THE ATLIN CLAIM.

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ERA OF PROSPERITY

Capital Taking Hold of Proved Ground

Outlook for 1904 Exceptionally Good — Record of Season's Development.

With the influx of capital into the district this fall and the consequent extensive developments which have followed, Atlin is rapidly taking on a new role. These developments have proved the geological theories laid down by the many experts who have from time to time visited the country, viz.: that the shallow diggings of the early days were but a "sluff over" from auriferous channels which ultimate developments would uncover.

On Pine creek, Messrs. Robinson and Switzer, representing Philadelphia capital, have acquired a large area of the bench ground, fronting on "Willow Park." This ground has been the scene of considerable activity during the last three winters with profitable returns to the operators. The price paid to the owners, we understand, has been highly satisfactory. We are not yet informed by what method the new owners intend working the ground, but it will most probably be by dredge.

The Pine Creek Power Co. has this season considerably added to its holdings by the acquisition of several placer claims adjacent to its workings.

The North Columbia Gold Mining Co., a comparatively new organization, besides the acquisition of the Yellow Jacket and Rock of Ages mineral claims, on the first of this month took a sub-lease of the Stevendyke ground, owned by the Stevendyke Hydraulic Mining Partnership, of which Mr. D. Todd Lees is the principal owner.

Messrs. Denniston and Switzer, in the interest of Eastern capitalists, have purchased a large area of valuable placer ground on Spruce creek, embracing nearly all that territory from the second canyon above discovery claim up to and including the Blue Canyon property. For several weeks the new owners have been exploiting the ground with a Keystone steam driller, and have obtained excellent prospects throughout the whole property. Bedrock was found to reach a depth of 57 feet, but the upper strata all contains gold in sufficient quantity to pay the cost of removal, while the value of the bedrock strata will bring the average per cubic yard to a high value.

From the foregoing record of changes, is it to be wondered that we look for great things in 1904.

A Big Undertaking.

The Pine Creek Power Co. has under contemplation a somewhat extensive undertaking for the general improvement of its already large plant. It is proposed to replace the long flume on the north side of Pine creek, opposite Gold Run, by a 1600 foot tunnel to be driven through the bench upon which the present flume fronts. The tunnel will be 6 by 8 on the clear and the walls and roof will be timbered. The work in all probability will be let by contract, and will have to be completed before the opening of next season.

This improvement is deemed necessary in consequence of the repeated caves which happen every season when the frost leaves the ground, and, as a consequence, weakens the foundation of the flume.

Don't Be Late.

Beginning on Monday last the Scotia entered upon a new time schedule and a tri-weekly service was inaugurated. The steamer will now leave, to connect with the Gleaner, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3 p.m. It is due to arrive in Atlin on Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays. This service will most probably be in force until the closing of navigation.

The Winter Trail.

The road gang is at present engaged in repair work on the Fantail trail, getting it in shape for winter travel. The trail will be well staked and blazed from end to end. Jack Perkinson is now at Log Cabin, on behalf of Mr. Kirkland, looking after affairs in connection with the winter mail service which will be begun Nov. 1st.

It is said that an extra fast passenger service will be inaugurated which will be announced later. A good business is [illegible]ed and the road houses wi[illegible] st class shape to handle the trade.

Muirhead's Photographs Lead.

Dredge, Hydraulic and Placer Views.

Was Impressed.

The Daily Alaskan, editorially pays the following tribute to our District: "Mayor Keller's decision as to the future of the Atlin district is that of every man of intelligence who visits that country. Atlin will be one of the names to conjure with by those of the future who write or talk of the production of gold."

Dr. Keller, who spent several weeks here, has the following good words to say about Atlin and his visit:

"Atlin's good times are for the future—immediate future, I might say. They are good there now and have been so for a long time;—as a hydraulic camp, there is nothing in the North to compare with the Atlin district.

One thing that will count for much in the development of Atlin district is the character of the people. I never saw a better crowd of fellows in my life. That applies to those living at Atlin, at Discovery and on the creeks.

DR. YOUNG, M. P. P.

Will Hold Meeting at Nugget Hall, Discovery.

On Wednesday Evening, Oct. 21st., Prior to Leaving for Victoria.

There will be a meeting of miners and others, held in Discovery, at the Nugget Hall, on Wednesday October 21st., at 8:30 p.m. to meet Dr. Young prior to his visit to Victoria.

STEVENDYKE.

The Cincinnati Company Confirm Existence of Yellow Channel.

Mention has been made elsewhere of the sub-lease of the Stevendyke property to the North Columbia Gold Mining Co. Prior to taking the sub-lease the company did some very extensive prospect work with a view to confirming the contentions of the owners, and we are advised that the result of the season's work was satisfactory in the extreme.

Permission was obtained by the Partnership for a change of intake on its water right for 300 inches, and with a view to utilizing this, a flume, including a 35-foot trestle, of 2100 feet was constructed, and 2700 feet of ditch dug. Water was turned on on August 13th last.

The work of opening up the ground was done chiefly by means of ground-sluicing. Two cuts were made, one from the creek, extending into the Stevendyke gulch some 300 feet from Pine. In this was found the north rim of the "yellow channel," which has already yielded and will yield very rich returns to those who are fortunate in having ground upon it. Sufficient depth was not obtained in this cut to allow the gutter of the channel to be reached, so it was discontinued for this season. However, the indications and results are amply good enough to warrant the installation of a large plant. The second cut was attended with much greater difficulty than the other, and necessitated a bedrock cut of over 400 feet, to a depth of 8 feet. At the end of this cut, 30 feet deep, a shaft was sunk 17½ feet, when a continuation of the same results, as obtained in the one previously mentioned, were found. The channel evidently follows the line of the bench where it was first uncovered in the Sabin ground, below Discovery, and the Company is to be congratulated on its acquisition of this valuable property, which will, with ultimate developments, show that the Stevendyke contains the "yellow channel" in place throughout its entire length, and will thus prove one of the biggest dividend payers of the camp.

We cannot but incidentally mention in closing, that the patience and perseverence of Messrs. Lees & Weir are to be commended, they have worked hard, but now see a chance of a little recreation, honestly deserved. The pertinacity they have shown in staying with their single proposition since '99, shows the grit of which our miners are made, even if tenderfeet at starting.

know! Ow! O-w-w! I'll be good! I'll be good! I only wanted you to see my metamorphosis," he said ruefully, and I imagined he was rubbing his hurts.

A few minutes later we were playing tennis—a handicap on my part, for I could have no knowledge of his position save when all the angles between himself, the sun and me were in proper conjunction. Then he flashed, and only then But the flashes were more brilliant than the rainbow—purest blue, most delicate violet, brightest yellow, and all the intermediary shades, with the scintillant brilliancy of the diamond, dazzling, blinding, iridescent!

But in the midst of our play I felt a sudden cold chill, reminding me of deep mines and gloomy crypts, such a chill as I had experienced that very morning. The next moment, close to the net, I saw a ball rebound in mid-air and empty space, and at the same instant, a score of feet away, Paul Tichlorne emitted a rainbow flash. It could not be he from whom the ball had rebounded, and with sickening dread I realized that Lloyd Inwood had come upon the scene. To make sure, I looked for his shadow, and there it was, a shapeless blotch the girth of his body (the sun was overhead) moving along the ground. I remembered his threat, and felt sure that all the long years of rivalry were about to culminate in hideous battle.

I cried a warning to Paul and heard a snarl, as of a wild beast, and an answering snarl. I saw the dark blotch move swiftly across the court, and a brilliant burst of vari-colored light moving with equal swiftness to meet it; and then shadow and flash came together and there was the sound of unseen blows. The net went down before my frightened eyes. I sprang toward the fighters, crying:

"For God's sake!"

But their locked bodies smote against my knees and I was overthrown.

"You keep out of this, old man!" I heard the voice of Lloyd Inwood from out of the emptiness. And then Paul's voice crying, "Yes, we've had enough of peacemaking! This settles it for good and all!"

From the sound of their voices I knew they had separated. I could not locate Paul, and so approached the shadow that represented Lloyd. But from the other side came a stunning blow on the point of my jaw, and I heard Paul scream angrily, "Now will you keep away?"

Then they came together again, the impact of their blows, their groans and gasps, and the swift flashings and shadow-movings telling plainly of the deadliness of the struggle.

I shouted for help, and Gaffer Bedshaw came running into the court. I could see, as he approached, that he was looking at me strangely, but he collided with the combatants and was hurled end over end to the ground. With one despairing shriek and a cry of "O Lord, I've got 'em!" he sprang to his feet and tore madly out of the court.

I could do nothing, so I sat up, fascinated and powerless, and watched the struggle. The noonday sun beat down with dazzling brightness on the naked tennis court. And it was naked. All I could see was the blotch of shadow and the rainbow flashes, the dust rising from the invisible feet, the earth tearing up from beneath the straining foot-grips, and the wire screen bulge once or twice as their bodies hurled against it. That was all, and after a time even that ceased. There were no more flashes, and the shadow had become stationary; and I remembered their set boyish faces as they clung to the roots in the deep coolness of the pool.

They found me an hour afterward. Some inkling of what had happened got to the servants and they quitted the Tichlorne service in a body. Gaffer Bedshaw never recovered from the second shock he received, and is confined in a madhouse, hopelessly incurable. The secrets of their marvelous discoveries died with Paul and Lloyd, both laboratories being destroyed by grief-stricken relatives. As for myself, I no longer care for chemical research, and science is a tabooed topic in my household. I have returned to my roses. Nature's colors are good enough for me.—June "Bookman."

Fur Prices in London.

The fur auctions held in London every spring determine the price of fur garments for the following winter season. A report of the sales published in a trade journal indicates that sealskin furs will be no more expensive than last winter, but ermine and silver fox will be fifty per cent. higher, and mink, otter, beaver and bear will also increase in price. Alaska sable has gone up. It will be news to most people to learn that the "harmless, necessary cat" also lends his skin to keep the cold out. At all events "domestic cat" is quoted as being twenty-five per cent. higher in price than at the last spring auction.

Properly Launched.

"Yes," says the proud mother, "if I do say it myself, there isn't another girl in society who has been so thoroughly schooled and who has enjoyed so many of the preliminary advantages. She has had the appendicitis, has spent two years in a rest-cure, has gone on six sea-trips for exhaustion, has had seven attacks of nervous prostration, has been written up in the papers as about to elope with the coachman, and has been proposed to by ten foreign musicians, and eight noblemen have looked her up in the financial agencies. Now that she is about to make her debut I see no reason why she should not become a great favorite, if complete preparation has anything to do with it."—"Judge."

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

WHERE IS OUR GOD?

Rev. Alfred W. H. Hodder, Sixteenth Baptist Church, New York.

Emmanuel—God with us.—Matthew, 1, 23.

The secret of joy and peace lies in the fact that we all believe in a present and not an absent God.

It is this which brings comfort to our hearts, which gives us security in the promise of eternal redemption and places before us the loving side of "our Father's" character.

By virtue of this declaration we can more fully realize God with and within the souls of men. Not with us merely in loving mercy or care, or providence, or protection, but with us as one of us. The delight in thinking of what has been done for us in the ages past, for "even from everlasting to everlasting thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations," is enhanced by the thought of what God is now doing—that He still lives and rules and dwells among men, bringing all things to pass for the uplifting of his children to Himself.

Moreover, we are led to rejoice in the larger revelation of God, for each footprint grows more distinct as one follows another. As there have been always in existence the electrical powers of nature, but not revealed fully until man reached intellectual strength sufficient to lay hold upon their energy and utilize them for his best interests, so God has revealed Himself as men grew into larger life and light. More and more God has made Himself known through prophets of old, through the life and words and death of Christ, through saints and martyrs to the cause of righteousness and truth. We rejoice in the fact of "Emmanuel—God with us," written on the page of history and in the hearts of men. Our God lives and dwells among us now.

The thought of "Emmanuel" ought to make us brave. The abiding presence of God should give us courage, faith and hope, for "if God be for us," and with us, "Who can be against us?" No temptation need be too strong to be conquered, no difficulty need be too hard to be surmounted, no sorrow need cause us to bury our hearts and lives in the graves of our loved ones, for it will eventually be with us as with them. "From grief and groan, with a golden crown, close by the throne of God." God in us will graduate our strength for every experience of life through which we shall pass, and omnipotent power will be under every care and burden. Thus we may bravely go into life's work as warriors to battle. Our Father, having taken our cause to His heart, ought to bring a similar action from us in His behalf. For there is a great battle on between righteousness and unrighteousness. The trumpet which musters the warriors soundeth loud and long, and the fight will be stern and desperate between truth and sin. We must take our post, every one, on one side or the other, for "If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." No touch or thought of compromise; no division of the living child, as in the days of Solomon, by a wicked woman; no acceptance of a particle of error, for "if God be for us, who can be against us?" Thus be brave in the word, "Emmanuel—God with us."

The thought of "Emmanuel" ought to make us good and true to each other. The human family is bound together in Him who gives us our daily bread, not only for the body, but for the soul also, and bids us be breakers of bread with our fellowman, helping those who have need to share our blessings. There is a noble family in Italy whose name of Frangipanni means breakers of bread—that is, for the poor. So ought we by the God dwelling nature, if not by name, break bread unto those who are poor in spirit if not poor in body. For thus alone can we give something to Him "who freely giveth us all things."

