Semi-Weekly Edition.

The News.

SIXTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY SEPT. 3rd, 1898

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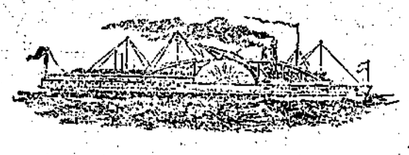

THE STEAMER CITY OF NANAIMO WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

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

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Wish a good fit, go to McLeod the tailor

THE INQUEST.

F. D. LITTLE'S TESTIMONY

F. D. Little duly sworn: My name is Frances Deans Little. I am the manager of the Union Colliery Co' works. The line of the railway from Union to the wharf is of the Union Colliery Co's plant, and is owned and managed exclusively by the Union Colliery Co. The Trent river bridge is on this line of railway where this accident took place. This road was finished ten years ago this fall. This bridge was built ten years ago this September. Mr. Hunter approved the plan of the bridge. Walter Bucksley had the contract for the bridge. He was drowned and his father took up the contract and got Williams to finish it. Bucksley helped to construct the bridge with Williams; parts of the bridge have been renewed from that date. The bridge originally consisted of a long trestle on either end, and in the centre a Howe truss span. The span was about 135 feet long

Last October we finished all the main braces and nearly all the braces that were necessary to be renewed, and a thorough repairing of the trestles. The original chords in the span are still left. The summer before that we put a whole new foundation under the trestle and pier. Mr. McLaughlan had charge of the gang doing the repairing. He examined it all over and consulted with me, and reported to me what he found as the result of the examination; and as a result of the report the repairs were made. He did not make a written report. At the time of that report to me McLaughlan bored the chords and thought it would go to the summer of 1899. He made this inspection in 1897. There was an inspection of the span from men from the E. & N. Co. two or three years ago. They told me by renewing the braces that we did, the bridge was a good bridge. I can't give the names of the men; they were sent up by Mr. Hunter. know I don't whether they made a written report; if they did Mr. Hunter would have it. I am not a director of the company. We began running a passenger train over the road about two years ago. I don't know if there is anything in the Act of incorporation allowing us to carry passengers on this road. I asked for a car if we could possibly have it. I understood it was arranged at the head office. This line carries passengers independently—not in connection with any other railroad. The E. & N. sell tickets to Union and account to us for this part of the fare. It is against the regulations for the public to ride on any other car than the passenger car. Notices to that effect have been circulated repeatedly and a special printed one on the locomotive; when these come down we have some ready to put up; they are all down now, I think. It don't seem to make much difference whether they are up or not; it all lay with the engineer driver; he is responsible for people riding in the train; his instructions are strictly to carry them out; I have told him repeatedly. I have never discharged an engineer for not obeying these regulations. I suppose the people repeatedly ride down on the train. I ride down myself. I have been on the locomotive when other people were on the train, who had no business there, and I generally sent them off and told Walker about it. There have been times when they did not get off, when I did not make them. Prior to putting this passenger car on they came in box cars to and from the wharf; that is why I wanted the passenger car. At that time I was receiving no tolls from passengers. The same regulations were posted at that time about riding on coal trains. I produce one of the notices marked, "Exhibit B." The notice refers to all trains at that time. The people were breaking this regulation; they were riding in box cars; we charged nothing at that time. I did not turn them out of the box cars, but did off the locomotive. At that time people were allowed to ride in box cars; now there is no such understanding that people are allowed to ride on the cars, only on the passenger car. I have heard since that people ride on the coal train. If I see them I turn them off; if I don't see them they go, unless the engineer turns them off. Mr. Harwood is the section foreman; his duties are to see the track is kept in repair; he has no specific instructions to go over the track every day except the bridge. As to the rest of the track he is supposed to get his instructions from the engineer if there is anything wrong There are three more small bridges not filled up. The object in filling up the trestle at Trent river bridge was that we would not have to build a new one; the filling in was done four years ago. It was not necessary at that time to do the filling in. If we had not filled it in then, we would probably have done it last summer. New braces were put in. I examined the old ones, and the braces are lying below; they were not bad, but beginning to go at the ends; these were the original braces; they had been the same length of time as the chords. I did not examine the chords, but did the braces; there were signs of decay in the borings, a little on the edge; this was in 1897. It was our intention to put in stone abutments at low water this fall, and start next spring to put in a new truss and bridge. It was the intention to put in a shorter span; about seventy feet would cover it. Mr. McLaughlan had the contract to put in these abutments. The contract was let a week before. I don't know that the people felt the bridge was unsafe. I have never been told it was unsafe. Mr. Walker, the engineer, never told me the bridge was unsafe; except in 1896 when we put in a new foundation. He never expressed any fear on account of the bridge; no other person told me it was unsafe. McLaughlan and Work both reported the bridge safe, except some slight repairs which were made. Nothing was reported to be necessary to repair on the truss. I have not got the borings I spoke of; don't know where they are. Mr. Dunsmuir is president, Mr. Pooley is secretary, Mr. Bryden is one of the directors of the Union Colliery Co. I am not sure but think Mr. Alex. Dunsmuir is one of the directors; do not remember the names of the other directors.

Cross examined by Mr. Pooley.—It was against the regulations of the company for people to ride on the cars. I refused dozens and dozens; never gave any one permission. The passenger car runs twice per week. It was reported to me by Mr. McLaughlan and Mr. Work the bridge was safe and I thought it was so. The last trip prior to the accident I went down on the coal train. Week before the accident I went down Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. If I had thought the bridge unsafe I would not have gone over it; would not have allowed the locomotive to go.

Recalled by Mr. Barker.—Mr. McKnight would be able to give the weight of the engine.

To the Jury.—Mr. Dunsmuir has ridden on the passenger car, and on the locomotive and if he knew it to be unsafe he would not have ridden over it. The boring into the wood I beileve to be a sufficient test to tell if the bridge is safe. The braces had been renewed, but not the top and bottom chords There were instructions given to the engineer, not to allow people to ride on the engine or coal cars. He had charge of the train. Mr. Walker recognized his responsibilty as having charge of the train. I don't remember he made a complaint that there were too many people on the engine; that the fireman had no room to do his work in. It was his own fault of such was the case.

TESTIMONY TO BE CONTINUED.

LATEST BY WIRE.

ANOTHER TREASURE SHIP.

Nanaimo, Sept. 2—The steamer Tees arrived here to-day with 65 passengers and $300.000 in dust and drafts. Among the lucky ones are, C. A. Celen from Port Townsend, who had $50.000; Wm. Thornburn has $55.000; John Allen from Calgary, N.W.T., has $25,000; one man name unknown has $60.000. The other passengers have from $1.000 to $50.000. They do not speak in very good terms of the Pine Creek gold fields, and advise all to stay away from there. The people of Dawson are still howling about the royalty. They won't work their claims, because after paying royalty and expenses, there is nothing left, and they are waiting expecting things will be changed.

