THE ATLIN CLAIM.

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IMPORTANT CHANGE.

A. S. Cross & Co. and N. C. Wheeling & Co. Amalgamate.

Probably the most important combination, which has ever been made in commercial centers in Atlin is the merging of the business of A. S. Cross & Co. and N. C. Wheeling & Co. into a limited liability company to be known as the Atlin Trading Co. with a capital stock of $100,000.

This company has enough capital to purchase and carry a sufficiently large stock to last over the winter season and to secure to their customers the lowest prices which will result from buying goods at the lowest market values and in quantities sufficiently large as to ensure the best freight arrangements.

The officers are A. S. Cross, Pres. and Treasurer, N. C. Wheeling, Sec., E. Dalton Rork, William J. Robinson, and J. K. McLennon, Directors. A considerable amount of outside capital has been invested in the business and it is intended to erect warehouses for the storing of stock, and go largely into various other lines, as the business may demand.

The company will occupy the store at present occupied by N. C. Wheeling & Co. and will establish branches in various parts of the district as the necessity arises.

FIVE MORE DREDGES

Being Negociated for to Operate in Atlin.

Mr. Wm. Robinson, who arrived last week, accompanied by his wife and daughter is more than sanguine as to the possibilities of dredging in this camp.

Mr. Robinson, who is principal owner in the big dredge now being erected on Pine reports that he is negociating the purchase of five more dredges to operate here; he has no doubts whatever about the success of the present plant and considers it a foregone conclusion. With the knowledge we have of the proven value of the ground on Gold Run we quite coincide with Mr. Robinson and look forward to some sensational clean-ups.

Rev. Pringle on Atlin

The Rev. John Pringle, who paid us a visit last month is back in Dawson. He is highly pleased with the outlook and in speaking of the camp at the Yukon Council, of which he is a Councillor he says:

"It is likely the output of Atlin this year will reach a million and a half dollars. From No 25 below to 40 above on Boulder it is estimated that $500,000 will be taken out.

The New Diggings.

Very conflicting reports continue to come from the new Whitehorse gold fields. Some of the miners are beginning to sluice so that we shall soon hear of results, if any.

Al McLaren and Joe Brown reports to the Juneau Record Miner that the strike was a fake, and that claims next to Discovery on Ruby could be purchased for $2.50, this we hardly believe, although we still think Atlin good enough to stand by.

MINING REFORMS.

Provincial Association Will Submit List of Requirements to Candidates For Legislature

Rossland, Aug 29.—The executive of the Mining Association of British Columbia in session today resolved to carry the war for reforms in connection with mining legislation into practical politics. It was moved by Messr. Galt and Howse that all candidates for election to the legislature in the present election be interrogated as to whether they would support the aims of the organization by their vote and influence. This was in a general sense, but the following were particularized:

1. To repeal the two per cent. tax.

2. To amend the Mineral Act so as to provide that failure to keep up a free miner's license shall not operate as a complete forfeiture of rights as required under the act, but that some reasonable provision be adopted for the extension of time within which the certificates may be renewed.

3. To entitle the owners of mineral claims to the use of the timber on such claims for mining purposes, without the imposition of the royalty now enforced.

4. Crown grants on mineral claims to be reduced from $25 to $10.

5. To inquire into the operation of the Boiler Inspection Act, with a view to ascertaining to what extent the said act works unnecessary hardships upon the operators and owners of steam boilers, and to remove any amendment and just grievance.

6. To amend the Placer Mining Act to enable holders of placer claims to secure a title thereto by crown grants.

7. To pass a Conciliation Act for the settlement of labor troubles.

8. To revise and consolidate the acts relating to quartz and placer mining; to remove numerous anomalies in the existing acts and to simplify the laws relating to mining.

9. The desirability of opening Indian reserves throughout the province for mining purposes.

Copies of the foregoing in extenso are being sent to candidates nominated throughout the province and to newspapers.

The executive adjourned, to meet in Kamloops on November 23rd.

Secretary Root.

Handed in his Resignation to President Roosevelt.

William H. Taft, of Cincinnatti will Succeed Root as Secretary of War on January 1st. 1904.

Mr. Root resigned his office as Secretary of war on the 26th of August, resignation to take effect on January 1st.

Mr. Root's name has been mentioned as a probable candidate for the presidency and his resignation means his permanent retirement from the Roosevelt cabinet.

His successor, Mr. W. H. Taft is at present governor of the Philippine Islands.

Attempted Murder.

The U. S. Vice Consul Murderously Attacked at Beirut.

Washington.—The state department were horrified on receipt of a cable saying that the United States Vice Consul Magelssen had been murdered. Instructions were sent to Admiral Cotton to proceed to Beirut and demand satisfaction.

Later news reported that Vice Consul Magelssen was not killed although seriously wounded.

Admiral Cotton was again notified to get satisfaction and obtain facts; also to take any action he thought necessary.

$1000 REWARD.

The men arrested last week have all been released there being no evidence forthcoming to warrant their further detention. No new arrests have been made and so far the theives are still at large.

The Government has offered a reward of $500 and the Atlin Mining Co. Limited have raised their offer to a like sum, making a total of $1000 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the robbers.

International Yacht Race.

Reliance won the third race of the series by two miles and holds the American cup.

A New Arrival.

No doubt every one received a beaming smile on Friday morning from our Gold Commissioner, the cause of this unusual happiness is due to the fact that his family had been added to by the arrival of a bonny girl.

The Balkan Crisis.

Sofia.—The outlook in Macedonia shows no improvement. Insurgents have killed several Turkish soldiers at Dnevnik. A division of Roumania's army has been sent to the Bulgarian frontier.

War is raging at fifteen places in the Vilayet of Adrianople, great loss of life.

How to Approach An Editor in Warm Weather.

The New Denver Ledge gives the following instructions to those who wish to join the order of Payups:

Parties wishing to enter the printing office at this season of the year should be governed by the following rules: Advance to the door and give three distinct raps, or kick the door down. The "devil" will attend to your alarm. You will give him your name, postoffice address and the number of years you are owing the paper. He will admit you. You will then advance to the middle of the room and address the editor with the following countersign: Extend the right hand about two feet from the body, with the thumb and index finger clasping a ten dollar bill, which drop into the extended hand of the editor, at the same time saying, "Were you looking for me?" The editor will grasp your hand and the bill and say, "You bet!" After giving him the news of your locality you will be permitted to retire with a receipt for an obligation properly discharged.

Monday being a statutary holiday the Govt. Offices will be closed.

J. A. Fraser,
Gold Commissioner.

RECOGNITION HEREAFTER.

Rev. Henry M. Barbour, Church of the Beloved Disciple, New York.

Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself.—St. Luke, xxiv., 39.

The above words suggest the subject of our recognition of departed loved ones in the world to come. This subject is of interest at all times and touches well-nigh everyone. Hardly any there are but have buried their dead; hardly any but have shut off from the daily activities of their souls, a consecrated void; hardly any but at times are earnestly asking, "Shall we see these dear absent ones again, and will there be some bond of recognition between us?"

Now on this question we could hardly expect the Word of God to say much. God would occupy us here with duty rather than with speculation, however tender and sacred. Not what heaven is, but how to get to heaven, is the great problem before us. We are given little of description, much of direction. No map of that golden city is provided, but on the narrow road the cross ever and anon is set up as a guidepost to point the way. But although the burden of inspiration has to do with the privileges and the requirements of this world, it gives us no empty consolation with reference to them who are fallen asleep. In the first place, there is that pervading undertone which we detect everywhere. We cannot explain it, we cannot point it out; but somehow, open the Bible where we may, it "comforts us concerning our brother."

But, again, the recognition of those we have known on earth is implied in many of the fundamental declarations of God's Word. We are to be held accountable, for instance, for our dealings with those around us. Can it, then, be possible that we are not to know those whom we have influenced for good or ill?

Perhaps, however, the strongest of the indirect teachings of the Bible on this point is to be found in those numberless similitudes which describe our state, here and hereafter, as one of association. The Kingdom of Heaven is like a net cast into the sea and enclosing a great multitude of fishes. It is like a supper furnished with guests. It is a fellowship, a communion, a family, a household. Surely, knit together by such ties, the members of that kingdom must know each other.

But we are not left to mere inferences and implications. The Bible asserts directly the doctrine of mutual recognition hereafter. "Many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of God." Of course, there would be no significance in this statement if the patriarchs are not to be known as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Again:—"Ye shall see Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and all the prophets in the Kingdom of God." Says St. Paul to the Thessalonians:—"What is our hope or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?" Again, he says to them:—"Now, we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto Him." Again once more:—"I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not as others who have no hope." The hope referred to here is obviously that of meeting again. Many more allusions of like character might be drawn from the epistles of St. Paul. But it will suffice us to turn from them now and to consider only the further statement of our text. And were that statement alone it would be enough, for it tells us that the glorified body of our Lord was recognized; and He was our first fruits, and as He rose so shall we rise. There was, indeed, about Him an unearthly lustre, but the wounds were yet visible, the same eyes looked out upon the Apostles, the same lips spake to them, the same hands blessed them, albeit a wondrous glory illumined all. There was that about Him which dazzled and bewildered.

Not at first, did Mary and His disciples know Him. While they sought the gardener or would go a-fishing or walked sorrowful and hopeless by the wayside their eyes were darkened; but when they turned their spiritual gaze upon Him, then they knew Him. Then Mary said, "Rabboni;" then St. John cried, "It is the Lord"; then doubting Thomas believed; then repentant Peter sank at His feet. In like manner it shall be with us and ours. We shall be changed. For corruption there shall be incorruption, for weakness power, for dishonor glory, for the natural the spiritual body. And mayhap, too, the unseen struggles and sufferings of the past shall be registered upon our faces, and thus our real characters express themselves; the things which were hidden come abroad, and the good deeds done in secret be forever rewarded openly. But our identity, our appearance, our immortal individuality shall yet remain and we be known to each other by many infallible proofs. Abraham shall remain Abraham, Daniel shall still be Daniel, the Good Shepherd shall still call His sheep by name, and they who have met in this life shall meet again in that. An Isaac shall rejoin Rebecca, a David shall go to the child who could not come to him, a Mary and a Martha shall greet their brother, and the tears of a Rachel weeping for her children shall be wiped away.

For horses fagged out after a tiring journey, there is no safer or better tonic than a "white drink," made by stirring a pint of oatmeal in a pail of water off which the chill has been taken. White drinks of this kind are not only good thirst quenchers, but they also seem to act as restoratives, and are found very effective in enabling animals to regain the "tonicity" of constitution lost either through illness or through undergoing severe exertion.

The Latest Machine Milker.

An improved milking machine is reported to be making some progress in Australia. It is a modification of an English machine, about three hundred of which were in use in Victoria. After some months it was noticed that the cows began to shrink.

One of the dairymen, a practical mechanic, put an inspection glass in the rubber tube leading from the teats to the can, when the mystery was solved. In the English machine the four teat cups unite at the bottom into one tube, which has to carry away all the milk, and through which, at the same time, the vacuum pressure is applied to the teats. The result of this arrangement is that, when there is a full supply of milk coming from the cow, the vacuum cannot work properly. The pulsation is caused by letting a little air into the can every second, and this air rushes against the milk, causing it to surge backwards and forwards in the tube. After a little while the milk, instead of running freely into the can, is actually driven up the teat cups against the cow's teats. The final result of this peculiar action is that the milking operation is impeded, while the surging of the milk up against the teats so incommodes the cow that she holds up the rest of her milk.

The result of this discovery was that within a few weeks all of the English machines were discarded. The dairyman, however, who discovered the cause of the failure, Mr. Alexander Gillies of Terang, believing that it could be overcome, at once set to work to do so. After numberless experiments on his own herd of eighty cows, he set up, some three months ago, a machine which is claimed to be a perfect milking machine, which he has protected by patents all over Australasia and abroad. Recognizing that a pulsating vacuum was the most feasible method of extracting the milk, he was also convinced that having the one tube only for both milk and pressure was impracticable. His machine, therefore, has two light rubber tubes, going side by side direct from the milk can to the teats.

The capacity of a machine which milks two cows at a time is about sixteen cows an hour. As one man can easily manage two machines the saving of labor is marked.

Importance of Cleanliness.

We do not intend to repeat any further how essential a feature of successful dairying is the observance of proper cleanliness, but at the last meeting of the Eastern Ontario Dairymen Dr. Connell gave forth some fresh figures on the question which afford further confirmation of the position held by all progressive dairy workers.

The doctor gave the results of analysis of milk taken from cows under the different conditions as to cleanliness. In one case—where the cow was brushed before milking, the udders wiped, the stable kept in a thoroughly sanitary condition, and the person of the milker was also clean—the milk still showed 4,300 bacteria to sixteen drops of milk. In another case milk was taken from cows the udders of which had been wiped, which were kept in a fairly clean barn, that were milked into clean pails (but pails that had not been scalded), and by men whose hands had been wiped, but not washed. In this case the number of bacteria was 15,500. In another case, where cows were milked under ordinary conditions which prevailed on the ordinary farm, the number of bacteria was 30,000 to sixteen drops. The bacteria found in the milk taken from cows under the best possible conditions as to cleanliness were, it is believed, for the most part just inside the teat before milking began. The old practice of squirting the first stream of milk outside the pail has a scientific basis to rest upon.