In this world of sorrow there are some who know not the sweet peace of the indwelling presence of God. Their eyes have become blind by the glare of temporal things; their lives are filled with the husks of this world. Here in this wide world of sin-sick souls the God in us should go out to them. Our Father would dwell in their hearts and lives as in ours. He would have them be "sons of God." But do they see the revelation of God in us? Are our bodies, our commercial transactions, our social circle such that men see the dwelling place of the Most High and covet the blessing we hold? God shows Himself in a multitude of ways and yet is always the selfsame Father. So will He manifest Himself in the varied ways of men, through a wide range of activities from the cup of cold water given "in His name" up to the accomplishment of larger things for men. God revealed in us "to will and do of His good pleasure" is to bring men back to their largest portion. This revelation is in earthen vessels "through whom God aforetime spoke" and speaks to-day. If the night is dark our God's abiding light will enable us to scatter it. If the road be rough and dreary our God, who dwelleth in us, will assist us to make it smooth and plain. If sin has pressed our brother hard our God will provide a way of escape and eternal redemption.

So we need never say, Where is our God? for we live in the comforting assurance of the word, "Emmanuel—God with us."

For the Farmer.

Old, musty hay should be used for bedding only. During the summer season there is nothing better for horses than to cut a few armfuls of grass in the morning and allow it to wilt during the day. If fed at night it will be found much more palatable than the hay from last year's crop. Many horses are supposed to lose appetite for hay when the difficulty is only due to their rejection of old material.

A good many farmers are looking into the Angora question with considerable interest. The goat does not interfere with the pasturage of cattle and sheep, as he is a browser and not a grazer. A few goats mingled with the sheep flock and cattle herd will keep the fence lines clean of brush and brambles and make the scrub patches disappear; they get their living from the growths which the other animals refuse.

"A cheap preparation which will keep flies off horses in pasture is made by mixing crude carbolic acid with fish oil, in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls of carbolic acid to one quart of oil," says a horseman. "This should be applied to those parts which the animal cannot reach with its head or tail. The preparation can be applied to the young foals as well as the brood mares. Crude carbolic acid should be used, as it is stronger than the solution usually sold by druggists."

Always give horses water before feeding, whether morning, noon, or night. Do this, because a horse will digest his food better, be stronger, and will last the longer for it. Colic or acute indigestion, a common and often fatal trouble with horses, is avoided by watering before feeding. But three times a day is not often enough to water horses when at work and in hot weather. Five or six times a day is not too often, under such conditions and the horse is better, fresher, and can do more without injury to itself if watered often.

Vegetable Crops Under Cover.

Several interesting experiments are being conducted this year in the horticultural department of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, by the horticulturist, W. T. Macoun. One of these experiments is the growing of vegetables in an enclosure the top, sides and ends of which are made of cheese cloth, as compared with growing them in the open air. The object is to determine what difference there will be in time of maturing and in the tenderness of some of the vegetables. The kinds of vegetables used in this experiment are radishes, lettuce, beets, beans, carrots, tomatoes, cucumbers, watermelons, muskmelons, cauliflower, egg plant and corn. The results of this experiment will be published in the annual report of the farm, but already several interesting facts have been noted. The temperature is at times several degrees higher in the enclosure, the greatest difference being at night, which is very favorable to plants that succeed but in hot weather. During heavy storms the rain comes through the cloth as a thick mist, and the soil is hence not compacted as much as outside. Radishes were ready for use three days earlier inside, and were perfectly free from maggots, while those outside were rendered almost worthless on account of them. Cauliflowers inside were also free from maggots, while those outside were badly affected. Tomatoes ripened earlier inside, but it is doubtful if the crop of fruit will set as well as outside. Cucumbers, melons, beans and egg plants are more advanced inside than out. Even if it does not prove profitable to grow many kinds of vegetables under cheese cloth, there is no doubt but that in the home garden this method would give good satisfaction for most vegetables.

An enclosure has many advantages. The cats, dogs, chickens, birds, and even children, can be kept out, while all injurious insects except those already in the soil are excluded. The cheese cloth used in this experiment cost 4 1-2 cents a yard of 40 inches in width. The height of the enclosure is about 6 feet 6 inches. This experiment was suggested by a somewhat similar one which was tried by Mr. Graham Bell in Cape Breton last year. Experiments of this kind are also being made in the United States. Tobacco, which has been grown so successfully in the State of Connecticut under cheese cloth, is also being tried in another enclosure on the farm.

Apple Packers Should be Numbered.

The fruit division, Ottawa, has received from a leading exporter a letter suggesting that a slip be printed in large letters and placed in the top of each package of fruit, as follows:—"You are requested to report any fault you may find in this package to ——, Montreal, Canada. Packed by No. ——."

This suggestion is right in line with the recommendation of the fruit division that each "boss packer" be given a number, and that this number be stencilled on every package of fruit put up by that packer. In putting up apples in the orchard the number should be marked in pencil near the chime of the barrel, and the branding done later. Mr. MacKinnon's forthcoming bulletin on the export apple trade will deal with this question, and the fruit division will show at Toronto Exhibition a model brand for apple barrels.

The plan of placing a slip with the packer's number in each package has been largely used by tobacco and other dealers, and has proved a safeguard to the wholesaler or exporter. For instance, it has been found in previous years by apple exporters that barrels bearing their brand and marked as put up by a certain boss packer, say No. 60, were in great demand, while goods similarly branded except that they were marked as put up by another packer, say No. 48, were not wanted. This difference in the quality of the fruit may have been due to inferior packing, or to the fact that the second packer was working in an inferior district, but in any case the advantage to the exporter of having a check on the work of his packers is quite apparent.

Sartorial Shortcomings of Painters.

When O. N. Mind, an up-to-date tailor, went to the London Royal Academy the other day he experienced a severe shock. In narrating his experiences in the "Tailor and Cutter," he says that as one-half of the pictures shown are portraits, which profess to reproduce the characteristic features, face and dress of the original, and as the tailors have had to design and produce that dress before it was worn by the artist's customers, it is but natural for the tailor to take an interest in such portraits. In criticizing the portrait of Lord Mount Stephen, painted by Sir George Reid, the sarcastic tailor notes a total absence of buttons on the coat, and declares that the silk on the fronts is at least an inch too narrow. He witheringly condemns the painting as "contortions in black with a smudge of gray." Then Solomon J. Solomon comes in for criticism. "Look at number seventy-three, a portrait of H. T. Levy," he says; "the silk on the lapels is indicated as forming a continuation of the collar, a style that no one but an old woman who is sometimes employed to mend clothes would adopt. It is a libel on tailordom. It has the breast pocket round and out of all shape, and the collar is short and turning up. Then there is number one hundred and thirty-nine, the portrait of A. S. Leslie Melville. He is represented in the clumsiest coat possible. The right lapel is at least five times as large as the left." Triton Riviere's wonderful picture of the Rev. Nelson Loraine and his dog is also condemned, not on account of the dog, which even Mr. Mind admits to be excellent, but the coat of the reverent gentleman is unrelieved by a single seam. The horrified tailor declares that there is no collar seam or buttonhole in front, and no waist seam or, indeed, any relief whatever, while the sleeve is halfway up the elbow. Mr. Mind says he has no patience with artists who are guilty of such omissions and mistakes.

Why We Shake Hands.

The Prussian officer who held it his duty to kill a mere soldier who offered to shake hands with him had, from the official Prussian point of view, a complete case, says "Harper's Weekly." Handshaking implies a certain degree of equality, and it is not possible for a Prussian officer to imagine any equal except another Prussian officer. Clearly any act suggesting such a thing could not be expiated by any punishment short of the immediate death of the offender.

The custom of handshaking dates back to prehistoric times, a relic of those savage days when strangers could not meet without suspicion of murderous purpose. Then all men went abroad with weapons and shields, and, when they met, would stand in pleasant converse; each with his shield upon his left arm and with right hands clasped so that there would be no chance for a sudden swing of the knife or bludgeon. The right hand was invariably used for the weapon, with the result that we are a right-handed race. The reason for this lay undoubtedly in the fact that the left arm was always employed in the important work of shielding the heart. Among the common people of the Aryan race the old pledge of amity in yielding the right hand to be grasped and held has since remained the chief token of open friendship. In the "Iliad" the returning chiefs were "greeted with extended hands." Even at that remote day the early significance of the handclasp had been lost in the nobler meaning of civilized life. But it remains a salutation in which a greater or less degree of equality is claimed or conceded. It is, therefore, possible for a humble person to shake hands with the President of the United States, but not with an officer of the Prussian army.

A Little Mistake.

Customer—Just look at this stuff you sold my servant for rat poison yesterday! It looks to me more like baking powder!

Chemist—Dear me! so it is. That's that careless young assistant of mine again. He must have given the poison to the party who wanted the baking powder. I'm afraid.

With some petulance Cinderella notices that the pumpkin has been transformed into a golden carriage.

"Does it not delight you?" asks the fairy godmother.

"Oh, of course it is very pretty and all that," concedes Cinderella; "but surely you do not expect me to go to the ball in such plebeian style?"

"Plebeian?" asks the fairy godmother. "Why, that's the finest transforming act I ever did in all my career."

"Yes; but the automobile is the thing now."

"All right," grumbles the fairy godmother. She gives her wand another sweep, and the golden carriage becomes a huge tonneau, puffing and panting and ready for the spin.

"How sweet!" chirps Cinderella. "But are you not going along?" she exclaims as the fairy godmother begins to vanish.

"Not much!" declares the fairy godmother. "No automobiles for me. Even a fairy has to adopt some measures of self-protection."—"Judge."

WEALTH IN YOU BECAUSE HEALTH FOR YOU.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

Only 50 cents for bottle and tube, and is worth—as much as your life is worth. Catarrh kills thousands through colds, bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption, and **Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cures** all of them when other prescriptions have failed. It will relieve colds and catarrh and cure headache in ten minutes.

FRED H. HELB, JR., the well known distiller of Railroad, York Co., Pa., states:—"I have had catarrh of the head and stomach for two years in the worst form. I tried all the medicines I ever heard of, but without relief. I used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It cured me entirely. I am now a well man."

In thirty minutes **Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart** will add strength to that organ. Feeding the body by a full supply of blood it fills life with the old-time vigor. 11

Municipal Borrowings.

The borrowings of English municipalities are threatening to embarrass the money market seriously, says The London Mail. It was announced yesterday that Nottingham intends to issue £608,000 of three per cent. stock, while Hastings will issue a three per cent. loan of £200,000 at 91. The news caused great dissatisfaction on the Stock Exchange, where the unending stream of corporation loans is regarded with the utmost disfavor. During the past seven weeks British corporations have either borrowed or announced their intention of borrowing about £4,000,000. Most of the recent loans have been anything but a success. Liverpool, it is true, placed its loan, but Liverpool is a favorite and was first in the field.

A Woman of Forty-five

is young and lovable nowadays, but she is at the threshold of the time of rheumatism, lumbago and neuralgia.

SHE SHOULD KNOW

that there is one sure and true and speedy cure for them, giving relief almost the instant the first spoonful is taken, and driving out the last of the disease in one to three days.

The Great South American Rheumatic Cure does it.

Miss M. C. Kennedy, Toronto, writes: "Before taking South American Rheumatic Cure, I was unable to put my feet on the floor and could not obtain relief from the doctor who attended me. Shortly after taking it I recovered completely.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE

is invaluable to women especially. Relieves pain in urinary organs in six hours, and effects a cure, a permanent cure, very quickly. 12

Have things ready in case of accidents.

Poultry janitors are sometimes trustworthy.

HALF THE WORLD IS SICK

Because of Weak Hearts

When you are sick your heart is faint.

If it were pumping good blood through your system, you could not be sick in any part.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred have weak hearts—they are sometimes sick.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure

will relieve Heart Disease in thirty minutes. Will with certainty effect a lasting cure.

GEORGE CRITES, Dominion Customs Office, Cornwall, Ont., says:—"I was troubled with severe Heart complaint for a long time. I was under the doctor's care, but not receiving benefit, I asked him about 'DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART,' and I used it with good results."

Dr. Agnew's Ointment is ridding the world of piles and skin rashes, eruptions of all sorts. Its healing powers are marvelous. Price, 35c. 10

ROLFF HOUSE

By G. H. BENEDICT.

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure.

We have seen that Anthony Saybrook had anticipated the outbreak of war. So certain was he of it, that his plans and schemes for months past had been almost entirely governed by the anticipation of its speedy occurrence. Politically, he belonged to the party that opposed such an extreme course as war, and sneered at its advocates as "French sympathizers." Personally, however, Mr. Saybrook was not a man to let his political prejudices interfere with his interests in any way. With the young heir of Rolff House away in Europe, and himself holding mortgages on portions of the estate, and with fraudulent deeds in his hands covering the most valuable parts of the property, a war would furnish an opportunity to carry out his schemes at his leisure and with the utmost chance of safety. Therefore, though in his public utterances, and in his letters to Claude, the lawyer had deprecated war and affected to doubt its probability, at heart he was eager to have it occur, and strongly convinced that its outbreak was inevitable.

So joy was brought to the household of the Saybrooks, when, with the early days of summer, the tardy mail brought the news of the actual declaration of war against England.

