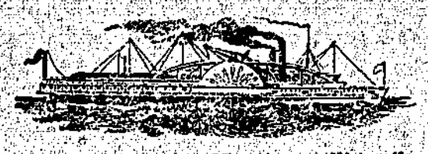
Semi-Weekly Edition

# The News.

FOR YOUR JOB PRINTING
Give us a Trial, we do Good Work at
REASONABLE PRICES.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B C SATURDAY MAR 4thth., 1899

**Esquimait & 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 Staterooms apply on board,
GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffice 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

**Livery AND Teaming**
I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming at reasonable rates.
D. KILPATRICK,
Cumberland

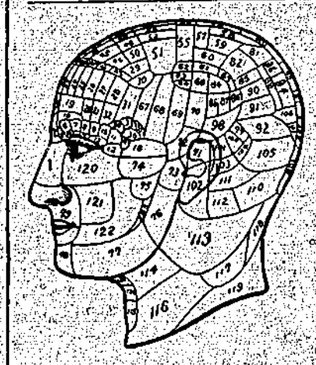
**B 4 U DIE**
With that cold, cure it.
LAMBERT'S SYRUP OF DOUGLAS.... PINE.....
is the remedy. For sale by all druggists.
25c.
per bottle.

***PURE MILK.***
Delivered daily by us in Cumberland and Union. Give us a trial.
HUGH GRANT & SON.

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

**J. A. Carthew**
ARCHITECT and BUILDER,
CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Don't go to Klondike without an
**..ALBION STOVE..**
WE HAVE
Miners' Folding Deflecting Stoves.
" Strong Steel Stoves MADE TO LAST.
" Combination Cooking and Heating Stoves OF SPECIAL DESIGN.....
Each Stove has Pipe and a Bake Pan Inside.
**Albion Iron Works,**
VICTORIA. B. C.



**Phrenology.**
Prof. Robt. M. Mobius,
The Noted Phrenologist and Physiologist
from Personal examination and from Photographs, will describe Character and reveal talent and tell the natural adaptation of any person for Law, Literature, Art, Science, Commerce, or Mechanism. Call and get assistance in selecting a proper pursuit in which success will be certain.
Your marriage adaptation and business qualification, accurately delineated. Brain is money. Character is capital. Knowledge of your resources the secret of success.
Prof. Mobius will make no charge for an interview in which he will explain his methods fully. Examinations, and Charts, are given at different prices, according to the desire of the applicant. Special discount to families and clubs.
READINGS Daily and Evening. OFFICE—CUMBERLAND HOTEL PARLORS

## CITY COUNCIL.

Council met 27th of February at 7:30 p. m. Present Mayor Mounce, Aldermen Ryder, Nicholl, Robertson and Carthew.

Minutes of last meeting read, adopted and signed.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

Letter from W. W. B. McInnes, M.P., acknowledging the receipt of a copy of reselution of the Council directing attention to the desirability of the Dominion government erecting suitable public building in Cumberland. In reply thereto he stated he concurred in the expressed wish of the Council and had already placed the matter before the Minister of Public Works, and had reason to believe that in the near future the matter would receive favorable consideration.

Letter from R. Strang, secretary of C. C. C. requesting the Recreation Grounds upon the condition that the C. C. C, repair and fence the same and be thrown open on all public occasions.

### ACCOUNT PRESENTED.

S. Leiser, $1 90.

### BY-LAWS.

Municipal Rate by-law Amendment read a third time.

Municipal Road Tax by-law Amendment read a third time.

On plea of emergency they were both reconsidered and finally passed.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Drain, Maryport avenue for making this there were two tenders: John Nash, $32.50; R. G. Armstrong $25.00. The tender of Mr. Amstrong being the lowest was accepted.

Upon motion, the Council accepted the proposition of Cumberland Cycling Club for a term of three years at a rental of $1 per year.

The clerk was instructed to notify Eric Duncan that unless his huckster's license be paid on or before the 10th of March, proceedings would be commenced to enforce the ordinance.

The clerk laid the Assessment Roll on the table.

The Board of Works were empowered to have the hose rack put in condition for use.

Adjourned.

## THE CONCERT.

The concert given by the Choir of the Methodist Church last Tuesday evening was a success. The attendance was good. The following was the program:

"Naaman's March," the choir; "The Battle King," Mr. G. Hicks; "The Song That Reached My Heart," Miss Armson; "The Diver," Rev. Wm Hicks; "The Painter of Seville," Miss Armson; "Afterwards," Rev. J. P. Hicks; "Duett," Miss Armson and Mr. G. Hicks; "The Heavens Are Telling," the choir; "Sandy's Romance," Miss Armson; "Anchored," Rev. Wm. Hicks; "The Red Cross Brother," Hicks Brothers; "Dolly's Revenge," Miss Armson; "The Soldier's Dream," Mr. G. Hicks.

Miss Armson, who has endeared herself to the Cumberland public by former appearences. execuied her readings and songs in her usual fascinating manner.

Mr. Gideon Hicks sang well, but we have heard him do better than he did last Tuesday evening.

Rev. Wm. Hicks rendered his selections splendidly, and especially so that beautiful song "Anchored."

Mrs. Francis Deans Little played the accompaniments. When Mrs. Little presides at the piano the instrumental part of the entertainment is sure to be one of the best feature of the program.

R. S. C.

## JAPANESE CONSUL IN CUMBERLAND.

### What He Thinks of the Alien Bill, Our City and Other Things.

A representative of THE NEWS called on H. I. Japanese Majesty's Consul at the Union Hotel, Thursday evening. Mr. Seizaburo Shimizu is an excellent type of the cultured Japanese gentleman. In person, he is below the middle height and rather slight. He has a very intelligent countenance, and gracious manner.

Asked what he thought of our town, he replied: "Although the short time I have been able to spend here has not permitted me to see as much as I should have liked, I am very favorably impressed with the general appearearance of the town. I was quite struck with the progressive spirit of the citizens, and have no doubt that a few years will see a large city here."

Mr. Shimizu expressed himself as greatly pleased with the standing and prosperity of his country men in this town, as well as throughout the whole province. He said: "I have mingled with all classes of Canadians and I find they are unanimous in the opinion that Japanese laborers are far ahead of Chinese, which is a source of gratification to me. I have met with miners in Union who would refuse to work in the mines were they not allowed Japanrse assistants. But after all it is generally the lower class of my countrymen who immigrate into this country, and it is hardly fair to judge all of us from a single type. Still, I think our laboring classes compare favorably with those of any other country. They can all read and write, for in Japan parents and guardians are compelled to send children under their care to school from the age of six to fourteen."

"What do you think of the Alien Bill?" The Consul smiled rather sarcastically. "What can we think of it? With us it is not a question of material interest, for employment for a few hundred men out of a nation of forty millions is of no great consequence, and, besides, they can get it elsewhere. It is altogether a question of sentiment. To exclude Japanese from this country would be an insult to our national dignity. Japan made wonderful progress progress before that, but the Chinese war demonstrated to other peoples that we have taken our place among the great nations of the world, and our government is determined to uphold the honor. If the Federal Government does not interfere, then we shall appeal to the Imperial authorities. If they decline to disallow the measure, then our government can prevent immigration to this country altogether. If we were convinced that all classes in this province were opposed to the immigration of Japanese, it would be undignified on our part to try to force our way in, but I don't believe they are. There is a strong feeling in favor of Japanese labor. I hope the Alien Bill will never become law, and hence, that extreme measures will be unnecessary.

"I had no special mission up here, but I wished to see my people, and I shall make a report of my observations for our government. I may come up again in the near future"

Mr. Shimizu continued. "Our eople spend a great deal of their money in this country, perhaps too much. Most people here are extravagant. A large number spend more than they earn."

This is the Consul's first visit to our city. He was appointed Consul at Vancouver in 1892 and remained there till December 1895. Then he was removed to Honolulu where he remained one year. From Honolulu his government sent Mr. Shimizu to Hongkong, and from Hongkong he was sent back to Vancouver in December 1897. He has been in this province continually ever since.

Mr. Shimizu expressed himself as delighted with his reception here, not only from his own people, but also from the leading citizens. He speaks English with a foreign accent but quite fluently.

