THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. 9. ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1903. NO. 225.

PROVES RICH

The Beavis Mine Will be a Dividend Payer.

Smelter Returns $75 per ton. Ore Actually Worth $85 per ton. Owners will Soon Commence Active Operations.

That Atlin will be a famous quartz mining country is almost assured. Some months past a shipment of two tons of ore taken from the Sydney Fraction Mineral Claim was shipped to different smelters on the coast. The returns now received give a result of $85 for each ton.

The freight and smelter charges cost only $10 per ton. The property is now owned by Messrs. H. Malum and E. Wynn Johnston who are to be congratulated on having acquired so valuable a property.

It will not be long before we see active quartz mining being carried on almost in our city seeing that the property is not more than 20 minutes walk from Atlin to the site. Before leaving for Paris Mr. Malum took options on several adjoining claims.

TWO MORE DREDGES

Will be Installed Next Summer on Pine Creek

Two more mammoth gold dredges are to be installed next summer on Pine Creek, Atlin, by the British-America Dredging Co. which last summer placed its first dredge on Gold Run.

An announcement to that effect was made to the Vancouver Province by Mr. W. J. Robinson, representing the financial backing of the company. Mr. Robinson and Mr O. T. Switzer, general manager of the British America Dredging Co., arrived in Vancouver from the North by the steamer Amur.

Messrs. Robinson and Switzer will leave in a few days for San Francisco to make arrangements for the installation of the two new dredges next summer. They will be the same type as the one constructed this year, except that the buckets will be of about a third greater capacity than those in use at present.

The Dramatic Society Starts Winter Amusement.

The entertainment given by the Society on Tuesday evening, notwithstanding the short time taken for preparation, proved an unqualified success.

The farce entitled "A Peter Dinner" was thoroughly enjoyed by an appreciative audience and the acting was far above that displayed in the average amateur performance.

Miss Edwards, as Blanche, wife of Col. Coldyce, played her part exceedingly well and Mr. E. M. N. Woods, as the Colonel, proved himself to be quite an actor. Mr. Symmons as Peter Piper, showed great talent and caused much amusement.

The musical programme which followed was greatly enjoyed and Mrs. E. M. N. Woods' rendering of one of Chopin's waltzes was quite a treat to lovers of the piano.

The Society intends giving several entertainments this winter, their desire being not to make money, but to promote social and entertaining gatherings with a view to pleasantly passing some of our long winter evenings, such a project should meet with the aid and approval of everyone in the camp.

Night Watchman

Mr. Soloman Appointed at Citizens' Meeting.

The citizens meeting held at the Court House on Wednesday evening, for the purpose of electing A Night Watchman, was well attended. Mr. A. C. Hirschfeld was voted to the Chair and the Rev. F. L. Stephenson acted as Secretary.

The Chairman briefly addressed the meeting and called upon the Secretary to read the application.

The application being read, the following were balloted for:

W. J. Smith, C. R. Roberts, J. F. Soloman, J. Chapman, D. McGillivray, J. J. McLennan and Thomas Murphy.

The first ballot gave the following result:— Smith 13. Roberts 1. Soloman 11. McGillivray 7.

A second ballot gave the vote as follows:— Smith 13. Soloman 16. McGillivray 3.

In the final ballot Soloman defeated Smith by a vote of 19 to 13.

The choice of the meeting meets with general approval, Mr. Soloman has already proved himself an efficient watch-man having held the position last winter, when his services were greatly appreciated by the fire committee of the town.

Board of Trade.

The Special Meeting of the Board of Trade, held for the purpose of requesting the Dominion Government to grant a subsidy for an all Canadian route from the coast to Dawson, via Atlin, was well attended. It was resolved to refer the matter to the Council, who will report at the next regular meeting of the Board.

THE CABINET

Reconstructed, The Premier Takes Portfolio of Mines and Provincial Secretaryship.

Hon. Charles Wilson, K. C. Defeats Capt. J. Duff Stuart, at Bye-Election in Vancouver by a Large Majority.

The British Columbia Cabinet as reconstructed, after Mr. F. J. Fulton, Conservative, of Kamloops, had been sworn in as President of the Council, is as follows:— Premier McBride becomes Minister of Mines and Provincial Secretary.

Hon. R. F. Green, of Kaslo, formerly Minister of Mines, is made Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works.

Hon. Charles Wilson, K. C., of Vancouver, formerly President of the Council, becomes Attorney-General in the stead of Mr. A. E. [illegible], who was defeated in Victoria.

Hon. R. G. Tatlow, as Minister without Office, completes the Cabinet.

Hon. Mr. Wilson is the only member of the Cabinet who will have to be re-elected. As President of the Council he drew no salary.

Vancouver, Nov. 19—Mr. Wilson defeated Capt. J. Duff Stuart in the bye election at Vancouver by nearly one thousand majority.

A GOOD LESSON.

Three Months Hard Labor for Claim Jumping.

Poplar Creek Jumper Goes to Jail For Disobeying Order of Gold Commissioner to Remove Stakes From Neighbor's Claim

Trout Lake, B. C., Nov. 5.— E. Lange, charged with disobeying the orders of Gold Commissioner Fraser, of Revelstoke, to remove certain stakes from the famous Lucky Jack mineral claim at Poplar, was today sentenced by the justices to serve three months hard labor at Nelson. Lange was also found guilty of stealing ore from the same claim outside the limits of a placer claim which he was permitted to locate, and was committed for trial.

The first regular monthly meeting of the Atlin District Liberal Conservative Association will be held in Dixon's Hall, Atlin, on Saturday Nov. 28th at 8 p.m.

Matters of interest will be discussed.

TIMBER NOTICES.

Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date, we intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for the right to enter upon and expropriate the following described timber lands, situate in the Atlin Mining District of Cassiar in the Province of British Columbia for the right to cut and carry away timber for the purposes and uses of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited, under the authority of Chapter 87 of Acts of the Legislature of British Columbia passed the 27th day of February, 1899, entitled an Act to Incorporate the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited. Commencing at a Post marked Initial Post number one, and named the P. C. F. C. Ltd. standing at a corner on Snake Creek called the North E. corner, thence 80 chains in a south-east direction, thence 80 chains in a south-west direction, thence 80 chains in a north-west direction, thence 80 chains in a north-east direction, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres.

C. L. Queen,
R. W. Queen,
Directors of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited.
Atlin, B. C. October 28rd 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date, we intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for the right to enter upon and expropriate the following described timber lands situate in the Atlin Mining District of Cassiar in the Province of British Columbia for the right to cut and carry away timber for the purposes and uses of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited under the authority of Chapter 87 of the Acts of the Legislature of British Columbia passed the 27th day of February 1899, entitled an Act to Incorporate the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited. Commencing at a Post marked Initial Post number one and named P. C. F. Co. Ltd. standing on N. E. corner on Surprise Lake, thence 80 chains in a South East direction, thence 80 chains in a South West direction, thence 80 chains in a North West direction, thence 80 chains in a North East direction to point of commencement.

C. L. Queen,
J. T. Carroll,
Directors of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited.
Atlin, B. C. October 22nd. 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date we intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for the right to enter upon and expropriate the following described timber lands for the purposes and uses of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited. To cut and carry away timber for uses of the Company under the authority of Chapter 87 of the Acts of the Legislature of British Columbia passed the 27th. day of February 1899; entitled an Act to Incorporate the Pine Creek Flume Company Limited. Commencing at a Post marked Initial Post number one and named P. C. F. Co. Ltd., standing at the N. E. corner on Cake Creek, about one and one quarter miles from Surprise Lake, thence 80 chains in a South-East direction, thence 80 chains in a South West direction, thence 80 chains in a North-West direction thence 80 chains in a North-East direction to point of commencement.

C. L. Queen,
J. T. Carroll,
Directors of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited.
Atlin, B. C. October 22nd. 1903.

TIMBER NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works or his Agent, for a Special Licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described tract of Land, commencing at a post marked G. D. Sinclair's S. E. corner post situated near the mouth of Cake Creek, on the shore of Surprise Lake, thence N 160 chains, thence W 40 chains, thence S 160 chains, thence E. 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more, or less.

G. D. Sinclair,
for Northern Lumber Co. Limited
Atlin, B. C. Oct. 25th, 1903.

The Interpretation of Life.

PERCY TRAFFORD OLTON, Curate of St. Peter's Church, State Street, Brooklyn.

Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work.—St. John, iv., 34.

Life is a great desire. From the cry of the new-born infant to the sigh of the departing soul there is a reaching out, a longing after, a never satisfied desire, for something beyond the attainment of the present moment.

The soul of man is so constituted that it cannot rest satisfied in itself. It needs some object which it may desire as the "summum bonum," the highest good, the all-satisfying end, the final happiness. In order to live one must desire.

There is an old saying, "As long as there is life there is hope." We can change that and say just as truly, "As long as there is hope there is life." Without hope, without desire, life soon fails, because life is but a boundless hope, a great desire, an unfulfilled quest.

We know that it sometimes happens that the flickering light of life in some soul is kept alive by the power of an intense desire—that when the animal strength is all gone and science looks for the end there comes a new power to the rescue of the soul struggling for a longer respite, and the spark of life is kept burning until the desire has been gratified, until the message has been given or the face of the beloved one has been looked upon once again ere the fainting soul falls asleep. And so it is with the life of the world. Without hope, without longing, without this innate and never failing desire, the world would fall asleep and all things would be as at the beginning. But when God created the heaven and the earth, when in the eternities of the past there came forth the power of life, there was wrapped up in that genesis the propelling, uplifting, expanding force of a great desire. Never could that life remain silent or passive; it must, consciously or unconsciously, reach out, long after, work for some end in the eternities of the future. So "through the ages one eternal purpose runs."

Let us understand, then, that our life is made up of desires—that we are the creatures of a hope which passeth our understanding; that we are the product of all the past efforts of life to reach its final destiny; that we are the conservers of the energies by which future generations shall be enabled to reach the goal of their quest.

Let us realize that our happiness in this world, that our life in the future world, that our contribution to the life of the ages to follow, all depend upon the choice and direction of our present desires. Let us grasp this fact and we will tremble ere we choose the thing that shall be supreme in our thought and life.

There have always been two ways by which man has tried to gain for himself the desire of life. The first has been by collecting and surrounding himself with things that will minister to his physical well-being. This is the primary and lowest conception of happiness. We can trace it back to the earlier stages of life, and it probably arose from the instinct of self-preservation. The other way that man has tried to satisfy this yearning for a more perfect life is the cultivation of the intellect and the widening of the horizon of knowledge. Neither in the gratification of the physical nor in the development of the intellectual has man found the end for which he exists.

And now we turn to the Great Interpreter of Life, the One who is Himself "the Way and the Truth and the Life." What did He make the supreme and all-important think in life? The answer comes without hesitation, the doing of the will of God. "Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." The world has never seen a life so perfectly happy, because no other life has been so entirely in accord with the divine will. Jesus Christ came not only to reveal, but to do the will of the Father, and because He gave Himself in perfect obedience there must have come to Him the perfect happiness.

We can realize the Desire of life, we can attain unto perfect happiness only in so far as we give ourselves to the doing of the will of God. There is no other way. Everything must be made subordinate and contributory to this one supreme aim, to do the will of God. Everything that conflicts with the will of God as revealed through Jesus Christ must be given up without question if we are to enter into the fulness of life; such as the Gospel of Christianity.

The message is that happiness and heaven and the fulness of life with God are yours when you can say with the Master, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work."

Britain Rules the Waves.

Britain rules the waves, says The Daily Chronicle, but she is not able to control the vagaries of foreign posts bringing letters to those whose services enable her to maintain her proud prerogative. Hence comes it that a naval officer's life is not always a happy one. When, for instance, at the recent naval manoeuvres the ships put in at Lagos in Portugal, it was evident to the meanest intelligence that something had gone wrong with the mails. One young sub-Lieutenant received his sweetheart's letter in a condition of pulp, with the two top lines of each page still intact, while another officer, who knew that his heart's delight would not have failed him in the matter of letter-writing, received nothing at all. The explanation, though hardly solacing, was simple enough. It seems that the last twenty miles of the Lagos mail journey is performed by mule diligence, and a hungry mule had endeavored to satisfy the cravings of an empty stomach with the outpourings of dying hearts.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases. 22

Cost of Pasteurizing.

Experiments conducted at the Royal Experiment Station in Copenhagen prove that if a pasteurizer is properly constructed and properly operated it will require about 90 pounds of steam for heating 1,000 pounds of milk from 90 to 185 degrees F., says M. Mortensen. If we figure that it takes one pound of coal to produce four pounds of steam, to produce ninety pounds of steam will then require 23 pounds of coal. Figuring coal at $4 per ton, and our butter yield 4 1-2 pounds butter to 100 pounds milk, makes the cost of pasteurizing one pound of butter about one-tenth of a cent. This expense, however, is reduced considerably by pasteurizing the cream and skimmed milk separately. The cream is reduced to such a small amount that the expense per pound will be very little. For pasteurization of skimmed milk the exhaust steam can be used; this is also more satisfactory to the patron, as milk when pasteurized after skimming is warm enough to scald the cans, and the milk keeps sweet longer.

Effect of Thinning Tomatoes.

At the Arkansas Agricultural Experimental Station experiments have been conducted to determine the effects of systematic thinning of tomato crops on the size of the fruit.