Absolute cleanliness in the stable, cooling of the milk after milking, sterilization of utensils by scalding, cool curing of cheese, and no more sending home of whey in milk cans, are pointers which may also be strongly insisted upon.

In touching on the question of water supply, it was stated that no factory should be considered properly equipped that is without pure water.—The Maritime Farmer.

Wife—Before we were married you pretended that you liked to have me sit on your knee.

Husband—Well, you were a pretty good pretender yourself. You pretended that you preferred to sit on a chair—Chicago News.

The Norfolk's Monkey.

The 2nd Battalion Norfolk Regiment, which recently returned from South Africa, and is now quartered at Colchester, is very proud of its regimental pet—a large monkey named Bronko, secured at Pretoria. Bronko is proud of his slatish-colored coat, and knows his name when he is addressed, frowns at strangers, and points at them as much as to say, "Who are you?" To some people he takes readily; to others he shows his teeth. When told that General Gatacre or the Colonel is coming he draws himself up to his full height—over four feet—brushes his coat and salutes in quite a soldierly fashion. He likes a game of tug-of-war with a wisp of straw, at which he is very cunning, eats a quantity of oranges, which cost 6s 6d per week, and is fond of bananas, sweets and almonds. He has a failing for cigarettes, which he does not smoke, but dissects, and can drink beer in a fashion which creates visions of the Black List.

Had the Advantage.

The Kansas papers tell a story of an incident in President Hayes' visit to that State in 1879. President Roosevelt's visit is the occasion for telling it, and, had it happened to the present occupant of the White House, it would have amused him beyond anything else in his entire trip. Mr. Hayes was engaged in a speechmaking and handshaking tour. At Hutchinson a large crowd had gathered to greet him. In Hutchinson at the time was one "Bill" Graham, a cattleman much given to the use of intoxicating liquor. "Bill" joined the crowd without knowing what it was all about. He fell in line and gradually approached the President, who was standing on the lower step of his car and shaking hands with all who came. As "Bill" came near, the President reached over, grasped him by the hand, shook it vigorously and said:—"My friend, I am delighted to see you."

"Thash all right, pard," said Bill, "but, b'gosh, yer got the advantage of me!"

The Nice Conductor.

"Talking of hardships," remarked the minister with a smile, "reminds me of a little romance connected with one of my marriages some time ago. The bride was a very pretty girl, and was one of my parishioners. The bridegroom was a motorman on a trolley car. I wondered when I married them how he had found time to court her, as he was on duty for long hours day and night. Meeting the bride on the street shortly after the honeymoon, I asked her about it.

"'You couldn't have seen much of John while you were engaged?' I remarked.

"'Oh, but I did,' the bride replied. 'I used to ride around with him on the front platform at night, and the conductor didn't look.'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Beauty-making Foods.

"The best of all beauty-making foods are fresh fruits and fresh vegetables," said Prof. H. W. Wiley, the famous United States Government chemist, who is incidentally a skilled physician. "They contain relatively little nourishment—a woman could hardly live on them exclusively for any length of time—but for reasons which as yet are imperfectly understood, they possess extraordinary value as health-givers. If you want bright eyes and a clear complexion, eat plenty of them."

The fact is that most fresh vegetables and fruits are nearly all water. Spinach is 92 1-2 per cent. water, cabbage is 77 per cent. water, beets are 88 per cent. water, carrots are 91 per cent. water, cauliflower is 91 per cent. water, cucumbers are 96 per cent. water, egg plant is 93 per cent. water, onions are 78 1-2 per cent. water, tomatoes are 96 per cent. water, green corn (cut from the cob) is 81 1-2 per cent. water, and celery is 94 1-2 per cent. water. Fruits are pretty nearly all water, though the banana is relatively rich in starch.

Fruits and vegetables, then, are of no great use in supporting the human body. Their value is mainly medicinal, and as beauty-makers they are the chief among foods. It is almost impossible to eat too much of them in a fresh state, though, of course, the diet must include a reasonable proportion of those substances, such as meat, which furnish blood and muscle tissue.

Have a Laugh.

I know I'm bald, but, after all,
That isn't bad, when all is said;
I do not have to muss my hair
To let the breezes hit my head.
—Baltimore News.

The late discovery in strawberries of salicylic acid, a specific in acute rheumatism, has seemed to confirm the idea that these berries are a desirable article of food for rheumatics. The effect of the fruit cannot be due to the salicylic acid, however, as less than the hundredth of a grain per pound is found.

"I don't understand how E. H. Harriman got up about two weeks after his operation for appendicitis," said one of a group at the club, "when it took me six weeks to get on my feet."

"Oh, well, your time was not so valuable," etc., from the crowd. Meanwhile the doctor in the group had been silent.

"You heard, of course, what they found?" he ventured. General interest—

"Why, the appendix was full of undigested securities, and all they had to do was to cut the coupons off."—New York Times.

A Perfect Disappearance.

By Talbot Smith.

THE last hope of saving Winthrop Lyle's life was gone. After a patient hearing of the case, the Governor decided that the sentence of death must stand. The clever lawyers who had fought for the criminal, regretfully accepted defeat, and authorized Lyle's friends to notify him of the end of hope. This duty fell to young Lyle, who had fought his brother's battle with courage and skill; but he quailed before the new task as if he were the executioner. So many times he had mounted the hill to the prison with hope in his heart and good cheer on his lips! And now he must ascend it once more with the fearful message that a Lyle was to die on the scaffold! He did not need to tell his story in words. Winthrop read it in his convulsed face, and simply clasped his hand with a brother's tenderness. His was the stronger soul.

"I did not expect better news," he said. "A long and gallant fight like yours against such odds rarely wins a victory. I am prepared for the end."

He lowered his voice as he continued, for they were in the death-house of the prison, and the guard stood close, to see every movement.

"You know that I am determined a Lyle of our family shall not die in disgrace like this. I have perfected a plan of escape. It will be successful, one way or another, I assure you. Before the day of execution comes I shall be far away from this place—or dead. I am not going to tell you any more about it, because success depends upon your ignorance of my movements. I want you to do one thing, and promise another. Leave ten thousand dollars with Lawyer Broome, to be given to anyone who asks for it, be he beggar, tramp, or gentleman. And promise me that if I escape no one of my family will make the slightest effort to find me, or follow me."

"It's all right about the ten thousand," said Harry; "but I don't understand the other request. Isn't it a little hard?"

"In the shadow of the gallows," Winthrop replied, "what can be hard? I want to save myself and you from that shame. I must choose between death and what is harder to bear than death—exile, and eternal separation from my own. If I escape death by my own hand it will be only by disappearing as completely as if the earth swallowed me. I choose to disappear, and I shall never return. Some whisper of my condition may reach you now and then, but by those who are dear to me I shall never again be seen. The necessity of so hard a lot ought to be plain to you."

"It is and it isn't," said Harry, distressed. "Can't you leave a little hope of seeing you some time in the future?"

"Out of the question. You know what a search will be made for me. I shall need the cunning of Satan to escape, and I think I have it. But the one condition of success is the ignorance of you all, the perpetual and willing ignorance as to what has become of me. I have learned one thing: that escaped prisoners are caught again because they cannot give up all connection with the past; with the people, the scenes, the memories, the habits to which they were accustomed. So they leave a little path from their hiding place to the past for clever detectives to find. Look at that bright boy watching us yonder. He is the smartest detective on the force, and his present office is to see that I do not die or escape until hanged."

"Then you are to go away for good," said Harry, with increasing gloom. "It will be the same as if you were buried."

"Just that, but minus the shame," said Winthrop, with great satisfaction. "Don't quarrel over good luck."

"I won't, but it feels like death. We must be resigned, though, and I give you my promise."

"Here, then, are your instructions. From this time on act as if the hanging were to take place one week from to-day. Tell mother nothing. When the news of my flight reaches you, look upon me as dead and buried in Newton churchyard. In fact, it won't help you to act otherwise. My plan of escape excludes you all. If it did not, or if through weakness I let you share in the secret, I might as well die at once. Good-by!"

Winthrop was in good spirits at the close of the visit, and kept himself in the same mood for the next few days, in spite of the trying scenes of farewell with his friends and relatives. Young Detective Lord watched him in great uneasiness, for his reputation depended upon the hanging of this clever scion of a famous family. He could not rid himself of a presentiment that the execution would never take place, no matter what care the authorities might exercise. In the history of criminal trials none had given so much trouble as Lyle's to get a conviction. The case had not only been tried in the courts and the newspapers, it had also a private hearing in judicial and executive chambers. The Lyle family, wealthy and powerful, was bent on preventing by any means the disgrace of the scaffold. It was a great triumph for justice when influence, intrigue, corruption, and the skill of the lawyers came to naught in court and elsewhere. Even public opinion, won to sympathy by the brilliant struggle which Lyle made for his life, by his talent, his spirit, his beauty of face and manner, his steady and solemn declarations of innocence, was resisted and overcome by the officers of justice. Detective Lord had followed the struggle in its secret details, and was convinced that Lyle would never be hanged. So he promptly declined the chief's appointment to become responsible for the execution. In the end, he was persuaded to accept. He could easily bear the failure sure to attend this duty, but suspicion of bribery was a different thing. It was sure to fall upon him, as it had fallen on every official connected with the stubborn criminal.

The care taken to prevent a prisoner under sentence of death from escape or suicide is very thorough in first-class prisons, but it reminds one of the care taken by railroad corporations to prevent accidents. No matter how perfect the system, it depends on men for success; and engineers will drink, switchmen fall asleep, telegraph operators miss the right word, and brakemen fail to swing a warning lantern. Winthrop Lyle, counting more on the weakness of human nature in others than its strength in himself, escaped by the simple process of overpowering the deathwatch, locking him up in a cell, and walking out of the prison by a path which cost four thousand dollars to make. Lyle computed that if the road, two feet wide and three hundred long, were carpeted with one dollar bills, it would take four thousand of them to cover the space. Therefore he offered the deathwatch that sum for luck, and, so left the great prison forever. Every one remembers the stir created by his disappearance. The officials, mad with rage and shame, really exhausted the means at their command to find the criminal. Lord, dismissed in disgrace, as public opinion demanded, threatened the chief with a suit for damages. He regained his place, which meant nothing, for he was left in idleness and obscurity. Nor would he consent to that punishment. The chief finally appointed him to a place in the pursuit of Lyle, on condition that it remained a secret, and that his abstention from interference with the regular plan of pursuit be absolute.

The plan came to naught within a year. Lord held on six months longer, studying with infinite patience clews, actual and theoretic, that promised something. Lyle had vanished into thin air. Had he dissolved into elementary gases at the prison gates, he could not have left less trace of his path into the world. Not one clew ever led to any result, not even to a decent theory of his escape. Lord continued the pursuit out of pure fascination for a mystery which overtaxed his powers, and took the edge off his natural shrewdness. After resigning, and going into an orchestra as first violin—for faith in his abilities finally deserted him—this fascination accompanied him, and proved a great bore to his friends from the endless speculations it led him to indulge. Over his mantel he kept a fine photograph of Winthrop Lyle, and the slim, hard figure, the pale, thin, high-bred face, the severe expression and dark eyes had a prominent place in his sleeping and waking dreams. In the end, no one took any interest in his cherished mystery, save the boy who played the cello in the orchestra.

It was always a great relief to Lord to turn from constant brooding on the tints of Lyle's picture, to the society of the young musician; for Wilhelm Ganz was a soft-boned, easy going German, slow in speech and movement, given to beer and laughter, fond of his wife, baby and cello, and fonder of the Lyle problem than Lord himself.

When the boarding-house, the day-dreams and the world grew wearisome, the detective went over to his friend's house, and spent a Sunday evening in the Ganz parlor. It was a cosy home, and its owners, its pictures, its very furniture, spoke of ease and comfort. Wilhelm was fair-skinned, fat and jolly, and loved to sit with his baby or his cello at his left hand, a mug of Bavarian beer at his right. His wife and child were plump and rosy, and even the gray professor father, with his habits of study and solemn expression, had a fat and contented air about him. Not having been long in the country, they spoke English with a gentle accent. German pictures hung on the wall, and German colors were everywhere. Frau Ganz could not abide American cooking, and her table was ever dressed out with the seasoned dishes of the Fatherland. When they sang songs or indulged in old memories, the little village near Munich was the theme. The one promise to baby to induce him to be good was a visit to Munich when he had come to be a man. Among these simple people Lord might talk his hobby to death, and be listened to with reverence.

"It's so nice to have a clever detective speak by the hour of a great murderer and villain," Frau Ganz said to her neighbors. The professor did not pay much attention, while Wilhelm was a tireless listener, and had many speculations on the plan of escape used by Lyle.

"No doubt he is dead," said Wilhelm one day. The remark brought out a new fact.

"Why do you think so?" Lord asked.

"He could not have fooled the best detectives in the land, and so many of them. He died, probably by his own hand, and his relatives buried him secretly, so that there might be no more scandal over the poor devil."

"But I know that he was not dead a year and three months after his flight," said Lord. "I read a note sent by him to his mother. It said: 'The man who fled is well and happy, but too far to go to you or to be reached by message. Be content.' You see, I watched the house of his mother, and read their letters, their newspapers, everything to get a clew. So he was alive. But where?"

