THE ATLIN CLAIM.

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1200 CUBIC YARDS.

Approximate Estimate of One of Spruce Creek's Dumps.

Our Correspondent Has a Look Around — General Prospects Look Very Bright.

Spruce Creek is this winter a scene of great activity and every indication points to handsome returns from the winter's work.

Some 70 men are wintering on the creek, 50, at least, of whom are taking out large and promising looking dumps.

The real value of Spruce in respect of its winter diggings is only now becoming apparent. The benches and hills consist of a hard conglomerate gravel, extending from two to five hundred feet on each side of the creek, and for at least two miles up the creek, commencing at about 130 below discovery. This gravel carries values averaging about 3 cents to the pan throughout. No timbering is required and the drifts are being run fifteen feet wide. Powder has been freely used this winter, with great effectiveness.

Our Correspondent states that there could be profitable employment on Spruce for 500 men for the next twenty years.

As instances of what is being accomplished this winter, it might be mentioned that on Bodine and Hampton's ground four men have been steadily employed, and from measurement, have a dump containing, approximately, 1200 cu. yards, and, at the average value, should not yield less than $7000. They are running two cars between the mine and the dump. On the ground of Swanson and Ball is a dump even larger than that of the one previously mentioned. Cars are being used here also. Piquet, Doyle & Co. have begun sluicing.

The work being done at the present time is between claims 90 to 126 below the discovery claim.

A season of great activity is anticipated for the coming season on the creek. Two or three more friction hoists will be brought in this spring, as the work accomplished by these during the last two years has established the fact of the efficacy of these simple contrivances.

We are informed that the miners' living accommodations on Spruce creek are better and more comfortable than any in the district, or, for that matter, in any mining camp in the Province.

Mr. McKee and his party are off again on their prospect hunt. Mr. Morgan, whose accident compelled the party to return in a hurry, is now fully recovered.

Caribou to Atlin by Stage.

The recent Skagway papers contain the following announcement:

This afternoon—28th ulto—after the arrival of the train at Caribou, there will be a stage leave Caribou for Atlin. This is the first stage to run this winter and a regular schedule will be arranged. Several passengers leave for Caribou this morning to take the stage this afternoon.

The announcement was news to us, and, upon investigation we find that the line is being conducted by the redoubtable Joe Brookes. The advertising is being done by the White Pass Co., we are informed. Within a few weeks the venture should prove a profitable one.

The time schedule for the new stage line between Caribou and Atlin, is, leave Caribou, Tuesdays and Fridays; leave Atlin Sundays and Wednesdays. The fare is advertised at $15 either way. There are three road houses, 10-Mile House, Squaw Point and one about 44 miles from Caribou. The trip will be made in two days.

A Valuable Consideration.

The United States has formally accepted the offer of the Panama Canal Company to sell to the U. S. the canal property, and all of the Company's rights therein, for $40,000,000, on the ratification of the pending treaty with the Republic of Colombia. The following cable message has been sent by President Roosevelt to the President of the Canal Company:

"The President desires that the proceedings necessary to the transfer of the property be forwarded as much as possible, to the end that when the pending treaty is ratified and goes into effect, nothing will remain to be done, but to consummate the transaction by the delivery of possession and the payment of the consideration."

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

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

CAPITAL vs. LABOR.

A Struggle for Supremacy — Labor in the Ascendant.

The Federation of Railway Employees Asserts Itself—The Canadian Pacific Railway Company Has Trouble On Its Hands.

One of the worst strikes ever known in Western Canada is now in progress in Vancouver, which is completely paralysing trade in that city. A new Federation of Railroad Employees has lately been formed and the demands of this Federation not being acceded to by the C. P. R., a strike has been ordered. It is so far reaching that even the clerks in the offices have gone out. The Company has been compelled to refuse freight for it has no means of moving it. One of the Empresses, which came in this week is laying at her dock, with a full cargo unable to have it discharged. Even teamsters refuse to touch a pound of freight for the Company. The telegraph operators are out in sympathy with the other employees. What the outcome will be it is hard to foresee, but from the manner in which the Federation has taken hold of the matter, it would seem as if the Company would have to meet the demands of its employees.

Canada has been singularly free from railroad strikes and it is to be hoped that an amicable settlement will soon be reached.

No More Heathen Chinee.

Mr. Aulay Morrison is credited with the statement that he was in a position to say that the Chinese would be excluded from Canada by by the Dominion Government at the next session of the Dominion House.

New Stock of Gorden and Flower Seeds at C. R. Bourne's.

Murdock McKay is tooting for Atlin in the Coast cities. He is told that if his coal property is as rich as he says, he has the makings of a fortune.

A hockey match will be played at Discovery—which will possibly be the last of the season—this afternoon, and we hope the Sporting Editor will not forget his duty to the public and to the votaries of the game and hand his report in to us in time for next week's paper.

'Tis said that Pat Sneyd, of Spruce creek has fallen heir to a "wad," has "chucked" mining and has gone East to look for a wife. In all of which we wish him joy.

Atlin is to have electric light, a steam laundry and an automolie stage line this summer.

DON'T WANT MUCH.

The Proposed Trans-Canada Railway.

Would Like British Columbia to Give Them About 8,000,000 acres of Land.

The promoters of the Trans-Canada railroad are endeavoring to educate the people of the West into the scheme. Mr. O. E. Talbot, M. P., for Bellchase, Que., has been addressing the different Boards of Trade and public meetings. His company, knowing that the Provincial treasury could not well afford to give a cash subsidy, proposes to ask for a land grant of 20,000 acres per mile for the 400 miles of road through the Province. Mr. Talbot says that the construction of the road would be begun this spring simultaneously at three points—from Port Simpson, east; from Norway House, at the head of Lake Winnipeg, west, and from Lake St. John, west.

A survey party, under Mr. A. E. Hill, D.L.S., of New Westminster, and a party are about to leave Vancouver for Port Simpson to commense an exhaustive examination of the terminal facilities and the topographical conditions of the route which the Trans-Canada railway will traverse in approaching Port Simpson or any other terminal which may be decided upon as the most convenient.

A Postponement.

The B. C. Government has seen fit to alter the date for the assembling of the House. It is now announced to meet for the transaction of business on April 2nd instead of on the 12th inst. This change was announced in the B. C. Gazette of 20th ulto.

The reason assigned is the Government's inability to get the business of the session ready for the 12th inst.

At the annual meeting of the Atlin Gun Club, held in the Kootenay Hall last Friday, 27th ulto, the following officers were elected; Pres., J. St. Clair Blackett; Vice-Pres., Dr. Young; Team Captain, G. E. Hayes; Executive Committee, Messrs. Fetherstonhaugh, Roselli, Hayes and D. Ross; Secy.-Treas., J. D. Lumsden.

Mail Carrier R. G. Thomas has reduced the running time between Log Cabin and Atlin by three-quarters of an hour, having completed his trip, with a full load—350 lbs—and in the teeth of a gale, in exactly 8¾ hours.

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

NICK HOGABOOM'S SCOOP.

IT was the neatest piece of business chronicled in the police annals of Tolchester. The detective department said so, and it ought to know; the police reporters enlarged on the deftness of the thief, and in criminal circles the "job" was referred to with bated breath, and with the same degree of admiration as provincial artists accord to the work of some master whose skill has raised him above the jealousy of mediocrity. The social importance of the wedding—"Millionaires in Hymen's Bonds," was the heading in one paper—was completely overshadowed in public interest, and in the estimation of city editors, by the daring robbery which marred the reception and sent the bride away in a state of semi-hysterics. The presents had been jealously guarded by two private detectives, with silk hats, and frock coats badly fitting and hired for the occasion, while a third, garbed as a footman, had officiated at the front door, to keep a sharp eye on the stream of guests lest any evil-disposed person should obtain an entrance. And yet, in spite of all precautions, four valuable pieces of jewelry had mysteriously disappeared under the very noses of the custodians.

The list, as supplied to the city force, was itemized as follows:

1 Diamond pin, valued at	$ 350
1 Diamond sunburst	1,000
1 Emerald hoop ring	250
1 Rope of pearls	2,500

It was a long time since Tolchester had enjoyed such a sensation. The social prominence of the parties lent additional piquancy to the occurrence, and people who, as a rule, never looked at the society columns, eagerly scanned the list of wedding guests, and wondered who, in that provincially august catalogue, could have been the author of one of the neatest "touches" on record.

Nick Hogaboom, police reporter of the "Courier," felt a double interest in the affair, both from a personal and professional point of view. Much to his disgust, he had been assigned to write up the ceremony, the reportorial staff being below its normal strength, and had with his own hand catalogued for his paper the large array of wedding gifts. He had been greatly taken with the beauty of the diamond pin, jocularly remarking to the society editress of the "Weekly Hearth and Home" that he "had a good mind to pinch it for his Sunday tie," and had wished, with a sigh, that he could afford to hand such a string of pearls on a certain white neck.

As police reporter of the "Courier," with a reputation for "scoops," for so exclusive news stories are called in the jargon of the press, it behooved him to get the earliest information on the subject of the robbery, and so he strolled into the office of the chief of the city detective staff, to pick up any crumbs which that august official might vouchsafe to let fall. The chief liked Nick Hogaboom as well as he permitted himself to like any of the reporters, whose premature disclosures sometimes interfered seriously with his plans, and he graciously suffered two pieces of information to be extracted—first, that Mr. Wotherspoon had offered a reward of a thousand dollars for the recovery of the stolen jewelry; and, secondly, that Detective Wright, who had been assigned on the case, was ill, and that his place had been taken by Detective Bundlesroth.

"Bundles, eh?" queried Nick, with a slight uplifting of the eyebrows and an indrawing of the lips, which did not escape the keen eyes of the chief.

"Have you got any objection to my putting him on?" he asked, sarcastically. "If you have, why, don't hesitate to say so, and I'll switch the staff around to accommodate you." The chief's eyes might be open to the deficiencies of certain members of his force, but he did not choose that others should comment on them, even by depreciatory pantomime.

Nick laughed. "Oh, Bundles is all right, I guess," he said.

"What's the matter between you and Bundlesroth these days?" the chief enquired. "You used to be as thick as thieves. A bit too thick to suit me sometimes," he added, with a grim smile.

"Just a little difference of opinion," replied the reporter, carelessly. "We'll get over our grouch some day." He showed no inclination to pursue the conversation along these personal lines, and a few minutes later took his leave.

Passing down the stairs Nick met another reporter, to whom he imparted the routine information which he had just received. The other grinned.

"It's a pipe for the bird if old man Bundles has got the job of putting salt on his tail," he said. "Why, the old jay couldn't catch the smallpox in a pesthouse. He's beginning to tumble to the fact that he's getting pretty dead, but this'll bloat him up some."

Two policemen, standing near, overheard the remark, and snickered appreciatively.

"Poor old Bundles!" soliloquized Nick, as he left the building. "If he doesn't get a move on, I'm afraid it's going to be a case of sack;" and then he fell to meditating ruefully on his own relations with the despised detective.

It was true, as the chief had remarked, that Nicholas Hogaboom and Detective Bundlesroth were no longer "thick," and the reason for the split was a woman. Bundles had a daughter, Mamie, a bright-faced, wholesome, attractive lass, and Mamie had found favor in the eyes of the police reporter. He had seen her on many occasions when he called for a private and confidential chat with her father, and had taken her several times to the theater with full parental sanction. He felt it hard, therefore, that, after he had obtained from the girl a blushing confession that his attachment was reciprocated, Bundles should have rounded on him and sternly refused to allow or sanction any engagement, even pointed out that his savings and his present salary were amply sufficient to warrant his taking a wife, but the father was obdurate, and forbade any intercourse between the young people. Consequently the two men now confined themselves to a strictly professional relationship, and spoke to one another as seldom as possible.

Nick, strolling towards the "Courier" office, paused in front of the alluring jewelry display in the windows of Mullarkey & Co. Those windows had recently held a great attraction for him, and he never passed them without stopping to select a ring, usually the most expensive in the collection, which he pictured himself as purchasing and slipping on to Mamie's finger, with an appropriate accompanying speech. Nick had that speech down pat, and he was running his eye over the ring-cases, preparatory to going through his customary mental theatricals, when he became aware that another man was also regarding the jewels, and with the eye of a connoisseur. The stranger was tall, well dressed in a frock-coat and silk hat, and wore an air of distinction.

Nick looked at him once or twice out of the corners of his eyes, and his brows drew together in a puzzled frown. For the moment Mamie was forgotten. He had seen that face recently, under circumstances which lent the recognition an additional interest, and he had seen it some years before, under other circumstances which his mind was unable to recall. As he tried in vain to locate the brain-cell in which this special memory was stored, he saw the man raise his hat, draw a handkerchief from his pocket, and, grasping it delicately between forefinger and thumb, pass it once or twice across his forehead. Then a great light broke suddenly on the young reporter, and he checked a whistle of astonishment which gathered behind his lips.

"What a cinch," he whispered, as he continued to gaze fixedly in front of him. He permitted himself the luxury of snapping the finger and thumb of the hand in his trousers' pocket, but externally he gave no sign of the triumph surging in his bosom.

"It's a case of shadow, sure," he said to himself, as the man moved away from the window, and while the tall, silk-hatted figure strolled leisurely along the street, the sturdy form of the reporter loafed behind at a convenient distance.

