

THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. 9

ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1903.

NO. 24

FORESHORE RIGHTS

Citizens Want Government to Hold Reserve on Lake Front.

Is There a Street Along the Water Front?—A Petition Being Circulated Protesting Against Granting Land on Foreshore.

The Public meeting called to discuss the indiscriminate staking of the foreshore and Government Reserve was well attended and the gathering was one of the most representative ever assembled in Atlin. Mr. Foley was voted to the chair and he called upon the convener Mr. J. Kirkland to address the meeting.

Mr. Kirkland thereupon explained that it was necessary to protect the water front from end to end and that in his opinion the reserve should not be leased or sold until needed by the Government. And he moved the following resolution:

That a petition be circulated and forwarded to the proper authorities, to the effect that the foreshore from one end of the town to the other be held by the Government for the public benefit and a committee of three be appointed by this meeting to attend to the petition and in case they don't succeed, that they so report to a public meeting to be called for that purpose.

Mr. Dubois Mason moved in amendment that after the word foreshore there be inserted: "With the exception of such portion, if any, as applied for by the Atlin Club."

This addition called forth a lively discussion, the speakers being—Messrs. C. Queen, J. H. Brownlee, J. Leatherdale, A. C. Hirschfeld and W. J. Robinson. Some personalities were indulged in and finally the chairman stopped the argument by putting the amendment to the meeting, which was carried by a vote of 23 to 14.

It was explained that the club would be an ornament to the water front and that it was practically a benefit to the citizens, thirty of the most prominent of whom had subscribed their names as 'charter' members.

It was pointed out by Mr. Hirschfeld that no objections were being made to the club itself, the object of the meeting being to protect public interest and safeguard the Lake front, and that the granting of a part of the reserve might act as the introduction of the thin end of the wedge, thereby jeopardizing the free access from end to end of the foreshore.

The question arose as to whether or no there was a street along the water front, which question was not satisfactorily explained, there certainly should be one, and it should

be jealously protected by our citizens as a protection against fire and as a public highway.

NEXT?

Editor Atlin Claim.

During the past few weeks, as the mining season has been closing, and the miners drifting into Atlin and Discovery, there has been much discussion relative to the construction of the dam at the foot of Surprise Lake, this work is now under way. The company constructing the dam is the Pine Creek Flume Co., and its rights were obtained by the act of the Provincial Parliament in 1899, the engineering work is in charge of one of the Provincial Land Surveyors resident in Atlin. As far as is known in the camp, no plans giving details of construction, and safeguarding the millions of dollars property below, have been approved by any engineer representing the government. The question naturally arises, whether the property and lives below will be put in jeopardy by this structure. Many and various views are held, and the discussion is becoming warm. It is difficult for a layman to form an opinion upon an engineering problem of this character, so we must confine ourselves to the cold facts of the situation, what are these? A lake 20 miles long by 1 1/2 miles in width, is to be raised 2 feet, and held in check by the proposed dam. The surface area of the storage reservoir thus created, will be approximately 100,000 ft. long by 7,920 ft. wide, or 792 millions square ft. with a depth of 2 ft.; the volume of water to be held under control will be 1 billion 584 million cubic ft., what then would happen should the dam give way? Over 1 1/2 billion cubic ft. of water would be let loose upon the valley below, with its hundreds of people, valuable mining property, and Discovery and Atlin directly in the course of the advancing flood. Some idea of what might happen may be obtained by the following comparison:—Niagara Falls has a flow of 200,000 cubic ft. per second, or 12 million cubic ft. per minute, it would take therefore a flow equivalent to the enormous volume of Niagara Falls, two hours and twelve minutes to relieve the pressure of the proposed reservoir, with disaster such as the Johnstown flood in Pennsylvania, and many others that might easily be named should not something be done to safeguard the interests of the district at this juncture.

A. C. Denniston.

The Dredge.

Regret is expressed on all sides that the B. A. D. Co. were unable

to operate the big dredge this season. From information received, we hear that the fault lies with the electric power plant, the dredge itself having been completed some time back. Another and more likely reason, is, that owing to the uncertainty of the weather, and the lateness of the possible start, it was deemed advisable not to commence operations, as a sudden stoppage would have made the anchorage of dredge unsafe. The dredge now lies perfectly level on the bottom of the dam which has been emptied. An early start is anticipated next spring when sensational cleanups are expected.

More Quartz Claims Bonded.

Messrs. Maloin and Wynn Johnson have taken a bond on five claims adjoining the Sidney Fraction, Cold No. 2 and Gold, mineral claims. Results of the prospecting work done this summer, are not yet to hand, but the bonding of the new claims, seems to indicate that these gentlemen are satisfied with their investment. Several tons of ore were shipped to different smelters, and tests will be made this month, in order to ascertain the values of concentrates. Some very rich specimens of ore from the incline shaft on the Sidney Fraction, have been sent to the St. Louis Exposition.

It is probable that extensive development work will be commenced at an early date on the property should the smelter returns prove satisfactory.

J. A. MacDonald, K. C.

Elected Leader of Liberal Party in British Columbia.

Mr. J. A. MacDonald, K. C., member for Rossland, was elected leader of the Liberal Party. The nominees were: Messrs. Stuart Henderson, W. W. B. McLines and J. A. MacDonald.

The first ballot gave the following result:—Henderson 5, McInnes 5, MacDonald 5. A second ballot gave the vote as follows:—McInnes 6, MacDonald 5, Henderson 4.

In the final ballot Mr. MacDonald defeated Mr. McInnes by a vote of 11 to 4.

Rossland,—Four empty buildings were set on fire in different parts of the town within five hours.

It is apparent that fire fiends are responsible.

The community is enraged and the culprits will receive short shrift if caught.

Fortunately the Fire Brigade and Volunteers were able to cope with the flames which were confined to the buildings set on fire.

The loss is trifling.

TIMBER NOTICES

Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date we intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for the right to enter upon and appropriate the following described timber lands, situate in the Atlin Mining District of Cassiar in the Province of British Columbia for the right to cut and carry away timber for the purposes and uses of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited, under the authority of Chapter 87 of Acts of the Legislature of British Columbia passed the 27th day of February 1899, entitled an Act to Incorporate the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited, commencing at a Post marked Initial Post number one, and named the P. C. F. Co. Ltd. standing at a corner on Snake Creek, called the North E. corner, thence 80 chains in a south-east direction, thence 80 chains in a south-west direction, thence 80 chains in a north-west direction, thence 80 chains in a north-east direction to point of commencement, containing 610 acres.

C. L. Queen,

R. W. Queen,

Directors of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited.

Atlin, B. C. October 23rd 1903.

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

C. L. Queen,

J. T. Carroll,

Directors of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited.

Atlin, B. C. October 22nd 1903.

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

C. L. Queen,

J. T. Carroll,

Directors of the Pine Creek Flume Company, Limited.

Atlin, B. C. October 22nd 1903.

TIMBER NOTICE

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

G. D. Snelair,

for Northern Lumber Co. Limited.

Atlin, B. C. Oct. 27th, 1903.

Jim Ketchum, Financier.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

THE gentlemen who had been investigating the possibilities of Ketchum's Point as a summer resort returned to the inn jubilant. In fancy, they already heard the braying of a band in nightly competition with the surging of the North Atlantic. They listened to a sibilant silken promenade through pillared corridors, they dreamed of candle-light at play upon table appointments of triple plate. They even foresaw Maine legislatures supine, Maine prohibition repealed, and white damask flecked with lights of amber and ruby from slender glasses—the concealing cup banished forever from Maine's service of Bacchus.

The climate was superb, the sharpened speculative appetites proclaimed: the scenery—those gray promontories of rock, those stretches of fir and furze toward the inland hills, that curved silvery beach, a very new moon for beauty—here was scenery to fire even the speculative mind to poetry. The prospectors sniffed the salt, sharp air; they looked across the deep bay beyond Ketchum's Point toward a wide, low, clear-burning sunset, and they slapped one another on the back out of pure delight.

They were in luck; they kept declaring. The place was accessible, yet untrodden. No summer cottages marred the stretches of sweet-fern and bay. Ketchum's sharp-jointed old inn was the nearest approach to a hotel within a radius of ten miles. Yet two navigable tide rivers, making their sluggish way in from the sea, almost converged here, offering gentle water sports to all who desired them; the deep incurring of the beach beyond the Point made a sheltered bay for sailing, and in front the Atlantic laid an unbroken path for the winds straight from the other side of the world.

Bentley, the fire-proof paint millionaire, had fallen in love with the place. But Bentley had not yet been educated to the point of enjoying scenery out of which he could derive no profits. To syndicate nature in some way or another was with him to prove his appreciation of it. He would build a "cottage" which should set the pace in cottages. The hotel should stand on the hill between the converging creeks. Other cottages would follow Bentley's, but his company should hold all the adjoining land so that cheap hostels and boarding-houses should not come nigh. Ketchum's Point—of course as Renwick suggested, they must revive an old Indian name for it—would soon "make Mount Desert look like thirty cents." The phrase was Fletcher's, who found the current or even the slightly outworn slang a great help to him in the expression of his ideas.

When they came back boisterously pleased with themselves and their plans, they found old Jim Ketchum sitting on the roofless piazza of his hotel, smoking. The salt seemed dried in his gray, uneven beard, in his sparse gray locks, in the weather-beaten furrows of his thin old face. He nodded indifferently to his guests as they, with a bluster intended to denote an agreeable, democratic cordiality, made their way across the patched floor.

"Guess you'll find supper about ready," he vouchsafed, and they with great enthusiasm told him that supper would find them about ready. "A wonderful ellimate, this of yours, for appetites, Mr. Ketchum," they assured him, and Jim allowed that "most folks generally found it hearty." Then he sat, watching the evening star throb out at the edge of the paling sunset fire, and the blue night claim the sea. Afterwards he made his rheumatic way to the kitchen, where he solemnly blew out one of the two lamps by which the viands were being apportioned.

"You'd think the Oil Trust was givin' kerosene away," he protested to the wasteful damsel of the commissariat. Meantime, in the long, bleak, white-washed dining-room, the prospective developers of Ketchum's Point sat at a long, bleak table thinly covered with coarse damask, and ate saleratus biscuit and oozy clam chowder with great gusto.

"Things were better in Mrs. Ketchum's day," volunteered the Rev. Mr. Mather, who sat in a sort of sacerdotal loneliness on one side of the table, as Renwick, after a critical examination of the stewed apples, removed them with the monosyllabic "dried."

"Oh, has the old fellow lost his wife?" asked Renwick.

"Lost is the word," replied the clergyman, smiling. "Aunt Lucindy, as she was generally called, did not die, but after thirty odd years of being a wageless cook she rebelled. Three summers ago she delivered her ultimatum. If Jim would not supply her with a cook—she had done the cooking for the summer boarders ever since they took in the first one, the summer after their marriage—she would leave. This house holds twenty, and cooking for twenty is no joke, I take it, to a woman of sixty. But Jim was horrified at the notion, and she packed up and departed. She's been living with a married daughter in East Milburn, across the bay."

"Near enough to keep an eye on the old man," grinned Fletcher.

"Seven miles of a sail," said the clergyman, "but they've never met, and it's doubtful if they ever will. It's a morbidly obstinate race they breed down here. And as for accidental meetings—Aunt Lucindy can't be hired to set foot upon the sea, as she puts it, and it's a round-about land trip of nearly thirty miles."

"So Ketchum's pretty close," mused Renwick. Mr. Mather laughed.

"The sharpest, meanest man in Maine," he said, sticking an identifying pin in his Jim napkin as they all moved from the table.

On the side piazza the group of men who were planning the future of Ketchum's Point sat silent for a while. And gradually into their quiet there obtruded a disagreeable surmise.

"Do you suppose," suggested Fletcher, "that Old Man Ketchum will hold out for a big price on that strip of his across the middle of the hill?"

"We'll offer him something he can't afford to refuse," said Bentley. "There's no one easier to buy with a little ready money than your miser who denies his wife a hired girl, or who's too mean to feed his five stock decently."