"Wonderful," said Wilhelm. "Could you not track that note to its writer?"

Lord threw up his hands in disgust.

"The letter was postmarked New York, the paper was American. It had been written by a friend, who had received the message, probably by cable, to transmit to the mother. I looked up the matter, but, of course, it was only waste of time."

"I have a theory," began Wilhelm, slowly.

"What? Another!" The detective laughed, and the professor glanced irritably at his son.

"A new one, sure," said Wilhelm, placidly. "Some time, when I have fitted the joints, I will tell you how that Lyle

(Continued on page 6.)

ROLFF HOUSE

By G. H. BENEDICT.

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure.

was evidently withstood the assaults of many years, as also a liking for good spirits, of which it was much the fashion of the time to partake freely. To introduce him without further words, this old fellow was Carl Krum, and his special business it was to have in charge a boat ferry that crossed the river at the landing about a mile and a half from the village. This ferry belonged to the mistress of Rolff House, and the old fellow had from time immemorial almost been in charge of it, and constituted one of the family at Rolff House. He was not a frequent visitor to the bar-room of Ronk's Tavern, and when he came it was generally the case that something had happened that excited public gossip unusually, or had some special interest to himself.

The group of talkers sitting about the room grew suddenly silent as the old man entered. A seat was offered him, and he dropped quietly into it, and continued puffing sedately on a short pipe that was in his mouth.

After an interval of silence, a short, pursy little fellow, who was sitting with his chair tipped beside the emberless fireplace, spoke up:

"Here's old Carl," he said. "He can tell us all about it. Now, let me state the matter. I maintained that the old lady was eighty-three; you all denied it. Now, how is it, Mr. Krum?"

The old man took his pipe quietly out of his mouth.

"She's eighty-three," he said, "and she'll be ninety-three, if the good Lord so will and my prayers are heard. But what matters it, ye idle gossips?"

"Exactly," continued the first speaker, without noticing the old man's rebuke; "and that confirms what I said. 'Taint often, I tell you, that I make a mistake in a person's age when they die—that is, the old lady ain't dead yet, but everybody knows that old Doctor Pronk has given her up, and when he says anybody has got to die, he generally makes a sure job of it."

There was some laughter at this poor jest, but it was interrupted by the old man:

"That's a fair specimen of the devil's wit as well as the devil's manners, or I'm no judge," he said. "It's not given to any human being to fix the limit of a fellow creature's life; and, as for the good old Doctor, the only mistake he ever made was in not strangling some specimens of this ungodly generation at their birth. Yet I fear that it is only too true that Rolff House is to lose its mistress. I've no romantic fondness for the poor old lady; but it is a scurvy dog that will not fawn on the hand that has fed it for years."

"You'll be provided for, Carl," interrupted one of the party.

"I have received my full due," replied the old man, "and expect nothing."

"Well, she ought to give you something," interrupted the landlord; "but there's no telling—she's a queer old woman."

"Queer old place, too," broke in the little man again, who was evidently one of the kind that like to do most of the talking. "I don't wonder that anybody is queer after living in it so many years. Queer stories I've heard about it. Most folks believe the house is haunted; and I've heard that the old fellow who built it was a pirate, and had no end of money he'd made by murder and robbery on the high seas. After he built the house, they say he had rooms piled full of silver and gold. Then I've heard he sold himself to the devil, on condition that the money would always be kept safe in Rolff House; and a good bargain he made of it, seeing that the devil had him safe anyhow. But the devil came and took him one fine day; and the money is all in the house yet, and nobody can touch it, they say, except they sell themselves to the devil, too. That's the story, and some people believe it."

"Some people," interposed old Carl, "are born fools, and only fit to be gulled by stories of ghosts and hobgoblins. If anybody living is pretty well acquainted with Rolff House and the Rolff family, it is myself, for I have known them these fifty years; and, as I am an honest man and a good Christian, I pronounce all such silly tales but idle superstitions. There's enough that is strange and romantic about Rolff House without peopling it with ghosts or giving it over to the possession of the Evil One."

"That's all very well," here broke in a new member of the circle; "but I say it's good Scripture to believe in ghosts; and if there is any place that is likely to be haunted, it is Rolff House. And, as for the devil having a lease on that old pirate's gold, why shouldn't he? It's only claiming his own, and we all know the devil is pretty sure to do that. For my part, I believe that all ain't right at Rolff House. Many's the story I've heard of queer doings up there. There's my brother Sol.; he says he was going by there once about midnight, and everything was dark and gloomy about the house, when all of a sudden a stream of flame shot out of the big chimney on the east side, and a black object sprang out of it and was off in the air as quick as a flash. And I've been by there myself at nights, when I've heard queer noises coming from the house, and others have heard them, too, and seen strange sights. I don't know as it is respectful to the old lady to tell about these things now, but if they're so, they're so, and that's all there is about it."

The speaker was a short, very peculiar-looking man. A heavy beard covered his meagre face, and long frowsy hair reached down to his shoulders, and hair and beard both seemed to be of a dirty slate-blue color. His yellow skin appeared to have a bluish-green tinge; his large, staring blue eyes were as lustreless as the eyes of a corpse; and to add to his uncanny peculiarities, his voice had a strange, sepulchral tone.

"A fine countenance you have for a ghost story, Leb. Sackett," broke in the old man, with a tone of contempt. "'Tis such outrageous liars as you and your brother that impose upon simple-minded folk, and lead them to believe ill of their neighbors. I'll aver, that there's never yet been man or spirit about Rolff House that would pass for a hobgoblin as readily as you; and if the devil ever had half as safe a hold on old Magnus Rolff as he has on you, then may the Lord have mercy upon him."

This hit caused a roar of laughter and the discomfiture of Mr. Sackett. But he spoke up again:

"Well, let them deny it who can, there's queer things and queer stories about Rolff House. I don't suppose old Carl will own up what he knows, though, for the devil no doubt has put him under bonds to keep the peace about the matter. But I'd like him to tell me, if he can, what ever became of old Rolff?"

The landlord here spoke up:

"That's a pertinent question," he said. "Perhaps old Carl can answer it, or, at least, give us a short history of Rolff House. For my part, I should like to hear a correct account of its strange history. There is no use of denying that there is a mystery about the house. I remember once myself seeing a strange sight up there. I was coming by the house in the night—a bright moonlight night it was—and when at a point of the road where I could see the eastern side of the house, I plainly saw the figure of a man standing beneath one of the large windows. He was in the direct rays of the moon, and I saw him as plainly as I ever saw man. His appearance was that of a very aged man, tall and stooping, with long white hair, and dressed in an odd costume. As I was looking directly at him, he suddenly disappeared—seemed to sink into the ground close to the house. I could scarcely believe my eyes, but I am sure I saw what I have told you; and, as you may imagine, I thought at once of the story they tell, that at stated times the devil allows old Rolff to visit his money chambers. I suppose I must have been deceived in some way in the matter. But it would be interesting to know more about Rolff House, and I move that old Carl gives us its history."

"Yes, yes, Carl," "Let's hear it, Carl," and similar exclamations were uttered by a dozen voices, and chairs were drawn up near where the old man was sitting, for all knew that he enjoyed nothing better than an opportunity to rehearse some favorite matter.

CHAPTER IV.

"Well," began the old man, "I don't mind telling what I know about the matter, though I'm afraid you'll find it rather a dry tale, with your appetites all whetted for a recital of supernatural doings. But it's a strange story, nevertheless. It was long, long ago, during the last years of King George's war with the French and Spaniards, that there came to our village, then a mere hamlet, a tall fine-looking man, richly dressed, who put up at the little Dutch inn that stood on the very spot that this tavern now stands. He remained week after week, and there was brought to him sundry heavy, iron-bound chests containing goods of some weighty character. The curiosity of the good burghers was much excited about this mysterious personage. He was fierce and gloomy at times, and would speak to no one, and then again he would be free and jovial to the extent of spending many a dozen of gold and silver coin, and getting himself and half the good burghers deeply intoxicated. This man gave his name as Magnus Rolff. At times, when in his cups, he would tell the most frightful tales of bloody adventures at sea; so that in time the good people began to regard him as a retired pirate, and this belief seemed confirmed by the number of heavy, strong chests he had brought with him, which no doubt contained the treasures he had acquired in his wild adventures. As Magnus Rolff rather enjoyed it to have the good people regard him with dread as well as admiration, he encouraged these stories about himself, it is to be feared, and so they have descended to this day.

"But it is not necessary for us to credit them, so I will give you the real history of the man as I have learned it on the best authority. His real name was Rolff Van Buysen, and he belonged to a wealthy family of Holland. His father was a man of great talent, a patron of the arts, and a distinguished public man. But Rolff was a wild boy, and, for some unknown escapade, he fled the country and took to life at sea, and at last came to the colonies. The war with France and Spain broke out, and he shipped in one of the privateers that sailed from our ports to prey on the commerce of the enemy. In this way he led a wild life for years, till he at last become captain of a cruiser himself. It is true that some of these privateers were little better than pirates; but if young Van Buysen was guilty of any crimes against the innocent, no one knows it now. The tales about him that have floated down to our day are the veriest gossip. But he gained riches by his adventurous life on the high seas; and, once while in the port of New York, returned from a cruise, an event occurred to him that decided his future life. He met a fair maiden, at the first sight of whom he was desperately enamored.

"He followed her up, discovered her name and whereabouts, and resolved on winning her. She was the daughter of a poor artist, named Lebrun, who had come to this country to ply his art, but found poor remuneration in the rude condition of the colonies and the lack of public taste. But poor as he was, his love for his daughter was greater than his love of money. He was angered at the attentions of the rich, dissipated sailor to his lovely daughter, and, to escape them, he fled with her from the city, and came to this lonely hamlet. But Rolff Van Buysen was not to be baulked. He ferreted out their whereabouts, and followed his sweetheart to this place. He had really succeeded in winning her heart, for he was handsome and well-educated, and had a strong element of the heroic in his character. So at last the poor artist was fain to give way, and consent to a union for his daughter that he did not approve.

"Magnus Rolff, as he called himself, was married in due time to the fair maiden of his love. In the heydey of his happiness, he resolved on building the finest country house in the whole colony for the keeping of his bride. So Rolff House was built, and a wonderful structure it was in the eyes of the honest burghers. All that is really known of the married life of Agnes Lebrun is that she bore her husband two children, a boy and a girl, and died. Magnus Rolff lived on some years after the death of his wife. He never filled her place, which would seem to be good proof that he loved her truly. Some time after her death, however, he installed in Rolff House as its mistress a sister who came from Europe. That sister is the present mistress of Rolff House. She was then a young and handsome woman, of fine education and great force of character, and she soon grew to have absolute control of Rolff House and all its inmates.

"There came a day when Magnus Rolff disappeared from this vicinity, and nobody ever heard of him again. The superstitious said that the devil had come to claim him, according to a bargain by which he had sold his soul for the gold he possessed. This is no doubt the story that our friend Sackett here would consider most credible. For my part, I can throw no light on the matter. He disappeared—that is enough. It was certainly a strange matter; but such disappearances are too common to call for any superstitious explanation of them. He left without leaving any will, or directions for the disposition of his property. His son had grown to manhood, but his daughter had died at an early age. The son married, and lived with his wife at Rolff House, over which, however, Mistress Van Buysen continued to exercise unlimited sway. One son was born to them—the present heir, Claude Van Buysen Rolff—who in course of time was left an orphan. After the death of the father, it appeared that by special deed all the property had been placed in the hands of the aunt, Mistress Van Buysen. She has lived to this day, exercising complete sway at Rolff House. There were, of course, always queer stories about Rolff House; and as she grew old and allowed the place to go somewhat to decay, these increased, and took the shape that we have heard here to-night. Rolff House is haunted by evil spirits, we are told; old Magnus Rolff had sold himself to the devil, and received his aid in acquiring immense stores of unhallowed treasure; this treasure is protected from all but one single member of the family, who likewise sells himself to the devil; and so Rolff House is given up to hobgoblins and evil report.

"Well, those can believe these stories who choose. I have received and handled considerably of money from Rolff House, and it has never burnt my hands or my conscience either. I know not how old Magnus Rolff made his money, what murders or outrages he committed, or how many harmless merchantmen he sent to the bottom. I do know that at that time privateering was a popular pursuit with our daring sailors, and that many of them got rich without a suspicion of crime attaching to them. It was a legal business, to which they were duly commissioned; and there is no reason to suppose that Rolff Van Buysen was anything more than a brave and lucky privateer captain. He probably spent most of his money in dissipation and in the building of Rolff House, and the effort to meet the expenses of a large establishment, and keep up appearances. I believe that financial distresses account for his flight, and for all that seems strange to the world in the history of Rolff House. You gentlemen are entitled to differ from me if you will. Of course, I can't explain all the queer sights everybody may have seen at the dead of night about the place. People always will see strange sights around a house that is suspected of being haunted. I don't believe any of the superstitious stories about Rolff House. It is simply a fine old mansion gone to decay. I would that I might live to see it restored. You have my story, gentlemen."

The old man relapsed into silence, and a general shaking of heads showed that his story did not settle all doubts in regard to Rolff House.

