Semi-Weekly Edition.

The News.

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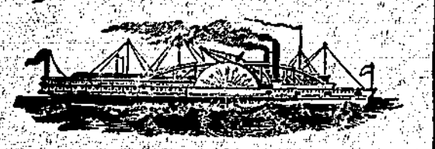
153

SIXTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B C SATURDAY OCT. 29th., 1898

Esquimalt & Nanaimo. Ry.



THE STEAMER CITY OF NANAIMO WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

W.D. OWEN, MASTER,

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 or Staterooms apply on board, or at the Company's Ticket Offices.

GEO. L. COURTENAY, 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.

DYKE & EVANS

Music Dealers

VANCOUVER, - - B. C.

—o—

SOLE AGENTS:

Karn Pianos
Echo Banjos
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.....and.....
Mandolins
Organs, etc.

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PURE MILK.

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

HUGH GRANT & SON.

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.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

WORLD-WIDE CIRCULATION.

Twenty Pages; Weekly; Illustrated.

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INSURANCE.

I am agent for the following reliable companies:
The Royal Insurance Company.
The London and Lancashire.
Current Rates.
Can be seen afternoon's at corner office near The News.

JAMES ABRAMS.

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.

IT is delivered by mail at its old time price of TWO DOLLARS a year, payable in advance, and in Union and Cumberland for 25 CENTS A MONTH by carrier.

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.

IN THE MATTER OF THE TRAMWAY INCORPORATION ACT AND AMENDING ACT.

NOTICE is hereby given that we, the undersigned, desire to form a Company under the name of "The Hardy Bay Tramway Company, Limited," for the purpose of building, equipping, maintaining and operating a single or double track tramway, beginning at a point on Hardy Bay, in Rupert District, Vancouver's Island, in the Province of British Columbia, thence in a southwesterly direction by the most practical and feasible route to the most convenient point on Coal Harbor, Quatsino Sound, in the said Rupert District. and with power to build, equip, construct, operate and maintain branch lines in connection therewith; and also for the purpose of building, constructing, equipping, maintaining and operating a telephone or telegraph line or lines in connection with the said Tramway and branch lines.

Dated at the City of Victoria, this 17th day of October, 1898.

WM. JENSEN,
L. GOODACRE.

m10-22d

For Your Job Printing

GIVE US A TRIAL.

WE DO GOOD WORK.

LATEST BY WIRE.

HASTINGS LUMBERMILL BURNED

Vancouver, Oct. 27—The Hastings lumbermills in this city were destroyed by fire which was discovered about 2:10 this morning. The cause is unknown at the present writing. The facts elicted so far being inconclusive. The night-watchman was the first to see the flames and says they seemed to shoot from the centre of the mill, where a strong wind blowing from the east quickly fanned the flames into fury. The whole mill was doomed in ten minutes. The ships at the wharf were the Gartmore and the Kennebec. Their cables were soon loosed and they drifted out of the way, after a hard fight, and were gotten into a place of safety. The mills are totally destroyed; loss estimated at $350,000; insurance $100,000. For years the mills have employed hundreds of hands. Two hundred and fifty men were thrown out of employment.

DREYFUS CASE EXCITING.

London, Oct. 27—According to a special dispatch from Paris matters became so exciting in Court of Appeals in the Dreyfus case that the lawyers fled to escape danger.

ELECTION CASES.

Victoria, Oct. 27—In Supreme Court chambers yesterday morning Mr. Justice Martin gave his decision on the election cases argued before him, dismissing all the summonses asking that the petitions be struck off the files. The immediate result will be that unless the respondents appeal and get an adjournment of the trial the Esquimalt election case will be tried Monday next. His Lordship held that none of the objections were good, and so dismissed the summonses. The cases up were Victoria, Esquimalt, Comox and North Nanaimo.

VANCOUVER BUDGET.

Vancouver, Oct. 27—Barrister W. J. Bowser sent word from Ottawa, to-day that W. G. Pollock, Shoal Bay, convicted of forging tax vouchers, has been pardoned by the authorities. The prisoners miserable health is the cause of his liberation.

Last night the Sherman House was burglarized and $150.00 stolen, a gold watch and a diamond pin being taken. The proprietor believes the robber was a recently liberated convict.

A Chinaman was walking between the main track and switch as an engine backed into the yard. The Chinaman was yelled at, the whistle blown and bell rung. He stepped excitedly on to the switch on which the train was running, and was knocked down under it, one arm being taken off and many ribs broken.

TERRIFIC STORM.

Salonica, Turkey, Oct. 27—Terrific storms have swept over Macedonia, doing an enormous amount of damage and causing considerable loss of life. In one instance a caravan consisting of 49 persons and 100 horses were swept in the river and all drowned.

NEW COAL FIELDS TO BE WORKED.

Winnipeg, Oct 27—The completion of the Crows Nest Pass Railway has opened up a new field for the development of the enormous coal deposits at Fernie, B. C. and in November 150 miners and their families will leave for that place from Sidney, N. S.

FROM NANAIMO

Oct. 28.—Thos. Morgan for years overman of the Protection mine hos been appointed coal mine inspector in place of Mr. A. Dick who has served in that capacity for 18 years.

FROM VICTORIA

Oct. 28.—An assault which may result in the death of J Overstreet, was committed on Johnston street before day light this morning Overstreet was on his way to Queen's hotel when he was attacked by Dan Sullivan who kicked Overstreet's face to a pulp, shattered his elbow and also injured him internally.

PARISIAN FEELING PEACEFUL.

Paris, Oct. 27—A feeling distinctly peaceful regarding the Fashoda affair prevails in Paris this evening. President Faure is taking the crisis quietly. It is now rumored that General Chanoine resigned the war office portfolio without show of pique at the refusal of the general staff committee to give him command of the army corps. Extraordinary police precautious have been ordered against possible disturbance at the Court of Cessation to-morrow when the Dryfus revision appeal will be heard.

THE WAR SITUATION.

London, Oct. 27—The keen desire to hear the views of the Liberal leader in the Houses of Commons, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, on the Fashoda question, was satisfied this evening by his speech at Abeeteystswith, Wales. He said it was the unquestioned duty of every one without regard to political differences to support the government in maintaining the right of the empire in the present crisis, a crisis specifically dangerous owing to the situation in France.

A report was in circulation in the city this evening that the Rothchilds had been informed that France had agreed to evacuate Fashoda, but the foreign office has no information on this subject. The activity in naval preparation continues on both sides.

NAVAL EXCITEMENT AT HALIFAX.

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 27.—Great activity prevails in naval circles here. The cruisers Pallas and Talbot had just arrived and the officers of the ships expected that after the busy season they would get a few days rest. However they have orders to make everything ready. A large staff of assistants are also rushing them through the necessary orders. In naval circles the action of the admiralty is regarded as surprising. The vessels were to have taken part in the naval review on Friday, and the sudden change of orders has caused a great sensation.

NEW WESTMINSTER ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

New Westminster, B. C.
Oct., 3, 1898.

Eli Rowland, Esq.
Union Mines,
Union, B. C.

Dear Sir:—Your favor, dated Aug., 29th 1898, has been received, as also the list of subscribers to our Relief Fund. Please convey to your people my warmest thanks for their kind and very generous donation. The $52.50 was not enclosed in your letter. I presume you are sending it in some other way. Again thanking you,

I am yours very truly,
Thos. Ovens, Mayor.

RECEIVED THE MONEY.

New Westminster, B. C.
Oct., 11, 1898.

Mr. Eli Rowland,
Cumberland, B. C.

Dear Sir:—I have just received from Mr. Simon Leiser of Victoria, a cheque for $52 50 being the sum contributed by the people of Union, B. C., to aid in relieving the distress of our homeless people.

