Semi-Weekly Edition.

The News.

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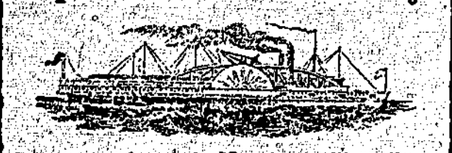
185

SIXTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B C SATURDAY DEC. 24th., 1808

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.



Steamship City of Nanaimo will sail as follows, calling at way ports as freight and passengers may offer.

Leave Victoria for Nanaimo
Tuesday 7 a.m.
" Nanaimo for Comox,
Wednesday 7 a.m.
" Comox for Nanaimo
Friday 8 a.m
" Nanaimo for Victoria,
Saturday 7 a.m.

FOR Freight tickets and State-rooms apply on board,
GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffic Manager.

O. H. FECHNER,

LEADING BARBER and TAXIDERMIST

Keeps a Large Stock of Fire Arms, Amunition and Sporting Goods of all descriptions.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

J. R. McLEOD

General Teaming Powder Oil, Etc., Hauled. Wood in Blocks Furnished.

SCAVENGER WORK DONE

J. A. Carthew

ARCHITECT and BUILDER,
CUMBERLAND, B. C.

INSURANCE.

I am agent for the following reliable companies:
The Royal Insurance Company.
The London and Lancashire.
JAMES ABRAMS.

Farms for Sale.

$1200—200 acres; $300—20; $2500—84 acres; $800—40 acres; $6000—1200; $2500—80; $2000—20 acres; $2500—100 acres; $1000—20 acres; $1200—10 acres; $1200—80 acres; $600—50 acres; $13800—460 acres; $2500—760 acres; $800—80 acres; $1200—900 acres; $2170—217 acres; $720—24 acres. They are in California, 150 miles south of the Oregon line in a valley five miles wide at east end and tapering to a point fifteen miles west through which a large creek flows; on the trunk line railroad connecting San Francisco and Portland. The market is good. Farm products always bring the highest price. Best natural roads in the world—never muddy. Near many gold mines. Elevation, 500 feet; yearly rainfall 36 inches, plenty of wood; water is pure, soft and cold; no alkali; no chills, no lung trouble, nor rheumatism; seldom any snow ever falls. Crops never fail. Coldest weather 24 degrees above zero—no cold winters, no sunstroke; no muddy streets; no cyclones, hurricanes or floods. No better climate can be found. The products are flowers of every kind, figs, peaches, pears, prunes, plums, cherries, almonds, walnuts, raisins, grapes of all varieties; wheat, barley, rye, oats, hogs, sheep, chickens, etc. The best of society; schools are first-class. Congregational, U.B., and Baptist Churches. The people are white, wide awake, generous—highest type of American citizenship. There is no government or railroad land there; no farms for rent.

We have an agent in the town to show these places free of charge, who will also furnish abstract with each sale showing clear title. For circulars containing maps and full information address the proprietor of this paper.

MINING AND SCIENTIFIC PRESS

THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

WORLD-WIDE CIRCULATION.

Twenty Pages; Weekly; Illustrated.

INDISPENSABLE TO MINING MEN.

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SAMPLE COPIES FREE.

MINING AND SCIENTIFIC PRESS,
220 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

NOTICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the Electors of the Municipapity of Cumberland that I require the presence of the said electors at City Hall, Cumberland, B. C., on Monday the 9th day of January, 1899, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the purpose of electing a Mayor and Aldermen to represent them in the Municipal Council for the year 1899.

The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows:

The Candidate shall be nominated in writing; the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the Municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 p. m. of the day of the nomination, and in the event of a poll being necessary,, such poll will be opened on Thursday the 12th day of January 1899, at the City Hall, Cumberland, of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

The qualification of candidate for Mayor is as follows:

He must be a male British subject of the full age of twenty-one years and not disqualified under any law, and have been for the six months next preceding the day of nomination the registered owner, in the Land Registry office of land or real property in the city of the assessed value on the last Municipal assessment roll of one thousand dollars or more over and above any registered incumberance or charge and who is otherwise qualified as a Municipal voter.

The qualification as candidate for Alderman is as follows:

He must be a male British subject of the full age of twenty-one years and not disqualified under any law and have been for the six months next preceding the day of nomination, the registered owner in the Land Registry Office of land or real property in the city of the assessed value on the last municipal assessment roll of $500.00 or more over and above and registered incumberance or charge and who is otherwise qualified as a municipal voter.

Given under my hand at the City of Cumberland, 19th day of December 1898.

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
RETURNING OFFICER.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate the Pacific and Yukon Railway and Navigation Company, for the purpose of constructing a railway from a point at or near Pyramid Harbour, near the head of Lynn Canal, or from a point on or near the International Boundary between Canada and the United States of America in the vicinity of Lynn Canal, thence through the Chilcat Pass, thence to Dalton's Post, on the Alsek River, and thence by the best feasible route to a point below Five Finger Rapids on the Lewes River; with power to vary the route as may be necessary or advisable; also with power to receive from the Government of Canada or other corporations or persons' grants of land or money or other assistance in aid of the construction of the work; to build telegraph and telephone lines; to exercise mining rights and powers; to construct roads, tramways, wharves, mills and other works necessary for the company; to charter vessels for the same purpose upon the lakes and rivers in or adjacent to the territory served by the said railway; to erect and manage electrical works for the use and transmission of electrical power, and acquire and make use of natural and other water powers for that purpose; to maintain stores and trading posts; and to carry on a milling and smelting business, including the erection of saw-mills and smelters; also to enter into traffic and other arrangements with other railway and transportation companies: to issue preference stock and bonds, and with all such other powers, rights and privileges as may be necessary for the purposes of the undertaking.

KINGSMILL, SAUNDERS & TORRANCE
SOLICITORS FOR THE APPLICANTS.
Dated at Toronto, this 25th day of November, 1898.

For Your Job Printing

GIVE US A TRIAL.

LATEST BY WIRE.

AFTER A LONG ILLNESS.

Victoria, Dec. 23rd—Mrs. Moody, wife of I. G. Moody, Sr., died last night after a long illness.

SIX MONTHS FOR A KISS.

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 23rd—Emil Ritton, a commercial traveler, has been sentenced to six months imprisonment, for having embraced and kissed Anna Schmidt, a young woman passenger on the railway train near this city. The offence was committed while the train was in the tunnel.

SAGASTA ILL.

Madrid, Dec. 33rd—Priemer Sagasta is much worse to-day Spanish securities have fallen.

A COLLIER STRIKE.

London, Dec. 23rd—A general strike is threathened in the Joyce Collieries at Denham, which employs 4,000 men. At one Colliery the men have gone out; others are refusing to compromise, and the strike is likely to be protracted.

LOVE AND SUICIDE

Vancouver, Dec. 23rd—Ethel Gosselin, adopted daughter of Mrs. Mathew Curry of this city, committed suicide yesterday, by taking carbolic acid. The cause of the suicide was her lover, a young man named Johnston, not calling on her for some time.

THAT SNOW SLIDE.

Vancouver, Dec., 23rd—Steamer Alki arrived from Skagway yesterday with additional details of the Chilcoot avalanche. The slide occurred on Dec. 7th, at the summit of Chilcoot Pass. It seems that the people killed were camping in the direct path of the avalanche that swept them to their doom. There are frequent snow slides in the path and old timers say it is extremely hazardous to delay there for a day. T. H. Darling, the Seattle grocer has no doubt that the Mrs. Darling killed was his wife.

A DIVORCE GRANTED.

Victoria, Dec. 23rd—The sensational divorce trial of Chapman vs. Chapman was concluded this afternoon. Judge Drake granted a divorce giving the custody of the child to Mr. Chapman, and Mr. Martin, the correspondent, is to pay the costs. The court room was crowded all day, and the verdict was very popular. The public were glad that this black chapter in the social life of Victoria is closed.

Spirit of The Press.

Russia has practically captured Manchuria. While the czar talks peace his troops take possession.—P. I.

THE REVIEW asks:

Can't political prejudices and petty jealousies be put on one side, and we pull together for the common good?

COLONIST.

In view of the intention of the government to cut down the Island constituencies, the attention of the electors of Cowichan is directed to Matthew XXVI. 52, latter clause of the verse: "They that take the Sword shall perish with the Sword."

THE ECONOMIST.

That Nelson is going ahead is best evidenced by the fact at least five large firms will build warehouses here in the early spring. The Economist has this information from the most reliable source and gives it as proof of the faith commercial men have in the future of Nelson as a distributing center.

TORONTO STAR.

It is announced that Lord Strathcona will sail next week from New York, patronizing a foreign port and a foreign line.

Thus once more Lord Strathcona misses an opportunity to give practical encouragement to the Canadian fast line project. Were he to sail from Halifax or St. John it would be a practical illustration of his faith in the possibilities of a Canadian port and Canadian steamers.