Before they had gone far the object of Nick's pursuit encountered the assistant manager of one of the city banks, and stopped for a few minutes' conversation. Nick, who happened to be passing a corset emporium, at once halted and became engrossed in the contents of the window, until the two separated after a warm handshake.

Now, it so happened that the bank manager lay under a slight obligation to Nick Hogaboom, and he greeted the young man pleasantly when they met.

"The man I was just talking to?" he said, in reply to Nick's artless enquiry. "Oh, that's Walter Welfern of Boston. Been here some months trying to get people interested in a patent soap-dish. Live? Has a flat at 17 Marobel street. Why? D'ye want to interview him? Just told me he was leaving for New York to-morrow for a few weeks. Well, so long! Glad to have seen you."

The bank manager hurried away, and Nick abandoned the chase. He had learned all that he wanted to know. Fifteen minutes later he rang the bell at 17 Marobel street.

"Mr. Welfern ain't in just now," said the servant who opened the door. "Did you want to see him pertic'lar?"

"Pretty particular," replied Nick. "When would I be likely to catch him in?"

"He'll be in about ten o'clock to-night, I guess," said the servant. "He's goin' away to-morrow on the 8.15 train."

Nick expressed his thanks for the information and withdrew.

"Things are looking my way all right," he said, "and now to play my hand for what it's worth."

When Mamie Bundlesroth opened the door of her father's house in response to Nick's ring and saw who stood outside, she blushed and beamed, and then looked frightened.

"Paw in, Mame?" asked Nick. He winked and grinned in a manner incomprehensible to the girl, but he made no lover-like advances. Mamie's face fell.

"He's in the parlor, Nl— Mr. Hogaboom," she said, with a pathetic attempt at dignity.

"All right, Miss Bundlesroth," replied Nick, jocosely. "Just show me in, will you?" and added in a low voice, as she preceded him along the passage, "Things are coming our way at last, little girl, and we can afford to wait for paw's blessing."

Detective Bundlesroth did not wear the appearance of a hospitable host when Nick walked jauntily into the parlor, ushered in by a "Here's Mr. Hogaboom to see you, paw," from Mamie. He fixed a stony stare on his visitor, and emitted an interrogative grunt, which, translated into polite English, stood for, "To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"I dropped in to see you, Bundles," began Nick, easily, "for two reasons. First, because I want to find out whether you haven't changed your mind about Mamie——"

"I haven't, then," replied the other, sourly, "an' I don't mean to. I suppose you an' her have had a huggin'-match in the passage?"

"Then you suppose wrong," said Nick. "For a detective you're a mighty poor judge of human nature. I'm playing my cards on the table and so's Mame. There's no back-door business about us."

The detective's expression softened a little.

"It ain't no use talkin', Nick," he said. "You've got to give her up. I've got no objections to you personally, but there's richer men than you wants to marry my girl, an' she's got to take one ——"

Nick shrugged his shoulders. "We'll drop it, then," he said; "and now, how're things going in that Wotherspoon business? The chief tells me he's put you on to it. Picked up any clues yet?"

An air of profound wisdom, the air with which the professional detective masks the more or less of knowledge which he happens to possess, spread over Bundles' face.

"Youse fellows'll get to know in good time," he replied. "Mum's the word just now."

The reporter took a couple of cigars from his pocket, and rolled one across the table to his companion, who, after eyeing it for a moment with professional mistrust, bit the end off and lit it.

"It'll be a great thing for you, Bundles," said Nick, meditatively, as he blew a succession of rings and impaled them on his forefinger. "A thousand bucks ain't to be picked up every day, and then there's your rep. Say, I don't want to rub it into you, old man, but your brother cops are kind of giving you the laugh, and the papers are just a bit sore on you. They say you haven't pulled out anything since that Ellerman hold-up, and that you'd never have got wise to that if one of the thugs hadn't squealed to you on the q. t."

Now, in spite of an overweening vanity, Detective Bundlesroth was aware, in the inmost recesses of his soul, that Nicholas Hogaboom was not far from the truth. He had caught covert smiles on the faces of detectives and policemen when he had been expounding his theories. Humiliating references to his lack of acuteness as an officer, dropped in casual conversation by newspaper men, had come to his ears, and the chief's manner had not been as cordial of late as it used to be. There was no disguising the fact that he had failed lamentably in several cases entrusted to him, and although he had plenty of plausible explanations at command, he nevertheless felt that it behooved him to do something to re-establish a reputation which was fast becoming tarnished. The Wotherspoon robbery afforded him a brilliant opportunity, but unfortunately he was at the present time as far from any solution of the mystery as ever. Nick's remarks consequently touched him on a very raw spot, and it was with no very friendly look that he replied:

"They say that, do they? Well, I'll show 'em in a little while that Bundles ain't such a stiff as they think."

"It'll be a great thing for you, sure," continued Nick, placidly, "and it would look pretty in print. 'Detective Bundlesroth has again shown his old-time sagacity, and demonstrated that, in spite of advancing years, his intellect is as acute, and his intuition as sure, as in the days when he bore the reputation of being one of the most astute officers on the continent.' Say, how'd that hit you as part of the introduction to the story? Great, wouldn't it?"

The smile of gratified vanity which had played over the detective's face during this recitation of a possible paragraph, faded as he realized its visionary character.

"It'd be no more'n the truth," he grunted.

"Well," said Nick, with a sigh, "it's no use gassing about what might be; I guess I 'll drop over and see Emmett."

"What d'ye want to go an' see that stiff for?" queried Bundles. Emmett was a well-known private detective, whom the officers of the city force regarded with undisguised hostility. Bundles was especially bitter, Emmett having carried to a triumphant termination a case in which his, Bundles', lack of success had been conspicuous.

Nick blew a ring, impaled it with great exactness, and looked the detective straight in the eye.

"I want to put him next," he said.

"Next to what?"

"To who pinched those bits of glass at Wotherspoon's."

"And what in h—— do you know about it?" Bundles seldom swore, but he was agitated. Then Nick fired his blast.

"I know all about it," he said. "I know the man; I know where he lives, and I can put my hands on evidence. Oh, it's a lead-pipe, and to think that I've got to cough it all up to Emmett, and throw down the force, and you in particular. Say, Bundles, why ain't we friends?"

The detective's face flushed, and his eyes bulged out. "Are you giving it to me straight, or are you putting up a bluff?" he asked.

"Bluff be damned!" replied the young man. "I've got the cards for a show-down. Look here, I'll give you a little bit of it. Some years ago I was working on a paper in—well, never mind where, but it's quite a good-sized village. There was a big robbery trial on, and one of the slickest crooks in the States was in the dock. I was on the case, and used to sit day after day in the court room. The prisoner was a fine-looking fellow, and when the evidence was thin and there was nothing for me to do, I used to sit and look at him. He had a trick of wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, which struck me as peculiar—sort of lady-like fashion. Well, he was convicted, and got seven years, but on his way to the pen he made a clean getaway, and I never heard that they'd pinched him again. There was a reward of five hundred out for him, which I guess is still standing. At the Wotherspoon lay-out I piped this same man, but I didn't know him; couldn't think where I'd seen him. Two hours ago, in front of Mullarkey's, was this same coon standing, and I tried to size him up, but it was no go, till he pulled out his wipe and mopped his fevered brow. Then I tumbled right off. I found out his name, where he lives, when he's going to make a sneak, and all about it, and—and I guess that's about all at present from yours truly."

There was a long pause. Nick sat smoking deliberately and gazing abstractedly into the atmosphere. The detective shifted uneasily in his seat, examined the ash of his cigar with great minuteness, and cast furtive looks at the other. Presently he broke the silence.

"What do you want?" he asked, huskily.

"I reckon you don't wear blinders," replied the police reporter, coolly. "Now, Bundles, I'll give it to you straight. You give me your word—and you're not the man to go back on it—that I may marry Mamie inside of six months, and I'll put you next to the whole business. You can pouch all the stuff—fifteen hundred nice, juicy samoleons—and I'll see that you get all the credit that's coming. I'll square the boys on the other papers to give you the best send-off any of you cops ever had; they'll do that for me when they know I'm going to marry your girl. I'll pick the picture for you out of the gallery—it'll be there, dead sure—and we'll tell the people how Detective Bundlesroth saw the man on the street, and, possessing one of those phenomenal memories, rare among the cleverest of the force, that never forgets a face, recalled a certain photograph sent in to the office years ago, and worked this slight clue to a successful termination. Say, I'll never need to show in the business at all. I'll fix the man who handles A. P. here, and you'll get a good show in every paper in the country. What do you say? Is it a go?"

As the reporter proceeded, the imagination of the detective painted a series of highly-colored pictures in rapid succession. He saw himself raised to a pinnacle far loftier than that from which he had slipped so unaccountably. He saw his fame blazoned forth, from ocean to ocean, as the solver of a deep mystery and the captor of a noted malefactor who was badly "wanted." And last, but not least, he saw his bank account, now sadly attenuated, swelled into comparative fatness by the addition of fifteen hundred dollars. Hitherto his reputation at its best had been local; to-morrow it would be continental. He hesitated, but not for long. Taking a last suck at his cigar, and throwing it into a spittoon, he rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"It's a go," he said.

"Good," replied Nick. "I guess I'm going to be proud of my pa-in-law; and now, maybe we'd better call in Mamie and give her the latest bulletin."

At eight o'clock next morning a cab waited in front of 17 Marobel street, and two men stood near in animated discourse. A trunk was brought out and placed on the box, and a few minutes later a tall, well-dressed man appeared on the steps. As he leisurely descended, the other two moved forward, still talking, and reached the door of the cab just as the tall man had comfortably ensconced himself. Then, to the great surprise of the occupant, one of the pedestrians jumped suddenly into the vehicle and seated himself beside him.

"What does this mean?" cried Mr. Welfern of Boston, in great indignation.

"It's no go, Brady," said the intruder. "It's all up. Now, don't make a beef, because there's a gun in my pocket stickin' right into your ribs. Get in, Sam. Coachman, you know me—Detective Bundlesroth; drive to headquarters."

In spite of the excellent advice proffered by the detective, Mr. Welfern did make a considerable "beef," and it was not till a systematic search of his trunks at the central police station had revealed the missing articles of jewelry that he ceased to threaten all kinds of pains and penalties for the outrage to which he was being subjected. Then he accepted the situation with philosophical composure, and handed round his cigar-case with charming cordiality.

Nicholas Hogaboom was as good as his word. He squared the boys and the Associated Press correspondent, as he had promised, and Detective Bundles reaped a harvest of glory such as he had never dreamed of. The rewards were duly paid over to him, and no one, not even Mamie, ever knew that the entire credit for the achievement really belonged to another.

"How did you ever persuade paw to let you marry me?" Mamie asked wonderingly of her husband as they drove from the paternal mansion, followed by a shower of slippers discharged by the paternal hand.

"You know what a scoop is, don't you?" Nick enquired.

"Of course I do. It's something that you reporters get exclusive."

"Well," replied Nick, laughing, "this was just a case of scoop."

And more than that Mamie could never get him to say on the subject.

Something Like a Toronto Case.

Edna Crawford, the beautiful daughter of Chief Detective Ralph Crawford, of Cincinnati, has brought suit for ten thousand dollars damages against the famous New York photographer, Sarony, for using her picture as a corset advertisement without her permission. Detective Crawford was so incensed that he threatened to thrash Sarony, but was persuaded to let the law settle the matter. Sarony declares the girl was given professional rates, and thus gave him the right to use the picture as he did. Several days ago some of Miss Crawford's classmates were astonished to see her face mounted on the body of a giddy, bespangled actress in a magazine and in several theatrical papers. Next it began to appear out of corset "ads." and wearing two-dollar-and-forty-nine-cent shirt waists. She was shown as a high-kicker and in other attitudes, the very idea of which shocked the young woman. Miss Crawford denies the professional rate answer.

A really forgivable pun is one published by the Philadelphia "Ledger" when it ascribes the suicide of the diabolical governor of Shansi by swallowing gold leaf to "a consciousness of inward gilt."

Plea For the Plain Husband.

As the result of examining a very extensive collection of portraits of the newly married obtained from the illustrated papers, the present writer has come to the conclusion that the plain man is just now in the heyday of his popularity, matrimonially speaking!

It would seem that while the handsome man is charming to dally with, someone whose features are homely, indeed even ugly, is regarded as the wiser matrimonial venture.

The wife of the modern Adonis appears to have discovered, in fact, that by her own act she has created a problem that may bring her many hours of uneasiness, if not of actual pain.

Her husband lives upon the approbation of others. Her own worship of him may for a while suffice to satisfy him; but later on he will assuredly need that of the outside world. And the outside world is only too pleased to grant him all the admiration he requires. Balls, dinner-parties, picnics, skating meetings demand his presence constantly, but make no point of his wife being there at all, a fact she quickly discerns and proportionately resents. Should she absent herself from such gaieties, she imagines her husband making himself too agreeable to this pretty woman or that, and should she become a hanger-on of his popularity, she is all the while seething with hatred for her equivocal position.

