Semi-Weekly Edition.

The News.

SIXTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY SEPT. 10th, 1898.

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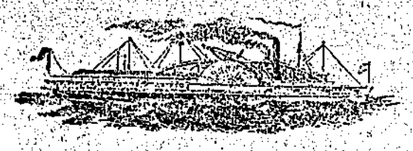

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THE INQUEST.

EXPERT TESTIMONY.

George McLaughlan duly sworn; My name is George McLaughlin; I reside at Union Wharf; I am in employment of the Union Colliery Co.; I have been in their employ since the fall of 1893, except for a few months since. I am a bridge carpenter and a house carpenter. I have worked on bridges prior to coming to Union on the C.P.R., and Manitoba and Southwestern Ry., the Great North Central Ry. I have been on their bridges sometimes as foreman and sometimes by the day. I have been contractor for trustles, but have acted as foreman in building spans. I have been at the work about sixteen years. I have been employed on 74 ft. spans, 54 ft. spans, pretty much on the same principle as the Howe truss. I have never acted as inspector of bridges, except this one here. I was ordered to make an inspection, to have a look over the Trent river bridge in the summer of 1895. My instructions were to look over it and see if it required much repairing. I looked over it. I went with Mr Little and made an examination. I bored holes through the timber near the cut off; the cut off is the bottom or top of the post. I can't tell how many holes I bored. The examination I made at that time was at the bottom, the foundation of the piers, and the rest of the bridge. I did not examine the span by testing it by boring, but looked over to see if the truss rods needed tightening up; I only looked at the brace beams, I did not test them. The wood I bored I did not find it rotten, but a little here and there, which had to be replaced. Since that time in the summer of 1896 I inspected the whole construction; examined the top and bottom chords of the span and the braces. I tested the chords of the bridge by boring them; I don't know how many holes I bored then; I I did not mark them down. I gave Mr. Little some of the borings. There was a little rot showing in the borings. I made my borings in different parts of the wood, particularly near the castings and the key block. I found no traces of rot near all these borings. Just in odd places, in both lower and upper chords there was very little rot; some places, 1 inch or perhaps 1½ inches rot near the end of a top chord; one place there was about four inches rot, some places in the bottom chord as well. The brace beams were not in as good condition as the chords. I recommended that the brace beams be replaced, but not quiet finished that summer. I did not recommend that new chords be put in. I gave a verbal report on the chords, I described how they were; I told the depth of rot and said I found the span the best timber in the whole structure; I reported to Mr. Little; gave the borings to Mr. Little, showing the rot. Mr. Little was down there one day and we talked the thing over, and we came to the conclusion that it would be better to abandon it after one more summer—the whole structure. In '96 there was over 50 feet timber put in the foundation of the trestle work and piers, but the only new timbers put in the span were the brace beams and four cross ties near the centre of the span; these cross ties near the centre of the span; these cross ties would not increase the strength of the span, that is the extent of the work done in '96. Some of the brace beams were put in in '97. An examination of the stringers and caps were bored in 1897 of the trestle; we found rot there in some places; the posts were replaced where we found rot. We did not examine the beams or chords in '97. The spans have not been screwed up since October 1897. We have never repaired the chords. I think it was in September or October '96 that we made the examination; have not done any work on the span since. Any work that would be done on the bridge while I was here would be done by me. I was up there once with Mr. Work since I came back. I did not think any work had been done while I was away. I was on the bridge on the 16th of June with Mr. Work; that was the last time I was on it. Mr. Work asked me to come up. We looked over the bridge and the span; we did not make any borings, we just examined it to see if everything was all right. We looked at the span to see if it was in good shape. We did not get on the bottom chords. I often watched the span when they we coming over with the train. We could form an idea by watching the train go over whether the span was sound or not. I could form an opinion whether it was safe or not because it had no difficulty in carrying its load. I could tell by the deflection in the chords; if the chords were rotten at the castings they would squash the peices; if the chords were so rotten that it would not carry its load you would see the bridge go down in the centre. I have examined this place since the wreck; I have been in charge of a gang of men working there since the wreck; I have not measured the gap. The bridge is about 85 feet from the section at the pier to the top of the tie; it is 95 feet from the top of the rail to the bottom of the creek; the span is 133 feet 8 inches. The part of the bridge, that is gone, consists of the span and the bent of the trestle; the length of the span from end to end of the chord is 133 feet 8 inches; the the length of the two bents gone are 30 feet. I found the posts in the creek after the accident. I couldn't find the whole of the chords; parts of it are buried under coal; I found the ends next to the wharf. I measured the length of the peice of chord that I found, it was left top cord 58 feet 7 inches—piece broke off same chord 16 feet 6 inches long; there was a fracture in the same chord 13 feet 6th inch measuring from the wharf end of chord. The 1st fracture was caused by falling on the bed of the creek. The right bottom chord is 55 feet long. These chords were fractured at the end nearing the centre of the bride. These measurements would indicate that the bridge broke near the centre of the span. I made these measurements on the second day after the accident, on Friday. We cut the chords up and piled them. I marked on the full chord so I can tell them again. I can tell by seeing any of those pieces where they came from.

I identify "Exhibit H" as the right bottom chord, four parellels from end next wharf. I identify "Exhibit I" as being part sawn off of "Exhibit H." Exhibit H is the end of the broken chord towards the centre of the span the fracture in the fourth parallel from the end. The hole bored for the purpose of testing the soundness of the chord. The hole was bored in '96 by men under my charge; the borings indicate the condition of the wood and should indicate if the wood was rotten. "Exhibit I" is a cross tie; "Exhibit K" is left top chord between the 2nd and 3rd parallel; "Exhibit M" I can't tell where it came from; it consists of four peices; "Exhibit L" has a little sign of rotteness, but not at the principal points of the span. The rotteness had nothing to do with the break; the break I call sound wood; I would not put that kind of timber in a new bridge. The main pressure is the point where the castings are. If there was sufficient rotten wood at this point the strain would crush it through; nearly all the bearings I have examined are sound. The break in "Exhibit H" is 5 feet from the truss rods in parallel, four The witness explained from "Exhibit C" the construction of bridge the spans consist of top and bottom chord on each side and the main braces, counter braces, truss rods, and lateral sbraces, top and bottom, the vertical braces run through the span, lateral rods through ..... (?) the main braces meet in the centre and run each way; the counter braces run reverse; the counter braces are smaller; the truss rods are perpendicular six for each parallel, three on each side; the truss rods varying in size all the way through; the same in two centre parallels, they are 1¼ inches; the next set got ¼ inch larger for each parallel towards the end. If a weight was on the centre of the bridge, the weight would be carried towards the end by the truss rods and main braces. The strain on the bottom chords is lengthwise and a pressure downward has a tendency to stretch the bottom chord; the pressure on the top chords is the reverse; the most important chord is the bottom one. If the weight became too great on the top chord so as to break it, there would be a tendency to thrust the ends of the lower chords against the trestle on either end of the span. The trestle at the wharf end of the trestle shows signs of having been thrust back in a direction parallel with the track. At the pier there are some of the uprights cracked. At the Cumberland end of the trestle part of the rail was left hanging about a rail length. There was also some of the rail length on the right side facing Cumberland A rail is about 30 feet long. That would be another indication that the break was about the fourth parallel of the bridge. The long length of chords were found lying at right angles of the track the broken ends were lying up stream near the pier. Photograph produced marked "Exhibit N." I recognize that as a scene of the wreck. From examination of the chords show they fell on broken ends. My idea of the break is the span would never break with fair play; the chord shows a mark on the pier up stream side more than the other which indicates the span steared up stream. When it fell to the ground it landed up stream five feet past its plumb, where it was sitting. I don't think it would happen without some concussion on top or foul play. I don't think the rotten wood at those fractures had anything to do with the break. I don't consider the bridge with the timbers rotting that way was just as strong as when put up. I know the borings tally with the wood that is cut up. I saw break in exhibit H and I know before that there is as much rotteness as there appears to be. I reported the borings just as they were to Mr. Little. I have not seen any fracture any more than that some of the beams of some of the other chords at the point of fracture were a little rotten wood had anything to do with causing the accident. I found the chords all sound where I sawed through at the principal point of the span; there is some rotten wood at places where it does not naturally interfere with the strength of the span at all. The life of a wooden bridge I consider between seven and eight years. On the C. P. R. Ry., in this province they replace their bridges about every ten or eleven years by keeping them repaired. I think they would allow chords in a span of this size ten or eleven years, even if they knew it was as bad as this is.