As I stated in my letter of the 3rd inst., my warmest thanks are extended to the people of Union who contributed so nobly for our relief.

Yours truly,
Thos. Ovens, Mayor.

WHARF BUDGET.

The town is growing and of course is lively. One regrets, as he considers the splendid location, fine harbor, and scenery, that the Camp was not located here. It would have made a much bigger place if wharf and town had been united,

A new office is being erected near south side of the long wharf for the officer in charge here—a place where he can write a note, and see people of times.

A school building is badly needed here. The attendance we understand averages 18 and of course is larger than this part of the time; indeed is so crowded that some parents decline to send their children, they being cooped up in a small room utterly unfit for the pupils. It is to be hoped the government will take some action to provide a suitable building.

Mr. Muschamp, the gentlemanly salesman at Howe's is erecting a neat cottage on his farm about three miles from here on the road leading towards Nanaimo.

LOCALS.

Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Pillsbury returned from their bridal trip Wednesday, and have settled down to housekeeping in a very pleasant cottage at the Wharf.

The October number of the Canadian Home Journal is particularly readable and every home into which it enters will be made pleasanter by its presence.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Tobacco buried a little daughter Thursday. They have been singularly unfortunate, having lost five children, we are informed, since their residence here. They have the sympathy of the community in their affliction.

The City Council are having put down a drain in the alley north of Dunsmuir Ave. from First to Third streets. This is a good move and was more needed here than elsewhere, but is nevertheless needed in other places which will doubtless receive attention as soon as there are funds available.

Piano Lessons.

Mrs. W. B. Anderson is prepared to give pianoforte lessons at her house, or at the houses of pupils. Terms moderate.

Apply at residence, corner of Windermere Ave., and First Street.

PASSENGER LIST.

Per City of Nanaimo, Oct. 26.—Edith Lawrence, Parks, Ganner, W. L. Robertson, F. Carmichael, W. Noseworthy, D. John J. Phillips, R. Curry, Merrett, Crossan, W. Luney, A. Folden, J. McLeod, J. Furpiss, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Kevill, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Loot, H. Banner, Mat Mioola, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. McDonald, J. Maher, Mr. Bloomingdale, A. Dick, Mrs. Bish, Miss T. Piercey, Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury, Miss Roy, W. E. Norris.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

"My father 's a general. What does your father do?"

"What ever mother tells him."

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD

HOW TO HOLD A MAN.

A PERPLEXED YOUNG WOMAN SECURES ADVICE FROM EXPERTS.

Suggestions by a Wife Who Is Still a Sweetheart—Then a Widow and a Spinster Come In With Some Hints That May Prove Valuable.

A young girl, a middle aged wife, a widow and a spinster fell to talking not long ago.

"You're always railing at me for having so many beaux and never getting a husband," said the girl in reply to a remark. "Maybe it's my fault and maybe it isn't. I haven't quite settled in my own mind whether it is or not. I have settled one thing, though, and that is that it is one thing to attract a man and another to hold him after he is attracted. When I once set my head to draw a man to me, I can do it, but I have never yet been able to keep one that I wanted in the least. Why? That's what I'd like to know. Perhaps it is because my nature is too yielding with those of whom I am fond or it may be that I demand too much of a man when I am inclined to care for him. I rather think, however, the trouble lies in the fact that I permit friendship to ripen too rapidly when I meet a congenial spirit. Philosophers tell us that friendship is the slowest fruit in the garden of life, and yet I force it to perfection as a florist does his lilies at Easter time, and you all know that forced flowers and fruits decay very soon. Friendship is the most beautiful attribute of human nature, and nature will not be hurried. I wish I did know what the trouble is."

"Why, I don't think it is hard to hold a man after you've once attracted him," said the wife, who has the reputation of still being sweethearts with her husband, though she has grown children. "You make a mistake in really yielding to a man whom you've attracted. You should smile and smile and only seem to yield. A woman who wishes to hold a man should never allow him to thoroughly understand her. She should be to him a sweet mystery. The mysterious interests us all. That's our nature. We cling to what we don't quite understand in the hope of solving the problem. I'm getting to be an old woman, but I never let a day pass without mystifying my husband. I make an enigmatical remark that he has to think about or I do or refuse to do something that makes him open his dear, kindly eyes and stare; but, mind you, I am gracious and loving with it all. Then I coquette with him. It is a sad day with a husband when a wife leaves off her mask of coquetry. You know flirting is one thing and coquetry another. A refined woman is born with a sweet spirit of coquetry, but the art of flirting is acquired and is generally somewhat vulgar. You can coquette and be perfectly sincere, but flirting is merely another name for insincerity."

"You accuse the girl here of wavering affection," rejoined the spinster in her most metallic voice. "You do her wrong; she is but seeking a constant man. If she ever finds one, she won't have any trouble in holding him. Of course she can attract men by the wholesale. Any woman can, and I don't add if she has good sense. Brain is not a necessary commodity in attracting men, but flattery is. Some sour old maid has said that there never was a man so homely, so halt, so deficient in beauty or brain, that he could not get a wife when he wanted to, but I think she misstated her proposition. There never was a woman so unattractive but what, if she set her mind to it, she could attract some man long enough to get him where he couldn't get away if he wanted to. It's all well enough for young people and married ones to have their jokes about old maids, but I assure you most of us are self elected. However, if a woman, after she has attracted a man, wishes to hold him, she must take care not to be too clever. Men like women who are just clever enough to grasp their cleverness and are just dull enough to admire it immensely. If woman wants to hold man, she must admire him and make him feel it. She needn't keep dingdonging into his ears how much she admires his wit or stupidity, as the case may be, but she must feel admiration and look it and seem even to breathe it. And if she does that another woman ten times prettier, cleverer and richer, but with less subtlety, couldn't drag him from her side."

"This talk of how women can attract and hold men strikes me as being very strange," spoke up the widow, and the old maid smiled significantly. "Nature made women to be won and men to win. I think it is easy enough for a single girl or woman to both attract and hold men. Women look at their men admirers, but do not examine them. But a woman examines her husband, and he examines her, so frequently both are put to it to know how to hold each other, to retain each other as comrades, as friends, as well as in the closer relationship. If husband and wife were more intimate and less familiar in their relationship to each other, each would retain the charm for the other that they found so dear in the days of sweetheartship. Married people are so apt to mistake familiarity for intimacy, for closeness. A man and his wife may be very familiar with each other and still be as far apart as the poles. When a woman marries, she should make every effort to retain her girlish modesty, her love of privacy. She should make herself as beautiful as possible, but she shouldn't under any conditions allow her husband to see how she does it. A rose, as an expression of one of God's most beautiful thoughts for his children, is a lovely thing to us, but if we knew exactly what that rose was, how it was made, we most likely wouldn't care half so much for it."

"You've all given me so many pointers on how to keep my men friends," concluded the girl, "that I'm more mixed up than ever. If I could put Harry's soul into Tom's body and Dick's brain there, I'd be all right. Then my friends wouldn't complain of my not being able to hold a man after I've attracted him long enough to make him a husband. You see, I like one thing in one best and another thing in another, and so I go flying around with all for a time until—well, until they get tired of me, and then I light my candle again, and another set of moths flutter into my life."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

CLAY PIPES.

The Largest Factory In the World—How It Was Started.

The largest tobacco pipe factory in the world is located in Appomattox county, near Pamplin City. It had been known for many years prior to the war between the states that there existed clay in that county well adapted to the manufacture of tobacco pipes, but the industry was carried on in the most desultory way. Sometimes a negro at odd times would fashion a few rude pipes and sell them in the neighborhood, generally at the country store.