Much of the vanity of the handsome man arises from the indiscreet adoration showered upon him in childhood. As he grows up he is made much of outside the family circle, because it is pleasant to have in a room full of guests as many handsome men as possible. And the sequel? Is it not obvious? When he fell in love, it was not altogether because his choice was fair and sweet, but because she, too, paid him the tribute of admiration.

Now, it is all very well to put a man on a pedestal and wreathe him with bays before marriage; but what a woman wants after marriage is a good and serviceable article in the way of a husband.

It is excessively annoying to a woman always to have to play second fiddle pianissimo when the beauty question is uppermost. Breathes there the wife in any household who dislikes some little passing mention made from time to time about her good looks and charming individuality? But the wife of an Adonis obtains little of this sweet incense.

Sweep away this picture and contemplate the companion one of the plain husband. His object is to make life a bed of roses for his wife and family. Unselfishly the plain man toils.

The plain husband "puts up" with things. Did ever a handsome one brook the domestic trials he cheerfully endures? Somehow the handsome man is expected to regard calamities from quite a different standpoint. Nay, more, the ugly, good-humored head of a household is expected to be the handy man of the family. If a chimney smokes, his plain features must be begrimed in an attempt to get at the root of the mischief; if a pipe leaks, his red and uncultured paws are quite good enough to probe the defect to its very depths. What handsome curled darling could possibly be expected to risk his good looks by performing such nasty tasks as these?

Judge—Why didn't you go to the assistance of the defendant in the fight? Policeman—Shure, an' Oi didn't know which av thim wus gein' to be th' defendant, yer honor.—Chicago "News."

A woman in pursuit of a late summer gown stood in front of a counter heaped with foulards in a big store. A blue ground with a white polka dot seemed to please her best, but she paused irresolutely. "It looks just like the old indigo blue calicoes they used to wear when I was a little girl in the country," she said, discontentedly. "Madame," said the portly salesman, "long after you and I are dead and gone women will be wearing blue and white polka dots. They have worn them since the race emerged from barbarism. They will wear them until it sinks into it again." After that portentous gravity and heavy philosophy the woman bought the dress in a dazed silence.—Tacoma "Ledger."

NO NEED TO SUFFER.

Torture of Rheumatism Relieved in Six Hours Cured

In One to Three Days.

The acid poison that invades the joints in Rheumatism can be reached only through the blood. **South American Rheumatic Cure** neutralizes the acids, dissolves and washes out all foreign substances and sends a current of rich, red blood to the affected parts, bestowing instant relief from the torturing pains. Read what C. M. Mayheer, of Thomasville, Ont., has to say: "My joints were so badly swollen with Rheumatism that I could hardly walk, or even feed myself. I have tried various other remedies, but they did me no good, and I almost despaired of getting cured. A friend advised me to try **The South American Rheumatic Cure,** and after using only three bottles I was entirely cured and have never had a return of the agonizing symptoms."

Pain in Your Kidneys?

South American Kidney Cure purges the kidneys of every impurity, and restores them to health—*speedily* and *perfectly.* No. 31

AN AWFUL CALAMITY.

A Pioneer Bunceed Out of His Own Cabin for Refusing to Work.

"It came out as I journeyed on horseback through Dakota that almost every settler's land was under mortgage, said a Westener, "and one day, when I came upon a pioneer seated on the grass by the roadside, with a troubled look on his face, I asked him if it was the mortgage he was worrying about.

"'Wuss that that, stranger,' he replied, as he looked up wearily.

"'Sickness or death in the family?'

"'Wuss than that.'

"'Then it must be a calamity, indeed. You didn't lose family and home by a prairie fire?'

"'Nope, but you are right about its being a calamity. I've been tryin' to think of that word for two hours past. Yes, sir; you can put it down as an awful calamity.'

"'But wont you explain?' I persisted.

"'I will, sir. Thar was a mortgage on the claim, and I was feelin' as big as any of my neighbors, and takin' things easy, when my wife was left $600. Stranger, dar I tell you what she did with that money?'

"'She didn't lose it?'

"'No, sir. She jest paid that mortgage, bought two horses and a plough, and this mornin' I was bounced out of my cabin bekase I wouldn't peel off my coat and go to work! Yes, sir, you are right. It's a calamity—a calamity that's landed me on the outside, and between my durned pride and her blamed spunk, somebody'll be eatin' grass afore Saturday night!'

What the Moon Saw.

Across the lake the willow whispered and hid her face behind her waving tresses. The moon, in answer to a cornstalk, blushed red and crept behind a passing cloud. The black bird, piping in the flags, grew silent, and the frog sank down deep in the ooze along the banks, turning his shinning back upon the scene transpiring on the bosom of the lake. The waters ceased their purling, and each little wave held its breath and did not stir. All, all was silent.

Adown the lake there crept a boat. Within it sat a maiden and a youth how fair was she! And, oh, how handsome was he! The oars lay on the seat, dripping a silent drop back to the water. They drifted. All, all was silent. Darker and yet more silent grew the night, for Nature's voice was hushed. The whole world seemed to hold its breath. And then—

The moon leaped forth from behind the cloud, the willow swept her locks from her eyes, the frog came forth, the cricket and the night birds sang and the world burst forth once more in song.

For George had kissed Angelina.—Answers.

Cupid Decides an Election Bet.

He was a bashful youth, and when he tried to frame a proposal to the girl of his heart his tongue glued itself to the roof of his mouth, and refused to be loosened.

One day they talked of politics. And then of political bets. His eye suddenly brightened.

"Wh-what do you say," he stammered desperately, "to making a little bet with me?"

"I've no objection," she sweetly answered.

"Then," he went on, "let's go ahead and make a bet. If McKinley is elected you w-will agree to m-m-marry me!" He could get no further.

But she nobly came to his rescue. "I'll make a bet, too," she softly murmured. "If Bryan is elected you will agree to marry me."

There was a brief silence. Then a queer smile struggled across the face of the agitated youth. Another smile lighted the countenance of the happy maid.

"Why wait for the election returns?" he chuckled.

And they were married the next week.

Texas Tells a Terrible Tale of Kentucky.

Man born in the mountains of Kentucky is of feud days and full of virus. He fisheth, fiddleth, cusseth and fighteth all the days of his miserable life.

He shunneth water as a mad dog and drinketh much mean whisky.

When he desireth to raise h—— he plantoth a neighbor, and lo he reapeth twenty-fold. He raiseth even from the cradle to seek the scalp of his grandsire's enemy, and bringeth home in his carcass the ammunition of his wife's neighbor's wife's cousin's father-in-law, who avengeth the deed.

Yes, verily his life is uncertain and he knows not the hour he may be jerked hence.

He goeth forth on a journey half shot and cometh back on a shutter, shot.

He riseth in the night to let the cat out, and it taketh nine doctors three days to pick the buckshot out of him.

He goeth forth in joy and gladness and cometh back in scraps and fragments.

A cyclone bloweth him into the bosom of his neighbor's wife and his neighbor's wife's husband bloweth him into Abraham's bosom before he hath time to explain.

He emptieth a demijohn into himself and a shotgun into his enemy, and his enemy's son lieth in wait for him on election day and lo! the coroner ploweth up a forty-acre field to bury the remains of the man.

Woe, woe is Kentucky! for her eyes are red with bad whisky, and her soul is stained with the blood of innocent moonshiners.

UNAPPRECIATED FAVOR.

Woggles Don't Know Exactly What Obligation He is Under.

"Say, Toggles," said Mr. Woggles, "Joggles tells me you're going to run down to the city tomorrow. Will you have time to drop into Wheels & Pinions's and get my watch for me? I left it there to be fixed the last time I was down."

"Sure, old man," agreed Mr. Toggles cordially.

"Well, here's the money to pay for it, and I'll be everlastingly obliged," said Mr. Woggles.

"Oh, that's all right; glad to accommodate," responded Mr. Toggles.

"Say, Toggles," asked Mr. Woggles, a couple of weeks later, "didn't you get my watch down in the city for me?"

"Sure, old man," replied Mr. Toggles.

"Well, where is it?" asked Mr. Woggles.

"Why, the fact is," explained Mr. Toggles, elaborately, "I ran into a pretty gay gang down there, went broke, and had to pawn it."

"My watch!" gasped Mr. Woggles.

"Sure," certified Mr. Toggles. "But it was for only $15, and I'll send the ticket around to you in the morning."

"But it was my watch," insisted Mr. Woggles, pathetically.

"Of course," assented Mr. Toggles. "Say, you didn't suppose I'd pawn mine with yours in my pocket, did you?"

"But how about the fifteen dollars?" queried Mr. Woggles, with a puzzled frown. "Why should I pay that?"

"Why, you don't mean to say you'd sacrifice a hundred and fifty dollar watch for fifteen dollars, do you?" cried Mr. Toggles, lifting his eyebrows in surprise.

"But—but it seems to me you ought to pay that," asserted Mr. Woggles, with a perplexed hesitancy.

"Why should I?" demanded Mr. Toggles, brickly. "It's your watch, isn't it?"

"Ye-es," acknowledged Mr. Woggles, doubtfully. "Ye-es, I suppose it is but—er—oh, confound you!"

"Now, see here, Woggles," said Mr. Toggles, decisively, "you claimed you'd be obliged if I got your darned old watch for you, and I went to a lot of trouble to do it, but if I'd known you were going to lose your temper and kick up all this fuss about it I'd never have consented to accommodate you in the world. The next time you want a favor done you go to somebody else," and Mr. Toggles walked off with a highly indignant swing.

Mr. Woggles has hired a lawyer to find out exactly what obligation he is under.

The Lawyer Gave Her Up.

It is not an ordinary lawyer who can overcome a woman's reluctance to tell her age. Here is one of the many failures in that line of effort:

"And what is your age, madam?" was the attorney's question.

"My own," she answered promptly.

"I understand that, madam, but how old are you?"

"I am not old, sir," with indignation.

"I beg your pardon, madam. I mean how many years have you passed?"

"None; the years have passed me."

"How many of them have passed you?"

"All. I never heard of them stopping."

"Madam, you must answer my question. I want to know your age."

"I don't know that the acquaintance is desired by the other side."

"I don't see why you insist upon refusing to answer my question," said the attorney coaxingly. "I am sure I would tell how old I was if I were asked."

"But nobody would ask you, for everybody knows you are old enough to know better than to be asking a woman her age, so there."

And the attorney passed on to the next question.—From an Exchange.

WEEP.

"Why do you weep? I said,
For tears were in her eyes.
She looked up timidly—
Quite taken by surprise
When, through her falling tears,
A tender smile revealing,
She simply pointed to
The onions she was pealing.

Not the Bass Viol Man's Fault.

A capital story relating to good old times is still told in the Fen district of the eastern counties. As is well known by many, and even now remembered by some, a bass viol was often procured to help the choire in parish churches.

One lovely Sunday morning in the summer, while the parson was droning out his drowsy discourse, and had about reached the middle, a big bull managed to escape from his pasture and marched majestically down the road, bellowing defiantly as he came. The parson, who was somewhat deaf, heard the bull bellow, but, mistaking the origin of the sound, gravely glanced toward the singers' seats, and said, in tones of reproof:

"I would thank the musicians not to tune up during service time—it annoys me very much."

As may well be imagined, the choir looked greatly surprised, but said nothing.

Very soon, however, the belligerent bull gave another bellow, and then the aggrieved parson became justly indignant.

A system of teaching the French language by phonograph is to be tried in England. Several prominent French professors are devoting their energies to preparing phonograph cylinders carrying French lessons upon them. The phonographic records are accompanied by a book, which contains thirty lessons, each of which corresponds to a phonographic cylinder, and each lesson is ingeniously illustrated. All that the student has to do is to set the phonograph in motion, and the book will explain what the instrument is saying.

The following advertisement is from the Tokio "Nippon" (newspaper): "I am a beautiful woman. My abundant undulating hair envelops me as a cloud. Supple as a willow is my waist. Soft and brilliant is my visage as the satin of the flowers. I am endowed with wealth sufficient to saunter through life hand in hand with my beloved. Were I to meet a gracious lord, kindly, intelligent, well educated, and of good taste, I would unite myself with him for life, and later share with him the pleasure of being laid to rest eternal in a tomb of pink marble."

More people over one hundred years old are found in mild climates than the higher latitudes. According to the German empire, of a population of 555,000,000 only 78 have passed the hundredth year. France with a population of 40,000,000 has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146. In Ireland 578 and in Scotland 46. Sweden has 10 and Norway 23. Belgium 5, Denmark 2, Switzerland none. Spain with a population of 18,000,000 has 401 persons over one hundred years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Servia, 575 have passed the century mark.

Very young lambs are as like as peas in a pod to everything, except the noses of their mothers. A hundred ewes at pasture, with lambs of the same size, will make no mistake about their children,—that is, if the children have once been accepted as their own. Sometimes it happens that for no visible reason a ewe rejects her lamb, and cannot be induced to own it. If she has twins she may own one and reject the other.

The Queen of England was hardly twenty-one when she wedded Prince Albert. Her eldest son, the Prince of Wales, was not twenty-two when he married Princess Alexandra. The late Czar of Russia was only twenty-two when he married Princess Dagmar, the sister of the Princess of Wales, who was twenty; King Humbert of Italy was twenty-four when he wedded his queen, Marguerita, and the Emperor of Austria at the age of twenty-three married Princess Elizabeth, who was at the time only sweet sixteen. The Belgian king was married at eighteen, the last King of Spain at the age of nineteen the first time, and married his second wife when he was only twenty-two. The German Emperor was only twenty-two when he married Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg.