Cross-examined by Mr. Pooley.—The first time I examined the bridge was in Aug. '95; about that time I ordered timber for the foundation somewhere about 700 feet that year; at that time I looked over the span and found it wanted screwing up and I screwed it up. I again examined in Sept. or Oct. '96. About that time there was 5000 feet timber ordered for foundations—all this timber was put in. I then examined the whole bridge from one end to the other. The span was repaired then, but not quiet finished. I finished repairing the span in Oct. 97. I considered the span and approaches in thoroughly good order. I reported to Mr. Little in '96 that they were in good order. I reported to Mr. Little then that the bridge would be good, I said until the summer of 1899. After the bridge was finished in Oct. '97 I took observations to see what effect loaded trains would have going over. I watched with a full load of cars going over. Mr. Jas. Work was with me. In December '97 we took the observation by a block on each end of the span and another one in the centre. These blocks were not the same weight; I sighted on one side and Mr. Work on the other. The side—I sighted on left of the block in the centre ⅛ of an inch higher than the two end ones, and ordered the loaded trains to come over slowly, and the block in the centre came in line with the other two and that showed me that the deflection in the centre of the bridge was ⅛ of an inch. Shortly after that I went to Alaska and did not return until the biggining of June '98. I don't know what hapdened between that time. I went over it again with Mr. Jas. Work on the 16th of June of this year. We both looked at it throughly; went on the upper chords but not the lower ones, and we went on the trestles; we gave them a pretty good general examination. We formed the opinion there was nothing wrong about the span or approaches. In my examination of the bridge would not have broken with fair play. It appears to be a little deflected both ways.

Examined by Mr. Barker.—If one of the chords broke before the other it might cause a certain amount of latteral thrust, there is no curve on the span. If I stated in my examination in chief that as a result of my examining the bridge we came to the conclusion that we would abandon the bridge after one more season, this statement is a mistake. I now wish to correct that statement I found two truss rods together broken, and another short piece. All these truss rods as far as I know were from the same parallel. These broken rods are an inch and a quarter. The way they were found, they would indicate that they came

(Continued on page 4.)

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LOVE.

I love thee not alone for what thou art,
But for a glory which is shed on thee;
Not only for thy body packed with sweet
Of all this world, that cup of violet wine,
That mortal rose sweet in the night of life,
That blossom by the early rain brought on,
Nor for that stirring bosom, all besieged
By drowsing lovers, nor thy perilous hair,
Nor for that face that might indeed provoke
Invasion of high cities, nor thy brow,
Pale as a moon that on the summer steals,
Nor for thy freshness breathing like strange sleep;
Not for this only do I love thee, but
Because infinity upon thee broods,
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;
Thy face remembered is from other stars.
It has been sung of, though I know not when;
It has been died for, though I know not where;
It has the strangeness of the luring west
And of sad sea horizons. Beside thee
I am aware of many times and lands,
Of birth far back, of lives in many orbs.
Oh, beauty, lone and like a candle clear
In this dim country of the world! Oh, light,
Oh, sudden taper lit in faroff dark,
A silent beam to the uncertain soul!
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long and yearned up the cliffs to tell.
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not—
The lovely secret of the swooning breeze.

—Stephen Phillips in Spectator.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

"You mean that you wish me to release you from your promise—to give you back what you are pleased to call your freedom?"

"There's no need for you to take it like that, Betty. You know it has been very pleasant, but"—

"But it cannot last? I see. It seems a pity you didn't think of that sooner."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I thought of it some weeks ago, but I was under the impression that you—well, that you had money, you know, and"—

But Leonard Bryng quailed before the flashing scorn of the blue eyes.

"Go on," said the girl coldly. "Please finish."

He wasn't gifted with a very keen intelligence, this debonair young curate, so he went on, blundering, to his doom.

"Well, you see, if there had been money in the case my brother couldn't have objected. We should be independent of his allowance; but, considering that he's an old bachelor and never likely to marry, he naturally looks to me to—well, to place a suitable woman at the head of the family, you know. No doubt if she had money he would overlook the lack of birth and position, but"—

"Stop!" cried Betty fiercely. "You ask me to marry you; then, because you see in me a penniless girl, with neither father nor brother to avenge the wrong, you not only break your given word and talk about freedom, but you add insult to injury and tell me that if I had sufficient money to pay your price you would have condescended to marry me. Go!" she cried. "I will not hear another word! I thank heaven I know you as you are! And you, coward that you are, will know when you stand in the pulpit that there is at least one woman in the world who knows that you dare not preach as you practice! Don't speak to me again! I will not hear another word!"

Rev. Leonard turned away with a sheepish expression on his handsome face.

"What a little fiend she is," he muttered; "a perfect little vixen, for all her pretty face! Who'd ever have thought she could go on like that? And I thought her so sweet and gentle too!"

Betty stood with her little quivering form drawn to its full height in a very paroxysm of passion and wounded love till he was out of sight. Then she flung herself on the ground and gave way to a storm of grief.

They had been engaged three months, and Betty had thought him perfect in spite of the fact that he insisted on keeping their engagement secret. They must wait, he declared, till his elder brother returned from abroad; to tell him by letter would spoil all. Raymond was such an old bachelor he would have no sympathy with lovers' hopes. So Betty waited. There was no one to be humored or deceived by her, but Betty had her secret.

In six months she would be 18 and would come into her estate. In the meantime she was too old to stay at school. Her guardian was crusty and took little trouble. Betty didn't care for society, so she was sent to rusticate with her old nurse and foster mother till the time arrived for the king to enjoy his own.

Often the child had pictured to herself how Leonard would tell her his brother had refused his consent, that there was nothing before them but poverty, which he dared not let her share, and yet he could not give her up. How the clouds would lift and his dear eyes brighten when she told him that soon she would have a thousand a year of her own! It was sweet to think that he knew her only as Betty, Mrs. Brown's niece. She had always called the old woman "Auntie," and he never suspected she was an heiress in her own right and no relative of her humble friend.

But a day had come when Leonard met her in the primrose glen and told her of his brother's return, and instead of telling him of their engagement he had asked Betty to give him back his freedom. It wouldn't be "honorable" to ask any girl to share his poverty, and the squire would never consent to marriage with a farmer's niece.

"The man who asks a woman to share his riches has some love for her; the man who asks her to share his poverty has more."

The words flitted through Betty's mind before she took in the full force of Leonard's words and recognized the great, unpardonable insult he offered her. Then, as the truth was driven home, she forgot all else in the blinding pain of a woman scorned.

"Is anything the matter? My child, are you hurt?"

Betty raised her tear stained face and met the glance of two steadfast brown eyes; then the speaker swung himself from the saddle and led his horse across the mossy sward to where she lay. With a stifled sob the girl sprang to her feet, but her bosom was heaving, her breath coming in gasps, and she couldn't speak—nay, she could scarcely stand—and the stranger slipped a strong arm round her for support.

"You have had an accident. No?" as she shook her head. "Then you've had bad news? Ah, when we're young, troubles are apt to feel very heavy, and clouds look very black."

Betty freed herself from the protecting arm and leaned against the horse's shining coat, her white fingers playing idly with the pommel of the saddle.

"You will think me very foolish," she said. "I've had no accident, no bad news—at least"—

"Only a lovers' quarrel, that will come right in the morning?"

"It will never come right," the girl said quickly, impelled by a sudden impulse; then, checking herself: "But you are too kind to trouble about me. I must not detain you, sir."

"I will see you out of the wood, at any rate," he returned kindly. Then together they strolled toward the farm.

There was a pleasant feeling of curiosity in the stranger's mind as to who the pretty child was. As she paused at the white gate it suddenly flashed across him. It couldn't be! He had just been at the farm. This couldn't possibly be the little niece Mrs. Brown had talked about in a rambling, mysterious way? This dainty girl, with her supple figure and gracefully poised head, could never be that woman's relative? But Betty had opened the gate while he meditated, and, with a shyly murmured "Thank you," she was gone.

And the squire—for he it was—rode slowly homeward, thinking, trying to recall what good Mrs. Brown had said about young folks and flirtation, how folks wasn't always as poor as they seemed and how it was good for parsons to marry young and settle down with a wife and family round them. She couldn't have meant to imply anything about his brother and—no! to speak of that pretty childish thing in the same breath as anything so prosaic as a "wife and family" was too absurd.

The idea annoyed the squire in a most unreasonable manner. "Wife and family!" How these folk did talk, to be sure! He must ask Leonard. And later he did drop hints on the subject, but his brother most emphatically averred that he hadn't yet seen the woman on whom he would bestow his hand and heart.