AUGUST COAL SHIPMENT.

Nanaimo, Sept 1—The New Vancouver Coal Co., exported 44,000 tons of coal in August, the greatest monthly shipment for years.

Wellington mines shipped during August 18,500 tons.

MORE GOLD DUST.

Victoria, Sept. 1—The steamer Horse is short two blades of her propeller, as a result of touching a rock. She is from the north—arrived yesterday with over $100,000 in dust. There are a few Victorians among her passengers, all from Dawson. A Swede had the largest sack.

RUSSIA RIGHT—CHINA WRONG.

London, Sept. 1—A dispatch says Russia has given satisfactory assurances that she will respect the British ships in China waters. It is also stated the British authorities there have been ordered to seize all remaining Chinese ships and custom houses in the event the Chinese refuse to comply with the British demands.

CHINA AFFAIRS.

London, Sept. 1—Affairs of China according to a dispatch from Pekin, are serious.

Drinking Water Now.

Nanaimo, Sept. 2.—The early closing by-law gave the general mixologists at the various hotels and saloons a much needed rest; but the citizens went dry all day Sunday. The by-law was passed two years ago, but has been ere this a dead letter. Lately it was decided to enforce it, and so vigilant were the officials that not a hard drink was sold during the evening. The Water works officials are making a kick over the unusual drain upon the water. The fight between the city officials and the hotel men is bitter, but the city expects to win.

Anglo-German Alliance.

London, Sept. 3.—Information has been received showing an Anglo-German Alliance was signed this week by Mr. Balfour and the German Embassador, on behalf of their respective governments. The Pall Mall Gazette say, while the agreement is restricted, it embraces an offensive and defensive alliance in certain eventualities. It is also said that as a consideration for Germany's support in Egypt, Great Britain will recognize Germany's claims to Syria as an outlet for her surplus population.

Prominent Business Man Dies.

Victoria, Sept. 1.—Ed. McQuade, a member of the firm of P. McQuade & Son, died yesterday, aged 52.

IN MEMORIAM

August 25th

He who rose, and roused his household
In the dawning day,
Rises not, nor lifts an eyelid
All the sunny day.

He, the figure linked so closly
With each homely spot,—
Men, forgetting, oft shall wonder
Why they see him not

Scythe and fork and hoe are idle,
Cast aside at last,
Home, with sagely gathered harvest,
Suddenly he past.

Nevermore on earth in worship
Will that voice be heard,
Younger hands must turn the pages
Of the ready Word.

Sturdily his path of labor
To the end he trod,
Lay him, worn, not rust-corroded,
Underneath the sod.

Weed-roots, long-time fought, may quickly
Bind each rugged hand,
What recks he?—a restful dweller
In a fairer land.

NEW GOODS
FOR FALL MILLINERY
NOW ARRIVING.
Opening will be
Sept. 14th.
Mrs. Ostrander,
WILLARD BLOCK.

DR. JACK'S WIFE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

CHAPTER XXII.

Doctor Jack does not cry out. Indeed, such a thing is beyond him, for the blow, delivered with considerable power by the arm of hate, together with the salt water that rushes into his mouth when he dips into the sea, are enough to prevent it.

He at once rises to the surface, striking out manfully to keep afloat. Though unable to shout, he casts his eyes upward and sees two forms bending over the rail—that of a man and a woman. In the former he recognizes the English athlete—the woman is not Avis—then she must be the Chilian beauty.

Something splashes beside Doctor Jack. He puts out his hand instinctively, and it falls upon a life preserver. Without doubt the senorita has tossed this over. If she could not save the man she loves, arriving on the scene just too late, she can at least do this much for him, and Doctor Jack will in future feel less disposed to despise the Chilian girl.

Even when his hand grasps the cork buoy the steamer rushes from him as though eager to desert the American. He ejects the water from his throat and cries out, but his voice sounds so very feeble with the wind and waves battling against him that it could never be heard fifty feet away.

Then even the lights of the steamer are lost to his vision, as a wave rolls between, and Doctor Jack Evans is face to face with about as deadly a peril as ever beset his pathway.

He slips the life preserver on, and, as his shoes seem heavy, his next act is to remove them, securing them to the cork float.

The danger is great, and death seems very near the intrepid traveler. Does he flinch? He has everything to make life pleasant—money, health, and a loving wife. The thought of Avis forces a groan from his lips, but, taken in all, he meets the terrible danger with calmness. It may be the offspring of utter despair, that grim setting of teeth and quieting of nerves that marks the soldier's rush to death.

Eagerly he looks beyond every time he rises on a wave, indulging in a vague hope that his absence may have been discovered, the steamer stopped, and boats lowered.

This hope gradually forsakes him as time passes without his discovering any light. Then follows despair, for Doctor Jack is human, and this danger is one so entirely different from anything he ever experienced before.

The storm fortunately is not severe, else would he have perished. Now, and then billows break over him, but, as a general thing, he rides their crest.

Thus the dreary night drags on, the minutes seeming hours to the wave-tossed Yankee. He longs for dawn to come, not that he has much hope of seeing a vessel, for crafts are not plentiful on the Pacific in these parts; but darkness renders his position doubly irksome.

At last the streaks of dawn appear, and by degrees the gloom passes away. Doctor Jack still finds himself buffeted about by the waves, which, however, have not increased in violence, although the sky is clouded over.

His eyes scan the surface of the sea on all sides, but nothing meets his view. Even a glimpse of land is denied him.

The day begins, and its hours pass like lead to the drifting American. He knows the folly of trying to swim, and saves his strength.

At about three o'clock as near as he can judge, he makes a discovery. Some object is floating near him. He can see it with every wave, and at once begins to push in that direction. When he discovers the nature of the floating object that a wonderful Providence has sent within his reach, Jack finds new hope. He begins to believe that after all he may be saved, and that his time has not yet come.

It is a boat.

Washed from some vessel's deck, or drifting from some harbor, it comes to his hand as though a strange destiny brought it. His hand clutches the side, and with a tremendous effort Doctor Jack drags himself into the boat.

What a glorious feeling it is to have stanch planks between one's feet and the heaving sea. He lies there for some time resting. The sun peeps out and begins to dry his clothes. This stirs him to life again. He sits up and examines the craft which heaven has sent to his assistance.

There is an oar under the thwarts and a small mast and sail lashed to them. A jug attracts his eye. Joy, it is full of fresh water. He quenches his thrist, and feels a thousand per cent. better. In a locker at the stern he discovers a rude basket, opening which he finds some food, enough for several scanty meals. Truly he must be favored of heaven. Those who fights against him will need the powers of Satan to gain a victory.