"You see, Ralph," remarked the elder Saybrook, after they had carefully read every word referring to the all-important topic contained in the modest news letter which brought the good news, "that my throw has been a successful one, even if it was risky, and we have won our game. Ah, my dear boy, I never did a finer piece of work in my life. This news clears every obstacle from our path, and the extent to which we shall take advantage of our opportunity rests entirely within our own discretion. The war the administration has plunged into will not be a short one, I opine. There is no doubt that it will be continued till the country is pretty well exhausted and the war spirit of the people has evaporated, and that means three or four years, in my opinion, at the least. Look at our chance. Claude is in Europe, and there is no possible chance of his either getting back to this country or communicating with it in any way while the war lasts. The mortgages are so drawn that they can be closed up at the end of a year; and I have the deeds, you know, covering the homestead and adjoining property, all regularly drawn and signed, and nobody to question their validity while he is absent. What is to prevent our taking advantage of our good fortune, and coming into possession of the Rolff property? Nothing, that I see, unless it is our own timidity. And why should we be timid? It is not likely that Fortune will ever offer us another such a chance. The risk is comparatively small. I am in favor of taking the fullest advantage of our position, and of acting promptly."

"But what if he should come back?" asked Ralph.

"Well," replied the parent, "I don't think he is very likely to come back at all. Still, the question is a fair one, and will bear consideration. Suppose the war ends in a year or two, and he comes back to find us in possession of Rolff House. He can bring suit, of course, but what can he prove? The mortgages will have matured, and we shall be the purchasers. As for the deeds, there is no possible ground to challenge their regularity. His only course would be a suit to dispossess on the ground of fraud; but with what chance of success? Our defence would be that the deeds were given as collateral security for money furnished, and he has absolutely no testimony to offer against us but his own. Don't you see how beautifully all my plans have been arranged? I can see no possible chance for failure. The probabilities all are that Claude will soon be left penniless in Europe, and, by the time he is afforded a chance to return to this country, a thousand things may have happened to take him out of our way. The longer he is away, the better for us, of course; but, in any event, as soon as we are in full possession of the property I am ready to take the chance of our keeping it."

"I quite see the weight of your arguments," replied Ralph, "and, of course, I'm in favor of a bold course. When will you record the deeds?"

"Oh, there is no immediate hurry," was the reply. "It will be well to wait the turn of events for a few weeks. My only object in hastening at all is to advance you in old Bruyn's favor. As soon as you are the recognized heir of Rolff House, you need worry no more over your interests in that direction."

"I don't worry," replied Ralph.

"Well, I am glad of it," was the reply. "Nothing is so sure to win the favor of Fortune as a cool and brave front. You have but to be cautious and persistent, my boy, to win."

"I intend to be," asserted Ralph.

"No doubt, no doubt," responded the elder; "and the prize is worthy of the highest effort. You must win, Ralph."

"I intend to win," again asserted Ralph.

CHAPTER XIX.

Wearily passed the days to Rosa Bruyn. Drearily the sun rose in the morning and as drearily set behind the western mountains at eve. She performed her accustomed duties with her usual alacrity, and perhaps with more than her usual conscientious care; but the light of happy content had gone from her sweet face and the buoyancy from her step. For days and weeks she had wrestled with the doubts and surmises that had thronged continually upon her, and this mental anxiety and conflict could not but leave its impression. But, through it all, she had not given up her faith in Claude. She was resolved that she would not question his fidelity till she was afforded better evidence than anything that could come to her through the instrumentality of Anthony Saybrook. She was strongly impelled to the belief that the defamation of Claude and the persistent pressing of Ralph Saybrook's suit were parts of the same plot, and a thousand explanations thronged to her mind to excuse Claude's strange letter, which, as she recalled its words, seemed to her too ambiguous and too much like the high-flown expressions of one writing in a merry, mischievous mood, to be an acutal confession of falseness and guilt. She flattered her hopes with the thought that the letter had been drawn out by some subterfuge of the wily lawyer, and was evidence only of Claude's light and gay spirit, which she well understood to be prone to a certain recklessness of expression, easily misunderstood. Yet doubts would at times assail her, and the certainty that there was to be a long and perhaps total separation, and that all chance of explanation was removed from her, caused her troubles to weigh most heavily upon her mind.

Mrs. Bruyn's watchful eye had detected her daughter's quiet, unconfessed grief, and she was the object of her anxious solicitude. Yet even she was unaware of the real nature and depth of her sorrow. The good lady had in an unwilling and half-hearted way admitted what seemed to her the overwhelming evidence of Claude's falsity. The absolute convictions of her husband had gradually broken down her last defense of the young man, and she was fain to admit the guilt she could not explain. This belief created a barrier as it were between her and her daughter, and prevented her offering the consolation which would have been admissable had there been a more direct sympathy in their views of the matter. By her very position, Mrs. Bruyn was forced to stand midway between her husband and daughter; and she deemed it best, under the circumstances, to let Rosa's grief quietly wear itself out. She was little aware, indeed, of the real depth of the wound that had been inflicted, so calm and patient was the brave girl's demeanor, but she could note the altered appearance and demeanor, and her anxiety and sympathy were deeply excited.

Ralph Saybrook continued his calls at farmer Bruyn's, and his attentions to Rosa. So delicate and circumspect was his conduct, however, that he had really made a quite favorable impression upon Mrs. Bruyn, and even Rosa was forced to treat him with a consideration that she would gladly perhaps have accepted the opportunity to withhold. But the fact was, that so well had he ingratiated himself in the old farmer's good opinion, and so careful was he not to allow Rosa any opportunity to take or show offense without doing injustice to her natural goodness of heart, that he had greatly strengthened his position as a suitor for her hand without her being really aware of it. At times the thought of the wrong that had been done to Claude smote her heart, yet she had no ground save her own suspicions to accuse the Saybrooks of a plot to injure her lover, and her nature was too guileless and too generous to take the risk of doing injustice upon mere conjecture.

Thus ever-recuurring grief and doubt lay at the heart of the unhappy girl; and the fact that there seemed no one in whom she could confide, and that everybody appeared drawn into the plot to thwart her wishes, caused her sorrows to weigh more heavily upon her heart than they otherwise would. It seemed to her continually that if there were only some one to whom she could talk about her sorrows, if she only knew some friend of Claude's of whom she could simply inquire his welfare, even though it were to ask in vain, it would be some relief to the intense strain of anxiety and grief.

So it was with a sudden emotion of joy that, one day, as she was watering her cherished flower-bed in the front yard, she saw the familiar form of old Carl Crum descending the road that led toward the house from the village. It seemed strange that she had not thought of him. She knew that Claude had always highly esteemed the faithful old man, and that he was devoted to the Rolff family, and she felt an irresistible desire to talk to him. There was no reason for hesitation, for her father was away from home, and she was familiarly acquainted with the kindly but eccentric old man, who had always petted her when he met her since she was a little girl, and was at all times as approachable by the young and innocent as well could be. So Rosa unhesitatingly set down her watering pot, and hastened to the gate to intercept him.

A pleasant smile lit up the old man's rough, bearded face as he drew near.

"Good day, Mr. Crum," said Rosa, with courtesy.

"Ah, good day, my rosebud," replied old Carl as he took her hand and pressed it in his horny paw. "Let me look at you," he added, as he adjusted his spectacles. "Yes, yes, I see—your face has grown older and thinner; and there is a trace of trouble in it, I fancy. It's the way of the world, and a sad world it is for the good and the pure. It ought to be some years yet before your face should show care, my pretty one."

"I have good reason for trouble," replied Rosa, with a simple frankness that indicated her entire absorption in the object of her quest. "I thought I would speak to you, Mr. Crum, to learn whether you had heard from Claude since he went away."

The old man stroked his head a moment as if in troubled thought.

"I hear from him?" he answered. "Yes, yes, rosebud, to my sorrow. You know I am in disgrace at Rolff House. He wrote me dismissing me from the house—that is all. But you surely have heard from the young master, and I would fain enquire news of him of you."

"Not a word have I heard from him since he left here," replied Rosa, with just a hint in her tones of the anxiety at her heart."

"Indeed, indeed," muttered the old man. "This is strange—strange. But why do I say strange, when the graceless villain, Anthony Saybrook, has had the influencing of master Claude's mind? There seems no evil influence that he is incapable of exerting, and no scheme of villainy so desperate but that he succeeds in it. Ah, I fear that my young master has been caught wholly in his fatal snares, and that there are evil days ahead for Rolff House. They tell me that he has papers that will give him control of the whole property. There's villainy—damnable villainy in it. I suspected it—I knew it all along."

"Why did you not warn Claude?" asked Rosa.

The old man gravely shook his head.

"It was usless then," he made answer. "But I might have written him when I saw the villiany unmasking; and I did not. I thought what right had I to be interfering in the affairs of my betters, and which perhaps I did not understand. And it is now too late. This war cuts off all chance of warning him. The thieves can plunder at their will."

"And there is no way to send him a letter? Think, Mr. Crum. You are wise and shrewd, I know. There must be some way to warn him."

Old Carl stroked his beard thoughtfully for some time, and at intervals muttered indistinctly to himself. At last Rosa could catch his words:

"It might be," he was muttering; "there is just a chance—hardly a chance, indeed; but the Lord might direct it. There is One powerful to strike down the wicked, and circumvent their plans, and it might be—it might be He would aid us." He raised his tones. "I was thinking," he continued, "that there was just one chance opened to us; it's a desperate one—a vain one, perhaps; and yet it may be the opportunity the Lord opens to us to foil a scheme of villainy. An old sailor friend of mine has come here to see me, and say good-bye, before he sails in a privateer now fitting out. He is a trusty fellow, and there is just a chance that if a letter were put in his hands he might some day run into some European port where he could mail it, and that it might safely escape the turmoils of war and reach my young master. It seems an idle thing to hope, but we can send it off with our prayers, and my experience of life is that the Lord is often kinder to us than our weak faith merits. We can put our trust in him and try the plan. It is our only hope."

Rosa caught eagerly at this plan, hopeless as it seemed.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "it is our only hope, and we will try it, and pray the good Lord to direct it safely. I will go in the house now and write my letter; and you, Mr. Crum, must write all you know, and to-morrow I can bring my letter to you."

"No, no," replied the old man, "'tis too long a walk for you to come down to the ferry; and I must needs be up to the village during the morning; and if you will walk down toward Rolff House at nine o'clock you will find me there. It is some sort of pleasure for me to linger round the old house, though I may not enter it."

In truth, old Carl did not allow a day to pass in which every means of entrance to Rolff House was not carefully scrutinized by him. It caused him great anxiety to see the house lonely and unguarded, and he took every means in his power to guard it as vigilantly as he could.

Rosa wrote a long letter to Claude detailing her troubles and anxiety, the rumors that prevailed in regard to Anthony Saybrook's treachery, and her suspicions in regard to the plot that had been put in motion to separate them, and next day, at the hour appointed, she wandered down toward Rolff House, where, at the gate, she found old Carl, who took her letter, and, telling her that he must hasten back, as his friend was to leave at once for the city, on a sloop that would sail that very day, turned and left her with a cheery word to be of good heart. And then, kneeling down on the soft greensward, in the shadow of the tall stone gateway, the fair girl prayed fervently that her letter might reach its destination, and the clouds of sorrow that surrounded her be dispersed.

CHAPTER XX.

It was not without some trepidation that Anthony Saybrook finally resolved on the bold step of recording the deeds which would make him pratical master of Rolff House and a considerable portion of the estate connected therewith. His wary nature did not allow him to proceed in his villany without many thoughts and misgivings. He fully believed that the chances were all in favor of his never being seriously troubled by Claude; yet he could not but forsee the possibility that the war might suddenly end, and the young man come to a knowledge of his treachery before he had obtained that advantage of long occupation of the place which he considered quite essential to the full success of his plans in case it became necessary for him to defend his title before the law.

Nevertheless, he could not hesitate. Having resolved on his course, the sooner he made himself master of Rolff House the better. So the fraudulent deeds were recorded, and the little community was soon afforded full confirmation of all its suspicions of the operations of the shrewd, unscrupulous lawyer. Anthony Saybrook took occasion to explain publicly how it was that he came to be the owner of Rolff House. His explanation was to the effect that Claude had wanted money on any terms and at any price; he had furnished it, and, of course, had taken the best security he could get, which was securing of the deeds in question; and he shrewdly explained that he had not designed to use the deeds so soon, but as war had broken out, and all hope of the young heir returning to redeem his premises had been thwarted, he had hastened his possession of the house because it was without an occupant, he being unable to get any one to live in it, and the place was going to decay and needed supervision and repair.

This explanation proved satisfactory to most people. They saw only that the lawyer had been afforded a rare chance to enrich himself at the expense of the foolish young heir, and they did not question the means now that it was evident he had the property safely enough in his possession and would be the richest and most powerful man in the section.

On no one did this transaction make a deeper impression than on old Jacobus Bruyn. To him it was evidence not only of the truth of his prediction in regard to the recklessness and worthlessness of Claude Rolff, but it placed the lawyer in the position of being the only man in the world who owned that which he coveted, or whose good or bad opinion could affect his peace of mind. The old farmer was himself of the most rugged honesty in all money matters, and at the bottom of his heart he despised the means by which Claude had been cheated out of his inheritance; but he was of too worldy-wise and money-loving a nature to trouble himself much about the moral aspect of the matter. He could see plainly that from the turn events had taken, young Ralph Saybrook would be the richest young man in the neighborhood, and the heir of lands that he prized far more than their money value, and as he had really taken a fancy to him, he became decidedly interested in seeing his suit with Rosa prosper.