Of course it had been the squire's mistake—he shouldn't have jumped to conclusions, but Mrs. Brown's hints and Betty's tears had got mixed in his mind, and he had fancied his brother responsible for one or both. It was a relief to think that Leonard was free.

After that the squire called often at Mrs. Brown's. She was one of the best tenants—there might be repairs needed at the farm.

Always Betty was there, either helping to make sweet butter, collecting eggs or feeding little fluffy chickens, and one day the squire pulled up his horse at the home paddock and watched.

Old Farmer Brown had been breaking in a colt, and there was Betty, seated on its back, her pretty face flushed with excitement. Then the farmer let go the leading rein, and Betty cantered triumphantly round the field.

"Bravo!" At the squire's voice the girl looked up. She was just about to leave the saddle, and her hold on the high spirited little animal's head was relaxed. With a start it reared, then bolted. Betty tried in vain to regain her seat. She fell, her foot caught in the stirrup, and the colt started at a mad gallop round the paddock.

"Good God!" The squire sprang over the low wall, and in a moment the recreant little steed was brought to a stand and the fainting girl was in his arms. Kneeling down by the brook close by, they bathed her face and hands, and soon the blue eyes opened.

"It was all my fault!" the squire groaned. "I was a fool to shout like that. You—you might have been killed."

"Nay, nay, sir; don't take on. There's no harm done," said Farmer Brown good naturedly. "The lass is no worse. Are you, Betty, child? I'll just catch Rob Roy before he does further mischief; then I'll help Betty up home."

Betty was still resting against the squire's rough sleeve. She felt dazed and queer, but very comfortable, and the squire kept chafing her little cold hands in his own warm clasp.

"You might have been killed!" he repeated hoarsely. "Betty, do you know if you had died the light of my life would have gone out? Oh, childie, could you ever accept an old man's love? I am old enough to be your father, but I love you more than all the world beside!"

"So you have money after all, it seems! Raymond has done well for himself. You won't tell him we were ever engaged?"

"I shall tell him some day that you asked me to marry you," said Betty proudly. "But I will not betray you. Don't be afraid, I know how to be generous. And Raymond trusts me. He will not press the matter."

"Well, you can afford to be generous, I suppose," Leonard answered sullenly. "You've not come off badly after all. You see, you and I might have had to wait years for the property."

"Oh, how dare you speak like that!" she cried. "Is all honor dead within you? But you are going away. After this we need not meet again till"—

"Till you are married. Well, you can afford to despise me now, Betty."

"Your one cry is 'Afford, afford!'" she said. "But the girl who is loved as I am loved can 'afford' a good deal. Even a woman scorned can 'afford' to be generous to the man she thought she loved when real love comes and conquers all."

* * * * * * *

It was nearly a year after their wedding, and Betty and the squire stood among the primroses where he had first found her, and she told him the story of why she cried that day.

"And you've never cried for him since, Betty?"

"Never, Raymond. Those were my first and last tears for a false lover, and I have never regretted that day."

"Regretted it!" The squire drew her close and kissed her sweet lips almost reverently. "It was the happiest day of my life," he said, "for it brought me you."—Answers.

TWO PATIENTS.

The Story of a Young Physician and the Moral Thereof.

A young physician living in another city was once called to see a patient at a time when he was himself in a state of moral crisis. He had been present two days before at a consultation on the case of an eminent citizen, and the doctors had disagreed. By all of his own study and experience he was absolutely convinced that a certain operation desired by two of his colleagues in consultation would result in the death of the patient. The fourth physician believed as he did, but when he spoke it was to assent to the opinions of the two elder men, in the hope that their wisdom was assured and that the man's life might be saved. The old doctors had their way. The patient died next day under the hand of the skilled younger man, whose conscience promptly entered into revolt of his whole nature against his own individual relation to the conditions of his profession. After a sleepless night he was called to the bedside of a second well known citizen, a man suffering from "Americanitis"—crushing overwork—whose system was a little shaken up by a fall from a bicycle and who had a slight feverish cold attended by an inability to hold up his head. The young doctor, being, as we have said, in a state of moral crisis, said to the patient: "In bed? That's good. Stay there for a week. Don't eat anything if you can possibly help it. Drink plenty of cold water. Forget business." To the patient's wife he said: "He's all right. It's time he had a rest. Be sure there is *plenty of fresh air* in the room night and day. Don't let any one talk business to him for a week." He went away without giving a tablet or leaving a prescription. And next day he decided to quit the profession, so that when he heard later how horrified people were to learn that Mr. A. had died under his hand and that he had told Mr. B. that nothing ailed him he only smiled grimly and said nothing. He is now a very rich man, but he made his money buying and selling a very commonplace commodity.—Boston Transcript.

A MILITARY STRATEGIST.

General Washington and His Masterly Retreat From Long Island.

While the men labored on the intrenchments he quietly gathered boats, and seeing on the 29th that the British meant to come on his rear with their fleet he embarked his whole army that night and crossed successfully to New York. It was a masterly retreat. In the face of a strong enemy lying within gunshot, with a hostile fleet close at hand, he got 9,000 men into boats, ferried them across a broad stream with strong tides and currents and left behind only a few heavy guns. The wind was light and a thick mist helped to cover the movement. Washington, in the saddle and on foot for 48 hours, watched over everything and was the last to leave. As he followed his heavily laden boats through the kindly mist and darkness he must have felt a sense of profound relief, for he had grasped a fortunate chance and had rescued his army from an almost hopeless position. The Americans had been beaten in two heavy skirmishes, but the American army had escaped. It was possible to make the raw militia who had been defeated in their first open action into veterans, for they lacked nothing for becoming good soldiers but *experience*. But if the *only* American army in the field had been destroyed at the very outset of the contest, the Revolution would have been in great peril. Washington's one thought was to hold his army together and fight as often as he could; but, whatever happened, that army which he commanded must never be dissolved. He had fought in an impossible position, been beaten and saved his army from the brink of destruction, taking full advantage of the mistakes of his opponents. Now, on Manhattan Island, he faced the enemy once more, ready to fight again.—"The Story of the Revolution," by Senator H. C. Lodge, in Scribner's.

Buying a Home Without Cash.

"It is possible nowadays—quite easy, indeed—for the industrious wage earner, or person with small means or income, to own his home," writes Barton Cheyney on "Buying a House Without Cash" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "And he can do this either with a very small sum of money in hand or by some plans without ready cash. By these plans a home is purchased outright and cleared of debt in a comparatively short term of years, the purchaser paying a sum equivalent to a fair rent for the property. There are a number of methods by which such purchases may be made, that offered by the building and loan associations, endowment insurance, through instalment mortgages, etc. Of the many sources of borrowing money to pay for a home, it may be said that the building and loan associations are, in many respects, to be preferred by the borrower—perhaps not to the private individual; much, however, depends on the individual. As a rule, one can, I believe, borrow money much more advantageously on a mortgage from an individual than from almost any other source. This is especially the case where the applicant for a loan is known to be of correct habits and industrious."

Trifles That Cause Bravery.

On one of the streams in Yorkshire a man and a boy were seated in a boat fishing, when suddenly the boy lost his balance and fell overboard.

The man gallantly jumped into the water and rescued the little fellow.

"Bravo!" remarked a farmer standing near. "They ought to give you the Humane society's medal."

"An what for becos?" asked the old chap.

"For so nobly saving that poor lad's life at the risk of your own," replied the man.

"Now, look here, mister," he rejoined. "I don't want no praise w'ere no praise ain't doo. If you'd been me, you'd a-done just the same."

"Why?" said the farmer.

"Why? Why, 'cos the young imp had all the bait in his pockets, that's why—an a good why, too, mister."—Pearson's Weekly.

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

A thistle once grew near a lily,
A stately lily and fair,
And the wind swayed the one to the other,
And the spirit of love was there.

And unto the lily and thistle
A sweet little flower was born,
And the lily bent down to caress it,
And her finger was pricked by a thorn.

The blood that the pale, pure lily,
In the joy of her motherhood, shed
Gave the sweet little stranger its color,
Gave the rose its beautiful red.

The rose that unto the lily
And unto the thistle was born,
By the lily was given its beauty,
By the thistle was given its thorn.

—Cleveland Leader.

AN UNCLE'S CHOICE.

Mr. Theophilus Templeton leaned back very comfortably in his crimson leather, brass nail studded library chair, rested his elbows on the arms, brought his finger tips together and looked very benign and important.

"A rich man, eh? Well, yes, I am a rich man—what some people would call a very rich man—and the beauty of it is I made my fortune myself. When I started out for myself, a lad of 10—that's 50 years ago or more—I had all my worldly goods in a red handkerchief, slung on a stick over my shoulders. Today—I say it without boasting—there's not a finer line of steamships afloat than the Clytics, and I own 'em all—every blessed baker's dozen of 'em."