## Latest Wirings.

**Spanish Government Imprisons Late Commander of Forces at Santiago.**
**Great Excitement in Vancouver.**
**Cave-in at Wellington.**
**Volcano at Lac La Hache.**
**Corpse Found in Vancouver Harbor.**
**Aquinaldo Again.**
**Other Interesting Despatches.**

### MEETING IN VANCOUVER

Vancouver, March 3.—The largest meeting in the history of Vancouver was held last night. It was decided to send a delegation to Ottawa to confer with the Government re sale of Deadman's Island.

### FROM OTTAWA.

Ottawa, March 3.—D. G. McDonnell of Vancouver is here to-day. He says that Mr. Maxwell, M. P. was acting in the best interests of the City of Vancouver when he recommended a sawmill on Deadman's Island. He says, "It would be a great benefit to the laboring classes, that those who object are in residential part of the city near the park.

### SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Vancouver, March 3.—News received from Lac La Hache, states that Steve Tingley has been seriously injured in a run away. He was thrown from his horse on the summit of a steep hill and rolled over the precipice—falling 50 feet. He is badly injured.

### VOLCANO UP COUNTRY.

Vancouver, March 3.—Inhabitants of Lac La Hache believe they have a veritable Vesuvius on a small scale right at their doors. Several days ago they noticed that snow was melting from an unexplored mountain. This was accompanied by smoke which rolled in volumes from top of mountain. The mountain gives every indication of being volcanic.

The Quesnelle River is over-flowing its banks, and a destructive flood may occur at any time. People along the river are moving to higher ground.

### KIPLING'S CONDITION.

New York, March 3.—Kipling is much better to-day. His speedy recovery is now looked for.

### DOINGS IN MADRID.

Madrid, March 3.—Gen. Toral, who commanded Spanish troops at Santiago, has been arrested and imprisoned, previous to being tried by court martial, on charge of cowardice in capitulating to Gen. Shafter on July 1 th. It is reported here that 30,000 rifles and several million cartridges from Japan have been landed on the Island of Luzon, near Manilla, for the rebels.

### NEWS FROM THE REBELS.

Paris, March 3.—The French Senate to-day adopted the Dual Revision Bill. The city is still in a turmoil.

### CORPSE FOUND IN VANCOUVER HARBOR.

Vancouver, March 3.—The body of an unknown man was found floating in the harbor this morning, and is now awaiting identification at the city morgue. The face was almost entirely gone from the action of the water, showing that the body had been in the water sometime.

### THE STRIKE AT ALEXANDRA

Nanaimo, March 3.—The strike at Alexandra Mine is still on. The mines have been closed and the strikers are awaiting Mr. Dunsmuir's return from San Francisco before anything further is done.

### CAVE-IN AT WELLINGTON.

Wellington, Mar. 3d—There was a cave-in here yesterday near where the other one occurred some months ago. Fifty men were in the mine at the timer Some of them had miraculous escapes, but they all got out.

### FROM MANILLA.

Manilla, Mar. 3d.—It is reported that Aquinaldo will only release Spanish clerical prisoners upon condition that all landed and other properties and everything they own shall be transferred to the rebels, and also that native priests shall be ordained and recognized.

# WOMAN AND HOME.

## AN ILLINOIS GIRL WHO HAS DISCOVERED A NEW EMPLOYMENT.

**Women Book Agents—Teaching His Wife a Lesson—Shopping In Italy—Why Siamese Women Fade Early—Suitable For Children.**

Among the many and new unusual professions into which women have energetically placed themselves there are few more interesting than the work of a clever and gifted woman who makes the entertaining of children her business. More than that, she derives from her employment an ample income and suggests that other ambitious young women follow in her footsteps.

In nearly every notice of children's parties given by the young matrons of society for their little ones appears the statement that the affair was under the direction of Miss Kathleen M. Shippen of Winnetka, Ills. Miss Shippen's childhood was spent in the old world, where the games of children are almost a part of history. Her little playmates in Germany, Switzerland and Italy taught her many quaint ways of self entertainment, and when she returned to her mother country a great idea suggested itself to her. She would give these games to the little boys and girls of America, who after playing "Old Dan Tucker" and "Drop the Handkerchief" well nigh exhaust their repertory of amusement. In this way she gradually drifted into what can now justly be termed a profession.

MISS KATHLEEN M. SHIPPEN.

Miss Shippen finds various ways of keeping the interest of the children she is entertaining. She tells them stories, gets up impromptu little plays—for which she furnishes tissue paper costumes—plays lively little ditties and gets them all to dancing like the sprightly elves and fairies they are so fond of hearing about.

All her endeavors lead toward getting close to the hearts of the wee ones, and in making them feel at ease and willing to be amused as she thinks best. Miss Shippen is an excellent pianist, being a pupil of M. Duvernoy of Paris, but all her skill is put to devising light, airy selections that appeal at once to the girls and boys as being just exactly the kind of music that they like best.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Women Book Agents.

"There is one pursuit captured by women," said a Washington lawyer, "that has hardly attracted any attention. That is the selling of lawbooks. There is a boundless field of opportunity for the sex in this line of work. The multiplicity of courts, the rapid increase of business and lawsuits and the ever swelling host of young lawyers together afford an excuse for a vast amount of printing. There are a dozen or more large publishing houses running at full force on new lawbooks which must be sold. Some of them are indispensable, and every good lawyer must have them. But a large proportion are reports of the decisions of out of the way courts, collections of cases in special lines of practice or digests of all manner of obiter law in every petty court in the land. Of course the only way to sell this stuff is to put traveling salesmen on the road to get right at the profession and cram the books down the lawyer's throat.

"Nearly all the publishing houses employ handsome, bright, quick witted women to do this part of the work. Some of them are young and attractive and do not allow their charms to drive away business. Most of them, however, are middle aged women, who have had a good deal of experience in business and know human nature to a dot. They invade the lawyer's office, and by their knowledge of law and practice, together with a knack of telling good stories and dealing out a modicum of flattery, soon inveigle a fellow into subscribing for a shelf full or two of wood pulp, lamp black and sheepskin that he had far better let rot in the publisher's cellars. And the young student who has greatness, fame and fortune by the throat falls an easy prey to the woman book agent.

"One way she does it is to get hold of a professor or some bright student and from him learn all about every class in the various law schools. Then she sizes up each man and knows just who is likely to be an easy victim. It is safe to say that where there was one lawbook sold in the primitive and class times of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay there are 20 sold now. Every 2-year-old practitioner in the country nowadays has more books than Webster and Clay ever dreamed of owning. The woman book agent is largely responsible for it."—Washington Star.

### Teaching His Wife a Lesson.

"My wife has a disagreeable habit of leaving her pocketbook in exposed places," said the man who was telling the story. "I have cautioned her more than once that she would lose it if she wasn't more careful.

"I came down town with her the other morning, and the first thing she did after boarding the car was to deposit her purse upon the car seat while she relieved herself of the terrible suspicion that her hat wasn't on straight. A movement of her arm knocked the purse on the floor, where it remained until I picked it up.

"I rescued that purse no less than a dozen times before we reached the bargain counter that was the goal of my wife's ambition.

"Events around a bargain counter occur with kaleidoscopic swiftness, and I soon found myself the sole guardian of my wife's purse, which lay before me on the counter, where it had been deserted by her in a mad rush for the other end of the counter.

"To teach her a lesson I emptied the contents of the purse in my pocket and retreated to the edge of the crowd to await developments.

"It wasn't long before my wife crowded her way out, triumphantly holding aloft a 25 cent cream jug that she had succeeded in buying for 49 cents.

"'I didn't know that they charged things here,' I began feebly.

"'They don't,' she answered. 'I have money left for three ice cream sodas and a strip of car tickets.' And she exhibited the contents of her purse to prove her assertion.

"I nearly fainted when it dawned upon me that I had taken the contents from a purse belonging to some other woman.

"I have no desire to retain possession, and if the woman who lost 79 cents, a postage stamp, three hairpins and a recipe for making angel food will call at my office she may have her property."—Detroit Free Press.

