The Weekly News.

NO. 282 CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY APRIL 12th., 1898 $2.00 PER ANNUM.

UNION MEAT MARKET

For the choicest meats we are head quarters.
If you have not tried our noted sausages, bologna and head cheese, you should do so at once. Fresh vegetables, eggs and butter, salmon bellies, Mackerel, etc.

SHIPPING SUPPLIES

SIMON LEISER

NEW GOODS,

NEW GOODS.

JUST arrived from Great Britain,
A huge consignment of Dry Goods,
And will be opened out this week.

Towels, Men's and Boys Sweaters, Dress Goods, Silks, Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Ties, Flannellettes, Underwear, Blouses, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Etc., Etc., Etc.

SEE NEXT WEEKS' AD

GUS HAUCK.

WE HAVE

a New and Full Stock of School Supplies, and Stationery.

TAKE Sarsaparilla for a good Spring Tonic. It cures that tired feeling.

—o—

Open Sundays from 10 to 11 a. m.

After having La Grippe try a bottle of Beef Iron Wine. The best Strengthening Tonic

—o—

Open Sundays from 3 to 5 p. m.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST AND PUREST DRUGS FOR DISPENSING.

Syrup of Douglas Pine the latest cure for Coughs and Colds. Scott's Emulsion, Linseed and Turpentine.

Peacy & Co.

GIDEON HICKS. ARTHUR WHEELER.

GIDEON HICKS & CO.,

P.O. Box 233 Victoria, B. C.

Dealers in New and Second-hand Pianos and Organs.

BERLIN (Berlin, Ont.,) MASON & RISH (Toronto, Ont.,) BUSH & GEOTS (Chicago, Ill.)

All kinds of Sheet Music kept in stock.

Orders promptly attended to.

TUNING and REPAIRING.
Cumberland representative Rev. Wm. Hicks.

UNION SHIPPING.

April 5th.—Tees 107 tons for C.P.N.Co.
" " —Wheeling 71 tons, fuel.
" " —Thistle 261 tons, and Tepic 404 tons, for Miowera.
" 7 —Vancouver 243 tons and the Leis 218 tons, for Miowera.
" 8 —Str. Bristol 2,194 for North American Com. Co., Alaska.
" 9 —Str. Maude 140 tons for C.P.N.Co.
" 11 —Minnesota 3,300 tons, for Los Angeles.

DUE.—Pakshan, Ning Chow, and bark Carrolton.

SKAGWAY TRAIL

Through, the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Kelley, we publish part of a letter from their son, Mr. H. Claude Kelley of Tacoma.

.....Left Skagway, Friday 28th Jan at 9:30 o'clock, with two dog teams of five dogs each and two sleds to a team, carrying 1250 pounds. It was a grand morning the old mountains showed up in great style; the dogs went flying up the river bed, the ice being smooth as glass, and we sat on our sleds wondering why people thought the Skagway trail so bad, but your mind is soon satisfied. You strike a canyon at the foot of which is Porcupine Hill, where the trail leaves the river and goes over the hill. We put both teams to one load and went over o.k., receiving complements on the way our dogs pulled.

We reached the top of this hill, which does not go straight up like 11th, street, but has short turns which makes it difficult to handle dogs; I shall not try to tell, how often our sleds turned over, or the words awful and rare that were wafted on the air. We were each using our own steams, Mc in the lead; suddenly he was out of sight, and stopping my dogs I saw him all in a bunch at the foot of the hill. He was soon fixed up all right, but we found it all ups and downs over this chain of hills, so left one team of dogs to feed on a dead horse, and struck out with the other; found the river bed again, a place to camp, and returned for our load and dogs; they were feeling pretty good after their rest and dead horse I tripped once, felt the sled run square against me but came out pretty well. Put our tent up, got our dogs fed, fed our own faces, rolled up in our robes tired and sore after our first day on the Skagway trail.

Started early next morning, the trail good for for quite a distance. Soon left the river bed and struck over a series of hills, we did not know where we were going; one loses half the time passing people. We went as far as White Horse Pass, left sleds and started back for our other things; the dogs flying, half the time we were using the seat of our pants for a toboggan. Before reaching camp we had just started up one of those hills with a bench trail on one side and the river 300 feet below on the other, at the foot of this hill is the White Pass Hotel. An old man with an ox started down, the ox going fast as possible, the old man yelled for to stop him. I have stopped wedges in foot ball games, so I tried to stop the ox. He walked over the dogs never touching them, stepped all around me, struck the sled, fell and rolled to the bottom of the hill. People who saw, thought I would be killed, but I took off my cap, showed a luxuriant growth of hair with a fair part in the middle, and told them I once played foot ball; they nodded and passed on. That night slept warm as toast in our robes at the foot of White Horse Canyon to the tune of Willie West's song with the following words:

In the morn at five we arose
Put on our frozen clothes,

Hitched our faithful dogs
To travel over ice and logs,

Then with smiles and uncombed locks
We pulled on our German socks,

And climbed the Skagway trail
On Sunday morning.

The way winds up almost purpendicular, in places, a bench trail; I think the worst part on the road just before we reach the ford, only a mile from our camp. People were camped there; they bring all their wood from below. From this point you begin climbing the Summit, where we left our packs and returned to camp.

Passed the police carrying two dead men, and two sick—who afterwards died—to Skagway. This is an usual occurrence; passers will yell out, "What! you got, a stiff?" "Yes," or "One on the way."

In places only two feet wide our sleds go to the bottom many times and have to be reloaded. We lost one sled in the canyon, it was blowing hard and awfully cold, so we left it. When we reached the Summit I was exhausted, both cheeks were frozen, and we had lost our tent on the sled that went over. There was a fine old man camped there, who rubbed my frozen face with snow and gave us something warm to eat, and drink. He let us sleep in his tent that night, the coldest I ever experienced. The tent was small, so we slept on his supplies.

We had to dig ourselves out next morning. Our dogs were covered with snow but in fairly good trim except one that afterwards died. Many a time after starting back for our goods, we went over and over the hills, dogs and all. Troubles are nothing and as the Mounted Police have no authority on this side, we have no policeman to tell them to. We finally landed at Lake Bennett, which is more or less down hill and you go like ——. Well, I won't stop to tell more of the ups and downs we experiencee on on the famous Skagway Trail.

If any one comes up here to go over he can do it, but he will wish he was in Helena—I mean Tacoma—and the man who talks against his own town, will be glad to get back to it.

Our dogs only hit the high places. In good weather make the trip from Skagway to the Lake in four days. We will pack all we can get over the trail, and expect to get all we can pack.

CLAUDE KELLY.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Union and Comox District Hospital for election of officers, and to receive reports, etc., will be held on Saturday evening April 16th, commencing at 7:30 o'clock, in Jas. Abrams' office (old Court House.) Members will please attend.

J. B. BENNETT,
Secretary.

A STRAIGHT TIP

To those who want to buy the BEST GOODS
—o— FOR THE LEAST MONEY. —o—

We have now the CHOICEST STOCK of HIGH CLASS GROCERIES Suitable for Family Trade. Our Hams, Bacon, CANNOT be beat. Always a Large stock of Fresh Eggs on hand.

Dry Goods.

We have a nice assortment of Spring Dress Goods, Flannelettes, Ginghams, Prints, Etc. for which we beg your inspection.

McPHEE & MOORE.