Fred Warrington listened respectfully—a handsome young fellow, with a wide awake, frank look in his blue eyes, and a general manly bearing about him that recommended him wherever he went, very especially to ladies.

"And yet, with all your wealth, your beautiful home, your kindly, affectionate nature, you have used all your life in accumulating riches. You have never married—never had a real, true home," he observed.

"That's the rankest kind of nonsense, my boy. I never married because I never yet saw the woman I wanted. But it's a good thing for a young fellow to settle down. I believe that, if I didn't practice it. I hope you'll marry early, Fred."

A little twinkle was in Warrington's handsome face.

"I agree with you there, sir, to a T. I think I shall marry early."

Mr. Templeton bestowed a satisfied look on him.

"All right, my dear boy. Marry early and marry to please me, and I'll remember you handsomely. I'll give you a country house to live in in summer time and the town residence for winter. I'll give you ten thousand a year income, and your wife shall have the handsomest diamonds Street's can collect."

Any one in the world would have thought Fred Warrington was transported to the seventh heaven of rapture at the bewildering prospect held out to him, but he merely looked a little graver as he bowed courteously.

"I know you are just as good and generous as it is possible for man to be, Uncle Phil, but"—

Fred hesitated in his speech, and a thoughtful frown gathered on his forehead.

Mr. Templeton looked the surprise he felt.

"'But!' Where can the 'but' be to such an offer as that? You've only to marry to please me. By Jupiter! Frederick, it isn't possible you're already in love?"

"Already and engaged to the sweetest and dearest little dar"—

Mr. Templeton remorselessly cut short the loverlike enthusiasm.

"Oh, of course, of course! But who is she? What is her name?"

"She is Miss Rossie Fleming, and she is a music teacher, and her eyes are"—

Mr. Templeton looked sternly across the library table.

"I don't care whether they are black or green, you can't marry her. I've picked out a wife for you, and the quicker you get clear of your music teacher the better."

Fred colored; then the look of wild eyed defiance Uncle Phil was acquainted with came into his eyes, making them deep and darkly blue.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said quietly, "but a fellow prefers to pick out his own wife. I have chosen Miss Fleming."

"The deuce you have! Well, then, let's hear what you have to say when I tell you the lady I have in my eye for my future niece is the most beautiful, cultured, refined girl who ever flashed into west end society. She's rich, too, and just the very daisy for you. A music teacher, indeed, when Beatrice Lovett is to be had for the asking!"

"Which doesn't raise her in my estimation," Fred avowed serenely.

"What!" Mr. Templeton said sternly. "Fred, you're a—a fool!"

And then Fred laughed, which had a most exasperating effect upon the old gentleman.

"I say you shall marry her, and I want you to put on your hat and go with me at once and be introduced to her. She's staying at Mrs. Saxony's. Come along, sir!"

Fred rose promptly.

"Certainly. I'll go and be presented to her, and I dare say there will be no reason why I shall not admire her immensely, but as for falling in love with Miss Lovett"—

He laughed and shrugged his broad shoulders, then put on his hat and went out with Mr. Templeton to meet the charming young lady intended for his destiny.

It was a beautiful little villa not far from Mr. Templeton's stately mansion, a little back from the parade, and it made a very pretty picture, with its white lace draperies floating in the stiff sea breeze, and the spray from the fountains blowing in a rainbow shower, and the gay striped awnings fluttering their scalloped borders in the July sunshine.

The liveried footman bowed his best and regretted to be obliged to inform the gentlemen that Mrs. Saxony was not in. A swift look of dismay on Mr. Templeton's face perhaps touched that functionary's tender heart, for he hastened to assure them that Miss Lovett was in the drawing room. Would they walk in?

But that Mr. Templeton declined doing, as he was not personally acquainted with Miss Lovett, at least not sufficiently acquainted with her to present himself. He had known her when she was a girl of 10 and had always been her father's most cherished friend, and had been in correspondence with Mr. Lovett when that gentleman died so suddenly in India, but all the same, with an old bachelor's characteristic shrinking from pretty young girls, he declined the invitation until Mrs. Saxony should be present.

"It's too bad—too bad!" he said as they went through the beautiful little park into which carriages were not admitted, and, impelled by an impulse he recognized afterward as fate, Mr. Templeton paused midway down the path and turned to look back at Mrs. Saxony's house.

"By Jove! There she is at the window—Miss Lovett! Isn't she a beauty? Isn't she sweet enough to turn any fellow topsy turvy? Look, Fred—there's the wife I picked out for you! Can your music teacher beat that?"

And Mr. Templeton seized his unoffending nephew by the sleeve and gesticulated emphatically toward the open window where a girl sat, beautiful indeed—marvelously beautiful, fair and dainty, with dark, lustrous hair braided on a proud little head, and straight, heavy dark brows that made the purity of her complexion still more dazzling. A rosebud of a mouth, a round, handsomely chiseled chin, a white dress, with creamy lace and a pink rose at her throat, made a picture fair enough to indeed have turned any man's senses "topsy turvy."

She did not raise her eyes from her book, and she was unconscious of their espionage or of Fred Warrington's transfixed gaze.

"So you're struck, eh? So you'll give the old man credit for having good taste, will you? You wouldn't mind having her for your wife after all, I suppose."

Fred drew a long breath, then quickly linked his arm in Mr. Templeton's and drew that gentleman away.

"She is the sweetest, most beautiful if ever saw. I'll marry her tomorrow if she'll have me," he said.

And how the old gentleman laughed.

"Music teacher notwithstanding, eh?" he said.

And then Fred laughed, and Mr. Templeton generously decided not to be too sarcastic on the poor boy.

Almost at the same moment a tall, lovely girl, several years older than the fairy in white by the window in Mrs. Saxony's drawing room, entered and went up to her.

"Absorbed in your book still, Rossie? It is time for my lesson, isn't it?"

And Rossie Fleming laid down her book, and for an hour she and Miss Beatrix Lovett devoted themselves to the music lesson, to be interrupted by a gentleman who had tribed the footman to permit him to enter the music room unannounced and to whom Rossie flew with a little shriek of delight.

"Fred, oh, Fred! How did you know I was in Brighton? I only came yesterday to assist Miss Lovett with her music. This is Miss Lovett, Fred—Mr. Warrington, Miss Lovett."

And before he had finished his very delightful call Mr. Warrington related to the ladies the mistake his uncle had made.

"And I am sure Miss Lovett will not blame me if I insist that I shall marry you, little Rossie, and the sooner the better, before Uncle Phil discovers his mistake."

And the next week there was a quiet wedding at the local registrar's office while Mr. Templeton was taking his snooze in his chair, with his handkerchief over his face, dreaming of the days when beautiful Miss Lovett would reign royally in his nephew's home.

At 8 o'clock the same night he was electrified by the receipt of a note from Fred.

"I have been and gone and done it, Uncle Phil," it said. "I promised you I would marry the lady you selected for me, and I shall present her to you in an hour. There's nothing like striking when the iron's hot, is there?"

And punctually on time Fred appeared, his bride on his arm, lovely as the morning, blushing like a rose, her blue eyes shining like stars, her sweet red mouth quivering as she looked wistfully up into Mr. Templeton's face when Fred presented her.

"We've quite stolen a march upon you, but this is my wife, Uncle Theophilus—Mrs. Fred Warrington, fast and sure."

"I'm astonished and dumfounded and delighted, my dear. However did you do it, Fred?"

But before Fred could make the explanation he deemed incumbent a servant announced a lady, who came sweeping in in garments of deep purple velvet—a girl with starry eyes and hair as golden as sunshine.

"Miss Beatrice Lovett!" said the servant.

And then—well, the scene is indescribable, but with two lovely women beseeching him to forgive, and the pansy purple eyes making him feel the queerest around his heart he ever had felt, somehow—he never knew how—Theophilus Templeton simmered quietly down and accepted the situation with the best grace at his command until six months afterward, when he triumphantly announced to his nephew that the luckiest day of his life had been when he mistook Rossie for Miss Lovett.

"For since you wouldn't have her for your wife you shall have her for your aunt and help yourself if you can!"

But as no one was at all anxious to help it Mr. Templeton married his beautiful young wife, and it is a question who of the quartet is the happiest.—Pauline Montague in Spare Moments.

Unappreciated Melody.

Mrs. Weeks—In the name of goodness, what was going on at your house last night? It really did sound like a lot of Indians on the warpath.