### Shopping In Italy.

The American finds much to try her in shopping in Italy. In the first place, briskness is unknown. The Italian always produces the impression of feeling that he has the whole day ahead of him. Two of his favorite phrases illustrate this: "C'e tempo" (there is time) and "Ci vuol pazienza" (one must have patience). Whether one agrees with the first expression or not she has ample cause and opportunity to exercise the second. The leisurely bearing with which the salesmen bring forth their wares drives the hurried and unphilosophical shopper to the verge of desperation.

The very manner in which goods are kept stored in Italy is a fruitful cause of anguish. Suppose, for instance, that one is searching for spring underwear. With us such articles are kept in boxes or drawers, and it is an easy thing to whisk them out and display them to the buyer. In Italy, on the contrary, each style and size are wrapped in paper, and the package tied with a string. To make a selection it is necessary to have an endless untying and spreading out of parcels, during which lively would be purchasers suffer from the fidgets. It is the same way with stockings and a variety of other necessary articles, and the buyer must either say and practice "Ci vuol pazienza" or render herself bankrupt in cellular tissue.

Another source of trial is what appears to us the outlandish method of having things that apparently belong together sold in different establishments. Silks are found in one shop, woolens in another and ribbons in a third. At none of these can one buy needles and thread. If a woman wishes to hang a pair of curtains, she purchases the materials at one shop, the rod and rings at a different place, the iron fixtures at a third and has to go to a fourth to find an upholsterer to put them up.—Christine Terhune Herrick in Harper's Bazar.

### Why Siamese Women Fade Early.

All women of the tropics fade early, but none more quickly than the women of Siam, and this chiefly for two reasons. They are really very pretty as young girls and, seldom or never growing stout, they should retain their beauty for a long period and would do so were it not for some of their customs and superstitions.

The most promiscuous of these is the treatment of a woman who has just become a mother. A fire, to which she is entirely unaccustomed in that hot climate, is immediately lighted in her room near the bed and kept burning without intermission for two weeks. This is done for the purpose of exorcising demons and evil spirits and very often results in exorcising the spirit of the poor little woman herself. The heat of her room during her entire illness is simply insupportable, and where it does not produce fatal results tends to undermine the strongest constitution. As the girls marry when very young they are likely to be old women long before they are 30.

Then the disgusting habit of chewing the betel nut, combined with the fact that they have no dentists, transforms the originally pretty mouth of the Siamese women into a hideous spectacle. They first smear a seri leaf over with quicklime and then wrap in it a piece of the betel nut, very much as one rolls a cigarette, and they are rarely seen without a piece in their mouths.

The Siamese women have a curious way of carrying this narcotic about with them. They have their ears pierced exactly as the women of other nations pierce theirs for the purpose of wearing earrings, only instead of donning jewels they stick into the perforations the stems of several of these prepared leaves. One may frequently see them starting off for a chat with their neighbors, their ears quite overloaded with their favorite refreshment.—Exchange.

### Suitable Food For Children.

"The realization of the importance of the use of the proper food for children is only just beginning to be felt," said a physician to a reporter recently. "Too often the child's food is almost exactly that of the parents, including tea and coffee. So much dosing with medicines would be unnecessary if parents were intelligent enough to know the use of the proper foods at the proper times. It is to be hoped that there will come a time when it will be necessary for girls to take at least a six months' course in the chemistry of foods and the correct treatment of the stomach.

"The foundation of digestion, good or bad, is laid in the earliest years, and many of the ills of later life might almost be directly traced to improper food in childhood's days.

"As a basis for a child's food, whole wheat bread and milk and cream are best, the bread homemade. Occasionally white bread toasted may be used or light milk biscuit as a change. Milk and eggs may be used in abundance, but meat should be omitted altogether until the child has the proper teeth for grinding it.

"There are many good cereal breakfast foods to be used with milk, but one should be economical with the sugar. Too much of it is harmful and produces fermentation in the child's stomach, causing cramps, colic and dysentery. Rye meal porridge is good and will overcome constipation, but oatmeal should not be used too lavishly, as a constant use sometimes produces skin trouble. One of these foods, with thin slices of graham, whole wheat or rye bread, moistened with a little butter or cream, some hot water and milk or weak cocoa, makes a good breakfast."—New York Tribune.

### Care of Lamps.

The light of oil lamps is so much softer and less injurious for the eyes than flickering gas, or even electricity, that it really should be used instead of these in all nurseries and children's rooms, and the only drawback about lamps is that they require such careful tending to keep them in a safe and bright condition. But given a conscientious nurse or a mistress who undertakes their management herself all will be well. One very necessary thing in lamps is that the oil reservoir be kept scrupulously clean inside. No oil is so pure that it does not leave a sediment, and if this sediment be allowed to accumulate the succeeding oil fails to burn as brightly as it otherwise would.

Lamp reservoirs should be washed out once a week with hot water and pearl ash and be allowed to thoroughly drain and dry before new oil be added. The burner should also be frequently cleaned—once a day, in fact—and every orifice should be thoroughly cleaned out. The wick should be wiped at the top with a piece of soft rag to remove the charred edges, and if the wick should be found to burn rather cloudily it may be necessary to remove it the next morning and soak it for an hour or two in vinegar and water. It should be quite dry before being again placed in the burner.

### Training the Little Folks.

Many evils follow in the train of a spirit of intolerance, and it is this spirit into which the willfulness of a little child often develops. The waywardness of a pretty baby is at times amusing, and there is a disposition to make light of childish ebullitions of temper, but the lesson of self control cannot be taught too early, and none can deny that the parents who have bequeathed this inheritance to their children have given them that which is of far more value than all the wealth of Golconda.

The attempt to keep your children in ignorance of stories about ghosts, fairies, giants and gypsies will certainly prove futile. If they are of nervous and imaginative temperament, they will invent new terrors for themselves instead of the old traditional ones. A little girl of 6, who had been jealously guarded against any acquaintances with nursery bogies and superstitions, suffered from night terrors of a severe kind, in which she always screamed out that she was being chased by robbers. But, while it may be practicable to protect children from a knowledge of the supernatural and mysterious, it is inexcusable to frighten them with hideous stories or to leave them a prey to the terrors of the solitude and darkness.—Philadelphia Times.

### A Good Way to Freshen Crape.

"In buying crape," says Emma M. Hooper in The Ladies' Home Journal, "it is well to ask for the waterproof and thus avoid anxiety when in the rain, as the ordinary material will spot and lose its crispness when wet. When this does happen, or if the crape has worn rusty looking and shabby, it may be steamed and thus renew its glossy, crisp texture and appearance. This process has been tried for many years in my immediate family and gives the most satisfactory results, and it may be repeated as often as necessary. Rip the hems out of the veil or the trimming to be renovated, as each piece must be flat. Brush the dust off with an old piece of silk and pull out all of the threads. Then have a clean broom handle and around this wrap each piece of crape, keeping it smooth until all are on the handle and fastened with small pins. Do not pull it very tightly. Keep a wash boiler half full of boiling water and rest the handle across the edges of the boiler so that it may be turned several times during the five hours that the crape is steaming. Then stand the handle up until the crape is perfectly dry. This usually requires ten hours. When unpinned, it will be found glossy and crisp as when now, and a pleasure to the economical woman."

### To Grow Violets Successfully.

One all important item in the culture of violets is ventilation. They must have fresh air and plenty of it at all times. Good ventilation is easily secured by placing blocks under the ends of the sash. They will require careful watching during the bright, sunny days, to prevent the temperature from rising too high. The nearer it can be kept at from 55 to 60 degrees during the blooming season the better. Cooler temperature before time for blooming will be necessary. During severe winter weather it will be necessary to cover the sash with manure, strawy litter or old carpets to keep out the cold. These coverings should not remain on during the daytime unless it seems necessary. As to watering the grower will have to use some judgment. Violets must never be allowed to dry out, and require considerable water. Allow plenty of water, but avoid daily soaking, whether needed or not. It is rather a difficult matter to grow violets in the house, the hot dry heat of the ordinary living room being disastrous to the health of the plant.—Woman's Home Companion.

### Marriage In Sweden.

It is said that there is no place in the world where the existence of civilization is recognized that the maidens of the land enjoy so much innocent freedom as do the girls of Sweden. On the other hand, the wives are peculiarly devoted and, sedate, and it is often a source of wonder to travelers how the young woman who is brimming full of mischief and teasing while unmarried settles down to the duties of her home with such ease and quickness. Among the lower classes one of the most cherished customs is that of the betrothed girl making with her own fingers the snowy shirt in which her husband is married. This garment is sacredly kept, and not infrequently does the aged wife robe her dead husband in the old yellowed shirt which she made for him half a century before.