Scots Wae hae a Gathering o' the Clans
CUMBERLAND HALL,
April 13th, and 14th,
MR. WM. MACKENZIE,
THE FAMOUS BARITONE AND AUSTRALIAN REPRESENTATIVE OF
Scottish Song and Humor
Assisted by the talented young Shakesperian and Scottish Artist,
MISS JESSIE GLOVER
Grand daughter of Edmond Glover of Edinboro, Greenock, and Glasgow, and a Select Company
COME AND ENJOY A RICH TREAT
Admisson 50 cents. Tickets now on sale at Peacey & Co.'s Drug Store.

IT IS "CUMBERLAND" NOW.

A month ago we announced on what we knew to be reliable authority that the name of the post office here would be changed from Union to Cumberland on April 1. The official news, however, did not reach the post office here until the 6th inst.; and was to the effect that the name had been changed on April 1. In order to avoid confusion it would be well if persons writing from here would be careful to head their letters "Cumberland, B. C."

LETTER FROM ALD. CARTHEW

We have received from Dr. Westwood the following letter with the suggestion that its publication would be of service to those thinking of going north:

Ft Wrangel. Mar. 22 '98.

Dr. Westwood: Wrangel is a wonderful town in many respects; every branch of trade is well represented here: in fact there are ten men for every job. Professional men are plentiful. There are at least 8 doctors practicing in town, 3 dentists, 4 lawyers, and real estate men by the score. There is a chance to make money on property here: it has doubled in value since I came.....Carpenter's wages are $4 per day, and board $30 per month; so that is not any better than in Union. Since I started on my job there have been a dozen men every day looking for work. There are about 500 people living in tents, waiting until the river opens: also about 1000 up the river. The travelling is good now.....Rents are high here. A house like yours would rent for $150 per month. There is a building about the size of Gleason's rented for $500 per month; in fact one could get $10 for a woodshed. Every second one is a saloon or gambling den. It is not safe to go out after night, there are so many cut-throats and robbers. They have been driven out of Skagway and Dyea and located here. There is much trouble over getting title to land here, and it appears that the first building on a lot holds it—if he is not driven off with a six-shooter, which often occurs.—There is not a street of 100 feet in length in town. The people build regardless of streets. but are making a survey now.—It is'nt lonesome here by any means. The place is crowded with people every day Little sickness apart from colds; but the place is dirty—dead dogs lying around everywhere. My advice to any one down below, making ends meet is—to stay there.

Yours truly
Jas. Carthew

EX-PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER VISITS OUR SHORES

Friday, the steamer Bristol, lay at our outer-wharf all day for coal. She was on her way to Alaska in the interests of the North American Commercial Co., under the management of Mr. Stanley Brown.

There was quite a little party aboard, including Mrs. Stanley Brown nee Mollie Garfield, Captain and Mrs. McIntire, Mr. Chichester. etc.

Mr. Brown, the manager of the Company usually goes up to Alaska once a year. He was President Garfield's private secretary. Mrs. Brown is making with this trip her first visit to Alaska. She much resembles in features her famous father.

The Diamond Coterie

BY LAWRENCE C. LYNCH.

(CONTINUED.)

But she did hesitate, not knowing just how to tell him that she was Doctor Heath's friend, in spite of appearances, without telling, or revealing otherwise too much. How could she set the matter before him, as she wished him to see it?

Seeing her hesitate, Ray unwittingly came to the rescue, and Constance seized upon the idea he gave her, with hasty eagerness, little thinking of the results that were to follow her implied deceit.

"I can't feel too grateful for your confidence at any price," he said, laughingly; "when I think how Lamotte glowered at me when he saw me coming here. But, then, if rumor speaks the truth, he has a right to be jealous, eh, Constance?"

Here was a way out of her dilemma; let Ray imagine her engaged to Frank Lamotte, and he would not misconstrue her interest in Doctor Heath; as for Frank, he had been a suitor, and a most troublesome one, for so long that she thought nothing of appropriating him to herself, as a matter of convenience, and only for the moment, and she never thought at all of the injury she might do herself by this deception.

"Oh, yes!" she replied; "I have given Frank the right to be as jealous as he pleases." And the hot blood flamed into her cheek, as she saw how readily he had taken her words as she had meant them to be understood.

"Lamotte's a lucky fellow," said Ray, "although I know a better man I would like to see in his shoes. But we won't quarrel over Frank. Is it him that I am to serve?"

"No," she replied, coloring again. And once more he misapplied her confusion.

Constance was silent and thoughtful for a few moments, and then she came directly to the point.

"Some strange things have come to my knowledge, concerning Doctor Heath, Ray. They have come in such a manner that I would be in a measure violating the confidence of another were I to make a statement in full, and yet—in some way Doctor Heath must know that danger menances him."

"Ah!" uttered Ray Vandyck, and Constance, lifting her eyes to his face, caught a fleeting look that caused her to ask suddenly:—

"Ray, have you heard anything about Doctor Heath? anything strange, I mean, or unexpected?"

"Why," replied Ray, slowly. "I have nothing very strange to relate, but—Heath's encounter with Burrill a short time since has made some talk."

"I don't understand you."

"Then is it not about this affair that you have sent for me?"

"Ray, explain yourself. What of this affair, as you call it?"

"Why, you see," began Ray, plunging into his recital after a fashion peculiar to himself, "about a week ago, yes, it was quite a week ago, on that stormy blustering Monday night, when sensible people staid indoors, Heath, after the manner of doctors, was straggling about that lovely precinct known as Mill avenue, trying to find the shortest way out after paying a visit to some sick child, or woman, I won't swear which; as I was saying, he was on his way out of that blessed avenue, when he heard screams coming from the cottage he was passing. It was the voice of a woman, and Heath made for the house, and rushed in just in time to see that latest addition to society, Mr. John Burrill, in a state of partial intoxication, raining blows about the head and shoulders of the woman who was once his wife. Heath rained one blow upon him and he went down under it. Then he got up, not quite satisfied and thirsting for more fight, and Heath felled him once more.

"It seems that the thing had been done so rapidly, that Burrill had not had time to get a fair look at the face of his assailant; but the second time he scrambled to his feet, Heath stood facing him full, braced and ready, when, behold, Burrill, after one look, turns as pale as a spectre, utters a yell of fear, and dashes out of the house like a madman. By this time several people had come in, and the thing puzzled them not a little. Heath asserted that he had never, to his knowledge, seen Burrill before; and yet there stood the fact of Burrill's fright at sight of him. Some believed it a case of mistaken identity; others, that Heath was trying to mislead them, and that he did know Burrill. The affair became noised about as such things will be, and some were curious to see another meeting between Heath and Burrill. And here comes the queer part of the business. In his sober moments, Burrill avoids Heath, and can not be brought to mention his name. But when he gets a little too much on board—beg pardon, Conny—I mean, somewhat intoxicated, he becomes very loquacious; then he throws out strange hints, and gives mysterious winks; states that he could tell a tale about Heath that would open everybody's eyes. He talks of 'borrowed plumage,' and insinuates that Heath would like to buy him off. He says that he took to his heels because he knew that Heath did not mean fair play, etc. Finally, two or three evenings ago, when Burrill was remarkably tipsy, and therefore, unusually ripe for a combat with any one, Heath and I, crossing the street opposite Spring's Bank, encountered him coming toward us, surrounded by a party of roughs. As we approached them, Burrill, making some uncouth gestures, came forward in advance of the rest, and as he came opposite Heath, leaned toward him and whispered a few words in his ear. I don't know what he said, but the effect on Heath was magical. For a moment he seemed staggered, as if by a blow, and then he took the fellow by the throat, and shook him until his teeth rattled; then loosed his hold so suddenly that his man dropped to the ground. Heath by this time was a little cooler; he stooped over the prostrate man, took him by the collar, and fairly lifted him to his feet, then he said:

"Understand this, fellow, I allow no man to interfere with my business. This is only a sample of what will happen to you if you ever try this dodge again; keep my name off your tongue in public and private, if you want whole bones in your body;' then he marched past the whole astonished crowd, minding them no more than if they were gnats. I followed, of course, and said as I came up with Heath:—

"'Quite an adventure, upon my word; you seem to possess a strange attraction for Burrill?'

