Semi-Weekly Edition.

The News.

SIXTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B C. SATURDAY SEPT. 17th., 1898

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REASONABLE PRICES.

129

1898 PROVINCIAL 1898

EXHIBITION.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Royal Agricultural and Industrial Society of British Columbia.

OCT. 5 TO 13, INCLUSIVE

AT

NEW WESTMINSTER

IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE

CITIZENS' GRAND YEARLY CELEBRATION!

$18000 PRIZES $18000

The Premium List is the Largest Ever Offered West of Toronto.

Pyro-Spectacular Bombardment of Santiago De Cuba, and Blowing up of the "Maine."

Followed by and Up-to-Date Fire Works Display, which has been especially secured for FOUR NIGHTS, at an enormous expense.

Lacrosse and Baseba l Matches,
Bicycle Meet,
Aquatic, Sai or, and Caledonian Sports,
Promenade Concerts,
Horse Races.

DOG SHOW. OPEN TO THE WORLD.

The finest Bands in the Province will provide music.
Special rates over all Railway and Steamboat Lines.
No entrance fees charged for Exhibits.
Premium Lists, entry forms, and full information on application to

MAYOR OVENS, Chairman Celebration Committee; W. H. EDMONDS, Secretary Celebration Committee;
T. J. TRAPP, President R. A. & I. Society; ARTHUR MALINS, Secretary R. A. & I. Secretary;
W. H. KEARY, Exhibition Commissioner.

O. H. FECHNER,
LEADING BARBER and TAXIDERMIST
and Dealer in Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods.....
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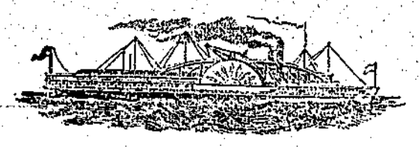

THE STEAMER CITY OF NANAIMO
WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:
W.D. OWEN, MASTER,
Sailing at Way Ports as Freight and Passengers may offer:

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 Office, Victoria Station, Store Street.

INSURANCE.

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

DYKE & EVANS
Music Dealers
VANCOUVER, B. C.

SOLE AGENTS:
Karn Pianos
Echo Banjos
Washburn Guitars
.....and.....
Mandolins
Organs, etc.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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.

IF YOU
Wish a good fit, go to McLeod the tailor

LATEST BY WIRE.

ARRISING FROM ITS ASHES.

New Westminster, Sept. 13—Tents by hundreds and shacks line the once handsome Columbia Street, on both sides today. A number of Vancouver's citizens and several citizens of Westminster have purchased lots still covered with hot ashes, and will erect brick blocks.

Westminster's citizens are bearing up wonderfully well and working with a will to restore the city to its former condition. The disaster is nevertheless felt keenly by many who have lost their all and although probably a million dollars will be recovered in insurance and kindly help from many quarters will likely add much more, yet the fund will be much inferior to the net loss of the community. Several coast cities in the United States have sent large donations. Concerts and excursions are being held for the benfit of the sufferers. Buildings are going up in the night and the town looks like a gold rush.

TURNING THEM OUT.

Victoria, Sept. 13—It is announced that the Semlin government has already dismissed several of the Provincial officials and that more dismissals will follow, as they claim there are three men in the civil service to do two men's work. G. Vernon, agent-general has been relieved, also T. Kaines of Lands and Works, and Dr. Furrer, govt. and hospital doctor at Kamloops.

ABOUT NEW WESTMINSTER.

Vancouver, 16—A petition is being circulated in Vancouver to raise $5 000 for Westminster fair to cover subscriptions by New Westminster citizens who since the fire can not make good their promises.

At New Westminster the C.P.R Co., are erecting a stone and brick block for a depot, and are changing the depot.

A new estimate shows the number of homeless people to be about 2500 and the number of houses of business and homes destroyed at 500. The loss will reach fully $2.500.000.

New Westminster, Sept.—Everything is progressing satisfactoryly a site for several brick blocks are being cleared and several real estate transfers recorded.

The Bank of British Columbia and Montreal opened their vaults yesterday and the Dominion government to-day. All the contents were in good shope, in spite of the terrific heat.

SHOOTING PROHIBITED.

Whereas Sunday seems to be the day set apart by certain parties for shooting and trespassing; therefore we, the undersigned, residents of Comox, hereby give notice that all shooting on our property on the Sabbath day is strictly prohibited.

John Mundell, J. P.,	Frank Childs,
Rev. Alex. Tait,	Wm. Parkin,
Berkly Grieve,	Sam J. Piercy,
Wm. Boech,	J. R. Berkley,
George Grieve,	Jos. McPhee,
R. J. Smith,	J. E. Masson,
M. H. Piercy,	S. F. Crawford,
Isaac Grieve,	James Rees,
Wm. C. Machin,	A. Salmond,
J. W. Smith,	W. E. Harmstone,
James B. Smith,	T. Cairns,
J. A. Halliday,	W. R. Robb,
H. W. Ross,	A. Urquhart,
Hugh Grant & Son,	R. McDonald,
Mrs. Oliver Duncan,	Rev. J. X. Willemar,
John Grieve,	Duncan Bros.

Thanks to the City Council for having Dunsmuir Avenue cleaned up. It is smiling along its whole length. And the work on several streets is a great improvement.

A New Judge.

Ottawa, Sept. 16 - Archie Martin of Victoria, has been appointed a judge of the supreme court of British Columbia, in succession to Mr. Justice McColl made Chief Justice.

JAMES WORK KILLED.

FELL BETWEEN TWO CARS, LIMBS CRUSHED AND DETH SOON FOLLOWED.

About 11 o'clock yesterday (Friday), word reached here from Union Wharf, that James Work, foreman there, had met with a terrible accident, falling between two flat cars, in attempting to pass from one to the other while they were moving, whereby one of his legs, also an arm had been crushed. Supt. Little and the colliery physician at once took an engine for the wharf. Shortly after 12 a. m. word came that the unfortunate man was dead.

Mr. Work was 46 years of age, but as active and lithe as ever, although in recent years troubled with weakness of heart and lungs. He leaves an interesting family—wife and seven children, all but one boys, for the protection of whom, years ago, he obtained an insurance of $5.000 in the Equitable Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York, which was doubtless in force at the time of his death. It is understood he was a members of the Odd Fellows. He was raised by Senator Macdonald and more than twenty years past came from Victoria to Wellington from which place he removed to Union Wharf something like a year since. His remains will be sent to Nanaimo for burial where his son, Walter—who lost his life a month ago to-day, in the fatal bridge accident—was interred.

Coroner Abram held an inquest Friday afternoon at Union Bay. Jonah Sarjent an eye witness testified:

"Mr. Work was on forward flat car with Mr. Grieve. His orders were to switch car on the siding. As we were running Mr. Grieve cut rear car off, leaving hind car to me to stop near switch. Mr. Work seeing hind car cut loose ran over one half of forward car to get on hind car. While in the act of jumping Mr. Ray gave steam, giving car a sudden jerk, pulling it away from the other car I saw Mr. Work trying to save himself by grabbing for hind car. I felt the car going over him. Soon as I saw him fall I set the brake, but owing to speed I could not stop car until it had gone past him. Then I saw Mr. Work roll off the rail on top of the culvert. We got down and made him as comfortable as we could. Mr. Work wanted to lie there until the doctor came. I left and came with Mr. Grieve to the telephone. The engineer could see Mr. Work when he was on the flat car; only he had received signal to go ahead and was looking the other way when Mr. Work fell. The car ran about half length. Could not say say how far the cars were apart."