The landlord was the first to speak up:

"I think you're about right, Carl," he said, "in regard to the stories about the old place. But I can't agree with you that there has been much lack of money at Rolff House. Why, the business and tenements alone must have footed up large sums annually for these many years. No doubt, the old lady has been close, and has a nice little pile saved up for young Master Claude. He'll scatter it, I'll warrant, spite of Old Scootie and all his imps. But now let's drop the subject. I suppose some of you would like to keep up your stories of ghosts and hobgoblins. But it ain't good manners, with that poor old woman lying up there on her death-bed, perhaps; and I won't have it. No more of it, gentlemen, to-night."

All knew the landlord to be a man of his word, and he was recognized dictator in his own bar-room. So the conversation turned to other subjects, or, if the forbidden topic was discussed, it was in low and cautious tones.

CHAPTER V.

On the principal street of Voorhisville, a little white house obtruded itself boldly out to the line of the unpaved sidewalk. Over the door, a small sign bore the inscription, "Anthony Saybrook, Counsellor-at-Law."

Fronting on the street was the office of Mr. Saybrook, and the rest of the building was occupied by Mr. Saybrook, son and housekeeper as a domicile.

Mr. Saybrook was one of a trio of lawyers, with which the village was blessed, for it was the shire town of the section, and drew to it whatever litigation the quiet farming region indulged in.

He believed himself to be a great man confined to a petty sphere. In appearance, he was tall and rather lank. His forehead protruded, his thin black hair was sprinkled with grey, and the top of his head showed a small circular bald spot; his nose was rather long and sharp, and there was just the suggestion of a roseate tinge at the tip; his eyes were small and wiry, and the expression was that of restlessness and discontent.

On a lounge in the office lolled the younger Saybrook. The young man might have been twenty-two, and had the lank form of his sire without its more ungainly development. His features were also less sharp, and on the whole he was not an unattractive young man, but the experienced eye could easily determine that he would in time grow into a pretty close copy of his father.

The elder Saybrook had just entered the office and thrown himself into a chair.

"Oh, how tired I am," he whined, as he stretched himself in his easy chair. "It is always the old story with me—work, work, think, think, till body and brain are ready to give out. But I don't know as I should complain—I have had a good day's work, Ralph; yes, yes, a good day's work."

"You have drawn up the will, then?" suggested the young man.

"Yes," was the reply; "it is drawn, signed, sealed, witnessed and recorded—so that job is settled. But what a time I have had of it! I am wearied to death. I carried every point, however, that is some satisfaction. In fact, things worked as well as I could have wished. I had some difficulty in getting the old lady to give up some of her crochets; but I finally persuaded her entirely to my views. But what is best, I am myself made sole executor of the estate. Now, I call that a pretty fine stroke of business. It needed very adroit working of the cards on my part, but I flatter myself that I proved equal to the occasion.

"Of course, the nephew gets everything then?" said the son.

"Yes, yes; that was my chief point, you know. The old lady's family pride was all in the direction of giving the nephew everything, but she had some queer notions, and it needed all my finesse to induce her to dismiss them. Only one thing troubles me. The money is not nearly so much as there was reason to suppose. This perhaps is not to be regretted, for I see the way clear in consequence of it for a very bold stroke. But it is queer—very queer. It almost leads one to believe in the stories of old Magnus Rolff's money vaults, and their control by the Evil One. What can the old lady have done with all her cash? It is strange—very strange. Young Master Claude won't have anything like the money he has anticipated. But there's lots of property, and he gets it all. Now mark me, Ralph. I think I see in this turn of affairs just the opportunity I have always wanted. There is nothing nicer for a lawyer than the handling of a big property for a reckless young spendthrift. I have planned to get the handling of the Rolff estate, and I have succeeded. The fact of there not being as much money as I expected is really in my favor. This boy Claude, I am certain, will be of a mind to spend money freely. I have talked with him, and he is eager to come into his fortune and has grand schemes of going to Europe, and becoming a gentleman. But the scapegrace won't have the money to carry out his plans. To gratify his desires, he must needs raise money on the property that will be left him. It is a fine chance for good bargains. With his inexperience and confiding nature, he can be led into almost any kind of an agreement. I have his confidence, I think, and it will be strange if there is not an opportunity afforded me for making a very good thing. Somebody is certain to take advantage of him, and why shouldn't I?"

"To be sure—why not?" echoed the young man.

"Very well put, Ralph," continued the elder. "There is a very fine moral point to consider in the matter. As I said—somebody will surely take advantage of this young man. Who shall it be? Now a man of weak mind might pause before taking advantage of such an opportunity. But why? It is plain that the young fool is bound to dissipate his fortune, and that it must of necessity fall into the hands of somebody. I cannot prevent him doing it. As executor, all I can do is to advise him. But advice, should I give it would only be wasted upon him. His is a nature not to take counsel of a disagreeable sort kindly. To give it, would only be to irritate him and forfeit his confidence. Well, shall I foolishly undertake to curb him in his set purposes, and thus forfeit his confidence, and allow some other and sharper person to usurp my place as legal adviser and reap the fruits of the transactions that there will be an opportunity to arrange? By no means. I can see no infraction of the moral law in managing a case of this kind. It is one of the legitimate perquisites of the legal profession. I can't help it if the young man throws his fortune away. I would be supremely foolish not to pick up what will naturally fall to my share. It is thus that Fortune restores a proper equilibrium, and decrees that the unworthy shall not long retain the possession of her favors. Do you see the point, Ralph?"

"Yes, father, I think I'm equal to seeing the drift of your argument," replied the young man.

"Well, Ralph, I'm glad of it. I'm rather proud of your intelligence. I think you will inherit my talent, but I trust you will never be forced to grub and toil as I have had to in order to make a reputation. In fact, my dear boy, what with my little savings and the opportunity that is opened to me, I think I may reasonably look forward now to leaving you in pretty good circumstances. It only remains for you to aid my efforts by selecting a wife who will bring you a handsome dowry. And in this matter, my boy, I wish you to aim high. Don't imitate my unfortunate example of aiming too low at the outset of life. If I had married well off—and I don't wish to say a word against your mother, my boy, who was as desirable a wife in all except her fortune as anybody could wish for—if I had married well off, to what position of honor might I not have aspired! But talent allied to poverty has but a sorry show in this world, and if Fortune has deigned to throw a single smile upon me it is because of my ceaseless industry and perseverance. But to return to your affairs, Ralph. If, as I expect, we can get Claude out of the way after the old lady's death, it will leave the coast clear for you to lay siege to old Bruyn's daughter. Let me say to you, that she is by all odds the most desirable girl in these parts—the handsomest as well as the richest. Old Bruyn is very well off, and she is an only child."

(To be Continued.)

What shrunk your woolens? Why did holes wear so soon? You used common soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

Papa—By the way, who is the lady that bowed to us as we left the carriage? Dorothy—The one with the black silk skirt, the rose petticoat, plaid silk waist, purple colarette with silver clasp, tan coat, black hat with purple tips, carrying a silver-trimmed card-case? Papa—Yes. Dorothy—I don't know. I just caught a glimpse of her.

HIS TROUBLES NEVER CAME BACK

Ernest Grant took Dodd's Kidney Pills—They Removed the Cause

He had Backache and Urinary Troubles for Twelve Years before he used the great Kidney Remedy

Montreal, July 20.—(Special).—Ernest Grant, 287½ Urbain street, this city, is among those who never let an opportunity pass to say a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills. He has his reasons for this, and here they are in his own words:

"I had been troubled with backache and Kidney Disease for twelve years," says Mr. Grant. "My urine was very dark and high colored. I would lose my rest at night on account of having to rise so often to urinate. I could get nothing to help me.

"I tried several remedies, but all failed until I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. When I had taken four boxes, I was able to go to bed and take my rest, my Backache left me and I was cured. It has never come back."

When Dodd's Kidney Pills cure, the disease never comes back. They remove the cause.

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

The Atlin Claim.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH 1903.

That prospectors, miners and merchants are not the only ones who have faith in the Atlin stability is plainly evidenced by the fact that we have in our midst a thoroughly up to date, Electric Light and Power Plant and a Steam Laundry, modern in all its details. The substantial buildings in which these are installed add quite a bit to the architectural features of the town and most favorably impress incoming visitors.

No advertisement for any town equals an array of belching smokestacks and the whirr of machinery. They talk for themselves.

In Atlin, where we have such a terribly long winter, the introduction of this Electric Light Plant comes as a blessed boon. Its general adoption by the citizens will naturally reduce the fire risks, promote cleanliness and comfort in homes and stores, and be more healthful in all respects than the use of coal oil, there being absolutely no noxious gases evolved as in the case of oil illuminants. Best of all it shows visitors and intending investors that we are a progressive community, up with the times and with plenty of confidence in the stability of the District.

We understand that the enterprising gentlemen who are behind the venture have fixed on a most reasonable scale of charges for consumers, much less than that in vogue at Whitehorse and about on a par with Skagway rates.

We hope some arrangement may be reached, with Govermental assistance or otherwise, by which a few arc lights may be placed on our principal streets.

The utility of these during the long winter nights would be undeniable and the sooner some public action is taken to secure them the better for all concerned. Their installation will greatly help the fire brigade when their valuable services are required in the hitherto dark hours, will act as a deterrent to people with a felonious turn of mind and promote social intercourse and good fellowship.

Cleanliness being next to godliness it goes without saying that the Steam Laundry will be extensively patronized, in fact since opening, they have had all they can possibly attend to, and this is bound, in the nature of things to continue, as it is universally conceded that machine washing is as superior to the old hand methods as Electric Light is to coal oil.

We heartily welcome those enterprises into our midst and confidently bespeak for them the reward hey are surely entitled to.

Dredging for Gold.

Gold dredging has become one of the principal methods of gold mining in California and it bids fair to outrival all other ways for securing the yellow metal. Near the town of Oroville over 20 of these dredges are in operation and many more for the same vicinity have been contracted for. They are built to handle large quantities of earth, many of them having buckets of three yards capacity.

The Royal Victoria

Life Insurance Co.

OF CANADA

Capital $1,000,000

A. C. Hirschfeld, Agent.

O. K. BATHS BARBER SHOP

G. H. FORD Prop.

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

NOTICE.

PART IV. "WATER CLAUSES CONSOLIDATION ACT, 1897."

1. This is to certify that "The British American Dredging Company, Limited," a Company incorporated under the "Companies Act, 1897 and," which has complied with the provisions of the "Power Companies' Relief Act, 1902," and is in the same position as if it had been specially incorporated as required by Part IV. of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," has submitted its undertaking to the Lieutenant-Governor in Council for approval, and that the said undertaking, as shown by the documents and plan filed, has been approved, and that the same is as follows:

The acquisition by purchase or under powers conferred by the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," of two acres, more or less, of ground situated on the south side of Pine Creek, at the foot of Pine Creek Falls, in the Atlin Lake Mining Division of the Cassiar District, which forms part of the mining ground leased to the "Pine Creek Power Company, Limited," for the purpose of hydraulic workings.

This piece of land is intended to be acquired as a site for the erection thereon of a power house and the necessary buildings in connection therewith, for the generation and distribution of power by electrical methods for the operation of a bucket dredge capable of treating three thousand cubic yards daily, for lighting and any other purposes for which such power may be used under the provisions of Part IV. of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897." The generality of any words in this clause, are not to be limited by any words in the same clause, or any other part of this Certificate.

For the purpose of the proposed works the Company has acquired from H. W. E. Canavan a record bearing date the 7th day of April, 1900, of one thousand inches of water to be diverted from Pine Creek above Pine Creek Falls, and which is to be returned to the stream at the falls.

2. And this is further to certify that the Company propose to begin their undertaking by acquiring title to the said site in manner aforesaid, and by commencing the erection thereon of the said power house.

3. And this is further to certify that the amount of the capital of the Company which will be duly subscribed before the Company commences the construction of its undertaking and works, or exercises any of the powers of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," Part IV., in that behalf, is hereby fixed at the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, being the whole of the capital stock of the Company, and that the difference between the said sum and the amount required to complete the undertaking and works shall be raised by the issue and sale of debentures of the Company, such difference being estimated at the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars.

4. And this is further to certify that the time within which the said undertaking and works are to be commenced is fixed at sixty days from the date hereof, and the time within which all the proposed undertaking shall be in operation is fixed at six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 26 th day of June, 1903.

A. E. McPHILLIPS,
Clerk, Executive Council.

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

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

THE GOLD HOUSE,
DISCOVERY, B. C.
A STRICTLY FIRST CLASS HOTEL.
CHOICEST WINES LIQUORS & CIGARS.
Mixed Drinks a Specialty
DINING ROOM SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.
Vegetables Daily From our own Garden.
Breakfast, 6 to 9, Lunch, 12 to 2, Dinner, 6 to 8.

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

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

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

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

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

ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1903

Good Cash Values at N. C. Wheeling & Co's.

Groceries, Provisions, Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, etc.

The Most Complete Stock in The District.

Grand Entertainment At Balmoral Hall, Discovery.

Commencing 7:30 Ending D. V. Saturday evening Sept. 5th. 1903

1st. event: Wrestling between McLaughlin, champion of Butte, Montana, and Jenkins, champion of Beljast Ireland.

2nd. event: Boxing, between those well known athletes, W. Brady and Chas. Hall, for a purse.

3rd. event: Bout, between F. Marcus and N. Sabin, for any consideration offered.

