plenty of money—five thousand in Consols, eight thousand in various corporation stocks, and a half share in Allen and Barker. Tom Allen was her first husband, and the money is hers for life. Then it goes to nephews and nieces.

These nephews and nieces resent being Martha's husband, and intimate that I married her for her money, or as Job Allen, in his elegant way, says, "for a home." They quite ignore the fact that I was Martha's first sweetheart, and that he threw me over for Tom Allen.

One morning last July Martha said to me, "John, my name is John Chesney Blain." "John," she said, "Archie is coming over to stay with me for a few weeks. Now, remember what I've told you of him."

If all was true that Martha had said about her brother Archie, he was as great a villain as there was to be found. He never had a friend or acquaintance but he borrowed money from him and never repaid. He had lived under many names, in many towns. And the more places he lived in the more bills for lodgings he left unpaid. He had never done a stroke of work in his life—except the thinking out schemes by which he hoped to make a living by defrauding someone.

Archie came. A big, genial fellow, about ten years younger than I. He greeted me affectionately, and we were chums at once.

Archie didn't borrow money from me at least, not much. I haven't much to lend out of half a sovereign a week. And he taught me a few things that will come in useful. There's a certain way of dealing at all fours, and there are things at whist, and there's a way of marking dominoes; and there's a cute system of giving losers wrong change.

Some day, when I feel a bit confident, I shall try some things Archie taught me.

"All you want," said Archie, "is a flat, Jonty. Get hold of a flat, with money, of course, and the rest is easy."

"No, I know a system of backing horses by getting on bets after the race was run and he knew the result. But the bookies are getting a bit too fly," he would say.

"Selling tips is all right," he remarked, "but too many at the game nowadays—overcrowded and degraded—not fit for gentlemen."

"Jonty," said Martha, a few days after Archie's coming, "you're not lending Archie any money, I hope?"

"No, dear," I replied. "How can I out of ten shillings a week?"

"It's enough for you," she retorted. "And don't let Archie entice you into any trap. He will do it if he can make anything by it."

"I think you are mistaken, dear," I began.

"Not in Archie Wild," she replied. "I've known him too long. But I think you are safe."

When I married Martha, or, as Job Allen slanderously says, "when Martha picked him out of the gutter," I admit that I had been unfortunate in business and had no balance at the bank; but I had a few possessions, and one of them was an old oil painting. It was the full-length portrait of a gentleman, and was very dim and cracked all over, and the top corner was badly torn.

I noticed Archie looking at the picture one day, and, as I was shaving the next morning, he strolled into the room and glanced at it again.

"Yours?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied; "my very own."

"Um!" he said. "Not so bad. Let's have a good look."

He took a large reading-glass from his pocket and made a thorough examination of the picture. Then he stood back and gazed at it from different positions.

"Not half bad, Jonty. Want to sell?"

"How much?"

"What do you say to a tanner?"

A tanner! Ten pounds! I would have sold the thing for a sovereign.

"Done!" I cried, gushing my chin.

"And done you would be," he laughed. "Listen to me, Jonty; you're about the slowest hand at doing a trade that I ever came across. This picture, this work of art," he looked at it attentively, "though unsigned, may be the work of one of the great masters. May be, I say. Probably it is not. But we—you and I—are business people, Jonty, my son. We must sell this for an old master; and if we can only get hold of a flat of the right sort we might get fifty pounds for it."

"You think so?" I asked, fixing a piece of plaster on my chin.

"Sure," he returned. "Now, I'll do the square thing by you, Jonty. I've a great opinion of you, and in this transaction we'll go partners. You would have sold me the picture for ten pounds. Now, I know a man; his name is Mortimer. This Mortimer is a juggins, who fancies he knows something about art. He

shall be our flat. We will sell him the picture for fifty pounds—at least, I will. And that will give us twenty-five pounds each."

"But—" I began, meaning to tell him that, as the picture was mine, the fifty pounds should be mine also.

"No," he replied. "I could not think of taking more than twenty-five. I will look up Mortimer, and tell him I know of a bargain to be had. You'll earn your twenty-five pounds easily enough, Jonty. Trust to me."

That same evening he told me that Mortimer was on. He's as eager—well, as eager as flats usually are. Now, Jonty, not a word to Martha if you value my friendship. I've arranged with Mortimer that he shall see the picture at the Albion. You slide it out without Martha seeing you, and be there at three. And Mr. Guy Mortimer is ours."

So it fell out. After several unsuccessful attempts to smuggle the picture out of the house without Martha seeing, I took a bold step and walked coolly downstairs with it under my arm. Martha met me in the hall.

"John Chesney Blain," she said, looking first at the picture, then at me, "where are you taking that picture?"

"To the restorer's," I replied, adopting the methods of brother Archie. "You know how cracked and dirty it is. Now, the restorer will make it like new for a few shillings."

I said it all so glibly that she had nothing to find fault with, and I got safely away to the Albion.

Mortimer was a neat, smart-looking chap, not my idea of a flat at all. But Archie whispered, "He's all right; we've got him."

"Mr. Mortimer," said Archie, as we seated ourselves in a private room, "this is Mr. Blain; and this is the picture. It has been in his family some seventy years. He would not part with it, but—well, you know the usual thing. Our friend has come out, the wrong side on South Africans, and liabilities must be met, and the necessities have to be paid for. Our friend has parted with most of his worldly goods, and even this picture, the cherished possession of his family, and a faithful representation of his grandfather has to go. People must live."

"There!" he exclaimed, unwrapping the picture and holding it up to the gaze of Mr. Mortimer. "Splendid, isn't it?"

Mortimer looked at the picture, a bit dubiously. "I thought,"

"It's very dirty and cracked," he said.

"Age, my dear sir," replied Archie.

"And it is not signed."

"What of that?" remarked Archie. "I need scarcely remind a connoisseur of your great experience that many of the old masters are unsigned."

"Yes, of course, I know," said Mortimer. "Now, the price?"

"Let me see. Sixty guineas. I think you said, Mr. Blain?"