It had not prospered so far, spite of all the persistence, subservience and arts of the young man. He had gained every advantage of position to urge his suit, but he could see only too plainly that he had not made the least progress in displacing Claude Rolff in the affections of the young lady. To the young man this did not cause any great amount of disappointment, as his heart was not so much engaged as to suffer many pangs, and he felt reasonably certain of success in the end if Claude did not return, which he was not likely to do while the war lasted. But the elder Saybrook was not so philosophical over the matter. He felt the gravity of the step he had taken in using the fraudulent deeds, and wished to fortify his position in every possible way against all contingencies of the future. He saw that it would be a good stroke of fortune for Ralph to secure the only daughter of the rich old farmer, and he was anxious to expedite matters so as to prevent any possible risk of failure from any unwished-for developments, as well as to make sure of strengthening his position against any future legal troubles by the alliance with his rich neighbor.

So Anthony Saybrook took every occasion to interest the old farmer in Ralph's behalf, artfully seeking to excite his cupidity by frequent references to the old woods and the adjoining meadow lands which he knew in the eyes of the old man were one of the most tempting of prizes.

These efforts had their effect on farmer Bruyn. He became more and more interested in the project of the match between Ralph and his daughter, and his interest was not the less because he could see that Rosa was secretly sorrowing over her separation from Claude. This latter fact especially worried the old gentleman. To be sure, their seemed no probability of Claude ever returning to make trouble, but it angered him to think that his daughter's affections should be wasted at all on such a graceless scamp. So he took frequent occasion to commend and praise Ralph Saybrook in her hearing, and to let her know by what he no doubt considered delicate hints that it would be pleasing to him to see her encourage the young man's suit.

Rosa received all these indications of her father's wishes in silence. This encouraged him to believe that she would speedily yield.

Still, the days passed on, and Rosa grew more quiet and sad, and Ralph's suit failed to make progress. The old farmer began to be troubled.

"What ails you, child?" he said to her one day, as he entered the house and found her sitting sad and with tears stealing down her face by a window—so absorbed in her mood as not to have noticed his entrance. "Dunder and dounds, you're no longer my merry little girl. Crying for that scamp of a Claude Rolff, eh! For shame! He's no fellow for a girl to cry her eyes out about—the rascal. Be a brave little frow, now. Cast him off as he has cast you off; and let there be an end of this. There's another lover waiting your favor, girl; a better one, or I'm no judge. He'll have the guilders, and konw how to care for 'em, too—which is more than I can say for your other lover. I've held you for a wise, obedient little girl, Rosa; now show your spirit, cheer up, and we'll have a wedding and in fair one of these days that will do my old heart good."

"No, no, father," replied the unhappy girl, gazing up with a pleading look in her soft grey eyes, "I do not wish to marry. I do not care ever to leave you. I will be content and happy here. Let me always stay with you."

"Stay—of course you shall stay," replied the old man. "Dunder and blitzer, did you think I'd ever let any fellow carry you away? No, no—the man that marries you must stay here. There's room enough and to spare. I'll never give up my little Rosa; and that's why I want no rake-helly, that can't stay at home, to have you."

"But it's the duty of a wife to follow her husband," replied Rosa, argumentatively, "and if I marry I must needs follow my husband if he should wish to go to the end of the world."

"I'll care for that," said the hearty old man laughing; "I've chosen you a fellow whose lands will join mine, and I'll make my own terms with him, and never shall you go from this house while I live."

"But I do not wish ever to marry, father," replied Rosa, somewhat vexed at her father's cool disposal of her in his match-making plans.

"Pooh, pooh," was the response. "Tisn't nature. All women wish to marry. You're old enough now, and, by my dunder, I'd rather give up half my farm than see you grow up into a sour old maid. No, no. Think you you'll cheat me of having half-a-dozen grandchildren to clamber round my knees before I die? 'Twouldn't be honoring your old father, girl. There's Ralph—a fine young fellow; but a smile will make him yours and will you turn him away for a scapegrace that leaves you as soon as he gets a little money to scatter, and who, a thousand to one, will never show his face here again?"

Rosa did not answer; but the tears, stealing down her cheeks, told of the distress her father's words caused her

(To be Continued.)

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Unless the soap you use has this brand you are not getting the best

Ask for the Octagon Bar

Don't Abuse the Cow.

The golden rule of cow culture is, "Do unto your cow as you would have her do unto you." If you would have her kick you, kick her first. The cause of nearly every kicker or mean cow can usually be traced to some ill treatment on the part of her owner. The man that is about to strike a cow with a stool should remember that her nervous system is in direct connection with her milk secreting system and that the least excitement is likely to dessen the milk yield and also reduce the percentage of butter fat. To drive the cows in on the run or dog them from the pasture is an expensive way to get them to the yard. The good milker is the man who likes his business and is quiet, even-tempered, gentle, and regular in his habits. The cow that is expected to do justice to her owner should have no reason to be afraid of him. The poor cow under one man's treatment may become a good one under another man's treatment, thus a change of owners is often advantageous to her. Treat the cow like a lady and look for better results.—H. M. Bainer.

A Slight Error.

He sauntered into the advertisement department of a well-known daily and left an advertisement which read:

"Ten lady typists wanted; state wages. Apply, by letter, A. B. and Co."

Then he went out, and four days later he came back.

"What's the matter with the paper?" he asked the clerk.

"Nothing that I know of."

"Did you put that ad. of mine in?"

"Of course. Didn't you see it?"

"No, I haven't had time to look it up; but I haven't had a single reply. Are you sure you put it in?"

The clerk got down the file and turned to the "Wants."

"There it is," he said, whirling the paper round so the advertiser could see it.

He read it over carefully, and his face lighted up.

"No wonder I didn't get any answers," he said curtly.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the clerk, hauling the paper back again.

"Read it," commanded the advertiser, and the clerk read:

"Ten lady typists wanted; state ages. Apply, by letter, to A. B. and Co."

The clerk apologized, made the correction, and next day the advertiser received ninety-nine replies, and they are still coming.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused 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.

The Atlin Claim.

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

SATURDAY, OCT. 17TH, 1903.

The mining season, just closed, in Atlin has been marked by many changes, more particularly as regards methods of mining. The passing of placer claims from individual miners to companies has likewise been a feature of the past season. A very large amount of outside capital has found its way into the district while many of the pioneer miners are taking themselves off to other fields. We regret to see many of these good men, who have done so much to bring the camp to its present state of importance, leave us now, but in leaving Atlin they will do for other districts what they have done for this.

As the years go on and the shallow diggings become exhausted, it becomes apparent that, with a few exceptions, the deep ground of the district can most profitably be worked by hydraulic or mechanical methods, both of which beyond the reach of the average miner, and as a matter of course, the day of company operations is even now at hand. In the progress of events we must bury sentiment and welcome the new order of things, as being the best for the development of the district.

Though much of the older part of the camp has passed or is passing into the hands of capitalists, there is yet much ground available and open for the prospector and miner in the contiguous country to the east and south. This territory has hitherto received but an occasional passing glance from hunters or from men en route to Teslin or the Liard country. Developments during the past season have shown that the Dixie valley is worthy the close scrutiny of miners, and it is a well known geological fact that the gold area is by no means confined to the Pine and McKee watersheds. As we have already said, the land is open, why, then, should our pioneers leave Atlin for other districts?

After many years the Atlin district has at last succeeded in established its reputation as a hunters' paradise. This season there have been two or three hunting parties from the Old Country, who have found that the district offers a field for sportsmen which has few equals and no rivals in the Dominion. With its accessibility and beautiful climate, summer or winter, it possesses advantages enjoyed by very few districts in Canada.

Apart from mining, the Atlin country, given the opportunity, should in a few years be as well known as a land of sport as it is today as a land of gold. A word here and a word there will accomplish much.

BIG GAME.

Atlin's Fame as a Hunting Ground Appreciated.

Notable Old Country Sportsmen Are Enthusiastic over the District's Possibilities.

Although Atlin has had but little advertising as a country for big game hunters, the fact has, however, become known, and from now on its capabilities in that connection will not fail to receive greater publicity.

"Beyond the noise of the hum of city life," said a valued correspondent in a article on "The Hunt, "in the land where the miner's blast is unheard, the forest teams with game, consisting of moose, caribou, sheep, goat, bear, lynx, martin, fox (red, cross, silver-gray and black) wolverine, fisher, etc. Our lakes, which are innumerable, are plentiful in fish and wild-fowl in their season; the woods and hills contribute vast abundance of grouse and ptarmigan, and the swamps, snipe, and plover; and all of this so easy of access. What more can a sportsman desire?"

This summer we have had at least two prominent hunting parties from the Old Country, and from both we hear strong expressions of praise at the immense and varied field which this district offers the sportsman.

Mr. A. M. Naylor, of London, Eng., recently spent some days at the south end of Atlin lake and the glacier and reports having seen large flocks of sheep and goats, on one occasion he counted no less than 32 sheep in one flock. Anywhere on the slopes above the lake goats could be seen feeding. Mr. Naylor secured a very fine "Ovis Fanini" sheep, a black bear and one goat. He says that had he so desired, he could have filled a steamer with game. He is so impressed with the country that he will not fail to chant its praises and he has signified his intention of returning next season. Mr. Naylor has on several occasions been a companion with the world-renouned hunter Dr. Selous.

Mr. Walter Aitken of Atlin acted as guide to Mr. Naylor.

Sir Bryane Leighton and Lady Leighton, of England, accompanied by Messrs. Aiken and Ronayne, of Atlin, who acted as guides, a few weeks ago took a hunting trip to the north end of Atlin lake. They chartered the Scotia to transport their outfit, consisting of horses, supplies and camp equipment. The first camp was made at Big Fish Lake, 7 miles east of Atlin lake. At this point the numerous moose tracks indicated the existence of many of these animals in the vicinity, but it was decided to push further on into the mountains. Owing to one of the horses, loaded with provisions, falling into the lake, one of the party had to return to Atlin to replenish the larder.

The trip was brought to a hasty conclusion by the camp taking fire,

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

THE KOOTENAY HOTEL.
A. R. McDonald, Proprietor.
COR. FIRST AND 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.
Breakfast, 6 to 9, Lunch, 12 to 2, Dinner, 6 to 8.

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

J. H. RICHARDSON,
ATLIN & DISCOVERY.
Full Line of Clothing Just From the East
THE LATEST STYLES.
Complete Stock of Dry Goods
THE LATEST IN HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES.
GOLD SEAL GUM BOOTS
Our Goods are the Best and Our Prices the Lowest.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.
CAPITAL PAID UP $8,700,000.
RESERVE, $3,000,000.
Branches of the Bank at Seattle, San Francisco, Portland, Skagway, etc.
Exchange sold on all Points.
GOLD DUST PURCHASED—ASSAY OFFICE IN CONNECTION.
D. ROSS, Manager.

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

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

ATLIN, B. C. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1903

Amalgamation

N. C. WHEELING & CO. & A. S. CROSS & CO.,

Have amalgamated their businesses and have formed a Joint Stock Company, which, in future, will be known as

THE ATLIN TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.

The New Firm will conduct all business in the premises formerly occupied by N. C. WHEELING & Co. and will carry the largest and best selected Stock of Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Etc., Etc., ever carried in Atlin

A. S. CROSS, President and Treasurer
N. C. WHEELING, Secretary.

necessitating an immediate return. Sir Leighton, though he saw lots of game, was unable to secure any exceptional specimens, but is satisfied that there are plenty here, and in bidding adieu to Atlin, it was not good-by.

Without going outside for hunters to catch our game, an incident of local interest might be quoted, to show that we do not have to go far from our own doors to find the denizens of the forest: Allan Ruppert, a well known prospector of Atlin, was returning from a trip to Copper island last week, and, when approaching the "second island," opposite town, he saw a large caribou swimming in front of his boat. He kept it in sight until a short distance off the island, when he took a shot and killed it. The animal, when brought ashore was found to weigh, dressed, 340 lbs.; the antlers measured four feet across. Chris Doelker, with an eye to business, purchased the caribou on its arrival here.

HOTEL VANCOUVER.

THIS HOTEL IS STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF GOODS.

Sam. Johnstone, Prop.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at post marked H. W. E. C's. S. E. Corner post placed 120 feet from the corner of Raut Avenue and Lake Street on the north side, in the town of Atlin, B. C. and following the line of Raut 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.

ALL
STEVENS RIFLES AND PISTOLS
ARE GUARANTEED TO BE
SAFE, DURABLE AND ACCURATE.

THE FAVORITE RIFLE

is an accurate rifle and puts every shot where you hold it. Weight 4½ pounds. Made in three calibers—.22, .25 and 32 Rim Fire.

PRICE:
No. 17, Plain Sights, . . $3.25
No. 18, Target Sights, . . 11.25

Where these rifles are not carried in stock by dealers we will send, express prepaid on receipt of price. Send stamp for catalog describing complete line and containing valuable information to shooters.

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

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.

WORK UP TO DATE.

John Pugh, the Vancouver Taxidermist, is at Cariboo Crossing after Northern animals. Anyone wishing any heads mounted or furs dressed can forward to Cariboo where Mr. Pugh will take care of them.

NOTICE is heredy given that the Court of Revision and Appeal under the provisions of the "Assessment Act" for the Atlin Lake, Bennett Lake and Chilkat Mining Divisions of Cassiar District is postponed from Monday October 20th., to Wednesday, October 27th 1903, at the same hour and place.

J. A. Fraser,
Government Agent.

Government Agent's Office,
Atlin, B. C. October 12th 1903.

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 he reby 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

Dated at Surprise Lake, Aug. 28th. 1903.

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 Packets of ½-lb and 1-lb each.

For Sale by all First Class Grocers.

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

THE GRAND HOTEL

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

French Restaurant in Connection.

DAVID HASTIE, PROPRIETOR.

Corner of First and Discovery Streets.

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.