There was other evidence, which however threw no light upon the matter.

THE VERDICT.

We the undersigned jurymen find that the death of James L. Work, according to the evidence given, was purely accidental, no blame being attached to any party.

THEO. BROWNE,
C. P. PILLSBURY,
WM. A HORNE,
EDWARD AUSTIN,
T. MARSHALL,
J. McLAUCHLIN,
G. A. McLOUCHLIN.

FROM NEW WESTMINSTER.

New Westminster, Sept., 13.

To L. Mounce,
Mayor of Cumberland, B. C.

"Thanks for sympathy."

Thos. Ovens, Mayor.

Hornby News

Road work is being done now.

The grouse are plentiful and salmon fishing is good.

Mrs. Bennett is in Cumberland, visiting her son.

Mr. W. C. Spence has some fine ewes for sale for breeding purposes. He expects to leave soon, so is selling off.

Dr. Lucas was over here lately and stirred the peopled on the liquor question. He wanted the people to hold "thumbs up."

We have been troubled here to keep up the number of scholars to the average of 10 as required by law to maintain the school. The trustees accordingly hired Miss McKinnon of Victoria as teacher, who had in addition to the necessary qualifications, a number of little brothers and sisters. So it was arranged to have Miss McKinnon's mother come up with her little ones and reenforce the school. Mrs. McKinnon has taken the Westwood place.

Provincial General Election.

STATEMENT OF CANDIDATES EXPENSES

To John Baird, Esq., Returning Officer for Comox Electoral District.

Statement of expenses of Jas. Dunsmuir's committee during the last Provincial Election:

Printing and advertising account...	$125.00
Hall rent,.....	65.00
Total	$190.00

JOHN J. R. MILLER,
AGENT FOR JAS. DUNSMUIR.

General Provincial Elections.

STATEMENT OF CANDIDATES EXPENSES.

To John Baird, Esq., Returning Office for Comox Electoral District

Statement of Wm. J. McAllan's expenses during the last Provincial Election:

Advertising and printing account....	$57.50
Hall rent.....	20.00
Livery.....	19.00
Telegrams.....	13.75
Total	$110.25

WM. J. McALLAN.

FARMERS' BALL.

A "Farmers' Ball" will be given, under the auspices of the Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association, in their hall at Courtenay, on the evening of the 29th inst. commencing at 8:30 oclock, p. m. Refreshments will be served during the evening.

Ticket admitting lady and gentleman 75c.

All are cordially invited to attend.

Passenger List.

Per City of Nanaimo, Sept. 14.—J. J. Brown, G. Murdock, L. Nanther, J. Woodland, C. Webster, A. L. Gartshore, T. Lord, J. Ratcliffe, J. H. Roy, Mr. Peff, J. R. Miller, Mrs. Miller, M. Palmer, Mrs. Jacobs, T. Richards, T. D, Jones, B Alexander, Mrs. Rendall, Mrs. Garson, W. McAllan, E. Smith, Mr. M. McLean, Jim W. Shirk, J. Pearson, Mrs. Brown, Joe Aspe, Mrs. Walker, R. Dawdall.

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

A TALISMAN.

What uses had he for all these—
This ring locked, rusty bunch of keys.
Ah, this one closed his vault of wine,
And this one opened up the mine
From whence he took the store of thought
That here are in his writings wrought.
But this? Why, here he held his life!
This was his latchkey, and his wife
Has thanked dear God to hear it turn.
Its place is 'mong the ashes in his urn.
—William Lightfoot Visscher in Woman's Home Companion.

A FAMOUS SEA FIGHT.

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN CHILEAN AND PERUVIAN IRONCLADS.

The Destruction of the Huascar Off the Bolivian Coast — A Terrible Slaughter What a Fight Between Modern War Vessels Means.

In The Century Claude H. Wetmore has an article on "A Famous Sea Fight," describing the engagement between Chilean and Peruvian ironclads off the coast of Bolivia in 1879. Mr. Wetmore says:

From the first of the battle the encouraging voice of Grau had come to the men in the turret through the speaking tube from the conning tower, but when the Blanco crowded into the thick of it and great shot struck the Huascar's sides as regularly as blows of a battering ram the orders of the commander were no longer heard. The officer in charge of the turret called to his superior. There was no answer, and when Commander Elias Aguerre ran up the narrow little ladder that led to the tower he stumbled over the dead body of his admiral. A shell had struck the conning tower and had taken off Grau's head as neatly as if the decapitation had been by the guillotine. This shell also killed Lieutenant Ferre, the admiral's aid. There was only time to push the corpses aside, and the new commanding officer pulled back the tube flap to give his directions, but as he did so the Huascar staggered, keeled over, then shook in every plate, while a concussion more terrific than any so far told that a shell had entered the turret and had burst there. When the fumes had cleared away so that a person could speak, a midshipman called out that one of the great guns had been dismounted and 20 men killed. The survivors tumbled the bodies through the hatch that opened into the deck below, thus releasing the clogged machinery, and as the corpses rattled down other men rushed up, throwing off their clothing as they jumped into the pools of blood to seize hold of the gear and swing the remaining gun into position, that it might train upon one of the ships—they could no longer make out which, nor did they care—and it was discharged, hauled in, loaded and discharged again.

Once more all was silent in the conning tower. Lieutenant Palacios hastened there, but before he could enter he was compelled to push three bodies out of the way. He had barely given his first command when a bullet from the well aimed rifle of a marine in an enemy's top lodged between his eyes. Then the fourth to command the Huascar that day, Lieutenant Pedro Garezon, took the place, and as he did so he called through an aperture telling the quartermaster to put the helm to port; for he had determined to ram one of the adversaries and sink with her if necessary. Over and over spun the wheel, but the Huascar's head still pointed between the Chileans.

"Port! Port, I say!" screamed the commander.

"She won't answer," came back the sullen reply from the only one of four quartermasters alive. The bodies of the others were lying upon the grating at his feet.

"A shot has carried away the starboard steering gear, sir," reported an ensign, and he dropped dead as the words left his mouth.

The Huascar now lay drifting in a hell of shot and flame, but all the while the red, white and red fluttered from the peak. One by one, in twos and in threes, the men in the turret dropped at their posts, and at last the remaining great gun was silent, its tackle literally choked with dead. The turret could not be turned for the same reason. Corpses hung over the military top; corpses clogged the conning tower.

With coats and waistcoats off the surgeons had been laboring in the wardroom upon the wounded, who, shrieking in their agony, had been tumbled down the companionway like so much butchered beef, for there was no time to use stretchers or to carry a stricken comrade to a doctor's care. Steam and smoke filtered through the doorways, and the apartment became stifling. While they were sawing, amputating and bandaging a shell tore into the wardroom, burst, and fragments wounded the assistant surgeons, the chief of the medical staff having been killed earlier in the conflict. Those unfortunates who were stretched upon the table awating their turn under the knife and those who lay upon the floor suffered no more pain. They were killed as they lay groaning. This shell tore away wardroom and stern cabin, and hardly a trace was left of the bulkhead. After that what little surgery was done was performed in the coal bunkers.