"Yes, I returned, "sixty."

"Too much, far too much," said Mortimer. "I will give you forty pounds."

"Forty pounds!" cried Archie. "My dear sir, forty pounds for an old master! Forty pounds for a splendid example of Gainsborough, or Lawrence! Not to be thought of, my dear sir. An expert has valued the picture at one hundred guineas. Forty pounds! No, Mr. Blain could not think of it. His pride would not allow him."

"No," I echoed, "I could not think of such a thing."

"Now, if you had said sixty pounds," said Archie.

"They set to work bargaining, and finally Mortimer agreed to buy the picture for fifty pounds."

"And," said Archie, "let me congratulate you, Mr. Mortimer, on having acquired an undoubted gem at such a low figure."

Mortimer looked very pleased, and was certainly the flat Archie made him out to be. He handed me ten five-pound notes, and after I had paid for a bottle of champagne he went off with the picture.

"Bravo!" said Archie, smacking me on the back; "you did well, Jonty, my son. That's the way to handle flats."

I gave him his twenty-five pounds. "Jonty," he said, pocketing the notes, "if we had capital we should do great things, you and I."

On our way back he persuaded me to buy him an expensive scarf-pin. "As commission," he explained.

A few days after Archie burst into my room in a most excited manner. "Jonty," he said, throwing himself into a chair, "have you a pair of heavy shooting-boots, with soles not less than two inches thick—with long projecting nails? Something heavy, something that will leave a mark. If you have, put them on and kick me. Kick me well. Jump on me, Jonty, my son. Trample on me, and tread me into the dust for being such a juggins."

"What ever is the matter?" I asked, anxiously.

"Everything," he groaned. "That picture! That gem! That masterpiece! We were the flats. It's a Raeburn, Jonty, and worth anything from eight hundred to fifteen hundred pounds!"

"What?" I gasped.

"It's true. We've done ourselves. Look well in the paper, won't it? Thus: 'There was sold at Christie's yesterday the portrait of a gentleman, by Sir Henry Raeburn. It was an example of the best work by this artist, and may be considered fairly cheap at the price of fifteen hundred

guineas it brought. We understand that the picture recently changed hands at fifty pounds.'"

"But," how do you know it's a Raeburn?" I asked.

"A Raeburn, Jonty, a genuine Raeburn. I've just been to Mortimer's. He's had it reframed, and on the lower part of the picture, a part your frame covered, I saw the signature, 'H. Raeburn.'"

He slapped his knee. "Now I come to think of it, Mortimer can't have seen the signature or he'd have mentioned it. Not a word, Jonty. I'm off to see him again. Read those."

He was off like a shot, throwing down as he went a number of newspapers. Half bewildered, I took them up and found in them marked paragraphs relating to the sale of Raeburn portraits, which seemed to sell for anything from three hundred to fifteen hundred pounds each.

During the day Archie turned up again. "We're all right, Jonty," he said. "Mortimer hasn't spotted the signature. We must buy the picture back."

"Yes," I replied, with some hesitation. The greater portion of my twenty-five pounds had found its way into Archie's pockets. He had been showing me some new card games.

"How much have you?" he asked. "I reckoned up my assets to eight pounds some shillings."

"Whew!" he whistled. "That's a bad look-out. And I parted with my available balance yesterday, a pressing bill—you understand. But let us go over to Mortimer's. You can see the signature, and we'll work him again. Once a flat always a flat, you know."

We went over to Mortimer's. He occupied two rather untidy rooms over a tobacconist's, but, as Archie explained to me, Mortimer was only in town for a week or so from his place in Yorkshire. "Five thou a year. Keeps hunters. A bit eccentric. Thinks he knows something about pictures," was whispered in my ear as we went upstairs.

The picture was hung in a prominent position and had been put into a neat gilt frame, showing more of the painting. When Archie attracted Mortimer's attention for a few minutes I gave it a close scrutiny, and there, dimly but surely enough, was the signature my frame had covered. I nodded to Archie.

"Mr. Mortimer," he began, "since he saw you last, my friend, Mr. Blain, has had a small windfall—a legacy, in fact; and his first thought on receiving the good news is for his picture. He comes to me and says, 'Mr. Wild, I should like my picture back.'"

"But—" interrupted Mortimer.

"Yes," replied Archie. "I said to him, 'But, Mr. Blain, a sale is a sale. You sell the picture to Mr. Mortimer, and he does not wish to part with the picture again. The transaction is completed. But Mr. Blain has prevailed on me to see you, and I ask you to think of the circumstances. This picture is the cherished possession of our friend. This was the last link connecting him with the past—a past that had its pains and its pleasures—a past with memories, Mr. Mortimer.'"

"Under the stress of misfortune our friend breaks this link. The picture is gone; for four days he is alone, abandoned. There is no picture to remind him of his past glories. While he moans aloud in his solitude Providence comes to his rescue. He receives a legacy; he finds he can repair the link he has broken. You will not be hard on our friend. He is getting old, and the loss of his picture may tell on him."

"I bought the picture," said Mortimer, stubbornly, "and I like it. I will not sell it back."

"Then you may drive Mr. Blain to do something desperate," said Archie, moodily, looking at me.

"Yes," I broke in, trying to get a break in my voice. "If I cannot get the picture a back I do not know what I may do. And I folded my arms and let my head sink on to my breast."

Mortimer began to get alarmed. Archie chimed in again, and we worked on him till at last he agreed to sell.

But to our dismay he wanted two hundred pounds, and we could not make him abate a single shilling.

"If Mr. Blain has come into money and wants his picture so much, he must pay for it. I've a right to make a profit out of my deal," said Mortimer, decisively. "I don't want to part with it, but for two hundred it is Mr. Blain's again. And," he continued, as he showed us downstairs, "I'm off in a few days, so he must make up his mind quickly."

"What shall we do?" I asked ruefully of Archie, when we got outside.

"You mustn't lose it," he returned. "What is a paltry two hundred when the picture is worth twelve hundred at least? Let me see. Your life policy!"