"That's so," the others agreed. "But it was a fool trick," grumbled Fletcher, remembering the commanding position of Jim's property, "for anyone to sell him a slice of land across a hillside that way. Light across the middle it is."

"He'll come cheap enough, don't you worry," said Bentley. Then they yawned a while. And when they passed around to the front on their way to the square, whitewashed bedrooms, where the salt of the sea seemed forever struggling to release itself from the musty odor of damp matting, they found the old man staring into the night beyond the bay.

To Renwick, who was held to be something of a diplomat, was delegated the task of interviewing Jim the next morning. Renwick anticipated no real difficulty. The strip which the old man owned was as little arable as the rest of the hill. The cabin that had once stood upon it was roofless, and two sides were fallen in upon its rough foundations. Of course the meanest man in Maine would rejoice to part from so profitless a holding, however instinct and experience in barter had taught him the fructifying uses of demand.

Renwick, who was constantly deriving satisfaction from his perception of other people's hidden motives, was secretly amused at the old man's attitude. It was so perfect an example, it seemed to him, of the delay meant to stimulate and pique. Jim put off the interview until he had come in from a visit to his lobster-pots. The late tides made the delay a long one. Renwick occupied himself in walking up and down the rude piazza and smiling with gentle cynicism.

"Well, Mr. Ketchum," he remarked, when Jim, slouch-shouldered, dim-eyed and shabby had reappeared. "I suppose you know that Mr. Bentley, Mr. Fletcher and I are interested in a little land venture down here."

Jim was unmoved and unsurprised. He looked patiently upon his guest and admitted that he had heard as much. Then Renwick, with an air of much candor, declared that the stretch of hillside to which Jim held the title was necessary to the success of the project.

"I'm not calculating to sell," said Jim, slowly. Renwick could with difficulty repress a smile. It was exactly what he had expected. The old skinflint meant to enhance the value of his stony holding by his shyness. But Renwick was tactful. Of course Mr. Ketchum had not calculated to sell; it would naturally have been impossible for him to hope for a buyer for a property which was given value only by such an exigency as the present.

"At this juncture, Mr. Ketchum, without apology, arose to enquire of a maid scuffling long by the side of the house, why she was not at her labors. He explained to Renwick that summer "help" was a very uncertain quantity, and that a prudent employer "had his work cut out for him" in guarding against its wasteful vagaries. Mr. Renwick began to look a little bored, but after the acquiescent interest demanded by diplomacy, went on to explain blandly how the project of himself and his companions gave the hillside patch a purely factitious value, and how they would like to know at what figure Mr. Ketchum would sell it.

Mr. Ketchum gazed seaward a while. No change flitted over his patient face. Finally he turned toward his interlocutor.

"I ain't calculating to sell," he said, amiably, and added that he must go at once to attend to the getting of dinner.

"My wife," he said, halting, "is—is away, visitin' our married daughter. An' most likely you don't know, Mr. Renwick, the waste there is in a kitchen—the thick parin' and all that."

Renwick, the bland, having failed, Fletcher, the bluff, undertook to browbeat the old man.

"See here," he began, inserting a cigar between his teeth in a very ferocious manner, "what's your idea, Ketchum? We'll give you five hundred dollars for that strip of land there—which is more than the whole blamed hillside is worth, but we want it. We're not going to raise the bid, so don't hold out for any more. You're a sensible man and a business man. You know it's a gold-mine for you. Come now, will you take it?"

Jim looked patient. There was even a slight wistfulness in his glance. But he shook his head.

"You gentlemen don't understand," he said, stumbling a little in his speech, not from infirm purpose, but from unaccustomed need of words. He struggled for an explanation, but none came, and he finished with the old formula, "I don't calculate to sell that land."

His eyes traveled toward it—the big, bare, New England hill, littered with lichened, purplish boulders, and guarded at its crest by a dark army of firs. The dusty green of bay powdered it, and unkempt stalks of early goldenrod bloomed upon it. The ruin of the little cottage lay pitifully poor and ragged in the pellucid summer light. Fletcher's glance paralleled Jim's, anger deepening the ruddy tone of his skin.

"What are you holding out for?" he demanded, brutally. But Jim, apparently deaf, had moved off toward the barn.

Bentley, the magnate, at last undertook to bring Jim to reason. Bentley himself was finely unreasonable. The fact that he did not need to embark upon a summer colony enterprise was evident; the fact that, if Jim Ketchum did not wish to see, there was land to be purchased at other points along the coast, was argued at great length by his colleagues. But Bentley had approved of Ketchum's Point. Bentley had decided upon exploiting it. Bentley's boundless energy made the building of a hotel seem a desirable recreation, and what Bentley

wanted he was accustomed to get.

"He probably thinks we'll spoil his custom for him," said Bentley, when the tale of Fletcher's failure had been told. "He's a shrewd old fellow. He realizes that five hundred dollars in hand won't bring in a thousand a year, and I suppose his summer business yields that. But I'll talk to him."

So Bentley, with a long line of successes to his record, sought Jim Ketchum in the office, after supper. The office was a barroom furnished with a desk, two chairs, a map, and a highly glazed view of the annual county fair. Jim was balancing an ancient ledger by the unshaded glare of a single kerosene burner. After the briefest preliminaries Bentley offered him a thousand dollars for his land.

With lack-lustre eyes the old man blinked at the offer.

"It's a big price, Mr. Bentley," he said, simply. "It's more than the land is worth. You can get the rest of the hill—three times as big a parcel as I own—for half that. Of course, I know you count on improvin' and buyin' up considerable all around here, an' some day it'll be worth more than that. But it ain't now. An' I can't sell."

"I suppose," said Bentley, moved by a vague kindness toward the rusty, bent, old figure, "that you anticipate being driven out of business by the hotel we're going to put up. But you're mistaken in that. It will be the making of you. You'll have more custom than you ever have had. You'll have all your old trade—your school teachers and your clergy-men and your professors with big families and small salaries—all the good people that will be a trifle too expensive for you. You can run a whole fleet of sail and fishing boats. You can extend your fisheries, and make a fortune supplying your table. Come, come, Mr. Ketchum, be reasonable."

"What you say is likely enough so," said Jim, closing his ledger over a limp and blackened piece of blotting-paper, "but the truth is I don't calculate to sell that land."

Bentley looked murderous for a minute. Then his brow slowly cleared. There was no longer any kindness in his heart but there was a more potent thing—respect.

"I see what you want," he said, slowly. Then he lapsed into the florid style of address native to him. "I take off my hat to you, Mr. Ketchum. You're a great financier lost down here—thrown away. The thing you're holding out for, the thing you insist upon, you never even mention. You make the other side beg you to accept it! Well, sir, you deserve it. Here it is. You want stock in the new company. By gad! sir, you shall have it."

Jim had gazed steadily at the great fire-proof paint man during this speech. At its close a faint smile sparkled in the depths of his dim eyes.

"I don't mind sayin'," he admitted, "that if I had been calculating to sell, I should have held out for something of this sort. But—"

The cords on Jim's leathery throat above the gray flannel shirt moved curiously as he swallowed hard. A dark red combated the tan of weather and the pallor of age in his face.

"You've been pretty square by me," he said finally. "Maybe you've a right to know the truth. The truth is—the truth is—thirty-seven years ago this summer—thirty-seven—me an' my wife went housekeepin' in that cottage up there, an'—"

Confessions trembled in the air. Histories hung balanced. There were tales to be told of wily eyes watching across the sea for Jim's fishing-smack, of children learning to play in the flat-bottomed boats whose short sides hid them, of neighborly feet picking a way up the hill on neighborly errands, of storms that crashed along the coast, and bells that tolled in the village at their close. But Bentley did not know that these were the words for which he waited, bewildered. He thought that he was waiting for a rational explanation of Jim's outbreak. But the old man took up the lamp.

"I don't calculate to sell it," he said, stubbornly, and left the room.

The hill loomed massive against the night sky as he made his final rounds with his rusty lantern. A sharp wind whipped the swelling waters with ghostly foam. Across the bay the East Milburn light pulsed from gold to red and then to gold again. The old man vouchsafed no glance in that direction. He shambled about the place, testing locks and shutters. But he shook his head as he went into the dark hall for the night.

"Not that land" he said.—From the "Bazar."

A Clever Swindle.

Several years ago a "gentleman" alighted from a well-appointed brougham at the door of a London silversmith's shop and purchased a considerable quantity of plate, in payment of which he tendered a one hundred pound note and received a small balance. He carried the plate away with him in the brougham and shortly afterward a "policeman" called at the shop to say that he had heard of the purchase and to inform the silversmith that the note tendered in payment was a bad one. He was glad to add, however, that the thief had been apprehended and requested him to attend at the police station, at a certain hour in the afternoon to identify the prisoner. He told the silversmith that it would be necessary for him to give up the bad note to facilitate the preliminary enquiries, and this the latter did, obtaining a formal receipt. On going to the police station the unfortunate shopkeeper found that he had been hoaxed. The "gentleman" and the "policeman" were both members of the light-fingered fraternity, and the note was a good one.

A Deserved Snub.

A United States newspaper tells the following somewhat improbable story: While in Canada, Lord and Lady Lans-

downe, pleased the Canadian people by their friendly and unassuming manners, which were in marked contrast to those of former Governors-General and their wives. It is related that at a garrison ball at Halifax the Colonel of the regiment that was giving the dance came up to Lady Lansdowne and said: "Lady Lansdowne, won't you give me a dance, please? I'm tired of dancing with these silly little colonial girls. They have no style. I believe I'm engaged to one of them for the next dance, but you might be kind enough to rescue me." Lady Lansdowne replied, in tones loud enough for everybody to hear, that the Colonel was unfit to associate with any decent people, colonial or otherwise, and concluded: "If this is the way you treat your guests I will relieve you of the presence of one of them at once." Then she ordered her carriage and left the ball.

Worth an Admission Fee.

A new hand at golf lately had an experience which the New York "Sun" describes. The man tried to get to the links early, when no one was there to witness his lack of skill. A caddy followed him to the tee, and offered to go round with him for fifty cents.

"Never mind, son. I'll get along." With that he made a magnificent swing at the ball and missed it by a foot.

"Say, mister," said the caddy, "I'll go round with you for a quarter." The player declined, and tried to look self-possessed. He made another swing at the ball, and missed it again.

"Say, mister," said the boy, "I'll go with you for fifteen cents." By that time the man was "rattled," and struck at the ball three times. The boy, who had retreated some distance, called, "Won't you take me for nothing? I'll go round for the fun of it."

The man who waits for something to turn up generally finds that it's his loss.

Thought Subs.

(A travesty of "Garden" books.) One of the most helpful and inspiring of the year's garden books is "Thought Bulbs" by Gardena Smart Weed, author of "Soul-Wistaria," "Gardens I Have Thought In," etc. It is divided into four chapters, corresponding to the four moods of the author—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. Thus, in the opening chapter, there is a freshness of fancy and a veridancy of idea that suggest the annual mystery of Nature's resurrection. Here, then, are a few leaves from

SPRING.

How I love a garden! Oh, I just love it! What a sanctuary in which to commune with one's soul! I can conceive of a garden without a house; there was none in the Garden of Eden; but a house without a garden—to me it is unthinkable.

Yet think of the number of people in the world that have no gardens, who do not know Delphinium formosum from Narcissus poeticus or Specium rubrum! Think of an existence without sun-dials, box-edgings and pergola! A gardenless life! Can anything be sadder?

I was wondering to-day, while caressing a Rhododendron maximum, why it is I have affinity for one flower and indifference for another. Why do I confess a passion for Viola blanda, while Heracleum lanatum leaves me cold? Do flowers have souls? The eye, 'tis said, is the window of the soul; potatoes have eyes, therefore potatoes have souls. (Yet scoffers say a woman cannot think logically.) And if the lowly potato has a soul, surely Narcissus poeticus is not without one.

"How wonderful is spring!" I thought to-day. "How symbolical it is of resurrection after death!" I wonder if that idea ever occurred to anyone else. I do hope not. I should like to have it for my very own.