BANG! -:- BANG!

Hello! what dropped?

WHY THE PRICES OF STEVENSON & CO.

Ladies' jackets and waterproofs have dropped so low that they are within the reach of all.

These goods must be sold, as we carry no goods over to the next season, if we can avoid it.

First come gets first choice.

The same may be said of the remainder of our Astrachan Mantle Cloths.

While looking for holiday bargains just take a look in

STEVENSON & CO.

WHARF BUDGET.

Dec. 21.—The San Mateo left yesterday at 5:30 without blowing her whistle, with a full cargo of coal.

To-day Richard III is in for coal. She is bound for the Treadwell mines, Alaska

The Tepic is waiting for a scow load of coal. She makes pretty regularly two trips a week, taking coal over for the C. P. R.

Another large tug—the Pilot—is lying alongside the wharf, south side.

I enquired for Nelson's steam ferry and learned it was out with a party of four, hunters I believe. The boat is having a good deal of experience, and the other day when it blew hard it tore away her anchor and she floated out into the middle of Lambert channel, while the scow she was to tow floated northward with the tide.

The drying shed is being pushed ahead fast. The "flooring" is of brick and stone, very thick, and a thick wall of brick is carried up the sides about three feet. It will soon be ready for use.

The boat being late, the train to Cumberland was necessarily delayed, and it was somewhat dark before I left. That gave me an opportunity to see the coke ovens ablaze, the fire rushing out of the tops, presenting a scene at once lured and grand. It's a good place to take a walk around the long row, on a cold chilly day.

J. A. Fraser of the Nelson, left for the holidays on Wednesday.

The school trustees have been informed that as soon as a lot is surveyed here for a school site and a deed of same given to the Land Department, as is the usual case, the government will put up a school house. It will be remembered that $600 was voted for this purpose by the legislature last winter.

The new schoolmaster is said to be a good disciplinarian. As there were a number of boys who liked their way, discipline is necessary. But they are probably no worse than boys elsewhere. Wild boys of spirit often grow up to make the best of men, provided they are held in check, and a tight rein pulled on them; sometimes they need a curb bit in the mouth.

Among the passengers up was Mr. Perry of Hutcherson & Perry of Nanaimo. He goes no farther on this trip than the Wharf, which is now a good enough town to stop at, having the best hotel accommodations.

Capt. Manson and family have moved into the neat cottage near the Nelson House, lately vacated by Mr. Muscamp and family.

Mr. A. Prescott's family arrived to-day, or a part of it, and will go to house-keeping in the dwelling known as the Pillsbury house.

More houses are needed at the Wharf and the want will doubtless be supplied in due time.

BILLY BLUM.

TRINITY CHURCH.

Divine service will be held on Xmas morning at 11 o'clock, followed by the celebration of the Holy Sacrament.

BIG "INJIN" GONE.

On Tuesday at the hospital here "Injin Jim" chief of the natives at Indian village, between Courtenay and Comox Bay, died. He had been there out a few days and was buried by the government as a ward of the Dominion. There is some discussion as to who will be the successor to the "throne." It is said his preference was a son who, however, is not of pure blood, and the "cabinet" are indisposed to allow the dignities, honors, and emoluments to be deflected from its customary course. Blue blood counts with them as well as with other people.

COMOX ITEMS.

When H. M. S. Leander shall return a rich treat will be offered to entertainment lovers.

The Cutch touched at the Bay on her way north, taking some passengers and freight along with her.

Another move in the school embroglio here is the resignation of two of the trustees. What next?

Quite a commotion has been created by the appearance of the Customs Officer here lately. More than one have yielded to the temptation to lay in a small stock of navy blue cloth, obtained very cheaply from some of Her Majesty's naval heroes. The Dominion, however, insists on duty being paid on importation. This cloth is suitable for both ladies' and gentlemen's garments, is soft, strong, durable and looks nice, you know. It was so good a thing that when one was lucky enough to get some, he or she, as the case was, told some other him or her, and the craze spread. Now that the officer is on the track of these goods, the terror is universal. One man has already been fined $200.00 and where the matter will end no one knows, but very many fear.

SOMETHING WORTH HAVING.

The December issue of the Canadian Home Journal, which is the Christmas number, has been enlarged to 36 pages and contains many excellent, interesting and profitable literary contributions from the pens of well-known Canadian writers, while the illustrations are many and good. The issue contains a complete copy with music of that popular song "In the Shadow of the Pine." This is alone worth 10 cents, the price of the paper.

COMPLETE RETURNS.

	Neill	Ward.
Alberni	80	57
Clayoquot	21	4
Ucluelet	8	12
	109	73

To All of Our Readers we wish a

Merry Christmas

COST OF THE WAR

HOW AMERICANS CONTRIBUTE TOWARD ITS EXPENSE.

To Carry on the War with Spain the U. S. Government Imposes Internal Revenue Tax.

To raise funds to free the Cubans, and defray expenses in the carrying on of the war against Spain, the United States government is collecting revenue taxes as follows:

To raise funds to free the Cubans, and carry on the war against Spain, the United States government is collecting internal revenue taxes as follows:

Beer, ale and other fermented liquor, per barrel, $2.

Tobacco, manufactured, per pound, 12 cents; cigars, cigarettes, over 3 lbs. per 1,000, $3.60; cigars, under 3 lbs. per 1,000, $1; cigarettes, under 3 lbs., per 1,000, $1.50.

Tea, imports, per pound, 10 cents.

Bank capital, including surplus over $25,000, $50; for each $1,000 over $25,000, $2.

Brokers in negotiable securities, $50.

Pawnbrokers $20.

Commercial brokers, $20.

Custom house brokers, $10.

Theatres, museums, concert halls, in cities of over 25,000 inhabitants, $100; circuses, $100; other shows and exhibitions, $10.

Bowling alleys, billiard rooms, per alley or table, $5.

Tobacco dealers, leaf tobacco, sales between 50,000 and 100,000 lbs., $12; sales over 100,000 lbs., $24; manufacturers, sales under 50,000, $6; sales between 50,000 and 100,000, $12; sales over 200,000, $24; manufacturers of cigars, sales under 100,000, $6; sales between 100,000 and 200,000, $12; sales over 100,000, $24.

Stocks, bonds, debentures, certificates of indebtedness issued after July 1, 1898, per $100 face value, 5 cents.

Transfers of stocks, per $100 face value, 2 cents.

Sales of merchandise for present or future delivery on exchanges, per $100, 1 cent.

Bank cheque or sight draft, 2 cents.

Bills of exchange (inland), time draft and promissory note, money orders, for each $100, 2 cents; bills of exchange (foreign), letter of credit, drawn singly, per $100, 4 cents; in sets of two or more for each bill, 2 cents.

Bill of lading or receipt for any goods to be exported, 10 cents; bill of lading to be issued by express and transportation companies, per package, 1 cent.

Telephone messages, charged at 15 cents or over, 1 cent.

Surety bonds, 50 cents.

Certificates of profit, memo, showing interest in corporation, or transfers of same, per $100 face value, 2 cents.

Certificates of damage and cretificates of port wardens or marine surveyors, 25 cents; other certificates not specified, 25 cents.

Charter party, per vessel of 300 tons, $3; between 300 and 600, $5; exceeding 600, $10.

Contract, broker's notes of sale or exchange of goods, bonds, notes, real estate, etc., 10 cents.

Conveyances, value between $100 and $500, 50 cents.

Telegraph messages, 1 cent.

Custom house entry, not over $100, 25 cents.

Between one and three years and $500, 50 cents; over $500, $1.

Custom house entry for withdrawal, 50 cents.

Insurance (life), for each $100 of policy, 8 cents.

Industrial weekly payment plan, 40 per cent, of first weekly payment.

Leases, for one year, 25 cents; between one and three years, 50 cents; over three years, $1.

Manifest for custom house entry or clearance for foreign port, per ship of 300 tons, $1; between 300 and 600 tons, $3; exceeding 600 tons, $5.

Mortgage, between $1,000 and $1,500, 25 cents; for each $500 additional, 25 cents.

Passage ticket to foreign port costing not over $30, $1; between $30 and $60, $3; over $60, $5.

Power of attorney to vote, 50 cents.

To sell, rent or collect, except from United States, 25 cents.

Protests of notes, etc., 25 cents.

Warehouse receipts, 25 cents.

Medicinal proprietary articles and perfumery, cosmetics, etc., per package of 5 cents, retail price, .00125 per cent; between 15 and 25 cents, .00625 per cent.

Chewing gum, per package of $1 retail value, 4 cents.

Sparkling or other wines, per pint bottle, 1 cent.

Petroleum and sugar refining, or transporting oil or other products by pipe line, excise tax on gross receipts exceeding $250,000, .0025 per cent.