Mrs. Meek—Oh, it wasn't quite as bad as that! It was only my husband singing the baby to sleep.—Richmond Dispatch.

About 20,000 letters are addressed to Queen Victoria yearly by her subjects. Those that are not stamped are not forwarded by the officials. The queen's letters have precedence of all others and are forwarded to Windsor by special messenger from the general postoffice.

A VERY KNOWING DOG

THE TRUTHFUL TALE OF A MOST MARVELOUS CANINE.

Disaster Came to Wag When He Tried to Ring the Bell on a Batch of Chestnuts That Were Sprung as New Stories at a Hotel Men's Dinner.

Colonel John McGillicudy, the veteran hotel clerk of Pittsburg, at a recent convention made the assertion that one well trained dog was of more value than four bellboys in a properly conducted hotel.

"For 40 years and more," continued Colonel McGillicudy, "I've stood behind the desks of hotels all over this country, and during ten of those years I drew a salary for my dog Wag as well as for myself. He was left over in Wilkesbarre, Pa., by a circus troop, and when he found that he was deserted he naturally went to the hotel where I was. Our hotel got most of the theatrical business in those days, and that dog knew it. He was a dirty white bull, with a stumpy tail, a scarred face, bloodshot eyes and the remains of a remarkably fine set of teeth. It was a warm afternoon, and I was dozing in an easy chair behind the desk when I was awakened by a loud bark. I looked up and, sticking above the level of the desk, was a dog's head. Two bloodshot eyes glared at me, and a pair of dirty fore paws rested on the register. We had suffered from a mad dog scare, and I was sure that the animal in front of me could not be sane. I jumped out of my chair, and as I did so the dog sprang on the desk. He looked me over critically and then wagged his tail. The relief was great. I coaxed him down from the desk, gave him something to eat, and from that moment we were fast friends.

"It was quite by accident that Wag developed his greatest usefulness. I taught him a lot of tricks that any dog can learn, such as growling and showing his ugly teeth when strangers asked me to cash checks, watching the dining room door at mealtimes to make sure that only guests entered, and even running errands in response to calls. For this last work I fitted a small slate around his neck, on which was printed, 'What do you want?' A pencil was attached to it. When a man rung for a bellboy, I would say to Wag:

"'Go to room 20 and get the gentleman's order, Wag.'

"Away he would go, and I never knew him to make a mistake. He made himself very useful in these ways, but, as I said before, it was purely by accident that his greatest usefulness came about. Wag was like a puppy in one characteristic. His appetite was large, and he would swallow anything that he could get into his mouth. I kept on my desk in the office a small but powerful alarm clock so that when I was on night duty and happened to take a nap I might be aroused in time to call up such guests as intended to go on the early trains. Wag watched that clock hungrily for the first two weeks that he was with me. The alarm bell annoyed him. One morning when it rang out Wag, who had been sleeping near the stove, jumped up, made a bound on the desk and, before I could prevent it, swallowed the clock. That night I was on duty. Before falling into a light sleep that should carry me through to the time when it was my duty to arouse the guests I noticed that Wag went through a lot of motions that were new to me. He stretched himself out on his back and wound his feet around in the air much as a gymnast does when he is balancing a barrel on his feet. I was tired, and I fell asleep without troubling myself much about the dog. I was aroused by the familiar sound of my alarm bell. The sound came from the floor, and I looked down. There was Wag standing up and looking at me knowingly. The ringing came from his stomach. Wag winked one of his red eyes at me, and when the ringing stopped he stretched himself out and went to sleep again.

"Now, you fellows may not believe this, and I wouldn't if I had not seen the thing myself. That dog, with almost human intelligence, had discovered a way of winding up that clock by stretching himself out on his back and waving his feet in the air. You see, it was a clock with a regular key attachment on the back. On the following night I saw Wag go through his peculiar motions, and at the proper hour the next morning the alarm rang out at the regular time. Then I knew that I had a dog that was worth while. Wag knew it, too, and his new importance made him very dignified. I trained him so that it wasn't necessary for me to get up in the morning. Wag would wind the clock up every night, and when in the morning he heard the admonitory click inside which gave warning that the alarm would ring in half a minute he would trot up stairs and, as the alarm rang, walk up and down in front of the rooms occupied by early guests. You don't know how many hours' sleep that dog saved me. He went with me from one hotel to another, and he was such a curiosity that I brought him to a hotel men's dinner in this city. Every one petted him and fed him, and Wag was on his good behavior. He listened patiently to all the speeches until Mr. Simeon Ford began telling new stories. Then Wag got down on his back and began waving his feet. He was at the other end of the room from where I was seated. I knew, of course, that he was merely winding up the alarm, but the waiters didn't. They thought that he was having a fit. Before I could interfere two of them grabbed him and hustled him out of the room just as the bell began to ring. They threw him into the street, and I haven't seen him since, but I can tell"—

At this point the presiding officer pounded with his gavel to indicate that Colonel McGillicudy's time had expired.—New York Sun.

An Indiana correspondent writes to obtain the address of a Georgia author who is living out of the state. The correspondent says:

"If he is living, please forward my letter to him. If he is deceased, I would be glad to know it."

The correspondent doesn't state just why he would be glad to know the author is deceased, but the inference is that he has been reading some of the author's books.—Atlanta Constitution.

A STRANGE MONSTER.

It Lives Below Ground and Needs Neither Light Nor Air.

That an animal may live nearly two hundred feet below the surface of the earth without a bit of sunshine or the smallest opening for the admittance of fresh air seems an incredible thing indeed, but Cornell University has just received scientific proof that such a thing is possible, reports the New York Herald. The proof, too, is conclusive, for it is the possession of the animal itself and a careful and accurate description of its manner of living and the method of its capture.

The animal referred to is a species of the salamander, but it is much different from the little red lizardlike animals that are often found in mud puddles after a hard rain. Indeed, it could not live for any length of time in the open light and air like the salamanders with which we are acquainted. The bottom of an artesian well 181 feet deep, which was recently bored at San Marcos, Tex., seems to be the only place where the little creature has been able to exist; at least, the only place where it has ever been found.

The three specimens of this wonderful little animal, which has been christened with the scientific name of Typhlomologe—the name seems as strange as the animal—were given to the Cornell University Museum by Hector von Bayer, architect and engineer of the United States Fish Commission.

It is said that only six of the species have ever been found, and that these

THE TYPHLOMOLOGE.

have all come from the same artesian well. As it has several peculiar characteristics heretofore entirely unknown to scientists to have existed in living animals, the typhlomologe is the most important and interesting of all the remarkable tailed batrachians.

The illustration gives the reader a good idea of the appearance of the animal in a general way, but a close examination shows the most striking peculiarities. Its skin is pure white in color, and there is no external eye whatever. Its legs are unusually long for such a small animal, the proportion being greater than has ever before been known among tailed batrachians. Not only do the fingers and toes, as the digits may be called, differ in length, but the legs themselves vary as much as two millimeters in the same animal. Strange, too, Dr. Wilder has concluded, after considering the well developed, thin, swimming tail, that these legs, slender and elongated as they are, ceased to serve the animal in locomotion in its strange abode, but that in the inky darkness of the subterranean waters they served as feelers. Thus the typhlomologe is another excellent proof to scientists of the adaptability of nature to its surroundings.

The technical name of Typhlomologe Rathbundi Stejneger has been given the animal.

A NORTHERN MIRAGE.

The Strange Experience of a Traveler in Winnipeg.

There was a railroad collision in England recently, after which the signalman who was brought to book for it asserted that he was sure the train had passed which afterward came up and caused the damage. Apropos of which statement, a correspondent sends the London Daily News this extract from a letter he had received from his son in Winnipeg:

Arrived at Shanawan, my companion kindly offered to stay with me till the train came, but I sent him off and took my stand on the track with nothing more substantial than a telegraph pole to shelter me from the icy blast. When I was left alone—sky overcast, curious kind of mist in the air, the two farmhouses mentioned above out of sight, the wind howling around me, and the loose snow that the wind raised from the prairie driving past me in sheets, I thought it about as desolate a picture as I have ever set eyes on. As luck would have it, the train was late, and I had fifty minutes in which to enjoy myself alone. I was never so abjectly cold as when that train eventually came. I was rewarded by seeing a curious atmospheric phenomenon that I used to read of as tantalizing weary travelers in the Sahara, and that, I am told, is common here under certain conditions, viz., the mirage. At least fifteen minutes before the train arrived I saw it suddenly leap into sight in a way that made me pick up my bag and hop off the track in double-quick time. Then I waved my handkerchief for it to stop, and suddenly I noticed that it had stopped about fifty yards off. I began to charge up the track so as to get on board, when it mysteriously and suddenly disappeared. A few minutes later I saw it again, only this time off the track, and running along the prairie. It gave me quite an eerie feeling, and I began to think that the cold had got into my head, and I cast superstitious glances round me to see if there were any more trains frolicking about in the snow, and suddenly I bethought me of what I had heard about the mirage. When I saw distinctly that the train had stopped, it must have been at Lasam, nearest station, about nine or ten miles up the line.