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

TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JANUARY 1 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. 4.30 p. m.	AR	4.15 a. m.
10.30 "	10.55 / 11.00	" "	WHITE PASS	" 3.05 / 3.00	" "	2.10 "
11.40 a.m.	11.45	" "	LOG CABIN	" 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. CORNELL.

Nugget Hotel

Discovery.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

Headquarters for Brock's stage.

Pine Tree Hotel.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

NEW DINING ROOM NOW OPEN,
Furnishing The
BEST MEALS IN CAMP.

Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

ED. SANDS, Proprietor.

O. K. BATHS BARBER SHOP

F. SHIELDS & EDDY DURHAM.

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

Pellew-Harvey, Bryant & Gilman

Provincial Assayers

The Vancouver Assay Office, Established 1890.

W. WALLACE GRIME & Co., Agents.

Large or Small Samples forwarded for Assay

TRY

J. D. DURIE'S

FOR

UPHOLSTERY
MATTRESSES
FURNITURE
HARDWARE
PAINTS & OILS

Atlin & Discovery.

The Royal Victoria Life Insurance Co.

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

Rescuing the Baby.

One of Mr. T. G. Warren's most successful farcical comedies was a piece called "Nita's First," and the plot of this, as its title sufficiently reveals, turned upon the attempt of a secretly married young couple to hide their offspring from a rich relation—which rich relation was, of course, an eccentric uncle in a plaid shawl and false whiskers, with a desperate desire to pay his nephew's debts only on condition that the nephew was still single. To make it known to the man in the street, and the man in the street's wife, that there was a baby in the case (there was a great run on wax babies for farcical comedy some fifteen years ago), the management of the Novelty Theatre, where "Nita's First" was to be produced, sent out a procession of sandwich men, carrying in their arms counterfeit babies in red hoods and long white robes. Towards the end of the day it was observed that one of the sandwich men had been drinking too much with his sandwich, and was staggering along the narrow kerbstone of Holborn like an intoxicated Blondin. By the time he reached Tottenham Court Road he had become hopelessly detached from his companions, and was wandering aimlessly about in a vague and intermittent search for them, now and again, as he stumbled along, looking curiously down at the baby in his arms, as if mightily puzzled to know how on earth it got there. Crossing westward into Oxford street, the wretched human hoarding made a too adhesive shuffle over a protruding road-block, and sprawling forward on his hands and knees, shot the red-hooded infant under the wheels of a passing omnibus. Women shrieked and turned the color of ivory, men shouted and rushed to the heads of the horses, and two policemen who were on traffic duty hurriedly left it for the scene of the tragedy. Turning the infant gently over, to ascertain the extent of its injuries, one of the policemen discovered that it could only bleed sawdust in the worst of accidents, and to the horror of the excited crowd, who were not in the secret, went over to the drunken sandwich man, and whacked him over the head with it. Then the miserable guardian rocked and shambled away from the gaping audience, wiping the mud from his baby's eyes with the sleeve of his ragged coat.—M. A. P.

Before and After.

When a new newspaper starts up in the territories, according to The Kansas City Journal, the country exchanges greet it in a form which reads something like this, "Vol. 1, No. 1, of The Doaksville Daily Tribune has just reached our table. The Tribune is a neat and newsy little sheet, which supplies a long-felt want in that thriving community by the placid waters of picturesque Bitter Creek. The editor, Mr. James Smith, is a scholar and a gentleman, who has acquired great journalistic experience and ability by serving a number of years on the reportorial staff of one of the metropolitan newspapers of Kansas City. Good luck to you, Jimmy. We affectionately welcome you to the fold of the true moulders of public opinion." But these amenities don't last long. James runs counter to the prevailing opinion on some living issue, and the next thing he reads of himself, runs in this fashion: "Vol. 1, No. 2, of that disreputable organ of the Snake Indians, The Doaksville Tribune, published in that h—hole near the sewer of creation, by that dough-faced, pudding brain idiot who recently fled from Kansas City, leaving a $2 laundry bill unpaid, the which seems queer, as he does not have any washing done here."

The whole is not repeated, as only a sample is necessary to show the troubles which soon overwhelm the adventuresome James Smith.

She Must be Stunning.

Here is a tribute of southern chivalry and eloquence to beauty:—"Miss Isabella Huffman, a most prepossessing, vivacious and highly accomplished young lady of Rome, Ga., is visiting the interesting and happy family of her brother, Conductor J. H. Huffman of Gadsden. The fair Miss Isabella is one of those modest, sweet young ladies that look the picture of loveliness, happiness and beauty, and is one of the most radiantly and beautifully luminous figures to be found among her sex; also is the rich and proud possessor of a most fascinating pair of sparkling peepers, supplemented with the most gorgeous, beautiful showers of coal black tresses, which fall so gracefully and nestle so closely, charmingly, admirably and covetously about her neck and shoulders in such rich profusion, and which would make a Grecian beauty or a queen envy could they but see her. Miss Huffman belongs to a distinguished Georgian family of the genuine thoroughbred type, refined, modest, cultured and intellectual, bordering somewhat on gilt-edged aristocracy, while sprightliness is set upon her lips, and in readiness of wit she is unsurpassed. The Mirror wishes for the fascinating and fair Miss Isabella a most deliciously pleasant time during her sojourn in the beautiful Queen City on the Coosa."

Mr. Healy and His Hat.

To the surprise of his fellow-members, Mr. Healy has appeared in the House of Commons in a new silk hat. He has told a corres ondent of The Leinster Leader the history of the old hat, with which M.P.'s have grown familiar.

"After the fight in the House of Commons in 1893," he said, "the Mayor and corporation of Alexandria, Louisiana, cabled to me that, reading that my hat was broken in the melee, they had voted me a new hat and hat-case out of the public funds, and requested me to cable the size of my head. They then sent me a new hat, which I undertook, in acknowledging the gift, to wear to the utmost limits.

"The result is that I have been wearing a shabby hat, and I have been so joked about it that, after ten years' wear, with many a pang at parting with an old friend, I decided to discard the gift."

Mrs. Emily Crawford.

"All those who have enjoyed the brilliant work done by Mrs. Emily Crawford in the Daily News," writes the Paris correspondent of M. A. P., "will regret to hear that she is very shortly to retire from the post of Paris correspondent to that paper. For over thirty years has Mrs. Crawford—in conjunction with her husband, and then with her son—been actively employed in that capacity, and so it is only natural that she should now consider herself entitled to perfect rest and freedom. Of course in Paris she has known everyone worth knowing, and seen everything worth seeing. At every official function one beheld her chatting vivaciously with distinguished personages, and they, in their turn, spoke freely, knowing that Mrs. Crawford would never betray confidences. When the King arrived in Paris there was The Daily News correspondent at her post, on the platform, an interesting and a dignified figure, with white hair and a highly intellectual face. True, she carried a stick—but intellectually she was as alert as ever. Every official in Paris, high and low, knows Mrs. Crawford, and whereas other correspondents often experience difficulty in acquiring information or obtaining a good view of important ceremonies, she has never once met with a rebuff. Indeed, if Mrs. Crawford determines to leave Paris she will be sorely missed. The Parisians unanimously vote her 'sympathetic'—the highest praise they can give. And Mrs. Crawford tells a good story of how, while she was returning home late one night by the Champs Elysees, a cabman drew up, and, in spite of her shake of the head, said, 'Jump in, —I will drive you home for nothing, for you remind me of my mother!' Evidently the cabman found Mrs. Crawford sympathetic. During the siege of Paris she did admirable work, and so respected and popular was she that she received the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. However, she requested that it might be given to her son, Mr. Robert Crawford, instead, and this—an unheard-of concession—was done. With M. de Blowitz and Mrs. Crawford gone, English journalism must necessarily suffer; but if Mrs. Crawford can be persuaded to give us a volume of recollections that will be something of a consolation."

Interesting Lady Dudley.

Lady Dudley, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is one of the most interesting women in society, but her retiring nature makes her better known to intimate friends than to the outside world of general society, says M. A. P. Miss Rachel Gurney was the handsome daughter of a beautiful mother; and on her father's side came from the old English Quaker family whose forbears have given to the world such names as Samuel Gurney and Elizabeth Fry. Natures are different. Some stand alone, others have a magnetic personality; these latter give as well as take, and make friends wherever they go. Lady Dudley belongs to the last-mentioned variety. When very young she attracted the interest of a good and gifted woman—Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, then Lady Tavistock—who pitied the somewhat lonely girl, noticed, and finally adopted her. After this the young lady had the most careful education and the happiest of times. She possessed an exquisite voice, was taught by Tosti, and at one moment there was an idea of her taking up a professional career. Music and languages occupied her time; she studied in Paris and Italy, saw men and cities, making unconscious preparation of her future destiny. Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, trained her young companion to take interest in the many charitable movements with which she herself was connected. Miss Gurney was soon taught to study the London poor, and to use her voice for the enjoyment of mothers and work girls who foregather at East End clubs. The Duchess also introduced her protege to the best society in three kingdoms. Georgina Lady Dudley, was fond of the girl; her daughter, Lady Wolverton—then Lady Edith Ward—and Miss Rachel Gurney became the greatest friends, and it was at Witley Court that the fairy Prince made his appearance, in the person of the son of the house—the Lord Dudley of to-day. Marriage soon followed. The young fiancee's trousseau was provided by her mother-friend, who also presented some splendid pearls. Her wedding took place in September, 1891, at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane street; and in spite of its being the "off season," the event aroused such popular interest that the crowd became unmanageable, and bride and bridegroom left the church amid a scene of wild excitement. Lord and Lady Dudley have three children. Lady Honor Ward made her appearance in 1892. She is a charming child, and already a graceful skirt-dancer. Lord Ednam was born in 1894, and little Lady Morvyth is now seven years old. Lady Dudley makes an admirable mother, teaches her children, and has them constantly about her. When the first baby was christened she conceived the pretty fancy of enveloping her child in the square of rich lace which had formed her own wedding veil. Lady Dudley has a remarkably good head for business, and takes a keen interest in political questions and the progress of the people. Since her residence in the Emerald Isle she has done much to promote home industries, and to further the sale and manufacture of Irish laces and poplins. Her new country home, Rockingham Castle, will be a lasting link with Ireland. Lady Dudley's is a notable character. She is not only wife, mother and head of a household, but possesses all the social talents, and makes a brilliant appearance in the most exclusive social circles. Her jewels are splendid, and her rubies the finest in London. She generally wears white in the evening. Lady Dudley is pretty, graceful and very dark; her eastern name—Rachel—sounds most appropriate. She is a clever designer, has designed jewellery and an artistic Peace Medal.

Good, Kind Russia.

"It is easy to say that Russia has no designs upon India," says Blackwood's Magazine (Edinburgh), "and that it is only our ill-natured opposition to her harmless ambitions which causes her to threaten us in that quarter. If we are only wise enough to give her what she wants, she will 'leave us masters of the greatest prize in the world, the fertile plains and valleys of Southern Asia.' In other words, we are advised to offer no opposition to the occupation by Russia of a position which will place India at her mercy, and to trust to the infinite mercy and goodness of the Czar and his advisers to restrain their hands. Russia will be so kind as to 'leave us masters' of our Indian empire. It may be so, but the British people will prefer to hold their possessions by their own right hands, and at no man's sufferance."

A Frenchman's Pun.

Two English M.P.'s, Mr. Walter Palmer and Mr. Harry Samuel, were osts at a luncheon party given to about forty of the French Deputies at the Junior Carlton Club, says The London Chronicle. Not many English politicians were valiant enough to adventure their own vernacular French with guests of whom the majority speak no English at all. All went well, however, at the Junior Carlton luncheon, though later in the coffee-room, when Englishmen were presented, it was noticed that the profundity of the introductory bow was generally to be taken as indicative of a somewhat surface knowledge of the visitors' tongue. One Frenchman, with innate politeness, did his best to establish an international accord by talking English; his facility in which he attested by a pun: "Great treat shall lead to great Treaty."

The Australian Government.

The first Commonwealth Government has now been two and a half years in existence, and it has only had one change in its composition, and that was unavoidable, Sir James Dickson, Postmaster-General and representative of Queensland, dying shortly after its formation, says The London Chronicle. Mr. Kingston's resignation of the portfolio of Minister of Trade and Customs, which is announced this morning, may possibly be reconsidered and withdrawn, in view of the approaching general election. He is the representative of South Australia in the Barton Cabinet, and is very popular in that State, in spite of certain eccentricities. He once challenged a political opponent to fight a duel, and he was punctually on the appointed spot at daybreak. So were the police, but the challenged party was not visible. Mr. Kingston came to London with Sir Edmund Barton and Mr. Deakin to watch the progress of the Federal enabling bill through the Imperial Parliament.