Palace or parlor car seats or berths, per seat or berth, 1 cent.

Legacies between $10,000 and $25,000 to lineal descendant, or brother or sister of testator, per $100 clear yearly (wives and husbands exempt), 75 cents; to descendants of brother or sister of testator, $1.50; to brother or sister of father or mother of testator, or their descendants, $3; to brother or sister of grandparents of testator, or their descendants, $4; to other beneficiaries, $5; tax on legacies between $25,000 and $100,000, multiplied by one and one half; between $100,000 and $500,000, multiplied by two; between $500,000 and $1,000,000, multiplied by two and one-half; over $1,000,000, multiplied by three.

In addition to the taxes now in effect it is decreed that after 60 days the dealers in mixed flour shall pay $12 per annum, with an additional charge of 4 cents on every package between 68 and 196 pounds. These are the severest tests of patriotism and devotion to the cause of liberty.

A DREADED DISEASE.

More People Are Tortured by the Pangs of Rheumatism Than Any Other Cause—There Is a Cure for It.

From the Advertiser, Hartland, N. B.

Mr. Richard Dixon, of Lower Brighton, is one of the most prosperous and best known farmers of Carleton county, N.B. In June, 1897, Mr. Dixon was seized with an attack of rheumatism, and for six weeks lay abed suffering all the tortures of this terrible disease. He grew so weak that he was unable to turn in bed, and his friends almost despaired of his recovery. At this stage one of his friends, who had been cured of the same disease by the use of Dr. William's Pink Pills, urged Mr. Dixon to give them a trial, which advice was followed. Almost from the day Mr. Dixon began the use of the pills an improvement was noted. Previously his appetite had almost completely failed and the first sign of returning health was a frequent feeling of hunger. Then the pains began to leave him, and his strength gradually returned and after using about a dozen boxes Mr. Dixon was as well as ever he had been. To a reporter of the Hartland Advertiser, Mr. Dixon said he had no doubt his present health was due entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and since his recovery he occasionally uses a box to ward off a possible recurrence of the trouble.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by making new blood and invigorating the nerves, but you must get the genuine, always put up in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Do not be persuaded to take any of the numerous pink-colored imitations which some unscrupulous dealers say are "just the same." In case of doubt send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

Gladstone as a Horse Breaker.

The famous American horse tamer, Rarey, when he was in England, spoke of Gladstone as one of the finest and boldest riders he had ever seen. Once, when chancellor of the exchequer, as he was taking his usual ride in Hyde park on a spirited young horse, the horse plunged and got away, ran off the ordinary track of riders and came along a spread of turf divided by railways and gates of slender iron. It went straight over one of the gateways. Gladstone was determined to get the better of that horse. The moment the horse leaped the gate the rider turned him around and put him at the gate again. Again and again he topped it, and his master turned him and made him go at it once more and surmount it yet another time. So it went on until the horse was fairly but very harmlessly conquered, and the rider was the supreme victor of the day.—Argonaut.

Beautify Your Bathroom.

Would you take up the very latest idea? Then cover your bathroom, walls, ceiling and floor, every inch of it, with oilcloth. This is a plan that has aroused much enthusiasm, and the oilclothed bathroom is now exceedingly correct. Oilcloth is less expensive than tiling and even easier to keep clean. It is made nowadays in so many patterns that every one's tastes can be suited, and, though those that have never seen a bathroom decked in this manner may not be inclined to think so, a bathroom that from top to toe, as it were, is of oilcloth is a very artistic affair.

The oilcloth chosen should be of a pattern that closely resembles tiling, and it is best to varnish it thoroughly. One of the prettiest designs in the market is of a white ground with a blue figure. The border is of the "wall of Troy" variety. Another good pattern is of green and white.

She's a Railroad Agent.

A southern young woman of good family is railroad station agent at Rowland, Ky., having held the position for two years. At 18 she was graduated from the South Kentucky college at Hopkinsville and soon secured a position as assistant to her brother, who held the agency which the young woman herself now fills. Then, when the brother went off traveling in Central America and his successor suddenly died, Miss Lasley, who had meantime been keeping her eyes open and learning all that was to be known about a railroad station, was called to fill the position.

Eight Women Colonels.

The eight women colonels of the German army, who draw swords only semi-officially and their salaries regularly, are: Queen Victoria, the empress of Germany, the dowager empress, wife of the late Frederick III; Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, Queen Regent Sophia and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, the Duchess of Connaught and the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Edinburgh), sister of the emperor of Russia.—Boston Traveler.

SUMMER PILLOWS.

A FAD OF THE FASHIONABLES AND NEEDED IN EVERYDAY LIFE.

Linen, Duck, Cretonne and Denim Represent Correct Materials, and Applique Is In Favor—Hammock Cushions and Pillows Serviceable In Any Place.

In every out of town house there is always a spot in which there are pillows, cushions, daily used, either on piazzas, couches in halls or with hammocks in the open air. Summer pillows should not be made either of silks or satins unless in india or pongee, linens,

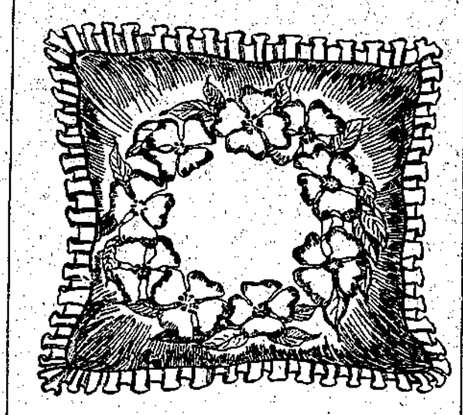
A POPULAR STYLE.

duck, cretonne and denim really being the fabrics employed for summer wear.

In pillows used by fashionables, the applique cushion seems to take the lead—a combination of different materials well worked either in complementary tones or in tints of corresponding hues. Among the novelties blue denim is exceedingly attractive, a dark and light happily combined, the tint of pale blue appliqued on, and then worked in different shades of this color with rope floss in long and short stitch. As a finish there is a deep ruffle four inches wide and edged with two toned blue ribbon. The back of this pretty affair is simply made of plain denim unadorned.

Linen of every well known shade holds a never tiring charm. This season light green is peculiarly the favorite. It has a tender and inviting look, and if well outlined or worked in a good strong floral ornamentation the plan is sure to be decorative and pleasing. For good tones, poppies and chrysanthemums are excellent. Bold and decided patterns of flower effects present, when completed, all the necessary elements of good cushion making. Of course, for everyday pillows the darker linens are advisable, but when a more delicate showing is needed then the pure white should be utilized, and carefully embroidered in conventional forms, in which flowers particularly take the lead. With white linens a finish can be given of lace—a ruffle of deep hamburg or a plain linen slightly gathered in form of a ruffle, the edge prettily scalloped and in each scallop a tiny blossom. Denims are a great resource for summer pillows, in whatever tones preferred—and of ornamentation simple or otherwise, as desired.

For the hammock nothing is better than a good substantial cretonne, a flowery affair in which there is brightness and tone, and in material which will not fade, show dirt or soil. Cretonne pillows for this purpose are better when plainly made—without orna-



LIGHT GREEN LINEN.

mentation of any kind—of medium tints, yet with an all over design in which an effective plan stands out and looks well.

Serviceable pillows like the gray linen are admirable—admirable not only as a fabric, but for good, steady wear and everyday use in any place where it fills a need. To make this plan charming in appearance the white silk or white linen floss can be given to this decorative scheme, either in strong floral effects or in conventional forms, big patterns in long and short stitch, requiring but little trimming. Often for pillows, plain for use and hastily made up for the summer wear, the big bow of ribbon on one corner can be used as the color bit desired, the selection made to suit the simple furnishings of any room.

Another texture of equal quality but thicker is the colored duck, which for coolness is unrivaled. The same treatment either in embroidery, outlined or in long and short stitch, can be given—or in a good make up, devoid of all ornamentation, as a useful necessity for warm weather days, says The Decorator and Furnisher, from which the foregoing timely suggestions and illustrations are reproduced.

Tomatoes a la Carolina.

Select a dozen round tomatoes of the same size, says the Boston Cooking School Magazine, remove a piece about an inch in diameter from the blossom end of each tomato and take out all the seeds. Cook a cup and one-half of Carolina rice in a quart of well seasoned broth, with half a green pepper cut fine. When the rice is nearly tender, but not broken, add half a cup of butter. Mix it in well, but carefully, so as not to break the rice. Fill the tomatoes with the rice. Put back the pieces of tomato cut out. Set them in a baking pan, brush over the outside with a little olive oil or melted butter and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. Remove them carefully to a platter and pour around them a cup of tomato sauce highly seasoned.

A Bonus on Sons.

Bulgaria is going to take effective means to increase its population. For every son born beyond a minimum number 20 francs will be paid not only to the father, but to the mother also. A soldier showing a dozen sons will receive a pension large enough to support him, and besides a decoration. The same reward will go to his wife.