### Lemon as a Medicine.

"Lemons are a better medicine than all the patent preparations on the market," says a good mother housekeeper. A teaspoonful of lemon juice in a small cup of black coffee will drive away an attack of bilious headache, and if freely used will always prevent headaches of this sort. A paste made of magnesia and lemon juice and applied to the face and hands when lying down for a short rest will not only whiten but will soften the skin. For stained fingers and nails it is invaluable.

Lady Warwick is an excellent public speaker, fluent and easy and pleasing. The Duchess of Somerset deserves the same description. Lady Burdett-Coutts was quite one of the pioneers of ladies on the platform, having spoken for the last 20 years on occasion.

Do not load the top of your piano with books or music, or even too many photographs, as the tone is thereby deadened and a jar produces a disagreeable whizzing sound, which is injurious to the instrument and unpleasant to the musician and the listener.

One of the dressmakers employed by the Princess of Wales says that the princess often sends a dress back to be renovated. She will want the trimmings altered or replaced or perhaps a new vest or pair of sleeves put in.

But there yet remains a duty toward women to be learned by us all, and that is to make their education equal always to that of the other sex.—William H. Seward.

Miss Alice Hughes, daughter of the portrait painter, Edwin Hughes, is said to be the most successful and artistic photographer in London.

### Gold In Northern New Hampshire.

It would not be surprising if another season saw thousands of gold seekers coming up the valley. That there is gold here in paying quantities is now a well known fact.

Last summer Whit Terrill and Norman Perry went prospecting upon the headwaters of Indian stream. They found traces of gold and were satisfied that more was there for those who would seek it. This spring they took in 1,600 pounds of supplies and resolved to devote the season to the work. They were three weeks taking the food, etc., in. No one has been able to find their camping ground.

Mr. Perry came out this week to purchase a miner's pan and to send specimens to the Philadelphia mint. We saw one nugget that weighed nearly one-fourth of an ounce.

Mr. Perry was very careful in his conversation as regards the location. He went to Colebrook to consult T. F. Johnson, Esq., as regards a miner's rights. A number thought they would return to the woods with him, but he got away without their knowledge. While the miners have cleaned up enough for a good summer's work they will remain in camp till the ground freezes up.—West Stewartstown (N. H.) Frontier Gazette.

### When Leo XIII Became Pope.

At the time of his installation the appearance of the present pope is thus described by the Abbe Vidieu, his biographer: "The new bishop of Rome is tall and spare, with a grand, patrician air. He has a magnificent head, crowned with white hair, strongly marked features, the aspect of an ascetic, with something marblelike in the general appearance of the figure. His face is lighted by a piercing look, and his amiable and paternal smile goes straight to the heart of those whom he addresses. His voice is sonorous and very pleasing, though less mellow and more powerful than that of Pius IX.

"The day after his election he was asked why he took the name of Leo, and he replied, 'Because Leo XII was the benefactor of my family, but also because Leo signifies lion, and the virtue which seems to me the most necessary of all is the force of the lion.'"

There were three ballotings at his election. At the first he received 17 votes, at the second 35 and at the third 44, or two more than were necessary to his elevation.

### Some Old Timers.

G. C. Barton of Brownsville, Mo., has a scythe snath that he has used every haying season for 45 years, and it is in good condition now. He also has a cart built in 1869, and a pair of wheels built the same season, the tires of which have never been reset and do not need it. While Mr. Barton was telling this he was sitting on a little bench, built over 100 years ago, such as the blacksmiths of that date used to sit upon to straighten nails.—New York Tribune.

### A Coincidence.

It is a strange fact that the number of American officers and men killed at Santiago was 266—the same as the number killed by the blowing up of the Maine.—Tacoma Ledger.

### Paradoxical.

When the American troops took the Ladrone islands, a soldier lost a revolver on the beach. The native who found it immediately went out in a boat and visited every transport until he was able to restore the article to its owner. And this example of scrupulous honesty comes from a place the name of which means "Thieves' islands."—Buffalo Express.

# CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

## A RAT THAT REASONED.

**How He Outwitted Two Boys Who Set a Trap to Catch Him.**

J. G. Wood, naturalist, tells us that the rat is intelligent to a degree. To this fact, he says, any professional rat catcher will bear witness, "for to catch an old rat is a feat that taxes human intellect to the utmost." I know of two boys who made the experiment, and who now fully agree with Professor Wood.

They wanted to capture an old rat that lived in the barn. One of this rat's long passages ran underneath the building and opened at the back into a shady corner of the barnyard. This seemed to be the old fellow's favorite doorway. The boys had often seen him dart across the yard and vanish through it. They thought therefore that this was the place where they might hope to take him.

So one afternoon they brought a trap, temptingly baited with a piece of smoked cheese, and placed it a few feet from the wall, directly facing the hole. Then they climbed a nearby tree, from which they could observe all that might happen without being themselves seen.

The trap was on the plan of the ordinary red wooden mousetrap, only it was larger and made of wire. There was the usual hole for the rat's head to enter, and the cheese was stuck firmly on the little trigger, which on being jerked would cause the spring to fly up and choke the victim.

In about half an hour the boys heard a faint scratch on the gravel beneath. The rat had come to the door of his passage and was glancing cautiously around. No one was in sight. Nothing stirred. He gazed longingly at the cheese. The boys held their breath as they watched and leaned forward in their eagerness. Oh, if he would only be quick! Something might happen to frighten him off.

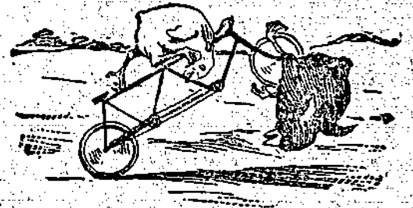
But the old rat was in no hurry. Age had taught him many things and made him crafty. He staid just inside his hole and considered the matter thoroughly. He smiled quietly behind his long gray whiskers at the thought of any one's supposing that he would be taken in by a simple trick like that. He knew from the very first that it was a trap and studied it to discover how it was worked. In a moments he again came from his h slowly, cautiously, as before and delib ately inspected the trap from all sides.

Perfectly satisfied that he knew all about it, he returned to the front. Then, to the utter amazement of the two boys, he placed himself with his tail instead of his head toward the trap's opening. He looked around to see that he was in the correct position and then, by vigorously kicking his hind legs, sent a shower of pebbles rattling against the wire.

Suddenly there was a snap. Some of the pebbles had gone through the opening and struck the cheese. In another instant the old rat had turned, grabbed the cheese from the now harmless trigger and was gone.—Philadelphia Times.

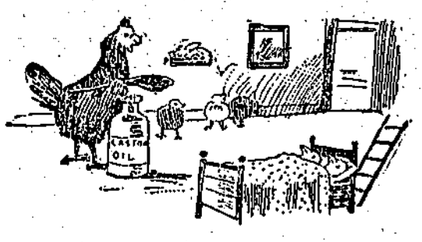
### The Chicks' Adventure.

TWO LITTLE CHICKS WENT WHEELING.



BUT THEY MET WITH A MISHAP.

THEY WERE TAKEN HOME ON A BOARD—



—AND LAID OUT FOR REPAIRS.

—Churchman.

### "You're It."

Why do boys say "You're it" when playing tag? Some of the people who live over in England do not seem to think much of the letter "h," being in the habit of dropping it from the words where it belongs and putting it where it does not belong. What fun there is in it or why they do it no one can tell, but they have been in the habit of doing it for a good many hundred years. For this reason when the little English boys who were great-great-grandfathers years and years ago were having grand times in their games they, too, kept dropping their "h's" from the words they were shouting. So when they played tag as boys do now, touching each other with their hands, whenever one boy hit another he at once shouted out, "You're it," for he could not say "hit," you know. And all the generations of boys who have since then been playing the game continued to say "it" instead of "hit," even after our fathers learned to always put their "h's" in every other word where they belonged.—Christian Work.

Love is the flavoring extract in the ice cream of life.