"What of it?"

"Sell it. Surrender it. You can raise two hundred on it easily enough."

I did so. I was not going to miss the chance of making a thousand pounds. I was resolved to prove to Martha and her little-minded relatives that I had business capabilities. I disposed of my life policy for the sum of two hundred pounds. We went to Mortimer, who seemed rather surprised to see us, and was reluctant about parting with the picture. But Archie hinted that he had a good opinion of Mr. Mortimer, which he would not like disturbed; and eventually the picture returned to my possession. I gave Archie five pounds, "as commission."

"We must send it to Christie's,"

said Archie, on our way home. "And be sure to place a high enough reserve."

A week before the picture did go to Christie's Archie was suddenly called away to Paris. "Got hold of a good thing, Jonty. Another flat—just come into fifty thousand. Too good to be missed. Sorry I can't stay for the sale. You've placed the reserve at twelve hundred?"

"Yes," I replied. "And you get twenty per cent. on anything over six hundred."

Archie went to Paris and the "Raeburn" went to Christie's. The best bid was thirty-five shillings! I was a day or two getting over it. Then I sent the picture to an expert, who told me it was not a Raeburn nor in any way resembling a work by that artist.

I often wonder which of them wrote the signature—Archie or his confederate, Mr. Guy Mortimer, the wealthy Yorkshire landowner.

I don't feel so well just now, for in thirteen days Martha will give me the money to pay my life premium and will ask me for the receipt. I have been turning over in my mind the various ways of making a rapid fortune imparted to me by brother Archie, but I am no nearer the solution of how to delude Martha about that insurance policy.—London Tit-Bits.

PERSONAL POINTERS

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

Mr. Justice Phillimore is the only Judge on the English Bench who can write equally well with both hands. He may often be seen in court taking notes as readily with his left hand as with his right. Sir Walter, however, has a formidable rival in the Hon. E. Chandon Leigh, K.C., Recorder of Nottingham, who is able to write with both hands at once.

Many people will be surprised to hear that the Earl of Aberdeen is a skilled engine-driver—so skilled, indeed, that he could even drive an engine from London to the North without difficulty. Locomotives have been his hobby ever since he can remember. As a boy he delighted in travelling on the engines of a local railway, often acting as fireman.

Two people are aware that the King never by any chance partakes of butter. Another curious feature of the Royal taste is that His Majesty never takes tea made with milk; he prefers it in the Russian fashion, with a piece of lemon instead of milk. King Edward has a very small foot, comparatively speaking, for he never wears a larger boot than an "eight."

His hats, on the contrary, are of more than average size, running to 7 1/2.

A very remarkable collection of photographs is that of Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P., who will take charge of the historic division of the British Photographic Section at the St. Louis Exhibition. They number nearly 30,000, and depict places he has visited and scenes he has witnessed in his many travels. In the eighteen years during which Sir Benjamin's hobby has been amateur photography he has taken in the aggregate 10,000 negatives, these being chiefly time exposures with a large camera.

There is at present living in Battersea, England, a nonagenarian, Thomas Atkinson, who has a two-fold claim to distinction. He is the oldest engineer in the country, and he began his working life as a rivet boy in George Stephenson's locomotive works. That was in 1824, and in 1825 Atkinson succeeded in getting himself bound apprentice in Stephenson's fitting shop for five years. In the last year of his apprenticeship he was one of the fitters engaged on the "Rocket," now in South Kensington Museum. Atkinson still possesses his indentures, dated March 26th, 1825, written in Stephenson's own hand.

The Crown prince of Roumania, who is nephew to the King of Roumania, once had an amusing adventure while shooting in the Carpathians. Prince Ferdinand was most anxious to kill a bear, and on this particular day he had not been out more than ten minutes when a couple of these animals were tracked, and he had the good luck to bring down one at the first shot. On examining the carcass it was found that the nose was pierced as though the bear had worn a ring, and subsequent questions elicited the fact that the local Amtmann, anxious to please the Prince, had purchased the "wild" bears from a travelling showman and turned them loose in the Royal park!

Mr. G. F. Watts, the celebrated painter, was almost entirely self-taught. He derived little benefit from the technical schools which he attended, and therefore gave up going to them. Mr. Watt's technical methods as a painter are singular. He never uses any model nor does he make any preliminary studies, but having thought out his subject in all its details transfers his ideas direct to the canvas. It has even been stated by one of his biographers that he dispenses also with both palette and maulstick, using nothing but the simple brush and the assortment of colors which he needs. His effects are large, but he is careful of his details, acting on his favorite counsel, "Remember the daisies."

"Henry," whispered the bride of two hours, "you don't regret marrying me, even yet?" "No, darling," replied Henry. "Not even yet!"

"The train sped on, and she was happy for another five minutes."

MARVELS OF NAVAL GUNS

WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT IN RECENT YEARS

A Gun Which Can Fire a Projectile From England to France.

Within the memory of men who would be seriously offended at being considered old, a gun weighing 61 tons which would fire a projectile weighing a hundredweight and capable of piercing 7 inches of iron at a distance of 1,000 yards was a piece of ordnance to marvel at, says London Tit-Bits. To-day we have on our ships scores of guns each of which could, if need be, fire a shell weighing a third of a ton, and capable of piercing 8 feet of wrought iron at a mile distance from the cliffs of Dover and land it on French soil well on the other side of Calais. Such is the wonderful development in naval ordnance within less than forty years.

The intermediate stages between these two extremes were rapid. After the 61-ton gun came in succession guns of 9, 12, and 18 tons weight—the latter firing a 400-lb. shell able to pierce 9-inch armor. Then came 25-ton and 35-ton guns, monsters with mouths a foot wide, a 38-ton gun throwing an 800-lb. shot followed; and then, by a leap, an 80-ton gun was produced—a leviathan, with a bore of 16 inches, able to send a 1,700-lb. projectile as clean through 2 feet of armor as a red-hot needle would pass through a pat of butter.