Chinese Coal Mines.

China possesses the largest and richest coal mines in the world, which are destined some day to play a great role in the world's history. The mines in the Shansi province alone are estimated by Professor Richthofen to contain 630,000,000,000 tons.

Personal Worth Counts at Smith College.

The afflicted girl and the poor girl have a warm place in the Smith heart, for the only aristocracy recognized is the aristocracy of brains, and except for the effect on herself the poor girl is almost more blessed with her poverty than the rich girl with her wealth.

If a student is bright, she can read her title clear to much honor in her class election to a society in all probability and the good will of the college. If she is supporting herself wholly or in part, so much the better, for it argues ability to pound knowledge enough for "passing" into the dull brains of backward students, to make $200 or $300 gymnasium suits or write for some paper, keeping up with college work at the same time. The rich girl, if she has worth, will undoubtedly impress herself upon her college generation, but she does not come to her inheritance so easily.

An attitude of interrogation exists toward her achievements, and there is a grain of truth in the humor of the remark that a society ought to be founded for the protection of rich girls and pretty girls. A Smith student is in a curiously isolated position. It is herself that her fellow students look at and find interesting or uninteresting. Though she has the bluest blood in the land and shows herself stupid she shall not gain distinction at Smith.—Alice Katharine Fallows in Scribner's.

Diet For Stout Women.

In The Ladies' Home Journal Mrs. S. T. Rorer writes of "The Best Foods For Stout and Thin Women." "The best meats for the obese" (stout), she says, "are beef, mutton, venison and game, and the best fish are soles, flounder, cod, rock, halibut and white fish. The crustacea and the mollusk are not desirable. The best vegetables are the cabbage tribe, such as cauliflower, broccoli and savoy, the ordinary cabbage, kale and spinach, lettuce, endive, chicory, celery, carefully cooked turnips without sauce, artichokes, squash, cucumbers cooked, cress, very young green peas and string beans. The best fruits are grapes, ripe peaches, raspberries, blackberries, strained and made into mush, and an occasional baked apple, and the best nuts are almonds and a very few pignolias or pine nuts. Nut cheese, made into a sandwich with whole wheat bread, makes a desirable luncheon. Dry toast made from whole wheat bread may form the basis of many delightful sandwiches for the noonday meal. Where the habit is to have a midday dinner and supper in the evening these sandwiches, with a glass of half milk and half barley water, may form the supper. A glass of cool water may be taken on retiring."

Solomon's Tip.

Solomon was a gentleman who ought to be regarded as a connoisseur of feminine beauty, considering the number of ladies in his household. Among the gems of wisdom which have lived through all these ages is, "A woman's crowning glory is her hair."

Beautiful hair is admired by the masculine element of this age as much as in the days of old, and every woman should devote ten minutes a day at least to her hair. The hair should never be combed with a fine tooth comb. This breaks the scalp and causes dandruff instead of removing it. Instead brush the hair from the roots to tips with a stiff brush—that is, kept clear by a bath in warm water, soapsuds and a few drops of carbolic acid to remove all traces of oil. The brushing should alternate with rubbing the scalp thoroughly with the tips of the fingers, an excellent way to bring the blood into a good circulation. Once every two weeks the hair should be shampooed and this tonic applied every week: Oil of rosemary and oil of lavender, each one-half dram; cologne, eight ounces; tincture of cantharides, one ounce.—New York Journal.

Domestic Economy.

First.—Pay cash for everything or settle all bills at the end of the week or month.

Secondly.—Examine the supplies as they come in to see if they are in good condition and of the quality ordered. Then put them away in their special receptacles and in the atmosphere best adapted for their preservation.

Thirdly.—Be as careful in the use of groceries which you have bought in large quantities as though they had been bought in small parcels.

Fourthly.—Buy fruit, vegetables, game, poultry, meat and fish when they are in season instead of paying high prices for unseasonable delicacies which are not at their best.

Fifthly.—Use all the "left overs." Tiny scraps of meat and vegetables and even a spoonful of gravy will all contribute to material for croquettes and soups, and a teaspoonful of jam or jelly will serve to flavor a pudding sauce.

DRAKE'S BOLD DASH.

THE ENGLISH HERO'S DARING RAID INTO CADIZ HARBOR.

A Feat of War That Astonished Europe and Moved the Brave Briton to Jestingly Boast That He Had Singed the Beard of the King of Spain.

Burghley and Walsingham, you can see from their letters, believed now that Elizabeth had ruined herself at last. Happily her moods were variable as the weather. She was forced to see the condition to which she had reduced her affairs in the Low Countries by the appearance of a number of starving wretches who had deserted from the garrisons there and had come across to clamor for their pay at her own palace gates. If she had no troops in the field but a mutinous and starving rabble, she might get no terms at all. It might be well to show Philip that on one element at least she could still be dangerous. She had lost nothing by the bold actions of Drake and the privateers. With half a heart she allowed Drake to fit them out again, take the Buonaventura, a ship of her own, to carry his flag and go down to the coast of Spain and see what was going on. He was not to do too much. She sent a vice admiral with him in the Lion to be a check on overaudacity. Drake knew how to deal with embarrassing vice admirals. His own adventurers would sail, if he ordered, to the mountains of the moon and be quite certain that it was the right place to go to. Once under way and on the blue water he would go his own course and run his own risks.

Cadiz harbor was thronged with transports, provision ships, powder vessels—a hundred sail of them—many of a thousand tons and over, loading with stores for the armada. There were 30 sail of adventurers, the smartest afloat on the ocean and sailed by the smartest seaman that ever handled rope or tiller. Something might be done at Cadiz if he did not say too much about it. The leave had been given him to go, but he knew by experience, and Burghley again warned him, that it might and probably would be revoked if he waited too long. The moment was his own, and he used it. He was but just in time. Before his sails were under the horizon a courier galloped into Plymouth with orders that under no condition was he to enter port or haven of the king of Spain or injure Spanish subjects. What else was he going out for? He had guessed how it would be. Comedy or earnest he could not tell. If earnest, some such order would be sent after him, and he had not an instant to lose.

He sailed on the morning of April 12. Off Ushant he fell in with a northwest gale, and he flew on, spreading every stitch of canvas which his spars would bear. In five days he was at Cape St. Vincent. On the 18th he had the white houses of Cadiz right in front of him and could see for himself the forests of masts from the ships and transports with which the harbor was choked. Here was a chance for a piece of service if there was courage for the venture. He signaled for his officers to come on board the Buonaventura. There before their eyes was, if not the armada itself, the materials which were to fit the armada for the seas. Did they dare to go in with him and destroy them? There were batteries at the harbor mouth, but Drake's marines had faced Spanish batteries at St. Domingo and Cartagena and had not found them very formidable. Go in? Of course they would. Where Drake would lead the corsairs of Plymouth were never afraid to follow.

The vice admiral pleaded danger to her majesty's ships. It was not the business of an English fleet to be particular about danger. Straight in they went with a fair wind and a flood tide, ran past the batteries and under a storm of shot, to which they did not trouble themselves to wait to reply. The poor vice admiral followed reluctantly in the Lion. A single shot hit the Lion, and he edged away out of range, anchored and drifted to sea again with the ebb. But Drake and all the rest dashed on, sank the guardship—a large galleon—and sent flying a fleet of galleys which ventured too near them and were never seen again.

Further resistance there was none—absolutely none. The crews of the ships escaped in their boats to land. The governor of Cadiz, the same Duke of Medina Sidonia who the next year was to gain a disastrous immortality, fled "like a tall gentleman" to raise troops and prevent Drake from landing. Drake had no intention of landing. At his extreme leisure he took possession of the Spanish shipping, searched every vessel and carried off everything that he could use. He detained as prisoners the few men that he found on board, and then, after doing his work deliberately and completely, he set the hulls on fire, cut the cables and left them to drive on the rising tide under the walls of the town—a confused mass of blazing ruin. On April 12 he had sailed from Plymouth. On the 20th he entered Cadiz harbor. On May 1 he passed out again without the loss of a boat or a man. He said in jest that he had singed the beard of the king of Spain for him. In sober prose he had done the king of Spain an amount of damage which a million ducats and a year's labor would imperfectly replace.

The daring rapidity of the enterprise astonished Spain and astonished Europe more than the storm of the West Indian towns. The English had long teeth, as Santa Cruz had told Philip's council, and the teeth would need drawing before mass would be heard again at Westminster. The Spaniards were a gallant race, and a dashing exploit, though at their own expense, could be admired by the countrymen of Cervantes. "So praised," we read, "was Drake for his valor among them that they said if he was not a Lutheran there would not be the like of him in the world."—Froude's "English Seamen In the Sixteenth Century."

The king of Greece, when conversing with the members of his family, never employs any but the English language. He seldom speaks French and only uses Greek when compelled to do so.