Gardening is not learned in a day. You must expect to "make many slips." A pine tree always reminds me of a cow at rest. It is so peaceful, so placid, so uncommunicative.

Never plant Dianthus barbatus in the north-west corner of your garden; it prefers the south-east. Flowers have feelings and preferences. In certain environments they languish, in others they flourish. How like our own life!

I love bulbs. I have a perfect passion for them. Bulbs are so symbolical. And the potentialities locked within the scales of a bulb are almost startling. What may not a bulb become? To me a bulb is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. I can not more imagine life without bulbs than without ink and paper. I am fond even of electric-light bulbs though of course one can't plant them. And that is rather too bad, for they might grow up into current bushes.

It's odd, but I never see a Magnolia conspicua but I think of Van Diemen's Land. I never visited Van Diemen's Land, and I doubt whether Magnolia conspicua grows there. Yet somehow I associate the two. Isn't it strange?

I had such a happy idea to-day. Why not plant my thoughts, literally plant them? For example, take the thought "The grass is green." Why not plant flowers so as to form those very words? Thus I might water and nourish my thought, and watch it grow in beauty day by day. And think of a whole garden of such thoughts—flower plottides!

Of all my flowers I like best the Poppycock (Poppycock literatus). Oh, I love it! I never tire of caressing its paper leaves and violet-ink corolla. Whenever I have a thought, I run to Poppycock and tell my secret. And Poppycock understands—Bert Leston Taylor in the "Reader."

Whom Love Exalts.

Some time ago there dwelt in the heart of a great metropolis an artist. His canvases were known throughout the world and before them the people stood and marvelled.

But as they gazed, unconsciously a sense of disappointment came over them and they turned away; for the exquisite work, the marvelous detail, appealed only to the eye, but left the heart cold. Only the artists and critics lingered over them, analyzing his skill, his delicate strokes, his wonderful coloring and the fame he was winning.

And the great artist, understanding, despaired for he felt that the critics praised coldly, but that the people knew. So he studied and worked and watched—and painted yet again. Once more the papers praised, the critics approved—but the people turned away—for it was all the work of the hand; not a stroke was vitalized by the soul.

Now it so happened that a great misfortune came to the artist; his wealth took flight, and he became very poor. He still painted, but none bought. "We are tired of your placid fields, your doll-like faces," they said. "They chill us." But still the man worked on; and as he toiled at his easel from early dawn till gray twilight, he grew embittered; then fame deserted him; then his friends; and then—his youth.

Into the life of the artist there came one day, as he lay sick unto death, a woman. In his conscious moments he saw her here and there about him, ministering to his wants—and even in his delirium he was conscious of her presence. He recovered—and the woman was gone.

He painted no more, only stood at the small window of his dingy studio and noted the never-ending procession of faces before him: July by day he watched for that one face with its deep, tender eyes and its crown of beautiful hair white as his own. At last it came; and then, after a time—it stayed with him.

Again the artist resumed his work. He was painting a portrait of a woman, the tender little woman who sat before him, her hands folded simply in her lap, and for the first time in his life it was his soul that painted—not merely his hand—and so—the picture was finished.

In a dark corner of the gallery the man and his wife watched. The people came, saw the artist's signature, and passed on. But involuntarily they hesitated; retraced their steps and then stood motionless before the portrait. Some turned away, but it was only to hide their tears. And in the eyes of the man and woman, silently gazing, the tears were reflected. But the artist's face was radiant, and he stood erect, albeit he was very old, and so, with clasped hands, they walked slowly away.

A naval officer tells of a conversation he once overheard between two marines who were arguing as to who had the least work to do on board a man-of-war.

"It's the chaplain," said one.

"How do you make that out?" asked the second.

"Because he ain't got any work to do and all day to do it in."

The second marine snorted his disgust.

"You're wrong, Jack," said he. "It's the Cap'n of Marines."

"How's that?"

"Well, me boy, as you say, the chaplain's nothing to do and all day to do it in; but the Cap'n of Marines has nothing to do and all day to do it, and a Lieutenant of Marines to help him do it."—New York Times.

Would Scarcely Pay.

Prospective tenderers for the great work of carrying the railway across the Australian continent, from Oodnadatta to Pine Creek, have lately been over the ground, and from what they have seen the prospects of the scheme do not look any too promising. It is estimated that the construction of the line between the two points named—a distance of nearly 1,200 miles—would cost over ten millions.

The Adelaide Government proposes paying for the work by a land grant, giving eighty millions of acres along the route. As the general opinion seems to be that this country could be worked only by Asiatic labor, it is hardly likely that any syndicate could be found willing to take up such a heavy project on the terms proposed.

SHE HAD TO SIT UP IN A CHAIR.

Mrs. Jas. Kinsella Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Peculiar Medical Case Ends in Another Victory for the Great Kidney Remedy

St. Malachie, Dorchester Co., Que., Sept. 12.—(Special).—A medical case of particular interest, especially to women, is causing much talk here. Mrs. James Kinsella suffered from Kidney Disease, which so affected her that she could not sleep and she was obliged for two summers to pass her nights sitting in a chair. To-day she is practically a well woman. Interviewed regarding her cure she said:

"I had a pain in my right hip, in the back and was swollen all down that side of the abdomen. I could not sleep at night and I was obliged to sit up in a chair for two summers.

"Reading of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills I bought one box. That gave me such relief that I continued to use them. They did me a world of good and now I can go to bed like other people. I have never had to sit up in a chair since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Female complaints are caused by bad kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure them.

ROLFF HOUSE

By G. H. BENEDICT.

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was not usual, in the early part of the present century, for wives to oppose their wishes to those of their husbands, especially when they were men of property and character in the community; still less was it permissible for a daughter to question the authority of her father. But Love has been a rebel in all ages. The conventions of society have never been able to bind the limbs of the staid and starchy rogue.

Rosa Bruyn was by nature the very pattern of a dutiful daughter. She shrank with a reluctance amounting to anguish from the thought of placing herself in open rebellion to her father's wishes; but there appeared no other alternative save to surrender herself an unwilling victim to a hateful marriage.

Her anguish and conflict of mind caused her to grow paler and sadder of demeanor, but her strong physical nature was not of a kind to bend speedily to trouble, however overwhelming it might be. The anxiety of her mother for her was much increased. The tender-hearted matron at last began to read the secret of her daughter's absorbing love for the errant heir of Rolff House. She was drawn into deeper sympathy with her feelings, and the anguish and suffering on one side and the tender condolence on the other at last broke down the vestige of a barrier to perfect confidence that had existed between them. Rosa confessed to her mother all her hopes and doubts, and sorrows, and earnestly sought her advice as to the course she should pursue. It was but meagre comfort the good matron could give.

"It is a decision, my dear child," she said, "that must rest with your own heart. From now on, you for your happiness is so dear to me, that should I unhappily direct you wrongly I could never forgive myself. It is easy to see how, from your father's point of view, your marriage with Ralph should appear very desirable. He seems to be a pleasant young man, and his keenness, good character and steadiness are naturally qualities that appeal to the favor of a man like your father. Besides, he will be quite rich, and the fact of Rolff House being likely to be his inheritance is another thing in his favor. Since you were a little girl, your father has talked of your being one day mistress of Rolff House, and of seeing it restored to its old dignity. Although he never liked Claude, this hope induced him to look favorably upon his attentions to you. Had Claude remained home, and settled down as heir to the estate left him, all would have been well. But his strange departure, and the stranger results that have followed, by which the Saybrooks seem to have become the owners of nearly all his property, have greatly embittered your father's feelings toward him. He seems to regard the idea of your marriage with him as a thing to be prevented at all hazards. For my part, although I had always liked Claude, and believed in his truth and sincerity, I must confess his hurried desire to get away as soon as his aunt was dead, his strange sacrifices to raise money, his unaccountable letter—all have shaken my former faith in him. I trust that every suspicion against him may be untrue; but you know, my dear child, that this is a world of temptation, in which the noblest and best sometimes fall, and we can fully trust no one."

"I know Claude's faults," replied Rosa; "I know that he was ambitious and reckless of the opinions of those he did not care for; but I would stake my life on his truth and goodness."

"I, too, have believed as you, my dear child," said the mother; "but yet we must remember that Claude's very generosity and carelessness of the world's criticism would be the quality that would expose him to the most temptation when cast upon his own resources out in the world."

Rosa was silent. She could see the soundness of her mother's reasoning. It was but an echo of the fear that had always lain at her own heart. And yet—yet she still clung to her faith in her lover, she knew not why; perhaps, as the drowning man clings to a straw, because it was the only hope left of safety to her perishing dream of happiness. Although it consoled her greatly to have her mother's full confidence once more Rosa could profit nothing by her counsel. She was left still to her own unaided resolution to make the decision so important to her future weal or woe.

On the morning after her conversation with her mother, Rosa, full of an anguish and undecided, arrayed herself for a walk in the open air, hoping the clear, bright day, the fresh breeze, the songs of the birds, and the cheerful aspect of Nature, would revive the intense strain of her feelings, and enable her to think and decide more clearly. She bent her steps almost unconsciously down the road and into the lane that led to the old woods where she had taken leave of Claude. She was suddenly impelled with an irresistible desire to visit the spot where they had parted. She wandered down into the wood, and soon was seated in the place where she had listened to his last words. She remained a long time, giving herself up to sad reflections, and each moment feeling her resolution grow stronger to dare and endure

everything before she would break the faith she had here pledged to remain true to him forever.

After awhile, she arose and walked on, following the path that wound in the direction of Rolff House. Suddenly she came on the figure of a man, seated on a rock by the path, and partially concealed by a large tree. She stopped and uttered a little cry, when he turned his head and she saw that it was Carl Crum.

The old fellow arose and greeted her with outstretched palms, in which she placed both her own hands.

"Well-a-day," he exclaimed, "who would have thought to meet you here, rosebud? But I am glad to see you taking the good medicine of air and sunshine, although, judging from your pale cheeks, you do not take enough of it. Ah, I love to see the cheeks of the young rosy, and their eyes bright with happiness. You do not appear happy, Rosa."

"I am not happy," replied Rosa, feeling all reserve depart in the presence of the old man's pleasant face and kindly smile; "I am very, very unhappy."

"And no doubt I can guess the reason therefor," replied old Carl, shaking his grizzled head. "I heard it reported that you are to marry Ralph Saybrook. Ah, it grieves me to hear so. I am no judge of human nature if that young man is not as cold and heartless a villain as ever ground the faces of the poor, or murdered a woman by slow degrees. No, no, he is no mate for you, rosebud, and I need not ask to know that you can never give him your heart."

"There is no promise—no engagement," replied Rosa, anxious to clear herself from the implied rebuke of the old man's words; "but, alas, my father urges me to accept him, and it is only by a sacrifice of filial duty that I can escape a fate I shudder to think of."

These sad words aroused old Carl's sympathy as well as curiosity, and determined to fathom what he already conceived to be a plot of his hated enemy, he gradually and skillfully drew from Rosa the whole story of the scheme to force Ralph Saybrook on her favor as a suitor.

"So, so," muttered the old man, after he had learned every detail of the matter; "they would force you to marry young Ralph, and they are to fit up Rolff House as a bridal present, eh? Now, by all the good angels, that scheme should never prosper. Let me advise you, rosebud; I am old enough to be a little wise, and in this matter I feel so deep a sympathy for you that I long to help you, and I think I have a plan in my head that will do it. I can see that you shrink from disobeying your father, although the thought of marriage with Ralph is as repugnant to you as can be. Well, as I understand it, that old fox has caught your father with a promise that he will fit up Rolff House for you and Ralph when you are married. Perhaps he means to, but there may be difficulties in the way that he little dreams of. Ah, he's a crafty villain; but we will be crafty too. Now, rosebud, mark me. You go back home, and tell your father that you have made up your mind, and that you will marry Ralph on one condition. Let that condition be that the wedding shall not take place till Rolff House is repaired and restored to its former grandeur. Now, don't look astonished; trust an old man who would give his life for you, and would rather see you dead than married to Ralph Saybrook. My word for it, they will never go far in the work of repairing and restoring Rolff House. Strange things have happened in the old house, and stranger things may yet come to pass. The popular belief is that it is haunted. Of course, this is silly; yet there is a mystery about the house, and, my word for it, it will never be repaired and restored save by the rightful heir. At least, the plan I propose would give you time, and relieve you for awhile from the strain of anxiety that is undermining your health; and so far it would be good. It will take a long time to fully repair Rolff House, and much may happen in the meantime. I feel assured we can trust the future. The good Lord will help us. He always helps those who put their trust in him. Do as I counsel, rosebud, and if all does not turn out well, we shall at least have time to arrange new plans."