When night closes in again, he has his sail set and heads to the northeast. Such a course will bring him nearer land at least. He dozes through the night, sound sleep being out of the question.

Another day opens with a squall that almost sends him to the bottom. Doctor Jack's stout heart becomes cold with sudden alarm, but his steady hand guides the little boat, and he saves her.

Later on he makes a remarkable discovery. In the basket he finds a small kerchief, and on it a name he worships—Avis.

Eagerly he presses it to his lips as he realizes that her hand has had much to do with the opportune coming of this life-boat. He remembers now, seeing such a craft on board the steamer, it having been picked up adrift.

There could be but one chance in a million that man and boat would come together, yet the faith of a woman has sent the craft to his rescue.

How he breathes her dear name in an ecstasy of devotion. Did ever man have so sensible a wife before? Will a kind fortune bring them together again?

He feels cheered and invigorated by the discovery just made. It gives him new life to keep up the good fight.

Thus another day passes, and night finds him sailing on in the old course, headed northeast, with a gentle wind wafting him on.

Again he dozes, for the day has been warm, and Jack's rest has been terribly broken of late. From one of these catnaps he is aroused by some sound, and sits up suddenly.

Surely that must be the whirl of a steamer's screw, that churning sound he hears. Doctor Jack twists his head to the right as far as it will go, and gives a groan because he discovers nothing.

Then he turns on the left, looks eagerly, and receives an electric thrill.

The Pacific is almost absolutely still, save for a long glassy swell, and not a sound proceeds from its troubled bosom. Perhaps half a mile away Jack sees lights. They are reflected from the water; they move steadily on, while that churning sound continues.

"It is a steamer!" he ejaculates almost feverishly.

Perhaps he imagines it may be the Panama, which has perchance been cruising around the spot at which he was lost, and is now pursuing her regular course bound north.

At any rate, it is a steamer which passes by and threatens to leave him.

How can he draw attention from those aboard; fortunately Jack has considered this question before, since it was just as possible that he might meet a vessel in the night as during the day.

An old newspaper covered the basket, and this he has twisted until it promises to make a fair flambeau or torch, when a match is lighted and applied.

About his head he waves this flaming torch, forming all sorts of extraordinary hieroglyphics in the air. At the same time he raises his usually stentorian voice and shouts. Alone it would never succeed, but the spark of fire as seen at a distance draws attention. He keeps it up until the paper is exhausted, while his voice grows husky with shouting.

Then he discovers to his extreme joy that the steamer no longer shoves through the water. She has come to a stand, and loud orders float over the water to Jack's ear.

Ah! the boats are being lowered. Soon they will pick the lost traveler up. How his heart is thrilled at the prospect of a meeting with his dear wife; for as yet he does not suspect that the steamer can be any other than the Panama.

Gruff voices call, he answers as best he can, and lights dance over the water heading toward him. Then a boat looms up, and Jack shakes hands with the officer in the stern sheets.

This party is an utter stranger, and here he receives his first hint that the steamer arriving so opportunely may be another vessel than the Panama.

He has undergone much, but it is the mind that is wearied more than the body.

In five minutes he reaches the steamer, and clambers aboard where the captain meets him kindly.

"Come to my cabin, sir," he says, when his first officer has assured him there is no one else in the small boat.

Once there it remains for Jack to make a discovery that pleases him.

"Can this be Captain Washburn?" he exclaims.

"That is my name, sir, but you have the better of me. And yet, duse take it, where have I seen you? Bless my soul, can it be possible this is my friend, Doctor Jack Evans?"

"Right you are, captain. I've come to you over troubled seas. How under the sun do I find you here, and what vessel is this?"

"The tramp steamer Itasca, in which I have bought an interest, bound for California with a mixed cargo. Now, tell me your story, man."

"It is a long one, captain."

"Then let us wait until you are in the humor. Take a glass of this to put life in you. The steward will soon put a meal before you."

So Doctor Jack finds himself in good hands and well looked after. With invigorating food his strength returns, and the captain soon hears all he has to tell.

Jack is, of course, anxious to overtake the Panama, but the chances seem against them, as the other steamer has several days the start. If they reach a port, he may at least learn some news, and this buoys his spirits up.

So they steam on, heading for Quito, where the tramp steamer expects to do some business. She flies the British flag, of course, and will go completely around the world ere reaching her starting point, Liverpool, again.

One evening they sight land, and pushing on enter the harbor of Quito at dawn. Doctor Jack rushes on deck eagerly, glances about him at the town and the hills, and then gives a shout, for there not fifty yards away is anchored the Panama, with men working at some broken part of her propeller.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Upon sighting the steamer that carries his wife, Doctor Jack experiences a revolution of feeling, such as perhaps comes upon a man but once in a life-time. All his doubts and fears vanish, and he is filled with joy and enthusiasm beyond measure.

As speedily as possible he secures a boat and is taken ashore, transferred to another craft manned by some natives, and in a short time finds himself alongside the Panama.

A dangling rope is all he needs, and up he goes like a monkey. Once more he treads the familiar deck. His heart is almost in his mouth, as he starts in the direction of the cabin.

The first person he meets, as luck will have it, is milord, who at sight of him appears tremendously astonished.

"Bless my soul, can it be you, Doctor Jack, or your ghost?" he says, and the American, believing as he does that Lord Rackett is the cause of his recent experience, cannot but admire his self-possession and assurance, for it must be a tremendous shock to him.

"You can see for yourself, milord," he says, coldly.

"Doctor Jack, I'm dused glad to see you turn up. We are enemies in one sense, man, but hang me if I want to see even the fellow I hate worst on earth treated like that. The rascal clipped you on the head, and had you overboard before one could say Jack Robinson."

The American realizes now that milord desires it to be known that he had no hand in the villainous game, yet, remembering the clutch upon his ankles, and how readily he was tossed over the rail, Jack is far from convinced.

"You saw me go over, milord?" he asks, curtly.

"Ay, and rushed to the side to see you struggling there. It happened that another also saw the rascally deed—the Senorita Marilla. Woman's wit is quickest. By Jove! while I gaped she had the good sense to toss a life preserver overboard. Then we lost sight of you."

"Ah, indeed! My dear Plympton, why didn't you see the captain, and have the steamer brought to? A boat lowered might have found me."

The Englishman smiles, and strokes his luxuriant whiskers.

"I was so filled with horror, by Jove! that for a minute I could not move. Then I hunted for the captain. Inquire of him and you will learn that I appeared before him out of breath, and announced the sad news. The steamer was stopped, boats lowered, and hours spent in searching, but it was of no avail, and every one believed you were lost."

Very plausible this, but subsequent investigation shows Jack that about an hour elasped between the time of his accident and the exact minute the Englishman appeared in such a disturbed state before the captain.