JOHN ARTHUR'S WARD, OR THE DETECTIVE'S DAUGHTER

By the author of "A Woman's Crime," "The Missing Diamond," etc.

CHAPTER X.—BONNIE, BEWITCHING CLAIRE.

Four months. We find Madeline standing in the late autumn sunset, "clothed and in her right mind," strong with the strength of youth, and beautiful with even more than her olden beauty.

Fair is the prospect as seen from the grounds of Mrs. Girard's surburban villa, and so, perhaps, Clare Keith is thinking.

She is looking down the level road and at the trees on either hand in all their October magnificence of scarlet and brown and gold, half concealing coquettish villas and more stately residences.

The eyes of Madeline were turned away from the vista of villas and trees, and were gazing toward the business thoroughfare leading into the bustle of the town; gazing after the receding figure of Doctor Clarence Vaughan as he cantered away from the villa; gazing until a turn of the road hid him from her view. Then—and what did she mean by it?—she turned her face toward Claire with a questioning look in her eyes—the question came almost to her lips. But the words were repressed.

Bonnie Claire was thinking of anything but Clarence Vaughan just then. Presently she turned a bright glance upon her companion, who was gathering clusters of the fallen maple leaves, with face half averted.

"A kiss for your thoughts, beautiful, blond Madeline. I certainly think it is ten minutes since Doctor Vaughan departed and silence fell upon us."

She bent down, and taking her companion's head between two dimpled hands, pulled it back, until she could look into the solemn brown eyes.

"Come now," coaxingly, "what were you thinking?"

Madeline extricated herself from Claire's playful grasp, and replied with a half laugh: "It must be mutual confession then, you small highwayman; how do you like my terms?"

"Only so so," flushing and laughing. "I was meditating the propriety of telling you something some day, and was thinking of that something just now, but—"

"But," mimicked Madeline, with half-hearted playfulness; "what will you give me to relieve your embarrassment, and guess?"

"You can't," emphatically.

"Can't I? We will see. My dear, I fear you have left a little corner of your heart behind you in far-away Baltimore. You didn't come to pay your annual visit to your sister quite heart free.

Anyone wishing to gain an insight into the character of Claire Keith might have taken a long step in that direction could he have witnessed her reception of this unexpected shot. She opened her dark eyes in comic amazement, and dropping into a garden chair, exclaimed, with a look of frank inquiry:

"Now, however could you guess that?"

"Because," said Madeline, in a constrained voice, and with all the laughter fading from her eyes; "Because, I know the symptoms"

"I see," dropping her voice suddenly. "Oh, Madeline, how I wish you could forget that."

"Why should I forget my love dream," scornfully, "any more than you yours?"

"Oh, Madeline; but you said you had ceased to care for him; that you should never mourn his loss."

"Mourn his loss!" turning upon Claire, fiercely. "Do you think it is for him I mourn my dead; my lost happiness, my shattered dreams, my life made a bitter, burdensome thing. Mourn him? I have for Lucian Davlin but one feeling—hate!"

Madeline, as she uttered these last words, had turned upon Claire a face whose fierce intensity of expression was startling. For a moment the two gazed into each other's eyes—the one with curling lip and somber, menacing glance, the other with a startled face as if she read something new and to be feared, in the eye of her friend.

Claire had been an inmate of her sister's house for four weeks. When first she arrived she had heard Madeline's story, at Madeline's request, from the lips of her sister Olive, and now the girls were fast friends. Generous Claire had found much to wonder at, to pity, and to love, in the story and the character of the unfortunate girl. Possessing a frank, sunshiny nature, and never having know an actual grief, she could lavish sweet sympathy to one afflicted. But she could not conceive what it would be like to live on when faith had perished and hope was a mockery. She had never known, therefore never missed, a father's love and care. Indeed, he who filled the place of father and guardian, her mother's second husband, was all that a real parent could be. Claire seldom remembered that Mr. James Keith was not her father, and very few, except the family of Keith, knew that "Miss Claire Keith, daughter of the rich James Keith, of Baltimore," was in truth only a step-daughter.

Mrs. Keith, whose first husband was Richard Keith, cashier in his wealthy cousin's banking house, had buried that husband when Olive was five years old, and baby Claire scarce able to lisp his name. In a little less than two years she had married James Keith, the banker-cousin, and shortly after the marriage, James Keith had transferred his business interests to Baltimore, and there remained.

So Claire's baby brothers had never been told that she was not their "very own" sister, for of Olive they knew little, her marriage having separated them at first, and subsequently her obdurate acceptance of the consequences of that marriage.

When the law pronounced her husband a criminal, Mr. Keith had commanded Olive to abandon both husband and home, and return to his protection. This, true-hearted Olive refused to do. Her step-father, enraged at her obstinacy in clinging to a man who had been forsaken by all the world beside, bade her choose between them. Either she must let the law finish its work of breaking Philip Girard's heart by setting her free, or she must accept the consequences of remaining the wife of a criminal.

Olive chose the latter, and thenceforth remained in her own lonely home, never even once visiting the place of her childhood.

"He called my husband a criminal," she said, "and I will never cross his threshold until he has had cause to withdraw those words."

Claire however, announced her intention of visiting her sister whenever she chose, and she succeeded, in part, in carrying out her will, for every year she passed two months or more with Olive.

What a picture the two girls now made, standing face to face. Madeline, with her lithe grace of form, her pure, pale complexion lit up by those fathomless brown eyes, and rendering more noticeable and beautiful the tiny, rosy mouth, with its satellite dimples; with such wee, white, blue-veined hands, and such a clear, ringing, yet marvellously sweet, voice. Madeline was very beautiful, and Claire, as she looked at her, wondered how any man could bear to lose such loveliness, or have the heart to betray it; as if ever pure woman could fathom the depth of a bad man's wickedness.

Bonnie, bewitching Claire! Never was contrast more perfect. A scarf, like scarlet flame, flung about her shoulders, set off the richness of her clear, brunette skin, through which the crimson blood flamed in cheek and lip. Eyes, now black, now gray, changing, flashing, witching eyes; gray in quiet moments, darkening with mirth or sadness, anger or pain; hair black and silky, rippling to the rounded, supple waist in glossy waves. Not so tall as Madeline, and rounded and dimpled as a Hebe.

Bringing her will into service, Madeline banished the gloom from her face and said, with an attempt at gayety:

"I must be a terrible wet blanket when my ghost rises, Claire. But, come, you have excited my curiosity; let us sit down while you tell me more of this mighty man who has pitched his tent in the wilderness of your heart, to the exclusion of others who might aspire."

They seated themselves upon a rustic bench, and Claire replied:

"Don't anticipate too much, inquisitor; I have no acknowledged lover, but—" blushing charmingly, "I have every reason to think that I am loved fondly and sincerely. He is very handsome Madeline, and—but wait, I will show you his picture."

Madeline nodded, and Claire bounded away, to return quickly bearing in her hand a finely wrought cabinet photograph, encased in velvet and gilt, a la souvenir. Placing it in her companion's hand, she sat down with a little triumphant sigh, and gazed over Madeline's shoulder with a proud, glad look in her eyes.

"Blond?" suggested Madeline.

"Yes," eagerly; "such lovely hair and whiskers—perfect gold color; and fair as a woman."

"So I should judge," and she continued to gaze.

Blond he was, certainly; hair thrown carelessly back from a brow broad and white; eyes, light, but with an expression that puzzled the gazer.

"Eyes—what color?" she said, without taking her own off the picture.

"Blue; pale blue, but capable of such varying expression."

"Just so," drily; "they look mild and saintly here, but I think those eyes are capable of another expression. I could fancy the brain behind such eyes to be—"

"What?" eagerly.

"Cruel, crafty, treacherous."

"Oh, Madeline!"

"There, there; I didn't say that he,"—tapping the picture—"possessed these qualities. His eyes are unusual ones; did you ever see his mouth?"

"What a question—through all those whiskers? no; but he has beautiful teeth."

"So have tigers. There, dear, take the picture; I am no fit judge, perhaps. Remember I once knew a man with the face of an angel, and the heart of a fiend. Your friend is certainly handsome; let us hope he is equally good."

"He is; I know it," asserted Claire.

Then she told her companion how she had met him at the house of a friend; how he was very learned and scientific; very grave and dignified and very devoted to herself. And how, beyond these few facts, she knew little, if anything, of her blond hero, Edward Percy.

Madeline received this information in a grave silence, whose chill affected Claire as well, and after a few moments, as if by mutual consent, they arose and entered the house.

Olive Girard had been absent a week; gone on a journey, sacred to her as any Meccan pilgrimage, a visit to the place of her husband's imprisonment. Every year she made this journey, returning home in some measure comforted; for she had seen her beloved.