4th. event: One competitor will undertake to finish one bottle Kilmarnock whiskey in less time than next competitor can smoke two cigars. This event will take place early in the evening.

5th. event: Several competitors well known in the art of pushing the cue will decide who is the best man before a large audience, several large stakes are already deposited.

Special attraction: Four round contest. One to be knocked out, between Barney Hughes and Fighting Mike.

Highland Sword Dance: Big Jack McLennan will show how this is done.

Music will be supplied by Prof. George Firth whose ability as a pianist needs no mention and together with selections on Bagpipes by Messrs. McKay and Anderson in Highland costume.

This Programme is subject to additions without notice. Stages will run to and from Atlin in connection with entertainment.

Kootenay Restaurant.

Sunday Dinner.

ABRAHAM PLASIE, Proprietor.

MENU

Crab Salad.

SOUPS

Consomme Royal

FISH

White Fish White Wine Sauce

BOILED

Sugar Cured Ham Mint Sauce

ENTREE

Fried Spring Chicken-Cream Gravy

Wild Duck with Dressing— Queen Fritters Vanilla Sauce

ROASTS

Prime Ribs of Beef au jus

Leg of Mutton and Jelly

VEGETABLES

Mashed Potatoes —French Peas

DESSERT

Chocolate Ice Cream and Cake

Green Apple Cream Meringue

NOTICES.

Certificate of Improvements.

The YELLOW JACKET Mineral Claim, situated on Pine Creek, about one mile east of Discovery, in the Atlin Lake Mining Division of Cassiar, B. C.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, Julius M. Ruffner, F.M.C. No. B33859, Agent for the North Columbia Gold Mining Co., F.M.C. No. B34211, intend 60 days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a *Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose* of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

AND FURTHER Take notice that action under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Atlin, B. C., this 19th day of May, 1903.

my23-60d Julius M. Ruffner, Agent

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

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

David L. Hall

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

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

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

H. A. Butler.
C. H. Butler.

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

NOTICE is hereby given that after 60 days from date, we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase one-quarter of an acre of land for a site for a power plant in the Atlin District, situated as follows:

Commencing at a post marked "The British Columbia Power & Manufacturing Co., Ltd.'s S.E. corner," planted at a point on Discovery street, in the Town of Atlin, thence in a westerly direction 104¼ feet, thence northerly 104¼ feet, thence easterly 104¼ feet, thence southerly 104¼ feet to point of commencement, containing one quarter of an acre more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. this 25th day of June, 1903.

The British Columbia Power & Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

je6-30d.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land in the Atlin district for agricultural purposes: Commencing at an initial post, planted about one mile north-east of Atlin Townsite, thence running east 40 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 20 chains to the point of commencement, containing 80 acres more or less.

William McNern.

Dated at Atlin, B. C., this 22nd day of June 1903. Jne 27 60d

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

JOHN DUNHAM.

Dated at Surprise Lake, Aug. 23th. 1903.

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

WILKINSON & BROWN

Provincial Land Surveyors & Civil Engineers.

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

DRINK THE BEST

"NABOB TEA."

In Lead Packets of ½ lb and 1 lb each.

For Sale by all First Class Grocers.

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

THE GRAND HOTEL

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

French Restaurant in Connection.

DAVID HASTIE, PROPRIETOR.

Corner of First and Discovery Streets.

A Boon to the Thirsty!

Drinks, 2 for a Quarter.

Commencing Monday, April 20th, I will cut prices on all my goods at the LELAND HOTEL. I have a large stock of First Class Goods and intend to dispose of them at Cost. This is strictly a CLOSING OUT SALE. Goods must be disposed of by July 1st.

Hotel Building for Sale—No Reasonable Offer Refused.

E. P. QUEEN.

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.

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

TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JANUARY 7 1901.

Daily except Sunday.

No. 3 N. B. 2nd class.	No. 1 N. B. 1st class.			No. 2 S. Bound 1st class.		No. 4 S. Bound 2nd class.
8. 30 p. m.	9. 30 a. m.	LV.	SKAGUAY	AR.	4. 30 p. m.	AR 4. 15 a. m.
10. 30 "	10. 55	"	WHITE PASS	"	3. 05 "	2. 10 "
	11. 00	"			3. 00 "	
11. 40 a.m.	11. 45	"	LOG CABIN	"	2. 10 "	1. 00 "
12. 20	12. 15	"	BENNETT	"	1. 35	12. 20 p.m.
	12. 35 p.m				1. 15 p.m	
2. 45 "	2. 10	"	CARIBOU	"	11. 50 a.m	10. 20 "
6. 40 "	4. 30	" AR	WHITE HORSE	LV	9. 30 " LV	7. 00 "

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

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

J. G. CONNELL.

Nugget Hotel

Discovery.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

Headquarters for Brook's stage.

Pine Tree Hotel.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

NEW DINING ROOM NOW OPEN.

Furnishing The BEST MEALS IN CAMP.

Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

ED. SANDS, Proprietor.

Pellew-Harvey, Bryant & Gilman

Provincial Assayers

The Vancouver Assay Office, Established 1890.

W. WALLACE GRIME & Co., Agents.

Large or Small Samples forwarded for Assay.

TRY

J. D. DURIE'S

FOR

UPHOLSTERY
MATTRESSES
FURNITURE
HARDWARE
PAINTS & OILS

Atlin & Discovery.

The Housewives' Strike.

(From the Chronicles of Uncle Ike.)

No, I haven't forgotten the time Local Union Number One of the Amalgamated Society of Housewives of British North America went out on strike. It came right home to me, Mrs. Ike being a member of that late unlamented organization.

It was off day at the shop. I'd calculated to take Mrs. Ike out for a drive, but she refused. "I'm ever so happy that you should have thought of it, Ike," she says, "and you know I'd far rather go with you than to the meeting, but," says she, "my obligation as a member of the Housewives calls for my attendance, except when physically impossible."

"Well," I says, "if you go for a drive with me 'twould be physically impossible to go to the meeting, too, so just put on your bonnet——"

"Why does a man always call a woman's hat a bonnet?" she interrupts, rather sharp like.

"Well, whatever it is," I answers, kinder apologizingly, "put it on and we'll go for a drive."

"I misdoubt, Ike," she says, shaking her head; "your sense of honor is somewhat warped."

"Where?" I asks, pretending to be anxious. "I don't feel drawn up anywhere, and, moreover," I went on, "s'long as my horse sense is in good working order we'll not worry much about the other senses except the sense of taste."

"Thinking of your supper already," says Mrs. Ike. "Just like a man!" And then she kissed me, hoped I wouldn't get lonely before she came back, and departed.

About the time she was due for supper I thought to myself, "How'd it do for me to have it ready for her when she comes in," and I was so pleased with myself for thinking of such a thing that I almost allowed it to stop at the thought. However, after a severe mental struggle, as the story books say, and a good deal of searching, I succeeded in getting the table set, and had just put a kettleful of water on the gas stove when Mrs. Ike came in. She looked a little bit surprised when she saw what I had done, but she sat down without saying anything more than was necessary.

"Well," I says, wondering why she hadn't fussed some about setting the things out, "nothing for you to do but just warm up the p'tatoes and meat left over from dinner, and that won't take you long."

"You'll have to do it yourself," she says, trying to speak very firm.

"Not to-day, thank you," says I, thinking she was just joking. "D'ye remember what happened the last time I tried to cook a meal the day you hurt your hand?" my mind going back to a day when I'd let a fine roast of beef burn to a crisp.

She looked uncomfortable, but answered back, "You'll have to do it; there's a strike on."

"Strike!" I just yelled the word.

"Yes," says Mrs. Ike, a bit angry like. "Why not?" she says. "Men have their strikes, why not the women?"

Well, I didn't know why, but I didn't say anything, just stood and stared at her for I don't know how long, and she just looked back.

"Local Union Number One of the Amalgamated Society of Housewives of British North America is on strike," she says, at last.

"That being the case," says I, "Local Branch Number One of the International Married Men's Association 'll have to hold an emergency meeting to-night to consider the situation."

"What!" she gasped. "Why, I didn't know there was any such thing."

"No more did I," thinks I to myself, but aloud I says, "Tut, tut! Did ye think the heads of the household were going to be caught napping? We've been expecting this and preparing for it," I says. With that I took the frying pan from a hook at the top of the cellar stairs and managed to knock down a few other pans.

"What are you going to do?" says Mrs. Ike.

"The Married Men," I replied, as dignified as I could, "while refusing to talk for publication, maintain a very calm and confident attitude."

She looked dazed, but managed to rise and say, "I'll get the meat and potatoes."

"The Married Men," says I, waving to her to sit down again, "claim they have all the help they need, and will not re-engage any of their old hands unless the latter surrender unconditionally."

Then she began to look frightened. I went to the pantry to search for the meat. I made all the noise I could and knocked a milk jug to the floor, the ugliest jug you ever saw, and I'm thankful to say it was completely smashed. A woman who came and stayed with us for two weeks at Exhibition time, on the strength of her daughter being acquainted with Mrs. Ike's mother, gave it to us as a souvenir, and just because it was one of that kind it had seemed impossible to break it.

Mrs. Ike, not knowing what I might break next, jumped up and says, all sweet and hesitating: "Ike, we all decided we wouldn't do anything for our husbands to-day, and—and—'twas just foolishness. I—I," and then she stopped. There was a suspicious gleam in her eyes, and I guess my own were gleaming, too. But I opened my arms, and when her head was resting where it had a right to, I says, "It is officially stated that the Married Men and the Housewives have come to terms."

"The agreement," says Mrs. Ike, all sunshine again, "being entirely satisfactory to both parties." W. B.

Kentucky Assassins.

The Louisville correspondent of The New York Post, in an article dealing with the prevalence of assassinations in Kentucky, and which was suggested by the recent remarkable Jett-White trial at Jackson, traces two-thirds of the assassinations in that State to politics. He adds that the authors of these assassinations are the worst of cowards when it comes to an open fight, the accepted method of the murderers being to lie in wait for a victim, taking aim at a standing object between which and the assassin the unsuspecting traveller must pass. When the latter's figure intervenes, the trigger is pulled and the fatal shot fired, or, if the man is only wounded, another shot completes the work. Strangely enough, murderers of this class have, according to the correspondent, been idealized and made heroes by superficial provincial writers encouraged by a false provincial pride. "There are many people in the State, supposed to be intelligent and law respecting, who have a lurking sympathy with these desperadoes and feel a secret pride in the terror which 'a Kentuckian' is supposed to carry with him wherever he goes. The present Governor has done all he could in published interviews to minimize the atrocities in Breathitt County, and within twenty-four hours after saying through the newspapers that no more troops were needed at Jackson an additional Hotchkiss gun and some forty or fifty more troops were ordered there to reinforce those already guarding the jail where Jett and White are confined, while ten soldiers are deemed necessary to guard the residence of a single witness. Two Hotchkiss guns and one Gatling, with nearly a hundred soldiers, are required to secure the arraignment and trial of two desperadoes, against whom a number of murders are charged, and one of whom the same Governor had previously pardoned for a felony."

Curious Bits of News.

"Bill" Porter, a Maryville fireman, has a dog which has adopted a wolf, says the Kansas City "Journal." Three young wolves which were found on a farm near Ravenwood were placed with her own pups, and she immediately accepted them as members of her family, and began treating them in the most motherly fashion. Two of the wolves have been stolen, but the dog is still caring for the third.

A sensational trial at Moscow has resulted in Judge Vladimir de Hatzuk being condemned to serve for three years as a common soldier for burglary and arson. Needing money, he had broken into a neighbor's house, and, with the skill of an expert burglar, had forced open the safe. After taking away money enough to meet immediate requirements, he concluded by setting fire to the house. As the judge is a nobleman, the sentence must be sanctioned by the Czar before it can be enforced.

The only direct descendant of Robert Burns is a clerk in a Chicago shipping office. He is Robert Burns Hutchinson, and his descent from the poet is unquestioned. His mother, Sarah Burns, was a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel James Glencairn Burns, the third son of Robert Burns and Jean Armour. Mr. Hutchinson will be forty-eight this year. He was born at Cheltenham, but crossed the water in 1891, when he married Miss Mabel Burnand. Their little daughter, Dorothea Burns Hutchinson, is the next in the straight line from the poet.

A 91 days' fast has been accomplished in India by a religious mendicant. The only nourishment taken was the sour whey of curdled milk, which the Jain was strong enough to procure for himself during the fast, although on the last day his veins were swollen, and he could only speak with effort. Throughout his life the man has been accustomed to stern asceticism, living only on bread, yellow rice, and this whey, and last year he abstained for 86 days. He has a large number of followers, but, unlike most Hindoo devotees, receives neither fees nor presents.

Some fifteen years ago a Virginia gentleman purchased in Alexandria, Egypt, from a native who had found it in the wall of a building broken during a conflagration, what appeared to be a mass of corroded copper weighing twenty pounds. It was kept as a hearth ornament, until recently it was found to consist of about 500 Roman coins, struck in the days of the early Caesars. Professor Dunnington of the University of Virginia finds that the coins contain one part of silver to four of copper, but when dipped in acid a part of the copper disappears, leaving a silvery surface, which "wears" as a white metal. He believes the coins passed for silver. The mass had become encrusted with a double skin of malachite and of red oxide of copper, and remarkable changes had gone on within, although the lettering and the dates remained legible.