In cultivating the plants under trial, all lateral branches below the first cluster of blossoms were pruned off with a sharp knife. The plants were tied to stakes, and the lot that were allowed to produce what fruit they would received no further attention than the necessary cultivation of the surrounding soil and occasional retying to the stakes as the plants grew. The plants were all sprayed occasionally with bordeaux mixture, and while the leaves and stems were wet with spray were dusted with paris green mixed with four parts of flour or road dust. The thinned lot were given the same treatment, except that not more than three fruits were allowed to remain on one cluster, and generally only two. The thinning was done as soon as the young tomatoes were half or three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The dead blossoms were removed as soon as possible to prevent deforming. Frequently the young tomatoes, when not more than one-fourth of an inch in diameter, would show an irregular or improper shape, and this was of considerable advantage in enabling the selection of only the best fruit to remain on the vines. The thinning was done with a sharp knife.

Deficient rainfall and excessive high temperature during the season affected the thinned plots less than those not thinned, since a majority of the fruit on the former had ripened very early.

The tomatoes grown were mostly large kinds, Mikado, Ponderosa, Stone, Favorite, Imperial. On the thinned vines the average number of fruit per vine was 9.7, the average weight of fruit per vine was 9.57 pounds and the average weight of each tomato was 15.82 pounds. On the unthinned vines the average number of fruit per vine was 24.6, the average weight of fruit per vine was 10.60 pounds, the average weight of each tomato being 6.86 pounds. While the weight of crop was decreased one-tenth by thinning, the bulk would have been about the same, as large tomatoes fill up faster.

These results are interesting, as showing what can be done in the way of producing large tomatoes. For commercial requirements enormous fruits are not so much required nor so profitable as an even grade of medium size, the buyer being influenced more by the weight of the case than anything else.

Canadian Apples Wanted in France.

The Extension of Markets Division of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, has recently received letters from two firms in Paris, France, making inquiries as to the apple crop in Canada this year and the steamship service between Canada and France; also asking for the names of some of the leading exporters of apples with whom business conections might be made.

Tonic for Swine.

The following is a favorite mixture among some of the large hog-raisers of the central west. It is thought to aid digestion, assist bone-building and help expel bowel worms. It comprises charcoal, one and one-half bushels; common salt, four pounds; hardwood ashes, ten pounds; slacked lime, four pounds. To be kept in a box where the hogs can eat what they need.

Who Are the Battenbergs?

Of the many millions of people ruled by King Edward it is very doubtful whether more than one or two hundred have a clear idea of the size of England's royal family, taking into account the descendants of King George III's three sons, the Dukes of Kent, Cumberland and Cambridge. To the great majority of people it is a complete puzzle. Even in Victorian times there were numbers of persons in this country absorbed to such an extent in minding their own business and that of their near neighbors that, though instinctively loyal to their good Queen, and well content to be her subjects, they could never remember the names of Her Majesty's children beyond the first three—the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred.

As for Queen Victoria's grandchildren, especially those whose fathers were foreign princes, the averge Briton "gave it up" if asked where the Hessians or Christians came from, and whether any one of them had a chance of the English crown. As regards the young Battenbergs, a disposition prevails to-day to class all of them as belonging to Princess Beatrice, whom many benighted creatures imagine to be the mother of Princess Alice, lately betrothed to Prince Andrew of Greece.

In reality there are two Battenberg sets—three sons and one daughter, the children of the late Prince Henry and our late Queen's youngest daughter; and two sons and two daughters, the children of Prince Louis and Princess Victoria of Hesse, the latter being one of Queen Victoria's foreign granddaughters. To this second group does Princess Alice of Battenberg belong; and Princess Beatrice, instead of being her mamma, is her great-aunt and aunt-in-law combined. The interesting young people included in the two families are really German Highnesses of but minor degree; but the great affection felt for them by our late Queen seems to class them among "the rest of the royal family" prayed for in England's Established Church, and most people wish them well, even though hazy over their real names and titles.

So far, only one of Queen Victoria's great-granddaughters is married—Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen, who became Princess Henry XXX. of Reuss in 1898, when she was nineteen years of age. Her mother, Princess Charlotte of Prussia, was younger—aged seventeen years and seven months—when she married the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, being anxious so it was said, to escape from the arbitrary control of her maternal parent, the then German Crown Princess, afterwards the Empress Frederic—who, in her turn, had become a bride about two months after her seventeenth birthday.

The first of the Victorian "Four Generations" pictures represented our late Queen with these descendants, the eldest daughter, granddaughter and great granddaughter; and sentimental folk to whom this group appealed were somewhat disappointed that the venerable sovereign passed away without figuring in a five-generation tableau.

Princess Alice of England, Queen Victoria's second daughter, was not hurried to the hymeneal altar so early as her elder sister, being more than nineteen years of age when she became Princess Louis of Hesse. Her eldest daughter Victoria, was twenty-one at the time she married Prince Louis of Battenberg; and Princess Alice of Battenberg is now eighteen, and may have to wait a while before becoming a bride, her fiance being a king's younger son, with no definite income of his own.

No photograph could be taken of these four generations—Queen Victoria, Alice Grand Duchess of Hesse, Victoria Princess Louis of Battenberg and Princess Alice of Battenberg—for our late sovereign's second daughter died before her eldest child was sixteen, and saw none of her family settled in life. England would probably have seen little or nothing of any Battenbergs had not the death of the Grand Duchess Alice obliged Queen Victoria to take special interest in the motherless grandchildren at Darmstadt and their German relations, with the result that this morganatic branch of the Hessian line obtained her Majesty's favorable notice and a good place in her match-making books.

Strawberry Jam.

If there is an agitation in which generalities will never accomplish anything, it is the campaign against impure and adulterated foods. The average man reads of the adulterants in general use, from the aristocratic-sounding salicylic acid to the homely sand in the sugar, but he isn't afraid. Providence, or an inherited good constitution will save him somehow. Nothing will break up this serene frame of mind except concrete revelations of doctored foods. Thus, says the New York "Evening Post," too wide circulation cannot be given to such a revelation as that just made by the Minnesota State Dairy and Food Department about canned fruits. This is the season when the provident house-wife is toiling over fragrant steaming kettles, while the firm, fresh fruit is metamorphosed into the appetizing array of jellies. It is a great trouble, and they are selling jams and jellies at the grocer's really more cheaply than you can make them. Very well. Here are preserved strawberries made from a mixture of timothy seed, glucose, acids and sugar, with flavoring and coloring matter. Raspberry jam is the same, except for the substitution of broom corn for the timothy. Picture the great caldron with the fire ready kindled. First the skilful cook pours in water. Then comes a half-peck of hayseed. Here is a dish fit for the most fastidious—horse. Then the thick glucose and some sugar. Last comes a dash of the nearest flavor to the strawberry that synthetic chemistry can produce. Water boil and caldron bubble. It is done, and here are colored labels with pictures of the luscious fruit. Sixteen dealers have been prosecuted in Minnesota since January 1 for selling preserves of this general class as "pure."

Smith: Waste-Product.

There were four of us, met together one Saturday evening in our accustomed quiet Bloomsbury tavern—three of us friends of long standing, the fourth only admitted to the circle of late; we knew little of him save that his name was Smith; his age would be something over thirty, and he seemed to have done and seen most things under the sun.

That evening someone had mentioned the case of a young fellow who had just been told by his doctor that he must not expect to live more than ten years, and we had been discussing whether he should live "the strenuous life" for his short span, or take things easily. Smith listened in silence for a time, but presently broke out.

"Blame me if I can understand you fellows," he said, "and your talk of the strenuous life and fame and success and the rest of it; I suppose it's not in me.

For to be old and for to see,
For to admire this world so wide

—that's me. I've not had much of a time of it on the whole; had a bad start for one thing. I was what people call the 'love-child' of a barmaid. Don't know nor care who my father was—bit of a swell, probably; he settled a hundred and fifty a year on me for life through some lawyers. I was put out to nurse soon after I was born and never saw my mother to know her—lawyers told me who she was. I had a middling education and could gabble my 'Arma virumque' with the best of 'em when I was sixteen. I started in Canada, took up my 160 acres, wheat got frozen two years running, so I chucked it and went lumbering. Got down into the States, was a potman in New York, clerk in a tinned beef show in Chicago, cow-puncher in Utah, and worked on fruit ranches in California. Fine country, California. Signed on a tramp at 'Frisco, left her at Sydney and did Australia—sheep-shearing, cattle stations, 'sundowning,' anything, mostly 'sundowning.' Made a lot of money over a deal in cattle, blued it in a week in Sydney, and got on another tramp for Cape Town. Left her there, went up country and joined the B. S. A. Police, went through the Matabele war, and was in the Jameson Raid, and then came home for a spell."

Why "home"? I thought.

"Went out to the Cape again a bit before the war, when that started joined the I.L.H., and went all through it. War's about my mark, I guess—not soldiering, mind you. There's a grisly kind of fascination in the zip-zip-zipping of the bullets, seeing fellows go down all round you, and wondering where the next one's coming. It's like swapping yarns with death. What am I going to do now? Lord knows; there's not much left in life for me; it's a mystery why some bullet didn't come my way a bit straighter; but my sort don't seem to get killed that way. Marry and settle down? Not likely; women 're just like ... to me—I get sick of 'em ... loved a few; I'm all ... that, I'm not one of your cold-blooded kind. Holy Mary! pity women!"

He brought his fist down on the table with a display of emotion that was astounding.

"I've broken all the ten commandments and I haven't the conscience of a self-respecting rat; but when I think of those poor, simple, trusting fools—God! why had I no mother!"

For a moment he hid his face in his hands and was silent.

"Ah, well," he went on, "Ca ira. Some fellow once called me a waste-product of the Empire—it's a fancy phrase, but I guess he wasn't far wrong. I'll be on the move again soon—I'm sick of your cursed stuffy city—I want God Almighty's winds in my face, and the smell of the sea in my nostrils, and the sound of it in my ears; I want the veld or the prairies again—space—God! I want space."

He stretched out his arms and drew in a long breath through clenched teeth and then got up.

"Well, good night, you fellows; I've been drinking too much to-night, but I'll give you a last toast—here's to the next war, and pray God I'll never see forty." He drained his glass and lurched unsteadily out into the night.

I have never seen him since.—G. S. P. in London "Outlook."

A Life-Saving Kite.

Of late years the kite has emerged from the position of a mere toy, and has been successfully employed for meteorological observations at high altitudes. A more recent application of the kite principle is as a life-saving appliance, to be carried on shipboard, its particular duty being to establish communication between a stranded vessel and the adjacent shore. It stands to reason that a ship in this position generally has the assistance of the wind in carrying anything shoreward, and it would be far easier to launch a kite under such conditions than it would be to fire a rocket in the reverse direction. The kite carries a guide-rope, and contains in a pocket a set of signals and instructions. It is also furnished with apparatus for telephonic communication between the crew and their would-be rescuers. But we must confess that, seeing the frequent difficulty of telephonic conversation ashore in a quiet office, we can hardly believe that it would be possible in a howling tempest. The kite is the invention of the Comte Brossard, and it is said to have been tried with success at Toulon and at Brest.—"Chambers' Journal."

No Difference Which Side.

Mr. Booker T. Washington tells this story of a man who belonged to the "po'h white trash" of Alabama.

A black man who ran a ferry was one day accosted thus:

"Uncle Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross, but I hain't got no money."

Uncle Mose scratched his head.

"Doan' you got no money't all?" he queried.

"No," said the wayfaring stranger, "I haven't a cent."

"But it done cost you but three cents," insisted Uncle Mose, "ter cross de ferry."

"I know," said the white man, "but I haven't got the three cents."

Uncle Mose was in a quandary. "Boss," he said, "I done tole you what. Er man what's got no three cents am jes' a well off on dis side er de river as on de odder."

For scours in colts, mix powdered charcoal and prepared chalk equally, and put a spoonful where the colt can lick or eat it at will. Also give twice per day five drops of nux vomica; give this on the tongue. Let the colt out in the field, where it can have a little short pasture and get to the ground.

Any cow can be milked dry in a few weeks by irregular milking, sometimes at intervals of twenty-four hours and sometimes six. Separation from her usual company, a change to a new location, a strange milker and scolding voice are sources of irritation that more or less impair the milking qualities of the cow.

More and more as the making and keeping of milk are studied and investigated, the importance of uncontaminated surroundings are appreciated as important. A dirty kitchen floor may not at all affect the cleanliness of the meal cooked in the kitchen, but knowledge of the dirt usually affects the appetite of the fastidious eater. But in the matter of milk production, unclean surroundings actually do affect the character of the milk by contamination. Evil communications affect good milk.

A NEW HEART FOR YOU

means renewed health, for on the heart depends all health.

Doctors will tell you that any diseased organ can be put in good working vigor by pumping plenty of blood into it to make new tissues.

First set the heart right—with most people it is wrong.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure Will Do It.

It strengthens the heart, rebuilds its weak parts, and enables it to feed the nerves, and through them all organs of the body. It cures at once.