She came back on this evening, as the two girls were mingling their voices in gay ibravura duets—by mutual consent they avoided all songs of a pathetic order, for reasons which neither would have cared to acknowledge.

The evening having passed away, Claire found herself in her chamber gazing at her lover's pictured face, and thinking how good, how noble, it was, and what a little goose she had been to allow anything Madeline had said to apply to him. A sudden thought occurred to her, and going to Madeline's door, she tapped gently. The door opened, and Claire, raising a warning finger, said:

"Madeline, I forgot to tell you that Olive knows nothing of Edward Percy, and—I don't want to tell her just yet. You will not mention it?"

"No."

"Then, good-night, and pleasant dreams."

"Thank you," in a grave voice; "good-night."

Claire returned to her room and penned a long letter to Edward Percy, full of sweet confidence, gayety and trustfulness. She re-perused his last letter, said her prayers, or rather read them, for Claire was a staunch little churchwoman, and then slept and dreamed bright dreams.

CHAPTER XI.—A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

A few moments after Claire's door had closed for the last time, Madeline came cautiously from her room, her slippered feet making no sound on the softly carpeted floor. Passing Claire's door, she paused before another, opened it gently, and stood in Olive Girard's bedchamber.

Evidently she was expected, for a light was burning softly and Olive sat near it with a book in her hand, in an attitude of waiting

Madeline seated herself at the little table as if quite accustomed to such interviews, and said in a low tone:

"I am so glad you came to-night; are you too tired for a long talk?"

"No; tell me all that has happened since I have been absent."

"Olive, I must go away; back to Bellair," said Madeline, abruptly.

"Madeline, you are mad! To Bellair? Why, he is there often now."

"He will not find me out, never fear. I must go to Bellair, within the week."

Olive leaned forward and scanned the girl's face closely and long. At last she said: "Madeline, what is it you meditate? tell me."

"Going back to Bellair; keeping an eye upon the proceedings of Mr. Arthur; finding out what game that man and woman are playing there; and baffling and punishing them all."

She had been kept informed, through Henry, into whose hands had fallen a letter in Cora's handwriting, bearing the Bellair postmark, and addressed to Lucian Davlin, who, so Henry said, "went down, on and off," and always appeared satisfied with the result of his journey.

Olive agrued long against this resolution, but found it impossible to dissuade Madeline.

"It is useless," the girl said, firmly. "I should have died but for the expectation of a time when I could be avenged, and this time and I must bring about All through my convalescence I have pondered how I could best avenge my mother's wrongs, and my own. Now Providence has thrown together the two men who are my enemies; why, I do not yet know, but perhaps it is that I may make the one a weapon against the other. And now I want to ask you some questions."

"Ask, then."

"I shall touch upon a painful subject, and I will tell you why. After you went away, the story of your sorrow remained with me. So I thought the ground all over, and formed some conclusions. Do you wish to hear them?"

Olive nodded, wearily.

"You have told me," said Madeline, assuming a calm, business-like tone, "that Lucian Davin testified against your husband at his trial. Now the wounded man, Percy, stated that he recognized the man who struck him?"

"Yes."

"Well, what was Davlin's testimony?"

"That he saw my husband stealing in the direction of the place where the wounded man was found, but a few moments before he was struck, wearing the same hat and hunting jacket that the injured man testified was worn by his would-be assassin."

"Oh!" Madeline knitted her brows in thought a moment; then—"Was the coat and hat Mr. Girard's?"

"Yes; he had thrown them off in the afternoon, while the heat was intense, and had fallen asleep. When he awoke he heard them calling him to supper. It was late in the evening when he remembered his coat and hat, and went back to look for them. He went just at the time when the man must have been struck, and his absence told against him in the evidence."

"Did he find his garments?"

"No; they were found by others, not where he had left them, but nearer the scene of the crime."

"Ah! And who was the first to discover the injured man?"

"Why, I believe it was Mr. Davlin." Olive looked more and more surprised at each question. "Why do you ask these things, Madeline?"

The girl made a gesture of impatience. "Wait," she said, "I will explain in good time." Again she considered. "Was there any ill-feeling between your husband and Davlin?"

"There was no open misunderstanding, but I know there was mutual dislike. Philip saw that Davlin was making systematic efforts to win money from the party, and had, therefore, persuaded one or two of his friends to give gaming little countenance. No doubt he kept money out of the man's pocket."

"And what was the standing of that man and the victim, this Percy?"

"They were much together, and Philip tells me that he had sometimes fancied that Davlin held some power over Percy. Davlin had won largely from him, and the man seemed much annoyed, but paid over the money without demur."

"And now, how did your husband stand toward the injured man?"

"That is the worst part of the story. They had had high words only that very day. Philip had been acquainted with Percy at school, and he knew so much that was not in his favor, that he was unable to conceal his real opinion of the man at all times. One day high words arose, and Philip uttered a threat, which was misconstrued, after the attack upon Percy. They said he threatened his life. But Percy knew that only his honor was meant. Davlin knew this, too; must have known it, for he was aware that the two had met before they came together with the party."

"I can not see why Lucian Davlin should be your husband's enemy."

"I can understand that he hated Philip for the same reason that a thief hates the light, and Philip had balked his plans."

"True; and yet—"

"And yet?" inquiringly.

"Bad as the man is, I can see but one motive that could induce even him to swear away the liberty, almost the life, of a man who never wronged him.

"Still, he did it," said Olive, with a weary sigh.

"True; and he did it for a motive."

"And that motive—"

"Was the strongest instinct of the human race."

"What?" eagerly.

Self-preservation."

Olive started up with a half cry. "Madeline, in heaven's name, what do you mean?"

"That Lucian Davlin threw suspicion upon the innocent to screen the guilty," said the girl, in a low, firm tone.

"And the guilty one, then?"

"Himself. Do you think him too good for it?" sneeringly.

"No, no! oh, no! But this I had never thought of—yet it may be true."

She fell into deep thought; after a time she started up. "I must consult a detective immediately," she said.

"You must do no such thing," cried Madeline, springing to her feet; "why did not the detectives find this out before? Because they have not my reasons for hunting that man down. I found this clue, if it be one. I claim it; it is my right, and I will have it. If he is to be undone, it shall be by my hands. I swear it!"

They faced each other in silence.

Slowly Olive recalled to her countenance and voice its usual sweet calm, and then seated herself and talked long and earnestly with Madeline.

The little bronze clock on the mantel was on the stroke of two when the conference ended, and Madeline retired to her own room, but not to sleep. She sat and thought until the dawn shone in at her window.

One link was missing from the chain; no motive had been discovered for an attack on Percy by Davlin.

"But I will find it," she muttered. Then, as a new thought occurred to her, she caught her breath. "Claire's lover is named Percy; can it be the same? Why did not this occur to me sooner? Why did I not ask for his first name, and a description of im? If this man and Edward Percy should be one and the same! Pchaw! the name is not an uncommon one, and it may be only a coincidence. But your face is a bad one, Edward Percy, and I shall know it when I see it again."

The sun was not high in the heavens ere Madeline was astir, for her nature was such that strong excitement rendered rest impossible. Moving impatiently about the grounds, she saw a familiar form approaching through the shrubbery, and hastened to meet it.

The black visage of Henry beamed with satisfaction as he made a hurried obeisance and placed in her hand a letter, saying:

"Master was preparing for a two day's journey when this letter came. He threw it into his desk, and bade me lock it, and bring him the key. His back was turned, and I took the letter before I locked the desk. It was a long one, and from her; I thought you might want to see it."

"Right, Henry," said the girl, quietly, as she opened the letter. "You will wait for it?"

"Yes, miss; it must not be missing when he comes."

"Certainly not."

She returned to the letter, and this is what she read:

Oakley, October 11.

Lucian, Mon Brave:

I am in a fine predicament—have made a startling discovery. Mr. A— has been sick, and the mischief is to pay; and his sickness has brought some ugly facts to light.

The old man is not the sole proprietor of the Oakley wealth. That girl who ran away so mysteriously, and has never been heard of, will inherit at his death. He can bequeath his widow nothing. Oh, to know where that girl is! If she is alive, my work is useless, my time is wasted. I think the old man must have driven her to desperation, for he raved in his delirium of her and her words at parting. They must have been "searchers."

Well, to add to the general interest, Miss Arthur, aged fifty or so, is here. She is a juvenile old maid, who has a fortune in her own right, and so must be cultivated. She dresses like a sixteen-year old, and talks like a fool, principally about a certain admirer, a "blond demi-god"—her words—named Percy.

Something must be done; things must be talked over. Come down and make love to Miss Arthur. Her money is not entailed.

Bring me some Periques and a box of Alexis gloves—you know the number. Yours in disgust,

Cora Mme. Arthur.

Madeline dropped the letter, and stood amazed. What did it mean? "Cora Mme. Arthur!"