But at the close of the war the whites turned their attention to the clay deposits. It was a necessity, and not a matter of choice.

The war had swept away everything. The implements with which the pipes were manufactured were simple and rude, and it must be confessed that the article which they fabricated did not bear the closest possible resemblance to those turned out by the thousand today.

The pipes were sold to local merchants, who shipped them to wholesale dealers in northern cities, who sold them to retailers throughout the country.

And now comes the part of the story that sounds rather romantic, though it is every word true.

Among the retail dealers who purchased a lot of these poor men's pipes was a grocery man in a little town in Ohio. He sold them at from 2 to 5 cents apiece and found them very popular.

Among those who purchased one was a wealthy citizen of the town, who was led to do so by a less wealthy neighbor, who had found them sweet smokers. The capitalist was delighted. He smoked nothing else for some time and finally inquired of the grocery man as to where the pipes were made. The latter could only give the name of the wholesale dealer from whom he had purchased, but from him the gentleman learned that the pipes were made from a clay bank in the county of Appomattox, in Virginia.

The gentleman saw that the pipes were of very rude construction. He saw also that were proper machinery used they could be turned out with great rapidity and that a profit could be made at selling them at a penny apiece. He was growing interested, and finally his mind dwelt so much upon the subject that he came over to Virginia and to the little town of Appomattox. He went at once to the store of the dealer in pipes and was not long in finding that the best were made at a bank about eight miles away, at what is now Pamplin City.

The rest is soon told. The land was purchased for a small sum, buildings erected, the latest machinery installed and soon the kilns were smoking.—Richmond Dispatch.

AARON BURR'S CHECK.

It Is Probably the Oldest Bank Check In Existence.

In the Marion National bank, in this city, the following check is on exhibition:

Cashier of the Bank:

Pay to Mr. John Nielson or bearer one hundred and fifty pounds in paper.

New York, the second day of June, 1798.

£150..0..0. AARON BURR.

During the war Colonel H. C. Towne, now superintendent of the national cemetery near Lebanon, held a command in Sherman's army. When the army was at Allatoona Pass, Colonel Towne sent a detail of Union soldiers under the command of a lieutenant to the Etowah river on a foraging expedition. Among other places visited by the detachment of soldiers was the plantation of Governor Brown. The residence was deserted, and in searching the house one of the soldiers found the original of the above check in Governor Brown's library. He took it with him and on his return to camp presented it to Colonel Towne, who carried it on his person during the rest of the war. When peace was proclaimed and Colonel Towne returned to Wisconsin, he presented the Burr check to the cashier of the bank in his native town, who had it framed and hung in the bank as a valuable relic. Subsequently photographic copies of the check were taken. Colonel Towne was given one of those copies, and he presented it to Cashier J. M. Knott of the Marion National bank. The original is still on exhibition in the Wisconsin bank.

Doubtless it is the oldest bank check in existence, and the fact that the drawer was a national celebrity during his life makes it a very rare and valuable relic.—Lebanon Falcon.

Two Cheap Knights.

An amusing story is told of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, the American born knight. Sir Ellis, who is a brother of Baron Burdett-Coutts, whose aged bride on their marriage gave him her name and $250,000 a year for life, owes his knighthood to the fact that when Lord Salisbury formed his third ministry Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was left out of the calculations. In the first two ministries he had figured as a lord of the admiralty. At the same time he was knighted to salve his feelings the same dignity was conferred on Blundell Maple, a millionaire furniture dealer in Tottenham Court road, a shabby sort of district in London. Immediately Lord Salisbury received from each of the prospective knights a letter protesting in the strongest terms against the knighting of the other as tending to cheapen the honor conferred.

Ambition.

We start out to conquer fortune—
Yes, and fame—but time reveals
That we learn to be contented
If we get our clothes and meals.
—Chicago Record.

Too Much Reform.

Lawyer—Well, aunty, what can I do for you?

Aunt Ebony—I want a deevo'ce from ma husban.

"What has he been doing?"

"Doin? Why, he done got relig'n, an we ain't had a chicken on de table foh a month.

Most Acute.

She—Yes, it is the province of woman to suffer in silence.

He—In silence? That must be suffering indeed.

AN INCONVENIENT BIRD.

A Housewife's Experience With a Hungry Man and a Turkey.

In the days "before the war" a family of hard working people lived in a border county of Mississippi. Their home was situated upon the "big road" which led from Alabama northward into Mississippi. They did not keep a tavern, but they often fed the wayfarer.

One Saturday the housewife roasted a large turkey, baked a batch of bread and made a number of pies. She was ready for her Sunday dinner and expected to go to church the next day. The services were held a number of miles away.

After 2 o'clock that Saturday afternoon a single horseman appeared. He asked for his dinner and fed his horse in the ample stable of the farmer. The housekeeper was busy and the man in haste, so she set the turkey before him, thinking that he would not make much of an impression upon it.

The stranger sat down in front of the turkey and set to work. He cut into the breast of one side and ate it all. His appetite was only whetted. He demolished the wing and then cut off the leg. The drumstick disappeared and the upper joint was stripped. The woman stood aghast. She pattered out to the back porch, where her pies were cooling, and, selecting a tempting apple pie, set it before her guest. He put it to one side and turned the untouched side of the turkey toward him. He cut off the wing and the leg. The woman saw her Sunday dinner disappear before her eyes.

At length, having exposed all the bones of the large fowl, he attacked the pie and left not a crumb.

The woman sank in a chair near by. She was too much overcome for a moment to speak. Then she said:

"You seem to have enjoyed the turkey. There is not so much left as I expected."

She could say no more. She felt that words were inadequate to the occasion.

The man pushed back his chair, took out his quill toothpick, crossed his knees and sighed with satisfaction. Then he spoke:

"Well, madam," said he, "a turkey is a very inconvenient bird."

He fell to ruminating. His countenance expressed the benevolence which a good dinner is apt to produce in a man.

The woman waited for him to explain, but he was silent. Then she said:

"Why is the turkey inconvenient?"

"Well, madam, it is a little too much for one and not quite enough for two," replied her guest.

The woman fainted.—St. Louis Republic.

AMATEUR DETECTIVE WORK.

It Made One Man Dishonest and Let the Guilty Escape.

"Some years ago," said a Kensington manufacturer of cloth, "I found that my mill was being robbed; once or twice a month a piece of finished goods would disappear. As the thefts were all from the finishing room suspicion naturally pointed to the hands there, and after a long while of amateur detecting I felt pretty sure I had my man. Yet I had no evidence against him, nor could I, to save my soul, get hold of any. I just suspected him, you know. So one pay day I tested his honesty.

"On pay day, you must understand, each hand's money is given him in a sealed envelope, on which is written his time, his rate per hour and the amount due. Well, there was due this man $12, and in his envelope I put $22—$10 too much. As I had expected, he said nothing. So I discharged him. This man had worked for me eight years. Times were hard, and he lay idle for eight or nine months; then moved away with his family.

"Scarcely had he moved away when the thefts, which had ceased for nearly a year, began once more. Once more I turned detective, this time with better luck, for I caught the thief, and I traced every piece of cloth he had stolen. The man discharged was innocent save in the case of the $10."

One of the manufacturer's small audience spoke gravely: "Yes, you did a clever thing. You made a thief of an honest man. You placed in an honest man's way an almost unconquerable temptation when one considers the size of the salary you paid him. The man fell because you tripped him up. The Bible, I think, says something somewhere about such deeds, and you are promised your reward."—Philadelphia Record.

Old Age.