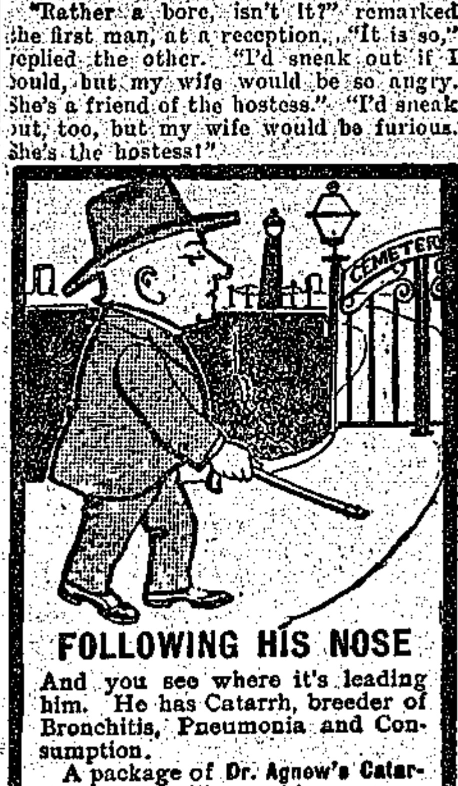
Relief to weak hearts in thirty minutes by a simple dose is the sign and proof of what Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure will do permanently for them and for you.

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

Grand Larceny.

A daring theft Jack wrought last night
On darling little Rose.
He stole the thing he wanted right
Beneath her very nose.
—Philadelphia "Press."

"Rather a bore, isn't it?" remarked the first man, at a reception. "It is so," replied the other. "I'd sneak out if I could, but my wife would be so angry. She's a friend of the hostess." "I'd sneak out, too, but my wife would be furious. She's the hostess!"



FOLLOWING HIS NOSE

And you see where it's leading him. He has Catarrh, breeder of Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption.

A package of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will save him.

Relief instant, cure constant. Relieves Colds and Catarrh, and cures Headache in ten minutes.

Thomas Waterman, of Bridgewater, Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, states: "In consequence of a cold, I contracted a case of acute Catarrh. I could not breathe any more. I snuffed some of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and instantaneously my nostrils were free. I could hardly believe that anything could act so quickly."

For all skin diseases and for piles, Dr. Agnew's Ointment is rightly regarded by many of the medical fraternity as the surest, simplest, quickest cure.

The relief is instant and the cure permanent in every such case. Price, 35c. 29

His Wife's Stockings.

"Traveling with children is the very dickens!" said a New York family man who escorted his wife and offspring to their chosen summer resort and had returned to the city. His tale of woe is related in the "Tribune" as follows: "We were going to a little place not far from Buffalo, and, knowing how tiresome a long day's travel is to those in charge of the young and active, I proposed we should make the journey by night, and my wife assented readily. The children were eager for the novelty of a night on a sleeping car. I secured three berths, a lower for my wife and the baby, an upper for myself and my little son, and a third upper for our two young twin girls.

"At 10.30 o'clock we got to bed, and I at least spent a pretty wretched night. I worried about our trunks, which I suddenly remembered had been very late in getting down, and about the change at Buffalo, which was a very early one, and when at last I was hustled out in the cool, gray morning by the conductor's warning cry, 'Buffalo in ten minutes!' I was pretty nervous.

"My wife had, fortunately, got the baby dressed earlier, but my hands were very full with Bobby and myself to attend to, so that only an agonized 'Gwen! Gladys! Do hurry and dress, like good little girls!' was all the help we could give the twins.

"The train stopped. I knew our next train made a pretty sharp connection, so ran to where a pink leg stuck out of an upper berth.

"'Gladys, aren't you dressed?'

"'Yes, papa, all but my stockings.'

"'Your stockings? Do you mean to say you took them off?'

"'Yes, papa; it was so hot. Please help me look for them.'

"So I plunged an arm wildly round the bed clothes, while Gwen climbed down quite neat and tidy, and went to her mother, crying in her shrill, penetrating voice, blessed, I am sure, by the sleeping passengers: 'Mamma, Gladys can't find her stockings, and the people in the berth below won't let her look there. I'm sure they've dropped down,' and, in fact, at this moment a surly voice below exclaimed:

"'For heaven's sake, stop your fussing over my head! Can't you let a soul on the car sleep because you have to get up?'

"I returned to my wife.

"'The stockings can't be found,' I said, 'and Gladys is nearly crying. She can't walk across Buffalo station with bare legs. Haven't you got another pair?'

"'None but my own,' she replied, glancing dubiously at her feet.

"'Then, quick! Take them off. Your dress is long and no one will see.'

"In a twinkling she tore them off, and I pulled them up the long, bare legs of the twelve-year-old girl, to her surprise and joy.

"'Come along,' I cried, 'quick, or we'll miss the train.'

"'Step lively!' called the porter.

"I seized the baby and rushed out.

"Bobby was the first to get off, and eyed his shrinking mother with interest as three polite men stepped forward to help her off. With a deep flush she declined their aid and crept down the steps, but the keen eyes of Bobby missed nothing, and as she reached the ground he remarked, in a triumphant and ringing voice, 'They look just like white stockings, don't they, papa?'

"I seized his hand and rushed him across the tracks to our train, while my wife dropped her veil and followed with the little girls, the guilty Gladys stepping out bravely and nonchalantly, clad demurely in neat black stockings of perfect fit.

"Well, my wife had a perfect fit, too, and blew me up for not silencing Bobby, though how I was to do that I do not know, but I don't think I will ever repeat the experience of traveling with all my encumbrances at night."

Language was not Needed.

"I don't see how the count could propose to you when he can't talk any English and you don't speak French."

"Oh, it was very easy. We were sitting in the parlor. Pointing up at an oil painting of papa, the count took out a piece of paper and a pencil. Then he set down a dollar mark, and after it placed a figure 1. Looking at me out of his big, deep, eloquent, lovely eyes, he began making ciphers after the dollar mark and the figure 1. When he had made four ciphers, which, with the other figure, meant $10,000, he stopped. I nodded my head for him to go on. Then he made another cipher. That meant $100,000. I nodded my head again. He made another, which raised it to $1,000,000. I nodded for him to go ahead. He put down another cipher, making it $10,000,000. Then I smiled and took the pencil from him, and he caught me in his arms and—and ah, it was so lovely! It almost seems like a dream to think that in three weeks I shall be a real countess."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

The Facts in the Case.

It turned her head. The gown was not
By any means a perfect fit.
Some ugly wrinkles it had got
And down the back the seams were split.
The sleeves were short and all too tight,
And showed long lines of basting thread;
But, though it was "a perfect sight,"
It turned her head.

The colors fairly seemed to shriek—
A purple, trimmed with blue and green,
With salmon bows—a gaudy freak;
A gaudier was never seen.
No tint but did the other kill;
One looked upon the thing with dread.
I shuddered at the sight, but still
It turned her head.

It fairly turned her head, and yet
The woman's taste was reckoned good,
Among a most exclusive set
A leader she unchallenged stood.
But, then, she did not wear the dress;
She saw it. Though 'twas not well-bred,
Just as it passed her, I confess,
It turned her head.

—Chicago "Daily News."

Mainly About People.

It is related that the Dowager Empress of Russia once saw on her husband's table a document regarding a political prisoner. On the margin Alexander III. had written: "Pardon impossible; to be sent to Siberia." The Czarina took up the pen, and, striking out the semi-colon after "impossible," put it before the word. Then the endorsement read: "Pardon; impossible to be sent to Siberia." The Czar let it stand.

The late James McNeill Whistler upon a certain occasion appeared at a dinner party with no tie on. A friend of his remonstrated: "For heaven's sake, Whistler, you've forgotten your tie!" "Not at all," he returned, "not at all! Why wear a tie? My white collar rises from my white shirt, which is fastened by a gold stud. Everything simple, excellent. Why put another white on top of that? I'm much better dressed than you!"

The Rev. Sanford Olmsted, the new Episcopal Bishop of Colorado, is noted for the skill with which he can collect money for charity. He once called on a man who was well-to-do, but somewhat close. He asked for money for a worthy charity, and the man said: "I'd give something gladly, but the fact is I've only $300 by me in cash—$300 that I've put aside for my funeral." "You trust God with your soul," said Bishop Olmsted, "but you're afraid to trust Him with your funeral, eh?" This comment gained the bishop a generous contribution.

The late J. R. Shorthouse was afflicted with a terrible stammer, which he used to say was a blessing in disguise, having led him to use the pen as his great instrument of expression. There were times, however, when the stammer almost ceased, and he could talk on uninterruptedly. One very striking and touching habit grew up out of the stammer. At "family prayers" he and his wife read all the prayers together; because, if an attack of stammering came on, her gentle voice would carry on the thread till he recovered, and the knowledge of this prevented all nervousness on his part.

Here is a favorite anecdote which Abraham Lincoln was in the habit of relating: James Quarles, a distinguished lawyer of Tennessee, was one day trying a case, and after producing his evidence rested, whereupon the defence produced a witness who swore Quarles completely out of court, and a verdict was rendered accordingly. After the trial one of his friends came to him and said: "Why didn't you get that feller to swar on your side?" "I didn't know anything about him," replied Quarles. "I might have told you about him," said the friend, "for he would swar for you jest as hard as he'd swar for the other side. That's his business. Judge, that feller takes in swarrin' for a living."

Professor William Clark, D.C.L., in his very entertaining papers on "People and Places I Have Known" in the "Westminster," recalls many amusing stories of celebrities. Of Charles Kingsley, Professor Clark writes: In spite of a slight stammer, which he nearly overcame, he was popular in the pulpit and on the platform. He once lectured in Toronto, but with no great success. In seeking to stimulate the Toronto youth, he recommended every young man to make it his ambition to "have a bust in Westminster Abbey." The young gentlemen had their own notion of a "bust," and broke into fits of laughter, which were redoubled when Mr. Kingsley repeated with still greater emphasis—"I say a bust in Westminster Abbey."

Soon after J. M. Barrie leaped into fame, the editors of three London journals for which he had done a good deal of work determined to give a dinner in his honor. Mr. Barrie accepted the invitation, and in due course the three knights of the pen and scissors and their distinguished guest sat down together. The hosts, knowing their contributor only by his work, fully anticipated a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." However, the soup and fish were consumed without a word from Mr. Barrie, or, at least, with nothing beyond non-committal grunts. Despite frantic efforts to lure him into conversation, it was not until he rose to put on his coat that he made the first and last remark that he uttered during the evening: "Weel, this is the first time I've ever had dinner with three editors."

James Lane Allen, the Kentucky novelist, is a man of more than average size, and, what is not common to all Kentuckians, is always apparelled in the best form. One evening he stopped in a small shop just around the corner from the quarters into which he had moved only a few days before, and made a few purchases amounting to a dollar or so. When he came to pay, he discovered that he had left his purse at home. He explained to the shopkeeper, and asked that he be trusted for the goods until next morning, as he was in a hurry and could not wait. The shopkeeper declined to let the goods go without the money. Mr. Allen was nettled. "Do I look like a man who would try to 'beat' you?" he asked with indignant dignity. "Of course you don't," replied the shopkeeper, admiringly. "If you did I wouldn't have bothered with you in the first place. It isn't that kind I have to be on the everlasting lookout for."

In his reminiscences in the "Century Magazine," Andrew Dickson White, late United States Ambassador to Germany, repeats an anecdote told him by Hon. Odo Russell, the British plenipotentiary at Berlin. Russell was on one occasion making a call on Prince Bismarck, and the conversation turned on the subject of bores, and how to get rid of them. Bismarck said that he and his wife had hit upon an expedient, and whenever an unwelcome caller was wasting his time it was arranged the princess should come in and say "Prince, isn't it time for you to take your medicine?" thus furnishing an excuse to politely dismiss the intruder. Russell expressed his approval of this plan, and had no sooner done so than Princess Bismarck appeared at the door and, addressing her husband, asked him if it was not time for him to take his medicine. Bismarck and Russell looked at each other a moment in silence and then both burst into titanic laughter.

Pleasures of the Table.

G. H. Ellwanger, author of "The Pleasures of the Table," an account of gastronomy, reminds us that Sardanapalus, last of the Assyrian kings, offered a guerdon of a thousand pieces of gold to him who would produce a new dish. "Eat, drink, amuse thyself: all else is vanity," was his maxim, and the precept he desired to have engraven on his tomb. It is recorded that Mark Antony, more than usually pleased with his dinner, sent for the cook and presented him with a city of 35,000 inhabitants.

In England 400 or 500 years ago, people took four meals—breakfast at seven, dinner at ten, supper at four, and livery at eight. Since then, from an early hour in the morning the principal daily meal has advanced equally in France and England through every hour from ten in the forenoon until ten at night. In France in the thirteenth century nine in the morning was the dinner-hour; Henry VII. dined at eleven. In Cromwell's time one o'clock had come to be the fashionable hour, and in Addison's day two o'clock, which gradually became adjourned until four. Pope found fault with Lady Suffolk for dining so late as four, saying young people might become inured to such things, but as for himself, if she would adopt such unreasonable practices he must absent himself from Marble Hill. Four and five continued to be the popular dining-hour among the better classes until the second decade of the century, when dinner was further postponed, from which period it has steadily continued to encroach upon the evening.

The clergy have been always bulwarks of good living. Ellwanger tells a story of a French wedding dinner at which the officiating pastor was present. After every course he raised his glass and exclaimed "My children, with this you must drink some wine." The turn of dessert arriving, he repeated his injunction for the tenth time, again setting the example himself. "Pardon, Monsieur le Cure," one of the guests interrupted, "but with what do you not drink wine?" "With water, my son!"