The Joys of Golf.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in his Mainly About People, has an article on "The Joys of Golf," in which he says in part:—I have heard of men beginning golf who were over seventy years of age, and there are cases of men playing it after they were eighty. Then golf can be played in any time of the year, with almost as much enjoyment in winter as in summer, and though the golfer is not independent of weather, he is very indifferent to it. I have frequently seen golfers playing in rain—I have played myself in a fog—and the best proof that snow has no terrors for the golfer is the fact that there is a special ball for playing in snow—a ball painted red instead of white. These are but the minor causes of the fascination of golf; the real charm is in the character of the game itself. Compare it with any other outdoor game, and the first advantage you will see that it has is that you can play with just one other person. If you are a member of a cricket team or a football team, you cannot get on without twenty-one other people—I assume that eleven is the average of the football as of the cricket team. Secondly, mark that you are but one in one of these teams; that for a portion of your time in cricket you are doing nothing, and that during the remainder of the time, except for the space you are at the wicket as batter or bowler, you are a little cog in a great machine. A great schoolmaster who has just died used to denounce golf because of this difference, saying that it did not teach that spirit of discipline, co-ordination, comradeship which came from the tactics and character of cricket. I don't stop to dispute this point—though it is disputable. I dwell on the fact that in golf you are the captain of your soul, to use the phrase of poor Henley, that your fate is almost entirely dependent on yourself, and that you require but one other being to make up your game. Of course, when men play in a foursome, you require three others; but I am talking of the absolutely indispensable for a game of golf, and that, as I have written, is just one other person. . . . . Mark again, that each shot that a golfer plays has its own history—its own drama. You hit the ball squarely and fairly, or you hit half squarely or fairly; or you hit it badly, or you miss it altogether. Here is a whole set of possibilities which lie around every golfer when he starts to hit his ball. The ball speeds on its course, and here again another new set of infinite possibilities arises. The ball may keep straight on the course, and then the future is clear; or it may go out of bounds, and then the stroke is lost; or it may get into long grass, and then there is difficulty in getting it out again; or it may be well tee'd or badly tee'd; or lie in a hole; that is to say, be so placed as to be either easy to drive off again or difficult. If you want to realize the perplexities and possibilities of each stroke in a golf match you ought to play golf with Scotch caddies attending on you. They rush after the ball, then they stand looking at it for some seconds, and it is not till they have pondered over its situation thus that they advise you which of your clubs you should use. I daresay I shall be accused of exaggeration or of fancy pictures when I say that to the golfer each stroke is a drama; that this drama is repeated four, five, six times—even more—at each hole; and that there are usually eighteen holes in every golf match. This will help to make you understand why it is that golf is so fascinating. Anyhow, I count it among the beneficent revolutions and revelations of our time, especially to middle-aged men of sedentary employments. And in season and out of season I preach it to my friends. I have made numerous converts. They come from all professions—the Bar, medicine, the stage, journalism—and they are all equally grateful to me for having plagued them into the game. Their gratitude, however, does not prevent them from making me the scurvy return of becoming better players in a month than I can succeed in being in a year. But the joy of golf does not wholly depend on success.

The Servant Question.

It is always an advantage, and often a distinct relief, to get at the true proportion of things. Here is the servant question, for instance, which has appeared at times to darken the whole horizon of woman, and beside whose tyranny the tyrant man sinks into innocuous desuetude. And, lo! says a writer in Harper's Bazar, a Massachusetts woman, grappling with the real, the truly vital statistics in the case, tells us the great, soothing fact that 83 per cent. of the women of America do not keep servants at all. Only 17 per cent. of our sisters sit in the shadow of the servant question to-day. Even though that shadow be dark indeed, and still darkening, four-fifths and more of the homes of America are still rejoicing in light and liberty.

Therefore, even when we hunt references, and train incompetents, and overlook badly swept rooms because we dare not discipline Nora lest she should leave, and endure the impertinent cook because her successor would probably be more so, let us take comfort in the thought that we are not facing a universal problem, but a very limited one. The great majority of American women still rule their own households. There are 83 per cent. who have never bowed the knee to Bridget—who do not know anything about intelligence offices, or days out, or followers, or a week's warning. The question as to eight-hour relays of domestics, which vexes the brains of millionaire mistresses, does not stir these independent housewives to more than an academic interest. The problem of a large cook in a small flat never faces them in all its concrete difficulty, nor have they ever known the sorrows of the suburbanite whose servants will not stay, though wages soar. Their horizon is clear.

When we are tempted to magnify our troubles about servants, then let us remember that the American woman, in the mass, has no servant question. A small proportion of American women wrestle with it—that is all. If it never is solved the nation is not lost, by any means. Perhaps, in this thought, our worries over Bridget may lose their monumental proportions and assume a more suitable size.

How to Get Sleep.

This, says The Baltimore American, is the time for all kinds of advice regarding the weather and the way to avoid its effects. Much of it is of the kind any man would probably take if he could. One is advised to go to the seashore—excellent advice if the sufferer is able. As nine-tenths of those who read newspapers have not enough spare time and cash to invest in such a trip, they cannot be considered within the scope of the suggestion. The same may be said of a trip to the mountains—excellent in itself, but costly to those compelled to work hard to earn a livelihood. What the public wants is something the majority can do without too great a sacrifice. Insomnia is a common result of a heated term—in fact, one of the most common and disagreeable effects of a torrid temperature. A writer on the subject suggests the mountains. One who cannot sleep at home is as apt to suffer this deprivation elsewhere — no matter where he goes. A change of venue is not apt to remove the operating cause, nor are the people generally able to run away to the mountains in order to catch a wink of sleep. A cold bath is a better remedy, and much simpler. It is within the reach of every person. A bathtub is not necessary, though very desirable. The water should be as cold as possible to produce the desired effect, especially should this be the case with the victim of insomnia. He should shock himself, and thus drive the insomnia away. If he finds himself after the bath tingling to his very finger tips he can go to sleep. If he fails—and it is not always certain—he can walk fifteen or twenty miles. If this fails to make an impression his case is a bad one, and he had better light the gas and read a book until morning. These are simple remedies within the means of all. There is nothing better than cold water, and its use about the head and body is excellent. A full realization of this would add to the number of useful citizens and save lives.

Japan and Manchuria.

Manchuria, The Literary Digest says, is a burning topic in the Japanese press, and numerous bellicose editorials appear regularly in Tokyo papers. In a late number of that widely read magazine, The Taiyo, a noted member of the House of Representatives, Mr. Mochizuki Kotaro, advocates Japan's coming to terms with Russia, "it being impossible to keep her out of Manchuria for any length of time." The Japanese statesman proposes that Russia be allowed to take Manchuria as a set-off to the appropriation of Korea by Japan. What other powers would have to say to this arrangement the writer does not venture to conjecture. However, the adoption of this policy finds few champions in the press. In the newspapers generally the war party seems to preponderate. The Yomiuri Shimbun thinks that there are three courses open to Japan: First, to go to war with Russia and drive her out of Manchuria; second, to agree to Russia's taking Manchuria in return "for something else"; third, the conversion of Manchuria into a buffer State. But the Japanese paper setting forth these alternatives is of opinion that Russia is not likely to agree to any of them unless Japan goes to war. The able Japanese publicist, Dr. Takahashi, replies to all this that Japan should not hesitate to go to war at once, but that after the attainment of her object—Chinese control over Manchuria—Japan should retire from the contest. To this The Yomiuri rejoins that for Japan to attempt to prop up China against Russia would be useless. If Japan is obliged to go to war over Manchuria and succeeds in expelling Russia from that province, she must throw it open to the world herself. This would prove the safest policy, as the guarding of trade interests against Russian monopoly would then be undertaken by several other powers.

Life's Balance-Sheet.

"The human body receives and expends about eight and one-third pounds each day. In the business world this state of affairs would indicate bankruptcy, but in the physical world there is a profit which doesn't appear on the books," says a well-known physician. "That profit is energy.

"One can put the daily income and expenditure into single-entry bookkeeping form:

Income.	Grains.
Solid food	8,000
Water	37,650
Oxygen	13,000
Total	58,650

Expenditure.	Grains.
Lungs give off	20,000
Skin	11,750
Kidneys	24,100
Intestines	2,800
Total	58,650

"The body of a man weighing 148 pounds is made up as follows: Water, 90 pounds; living matter, 26.6 pounds; fat, 23 pounds; minerals, 8.3 pounds. Food must build this frame and must repair whatever losses it undergoes.

"Nitrogenous foods are obtained from the juice of meat, the white of egg, the curd of milk, the legumen of peas and beans and the gluten of bread. These foods build up the living parts of the body, the cells and tissues. The fats are heat and energy producers. Starches and sugars are energy-makers in a less degree. Minerals form bone and are used by the body in many ways. Water is the most important food."

Where Does Dew Come From.

Ground, a little below the surface, is always warmer than the air over it. So long as the surface of the ground is above the dew point, vapor must rise and pass from the earth into the air.

The moist air so formed will mingle with the air above it and its moisture will be condensed, forming dew wherever it comes in contact with a surface cooled below the dew point. In fact, dew rises from the ground.

Place some metal trays over the grass, the soil and the road on dewy nights. You will generally find more moisture on the grass inside the trays than outside; you will always observe a deposit of dew inside the trays, even when there is none outside at all. This shows that far more vapor rises out of the ground during the night than condenses as dew on the grass and other objects.

Dew, then, rises from the ground. But how is the dew formed on bodies high up in the air?

Dew does not rise in particles, as it was once considered, to fall in particles like fine rain. It rises in vapor. Some is caught by what is on the surface of the earth, but the rest ascends in vapor form until it comes in contact with a much colder surface, to condense it into moisture.

The vapor does not flow upward in a uniform stream, but is mixed in the air by eddies and wind currents, and carried to bodies far from where it rose. In fact, dew may be deposited, even though the county for many miles all around be dry and incapable of yielding any vapor. In such cases the supply of vapor to form that dew would depend on the evaporation of the dew and on what was wafted over by the winds.

A Great Actor's Great Career.

London "Outlook."

From a merchant's office stool in Newgate street to the unchallenged headship of the English-speaking stage is an epitome of the career of John Henry Brodribb, now Sir Henry Irving, Knight, LL. D., whose appearance this week on the boards of Drury Lane in Sardou's "Dante" is the event of the London dramatic season. But how much between! The early struggles—bordering at times on privation—of this stage-struck Somerset lad; his hard but invaluable nine years' apprenticeship in the provinces in the old "circuit" days before the actor's trade had become a profession; his triumph in "Hunted Down," which attracted the notice of Boucicault and led to his first London engagement; his epoch-making tenure of the Lyceum; his tours in the United States—all these are milestones in Sir Henry's career familiar to most playgoers. It was he who in our time was able to falsify F. B. Chatterton's dictum that "Shakespeare spells bankruptcy." In his own person, by his magnetic influence, Irving has been to the younger generation of actors, and actresses, too, a stimulating and vivifying force; a worthy custodian of the traditions of Garrick, the Kembles, the Keans, and Macready. Such passages in his life as the presidency of a lord chief justice at a banquet in his honor, his delivery of the Rede lecture at Cambridge prior to receiving his degree, his triumphant appearance as Shylock before a German audience at the Berliner Theater, and his "command" performances on several occasions before royalty are added laurels to the brow of this great actor.

To mention Sir Henry Irving's name without linking with it that of his colleague, Ellen Terry, is impossible. The two have been so closely united in their art, almost without a break, for twenty-four years, that old playgoers resent, somewhat in the sense of a private grievance, the presence of the actress in management at the Imperial while the actor is at Drury Lane. But these things seem to be among the inevitables of the dramatic world. All the same, when one conjures back sweet memories of Miss Terry playing Ophelia to Sir Henry Irving's Hamlet, Marguerite to his Mephistopheles, and Madame Sans-Gene to his Napoleon, it is hard to stifle the feeling that, this combination ended, some of the fragrance has departed from our stage. People went, of course, to the Lyceum "to see Irving," but in so speaking they never forgot that they would see Ellen Terry as well.

The professional association of Miss Terry with "Mr." Irving dates back, indeed, further than the Lyceum days, for these two young people were playing together in "The Taming of the Shrew" at the old Queen's Theater under the management of the Wigans. Nor, though Miss Terry is out of the cast of "Dante," is she a novice in Sardou's plays, for was she not, just three years ago, the leading lady in "Robespierre," which Sardou wrote specially for the Lyceum company? An unkind fate at times has decreed that she should enact the tragedy-queen; but, as we all know, her truest successes have been in that species of comedy where gentle raillery and the display of arch perversity and merry mischief divulge her womanhood. Theater-goers of to-day are often unaware that Sir Henry Irving, too, possesses the gift of comedy, to a degree which—in the former judgment of some—overshadows the tragic and realistic. Warrant for that view is to be found in his impersonation of such characters as Digby Grant in "Two Roses," Jingle, and Jeremy Diddler. But his career was fixed in what is usually called the "higher" branch of his art when he enlisted under Bateman's banner at the Lyceum, where his Burgomaster in "The Bells" took London by storm some thirty years ago, and to whose management he ultimately succeeded.

EVIDENCE THAT NONE CAN DOUBT

That Dodd's Kidney Pills are the One Sure Cure for Rheumatism

W. E. Ellis got so He Could not Walk Alone or Feed Himself—He Tells of His Cure.

Cedar Dale, Ont., Aug. 24.—(Special).—Every day seems to furnish fresh proofs that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure and permanent cure for rheumatism. This village furnishes evidence that no one can doubt in the person of W. E. Ellis. His story is best given in his own words:

"Two years ago," says Mr. Ellis, "I got Muscular Rheumatism. I tried all sorts of medicines, but none of them did me any good.

"At last my wife would send for a doctor. When he arrived I said 'Doctor, can you cure Muscular Rheumatism?' 'No,' said the doctor. 'Then,' I said, 'you are of no use to me.'"

"I got so bad I could not feed myself or walk alone. Then I was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took six boxes of them, which drove all the Rheumatism out of me and left me in good health again."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism by removing the cause—by putting the Kidneys in shape to take the uric acid out of the blood. They always cure Lumbago and Sciatica in the same way.

The Shadow and the Flash.

A Tale of the Impossible.

BY JACK LONDON.