The hearty eagerness with which the old man entered into the subject of her troubles, his kindly sympathy, and ready advice, were very grateful to Rosa. He seemed for the moment a good angel sent to comfort and help her. His advice appeared to her wise and shrewd; but she hesitated to use any deception toward her father. Old Carl, however, used his best endeavors to convince her that some craft was necessary to meet the crafty schemes of the lawyer, and urged his plan so confidently that she was at last fully convinced that if she gave her promise as advised she would most probably never be called upon to fulfill it.

And so, her spirits much restored, and deeply resolving the subject in her mind, she returned home. Her father was sitting in his accustomed chair on the stoop as she entered the yard smoking his pipe. "Rosa did not seek to avoid him, as she might have done, had she not had old Carl's plan in her mind. On the contrary, she boldly approached

him, and stopping beside his chair, placed her hand on his shoulder. The old man looked up, and was evidently puzzled a moment by her bright and cheerful look.

"Eh, been walking?" he said, enquiringly. "It has done you good. Where have you been?"

"Down through the woods, and over toward Rolff House, father," was the reply.

"Well, what was there to see there?" he asked, half suspiciously.

Her sudden return to cheerfulness was evidently puzzling to him.

"There was much to be seen," she replied, keeping in mind the carrying out of old Carl's advice. "For one thing, there was Rolff House. I must decide, you know, whether I will like it for my future home."

"Eh?—so, so; to be sure, to be sure," he replied, a surprised smile stealing over his face. "It's very proper, you should do so. But you'll be sure to like it when it is all fixed up again. Ah, it was a grand place once, Rosa."

"So you have told me, father," she replied; "and I have made up my mind that if it is fully restored to its ancient dignity I would like to be mistress of it."

These words had a decidedly enlivening effect on the old farmer. He looked at his daughter again, as if he was not quite sure he was not deceived. In what he had heard, but the glance seemed to reassure him.

"I am glad to hear you say so," he replied, cheerfully. "I've always said you'd wake up, yet and know what is best for you. Why, any girl might be proud to be mistress of Rolff House. When it is fixed up again, Ralph and you can live there like king and queen."

"But there's one thing, father," Rosa made haste to say. "I have never been satisfied that Mr. Saybrook has a good title to the house. It seems so strange that Claude should make it over to him. There may be some deception about it. I hope you will allow me to refuse to marry Ralph till the house is fully repaired and restored, and the title is made perfectly clear."

"To be sure I will," replied the bluff old fellow. "No need to advise me about that. We must have a written agreement, and they must carry everything out to the letter. I'll see to that. Yes, yes, by my dunder, we'll have that all straight. Never shall you leave this house, little girl, till there's a place fit for a queen to put you in."

"I have one more favor to ask, father," said Rosa.

"Well, out with it," replied the old man, now in the best of humor.

"I do not wish Ralph to be anything more to me than he is now till after Rolff House is fully repaired. Something might happen, you know."

"Of course, of course—that shall be as you wish," answered the old man. "It's always well to be careful. Keep him off, yes, yes—twill hurry up matters. Ah, you're a shrewd little girl; that's my own Rosa now."

Bending over and imprinting a kiss on his cheek, Rosa turned and went in the house, anxious not to commit herself any further in the implied consent to marry Ralph Saybrook.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Lack of energy was not a characteristic of lawyer Saybrook. Having resolved on carrying out the scheme which involved the repair and restoration of Rolff House, he proceeded about the business with a nervous, restless, fretful energy peculiar to him.

As he had anticipated, he found that there existed a prejudice among the mechanics and workmen of the place against having anything to do with the old house. Few would confess that they were superstitious or timid enough to be afraid of the ghosts, if any there existed, in broad daylight, yet all seemed to have a convenient excuse for not engaging in the lawyer's employ. It was evident that the mysterious death of Leb. Sackett was not forgotten, and that the popular mind was disposed to take the most superstitious view of that tragic occurrence.

The lawyer's task was not rendered any easier by the action of old Carl Crum. That worthy had of late fallen into one of his freaks of visiting Ronk's bar-room of an evening, where of course the proposed changes at Rolff House formed one of the chief topics of gossip. Over pipe and toddy, many were the wonderful stories revived or invented in regard to the old mansion. Old Carl would sit and listen to these, leaning back in his chair, his head sunk on his chest and half hid by his round, broad

shoulders, while his red face and keen blue eyes, framed in by his floating, frowy white hair and beard, and half seen through the veil of smoke from his short pipe, gave him the appearance of some old magician, whose occult knowledge might well extend to whatever was mysterious and unaccountable. But when appealed to for his opinion on any of the superstitious tales in regard to the old mansion, the old fellow would simply reply with a grave shake of the head, which seemed to indicate that he wasn't disposed to reveal what he knew about the matter. Only once did he open his lips on the subject.

It was late one evening. The bar-room was filled, and among the company were several who had been approached by the lawyer with a view to engage their services in the repairs at Rolff House. Of course, the conversation was directed to that all-important topic.

"Well, for my part," said one of the crones—a puffy, downright little man, who spent most of his abundant spare time in the bar-room—waving his right hand energetically as he talked, "I wouldn't go near that old house for any money—no, not for all the treasure there is in the great vault, that old Magnus Rolff sold his soul for. No gentlemen—no, sir, and why?"

"Perhaps because you are afraid you might have to do some work," replied the landlord, sarcastically.

There was a titter from a few of the circle.

"No, sir, no, sir," replied the little

man, nothing daunted and growing more serious in his manner; "because, sir, there's no telling when old Magnus Rolff may be let loose from the infernal regions to visit his treasures in the old house. Who wants to meet him? I don't, gentlemen. Leb. Sackett's fate is warning enough for me."

"Pooh!" said a large, red-whiskered, pleasant-faced man, one of the few skeptics in the place in regard to the stories told about Rolff House. "Who believes that story?"

"I do," responded the little man promptly. "There's no doubt about it. He's been seen more than once. It's gospel truth, gentlemen. Here—I'll leave it to old Carl."

The old man was accustomed to these appeals; but of late, as has been said, had replied only with a grave shake of the head, which, however, was more effective than words in confirming the impression as to his knowledge of the alleged mysterious events. On this occasion, however, he chose to speak.

"All I have to say in reply to the question of our friend," he said, "is that if anything could rouse old Magnus Rolff from his grave—if he ever had a grave—it would be for that precious rascal, Anthony Saybrook, or any of his agents, to enter Rolff House for the purpose of despoiling it."

Saying this, the old man settled back in his chair again, and resumed his smoking. His words produced an impression, and were quoted about the village next day in an exaggerated form to the effect that old Carl had prophesied that if any attempt was made to enter the old house the spirit of Magnus Rolff would be roused from his grave to resist it.

Spite of all the reluctance he found among those whom he approached on the subject, to engaging in his employ to assist in repairing Rolff House, Anthony Saybrook did not grow discouraged. He well knew the powers of persistency, flattery and ridicule, and he employed them with all his skill. Some he coaxed into acceptance, others he ridiculed so unsparingly for their cowardice that they were fain to give way at last, while a few were not half disposed to believe in the ghost stories, and were ready enough to accept his terms.

So the work of restoring and repairing was begun at Rolff House. A force of laborers was put to work in improving the grounds, while carpenters and masons entered the old house to commence their labors there.

It was Anthony Saybrook's design to materially change the old house, but simply to put it in good repair. The walls and frame were as substantial as ever, and needed but little attention.

It was evident enough that most of the workmen entered the old house with reluctance, and that they were prepared to witness some strange developments. Even had nothing mysterious occurred, some of the morbid timid or superstitious, under the strain of nervous expectation, would probably have fancied, ere long, that they heard or saw something out of the usual way.

But something did occur.

The first forenoon's work in Rolff House had not passed by before all present in the house were alert and listening to a mysterious sound that occurred occasionally. It was a low, muffled, peculiar boom, that was heard at regular intervals, and soon began to attract attention and remark. It was not loud, and yet it seemed to penetrate every part of the great building, and to be heard above the sound of the tools in use. Perhaps the senses of the hearers were sharper from a sort of nervous dread and expectation, but certain it is that everybody was soon aware that they could not distract their attention from the strange sound. All day long, at regular intervals of two or three minutes, it was heard. It did not seem to be in any particular part of the house, but this might have been more apparent than real, owing to the nervousness of the listeners.

Everybody knows the power of a low, regular, unusual sound, occurring in the night, to work on the sensibilities of a nervous or timid person. Much the same effect was produced on the less courageous of the workmen by the mysterious sound. All day long it did not vary in intensity or in the regular monotony of its occurrence, but, to the sensitive nerves of those who attributed it to some supernatural cause, it gradually, as the close of the day drew on, seemed to assume a deeper and more solemn if not menacing tone.

That night the strange sound that had been heard in Rolff House was the talk of the village, and the more timid workmen had their fears wrought on by the warnings and prognostications of evil they heard on every hand.

The next day not half of the workmen appeared to resume their labors at Rolff House. A number of them, however, made their appearance, quite resolved not to be easily frightened.

They went to work, and the mysterious sound was heard as before. By noon, the panic had been communicated to others, and they did not return, and before night still others had left their posts. The next day, the building was practically deserted.

CHAPTER XXV.

This interruption of his plans was extremely annoying to the lawyer, who had been sent for when matters reached the crisis previously narrated. The workmen were gathered at a safe distance from the old mansion. It was in vain that he interceded with them. All were inclined to attribute it to some supernatural means, save one man—the red-bearded, jovial fellow, who had sneered at the superstitious tales about the old house in the bar-room of Ronk's tavern a few evenings before. He was a carpenter—a burly, good-natured, sceptical, fearless man; and now, having recovered his presence of mind, he was disposed to ridicule the fears of his fellow workmen.

"Soho," he exclaimed, "we are to be frightened from our work by spooks, are we? For my part, I believe some chap is down there in the cellar trying to make fools of us, and if any man

dare go with me, we will go down and rout 'em out."

Not a man ventured to accept this offer, spite of his taunts of cowardice; and at length he said:

"Well, if no one will go with me, I will go alone. Pah! you're all babies to be frightened by ghost stories. There's some rascal in that house has been playing tricks on us. But I'll show him he can't frighten me. If he's in there yet I'll find him out."

So saying, he boldly entered the half again, seized a candle that had been left burning, and started down to search the lower rooms, while his companions waited outside in consternation at his daring actions.

He had not been gone over five minutes, however, when he appeared again, rushing out of the house, with white countenance and evidently in mortal terror, he paused on reaching the group of his comrades, who gathered around him and eagerly besought him to tell what he had seen. It was some seconds before he could regain control enough of himself to speak. At last he said:

"What a fool and coward I am! But, upon my soul, I couldn't help it. They tell me lies about that house. As I am a living man, when I got down in that gloomy old basement I saw somebody who must be the spirit of old Magnus Rolff or else the very Devil himself. I wasn't mistaken. It was no human being. For my part, I won't go in that house again except in the daylight to get my tools. I've had enough of it."

This confirmation of all their fears by one who had been so bold to deny and investigate, increased the consternation of the workmen, and all resolved to abandon their work at once, and not to resume it. Their return to the village, and the strange stories they had to tell, of course caused a great sensation. It was the only topic of gossip that evening, and the excitement and interest grew as the news spread.