Of Bignon's famous Paris restaurant Mr. Ellwanger revives these capital legends:

"Fifteen francs for a peach!" enquired Prince Narischkin; "they must be very scarce." "It isn't the peaches that are scarce, mon prince; it is the Narischkins." "Monsieur Bignon, a red herring at two and a half francs! It seems to me that is excessive." "But these prices are marked in your interest," rejoined the restaurateur. "It is the barrier I have established between my clients and the vulgar. Why do you come here? To be among yourselves, to avoid embarrassing or compromising surroundings. If I changed my prices the house would be invaded, and you would all leave."

Another patron who complained of a sauce was asked, "Did you dine here last evening?" "No," he replied. "That is the trouble, then; you spoiled your taste in the other restaurant." Still another guest objected to the charges on his bill comparing it with an identical breakfast of a few days previous, which amounted to eighteen and a half francs, whereas the breakfast in question was charged twenty one francs eighteen centimes. "I will investigate the mistake," said Bignon, who, with the two bills, proceeded to his desk, returning shortly afterwards. "It is very true, monsieur, that a mistake was made in your favor last Monday; but I make no claim for restitution!"

Inspired By the Muse.

He was calling on a young lady and had been talking against time for several hours, not noticing that she was, to say the least, slightly wearied.

"Do you know," he said, after completing a monologue of several thousand words, and thinking a little flattery would be appreciated, "while talking to night, I have felt as if I were inspired by one of the Muses. And which one do you think it is?"

He looked searchingly into her beautiful face. The modest blush for which he was watching proved to be a wide yawn, which grew wider as she answered:

"I guess the Muse that inspires you to-night must be Euterpa."

He didn't really know anything about mythology, so he couldn't tell just what she meant. But when he got home he took down his encyclopaedia, and there in cold type, staring him in the face, he saw:

"Euterpa—The Muse who presided over wind instruments."

The Love Cure.

The latest departure in medical treatment, according to an English exchange is "The Love Cure." It appears that certain sensitive natures—perhaps people who are afflicted with inordinate vanity and they are many—wither through the unkindness they meet with in the world. The Love Cure is devised to remedy this. The patients are surrounded with trained nurses who pander to their vanity with assiduity. If the patient is a woman they praise her beauty, her cleverness, her taste, they admire her character, and by every conceivable means restore her confidence in herself. Self-confidence is to the things of this world that which Faith is to those of the next; it will "move mountains." The principle upon which the system is based is correct, and, no doubt, many could be treated with considerable success.

Utopia!

In time labor and capital grew into such accord that the workingmen lost no opportunity of showing their appreciation of the fidelity and steadiness of their employers.

As a mark of esteem, at the close of one year, the workingmen unanimously reduced their own salaries.

At the close of the next year they gave a further manifestation of their understanding of the needs of the employing classes by agreeing to work on legal holidays and Sundays without pay.

Of course the natural eventuation eventuated.

Emboldened by the apparent dependence of the laboring element, the employers' union voted a universal strike.

After that the same old effort to bring capital and labor together was resumed.—"Judge."

Modern Chivalry.

Awkward Miss (with an umbrella)—Beg pardon! Polite Gentleman—Don't mention it. I have another eye left.

All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us;
The bust outlasts the throne—
The coin, Tiberius.
—Austin Dobson.

Stock Note.

Miss Fairy Titmarsh has a pair of calves that cannot be beat in this section of our glorious republic.—Toledo "Blade."

Where He Was Tanned.

"Oh," giggled the frivolous damsel, "you just ought to see my arms. Mamma told me not to go bathing so much, but I just would, and I got tanned away above the elbows."

"Huh!" puts in her small brother, who is sitting gingerly on the edge of the chair, "Mamma told me not to go bathing, too, but I didn't get tanned on the arms."

And the small boy received the usual bedtime hint.

Women Who Insure.

According to a successful woman insurance agent of Chicago, more and more insurance is being taken out by women every year. "They are now considered good risks," she says, "whereas formerly a woman had to pay an extra premium to secure insurance. About six years ago the hindrance was removed, and now nearly all of the life insurance companies accept them on the same basis as men. One of the old conservative companies just yielded the point a few weeks ago, but still makes an exception to married women, as several of the other companies do. The mortality among women is no greater than among men, and their liability to accident is not so great. As for the class of women that take out insurance, I suppose that trained nurses and women physicians have a larger percentage than have other professions. After that come the teachers in schools, then dressmakers, milliners, cashiers, clerks in department stores, and others, but very few stenographers. It is a singular thing that we always find it difficult to convince a stenographer of the value of life insurance. Professional women are more apt to insure than others, and insurance has recently become popular among actresses. They are taking out twenty-year endowment policies as investments for old age. As a rule, actresses do not save their money, and do not have anything left after their popularity has passed. We insure a good many women in private life also. It is becoming quite common, and very soon as many women as men will take out policies upon their lives, particularly those who have others dependent upon them."

Mrs. Leland Stanford it is said, carries a larger amount of insurance than any other woman in the world. Her policies amount to more than a million dollars. Mrs. Frank O. Lowden of Chicago carries $250,000, probably more than any other woman in the West, and Mrs. McReynolds carries $200,000. Helen Gould and one of her sisters have $100,000 each. Anna Held carries $100,000; Mrs. Leslie Carter, $50,000; Nordica, $50,000; Maud Adams, $25,000; Blanche Walsh, $10,000; Katherine Grey, $10,000; Blanche Bates, $10,000; Maxine Elliott, $10,000; Lulu Glaser, $10,000; Pauline Hall $10,000; Laura Joyce, $10,000; and others similar amounts.

Science and Religion.

The last word from science is that each of us normally contains both good and bad microbes, and that the two parties are constantly at war. This seems, says New York "Life," to bear out Dr. Lyman Abbott, who maintains that hell is within us.

Geese Instead of Dogs.

Having discharged the family watch-dog, in disgrace, says London Answers, a farmer in the Midlands has installed two enormous grey geese as guardians of his home. These are more effective as sentinels than the best watchdog that ever lived, he thinks. In addition to which they have the following points in their favor. They do not howl at the moon; they do not make friends with visiting burglars and bite the parson; they do not transform the front garden into a depository for ancient bones. Like most big ganders they are belligerent. The minute the front gate clicks they come rushing around from the back yard with wings outstretched and flapping, looking for a fight. It is no use to say "Good-doggy, nice doggy," to them. They cannot be flattered or cajoled. Moral suasion falls futile. The average burglar who hears about these geese will doubtless be of the idea that one has only to say, "shoot chicky," to send them scuttling. Any burglar who knows a goose will know better. A big grey gander is not afraid of anything. These two will attack anything that comes in the front gate with the savageness of a bulldog. And they are able to do about as much damage. They take flying leaps at the intruder, beating him about the head with their wings and punching him in the face with their bills. All the time they keep up such a hissing and noise that it is enough to scare away the stoutest-hearted burglar.

WHY Droop with Dyspepsia?

She was a beauty until irregularities peculiar to her sex brought on that dread dyspepsia and general misery. But there is certainty of cure for her.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE WILL FIRST FEED her SHATTERED NERVES; then strengthened by it they will put every vital organ to work vigorously. The liver will do its share, the heart will have blood to pump, the nerves will be quiet. The woman will be beautiful again.

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

The Great South American Kidney Cure dissolves and washes out waste matter at once from kidneys and bladder, and simultaneously begins the building up of new tissues. Relief in six hours. 50

Newspaper Circulation.

Native newspapers have attained throughout China a circulation and an influence that fill the dynasty at Pekin with alarm. The more outspoken organs attribute much of the empire's misfortune to the fact that the Empress-Dowager has fallen under the control of Russia. Russia, according to these authorities, pursuing her traditional policy of coming down to warm water through Asia, absorbed China north of the great wall, thanks to a compact agreed to by the late Li Hung Chang, who in his simplicity imagined that the Czardom would be content to leave the Pekin dynasty in peaceful possession of the immense region south of the wall. But Li Hung Chang has passed away and Russia is daily securing a firmer hold on the forbidden side of the wonderful wall. Such are the fruits of the Empress-Dowager's policy, the immense wealth of that aged royalty figuring conspicuously in the category. Our ability to infer all this from the native press is the result of the enterprise of The Celestial Empire, a British paper published at Shanghai, which regularly publishes translations from the leading vernacular organs.—The Literary Digest.

The Greatest Book.

W. B. Curtis in The Chicago Record-Herald—The greatest book ever written was the "Yung-lo Ta-tien," or Encyclopaedia Maxima," which was destroyed during the recent troubles in Pekin. It was a most wonderful work, and its destruction is the most appalling literary catastrophe the world has ever seen. It contained the best selections from all the classical, historical, philosophical and literary works ever published in China, embracing astronomy, astrology, geography, the occult sciences, medicine, religion, history, biography and the arts. Every literary production of permanent importance was included in this marvellous collection, which consisted of 22,877 books, bound into 11,100 volumes. It was prepared by order of Yung Lo, the second Emperor of the Ming dynasty, under the direction of Hsieh Chin, the leading scholar of the fifteenth century, who organized the work under several subdirectors and a staff of 2,169 persons, including critics, readers and copyists. It was begun in 1403 and finished in 1407. No additions have been made to it since the latter date. In 1562 one hundred clerks were employed to make two copies, which were finished in 1567. One of these copies and the original draft were destroyed by fire at the time of the capture of Pekin and the overthrow of the Ming dynasty in 1644, and on the re-establishment of order the other copy was found to be lacking 2,422 volumes, whose contents were lost forever. The remainder of the set, 20,455 volumes, was deposited in the Han-lin Yuan, the Imperial Academy, which was situated just north of the British Legation at Pekin. During the siege of the Legations in 1900 the Chinese soldiers set this building on fire as a means of forcing the foreigners to leave the British Legation, and the most valuable collection of Chinese literature ever made was destroyed, including the Encyclopaedia Maxima. Several hundred volumes were afterward picked up in the ruins by foreigners, Chinese and coolies, and are probably in the British Legation. Dr. Morrison, the Pekin correspondent of The London Times, secured a dozen volumes or more, and other foreigners were fortunate enough to obtain an example, but the "Yung-lo Ta-tien" is lost forever.

Doctors Prescribe KOLA TONIC WINE

Manufactured from Kola, Celery and Pepsin, for weak and nervous people, it is very invigorating, by its use it enables the system to ward off fevers, bilious headaches and is the greatest appetite restorer known, it is also a positive cure for indigestion and dyspepsia. Sold all over the Dominion. Beware of imitations. Remember it is only manufactured by The Hygiene Kola Co., 84 Church St., Sole Proprietors.

What a Prominent Druggist says:

Toronto, Feb. 24, 1903.

Hygiene Kola Company, Toronto, Ont.:

Gentlemen—It affords me a great deal of pleasure to certify to the merits of your Kola, Celery and Pepsin Tonic Wine. I have tested it and can recommend it very highly to anyone needing a first-class tonic and dyspepsia cure, and the Kola, Celery and Pepsin used in the preparation of it are pure and of the very best quality, and altogether I believe you have a preparation which only needs to be known to be appreciated.

F. W. McLEAN, Chemist,
Queen and Church streets, Toronto.

The Atlin Claim.

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SATURDAY, NOV 21ST, 1903.

The Gold Commissioner has asked the Provincial Government to reserve 10 acres of land for a Park, the site chosen adjoins the city at the North-west corner and takes in the mineral spring. He has also asked that the three islands facing Atlin be reserved for pleasure and pic-nic grounds.

Considering the increase in population and the natural growth and improvement of our town we cannot but commend these recommendations and we earnestly hope that the reservations will be made.

The general opinion here and throughout the Province is that an all Canadian route to the Yukon is a necessity, especially from a commercial standpoint; Canada desires to, and should control the trade of this northern portion of the Province.

We think that a line, starting from Kitamaat Arm, would be of great benefit to both Vancouver and Victoria; whilst not condemning Vancouver as its southern terminus, we fail to see the material benefit of the expense that would naturally be incurred to build the extra length of line. If the line from Kitamaat is built, and the volume of trade so warrants it, connection could then easily be made with Vancouver. A railway is wanted, and wanted badly, and every possible encouragement and assistance should be given to a company or corporation which will immediately commence the construction of a railway from the coast to Dawson, via Atlin.

CORRESPONDENCE

Atlin Nov. 19th 1903.

Mr. Editor,

Will you kindly inform me, through "The Atlin Claim", whose duty it is to start the fire in the School House?

I have heard the children complaining about no fire on some of the coldest mornings we have had this season.

Now I understand that school hours are from 9-30 to 3 oclock, which is surely short enough, but from what the children say, it is really 10 o'clock before school starts and it is the exception to have a fire before 9-30.

I don't think the teacher should expect the boys to start the fire, but I do think someone should start it early enough to have the room warm before 9-30.

Parent.

ED.—The school-mistress cannot be expected to light the fire before school and surely it is the duty of the trustees to see that the fire is started early enough to have the room warmed before 9-30, in which case school would probably commence on time.

We might suggest that some arrangement be made with the night watchman to have the fire lighted every morning.

Mr. Aulay Morrison, M. P. says that the V. W. & Y. Railway will build to Dawson at once.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest and highest temperatures recorded for the week ending 21th inst, are as follows:

Nov.	14	0	8 above
	15	10 below	5
	16	10	3 below
	17	9	4 above
	18	9	5
	19	7	7
	20	2	11

HOTEL VANCOUVER.

THIS HOTEL IS STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF GOODS

Sam. Johnstone, Prop.