These guns were, however, all muzzle-loaders, and when breech-loading was adopted in 1880 there was a quick relapse to smaller guns of 14 and 22 tons, the size again rapidly growing until from a 67-ton gun we jumped at a single bound to

MONSTERS OF 110 TONS, every firing of which ran into hundreds of pounds, while their serviceable life was measured by about 100 shots.

A much more useful and practicable weapon is the 12-inch Vickers-Maxim gun, which is now the heaviest and most powerful mounted on a British battleship. This marvellous gun weighs 50 tons, of which 14 tons are represented by 120 miles of wire wound around it, and is 41 feet long. It dispatches a projectile weighing 850 lbs.—the weight of half-a-dozen men—with such terrific force that it will pierce 38 inches of wrought iron at 1,000 yards, and only 4 inches less at twice that distance. This projectile leaves the muzzle with a velocity of over 1,610 miles an hour—twenty times the speed of an express train at its fastest—and with an energy equal to 40,220 tons.

More astonishing still is the flight of this projectile weighing more than a third of a ton, since with the gun at a proper elevation it would be quite possible to send the shell over the top of the highest mountain in the world, coming to earth again twenty-five miles away from the starting-point. With such a gun it would be easy to bombard Calais from the cliffs of Dover, or knock down the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral from Windsor Castle; while twenty-four of such shots would cover the extreme length of Scotland and England in something like an hour.

Some years ago an interesting experiment was made at Shoeburyness with a 9.2 inch gun in order to ascertain exactly how far it would send its projectile of 380 lb. It was found that the shell before coming to earth travelled a shade over

12 1/2 MILES IN 69.6 SECONDS, and that it rose, at the highest point of its flight, 2,000 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. From comparison it will be seen how vastly superior to this gun is the 50-ton Vickers-Maxim with which our battleships are armed to-day.

It compares, indeed, more than favorably with the leviathan 16 inch gun mounted on Roper Shoals to defend New York Harbor. This gun is but a few inches under 50 feet long, it weighs 126 tons, and fires a projectile weighing as nearly as possible a hundredweight over a ton, with a charge of 1,500 lbs. of powder. It cost \$500,000 to make and mount, and each firing means an expenditure of \$1,000; but its maximum range is said to be four miles less than that of our 50-ton guns. It can be fired once in two minutes, so that an hour's continuous firing would cost \$30,000 in shells and powder alone.

To test the penetrating power of these mammoth weapons an interesting experiment was made some time ago with a 16 inch calibre gun firing a projectile weighing 3,800 lbs. The target was a composite one of steel, iron, timber, granite, and concrete, and it was found that the shell, fired at close range, passed through a compound plate of steel and iron 20 inches thick, a second plate of iron 8 inches thick, 20 feet of squared oak timber, 5 feet of granite, and 11 feet of concrete, and was only brought to a full stop after piercing 6 feet of brick behind them all.

SOMETHING LIKE A WAITER. Stranger (to hotel proprietor):—"Have you a vacancy among your waiters?"

Hotel Proprietor:—"Well, I don't know. I suppose I might make a place for a man of fine address like you. Have you ever had any experience in waiting?"

Stranger:—"Well, I should say so. I waited thirteen years to marry a girl, and fast week she married another fellow."

A ROTHSCHILD'S HOBBY

SPENDS \$50,000 A YEAR ON ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

First Member of the Family To Gain Distinction in Science.

For something like 100 years, the Rothschilds have been occupied in acquiring and holding the leading position in the world of finance, says the Hour-Glass, and to-day the combined assets of the family are said to be no fewer than 400,000,000 pounds sterling.

There is, however, one member of the Rothschild family who is not content with the sole distinction of belonging to so wealthy and powerful a family, and would earn for it other honors. Walter Rothschild, M. L. for the Aylesbury division of Buckinghamshire, and only son of Lord Rothschild, like his father and other male relations, employs part of his time attending to financial business in the city, but his real tastes and inclinations lie in a different direction. Since he was a boy at school Mr. Rothschild has made zoological science his hobby, and so assiduously has he pursued his studies of natural history that to-day he is recognized as one of the greatest authorities on the subject in the country. Furthermore, he possesses what is probably the finest private zoological garden and museum in the world, and on these he spends some £10,000 a year.

WALTER ROTHSCHILD is the first member of the famous family to distinguish himself in the domain of science. It is true that his wealth has enabled him to indulge in his hobby of building up a private zoo and natural history museum to an extent which would have been impossible with a poorer man. But it is safe to affirm that had Mr. Rothschild been under the necessity of carving out a name for himself as the saying goes, he would easily have succeeded, for he is not only a collector of animals, birds and insects, but a scientist who has made some valuable discoveries in his studies of zoology.

Mr. Rothschild has written several standard works and numerous articles on the subject of natural history, while since 1899 he has been a trustee of the British Museum. The high esteem in which his knowledge is held by naturalists in other countries may be judged from the fact that some time ago Mr. Rothschild was asked to contribute articles to an encyclopedia of natural history which was brought out in Germany. His collection of animals, birds and insects at his private "zoo" is estimated as being worth a million of money. He spares no expense whatever to secure a rare specimen, and he has agents in practically every part of the world searching for little known or unknown animals, both dead and alive, for his own collection as well as on behalf of various zoological societies in which he is interested. The dead specimens are kept in museums, while those which are alive are confined on the same plan as that adopted by the Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park. The collection of living animals in the cages at Tring Park includes all sorts and conditions, from the smallest to the largest. Mr. Rothschild has also turned out several Australian kangaroos in his park, as well as

A NUMBER OF ZEBRAS. A year or so ago he created no small sensation by using a team of zebras instead of horses. It is probable, however, that he has since disposed of his team, for one no longer seems him driving it around and about Tring.