It is very difficult to find the commander on board a steamer, you know.

During this hour the vessel must have passed over about fifteen miles, so that the chances of their discovering Jack upon the heaving sea were about one in ten thousand.

The American pushes past, for he has no desire to continue the conversation, since his heart beats like a trip-hammer at the thought of reunion with Avis.

Hardly has he left milord than Jack runs across some one who falls upon him with vehemence, who wrings his hand like he might a pump-handle, laughing and crying the while as if hysterical.

Of course, it is Larry, and the little fellow shows his extreme pleasure in every word and look.

A few sentences from Jack gives him an idea of what happened, and then it is the doctor's turn to ask questions. He learns nothing new, but hears how Avis has suffered during the days that have elasped since his disappearance. The full particulars he will know later. As he suspected it was by her orders the boat was sent adrift to find him if heaven was kind, and guided by the strange fate that has ever watched over his fortunes, it came to the man who would have perished but for its aid.

Avis with her own hands packed the basket just as Jack suspected, and her tears wet the little kerchief she dropped into it, while praying that heaven might guide it to him.

This was done while the steamer lay to, some fifteen miles away from Jack.

Leaving Larry, the doctor makes his way to the state-room, eager to embrace his own. Reaching it he pauses to listen. Avis is an early riser. She has already been in the cabin, so the steward tells him.

A few seconds he listens to her moving about within, and unable to control longer his eager hand he knocks. There is a peculiar significance in his manner of doing this which Avis must recognize.

Hardly have his knuckles repeated the knock than he hears a slight scream within. Then a figure comes flying to the door with all the swiftness of love. The frame of wood that separates them is dashed open. A pair of gray eyes distended with thrilling hope, a white face marked by eager anticipation, followed by a pair of plump arms that fasten around his neck tightly—this is the welcome that greets the returned voyager.

"Oh, Jack!"

That is all she can say. Words do not count for much at a time like this, but her heart is attuned with happiness and thanksgiving for the wonderful blessing heaven has seen fit to bestow upon her.

Doctor Jack notes that several curious people gather in the cabin. He is pleased with their hearty congratulations, but desires to avoid their gaze at present. So he draws his now weeping wife—her tears are for joy—into the state-room where, with his strong tender arms around her, they can talk in peace.

Much is said. Jack learns all that has passed since his mishap. He is more than positive that the English athlete it was whose hands took hold of his ankles, and with such an easy toss sent him overboard, whoever may have struck the stunning blow he received.

It is thought best, however, not to mention the fact promiscuously, as he cannot prove the accusation, and it will do no good.

Later on they go out on deck. To every one Doctor Jack tells the same story, that he was struck on the head and thrown overboard by some unknown party. This agrees with the story the Englishman has told when he sought the captain of the steamer one hour after Doctor Jack's mishap.

Much speculation is indulged in, but no one guesses the truth.

Only for the accident to the Panama's screw, which necessitated a delay of several days at the Peruvian port, Jack might not have overtaken his wife for weeks. There is a sad lack of telegraphic facilities in these South and Central American countries that causes travelers infinite trouble.

The northern voyage continues, and as the days pass on they draw nearer to the California coast. Doctor Jack, warned by the attempt on his life, becomes more cautious. He only ventures on deck at night in company. There are a number of men on board who seek his downfall, and it pays him to be careful.

He has heard an interesting story from Avis, which proclaims the fact that there are those near who have sworn to secure the package Kirke Smith brought in, and which Jack seems to value so highly.

On the very next evening after his disappearance, while Avis, almost distracted by the various emotions that naturally took possession of her, was on deck talking with Larry, some one entered her state-room and tumbled things about in a search.

Fortunately she had given the package to Kirke Smith to take care of, so the search was in vain. On another occasion Larry caught a Chilian trying the door of his room. The man upon being questioned declared he was sitting reading in the cabin when he heard a distinct cry for help coming from that state-room, as he believed, and thinking some one might be in trouble had endeavored to open the door. Of course, Larry knew this was a story hatched up for the occasion, but the fellow told it with such a plausible air he forgave him, though marking the man for future observation.

Doctor Jack now begins to count the days and figure on the time which must elapse before he reaches New York. Indeed, as his plans mature, he even loses some of his old coolness, and shows a little feverish anxiety that astonishes those who have been accustomed to seeing him so calm even under extraordinary occasions.

He and Kirke have many consultations—always in the latter's state-room. They take turns remaining below, and are never on deck at the same time. They have something to guard there, something that represents Doctor Jack's fortune, and which grows more valuable to him with each passing hour.

Thus he endeavors to find out what day they are apt to land at San Francisco, how long it will take to make the trip across the country to New York, and various other points that indicate his desire to reach the city on Manhattan Island at an early date.

He even wanders down to the engine-rooms and converses with the chief officer in charge, makes calculations with him, and while not bribing him, receives assurances that the steamer will do her best from that hour on.

Perhaps he believes Jack has a large bet on the result. Such things often occur on board trans-atlantic steamers, for the passengers are a heterogeneous crowd, and many among them cannot exist without some sort of excitement.

Larry amuses himself as best he can. There are a goodly number of passengers, but they consist, for the most part, of refugees.

Perhaps the fact that such a constant surveillance is kept up prevents their enemies from making further attempts upon the strange package. A steamship is limited in its quarters, and discipline is maintained on board with such severity that men with evil intentions hesitate about carrying out their desires. Escape is next to impossible. No express train can be boarded which will carry them beyond danger—around them the wide ocean—on board a captain who is at once judge and jury, king for the time being over the little realm he rules.

So these restless spirits keep quiet. They, too, make plans and organize a great conspiracy against the man whom the sea gave up. Whenever occasion offers they spy upon him as he saunters the deck with Larry or his wife, greedily picking up a few words here and a few there that may serve as straws to show which way the wind blows. Doctor Jack has a mighty torrent to cross before he finishes his journey and reaches New York in safety with the packet Kirke Smith brought in.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Land in sight!"

This glad cry is passed around the steamer one morning about ten o'clock, and as usual produces some excitement. Glasses are brought into use, and all sorts of guesses made, both concerning the nature of the land so dimly seen on their starboard bow, almost ahead, and the time that must elapse ere they reach their destination.

Doctor Jack, wise man that he is, goes directly to headquarters and is speedily in possession of all the facts known to his friend, the captain. They will, barring accidents, and tides being favorable, drop anchor off the city of San Francisco some time that evening.

During the afternoon all the travelers get their belongings in shape for a move. After the long voyage every one appears happy at the prospect of stepping on terra firma again.