About Books.

The ideal house has books all over it, and yet it is best for the books themselves that they have an apartment truly their own. Many people who feel that they cannot afford a "library" would be astonished if they realized how easily one might be arranged. One of the most charming bookrooms of which I know is merely a small chamber with a pretty view from two windows and a snug corner fireplace. At small expense deal shelves were run entirely around the wall space and fitted with roller blinds which may be drawn down in front of the books at night or in the daytime when cleaning is going on.—Boston Home Journal.

LUCK OF A YOUNG DOCTOR.

Two Accidents In Front of His Office the Very Day He Opened.

Edwin Ames, a prominent official of Worcester, Mass., told a story of the peculiar manner in which luck sometimes comes to doctors. Among the houses he rents in that city is one that was long occupied by a well established physician. This physician died, and Mr. Ames advertised the premises for rent. There were many applicants, but the first was a young medical student, just graduated from a school in Boston. Somewhat surprised at the audacity of the youth, Mr. Ames inquired his prospects and learned that he did not know a soul in Worcester and must depend entirely upon the income from his practice for support.

"I told him," said Mr. Ames, "that he must expect to starve for four or five years in Worcester before he could earn a living, but he insisted on renting the house, and I finally promised to remit $10 from the amount of the first month's rent if he had a patient the first day. While I was assisting him in nailing up the sign a boy was run over by an ice wagon on that block and brought to the doctor to have his wounds dressed. Hardly had he finished with the boy before a woman in a passing car was struck with a hatpin, and he was called upon to extract it. His luck began from that day. These patients advertised him through the accounts in the daily papers, and he is now the leading physician of our city."—Washington Post.

A Maxim Revised.

"We were all sitting around the hotel in Honolulu," said Purser McComb of the Australia, "swapping lies and stories when some one started the joke that each man present was to tell a moral story or set up the drinks. Everybody agreed except Camarinos, a Greek, who is in the fruit business there and reported to be quite wealthy.

"'I know lots in Greek,' said Camarinos, 'but I don't know any in English.'

"'Greek don't go here, Camarinos. What do we know about your language? You may be giving us a fill and we be none the wiser. You must tell it us in English, my son.' Camarinos looked puzzled when his turn came to give a philosophical maxim. He put his finger to his forehead and then said suddenly, with a bright look, 'I have one.'

"'Let us have it,' was the cry.

"'Well, I don't know if I get him quite right,' he responded.

"'Oh, let us have it.'

"'Well, then, it is this: A brick which goes this way,' waving his hands to and fro, 'catchos no grass.'

"There was a good laugh, and it was voted that Camarinos had told the best story that ever had been heard in Honolulu or elsewhere."—San Francisco News.

A Characteristic Anecdote.

On one occasion some one hinted retirement pretty broadly to Mr. Gladstone, entirely with a view, the person urged, to the prolongation of such a valuable life. As soon as he saw the drift of the speaker's remarks the old man rose and, with his grim, dry gravity, said: "Will you dance with me?" Naturally, the well-wisher stood aghast at the then Premier's strange request, but the latter, who prided himself particularly upon his sturdy legs, began to caper about with youthful vivacity. Seeing his visitor standing surprised, the G. O. M. tripped up to him and said: "Well, if you won't dance with me, will you box with me?" and "squaring up" to him, half in jest and half in earnest, literally boxed the gentleman out of the room. After that the man whose vitality was the wonder of the century had no more visitors anxiously inquiring after his health and suggesting retirement.

Mrs. Gladstone's One Divinity.

At a reception held in a great hall in England not long ago Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were honored guests. During the evening it happened that Mr. Gladstone was in a gallery directly above the place in the parquet where Mrs. Gladstone was chatting with some ladies. In the course of their conversation a question arose which the ladies could not settle satisfactorily. Finally one said:

"Well, there is One above who knows all things, and some day He will make all things plain to us."

"Yes, yes," replied Mrs. Gladstone, "William will be down in a minute and he will tell us all about it."

W. E. Gladstone and Arbitration.

Among other world-known statesmen, the late resident of Hawarden gave his opinion of the signing of the Anglo-American treaty. On that occasion he wrote:

Hawarden, Jan. 12, 1897.—I rejoice in the signature of the Anglo-American treaty. It would be too much to expect that the quarrels of nations throughout the world should be got rid of by means of such treaties, but they nudicate a sound conviction worthy of Christians and constitute a step in the path of real progress. GLADSTONE.

Gladstone's Illness and Suffering.

Ever since Mr. Gladstone resigned the British Premiership to Lord Rosebery in 1893, he has been a sufferer from neuralgia. A year or more ago it was claimed that he had lost his eyesight. This report, although exaggerated, was not without foundation, for he has had more or less trouble with his eyes for at least five years, and in the performance of his literary work has had to rely upon stenographers and friends.

Mysterious Conduct.

"Robinson is worried about his new wife."

"What's the trouble?"

"She has brought her first husband's picture down out of the attic and hung it in the parlor."—Detroit Free Press.

Not Yet Sure of His Seat.

"Do you ride a wheel?" she asked.

"Well, I don't know that I would be exactly justified in claiming that," he replied, "but now and then I have a wrestling match with one of them."—Chicago Post.

SPARK TELEGRAPHY.

Possibilities of the Method of Telegraphing Without the Use of Wires.

Privy Counselor Dr. Slaby of Charlottenburg, Germany, contributes to The Century an article on "The New Telegraphy." Dr. Slaby conducted a series of experiments in telegraphing without the use of wires before the German emperor. He says in concluding his article:

I have often been asked in what directions and in what field the use of spark telegraphy might be employed. Our knowledge of the phenomenon in question is, so far, a very modest thing; we are really in the very opening chapters. Who would care to say, today, how far and whither, the path will lead us? I do not purpose to paint pictures of the future, but I believe I can state with emphasis that for certain purposes the new telegraphy is ripe today and well worthy of consideration. The most important appear to me to lie in the military field. Besieged fortresses and advancing armies which have the enemy between them could make use of spark telegraph today as a method of communication. The system works just as surely on a bright day as by night and in fog, though, to be sure, only in cases where balloons can be employed, since the distances reached when towers, masts and high trees were used would hardly suffice in cases of this kind.

Quite as important is the usefulness of the discovery for the navy. Experiments of last summer have made perfectly certain the possibility of using captive balloons on the high sea. In place of balloons, without doubt, one might use the modern kites, brought to such a pitch of perfection in America, as those of Hargrave and others. I owe it to the kindness of an acquaintance in New York that I know something of these excellent kites, and a few experiments have already shown me that they are perfectly adapted to the carrying of thin wires.

There is a future for the use of spark telegraphy for lighthouses and lightships. The receiving apparatus can easily be made in a handy form, not bulkier than a chronometer. On the approach to a lighthouse it would not only give signs, but would tick out the name of the lighthouse; it appears even possible to provide the receiving apparatus with a regulator, to be adjusted at will according to whether a greater or smaller sensitiveness is desired, whereby the distance of the lighthouse can be read off.

An undeniable weakness of spark telegraphy is this: Every telegram is imparted to the whole world; every receiver can take it up. Owing to this reason for the present its application will have to be confined to particular cases. For practical purposes, if one desires to protect oneself from having dispatches read by others, there remains only the use of signs arranged beforehand. In war, to be sure, telegraphy would become impossible as soon as a hostile spark generator should cause a permanent disturbance of the characters. A very interesting battle might occur in the waves of either.

Brain Processes and Crime.

In our courts of law the question of double consciousness occasionally forms the subject of legal deliberations, for a man in his second self may commit a crime of which he has no recollection whatever in his natural state. He is, in other words, at one time the Jekyll of his household and may be a loving father, a responsible citizen and a reasonable friend. Then, when he lapses, he becomes the Hyde of the romance realized to the full. He may become a veritable villain, who will not stop short of murder if his unnatural propensities direct his energies in a homicidal direction. Yet he will wake up, all unconscious of his wrongdoing, to resume his life as a peaceful man and sober citizen.