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

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

## CHAPTER XX.—STRUGGLING AGAINST FATE.

When Claire left the drawing room, Madeline had started up as if to follow her. Recalling herself, she sat down again, keeping, as before, near to Olive, and taking as little share in the conversation as was possible. She dared not trust herself too much; her good resolves were strong, but not stronger than was the charm of his voice and presence.

"Let them think me uncivil," she murmured to herself; "what does it matter now?"

But her trial was not over. Olive and Clarence had held frequent council together concerning the wayward girl, and how they could best influence her aright without breaking the letter or spirit of their promise to her. And the absence of Claire added to their freedom of speech.

Olive had intimated to Doctor Vaughan that Madeline had taken some, perhaps, unsafe, steps in the pursuit of her enemies. He, understanding the impetuosity of the girl, as well as her reckless fearlessness, could not conceal the anxiety he felt.

Acting under an impulse of disinterested kindness, Clarance Vaughan crossed the room and sat down by Madeline's side.

"Miss Madeline," he said, as respectfully as if to an empress, "we, Mrs. Girard and myself, cannot get rid of the idea that somehow you partly belong to us; that we ought to be given a little, just a very little, authority over you."

There was a shade of bitterness in the girl's answer. "You have the right to exercise authority over me, if you choose to do so. You are my benefactors."

They felt the reproof of her words. This keen-witted, uncontrollable girl, was putting up barrier upon barrier between herself and their desire to serve her. Very quietly he answered her.

"You do us an injustice, when you suggest that we claim your confidence on the score of any indebtedness on your part. It has been our happiness to serve you. If we have not your esteem, if we may not stand toward you in the light of a brother and sister, anxious only for your welfare and happiness, then we have no claim upon you."

"My happiness!"

The face was averted, but the lips were pale and drawn, and the words came through them like a moan.

Olive stirred uneasily. She could see that the girl was suffering, although she did not guess at the cause.

"Yes," continued Clarence, laying his hand gently upon hers; "Madeline—will you let me call you Madeline?—will you let me be your brother? I have no sister, almost no kin; I won't be an exacting brother," smilingly. "I won't overstep the limits you set me, but we must have done with this nonsense about benefactors, and gratitude, and all that."

No answer, eyes down dropped, face still half-averted, and looking as if hardening into marble.

"What is my fate?" still holding her hand. "Can you accept so unworthy a brother?"

"Yes;" in such a cold, far-away tone.

He lifted the hand to his lips. "Thank you, Madeline," he said, as if she had done him high honor.

Madeline felt her courage failing her. How could she listen to him, talk to him, with anything like sisterly freedom, and not prove false to her resolve to further his cause with Claire? And yet how could she refuse him the trust he asked of her?

It was very pleasant to know that he was thus interested in her; she felt herself slipping quickly into a day-dream in which nothing was distinct save that there existed a bond between them, that he had claimed the right to exercise authority over her, and that she was very, very glad even to be his slave. Listening to his voice, a smile crept to her lips, and

"The eyes smiled too,
But 'twas as if remembering they had wept,
And knowing they would some day weep again."

"I don't intend to give up my claims upon Madeline; I elected her my sister, when I brought her home with me. And I had been flattering myself that I was to have a companion, but I am afraid she will run away from me. She ought to take Claire's place in my home, ought she not? Claire is with me so little, "said Olive.

Madeline smiled sadly. "I could never do that," she said; "I could no more fill Claire's place than I could substitute myself for the rays of the sun."

"Claire would laugh at you for that speech," said Olive.

"But it is true; is it not?" appealing to Doctor Vaughan.

He colored slightly under her gaze. "We don't want two Claires, he said; "but you can be yourself, and that will make us happy.

The girl let her eyes fall, and rest upon her clasped hands.

"I would like to make you happy, she said, softly.

"Really?

"Really," lifting her eyes to his face.

"Then, promise us that you will let us help to right your wrongs, and that you will come back, like a good sister, and stay with Mrs. Girard."

Her face hardened. "I can not, she said, briefly.

"You will not, seriously."

No answer.

"Madeline, what is it you wish to do?"

"What I wish to do, I can not. I can tell you what I intend to do," sitting very erect.

"Then what do you intend?"

"I intend," turning her eyes away from them both, and fixing them moodily upon the fire, "to follow up the path in which I have set my feet. I intend to oust a base adventuress from the home that was my mother's; to wrest the fortune that was mine from the grasp of a bad old man, and make him suffer for the wrong he did my mother. I intend to laugh at Lucian Davlin, when he is safe behind prison bars; to hunt down and frustrate an imposter, and by so doing, clear the name of Philip Girard before all the world." Her voice was low, but very firm, dogged almost, in its tone.;

He turned a perplexed face toward Olive.

"What does it all mean ?" he asked.

"What she says," replied Mrs. Girard, flushing with suppressed excitement. "She has found a clue that may lead to Philip's release."

He moved nearer to the girl, and taking her hand, drew her toward him, until she faced him.

"Madeline, is this true?"

"Yes."

"And you will hold me to a promise not to lift a hand to help clear the name of my friend?" reproachfully.

"Yes," unflinchingly. "Are you doing right, my sister?"

She attempted to draw away her hand.

"Child, what can you do?"

She turned her eyes toward Olive. "She will tell you what I have done. I can do much more."

Olive came suddenly to her side. "Oh, Madeline!" she said, "let him take all this into his hands. It is not fit work for you. It will harden you, make you bitter, and—"

Madeline wrested her hand away and sprang up, standing before them flushed and goaded into bitterness.

"Yes," she cried wildly, "I know; you need not say it. It will harden me; it has already. It will make me bitter and bad, unfit for your society, unworthy of your friendship. I shall be a liar, a spy, a hpyocrite—but I shall succeed. You see, you were wrong in offering me your friendship, Doctor Vaughn. I shall not be worthy to be called your sister, but," brokenly, "you need not have feared. I never intended to presume upon your friendship; I never intended to trouble you after—after my work is done. Ah! how dared I think to become one of you—I, whom you rescued from a gambler's den; I who go about disguised, and play the servant to people whom you would not touch. You are right; after this I will go my way alone."

Her voice became inarticulate, the last word was a sob, and she turned swiftly to leave the room.

Olive sprang forward with a remorseful cry, but Clarence Vaughan motioned her back, and with a quick stride was at the door, one hand upon it, the other firmly clasping the wrist of the now sobbing girl. Closing the door, which she had partially opened, he led her back, very gently, but firmly, and placing her in a chair, stood beside her until the sobs ceased. Then he drew a chair close to her own, and said, softly:

"My little sister, we never meant this. These are your own morbid fancies. Because you are playing the part of amateur detective, you are not necessarily cut off from all your friends. We would not give you up so easily, and there is too much that is good and noble in you to render your position so very dangerous to your womanhood. You have grieved Mrs. Girard deeply by imputing any such meaning to her words. Can't you understand, child, that it is because we care for you, because we want to shield you from the hardships you must of necessity undergo, that we wish you to let us work with and for you?"

Madeline shivered and gave a long sobbing sigh. He took both listless hands in his own.

"Now, sister mine, won't you make me a promise, just one?"

Her hands trembled under his. How could she resist him when his strong, firm clasp was upon her; when he was looking into her eyes pleadingly, even tendorly; when his breath was on her cheek, and his voice murmured in her ear? She sat before him, contrite, conquered, strangely happy; conscious of nothing save a wish that she might die then and there, with her hands in his. She was afraid to speak and break the spell. He had said that he cared for her, was not that enough?

"Tell me, Madeline."

"Yes," she breathed, rather than uttered.

"Thank you. Now, sister, we are going to trust to your sagacity in this matter. But you must promise me, as your brother, who is bound to look after your welfare, that you will take no decisive steps without first informing us, and that as soon as the work becomes too heavy for your hands, you will call upon me to help you. My sister will surely do nothing that her brother cannot sanction?"

She dropped her eyes and said, simply: "I will do what you wish me to."

"You will give me your confidence, then?"

"Yes."

"Am I to hear a complete history of all that has happened thus far from Mrs. Girard?"

"Yes."

"And, after hearing it, may I communicate with you?"

She glanced up in surprise."

"Or," continued he; "better still, may I come down to Bellair and talk things over with you, should I deem it advisable?"

"If you wish;" looking glad.