Birds, however, may be said to be Mr. Rothschild's favorite pets, and at Tring Park can be seen a wonderful collection of these from all parts of the world. Not only does he employ agents to find birds worthy to be added to his collection, but he also searches for them himself among the dealers of London. Nearly every day when business takes him to the city, Mr. Rothschild is to be seen about midday strolling through Leadenhall Market, carefully examining the various birds exhibited in the hope of finding some rare specimens to add to his collection. It is extremely doubtful if the salesmen recognize in the quiet, bearded, gentleman who politely inquires the price of a certain bird a member of the Rothschild family. But they do recognize that he does know something about birds if they attempt to fix an exorbitant price, thinking that it will be paid on account of ignorance of the true value. Like the majority of people, Mr. Rothschild hates to be "done," although at the same time he is quite willing to pay handsomely for any unique bird or animal which is brought under his notice, as dealers from whom he has purchased from time to time are well aware.

Perhaps the most valuable feature of Mr. Rothschild's "zoo" is his superb collection of insects. These are kept in big mahogany cabinets, each of which cost £60 and contains interchangeable drawers. A staff of curators is constantly employed in arranging the insects and making room for additions. The value of this collection is estimated at £15,000. In this particular branch of his hobby Mr. Rothschild has been greatly assisted by his younger brother, the

HON. CHARLES ROTHSCHILD, who is very much interested in entomology.

Charles Rothschild's pet hobby is that of collecting fleas, and at the Tring Park museum are to be seen cabinets containing over 10,000 specimens of the "uncomfortable insects," of all forms and sizes, gathered from nearly every corner of the world. Every mammal and bird is said to have a particular kind of flea, and very many have several different kinds. The cat flea, for instance, is different from the dog flea, and the dog flea from the sparrow flea, and each, in turn, is different from the "Pulex irritans," the scientist's pet name for the flea, which is such a source of trouble to human beings. This collection of fleas is probably the most complete of its kind, but there is one flea missing which Charles Rothschild most covets, and that is the flea of the Arctic fox.

Only two perfect specimens are known to exist in collections, and with a view to finding a third Mr. Rothschild two years ago commissioned the captain of the *Forget-Me-Not*, an Arctic trawler, to hunt for the specimens. But the captain eventually returned, flealess, for in August last Mr. Rothschild offered a reward of £1,000 for an Arctic fox flea—a reward which the writer believes has yet to be earned. The fleas at Tring Park, like the other inmates of the "zoo," have been collected through agents, and whenever an expedition is about to start for a protracted journey through a foreign land Mr. Rothschild usually engages one of the party to collect specimens of the insects from any species of mammal or bird encountered. He supplies phials, chloroform and labels, and the specimens reach Tring labeled with the name of the creature on which they were found. They are then classified, hermetically sealed and packed away in their proper cases.

Although Mr. Walter Rothschild does not take a very active interest in politics, he is an extremely popular man in the House of Commons. He is one of those quiet, kindly, unassuming men with whom it is a real pleasure to talk. He is a capital conversationalist, especially when talking of his great hobby, or to a man who, like himself, takes a keen delight in the recreations of shooting and hunting.

RUINOUS HABIT.

Great Britain to Stamp Out the Cigarette Evil.

A movement has been started in Britain (but which appears to be, at least, no less urgently called for in this country) to put down by legislative enactment the evil of cigarette smoking by young boys. At the head of the movement are men of the highest intellectual and moral rank, including Lord Kelvin, a number of bishops, prominent members of Parliament, officers of high military rank, headmasters of many of the most famous schools, presidents and secretaries of charitable or reformatory institutions dealing with children, eminent surgeons and physicians, etc.—just the men best qualified by observation and experience to express an opinion upon the cigarette habit in boys and its results. These gentlemen have signed and presented to Parliament, as well as published in the press, a petition urging the necessity for immediate action. They say, and truly, that the cigarette habit is a matter for national concern, for it is doing much to undermine the health and ruin the character of many British boys in the various grades of society.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Sorrow is only our side of their joy.

Circumstances cannot stunt the soul.

Misery is not a synonym for morality.

Love is always a door into larger life.

Lofty souls never despise lowly service.

There are solemn sinners as well as solemn saints.

A little vim in religion is worth a lot of vision.

Heart-keeping is the secret of happy housekeeping.

The self-contented are bound to suffer from solitude.

He who rebels against conscience ruins character.

Lessons are for our learning rather than our liking.

Goods are among the least of the rewards of goodness.

Suffering should leave a legacy of ability to sympathize.

Men of shiftless habits are never of immovable character.

It is no use singing "sunshine" if your life is all moonshine.

The true man never lets his living stand in the way of his lip.

No good is found in a difficulty by the man who crawls around it.

The man who resists a tendency will not have to regret a habit.

The only effective criticism of a poor religion is the creation of a better one.

NO FUNNY-BONE.

That which is popularly known as the "funny-bone," just at the point of the elbow, is in reality not a bone at all, but a nerve that lies near the surface, and which, on getting a knock or blow, causes the well-known tingling sensation in the arms and fingers.

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY

IT IS THE UNLUCKIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

Been Four Times Destroyed Within the Space of Eighteen Months.

The writer recently visited what is generally considered to be the most unfortunate city in the world—Paterson, New Jersey—where Bresci, the Italian Anarchist, is said to have concocted the plot which led to the assassination of King Humbert of Italy. Four great catastrophes visited Paterson within a period of eighteen months, while its minor troubles have been innumerable. To a Patersonian, who has passed unscathed through all the terrible misfortunes, which have visited his town, the writer was indebted for much interesting information regarding this unlucky city.

"Paterson," he said, "is believed by many thousands of Americans to be under a curse, and when one remembers the number of times it has been practically wiped out of existence, there seems to be good grounds for such a belief. I do not recall any great misfortune visiting this city until 1900, when an epidemic of typhoid carried away many hundreds of the inhabitants. I myself caught the disease, but recovered, and when I was able to get about again I found that a great number of my friends were lying under the churchyard turf."

Then the Anarchists, who congregated here in hundreds, arose and terrorized the town, and people began to fear Paterson. When they were subdued several atrocious murders attracted the eyes of the world and the city gained a more unenviable reputation than before.