Doctor Jack's brow is clouded at times, for the steamer was thrown from her course by a storm safely weathered three days back, and considerable time was lost in regaining it, so that when he figures on reaching New York in person by noon on the fourth day of November, he has a Herculean task before him. What is unfortunate he can find out nothing of the train time-table on board, and this, in a measure, accounts for his eagerness to land, in order to make investigations.

The day wears away, and gradually the land opens up, so that without a glass they can see its beauties. San Francisco lies there like a gem set in a ring, her stately buildings flashing in the light of the setting sun that gilds their many windows until the scene looks like one of enchantment.

Then dusk creeps on, and the good vessel makes a spurt as though anxious to reach the gaol ahead, where a thousand electric lights mark the site of the wealthy city.

Doctor Jack and his wife are on deck, ready to go ashore just as soon as possible, when the health officer permits. Jack chafes at the thought of this delay, and growls at the regulations which the health and custom officials make use of to build a hedge around all incoming travelers.

Doctor Jack has under his coat, and fastened securely to his body the flat package which Kirke Smith delivered to him in Valparaiso, but it is far from his intention to smuggle jewelry or other valuables into the States, yet that which he carries is worth a fortune—to him.

Nearer still the steamer advances, slowly creeping past the rocks, under the guidance of the pilot who knows every foot of water in these parts. The lights no longer dazzle them, as a whole, but each individual one stands out on its own merits.

To the impatient souls on board it seems as though their progress is snail-like, but at last the anchor goes down. They are immediately boarded by several officials, and for this Doctor Jack is at least thankful.

A few formalities are gone through with, when a dozen passengers descend to the tug, which will take them with their effects ashore.

Jack glances at his watch, and notes the time with an uneasy feeling, as though he apprehends trouble.

Great traveler that he is he has not been in San Francisco before, and must depend upon others for a knowledge of facts. Hence, when a man pushes forward and offers the use of his hack, Jack points to a couple of leather portmanteaus, their only baggage, and opens the door of the vehicle for Avis to enter.

In two minutes all is ready. The driver comes to the door for his orders, which Jack gives, he is positive, in plain language.

Just as the fellow turns away, he finds his arm grasped and hears a low, fierce voice say:—

"Would you like to earn fifty dollars, man?"

Well, for half that sum a San Francisco hackman would peril his soul, to say nothing about his body, and Jehu replies instantly:—

"You bet!"

He sees at his side, endeavoring to keep in the shadow, so that those in the vehicle may not discover him, a tall, distinguished gentleman, undoubtedly an Englishman.

This worthy immediately puts some bills in his hand, bills that amount to the sum specified.

"What am I to do?" demands the driver, probably in doubt as to whether he must run away with his lead, or dump them somewhere so they may be robbed. Which job he hardly likes, as the appearance of Doctor Jack and the Texan indicate men of resolution, bold fighters, and parties not to be betrayed with impunity.

"Take them to the wrong station. They want to go east. Manage it so they miss the train, and the money is yours. Can you do it, man?"

Jehu gives a gurgling laugh, and says:—

"You bet! Dead sure!"

"I'll be on hand to see how you come out," with which the Englishman dodges into the crowd just as Larry pokes his head out of the hack window, squeaking in his high voice:—

"Say, fellah, why don't you make haste? By Jove! now, it would be too bad you know, if we missed our twain—by Jove!"

"Missed it," roars Jack, aroused, "well, there'd be the dickens to pay."

Whereupon they start, and the driver feels a little uneasy over his position. True, he has the fifty dollars stowed away in a pocket, and that would be balm for many a hauling over the coals, but somehow he fears that these tourists are inclined to be desperate people.

They have come in on a British vessel, but he recognizes fellow-Americans. The Texan gives him an uneasy feeling, while Doctor Jack awes him.

It happens, however, that Jehu is a reckless sort of man, and he believes he can earn his money and escape before they discover the mistake. At any rate, it can be called an error on his part.

They move along.

No one can complain of the slow rate of speed, for Jehu drives his horses like a man who intends reaching his goal. Our friends feel that they will get there in plenty of time, and all seem easy in their minds—all save Larry.

Trying a Dead Man.

It is probably an unusual thing in any country for a court to sit in judgment on the dead, but in a Berlin letter to the Chicago Record an account is given of a trial in which the accused was a dead man.

It was not his first trial. That had taken place in his lifetime, and its result had been a sentence of imprisonment for 18 months. The delinquent was bureau chief in the tax office of Schweidnitz, Silesia, and it was proved that he had embezzled funds and forged documents. Soon after his sentence, however, he showed signs of unsettled reason, and at length died a maniac.

His widow, anxious to clear his memory from the stain that rested upon it, had the case reopened and proved by expert testimony that her husband had been demented at the time he committed the crime.

Thus occurred the peculiar circumstance of a dead man on trial. The trial resulted in the reversal of the former sentence, the court pronouncing the deceased not guilty.

An Electrical Water Forge.

Great as are the possibilities of electricity, their full scope is probably only feebly comprehended. One of the latest devices is a water forge. The details are as yet the secret of the inventor, but in effect the method is as follows: A tank shaped somewhat like an iron sink is filled with water, which is highly charged with electricity. The piece of iron to be manipulated is held by a pair of pinchers which are attached to an electric wire. When all is ready, the iron is dipped into the water, of course causing the positive and negative poles to come in contact. It takes from 10 to 60 seconds for the iron to become hot enough to be bent or worked as required. An interesting and important fact is that the heat manifests itself only upon that portion of the iron that is covered by the water, thus rendering it much more controllable than forges of the ordinary pattern. If one inch is under water, only one inch will be red, and so on with any submerged length.—New York Ledger.

The Wisdom of Age.

"See the bride crying over leaving her mother. How sad!"

"But the mother is not crying. She has her mind made up that the separation shall not be for long."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE STORY OF MAN.

IT IS TOLD BY HIS BONES, THE TOOLS HE USED AND HIS MONUMENTS.

The Varied Sciences Which Aid the Student Who Examines Them—There Are Ologies That Must Be Studied and Their Principles Applied to Things Discovered.

Man leaves behind him when he dies his bones, his tools and his monuments, and these are the things from which have been derived all the items of our knowledge of him and his progress up to the time when he learned to write. And even in the historic age the story would be much less complete but for his inscriptions, his art and his relics.

Bones are of the greatest importance, for oftentimes man has left no other tokens of his existence behind him. The first study, therefore, to the archæologist is that of the comparative anatomy of the human race. It is necessary to distinguish human bones from those of animals, to study racial characters and to determine the sex. Skulls must be studied with the greatest minuteness, for in them lie some of the most important evidences of origin and progress. It is desirable also to study the animals, for the bones of men are often found intermingled with those of the animals that he had slain or that have conquered him, and in the cases where the animal is one now extinct a guess at the antiquity of man's relics may be made.