The interdependence of our social life is aptly illustrated by cases of this nature. The question of responsibility for crimes committed under dual consciousness is one of the gravest which law and medicine alike can have to face and determine. It is not without the bounds of reason to suppose that our education in the story of the brain's byways may lead us perchance to form judgments even of criminal acts more consistent with mercy than have often been delivered, and to regard apparently irrational offenses with a charity which is none the less real in that it is founded upon a knowledge of the weakness and irregularities that beset the working of the brain.—"Some Byways of the Brain," by Andrew Wilson, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.

Nature's Preservation of Species.

One of the most magnificent species of this kingly genus was so abundant in the Columbia river before canning houses had reduced its numbers that the town reaches were packed with salmon, while the surface was covered with the drifting bodies of those that had perished in fierce struggles with the crowd. Yet there is good authority for the assertion that not a single one ever returns alive from the breeding grounds in the headwaters of the St. Cloud. The whole race is wiped out, utterly exterminated, as soon as it arrives at maturity and physical perfection, in order that the perpetuation of the species may be assured. The whole object and end of the beautifully co-ordinated body, which is provided for by such admirable and wonderful adaptations, which is built up so slowly and at so much cost, are rapid and total destruction.

The marvelous instinct which leads the young fish to the ocean and the organization and the habits which fit it for its marine life—all, in a word, which makes of the salmon our ideal of a lordly fish—are worth nothing as compared with the welfare of generations yet unborn.—W. K. Brooks in Popular Science Monthly.

Danced In Spite of Himself.

Mrs. Styles—You know that Mrs. Price?

Mrs. Close—Yes, indeed!

"Well, you know she never could get her husband to dance?"

"So I believe."

"Well, she succeeded in getting him to dance last night."

"Impossible!"

"No, truly; her new spring bonnet came home C. O. D."

HAD BUT ONE CHANCE.

At Least Pat Thought So, and He Accordingly Took It.

He was a big Irishman, and his name was Pat. He was fixing the telephone wires and whistling to himself as he worked. Just then an expressman came driving down the street like Jehu. Pat made a fatal mistake. Instead of attending to his own business, he tried to work and watch the reckless driver at the same time. The consequence was that he did neither. What he did do was to lose his footing. There was a cry of horror from the bystanders below, echoed by a lusty yell from above.

Every breath was suspended and then a shout of relief went up from the crowd. Pat had made a frantic dive for the wire and had caught it.

"Hold on, Pat!" shouted some one who knew him. "We will get you down somehow!" But the speaker stood stock still, wringing his hands.

"Run up town for a mattress!" yelled one intelligent individual.

"Get a ladder from somewhere!" bawled another. Nobody seemed to know just whereabouts "somewhere" was, and no one acted upon this suggestion.

"Somebody do something!" commanded a philanthropic looking individual indignantly. "The man can't hold on forever! I say, do something!" he shouted, getting very red in the face and dancing around excitedly.

Only one man in the crowd did not say anything. He was busy climbing up the telephone pole.

The excited crowd condescended to notice him finally and saw his intention. The mixture of foolishness and relief on its collective face was amusing.

"Hold on, Pat; help is coming!" they shouted with one voice.

Then a wave of horror swept over the crowd. The man suspended between the earth and heaven suddenly loosened his hold and fell backward, striking the ground with a sickening thud.

"He is dead!" groaned the crowd, and men covered their faces from the sight.

But he wasn't. An Irishman has as many lives as a cat. When Pat came to and sat up dizzily trying to realize that he was once more on terra firma, some one said to him:

"What did you let go for, Pat? Why didn't you hold on a little longer?"

"Be jabers!" replied Pat earnestly, "Oi was afraid the wire would break!"—San Francisco Examiner.

His Eloquent Action.

Tarantula Jim (who has been away)—What got the matter with Colonel Whoop Rawlins while I was gone? He looks like he'd "met the enemy and he was their'n," as they say in stories.

Alkali Ike—Aw, he got the fool notion into his head somehow that he wanted to git married and jumped up and sent an advertisement to a matrimonial paper off in the east somewhurs. Directly he orated around that a lovely young widow was comin out to marry him, and pretty soon he set off to meet her at the railway station at Boomopolis. Next day he came back without her, and he hain't looked happy since.

"H'm! What do you reckon she was like?"

"Don't know, but from the way in which the colonel came back I can sorter imagine. He came home in a hearse which he had hired for the occasion, with a sick Chinaman drivin. He said that was the only way he could properly express his feelin's, and that's all we could ever git him to tell about it."—New York Journal.

TRAITS OF THE CHINESE.

Their Utter Indifference to Suffering and Their Business Honesty.

The Chinaman is not wantonly cruel, but he is marvelously indifferent to the sufferings of others. The cook will cover a rat with kerosene and set it alight, not to enjoy its sufferings, but because he believes its screams will scare its fellows away. A magistrate will fan himself gently on the execution ground on which a yelling malefactor is being gradually cut to pieces, not because he enjoys the spectacle, but because it is all part of his day's work. A crowd of spectators will watch a child drown because it is no one's special business to save it and because to interfere in what does not concern you may give rise to trouble.

From what has been already said as to the keen interest taken by the Chinese in money matters it may be surmised that they should be par excellence a "nation of shopkeepers." And so they are. To their credit be it said that they have thoroughly realized that bargains are binding. The tea merchant may endeavor in every way to get the better of his European confrere, but once the mystic words "puttee book"—i. e., enter it in writing—have been uttered the latter may rely on the transaction being faithfully carried through. This comparatively high standard of commercial morality naturally results in an elaborate system of credit, greatly to the advantage of both contracting parties, and, though the "squeeze," or perquisite, enters into every arrangement, it is not sufficient to stop the wheels of commerce, though undoubtedly it frequently clogs them.

To go back on your word in a business transaction or to fail to meet your liabilities causes a Chinaman to "lose face," and this is to him unbearable. The sacrifices which he will make on the approach of his new year to enable him to avoid being posted as insolvent are as extraordinary as they are admirable. Nor would it be right to omit all reference to the fact that to their justice they frequently add generosity. I well remember a case in which an American who had failed after years of labor was supported during the remainder of his life by his "compradore," as the native employed by European firms in their dealings with Chinese is termed.—Contemporary Review.

Giving Away a Family Secret.

Teacher (of juvenile class)—In the sentence "It is greatly to his credit" what is the meaning of the word "credit?"

Member of Class—It's something you've got to have when you want to buy a pound of butter at the store.—Chicago Tribune.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Cumberland, B. C.

Issued Every Tuesday and Saturday.

M. Whitney, Editor.

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

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 10th, 1898

The pitiless heat found in New York in one day this week, fifty victims. We ought to be thankful we live in a more desirable climate.

The members of the Cabinet, except Dr. McKechnie, who has no portfolio, will seek a re-election on October 15. They will doubtless be returned.

The man who stirs up ill-feeling between employer and employees is an enemy of both, and should be treated as such, no matter whether the employer happens to be a corporation or an individual.

The Anglo-Egyptian troops have captured Khartoum, routing the Dervishes with immense slaughter, and dispersing the Khalifa army. Gordon, as the German Emperor declares, has at last been avenged.

LATEST BY WIRE.

BRITAIN HAS HER WAY.

Hongkong, Sept. 8.—Li Hung Chang has been dismissed from power, probably in accordance with the demand which the British Minister here was instructed to make on account of alleged general partiality of the great Chinaman to Russia, culminating in Great Briain being deprived of the contract for the Pekin-Hankow Railway.

DREYFUS GETS A NEW TRIAL.

Paris, Sept. 8.—The Figaro to-day says a cabinet council just held unanimously agreed upon a revision of the Dreyfus case, and directed the Minister of Justice to proceed to take the necessary steps to that end.

CONSULATES BURNED.

Candia, Island of Crete, Sept. 8.—Reports the arrival of the British warship Camperdown there. Several other warships have also reached that port. Re-enforcements have been landed and the restoration of peace is expected. The fires have been extinguished but during the fighting the British and American Consulates were burned.

VERDICT.