C. P. R. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

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

AMUR November 10th
" 25th

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

LOGS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned will offer for Sale by Public Auction under authority of the Land Act R. S. B. C. [Chap. 113] and Amending Acts, at the Court House, Atlin, B. C., on Thursday 10th. December 1903, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m., One lot of Saw logs, about 150 in number, now lying at Taku Landing, Atlintoo River.

Also a lot of several hundred now lying on the shore of Taku Arm of Taguh Lake, near Racine's old Mill.

Bids will be accepted at a price per thousand, board measure, B. C. Log Scale, for the logs scaled every twelve feet.

A deposit of $50 will be required from the successful bidder as an evidence of bona-fides, which shall be forfeited should he fail to complete purchase. Balance of purchase price to be payable as soon as logs can be scaled. The highest or any bid not necessarily accepted.

Further terms and particulars may be announced at time of sale.

J. A Fraser,
Government Agent.

Dated at Atlin, B. C.,
this 10th day of November 1903.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate a Company, to build, equip, maintain, and operate a line of Railway, of standard gauge; from a point at or near Kitimaat, or some other suitable point on the Pacific Coast; thence northerly to Hazelton; thence to a point at or near Atlin Lake; thence northerly to the Sixtieth (60th) parallel of North Latitude; with all powers incidental thereto.

D. G. Macdonell,
Solicitor for Applicants.

Dated at Vancouver, B. C.
this 28th day of October, A. D. 1903.

Atlin, Nugget and Grape Rings
And All Kinds of Jewellery Manufactured on the Premises.
☛ Why send out, when you can get goods as cheap here?
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JULES EGGERT & SON, The Swiss Watchmakers.

THE KOOTENAY HOTEL.
A. R. McDonald, Proprietor.
COR. FIRST AND TRAINOR STREETS.
This First Class Hotel has been remodeled and refurnished throughout and offers the best accommodation to Transient or Permanent Guests.—American and European plan.
Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Billiards and Pool.

THE GOLD HOUSE,
DISCOVERY, B. C.
A STRICTLY FIRST CLASS HOTEL.
CHOICEST WINES LIQUORS & CIGARS.
Mixed Drinks a Specialty.
DINING ROOM SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.
Vegetables Daily From our own Garden.
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Pool & Billiards, Free.
Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

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Full Line of Clothing Just From the East
THE LATEST STYLES.
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☛ GOLD SEAL GUM BOOTS
Our Goods are the Best and Our Prices the Lowest.

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CAPITAL PAID UP $8,700,000.
RESERVE, $3,000,000.
Branches of the Bank at Seattle, San Francisco, Portland, Skagway, etc.
Exchange sold on all Points.
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E. ROSSELLI, Proprietor.
Corner Pearl and First Streets, Atlin, B. C.
FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.
CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS—CASE GOODS A SPECIALTY.

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ANGLE STEEL RIFFLES &
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Pumping & Hoisting Machinery.
Estimates furnished on application
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VANCOUVER, B. C.
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THE ATLIN TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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

Also Gold Seal Rubber Goods.

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

If you want a Winter Outfit we can give you the best goods at CLOSE PRICES. THE ATLIN TRADING CO. LTD, carry the LARGEST STOCK in the District, and are in a position to handle large or small orders. THE ATLIN TRADING CO. LTD. is controlled by the amalgamated firms of A. S. CROSS & CO. and N. C. WHEELING & CO.; no matter what has been told you to the contrary A. S. Cross is President and Treasurer, and N. C. Wheeling, Secretary of the Company, and are in a position to deal with their friends and customers even better than when each were doing business separately. Don't let any person try to make you believe that the A. T. Co. is controlled by any other than officers of the Company.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The uprising in Panama is very serious; the city was shelled by Columbian gunboats, America is taking active measures to protect the railway and afford protection for foreigners.

The Conservative victory in Muskoka is regarded as an ugly omen for the Ross Government.

Lord Spencer is spoken of as the next Prime Minister, if the Balfour Government is defeated.

Trouble is brewing among the natives in Damaraland, S. Africa.

The Premier's stepmother, Mrs. Carolus Laurier, died at St. Linon the 3rd. inst.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of Land.

Commencing at Post marked A. C. H. and T. W. S's. S. W. corner post — placed on the East Line of Lake Street 180 feet North from the corner of Rant Avenue and Lake Street in the town of Atlin B. C. — thence in an Easterly direction 110 feet, thence in a Northerly direction to the South line of Pearl Street — 120 feet more or less, thence in a Westerly direction to the corner of Pearl and Lake Streets — 110 feet more or less, thence in a Southerly direction following the line of Lake Street 120 feet more or less to the point of commencement. Containing 0.31 Acres more or less.

A. C. Hirschfeld.
Thos. W. Sageman.

Dated at Atlin B. C.
Oct. 31 st. 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land. Commencing at a post marked E. A. R's S. E. corner post placed on the N. line of Pearl Street, at the S. W. corner of lot 8. Block 9, in the town of Atlin B. C. thence westerly 110 feet, thence northerly 80 feet, thence easterly 110 feet, thence southerly 80 feet, to point of commencement. Containing in all .31 of an acre, more or less.

Edward A. Robinson
Dated this 7th. day of November. 1903

STEVENS
Single Barrel Gun

THE MOST POPULAR GUN MADE

This gun is fully up to the quality of our rifles, which for 38 years have been STANDARD. It is made in 3 styles, and in 12, 16 and 20 gauge. Bored for NITRO POWDER and fully guaranteed.

No. 100 . .	$11.00
No. 110 . .	12.00
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Send stamp for large catalogue illustrating complete line, brimful of valuable information to sportsmen.

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

Northern Lumber Co.

Prices for the Season 1903.

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

NOTICES.

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty days from the date hereof, I intend making application to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase sixty acres of land for agricultural purposes, in the Atlin District of Cassiar, situated as follows:

Commencing at a stake marked B. B's North-West Corner Post situated on the East Bank of the Atlintoo River, thence in an Easterly Direction 20 Chains, thence in a Southerly Direction 20 Chains, thence Westerly about 40 Chains, thence along the East Bank of the Atlintoo River about 80 Chains to the point of commencement, containing in all about 60 acres, more or less.

H. A. Butler
C. H. Butler

Dated at Taku B. C.
19th August, 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land for agricultural purposes: Commencing at a post marked David L. Hall's N. E. corner, thence 20 chains West, thence 80 chains South, thence 20 chains East, thence 80 chains North to place of commencement, containing in all 160 acres more or less.

Situated two miles east of Atlin Lake and about 10 miles North of Atlin Townsite on a small creek known as Burnt Creek.

David L. Hall.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. this 24th. day of August 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty day after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described trac of land for agricultural purposes: Commencing at post planted at the South East corner of R. Grierson's preemption No. 245, situated near Surprise Lake in the Atlin District, thence East 20 chains to Post 2, thence North 20 chains to Post 3, thence West 20 chains to Post 4, thence South 20 chains to place of commencement, containing in all about forty acres more or less.

JOHN DUNHAM

Datedat Surprise Lake, Aug. 28th. 1903.

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

Commencing at post marked H. W. E. C's. S. E. Corner post placed 120 feet from the corner of Rant Avenue and Lake Street on the north side, in the town of Atlin, B. C. and following the line of Rant Avenue towards the Lake shore 110 feet more or less, thence following the line of Lake Street northerly 120 feet, thence easterly 110 feet, thence 120 feet southerly, more or less to point of commencement. Containing 0.33 acres more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. October 9th, 1903.

H. W. E. Canavan.

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

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

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

O. T. Switzer.

E. S. Wilkinson, P.L.S. Wm. Brown, C.E.

WILKINSON & BROWN

Provincial Land Surveyors & Civil Engineers.

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

DRINK THE BEST

"NABOB TEA."

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

For Sale by all First Class Grocers.

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

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FINEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN THE NORTH. EVERYTHING CONDUCTED IN FIRST-CLASS MANNER.

French Restaurant in Connection.

DAVID HASTIE, PROPRIETOR.

Corner of First and Discovery Streets.

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

TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JANUARY 7, 1901.
Daily except Sunday.

No. 3 N. B. 2nd class.	No. 1 N. B. 1st class.			No. 2 S. Bound 1st class.		No. 4 S. Bound 2nd class.
8.30 p. m.	9.30 a. m.	LV.	SKAGUAY	AR. 6.30 p. m.	AR.	6.15 a. m.
10.30 "	10.55 " / 11.00 "	"	WHITE PASS	3.05 " / 2.00 "	"	3.10 "
11.40 a.m.	11.45 "	"	LOG CABIN	2.10 "	"	1.00 "
12.20	12.15 " / 12.35 p.m	"	BENNETT	1.35 " / 1.15 p.m	"	12.20 p.m.
2.45 "	2.10 "	"	CARIBOU	11.50 a.m	"	10.20 "
6.40 "	4.30 "	AR	WHITE HORSE LV	9.30 "	LV	7.00 "

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

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

J. G. CONNELL.

Nugget Hotel

Discovery.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

Headquarters for Brook's stage.

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DISCOVERY, B. C.

NEW DINING ROOM NOW OPEN.

Furnishing The BEST MEALS IN CAMP.

Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

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F. SHIELDS & EDDY DURHAM.

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

Pellew-Harvey, Bryant & Gilman

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Large or Small Samples forwarded for Assay

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The Royal Victoria Life Insurance Co.

OF CANADA

Capital $1,000,000.

A. C. Hirschfeld, Agent.

ROLFF HOUSE

By G. H. BENEDICT.

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure.

Thus aroused, lawyer Saybrook put himself on his mettle to meet the enemy's plans. But the more he examined into the matter, the deeper and more dangerous he found the plans that had been laid for his destruction. The defences he had imagined so impregnable had been undermined in a dozen places. Leb. Sackett had been none too cautious in some of his statements as to the nature of his engagement with the lawyer, and witnesses stood ready to come forward and unfold the plot to rid Rolff House of the protection of Carl Crum and old Margaret. Moreover, the tools the lawyer had used as witnesses of his irregular papers had been tampered with, he found, and were not to be relied upon in case they were brought under the cross-questioning of a sharp lawyer.

Look which way he would, lawyer Saybrook saw defeat and disgrace awaiting him, and the door of a felon's cell, to his fearful imagination, stood yawning to receive him. His confidence and shrewdness deserted him. He became demoralized and almost imbecile in spirit.

Ralph vainly sought to encourage him.

"No, no, Ralph," he said, as they were discussing the matter in the office, "I can see no gleam of hope in this matter. I tell you our case is completely riddled. There isn't a ghost of a show. Everything depended on there being no direct witnesses against us. Owing to my cursed recklessness and want of the most ordinary forethought, that infernal traitress not only has knowledge of all our plans, but has been the means of furnishing other clues against us. Everything has worked wrong. I put too much confidence in the war shutting off Claude, and in his weakness of character. I never expected to see him show such vigorous fight. It's too bad—too bad! We are doomed to be beaten. I can see it. I dare not contemplate the consequences. Unless something more hopeful turns up—but, no, there can be no hope. It is idle for us to delude ourselves. Fate is against us. If it hadn't been for that devil-haunted house—Ralph, I am growing superstitious. Yes, yes—popular legend is right. None but a Rolff can ever inherit that property. Don't tell me—look how every plan we have set in motion has been foiled in some strange and mysterious manner. I have been too sceptical. Some occult power is leagued against us. We must give up the fight. We must save ourselves, if we can."

"But what are we to do?" demanded Ralph.

"I don't know yet, Ralph. I must think—I must think. We can run away, I suppose."

"What, and give up everything, without a single manly blow? I would rather do anythink than that. How do we know but that, by making a good fight, there is hope for us yet?"

"No, no, Ralph; my spirit is hopeful—too hopeful generally; but it is madness to deceive ourselves on this point. They can send me to prison. It's a criminal offence. Halstead is too sharp not to see the point he has got against me. He'll institute a criminal suit—see if he don't."

"And must we abandon everything—sacrifice all we have got—and go out in the world like beggars! Hang it! I'd rather shoot myself."

"So would I, Ralph. But we won't have to. You are not really concerned in this, and the responsibility cannot be made to lie against you. Matters can be arranged so that you will be all right. In fact, if I was to abscond and allow the suit already begun to go against me by default, I think that would be the end of the matter. All my property would be put in your hands and disposed of at your leisure, and we could make a new start in some other section. It's a hard choice, but I am not disposed to stand the chances of ending up my days in a penitentiary."

Disgusted and disappointed as Ralph was at the total collapse of the plans that had promised such brilliant fortune, he was unable to combat his father's fears successfully. At times the lawyer would show a temporary return of spirit, but it would be quickly succeeded by a new fit of depression. In fact, Anthony Saybrook was like many a keen rogue, bold to plot and execute so long as success smiled on him, but easily worried and frightened under misfortune. Convinced that the lawyer Claude had secured to press his suit was skillful and determined, and had hold of very dangerous testimony against him, he had no heart to await the issue, which he felt sure Claude was in a mood to push to the utmost extremity.

However, he made a show of carrying on a vigorous fight; boasted on the streets that he would win an easy victory; and apparently was prepared to contest every inch of ground in defending his character and holding on to the property he had so strangely acquired.