The quaint annual ceremony, centuries old, in honor of the "Biddenden maids" took place recently, according to the London "Chronicle," in that quiet Kentish village, which for once was crowded with visitors on foot, on bicycles, and in motor cars. The "maids" were born together in the year 1100, and were joined together at the hips and at the shoulders. Thus they lived for thirty-four years, and then died together. They were noted for their charity, and by their will they left a piece of land, which has since increased beyond its original value of forty guineas a year, to provide on a certain day bread and cheese for the poor and cakes for strangers who come to the parish. On this day a huge crowd of strangers gathered to see two hundred loaves and two hundred pounds of cheese handed by the churchwardens from a window in the old workhouse, and struggled or bargained afterward for the cakes stamped with a picture of the "maids."

A Plumbing Expert.

Aghast, the master plumber views the work of his subordinate. The bungling youth has gone about his work of repairing a leak as if it were the simplest thing in the world. He has not scattered tools all over the premises, neither has he cluttered up the floor with odd pieces of piping, while he absented himself for two days at sixty cents an hour.

"Great balls of fire!" yells the master plumber. "Have you no regard for professional ethics? Will you never learn anything?"

Seizing an axe and a hammer, he smashes the plastering from the wall and wrenches ten feet of pipe loose, permitting the escaping water to flood the dwelling. With deft, steady strokes he tears up the floor of two rooms and drops a pair of ten-pound pincers into a cloisonne vase in the room beneath.

"There!" he says, with a sigh of relief and satisfaction. "That looks more workmanlike, anyway."

Candor.

In marriage notices done by country papers the bride always "looks charming," no matter how she is "got up" or what her color is. To look charming is the aim and delight of all brides at the critical moment of crossing the "Bridge of Sighs," and the country chronicler dare not say they looked any other way. A bit of candor like this (from a Missouri journal) once in a while would be refreshing:

"Married — Miss Sylvia Khades to James Carnaham, last Saturday afternoon. The bride is an ordinary local girl, who doesn't know any more than a rabbit about cooking, and never helped her poor mother three days in her life. She is not a beauty, by any means, and has a gait like a fat duck. The groom is well known here as an up-to-date loafer; has been living off the old folks all his life, and don't amount to anything nohow. They will have a hard life while they live together, and we hasten to extend absolutely no congratulations, for we don't believe any good can come of such a union."

"What on earth is to become of the Sparks family, I wonder?" "Why, what's the trouble with 'em?" "All hit heavy by the new food craze. Went over the other mornin' and found 'em at breakfast—grandmother eatin' Blank's Food, Sparks' wife tacklin' Dobb's Cereal, and the children divided between ten different brands." "And where was the old man?" "In the stable, eatin' a bale o' hay."—"Tit-Bits."

Shooting an Elephant.

At the Dublin Zoological Gardens, on the 11th instant, the pet elephant Zita, which two days before killed her keeper McNally, after a close friendship of over eighteen years, was shot by order of the garden authorities. Zita had manifested extraordinary signs of distress since that fatal night. She had been uneasy and restless, and eaten little, and looked apprehensively—almost piteously—at all who approached the elephant house. Other keepers in the gardens declare that Zita, actuated in her unpremeditated crime by a sudden spasm of pain, had expressed grief, and repentance ever since by every means known to animal life, and many appeals were made for a pardon. The Dublin papers contained eloquent pleas for her forgiveness, and one of the journals devoted a leading article to an appeal for mercy on account of Zita's exemplary career in the past. But the authorities were inexorable. The anger, or whatever other cause it was that resulted in poor McNally being trampled to death, might recur, and bring about another tragedy, and the extreme punishment was resolved upon. Elephant rifles and expanding bullets were therefore procured from London, and yesterday morning Colonel Neville Chamberlayne, the Inspector-General of Constabulary, who has been on a good many "elephant shoots" in India, took with him seven Sergeants, well skilled in the use of the rifle, in order to carry the sentence into effect. Zita met her fate standing. As the Sergeants took up positions in the elephant house the huge beast turned towards them, but made no attempt at an aggressive movement. The two foremost Sergeants, with the elephant rifles, took steady aim at Zita's head, the other five aimed with Martini carbines at her fore-legs, this latter manoeuvre being intended to disable her in the event of the expanding bullets not proving effective. Colonel Neville Chamberlayne gave the signal, the seven guns rang out together, and the great beast rolled over dead. Both the elephant rifle bullets had penetrated the brain. Zita's death was instantaneous, and apparently painless. Since she had to die it is just as well that she should have been spared as much suffering as possible. The body was cut up to feed the many carnivorous beasts in the gardens. The animal originally cost £800.

It Was a Daisy.

At a dinner given to a crowd of railroad men Senator Chauncey M. Depew was the star speaker. In the course of his remarks, says The New York Times, he told a story wherein a certain manufacturer, left practically alone in his factory through a lock-out, was represented as pointing to the office clock over his desk and saying to his friend:—

"There are only two hands in my office that never strike."

"Whereupon," said the Senator, "the clock struck two."

After the dinner one of Senator Depew's friends came up and congratulated him:

"Your speech was great," he said. "That story about the clock is a daisy."

The Senator beamed. "I think it is pretty good," he said, modestly.

About five minutes later another friend came up who was not so eulogistic.

"Chauncey," he said, "I think that story about the clock better every time I hear it. I think to-night was the fiftieth time."

"Why, President Newell says that story is a daisy," expostulated Mr. Depew.

The other laughed. "You ought to study botany, Chauncey, and you would learn that a daisy is a hardy annual."

And thereupon the Senator subsided.

Catching a Husband.

The London Daily Express of a recent date had the following:—Ecaussines is a small village in Belgium, which possesses a good supply of girls, who realized lately that a great many of them were destined to be old maids unless they took the matter in hand themselves. After many meetings, from which all married folk were rigorously excluded, the girls determined to give a great dinner to which unwedded youths from far and near should be invited. Notices of the coming festival and its reasons were published all over the country and even in Holland. This very original way of securing a husband has just come off, the preparations and decorations of the village having kept all agog for a week. A table was placed in the centre of the village street, and the hostesses, "dressed to kill," awaited the arrival of the guests. At 3 o'clock the girls, with their parents and the bachelor guests, assembled in front of the town hall, whence numerous addresses were given on the subject of matrimony. Then the event of the day took place. The loverless girls took their places at table first, each leaving an empty seat at her side, and waiting anxiously for the youth who should elect to sit beside her. There was an awful pause ere the first man screwed up courage to leave the rest, who stood huddled together as if for protection from the danger that awaited them, but at last a brawny fellow of about forty, from some distance, whose hearth was comfortless without a wife, made a choice and took his seat, and then another and another, and soon all the places were taken. Dinner lasted till 7 o'clock in true Flemish fashion, ending with songs and speeches. By this time acquaintance was made, hearts were warmed, and declarations made, and the girls who had succeeded in securing sweethearts made their appearance in the village square arm in arm with their captured swain. Very few were left lamenting their prospective single-blessedness. The dinner was followed by a ball in the open air, and many wedding days are already fixed.

Plucky Colonel Lloyd.

In "V. C." General Ben Viljoen describes "The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw." It was that of Commandant Gert Gravett, who rescued two of his comrades under a fierce fire of British shells and bullets. But the "maddest act of courage" was that of a British Colonel. Thus the General converses with the interviewer:—

"We were lying behind boulders high up on one side of a kopje, and the khakis were coming up on the other. We saw their hats appear over the crest before they had any view even of the top of the hill, far less of us. Then came their faces, then their breasts; and we fired. The first rank went down like a swath of grass. But others pressed forward, the Colonel leading. We fired again, the Colonel reeled and fell forward, shot through the leg. But almost instantly he was up again, the wounded leg hanging horribly limp and trailing upon the ground; he leaned upon a rifle, using it as a crutch, and so forced himself forward in jerks, calling hoarsely to his men, beckoning them angrily on with his arm, and thus limping calmly to the very muzzles of our Mausers. It was splendid, and when he fell for the last time—well, we were sorry."

"What was his name?" I asked.

"Colonel Lloyd of the West Riding Regiment. Months later we laid a wreath of flowers on his grave, and the card bore the inscription: 'In honor of a brave enemy.' It was an act difficult to forget."

Sub-marines as Wreckers.

"While as an engine of war the submarine is of doubtful expediency, it would seem as if it might be of some service in the prosaic business of salvage," says The Marine Record. "Beyond a certain depth, and a very limited one at that, there is at present no practical means of recovering vessels or their cargoes. So enormously does pressure increase as one descends below the surface of the sea that vessels become mere shattered hulks. Occasionally imaginative or optimistic wreckers endeavor to salvage vessels at unusual depths, but the story is one of unbroken failure. Cavaliere Pino is the first submarine inventor to discard the submarine for purposes of warfare and to turn his energies to essentially practical lines. If all accounts are to be believed, he is pursuing some very interesting experiments in the Gulf of Genoa with what he calls his underwater working-boat. He has designed a boat to resist the enormous pressures that accumulate with depth, and has been so successful as to have descended in safety to a depth of 400 feet. The boat is spherical in form, with a diameter of ten feet, and has accommodations for a working crew of two persons. Its practicability lies in the fact that it is equipped with arms passing into the boat through universal water-tight joints, and possessing powerful gripping qualities."

REPARTEE ON DRESS PARADE

An Incident of One of the English Reviews at Aldershot.

During some manouevres at Aldershot to gain practice in the vedette system of employing cavalry to watch and report the movements of an enemy the mounted troops employed on the occasion were extended at intervals in a long line reaching some miles.

The major at one end of the line had occasion to send a message to the captain, who was at the opposite end:

"The enemy are in force in front."

The signal was passed along the line all right till it came to a man stationed about midway, who thought fit to add a private message of his own, intended for the benefit of his neighbor:

"Have you a chaw of tobacco?"

Unluckily, his comrade thought these words were part of the signal message, and they were passed from man to man until they reached the captain.

The latter was somewhat astonished at this request, but sent back this answer:

"I don't use tobacco, but there are two cigars."

The major found the cigars welcome, and as he lighted one, sent back the answer: "Who said you did?"

M. Faure's Irreverence.

Here is a laughable and true little anectdote about President Faure's historic visit to St. Petersburg. It seems that the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul at St. Petersburg has a remarkable repeating echo, which is nowhere so pronounced as in the passages leading to the subterranean crypt where the famous collection of holy relics is stored. Moreover, as might be expected, the approaches to the crypt are somewhat drafty. Just at the moment when in solemn silence the group of ecclesiastical and other dignitaries in attendance on the president and czar were ushering their illustrious visitors into the hallowed vaults, M. Faure's voice was heard in the half darkness to this effect: "Mollard!"

Immediately and as if by enchantment, innumerable other eerie voices resounded and re-echoed the word on all sides.

"Mollard! Moillard! Mo-oll-a-rd!"

M. Mollard is a diplomatist of parts, but it was distinctly uncanny to hear his homely name thundering away thus in the obscurity of the crypt. The Russian clergy present were scandalized, the laymen were astounded.

But the astonishment became more intense when the president's voice droned out once more:

"My hat!"

And once more the noisy echoes took up the words and bandied them to and fro among the gloomy arches: "My hat! My hat! My'ha-at!"

M. Mollard brought the president's hat. And M. Faure immediately and unconsciously did the cause of the third republic much mischief by putting it on while he made his obeisance to the sacred relics of the imperial church of Russia.

The Deception of Sight.

"I'm through trying to prevent crime," exclaimed Brown.

"What's up now?" asked Cumpstead, wiping his fingers on the towel that swung from the counter.

"Well, it was this way," his friend went on. "You see, I went over to the Lyceum theatre the other evening—George Nicolai's a friend of mine, you know—and after the first act I strolled out into the confectionery next door for a package of cigarettes.

"There was a girl waiting on the crowd there. I bought a large package of the brand I smoke and handed the young lady in payment ten cents. She rang up five on the register. 'Ah, ha,' I said to myself, 'knocking down, I see.' Then a man came along and bought three glasses of ginger ale for himself and two friends. He gave the girl fifteen cents. She rang up another nickel. Then a fellow bought a quarter's worth of cigars and she rang up five dollars. Light began to dawn upon me. I understood. 'That girl,' I thought, 'knocks down a while, then rings up a big amount to sorter square her stealings.' I watched her a few moments longer. I saw her ring up three nickels on three purchases of a time each, and then I made up my mind to tip her off to George. I couldn't see my friend Nicolai done like that, you know. So I went and told him. He listened till I had finished, and then what do you suppose happened?"

"I don't know," replied Cumpstead, "what did?"

"He laughed a loud, hoarse, winter weather laugh and told me the register was busted and had been for three weeks, and that nickels and five dollars were all that it would ring. And I've been buying things for Lyceum employes ever since."

Root and Branch.

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family meetings she drank their health, adding, "What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from one root!" But observing Jack Spencer laugh, she insisted on knowing what had occasioned his mirth, and promised to forgive him, be it what it would.

"Why, then, madam," said he, "I was thinking how much more the branches would flourish if the root were underground."

No Ill Feeling.

An Atchison woman discovered recently that she had been slighted by allure to get an invitation to a party. In order feeling toward the hostess, she intends to go anyway.—Atchison Globe.

What Can You Offer.