But it was in February, 1902, that the first of the four great calamities visited Paterson and practically

DESTROYED THE TOWN.

On the 9th of that month fire broke out in one of the side streets and spread with such tremendous rapidity that the local fire brigade was unable to cope with it. Block after block of buildings was destroyed, until all that was left of the town was a smouldering heap of ruins. Offers of assistance came from all parts of the States, but they were declined by Mayor Hinchliffe, who stated that Paterson would surmount her difficulties unaided.

The loss in property alone was estimated at \$10,000,000, but we have some rich men in Paterson, and the mayor's suggestion that we should rebuild the city without any outside assistance was enthusiastically agreed to. Soon a new and improved Paterson began to rise above the ashes of the old, and the work was being watched with pride by the inhabitants when another and a worse calamity swooped down on our unfortunate city. The Passaic River, below which the town of Paterson lies, burst its banks and, rushing through the heart of the city, wiped out in less than half an hour the entire work of reconstruction. Foundations were torn up, buildings undermined, and men, women and children drowned by scores. Then once more the influence of our heroic mayor made itself felt.

He manned a boat, and together with other members of the Town Council visited the imprisoned families, leaving food and cheering words.

WHEREVER HE WENT.

Further offers of outside help were received, but these were again declined, the mayor stating in a letter to the Press that Paterson would yet rise triumphant and unaided, humorously adding: "It might have been worse. The buildings were unfinished, anyhow."

Gradually the floods subsided and we began again the work of repairing the damage. By October 1st, 1902, Paterson once more began to present a respectable appearance, and we were congratulating ourselves on being within sight of the end of our troubles when the laboring population went on strike and, marching through the town, expressed its determination to perform the same kind of offices which fire and flood had accomplished before them.

It was generally believed that the Anarchists were at the bottom of the riots, and Mayor Hinchliffe ordered the head of the police to don his uniform, gather his men together, and march against the foe. But the head of the police considered the idea a poor one and declined; so the mayor, who is a most remarkable man, simply deposed him, and thereby became chief of the police himself.

Then, having donned the discharged official's uniform, the mayor called for volunteers and led the attack on the rioters.

AND DISPERSED THEM.

Many were wounded on both sides, but order was subsequently restored. "When the mayor took off his uniform that night and hung his staff up behind the door he breathed a sigh of relief and hoped his troubles and those of poor Paterson were over. He awoke on the morrow full of zeal for the completion of the city, and the work progressed rapidly until July, 1903, when it was practically finished.

There were great rejoicings, torch-light processions, civic banquets, feasts for the women and children, and everything pointed to a life of prosperity and peace, when Paterson received another blow which almost crushed even the heroic spirit of the mayor himself.

Towards the end of July a tornado of a particularly lusty and properly-destroying nature bore down on Paterson. It made straight for our unfortunate city, passing many towns and villages on its way without so much as raising the thatched roof of a cottage. It was bound for Paterson alone, and gathered strength as it reached its prey. It struck the town with a fatal blow, tossed houses upside down as though they were made of chips.

WRECKED THE HOSPITALS. destroyed the railways, tore down the telephone and telegraph wires, reducing to matchwood everything in its path.

Having torn the heart out of Paterson the tornado vanished as mysteriously as it had come. No one was killed, though many were injured, and when the inhabitants had recovered their breath, as it were, the mayor once more appeared like the good fairy in the pantomime, assuring his people that they had much to be thankful for in the fact that no lives had been lost.

"He stoutly declared that the rebuilding of the city would begin forthwith, and pressure had to be borne upon him, I believe, before he could be persuaded to have his lunch first. The city was at once placed in the builders' hands, and again the work of reconstruction was commenced, but scarcely a month had elapsed before the Passaic river again rose and flooded the town.

"With some sinking at his heart the mayor once more called for his boat, handed food through the attic windows of the flood-surrounded houses, and informed the bewildered inhabitants that the water was already receding. In a few weeks the streets of Paterson were once more visible and the Passaic returned to its natural course. The city is still being built, though we dread its completion, not knowing what kind of calamity to expect next."

WHERE SHIPS' SAILS SING.

Bells Heard Ringing One Hundred Miles Away.

Some curious facts have been noted with regard to the sound-conducting qualities of ships' sails. When rendered concave by a gentle breeze, the widespread sails of a ship are said to be excellent conductors of sound.

A ship was once sailing along the coast of Brazil, far out of sight of land. Suddenly several of the crew, while walking along the deck, noticed that when passing and repassing a particular spot they always heard with great distinctness the sound of bells chiming sweet music, as though being rung but a short distance away.

Dumbfounded by this phenomenon, they quickly communicated the discovery to their shipmates, but none of them were able to solve the enigma as to the origin of these seemingly mysterious sounds which came to them across the water.

Months afterwards, upon returning to Brazil, the crew determined to satisfy their curiosity. Accordingly they mentioned the circumstance to their friends, and were informed that at the time when the sounds were heard the bells in the Cathedral of San Salvador, on the coast, had been ringing to celebrate a feast held in the honor of one of the saints.

Their sound, wonderful to relate, favored by a gentle, steady breeze, had travelled a distance of upwards of 100 miles over the smooth water, and had been brought to a focus by the sails at the particular locality in which the sweet sounds were first heard.

This is but one of several instances of a similar kind, trustworthy authorities claiming that this same music is often heard under somewhat identical circumstances, and especially in a moisture-laden atmosphere.

OUR LANGUAGE.

Oddities of Spelling Illustrated by Words.

The vagaries of English spelling are well illustrated in the following extract. The words sound properly, but the spelling does not correspond to the meaning required. It would make a good exercise in spelling to rewrite the extract in its proper form:

Know won kneads weight two bee, tolled thee weigh too dew sew.

A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernel, with a rough around his neck, blue up the rode as quick as a deer.

After a thyme he stopped at a blew house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to raze his fare, pail face. A feint mown rows from his lips.