"'Burrill,' he exclaimed; 'who the mischief is the fellow, Ray?'

"'He is Mr. Lamotte's son-in-law,' I answered.

"'Ah,' he mused; 'so Jasper Lamotte has married his daughter to a blackmailer;' and after that, he said never a word more on the subject. I had it in my mind to tell him of the hints and insinuations Burrill in his unguarded moments was putting into circulation, but his reticence closed my lips."

He paused, and looked to his auditor for some comment, but she sat with her eyes fixed upon the carpet, and a troubled look on her face.

"Don't think, Conny, that I am one of those who construe this against Heath," said the loyal fellow. "He is the best fellow in the world. The whole thing, for me, lies in a nutshell. Heath is not a man to disturb himself about his neighbor's concerns, and he don't expect his neighbors to interest themselves in his. This Burrill has picked up, somehow, a little information; something concerning Heath, or his past life, that is not known to W—, and he is trying to make capital of it. The secret in itself may be a mere nothing, but Heath is the first man to resent impertinences, and the last man to make explanations. And he's right, too, especially under the present circumstances. I like him all the better for his pluck and his reticence; let him keep his secrets; so long as he gives me his friendship, I am quite content."

Constance felt a thrill of satisfaction and a return of courage, as she listened. Here was a friend, loyal, enthusiastic, not to be alienated by slander or suspicion. She had known Ray from his childhood, and they had always been the best of friends, but she had never admired and honored him, never valued his friendship so much, as she did at this moment.

His enthusiasm was contagious; she forgot all her fears of a personal nature and became in an instant the true woman and unselfish friend.

"Ah, Ray," she exclaimed, lifting two admiring gray eyes to meet his, "you are a friend indeed! a friend to be proud of; but tell me, did you hear nothing more of Burrill after that second encounter?"

"He made some pretty loud threats," replied Ray, "and a fellow named Brooks, a sort of crony of Burrill's, took it upon himself to call upon Heath the next day, and advise him to keep a pretty close lookout for Burrill, as he was quite likely, in one of his drunken rages, to make an assault upon him. Heath thanked the fellow, and asured him that he was quite capable of taking care of himself, and Burrill, too, if need be; and Brooks backed out, declaring that he 'meant no 'arm by intrudin'.'"

"Ray," said Constance, earnestly, "John Burrill is not the only man Doctor Heath has to fear. I may have acted hastily in sending for you, but I was so troubled by certain facts that have just come to my knowledge, that I could not rest without doing something. It's almost an abuse of confidence to ask so much of you and tell you so little, but in a few days I hope to be mistresss of my own tongue, and then you shall have all the particulars. For the present, Ray, promise to follow my instructions blindly."

"I have promised that, Conny."

"And, Ray, you will keep this all a secret; you will do your part without hinting to Doctor Heath your true motive, unless circumstances compel an explanation?"

"I promise that, too."

"When I sent for you, it was to ask you to warn Doctor Heath, in the most delicate way you can devise, that he was menaced by an enemy, and under hourly surveillance; but, since you have told me of this Burrill it occurs to me that in some way he may be mixed up in this matter, and—I have thought of a better plan."

Ray nodded, and looked full of interest.

"Your description of his manner of receiving Burrill's interference, and of his reticence throughout, makes me feel that it might be only precipitating a catastrophe if we warned him, and oh, Ray, I want you, for three days, to be his constant shadow. Devise some excuse for remaining in town; thrust yourself upon his hospitality; observe any strangers who may approach him. If possible, do not let him get out of sight, even for a short time; in three days you shall be relieved."

"By whom?"

She lifted her hand, warningly. "No questions, Ray. Can you manage all this?"

He pondered a while, then said: "I think I can; I am a pretty good actor, Conny. What do you say to my feigning illness?"

"He would find you out."

"Not if I did it well, perhaps. I think I could manage for a few days."

"It won't do, Ray. He would send you to bed and walk away and leave you."

Ray groaned.

"Tell him your room is under repairs, and throw yourself on his mercy; then feign low spirits, and make him think it is his duty to entertain and cheer you up."

"Capital, Conny! we can make that work I know; your wit is worth more than my wisdom; for three days then I am your watch dog."

"And your friend's guardian."

"Precisely. I begin to swell with importance. But seriously, Conny, let me have your confidence at the earliest moment. For, whoever does battle with Heath, will find me arrayed against him, and—it's difficult fighting in the dark."

"You shall know all as soon as possible, Ray, and now—"

"And now," repeated he, rising with alacrity. "Heath's horse stands outside, and Heath himself waits my return; so, lest he should grow impatient, and go where mischief awaits him, I will go now and begin my task."

"Thank you, Ray, I know I can depend upon you. All this seems like a scene out of a melodrama, but it's wretchedly real for all that. Ray, I am just waking up to a knowledge of how much plotting and wickedness there is in this world; even in our little world of W—"

"We all wake to that knowledge," he said, a spasm of pain crossing his face. "You know how the lesson came to me, Conny."

"Yes, poor Ray! and I know that another suffer even more than you, because of it."

"And the cause of it all is another mystery. But no more of this; unless something noteworthy occurs, you will not see me again for three days."

She gave him her hand, and a look of gratitude, and trust; and, in a few moments more, the red roan steed was speeding back townward.

Francis Lamotte had found the doctor dull company; and, as he scarcely ever remained in the office to read now-a-days, he had taken himself and his dissatisfaction elsewhere, long before Ray returned to the office ready to begin his new role. He found the doctor sitting in a despondent attitude, almost where he had left him, holding in his hand a crumpled letter.

Without appearing to notice his abstraction, Ray came at once to the point at issue:

"Heath," he said, "your red roan is returned to you, and the loan of him encourages me to ask another favor."

"Well!" said the doctor, without looking up or changing his attitude.

"The fact is," said Ray, with splendid ingenuousness, "I am a sort of outcast. My quarters are undergoing that misery they call 'repairs,' and—the truth is, Heath, I want you to tender me your hospitality, for, say, two or three days. I can't go to a public place; I don't feel like facing the music, for I am a little sore yet, and I find that that I still an object for commiseration, and I do get low spirited in spite of myself. It's cheeky, my asking it, I know, and you'll find my constant society a terrible bore; but my heart is set on quartering with you, so don't say no, Heath."

Clifford Heath threw off his listlessness and looked up with his usual cheery smile.

"Why, Ray, you young dog," he cried, "you beseech me like a veritable tramp, just as if you were not as welcome as the sunshine; come along, you shall share my bed, and board, and—I'll be hanged if you shan't share the daily dose of abuse I have to take from my old housekeeper. I'll make a special arrangement to that effect."

"Thanks, Heath," replied Ray, and then he turned to the window to hide the fire that burned in his cheeks, because of the deceit he was practicing upon this open-hearted friend. "But it's all for his benefit," he thought; "at least I hope so."