Geologists believe Greenland to be a mass of land nearly covered by perpetual snow, with interlacing glaciers of vast extent. Of the character of soil thus hidden from the sight and use of man little is known, but ages hence, through the marvelous processes and forces of nature this great covering of ice and snow may disappear, the frigid cold be tempered, populous cities arise and the seeds scattered by the tiller of the soil return abundant harvests. Man may learn lessons from nature every day, and in them find the knowledge of how to move and triumph in his own little sphere. Nature buries no talents; though she sometimes hides them she still uses and multiplies them away from the weak sight of puny mortals. It is not a step from the sublime to the ridiculous to apply the teachings of nature to the affairs of men. To the workman in the mill, to the statesman in the forum, and to the merchant in the mart these lessons come to point out the pathways to success; and to achieve the latter all the powers of man must be employed and displayed, for the world must know what each individual can offer for its benefit. To achieve results men may labor in the dark; but mankind must have the achievements, whether they be those of the inventor or of the merchant with his well stocked emporium

A Correction.

An amusing double-barreled case of heterophemy occurred not long ago at a meeting of the licensing sessions in an English city. The chairman, discussing the law requiring the bona fide travelers to go a certain distance before being entitled to liquid refreshment, referred to it as being "three miles as the flow cries."

A superior person hastily rose to correct his worship, but could get no nearer than "Your worship means 'as the fly crows,' or rather," he added hastily, "'as the cry flows.'"

No one was rash enough to make a further attempt, and the magistrates went on in their efforts in behalf of sobriety.

Many Pictures of Pope Leo XIII.

Now Being Offered to the Public from 50c. to $1 apiece.

The Catholic Register, 9 Jordan St., Toronto, is offering the finest portrait in the market for 35c. or with one Year's Subscription to the paper $1.25, the retail price of this work is 75c. The offer should be availed of by everyone. Size, 22x28 ins.

escaped. He was no ordinary man, and when he disappeared, it was forever. It is an art to disappear well, and he must have been skilled in the art. I know its rules, and the principles on which these rules are based. It is curious and interesting, this art."

"Rules! Art! What rot is this?" cried Lord. "If there were rules, and art, or any other rubbish, would not we professionals know it all?"

"That's usually the trouble with us professionals," said Wilhelm; "we know it all."

"But the art! Come, tell us about it, since it is so very important," said Frau Ganz, the professor, and the detective, together; but Wilhelm declined to make any explanations until he was fully prepared to withstand the assault of criticism.

Lord felt curious about this matter, knowing that Ganz would make a clear, forcible statement of his theories. For he had studied logic and rhetoric at Innspruck, and could put a case, in which he was interested, very strongly.

Lord had grown most impatient long before Wilhelm was ready to make an exposition of the art of disappearing.

"There is such an art," he began, one Sunday evening, "and your man Lyle was skilled in it. It would be a treat to hear him discourse on it."

"Wouldn't it, no v," said Lord, with scorn. "Especially if, while listening, one had the reward of capturing him in his inside pocket. But that will never be."

"Probably not," said Wilhelm, "unless he gets tired of hiding. You know, I always took an interest in the poor fellow. I seem to know him as well as you, so often have you described his words and ways. He was a genuine American in blood, training, appearance, cleverness. Old family, high spirit, and all that; Harvard graduate, stylish in dress, good figure; rather thin than plump; brown hair, green eyes, pale, severe face; quick in movement, speech and thought. Then he was inventive, fond of mathematics, also of pleasure; but cared nothing for music, or wine, or books. And he learned enough of drugs to poison his wife too cleverly."

"How could he have been so hard and cruel?" said Frau Ganz, with a sigh.

"I don't believe he did it," said Wilhelm, softly. "His lawyers, the great public, his relatives, and many good people believed him innocent. Lord says the case got an awful threshing, and the more they threshed the less certain some were of his guilt, while others were more certain."

"But the art, the art!" cried the impatient detective.

"Ah, yes, the art, to be sure. Well, first, have I described Lyle accurately? I might say he was just the opposite of myself in most things."

"Two young men," answered Lord, "couldn't be, and look, less alike."

Wilhelm smiled.

"I arrived in this country about the time he escaped from jail. I could read English then, and, I remember, the newspapers were full of him. But, until I met you, the case did not interest me. To begin: Every art has a principle and a method. To practice the art well, one must know the principle, and be exact in following the method. The principle of the art of disappearing is simple: Cut yourself off from the past as completely as if you had been drowned in mid-ocean. The method depends upon that principle, and, for each case, varies only in trifling circumstances."

"Is that all?" Lord growled. "Why, that's what they all do, and most of them are caught as easy as rats with traps and cheese."

"That's what they all do," echoed Wilhelm, in a lofty tone. "Are you sure of that? Did Lyle bite at your cheese? Let me show you what the principle forces a man to do, when it is successfully carried out. You think it means running away to Brazil or Persia, in a wig and blue spectacles, as they do in a play. No. The man who disappears according to this principle, must escape, not only from his pursuers, but from his friends, and, above all, from himself. There's the first and the second rule in the method."

"I don't quite understand," said Lord.

"Why should you?" said Wilhelm, in triumph. "Had you understood long ago, you would have given up the chase of Lyle the moment you knew what he had done. What is a body floating in the sea to the friends and relatives of him who once owned it? Nothing. It has no shape or mark to make it known to the owner. It is completely changed in essential details. It is lost. It cannot be reached for burial. So must it be with the criminal who flies from relentless pursuit of the law, and who can never return, with safety, to his old life. He must change his country, never meet old friends again, get a new language, a new trade, a new place in society, a new set of parents and relatives, a new past, a new habit of body, a new appearance. He must think, speak, walk, sleep, eat and drink differently from in past days; he must change the color of hair, skin, eyes; in fact, he must become another man as really as if he had changed natures with a particular person."

"Der gondry is safe," said the professor, with a huge laugh, "und so is der profession of detective. Who gould bragtise dose rules! Und if dey gould, what use would be detectives?"

"It makes fine talk," said Lord. "All very well if such things could be done. As they can't, your theory isn't worth a straw. It's impossible."

Wilhelm opened an album, and pointed out two photographs to his friend—one a slender, smooth-faced college boy, in uniform; the other, a bearded, dark-skinned, rudely-dressed man, strong-limbed, resolute and experienced as the boy was timid and green.

"Here is the same person," said he, "with only two years between the photographs."

"Drue," said the professor. "Das is me, a student at Bonn, und me again gasbloring Africa."

Lord stared and muttered.

"If two years of accidental training can do so much," said Wilhelm, "what would not two years of intelligent work accomplish, by such a man as Lyle, in his strange position, forced to disappear or die? If he adhered faithfully to the principle and the method, I tell you, he would not know himself at the end of two years; he would be so changed that people would take him for a lunatic should he claim his old personality. Just as if I were to rush to the police to-morrow, and cry out, 'Arrest me, I am Winthrop Lyle.' What would happen, if for a week I were taken seriously? My father, wife, relatives, friends, neighbors, would hasten to claim me, to identify me, to describe my home in Bavaria, my school days, courtship, marriage, even the orchestra. The Lyles would come to visit, and deny me. The detectives and reporters would laugh at me, and, at last, I might find my proper place in an asylum. Yet the man who disappears, according to the rules of the art, would be so provided with a new and secure place in society that he could no more assert his old self than I could claim to be Winthrop Lyle."

Lord still studied the photographs with interest.

"I begin to understand you," he said. "There is more sense in your art than I thought. You believe, then, that Lyle disappeared in this wonderful way. How do you think he did it?"

"That's another story," Wilhelm replied as he finished his beer. "Everyone uses the same method, of course, but the details are different. I am satisfied that you see the truth of the principle, and how simple and deep it is. If I get any ideas on Lyle's particular way of doing the change act, I shall tell you."

"I want to hear them," said Lord. "It's a new peep into that cursed mystery, which puzzles me more the more I study it."

When he was leaving the house an hour later, the old professor met him on the street, with an anxious face. "Dot Lyle myzdery," said he, in his ponderous accent, "dhroubles Wilhelm doo much, und it vould blease me greadly if you vouldt bring him to anoder subject soon und qvick, since it is not to any man safe und brofitable to dvell doo long on dose human myzderies of crime, nefer to be found oud, specially ven he hess a vife und child, ubon him alone depending vor subbort. You are Wilhelm's goot friendt, und I speak to you as such."

"Gad, I noticed it myself," said Lord, "particularly when he shouted, 'Arrest me, I am Winthrop Lyle.' He made me think of Lyle himself then, I tell you. But you are right, professor, to warn me. I've seen these theories get hold of men and land them in the asylum. So, just as soon as Wilhelm works off his thoughts on Lyle's escape, I'll never mention the infernal thing again. We'll talk about Africa and Greenland. The case has me nearly crazy. But, that's a wonderful theory of Wilhelm's, all the same, if it could only be carried out."

"If it only goudt," roared the professor, as he went in.

A few nights later Wilhelm was ready to apply his theory to the escape of Winthrop Lyle, but he had lost some of his interest in the matter, and his round face, a trifle flushed with beer, beamed too comfortably for mental activity.

"It is a great pity," he began, "that a sound and rational theory does not always fit well into ordinary life. There is sure to be one hitch or another. I have had trouble explaining Lyle's disappearance, according to the rules of the art. But you must not laugh at me. I firmly believe that this unfortunate man, who left no tracks in the road he traveled, escaped by means of the principle and method I have described. No other theory fits the case. When it became certain that either escape or suicide was his one refuge from the gallows, he made arrangements with his friends to bribe the prison guards, that he might get easily to this city. You told me that yourself. But, he also made arrangements for a final separation from his friends. Knowing that successful flight depended on a strict adherence to the rules of disappearing, he must have ordered his relatives to make no search for him, to look upon him as dead. Needing money to carry out his plans, he had them place a good sum where he could get it without trouble. When all was ready he slipped away after midnight, took the first train to the city, and went straight to the old man and woman with whom he intended to take refuge.

"In the reports of his trial, it came out that he had done charitable work on the East Side, among the Germans, Poles and Bohemians. I assume that he had there made the acquaintance of the persons needed for his purpose, a respectable German couple, let us say, needy, faithful, ignorant of his past, under obligations to him, and ready to do any honest thing that would secure comfort for their old age. I know a score such that would be glad to accept the propositions made by Lyle to Herr Schneider and his wife—let Schneider be their name. He offered to pay them a good sum down and so much a month while they lived to be adopted as their son Frank, just returned from California, sick almost to death. They accepted. Frank Schneider went to bed at once as a sick man, and was not seen again on the streets of New York for three months. The neighbors got no glimpse of him for a month, but his mother went about all that time telling her cronies and friends of her son's return, keeping them informed of his progress to health, letting them peep into his bedroom, and promising her maiden friends her influence in coaxing Frank to marry one of them within the year.

"You can imagine what Lyle was doing during this month of sickness. He was recovering from the strain of trial and prison, learning the German language as the Schneiders spoke it, getting used to a German diet, making himself familiar with Bavaria, with the native village, the relatives and friends of his new parents, and in general fitting himself for the part he had to play. Moreover, he was doing his best to get fat, to get the rough bloom of a beer-drinker, and to bleach dark hair, eyebrows, and beard to yellow. When at the end of a month he could sit up and receive visitors, his German was passable, and his appearance sufficiently rude to suit his surroundings. When he appeared on the street he had become easy-going Frank Schneider in earnest, and every soul in the ward was willing to swear he was Schneider's son. His mother's countrywomen had known him as a boy, and could now see in him proper resemblances to his parents! By that time he spoke German well, and English not at all. He was fat, and roughly dressed. His hair was like mine, he wore glasses, his walk was lazy, his manners bad. He read no English books, he ate only as do the Bavarians, and a German neighbor taught him to write in a queer hand, which Frank Schneider made his own. Three months so changed him in appearance and fact that he forgot, except in sleep, or when alone, that he had ever been Winthrop Lyle. Then he ventured out on the streets of the city, went to theaters and balls, got a job as a bartender in a German saloon, and kept it a month until he knew the ways and the customers of such a place.

"He thought it was time, then, to get out of the country. So his father and mother announced to the neighbors their intention to visit their native land for three months, and also to stay there for good if they liked it. Being poor, they took a steerage passage in the big steamer, and Frank went with them, getting aboard under the very noses of the detectives, who still watched for him. In their native village the Schneiders made quite an impression, and their son was thought to have a good memory and a great love for the country of his childhood. No doubt, Lyle put all that he had learned from his parents to the test during his stay in Hofberg. The Bavarians said, with delight: 'He speaks German as if he had never been in America!' He told them stories of his childhood, in which he had been the hero, described well-known scenes, asked after relatives who were dead, and mentioned some of their peculiarities. Probably not even a Bavarian detective could have pierced through his disguise after a three months' stay in Hofberg, where he taught the innkeepers to mix drinks in the American style. Everyone said he was truly a native and a credit, and should not think of returning to America. This must have been his own intention at first, and he knew that he was violating a chief rule of the art of disappearing by not changing country as well as personality. However, the East Side is not so far from Europe, and he concluded that on the East Side he would live and die. So the Schneiders returned to their old quarters, and Frank went back to his old bartending with a fine stock of stories from the Fatherland, and a bigger ditch between him and the past, which lived only in his memory.