Huddled in a passageway near the engine room were a score or more of noncombatants—stewards, pantrymen and stokers. They were in a place that was lighted only as flashes came from the guns. It was filled with powder smoke, and clouds of steam that drifted from below told that the Huascar had been struck in a vital spot—her machinery. Suddenly they heard a crash, followed by the rending of the deck, and the little ironclad swayed as if she had struck a reef. Some one passed the word that the maintop mast had been shot away. As it came down it brought living men to be dashed to death, also corpses that had been hanging over the sides of the military top.

LAW OF SELF DEFENSE.

The English Theory of Where Protection Ends and Revenge Begins.

The right of self defense is by some old writers declared to be inherent in all men by the law of nature. Now, these "natural rights" are all very well, but they are not recognized by the law of Great Britain. It is the law that a man may defend himself, his wife, child or servant from physical aggression. He may also repel by force a forcible attack upon his property. When you, or your wife, child, or servant is attacked, or threatened with violence in such a manner as reasonably to lead you to believe that violence is about to be used, you may resist the aggressor. And as the best mode of resistance is very often to attack, you may lawfully follow the advice given by an old prizefighter to a pupil—i. e., "get in the first whack."

But self defense must be moderate. It must not be totally disproportioned to the attack. For instance, if a bulking ruffian runs at me with a knife, I may shoot him. But if he runs at me merely with his fists clinched, and I shoot him dead with a revolver, I shall probably be hanged by the neck. Not that the law expects a man to be calm and cool and collected in all circumstances. By no means. For instance, if the said burly ruffian rushes at me with clinched fists, evidently meaning mischief, and I hit him with a heavy stick on the back of the ear, I may kill him. But I shall not be hanged for that. I had a right to use the stick, and in the circumstances I am not to be supposed to be cool enough to aim for a spot not likely to be fatal. Again, self defense must not develop into revenge. Thus, if I am threatened with a knife, and by the timely display of a pistol I frighten my assailant so that he runs away, I must not shoot after him. If I do, I am just as liable as though he had never threatened me, because I shoot at him not in self defense, but by way of punishment or revenge.—Family Lawyer.

LAW OF THE UMBRELLA.

An Important Opinion That Has Been Ascribed to Lord Coleridge.

The law as to umbrellas was settled once for all by Lord Coleridge in a leading English case. His lordship held:

"Umbrellas, properly considered, are a part of the atmospheric or meteorological condition, and as such there can be no individual property right in them. In Sampson versus Thompson defendant was charged with standing on plaintiff's front steps during a storm and thereby soaking up a large quantity of rain to which plaintiff was entitled. But the court held that the rain was any man's rain, no matter where it fell. It follows, therefore, that the umbrella is any man's umbrella. In all ages rain and umbrellas have gone together, and there is no reason why they should be separated in law. An umbrella may, under certain circumstances—the chief of which is possession—take on the attributes of personal property, just as if a man set a tub and catch a quantity of rainwater, that rainwater will be considered as his personal belonging while it is in his tub. But if the sun evaporate the water and it is rained down again or if the tub is upset and the water spilled then the attribute of personal ownership instantly disappears. So if a man hold his umbrella in his hand it may be considered a personal belonging, but the moment it leaves his hand it returns to the great, general, indivisable, common stock of umbrellas, whither the law will not attempt to pursue it."

So far as we know there has never been a successful appeal from this decision.—Chicago News.

Crossing Swords in the House.

Away back in the seventies, during the famous deadlock fight on the civil rights bill, the question of the adjournment of congress was under discussion one Saturday afternoon. Ben Butler, that born wit, had stepped over to Sam Randall's desk for a private consultation. Butler favored a Sunday session, while Randall opposed it vigorously.

"Bad as I am, I have some respect for God's day," said the famous high tariff champion, "and I don't think it right to hold a session on the Sabbath."

"Oh, pshaw!" responded Butler. "Doesn't the Bible say that it is lawful to pull your ox or ass out of the pit on the Sabbath day? You have 73 asses on your side of this house that I want to get out of this ditch tomorrow, and I think I am engaged in a holy work."

"Don't do it, Butler," pleaded Randall. "I have some respect for you that I don't want to lose. I expect some day to meet you in a better world."

"But you'll be there, as you are here," retorted the sly Benjamin, quick as a flash, "a member of the lower house."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ABSENTMINDED MAN.

He Moved, but When He Tried to Find His House He Failed.

An absentminded man moved to this city from a neighboring town last week. He and his wife staid at a hotel while they were finding a house, but his business prevented the man from doing his share of the house hunting, and the task fell, as if often does, upon the wife. She at last found a place which suited her and she took her husband to see it. It was satisfactory, and they came down town, he to go back to his business and she to attend to the moving of their goods from the railway car to the house. Her task was soon accomplished, and in a short time she had put away most of the things, settled a bedroom and got the kitchen and dining room in order. By 5:30 in the afternoon she and the new girl had the first dinner in the new flat all ready for the head of the house.

In the meantime the absentminded husband was plodding through the work at his office. About the time that the plates were being put on the table at his home he began to feel the need of food, and he locked up his office and started for the street car. When he reached the street, he suddenly remembered that he had not noticed the address of his new residence. He stood on the corner a long while and tried to think what the name of the street was. He consulted the directory, but none of the street names was familiar—in fact, he had not been in the city long enough to know any of the streets by name except that on which his office was situated and the location of the hotel where he had staid temporarily. He looked aimlessly at the crowded street cars and envied the men and women who knew where their homes were. The pangs of hunger were increasing momentarily, but no suggestion of the locality of his home came to him.

His mind on that point was a perfect blank. He had even forgotten to notice in what style of building the flat was situated. Cursing his stupidity, he made his way to the hotel, ate his dinner in disgusted solitude and went to bed. In the meantime his wife was nearly frantic at his absence. Night having fallen, she was afraid to venture out, and she, too, went to bed alone and spent a sleepless night. In the morning she made her way down town, found the office and threw herself weeping into her husband's arms. That afternoon the man bought a map of the city and marked accurately upon it his place of residence, and then he had a hundred cards printed containing his house address.—Chicago Chronicle.

NO MAN'S LAND.

A Western Australian Desert and Its Leading Characteristics.

Hon. David W. Carnegie, son of the Earl of Southesk, returned to England after a 18 months' journey across the Great Victoria and Great Sandy deserts of western Australia. Speaking of the natives in the interior, Mr. Carnegie said: "The people are very dark, and add to their blackness by smearing themselves with grease and ashes, a fact which makes their presence known at a considerable distance. They are very ugly—more like monkeys than anything else, with their flat foreheads and protruding lips. As a rule they are very thin and of small stature—on two occasions only I saw men upward of 6 feet in height. Men, women and children are all stark naked. They have no houses, and have no villages. They simply scoop out a hole in the sand and squat in it. When they first saw our camels and caravan, they were greatly excited, never having seen a white man before. We never suffered any hurt from them, but when any of them got us alone, they tried to be hasty, and no doubt would have proved troublesome if they had been given much opportunity. They are only one degree removed from animals.

"It was only from the smoke caused by their hunting fires that we were able to track them, and so find water."