Sir George Lewis held it to be impossible for any one to reach 110. Hardly any one, he contended, ever lives to be 100. Professor Owen and others asserted that no one has ever been proved to be over 104 years old. Lack of accurate information and mendacity, according to Dr. Kain, is the explanation of the greater number of centenarians being reported from the ignorant classes. Education and comfort are not, in his view, unfavorable to long life, but on the contrary tend to protract it. The excesses of the rich do no doubt shorten their lives, but it is the belief of the experts, says Dr. Kain, "that centenarians are proportionately more numerous in the higher social strata than in the lower." Statistics as to the effect of occupation on longevity concur to show that men of thought are commonly long livers.

Faithful Tray.

Irate Patron—You told me that was a good watchdog when you sold him to me, and last week burglars got into the house when we were all away, and now silverware, dog and all are gone.

Dog Dealer—I allow the dog has gone along to watch the silverware don't you think?

The French method of administering castor oil to their ailing children is truly characteristic. The oil is poured into a pan over a moderate fire, an egg broken into it and the mixture well stirred. The omelet thus made is served with a little salt, sugar or a spoonful of currant jelly.

Success.

The heights to which great men have hopped
Were not attained by sleight of wrist,
But they, though elevators stopped,
Kept climbing upward, hand o'er fist.
—Detroit Free Press.

Cure Effected.

The wise physician frequently finds it necessary to "minister to a mind diseased" rather than to the body that merely sympathizes with it. A young woman who had gone from her home in an inland village to visit friends in the great city for the first time in her life soon began to lose all appetite and grow thin and hollow eyed.

Her friends, fearing that she was going into a decline, called in a physician in spite of her protests and asked him to prescribe for her. He asked a few questions, noted her symptoms, gave her malady a scientific name and said as he handed her a bottle of pellets:

"It will be necessary, miss, first of all, for you to leave the crowded city. The air here is not good for you. Have you friends in the country?"

"Why, I live in the country, doctor," she replied.

"Very good. Return, then, to your home, engage in light exercise, with frequent walks in the open air, and take five of these pellets every morning before breakfast."

She returned to her village home, observed the doctor's directions faithfully, paying particular attention to taking the medicine, and was well in less than a week.

Meeting the family physician one day, it occurred to her to tell him her experience. He listened to her, asked to see the pellets, tasted them, and, finding them to be merely sugar unmedicated, said:

"What did your city doctor tell you was your ailment?"

"He said it was nostalgia."

"H'mph! Do you know what nostalgia means?"

"No, sir."

"It means homesickness."—Youth's Companion.

A Lost Opportunity.

"Well, Uncle Wiliam," said the president of the emigration society, "I s'pose you hearn de news?"

"No. Whut's stirrin?"

"W'y, you ain't hearn 'bout de treasurer?"

"Not a word. Whut he done now?"

"Run off wid de funds—tuk ever' dollar wid him!"

"Lawd, Lawd! En how much wuz in de treasury?"

"Fo' hundred dollars!"

"En you say he gone wid it?"

"Clean gone!"

The old man seemed wrapped in thought and had a faraway look in his eyes. "Fo' hundred dollars!" he repeated to himself. "Fo' hundred dollars! En des ter think er it! I wuz de treasurer er de society fer two weeks en had ever' dollar er dat money in my power! My, my! Fo' hundred dollars—fo' hundred bright, silver dollars in a shinin lump! Bre'r Johnson, will you please, suh, do me a favor?"

"Des name it, Uncle William."

"Take des heah hick'ry stick, suh, en hit me 'cross de head en den kick me ha'd ez you kin, suh, out de do'!"

Pain and Payn.

Barry Pain relates that he once sent the late James Payn a series of parodies for Cornhill. Payn accepted them, but there was a difficulty. One of them was a parody of an author, X., who was a personal friend of Payn's and a very sensitive man, who would not take the sincerest form of flattery in the spirit in which it was offered. Now, it happens that there is a considerable resemblance between the style of X. and that of another author of the same school, Y. Payn suggested that Pain should take out X.'s name from the title of the parody and substitute that of the school of fiction to which he belonged. "Then," he said, "X. will think that it's meant for Y."

"But," Pain asked, "what about Y.?"

"That's all right," he answered. "Y. will know that it's meant for X."

A lion in a jungle will jump 25 feet or 80 feet from a standing start.

A Haunted Railroad Car.

Every one has heard of haunted houses, but the railroad men know there are haunted cars as well. For instance, on the L. and N. there is a caboose known as "1908" which carries on in the most supernatural manner. What do you say to a caboose that suddenly begins to shake and shiver like a man with the ague, and this, too, when it is standing alone on the track? My informant solemnly asserted also that "1908" is subject to attacks of hysteria. It jumps up and down without the slightest provocation. He says it did the most remarkable thing, however, one day near Richmond. It was standing on a siding with all brakes set. All at once it started and ran up grade, over an embankment into a field.

Dr. Mary Walker Sits Like a Woman.

The ex-queen of Hawaii, surrounded by her court, was engaged in earnest conversation with Dr. Mary Walker. The little doctor was neat and spick and span from the collar of her Prince Albert coat to the soles of her little boots. She was dressed like a man. She wore no petticoats, but the serpent trail of the petticoats her foremothers wore is over her still, for all the evening she sat with her knees close together. She wears trousers, but the inherited restraint of the petticoats binds her knees. She may dress like a man, but she'll always sit as women sit.—Washington Post.

Steel Hairpins Doomed.

The attack now is upon the steel hairpin, for specialists declare that the shell or bone pin is better for the hair and that many women have suffered martyrdom from nervous headache without once suspecting that the cause lay in a metal hairpin.

But what shall we do without the little implement which might be called "woman's best friend?" How are we going to supply the 75 demands that we make upon a hairpin? We use it to button our gloves and our shoes, to open the drawer whose lock is gone, to cut the leaves of our books, to clean our husband's pipe, to pin on the extra wrap, to draw the cork when the corkscrew cannot be found, to wedge a rattling window sash, to stone raisins, to fasten a card to the bell pull in snowtime, to do duty as a bodkin and render no one knows how many little services of this sort.

The shell substitute is good for none of these things, and if it be doomed to crowd its humbler relative from the market we can only exclaim, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear!"—Exchange.

To Enjoy Cycling.

"The great secret of safe, enjoyable and beneficial cycling," said the woman with the scarlet cockade in her gray cycling hat, "is not in flying over the country like a carrier pigeon anxious to get back to its cot, but in letting the wheel set the pace. I have found that the pace will vary sometimes to an astonishing extent if I pursue this method throughout a day's ride. It seems to be a sort of barometer which indicates one's condition, the state of the road, wind, etc. I have found that if one rides thus, 'wisely and not too well,' the wheel will travel faster toward evening than at any other time. But if I set my own pace the evening invariably finds me doing about eight miles an hour with great effort and weariness. Allowing the wheel to set the pace is the secret of never getting tired and of associating cycling with no sensation less agreeable than exhilaration."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Cheerful Girls.

Good and healthy girls are almost always cheerful. No novelist would consider his youthful heroine complete if a "ringing laugh" were omitted from the list of her charms, and in real life the girls who do not laugh now and then are seldom liked by their companions. Even beauty will not save them. A belle who fails to understand the jest of her admirers and smiles in amiable bewilderment while other people are laughing is soon left with no consolation save to wonder what anybody can see in her rival, a girl with "tip tilted" nose, perhaps, and a large mouth and freckles, but the happy possessor of a pair of merry eyes and a cheerful mind. The gift of gayety is, indeed, of great value, but it must be gayety which originates in a kind and cheery heart, not that which is born of mere excitement or gratified vanity.—New York Ledger.

Poking the Sickroom Fire.