This sudden breaking up of his plans in regard to Rolff House, caused the lawyer to set all his wits to work. He was shrewd enough to see at once that unless the public delusion could be counteracted, and either the true cause of the mysterious occurrences at Rolff House discovered, or the matter plausibly explained, his plans for the repair of the old house would be completely balked. He was of too cold, skeptical a nature to put any faith in the stories of a supernatural origin to the occurrences. He had his suspicions as to the true cause, and he confided them to Ralph.

(To be Continued.)

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Would Not "Undress Ship."

The spirit of French officialism is illustrated by an incident told in the recently published life of Sir Henry Acland, says The Tablet. The latter, during a yachting trip to the coast of Brittany in 1883, happened to be in port on the occasion of the blessing of the harbor and shipping by the priests. With natural good feeling, he dressed his yacht with all her bunting, with bouquets on bowsprit and counter, and a golden bunch of broom at her mast-head, so as to do honor to the ceremony by her gala turn-out. But the expression of sympathy with officialism was not to the taste of the French authorities, and an official came on board with strict orders that the decorations should be removed. The curt order met with an absolute refusal, and the official withdrew to return a quarter of an hour later with a still more peremptory demand for the hauling down of the obnoxious bunting. In great indignation, Acland threatened to telegraph to Lord Lyons if another word was said on the subject, and the official withdrew to show himself no more. It appeared to be merely a display of spite on the part of the civil authorities, furious that any honor should be shown by strangers towards an ecclesiastical ceremony, and was a remarkable specimen of the unlovely bitterness of French sectarian strife. It was apparently a gratuitous piece of bullying on the part of the fonctionnaire, for it can scarcely be illegal for an Englishman to dress his own yacht with his own flags even in a French port.



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SATURDAY, OCT. 31ST, 1903.

The Editor has on several occasions received communications calling attention to different propositions, and to imaginary or real evils. We wish it to be distinctly understood that "THE CLAIM" will not publish any letter or article, unless over the writer's signature, and even then the communication must be strictly non personal and of public import. A newspaper is simply established as a mouthpiece of the community, and for the purpose of protecting and safe-guarding public interests. We are ever prepared to stand up for the rights of the people but our columns are not, and never were intended to be the means of airing any individual's personal spite, or of "knocking" what might prove a very good proposition, even if our incognito writers think it a fake.

Personal liberty is too precious to be lightly regarded, we prefer to take no chances, and for the future we desire to inform those, who seem to think that they can run "THE CLAIM" to suit themselves, that they are wasting ink and paper by sending communications they are not prepared to stand by, and for which they are unwilling to assume the responsibility.

The effort of our citizens to protect the foreshore is not without its good points. We heartily endorse the movement in-as-much that it is necessary to have an open street on the water front, from end to end.

If our merchants require warehouses, why should they not apply for a wharf site, and build on their wharves like the W. P. Ry. have done; such structures would not encroach on what should be reserved as a public highway.

"Much ado about nothing" is quite appropriate when perusing the correspondence in re the Pine Creek Flume Co's dam. If our correspondents calculated to frighten the community with visions of a watery grave, they have singularly failed, and are if anything the subject of ridicule. To compare the result of a dam breaking at the mouth of Pine, 16 miles from Atlin City and with scarcely any fall for the first 8 miles, to the awful disaster caused by the Johnstown flood, is a little far-fetched. Then the "enormous pressure" "equivalent to the enormous volume of Niagra Falls flowing 2 hours and twelve minutes", on the dam, is a calculation we are unable to arrive at.

We are not hydraulic engineers, but we have always thought that height, not volume of water, provided pressure, and we cannot see how the proposed dam will be subjected to more than two feet pressure—but we are willing to learn.

The Boomer And The Knocker.

"There are two classes of men who are serious detriment to any mining camp; the chronic optimist and the chronic pessimist," says the Cherry Creek Miner.

The former paints the atmosphere with lurid hues, exaggerates prospect holes to dividend payers and goes into convulsions over half inch veins and infrequent pockets, booms a mediocre camp to the proportions of a Golconda and induces capital and labor to embark in development of prospects which would not prove remunerative were they followed to the center of the globe.

"This man lies so often that he really believes he is telling the truth, and at his door lie the bleaching remains of what might, under more authentic reports, develop into prosperous camps.

His antithesis, the chronic pessimist, occupies an equally unfortunate niche in the make up of the average camp. You may find him in the general store, the saloon or on the sidewalk. He preserves an appearance of ennui when approached by strangers or would-be investors in the properties of the camp. He is at war with the whole world. He is long, lean, dyspeptic and glowers at every one upon whom the sunshine of prosperity shines. Ask him as to the merits of claims of well known value as producers, and he will look down upon you compassionately, shrug his shoulders and tell you that 'our mines don't amount to anything,' with an implication that the longer you stay in camp the better your chances of being broke.

"He is a fifth wheel in the wagon and resembles more closely than anything else a patent medicine portrait of a 'before taking' invalid.

"Many a good deal in mines of true merit have been knocked into a cocked hat by the malicious insinuation of the chronic pessimist who is an ever-present adjunct to mining camps.

It is a noticeable fact, however, that the mining camp optimist never risks his own hard cash in any of the rich properties he so warmly recommends to his friends, while the equally degenerate pessimistic monstrosity is forever coppering his bets and making strenuous endeavors to crawl into the inner circle of prosperity through channels which he speaks so disparagingly of to others.

The camp 'boomer' and the camp 'knocker' should be treated to a dose of soft feathers and warm tar and conveyed on either side of a convenient fence rail, outside the limits of every mining camp which desires to grow normally on the basis of the true value of its mines, for the presence of specimens of either of these undesirable elements in promising mining camps are as disastrous and turbulent as a hornet is to a bee-hive, and quite as useless."

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TWO MEN.

By ANNIE NATHAN MAYER.

NOTHING had happened—nothing at all. She said it over and over again to herself, as if to persuade herself that it was true. But it was nothing—nothing at all.

She lay back on the steamer chair that was her favorite resting place, perched high up in the little piazza just outside her bedroom. She closed her eyes wearily to think it all over, while the muffled roar of the breakers coming across the bay reiterated the tiresome phrase—that nothing, nothing at all had happened. She tried to collect her thoughts and discover just what had taken place—this nothing. She had gone to the dinner—her husband had insisted on her going without him—she had met Hobart again, they had chatted during the dinner, in a conventionally superficial way, and then again in a more personal, intimate way on the piazza after the coffee. And he had escorted her home—while the maid who had called for her walked slightly behind. At parting he had looked into her eyes, said "Good night"—told her how pleasant it had been to meet her again, and had asked permission to call some other time, and—that was all. As she had told herself for the twentieth time, nothing had really happened at all.

Well, what was changed? And what was she going to do now? And why? The deep, regular breathing of her sleeping husband came to her from the closed shutters on her left—the room adjoining hers. Ah, her husband! If he had only been different! How many women, she wondered, had excused themselves thus? Here she was battling with the most serious resolution she had ever struggled with—yes, more serious than that other she had taken a few weeks before—and there he was sleeping as calmly a stone's throw away as if she had never existed. That typified their relation. Or if she had been blessed with a child! She smiled a little, wry smile at the staleness of the excuse—always excuses.

She stared for a while out over across the bay, and almost fancied she could see the dancing white foam beyond the sentinel dunes. Making a great effort, she determined to fight off her growing sluggishness, her longing to drift, determined resolutely to begin from the very beginning, and think it all out for herself.

When she had come down from town, she had been so sure of herself, so absolutely convinced that she was right, and that nothing could alter her determination. She had agreed to everything, and Harriman had remained in town to arrange some business matters, and she had planned to be domestic for a few weeks, and then they were to sail quietly away for Europe and begin life all over again. There was to be no scandal, they had gone all over it so often, she was determined to spare her husband's pride—his one vulnerable point—she was to go off to the Massachusetts coast to pay a visit to her sister, and he was to sail for a year's stay in Europe, being over-worked by that last public building he had erected in Tacoma. Her husband would receive a letter, explaining it as quietly as possible, and no one would know until the divorce was granted. Divorces can be arranged so quietly if one knows the ropes, and has the will and the wherewithal to cheat the reporter. Of course there would be some talk—she had made up her mind there would be some—but she knew she could rely on her husband to do it with as neat despatch as if he were arranging a contest for a cup. Yes, he would spare her, because it would be sparing his name. His name! Yes, she said to herself, dreamily, that was really all he had ever given her. There had been times in the past when she had wondered if it would have made any difference had she been a poor girl and had owed a great deal to him. Would gratitude have been a bond? But she had not had even the luxury of that sentiment. This beautiful Long Island home had always been hers, and she had loved every nook and cranny of it long before she had ever met him, while he, even now, cared for it only for the sport of racing fast boats, or now and then going off on a cruise with a jolly stag party and plenty of cold bottles on board.

She had come down four weeks ago with the thought of Harriman stirring her strangely as she went about the place he had loved with her. They had been the most perfect companions the summer before. She had never met a man that so completely gave himself up to the fascination of lower Long Island—even as she had done. He was constantly pointing out to her the beauty of some great white sail silently gliding over what was apparently a green meadow—how the little inlets in and out among irregular patches of high swamp grass—or of the sky swept by great white cloud-wings of angels, or of the sea, ever alike and yet ever changing. They never tired of the racy air—union of brine and pine—the spicy, bestirring air of lower Long Island. They had glided into this intimacy of thought and feeling as innocently as those pure white sails glided before the wind.

Then all at once there had been a shuddering awakening, brought about by some light word spoken by a woman who thought the worst and thought none the less of them—perhaps a little more—for it. The purity of the white sails was gone. They could not bear the usual attitude of the gay set, somehow they were of different calibre, and so they had talked it all over again and again, until at last the following spring had brought its solution—a decision not lightly taken on either side.

She smiled now, alone in the darkness—how well she had conned every argument—they were young, were both their lives to be sacrificed to an ill-considered act of a mere girl? Her husband did not need her, his valet was of infinitely more importance to him, perhaps his horses came next, and then his yacht, and then possibly she—or possibly another—she had

long since ceased to care. How they had protested again and again—Harriman and she—that they were made for each other! They were sympathetic, looked on life and nature from the same vantage point, enjoyed everything together, and how they enjoyed! Made for one another! Why they were one, more united than ever husband and wife had been. Their union would not be a mere yielding to passion—she felt she could not endure that—of course not—it would be a union of intellect, heart, soul—everything. How they had delighted in justifying themselves to each other! How sure they had been that their wrong-doing would be different from that of any other couple in all the centuries that had gone before! This special instance—this one case—(ah, how we all love to deceive ourselves!) Wrong-doing! why it was right-doing! They were the blithest of sinners, the most conscious of well-doers the sun shone on.

So for the past four weeks she had lived in a dream—slept, talked, driven as usual, but awake only to the one great fact that faced her. There were powerful memories stirring her at every turn of the drive—every irregular inlet, every odor had brought Harriman vividly before her. She was going to him—the struggle was over, another week to be dreamed through, and she would be his till death parted them.

Till death parted them—she had heard that before—somewhere from the dim past those solemn words rose with a strange accusation. Why did such thoughts persist to-night? Why bring up again all those harrowing doubts? She had not decided lightly; she was entering into this new relation far more prayerfully, far more earnestly than ten years before as a mere child she had entered into marriage.

Till death—yes, this step must be final. Its finality, its steadfastness, was what separated it from mere—mere—ah! she could not say it. Yet—suddenly she sprang up and paced the little piazza—yes, something had happened after all. That was what had happened, the first shock of doubt had come to her. Doubt—not of him, no, she believed in him. He worshipped her, and what was more, he honored her. Of course no other woman would ever believe it, but he honored her for the very sacrifice she was about to make for him. He honored her that she was not the type to deceive her husband. He knew all that the step meant to her. She was positive that his love for her was that clean, honest love which lasts after a woman's hair turns grey. She knew the glow would sweep into his great blue eyes, ten—yes, twenty—years from then at the sight of her, just as they did now.