Of the results of his journey the explorer said:

"We have proved the whole of the interior of Western Australia between Coolgardie and the Kimberley goldfields to be quite useless for man or beast. We saw no auriferous country between Lake Darlot district and Kimberley."
—Montreal Star.

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE.

G. Bernard Shaw Says the Clamor About It Is All Nonsense.

In a letter to the editor of the London Chronicle G. Bernard Shaw writes:

I should have thought, now that we have an academy of letters, that it might rescue us from the gentlemen who occasionally write to you to explain how English should be written. Some time ago you let loose an unhappy creature to whom some competent person had incautiously pointed out a common blunder in the use of "and which." Not understanding the matter, he began accusing every writer in whose works he could discover "and which" of writing bad English. With your permission, I have extinguished him, and he has not since been heard of. There was some excuse for that poor wretch, because there unquestionable is a wrong way of using "and which," but for the "split infinitive" pest there is no excuse at all. There is nothing whatever to mislead him except his own nature. If any man were to object to a split indicative such as "I greatly regret," or a split subjunctive such as "I should greatly prefer," or a split imperative such as "come slowly up," what newspaper would waste an inch of space on his foolish ignorance? And yet this split infinitive nonsense is taken quite seriously by editors who are sufficiently good writers to repeatedly use it themselves.

The infinitive is a mood in which the position of the adverb cannot possibly produce ambiguity; consequently the order of the words is not a matter of grammar, but of style, of which the ear is the only arbiter. The ear often demands the split infinitive and will have it in spite of all the silly people who do not know what style means.

When these infinite insects are disposed of, you will no doubt be attacked in due course by the even more impudent impostors who, though they pronounce the word "color" so as to rhyme with "duller," and never hear it and never have heard it and never will hear it pronounced in any other way, from time to time pretend to be shocked when it is spelt without a "u." I trust you will always insist on these nuisances definitely stating whether they pronounce it or "honor" or "neighbor" or "favor" or "behavior" so as to rhyme with "our" or "poor," as the case may be, or whether they are merely bogus etymologists—century belated Johnsons.

In either case you will be justified in recommending them to the care of their relatives and suppressing their babblings.

Black and White Effects.

Black and white effects again figure largely in the domain of both fashionable dress and millinery. Black and white silks, satins and brocades just brought from over the sea are set forth by leading importers. Black and white taffetas, surahs, failles and other fancy silks and liberty textiles appear. Black and white checks and plaids are being formed into stylish spring costumes by the fashionable dressmakers, and Frenchwomen are now wearing black and white satin brocade shirt waists with their stylish black cloth skirts. Waists of black and white or gray and white stripes or dots are always good style, whether made in the manner of the cotton shirt waists or with full fronts turned back with white revers over a tucked chemisette of fabric to match. A full blouse of cream white silk or satin, covered everywhere with a drapery or veiling merely of jetted black net, often proves the most becoming of all waists a slender woman of indifferent complexion can select. Sometimes cream ribbons matching the blouse are the most satisfactory additions she can make to the waist; again, a bow of soft pink or brilliant cerise satin works wonders of improvement.—New York Post.

Croquettes.

The secret of having croquettes firm, lies in their being mixed for a long time. The meat should be chopped very fine after being freed from all fat and gristle, and about a half pint of milk allowed to each pint of meat. The milk should be put over the fire while a tablespoonful of butter and 2 tablespoonfuls of flour are rubbed together. The hot milk is then added, and the whole cooked to a thick, smooth paste. Meantime, to a pint of chopped meat is added a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, the grated rind of a lemon, and a teaspoonful of onion juice, if that is liked, or some cooks simply rub a halved onion over the mixing bowl. The seasoned meat is then stirred into the paste and the whole turned out to cool. The meat should be allowed to stand for at least 2 hours before it is molded into croquettes. Dip first in eggs, then in bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat. Powdered shredded biscuits will be found a pleasant variety to the bread crumbs. It is a caution, by the way, in the use of these biscuits, where bread crumbs are required, that they are very unsuccessful in escalloped tomatoes. They are too starchy, evidently, to be of use there, and they form a gummy mass that is not appetizing.—New York Post.

Simple Ruby Lamp.

Secure an ordinary quart size red Rhine wine bottle and by gently tapping on the bottom thereof break out enough glass to allow the insertion of a candle. A hammer can be used for this purpose, if a little care be taken. Then wrap a piece of ruby paper all around the bottle, securing same by paste or mucilage. The lamp is now ready for use, and by standing the bottle on a triangle of burned matches and lighting the candle, will burn without any trimming of wick and other oil lamp inconveniences. The little white light emanating from the top will do absolutely no harm.—New York Mail and Express.

Death Grip on a Satchel.

James Whitcomb Riley, the great Hoosier poet, never burdens himself with much baggage while he is traveling. He once explained his views on baggage by saying: "I am continually haunted by the fear that my trunk will be lost, so I go about the country with a grip. I keep a tenacious hold on it all day long and never feel quite safe about it at night. In case there is ever a fearful railway accident, and among the debris is a valise with an arm attached to it firmly, they may bury it without further identification as the fragments of the Hoosier poet."

TRIALS OF A PUBLIC MAN.

It Takes Time to Get Used to the Ways of Newspaper Correspondents.

A new member of the senate was complaining to an old member of some of the difficulties he was encountering. "For one thing," he said, "these newspaper fellows don't always get things straight. I don't mean to accuse them of carelessness or of intentional misrepresentation, but now and then some remarkable stories are printed about me at home."

"You'll get used to that," replied the veteran. "That won't hurt. That's part of your apprenticeship. I've been all along there. Let me tell you of a little experience of mine. Soon after I first came here I picked up a paper from my state and saw it asserted in a letter from Washington that my colleague and myself had met and arranged a slate, and that all the patronage for the state would be distributed according to that arrangement.

"There was no warrant for the statement, and I made inquiries for the correspondent. He came to see me and proved to be a bright and most agreeable young man. I asked him for his authority, and he pleasantly refused to give it, but said that he had every faith in his informant. To that I replied that all I would ask, then, would be the privilege of denying the story—of putting my statement against the other. He said that was only fair and that he would attend to the matter.

"When the correction appeared, it read something like this: 'Your correspondent's story about the deal between Senator —— and his colleague, by which the patronage of the state is to be divided between them, has raised quite a stir here. There is no question as to its absolute truth. But Senator ——, who evidently has been rattled by the publication, now solemnly assures your correspondent that he had nothing whatever to do with the deal.' After that I went slow on corrections."
—Bangor Whig and Courier.

Snobbishness.

A lady living in an unfashionable street invited a gentleman of leisurely life to her home, because in her simplicity she thought he seemed lonely. He came, and at the close of the evening remarked to her, "I had no idea I should meet so many distinguished people at your house," his voice unconsciously emphasizing the pronoun. In a little book, "About People," Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells gives the following instance of a lack of good manners:

Snobbishness is not confined to one set of people. Emphasized by fashion or literary pretensions, it spreads from village to city. It exists in sardine factories and in palatial mansions; it is met with at picnics and dances as well as at dinner or conversation parties. The links are close.

One of Boston's oldest families gave a reception. Two scions of other old families attended, to whom the host said, "I'll introduce you to those ladies opposite," and he moved toward them.