One of the small things confided by a trained nurse is that to poke an open fire in the invalid's room a wooden stick makes less noise than the usual metal poker. This will ignite perhaps, but may be promptly put out by thrusting into the ashes, and in some emergencies where the patient would otherwise be aroused from a much needed sleep a knowledge of the stick poker is useful.

An Empress Honored.

The empress of Japan takes her meals with her husband, an honor accorded to no previous empress. The emperor is said to be opposed to the feminine fashion of stained teeth and shaved eyebrows and in favor of enlarging the rights of women. The empress is an earnest friend of women's hospitals.

One pint of cold water, to which has been added the beaten white of one egg, will be found useful in cleaning gold picture frames. Apply the mixture with a sponge, then wipe with a soft flannel. Take a second cloth perfectly dry and rub the frames lightly.

Odd scraps of bread dried, not burned, in the oven, pounded and finely sifted, are the most satisfactory material for bread crumbing croquettes, sweetbreads, cutlets, etc. The beaten egg works better, too, if a dessertspoonful of water be mixed with it.

The French way of boiling an egg is to put it in boiling water and let it remain until the water becomes cold or on the side of the stove without boiling for 10 to 20 minutes, according as it is desired soft or hard.

When the rubber on the wringer breaks, take a piece of muslin 4 inches wide and wind back and forth around the roller. It will not soil the clothes and may be used quite awhile longer.

Spots on the Lips.

Very often little pimples and tiny boils will come on the lips and turn to rather unpleasant looking sores. These spots sometimes arise from feverishness, which is caused by the state of the digestive system. You should at once put yourself on a very strict diet. Avoid meat, rich dishes, pastry, new bread, cake, nuts, wine, spirits and sugar. Live on plain, dull, unsweetened food and eat fruit and vegetables in preference to almost anything else. The lips themselves can be touched with a little powdered alum.

Cause For Thanks.

"Here is a short poem taken from the French," said the would be contributor.

"The French should be everlastingly grateful," snorted the editor as he opened the door and bowed a series of short bows.—Detroit Free Press.

Delia's Little Supper.

When Delia brings her chafing dish
To make an oyster stew,
It bubbles once—a hasty stir—
And, lo, the task is through.

My share I eat with relish, and
I neither smile nor grin.
Dear Delia's mother made that stew
Ere Delia brought it in.
—Detroit Free Press.

BYE LOW SONG.

Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye low, bye low.
Brighter the little star glances grow,
Bye low, baby.
Moon mother puts on her silver crown;
Rockaby, baby, in your white gown,
Bye low, baby.

Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye low, bye low,
Waving the lily buds to and fro,
Bye low, baby,
Kissing them gently, "Good night, good night,
Sleep till the morning and wake in the light,"
Bye low, baby.

Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye low, bye low.
Up in the elm where the cradle nests show,
Bye low, baby,
Little birds drowsily swing the night through,
Warm and content, my own baby, like you,
Bye low, baby.

Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye low, bye low.
Softer and sweeter his whispers grow,
Bye low, baby.
Far and away, o'er the waters dim,
Baby shall dreamily follow him,
Bye low, baby.
—L. Arolyn Caverly in Ladies' Home Journal.

HIS VOTE BEAT HIM.

How the Invention of Telegraphy Led to a Congressman's Defeat.

Dr. Gatling, the gun man, is a relative of General Lew Wallace and tells the following story about the latter's father: "David Wallace was a member of congress from an Indiana district when S. F. B. Morse asked the government to give him $40,000 for the purpose of building the first telegraph line from Baltimore to Washington. Wallace was a member of the committee to which the bill providing for the appropriation was referred, and it happened when the matter came up for consideration that he was absent. The vote in committee was a tie, and so Wallace was sent for. He voted to give the inventor the $40,000, and accordingly the bill went through.

"This happened along toward the end of Wallace's term, and when he went home to strive for re-election he found that the news concerning his action on the Morse telegraph appropriation bill had preceded him. A man named William Brown, who afterward became prominent in congress, had been nominated by the Democrats, and he was conducting a vigorous campaign.

"In those days joint stumping tours were customary, and the two candidates went from place to place through the district, asking for the votes of the people. Brown's platform consisted of only one plank. That was the criminal record of his opponent.

"He would get up before a crowd of voters and ask them if they had heard how Wallace had voted to give $40,000 of the public's money to a man who proposed to transmit messages by means of a wire between Baltimore and Washington. The ridiculousness of such a thing was so apparent that Wallace's action could not be considered as a mere mistake. It was clearly an outrage upon the people—a deliberate swindle.

"'You may not believe,' Brown was in the habit of concluding, 'that any man with a spark of common sense would vote away the public funds for the furtherance of such a chimerical scheme, but the gentleman is here before you. Ask him if I have told the truth or not, and let him explain his action if he can.'

"Wallace of course admitted that he had voted away the money, and he tried to explain what Morse proposed to do, but it was all in vain. His constituents made up their minds that he was either a fool or something worse, and he was therefore snowed under at the polls.

"It is gratifying to know that Wallace lived to see the telegraph established as an important factor in civilization, but I suppose there are people in that district who still think he was a fool and that he deserved defeat.

"Martyrdom."

At the age of 17 Miss Willard records in her diary this tragic announcement of the end of her romping girlhood:

This is my birthday and the date of my martyrdom. Mother insists that at last I must have my hair "done up woman fashion." She says she can hardly forgive herself for letting me "run wild" so long. We've had a great time over it all, and here I sit like another Samson shorn of his strength. That figure won't do, though, for the greatest trouble with me is that I never shall be shorn again. My "back" hair is twisted up like a corkscrew. I carry 18 hairpins; my head aches miserably; my feet are entangled in the skirt of my hateful new gown.

I can never jump over a fence again so long as I live. As for chasing the sheep down in the shady pasture it is out of the question, and to climb to my eagle nest seat in the big bur oak would ruin this new frock beyond repair. Altogether I recognize the fact that my occupation's gone.

How He Lost His Job.

An exchange tells the story of an old colored man who asked a white man if he could give him work. The white man asked the negro if he had a boat. When the negro replied, "Yes, boss," the white man responded:

"Well, you see all that driftwood floating down the river?"

"Yes, sah," was the reply.

"Well, then," continued the white man, "you row out in the river and catch that driftwood, and I'll give you half you get."

The colored man worked hard for awhile, when all of a sudden he stopped and pulled for the shore.

On being asked the reason for his return, he replied, "Dat wood is jest as much mine as 'tis his. I ain't gwine to give him any, and so I'm out of work ag'in."

He Won't Get Left.

"Now, Tommy," said the mother as she handed him an apple, "you must divide honorably with your little sister Bessie."

"What's 'honorable,' mamma?" he asked.

"It means the one that divides takes the smallest piece," was the reply.

"Well," said the little diplomat, "then I'll give it to Bessie and let her divide!"—

WAS IT HARD LUCK?

The Old Bachelor Recalls a Reminiscence of His Younger Days.

"Fate has some devious ways of doing business," mused the old bachelor. "I would have been a married man at the head of a family now but for an intervention that may or may not have been providential. You can't tell which it was.

"Twenty years ago I met a most charming girl and decided to make her my wife if it was in the cards. I met her at a quiet country resort, where she had a little cottage with an aunt and a housekeeper. I always met her in her rambles or when she consented to meet me for a boat ride, for the aunt was a man hater and had solemnly promised the girl's parents to return her to them heart free as when she left them. There was no possible chance of making terms with the aunt, and I carefully concealed from her the fact of my existence. I finally proposed an elopement as the only solution of the problem, and the dear girl consented.