"Well!" said the doctor, moving uneasily in his chair; "I hope your mission prospered."

"Oh, yes," carelessly.

"You—found Miss Wardour well, I hope?"

"Quite well; only wanting my valuable assistance in a little scheme she has on foot, a sort of benefit affair." And Ray congratulated himself on the adaptability of his answer.

"Is it too late to drive, Heath?"

But the doctor made no answer to this question, nor did he seem to hear it. Rising, he walked to the window, looked down thoughtfully into the street for a moment, then without turning, he said:—

"Rumor says that Miss Wardour will marry Lamotte."

"Yes."

"Lamotte just now made the statement."

"Ah!" contemptuously, "it's like him to boast; but I'm afraid he tells the truth; Constance admitted as much to me to-day."

A long time Clifford Heath stood motionless and silent at the window; then turning as if spurred by some sudden thought he threw the crumpled note, which all the time had been clasped in his hand, upon the table between them, saying:—

"Here's a mystery, sir; read that and pass your opinion on it; as you are to become my guest, you should know what society you will find yourself in."

Ray eyed the letter with his head on one side.

"What is it?" he asked in a stage whisper.

"A note, a billet doux, a solemn warning; came under the door a little while ago, while I was off in a reverie; came by a spirit hand, maybe, for I never heard a sound, but there lay the letter waiting to be observed and perused." And the doctor laughed contemptuously, and turned away to prepare for his drive. But Ray's face lengthened perceptibly, and he took up the note with sudden eagerness, and read:—

"Doctor Heath—Take the advice of a friend and leave W— for a time; a plot is ripening against you, and your only safety lies in your absence, for your enemies are powerful and have woven a chain about you that will render you helpless, perhaps ruin you utterly.

"TRUTH.

"Lose no time, for the blow will soon fall."

The note was written in a cramped, reversed hand, and, after a hasty perusal, Ray bent his head and scanned the pen strokes closely, then he looked up with all the color gone from his face, and a strange gleam in his eyes.

"How—how do you say this came, Heath?"

"I didn't say, for I don't know, my lad. It made its first appearance lying just there," and the doctor pointed with his wisp broom, which he had been vigorously applying to a brown overcoat, at the spot just inside the door where he had first perceived the letter, and then resumed his occupation without observing the trouble in Ray's face. "Sensational, isn't it? but I can't think of quitting W— just as it begins to grow interesting."

"Then you take no stock in this warning?"

"Bah! why should I?"

"But if you should have secret foes?"

"Let them come on," quoted the doctor, theatrically; "bring along that precious document, Ray, and come along yourself."

Ray Vandyck, still looking troubled and anxious, arose, and, with lagging steps, followed his friend; as he noted with a new curiosity the tall, lithe, well knit figure striding on before him, the handsome, haughtily poised head, and the careless indifference of mien, he asked himself:—

"What can it be, this mystery and danger that surrounds him, that has caused Constance Wardour to take such unprecedented measures to insure his safety, and has wrung from Sybil Lamotte this strangely worded, oddly and ineffectually disguised warning," for Ray, seeing not as the world sees, but with the eyes of love, had recognized in the strange scrawl the hand of the woman he had loved and lost.

"Heath is in some peril," thought he, and then, with a rueful sigh, "Oh! I would risk dangers too to be watched over by two such women."

CHAPTER XXII.

The three days that followed were days of unrest to Constance Wardour. The intangible, yet distinctly realized trouble, and fear, and dread, were new experiences in her bright life.

The mystery round about her, her inability to cope with the unknown, the inaction, the waiting, was almost more than she could calmly endure; and all this distress of mind and unrest of body was for others. Personally, she had nothing to fear, nothing to annoy her; but the warm-hearted heiress made a friend's cause her own. From the first she had grieved over the sad fate of Sybil Lamotte; not lightly, not as society sorrows over the fall of its proteges; but deeply, from her heart of hearts. And now there was added to this, her concern for Clifford Heath, and the danger that menaced him tormented her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Success.

Most people have many things in which they desire to succeed, innocent in themselves, except when they interfere with a higher aim and worthier purpose. It is this conflict of aims, this gradation of duties, that makes life often so complex and so difficult. The questions come continually before every thoughtful mind: "Is this aim which I set before me the highest I can reach? Is it not merely a desirable end, but the most desirable? Is it likely to lead to still better and worthier purposes, or is it likely to hide them from view?" As we answer these questions to ourselves intelligently and conscientiously, the rightful limits of each will become clear, and our desire to succeed in each will harmonize with those limits.

Thus the desire for health, the care of self by the care for others, the love of money by the love of honor, the effort to please by the effort to do right.

Fiction's Unjust Treatment of the Rich.

A grievance that has been treated very injudiciously in many works of fiction is the relation of the rich to the poor. Absolutely false ideas as to how the rich get their wealth, and what they do with it when the get it, have been persistently floated by novelists, for whom (as for the journalist) a millionaire is always fair game. It is not worth while to expend any sympathy upon the millionaires in this matter, as they can struggle along under a considerable weight of vituperation; but the rest of us cannot afford to be put continually in a false attitude toward wealth. Hatred or envy of the rich is not a pleasant companion for our leisure hours, and the poorer we are the less pleasant company it is likely to be. It interferes with our working to the best advantage, and cuts us off from opportunities of accumulating the very wealth that might ease our pains.—"Droch" in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Nameless Terror.

M. Calino—Listen! Here is a very good proposal for our daughter—a young man, rich, honest, unselfish, good looking; only—there is an only—he is a foundling—without a name.

Mme. Calino (with a start)—Without a name! Then I should have a son-in-law who will write only anonymous letters? Never in this world!—Le Monde Comique.

Two On One Wheel.

A new bicycle seat has been invented in order to permit two persons riding on one wheel. This seat is fastened over the front wheel in such a manner that the rider sitting on it faces to the left, so as to leave an unobstructed view for the rider in the saddle. Besides the seat, which is ample and of velvet, there are a step and a wire skirt guard on a steel frame. Most of the weight of the rider on this seat rests on the front wheel, though part of it is carried back by a double steel arm, which runs to the middle post in the bicycle frame.

A new bicycle alarm, which can be attached to any wheel with clips at the fork and the handle bar, was recently placed on sale.

It consists of a rod with a roller at the lower end and a clapper at the upper end. In operation the rod is pushed down, bringing the roller in contact with the tire of the front wheel. This causes the clapper to strike against the stationary piece of wood, producing, it is claimed, any degree of noise. It can equal the terrific racket of the Mexican locust, keeping up a continual alarm as long as desired. The point is made that this is a distinctively bicycle alarm, as the sound is not heard on street cars or on vehicles.—Boston Advertiser.

COWKEEPING.

It Is Possible to Maintain Full Milk Flow All Winter.

Keeping cows is a matter solely of income—to get a return for the food consumed over and above cost. That is the commercial side of the matter, and the herd that only pays for its keep soon has its owner where he will need an indorser. The profitable cow can only be the one that gives such a quantity of milk that its commercial worth is in excess of the cost of feed and care. Actually in this day and generation, with the sharp competition not only of other states, but countries as well, care of the cow contributes in no small degree to securing this profit. To feed up to the limit of the cow's capacity to digest and pay back in milk needs care and watchful attention, with no small skill and discernment too. Unlike all other animals, the cow, to produce milk well, must have not only enough to support the system without loss of flesh, but the milk must also be taken into account in the feeding, for milk is in one sense only food recomposed into another form. In the ration fed, the body of the cow takes its share first, and the rest has its effect on the yield. The better the mechanism of the cow to accomplish this result, the better for the dairyman. Thus the points of capacity to store food, power to digest and assimilate and vitality to carry on the work are now the most important items to be considered in buying a cow, and men have become in many instances experts in judging by external evidences of the possession by the cow of these now considered essentials.