Tough on Papa.

The correct answer to the charade Kitty's mother had found in the juvenile magazine was "Henty," and as the charade was an easy one it was propounded to the youngster.

"See if you can guess what this is, dear:

"'A motherly fowl and a kind of drink
Makes a name the boys all know, I think.'"

"I know what the motherly fowl is," replied Kitty. "That's 'hen.'"

"Right," said her mother. "Now the kind of drink."

Kitty went into a brown study.

"Soda? No, there isn't any such name as 'Hensoda.' Henchoc—no, that won't do. Henccoa, henmilk, hen wine——"

"What is it papa's so fond of?" prompted the maternal parent.

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Kitty. "Rye! Henrye—Henry!"—Chicago Tribune.

Little Ike Snowball—Ah ain't never worried about it befoh, but wouldn't it be terrible ef mah color was to run like mah stockins' do!

Strange Omission.

"Mother," said a thoughtful Boston child, to his maternal relative.

"What is it, Waldo?"

"Is Philadelphia older than Boston, mother?"

"Of couse not, my son. The first settlement was made in Charleston in 1630, while William Penn did not arrive on the site of Philadelphia until fifty-two years later."

"That was always my impression, mother. But how is it that Philadelphia is mentioned in the Bible, while Boston is not?"—Exchange.

"One of George Washington's slaves recently died at the age of 123."

"That's very interesting."

"How so?"

"Because they are usually body servants or coachmen."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Curious Bits of News.

London has declared war upon music as a dining-room feature of hotels and restaurants. It is asserted that it is destructive of that important accompaniment of a pleasant dinner—easy talking.

It is said that the Indians gave to the first Eastern emigrants who came into California the name of "Wo'hah," formed from "whoa-haw," the sound they heard the drivers produce when they shouted to their oxen.

"The Iron Age" tells of a young man in the West, who, discouraged at the outlook of country school teaching, applied for employment in a sheet steel mill, and in eleven months was in charge of a sheet train as roller, earning from $8 to $10 a day.

A Belgian engineer, Toblansky, has invented an apparatus for producing light from smoke. It appears that the origin of the smoke is a matter of indifference. It is simply forced into a receiver, where it is saturated with hydrocarburet, and can then be burned, giving a brilliant illumination.

The biggest man in the world is Brenni, the Swiss giant. There are several Swiss giants, but Brenni overtop them all with his height of 9 feet 7 inches, and he is a big man in proportion. His clothes cost him seventy-five dollars per suit, and he cannot get into an ordinary railway carriage.

According to the "Dziennik Narodowy" (Chicago), the first woman druggist in Russia has just been licensed to do business in St. Petersburg. She is Miss Antonina Lesniewska, a Polish lady, and her shop is on one of the busiest sections of the Nevsky Prospect.

A party of Bedouin Arabs, with camels, horses and donkeys, which camped for some weeks at the Zoological Gardens in Vienna, took with them, when they left for Trieste, seven Viennese brides, to whom they will be married with Arabian rites upon reaching their destination. All the women had property. Thirty others who wanted to take up a desert life were rejected because of their poverty.

The Sedan chair still exists in Orleans, a bustling town not far from Paris. In this pretty city, says a Paris newspaper, especially on Sundays at the hour of mass, the classic Sedan chair, as it was known to the gallants of the eighteenth century, is borne through the streets by robust carriers, its occupants being aged people and invalids, to whom the jolting of a carriage is intensely disagreeable.

The Buffalo "Commercial" notes the fact that all the Presidents of the United States have come from British ancestry except two, both of whom were Dutch. Martin Van Buren was the first President of Dutch ancestry, and Roosevelt is the second. Washington, Adams, Madison, John Quincy Adams, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Lincoln, Johnson, Garfield, Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison were of English ancestry; Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Arthur and McKinley were Scotch-Irish; Monroe, Grant and Hayes were Scotch; Jefferson was Welsh. Tabulated, the record stands: English, 14; Scotch-Irish, 5; Scotch, 3; Dutch, 2; Welsh, 1.

Alphonse Duhamel of Paris has made a timepiece that stands twelve feet high, and is composed entirely of bicycles or their component parts. The framework is a huge bicycle wheel, around which are arranged twelve ordinary-sized wheels, all fitted with pneumatic tires. A rim within the large wheel bears the figures for the hours, the figures themselves being constructed of crank rods. The hands are made of steel tubing, which is used for the framework of bicycles. The minute strokes on the dial are small nickel-plated spokes. The top of the clock is an arrangement of twelve handle-bars. The clock strikes the hours and the quarters, bicycle-bells of course making the chimes. The pendulum is made of a bicycle wheel, and the pendulum-rod of various parts of a bicycle frame. It is said that the clock, besides being a curiosity, is an excellent timepiece. It is to adorn one of the public buildings of Paris.

Mrs. Isabel Savory tells in her book, "A Sportswoman in India," this story about a man she knew: "He had a henhouse and a hen that was sitting, but unluckily for her hatching operations a cobra got through a chink in the henhouse. The cobra made a fine meal of well-warmed eggs, but when it essayed to retire by the same hole through which it had entered it found those eggs in the way. It was much too large to get out, so it stuck in the hole, half in the henhouse and half outside. There it was discovered the next morning in a surfeited condition. It paid for its greediness with its life, and then it paid back the eggs it had stolen; for when the body of the snake was opened the eggs were all found unbroken and warm. They were replaced under the hen, and in due time were hatched, none the worse for their peculiar incubation. The strange fact that the cobra could swallow whole an egg much bigger than its own head is accounted for by the peculiar construction of that head. The head and jaws of the cobra are loose, and can be enormously stretched and distorted."

A New Baconian Theory.

Historical novelists have worked for all it was worth that mine consisting of the supposed secret marriages and unacknowledged offspring of sovereigns. Nobody seriously believes that crafty, cautious Queen Elizabeth went so far as to wed her Earl of Leicester. For the best part of her reign her hand had to remain a prize, open to universal competition, but never bestowed. Still, in fiction she has several times figured as a wife and a mother, with one son, perhaps, or one daughter; and but lately, with two sons, one the accomplished Francis Bacon, the other the Earl of Essex. In this last amazing story, Bacon is not only Elizabeth's son, but the author of Shakespeare's plays. A third distinction ought really to have been bestowed upon him to make the thing complete.

In Harmony.

She attended the concert and, as she believes,
She was dressed in appropriate taste:
An accordion skirt and long piped sleeves
And a brass band around her waist.
—"Judge."

When Miss Delavelle Barrington was playing Miami in The Green Bushes at the old Mary Street Theater, Cork, a ludicrous incident occurred. Miami has to jump into the Mississippi, but when Miss Barrington reached the rocky eminence from which she had to leap she saw there was no mattress below to receive her; also the ledge of rock in front of the supposed river was too low to conceal the actress after her leap. Miss Barrington, however, nothing daunted, took her leap, and came down with a thud on the bare stage. The situation struck a member of the "gods," for a stentorian voice called out: "Oh, be jabers, 'tis frozen!"

A salutation of respect in China is to comment on the mature and even venerable appearance of one's guest. When the United States Minister to Siam (Mr. Barrett) called officially on Li Hung Chang he was accompanied by a prominent missionary, a man eighty years of age, with white hair and beard, who was to serve as interpreter. Unknown to Mr. Barrett, the missionary and the Chinaman had had a falling out some years before. Li came into the reception room, saluted Mr. Barrett cordially, and bowed stiffly to the patriarchal interpreter. To the youthful Minister the Premier said: "I congratulate you, sir, on your venerable mien;" and then, nodding toward the octogenarian, he asked: "And is this your son?"

A Highland laird who could not afford to keep his own piper was accustomed to employ the village piper when he had company. On one occasion, through some oversight, Donald had not been given his preliminary glass of whiskey before he began his performance. Accordingly, he found his bagpipe in a most refractory temper. The laird asked him what was the matter with it, and Donald replied that the leather was so hard that he could do nothing with it. "What will soften it?" asked the anxious laird. "Och! just whuskey," said Donald. A tumbler of whiskey was at once brought, which Donald immediately drank. "You rascal!"—said the laird, "did you not say it was for the bagpipes?" "Och, yess, yess," said Donald, "but she will be a ferry peculiar pipes this. She aye likes it blawed in."

Gladstone was fond of loitering around the second-hand book-shop windows, and fingering the volumes which were there displayed. If he picked up a book that interested him, he frequently became quite oblivious to his surroundings. On one of these occasions, a loafer, who must have carefully studied Mr. Gladstone's habits, whispered quietly: "Half a crown, please, sir." Without raising his eyes from the book, Mr. Gladstone put his hand in his pocket, and handed over the half-crown. A few minutes later he was going off with his prize, when the bookseller, who knew him well by sight, stopped him with a demand for one shilling, the price of the book. "But I have already given you half a crown," said Mr. Gladstone, and explanations followed.

In the heyday of the glory and power of the late Ward McAllister, the leader of New York society, he was a slave to conventions. Like most young conservatives, he grew liberal with years. When his brother, the late Hall McAllister, came to visit him from San Francisco, he looked upon it as an affliction of a country relative. Hall was developed here, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat, and had something of the Western breeziness in his manner that distressed his brother, the New York society leader. Ward asked Hall if he would please wear a silk hat, frock coat and gloves. "No," said Hall, "you attend to all that nonsense for me. I am too old to change. Let me go my own way." Hall had the habit of shaking hands with ladies upon making new acquaintances. This especially distressed his brother. "It is very bad taste to offer your hand to a lady," explained Ward. "Don't do it, Hall." Finally Ward introduced Hall to Mrs. Astor, and she cordially offered him her hand. "No, madam," said Hall. "I should like very much to shake hands with you, but I can't. My brother Ward says I mustn't."

A Large Covey.

Two old hunters were swapping yarns and had got to quail.

"Why," said one, "I remember a year when quail were so thick that you could get eight or ten at a shot with a rifle."

The other one sighed.

"What's the matter?" said the first.

"I was thinking of my quail hunts. I had a fine black horse that I rode everywhere, and one day out hunting quail I saw a big covey on a low branch of a tree. I threw the bridle rein over the end of the limb and took a shot.

"Several birds fell and the rest flew away.

"Well, sir, there were so many quail on that limb that when they flew off it sprang back into place and hung my horse!"—Los Angeles "Times."

The Atlin Claim.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 7TH, 1903.

The Boundary Question.

The Alaskan Boundary dispute is at the present moment creating about as much excitement in the States, Canada and Great Britain as did the Venezuela trouble. In his speech from the throne, at the opening of the Imperial Parliament, the King laid special stress upon the negotiations which have taken place towards arriving at a settlement of this much debated question.

On the day following the ratification of the treaty, a startling discovery was made public, and the following is the text of the "Important Discovery," furnished by the Washington correspondent to the Seattle P. I.: "President Roosevelt and Secretary Root made an interesting discovery today. What they discovered has been known to the people of the Northwest for a long time, and to many other well informed persons, but happened to be new to Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root. They were examining the great geographical globe that stands in the cabinet room. They found that the Alaska boundary, as marked on that globe, upholds the contention of the United States, and that, moreover, that particular globe was prepared under the direction of the British Admiralty. This discovery made the deepest impression on the President and Secretary."

The Canadian Government has submitted a formal protest to London against the acceptance of Senators Turner and Lodge, as not being "impartial jurists," upon the Commission. Both these gentlemen have strongly pronounced views upon the Boundary question, and while we are barring such able judges as Mills and Hodgins, because they have written articles dealing with the subject, it is hoped the President will recal those of his nominees who come under the same category.

Canada can afford and has always been ready to submit its pretentions respecting the proper construction of this treaty line to any impartial tribunal of jurists, so constituted as to insure finality in its award. The U. S., it seems, cannot. They will not agree to any reference of the dispute to an arbitration constituted with an umpire to insure finality to its deliberations. All historic precedents for the amicable adjustment of a serious international difference have been ruthlessly set aside, and a determined refusal given to any reference in the nature of an arbitration.

Subscribe for the CLAIM.

THE CONVENTION.

Provincial Delegates in Session at Victoria.

Good Work is Being Accomplished —Frank Dockrill Appointed on Permanont Committee.

Although, at the present writing, information regarding the proceedings of the B. C. Miners' Association, is meagre in the extreme, that which has been received is sufficiently convincing to show that the deliberations of the Association are well in accord with public sentiment. Mr. H. P. Pearse, one of Atlin's delegates, telegraphed to the local Chairman on Saturday last as follows: Convention progressing satisfactorily. Exceedingly good work being done," and again, on the 2nd inst.: "The Convention making good progress. Dockrill has been placed on the permanent Executive Committee, representing Atlin."

At the last meeting of the local Association an Executive Committee was chosen, consisting of those of the delegates appointed who remained at home. This committee was empowered to add to its number, and the following names have been added: Messrs. Cancellor, Symmons, Storey, McLeod, Jackson, Lambert, Mobly, Walters, Taylor, Clay, Hickman, J. A. Fraser, Dr. Young, "Gen" Ward, Conroy, Sands McKay and A. H. Garrison. Mr. W. W. Grime was elected chairman. A number of resolutions were drawn up at the the two meetings of the Executive and submitted to the delegates in Victoria for their guidance. These resolutions will be brought up at a public meeting, to be held in Discovery tonight, for ratification. In brief, these resolutions are:

1. That a general system, at the expense of the Government, of surveys of the district be made and filed in the Commissioners office, with the object of providing against the overlapping of mining rights.