"I met her by appointment in the afternoon. It was just for a moment, during which I said I would have a ladder at her window at midnight and requested that she have everything packed so that it could be hurriedly removed. That was all, but it appears that the aunt was on the other side of the little copse and within earshot. She only heard a strange voice. There had been several robberies at the little resort. Burglars had planned an attack. She hastened home to tell the housekeeper of the plot. They would not tell the girl and frighten her, but act for themselves. I approached stealthily through the garden at midnight. Suddenly from within there was a deafening din. It was created by hammers and tinware, but it impressed me with the idea that the world must be coming to an end, and I fled. When she learned how I had been put to flight by two old women when she was the prize I was after, she declined ever to see me again. I wonder whether it was hard luck?"—Detroit Free Press.

High Lights.

The man who likes to play checkers would play dominoes if he thought it wouldn't be found out.

Success would come more swiftly to the average man if he didn't have to waste time keeping other men down.

Woman swallows flattery from any source, but a cat won't permit her back to be stroked by people she doesn't like.

Musicians wear long hair to protect their sensitive ears, but they never seem to care what happens to other people's ears.

Amiability is a domestic drawback. A woman who never gets angry always puts too much sugar in her husband's coffee.

When a man takes all the carpets to the new house and puts them down, the neighbors praise his wife for moving without making a fuss about it.—Chicago Record.

In Missouri.

"Yes, I see him. What is there that distinguishes him above the ordinary citizen?"

"Begosh, sir, he's the only man in the township that won't turn his head when somebody hollers out 'colonel!'"

"Eccentric, is he?"

"No, it isn't that. He thinks he would have been a brigadier general if the war had lasted two weeks longer."—Chicago Tribune.

Very Rarely.

"I say, Smith, how do you like your boarding house?"

"Don't think much of it. The beefsteak isn't rare enough to suit me."

"Well, you ought to patronize our establishment. We get steak only twice a week, which is surely rare enough to suit anybody."—New York World.

Worth Waiting For.

"Loved one, be mine. True, I'm not young"—

"Major, your boyish enthusiasm carries you too far. Wait until you are a few years older, and then"—

"I shall be dead of despair."

"Ah, it is worth waiting for."—Pick Me Up.

What He Wanted.

Crimsonbeak—You say Koward wants to go to the war?

Yeast—Yes, he says he's anxious to face the music.

"That's what I thought. I believe the music is generally in the rear in the time of battle."—Yonkers Statesman.

Not an Exact Science.

"Why do you look so worried, doctor? You've brought the patient through in fine shape."

"Yes, exactly. But if I only knew which one of the medicines it was that cured!"—Heitere Welt.

As Good as an Increase of Salary.

These are great days for the city office boy. Every half hour the boss sends him over to the newspaper offices to find out what are the latest bulletins.—Somerville Journal.

Treason.

"This proposition to tax chewing gum," said Rivers, "may be all right as a war measure, but it is bound to lead to a good deal of jawing."—Chicago Tribune.

American Hustlers Abroad.

"Americans are great hustlers," said Porter Norton, the Philadelphia lawyer, a day or two ago in speaking of a trip he made to Europe a year ago. "When I was in England, I visited the northern part of the country and spent a couple of days fishing in a little lake. I got badly sunburned and made up my mind that I'd look for a drug store and buy some witch hazel.

"I walked into a little chemist's shop, as it is called in England, and asked if he kept witch hazel. The druggist said he did, and after rummaging around his cellar a few minutes brought out a bottle of witch hazel which bore the trade mark of a Philadelphia firm of chemists. I asked how it was that a druggist situated in an extreme corner of England should be selling a compound made in the city of Philadelphia. He replied that all the preparations of that kind came from this side of the ocean, and I soon found out that he was correct.

"If you go into a drug store in any part of England and ask for quinine, phenacetine or any of the thousand and one tablets put up for the restoration of health, you'll find that they are made in this country nine times out of ten. The Americans are great advertisers too. I found that they give the Englishmen, the Germans, the French and the men of the other countries of Europe cards and spades on advertising patent medicines and pretty nearly everything else that is advertised largely."—Boston Journal.

The Saffron City.

Havana is bounded by beauty on one side, by ignorance on the other. The approach to it, particularly in the early morning, is exceeded in loveliness by perhaps but two or three other ports. There are many exquisite things in the world, and among them, near the head of the list, stands dawn in the tropics. It is sudden as love and just as fair. Dawn in the Havanese harbor is a foretaste of what paradise may be.

The tourist who has sailed that way passes a night beneath stars that are larger and more neighborly than our own. The water, too, is different. At Key West it looks like a lawn in May. It has the same asparagus green. Then it changes. It becomes seamed with phosphorus. As the stars disappear it changes again, and very suddenly, into a sirup of opals. At the horizon is a tender pink. Overhead is a fusion of salmon and of blue. Just beyond, within rifle range, is an amphitheater of houses, particolored as rainbows, tiaraed with the pearl points of a cathedral, girdled with the yellow walls of a crumbling fort.

Every city has an aspect and an odor of its own. Paris, for instance, has a white sky and smells like a pretty woman. The aspect of Havana is saffron. It smells of rancid oil. In addition it suggests Seville. Though the Moors have never been there it looks as though they had.—Edgar Saltus in Collier's Weekly.

An Eastern Fortune Teller.

The fortune tellers of this country are not in it with their contemporaries in the far east, as may be seen by the following post card advertisement sent home from India:

"Price Returned If Proved False. A Miracle! An Extraordinary Locket! A Great Wonder! This Locket, a great Charm, enables us to hold an interview with our dead relations or friends: presents before our Sight the Past, the Present, and the Future, the sacred pilgrimage places, Rama, Krishna, Christ, Arjun, Mohamed Prophet, and the vivid scenes of other Mahatmas, gives us information of Heaven, the Court of Indra, Kylas, and other mysterious places, the result of cases pending in Courts, profit or loss in trade, the future rates of speculations, local and foreign market rates, and important news with electric speed! The present ongoings of friends at home and out stations can be clearly seen! Journey could be made by Railway, Steamer, Bicycle, or Tramway. Communications about market rates in England, Africa, America, and the other foreign countries can be had only within five minutes and at our own places. Price of No. 1 Rs. 10, No. 2 Rs. 5, No. 3 Rs. 2. Postage 6 annas. . . . Communications to be made only in English, Gujarati, Marathi, or Hindi. Apply to, etc."—London Truth.

Failed.

The Idler—What became of that cattle car you invented?

The Inventor—I couldn't get the railroads to take any stock in it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Fisherman's Wit.

"Those Spanish warships ought to sell well to the fish tackle dealers."

"What for?"

"Sinkers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Away Up.

Mistress—Are you up in French dressings?

Cook—All my best gowns is Paris made, mum.—Detroit Free Press.

There Are Exceptions.

Billings—A man never learns to really know his wife until after they are married, no matter how long they may have been engaged.

Darrow—You're wrong there. Sometimes the girls have little brothers.—Chicago News.

A MODERN JANUS.

How the Cleveland Wag Badly Fooled a Big Audience.

A mischievous wag perpetrated a good joke on an immense audience the day the Fifth regiment left town. He was at a window on the third story of a Superior street building and in some way had possessed himself of a pair of false faces, one a woman's face, the other a man's. Holding these rather ghastly dummies in his hands, he made them appear to be looking from the window on the crowd below. The effect was extremely realistic, and the people on the opposite side of the street were completely taken in.

The heads moved naturally, as if trying to peer into the street, and then bobbed back and sideways as if talking together. The pallor of their complexions made them all the more noticeable, and soon hundreds of spectators were staring up at the window.

When one of the heads approached the other and apparently whispered some soft nothings in its ear, 500 people laughed delightfully. But when the male face suddenly imprinted a swift salute on the feminine face everybody was shocked. A second or two later the male face suddenly dropped from sight, and a hand arose and smote downward after him. At this the spectators howled with joy.