But doubt none the less—and worse, doubt of herself! It had come! She should be thankful, at least, that it had not come too late. The tragedy of doubt afterward—that would have killed her by inches. Better far the doubt now. And how had that doubt entered her Eden? A pair of mocking black eyes answered her. Her hand felt again the slight pressure of an hour ago. She shivered and drew her golf cape closely about her, and turned her head and took some of the rough collar between her teeth. "I won't believe it—I can't! I won't!" she murmured as she bit savagely at the woolly wrap.

It was all so absurd—positively childish! What had Hobart done? Nothing whatever. He had said nothing at any time that a man may not say to a woman in the same social standing. What had aroused that sudden consciousness, that unexpected spark, as of stone striking stone, flung straight from eye to eye? The slightest tightening of the good-night clasp of the hand, the sharp, quickened breath, and it was all over. She would have thought nothing of it a few years ago. Pshaw! it was nothing. Her anomalous position had sharpened her intuitions, she was morbid and overstrung, perhaps, she scolded herself, she was even growing absurd. And yet the next instant she was telling herself that a contented wife can afford quickening breath, a flash of sympathy whatever may be called that subtle, elusive sex-consciousness, but a woman who was on the brink of leaving her lawful husband for another man? There was a sudden glimpse of possibilities—a great chasm seemed to open before her—black depths. Horrible! she covered her face with her hands.

Half an hour later, her one thought was how to tell him. She never could bring herself to confess the truth—to reveal to him the spectre that had arisen between him and her. She knew he would take it all as a lack of trust in him. Ah, how that would hurt! He would think she held him as other men, light wooer of the passing moment. But even this was better than to confess it was herself she mistrusted. How she would fall in his eyes! It must be the other, hurt it would. She rose wearily, and went to her desk. After all, it had come about that it was not to her husband that the difficult letter was to be written.

She wrote rapidly, and nervously, scanned one note after another, before tearing it up in passionate disgust. All, she destroyed four. Then a sudden inspiration came to her—at least a temporary way out of the difficulty.

"Dear Mr. Harriman: I have suddenly decided not to pay that visit to my sister, as I had intended to do next week. So I shall remain at Summertown, where we shall be glad to welcome you at any time."

When he came, as she knew he would there was very little explanation. She had quivered in imagination before the pain in his eyes, the reality could not hurt worse. She implored him to believe that she still trusted him—loved him? Of course, as she always would continue to do. But she could not do it—she was not as courageous as she had thought herself—that was all. He knew it was not all, but he bowed before her decision as he must.

The day before he sailed, they sat talking conventionally in the little summer-

house overlooking the bay. Thither came Hobart. She rose politely, introduced the two men, continued to chat in her musical, low voice. The two men felt a frigidly beneath all her vivacity—there was a sense of strain, of a holding-in of some powerful emotion. No one could have named it—yet all three felt its influence.

To Harriman even her voice had changed, hardened as if the muscles in the throat were held in a vice. By a strange intuition he realized that this newcomer had played some part in her decision. Hobart only felt in some vague way that she would never respond to him again as he had felt her respond that one night. He glowered at Harriman and cursed his coming below his breath. The two men watched each other closely, dangerous lights came and went in their eyes. She chatted on without daring to stop, and here and there the men threw in a polite interjection or two. They were club men of the twentieth century. Had they been savages, they would have flown at each other's throats.

"Howdy!" rang out, her husband's voice, as, cool and calm in his white, yachting suit, he approached with a hand out for either man: "Stay to dinner?"

But neither man accepted. At the gate one man took the road to the left, the other the road to the right. Yet neither man really understood.—July "Bookman."

Hymen, O Hymenæe.

London "Punch."

"Would you pay ten pounds a year to remain a bachelor?" asked Phyllis, looking up from the paper.

"How do you mean?" I returned.

"Well, they're going to put a tax on bachelors," she observed.

"I roused myself and regarded her with astonishment."

"In a place called Kansas," she continued. "I suppose that's in America, isn't it?"

"Read it out," I suggested, and she began:

"A bill has been introduced into the Kansas State Legislature providing for a tax on bachelors of fifty dollars a year, and on spinsters of twenty-five dollars a year. It's a funny bill," she commented.

"Very," I admitted.

"But I should think it would be rather a good thing in some ways," she continued. "Suppose there is a bachelor who hasn't got fifty dollars and a spinster who hasn't got twenty-five—if they marry they will save seventy-five."

She was so pleased with her logical conclusion that I only said, "I'm glad I don't live in Kansas."

"Oh, we shall get the law here soon," said Phyllis, nodding her head prophetically, "so you needn't be glad. You are always saying yourself that England is becoming Americanized. And, besides, people want to be made to marry. Nobody marries nowadays till they are about eighty."

"It might be a remunerative tax," I agreed. "I daresay one of the discredited Governments will take it up. I wouldn't pay it myself, though."

"Then you'd have to marry," said Phyllis.

"I wouldn't do that, either," I returned. "I would go to prison like Dr. Clifford."

"Oh," said Phyllis.

"What would you do?" I enquired.

She hesitated.

"I shouldn't like to go to prison, and I shouldn't like to pay the fine, and I shouldn't like to have to marry just any one. I don't know what I should do. How long would they give us to make up our minds?"

"You'd have to decide at once," I said. "The tax would come into force on the day the bill was passed."

"Would most people pay?" she asked.

"I hope most people would prefer to resist passively," I answered.

"The prisons would be rather full," she suggested. "Why, if all the unmarried people went to prison there would not be room for them. They'd have to build new prisons. What does one do in prison?"

"One picks oakum and makes mail-bags," I answered.

"They would soon pick all the oakum, and there would be too many mail-bags," said Phyllis. "Wouldn't the state find it very expensive?"

I assented.

"Then it would be glad to get rid of them," she went on. "It would try to marry them in the prisons and then let them go."

"How could it do that?" I asked in some curiosity. "You can't marry people by force."

"But people will soon marry each other if they have opportunities of meeting," she declared.

"You don't get many opportunities of meeting in a prison," I objected. "The system doesn't provide for it."

"They'd alter the system, then," said Phyllis. "They'd have to give tea-parties and dances, and private theatricals and things."

"That would alter the system," I agreed. "But I doubt if it could be done."

"Then they'd have to keep all the unmarried people in prison for ever," she said. "I don't think even the state could be so silly as that. No, if the bill is passed it will happen as I say, and prison will become—"

"A kind of matrimonial agency," I suggested, as she paused for a word.

"Yes," she said. "And I shall go there, too; it will be great fun."

Relics of Nelson.

There is just now, says an English paper, a very interesting objection loan in the United Service Institution at Whitehall—the plume of Triumph given by the Sultan to Nelson

Use Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) to wash woollens and flannels,—you'll like it.

after the Battle of the Nile. The plume is truly a magnificent thing. Brilliants of great size and beauty are set on silver wires, so fine that the eight or ten erect lines of light quiver and flash with the slightest movement. These converge on a star centered by a rose diamond of purest water; behind this is cunningly hidden clockwork which can cause the star to revolve. One can imagine the effect of this blazing in the turbid air of the Lord of the East.

To take an ornament from his own person and bestow it upon an underling is considered in Constantinople to be the highest decoration possible to be won; and never had this honor been conferred on an unbeliever before Nelson's day. An English attaché was sent to carry the gift to the battered decks of the "Vanguard," and to explain to the young admiral (Nelson was not forty then) its exact significance.

The Battle of the Nile was the height and splendor of Nelson's glory. No clouds had gathered then round the hero who had done and was yet to do so much for his country. It was impossible, Europe thought, to honor him too much. At the United Service Institution, beside the Plume of Triumph, is a gift which is more touching if less magnificent. It is a walking-stick presented to Nelson by the island of Zante, and round the handle a circle of diamonds is set. Poor and small they seem beside the Sultan's jewels, but they were "all the diamonds which were possessed in Zante." Every man and woman surrendered what they had to do honor to the man who had "saved the Mediterranean." These relics are lent for a short time by Nelson's family, and are well worth seeing. One is the better for occasional brushing up in the stories of the day before yesterday.

A Good Prescription.

Pastleigh—I'm afraid I'm going wrong, doctor. What would you advise me to do? Family Doctor—Pay your debts, my boy. "Eh, what? What do you mean?" "Why, if you were to pay your debts you couldn't afford to drink so much whiskey, to play so many games of billiards, or to eat such expensive suppers—and so you would soon recover your usual health."—Ally Sloper.

London's Bridge Craze.

The bridge craze in London is again agitating society and club circles, and quite a revolt is rising among certain sections against the game. Archdeacon Sinclair waxes very fierce in his indictment of this game. "The present predicament," he says, "reminds one of the days of the Regency, when women of high position remained indoors throughout the day with the blinds down playing faro. I have recently heard of cases in which young girls started playing bridge on Sundays immediately after breakfast and continued playing all day. No man who is a man should allow his womanhood to gamble and become in debt to other men. The consequences of such a state of affairs will not even bear discussion. The only way to check this growing evil is for women of really high position and high principle to form a league against playing bridge by women." A member of the Portland and Turf Clubs—who, although a devotee of bridge, regards with aversion the reckless gambling of fashionable women, and would be smart men—said: "Something must be done to check gambling, at any rate among women. Many men, myself among them, absolutely refuse to play bridge with women. Women have been known to stand up when they have lost three rubbers and hysterically accuse some unfortunate male player of cheating before a roomful of people." Several of the West End clubs have found it necessary to limit bridge gambling. The newly formed Atlantic Club, for example, has decided that not more than \$2,500 a week will be booked to a single member. Points will be limited to 50 cents each, with a maximum of \$50 on a game. These sums considerably exceed those allowed by other clubs, but the Atlantic's nickname of the "Millionaires Club" explains why high play is allowed there. The weekly limit at the St. James's Club has been fixed at \$1,500, and at the Bachelors' Club at \$1,000, while the points of the game are limited to 25 cents at each club. No money changes hands during the games at these clubs. Each player employs a card-room cashier to keep accounts. If a loser does not pay his account by an appointed date he ceases to be a member. A development of the game is that interested persons sit behind a known skillful player and back his skill. A secretary of one of the clubs says that when a member is known to be an exceptionally good player, but is not rich or not rash enough to play heavy points, other members will carry him, that is, pay his points and draw a percentage of his winnings. Many a clever fellow, it is said, is making \$5,000 a year in this manner without running any risk.

Takes Issue with the President.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Boston's veteran lecturer, took issue the other day in a lecture before the Mothers' and Fathers' Club in that city with President Roosevelt on the subject of large families. What is needed, she asserted, is "child culture." "It would not be race suicide if we were to have homes into which only two or three children were born. Quality and character signify more than a horde." Mrs. Livermore took the stand that Americans need to give more attention to the culture of fathers and mothers than to that of the child. "There are men and women who are unfit to be the parents of children," she said, "in many cases it is better to take children away from their natural parents, so that they may have a chance to do better." A writer in "Vogue," who also considers the President's "race-suicide" opinions harmful to the community, says: "So carried away by the President's exceedingly flippant

views have been reception committees and individual parents, that the many children have been made a conspicuous feature of the programmes arranged for the Presidential tour. It was left, however, for a New York journal to go to the extreme of showing the President's theories in the fullest possible manifestation, and to this end it insulted its readers by parading the portraits of Mormons, some of whom having espoused as many as six wives, are now the fathers each of thirty-nine immediate descendants. The views of one of these men are given extensive space, and in order to still further honor him, his portrait is published along with those of other Mormons. Naturally, the President's views are heartily seconded by the Mormons, they as well as he having, apparently, not the slightest conception of any higher view of the function of the human being, especially of women, than to be a connecting link between generations. If adults are so foolish as to burden themselves with children beyond their ability properly to bear and care for them after birth, small sympathy need be wasted upon them. Their unwise course will, in most instances, bring its own bitter punishment, which it is to be hoped will be properly disciplinary. But it is for the children that one pleads."

Three Victims of Fashion.