The made who herd the belle was about two pair a pare, butt she through it down and ran with awl her mite, for fear her gussed wood knot weight. Butt when she saw the little won, tiers stood in her ayes at the site.

"Ewe poor deer! Why dew yew lye hear? Are you dying?"

"Know," he said, "I am feint."

She boar hymn in her arms, and hurried two a rheum where he mite bee quiet, gave him bred and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his neck scarf, rapped him up warm, and gave him a suite drachm.

Mother—Johnny! On your way home from school, stop at the store and get me a stick of candy and a bar of soap. Father—What do you want of a stick of candy? Mother—That's so he'll remember the soap.

LAKE CHAD TO ATLANTIC

WATER ROUTE TO MID-AFRICA DISCOVERED.

May be Used in Flood Season to Carry Quantities of Freight.

The French have just proved the existence of a navigable waterway from Lake Chad, in the centre of Africa, on the edge of the Sahara Desert, to the Atlantic Ocean.

About four months ago Capt. Lenfant started up the Niger River and its great navigable tributary, the Benue, to ascertain if the reported water connection between the Chad and Niger systems really existed. News has just reached Paris of his safe arrival on the large Shari tributary of Lake Chad. He had successfully navigated the channel connecting the Benue and the Shari systems, thus proving the existence during a part of the year at least of through-water communication between the ocean and Lake Chad. He carried his party and supplies in small boats. He says that the route may be used to carry a large quantity of freight in the flood season.

About 255 miles up the Niger, at the bird flies, the Benue, coming almost straight from the east, pours its waters into the great river. It is almost a second Niger in volume, and is navigable by steamers to Yola, more than 500 miles up the river. Following the windings of the streams, the Niger and its tributary afford about 900 miles of uninterrupted steam navigation from the ocean into Central Africa. It is the only river system of the continent giving so long a stretch of water highway from the sea.

The region of the Benue's head streams has never been adequately explored, because, previous to the occupancy of the western Sudan by the British and French, it was dangerous for small parties of white men to venture among the fanatical inhabitants. A few whites, however, got into the country, and several of them, including the well-known explorers Vogel and Hutchinson, reported that from what they saw and what the natives told them they believed that during the season of floods the upper Benue was connected by a continuous line of channels with the Shari and Lake Chad.

TUBURI SWAMPS.

swamps about 225 miles directly south of the lake, occupy a long and narrow area that is almost exactly balanced on the water parting between the Mayo Kebbi, flowing to the Logone branch of the Shari River. He found that the superfluous waters of the swamps flow in one direction into the Logone, and in other into the Mayo Kebbi.

Some years ago three representatives of the British Niger Company pushed up the Mayo Kebbi on a steamer. It was the flood time, and the vessel was able to ascend almost to the Tuburi swamps, where the channel finally became too narrow for further progress. The steamboat was too large, and so the question of a through waterway to the Chad basin remained unsolved.

Capt. Lenfeld has solved it, and the news he has sent home is of great importance for French colonial interests near Lake Chad. He was sent out for the particular purpose of solving this problem. He has proved that the Tuburi depression is filled with a series of lagoons which in flood time present a continuous navigable route that small boats may use to pass from one water system into the other.

The French have growing interests in their territory on the north and northeast shores of Lake Chad. They are maintaining a station there, and the Kanem district on the north-east coast has large fertile areas and a cover of carrying supplies to this region has been almost prohibitive, for it has been necessary to take them many hundreds of miles on the backs of men.

The French will utilize the new route to its fullest extent. It can be employed only for small boats, and for three or four months in the year, but an enormous quantity of goods may be transported in that time, and they may be carried all the way by steamer from the ocean to Lake Chad, except for the comparatively short stretch in the region of the swamps, where smaller boats to be poled or rowed will be necessary.

EARTHQUAKES IN ENGLAND.

The last earthquake of any considerable violence in England occurred on March 8, 1750. Such disturbances are not so infrequent in the British Isles as many suppose; but it must be admitted they are generally very slight. Even in that notoriously mobile district about Comrie, in Perthshire—when during the winter 1839-40 they had a hundred and forty earthquakes, being at an average they seldom do much harm. The year 1750 is the year par excellence of English earthquakes. It opened with most unseasonable weather, the heat being according to Walpole, "beyond what was ever known in any other country," and on the 8th of February a pretty smart shock was experienced, followed exactly a month later by a second and severer one. "The excitement in London was intense. 'Following the example of Bishops Secker and Sherlock, the clergy showered down sermons and exhortations, and a country quack sold pills 'as good against an earthquake.'"

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England:
St. Martin's Church, cor. Third and Train
or streets. Sunday services, Matins at 11 a.
m., Evensong 7:30 p. m. Celebration of Holy
Communion, 1st Sunday in each month and
on special occasions. Sunday School, Sun-
day at 2 p. m. Committee Meetings, 1st
Thursday in each month.

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

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

New Flies and Fishing Tackle at
C. R. Bourne's.

The "Gleaner" will arrive at
Atlin this (Saturday) morning and
the "Scotia" leaves at 5 p. m. to
connect with her return trip.

Try the famous Eden Bank
Creamery Butter. Limited supply
at the A. T. Co's.

Dr. Gatewood, dentist, arrived
here on the first boat. All persons
requiring his services should lose
no time, as he will only remain a
short while. Office next door to
C. R. Bourne's.

Just arrived, large consignment
of Men's, Boys', Youths' and
Ladies', Misses' and Children's
Shoes, Slippers, &c., at the
A. T. Co's.

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

Mr. H. St. J. Montizambert, who
has been in here on mining busi-
ness, is leaving this morning for
N. B. Kootenay and hopes to re-
turn about August. He expresses
regret that business calls him back
for the time being.

Well assorted Stock of Domestic
and Imported Cigars at Bourne's.

The music rendered by the "Ser-
enaders" was greatly appreciated,
but would have been more so had
they remained to sing a lullaby, as
the younger member of the family
kept up the chorus till daylight
dawned again.

The O. K. Barber Shop for Hot
or Cold Baths at all hours, 50 cents.