As a cow is kept for the dairy that profit may be secured, it depends upon the man to a large extent whether this cow shall have the opportunity of having suitable food to stimulate milk flow and in every way possible extension of time given to the milk flow. There is no reason why the average cow should go dry at Thanksgiving and "board" through the winter with her owner at his expense. If the fall months are given to the abundant and uniform feeding of green soiling material, the cows kept in warm stables after the frosty nights and are not allowed to become drenched with chilling rains, and a fair quantity of protein foods (like bran or buckwheat shorts) is given them to supply the missing element in the frosted and dry herbage, there is no reason why a cow that is to drop her calf in March or April should not milk well to the 1st of February, as well as the cow that calves in the fall months, if well cared for, should milk until July 15. The stimulating grasses of May, June and July actually force milk supply, and the same would be quite as true if the months of September, October and November and a part at least of December could be made to supply good, nutritious succulence as abundantly as the early parts of summer. In the autumn months the winter dairy herd is quite as dependent on an abundance of succulence as are the summer cows, for to let the former shrink for a lack of succulent food is to show a great loss in milk that can never be restored by any system of feeding.

All this extra feed is secured from the small field of millet, sweet corn and others of our now recognized good soiling crops, and here and there is a man who is demonstrating that no fall soiling crop comes quite as near filling the requirements of milk production or is as cheap and sure as to have a small pit of ensilage left over on purpose from the previous year's crop.

With ensilage there is the same thing to be met with as with the flush, rank food of the pastures. Ensilage represents more fully than any other food the starch side of the ration, and in the summer or fall feeding of it some sort of protein should therefore be fed with it.

So a small ration daily of bran or like protein foods is of great assistance. Even on the best of grass a pound or two of oat dust or bran, possibly a little oilmeal and a lightener with it, pays when fed to each cow.—Exchange.

Dairy and Creamery.

Every board of creamery managers should make it its business to become acquainted with the rules for patrons in use at the best butter and cheese factories. The managers should then have printed a set of rules adapted to their own particular creamery. These should include exact directions for keeping cows, stables and milk utensils shining clean, for feeding the cows nothing that will taint the milk and for giving them only pure water to drink. Besides that an inspector should be appointed by authority of the board whose business it should be to make constant rounds among the patrons' stables, farmhouses and milkhouses to see that these rules are obeyed. The members of the board might take turns at this visiting and inspection, which is a most important part of good butter and cheese making. The visit of inspection can be made in a perfectly good tempered and friendly way, so that the patron will understand he is learning from it something to his own advantage. In truth, a creamery man ought to be the educator of his patrons, and he ought to have time to attend to this important part of his duties.

In the French-German war 4,500 Hebrews were in the German army, of whom 827 earned the Iron Cross for bravery in the field.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

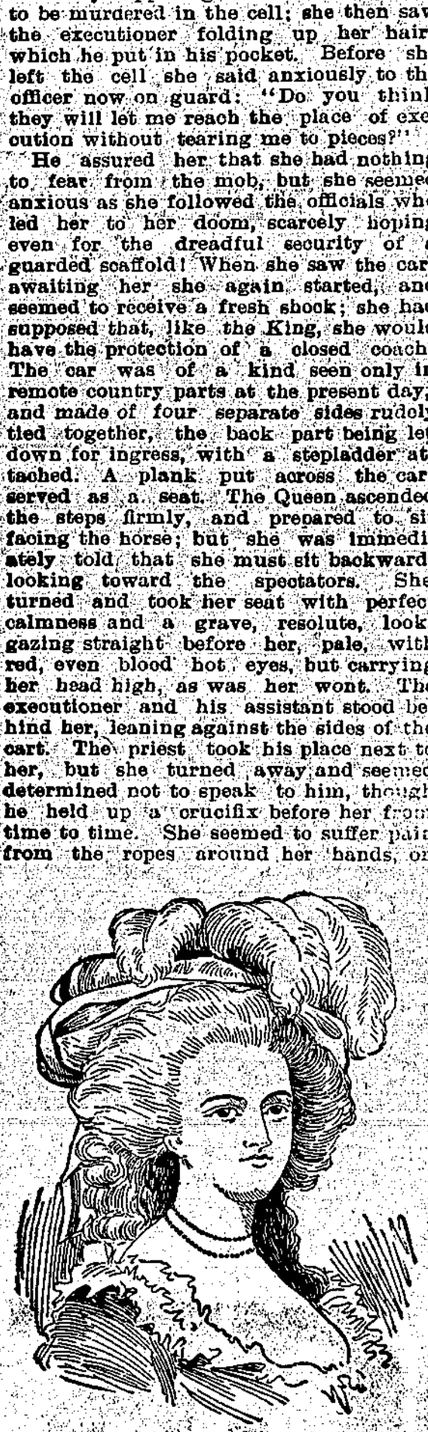
HER DEMEANOR ON THE WAY TO THE GUILLOTINE.

Although Treated Disrespectfully and Even Roughly, She Maintained Perfect Dignity to the End—Her Last Moments.

"The Last Days of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette" is the title of an article by Anna L. Bicknell in the Century. Miss Bicknell says:—

The executioner then seized the beautiful, delicate hands and tied them with a rope behind her back. The Queen sighed deeply and looked up to heaven; but although tears were ready to flow, she restrained them. When her hands were thus firmly bound, the executioner took off her cap and cut off her hair. As she felt the touch of the scissors on her neck she started and turned hastily, evidently supposing that she was about to be murdered in the cell; she then saw the executioner folding up her hair; which he put in his pocket. Before she left the cell she said anxiously to the officer now on guard: "Do you think they will let me reach the place of execution without tearing me to pieces?"

He assured her that she had nothing to fear from the mob, but she seemed anxious as she followed the officials who led her to her doom, scarcely hoping even for the dreadful security of a guarded scaffold! When she saw the cart awaiting her she again started, and seemed to receive a fresh shock; she had supposed that, like the King, she would have the protection of a closed coach. The car was of a kind seen only in remote country parts at the present day, and made of four separate sides rudely tied together, the back part being let down for ingress, with a stepladder attached. A plank put across the cart served as a seat. The Queen ascended the steps firmly, and prepared to sit facing the horse; but she was immediately told that she must sit backward, looking toward the spectators. She turned and took her seat with perfect calmness and a grave, resolute, look, gazing straight before her, pale, with red, even blood hot eyes, but carrying her head high, as was her wont. The executioner and his assistant stood behind her, leaning against the sides of the cart. The priest took his place next to her, but she turned away and seemed determined not to speak to him, though he held up a crucifix before her from time to time. She seemed to suffer pain from the ropes around her hands, on



MARIE ANTOINETTE.

which she pressed to relieve the tension. The ends were held by the executioner, pulling the arms backward. The cart went on slowly, while an immense crowd followed in dead silence till they reached the Rue St. Honore. There they found hostile elements, especially the abandoned women who in Paris always play such a prominent part in popular disturbances. Here there was such a burst of insult and execration that the unfortunate Queen might well dread the possibility of falling into such hands.

But the cart turned into the Rue Royale and reached the Place de la Revolution, where the scaffold was erected. As the Queen passed before the Tuilleries she turned with an earnest, lingering look.