Finally the day arrived when the great suit of Rolff vs. Saybrook was to be opened. There was much public excitement over it, and the court-room was thronged. But, when the case was called there was no response from the defence. Inquiry was made, and it was found that Ralph Saybrook was at home; but he stated that his father had saddled his horse and ridden from town the previous night and had not returned. He did not know where he had gone or how soon he would return. For himself, he could only say that the management of the estate was entirely in his father's hands; he knew little or nothing of the matter; and he was not prepared to put in any answer till his father's return.

The case was postponed; but, as days passed by, and Anthony Saybrook did not reappear, it became evident that he had run away to escape the consequences of his crooked acts, and so judgment went against him by default.

Ralph Saybrook had not been sued jointly with his father, as suggested by Claude's lawyers, for the reason that the young man considered the father the instigator and manager of the whole scheme of fraud, and possessed too fine a sense of honor to allow it to be said of him that he desired to injure anybody out of mere spirit of jealousy. Having asserted his right to his patrimony, and secured a reversal of all the wrong attempted against him, he was not disposed to be revengeful. His hatred vanished, and, in its place, came a dull apathy and melancholy. He had succeeded—but to what purpose? He abased himself to make another appeal to farmer Bruyn; but only to be rudely rebuffed. The old man was of too obstinate a nature to yield easily in a matter where he had committed himself so strongly and Claude made the mistake of showing too great eagerness, and going to him before the disgust and disappointment at the failure of the schemes he had set such great store by had worn off. Farmer Bruyn did not lack in a certain coarse kind of conscientiousness. He had really distrusted and suspected Claude's character, and flattered himself that his efforts to control Rosa's future had been actuated by a fatherly regard for her welfare. Though surprised and almost stunned by the absconding of Anthony Saybrook, the flight of that individual and the consequent derangement of the plans he had cherished, he was too honest not to see that these events did not the least affect the opinion he had held of Claude. To change his attitude now was to convict himself of hasty and unreasonable judgment, and to lay himself open to the suspicion of being merely mercenary, and the bluff, wrong-headed old fellow was not in the least disposed to make such admissions, and, as has been stated, rebuffed Claude's approaches with even more than his former curtness.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The events detailed in the past chapters had occupied the fall months, and winter had again arrived.

For awhile, Claude found occupation enough to keep himself from total despondency. He had much to do to straighten his affairs, but under the advice and with the assistance of lawyer Halstead, he was enabled to meet obligations falling due by issuing new mortgages and disposing of outlying portions of the estate.

Claude went through with all this business wearily and mechanically. His health had been restored in a measure; and, feeling himself once more master of Rolff House, his pride and spirit returned, subdued only by the experiences he had passed through. The career of study and travel he had marked out for himself had come to a sudden end; he could not interest himself in the business and pleasures of the little place; and his ardent spirit fretted and soured under the ill-fortune that seemed to baulk his chief desire. There was but one object that now absorbed his hopes and ambition—and that object was sweet, patient faithful Rosa Bruyn. The young man's short experience as a student of art abroad, and the knowledge that he was shut out for the time from all hope of carrying out his ambitious projects, had dulled the edge of his enthusiasm for travel and study, and it was natural, at his years, that, foiled in every other outlet to his abundant energy and spirit, he should surrender himself completely to the beguiling passion of love.

He could dream only of Rosa Bruyn. He caught a furtive glimpse of her occasionally, and saw she was growing fairer, though paler than of yore, and with a mein of settled sadness that cut him to thre heart. How willingly could he now resign every other thought of ambition or happiness to throw himself at her feet!

Claude could not resist once more communicating with her. He wrote her a long, passionate letter, bewailing the fate that separated them, declaring his unchanging love, and vowing that he would be faithful forever, and would wait while life lasted for Fortune to smile on their happiness and crown their union. He wished her to give him a like pledge, for he had plans in view that might take him from the place for years; indeed, he might never return; but, whatever fate overtook, he wished to carry with him the assurance that she could be his, and only his, while life lasted.

This letter he entrusted to old Carl to deliver and bring him an answer and in the course of two or three days the old fellow handed him the following brief reply from Rosa:

My Dearest Claude: It was not wrong for you to write to me; nor can I think it wrong for me to reply this once without my mother's knowledge or I think she would give her consent most readily. My heart bleeds for you, and my life is very, very sad; but my duty is plain. It is very good and noble of you to be so considerate, after all the illtreatment you have suffered. Do not despond. Do not be unhappy. Do not do wrong to yourself by being misanthropic. These clouds will yet depart. We shall yet be happy. I shall love you always, and be faithful till death; and should you wait for me, your reward will not be denied, if I live till the day that makes me free to be the mistress of my own heart. You speak of going away. I cannot control or advise you; but remember how unhappy I shall be not to see you even at a distance occasonally; and do not do anything reckless. Believe me, ever fondly and faithfully, your own

Rosa.

These sweet words came like a blessing and a prophecy of hope to the young man. But he was resolved on not staying longer that he could help in the little village. He felt that the only thing that could enable him to bear the sorrow and disappointment wringing his heart was excitement and action. His country was in the throes of a terrible war; disaster had fallen upon her arms; the call for help from all patriotic sons resounded through the land. Claude was naturally of a generous nature in which the spirit of patriotism would find easy root. He felt that his country needed his services, and his restless, eager nature, fretting under disappointed hope, was ready to face any danger or bear any privation that would supply stimulus to his moping spirits. He put himself in communication with the military authorities of the State, and, having the opportunity to take a position as orderly, in which he surmised he could render efficient service, he resolved to accept it, and give his services to his country.

With this resolve he made hurried preparations to settle his business affairs. He determined to install old Carl and Margaret in the great house again; made careful arrangements for the disposition of his property, if he should never return; and, on the approach of the New Year, was ready to join the army at its winter headquarters.

But he recolleoted his promise to be at the old vault on New Year's day, and so delayed his departure for a few days.

The first day of the New Year soon arrived, and Claude proceeded to the old house to observe whether the expected sign had appeared on the door of the old vault. He had not entered the old mansion before since his departure for Europe.

It was with a beating heart, and many recollections crowding on him, that he again traversed the old hall, and procuring a light, proceeded down to the old cellar.

Entering it, he was quickly at the door of the old vault. Here the traces of Leb. Sackett's abortive attempt to break into it attracted his attention for a moment. Then, casting his eye scrutinizingly over the door, he noticed in each of the four corners a small white cross, plainly painted on the dark stone.

It was the sign his aunt had told him to await. At last, the time had arrived when the secret of the old vault was to be removed. The prohibition had ended. He recalled to mind the mysterious roll his aunt had given him, and resolved to proceed at once to learn its contents.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Returning to his room at the tenant house occupied by Carl Crum, Claude opened his trunk and took out the roll of manuscript left him by his aunt, which, in his eagerness to carefully preserve, he had kept with him in all wanderings.

He then drew a chair up to a table standing near the window, and, sitting down, placed the roll on the table before him and examined it narrowly. It was sealed heavily. The superscription read: "To my dear nephew, Claude Rolff: To be opened only according to promise."

Claude had often studied these words before, and longed for the time that would make him master of the secrets of the roll communicated to him under such mysterious circumstances. At last he could conscientiously and properly gratify his curiosity. He broke the seals, and spread the sheets of paper out on the table before him. The paper was heavy foolscap, and a glance showed him that the writing was in the cramped, peculiar hand he knew well to be his aunt's.

He at once became absorbed in the contents of the manuscript. It read as follows:

My Dear Claude: At my death you will be left alone in the world—the only surviving representative of your blood and race. Both in the old world and the new, every one that could claim near kin to you will have passed away. To the end that you may know your birth and lineage (of which you have been purposely kept in partial ignorance); that strange matters, which common report has greatly exaggerated and misrepresented, may be correctly reported to you; and that my action toward you, my dear child, under which I have often observed you were restive, may be justified in your eyes—I write these lines.

It is over sixty years ago, that there was living in the picturesque old city of Haarlem, in our mother country of North Holland, an aged and reputable burgher, one Rolff Van Buysen, who, with his good wife, his handsome son named from himself, and a single daughter (the writer of these lines), lived as happily as it is given mortals to live. He had been an only son; had passed an industrious youth; had married rather late in life; and at this period was wealthy, honored with important trusts in his native city, and was noted for his public spirit, his philanthrophy and his patronage of the arts and sciences. His son Rolff grew to manhood; but, being of a restive, wayward disposition, was not mouned to settle down into the practice of some useful art or profession as his father desired him to. On the contrary, his only wish seemed to be to spend his father's substance in extravagance and riotous living. Great was the grief of the tender and excellent father over the waywardness of his son, and he sought by all means to restore him to obedience and a proper life. But his efforts were of no avail. The son grew wilder and more reckless, and finally threw off all semblance of respect for his father's authority and wishes. And so it came to pass that the good father, though of the kindest and tenderest nature, became fully persuaded of his duty to compel the obedience and respect to his wishes of his son, and assumed toward him a stern demeanor, though, in truth, his heart was wounded and bled sorely for him. But Rolff only grew more ungovernable, and finally became involved in a difficulty that rendered him amenable to the law. It was a reckless, boyish freak, committed against the property of a high official of the city, and his father's influence was no longer available to save him from arrest and trial. Bitter and stern was the rebuke that Rolff's father administered to him; but the law officers were on his track, and he fled from his home in the night, and many weary years passed, and he was not again heard from by his aged and sorrowing parents. The blow, indeed, was too heavy for their declining years, and it was not long before the tender mother had gone to her final rest and her faithful husband, with the last prop of his life taken away, did not linger long behind her.

So it was, my dear Claude, that I was left alone in the world, not knowing that I had a single relative of near kin left, for on both my father's and mother's side all had passed away save a few distant and to me unknown kindred; and, though I hoped my brother was still alive, it seemed idle to do so.

After my fathers affairs were settled I still had left a comfortable fortune, and lived a quiet and lonely life in my native city, indulging in few pleasures, and cherishing the one hope that I would yet hear from my brother. At length, to my great joy, there came a letter from him. In it he stated that he had settled in the New World, had grown rich, and married, and was then living in a fine mansion; but his wife had died, leaving him with two small children, and he had no proper person to take charge of them, or of his household. So he entreated me to come to him—saying that no had heard of our parents' deaths, and believed me still to be unmarried. He said he would make me the entire mistress of his household and guardian of his children, and that I should have complete disposal of all that he possessed. The tone of the letter indicated great grief and despondency, and my heart was touched. After careful consideration, I decided to go to my brother. Arranging all my affairs, and getting all needful information from further correspondence with him, I set sail for the New World.

In due time I arrived at my brother's house. I found him living in almost princely style; but afflicted with incurable grief and melancholy. His infant daughter had died ere I arrived. His mind seemed affected at losing his wife and child; and, in parozysms of sorrow and self-abasement, he would curse himself, and cry out that the vengeance of Heaven was visited on him for his crimes. Naught I could do would comfort him. He was completely changed—broken, penitent and despondent. He confessed to me strange stories of evil deeds he had done—how, after coming to this country, he had joined a privateer, and amassed wealth, but in his warlike adventures had participated in crimes the memory of which was burned upon his conscience, and could not be forgotten. I was compelled to take complete charge of his affairs; and he freely gave me the power and right so to do. I had brought with me my own little fortune, and, alarmed and horrified at the stories he told of the manner in which he had procured his wealth, I determined to use none of it, but to make my own money available for the maintenance of the household.

Meantime, my brother grew more and more melancholy. To divert his mind, I talked to him of plans to expiate his evil life. I urged him to use a portion of his wealth in charity and good works. The idea seemed to please him, and he soon became filled with plans to travel, seek out the miseries of the unfortunate and to relieve them. In pursuance of this plan, he charged me with the care and education of his son, placed all his property and fortune in my hands subject only to my promise to supply him with such funds as he should ask from time to time; and so he quietly left his home and went I know not where.

In the cellar of his great house, my brother had built a strong stone vault, and in this was deposited the money and valuables he had not used in buying or improving his property. Of this he gave me the key, telling me to use what I would. But I resolved to touch not a penny, save only to supply his demands, and moreover, to place there in all the profits that accrued from my management of the place—paying only the expenses, and using my own money entirely for every luxury or necessity of my household. After a length of time, my brother returned secretly, supplied himself again with money and left. This he did at various times, never staying over a single night at his home, and saying nothing of his plans or purposes.

There came a period of years in which I did not hear from him. His son had grown to manhood, married, and you were born, my dear Claude, and named by me. My brother returned once again, and looked upon your infant face. He had grown old and feebie, and told me that he had at last found peace in religion, having joined a society of brothers, in a French monastery, where his life was devoted to works of charity and to penitence. He examined carefully into his affairs, and arranged that, in case of his death, a certain portion of his fortune should go into the hands of the brethren of his society. Though I had been reared in the strictest Protestant faith, I could not condemn the life in which my brother found hope and peace, and I agreed to all his wishes.

He went away again; and years passed on. Your father and mother died, my dear Claude, and I was left as your only guardian.

One dark night, at a late hour, as I was sitting in my room, there came a knocking at the door of the house. Old Carl answered the summons, and ushered in a tall, venerable stranger, who desired to see me. At the first glance of his face, I surmised that he came to tell me the fate of my brother. "My brother is dead?" I said to him in an inquiring tone. "Yes," he replied, with a grave, sorrowful mien, "your brother, and our brother, is at rest."

(To be Continued.)

Humor of the Hour.

Mr. Gotrox—What are your resources?

Cholly Nervine—Well, I have six other girls willing to marry me besides your daughter.—Judge.