The tools which served in the rude arts of early man were first of stone, roughly fashioned to the needs of the work, and later of metal. Mineralogy is therefore an important study to the archæologist. The stone relics furnish a rough index to the amount of civilization; they indicate in a crude way the extent of intercommunication; they show how new ideas came to the races; they serve in a manner to distinguish between different grades of antiquity, and in many ways they are important. The mineralogist who finds copper nuggets in the graves of North Carolina prehistoric Indians knows that these men had some manner of communication with the great lakes.

A knowledge of zoology is requisite too. The presence of the horseshoe crab in legends and traditions of the tribes of our arid west could have been guessed at only by one with acute perception, and the finding of one of the shells as a fetich of one of the tribes was a bright exploit. It was evident that this relic had made its journey from hand to hand over 2,000 or 3,000 miles of country at a time when it was exceedingly wild.

Then there are the shell ornaments. The present craze for the river pearl is no new thing. As far back as there is any evidence of the preferences of man the lustrous river shells have been attractive to him, and the distribution of them has been exceedingly wide.

Then there is the pottery. Here one must study the beginnings of the useful arts. He must know how the pots are made, how in lieu or in advance of the potter's wheel the aborigines had a number of ingenious ways of revolving the vessel, how with fingers and combs and a hundred other implements the primitive decoration was incised and how with clays and ores of iron the first crude colors were made wherewith to paint the earthenware. This study of old pots is exceedingly interesting and of the highest importance. The materials are imperishable, and, while the vessels in a whole condition are rare, the fragments indicate the more important elements in the story. In the shapes of the vessels there is rudimentary art in form, while in the decoration there are the beginnings of painting and sculpture. In the painted or incised figures there is the key to relationships in tribes, races and religions.

Closely allied is the art of carving, the finishing and ornamenting of tools and implements. And there are besides the textiles, and, although the primitive loom is an extremely simple affair, which the savage nations have evolved or copied into very similar forms, still the materials employed and the patterns yield much information about the ancestry and affinities of ancient man.

No word is necessary to uphold the importance of the monuments when, lacking the forerunners of paper, the ancients recorded their history in cut or painted monuments. Egypt, Assyria and Central America, each in a different way, show the value of the close study of the monuments, and the stories of these countries would have lacked the greater part of their interest had the testimony of walls and obelisks and the magnificent sculptures been withheld.

Languages form an exceedingly important part of the preparation of the archæologist. Of course he must know the modern ones to keep abreast of the world's progress in research, the announcements being made in any one of the important living tongues. But comparative philology is equally necessary, for it may serve to give the key to the relationships of one set of characters with another.

After these matters are all in hand there is geology to be studied, both theoretical and practical. From such knowledge is derived our estimate of man's occupation of the earth, and the value of the evidence may be made or marred by a single slip or unscientific action. The whole story of man's early residence in New Jersey is dependent upon the position of certain bits of worked stone in certain banks of dirt.—Boston Transcript.

FOOD WASTED IN COOKING.

Life Sustaining Value of Meat and Vegetables Lost Through Ignorance.

A series of investigations by experts connected with the United States department of agriculture go to show that there is an immense amount of popular ignorance in the matter of cooking; that, while the greater part of the food of man is prepared for use by cooking, yet the changes which various foods undergo during the process and the losses which are brought about have been but little studied. Few persons know, for instance, that in 100 pounds of uncooked cabbage there are but 7½ pounds of dry matter, and of this dry matter from 2¼ to 3 pounds are lost in the cooking pot. Experiments with potatoes showed that in order to obtain the highest food value potatoes should not be peeled before cooking; that when potatoes are peeled before cooking the least loss is sustained by putting them directly into hot water and boiling as rapidly as possible. Even then the loss is very considerable.

If potatoes are peeled and soaked in cold water before boiling, the loss of nutrients is very great, being one-fourth of all the albumenoid matter. In a bushel of potatoes the loss would be equivalent to a pound of sirloin steak. Carrots contain less nitrogen, but relatively more albumenoid nitrogen than potatoes, and therefore furnish more matter available for building muscular tissues. In order to preserve the greatest amount of nutrients in the cooking of carrots, the pieces should be large rather than small. The boiling should be rapid, so that the food value of the vegetable shall not be impaired, as little water as possible should be used, and if the matter extracted is made available as food along with the carrots a loss of 20 to 30 per cent or even more of the total food value may be prevented. In the cooking of cabbage the kind of water used has more effect on the loss of nutrients than the temperature of the water at which the cooking is started. In any case the loss is large. The losses which occur in the cooking of potatoes, carrots and cabbages vary with the different methods of boiling followed.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Ran and Caught the Car.

A short man with a fat, red face ran out of the Erie railroad depot at the foot of West Twenty-third street the other forenoon and chased a crosstown car which was midway between Eleventh avenue and the ferry. He was a fast runner and held his hat in his left hand as he gained on the car. The passengers on the rear platform, in a spirit of mirth, encouraged him:

"Don't give up. You'll make it. Make a spurt, old boy. This is your last chance to get a car before two minutes," one of them said.

At Eleventh avenue he caught up, and, perspiring profusely, sprang upon the rear platform. He appeared happy, and when he handed his fare to the conductor he said: "These Bleecker street cars that run down Ninth avenue do not go often, so I ran to catch this one." The conductor rang up the fare, and in a matter of fact way answered:

"This car goes to Thirty-fourth street ferry. Get out and wait for a Bleecker street car."

The sprinter got off as some of the passengers cried out:

"You can run anyway. It is better to run and lose a car than never to perspire at all."—New York Commercial.

A Timely Retreat.

A young botanist was showing a party of ladies and gentlemen through the conservatory and explaining to them the properties of some of the choicest plants.

Among the visitors was a would be young looking middle aged lady, who at every description volunteered the statement that the plants and flowers she had at home were quite equal to anything exhibited here or indeed anywhere. Just as they were passing a giant cactus she was heard to exclaim:

"Well, this is nothing extraordinary. I have a cactus at home that is still larger. I planted and reared it myself."

"Reared it yourself," the professor gently observed. "How remarkable! This specimen is 63 years old, and if yours is still larger"—

The lady did not stay to hear any more, but executed a strategic movement to the rear.—Pearson's Weekly.

Hubby's Good Qualities.

The curate was making a call on a humble member of his flock, when the good woman, in course of conversation, very much extolled the virtues of her absent husband and finished up by saying, "And he is such a good man too."

"In what way?" asked the curate.

"Why, sir," she said, "he always says his prayers every night of his life—drunk or sober—he never misses that."—London Telegraph.

The hospitals of the metropolitan asylums board in London have 3,800 beds set apart for scarlet fever and only 700 for diphtheria.