2. That Crown Granting of placer rights is not advisable.

3. That on ground staked but not recorded, by the failure to remove stakes, the staker should be fined $25.

4. That any miner fraudulently locating ground shall be liable to a fine, not to exceed $100 or four months in jail.

5. Water rights not to be granted where harm will be done to miners on the creek.

6. That Commissioner be given judical powers, assisted by an advisory board, appointed by miners.

7. That offices of Gold Commissioner and Government Agent be not held by one man.

8. Providing for construction and maintenance of water privileges over ground held by individual miners, as against damages resulting therefrom.

9. Providing time limit for the working out of placer claims.

Concluded on page 8.

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And All Kinds of Jewellery Manufactured on the Premises.
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THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.
Passenger and Express Service, Daily (except Sunday), between Skagway, Log Cabin, Bennett, Caribou, White Horse and Intermediate points, making close connections with our own steamers at White Horse for Dawson and Yukon points, and at Caribou for Atlin every Tuesday and Friday; Returning, leave Atlin every Monday and Thursday.
Telegraph Service to Skagway. Express matter will be received for shipment to and from all points in Canada and the United States.
For information relative to Passenger, Freight, Telegraph or Express Rates apply to any Agent of the Company or to
J. F. LEE, Traffic Manager, Skagway.

Pine Tree Hotel.
DISCOVERY, B. C.
Finest of liquors. Good stabling.
ED. SANDS, Proprietor.

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

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

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.
CAPITAL, PAID UP $8,000,000.
RESERVE, $2,500,000.
Branches of the Bank at Seattle, San Francisco, Portland, Skagway, etc.
Exchange sold on all Points.
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Corner Pearl and First Streets, Atlin, B. C.
FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.
CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS—CASE GOODS A SPECIALTY.

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

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

A BAD FIX.

Skagway Bemoans the Loss Of Trade.

Northern B. C. and the Yukon Have Practically Ceased to Buy in American Markets.

An article, under the heading of "Canada's Increasing Trade," appeared in our last issue, which gave approximate figures of the percentage of products obtained from Canada and from the States for shipment into Northern British Columbia and the Canadian Yukon. The publication of these figures has set our confreres at Skagway a-thinking. The Alaska Guide, editorially, attributes the deflection of American trade to "the result of discrimination by the White Pass Co. in favor of Canada." That exponent of public opinion thus deals with the subject:

"Whatever view we may take of the situation, we are forced to the conclusion that British Columbia merchants have a decided advantage over American merchants as regards Northern trade.

If Skagway was a Canadian port the percentage of business coming from American ports would be much less, in fact, would be little or nothing, for the reason that the bulk of trade is destined for Canadian territory.

"If Skagway was denied Canadian bottoms as a port of entry, it would alter conditions very much; but considering other and more important interests to the United States, it would not prove very wise statesmanship to resort to a policy which would shut out a friendly power from all mutual commerce, as we would soon find to our cost in retaliatory measures, which would affect our interests to a greater extent than as a free entry to the port of Skagway.

"The evolution which has been going on for four years past, affecting the interests of American trade with the Yukon, will no doubt be stimulated by the W. P & Y. Co. in the future.

"It is our misfortune to be "between the devil and the deep blue sea," no matter which way we turn, we are confronted with a hard proposition. It takes a philosopher to become reconciled to the situation, and not a very wise one to see and admit it."

The people of Skagway know full well wherein their future prosperity lies, but are now kicking blindly against the only salvation their town will ever have—as part of the great Dominion of Canada—instead of lending their aid and influence towards attaining the end they most desire.

CAN IT BE.

Smallpox Said to Be Dying Out.

The Peculiarities of the 1903 "Brand" in the State of Michigan.

The following amusing editorial is taken from the columns of the Detroit Daily Tribune, and may be read with interest by those who are so ready to cry "wolf, wolf," when there is no wolf:

"Is it possible that the old reliable smallpox is degenerating? Time was, and not long ago, when a patient recovering from it wore as many pits on his face as the man in the moon. Now no person is to to be pitted who has it, not even the doctors accustomed to charge from $10 to $25 a day for special services. The old, genuine kind appears to be running out, though its feeble descendant is still quarantined and there is no running out while the embargo lasts. Michigan has, this winter, been liberally sprinkled with alleged smallpox, yet few deaths are reported and in many cases the patient has not considered it worth while to take it to bed, and some physicians declare it beats vaccination. This is, at least, a point in its favor.

"A sample of the enervated form of the 1903 brand is reported by the Warren Watchman. A skin rash having broken out and spread through the community, smallpox was suspected and a representative of the State Health Board investigated. He pronounced the disorder to be that 'dread disease' and quarantine was established. The Watchman states that 'about everybody has been exposed, and anyone who has it and is careful is laid up only two or three days. The doctors agreed that they had rather have the disease than be vaccinated.' Perhaps the time has arrived for the decadence of this popular modern disease, which may soon become extinct. That its inception dates from no very ancient period may be inferred from the fact that it finds no place in remote history. None of the plagues mentioned in the Bible describe smallpox, and there is no account there of the scaling or repudiation of doctors' bills by the board of supervisors and the mandamusing of those bodies to compel them to show cause why they should not pay.

The deduction therefore is, that smallpox started out as a latter day creation, and for years has transacted a robust business, making many a physician, undertaker and tombstone maker well off. It appears to be running out, for which there is cause to unite on that good old methodist hymn starting out:

"Believing we rejoice
To see the curse removed."

Are you a Subscriber, if not, why not?

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 tract of land for agricultural purposes: That parcel or tract of land situated in the Atlin Lake Mining Division, commencing at a post planted at the N.W. corner of Atlin Townsite, thence East 40 chains, thence north 25 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 25 chains to point of commencement, containing 100 acres, more or less.

B. P. QUEEN.

Dated at Atlin, B.C., this 26th day of February, 1903. 28fe-8t

NOTICE.

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

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

McPhillips, Wootton & Barnard,
de27-8t Solicitors for the Applicants.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described parcel or tract of land for agricultural purposes: Commencing at a post planted on the east shore of Atlinto River; thence 20 chains in a northerly direction along the shore of Taku Arm; thence 20 chains in an easterly direction; thence 20 chains in a southerly direction; thence 20 chains in a westerly direction, to the point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less.

T. Hinchcliffe.

Taku City, B. C., December 18th, 1902.
de27-8t

NOTICE.

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

Dated the 20th day of November, 1902.

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

NOTICE

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

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

D. G. MACDONELL,
no-29-9t Solicitor for Applicants.

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

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

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

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

NOT WHAT HE WANTED

He Would Prefer to Have a Patent Noiseless Baby.

"I perceive," began the peddler, suavely, "that there are children in the house."

"Have I the honor of speaking to Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" inquired Mr. Poply, ironically.

"Not exactly, but—"

"I presume you arrived at that astonishing correct conclusion by a process of scientific deduction," continued Mr. Poply in the same sarcastic tone. "Let me see if I can follow your line of reasoning. No doubt you noticed Towser, who has just flitted from the back door with a milk can attached to his caudal appendage. That round hole in the stained glass of this door would at once convey the word 'toy gun' to your acute mind. That dull sound which we now hear can only be produced by hammering a high chair with a hand mirror or a cream jug. Am I right?"

"Probably," answered the peddler; "but I drew my inference from the fact that you came to the front door with, and are still inadvertently holding a rattle in your hand. And unless my eyes deceive me, there is a jumping-jack attached by means of a bent pin and a string to the rear of your smoking jacket. However, all this is immaterial. I called to show you the greatest invention of the age 'The Patent Noiseless Baby Jumper and Child Amuser.' By its use a child may be left alone for hours and need no attention. Place the infant in this swinging seat, and—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Poply, "does that invention have an atachment for picking up playthings which have been violently thrown on the floor?"

"No, but—"

"Does it have hair to be pulled?"

"No—"

"Does it have an arrangement which, when the child cries, tells whether the screams express cholera morbus, hunger, a pin, temper, or general depravity?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I'm afraid I can't buy it. Between ourselves, I don't think I need a 'Patent Noiseless Baby Jumper,' but I should like a patent noiseless baby."

WHO'S AFRAID?

Who's afraid in the dark?
"Oh, not I," said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And he wiped his eye
And ruffled his jowl "too woo!
Said the dog: "I bark
Out loud in the dark Boo oo!
Said the cat: "Miew!
I'll scratch any one who
Dare say that I do
Feel afraid Miew!
"Afraid," said the mouse,
"Of the dark in the house!
Hear me scatter,
Whatever's the matter
Squeak!
Then the toad in the hole,
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word 'round;
And the bird in the tree,
And the fish and the bee,
They declared all three
That you never did see
One of them afraid
In the dark!
But the little boy
Who had gone to bed
Just raised the bedclothes
And covered his head!
—Exchange

Little Harry Got It.

Among the passengers to Chicago recently was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a bright looking nurse girl and a self willed, tyrannical boy of about three years.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks, and kicks, and screams, and his viciousness toward the patient nurse. He tore her bonnet and scratched her hands without a word of remonstrance from the mother.

Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness the mother would chide her sharply.

Finally the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fiftieth time a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window. The boy at once try to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand and said, coaxingly:

"Harry mustn't touch! Big fly will bite Harry!"

Harry screamed savagely, and began to kick and pound the nurse.

The mother, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out sharply:

"Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once."

"But, ma'am, it's a—"

"Let him have it, I say."

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The yell that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers.

The mother awoke again.

"Mary!" she cried, "let him have it!"

Mary turned in her seat and said, confusedly:

"He's got it, ma'am!"

The Man With a Paper.

The man with a paper during the morning and evening hours in New York city is legion. There are about four hundred thousand of him. A man without a newspaper on an elevated train, in a street car, aboard a ferryboat, or in a railway coach, morning or evening, going to or from business, is conspicuous.

He is a rare bird indeed, and looks as though he were wrecked and floating alone on a sea of tossing papers. He is sure to feel lonesome and almost outside the pale of civilization, for his fellow men, with their faces to their regular diet of daily news, hardly notice him.

If you have time to spare a moment from your morning journal, just look about you in car or boat, observe and listen. You will see every mortal man—with often hundreds in view at one time—religiously bowing at the altar of the news in silence that is only broken by a continuous rustle as the scores of leaves are turned. There is no more devout newspaper reading community than is found in the metropolis.

AN NEW SILK HAT

The Boys Got Up a Little Plot to Have Joy With the Purchaser.

The young man who prides himself upon his swell and dapper appearance had just bought a new silk hat, and it had been sent to the office from the hat store. It arrived while he was at luncheon, and one of the boys receipted for it, and after the messenger was gone hauled out the prize for general inspection. It was certainly a beauty, but the man who cannot afford to wear a silk hat never sees any sense in any other person wearing one. So the gang got up a little plot to have joy with the sporty purchaser.

The new hat was stored away in the clothes closet, and the office boy was sent to the County Democracy headquarters to borrow the worst old plug hat that could be found in the rooms—one that had been through all the parades for years and had been kicked from pillar to post. The boy got it all right, and it was carefully stowed in the hat box and placed on the swell youth's desk. He came bursting in soon afterward and jumped toward the package.

"Oh, my new hat came, did it?" he asked beginning to unwrap the package. "Well, say, you fellows can 'kid' a silk hat all you want to, but here's one that's a—"

He got that far before he opened the box and took out the ancient plug, which looked like a vain regret. Then he made some remarks which are unfit for publication.

"I'll show 'em" he shouted, while the crowd kept up the roar of laughter to indecent limits. "I'll let 'em know who they're playing jokes on!" and he jammed the old hat back in the box preparatory to going back to the hat store with it. It was time to make the switch again, and one of the boys called him into the private office a moment on something very imperative, while another shifted the hats and put the new one back in the box.

Returning from the momentary conference, the indignant young man tied up the hat box and stamped away to the hat store.

"What do you mean," he demanded, slamming the box down and nervously pulling at the string, "by sending me an old wreck of a hat like—this?" and he pulled out the shining new tile he had bought a few hours before.

What the saleman said and thought and what the young man said and realized are not necessary to the story. It ought to end right here.—From the Chicago Chronicle.

A New Cophetua.

The heir of the gilded household had just proposed to the pretty kitchen maid. She regarded him with a steady glance as she polished off her rounded arms with a coarse towel.

"I must have every Thursday out," she said.

"Yes," he murmured.

"And every Sunday afternoon."

"Yes."

"And every night as soon as the dinner things are done up."

"Ye-es."

"How many in family?"

"Only you and I."

"Any children?"

"N-n-no."

"Much company?"

"Very little."

"Any furnace to tend?"

"No."

"Hired man to do all the outside work?"

"Yes."

"What make of piano do you use?"

"The Bangaway."

"Let me think. Ah, yes. I shall insist upon having the breakfast room to receive my beaux in."

"Well by thunder, you don't get it!" cried the gilded heir as he turned and stalked away.