Jack—Miss Fay, will you marry me?

Fay—I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth.

Jack—O! I say—that's rather hard—!—

Fay—Goose! how could I? Who'd perform the ceremony?—Philadelphia Ledger.

I narrowly escaped a great humiliation, dining with the Smiths, last night. Only the superb tact of Mrs. Smith saved me.

I had drunk my wine.

"Fill Mr. Jones' glass," said Smith to his butler.

As the man approached me, decanter in hand, I broke into a cold perspiration. For in that moment I recalled that I had brought no money with me.

Doubtless I looked the horror I felt. Anyway, Mrs. Smith divined my predicament, and quietly lent me a dollar, with which I fee'd the butler.—Life.

"I see that the superintendent of a cooking school has had to retire on account of her health."

"What is the matter with her?"

"Dyspepsia."—Judge.

Wife (reading)—Here's an account of a man who hanged himself with his suspenders.

Husband—Married man?

Wife—Yes.

Husband—That accounts for it.

Wife—How does it?

Husband—His buttons were probably all off and he had no other use for suspenders.—Chicago News.

For an hour, and more, at her feet he sat,
And while she chatted of this and that,
Tatted a little and trimmed a hat,
He only stared and he hardly stirred,
And he wasn't able to say a word,
Yet she didn't think him a perfect flat.
Ah! he was her lover, it must be inferred.
Well, so he was; but the fact's absurd,
When she caressed him he only purred,
For he was a—cat.
—Henry Austin, in The Independent.

Lady—Why did you leave your last place?

Cook—I couldn't stand the dreadful noise between the master and missus, mum.

Lady—What was the noise about?

Cook—The way the dinner was cooked, mum.—San Francisco Wasp.

"Well, you can't deny that Mr. Rockefeller is a philosopher, anyway."

"Why so?"

"He's taking the world as he finds it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Butcher—Wasn't that a good steak I sent you yesterday?

Customer—Oh, it was a good durable steak.—Life.

The prospective heirs of the dying miser come silently into his sick room. The physician is seated by the side of the patient, a finger on his pulse.

"How is our dear uncle to-day, doctor?" ask the prospective heirs.

"There is small change in his condition."

At this the dying miser rouses himself by a supreme effort.

"Small change?" he gasps. "Put—it—in—my—pocket."—Judge.

Senator Henry Heitfeld of Idaho tells many a good story of the days when he was a "cow puncher" on the plains of Kansas. One day he met a woman, who, in summing up her misfortunes, said:—

"Yes, Mr. Heitfeld, it has been a black year with us. First we lost our baby; and then Martha died on us; then the old man himself died, and then the cow died, too, poor huz! But her hide brought me $6."—Washington Times.

Hicks—O, I never even notice him any more.

Wicks—Is that so?

Hicks—Yes; nothing disgusts me more than a dead beat.

Wicks—O, they don't bother me; it's the live ones that make me tired.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish cure ever known.

Why Kipling Wouldn't Lecture.

A very characteristic Kipling letter has again been brought into print by the death of Major Pond, the manager of celebrities. It seems that in 1896, while Mr. Kipling was living in Vermont, the major tried to get him to make a lecture tour of the country, offering compensation well proportioned to the author's celebrity, then at its height. Mr. Kipling evidently considered the proposition with some care, but only to reject it, for he wrote:

"There is such a thing as paying one hundred and twenty-five cents for a dollar, and, though I suppose there is money in the lecturing business, it seems to me that the bother, the fuss, the being at everybody's beck and call, the night journeys, and so on, make it very dear. I've seen a few men who've lived through the fight, but they did not look happy. I might do it as soon as I have two mortgages on my house, a lien on the horses, and a bill of sale on the furniture, and writer's cramp in both hands; but at present I'm busy and contented to go on with the regular writing business. You forget that I have already wandered over most of the States, and there isn't enough money in sight to hire me to face again some of the hotels and some of the railway systems that I have met with. America is a great country, but she is not made for lecturing in."

"The Best-laid Plans——"

A story is being told in London about a man prominent in public life, whose name may not be mentioned, which illustrates the insecurity of human preparations. He was planning an entertainment, on an elaborate scale, to be given to various friends in the neighborhood of his country-seat. Unfortunately, his nearest neighbor, a close relative, is highly uncongenial to himself and his intimates, and he racked his brains to devise a scheme by which he might avoid the necessity of inviting the undesirable cousin to be among his guests.

"I have it!" he announced to his wife at breakfast on the morning of the event. "I'll send him some tickets for the play to-night in town. Of course he'll be delighted, as he seldom has an opportunity of going to the theater."

The tickets were accordingly sent, and the host, with an easy conscience, proceeded to enjoy the company of his friends. But his satisfaction was of short duration. At the height of the festivities in walked the objectionable neighbor.

"Such a stupid mistake you made," he announced, as he approached his cousin; "as soon as I heard about your party I knew that you must have sent me the tickets for the wrong night, so I got them changed for to-morrow evening and came right over here as soon as I could."

Slow.

Mr. Perkins—That's a pretty likely lookin' boy you have there, Sam.

Mr. Dobbs—He's good enough if he wasn't so all-fired slow; why, if that boy had a' had the job buildin' the ark we wouldn't a' had the flood yit.

Reggie's Conclusion.

"Oh, mamma!" shouted little Reggie, as he ran to his mother in great glee, "what do you think? I was just over there where they're putting up the circus, and they're filling the ring all full of breakfast food."—"Smart Set."

A Feat in Photography.

Photography has had many triumphs. One of the latest is associated with the name of Professor Macey, famous for his feats in instantaneous work. He has just succeeded in photographing a dragon-fly on the wing—an operation which necessitated an exposure of only one twenty-five thousandth of a second. The photographic part of the performance is wonderful enough, and surely some credit should be awarded to the man capable of accurately dividing a second into twenty-five thousand parts. Certainly a man who can compute the twenty-five-thousandth part of a second can compute anything.—Photogram.

Bank Notes for Fuel.

A novel spectacle of a steamer's furnaces being fed with bank notes, says an exchange, was recently witnessed at a Mediterranean port. Forty-five sacks of the apparently valuable paper were tossed into the furnace, under the longing eyes of the stokers, who stood restively by with an evidently burning desire to possess themselves of at least a handful of that which they somewhat inelegantly styled "rum fuel." The notes were canceled notes of the Bank of Algiers, whose manager superintended the operation of their absolute combustion.

Experimenting With Convicts.

A correspondent of The Times describes an experiment now being made at Dartmoor, with the object of raising the younger criminals to a better level. Thirty-two of the youngest convicts have been picked out, after careful consideration as the most likely to benefit by the scheme, and have been formed into a class by themselves, and while in some respects their treatment does not differ from that of their fellow-convicts, they are not allowed at any time to associate with the older convicts. After prayers they march off to one of the old French war prisons, where part of the ground floor has been fitted up as a carpenter's shop. It is an important part of the scheme that every lad should be turned out with a thorough knowledge of some trade, and it has been found in practice that the only trade of which a young convict is pretty sure not to grow tired is carpentering. After work is done they go to lessons with the schoolmaster. The boys' warder and trade instructor have both been selected with special regard to their personal qualities, and they are required, not only to keep a high standard of discipline, but to do their utmost to acquire a personal influence over their charges.

IS PROFANITY ON THE INCREASE?—ASK CENTRAL.

Items of Interest.

Nature's infinite variety is well illustrated in the collection of photographs of snow crystals made during the past 20 years by Mr. W. A. Bentley of Vermont. He has now more than 1,000 photographs of individual crystals, and among them no two are alike.

It will be good news to humanitarians who have been protesting against the feeding of snakes on live animals to learn that the authorities at the Zoological Gardens in London are now carrying out a suggestion recently made in the press, and are feeding the larger serpents with newly-killed rabbits and poultry instead of with live ones.

Trees are now to be felled by electricity. The modus operandi is as follows: A platinum wire, having been stretched out between two poles, is heated until it becomes incandescent. It is then drawn tight against the tree, through which it immediately proceeds to burn its way. It is said that a tree can by this process be felled in about one-eighth of the time it would take to saw it down.

Some time ago, according to a story in the Jewish "Chronicle," the Hungarian Jews in Chicago wrote to the chief rabbi of Pressburg, in Hungary, asking him to recommend an orthodox rabbi able to preach in their native language. Pressburg is a long way from Chicago, and it was too much to expect that a rabbi could drop across for a Sabbath to preach a trial sermon. That was where the phonograph showed its use. The recommended candidate spoke his best sermons, in his best German and Hungarian, into the instrument, and when the records were reproduced in Chicago they gave such delight that the preacher was elected at a handsome salary.

The little-grains-of-sand business has a commercial exemplification. English "drummers" do not take their meals with ordinary travelers at the hotels, but dine together in the "commercial room." The first-comer acts as president of the table. With the dessert, according to the "World's Work," a waiter passes around a plate on which each diner puts one penny—no more—for the support of the Orphans' School of the Travelers' Association. The money collected is counted by the president of the table, who enters the amount in a book kept for the purpose, and the innkeeper holds the collection until the proper official makes his quarterly visit. As the collection is taken up every day, in the commercial room of every hotel patronized by drummers, the amount received in a year is large.

Queer Social Customs in Mexico.

Ladies do not attend the funerals.

Children kiss the hands of their parents.

The host is served first at table.

The bridegroom purchases the bride's trousseau.

Feminine friends kiss on both cheeks when greeting or taking leave.

Gentlemen speak first when passing lady acquaintances on the street.

The sofa is the seat of honor, and a guest waits to be invited to occupy it.

Men and women in the same social circle call each other by their first names.

When a Mexican speaks to you of his home he refers to it as "your house."

When you move into a new locality it is your duty to make the first neighborhood calls.

When friends pass each other on the street without stopping they say adios (good-by).

Even the younger children of the family are dressed in mourning upon the death of a relative.

Young ladies never receive calls from young men, and are not escorted to entertainments by them.

Daily enquiry is made for a sick friend and cards are left or the name written in a book with the porter.

Dinner calls are not customary, but upon rising from the table the guest thanks his host for the entertainment.

Mexican gentlemen remove their hats as scrupulously upon entering a business office as in a private residence.

After a dance the gentleman returns his partner to her seat beside her parents or chaperon and at once leaves her side.—"Modern Mexico."

An Excessively Literary Bit of Literature.

The poet and Penelope were playing under the rose, tossing the filigree ball; both were children of destiny, born in the house on the Hudson, near the house opposite, adjacent to our neighbors close to an East Side family. Those delightful Americans were like pigs in clover until a tar heel baron, the master of millions, espied through the gap in the garden the siege of youth; this man in the gray cloak, who figured among the middle-aged lovers, and possessed the sins of a saint, and who had been the lightning conductor and the talk of the town in Piccadilly as well as a regular typhoon along the Roman road, was no hero when he entered the circle at the time appointed, where the spinners of life—one, the blue goose, and the other, one of the deep-sea vagabonds—were enjoying the price of freedom. However, taking the main chance to overcome the modern obstacle of trees, shrubs and vines, this gold wolf cracked one of earth's enigmas and dashed like a detached pirate upon wild life near home; say Marty, who had been abroad with the Jimmies in the kindred of the wild, and the lions of the Lord, didn't do a thing but lift the log of a cowboy grown in the mountains of California, and, standing 'twixt God and mammon, saying: "You are the under dog." Lovey Mary, alias Penelope, whose mother was a Virginian girl in the Civil War, jumped upon the intruder and said: "I am a girl of ideas of the better sort, also a daughter of Thespis; you are the spoilsmen set; scat! get you to walks in New England. You are only Perkins the fakeer." And he got.—Horace Seymour Keeler in New York "Sun."

A Valiant Defender.

Mr. Grogan—Phwat's the matter wid the boy, docther?

Doctor—Nothing serious just now, but I think he's threatened with diphtheria.

Mr. Grogan—Show me the mon thot t'reatened 'im and I'll brek him in two.—"Pick-Me-Up."

The Common Fate.

Dan Cupid limped into his office,
All battered and bruised was his head;
A bandage and splints graced his person—
"I umpired a love-match," he said.

At the Agency.

"Are you a good cook and laundress?"
"Do Oi look loike twins?"—Ex.

A Holiday in Bed.

Two hospital nurses adopted a novel method of spending their two weeks' vacation. They hired a cottage in the country, and an old woman to attend them. From the moment they entered the door until the time for departure came they were never seen, and the village people naturally concluded that there was some mystery connected with them. Some even thought of consulting the police on the subject. On their way to the city they called on a clergyman to give him a trifle for his charities, and explained the secret. They were nurses, and had spent their whole time in bed. Accustomed to sleep in such snatches as they could get, their notion of a holiday was a period of long and undisturbed repose.

The Second—When your first wife was dying you promised her you never would drink again. He—Yes, I know; but when I told her that I thought I was going to die, too.—Boston "Transcript."

DID HIM GOOD AND NO MISTAKE

What Simon V. Landry has to say of Dodd's Kidney Pills

He was Weak, Run Down and a Total Wreck—Three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills put him to Work Again.