"Did you see her slap him?" they cried.

"Yes, and served him right."

A little later the male face cautiously arose, but each dummy kept as far from the other as possible. The audience understood it all. They had quarreled.

How much longer the funny man would have fooled the spectators is hard to tell, but a half dozen young fellows who happened to be in a higher story of a building opposite, where they could look into the room where the show was going on, emitted howls of delight that soon told the performer he was unmasked.

Whereupon he folded up his paraphernalia and hastily stole away.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Unpopular Clubhouse.

—Ainslie's Magazine.

That Boy Has Business Sense.

A New York leather dealer has a cottage on the Long Island shore. His son, who is still in school, always likes to go there in summer. Recently his mother declared she would not go there this summer for fear of bombardment.

"Oh," said the boy, "the Spaniards are not rich enough to fire a $1,000 shot at a $100 house."—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A Charmer.

"I have fallen hopelessly in love with her," sighed the strong man of the museum.

"No wonder," responded the jealous woman with the iron jaw and in withering tone. "I have always asserted that she is the only genuine snake charmer I ever saw."—Detroit Free Press.

She Was Surprised.

Mrs. Huntley—It must have been annoying to have had to appear in court. What did you do when they asked you to give your age?

Mrs. Dustleigh—Why, I gave it, of course, 31.

"My goodness! And didn't they fine you for contempt?"—Chicago News.

His Safe Custom.

Bing—Yes, that's old Spriggings. Half a dozen doctors have given him up at various times during his life.

Wing—What was the trouble with him?

"He wouldn't pay his bills."—Boston Traveler.

Articles Made of Eelskin.

An eelskin leather factory is situated in a quiet street in the neighborhood of London bridge. Here are prepared and manufactured various articles from the skin of the common eel. The skins are manipulated by numerous complicated processes until they resemble and would easily be taken for leather, although of a more glutinous and pliable nature. This strange commodity is cut into long, thin strips and plaited very closely together for whiplashes and to cover portions of the handles of more expensive whips. Certain kinds of lashes and harness laces are also made of eelskin. This leather is almost indispensable in articles of this description, where flexibility allied with an uncommon toughness is desired.—Invention.

SELECTIONS

HERMIT AND HORSE.

An Illinois Character Fastens Himself to a Plow and Turns Up the Soil.

Congressman Robert R. Hitt, chairman of the house committee on foreign affairs and who represents the ninth Illinois district, occasionally receives a letter from a queer old constituent who resides on an island in the Mississippi river. The land is in Illinois, though it is cut off from the mainland by a slough which the swift current has cut through the soil of Jo Daviess county.

This old man, now in his seventy-third year, has resided on the island 27 years. He is a hermit of the most eccentric character, living entirely alone and away from sight or sound of any other human being. He is completely isolated, his rude hut being hidden in a network of willow brush and wild grapevines. His hut cannot be reached without the aid of a boat and a guide, who must find his way through a maze of sloughs which wind around in a thousand acres of lowlands. The old man is disturbed only by high water which has three times invaded his abode and washed him off the island. He would like to have Mr. Hitt induce Uncle Sam to build a dam across the lowland to protect his little farm on the island.

The old man is named Gottlieb Leitsof. He was born in the province of Pomerania, Prussia, 73 years ago. He comes from a family of warriors. Two of his sons distinguished themselves in the war with Austria in 1866 and again in the Franco-Prussian conflict in 1870. He says he has written his congressman that if any help is needed to whip the dons he will emerge from his home in the brush and take a willing hand.

Leitsof cooks, eats and sleeps in a little room ten feet square. It is a part of a hut which he built with his own hands. He has a flock of chickens, a cow and two cats. He farms the land without the aid of man or beast. He has constructed a queer plow after his own odd ideas. It is made from the forked branch of a tree. The forks serve as handles and thills. The odd feature about the contrivance is that the share points backward.

The aged Prussian harnesses his own body and hitches himself to this plow. His harness fits over his back and around his waist. He couples on to the share by means of a wire reaching from his harness. Then he stands between the thills, which he takes hold of with his hands. He walks backward like a horse in its breeching. The share takes hold in the soft soil and plows a furrow four inches deep. This is all that is necessary in such rich land.

In this manner he has broken up many acres. He raises enough stuff to support him and keep his stock. His taxes are always promptly paid. In his old age he performs all kinds of hard work without experiencing any deleterious results. He takes a turn at hunting and fishing, is a good shot and a lucky angler.—Philadelphia Press.

A Grateful Man.

"Say, come in here and let me buy you a cigar."

"Why, what's happened? Got another baby out at your house?"

"No, but you're the first fellow I've met for three weeks who hasn't asked me if I was getting ready to go to war."—Cleveland Leader.

Counting the Chickens.

First Citizen—Your congressman seems to be an enthusiastic advocate of war.

Second Citizen—Oh, yes. He thinks of introducing a bill making the anniversary of the capture of Havana a legal holiday.—New York Truth.

Torpedoes In the War of 1812.

I have in my possession an old book of the bound copies of a weekly sheet published during the war of 1812 and called The War. While reading it over I found the following description of the defenses of New York at that time. It may interest your readers:

"Defense of New York.—A line of torpedoes, intended, if necessary, to stretch across the Narrows, are completed and can at 12 hours' notice be placed to blow up most, if not all, vessels attempting to pass Forts Richmond and Hudson. The forts on each side of the Narrows mount upward of 100 heavy cannon, with the necessary apparatus for heating shot. These, together with the numerous other forts in the harbor, it is supposed, will render this city perfectly safe from any attempt of the enemy."

This account is found printed under the issue of Thursday morning, July 27, 1813.—Boston Transcript.

Greatest Electric Light.

Fort Monroe will soon possess the greatest electric searchlight in the world. It will guard the entrance to the Chesapeake and has a beam of light nine feet in diameter. The light is so blinding that it cannot be looked on at short range, and it even hurts the eyes when they are closed. It will illuminate an object 100 miles off and can be seen on the clouds at even a greater distance.—Boston Globe.

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M. Whitney, Editor.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 29th, 1898

So Britain and France are putting on their war paint. We hope there will be no blood shed; still it won't do to be bulldosed out of our rights by fear of war.

Glame, food, exercise and cheerfulness are the four essentials for health as laid down in a popular work. We don't understand what is meant by glame, but have no difficulty in endorsing the last three mentioned things, which ordinarily should answer the purpose.

From Winnipeg the wires flash: "Awful weather!" In far off Havana the streets are said to have the appearance of rivers. Fortunately we have only wet weather at the worst, we are too near the gulf to have any floods. The weather is disagreeable at times, but is never very bad, and as a general thing it may be said to average up pretty well with the most favored conditioned climate. It isn't all nice anywhere. There are some drawbacks everywhere.

PANTHER ADVENTURE.

It was the 18th of October 1898 that J. Knight, above Oyster River, and one Wm. West, a lad of about 12 years, and a dog went out hunting to Willow Point. In some way they got separated, the dog and young West going in one direction, and Knight in another. West stopped under a big tree, the dog at his heels, and a rustling sound caused the lad to look up. Above his head, upon a large limb, sat a huge panther, his eyes gleaming like coal of fire. In another instant it dropped down upon the back of the dog which in a twinkling was borne out of sight. The boy dropped his gun, hat, etc., and ran for dear life. Knight afterwards, accompanied by the youngster, went back in a vain endeavor to get the gun, but neither that nor the dog has ever since been seen.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

John Mahrer of Mahrer & Co., was up Wednesday.