Henry stooped for the letter, and the act recalled her to herself. She thanked him for the service he had done her; told him of her intended departure; gave him some last instructions, and dismissed him with a kind good-by.

"It is time to act," she muttered. "Good heavens! the audacity of that man and woman! She is married to my step-father, if that letter does not lie; has married him for money, and is baffled there. She hoped to become his widow, aha! The plot thickens, indeed! Goodness! what a household! That bad old man, the still viler woman, dangerous Lucian Davlin, and that funny, youthful, cross, 'conceited spinster,' Ellen Arthur, who has a lover, and his name is—heaven save us—Percy! That name will mix itself up with my fate web, and why? Percy beloved of Claire; Percy who brought Philip Girard to his doom; Percy the lover of a rich old maid, are ye one and the same? Percy! Percy! Percy! I must cultivate the Percys at any cost."

She turned and entered the house, her head bent, thinking, thinking, thinking.

(To be continued)

Difficult to Inflict Pain.

The doctor smoked slowly on his cigar. It was plain that he had something to say.

"I was thinking of my early college days," he said, "and of a peculiar incident that happened very soon after I began my studies. The professor was instructing the class one day on the corpuscles of the blood. In order to get some fresh blood for microscopical examination each student was ordered to tie a rag around his forefinger and strike the top of the finger suddenly with a needle with sufficient force to draw blood. Seems easy, doesn't it? Do you know there wasn't a man in the class that did it at the first attempt. It was funny to watch some of those embryo surgeons poise the needle with a determined air and launch it to within a hair space of the flesh and there stop dead. Others tried to force the needle in slowly, but paused very shortly, with an expression of pain commensurate to that of an amputation. I myself gave it up as a bad job, and hacked a cavity in my thumb with a penknife, and found it easier.

"The fact that we were very young and inexperienced is no explanation for this peculiarity, as I have since found by personal test. Almost everybody exhibited the same repugnance to inflicting pain in that manner. Try it yourself."

The other man tried and succeeded on the fourth trial.—New York Sun.

Art of Making a Mustard Plaster.

To put on a mustard plaster is not at all difficult, but to do it in the best way requires some care and skill. In the first place, remember never to give a cold mustard plaster to a patient. To a weak or sensitive person the shock is often great. Either mix with very hot water, or, better still, have a plate put where it can get warm while you are mixing. Having everything ready at hand, mustard, flour and a spoonful of molasses, with a bit of old muslin or linen—an old handkerchief is the best thing for the purpose. Stir the mustard and flour together first, making the plaster stronger or weaker with mustard as you have been directed. Add the molasses and then the water until the smooth mass is about as thick as porridge or poultice. Spread your cloth on the warm plate, using the middle portion of the linen and leaving a margin on all sides, which is to be folded back at the edges. Put a second cloth over the whole, so that the mustard is entirely hid between the two covers and keep on the plate until it is necessary to apply the plaster.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Value of Toes In Walking.

The idea that the lesser toes are necessary in walking is generally entertained, and it has been a surprise to European physicians to learn that amputation of all the lesser toes of both feet has been followed by complete recovery and the restoration to usefulness of both the feet operated upon. The feet healed slowly after the operation, but very steadily and without unpleasant complications. The operation was performed, and in a little more than a year and a half the patient danced all night and experienced no inconvenience whatever on account of having only one toe on each foot. She rides a wheel, plays tennis and enjoys every sport that girls of her age are fond of. The cause of the trouble was originally chilblains, which was neglected until it produced contraction of the muscles with the most intense pain, which was at times so severe that she could not enjoy the necessary amount of sleep. Surgeons are of the opinion that a great deal of needless suffering is endured which might be relieved by extremely simple operations on the feet.—New York Ledger.

Dodging a Shot.

When Dewey was first lieutenant of one of the gunboats which Farragut used as a dispatch boat the admiral used often to come aboard and steam up near the levee to reconnoiter. The southerners had a way of rushing a field-piece to the top of the high bank, firing point blank at the gunboat and then backing down again. Upon one such occasion Farragut saw Dewey dodge a shot.

"Why don't you stand firm, lieutenant?" said he. "Don't you know you can't jump quick enough?"

A day or so after the admiral dodged a shot. The lieutenant smiled and held his tongue, but the admiral had a guilty conscience. He cleared his throat once or twice, shifted his attitude and finally declared:

"Why, sir, you can't help it, sir. It's human nature, and there's an end to it."

A General Proposition.

Wickwire (looking at board with "Pity the Blind" on it)—You are no more blind than I am.

Dismal Dawson—Well, what's it to you?

Wickwire—What business have you wearing that card?

Dismal Dawson—Jist as much right as anybody. I don't say I'm blind. This here is jist a abstract proposition. See?—London Tit-Bits.

In a Wet Season.

"I see," the editor said, "that you have rhymed 'again' with 'rain.'"

"Yessir," the office poet assented.

"Well, it doesn't go. It may be all right in the weather report, but you are hired as a poet."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Cumberland, B. C.

Issued Every Tuesday and Saturday.

SATURDAY, DEC. 24th, 1898

We hope that the next Dominion Parliament will put a class of articles, especially fruits, nuts and foods, which we cannot produce, on the free list. We rather pay one dollar direct tax than three dollars indirect tax.

It is said the new penny postage stamps will be distributed so as to be used by Christmas. That will be nice. We regret that on New Year's, newspaper postage, except for the weeklies, within a radius of 40 miles of office of publication will be imposed.

It is now announced that Mr. Sword, candidate in Cowichan against Robertson, has resigned his position as secretary for the Premier. This comes pretty late, and appears to have been forced by the adverse criticisms of the Province as well as other papers.

The motion to strike out the petition in the Lillooet election case having failed, an appeal has been taken to the full bench. Justice Martin well said it was best that these election cases should be determined on their merits, and not on technicalities.

The Joint Commission now sitting in Washington will complete, it is said, their labors early in January. It is, of course, all a matter of speculation, as to what they will agree upon. It is to be hoped they will settle all differences, even if they do not provide for any measure of reciprocity.

It will be Christmas to-morrow. Services will be held in Trinity Church for which the church has been tastefully, attractively decorated. In the other churches, the occasion will be suitably celebrated —at the Presbyterian to-night, and in the Methodist on Monday night. As it comes on Sunday we suppose there will be no week-day holiday observed in business circles.

An unusual amount of Christmas goods have been sold this season and the mails have been loaded down with them, both the out-going and in-coming, and will carry into many homes a feeling of kindly remembrances.

Since the above was in type we learn a portion of the stores will be closed on Monday.

There is scripture for the doctrine that whoever resorts to the sword shall perish by the sword. There is a great truth in this. Violence begets violence; hatred induces hatred, just as friendliness creates a reciprocity of feeling. This is no less true of nations than of individuals. The attitude of Great Britian towards the United States during the Spanish-American war is producing the best results. Canada's difficulties with the States will soon be settled, and we hope at least a small measure of reciprocity will be agreed upon. Let the people of Saxon origin unite and we need not fear the Latin races.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

A panther was killed up near Matt Little's this week.

Dr. Lawrence left Friday for his home in Vancouver.

Eleven o'clock is the official hour for retiring in Cumberland.

Billy Glennon for the present is holding down the Riverside hotel.

Turkeys ! Turkeys ! Leave your order for Xmas Turkey at Moore's

T. D. McLean, the jewler, returned Wednesday from a visit to the Capital City.

Mrs. Piket returned home on Wednesday from a trip to the Capital, for the benefit of her health.

Master McPhee, who has been at High School, Vancouver, returned for the holidays on Wednesday.

T W. Holland, provincial agent of the D. B. & L. Association paid the city a flying visit this week.

Miss Lida Willemar is spending her holidays with her parents Rev. and Mrs. Willemar of Sandwick.

A concert in aid of the hospital here will be given on the first Tuesday after the January pay-day

H. C. Banks, jeweler with T. D. McLean, was taken to the hospital yesterday, being ill from a bad cold.

A tandem dog team—a la Klondike—may be seen occasionally on our streets, with a string of bells around each dog.

The windows of M. G. Douglas's bakery establishment are quite attractive with contributions from the forest.

Mrs. D. Kilpatrick and son and Miss Mazie Williams have returned from a visit to relatives in Wellington and Vancouver.

The hotels at Union Bay are crowded, and we judge from appearances that the Cumberland hotels are pretty full including the Union Hotel.

The Wellington Enterprise evidently thinks Oyster Bay where the new wharves of the Dunsmuirs are going up, will be a big place.

NOTICE.—Shooting tournament at Courtenay on Dec. 26th. All entry money put in the purse as well as the $10 added by Mr. McCallum.

Among our advertisers we notice plenty of nice things for Xmas. There is the Big Store, both departments, Moore'e Peacey's Cheap John's Stoddart jewelry establishment, and Stevenson & Co's..