"He spoke English now with a German accent, which came to his lips without effort. He enjoyed his new life. It was pleasant in itself, and like heaven, when compared with the prison, the gallows, the grave, and the awful shame. After six months of study and practice in his new character, he had no longer to remind himself constantly of the part he was playing. It had become his nature. He kept out all thought of Winthrop Lyle, trying to think of him and his story as one thinks of a character in a novel. Finally, he chose a good girl to be his wife, a girl from the village of Hofberg. She was pretty and sensible, and loved him, though she felt it lowered her to marry a bartender. That amused him very much, but it fell in with his plans, and they were married. That's the end of my theories.

"Eight months from the date of his escape he had become another man. You can see what the art of disappearing did for him in that time; what must it not have added in the sixteen months that have since fled? No doubt he has prospered in business, and now owns a beer-garden or a brewery. In his dreams, and in the quiet moments before sleep, he was in the habit of recalling the past, the scenes of the trial, the long days in prison. But marriage and success must have done away with that. When he got into politics, and had a crowd of clients to distract him every day, his past must have disappeared, even from his dreams. Father and mother, brothers and sisters——"

"Even the murdered wife," whispered Frau Ganz.

"He never murdered her," said Wilhelm, in the same tone. "All may have vanished in the commonplace routine of his life. He has probably observed every rule of the art but two. You say he sent word to his parents of his safety and happiness. That was an error, but without consequences. A second error is his stay in his native country; that may be as harmless as the first. It would not avail him now to reveal his identity. He would be denied by the Lyles, and put in confinement by his friends. Probably he has met and exchanged kindly words with you, Lord, and his persecutors. I have no doubt, when he thinks of his triumph over you, he feels like saying, 'I am Winthrop Lyle,' and defying you to track him even then. Is it not possible? Could you find him in the person I have described to you? Is he not hidden as securely as if he were dead?"

"Not a doubt of it," said Lord, promptly. "If he followed your plan he is safe from friend and enemy, and safe from himself."

Wilhelm and his father exchanged glances.

"But, great heavens!" cried the ex-detective, "what suffering that poor devil must have endured to wipe himself off the face of the earth in that way!"

"It would kill me, I think," said Wilhelm, taking his baby from the cradle to kiss him good-night. "If I had to leave these, and turn myself into another being, as Lyle did, what sorrow and pain I would have to endure! As for Lyle, I think you are right in saying that one of his spirit must have suffered fiercely."

Frau Ganz took her baby to his crib in the back room.

selves. Lord look

for the last words

he had grown pale from

had risen to pace the room. The professor shook his head at his son, and shrugged his shoulders for Lord.

"Fiercely, I repeat," continued Wilhelm. "Nature objects with all its strength to change so sudden and violent. And this poor fellow, with his iron will, went through horrible anguish in rescuing his name from disgrace by obliterating himself after all the horrid suffering of trial, struggle and death-watch! But still," and he sat down, as if soothed by the thought, "it was a triumph, a compensation to have achieved the defeat of his persecutors, even though he committed two errors! And he will add a third at this moment. Lord, look at me, and mark well what I say, for it is the truth, I am Winthrop Lyle!"

The detective put on his hat, gayly, and started for the door, saying, with ready wit, as he stood on the threshold, "I'll pay your theory the compliment of not believing you. Good-night."

He rushed home, full of regret and bitterness at this unexpected result of airing his hobby too freely.

"If that boy goes crazy," he said, "and he's half crazy now, I'll never forgive myself. Anyway, this is a warning to me. I want to keep my senses, so the Lyle mystery must go overboard."

And he flung photographs, papers and clews bearing on the criminal's disappearance into the fire. The professor and his son sat silent for a few minutes after Lord's departure. The old man was afraid to speak, and Wilhelm seemed deep in thought.

"Well, what do you think of the test?" said the son, in a low tone. "Will it ever be possible for anyone to recognize in Ganz, the 'cello player, Winthrop Lyle, the condemned murderer?"

"You have proved it impossible," said the professor, "but, great heaven, what a risk to run!"

"It is the first and last, father. I could not resist this supreme chance to test my own success. And what a triumph! Good-night."—"Ainslee's."

A Careless Chemistry Chap.

A jolly young chemistry tough,
While mixing a compounded stuff,
Dropped a match in the vial,
And after a while—
They found his front teeth and one cuff
—"Powder Magazine."

A Wish of Peace.

Give me a book, and an arbored nook
With the soul of the wood imbued;
A vista of blue, the branches through;
The forest music—and solitude.
—L. H. Gebhard

The Kiss.

A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; and to an old maid, charity. —Nashville "Banner."

Ethel—How did you think the bride looked? Grace—Oh, remarkably well-groomed.—"Harvard Lampoon."

His Purpose.

"What are you assuming such a belligerent air for?" said the small potentate's adviser. "Don't you know that we don't want to fight?"

"Of course, I know it. And I realize that we've got to do something exceedingly plausible to keep the other people from finding it out."—Washington Star.

An English schoolmaster offered a prize to the boy who could write the best composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome Habit." This is what was written by the nine-year-old boy who won the prize:—

"Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change 'abit. If you take off another, you still have a 'bit left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up, all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether."

Hi—Wal, I s'pose yer son is a great help since he come back from thet 'ar agriculture college.

Si—Help nothin'! Instead uf comin' out an' helpin' with th' plough like he use ter, he does nothin' but lay round th' house now, figurin' out th' profit uf crossin' punkins with pie plant, in order to raise punkin pies.—New York Sun.

At breaking all the rules of speech
Fair woman is majestic.
She hires an imported girl,
And calls her a domestic.
—Philadelphia Press.

"My dear," whispered the husband who had accompanied his better half to the shop where she expected to purchase a spring gown, "I think that dress with the black lace fixings on it is nobby. Why don't you get it?"

"Oh, it would never do," answered the wife. "Everybody is wearing that style."

"Then, here's another good-looking one—this one with the separate jacket and the strap fixings on the skirt."

"Mercy, no! Why nobody is wearing that!"—Life.

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

HAWK AND SPIT. 124

Do Your Friends Avoid You by Reason of These

Symptoms of Catarrh?

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder quickly dispels every loathsome symptom of Catarrh and effects a permanent cure. It stands alone as a remedy for Catarrh, both chronic and acute; Hay Fever, Headache, Sore Throat, Influenza, Deafness, Tonsilitis and all other diseases of the nose and throat. Cures the severest cases and cures them speedily. Rev. J. Louer Grimm, a well-known clergyman of Springer, York Co., Pa., writes: "Both myself and family have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for the past two years, and I can conscientiously recommend it to any one who suffers from Catarrh or other nose or throat diseases. I would consider it wrong not to recommend it every chance I get."

Liver Working Properly?

If not, it's proof that your entire system is disorganized. Agnew's Liver Pills—entirely vegetable—regulate the Liver, purify the whole body, restoring it to perfect health. 40 doses 10c. No. 39

A still more absurd mistake was once made in the same office when a telegram was received for "James W. Giles, pie clerk, Brooklyn nasty yard." This was afterward amended to read, "James W. Gillespie, clerk, Brooklyn navy yard."

DEMONS OF INDIGESTION.

Dyspepsia and Other Stomach Disorders

The Cause of Endless Misery.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets—nature's wonderful remedy—speedily relieve and permanently cure Wind on the Stomach, Sour Stomach, Belching up of Foul Gases, Nausea, Vomiting, Loss of Appetite, Nervousness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Relieve at once—cure positively. Geo. Sunderland, a prominent business man of Welland, Ont., says: "After suffering for over three years with a most distressing case of Dyspepsia, and trying innumerable remedies without obtaining any relief, my druggist persuaded me to try a box of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. I was soon entirely restored to health. I am certain they will cure the disease, in any stage whatever."

Torturing Aches and Pains.

Rheumatism is caused by an acid poison in the blood, and until it is eliminated and the blood purified, the body will continue to be racked by aches and pains. The South American Rheumatic Cure neutralizes the acid. Cures Rheumatism in one to three days to stay cured. No. 32

A Resourceful Bride.

"Can we afford," he faltered, sadly, "to have a skeleton in our closet?"

As for the woman, she wept, for they were indeed wretchedly poor, but she was not, therefore, altogether unresourceful.

"We might keep it in the hall and use it for a hat rack!" exclaimed the bride, for her mind was giving way under the constant effort to practice economy.—Detroit Journal.

NO NEED TO SUFFER.

Torture of Rheumatism Relieved in Six Hours Cured

In One to Three Days.

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

Pain in Your Kidneys?

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

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England

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

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

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

Bicycles for rent—bicycle repairing—Pillman & Co.

E. Rosselli, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, left for the coast last thursday; he will attend the Fire Convention at Seattle. The genial Dad Fenn has charge of the business during his absence.

Large shipment of Alarm, Mantle, Kitchen and Office Clocks just arrived at Jules Eggert's.

Capt. Curtis left for Vancouver, en route to England. He is so pleased with the country that he will return next spring.

Capt. John Irving left for Whitehorse, he will return shortly.

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

The Balmoral Hotel, of which Messrs. Anderson and Sabin are proprietors, is all newly finished and is probably the most comfortable and best equipped hotel in Discovery. It has in connection a fine Hall with imported fir floor and platform, suitable for meetings, dances and entertainments.

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

What are the Conventions doing? When can Atlin expect nominations to be made?

W. G. Paxton, Notary Public, intends being in Discovery every evening.—Office at Palmer's, opposite Nugget Hall.

Mr. Hughes, "The Ivy Transportation Line", has sold out his ranch on the Atlintoo, to Butler Bros.

Al Baker and son left Thursday for the coast.

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

Prices of Dry Goods cut in two. In order to make room for fall stock, we will sell, for the next ten days, goods at the following prices.

Regular price 15 cents now 7½ cts.
" 25 cents now 12½ cts.
" 35 cents now 17 cts.
" 50 cents now 25 cts.

Sale commences today at

E. L. Pillman & Co.'s

The shooting season is now open, grouse and ducks are plentiful and some good bags should soon be brought in.

Large assortment of all kinds of Boots and Shoes just arrived at N. C. Wheeling & Co.s'

Mrs. H. Jacob DeWitt left for Skagway where she will spend the winter.

Labor Day Monday Sept. 7th. The Post Office will be open from 1 p. m. until 3 p. m.

BIRTH—On Friday 4th. inst., the wife of J. A Fraser, Government Agent, Atlin, B. C., of a daughter.

NOTICE.

The ladies of St. Martin's Guild will hold a sale of work consisting of fancy and useful articles in the A. O. U. W. Hall on Tuesday evening Sept. 8th. commencing at 7 p. m. admission free.

A dance in aid of the Guild will be held at the Grand Hotel, Friday Sept. 11th. Ladies free gentlemen $1.00.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest and highest temperatures recorded for the week ending 26th inst, are as follows:

Aug. 29	31	49
" 30	34	53
" 31	31	52
Sept. 1	32	69
" 2	31	54
" 3	34	61
" 4	34	62

ATLIN LAKE, BENNETT LAKE AND CHILKAT MINING DIVISIONS OF CASSIAR DISTRICT.

Notice is hereby given that all placer mining claims legally held in the Atlin Lake, Bennett Lake and Chilkat Mining Divisions of Cassiar District are laid over from the fifteenth day of September, A. D. 1903, to the second day of July, A. D. 1904.

J. A. FRASER,
GOLD COMMISSIONER.

GOLD COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Atlin, B. C. August 31st, 1902.

W. J. SMITH.

AUCTIONEER.

ATLIN & DISCOVERY.

Sale at Discovery every Wednesday and Saturday evenings beginning Saturday 29 Aug. Over $5000 worth of clothing, groceries etc. to dispose of.

Parties having goods to sell should send in same for quick disposal.

HOTEL VANCOUVER.

THIS HOTEL IS STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF GOODS.

Sam. Johnstone, Prop.

Northern Lumber Co.

Prices for the Season 1903.

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

C. P. R. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

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

PRINCESS MAY	AMUR
July 21	July 27
" 31	Aug. 5
Aug. 10	" 15
" 21	" 25
" 30	Sept. 4

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

TAKE NOTICE.

We are still selling Mens' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes below cost prices.

A glance at our shelves will convince you that we carry the largest, cleanest, freshest and best selected stock of Fancy and Staple Groceries in the Camp. Prices are always right at the IRON STORE, call with your orders and be convinced.

STABLES & LUMSDEN.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER & MANUFACTURING Co., Limited.

ENGINEERS, MACHINISTS, BLACKSMITHS, & IRON FOUNDERS.

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

ELECTRIC LIGHT RATES — Installation, $3.50 per light.

16 Candle Power Incandescent $3:50 per month per light.
8 " " " $2:50 "

Special Rates for Arc Lights & Large Incandescent Lights.
Also for Hotels & Public Buildings.

WE give special attention to Mail and Telegraphic Orders.

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

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

The Ross-Higgins Co.
Skagway, Alaska.

THE CASH MEAT MARKET

JOE BROOKS

FIRST STREET, Atlin.

I KEEP NONE BUT PRIME STOCK—LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Wholesale and Retail

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

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

DAWSON HOTEL.

TAKU B. C.

CHOICEST WINES LIQUORS & CIGARS.

FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT.

HEADQUARTERS FOR FISHING & SHOOTING.

F. G. Ashton, Proprietor.