WHEN I look back, I realize what a peculiar friendship it was. First, there was Lloyd Inwood, tall, slender and finely knit, nervous and dark. And then Paul Tichlorne, tall, slender and finely knit, nervous, and blond. Each was the replica of the other in everything except color. Lloyd's eyes were black coals of fire; Paul's steel-blue jets of flame. Under stress of excitement, the blood coursed olive in the face of Lloyd, crimson in the face of Paul. But outside this matter of coloring they were as alike as two peas. Both were high-strung, prone to excessive tension and over-endurance, and they lived constantly at concert pitch.

But there was a trio involved in this remarkable friendship, and the third was short, and fat, and chunky, and lazy, and, loth to say, it was I. Paul and Lloyd seemed born to rivalry with each other, and I to be peacemaker between them. We grew up together, the three of us, and full often have I received the angry blows each intended for the other. They were always competing, striving to outdo each other, and when entered upon some such struggle there was no limit either to their endeavors or passions.

This intense spirit of rivalry obtained in their studies and their games. If Paul memorized one canto of "Marmion," Lloyd memorized two cantos, Paul came back with three, and Lloyd again with four, till each knew the whole poem by heart. I remember an incident that occurred at the swimming-hole—an incident tragically significant of the life-struggle between them. The boys had a game of diving to the bottom of a ten-foot pool and holding on by submerged roots to see which could stay under the longest. Paul and Lloyd allowed themselves to be bantered into making the descent together. When I saw their faces, set and determined, disappear in the water as they sank swiftly down, I felt a foreboding of something dreadful. The moments sped, the ripples died away, the face of the pool grew placid and untroubled, and neither black nor golden head broke surface in quest of air. We above grew anxious. The longest record of the longest-winded boy had been exceeded, and still there was no sign. Air bubbles trickled slowly upward, showing that the breath had been expelled from their lungs, and after that the bubbles ceased to trickle upward. Each second became interminable, and, unable longer to endure the suspense, I plunged into the water.

I found them down at the bottom, clutching tight to the roots, their heads not a foot apart, their eyes wide open, each glaring fixedly at the other. They were suffering frightful torment, writhing and twisting in the pangs of voluntary suffocation; for neither would let go and acknowledge himself beaten. I tried to break Paul's hold on the root, but he resisted me fiercely. Then I lost my breath, and came to the surface badly scared. I quickly explained the situation, and half a dozen of us went down and by main strength tore them loose. By the time we got them out, both were unconscious, and it was only after much barrel-rolling and rubbing and pounding that they finally came to their senses. They would have drowned there, had no one rescued them.

When Paul Tichlorne entered college, he let it be generally understood that he was going in for the social sciences. Lloyd Inwood, entering at the same time, elected to take the same course. But Paul had had it secretly in mind all the time to study the natural sciences, specializing on chemistry, and at the last moment he switched over. Though Lloyd had already arranged his year's work and attended the first lectures, he at once followed Paul's lead and went in for the natural sciences and especially for chemistry. Their rivalry soon became a noted thing throughout the university. Each was a spur to the other, and they went into chemistry deeper than did ever students before—so deep, in fact, that ere they took their sheepskins they could have stumped any chemistry or "cow college" professor in the institution, save "old" Moss, head of the department, and him even they puzzled and edified more than once. Lloyd's discovery of the "death bacillus" of the sea toad, and his experiments on it with potassium cyanide, sent his name and that of his university ringing round the world; nor was Paul a whit behind when he succeeded in producing laboratory colloids exhibiting amoeba-like activities, and when he cast new light upon the processes of fertilization through his startling experiments with simple sodium chlorides and magnesium solutions on low forms of marine life.

It was in their undergraduate days, however, in the midst of their profoundest plunges into the mysteries of organic chemistry, that Doris Van Benschoten entered into their lives. Lloyd met her first, but within twenty-four hours Paul saw to it that he also made her acquaintance. Of course, they fell in love with her, and she became the only thing in life worth living for. They wooed her with equal ardor and fire, and so intense became their struggle for her that half the student-body took to wagering wildly on the result. Even "old" Moss, one day, after an astounding demonstration in his private laboratory by Paul, was guilty to the extent of a month's salary of backing him to become the bridegroom of Doris Van Benschoten.

In the end she solved the problem in her own way, to everybody's satisfaction except Paul's and Lloyd's. Getting them together, she said that she really could not choose between them because she loved them both equally well; and that, unfortunately, since polyandry was not exactly permitted in the United States, she would be forced to forego the honor and happiness of marrying either of them. Each blamed the other for this lamentable outcome, and the bitterness between them grew more bitter.

But things came to a head soon enough. It was at my home, after they had taken their degrees and dropped out of the world's sight, that the beginning of the end came to pass. Both were men of means, with little inclination and no necessity for professional life. My friendship and their mutual animosity were the two things that linked them in any way together. While they were very often at my place, they made it a fastidious point to avoid each other on such visits, though it was inevitable, under the circumstances, that they should come upon each other occasionally.

On the day I have in recollection, Paul Tichlorne had been mooning all morning in my study over a current scientific review. This left me free to my own affairs, and I was out among my roses when Lloyd Inwood arrived. Clipping and pruning and tacking the climbers on the porch, with my mouth full of nails, and Lloyd following me about and lending a hand now and again, we fell to discussing the mythical race of invisible people, that strange and vagrant people the traditions of which have come down to us. Lloyd warmed to the talk in his nervous, jerky fashion, and was soon interrogating the physical properties and possibilities of invisibility. A perfectly black object, he contended, would elude and defy the acutest vision.

"Color is a sensation," he was saying. "It has no objective reality. Without light, we can see neither colors nor objects themselves. All objects are black in the dark, and in the dark it is impossible to see them. If no light strikes upon them, then no light is flung back from them to the eye, and so we have no vision-evidence of their being."

"But we see black objects in daylight," I objected.

"Very true," he went on warmly. "And that is because they are not perfectly black. Were they perfectly black, absolutely black, as it were, we could not see them—ay, not in the blaze of a thousand suns could we see them! And so I say, with the right pigments, properly compounded, an absolutely black paint could be produced which would render invisible whatever it was applied to."

"It would be a remarkable discovery," I said noncommittally, for the whole thing seemed too fantastical for aught but speculative purposes.

"Remarkable!" Lloyd slapped me on the shoulder. "I should say so! Why, old chap, to coat myself with such a paint would be to put the world at my feet. The secrets of kings and courts would be mine, the machinations of diplomats and politicians, the double play of tricksters, the plans of trusts and corporations! I could keep my hand on the inner pulse of things and become the greatest power in the world! And I—" he broke off shortly, then added, "Well, I have begun my experiments, and I don't mind telling you that I'm right in line for it."

A sneering laugh from the doorway startled us. Paul Tichlorne was standing there, a smile of mockery on his lips.

"You forget, my dear Lloyd," he said.

"Forget what?"

"You forget," Paul went on—"ah, you forget the shadow."

I saw Lloyd's face drop, but he answered sneeringly, "I can carry a sunshade, you know." Then he turned suddenly and fiercely upon him. "Look here, Paul, you'll keep out of this if you know what's good for you."

A rupture seemed imminent, but Paul laughed good-naturedly. "I wouldn't dare fingers on your dirty pigments. Succeed beyond your most sanguine expectations, yet you will always fetch up against the shadow. You can't get away from it. Now I shall go on the very opposite tack. In the very nature of my proposition the shadow will be eliminated—"

"Transparency!" ejaculated Lloyd instantly. "But it can't be achieved."

"Oh, no; of course not." And Paul shrugged his shoulders and strolled off down the briar-rose path.

This was the beginning of it. Both men attacked the problem with all the tremendous energy for which they were noted, and with a rancor and bitterness which made me tremble for the success of either. Each trusted me to the utmost, and in the long weeks of experimentation that followed I was made a party to both sides, listening to their theorizings and witnessing their demonstrations. Never, by word or sign, did I convey to either the slightest hint of the other's progress, and they respected me for the seal I put upon my lips.

Lloyd Inwood, after prolonged and unintermittent application, when the tension upon his mind and body became too great to bear, had a strange way of obtaining relief. He attended prize-fights. It was at one of these brutal exhibitions, whither he had dragged me in order to tell his latest results, that his theory received striking confirmation.

"Do you see that red-whiskered man?" he asked, pointing across the ring to the fifth tier of seats on the opposite side. "And do you see the next man to him, the one in the white hat? Well, there is quite a gap between them, is there not?"

"Certainly," I answered. "They are a seat apart. The gap is the unoccupied seat."

He leaned over to me and spoke seriously. "Between the red-whiskered man and the white-hatted man sits Ben Wasson. You have heard me speak of him. He is the cleverest pugilist of his weight in the country. He is also a Caribbean negro, full-blooded, and the blackest in the United States. He has on a black overcoat buttoned up. I saw him when he came in and took that seat. As soon as he sat down he disappeared. Watch closely; he may smile."

I was for crossing over to verify Lloyd's statement, but he restrained me. "Wait," he said.

I waited and watched, till the red-whiskered man turned his head as enough addressing the unoccupied seat; and then, in that empty space, I saw the rolling whites of a pair of eyes and the white double-crescent of two rows of teeth, and for the instant I could make out a negro's face. But with the passing of the smile his visibility passed, and the chair seemed vacant as before.

"Were he perfectly black, you could sit alongside him and not see him," Lloyd said; and I confess the illustration was apt enough to make me well-nigh convinced.

I visited Lloyd's laboratory a number of times after that, and found him always deep in his search after the absolute black. His experiments covered all sorts of pigments, such as lamp blacks, tars, carbonized vegetable matters, soots of oils and fats and the various carbonized animal substances.

"White light is composed of the seven primary colors," he argued to me. "But it is itself, of itself, invisible. Only by being reflected from objects do it and the objects become visible. But only that portion of it that is reflected becomes visible. For instance, here is a blue tobacco-box. The white light strikes against it, and, with one exception, all its component colors — violet, indigo, green, yellow, orange and red—are absorbed. The one exception is blue. It is not absorbed, but reflected. Wherefore the tobacco-box gives us a sensation of blueness. We do not see the other colors because they are absorbed. We see only the blue. For the same reason grass is green. The green waves of white light are thrown upon our eyes."

"When we paint our houses we do not apply color to them," he said at another time. "What we do is to apply certain substances which have the property of absorbing from white light all the colors except those which we would have our houses appear. When a substance reflects all the colors to the eye, it seems to us white. When it absorbs all the colors, it is black. But, as I said before, we have as yet no perfect black. All the colors are not absorbed. The perfect black, guarding against high lights, will be utterly and absolutely invisible. Look at that, for example."

He pointed to the palette lying on his work-table. Different shades of black pigments were brushed on it. One, in particular, I could hardly see. It gave my eyes a blurring sensation, and I rubbed them and looked again.

"That," he said impressively, "is the blackest black you or any mortal man ever looked upon. But just you wait, and I'll have a black so black that no mortal man will be able to look upon it—and see it!"

On the other hand, I used to find Paul Tichlorne plunged as deeply into the study of light polarization, diffraction and interference, single and double refraction, and all manner of strange organic compounds.

"Transparency: a state or quality of body which permits all rays of light to pass through," he defined for me. "That is what I am seeking. Lloyd blunders up against the shadow with his perfect opaqueness. But I escape it. A transparent body casts no shadow; neither does it reflect light-waves—that is, the perfectly transparent does not. So, avoiding high lights, not only will such a body cast no shadow, but since it reflects no light, it will also be invisible."

We were standing by the window at another time. Paul was engaged in polishing a number of lenses, which were ranged along the sill. Suddenly, after a pause in the conversation, he said, "Oh! I've dropped a lense. Stick your head out, old man, and see where it went to."

Out I started to thrust my head, but a sharp blow on the forehead caused me to recoil. I rubbed my bruised brow and gazed with reproachful enquiry at Paul, who was laughing in gleeful, boyish fashion.

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" I echoed.

"Why don't you investigate?" he demanded. And investigate I did. Before thrusting out my head, my senses, automatically active, had told me there was nothing there, that nothing intervened between me and out-of-doors, that the aperture of the window-opening was utterly empty. I stretched forth my hand and felt a hard object, smooth and cool and flat, which my touch, out of its experience, told me to be glass. I looked again, but could see positively nothing.

"White quartzose sand," Paul rattled off, "sodic carbonate, slaked lime, cullet, manganese peroxide—there you have it, the finest French plate glass, made by the great St. Gobain Company, who made the finest plate glass in the world, and this is the finest piece they ever made. It cost a king's ransom. But look at it! You can't see it! You don't know it's there till you run your head against it!

"Eh, old boy! That's merely an object lesson—certain elements, in themselves opaque, yet so compounded as to give a resultant body which is transparent. But that is a matter of inorganic chemistry, you say. Very true. But I dare to assert, standing here on my two feet, that in the organic I can duplicate whatever occurs in the inorganic."

"Here!" He held a test-tube between me and the light, and I noted the cloudy or muddy liquid it contained. He emptied the contents of another test-tube into it, and almost instantly it became clear and sparkling.

"Or here!" With quick, nervous movements among his array of test-tubes, he turned a white solution to a wine color and a light yellow solution to a dark brown. He dropped a piece of litmus paper, the rocella tinctoria, into an acid, when it changed instantly to red, and on floating it in an alkali it turned as quickly to blue.