The scaffold was erected facing the garden of the Tuilleries, before a statue of Liberty, on the spot where the Obelisk now stands and not where the King's scaffold had stood, which was on the opposite side, facing the Champs-Elysees. The priest attempted to assist her in alighting, but notwithstanding the increased difficulty consequent on her tied hands, she turned from him and stepped down firmly, with apparent ease, as quickly as she could, seeming desirous to hasten the end as far as possible. The executioner offered to assist her in ascending the scaffold, but she went up alone and quickly, immediately going to the plank on which she was to be bound. In doing so she trod on the foot of the executioner, who made a motion as of pain. With the kind courtesy which characterized her even in this last hour, she quickly exclaimed: "Pardon, monsieur!" in a tone of regret and apology. The executioner and his assistant then fastened her to the plank, and tore off her muslin kerchief, lest it should impede the action of the knife. The last motion of Marie Antoinette was an involuntary attempt to bring forward her tied hands as a screen for her uncovered shoulders. * * * When the executioner held up the head to the populace, to the deep awe of the spectators, the face of Marie Antoinette expressed perfect consciousness and the eyes looked on the crowd! The expression was that of intense astonishment, as of some wonderful vision revealed.

How to Drink Water.

The effects produce by the drinking of water vary with the manner in which it is drunk, says the Sanitarium. If, for instance, a pint of cold water be swallowed as a large draught, or if it be taken in two portions with a short interval between, certain definite effects follow—effects which differ from those which would have resulted from the same quantity taken by sipping. Sipping is a powerful stimulant to the circulation—a thing which ordinary drinking is not. During the act of sipping the action of the nerve which slows the beats of the heart is abolished, and as a consequence that organ contracts much more rapidly, the pulse beats more quickly, and the circulation in various parts of the body is increased. In addition to this we also find that the pressure under which the bile is secreted is raised by the sipping of fluid.

Her Anxious Face.

In looking up a word in the dictionary several days ago my eyes fell on the definition of "emulation"—"the act of attempting to equal or excel in qualities or actions; rivalry, desires of superiority, attended with effort to attain it."

Only the evening before we had been talking about a little woman who was once pretty, but now has a harassed and anxious expression of countenance.

"What is the matter with her?" asked one. It was a physician who answered:—

"She has no disease. She is wearing herself to death by emulation of other people. The strain will kill her if she keeps it up. Nobody in this world can stay first."

His words and the dictionary definition set me to thinking. Are not many women killing themselves by this same process? And how drearily unprofitable it all is, when one considers the truth of the physician's statement that "nobody in this world can stay first!"

Nobody! For, strive as we may, there is always some one with a little more money, a handsomer house, more influence, or perhaps more brains. There is merit in the desire to make the best of ourselves and of the talent given us. There is no credit due her who, because of "a desire for superiority" over another, wears herself out in attempting to do that which she cannot perform. Is this not one reason for the nervous, anxious look on the face of our American women? They strive to dress as well as neighbors with double their income; they give entertainments that empty the never too full purse, and they buy furniture for which they can only pay by rigid self-denial.

Were we only content as women to do just that which we can easily afford, how much more peaceful our lives would be, how much better our children, how much more care free and youthful our men—these American husbands the best in the world, who cannot bear to have their wives long for things that by an additional strain they might give them. And would not our lives be longer in the land?—Harper's Bazaar.

Still Anxious for Information.

It was a third class compartment of one of the expresses running from London to the north. A long nosed, thin lipped man, with pointed chin, a slouch hat and a hungry expression of countenance, was resting his feet on the opposite seat of the carriage, which seat was partly occupied by a passenger in a gray check suit.

"Goin far, mister?" asked the long nosed man of the other.

The passenger addressed turned slightly round and took a long look at the questioner.

"Yes, I'm going to Crewe," he replied. "My business there is to sell four shares of bank stock, dispose of my interest in a farm of 80 acres, ten miles from the town, and invest the proceeds in a clothing establishment. I am from St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. I got into the train there at 9.35 this morning. It was 45 minutes behind time. My ticket from Euston cost me 13s. 2d. Had my breakfast about an hour ago. Paid 1s. 6d. for it. My name is William Page. I am 39 years old, have a wife and four children and am a member of the Congregational church. I was formerly a chemist, but sold out to a man named Morris and am not in any business now. I am worth perhaps £2,000. My father was a cooper and my grandfather was a sea captain. My wife's name was Nash before I married her. When I reach Crewe, I expect to stop at a hotel."

He stopped. The long nosed man regarded him for a moment with interest and then asked in a dissatisfied way: "What did your great-grandfather do for a livin'?"—Strand Magazine.

Outbreak of Hog Cholera.

Windsor, Dec. 6.—Despite the rigid precautions taken by Veterinary Inspector McEachran, hog cholera has again broken out in North Essex. It is about eight months since there has been a case of swine plague in the north of Essex, while it has been prevalent in South Essex continuously. When it was reported to him that cholera had broken out on the farm of Mr. E. Howard, on the Tecumseh road, two and a half miles from Windsor, he started promptly to the farm. Half an hour later the inspector had slaughtered eighteen pigs, all the farmer owned. The inspector says cholera does not exist in any other part of North Essex. He believes it will not spread.

A Spiritual Custom House.

Though evil thoughts may come to us by hundreds and thousands, and beset us over and over again, if we always banish them, and pray against them, and refuse consent to them, so far from committing sin, we gain a victory every time, and store up merit in God's sight. Sin begins only when they are consciously admitted and willingly entertained. You know what the custom house is. All goods coming into this country are examined there, and if anything unlawful is discovered it is promptly seized and condemned. Would it not be a good plan for us to establish spiritual custom houses at the doors of our hearts and subject all our thoughts to rigid inspection? If they are good, let them in gaidly; if they are bad, seize, condemn, destroy them at once. Dont allow one to enter. There is no such thing as "duty" on bad thoughts; they are absolutely contraband; they must not be allowed to pass at any price.

A LITTLE BOY'S LAMENT.

By A. T. Worden.

I'M GOING back down to Grandpa's,
I won't come back no more
To hear the remarks about my feet
A-muddyin' up the floor.
They's too much said about my clothes,
The scoldin's never done—
I'm going back down to grandpa's,
Where a boy kin hev some fun.

I dug up haf his garden
A-gettin worms fer bait;
He said he used to like it
When I laid abed so late;
He said that pie was good for boys,
An' candy made 'em grow,
Ef I can't go to grandpa's
I'll turn pirate first you know.

He let me take his shotgun,
An' loaded it fer me,
The cats they hid out in the barn,
The hens flew up a tree.
I had a circus in the yard,
With twenty other boys---
I'm going back to grandpa's
Where they ain't afraid of noise.

He didn't make me comb my hair
But once or twice a week;
He wasn't watchin' out fer words,
I didn't orter speak;
He told me stories 'bout the war
And Injuns shot out west,
Oh, I'm going down to grandpa's,
Fer he knows wot boys like best.

He even run a race with me,
But had to stop an' cough;
He rode my bicycle and laughed
Bec'us' he tumbled off;
He knew the early apple trees
Around within a mile,
Oh, grandpa was a dandy,
An' was "in it" all the while.

I bet you grandpa's lonesome,
I don't care what you say;
I seen him kinder cryin'
When you took me away.
When you talk to me of Heaven,
Where all the good folks go,
I guess I'll go to grandpa's,
An' we'll have good times, I know.

NO TIME TO CONGRATULATE.