In the attic there met a hoop-skirt, a bustle and a corset. "Good morning, friends," said the corset, who was a new arrival. "The others saluted graciously. "It has been a long time since I saw you," said the corset to the bustle. "Yes," answered the bustle. "They told me to go away back and sit down quite a while ago." "And I," murmured the hoop-skirt. "I once had my day of usefulness, and I must say I enjoyed life while I was in society." "I understand," commented the corset, "that you whooped things up considerably." "Indeed I did," answered the hoop-skirt with a flutter of pride. "If I do say it myself, they all had to make room for me." "But at last," observed the bustle, a little maliciously, "you had to go in order to make room for them." "True," retorted the hoop-skirt; "but you had to go—"

Character in Names.

In allusion to the theory of an English newspaper writer who holds that a man's character is consciously or unconsciously influenced by his Christian name and whose article to that effect was reproduced in "Saturday Night" last week, London "Punch" prints some bantering comment. "Nothing it declares, is so unalterable as the character that accompanies a Christian name. Deductions from Christian names are absolutely safe. They have all the finality of the axioms of Christian science. For instance, have you ever known an Oliver who was not interested in lightning conductors, an Alva who was not artistic, or a Sidney who did not oppose the Baconian heresy? Names ending in zw always denote selfishness. Names ending in tku are to be avoided: their owners are treacherous. Beware of names beginning in Yp. No woman over seven feet high was ever called Birdie. Women named George write novels. A baby named Jabez Elijah Ahasuerus, if always called by its full name, will not grow up. A cat if called Beethoven is sure to indulge in moonlight sonatas. Joseph is ambitious and shrewd. Hugh is opinionated and talks too much. Winston shares these peculiarities. Lloyd is argumentative. Jesse is bovine, and runs to side-whiskers. Show me a Wilfrid and I will show you a teetotaler. Arthur might be less willowy. Gerald is academic. George is eloquent and epigrammatic. John is sturdy and persistent. Gibson is importunate and impertinent. Tim is vitriolic. Literary men, who study these things, will bear out what I say. Ask them if they ever knew an Andrew who was not bookish, an Anthony who was not witty, a Marie who was vain? They will tell you that Maurice is romantic, Jerome facetious, MacGregor undersized. Produce a Rudyard, and you will see omniscience. Conan is interested in crime. Algernon composes ballads before breakfast. Theodore is critical. William by itself is capable de tout; allied to Ernest it thunders; allied to Schwenck it jokes; allied to Robertson it resists the payment of rates. Nicknames are equally consistent in their connotations. A boy called "Trotters" has large feet. No boy with a snub nose was ever called "Hookey." Have you ever seen a brunette known as "Ginger"? Boys and girls who are called "Cawrots" have red hair always.

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WHAT IS MAN?

A. Lincoln Moore, Pastor Riverside Baptist Church, New York City.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?—Psalm, viii., 3, 4.

We are in constant danger of indulging in wrong thoughts of man. We are too apt to regard man as a weak, ephemeral creature, of the utmost insignificance when compared with a star, a moon, a sun—with the material universe. As we direct our attention to the glorious page of heaven unfolded overhead, alive with clustering constellations whose bright destinies move at an infinite altitude above the petty waves of time, and whose passionless purity and eternal peace seem to mock the soul, the spontaneous utterance of our hearts finds expression in the Psalmist's words—"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

As David looked upon the resplendent orbs of heaven he was filled with profound humility and cried out in awful astonishment—"What is man?" Modern astronomy has given us a faint conception of the magnitude of space and the physical universe. We cannot help feeling that such magnitude and vastness are worthy of a God. We cannot help acknowledging our littleness and weakness in comparison. That such a God, so vast in conception, so mighty in operation, so wonderful in wisdom, so august in execution, should have special thought for every one of the millions of infinitesimal men crowding the world—faith staggered, at such a thought. The divine greatness becomes appalling. We cry out—"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" But David did not stop with this exclamation. Upon second thought he wisely concluded man could not be inferior to the heavens, for God has made him but little lower than the angels, or, as I read in my Hebrew text, a little lower than "Elohim"—God. So far from being insignificant in comparison with the heavens, man is of infinitely more value than they. The worth of man in these days needs constantly to be emphasized, for a striking tendency of modern thought is to think less of man in proportion as larger views are taken of the universe in which man dwells. Man is the greatest and noblest work of God. The old Roman conception of man as the lord of creation approaches the truth: God's glory unfolds as we rise in the upward scale of creation, culminating in that being who made but little lower than the angels, bearing the image and superscription of God, crowns the highest pinnacle of creation.

On earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind. True greatness consists not in weight, bulk or extension, but in intellectual power and moral worth. Man is created in the image of God; God is spirit; the soul of man is spirit. Man as a spiritual being is in a peculiar sense God's offspring and partaker of God's nature. Man therefore is self-determining as God is; he is free as God is free. He is a person as God is a person. This material image of God man never loses. So long as he continues he continues a person. Man is immortal. He is more than a plant, more than a mere animal—he is a man. Man is man not because he is strong, ingenious, affectionate, but because he is God's inbreathing, God's image, God's son. So, though lost, he may be recovered; though a wanderer, he may return and feast, forgiven, at his Father's table, because though a prodigal he is still a son.

In view of these transcendent truths what should be our proper attitude toward man? We should respect and love him. But you say it is difficult to respect some men, for they daily violate the most sacred laws, betray the highest trusts, abuse our confidence and prove recreant to the most binding of human obligations. Such cases, however, are the exception and not the rule. The great majority of men are honest and true; they stand uncorrupted, unimpeached and incorruptible. A man may sink into vice and degradation, yet he cannot completely efface the image of God which is stamped upon him.

Yet in this feeble, stunted, sinful specimen of humanity, in this ruin of noble manhood, lie wrapped wonderful possibilities. For let the favorable conditions come, let the spirit of the living God breathe his energizing power into this darkened, chaotic soul, and at once there are order, light, purity, peace. The image of God is renewed from within, the prodigal son returns home and there is joy in the presence of the angels of God.

Man's greatness is revealed by God's thought of him. Though a sinner God did not disown him as an incorrigible son. He would save man. History is the demonstration of His great purpose. The key to history is redemption. "God so loved the world that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The

cross of Christ: is God's estimate of man's transcendent worth. O thou man! immortal, mortal, over whom the angels stoop, and yet of hope! Hear of sin and yet of pardon—or despair and yet of hope! Living, dying, loving, hating, feeble, mighty, vile, beloved! Thou of whom the heavens take knowledge.

Thou for whom all hell is moved! What shall be thy last unfolding—into what light or into gloom? What shall be thy final holding—ageless blessedness or doom?

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

For the Farmer.

Over-feeding renders the horse slow, lazy and predisposed to disease, and, therefore, what is wanted is to feed horses that they shall be in condition for work. Anything consumed by a horse in excess of his requirements for the repair of waste and the maintenance of condition is food—and, therefore, money—wasted, and thus individual requirements, which vary in horses as in men, should be carefully studied.

All Looking to Canada.

The Australian pastoralists have suffered such tremendous losses owing to the prolonged drouth of the past few years that many of them are turning their eyes to Canada as a more suitable field for agricultural operations. An illustration of this is furnished in a recent letter from Mr. Robert Caldwell, Chairman of the Council of Agriculture of South Australia, to Mr. J. A. Ruddick, chief of the Dominion Dairy Division, who was formerly Dairy Commissioner for New Zealand. Mr. Caldwell says—"I would be greatly obliged if you could supply me with your opinion of the land that the Dominion Government are opening up for settlement, and whether you consider the prospects for settlement are equal to what obtain in New Zealand. Perhaps the department have literature on hand that may meet the demand for information that is often being made upon me. I have myself several sons who do not care about the prospects of farming that obtain at the present time in Australia. If inducements offered, they might turn their attention to the grain lands of your great Northwest. We have had a succession of disastrous seasons, but the gloom cloud seems to be lifting, as the present year has had a most auspicious beginning, one of the most favorable we have had for some time. Still there are dry patches on our great island where an effort is being made to obtain rain by artificial means."

Hen Oil For Incubators.

An extraordinary step in the artificial incubation of eggs is the result of some years of labor on the part of Mr. E. V. Boyes, a young North London chemist. He has discovered that "something," the lack of which, from the time of the Egyptian downwards, has qualified the success of all artificial incubators. With the knowledge that the perspiration and its complex constituents of a sitting hen are important factors to a successful hatch, Mr. Boyes secured a quantity of the perspiration of a large number of hens, feverish with the maternal instinct, and commenced experiment. He found, on chemical analysis, that it consisted of a fatty matter, moisture, and an ethereal substance of acetic odor, with a little dust or dirt. Further experiments have resulted in his now offering the poultry farmer a novel article of commerce in the form of "hen oil." He claims that by putting a little of this curious concoction into the moisture tray under the egg drawer in the incubator, it will be automatically evaporated and diffused by the internal heat, and will do all the instinctive work of a sitting hen. But this is not all. Mr. Boyes has invented a tablet which will provide the lifeless incubator with "animal magnetism." The tablet also is placed in the moisture tray, and as it dissolves gives rise to a continuous non-varying current which aids in bringing forth a larger percentage of healthy chicks than is at present obtainable.

Feather Eating.

A good many devices have been tried to cure fowls which have taken to the vice of feather-eating, but nothing of really outstanding value has been discovered. It has been thought that a deficiency of sulphur in the systems of the culprits excites a tendency to the acquirement of the vice, and I believe there is some truth in this. Improper feeding has much to do with it. When birds have a plentiful supply of green food, have plenty of scratching exercise, and are not overcrowded, they show little inclination to take to feather-eating. Unfortunately there comes a time in the lives of the birds when Nature makes severe demands upon their vitality, and it is then that a few fall victims to the habit. I refer to the period of moulting, and there is no doubt that if the birds are kept idle or in confinement at that time the short sprouting quills, full of feather nourishment, and no doubt juicy and agreeable to the taste, are objects of temptation to them. In this matter prevention is better than cure. Keep the birds well employed by scratching for a part of their living, supply them with plenty of green food, and if they are moulting

put in a pinch of flour of sulphur for each bird in the soft food twice or three times a week. If they are merely jaded and listless during warm weather a little iron tonic in the drinking water stimulates their flagging energies.

What are we to do with confirmed feather-eaters? If there are only one or two in the flock they should be removed from the others, as quickly as possible, as the example is contagious. Some sulphur in their soft food, and a little Epsom salts in their drinking water, on alternate days, for a short time are likely to do good. I have known people to pare the edge of the upper mandible until the quick was practically reached, and when this is done the bird certainly cannot pluck feathers until it hardens again. At the same time it cannot very well pick up grain from the ground, and requires to be fed on soft food. A little touch of a file once a week keeps the surface soft, and by careful feeding during the interval, I have seen a cure effected. But such a proceeding must not go too far, or the stage of cruelty would be reached. The paring or filing should not proceed so far as to draw blood. Unless it is done carefully it should not be done at all. Sometimes nothing but the hatchet will effect a cure, and that is the end of it—Farmer and Stockbreeder, England.

Australia's New Capital.