So the maid haughtily rolled up her sleeves again and went back to her work.

Proved the Bishop a Liar.

A clergyman desirous of a living went to the Bishop of London and asked him for an introduction to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow. The bishop said. "I should be willing to give it, but an introduction from me would defeat the very end you have in view." However, the clergyman persisted in his request and the introduction was given.

The Lord Chancellor received him with fury. "So that awful scoundrel, the Bishop of London, has given you an introduction; as it is he who has introduced you, you will certainly not get the living."

"Well, so the bishop said, my lord," said the clergyman.

"Did the bishop say so?" thundered Lord Thurlow. "Then he's a convicted liar, and I'll prove him so; you shall have the living." And the man got it.

Papa—Yes, my dear, I insist on your learning to swim. The danger of losing one's life in the water is an appalling one.

Daughter—Oh, I'm not afraid. When I get married I shall expect my husband to rescue me.

Papa—But remember you are just as likely to get shipwrecked after you get to be a mother-in-law.

PHILOSOPHER-AT-LARGE

Many cities smaller than New York congratulate themselves on having no cars but trolley. Many New Yorkers congratulate themselves on having a few horse cars left, and even look back wistfully to the time when blue omnibuses used to traverse Broadway and you could take an uncrowded afternoon airing thereon, contemplating the pedestrians from the vantage point of height. That you can no longer do this, and that the multitudinous trolleys are crowded, prove how vastly the population has increased, and make one marvel what shapes rapid transit will take when the population doubles. The few lingering horse cars jingle restfully through the great unrest. Their beasts of burden are a paradox of tranquility amid the insolent sweep of their electric rivals.

When Campbell wrote "The Pleasures of Hope" he was doubtless familiar with the pains of disappointment. Disappointment is merely the ashes of burnt out hope, and hope is disappointment's phoenix. They are each other's alter ego.

Everybody has some time asked of what use are mosquitoes. It now transpires that they exist for the purpose of conveying elephantiasis from one place to another. As the number of people suffering from this malady is extremely small, the mosquito cannot be warmly felicitated upon the conscientiousness and skill wherewith he fulfills the purpose of his being. If human creatures did their tasks as badly civilization would expire. And when the fuss the mosquito makes about it is remembered the hatred he inspires subsides into contempt.

I believe it has already been said that the woman with a past is without a future. But she has the present, and the great question of her life should be, What shall she do with it?

Genius has once more been scientifically declared to be a disease. It is reassuring to know that it is not contagious and will never rise to the dignity of an epidemic.

The two farmers of Moncton, N. B., who five years ago exchanged wives, and have just re-exchanged them, the entire quartet being content, showed a fine disdain of conventional morality and on intuitive sense of human necessities. They may be said to have held their own pretty well, especially when each got her back again.

"She is now in Paris." Perhaps that tells the whole story of her husband's bankruptcy. "He is now in Paris." Possibly that is the solution of his mother's broken heart and his father's white hair, or perhaps no hair at all. "They are now in Paris." and there a good many of them will remain, parasites, battening on the best of what is worst in that beautiful city, and moving, the worst among the best of the American colony.

THIS AND THAT.

The Chinese study phrenology, judging a man by the development of his forehead and a woman by the form and size of the back of her cranium.

The average number of children per family in European countries is lowest in France, with 3.03;; Switzerland, 3.94; Austria and Belgium, 4.05;, England, 4.08; Germany, 4.10; Holland, 4.22; Scotland, 4.46; Italy, 4.56; Spain, 4.65; Russia, 4.83; while Ireland is highest, with an average of 5.20 children in each family.

A horse will live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water. A bear will go for six months while a viper can exist for ten months without food. A serpent in confinement has been known to refuse food for twenty-one months.

An apparatus for condensing sea fog into drinking water has been invented by Prof. Bell. It will be welcomed as a desideratum by ocean voyagers.

Aluminum has just been employed for the construction of a new fireproof curtain to be used in theatres. The curtain is 60 feet wide by 54 feet high, is composed of aluminum sheets one-twelfth of an inch thick and weighs 4,000 pounds.

The Electrical Review declares that lightning-rods of every sort and kind are useless.

During last year 1,465 persons were inoculated for hydrophobia at the Pasteur Institute in Paris.

The weight of an up-to-date two horse-power motor tricycle is about 220 pounds.

In 1831 a public steam omnibus ran between Paddington and the Bank of England.

In South Australia a mine of natural india rubber has been lately discovered.

The United States produce more honey than any other nation. As long as thirty years ago the product was 15,000,000 pounds annually. Twenty years ago it had risen to 25,000,000 pounds, and ten years ago it was 65,000,000 pounds. At the present time Iowa produces 9,000,000 pounds of honey annually, and many States, including California, produce from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 pounds a year.

A business woman of Arizona, who cleared $4000 the past season on the sale of olives, has made a new departure in their preparation. She used the same formula as for mustard pickles, and the demand exceeds the supply, from the start. She intends to put up her whole crop in October in the new way, and her invention marks a change in marketable olives.

AN EGG DEAL.

Close Figuring of the Wife of an Official of a Street Corporation.

She was the wife of an official of a St. Paul street corporation. Her one hobby was economy. Though her husband made an excellent salary, she was rigid in her rules pertaining to the buying of the necesaries for the household. She would haunt bargain counters and market stalls for hours in order to get the benefit of a reduction of a few cents on the article desired.

The corporation official with much laughter, used to tease his better half about what he called her "stinginess." So one day, feeling hurt at his ridicule, she resolved to take him to market with her and demonstrate beyond a doubt that she was a most economical buyer. He consented, stipulating that he was not to be asked to carry the basket.

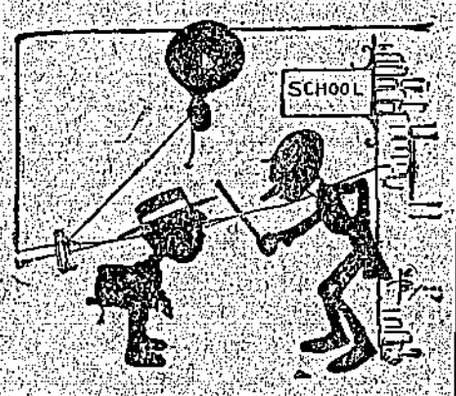
Arriving at the market, she made several purchases, and then at one stall inquired he price of eggs.

"Wha!" she exclaimed: "16 cents a dozen? No, indeed, that is too high."

She dragged her reluctant husband after her from one stand to another, still inquiring the price of eggs and always receiving the same answer, until near the upper end of the market. Here she found a dealer who offered to sell her eggs in any quantity for 15 cents. To her husband she said joyously:

"There, I told you so. Why, those others were robbers."

Turning to the salesman, she ordered half a dozen eggs, gravely handed him the eight cents asked inpayment and went home, pratling away about the worth of economy in marketing and the alleged willingness of dealers to gouge the unsuspecting customer. And to this day she does not know that her husband and his friends laughed over it at the club.



A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,
You used to come at ten o'clock, but
now you come at noon.
"Me flying machine is busted, so I
came by slow baloon!"

Didn't Know the Country.

Englishmen know little of the geography of the "States," and what little they do know does not object to putting Philadelphia next door to Boston, or San Francisco alongside of New York. An American and an Englishman, who had become friends aboard ship, had a pleasant encounter about distances on reaching New York.

They breakfasted together and the following conversation ensued:

"I guess I'll turn out to see Harry after breakfast," said the Englishman.

"Harry?" queried the American, softly.

"Yes, my brother," explained the Englishman. "I've two here. Harry lives in San Francisco and Charlie in Chicago."

"But you'll be back for dinner?" facetiously asked the American.

The Britishier took him seriously. "Sure, for dinner, if not for lunch," he answered. And accompanied by his friend, now thoroughly alive to the humor of the incident, he found himself a few minutes later in the line of ticket buyers in the Grand Central Depot.

"An excursion ticket to San Francisco, stopping at Chicago station or return," he ordered.

The ticket agent put about a quarter of a mile of pasteboard under his stamp, pounding it for a minute or more, thrust it before the explorer and expectantly awaited payment.

"When does the train go?" asked the Englishman.

"In ten minutes," was the answer.

"How much is it,"

"One hundred and thirty-eight dollars and fifty cents."

"What?" the Englishman gasped.

"How far is it?"

"Six thousand miles."

"Dear me! What a country!"

The Wrong Sort of Girl.

He was handsome and showily dressed. A very pretty girl sat reading in the extreme end of the car. The flashy young man said to his companion:

"See that pretty girl reading there? I'll bet you I'll be sitting in that seat saying sweet things to her before thirty minutes are up."

"I'll bet you don't.

"All right I'll show you how to do it."

In a few minutes he left his seat and took the empty seat beside the young lady. Presently he began operations.

"Excuse me, miss," he said; "haven't I met you at Coney?"

The girl looked up in surprise from the book she was reading. Then her face brighetned.

"Would you have the goodness to open that window just a little?"

"Certainly, miss," and he opened the window, then resumed his seat. He was about to renew the attack when she crushed him.

"Thank you very much, she said sweetly; "if I need anything else I will speak about it."

She resumed her reading and he clung for a moment to the back of the seat. Then he rose, very red in the face, and he told his friend she was a stuck-up girl and he wouldn't bother about her.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

The entire object of true education is to make people not do the right things, but enjoy the right things.—Ruskin.

There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.—Mme. Swetchine.

I fell into the habit years ago of talking with God, and it becomes so natural that in all my open spaces I do it without thought.—Horace Bushnell.

If you want to be miserable think about yourself, about what you want, what you like,—what respect people ought to pay you and what people think of you.—Charles Kingsley.

Life strikes many an unheeded, prophetic little note. A word, a trivial happening, gives hint, like a theme in music, of something that is to be more or less recurrent all the way along.—A. D. T. Whitney.

A psalm which cultivates the spirit of gratitude is a psalm which we ought often to read. If we were more grateful both our joy and our strength would be increased. Gratitude is born in the hearts which take the time to count up past mercies.—Charles E. Jefferson.

Man is no better than a leaf driven by the winds until he has conquered his lonely duties. This makes a man,—the habit of confronting great things in solitude, and chiefly the habit of conversing with God alone, and of filling the soul with his strength.—John Pullsford.

There is no music in a "rest" that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life melody, always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too.—Ruskin.

Be cheerful; do not brood over fond hopes unrealized until a chain, link after link, is fastened on each thought and wound around the heart. Nature intended you to be the fountain spring of cheerfulness and social life, and not the traveling monument of despair and melancholy.—Arthur Helps.

Foolish and faulty are we. Yes, but our follies and our faults are not the main facts. This is the "good news of God," that in every man he sees something a great deal more important than the man's sinfulness. Sin clouds our view of ourselves; it does not obscure the Father's sight of his child. When a sense of his changeless goodness reaches us it is like a sunbeam; the cloud vanishes before it; sin is slain by love. "If God so loves us we ought also to love one another."—Charles G. Ames.

FROM THE BEST THINKERS.

Let a man learn as early as possible to confess his ignorance, and he will be a gainer by it in the long run; otherwise the trick by which he veils his ignorance from others may become a habit by which he conceals it from himself, and learns to spend his whole life in an element of delusive show, to which no reality corresponds.—John Stuart Blackie.

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's king,
Cheops, erected the first pyramid,
And largest, thinking it was just the thing
To keep his memory whole and mummy hid;
But somebody or other, rummaging,
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid.
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops. —Byron.

Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men, until he has suffered from the one, and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Man dwells apart but not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known
For lack of listeners are not said.
—Jean Ingelow.

CURIOUS FACTS

There is no good in praying for anything unless you will also try for it.—Henry Van Dyke.

The Russian form of salutation is brief, consisting of the single word "praschai," said to sound like a sneeze. The Otaheite islander will twist the end of the departing guest's robe and then solemnly shake his own hands three times.

A Midnight Balloon Ascension.

A REAL EXPERIENCE.

Aerostation.--M. Etienne Giraud, l'intrepide aeronaute, et M. Georges Hall de San Francisco, partis de Paris dans le Rolla, ont atterri a Cezy, situe a 5 kilometres de Joigny, apres une traversee de dix heures assez mouvementee, quoique sans accident.--"Le Figaro."

WE had agreed, my comoanion and I, that I should call for him at his house, after dinner, not later than eleven o'clock.

This athletic young Frenchman belongs to a small set of Parisian sportsmen, who have taken up "ballooning" as a pastime.

After having exhausted all the sensations that are to be found in ordinary sports, even those of "automobiling" at a breakneck speed, the members of the "Aero Club" now seek in the air, where they indulge in all kinds of daring feats, the nerve-racking excitement that they have ceased to find on earth.

I might add that these facts were but vaguely known to me before I had been introduced, by a mutual friend, to this new century young sportsman, and had accepted his invitation to accompany him in his next aerial voyage.

When we reached the vacant lot at the huge gas-works of Saint Denis, where our balloon was being inflated, I could not help feeling a bit alarmed at the sight of that little bubble—only a few hundred cubic metres—and the very small basket which were soon to take us up in the air.

All the "eclat," the ceremonial, and the emotional "good-byes" that usually accompany the "let her go!" of a balloon, were totally lacking when the "Rolla" left the earth. The start was effected in a quiet and business-like manner, and the act seemed so natural to the people who were helping us off, that their demeanor on this occasion had a beneficial and soothing effect on my excited nerves.