The Case of the Man Who Caught the Boat He Was Running For.

"A little incident of my vacation this summer taught me the absurdity of volunteering congratulations to a man when apparently he is a target for them unless you know all of the circumstances in the case," said Joe Watson. "Now, you might naturally suppose that a man would be pleased to receive congratulations, wouldn't you? That isn't always true.

"We struck the St Lawrence river at a port from which several boats were going to leave on the morning of our arrival. The Blue Bird—that isn't her name, of course—was our boat and she was bound down the river. The Black Bird sailed from the same pier twenty minutes later, and she was bound up the river. We made close connections with the Blue Bird, and the gangplank was pulled aboard just after we arrived. As the deckhands were throwing off the ropes I saw a speck away up the village street that was rapidly growing larger. It was a belated passenger, and he had nearly an even chance to beat the deckhands, who was lazily loosening the steamer. As he came nearer I saw that he was small, and that he wore glasses and carried a Gladstone bag, which sadly handicapped his speed. The tails of his cutaway coat spread out behind and his eyes seemed to be popping through his glasses. The crowd on board was intensely interested. Men leaned over the rail and shouted:—

" 'Come along, old chap! Hit her up. Spread your stride and you can make it! Look out you don't interfere! That's more like it!' and by this time the little man struck a pace that bade fair to land him a winner.

"Unfortunately, the Blue Bird had been untied and she was drifting slowly from the pier. The little man was determined not to get left, however, and as he reached the pier he gave the Gladstone bag a swing and let her go. The bag soared gracefully over the rail and landed on the deck. Its owner had expended his momentum in that effort, and when he saw that it was successful he stepped back a few paces, ran to the edge of the pier, and sprang toward the boat. The smile that had gathered on his face when he saw the bag safely landed faded when he found himself in the air midway between the pier and the boat.

" 'Climb up!' shouted the crowd on the rail, and then seeing that he had misjudged his distance it emitted a loud 'Ah-h-h!' as the little man shot down into the water with a loud splash. A deckhand, who had foreseen this fiasco, leaned over the rail with a long boat hook, fastened it into the back of the little man's cutaway coat as he came to the surface, and with the assistance of the crowd pulled him aboard. The shock of the cold water and the exhaustion, after his long run had used him up completely. He was carried down into the engine room to dry his clothes. The captain gave the signal to go ahead full speed and the passengers got together and talked it over. We voted that the little man was plucky and that he was fortunate in escaping with his life. I was particularly interested in him, and half an hour later I went down to the engine room to offer him my congratulations. I saw him sitting beside the engine with his chin sunk in his hands, the picture of dejection. I thought that it was because of his wetting. As I stepped toward him the engineer came forward and stopped.

" 'Sh-h-h,' he said, 'don't disturb him.'

" 'I simply wanted to congratulate him.'

" 'Don't do it,' said the engineer, 'he's in trouble enough.'

" 'He will dry his clothes in an hour,' I said, 'and he got the Blue Bird.'

" 'Sh-h-h! don't speak so loud,' said the engineer. 'It was the Black Bird that he wanted, and she was tied up to the dock all the time.'

"I sneaked upstairs, and I'll never bother to offer congratulations to a stranger again."—New York Sun.

To be Pleasant.

"One great source of pleasing others lies in our wish to please them," said a father to his daughter, discoursing on the "small, sweet courtesies of life." "We want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller of Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him,' and the whole world would do so if you give them the cause. Let the people see what you care for them."

Amusing His Patients.

An uptown physician, who has a very large office practice, has adopted a simple but effective plan for the entertainment of his patients while they are waiting. He has provided half a dozen ingenious puzzles, strewn carelessly around on the tables and on the mantel in the waiting room. Frequently there will be a score of persons in this room, and, for some of them, especially the nervous ones, the waits would be very fatiguing if it were not for the puzzles.—New York Time

AN ARABIAN WEDDING.

The Picturesque Ceremony Described by an American Girl.

The following extract from the letter of an American girl in Cairo describes an Arabian wedding, which the writer was permitted to witness as one of a small party of favored guests:—

At 8 o'clock in the morning our Aragonian, who, by the way, is a fascinating and picturesque fellow, well supplied with letters of recommendation from many famous people, met us at the door of our hotel with three enormous bouquets. Arriving at a very narrow street, we proceeded a short distance on foot under red rags, striped awnings and lanterns which were stretched over our heads the length of the street. The ground was sprinkled with sand, and along the sides of the houses were seats provided for the men, as none of the sterner sex were allowed in the room or house of the bride. We, the women, mounted three flights of stairs, and found ourselves in a large room filled with Arabian women of various classes, also some Grecian and Turkish women. There were arrayed in many-colored garments, pink silk scarfs, gold embroidered jackets, blue plush and wool stuffs, combinations I cannot begin to describe. The women gathered around us and led us to the divan arranged for the bride, seating the oldest in the party in the middle, while the rest of us were given seats on either side. We remonstrated, but they assured us that the bride could sit upon a chair. We were great curiosities to them, apparently, and we certainly enjoyed the novelty of our position. In their simple way they showed us great hospitality. The approach of the bride was heralded by a most conglomerate lot of howling women and children, playing tom-toms, tambourines and native instruments anything but musical. We arose to resign our seats of honor in favor of the bride and her attendants, but she insisted that we two remain on either side of her, while she occupied the middle seat just vacated by one of the party, and so we sat through all the howling and banging, the pushing and jostling of these half-civilized creatures. After every one had seen the bride an enormous woman laden with jewelry and golden chains, began to howl and hammer on a tambourine, then the guests threw coin into the bride's cap while the women howled and made other hideous noises. After this the guests began to mingle with one another, and we found some who spoke a little English, some French and some Italian. Finally a very intelligent Greek woman took us in charge; she was quite a linguist, and we were enabled to appreciate what we had seen after her explanations. Then came the refreshments, and we had to eat little cakes and big cakes, all shapes and flavors, and last one awful affair of some kind soaked in wine. This was the end of the bride's part of the entertainment. We went down stairs to join the men of our party, and there met a very jolly old priest, who had been to London and Paris, spoke good French, and who interested us very much. He it was who was to perform the ceremony. The man we had not yet seen, but we were soon presented to him, with his attendants, who were parading up and down this inclosed street, preceded by an Egyptian band. We presented him with our two remaining bouquets, having left one with his 16-year-old bride. Again we all went upstairs, and saw the groom lift the veil of the bride, supposed to be his first sight of her fair countenance. This was the ninth and last day of this wedding performance, and the most important one, for they were at last duly tied by the old priest, and went home by morning light. It was a weird performance. Through it all they showed us, the only Europeans present, great respect, and in good English said they hoped we had had a pleasant time and were glad that we came.

On the following day (Friday) we were taken to see the famous Whirling Dervishes. Friday, one must bear in mind, is the Mohammedan Sunday, and an uneventful day. The court surrounding the arena in which this weird and uncanny performance takes place holds about 500 persons, and it was filled with all sorts and conditions of people, American and English the predominating element. Soon after we entered the court the whirlers made their appearance, dressed in short white skirts and on their heads the funniest looking chimney pot hats. After marching around and around for fifteen or twenty minutes to the hideous noise of a band composed of tom-toms, tambourines and some wind instrument, they began to whirl, and they whirled until it seemed to us to whom the sight was new that we must cry out to them to cease. The sight was positively maddening. After fifteen minutes of constant whirling they dropped to the ground from sheer exhaustion, apparently. It appears, however, that this part of the programme is for effect entirely.