STRAYED.—A year old heifer came on the Westwood farm, Comox, about Nov. 1st. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take it away.

R. J. SMITH.

A young lady, who has recently gotten herself a blue (navy cloth) dress, is shaking in her shoes for fear the collector of customs may espy it. "Why," said she, "they tell me if he should see me with it on, in the street, he would seize it right then and there." "And if it was a cold day," remarked her companion, "it would be just awful, you know."

The Xmas decorations at Trinity Church are most effective and reflect much credit to the ladies and gentlemen who have given their taste and work to complete the most beautiful church decoration seen in Cumberland. The arch of green surmounted in the centre by a cross, just in front of the chancel is very impressive in design. Across the windows in gold letters upon a crimson background are the words, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Holly, and evergreens were used, for designs, and produce an artistic effect.

Xmas Tree

—at the—

Presbyterian Church

TO-NIGHT

at 7:30. No charge for admission. There will be the usual entertainment and everybody is welcome.

Xmas Tree

—at the—

METHODIST CHURCH,

MONDAY EVENING DEC. 26th.

All are welcome.

SUNDAY SERVICES

TRINITY CHURCH.—SERVICES in the evening. REV. J. X. WILLEMAR, rector.

METHODIST CHURCH.-SERVICES at the usual hours morning and evening Epworth League meets at the close of evening service. Sunday School at 2:30. REV. W. HICKS, pastor.

ST GEORGE'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—SERVICES at 11 a.m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30. Y. P. S. C. E. meets at the close of evening service. REV. W. C. DODDS, pastor.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between the undersigned, carrying on business under the firm name of McPhee & Moore was, by mutual consent, dissolved on the 14th of November 1898, the Courtenay business of the late firm will be carried on by Mr. Joseph McPhee, to whom all accounts due there are to be paid. The Cumberland business will be carried on by Mr. C. J. Moore, to whom accounts due the firm there are required to be paid.

JOSEPH McPHEE,
C. J MOORE.

Nov. 25th, 1898

THE NEWS

ISSUED ON TUESDAYS and SATURDAYS,

IS THE ONLY B. C. Newspaper outside of the chief cities having a SPECIAL TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE

In addition to that it pays SPECIAL ATTENTION to the news of the District.

NOW advertisements can be displayed near reading matter and are sure to be read. This is of special advantage to those desiring to reach the public with greater frequency than formerly, and makes the NEWS valuable for WANT ADS, LOST ADS, LOCALS, ETC.

THE NEWS has a good job plant and can turn out anything in that line with neatness and dispatch.

A SAD STORY

of suffering and final death might be told if that neglected cough and cold is not quickly arrested.

LAMRERT'S SYRUP OF DOUGLAS PINE

taken in time will prevent all this.

Purchase a bottle of your Druggist, 25 cents.

PURE MILK.

Delivered daily by us in Cumberland and Union. Give us a trial.

HUGH GRANT & SON.

CORPORATION CITY of CUMBERLAND

ELECTION BY-LAW 1898.

Whereas it is expedient to pass a by-law to regulate those who are qualified to vote for mayor and aldermen at the election to be held on the first Saturday in Januar 1899, provided that more than the numbe repuisite be nominated on the Saturday previous.

Therefore the Municipal Council of Cumberland enacts as follows:

The following persons shall be entitled to vote in the City of Cumberland for mayor and aldermen or commissioners in any ward in which they may be registered; but it shall not be lawful for any person to vote for mayor or commissioners at more than one polling place at one and the same election.

1. A male or female of the full age o twenty-one years, being a British subject and not otherwise disqualified, who is assessed for real propersy within the municipality to the value of not less fifty dollars.

2. Any male or female of the full age of twenty one years, being a British subject and not otherwise disqualified, who has esided and been a householder in the municipality for the six months immediately preceding the first Monday in December in each year and who pays as such householder a rental or rental value of not less than sixty dollars a year, and who shall have paid on or before the fifteenth day of December next preceding the date of the annual election in each year, all taxes due by him or her, and who shall have at the time of making such payments, applied to the city clerk to have his or her name entered as a voter, in the ward in which he or she is a resident householder, and at the same time produced such evidence as to satisfy thesaid clerk that he or she is a bonafide resident householder entitled to be entered on the voters' list by virtue of this section, and who shall have between the fifteenth day of November, or after the date of such payment and the fifteenth day of December following, personally delivered to the city clerk a statutory declaration made or subscribed before a judge, magistrate or notary public in the form and to the effect as found in Municipal Clauses Act, sec. 300, clause 2

This by-law may be cited for all purposes as the City of Cumberland Election By-law 1898.

Passed the Minicipal Council the 25th day of November, A. D., 1898.

Reconsidered and finally passed the 25th day of November A. D. 1898.

Signed and sealed the 25th day of November A. D. 1898.

Signed, Lewis Mounce, mayor
Signed L W. Nunns, City Clerk.

WANTS.

AGENTS

Those handling "War with Spain" are making money. A good share of the profit is yours if you take hold. Seven hundred pages, two hundred illustrations and sells cheap. We give big commission; pay freight, sell on time, and supply outfit free.

BRADLEY-GARRETSON CO.,
LIMITED,
TORONTO.

WANTED

Men of force of character, who can furnish horse and rig, for three months. Straight salary to right parties.

T. H. LINSCOTT, TORONTO.

WANTED.—Farmers' sons or other industrious persons of fair education, to whom $40.00 a month would be an inducement. I could also engage a few ladies at their own homes.

T. H. LINSCOTT, TORONTO.

AGENTS

We pay straight weekly salaries of from $10 to $20, according to ability, for canvassers on "Life and work of Gladstone." The demand for this wonderful book is keeping all hands working early and late. The only Canadian and British work published. Endorsed by the Royal Family and leading public men. A big, cheap book.

BRADLEY-GARRETSON CO., LIMITED,
TORONTO

COME TO THE NEWS OFFICE with your printing. Reasonable prices prevail

Gordon Murdock,

Third St. Union, B.C.

BLACKSMITHING in all its branches, and Wagons neatly Repaired

Milk, Eggs, Vegetables.

Having secured the Harrigan ranch I am prepared to deliver daily pure fresh milk, fresh eggs, and vegetables, in Union and Cumberland, A share of patronage is solicited.

JAMES REID.

PROFESSIONAL.

YARWOOD & YOUNG.

BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS

Corner of Bastion and Commercial Streets, Nanaimo, B. C.

BRANCH OFFICE, Third Street and Dunsmuir Avenue, B. C.

Will be in Union the 3rd Wednesday of each month and remain ten days.

HARRISON P. MILLARD,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR.

Offices: WILLARD BLOCK, CUMBERLAND
COURTENAY HOUSE, COURTENAY.

Hours of Consultation: CUMBERLAND, 10 to 12 A. M. TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
COURTENAY, 7 to 9 A. M. AND P. M.

COMOX DIRECTORY.

H. C. LUCAS, Proprietor, COMOX BAKERY, Comox, B. C.

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, J. J. Grant, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

Society Cards

Hiram Lodge No 14 A.F. & A.M., B.C.R
Courtenay B. C.

Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

R. S. McConnell,
Secretary.

Cumberland Encampment.
No. 6, I. O. O. F., Union.

Meets every alternate Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 o'clock p.m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.

CHAS. WHYTE, Scribe.

I O O. F.

Union Lodge, No. 11, meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

F. A. ANLEY, R. S.

NOTICE

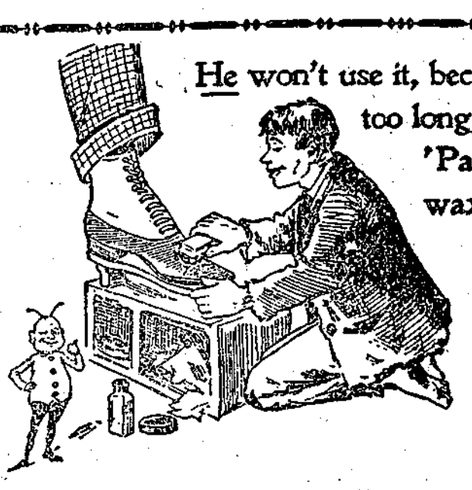
Any person or persons destroying or withholding the kegs and barrels of the Union Brewery Company Ltd of Nanaimo, will be prosecuted. A liberal reward will be paid for information leading to conviction.

W. E. Norris, Sec'y

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—One story and a half dwelling house of six rooms, hall, pantry, etc. on easy terms. Enquire of Jas. Carthew

The best corner business lot in town for sale for a third less than its value Enquire at NEWS OFFICE.



He won't use it, because its "shine" lasts too long, and seems too simple. 'Pays him better to use a wax pore-filler, and polish up a previous polish. Paid by the week, instead of by the pair, he'd shine the actual leather, hard and smooth surfaced, with

SLATER SHOE POLISH

Simon Leiser, Sole Local Agent.