Mr. Bloomingdale paid the town a visit this week.

A. Dick, Inspector of Mines, was up Wednesday, returning Friday morning.

W. E. Norris, secretary of the Union Brewery Co., was up on a business trip this week.

WANTED—A tenant for the corner shop, next City Hall. Enquir at NEWS Office.

The outlines of the new school building with its tower, is first seen as one approaches the town.

James Dunsmuir, M.P.P., arrived Wednesday on the tug Pilot, and remained over Thursday.

T. Nelson of Denman sland has purchased a small steamboat for the accommodation of the public.

Judge Harrison held court here on Thursday. The business was slim which speaks well for the district.

FOR SALE.—A thoroughbred Holstein bull. Enquire of BYRON CRAWFORD, Comox.

Mrs. Horace Smith of Black Creek left yesterday morning for Vancouver, for a visit to her daughter for a few weeks.

Rev. Wm. Meikle, the evangelist, did not reach here as was expected last Wednesday. It was quite a disappointment to many.

Don't forget to attend the FREE Musical and Presentation Entertainment at Cumberland Hall to-night.

Educate a boy and you get an intelligent man. Educate a girl and you get an intelligent family.—Indiana Journal of Education.

Mr. Geo. Stevens of the Water-Works Co., is superintending the work at the Courtenay House, Mr. Lewis's and Mr. Cairns'.

THE DELINEATOR for November maintains its usual standard of excellence. This is a publication that few ladies would wish to do without.

There was a fair attendance last Tuesday at the auction sale of Charles Bridges'. The cows went off quickly, and seemed to be about the only property sought after.

Word comes from the north that John Williams has located a very valuable claim. Mr. Williams was an experienced miner and was expected to do something of the kind.

FOUND.—Three new curtains were found on the road to Courtenay about three weeks ago, and have now been left at this office awaiting a call from the owner, who can have same upon paying for this notice.

Everybody that goes to Cumberland Hall to-night will be highly entertained with Songs, Instrumental Music and Stories.

A. H. Peacey our popular young pharmacist left on the Tepic Tuesday for Nanaimo, where he will be married to-day (Saturday) to Miss Powell of that city. Miss Powell has late been with C. Stevenson & Co., as book-keeper and is a most popular and accomplished young lady.

The Courtenay House, under the management of A. H. McCallum, appears to be prospering. It is now being fitted up with modern improvements—pure mountain water, hot and cold, and good drainage. A watering trough is being provided for horses, and acetyline gas is talked of for light.

We have received a copy of the souvenir edition of the Vancouver Daily Province, with the compliments of the Toronto Type Foundry Co., Ltd. It is descriptive and illustrative of the Terminal City and is artistically gotten up. One rises from its perusal with a feeling that this "bright young Queen of the West" is indeed, destined to a great future.

A visit to the farm of Wm. Lewis this week was rewarded with the sight which shows that enterprise is not lacking in the Comox valley. Pure spring water is conveyed in pipes from the hills to the north about 40 chains. The height is such as to give a pressure, providing power for the separator, churns, etc. Water is conveyed into the sink and all rooms desired, and the overflow conducted to a trough by the fence for the use of domestic animals. It is the intention to connect the same system with the barn.

The Local Paper.

Have You Any Idea of What it has Done for You?

And, as to What you Might Do in Return, Have You Ever Given That a Passing Thought?—An Editor's Interesting Review of the Subject.

The paper has done 50 things for you and is only anxious to do 50 more.

It told your friends when your parents were married.

It announced to the world when you were born.

It recorded the great events of your childhood, when you were lost as a wandering baby, when you had the measles and scarlet fever, when you fell into the washtub and nearly drowned, when you fell from the cherry tree and broke your collar bone, when you first started to school and when you earned your first prize.

Later on it told you how you had completed the studies of the district school and how eloquently you recited your graduating oration.

It told of your entering high school or academy. It told of your contests in baseball and tennis. It told of your departure for college or your first venture in business.

It told of your various visits back to the old home neighborhood, and it always wished you well in your greatest undertakings.

It hinted modestly about the first time you went a courting and gave timely warning to "her folks" that the neighbors knew that matters were growing interesting over their way.

It announced the time of your expected wedding, and it published the notice of the marriage license and gave you a nice puff concerning the wedding ceremony.

It told of your extended honeymoon tour and of your settling down to housekeeping.

When you were sick, the home paper week by week informed your more distant neighbors of your lapses and improvements.

It told about your lost cow and led to her recovery. It told how your horse had been stolen and led to the arrest of the thief.

When you were getting dull and tired through the monotony of your labor, the paper urged that the people get up a celebration, and you were named as one of a suitable committee on arrangements. And when it was all over, it gave you just praise for the success of the undertaking.

In numerous ways the paper has helped to put your name before the people. And you would never have had your lucrative office or your honorable recognition from the community but for the kind aid of the local paper.

If you are a member of a Sunday school or society of any sort, that same paper publishes your announcements and the various proceedings of your meetings.

It tells the people much which you would like to have known, but which modesty or necessity prevents you from telling.

If you and all your folks have been prosperous and fortunate in your affairs, the paper has boosted you all the way. If you have have had misfortune, the paper asked for sympathy in your behalf.

Thus the paper has rejoiced when you rejoiced and wept whith you. If you are a good and enterprising citizen, the paper will always be your friend and will back you in your enterprises and will help to find your business friends.

It tells you where to buy and where to sell. It tells of rogues to be avoided.

It tells you of current prices and prevents you from being cheated and swindled in 100 ways.

Finally, when you die, the paper will publish your obituary and will cover up your faults and will recite the story of your good deeds.

All these things the local editor will cause his paper to do, but no one else in the world will do them or can do them for you even for love or money. The outside paper is a stranger to your little world and is not at all interested in its improvement. Yet your local paper does all this free of cost to you, if you are willing to receive it that way. However, for your sake, we hope you are too generous to accept so many unrequited favors and that you are willing to reciprocate the same.

Help the editor. Be his friend, and he will prove his friendship to you.

Subscribe for his paper and pay for it regularly in advance and get your neighbors to do the same.

Send him the news or occasionally a watermelon or a peck of peaches.

Invite him to your picnics and family dinners, so that he can get a square meal occasionally.

Don't call the ticket you give him to the church concert a deadhead. He can't buy tickets from everybody to everything, but he will say kind words of your performances and thus lead others to buy your tickets.

If you have anything to buy or sell, let the paper assist you to find customers. Advertising that really pays the printer benefits both advertisers and readers.

If you have any job printing to do, don't take it to an outside office, but give your newspaper the first chance.

Give the editor a pointer occasionally or write him sensible short articles and don't get mad if he fails to see everything your way. When he does say a good thing, tell him so.

In short, remember the golden rule and don't forget the editor of your local paper.—Richmond (Ind.) Enterprise.

Ball.

At Comox, on Thursday evening, Nov., 3rd, at K. of P. Hall, there will be a dance, refreshments will be served—good music. Admission for lady and gentleman, 50 cents

NOTICE.

Dr. Lawrence, treasurer of Flower, Fruit, Vegetable and Pet Animal Show, held at Cumberland August 4th, having returned from his trip east, is now ready to pay all prizes awarded at said exhibition.

All persons not calling for same within the next 30 days from the date hereof will be deemed to have donated the same to the Society

M. WHITNEY
Secretary.

Oct. 4, 1898.

Society Cards

Cumberland Lodge, A. F. & A. M., B. C. R.
UNION, B. C.

Lodge meets first Friday in each month. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.

R. LAWRENCE, Sec.

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 8 o'clock p. m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.

JOHN COMBE, 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

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.

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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.

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Simon Leiser, Sole Local Agent.