River Bourgeois, Richmond Co., Que., Sept. 28.—(Special)—Simon V. Landry, well known here, adds his testimony to the thousands of others all over Canada who owe their health and even life itself to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

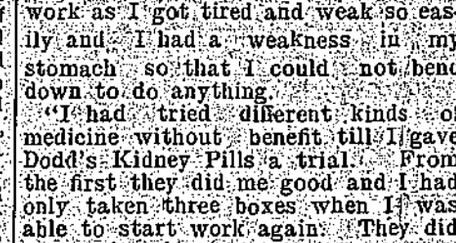
"I was bothered for over a year with Lame Back, Weak Back, Palpitation of the Heart and General Weakness," says Mr. Landry. "In fact I was a total wreck. I could not work as I got tired and weak so easily and I had a weakness in my stomach so that I could not bend down to do anything.

"I had tried different kinds of medicine without benefit till I gave Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. From the first they did me good and I had only taken three boxes when I was able to start work again. They did me good and no mistake."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are known by their cures in every corner of Canada. They cure the Kidneys. Sound Kidneys ensure pure blood. Pure blood means good health, cheerfulness and abundant energy. That's how Dodd's Kidney Pills make new men and women out of run down, worn out people.

A Charming Lady.

Of Lady Charles Beresford, who is now in New York, M.A.P. says:—As everyone knows, she is the accomplished wife of the well-known and popular naval commander, and began life as Miss Mina Gardner, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Gerald Gardner, and sister to Mrs. Gerald Paget. She is a rich woman, and a clever one, with a marked independence of character. Music and politics occupy her life. She is a good musician, devoted to Wagner, and seldom absent from her box at the opera. For many years she has been a faithful follower of the fortunes of Covent Garden Opera, and Madame Melba, Madame Eames and the brothers De Reszke are reckoned among her personal friends. Of late, she has resided but little in London, and spends many months of the year at Park Gate House, a charming abode on Ham Common, her electric motor taking her quickly to town for dinners and the opera. Lady Charles gives Sunday parties at Park Gate House that are more than usually Bohemian and amusing. She is known to her friends as "Dot." When Parliament is sitting she entertains politicians of every shade of opinion, and is a regular attendant in the House of Commons. Lady Charles Beresford is good at games, and second to none at bridge and croquet.



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

Joaquin Miller on "Race Suicide."

President Roosevelt in swaddling clothes, suspended by ribbons from the bill of a stork, furnishes the illustration for the cover of a new poem, in ten cantos, by Joaquin Miller, entitled "As It Was In the Beginning." In the "prefatory postscript" the poet writes:

"When, like a sentinel on his watch-tower, the President, with his divine audacity and San Juan valor, voiced the real heart of the Americans against 'race suicide,' I hastened to do my part in my own way, ill or well, in holding up his hands on the firing line. . . . I venture this new book with confidence, not only because it is right, proper, clean, courageous, but now seems opportune. 'Let the galled jade wince!' I give no quarter and ask none, except pardon for errors incident to great haste. I cry aloud from my mountain top, as a seer, and say: The cherry-blossom bird of Nippon must be more with us, else another century and prolific Canada, like another Germany from the North, may descend upon us and take back train loads of tribute. We are coming to be too entirely Frenchish."

That the poem is truly Rooseveltian in its strenuousness may be gleaned from these stirring stanzas of canto IX.:

God's pity for the breasts that bear
A little babe, then banish it
To stranger hands, to alien care,
To live or die as chance sees fit.
Poor, helpless hands reached anywhere,
As God gave them to reach and reach,
With only helplessness in each!
Poor little hands, pushed here, pushed there,
And all night long for mother's breast.
Poor, restless hands that will not rest
And gather strength to reach out strong
To mother in the rosy morn!
Nay, nay, they gather scorn for scorn
And hate for hate the lorn night long—
Poor dying babe! to reach about
In blackness, as a thing cast out!

God's pity for the thing of lust
That bears a frail babe to be thrust
Forth from her arms to alien thrall,
As shutting out the light of day,
As shutting off God's very breath!
But thrice God's pity let us pray,
For her who bears no babe at all,
But gayly leads up Fashion's Hall
And grinning leads the dance of death.
That sexless, steel-braced breast of bone
Is like to some assassin cell,
A whited sepulchre of stone,
A graveyard at the gates of hell,
A mart where motherhood is sold,
A house of murders manifold!

A few stanzas further on the poet says:

And oh, for prophet's tongue or pen
To scourge, not only, and accuse
The childless mother, but such men
As know their wives but to abuse!
Give me the brave, child-loving Jew,
The full-sexed Jew of either sex,
Who loves, brings forth and nothing recks
Of care or cost, as Christians do—
Dulled souls, who will not hear or see
How Christ once raised his lowly head
And, as rebuking, gently said,
The while He took them tenderly,
"Let little children come to me." . . . .

Hear me this prophecy and heed
Except we cleanse us kirk or creed,
Except we wash us word and deed
The Jew shall rule us reign the Jew.
And just because the Jew is true,
Is true to nature, true to truth;
Is clean, is chaste, as trustful Ruth
Who bore us David, Solomon—
The Babe, that far first Christmas dawn.

The poem is dedicated to "The Mothers of Men."

Mysterious Disappearance.

The mysterious disappearance of Miss Hickman, a doctor, who was on the staff of the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn road, London, some weeks ago, is a matter which occupies considerable space in London papers recently to hand. To its comments on the case The London Star adds:—One recalls another mysterious disappearance something similar to the vanishing of Miss Hickman. A month or two ago a Mexican engineer and his wife came to England, and took rooms in an hotel close by the Royal Free Hospital. Early in the morning the husband—a splended looking man, over six feet high—went out, hatless and collarless, to buy a packet of cigarettes. He never returned, and he has never been seen since. As to missing people, the general public have no idea how many disappear from London—and very often are never seen again! Their fate remains a mystery which is solved only in a very few cases. Inquiring at Scotland Yard last evening a Morning Leader representative obtained some remarkable statistics on "disappearances," which have been worked out by the Chief Commissioner of the metropolis for the three years ending 1901. The following shows them at a glance:—Persons reported missing in London, 1899, 36,624; 1900, 37,214; 1901, 35,033. Found by police and restored to friends, 1899, 18,348; 1900, 18,429; 1901, 456.

That leaves "still missing," the following alarming numbers:—1899, 18,276; 1900, 18,785; 1901, 17,577.

Why There are No Blue Roses.

A knowledge of one simple law in nature may save the flower-grower days and weeks of hard and unavailing labor in attempting to produce that famous chimera of the botanists—the blue rose. The law is simply this: The three colors, red, blue, and yellow never all appear in the same species of flowers; any two may exist, but never the third. Thus we have red and yellow roses, but no blue; red and blue verbenas, but no yellow; yellow and blue in the various members of the violent family, but no red. Other examples of this rigid law could be cited, but the above are sufficient. The botanist or floriculturist who really understands his business never attempts to produce a blue rose of a red violet.—St. Louis Republic.

Darwinian

First Monkey—It seems to be a toss-up whether man is descended from us.

Second Monkey—Yes, it's heads, they win; tails, we win.—"Smart Set."

In the average fashion periodical the pictures of women in the latest mode have little that is human about them and less that is divine. What man of sense could love a woman with a waist as small as her neck, and legs shaps as uncouth as her shadow?

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.

A turkey shoot will be held at the Nugget Hotel, on Thursday November 26th. commencing at 11a.m. In the evening a Grand Ball will be given in the Nugget Hall, to which all are cordially invited.

Mr. McKinnon is around once more; we are pleased to state that he is now entirely out of danger.

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

The Ladies Auxilliary of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church will hold a sale of work on Dec. 10th.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Mr. John Wolters to Miss Elizabeth V. Prescott. The ceremony will take place at St. Martins Church, tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Nothing is more appreciated than views of the country you live in.

A fine collection always in stock at "The Atlin Studio."

Mr. S. H. Plumbe is the recipient of many congratulatory letters from Whitehorse, Dawson and the Kootenay on the occasion of his becoming a happy "Papa."

New line of Hardware at E. L. Pillman & Co's.

The mail-carriers report that Otter Lake is still open; the Arm at Golden Gate is frozen solid.

A Portrait would be more acceptable at home than a Card for Christmas. The Atlin Studio.

The stampeders from here, for Alsek, are tied up at Whitehorse owing to lack of snow on the trail.

Great display of Crockery-ware, Lamps and Christmas Supplies at E. L. Pillman & Co's.

An attempt is being made to have our streets lighted by electricicy.

A full line of silverware, also 1847 Rogers table-ware at Jules Eggert's.

Films and plates developed and printed at reasonable rates at "The Atlin Studio". Enlarging, and Copying also done.

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

For Winter Underwear try E. L. Pillman & Co.

Gasoline Lamp for Sale at C. R. Bourne's.

FREE! FREE!

With every dollar cash purchase a guess will be allowed as to the number of beans contained in a bottle at E. L. Pillman & Co's store.

To the one guessing the nearest to the number of beans will be awarded: — A beautiful Dinner set of 44 pieces.— To the next nearest guess:—A Sterling Silver Dressing Case.

Skates and Hockey Sticks at C. R. Bourne's.

Walter Aitken has left the Hospital; he will soon be well again.

Best display of Christmas and New Year Gifts at E. L. Pillman & Co's.

GRAND TURKEY SHOOT.

AT THE

BALMORAL HOTEL

CHRISTMAS DAY.

1st. Prize--Turkey

2nd. ,, --Chicken

3rd. ,, --Tin of Eastern Oysters.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that after sixty days from date I, as manager for the Atlin Trading Company, Limited, will make application to the Hon. The Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works to purchase the following described land: viz. Commencing at a post marked A. T. Coy's S. E. Corner, on the west side of Water Street, Atlin Townsite, thence Northerly along west side of said Street 60 feet, thence Westerly 100 feet, thence Southerly 60 feet, thence Easterly 100 feet to point of commencement.

Dated at Atlin, B. C.
this 9th. day of October 1903.
A. S. Cross.

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land: Commencing at post marked W. J. A's S. W. corner post placed on the East line of Lake Street 120 feet north from the corner of Rant Avenue and Lake St. in the Town of Atlin, B. C. Thence in an Easterly direction 110 feet, thence in a Northerly direction 60 feet, thence in a Westerly direction 110 feet, thence in a Southerly direction following the line of Lake Street 60 feet, to point of commencement. Containing 0.16 acres more or less.

W. J. Anderson.
Dated at Atlin, B. C., Oct. 26th. 1903.

STABLES & LUMSDEN

IRON STORE, FIRST STREET,

ARE STILL TO THE FRONT IN

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Etc.

The Line of FALL and WINTER GOODS we have placed in Stock this week are certainly EYE-OPENERS

Just see our shirts and underwear
And socks at any price a pair.
Our mits and gloves cannot be beat.
Our boots and shoes so trim and neat

Cigars and cigarettes to smoke,
But see our pipes, oh! my!
If once you get your eyes on them
You cannot help but buy

AT THE IRON STORE

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER AND MANUFACTURING Co., Limited.

ENGINEERS, MACHINISTS, BLACKSMITHS, & IRON FOUNDERS.

OPERATING STEAM LAUNDRY — ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER FURNISHED TO MILLS, MINES, ETC. — FULL LINE OF ENGINEERS SUPPLIES & FITTINGS CARRIED IN STOCK.

ELECTRIC LIGHT RATES. — Installation, $3:50 per light.

16 Candle power Incandescent $3:50 per month per light.
8 ,, ,, ,, $2:50 ,,
Special Rates for Arc Lights & Large Incandescent Lights.
Also for Hotels & Public Buildings.

THE CASH MEAT MARKET

CHRIS DOELKER,

FIRST STREET, Atlin.

I KEEP NONE BUT PRIME STOCK—LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Wholesale and Retail

APPLICATIONS FOR LIQUOR LICENCES.

A Meeting of the Board of Licence Commissioners for the "Atlin Licence District" will be held in the Court House, Atlin, B. C., on Tuesday December 15th. 1903, at 10 a.m. to consider the granting of the following Applications:

Name of Applicant.	Description of Licence.	Locality of Premises Sought to be Licenced.
W. A. Anderson	Renewal of Hotel	Balmoral Hotel, Discovery, B. C.
James Clark		Half-Way House, Atlin, B. C.
James G. Cornell		Nugget Hotel, Discovery
Robert B. Dixon		Russell Hotel, Pearl Street, Atlin.
Fransis George Ashton		Dawson Hotel, Taku, B. C.
Andrew Louis Galarno		B. C. Hotel, Discovery.
David Hastie		Grand Hotel, corner First and Discovery streets, Atlin.
George E. Hayes		Kootenay Hotel, corner First and Trainor streets, Atlin.
Samuel Johnston		Vancouver Hotel, First st. Atlin.
Frank Joyce		Summit Hotel, White Pass Summit, B. C.
John Kirkland		Kirkland Hotel, First st., Atlin.
Daniel McDonald		Arctic Hotel, Lake Bennet, B. C.
E. P. Queen		Royal Hotel, Discovery.
E. P. Queen		Leland Hotel, Pearl srteet, Atlin.
John Wolters	Transfer	Gold House, Discovery.
John Roxborough & J. G. Cornell.		Surprise Lake Hotel, Surprise Lake B. C.
E. Rosselli	Renewal	Royal Hotel, First Street, Atlin.
Edward Sands		Pine Tree Hotel, Discovery.
Thomas Tugwell		Log Cabin Hotel Log Cabin, B. C.
John Andrew Perkinson	Hotel Licence	Hale's Road House, Golden Gate.

WALTER OWEN, Chief Licence Inspector.

Atlin, B. C. November 17th. 1903.