The Kootenay Cafe has changed
hands and is now under the man-
agement of Mrs. Tom Mitchell.

Pitch, Oakum and Caulking Cot-
ton, Oar Locks, Paints and Oils, for
sale at J. D. Durie's.

You should just see the Bills of
fare presented, since the boats have
at last begun to run.

If you want a good meal go to the
Quick Lunch Room, Mrs. Henning
proprietress.

H. S. Beddison, representing
Kelly, Douglas & Co., was in town
this week. He reports a good sale
of "Nabob Tea," Coffee, Heintz
Pickles and Bishop's Preserves, all
of which articles are A 1 quality
and should command an easy sale.
He also brought a fine sample line
of Imported Cigars and took some
very good orders for them.

New stock of Stationery, Letter
Heads, Bill Heads, Dodgers, Post-
ers, Cards, Programmes, Invita-
tions, Envelopes, etc., etc.

Atlin Claim Office.

W. G. Paxton, Notary Public,
will attend in Discovery on Wed-
nesdays and Saturdays until further
notice.

BORN.—To Mr. and Mrs. R. D.
Rorke, on June 9th, a daughter.

FOUND.—On the trail between
the Beaver mine and Atlin, Set of
Teeth, gold bridge. Owner can
have same by applying at "Claim
Office."

TO SELL OR RENT.—Resi-
dence of five rooms in desirable lo-
cality fully furnished. Kitchen
Range, Heaters, etc.

Mrs. W. J. Smith.

BEDS AND ROOMS.—Clean,
Quiet and Reserved. — At THE
METROPOLITAN, Atlin.

W. J. Smith, Prop.

Dog Muzzles can be had at J. D.
Durie's Hardware Store.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that within ninety
days I shall apply to the Chief Commissioner
of Lands and Works for permission to pur-
chase eighty (80) acres more or less:
Commencing at a post marked: R. D.
Rorke's S. E. corner post, about 250 feet
from the shore of Atlin Lake; thence north-
easterly forty (40) chains; thence westerly to the
shore of Atlin Lake; thence southerly and
easterly, following the shore of Atlin Lake
to the south-west corner of R. L. McLeod's
lease; thence northerly to the N. W. corner
of said lease; thence easterly along the
northern boundary of said lease to the point
of commencement.

E. D. RORKE.

Dated, Atlin, B. C., June 11th, 1904.

NOTICE.

Sixty days from date I will apply to the
Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for
permission to purchase the following de-
scribed lands in the Atlin District. Com-
mencing at a post marked: A. C. H. N. W.
corner, adjoining C. R. Meyers' S. W. corner
post and planted at a point on the Eastern
boundary of Atlin Township; thence Easterly
40 chains; thence South 27 chains; to the
Northern boundary of the Anacosta mi-
neral claim; thence Westerly 40 chains; thence
Northerly 27 chains to point of commence-
ment, containing 108 acres, more or less.

A. C. HINSCHBERG.

Dated, Atlin, B. C., May 10th, 1904.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days
after date I intend to apply to the
Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works
for permission to purchase the following
described land situated in the Atlin District,
viz.:—Commencing at a post marked D. R.
N. W. corner, planted about one mile North-
East of Atlin Township; thence Easterly 40
chains; thence Southerly 40 chains; thence
Westerly 40 chains; thence Northerly 40
chains to point of commencement, contain-
ing 160 acres more or less.

D. ROSS.

Dated, Atlin, B. C., May 11th, 1904.

E. M. N. WOODS,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

Has taken an Office at Room 1, Gold
House, Discovery. Office Hours—
Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays,
from 9 to 8 p. m.

BROWNLEE & TAYLOR.

PROVINCIAL AND DOMINION
LAND SURVEYORS.

Consulting, Civil and Hydraulic Engineers.
Atlin, British Columbia

**LOTS
HOUSES
CABINS**

**For Sale
or Rent.**

Apply at

"CLAIM" OFFICE.

STABLES & LUMSDEN

We are still doing business at the
Old Stand

THE IRON STORE.

And are to the front with Fresh Eggs
and the best brands of Butter, backed up
by a full line of Groceries, best brands on the
Market.

OUR MOTTO: Fair treatment to all

OUR AIM: Once a Customer, always a Customer.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER

AND

MANUFACTURING Co., Limited.

On and after May 1st and until further notice, the following will
be the rates for lights. Accounts collectible weekly.

ELECTRIC LIGHT RATES.—Installation, \$3.50 per light.

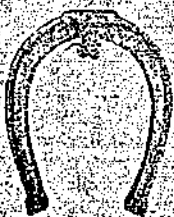
16 Candle Power Incandescent \$0.50 per week per light.

8 " " " " \$0.25

The Company will furnish all lamps free of charge and replace old
lamps with new ones when burned out.

CHEAPER, BETTER, SAFER, CLEANER, & HEALTHIER THAN OIL.

MODERN STEAM LAUNDRY IN CONNECTION—WASH BUNDLES COLLECTED & DELIVERED.



J. D. DURIE.

ATLIN & DISCOVERY.

Shelf and Heavy Hardware.
Tin and Granite Ware—Miner's & Black-
smith's Supplies—Doors and Windows.
FURNITURE AND MATTRESS FACTORY.

LOUIS SCHULZ,

Wholesale and Retail Butcher

FIRST STREET, ATLIN, B. C.

ROYAL HOTEL.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

CHOICEST WINES LIQUORS & CIGARS

ALEXANDER BLAIN, Proprietor.

NOW OPEN

Northern Brewing Company, Ltd.

ATLIN, B. C.

BREWERS OF LAGER BEER.

SMALL AND LARGE ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

THE MEAT MARKET

CHRIS DOELKER,

FIRST STREET, Atlin.

I KEEP NONE BUT PRIME STOCK—LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Pioneer Bakery and Restaurant.

HAS REOPENED

Fresh Bread, Pies and Cakes.

Rooms to Rent.—Board by the Week. — C. R. MYERS, Proprietor.