"The litmus paper is still the litmus paper," he enunciated in the formal manner of the lecturer. "I have not changed it into something else. Then what did I do? I merely changed the arrangement of its molecules. Where, at first, it absorbed all colors from the light but red, its molecular structure was so changed that it absorbed red and all colors except blue. And so it goes, ad infinitum. Now, what I propose to do is this." He paused for a space. "I propose to seek—ay, and to find—the proper reagents, which, acting upon the living organism, will bring about molecular changes analogous to those you have just witnessed. But these reagents, which I shall find, and for that matter, upon which I already have my hands, will not turn the living body to blue or red or black, but they will turn it to transparency. All light will pass through it. It will be invisible. It will cast no shadow."

A few weeks later I went hunting with Paul. He had been promising me for some time that I should have the pleasure of shooting over a wonderful dog—the most wonderful dog, in fact, that ever man shot over, so he averred, and continued to aver till my curiosity was at fever pitch. But on the morning in question I was disappointed, for there was no dog in evidence.

"Don't see him about," Paul remarked unconcernedly, and we set off across the fields.

I could not imagine, at the time, what was ailing me, but I had a feeling of some impending and deadly illness. My nerves were all awry, and, from the astounding tricks they played me, my senses seemed to have run riot. Strange sounds disturbed me. At times I heard the swish-swish of grass being shoved aside, and once the patter of feet across a patch of stony ground.

"Did you hear anything, Paul?" I asked once.

But he shook his head and thrust his feet steadily forward.

While climbing a fence, I heard the low, eager whine of a dog, apparently from within a couple of feet of me; but on looking about me I saw nothing.

I dropped to the ground, limp and trembling.

"Paul," I said, "we had better return to the house. I am afraid I am going to be sick."

"Nonsense, old man," he answered. "The sunshine has gone to your head like wine. You'll be all right. It's famous weather."

But, passing along a narrow path through a clump of cottonwoods, some object brushed against my legs and I tumbled and nearly fell. I looked with sudden anxiety at Paul.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Tripping over your own feet?"

I kept my tongue between my teeth and plodded on, though sore perplexed and thoroughly satisfied that some acute and mysterious malady had attacked my nerves. So far my eyes had escaped, but, when we got to the open fields again, even my vision went back on me. Strange flashes of vari-colored, rainbow light began to appear and disappear on the path before me. Still, I managed to keep myself in hand, till the vari-colored lights persisted for a space of fully twenty seconds, dancing and flashing in continuous play. Then I sat down, weak and shaky.

"It's all up with me," I gasped, covering my eyes with my hands. "It has attacked my eyes. Paul, take me home."

But Paul laughed long and loud. "What did I tell you?—the most wonderful dog, eh? Well, what do you think?"

He turned partly from me and began to whistle. I heard the patter of feet, the panting of a heated animal, and the unmistakable yelp of a dog. Then Paul stooped down and apparently fondled the empty air.

"Here! Give me your fist."

And he rubbed my hand over the cold nose and jowls of a dog. A dog it certainly was, with the shape and the smooth short coat of a pointer.

Suffice to say, I speedily recovered my spirits and control. Paul put a collar about the animal's neck and tied his handkerchief to its tail. And then was vouchsafed us the remarkable sight of an empty collar and a waving handkerchief cavorting over the fields. It was something to see that collar and handkerchief pin a bevy of quail in a clump of locusts and remain rigid and immovable till we had flushed the birds.

Now and again the dog emitted the vari-colored light flashes I have mentioned. The one thing, Paul explained, which he had not anticipated and which he doubted could be overcome.

"They're a large family," he said, "these sun dogs, wind dogs, rainbows, halos, and parhelia. They are produced by refraction of light from mineral and ice crystals, from mist, rain, spray and no end of things; and I am afraid they are the penalty I must pay for transparency. I escaped Lloyd's shadow only to fetch up against the rainbow flash."

A couple of days later, before the entrance to Paul's laboratory, I encountered a terrible stench. So overpowering was it that it was easy to discover the source—a mass of putrescent matter on the doorstep which in general outlines resembled a dog.

Paul was startled when he investigated my find. It was his invisible dog, or rather, what had been his invisible dog, for it was now plainly visible. It had been playing about but a few minutes before in all health and strength. Closer examination revealed that the skull had been crushed by some heavy blow. While it was strange that the animal should have been killed, the inexplicable thing was that it should so quickly decay.

"The reagents I injected into its system were harmless," Paul explained. "Yet they were powerful, and it appears that when death comes they force practically instantaneous disintegration. Remarkable! Most remarkable! Well, the only thing is not to die. They do not harm so long as one lives. But I do wonder who smashed in that dog's head."

Light, however, was thrown upon this when a frightened housemaid brought the news that Gaffer Bedshaw had that very morning, not more than an hour back, gone violently insane, and was strapped down at home, in the huntsman's lodge, where he raved of a battle with a ferocious and gigantic beast which he had encountered in the Tichlorne pasture. He claimed that the thing, whatever it was, was invisible, that with his own eyes he had seen that it was invisible; wherefore his tearful wife and daughters shook their heads, and wherefore he but waxed the more violent and the straps by another hole.

Nor, while Paul Tichlorne was thus successfully mastering the problem of invisibility, was Lloyd Inwood a whit behind. I went over in answer to a message of his to come and see how he was getting on. Now, his laboratory occupied an isolated situation in the midst of his vast grounds. It was built in a pleasant little glade, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest growth, and was to be gained by way of a winding and erratic path. But I had traveled that path so often as to know every foot of it, and conceive my surprise when I came upon the glade and found no laboratory. The quaint shed structure with its red sandstone chimney was not. Nor did it look as if it ever had been. There were no signs of ruin, no debris, nothing.

I started to walk across what had once been its site. "This," I said to myself, "should be where the step went up to the door," and barely were the words out of my mouth when I stubbed my toe on some obstacle, pitched forward, and butted my head into something that felt very much like a door. I reached out my hand. It was a door. I found the knob and turned it. And at once, as the door swung inward on its hinges, the whole interior of the laboratory impinged upon my vision. Greeting Lloyd, I closed the door and backed up the path a few paces. I could see nothing of the building. Returning and opening the door, at once all the furniture and every detail of the interior was visible. It was indeed startling, the sudden transition from void to light and form and color.

"What do you think of it, eh?" Lloyd asked, wringing my hand. "I slapped a couple of coats of absolute black on the outside yesterday afternoon to see how it worked. How's your head? You bumped it pretty solidly, I imagine."

"Never mind that," he interrupted my congratulations. "I've something better for you to do."

While he talked he began to strip, and when he stood naked before me he thrust a pot and brush into my hand and said, "Here, give me a coat of this."

It was an oily, shellac-like stuff, which spread quickly and easily over the skin and dried immediately.

"Merely preliminary and precautionary," he explained when I had finished; "but now for the real stuff."

I picked up another pot he indicated, and glanced inside, but could see nothing.

"It's empty," I said.

"Stick your finger in it."

I obeyed, and was aware of a sensation of cool moistness. On withdrawing my hand I glanced at the forefinger, the one I had immersed, but it had disappeared. I raised it and knew from the alternate tension and relaxation of the muscles that I moved it, but it defied my sense of sight. To all appearances I had been shorn of a finger; nor could I get any visual impression of it till I extended it under the skylight and saw its shadow plainly blotted on the floor.

Lloyd chuckled. "Now spread it on, and keep your eyes open."

I dipped the brush into the seemingly empty pot, and gave him a long stroke across his chest. With the passage of the brush the living flesh disappeared from beneath. I covered his right leg, and he was as a one-legged man defying all laws of gravitation. And so, stroke by stroke, member by member, I painted Lloyd Inwood into nothingness. It was a creepy experience, and I was glad when naught remained in sight but his burning black eyes, poised apparently unsupported in mid-air.

"I have a refined and harmless solution for them," he said. "A fine spray with an air-brush, and presto! I am not."

This deftly accomplished, he said, "Now I shall move about, and do you tell me what sensations you experience."

"In the first place, I cannot see you," I said, and I could hear his gleeful laugh from the midst of the emptiness. "Of course," I continued, "you cannot escape your shadow, but that was to be expected. When you pass between my eye and an object, the object disappears, but so unusual and incomprehensible is its disappearance that it seems to me as though my eyes had blurred. When you move rapidly I experience a bewildering succession of blurs. The blurring sensation makes my eyes ache and my brain tired."

"Have you any other warnings of my presence?" he asked.

"No, and yes," I answered. "When you are near me I have feelings similar to those produced by dank warehouses, gloomy crypts, and deep mines. And as sailors feel the loom of the land on dark nights, so I think I feel the loom of your body. But it is all very vague and intangible."

Long we talked, that last morning in his laboratory; and when I turned to go, he put his unseen hand in mine with nervous grip, and said, "Now I shall conquer the world!" And I could not dare to tell him of Paul Tichlorne's equal success.

At home I found a note from Paul, asking me to come up immediately, and it was high noon when I came spinning up the driveway on my wheel. Paul called me from the tennis court, and I dismounted and went over. But the court was empty. As I stood there, gaping, open-mouthed, a tennis ball struck me on the arm, and as I turned about another whizzed past my ear. For aught I could see of my assailant, they came whirling at me from out of space, and right well was I peppered with them. But when the balls already flung at me began to come back for a second whack, I realized the situation. Seizing a racquet and keeping my eyes open, I quickly saw a rainbow flash appearing and disappearing and darting over the ground. I took out after it, and when I had laid the racquet upon it for a half-dozen stout blows, Paul's voice rang out:

"Enough! Enough! Oh! Ouch! Stop! You're landing on my naked skin, you

(Continued on page 6.)

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.

Kodaks and Fresh kodak supplies at C. R. Bourne's.

Jack Wolters, of the Gold House, Discovery, has leased Brook's stage business between Atlin and Discovery.

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

Joe Brooke has retired from the butcher business and will in future, confine his energies to the livery and teaming business.

Large stock of Domestic and Imported cigars at C. R. Bourne's

Mr. and Mrs. Maluin, of Boulder creek, returned to the Coast, on Friday's boat, en route for their home in Paris.

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

New stock of Fancy Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables arrived on today's boat consigned to E. L. Pillman & Co.

Mrs Ridd left by Wednesday's boat for Vancouver.

Do not leave camp without seeing that your name is on THE ATLIN CLAIM'S Subcription list, and keep in touch with local happenings during the winter.

Chris. Doelker has taken over his old stand, and will continue to supply his customers, with the best the market affords in meats, fish and game in season.

Among other features of permanence in the district is the establishment of a club in Atlin. From present information, it seems probable that a lot will be purchased and a suitable club building erected.

Many signatures of enrollment have been obtained, and affairs are already advanced beyond the prospective stage.

Largest and best assorted Stock in Camp at The Atlin Trading Co., Limited.

The Public offices and bank were closed on Thursday last, Thanksgiving Day.

Dr Carroll, of Vancouver, is spending a few days in the District, looking over the country's possibilities. He is heavily interested with Mr. Chas. Queen and others in the Pine Creek Flume Co., who own considerable valuable property in the Camp.

Fresh Fruit and Vegetables at all times at The Atlin Trading Co., Limited.

By way of amusement during the winter months a Curling Club has been formed, and judging from the interest taken in its formation there should be some keen contests at this exhilarating sport.

Bicycles for rent—bicycle repairing—Pillman & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Todd Lees, left on Friday's boat, for Vancouver, en route for San Francisco, where they will spend the greater part of the winter. We look for their return to Northern soil, early in the Summer.

All kinds of Rubbers, Felt Shoes, Moccassins and other winter Footwear at The Atlin Trading Co., Ltd.

Messrs. Shields and Durham are to be congratulated on the nobby appearance of their barber shop; it would be an ornament to any city twice the size.

S. G. Lawrence has gone to the Nakinaw Telegraph Station to relieve Mr. Douglas Poots, who leaves for the north of England, on a twelve months vacation.

Mr. A. R. McDonald the popular and well known hotelkeeper, has taken charge of the Kootenay Hotel. He is ably assisted by Mr. Trotman, who will dispense mixed and other drinks to the weary traveller. We feel confident that the Kootenay under the new management, will be well able to hold it's own in Atlin.

A Transient Reporter.

L. W. MacDowell was in the city for a short time Wednesday. Mr. MacDowell is a member of the staff of the Seattle Daily Times and has been traveling through Alaska in the interest of the Alaska Steamship Company.

While absent from the Queen City he has visited all of the cities of Southeastesn Alaska making the the trip over White Pass & Yukon. Returning, he visited Atlin and Discovery. Mr. MacDowell will prepare a folder of the country for the company.

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 Norherly 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 9 th. day of October 1903.
A. S. Cross.

FOR SALE—A capital shingle roofed frame house containing sitting room, bedroom and kitchen, with barn attached; situated on upper Pine Creek. For particulars apply to C. J. Newberry, Discovery.

C. P. R. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

The following Sailings are announced for the months of September and October, leaving Skagway at 6 p.m., or on arrival of the train:

PRINCESS MAY	AMUR
Sept. 18	Sept. 14
,, 29	,, 24
Oct. 9	Oct. 5
,, 19	,, 15
,, 29	,, 26

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

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

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

LOUIS SCHULZ,

Wholesale and Retail Bucher

FIRST STREET, ATLIN, B. C.

WE give special attention to Mail and Telegraphic Orders.

AGENTS FOR
Standard Oil Co.
Rose of Ellensbury Butter.
The Cudahy Packing Co.
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Groceries, Fruit & Vegetables—Crockery,
Wholesale & Retail.

The Ross-Higgins Co.

Skagway, Alaska.

DAWSON HOTEL.

TAKU B. C.

CHOICEST WINES LIQUORS & CIGARS.

FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT.

HEADQUARTERS FOR FISHING & SHOOTING.

F. G. Ashton, Proprietor