A few minutes after midnight, when the last little sacks of sand ballast had been hung out over the edge of our wicker-basket, when a final glance had been given to the ropes, the net, the valve, etc.—with a careless "au revoir" from the foreman of the gas-works, and a parting joke from the "cocher" who had driven us there—the dark forms, whose hands were holding us down, silently stepped back, and with a gentle and graceful swing the "Rolla" started off on its sixth ascension.

Had we taken with us another small sack of ballast, our balloon could not have left the earth. In other words, its ascensional force was almost balanced by the weight it was expected to carry. After rising about a hundred yards, and finding a trifle cooler current, which slightly condensed the gas, the "Rolla" ceased to ascend. We were met by a gentle breeze from the northwest, and began to cross Paris, a couple of hundred feet above the city.

It would take the pen of a Carlyle to describe our mysterious flight over Paris at midnight. The impression was so startling that for an hour we never spoke above a whisper.

Owing to the increasing coolness of the atmosphere, our balloon had a slight, though constant, tendency to descend. But we easily kept our altitude by occasionally throwing overboard a spoonful or two of ballast.

After ascertaining that we would not come in contact with the towers of Notre Dame or the sharp edges of the Eiffel Tower, we decided to keep the same distance, and let the breeze do the rest.

At out feet Paris is breathing, like a monster with a million eyes.

On the right, at the very top of Montmartre, and looming up in the glow that surrounds it, stands the white basilica of the Sacred Heart, with its colossal marble statue of the Redeemer watching over the city.

The great boulevards roll out in every direction like ribbons of fire; we can hear, as we sail over them, the muffled rumbling of a thousand carriages, and we watch them as they dodge each other in their complicated course.

A cry, a call, from time to time, reaches our ears; but the others are lost in the mighty silence above us.

"There is the Opera," whispers the owner, as he points to a square silhouette, bathed in a lake of electric light.

I seem to have no fear, merely the sensation of relief that follows an irrevocable decision; with the feeling that we are tasting a forbidden fruit, breaking some divine and primeval law. All our faculties are concentrated in our eyes, and they feast on this wonderful sight.

"Those dark pits that dot the surface of Paris are gardens," explains the owner, "innumerable private parks; and most Parisians live and die without ever suspecting their existence."

We cross the Place de la Bastile, soaring above the bronze column, with its proud little Victory, whose useless wings of metal seem childish and a bit ridiculous as we pass on.

A long and purple fissure that cuts the city in twain marks the Seine, long before we reach it. The "Rolla" feels the cool current that rises above the waters. A few handfuls of sand thrown overboard, and we resume our former position.

Our eyes are now accustomed to these weird and unusual effects, and few details of the picture escape us. In the distance another bright spot, Bullier, the students' ball, in the heart of the Latin quarter. That obscure mass beyond it must be the Luxembourg and its gardens.

Here we leave the dome of the Pantheon on our right. Below us the lights are gradually thinning out; we are passing over the crowded "faubourgs," where thousands of poor and tired human beings are resting in their sleep.

An ocean of darkness and silence opens up before us; we sail into it. The breeze freshens, and the glowing blaze of Paris soon fades away in the distance.

From now on the minutes drag. In the mysterious night that surrounds us, and every moment is heavy with anxiety; not a sound but the awful voice of everlasting silence. Those hours are endless, really hard to live, until at last the gray dawn steps out of the horizon.

Nature begins to awaken, and, with the first gleam of daylight, slowly the world comes back to life.

The first cry of a quail or the call of a pheasant is a delight to our ears. A dog barks and another howls. Lazy and sleepy peasants, leading huge oxen, drag themselves out of their farms, on their way to a hard day's work in the fields. The cocks crow lustily, and, in the distance, from the little town of Nemours, comes the melodious call of a bugle, arousing "Pitou," the French "Tommy Atkins," from his sleep.

The sun drives away the soft gray mist that lingers on the meadows; a few shadows here and there still mark the wooded valleys; but they soon melt away, and a glorious summer morning, in the beautiful land of Burgundy, bursts upon us from every side.

* * * * * *

We are now close to the little hamlet of Uri, and the voice of a cuckoo-clock tells us the hour, as it pipes up in the breeze its five double notes.

"The temperature is very even," remarks the captain, "and there is no danger of it rising or falling unexpectedly, at least for an hour or more. We might as well travel with the guide-rope, and skip along close to the earth."

He slips the line overboard and lowers it carefully to the ground.

The guide-rope, though a mere cable, about two hundred feet in length, is a very delicate instrument, and, after the anchor, the most important accessory to a balloon. When in operation, one end of the rope is attached to the basket, and a quarter or a fifth of its length is allowed to drag on the surface of the earth, where it regulates automatically the air-ship's aerostatic equilibrium.

If the balloon has a tendency to fall, an additional portion of the guide-rope drops on the ground. Instantly the "Rolla" is relieved of that much weight, and soon resumes its former altitude.

On the other hand, should the tendency be to rise, the extra amount of rope that it hauls up with it means for the "Rolla" a few pounds more to carry, and it gradually falls back to its original position.

It has also the serious advantage of saving gas, and sand ballast as well.

"That modest young fellow you met at dinner the other night," remarks the captain, "uses the guide-rope with great success as part of the steering-gear of his new 'aeronef,' the Santos-Dumont V. We all expect to hear within a few weeks that Santos-Dumont has solved the great problem of aerial navigation."

The farmers, who cannot understand this new method of locomotion, are all eager to tug at the guide-rope, thinking we have decided to land.

"No, no; leave it alone!" shouts the owner. "We are simply out for a promenade!"

The children, who are playing scarecrow with the ravenous birds in the orchards, scream with astonishment and delight. An old woman folds her hands over her mouth like a megaphone and asks:

"Where the devil are you going like that?"

"To the moon."

"Ha! ha! Bon voyage!"

A flock of sheep stampedes at the sight of our shadow moving upon the earth, and disappears in a cloud of dust.

We glide peacefully over meadows and swamps, clearing hedges and trees, dragging the guide-rope behind us. As we pass over a lake in the park of an ideal country seat, we see the "Rolla" reflected in the clear waters below.

Even at this moderate height, the farms look like children's playhouses, with their curly little lambs, their wooden horses and painted cows; and as we approach a curve in the railroad track, a train of cars puffs by like a mechanical toy, and whistles a friendly salute.

Here the captain calls my attention to a dark line of clouds in the northwest.

Yesterday's "Herald" predicted a depression within the next twenty-four hours—evidently a storm is creeping up behind us. But the same wind is driving us on, and we hope to keep out of its reach, even if we have to rise up in the heavens above it.

"If our balloon obeys as it should, we will soon have some fun," says the captain, as we reach the first trees of a thick forest.

The "Rolla" is so sensitive that by merely hauling in a few yards of the guide-rope, we gently descend on the tops of the trees, lightly skipping from one to the other; we brush by an elm, a poplar, or an ash, and pick as we pass their fresh green leaves.

This weird performance is fascinating beyond words. I have never heard of a "promenade" on the crest of a forest, and I wonder now and then if I am dreaming.

Such accuracy of movement is only possible with a very small balloon, in the early hours of the day, and with a perfectly even temperature. Of course, it is always dangerous, as the slightest mistake would lead to a hopeless disaster.

Suddenly, while crossing a deep ravine, the coolness of the air drags us down. The rocky banks of the torrent are upon us.

I open my mouth to offer a mild objection, when a hatful of ballast goes overboard; we instantly shoot up in the air, and, before I can realize what has occurred, the barometer marks six and seven thousand feet.

"From on high one appreciates to their full human things, and it is only necessary to have reached lofty altitudes to know the smallness of whatever appears great."—Alf. de Vigny.

I shall never forget this first and sudden leap to such terrifying altitudes. I thought we would never stop rising, and stood breathless as I saw the earth leave us, sink in at the center, and swell out at the horizon like a bowl.

Which of us has not often followed with delighted eyes the majestic flight of the clouds, and longed for their liberty and the freedom of their voyages in the skies?

Rolled in heavy masses by the winds that drive them on, they move peacefully in the sunlight like a fleet of sombre ships with prows of solid gold. Now bunched together in small and graceful groups, thin and sleek like birds of passage, they fly swiftly with the breeze—iridescent and translucent, like huge opals picked from the treasures of heaven, or sparkling with immaculate candor, like the snow the winds harvest on the crest of inaccessible sierras and carry off on their invisible wings.

They have seen, perhaps in a single day, the countries and the homes we love, and cherish in remembrance or in hope. They have passed over spots that have beaten time to our happiest hours; they have looked down upon places that have witnessed our deepest sorrows.

Up to their glittering realm we rise, and, cutting through the impalpable vapor, we reach the upper spheres of everlasting starlight and sunshine where begin the limits of the empyrean, that mysterious zone, visited only by the queen bee, once in her lifetime, on the day of her "nuptial flight."

The varied emotions of our trip above the clouds are simply superhuman, but the owner does not seem to enjoy them:

"A fellow can't be amused up here. Let's go down."

I know he is longing to play with the trees again; but before I can answer, the valve-rope is jerked, and we drop two or three thousand feet.

Looking up through the open appendix, I can see the interior of the balloon, the valve-rope hanging in the center, and watch the valve open and close at the top.

We are now traveling with the wind at a speed of forty miles an hour, but we feel no motion whatever. The hills, the meadows, the hamlets, rush toward us in a mad race, as if driven by the mighty hand of God.

The world looks like a painted atlas, with every little detail carefully marked. As I compare it with the military map in my hands, I cannot tell which is the better of the two; and, moreover, at this altitude, they seem both the same size.

The captain is throwing out ballast—quite a lot, it seems to me. But the barometer is still falling. Down we go, and in a moment we are close to earth again. Half a dozen peasants are harvesting in the grain-fields.

"Captain! we are dead birds this time!"

"Not yet," replies the owner, "but be sure before we touch ground to swing up on the hoop above you, or the shock might break your legs."

The advice is worth following. No sooner said than done, and the basket, after kicking off the top of a haystack, drops in the midst of the dumbfounded farmers.

Relieved for a second of its weight, the "Rolla" bounds ahead. More ballast flies out, and we are off on another trip to the clouds.

Exposed, as it is, alternately to the burning rays of the sun and the numerous cool currents that we meet on our way, the "Rolla" soon becomes flighty and hard to control. A few minutes later we are not two hundred feet over the meadow.

Another rise, without apparently any cause for it, and soon we are falling again; this time over the ancient city of Sens, with its beautiful cathedral in the center, around which the quaint old houses are huddled, and held close together by a belt of green boulevards.

As I wonder how we would look impaled on that sharp Gothic steeple, a dozen pounds of ballast sends us skyward like a rocket.

* * * * * *

It was now ten o'clock. We had traveled, by actual measurement on the map, two hundred and eighty kilometers. The heat was increasing rapidly, and the sensitive bubble over our heads had become more erratic than ever. Down it would drop a few thousand feet, if a cloud happened to darken the sun, and then up three or four thousand, as soon as the cloud had passed on.

This constant "bobbing" up and down at a terrific pace, added to the heat and the lack of sleep, was gradually telling on our nerves. Ten hours in a basket, under such circumstances, is about as much as any ordinary man can stand. Without wasting any time in idle discussion, we decided to atterrir—in other words, to land, as soon as the necessary arrangements for this important operation had been completed.

The "Rolla" was then at nine thousand feet; we had lost the wind on our way up, and below, in the west, the storm was rapidly gaining on us.

We had still four sacks of sand ballast of the nine we had taken up with us. Every knot that held them to the basket was carefully examined—a precaution of vital importance, as we would soon be above the clouds again if any of them escaped us in the varied incidents that might attend our descent. The lunch-basket and our coats were also securely fastened, and the anchor partly unlashed and made ready to be dropped.

I held the barometer, with eyes glued upon its face, ready to call out our future altitudes. My companion, with the valve-rope in his right and the ballast-spoon within reach, was still gazing earnestly at the fields in the distance, where we hoped we might stand alive a few minutes later.

Not a word had been spoken for some time, when the captain said:

"Our landing, I think, will be a hard one—I dislike the way those trees are scattered beyond that narrow valley. We never should have allowed the storm to reach our heels—but it has to go now——" and his hand gives the valve-rope a long and heavy pull.

We can hear the gas sputter as it leaves the creaking silk.

Instantly the barometer drops. We have started on our final descent.

* * * * * *

The captain's fondness for "valving" had set us falling again at an awful speed, and the sand he was throwing out was rising around the "Rolla" in little thin clouds, and dropping like hail on the silk above us.

I looked down. The earth was rising!—rising to meet us, like a fabulous mother eager to receive her children in her outstretched arms.

I stood hypnotized and cold, until called back to my barometer. I saw that the captain's teeth were set, but his eye was clear and serene.

We now realize to its full extent the gravity of the situation.

The needle is jumping in my hands. "Twenty-two hundred metres—twenty-one-fifty—twenty-one——" The storm is not a mile behind us, and the heavy wind that precedes it rolls in graceful waves over the wheat and barley fields.

"Seventeen hundred and fifty metres—seventeen hundred—sixteen hundred——"

We are falling at an angle of thirty or forty degrees. Everything below us is moving at lightning speed.