In the Trent river bridge accident case the jury retired at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon and concluded their labors about 3 o'clock Friday morning when the following verdict, signed by every jury man was rendered:

"We the jury beg to submit the following: Owing to the insufficiency of the evidence brought to bear on the breaking of the Trent river bridge whereby the following persons met their death, viz: Alfred Walker, Richard Nightingale, Alex. Mellado, Walter Work, Frances Horne, Nanka, Osana, we the jury are unable to determine as to the cause of the said breaking of the bridge. While evidence was given proving the stability of the structure on the one hand yet on the other hand evidence was given that the portion of the bridge known as the chords were found to be in a rotten condition in several parts which may have been the cause of the accident. One of the witnesses testified that the said portion of rotten chord was not sufficiently strong enough, or in his own words, safe enough to carry the weight put on the bridge and that in his opinion the bridge was not safe. Mr. H. P. Bell, civil engineer, another of the witnesses, proved by drawings and figures that even if many portions of the chords were rotten yet the bridge was strong enough to carry six times more weight than was on the bridge when it fell. In his, Mr. Bell's estimation, the cause of the accident was that the truss failed under the action of forces applied at the north end of the bridge in the direction of its length. Again we have the conflicting testimony of Mr. Hugh Grant, fireman, taken at his bedside, that he felt no jar, no jolt, or nothing unusual, but that the span sagged and went right down. The evidence of Matt Piercy confirms the above testimony. He says he saw or heard nothing, had been looking the other way; on looking around, the engine and some cars had disappeared out of sight, when he thought it time to jump and save himself. That again is contradicted by evidence of E. Walker, who states he heard a rumbling noise like thunder. There is no evidence to prove that the bridge was known to be unsafe by the Union Colliery Co. We have the statement of Mr. Hattie, bridge carpenter, against the evidence of H. P. Bell, civil engineer, and Mr. G. McLaughlin, practical bridge builder, the said McLaughlin having by the order of the company in the person of Mr. Little, the superintendent of the same, made a thorough examination of the bridge and reported it to be safe until the summer of 1899. Taking the evidence as a whole, while while we deplore the sudden taking off of so many persons from their sphere of usefulness, yet we are unable to arrive at any other verdict than that the aforementioned deceased met their deaths from an accident caused by the falling of the Trent river bridge from some unknown cause or causes."

Signed,
C. H. TARBELL, Foreman.
G. G. DOUGLAS,
W. WILLARD,
J. GIDDINGS,
L. MOUNCE,
W. S. DALEY,
F. PARTRIDGE.

To the verdict the jury subioined the following:

We, the jury are of the opinion that an inspector [should] be appointed by the government to inspect all bridges in the province.

Tenders.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up till 6 p. m. Tuesday, Sept. 20th inst., for Refreshment stand on Exhibition Grounds, Fair Day, Sept. 29th.

WM. DUNCAN, Sec'y.
Comox A. & I. Association.

Sandwick, Sept. 6, 1898.

WIFE POISONER TO HANG.

Ottawa, Sept. 8.—Lord Aberdeen to-day signed the order for the execution of Hammond, the Bracebridge wife poisoner.

Full Fares Again.

Montreal, Sept. 8.—The railway rate war has resulted in an armistice, full rates are now being charged, cheap fares having been completely vanquished. The C. P. R has consented to a return to the normal fares.

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

(Continued from 1st page.)

from the fifth parallel from the wharf end down stream on the right side coming from Cumberland. The chords on the other side were party covered up with debris.

Cross-examined by the Jury.—The rotten timbers produced are from a short distance from the centre of the span; when we tested the bridge with the blocks, and she sank ⅞ of an inch it was a good test. It depends on the state of the timber for an old bridge to stand as much deflection as a new one. When the bridge was put up there was white tea used to preserve the ends of the timbers. The bottom chord has the most strain on it. I don't think the span was too long for the weight it carried. I doubt that the length was any weakness in the bridge. Take the beaming at the pier it is 125 feet 8 inches. I meant when I said that some concussion caused the bridge to break, that something happened on top. The borings referred to in exhibit H I can't speak postively to, as two men came up from the E. & N. Ry., and made borings in the bridge. I think as near as I can remember it was in '95, when these two men made the borings. I was not working with them: I couldn't say their names.

The Meat Shop Case.

The case before Magistrate Abrams for exposing unwholesome meat resulted in the imposition of a small fine, the court declaring the defendant was technically within the statute, but exhonorating him from any intentional wrong. Following this the proprietor present, publicly requested the sanitary inspector to visit the meat shop daily and inspect the meat. It is to be hoped the inspector will comply with this request. We took down the evidence in this case intending to publish it, but our space is so taken up with the evidence in the Trent River bridge case that its publication must be deferred at least for the present.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Mrs. J. S. Kendell is taking a few days' outing in the country.

The Licensing Court will meet at the Court House on Wednesday at 2 p. m.

James Dunsmuir M P P, accompanied by Hon. C. E. Pooley, arrived Wednesday.

Mr. Hess, jeweler at T. D. McLean's, left Friday morning on the steamer City of Nanaimo.

Owing to goods, which will arrive next steamer, I will postpone Millinery Opening for one week, until Sept. 21st.

MRS. OSTRANDER.

C. H. Barker and G. F. Cane, barristers, Nanaimo, were up this week, in attendance upon the Trent River bridge investigation.

R. A. Losie of Comox expects soon to go up the C. P. R. to Revelstoke for Mann & Co., contractors to cook for the largest camp in the rock cut between Robson and Midway.

Mr. Gordon Murdock, wife and children left for Vancouver by this week's boat. Mr. Murdock is expected back next week, but his wife and children will go east on a visit.

A diploma will be awarded by the Comox Agricultural and industrial Association at its Exhibition Sept. 29, for the best collection of bread and cake by bakers, in addition to the cash prize already offered.

$100 REWARD—For any information that will lead to the conviction of the party or parties who stole, shot, or poisoned my dog.
T. R. BROWN, Shoemaker,
Cumberland, B. C.

At 3:30 Friday morning an alarm of fire was sounded. There were but few of the fire company that turned out. The fire, however, was confined to the slab pile near the mill, and no harm was done.

It is announced that the Bishop will be up the latter part of this month, to consult the parishioners of the English Church upon the subject of having a local minister here. The work at Sandwick and here is too much for Rev. Mr. Willemar, and no church society can flourish without a resident pastor.

Mr. Geo. Stevens put in the pipes and 18 inch valves at Hamilton Lake, which caused the water to be shut off a while last Monday, and the company are making preparations to construct a large dam in front of Hamilton Lake. This work at the dam done last Monday was to regulate the water and the pressure will now be all right. The dam will be 20 feet high, giving 16 feet depth of water over about 60 acres of land.

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

BLACKSMITHING
in all its branches,
and Wagons neatly Repaired

Trying to Assassinate the Czar.

New York, Sept. 7.—Reports from Moscow show a daring plot to assassintate the Czar. The plan of the conspirators was to allow the gas to escape into a house on the route of the Czar's procession until the atmosphere in every room was saturated with it. One of the conspirators was to remain in the house to strike a light when the Czar was passing, in the expectation that the house would be blown to pieces and the Czar killed. The conspirator would perish himself as a sacrifice to the cause. The dutiful Alexander Kolanoff in his agitation, made and error, as the explosion occurred when the staff officers and retinue were driving past, and they instead of the Czar were killed. Their coachman will die of his injuries and about 30 others were injured. Kolanoff's mangled body was found among the ruins. The Czar and Czarina drove by about 25 minutes later. Many arrests have been made.

TIME EXTENDED.

In the undersigned notice the date has been changed so as to extend the time in which tenders will be received up to September 15th, 1898.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received by me at the office of the Union Colliery Company in Union, up to noon of September 15th 1898 for SINKING NO. VI SHAFT.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Company's office here.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Union, Aug. 16 1898.

F. D. Little, Sup't.

NOTICE.

I, William Gleason, of the City of Cumberland in the Province of British Columbia, hereby give notice that I intend to apply at the next regular sitting of the Board of Licensing Commissioners in and for the City of Cumberland to be held on the second Wednesday in September 1898, for a license to sell by retail, wines, spirits, beer and other fermented or intoxicating liquors on my premises known as the "New England Restaurant" situate on Dunsmuir Avenue, upon Lot 3, Block III, City of Cumberland aforesaid.

Dated at City of Cumberland, August 5th, 1898.

WILLIAM GLEASON.

TENDERS

Tenders are hereby called for kalsomining and painting the interior of the Presbyterian Church, Comox. Full particulars may be obtained from Mr. J. Mundell at the Church.

Aug. 23, '98. R. Landells,
Sec'y B'd of Managers.

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

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.

If our readers have any local news of interest, we will be pleased to insert same in the local column, if brought to the office.

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

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

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

COMOX DIRECTORY.

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

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, J. J. Grant, Proprietor.

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WANTS.

WANTED

Bright men and women, who are not too proud to work, and would like to make some money during the next three months in selling the wonderful story of the life of Mr. Gladstone to their neighbors. $3.00 a day easily made, some make three times that sum. No risk, no experienc, no capital necessary. Write quickly for particulars.

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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.

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Every day a bargain day.

Buy Shoes when you need them.
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