"Excuse us," said one of the men; "the ladies are of a peasant style of beauty; it is hardly worth while."

The host bowed low in recognition of their farseeing power, adding, "Yes, they are my nieces from the country, but I will not trouble you."

No apology would he receive, though one was eagerly offered.

Woman's Wit.

An emperor of Germany besieged a city which belonged to one of his rebellious noblemen. After the siege had lasted for a long time the emperor determined to take it by storm and to destroy all it contained by fire and sword. He did not, however, wish to injure the defenseless women; therefore, he sent a proclamation into the town, saying that all the women might leave the place unhurt and carry with them whatever they held most precious. The nobleman's wife instantly decided to take her husband, and the other women followed her example. They soon issued from the city gate in a long procession, each one with her husband on her shoulders. The emperor was so much struck with the noble conduct of the women that he spared all; even the city itself was left untouched.

An English Diplomatist.

Sir Claude Macdonald, the British minister to China, is 46 years old and holds rank in the army as a major. He served with the Seventy-fourth highlanders and was in the Egyptian campaign of 1882 and the Suakim expedition before he was appointed consul general at Zanzibar in 1887. After leaving east Africa he was sent to the Niger, where he proved a very successful consul general in the Niger Coast Protectorate, as the district, which was once known as the "Oil Rivers Protectorate," is now designated. Sir Claude's career in west Africa was cut short in 1896 by his selection for the embassy at Peking.

Permanently So.

Weary Watkins—I see some of the papers is agitating the wide tire question again for better roads.

Hungry Higgins—I don't know much about wide tires, but I know I've got a lifelong one.—Indianapolis Journal.

Weaknesses seem to be even more carefully and anxiously concealed than graver and more decided faults, for human nature is more ashamed of the first than of the last.

THE GAME WENT ON.

BIXBY TELLS AN INTERESTING STORY WHILE PLAYING POKER.

It Was About a Sad Incident With a Humorous Side at the Battle of Antietam—How a Game of Draw Generally Takes All a Fellow's Attention.

Johnson was dealing when Bixby began to tell his yarn.

"I heard a first rate story today," he said. "It may be old to you boys, but it was new to me. Colonel Jim Williams of Kentucky was telling it, and he got all the points in, of course, much better than I can. No colonel in Kentucky can tell a better story than Williams. I don't claim to be much of a story teller myself, but"—

"You in, Bixby?" asked Butler.

Bixby picked up his hands and played a pair of aces through to his loss. When another player began shuffling the cards, Bixby resumed.

"The story was something like this," he said. "Ike Doolittle was a private in the war. It was at the battle of Antietam. He had a grudge against Lieutenant Forrest. A shell came along, and"—

"Are we going to play for anything this time?" asked Johnson.

"Your ante," said Butler to Bixby.

Bixby anted. "This shell came along," he said, "and took off Forrest's foot. He saw Doolittle near him, and called to him to take"—

"I'm in," said Walters.

"Raise it a couple of reds," said Butler.

Bixby picked up three eights and stood the raise. He drew a fourth and won the pot. Then it was his deal. He shuffled leisurely as he said: "The shell, it seems, took off Forrest's foot, and he called to Doolittle to carry him back to the ambulance. Doolittle lifted him to his shoulder and"—

"I had three kings to go," said Williams, referring to his previous hand.

"I had a straight four flush," said Johnson sadly.

"Doolittle lifted him up," continued Bixby, "and"—

"Going to shuffle the spots off the cards?" asked Butler.

Bixby started to deal. "Doolittle was carrying him back," he said, "with his head hanging over his shoulder, when along came another shell, and"—

"Give me another stack," said Williams. He got it. While the hand was being played Bixby turned to Butler, who had staid out like himself.

"Just then," said Bixby, "another shell came along and took off Forrest's head. Doolittle didn't see it."

"Where was this?" asked Butler politely.

"At Antietam," answered Bixby. "During the war, you know. Doolittle was carrying Forrest back to the ambulance. He said he had his foot shot off. He was being taken back to the ambulance. He"—

Butler picked up three aces. "I'm in for a minute," he said. Johnson raised him ten. He saw it and raised back. Johnson staid, and they drew. Butler bet ten and Johnson raised him 20. Butler hesitated and ran over his cards. Then he looked long and searchingly at Johnson. There was a curious tensity in the silence. Bixby turned to Williams.

"Doolittle," he said, "didn't know that Forrest's head had been shot off."

"Why didn't he know it?" Williams absently asked, watching the players.

"He didn't see it," explained Bixby. "He kept on carrying him back toward the ambulance. Private Canfield came along and said to Doolittle:

"'What you carrying that for?'

"'It's Lieutenant Forrest,' said Doolittle. 'I'm taking him back to the ambulance.'

"'What can they do with him in the ambulance with his head shot off?' asked Private Canfield."

"I call," said Butler, shoving in his chips. Johnson won, and Bixby picked up the cards to deal again.

"Private Canfield," he said, "wanted to know what they could do with him there with his head shot off. 'His head!' shouted Doolittle. 'The blamed fool told me 'twas his foot.'"

Bixby pounded the table and laughed heartily. His companions looked at him wonderingly.

"Who was Doolittle?" asked Johnson.

"Why, he was the fellow that was carrying Forrest"—

"Bixby's been telling a story," said Williams.

"What's the point?" asked Butler.

"The point is," said Bixby, "that Doolittle thought his foot was shot off when it was his head. He was carrying him back at the time, and"—

"I've got six cards," said Williams.

"It's a misdeal," said Johnson.

"Go on with your story," said Williams to Bixby.

"Yes," said two or three others, "give us the story."

"But I've got through with it," explained Bixby.

"Oh, have you?" said Williams. "That's good."—New York Sun.

Spurious Mummies.

Spurious mummies have from time to time been palmed off upon the public, and a doubt arose in a Vienna museum as to the validity of one daughter of the pharaohs in their collection. It occurred to them, in view of the general hollowness of life, that the young lady might have been manufactured in Birmingham. So they turned the Roentgen rays upon her and saw at once through the many folded wraps the amulets which the Egyptians placed upon the bosoms of their dead, thus proving the genuineness of their specimen.

DOCTOR WAS IN LUCK.

How He Got a Quarter of Beef He Was In Want Of.

A prosperous Pittsburg physician, who resides in an aristocratic part of the city, related an experience he met with about a year after he had graduated from college. He was practicing in a small village in Indiana county about 18 miles from any railroad. He had been recently married, and in the struggle to make ends meet the prospect at times became very discouraging. It was during one of these depressing periods in the middle of the winter, with snow a foot and a half deep covering the ground, that he was called to attend a farmer who lived some miles away. The stock of provisions in the house was exhausted, and it seemed certain that the resolution that had been made by the young couple not to ask any one for credit must be broken. When the call arrived, the doctor was preparing to go to the nearest store to ask the proprietor to give him "tick" so that he could get something for breakfast. Instead of going to the store he mounted his faithful mare Molly and started off through the drifts to visit his patient. When the doctor rose to leave, after attending to the patient, the old farmer said:

"Doc, I ain't got no money, but if a quarter of beef'll do you any good I'll send it in when the roads git broke."