"Twelve hundred and fifty—twelve hundred—eleven hundred metres——"

My voice is slightly hoarse, but I call out the numbers as fast as I see them; and they follow each other in rapid succession.

"Nine hundred—eight hundred and fifty—eight hundred metres——"

The sudden change of altitude makes us both very deaf; but I can still hear the captain say:

"Haul in the other sack of sand. We must keep up long enough to clear that forest and land in the field beyond, this side of the large clump of trees."

The ballast is doing better work, and we are not falling quite so rapidly; but only half of the treacherous forest has been cleared. There is more and enough of it, that stands threatening below us.

"We shall never sail over it," mutters the owner.

At this moment we swing into a violent gale—forerunner of the storm behind us—the "Rolla" quivers in its net, seems to hesitate for a mere second, and bravely leaps ahead.

"Too much of a good thing——," and above us the valve is roaring furiously.

"Whatever happens, don't jump!" cries the captain.

Of course, had I done so at any time, he would have shot up in the air ten or fifteen thousand feet.

"Attention! Now is the psychological moment."

Like a hawk swooping down on its prey, and with the same graceful curve, the "Rolla" clears, with ten feet to spare, the crest of the last trees.

We hear the guide-rope dragging in the branches.

As quick as a flash the captain has the anchor overboard.

But the gale is driving us on, and the iron teeth fail to bite the sod.

We clutch at the hoop and the rigging above—and, with a crash, the basket strikes the earth.

The shock throws us back into it.

The balloon bounds on several hundred feet, rolling like a huge football. We are dragged, tossed, bumped and bruised. Everything in the basket is smashed to pieces, and the claret on the captain's face looks like lood.

I barely have time to disengage my neck from a couple of slender and wiry net-ropes that are doing their best to strangle me.

A peasant, mowing near by, hears our cries; he drops his scythe, and kicking off his wooden shoes, tugs at the guide-rope lustily.

The anchor has found a soft spot, suddenly the cable tightens, and our aerial trip is ended.

By this time a few excited villagers have come to the rescue from the neighboring fields.

As we crawl from under the tangled mass of net-work and rigging, a terrorized child falls in a fit at the sight of this unusual performance, rolling in the grass and screaming with fright.

We are both rather pale and a bit weak in the knees; but, oh, the exquisite sensation to feel the good old earth under our feet again!

A few steps away, "Rolla" lies panting in the sunshine.

With every gust of wind he seems to exhale his life.

His quivering form is sinking rapidly; we hear his heavy sighs and watch his quivering skin.

The plucky little fellow makes another desperate effort to rise up to the spheres he has conquered; but his strength at last betrays him, and he falls back on the green—empty, motionless, dead.—"Argonaut."

Paris, June, 1901.

First Mosquito—What's in the bucket? Rushing the growler?

Second Mosquito—No; it's a cure for coal-oil poison. Have a nip?

Expressive English Phrases.

WHAT are the most expressive phrases in colloquial English? Of the dozens that slip off English-speaking tongues in the course of a day some must be better suited for their purpose and more characteristic of the race that originated them than others. When foreigners come to this country they catch certain expressions almost immediately, and long before they can attempt to speak the language have made them part of their vocabulary. It would seem that these phrases must be the most expressive in English and that they are peculiar to the language, and "fill a long-felt want," since foreigners seize so eagerly upon them.

Every man or woman who lands in this country is saying "Hurry up" in two months. In whatever quarter of the city one may walk, says the New York "Tribune," Italian or German or Jewish, mothers will be despatching their offspring on errands, using their native speech, but closing their orders with the magic "Hurry up!" How delightfully characteristic of the nation is the phrase! It is not to be wondered at that the new comers from the slow-moving Old World find that they have brought over nothing to equal it.

"All right" rivals "Hurry up," not because foreign tongues lack similar expressions, but because there is a jolly, hail fellow well met air about "all right" lacking in other phrases of the same character. Then, too, "all right" takes the place not only of "good," but of "yes" and "I understand," and of a dozen other phrases which in other languages require separate expressions.

The third phrase which alone shares the popularity of the first two is "It's nice." This should be interesting to purists who wish to restrict "nice" to its first and original meaning of "exact." No word of ancestry sufficiently aristocratic to please them takes the place of "nice" in its colloquial meaning, and foreigners clasp it with joy, wholly ignorant of the fact that they are outraging the feelings of anybody by so doing. Other phrases besides "Hurry up," "All right" and "It's nice" captivate the fancy of the newly-landed, but these three reign supreme.

Rough-Looking Beggar—Kind sir, be so good as to give me a trifle. Gentleman—For you to go and spend it in drink? Rough-Looking Beggar (knowingly)—Been a beggar yourself some time, eh?—"Pick-Me-Up."

Interesting Items.

According to an Omaha correspondent of the Chicago "Tribune," D. H. Hoffman, a Union Pacific machinist getting $3 a day, has received the palm as the most expensively dressed man in that city. The extent of his wardrobe was brought to light in a trial in Omaha, where a man was charged with stealing a suit-case full of clothing from him. While under oath he stated that the grip contained $6 worth of neckties. "How many neckties have you altogether?" asked the attorney. He replied: "I have $400 worth of neckties." The court gasped and the attorney turned pale. "Is the rest of your wardrobe in proportion?" asked the attorney. "It is," responded the witness. Hoffman was dressed faultlessly.

When Henry Hiemenz, jr., of St. Louis died the other day he left $1,000,000 and a will which provided that his widow, who inherited the entire fortune, was to strew the grave of his first wife with flowers every Sunday and on the anniversaries of her birth and death. This probably is the acme of refined cruelty. If the testator had provided that the widow, in order to keep the money, must climb a greased pole every Sunday morning, or give up corsets, or do her own washing, other women might have gone to her and encouraged her with the assurance that the money was worth the sacrifice; but to be compelled to strew flowers on the grave of the woman who is now, let us hope, happy with the man in paradise will undoubtedly be regarded by all sober-minded women as too much.

The English papers tell of a young Parisian in London, visiting the "Chamber of Horrors" at Mme. Tussaud's. Being alone, he was seized with an impulse to put his neck in the lunette wherein had rested that of Marie Antoinette. He lay down, touched a spring, and closed the collar. But how was he to release himself? If he touched the wrong spring the fatal axe might descend. Before long a crowd of visitors, led by an attendant, came on the scene. The guide was a bit of a linguist, and saw an opportunity, with himself as master of the situation. He at once began a practical lecture on the guillotine, interrupting his remarks with little asides in French to the indignant victim, asking him to scream louder or writhe more agonizingly. "How well he acts!" exclaimed the gratified onlookers. Finally the Parisian was released, and, answering the applause with maledictions, fled.

The Girl Who Didn't.

(A FABLE.)

Once upon a time a girl decided that she would go in for health rather than fashion, and would be a true woman, such as men like to talk about in the abstract.

She wore spring heels on number seven shoes, and shivered at the very idea of corsets. Her waist measured thirty-six inches, while her hips and bust were only thirty-two. She wouldn't curl her hair, and as she thought powder vulgar, her face was always red and shiny.

Her clothes were all made to hang from the shoulders, and she never sat on her spine. By the time she was twenty-five men ran when they saw her coming or going, they never knew which, and women looked at her through lorgnettes and said she was an unsexed creature!

Moral—The easiest way is always the best if you are a girl!—N. Y. "Life."

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England:

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

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

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

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

Jack Letherdale was down from Dominion creek last week. He reports most satisfactory developments from their prospect work on that creek, but operations, for the meantime, have been abandoned, pending the installation of pumping machinery.

Subscribe for the CLAIM, and get your friends to subscribe.

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

An entertainment under the auspicies of the Ladies' Auxiliary will be held in St. Andrews Church on Thursday, 12th inst, at 8 p.m. Refreshments will be served at the close of the programme. Admission, Adults, 50 cents, Children 25 cents.

Famous Moosehead Brand, Oil tan Shoe Packs, just arrived at Blackett & Co.'s.

We hear that Kent and Piets, of Gold Run, have reached bedrock and have struck it rich.

The younger members of St. Andrews Church, not wishing to be outdone by their elders in assisting in church work, have organized an Aid of their own, to be known as The Girls' Aid, with Mrs. Williams as Overseer and the following officers: President, Carrie Doelker; Vice-President, Ethel Pillman; Secy.-Treasurer, Jennie McDonald. The Aid already has a membership of ten.

D. H. McDonald will arrive on Monday with a shipment of Fresh Ranch Eggs, Potatoes, Lemons, Oranges, Apples, etc., etc.

H. D. Gagne, lineman on the Dom. Tele. Service, returned on Saturday last, after a four months' holiday, spent at his old home in Quebec.

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

A big shipment of fresh goods have just arrived at Fraser & Co's.

J. F. Deeks, returned to Atlin, on Monday, from a business trip to the outside.

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

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 tract of land for agricultural purposes: That parcel or tract of land situated in the Atlin Lake Mining Division, commencing at a post planted at the N.W. corner of Atlin Townsite, thence East 40 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 20 chains to point of commencement, containing 80 acres, more or less.

E. P. QUEEN.

Dated at Atlin, B.C., this 6th day of March, 1903. mar7-8t

FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL.

The Costumes Were Few But in Good Taste.

The second carnival of the season was held on the Atlin Rink last Saturday evening, but from point of numbers or for variety of costumes, it fell a long way short of the first one. The ice was in fine condition and the decorations were very tastefully arranged.

The characters represented were as follows: Choirister Girl, Miss Miller; Sister of Charity, Mrs. Ward; the Three Graces, Mmes. Woods, Stephenson and Rant; Nurses, Mrs. and Miss Pillman; Old Lady, Erma Blackett; Tambourine Girl, Bernice Blackett; Little Red Ridinghood, Bertha Doelker; Spanish Lady, Maggie McDonald; Turk Soldier, J. Fetherstonhaugh; Spanish Grandee, J. F. Ware; Dutchman, Dell Lewis Negro Peddlar, Bob Harmon; Uncle Sam, Wilfred Ware; Brigand, Horace Fraser; S. A. Volunteer, Walter Blackett and others. The prizes were awarded to Mrs. Pillman and J. Fetherstonhaugh for the best sustained characters; to Erma Blackett and Bob Harmon for the best comical characters and to Maggie McDonald and Horace Fraser for the best dressed juvenile characters.

It is the intention of the Management to have another—and possibly the last—carnival at the rink on the 21st inst. The proceeds are to be donated to the Fire Department and in consequence this carnival should be well patronized.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest temperature recorded for the week ending 6th inst, is as follows:

Feb. 28	28 above
March 1	17 "
" 2	2 "
" 3	2 "
" 4	9 "
" 5	10 "
" 6	1 below

The Literary Society.

The debate before the Discovery Literary Society last Saturday was out of the ordinary, being upon the subject, War, more destructive to human life than Alcoholism. The speakers on the affirmative side were Messrs. Letherdale, Mobly, Garrison, Cartmell Jackson and Mrs. Mobly; those on the negative being, Messrs. Pollay, Mannell, Morrison, McKay, Gould and Yeomans. The affirmative speakers were able to produce statistics upon their side of the argument and in consequence carried the day. Owto the Miners' meeting tonight, there will be no meeting of the Society, but possibly next Saturday evening a social evening will be given to which all are invited.

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

IMPORTANT

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

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

C & B Jams, 1-lb tins, per doz, 3.50

ALL OTHER GROCERIES REDUCED

Big Bargains still left in Dry Goods and Men's Furnishings.

Fine All-Wool Silver Gray Blankets, 10, 12 and 14 pounds, for 55 cents a pound.

BLACKETT & CO.

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

Vancouver General Store,

Dealers in Provisions, Dry Goods, Etc.,

A. S. Cross & Co.

DRINK THE BEST

"NABOB TEA."

In Lead Packets of ½-lb and 1 lb each.

For Sale by all First Class Grocers.

KELLY, DOUGLAS & Co., Wholesale Grocers, VANCOUVER, B.C

THE CONVENTION.

Continued from page 2.

10. Providing a reserve or "prospecting area" of 1500 feet.

11. That discovery be allowed in any location, 600 feet from an occupied creek, where a new auriferous gravel has been found.

The local organization at Keithley, in Cariboo, passed resolutions to the following effect:

1. Placing the acquirement of title to placer claims on the same footing as mineral claims.

2. Repeal or amendment of the Water Clauses Act, so that prospector, individual placer or quartz miner can secure the quantity of water required to operate his claim or claims, by simply recording the same, and without having to pay the heavy charges now being made for securing water privileges.

3. Repeal or abolition of the two per cent royalty on gross output of either mineral or placer mines.

4. Paying a tax on the net income of either mineral or placer mines, said tax to be levied and collected in the same manner as it is levied and collected from the owners of real estate or from the net income of bankers, merchants, manufacturers, individuals, corporations or capitalists.

The Cariboo district sent down 36 delegates to the Convention.

THIRD GRAND MASK FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL

ON THE

ATLIN SKATING RINK

SATURDAY, MARCH 21ST.

In Aid of Atlin Fire Department.

Six Handsome Prizes.

C. P. N. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

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

PRINCESS MAY, Mar. 7, 18 and 28
do. April, 7, 17 & 27

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