"Mind, I don't want to intrude; I will not come if you dont desire it; but I shall wish to come. And you may manage our interviews as you see fit. I will do nothing to compromise you in the eyes of the people you are among. May I come?"

"Yes;" very softly, and trembling under his hand.

"Then we will say no more about all this to-night. You have already abused your strength, and if you don't get rest and sleep we shall have you ill again, and then what would become of our little detective?"

Olive came forward with outstretched hands and pleading eyes. "I can't wait any longer to be forgiven for my thoughtless words," she said. "Madeline you will forgive me?"

"Of course Madeline will," replied Clarence. "Now you had better forgive Madeline for putting such a perverse construction upon your words, and then we will send her away to get the rest she must have."

"I was abominable, Olive," said the girl, so ruefully that Clarence laughed outright. "Of course, I know you are too kind to say a cruel thing. I—I believe I was trying to quarrel with you all: do forgive me."

"Of course you were trying to quarrel with us; and I haven't a bit of faith in your penitence now, young lady," said Clarence, rising and smiling. "I can't believe in you until I am assured that you will go to bed straightway, and swallow every drop of the wine I shall send up to you."

"With something nice in it," suggested Olive.

"With something very nice in it, of course. Now, will you obey so tyrannical a brother, and swallow his first brotherly prescription without making a face?"

All his kindness and care for her comfort brought a thrill of gladness to the girl's heart, and some of the old debonnaire, half-defiant light back to her eyes, as she replied, while rising from her chair, in obedience to a gesture of playful authority from Clarence, "Will I accept a scolding and go to bed, that means."

Then making a wry face and evidently referring to the wine: "Is it very bitter?"

"Not very; but you must swallow every drop."

"And I will order the wine," said Olive, touching the bell. "You know Dr. Vaughan, that Madeline leaves us in the morning?"

"No?" in surprise. "Must you go so soon?"

"Yes," demurely, "unless I am forbidden."

"We are too wise to forbid you to do anything you have set your heart on. Then I must bid you good-by here and now, for a little time."

"Or a long one," gravely.

"Not for a long one. 'If the mountain won't come,' you know—well, if I don't get very satisfactory reports from you, look out for me."

"You can't get at me," wickedly.

"Can't I? Wait and see. I'll come as your grandfather, or your maiden aunt.

"Please don't," laughing, "one spinster is enough."

"Well, I won't, then; I think I'll come as your father confessor."

At this Olive joined in the laugh.

"Good-night, Dr. Vaughan."

"Good-night, Miss Payne," with exaggerated emphasis and dignity, but holding fast to her hand.

She looked at the hand doubtfully, then up into his face. "Good-night—brother," with pretty shyness.

"That is better," releasing the little hand. "Good-night, sister mine. Mind you drink every drop of the wine."

"I will!" quite seriously. "Good-night, Olive."

Olive stooped and kissed her cheek. "Good-night, dear," she said, "and happy dreams.

Dr. Vaughan opened the door for her, and smiled after her as she looked back from the foot of the stairs. Then closing the door he came back, and stood on the hearth-rug looking thoughtful.

"It is a difficult nature to deal with, and in her present mood, a dangerous one. She is painfully sensitive, and possesses an exceedingly nervous temperament. Then, that episode with Davlin was very humiliating to her, and it is constantly in her mind. Evidently she has lately been under much excitemenet, and she is hardly herself to-night. I think, however, if I were you, I would make no further effort to dissuade her from her purpose. It will do no good, and harm might come of it."

"Indeed, I will not," said Olive. "How thankful I am that you were here; your calmness and tact has saved us something not pleasant. I don't think I could have managed her myself."

"Probably not; and now I will prepare a soothing and sleeping draught, and then, as it is late, will detain you no longer. Perhaps you had better see that the draught is administered."

Olive gladly accepted the charge, and shortly after Doctor Vaughan took his departure, wise and yet blind; blind as to the true cause of Madeline's outbreak and subsequent submissiveness.

Madeline obeyed to the letter the instructions of Doctor Vaughan. As a result, she fell asleep almost immediately, before calm thought had come to dispel her mood of dreamy happiness.

In the morning she awoke quieted, refreshed, and quite mistress of herself. She did not once refer to the events of the previous evening. Only, before taking leave of Claire, she whispered in her ear:

"Dear Claire, you can make a noble man happy. Let his love atone to you for this present bitterness. God bless you both!"

It was an odd speech, truly. But as Madeline turned her back upon the pretty villa, and was driven swiftly to the railroad depot, she wondered why Claire had responded to it only with a passionate kiss and with tears in her beautiful eyes.

And Claire, having seen her driven from the door, fled precipitately to her room. Locking herself in, she fell upon her knees beside a low chair. Burying her face in her hands she wept bitterly—not for herself, but for the girl who was so heroically resigning to another the man she loved; who was going forth, alone, to encounter hardship, perhaps danger, to fight single-handed, not only her own battles, but those of her friends as well.

"And I dared to judge her," said the girl indignantly. "I presumed to criticise the delicacy of this grand, brave nature! Why, I ought to be proud to claim her friendship, and I am!"

From that hour, let Madeline's course seem ever so doubtul, let Olive fear and doubt as she would Claire Keith stoutly defended every act, and averred that Madeline could do nothing wrong. And from that hour, Claire began to plot upon her own responsibility.

. . . . . .

In due course Doctor Vaughan called, and was closeted with Olive a very long time—rather, with Olive and Claire, for this young lady had surprised her sister by expressing a desire to hear what Doctor Vaughan would say of Madeline's adventures. To tell the truth, Claire had fancied that Clarence would criticise more or less, and it was in the capacity of champion for the absent that she appeared at the interview.

After the matter had been fully discussed, Doctor Vaughan addressed himself to Claire: "Miss Keith, you have been a good listener. Won't you give us your opinion as to the achievements of our little friend?"

Claire came forward, with a charming mixture of frankness and embarrassment: "First, let me make the amende honorable, Doctor Vaughan. I presented myself at this interview with the full intention, and for the express purpose, of waging war upon you both, if necessary, and I had no doubt that it would be."

Doctor Vaughan looked much astonished.

"But," pursued Claire, "I have misjudged you. I did not think you would so heartily approve of Madeline's course, and I was bristling with bayonets to defend her."

"I must own to being of Claire's opinion," interposed Olive, looking somewhat amused.

Clarence smiled and then looked thoughtful.

"I can easily understand," he said, seriously, "how you ladies might have looked upon the course Miss Payne has taken, as an objectionable, even an improper, one. The position in which she has placed herself is, certainly, an unusual, startling one for a woman of refinement and delicacy. But we must consider that the occasion is also an unusual one, and ordinary measures will not apply successfully to extraordinary cases. As to the impropriety, no one need fear to trust his or her honor in the keeping of a woman as brave and noble as Madeline Payne is proving herself."

"Then you do not censure Madeline for refusing to trust the matter in the hands of a detective?" questioned Olive.

"The matter is in the hands of a detective, Mrs. Girard; in the hands of the shrewdest and ablest little detective that could, by any possibility, have been found. Why, Madeline has accomplished, in a short time, what the best detectives on our regular force might have labored at for a year, and then failed of achieving!"

Claire threw a look of triumph at her sister. "Oh, how glad I am to hear you say all this, and how glad Madeline would be." Then she checked herself suddenly.

"I can suggest but one improvement upon the present state of things," said Clarence, after a moment's reflection. "That is, if we can persuade Madeline to permit it, and I think we can; we should set two men at work, neither one to be aware of the employment of the other. One to trace out as much of the past of this man Percy, as may be. The other to perform the same office for Davlin. Of course, they would not be advised of the actual reason for these researches, and so their investigations would in no way interfere with Madeline's pursuit of the game at Oakley. I don't think we could improve upon the present arrangement there."

"And how do you propose to bring this about?" questioned Olive.

By going down to Bellair, as soon as I can get the necessary permission from our little generalissimo and talking the matter over with her. I think she will see the propriety of the move, don't you?" appealing to Claire.

"I think she will follow your advice," gravely.

"I hope she will," said Olive.

"I know she will do exactly right," asserted Claire, so positively that they both smiled.

"I think I may venture to agree with you, Miss Keith," said Dr. Vaughan.

"You had better, both of you, where Madeline is concerned," looking ferocious.