Cakes of tea in India, pieces of silk in China, salt in Abyssinia and codfish in Iceland have all been used as money.

Sign of a Trip Abroad.

"Mrs. Gaswell, your daughter's visit to Europe seems to have made her quite a polished young woman."

"I should say so. My land! You ought to hear her say, 'I shall be very pleased.'"—Chicago Tribune.

IT MADE HIM WEEP.

"Take Her and May the Lord Have Mercy on Your Soul."

Delancey Wallingford hesitated with his hand upon the knob of the door to the private office. He was about to ask Henry Faversham for the hand of his beautiful daughter. For a moment the young man was inclined to procrastinate, but he drew himself together at last and walked in.

The rich man received him kindly and asked him to sit down. Before Wallingford had begun upon the subject that was nearest his heart, however, the voice of Mrs. Faversham was heard in the outer office, and her husband requested his visitor to step into an adjoining room until the lady had got through with him.

"Look here!" said the mother of the only girl that Delancey Wallingford had ever loved as she rushed into her husband's presence, "I want you to give an account of yourself! You didn't get home until long after the hour I set for you last night, and you have a guilty look. Who's that young woman out there in the front office—that brazen thing with clothes that are too rich for any working girl to wear? Where do you intend to take your lunch today? I'm going to go along with you! Here, I need $150. Indorse this check. Let me see those letters in that pigeonhole! You're up to something, Henry Faversham, and I'm going to find out what it is! Discharge that girl out there today and get a homely one! I'll be down here again tomorrow to see whether you have obeyed my orders or not. When you get home tonight—and see that you're on time—I'll have some more to say to you. Remember, I expect you to come to Murkle's for your lunch. I haven't time to talk to you this morning. Give me those letters you have in your pocket!"

One of her lady friends was waiting for her outside in the carriage, so she had to leave him long before she had finished her remarks.

When Mr. Faversham was alone again, Delancey Wallingford returned and sat down in front of the benevolent looking old gentleman, who asked him to proceed with the business in hand.

"Your daughter Gladys," the young man said—"we love each other. I have come to ask you for her."

There was deep pity in the look that Henry Faversham bestowed upon his visitor and after a long silence he said:

"I've always had a sort of liking for you. I've thought you were a pretty sensible sort of chap. You heard what was said in here a few moments ago, didn't you?"

Delancey confessed that he had heard it all.

"Well, all right, then. My conscience is clear. Take her, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul! Her mother was sweet and timid once!"

When they shook hands, Delancey Wallingford saw tears in the old man's eyes.—Cleveland Leader.

Ants That Go to Sea.

There are certain ants that show wonderful intelligence, and the "driver ants" not only build boats, but launch them too. Only these boats are formed of their own bodies.

They are called "drivers" because of their ferocity. Nothing can stand before the attacks of these little creatures. Large pythons have been killed by them in a single night, while chickens, lizards and other animals in western Africa flee from them in terror. To protect themselves from the heat they erect arches, under which numerous armies of them pass in safety.

Sometimes the arch is made of grass and earth gummed together by some secretion, and again it is formed by the bodies of the larger ants, which hold themselves together by their strong nippers while the workers pass under them.

At certain times of the year freshets overflow the country inhabited by the "driver," and it is then that these ants go to sea. The rain comes suddenly, and the walls of their houses are broken in by the flood, but instead of coming to the surface in scattered hundreds and being swept off to destruction, out of the ruins rises a black ball that rides safely on the water and drifts away.

At the first warning of danger the little creatures run together and form a solid body of ants, the weaker in the center. Often this ball is larger than a common cricket ball, and in this way they float about until they lodge against some tree, upon the branches of which they are soon safe and sound.—Pearson's Weekly.

Stanley's Cat.

As the bonds of friendship are strengthened by a heavy affliction so does a prolonged sojourn in foreign places, amid strange scenes, turn the most common of everyday sights at home into luxuries. A magazine tells a story of Henry M. Stanley, who, after his return from Africa, was busily engaged in writing his story of the "Dark Continent."

He used to spread his reference maps upon the floor of his room, and on this particular day, after searching in his near neighborhood for a chart which he much needed, he spoke to his assistant, who presently descried it near the fireside, with Stanley's favorite cat upon it asleep.

He started to turn the intruder off, when the great man interrupted him, saying:

"Never mind; don't disturb the cat. I'll get along without the chart until the cat wakes up. If you only knew how good the sight of that domestic cat curled up in front of that bright English fire is to me, you would never chase her away."

The cat slumbered on, and not until she arose with a lazy yawn, scratching her front nails on the rug as she stretched, did the famous explorer reach for his map.

Greater Glasgow, with a population of 853,000, has only 494 medical men, or one doctor to 1,726 of the population. It must be a healthy place.

MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

Where Two-thirds of the Infants Born Were Killed.

In modern times China used to be a byword for the crime of infanticide. We know more of the country now, and the wild exaggeration of the first reports, when missionaries began to labor there, causes many people, residents especially, to disregard the evil which exists. By a natural reaction infanticide has become a standing jest for the mystification of "new chums." But it would seem that the early reports from Fiji and the Sandwich islands were not much exaggerated. One can hardly credit the assertion of Mr. Williams, careful as he was generally, that the number of babies murdered "was nearer two-thirds than one-half of those born."

But he makes a statement even more extraordinary. Both men and women there are passionately fond of adopting children, though they kill their own. Mr. Williams actually knew an instance where the mother did away with her own offspring in order to adopt a young relative!

But the most striking of all examples occur among various tribes of India. We get an idea of the state of things among the Khonds in 1854, when Major Campbell reported with exultation that he had no less than 901 girls registered in his district, which contained 2,149 families. And he had good cause to exult, for when his labors began, seven years before, scarcely one could be seen.

In the powerful Crohon tribe around Mynpurie, Mr. Unwin vainly inquired for an unmarried girl. The family records of the chief, going back many generations, did not show one single daughter.

In 1855 Mr. Moore found the villages of the Benares district containing 26 girls to 117 boys; in 25 the proportions were 51 to 261; in 30, 54 to 343; in 62 he could discover no girl under 5 years. These figures are enough, but among the Rajputs infanticide was yet more common. The difficulty and expense of finding a son-in-law acceptable in caste and station were the motives avowed.

But the reader has been asking all through, no doubt, How could the mothers endure this system? One may understand *a la rigueur* that a man should be willing to destroy his babe just born when he saw no harm in so doing, and all the neighbors did the like. We have been taught to believe that the maternal instinct dares and suffers any trial. A sheep will die to protect its lamb, and a hen will face a tiger. But it is not so with women if certain conditions be observed. Upon this point the evidence of the commissioners is detailed, abundant and conclusive.