From this place we drove to hear the "Howlers," quite as famous as the "Whirlers," who were a horrid lot of healthy, lusty men, simply howling and making as much noise as possible in a most unpleasant manner which gave one the "creeps." One old fellow kept it up until he had hysterics and frothed at the mouth.

So much for the uncanny sights that we saw this beautiful day in January with the sky as blue as turquoise and the air as balmy as June. Later in the day our dragoman took us to the Isle of Rhoda, near where Moses was found by Pharoah's daughter; then to Old Cairo, which is indeed quaint and deeply interesting, to a Coptic church, which, it is said, is built upon the spot where stood a shelter for the Virgin and Child while they were in Egypt.—G.

Faith Disturbed.

A woman called on a local insurance agent the other day, says the Hallowell (Me.) Register, to inquire about a policy for her house. "Ye see, squire," she said, "we haven't had it insured for some time. We've been kinder trustin' in the Lord for better'n seven year, but to my mind in these times it's ter'bly risky.'

Ride a Cleveland OR Ride a Gendron

And you go wrong.

Prices $55.00 and $80.00.

The above Wheels now "Circle the World."

All Eastern Papers speak in the highest praise of these 1898 Cycles.

See the samples and Convince yourselves.

J. H. GOOD, Auctioneer

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Carry the Largest Stocks, are thoroughly acquainted with the requirements, and the Lowest Prices Prevail.

Miners' Licenses and Custom Clearances

OBTAINABLE HERE.

STEAMERS SAILED FROM NANAIMO.

ISLANDER	March 4th.
PACKSHAN	" 8 "
DANUBE	" 9 "
NING CHOW	" 12 "

DATES FOR TEES, THISTLE AND OTHER STEAMERS LATER.

NANAIMO OUTFITS

Have been found the best that have gone over the passes.

LOCALS.

La Grippe is again editing THE NEWS this week.

Wires down; hence no telegrams.

Mrs. and Miss Weir are convalescing.

Mr. Bert Moore is at his post again after a short illness of la grippe.

Mr. G. S. Robertson, and Mr. P. Dunne left Friday for a trip to Vancouver.

The ground for Mr. John Wilson's new hotel at Union Bay has been cleared.

FOR SALE—Cumberland residental property on favorable terms by D. B. & L. Association.

"THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN," as only Mackenzie can sing it. Cumberland Hall to-morrow night.

Miss Ruby Short entertained a number of her little friends on Monday, the occasion of her tenth birthday.

FOR SALE.—Story and a half 8 roomed house, full size lot, every convenience. Fine location—a bargain. Enquire at NEWS OFFICE.

Mr. A. H. Peacey has received notice of his appointment as telegraph agent and that soon an expert will be sent up to instruct him in his duties.

Our citizens will on Wednesday and and Thursday evenings of this week have an opportunity of hearing the gems of Irish and Scottish songs by a famous and talented troupe.

The collecting committee—Mr. John Miller and Mrs. Thos. Lewis—report the amount received and divided equally between Harry Reese and John Guthrie to be $121.20.

With the coming of spring days, comes the new bicycle rider with one and sometimes two attendants. Even these precautions do not prevent an occasional tumble and consequent sport.

FOR SALE.—A history of Greece, from the earliest period to the close of the generation contemporary with Alexander the Great by George Grote, in four volumes, bound in cloth, price $2.50. Apply at NEWS OFFICE.

The directors of the Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association decided at their meeting held on Tuesday 5th inst at Courtenay to hold a Flower, Fruit, Vegetable and Pet Stock Show in Cumberland about the end of July and a committee was appointed with power to add to their number.

We understand Mr. C. H. Hoover, the barber, has sold out to Fred Kimpel who will continue at the old stand. Mr Hoover was a splendid barber and should be able to command a good business wherever he goes. Fred Kimpel is spoken of as one who throughly understands his trade.

About 6 o'clock Tuesday evening of last week as Grant & Mounce's two horse wagon loaded with hay, was passing the NEWS' corner, a bicycle mounted by a lady suddenly came up. The horses gallantly gave the whole road to the lady, up-setting the wagon, and filling one side the street with sweet smelling timothy.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker—going at least by that name—and who were prominent in singing circles some months ago, and afterwards became somewhat notorious by reason of proceedings before the courts for alleged cruelty to a child, have at last shaken the dust of this place from their feet, leaving on the City of Nanaimo on Friday for the Black Diamond City.

Miss Cathcart, teacher at the Bay, and Mr. Muir, teacher at Puntledge school were passengers on the City of Nanaimo on its downward trip last week. It is true Good Friday and Easter Monday are holidays, but why should not school begin on Tuesday instead of Thursday following? Mr. Muir may return on foot by the Nanaimo-Comox trail, but its scarcely likely that Miss Carthcart will return before the regular boat.

We learn that Mr. James McKim has sold his residence on Maryport avenue, and in a few days he with his family and that of Mr. Ed McKim will remove to Tacoma. Universal regret is expressed at their departure. We trust however, that their change of residence may prove beneficial to them, and that when they take an outing the acknowledged fascinations of this section may prove so great an attraction as to ensure a visit from them.

FOR SALE—Two nearly new counters, Enquire at News Office.

BIRTH

LUCAS.—At Comox, April 11 to the wife of Mr. H. C. Lucas of the Comox bakery, a son.

CARD OF THANKS.

Cumberland, B.C., 6th April 1898.

Dr. Westwood, Clerk, Nelson Camp, C. O. W. W.

Dear sir:—I wish to publicly thank the Canadian Order of the Woodmen of the World and in particular the Sovereigns of Nelson Camp for the prompt payment of the insurance money to me through the death of my husband. With many thanks for the kindness and sympathy extended to myself and husband during his long illness and with every wish for the continued prosperity of the order, I remain,

Yours truly,
Mrs. Jessie C. Arias.

Passenger List.

City of Nanaimo, April 6th.

T. F. Dobson, Mrs. S. F. Dobson, Mrs. Higgins, Mr. McKay' C. Crawford, Wilson, May, J. E. Conahan, F, Kempel, E. Anderson, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Raines, Mr. Hoyar, Mrs. Addison, Mrs. Cowie, Miss Piercey, W. Piercey, A. Atkins, Smith Davis, Mrs. S. Davis, Y. Peene, B. Cooper, C. Clark.

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EACH A BARGAIN

NORDHEIMER Piano, Cabinet Grand, 7⅓ Octaves, handsome case, fine tone, durable. Slightly used Net price CASH $275.00.

DOMINION Piano, medium size 7 Octaves. Sweet tone and durable. Net price CASH $190.00.

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Shrubs, Roses, Greenhouse and Bedding Plants, Cut Flowers, GO TO—

J. P. Davis.

Cumberland, B. C.

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We have without doubt the finest STOCK of DRY GOODS

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200 Men's Suits, 100 Boys' Suits, 100 pairs Pants, Men's Hat and Caps, Ladies' and Children's Straw Hats, Ladies' Blouses, Ladies' Whitewear, Lace Curtains, Curtain Muslins, Lawns, Nainsooks, Men's, Women's, and Children's Shoes.

TO ARRIVE THIS WEEK.—15 cases of English and Scotch Goods. Consisting of Dress Goods, Trimmings, Silks, Prints, Flannelettes; Linens, Quilts, Fray Cloths, Sideboard Covers, and all the newest lines in fancy Dry Goods to be had. We want to show and sell you these goods, and it will be to your advantage to see them.

SIMON LEISER.