"I begin to think that valor is infectious," laughed Olive, and Clarence joined in the laugh.

Altogether the result of their council was pleasing to each of the three. Olive was hopeful; Clarence was full of enthusiasm, and more deeply in love than ever with generous Claire; and she was pleased with his frank admiration of Madeline's courage, and full of hope for Madeline's future.

"He admires her now. He will love her by and by," she assured herself.

(To Be Continued.)

## ECHOES OF THE WAR.

French and English newspapers frankly admit that the American navy, even at its present standard, is a match for that of either France or England.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Japanese navy has begun a rigid system of target practice. The commanding admiral admits that the lesson taught by the American behind the gun is conclusive.—Dallas News.

Constructor Capps reports that none of the Spanish ships sunk at Manila can be raised. This is another recognition of the thorough manner in which Dewey did his work.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"What have we gained by the war?" asks a German newspaper. Offhand we should say the Germans had gained an opportunity to hear something besides the voice of Emperor William.—Chicago News.

Our war with Spain was paid for almost before it was begun. The appropriations made by congress have not yet been exhausted, and the receipts from the revenue bill have already netted a surprisingly large sum. From every point of view our resources as a nation are the wonder of the world.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Parson and Bunker.

On the St. Andrews golf course there is a bunker known as "hell," says Scottish Life and Humor. A parson who was playing got into this bunker one day and could not get out of it. In the midst of his efforts a telegram arrived for him, and a returning caddie was asked if he had seen him. "Oo, aye," was the reply; "I've just left him down in hell, damnin an swearin maist awfu'!"

## HE STUTTERED.

### Thereby Arousing the Indignation of the Man Who Heard Him.

General Merritt has a brother in Illinois who is one of the best politicians in the state. For many years he sat in the legislature and then became distinguished for a mind of the humorous bent and amplitude of Lincoln.

A striking trait in Tom Merritt's character is the delight he takes in telling stories on himself—stories of the kind that are intended to make a fellow chase around the corner or to have some very important business to transact when told on one by a friend.

Just to keep his hand in Tom Merritt has put in circulation recently the alleged facts of a humorous experience at St. Louis that will bear repetition. It should be remembered that this eldest brother of the three Merritts stutters hopelessly and extracts droll enjoyment from the embarrassments he thus causes others in conversation.

Not long ago, upon going to St. Louis on a business trip, Merritt's sister urged him not on peril of his life to return from the city without a talking parrot, of which she wished to make a pet. After having attended to his own affairs he set about executing the command of his sister. Finding a notion store where several parrots were for sale, he went in and looked them over with great care and patience. Finally one clever looking green bird of amusing agility caught his fancy, and he called the proprietor.

"S-s-s-ay," asked Merritt, pointing out the parrot of his preference, "c-c-c-an th-a-at—oo—p-p-par-r-rot (whistle) t-t-t-alk?"

As the last syllable of the query escaped the Illinois statesman the proprietor had grown lurid under the gills.

"Well," was the furious reply, "if he couldn't beat you I'd kill him."—Chicago Chronicle.

### Right.

Parson—Well, I'm sure you are a very kind little girl to bring me these beautiful strawberries. I hope you did not pick them yesterday—Sunday?

Little Girl—No, I picked them this morning—but they were growing all yesterday.—Nuggets.

### A Cautious Admission.

"Look here," exclaimed the Spanish editor almost tearfully, "I've got to give my subscribers some news. You can't keep the truth from the public forever, you know. You may as well break it to them gently, by degrees."

"Well," answered the censor after long reflection, "I don't know but you're right. You might intimate in your next issue that maybe the Anglo-Saxons didn't get so much the worst of it in that old invincible armada affair as we have been leading them to suppose."—Washington Star.

### Good Reasons For Failing.

Citizen (looking up from the paper)—What do you think of this? A plumber in this city has failed.

Wife—I don't wonder. We had a very mild winter, followed by a hot summer.

"What has the hot summer to do with it?"

"I presume he had to take ice."—New York Weekly.

### Not Quite So Vulgar.

"Our new secretary of state," said Miss Parvenu, "is the man who wrote 'Little Breeches,' I believe."

"S-s-sh!" exclaimed Mrs. Parvenu, looking around anxiously to see how many had heard the remark. "How can you be so vulgar, Mabel? You mean 'Little Trousers' of course."—Chicago Post.

### Practical Girl.

"Edith," he said to his only daughter, "if you should learn that I was on the brink of financial ruin and might not have a penny to leave you, what would you do?"

"I'd break my engagement with the English lord and marry an American," she replied promptly, thus showing that she was a resourceful young woman, well versed in the ways of the world.—Chicago Post.

### A New Excuse.

Office Boy—May I have this afternoon, sir? I want to see the baseball game.

Employer (in surprise)—What, has the last of your relatives been buried?—

# THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Mary E. Bissett, Editor.

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☞ When writing communications to this paper, WRITE ON ONE SIDE ONLY of paper used. Printers DO NOT turn copy.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One inch per year, once-a-week, $12.00
" " " month, " " 1.50
Local notice per line " " .10
For both issues ONE-HALF additional

No Advertisment inserted for less than 50 cents.

Persons failing to get THE NEWS regularly should notify the OFFICE.

Persons having any business with THE NEWS will please call at the office or rite.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. IN ADVANCE.

ONE YEAR, by mail $2.00
PER MONTH by carrier .25
SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

SATURDAY, MAR. 4th, 1899


## TO OUR READERS.

In assuming the management of THE NEWS it may be of interest to our readers to give a brief account of the lines on which the paper will be conducted.

As in the past, the chief aim of THE NEWS will be to promote, as far as lies in our power, the interest of Cumberland, Union, and Comox generally. To this end, our columns will always be open to the free and impartial discussion of all questions bearing on the wellfare of this district. We shall be very glad to publish news items from every part of Comox and the surrounding country. But one thing we wish to emphatically state: we will absolutely decline to publish any correspondence of an offensively personal nature. A newspaper has no right to lend its columns for the airing of private quarrels, and by so doing would be the cause of much unnecessary ill-feeling. "The greatest good to the greatest number" is our motto.

We have telegraphic communication with the chief business centres of the province, and will be able to give our readers the latest dispatches of the Associated Press.

Realizing that a large number of our readers, while desirous of keeping informed on such topics, have neither the time nor the inclination to peruse long accounts of doings in the world of science and politics, as given in the different magazines and daily newspapers, we shall endeavor to furnish articles on those subject which will be of interest to our patrons.

If our columns will not be replete with "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," we shall at least try to make them interesting to old friends and new, whose patronage we respectfully solicit, and we beg to assure them that we shall spare no pains to make our little paper a welcome visitor to all.

## WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Among the many wonderful discoveries of the 19th century, space telegraphy, or the art of transmitting messages from one place to another without the medium wires, is perhaps the most remarkable. In an age that has seen the forces of nature harnessed to the street car and riding carriage, and utilized to light the streets of great cities as well as to aid in the most delicate surgical operations, we may well be prepared for almost any announcement in the realm of scientific discovery, but it is certainly somewhat startling to contemplate the day when we may walk along the streets of a B. C. town and exchange greetings with friends on the other side of the continent, merely by clicking a pocket instrument. Yet it is this that is claimed for the new discovery. And, after all, the principle of the thing is simple enough.

Take a vessel of dilute sulphuric acid and place in it a piece of zinc and a piece of copper. The acid will corrode the zinc, and presently the temperature of the vessel will become higher. The chemical action gives rise to heat. If the zinc and copper be joined by a wire, the rapidity of the action becomes greatly incrersed. Hence it might be supposed more heat would be produced. But such is not the case. Instead, the energy that was at first expended in raising the temperature of the vessel seems now changed to the form of current passing through the wire, for the air surrounding the wire is strangely affected. A compass needle will be attracted and swerve round. Iron filings cling to the wire, and if it be cut, the ends of the wire will emit a tiny spark when disconnected. Dr. Hertz discovered that a spark of this kind caused oscillations in the surrounding ether, just as the impact of a stone on the surface of a pond sends waves to the shore. It seemed conceivable that if some apparatus could be made delicate enough to detect the presence of these "air waves," it would be possible to transmit messages without the intervention of a connecting wire.