The young doctor's heart gave a bound. Concealing his exultation as best he could, he said: "What's the matter with me taking it right along? I was thinking of buying some beef, and this will come in handy."

The proposition was accepted, and the farmer's son helped put the quarter of beef across Molly's shoulders, and the homeward journey began. The mare was skittish, and the doctor had difficulty in keeping the beef from falling. Finally the mare shied at something, and away went the beef into a big snowdrift.

The doctor was a member of the Methodist church, and, according to his story, did not swear. He dismounted and endeavored to put the beef on the mare, but she wouldn't stand still, and after repeated attempts the task seemed a hopeless one. Thinking of the resolution, the young doctor set his teeth and tried again. This time he was successful. He felt like a conquering hero as he dumped the beef on the portico of his modest home about midnight. The faithful little wife was sure it was a dispensation of Providence, but the doctor, remembering his struggles at the snowdrift, reserved his opinion.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY PUZZLE

She Could Get the Answer, but Still She Wondered.

A dear little woman up on Capitol hill married and went to housekeeping in the most determined manner. She set to work to keep an exact account of her expenditures, balancing her books regularly once a month. One of her earliest purchases was an ice ticket for the season. It cost, I believe, $10.

A month later, in making up her accounts, it occurred to her that that $10 should be divided proportionately among the several months mentioned on the ticket in order to give to each day's account only the amount of money actually expended on that day. Also she wished to calculate and set down the number of pounds of ice used each day. The problem had several ramifications which I have forgotten, but, at any rate, it was exceedingly difficult, and the housewife covered sheet after sheet of paper with her calculation. The arrival of her husband found her disheveled and in a state of evident distress.

"What in the world is the matter?" he asked. The wife explained:

"Well, can't you get any answer without that figuring?" he asked. The wife's eyes began to blink rapidly and she sniffed suspiciously.

"Oh, I can get an answer," she said, swallowing hard—"I can get a lovely answer, but I can't put it in my book because I can't tell—I can't tell whether it's days or ice or money."—Washington Post.

Old Ab Drake.

Old Ab Drake was one of the "odd sticks" that flourished in a Vermont rural neighborhood a good many years ago. His wife was a meek, obedient, spiritless woman, over whom Ab tyrannized for 50 years, when she quietly slipped out of this world. Old Ab's panegyrics on his dead wife's virtues were loud and long. Before the funeral he said to one of his neighbors: "She was the best woman on the top of this earth. I jess thought the world and all of her—yes, I did! I always thought it, and hanged if there wan't times when I come mighty near telling her so—yes, sir! And I would 'a' told her so, only I've always held, and I still hold, that it ain't safe to praise anything that w'ars petticoats. 'Ceptin for that, I would 'a' told 'Lizy Ellen what I thought of her many a time—yes, I would!"—Boston Journal.

WHERE WOMEN RULE.

What a Social Student Found In an Eastern Province.

While studying social conditions in oriental lands Dr. Alice B. Stockham was advised by Tolstoi to visit the Naiars on the Malabar coast of India, and witness a type of civilization unknown elsewhere among the inhabitants of earth. Here, according to a writer, the husband is a mere incident in the social organization. Woman's power is autocratic and absolute. She wins or divorces a husband at will. She frames and administers the laws by which he lives, and through her is the descent of the property, which he may earn, but not own. The ricefield is his active arena, and if industrious and frugal—proving himself capable of maintaining a family—some Naiar maid invites him to become her husband. The successful man of eligible years is wooed and won as is the fortunate and accomplished maiden of our country.

The impropriety of manifesting affection for a woman before it is solicited is thoroughly instilled into the mind of the Naiar man, and, while the strife between natural tendencies and national custom may sometimes approach the nature of an irrepressible conflict, to yield is ruin and humiliation irreparable. The eligible bachelor must await an avowal of love and choice and suffer in silence if it be long withheld. The Naiars are of Brahman origin and much above the average inhabitants of India in intelligence and in the administration of their native government. Better native schools are found here than elsewhere in India, and a surprising degree of domestic contentment.—Springfield Republican.

CAKE WALK IS FRENCH.

When It Originated, It Also Stood For a Marriage Ceremony.

The cake walk properly had its origin among the French negroes of Louisiana more than a century ago. There is little doubt that it is an offshoot of some of the old French country dances. It resembles several of them in form. From New Orleans it spread over the entire south and thence north. It was found of convenience to the plantation negroes. They were not wedded by license, and it was seldom that the services of a preacher were called in.

At a cake walk a man might legitimately show his preference for a woman and thus publicly claim her for a wife. In effect the cake walk was not different from the old Scotch marriage, which required only public acknowledgment from the contracting parties. So this festival became in some sense a wooing, an acceptance or rejection and a ceremony. This explains its popularity with the blacks, outside of its beauties, with the accompaniment of music, which is competent at all times to command negro support.

Cake walking has improved, as do most things that are constantly practiced. It has lost its old significance in the south. Negroes now get married, when they marry at all, in the white folks' fashion. It has, however, become a pantomime dance. Properly performed, it is a beautiful one. The cake is not much of a prize, though the negro has a sweet tooth.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Forest Protection In Idaho.

The miners as well as the mine owners operating in northern Idaho are peculiarly interested in rational and effective methods of forest protection to what remains of the public timber lands, and as producers of national wealth have a right to demand it. They have the result of years of wanton forest destruction before their eyes and can see themselves confronted with a timber shortage before many years that threatens their commercial and industrial life. That such a condition is fast approaching needs no prophetic vision to foresee.

The extent of burned forest land the past 16 years as developed in these regions is an evidence that requires no supporting argument to make effective. That many thousands of acres of forest still exist in the Cœur d'Alene basins does not weaken the fact of an impending timber shortage. Under the present conditions two or three dry seasons would suffice to wipe out the larger portion by far of what remains of the forests in this part of the state. There is not yet adequate protection or supervision, and public sentiment upon these points is not yet sufficiently aroused.

The Quality of Real Fun.

One man said to another in an elevated car about something that he had just read, "Now, that is actually funny," and then he read it over again. The inference from this is, of course, that many of the things written in fun are not really funny, and, making due allowance for lack of appreciation, it is doubtless true that much of the matter written as fun actually does lack the true spark. It may be well intentioned, good natured, even cheerful, and yet lack the peculiar filling, satisfying, energizing, refreshing, uplifting quality of real fun.

The man who has this kind of fun in his heart and who has besides the power of communicating it to his neighbor need not go to the Klondike for his reward.—New York Ledger.

The Borrower's Way.

If you lend a man grass seed, he'll come around later to borrow a lawn mower.—Christian Work.

REMARKABLE SHOOTING.

Killing Four Caribous Out of Five at Long Distances.

A party of four of us left Bath for the upper part of Maine for a four days' hunting trip. There was one man among us, Orderly Sergeant Richardson, U. S. A., at Fort Popham, Me., still in the service. On the third morning three of us—the sergeant, another and myself—left camp together in search of game, the snow falling thick, but calm; no wind. We had not gone more than a mile from camp when we saw on the next ridge (a hillside) five caribous standing in such an open place that it was almost impossible to get nearer to them without being seen. After a wait of some time for them to change their position, that we might advance and get a shot of more certainty, our silence was broken by the sergeant's remark that he had killed deer as far away as that, and thought he could kill one of these.