Tumut, the new capital of the Australian Commonwealth, half-way between Sydney and Melbourne, is at the present moment so remote from the outer world that it is fully twenty miles distant from the nearest line of railroad, with which it keeps in touch by means of a daily coach service. But what it lacks in prosperity and in accessibility it makes up in salubrity and in the picturesque beauty of its surroundings. The town, as yet, consists of about a hundred, but four banks, four churches, curiously placed, as if they were the reflection of the pointer stars of the Southern Cross, a few schools, a lecture hall and three inns. The principal buildings are of red brick, and the verandahs, fronted, corrugated iron roof variety, as common in the small western towns of this country as in Australia, and are perched on the slope of the hillsides, along the banks of the River Murrumbidgee, which, in the town, is called the Murrumbidgee. Australian rivers, does not become infrequently small during the hot weather, but remains at the high water mark always, thanks, perhaps, to the melting snows of the neighboring mountains. The town is situated on the western shore of the Murrumbidgee, the culminating point of the entire continent. This abundance of water all the year round—so rare in Australia—contributes to render the town of Tumut and its vicinity a perfect garden of fruit and flowers. The soil is rich, and is overhung by closely set willows, while the roads are bordered by hedges of sweet brier, intermingled with wattle, the golden blossom of which is the floral emblem of Australia. Long lines of poplars and eucalyptus trees, which are gum trees, will the valley is green with Indian corn. Tumut, commanding the top prices in the markets of Sydney and Melbourne. In fact, the vegetation of Tumut never becomes the withered, bone-dry spectacle so familiar during the heated season in the interior of Australia, and situated as it is in a sheltered mountain valley, its climate conditions are those of a sanatorium as compared with those of Sydney and Melbourne. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive of a more ideal site for a town, where the mountain air, cooled by the snows of towering Kosciusko, will always be at hand to soothe the heated passions and to calm the fevered brow of the Australian legislator. Tumut has rare advantage of being able to have its name spelled forward or backward, according to the wishes of its inhabitants, and, moreover, is aboriginally and therefore characteristically Australian.

Kept His Disk Cleared.

Railroad circles, as well as a large portion of the general public, were greatly interested in the resignation of W. A. Garrett from the general superintendency of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad a few months ago, to assume a more important position with the Queen & Crescent road. Mr. Garrett's rise in the railroad world has been phenomenal, but with a few exceptions he has been a neighborly man at a secret of it all. "When I first went into the railroad business as a young man," said Mr. Garrett, "I was called aside by one of the clerks who said to me, 'Now, Garrett, let me give you a tip. I have been here for twenty years, and I have seen a lot of men go to the top and come back to the bottom. The only way to keep your name cleared is to keep your name cleared.'"

Portland Cement From Slag.

Portland cement has been made from blast-furnace slag for several years in Germany, Luxemburg and Belgium, and the quality is said to be most satisfactory. The Scientific American now tells us that negotiations are being carried on with a view to the introduction of the slag-cement industry in England, Austria and France. Says this paper: "In some respects a blast-works has a considerable advantage over other Portland-cement factories because the motive power for the cement works can be supplied by a blast-furnace gas motor with electric transmission, the rubber or waste noise from the blast-furnaces can be utilized in the cement kiln, and the principal raw materials, namely, the granulated slag and the limestone, are close at hand. Besides, there are other minor advantages. Portland-slag cement has also some advantages over natural Portland-cement, for while the yield from the raw materials when the former is used is about 80 per cent., the yield when the ordinary raw materials are used is seldom more than 60 per cent. As the cost of production per ton of raw materials is nearly equal in both cases, the yield of about 20 per cent. in fuel, labor, etc., is effected in the case of slag cement. Besides this, Portland-slag cement is more trustworthy and more regular, and its manufacture can be more easily controlled than that of the ordinary Portland-cement, because the principal raw material, namely, the blast-furnace slag, is, as a rule, a regular product whose chemical composition is easily controlled; consequently any alterations which are liable to take place are known beforehand and precautions can accordingly be taken in time."

Strength of Insects.

At intervals articles appear in the papers recounting the prodigious strength of insects. Their muscular force is usually compared with their size by stating, for example, that a flea can leap so many times its own length and that an ant can drag so many times its own weight. Then it is stated that man, if he were strong in the same proportion, could jump many rods or lift so many tons. These comparisons, we are told by M. Leo Robida in La Nature (July 11), are misleading, to say the least. He writes: "It is interesting to consider solely from a mechanical point of view, these comparisons between the muscular strength of man and that of insects. Strictly from this standpoint, they are by no means extraordinary and are only one of the forms of what has been called the conflict of squares and cubes. The law is well known—volumes decrease in more rapid ratio than surfaces. The force that the force that a muscle can exert depends on its section, that is to say, on a surface, although its capacity for doing work depends on its volume, as is logical. Here is the explanation of the astonishing strength of insects. Take an example: compare two insects, the muscular strength of a man and that of an insect, the latter 100 times shorter than the former. It is evident that the insect's muscle will be 1,000,000 times lighter than the man's, while its section, and consequently the force that it can exert, will be only 10,000 times less. The conclusion is, since a man can lift 100 kilograms (220 pounds), the insect will lift 10,000 times less or 10 grams (1/10 gram), and we shall have the impressive spectacle of an insect lifting more than 100 times its own weight. In fact, the actual ratio between the surfaces of extraordinary strength is not 100, but 10,000. The muscle of the insect supposed above to be 1/100 of a man's in linear dimensions, furnishes less than the human muscle, exerted through a space 100 times smaller; the work produced will be thus 1,000,000 times smaller which reestablishes the proportion between weight and strength."

Moreover, it seems just as with machines, the smaller are proportionally weaker; as if the insect's muscle, instead of surpassing man's infinitely, is notably inferior to it in quality. Take the flea's jump for instance. By its muscular contraction it gives to its mass a movement capable of raising it 30 centimeters (12 inches) in the air, or a weight to 15 millers (about 5 feet) by leaping. For equal weight, the human muscle thus furnishes five times more work than that of a flea in a single contraction, since the work is the product of the weight by the height to which it is raised. This translation made for The Literary Digest.

Courage Enough For Two.

M. Gerente, a Senator of Algeria, was made a hero in spite of himself recently, but he modestly placed the credit of the enterprise where it belonged. He followed the Governor-General of the North African colony and General O'Connor to Figlig, during the recent disturbances, and was one of the last persons to get away from the fire of the Moors. While the bullets were flying around the heads of the official persons, who remarked to him that his conduct was most courageous under fire, but that he had undoubtedly been rather rash, especially as he was a non-combatant, and had no rifle or sword with which to protect himself. The Senator, in reply, said in a matter-of-fact tone to the remarks made, and then said in a somewhat husky voice: "You need not congratulate me. It was my mule that did it. I hammered him with all my might, and dug my heels into his sides, in order to make him gallop after you, but he wouldn't do it. He returned to a certain extent, but I was not so fortunate, and I was obliged to remain where I was. Accordingly, I have to admit, in spite of myself, that the obstinate animal had courage enough for the two of us." M. Gerente added that he was very glad that his mule ride from the jaws of death was over.

Kicked the Insulter.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Greece were the other day the central figures in a singular incident at the theatre of Phaleron, where they were making a short stay. Their Royal Highnesses were occupying the only box in the house during the performance of a French opera when suddenly a quietly dressed man entered and began a furious tirade against the Princess, whom he threatened to strike. The Crown Prince sprang to his feet, and first lunged at the intruder, and then, after a few blows, he kicked him out of the box. When removed to the police station, the man proved to be mad drunk, and on sleeping himself sober was evidently amazed to learn of the scene he had created. At the instigation of the Princess he was not prosecuted.

Colonel Schiel Dead.

Colonel Schiel, whose death was recently announced, was originally an officer of Prussian Hussars, but left the German army to emigrate to South Africa. He first found employment with a German Colony as a transport rider, and in that capacity travelled over the better part of the British and Boer Colonies. He then married the daughter of a German missionary and entered the Transvaal State service. The Pretoria Government sent him on a mission to Durban, where he vainly tried to persuade Prince Bismarck to intervene in the affairs of Zululand. Happily the promptitude of the British Government defeated this intrigue, and Schiel returned empty-handed to Pretoria. He was then appointed Native Commissioner for the northern province. Here he was very successful in pacifying the natives. His next post was that of Chief Prisons Inspector of the South African Republic. Later on he received the appointment of a Captain of State Artillery, and was sent to Berlin to perfect himself in gunnery tactics, to buy artillery and draw up plans for the fortification of Pretoria and other towns. After the Jameson Raid Schiel's activity in organizing the armaments of the Transvaal received a new stimulus. The Johannesburg fort was built under his direct supervision, and he was its first Commandant. When the war with Great Britain broke out, Colonel Schiel was attached to the staff of General Joubert as Adjutant-General of the Boer forces. Assisted by a staff of German ex-officers, he drew up all the early plans of the Boer campaign. His period of active service was, however, short, for he was captured by the British in the early days of the war. His captivity was spent chiefly at St. Helena. On being released on parole he proceeded to Germany, where he had ever since resided quietly.



The Doctor Leads Him by the Nose

Ninety-nine hearts out of a hundred are failing to do their work. There may be no pain there, but it is felt somewhere, for some organ is robbed of its proper need of blood by this insidious heart failure, and distress follows. Common sense says, cure where the trouble and pain begin. Use

DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE,

because it begins at the blood's distributing organ, healing that rapidly and making it strong and able, quickly sends strength and health to every other organ. It is the only way that combines science and sense and relieves and cures.

HENRY ARRY, of Peterboro, Ont., writes: "I suffered with my heart, nerves and general debility. The best doctors said I must die within a month. On my wife's advice I tried DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE. Relief from the first dose. I am fully cured. Weighted 123 pounds—now 180 pounds."

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT will drive Piles away forever. Relief on the instant. Speedily removes all skin blotches and pimples. Lotion, salt rheum, etc. Price, 25c.

Marriage Customs in the Caucasus.

In the northern Caucasus nearly half the death rate of the inhabitants is caused by venereal disease. The London Telegraph, and at least three-fourths of the venereal cases are the result of a curious marriage custom which is now declining in the population. The native of those parts who wishes to take a wife must first go to the market and buy a young man who can afford to invest such a large sum in a wife, however accomplished. What generally happens in such cases is that the indigent candidate for the order of benediction induces a few staid war comrades to seize the maiden and carry her off. What too often follows then may be gathered from a case in point which has just taken place in Sozambulak. Bokayeff is the bridegroom's name, and Neshko, that of the girl's father. Bokayeff had the misfortune to find favor in his eyes. His pockets being empty, he persuaded three comrades to kidnap the maid, whom the thief took to another village as his wife. But her father, on discovering the deed, was not content to let the matter pass, but had her sent back by the police, and then demanded £30 for loss of her services, as we should say. Bokayeff, to whom the demand was made, would not or could not pay. The girl's father thereupon claimed that sum from the bridegroom's company, who are equally liable. Bokayeff admitted the justice of his claim, and called upon Bokayeff to hand over the sum to them. On his refusal they shot him dead, that being the custom of the country, although danger is also allowed to the youths were forthwith arrested and will, of course, be tried and deported. But that far from being the end of the matter, is only the very beginning. The kindred of the slain man are now preparing to "wipe out" the millions of the murdered girl's family, by the custom of the country to wash away the stain on her reputation in the blood of the clans of both the murdered man and his murderers. And Russian law is powerless to intervene.

Provost Daniel, the recently elected head of Worcester College, Oxford, says "The London Sketch, some years ago when he was proctor of the institution, made a swift return to an undergraduate who had paid to pay an unwilling call upon him. A fine morning air, remarked the undergraduate, wishing to establish genial relations. "A five-shilling fine morning, I'm afraid," said Mr. Daniel.

The dowager Czarina is a great favorite in Russia. Among other stories illustrating her character is this: She saw on her husband's table a document regarding the political position of the margrave Alexander III. had written, "Paradise possible to be sent to Siberia." The Czarina took up the pen, and striking out the semi-colon after "impossible," put it before the word. Then the endorsement read, "Paradise impossible to be sent to Siberia." The Czar let it stand.



Shouting Isn't Proving

In the matter of the so-called Catarrh Cures; Others prate and promise; we perform and prove.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

is a powder put in the nostril, not in the mouth. It is not a remedy but the cure, and the healing effect is felt at once. The breath will come freely, filling the system with a new vigor. Colds and Catarrh are relieved, and headache fully cured in ten minutes. Catarrh of twenty years' standing cured in a few days.

Hon. George Taylor, the well known politician, of Scranton, Pa., writes: "Effect of DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER can truly say was magical. First application cleared my head instantly. I used it according to directions, and I have not had the slightest symptoms since."

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS

make even a high liver a long liver. For dullness of the skin, eruptions, languor and bowel irregularities, every pill is good as a physic. Clean, although they cost only ten cents for forty doses. Is