To secure the proper apparatus was the difficulty. All metals are good conductors of electricity, but Prof. Branly, while experimenting with fine metallic powders, found no matter how good a conductor any metal in large pieces might be, if finely ground, the resistance of the filings to the passage of electric currents become very great. He found that if an electric spark took place anywhere near the filings, the resistance became greatly decreased, but if the filings were ever so slightly jarred, the resistance returned. This discovery formed a key to the solution of the problem of detecting "electric air waves." Prof. Branley has constructed an extremely simple apparatus for the purpose, which consists essentially of a glass tube filled with metallic filing, having attached to it a small hammer, the object of which is to automatically give a slight tap to the tube when the influence of the electric spark has caused the filings to cohere, and by this jar cause the filings to again separate. Thus every time an electric spark is emitted at the transmitter the filings will cohere, while, when the hammer jars them they will resume their original state. By regulating the rapidity of the electric sparks, the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet can be easily transmitted. For this instrument Prof. Lodge has suggested the name, "coherer." The transmittor consists of an apparatus for generating the electric spark, and is operated by pressing a button to "make and break" the current, in much the same way as the ordinary transmitting instrument in use in our telegraph offices.

While the waves generated by this instrument can pass through all substances, yet the resistance met with in penetrating solid bodies dissipates energy very quickly, and hence it is necessary either to expend a great amohnt of power at sending station, or else to raise the transmittor and receiver to such a height as will secure a clear path for the waves. This has been done by connecting the receiver by wire to a metal plate on top of a high mast.

Though others have been earlier in devising apparatus for the wireless transmission of messsages, yet, to Signor Marconi belongs the credit of being the first electrician to proctically demonstrate the feasibility of space telegraphy. Upon Salisbury Plain in England, he succeeded in sending messages over a distance of four miles, and messages have been lately sent over a distance more than six times as great.

While it may be long ere the system is perfected, there is little doubt but that the day will come when telegraph wires will be things of the past.


CATTLE RANCH FOR SALE.

This ranch is situated at Beach Creek and contains 350 acres. There is a four roomed house, and stable on the primises. Will be sold at a bargain. For particulars apply to THOS. IRWIN, Cumberland, Hotel.


## HOTEL ARRIVALS.

The following were the arrivals at the Cumberland by this week's steamer:

W. B. Finley, Nanaimo;
W. F. Murphy, Vancouver.
J. P. W. Matkin, "
J. W. Breeze, "
J. B. Boyle, "

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND COURT OF REVISION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the purpose of hearing all complaints against the assessment of 1899, as made by the Assessor of the City of Cumberland, will be held at the Council Chambers, City Hall, on Monday the 3rd day of April, A. D 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m.

By order,

L. W. NUNNS,
C. M. C.

Cumberland, B. C.
28th, February 1899.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

Amendment to Clause Two of the Municipal Road Tax By-law 1898.

The aforesaid tax shall be due and payable to the Collector for the Corporation of the City of Cumberland, at his office within the said Corporation, on and after the second day of January 1899.

Read the first time the 30th day of Jan.
" " second " " 13th " " Feb.
" " third " " 27th " " "

Reconsidered and finally passed 27th day of Feb. 1899.

LEWIS MOUNCE,
MAYOR.
LAWRENCE NUNNS,
CITY CLERK.


Findley Studio

Now Open.

I will remain in Cumberland until MARCH 10TH.

I am prepared to make Photographs of all kinds.

Copies made from any original tintype or photo.

W. B. FINLEY,
PHOTOGRAPHER.
CUMBERLAND AND NANAIMO.

For Your Job Printing
GIVE US A TRIAL.


## LOCAL BRIEFS.

Mr. Alsopp returned last Wednesday from Nanaimo.

Mrs. J. Giddings moved down to Comox Thursday.

Mr. Gideon Hicks left for Victoria Friday morning.

Rev. J. P. Hicks was a passenger on Friday's boat.

It is said there will be a dance in Cumberland Hall next week.

The Japanese Consul addressed a meeting in Japtown Thursday evening.

Rev. Father Durand will officiate at St. John's Catholic Church Sunday.

Mr. Wm. Wenborn, returned from a short visit to Nanaimo on Wednesday.

Miss May Grant who has been visiting in Nanaimo, returned Wednesday.

A. Gibson arrived from Scotland last week and is visiting his brother Mr. Goe. Gibson.

Mr. Murry, a new comer, has purchased the farm of the late Jos. Grieves up the Settlement.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitney left Friday morning for Vancouver where they will reside in the future.

Messrs. Stokes and Wm. Moore of this town left Friday morning en route to Atlin. We wish them every success.

The Prize List of the A. & I. Association will be published early this year in order to give the farmers ample time to prepare.

We regret to learn Mr. L. W. Nunns, City Clerk, is down with an attack of grip, but hope that he may soon be about again.

Mrs. Anderton of Comox is visiting Cumberland. Mrs. Anderton is proprietor of the Sailor's Rest, Comox's restaurant, and the place to get a good lunch.

The Union Jack waved over the Union Hotel Wednesday in honor of the 11th anniversary of the founding of Union. The "Union" was the first hotel opened in town.

Hiram Lodge of Courtenay was visited on Saturday last by Capt. Martin, and Mr. Panter, the chaplain, and others of the Imperieuse; also by Mayor Mounce of Cumberland.

J. F. Breeze, representing the Confederation Life Insurance Co., paid the city a business trip this week. Mr. W. W. Willard has the agency of the C. L. A. for this locality.


WAR DANCE.

An unique entertainment will be given at Cumberlahd Hall

MARCH 6,

by a Troupe of Twelve Indians. It will consist of War Dances, War Songs Club Swinging, Pantomines, Tableaux, Etc., Etc.

A rare treat is promised as we can assure the public that they are real Indians, and say they will appear in costumes of ye olden time. Prices 25 and 50 cents. This will be worth seeing and doubtless the hall will be crowded.


MORTGAGE SALE.
of Valuable Town Property.

Under and by virture of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered by Public Auction by A. H. McCallum, Auctioneer, on the premises below described, on Maryport Ave., in the town of Cumberland,

MONDAY, MARCH 6TH, 1899

at the hour of 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the following valuable property, viz:

That certain parcel or tract of land and premises in the Town of Cumberland, in the Province of British Columbia, being Lot Five (5) in Block D, upon the Map of Cumberland, deposited in the Land Registry Office at Victoria, as number 522A. On this property is erceted a one-story frame building.

Terms: ten per cent, (10) of the purchase money to be paid to the Vendors or their agent at the time of sale; and the balance, without interest, to be paid within thirty (30) days thereafter.

Further terms and conditions of sale will be made known on day of sale or on application to

MACDONELL, MCMACTER & GEARY,
Solicitors for the Vendors,
Toronto, Ont.

Or to
A. H. McCallum, Auctioneer,
Courtenay, B. C.


WE WANT YOUR
Job Printing
SATISFACTORY WORK PRICES

Milk,
Eggs,
Vegetables.

Having secured the Hartigan 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.

COMOX DIRECTORY.

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

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

Gordon Murdock,
Third St. Union, B.C.

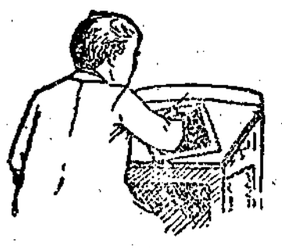
BLACKSMITHING in all its branches, and Wagons neatly Repaired

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.

FOR SALE.—Chambers' Encyclopedia edition of 1888, eight volumes bound in cloth and containing 5,650 pages of reading matter besides colored maps. Price $5.00. Apply to R. S. Cummings.



Multiply them out.

A factory making all kinds of shoes cannot have as many shapes, sizes and widths of lasts, as there are forms and sizes of feet, because it requires so many for each kind made, that there wouldn't be room in the factory for them all, nor money in the bank to pay for them.

In the Slater Shoe Factory, where only one specialty is made, there are fourteen shapes in 7 sizes, 6 half sizes and 5 widths (in other factories there are only two or three shapes in one width). "Slater Shoes" are stamped on the Goodyear welted soles with Makers' trade mark and price, $3.50, $4.50 and 5.50.

Catalogue free.
Shoes by mail.

Simon Leiser, Sole Local Agent.