We all agreed to let him take a shot and estimated the distance at 500 yards. When he got in his position, which he calls the Texas grip, and selecting the one on the right told us to look out for him, at the crack of his rifle, to my great surprise, down came the animal with his back broken. The others, being bewildered, ran in a circle like, coming to a standstill somewhat nearer to us—all hands estimated 450 yards. Again he selected the one on the right, and at the crack of the gun again the animal dropped, shot through the heart. The other three leaped off in another direction, as we estimated, 600 yards. Then the sergeant adjusted his sights to that distance, and to my great surprise he killed the third one. The other two separated and one of them came back near to the first one that was shot, when he stood broadside to us, and the sergeant fired, but shot low and broke both front legs just above the knee. After a little skirmishing about in the brush we found him, and one more shot from the old springfield rifle, with the sergeant behind it, gave us four out of five caribous and only five shots fired, and by only one man at that. We went into camp with flying colors and were the center of attraction that evening.

One of the party inquired of the sergeant where he had obtained such proficiency in marksmanship, when he pulled his coat open and exhibited a splendid gold badge from the army, a distinguished marksman's medal, won by him in 1889 in the division competition of the army, department of the east. Our party were on this hunt for several days and killed six deer, two elks and four caribous, of which Sergeant Richardson killed four caribous, three deer and one elk, and he killed them all over 300 yards, except one deer, which he shot on the run and about 150 yards' distance, breaking its neck.—J. S. Jones, U. S. A., Retired, in Army and Navy Journal.

ELEPHANT CURIOSITY.

An Animal Which Stands With Its Feet Imbedded In Rocks.

On the Miles Wilbur farm, less than two miles from Palmyra, Wis., nearly midway between Bald bluff and the Curelian spring, on a wild, rocky hillside of the Kettle range of bluffs, may be found a huge rock known far and near as the "stone elephant."

It is annually visited by large numbers of people, some of whom pronounce it a petrified elephant of monster size, but the theory most generally believed is that it was hewed out of the solid rock in which it seemed imbedded centuries ago by some prehistoric race.

As if to substantiate this latter theory, from time to time many valuable tools, relics and implements unknown to the people of this age have been found about its base and in that immediate vicinity. It is about 20 feet long, 6 or 8 feet high, of a dark gray color and weighs hundreds of tons. The body only is above the level of the ground, its legs being deeply sunk below, holding it firmly in a standing position.

A tradition believed by many is that around this huge stone the Indians gathered to offer sacrifice to the Great Spirit and burn their prisoners at the stake or make them the victims of slow torture known only to the Indians. It is a long established and generally believed theory that in this immediate vicinity and about Bald bluff and the big spring were some of their most famous battlefields and hunting grounds.—Boston Transcript.

His Furlough.

"What is a furlough?" asked a Columbus (O.) teacher.

"It means a mule," was the reply of Mary.

"Oh, no," replied the teacher, "it doesn't mean a mule."

"Indeed, it does," said Mary. "I have a book at home that says so."

"Well," said the teacher, now thoroughly interested, "you may bring the book to school, and we'll see about it."

The next day Mary brought the book, and in some triumph opened to a page where there was a picture of a soldier standing beside a mule. Below the picture were the words, "Going Home on His Furlough."—Exchange.

Isaac Bromley's Wit.

One evening Isaac Bromley was at a billiard room, accompanied by a friend. An accomplished amateur was displaying marvelous skill at the game. At Ike's request the friend introduced him to the player. "Mr. Squat," said Ike, "really you are one of the most remarkable players I ever met." "Scott," said the player and the friend simultaneously. "No," said Ike gravely and firmly, "a man who can play billiards like that must spell his name with a q."—Exchange.

VIRTUES OF HOT WATER.

Many Are the Aches and Pains It Will Relieve.

Not a phrase conveying an impression of entire felicity, yet it may be found that water, hot, has manifold uses and is peculiarly able in certain places to afford comfort and relief. A physician who has tried it says that no agent so quickly relieves nausea and vomiting as water, hot as it can be taken. For constipation drink of hot water a short time before retiring at night. Dyspeptics are benefited by sipping a cup of hot water an hour before eating. The same practice tends to flesh production, and is one of the rules given sometimes in prescriptions for the cure of lameness.

As water is so considerable an element in the physical structure, it is in some sense a food, though—knowing, too, that without it life cannot be supported—it is not usually regarded in that manner, and the knowledge that a weak stomach will retain hot water when it will nothing else may be oftentimes of value.

Let those who are inclined to sneer at "only hot water" try a cup of it, fresh water, quickly heated and brought to a boil, used with cream and sugar as for coffee. If coffee, as many believe, encourages dyspepsia, and tea renders its consumers subject to headaches, while a cold fluid with warm fluid is not hygienic, it answers to reason that if any drink must be used at meals, the one we are considering (or else hot milk), having none of their objectionable qualities, is preferable.

To ward off the cold threatened by a chilly sensation, drink a cup. To loosen a tight cough, sip water as hot as it can be borne. A hot compress, with a dry flannel over it, persistently applied to the throat and chest will cure a stubborn cough, a sore throat and cut short in its incipiency congestion of the lungs.

To dip a cloth in hot water and lay it quickly over the seat of pain is sometimes a relief in neuralgia. The same application on the stomach will banish colic. In croup place about the neck a flannel wrung out of hot water. For sprains hot fomentations are excellent. In such cases care should be taken that the clothing is protected from dampness by the intervention of a dry cloth, and in all the uses for it thus far given it must be kept in mind that the water is to be really hot.

In spasms place the afflicted child as quickly as possible in a hot bath—that is, one heated as much as comfort will allow. The convulsed frame will be relaxed and soothed by its contact with the warm water. A hot bath after exposure will do much to prevent the taking of an infectious disease. An occasional full hot bath upon retiring is of great benefit in inducing sleep. Even a footbath will be found a help as a means to the same.

When a person is tired and heated, bathing the face with warm water will prove more comfortable as well as less dangerous than the use of cold. Weak eyes are made stronger by bathing them regularly in water as hot as can be borne. If they are tired, such bathing, to which is sometimes added a little salt, will wonderfully rest them.

For a fine complexion and velvety skin never use cold, but warm water in washing the face. It may be first washed with soap and hot water, then rinsed with tepid water. To bathe the face daily in hot water will, it is said, remove pimples. And the appearance of wrinkles may be greatly delayed, it is believed, by the use of the hot bath.—St. Louis Republic.

Mistook the Mule.

Deacon Jackson was a very pious but very determined old colored citizen of Owl Creek valley. He had a young mule which his boys were unable to ride, and their failure to break the animal so exasperated the old man that he determined to ride it himself. He was, however, no sooner located on its back than he was thrown into an adjoining lot, where he was picked up with both legs broken and his neck badly sprained.

"What on earth did such an old man as you mean by trying to ride a wild young mule like that?" asked the doctor.

"Waal, suh," said Deacon Jackson, "I never does undertake to do nuthin widout fust consultin ov de Lawd an seein whut he dun thunk erbout hit. I axed him ef I orter ride dat mule whut my triflin no erconut boys couldn't ride, an de Lawd he sed, 'Yessah,' jes' ez plain ez I am talkin to you."

"Well, but he seems to have given you bad advice."

"No, doctor, his judgment was all right, fer de Lawd knows dis ole nigger never seed de day when he was afeered to straddle anything from a circular saw up to er elephant, but dis time I think de Lawd was jes' mistooken in de mule."—Atlanta Journal.

Famous Three R's.

The originator of the famous three "r" alliteration "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic" was Sir William Curtis, a lord mayor of London. In 1795 he proposed it as a toast before the board of ducation.

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M. Whitney, Editor.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 17th, 1898

He who thinks a corporation has no rights which he is bound to respect, is an incipient anarchist.

The authorities and people of every country owe it to themselves to make such provision against the assassination of their rulers, as will make the accomplishment of such a crime well neigh impossible.

The Colonist well reminds Victoria that she can not look to Kootenay for trade, but in a very limited degree. Her best field for development is the island upon which she is situated.

New Westminster is showing commendable pluck in the midst of her misfortunes. She needs much in the way of temporary help, but can be depended on after that, to take care of herself. Her citizens propose to stand by their town. Already merchants have erected frame structures, and doing business. The Dominion and Provincial public buildings will be erected without any unecessary delay. It has been decided to go ahead with the Fair. Vancouver will house the people, and the tramway take them back and forth at reduced rates. Outside help is pouring in. The C. P. R., contributed $5.000. Our member, Mr. Dunsmuir, gives $3.000 and he provides special transportation for tents and blankets from Victoria. Seattle without waiting to enquire, rushed up a car load of provisions. Vancouver is responding nobly. Let us provide a good district exhibit to help along their show.

THE TIMES ON THE INQUEST.

The Times, taking the summary of the evidence contained in the verdict in the bridge inquest case as a basis, criticises the jury and conduct of the inquest. It is strangely illogical. Referring to the synopsis of the evidence, it declares: "It is no wonder the jury's labors were abortive." Then why blame the jury? They had nothing but the evidence to guide them, and those who have impartially read the evidence, will agree the jury could not have rendered, if honest as they undoubtedly are, any other verdict.

Again the Times quotes from the verdict: "There is no evidence to prove that the bridge was known to be unsafe by the Union Colliery Co.," and then asks:

"Did the jury exercise due diligence in searching into that? If they did not they seriously neglected their public duty."

Now the Times knows full well that Mr. Barker, barrister of Nanaimo, was sent here by the Attorney-General to look after the public interest, and that he scraped up every particle of evidence he could find bearing upon the matter. He put upon the stand such witnesses as he thought knew anything about the case. In other words, the government managed the inquest—not the Turner Government, but the new (Times) government, and having found not one particle of evidence reflecting on the company, the Times continues to throw dirt. Yes, let a commission be issued to enquire into the government management of the case, and while they are about it place the writer of the Times article on trial before a commission on lunacy.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

And the Council said: "Let there be light."

Dr. Westwood, we hear, is now located in Grand Forks.

We are glad to see the stumps disappearing from the streets.

We have been informed that wages on the roads have been reduced to $2 per day.

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.

☞ Neat well-lighted corner room, suitable for an office or shop, next to City Hall, for rent. Enquire at NEWS OFFICE.

Mr. Thos. Cairns had stolen from him half ton of pears lately. What makes it appear a little remarkable, they were cooking pears.

The Wellington Enterprise is informed that the Comox Agricultural Exhibition will take place on the 29th of this months, instead of the 20th as it alleges.

There is only a gap of about one mile to connect the Comox-Nanaimo Trunk road. The sum of $1 000 is required, and the government has been urged to issue a special grant for this purpose.

The Epworth League topic for to-morrow evening will be "The Wheat and the Tares," Matt. 13: 24-30, 37-43. Every one is cordially invited to remain after church service, and take part if they desire to.

The Canadian Magazine for September maintains the reputation of that admiral publication. Above everything else it is intensly Canadian; solid without being heavy; bright without being sensational; with sufficient variety and well illustrated. Every Canadian ought to read it.

The Secretary of the Comox A. and I. Association requests that parties wishing to make entries for Show would simply give the number of their exhibit as shown in Catalogue and if any intend to exhibit and have not received a Prize List they will please notify the Secretary.

A Jap was found drowned at Denman Island wharf Thursday evening. His body was brought here this morning, and an inquest is being held to-day.

Remember THE BIG STORE is Headquarters FOR AMMUNITION AND ARMS as well as Fishing Tackle.

S. Leiser.

Wellington has passed a by-law to raise $4000.00 to purchase a fire engine and fire apparatus. Why can't we have a trifle of hose to protect us? It is said it will cost $2.50 to procure attachments to the hydrants here so the hose can be used. Great Scott! Can't that matter be arranged?

$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.

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

THE INQUEST.

James Lister Work: "Reside at Union Wharf; am foreman of Union Colliery Co's. works at the wharf. I am a general carpenter. I have worked a little on bridges. Mr. Little asked me in December 1897 to go with Mr. McLaughlin to take the deflection of the span . . . We found it five eigths of of an inch. It was with a full train of cars going very slowly . . . . .There was no side play—just a deflection of five eigths of an inch. I made observations again on the 16th of June, 1898. McLaughlin had left some work undone and timber to go in. I asked him to show me what work was to be done and what new timber was needed. We were asked to make a thorough examination on the 8th of August, McLaughlin asked me to take deflections. On the 9th I took lines as the river was low, and hung them from centre of span . . I found the deflection barely three quarters of an inch . . . . In ordinary cases timber is allowed eight or nine years, but they often stand longer."

Cross-examined—"It does not follow that timber is not used after eight or nine years. I considered the bridge safe. On the 16th of June I considered it safe for another year.

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.

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

BLACKSMITHING in all its branches, and Wagons neatly Repaired

Milk, Eggs, Vegetables.

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

JAMES REID.

PROFESSIONAL.

YARWOOD & YOUNG.
BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS

Corner of Bastion and Commercial Streets, Nanaimo, B. C.
BRANCH OFFICE, Third Street and Dunsmuir Avenue, B. C.
Will be in Union the 3rd Wednesday of each month and remain ten days.

HARRISON P. MILLARD,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR.
Offices: WILLARD BLOCK, CUMBERLAND
COURTENAY HOUSE, COURTENAY.
Hours of Consultation: CUMBERLAND, 10 to 12 A. M. TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
COURTENAY, 7 to 9 A. M. AND P. M.

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.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

WANTS.

AGENTS.

The war with Spain is over. We have the most complete history published. Our book contains about 700 pages, over 100 illustrations, and is so cheap it sells on sight. Agents coining money with it the last few days. Write quick for information.
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AGENTS.

I am just starting the best thing for money-making you have seen for many a day. Your name and address will bring the golden information
T. H. LINSCOTT, TORONTO.

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. AMLEY, R. S.

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

THE SLATER SHOE

WE mail free for asking "The Craft of St. Crispin," a 50 page handsomely illustrated catalogue of the "Slater Shoe" telling how shoes are made, the kind of shoes that fit all kinds of feet, the kind of wear that certain leathers give and how to care for them. Call or drop a card to the local "Slater Shoe" agency, or

The Slater Shoe Factory
MONTREAL

MAKERS — MONTREAL

Simon Leiser, Sole Local Agent.