It would appear that the maternal instinct does not begin to operate until a woman has at least seen and touched her baby. Knowing this by experience, the midwife kept it out of sight until the father had pronounced doom. In northwestern Europe they did likewise, as we learn by many descriptions. And when this precaution was used the mother submitted without serious distress.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A St. Patrick's Day Fable.

Once upon a Time a very Truthful Man and a Prudent Chap were walking along the Street, and as they walked they fell to discussing Truth.

Said the very Truthful Man, "The Truth should be Told at all Times."

"I differ with you," said the Prudent Chap. "When an Issue is Raised, the Truth should be Told, of course, but there are Times when an Issue should not be Raised."

Said the very Truthful Man: "You are Wrong. I am Surprised that a Man of your apparent Intelligence should make such a Statement."

It being the Seventeenth of March, the very Truthful Man and the Prudent Chap soon met a number of Patriotic Irishmen who were parading in honor of St. Patrick.

Stepping into the Street, the very Truthful Man stopped the Leader of the Parade, a Man with a large Green Sash.

"Sir," said the very Truthful Man, "why do you, an Irishman, parade in honor of St. Patrick? St. Patrick, sir, was a Scotchman."

Thereupon the Man with the large Green Sash smote the very Truthful Man between the Eyes with his Fist, knocked him Down and discolored both his Optics. In short, the Man with the Green Sash did not Do a Thing to him.

Moral.—If you Must tell the Truth about St. Patrick on the Seventeenth of March, be Sure and tell a Scotchman.—Harper's Bazar.

Women Scorners.

Sir Thomas Browne in the "Religio Medici" out-Herods Herod in his scorn of women, for he says: "The whole world was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman. Man is the whole world and the breath of God, woman the rib and crooked piece of man." Isn't that spiteful? Otway, Pope, Dr. Johnson, Byron, even Scott, all express themselves unpleasantly on this subject, and, coming down to later day novelists, we find the fault in them equally strong. The irreproachable author of "Lorna Doone" whets his pen quite viciously when on this theme and says right vindictively, "A horse, like a woman, lacks and is better without self reliance," and, again, "Women are, beyond all doubt, the mothers of all mischief." In another instance he is so rude as to declare "all women are such liars." Thomas Hardy asks in all sincerity, "Is a woman a thinking unit at all or a fraction always wanting its integer?" And once this author exclaims petulantly, "Strange difference of sex, that time and circumstance, which enlarge the views of most men, narrow the views of women almost invariably."—Chicago Post.

Johnny—What is "the riddle of the sphinx?"

Papa (with a meaning glance at mamma)—The riddle of the sphinx is this: How can she, being at least part woman, sit there year after year and century after century without ever saying a word? Ah, my boy, I guess it'll never be answered either!—Cleveland Leader.

MAKING ARTIFICIAL ICE.

How the Plants Are Constructed and Operated In Philadelphia.

Artificial cold or ice may be most readily produced by the evaporation of a more or less volatile liquid. In the first machines constructed this liquid was water. One-tenth of the amount of water used was converted into ice, but as it was necessary to maintain a vacuum in the apparatus its perfect working was a difficult problem. A more readily volatile liquid, therefore, had to be substituted, such as liquefied sulphurous acid and liquefied ammonia. Being gaseous at ordinary temperatures, they are very suitable substances for this purpose. The ammonia ice machine is the one in most general use—in fact, it finds exclusive application in this city. This liquefied ammonia is allowed to expand in coils of pipes which are placed in tanks filled with brine. The temperature of the brine is thus reduced to a point below the freezing point of water—that is, to 14-18 degrees F.

In this refrigerated brine are placed galvanized iron tanks having the shape of the large cakes of ice which one is accustomed to see in the wagons that pass through our city streets. After a period of 48-50 hours this can of water is converted into solid ice. The can is hoisted out of the brine, warmed with hot water, which allows the cake to slip out upon a shoot that runs into the storage rooms. The gaseous ammonia in the pipes can be used over and over again, a large compression engine being a part of the plant, which reduces the expense of the process. From this description it should be plain that there can be no taint of ammonia to give a taste to the ice.

The plants usually employ distilled or artesian water, so that the ice is of the best quality. Whatever impurities the water contains are collected in the white streak found in the center of each cake. The pure water separates from the impure and freezes first. Even ten years ago the demand for ice was supplied from natural sources, the harvests from our own Pennsylvania rivers, which were stored every winter in great houses on the shores of the streams, being supplemented by shipments throughout the summer from Maine. There are now in Philadelphia 16 ice-making plants, some of which yield over 100 tons per day each, and the artificial product for several years has been a serious competitor of the natural article.—Manufacturer.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL.

Some Points on How to Obtain a Good Figure and Graceful Carriage.

A thoroughly practical article on "Physical Culture For Girls," by Katharine Eggleston Junkermann, in The Woman's Home Companion, contains these simple directions for home gymnastics:

"Systematic exercise can accomplish so much that it is a marvel to one who has enjoyed its benefits that it is not more generally practiced. It is entirely unnecessary to be mistress of a system of physical culture. There are a few exercises which, taken regularly and thoroughly, will accomplish all that a system would. The tendency is, however, to be unsystematic in taking those exercises and thus lose their good effect. It is best to take them at night. In bedroom slippers and loose gown, with no bands to bind, no collar to rub, a girl is ready for the exercise that will make her rest as tranquil and sweet as a baby's. Every muscle of the body is free to stretch, to stiffen with effort or to rest itself in complete relaxation.

"Clubs, dumbbells and other gymnastic paraphernalia are unnecessary and really are more harmful than beneficial. Grasping the bells enlarges the knuckles, the friction of the clubs hardens the hands, and as it is quite as easy to do without them they are better unused. After all preparations for bed are made, even to arranging the rather flat and somewhat hard pillow, stand before your glass and begin your exercise. There is a real delight in watching the strong, easy movements of a healthful woman. And this ease and strength are within the reach of nearly all women. The flat chests, shapeless waists and badly formed hips may be at least partially remedied, and it requires only a little effort and persistence to accomplish it. Too many women lack persistence. Instead of conscientiously taking their exercise every day they skip a day when they are feeling tired or lazy, then two or three days at a time, and eventually they learn to forget it or decide that the game is not worth the candle.

"To develop breadth of chest place the hands on the waist line a little back of the hips, the fingers pointing forward. From this position move the elbows slowly back toward each other, making them come as nearly together as possible. Do this several times, counting four as the elbows approach each other and two to recover position. By counting to these movements a harmony is attained which will develop the muscles evenly."

Unrecognized Answers.

Sometimes by unrecognized answer God makes reply to special prayer. You pray, and apparently nothing comes of it. But as the days go you find that surely something has come of it. The causes for your trouble have dissipated slowly perhaps, but steadily and really. You have been answered, though at the time you knew it not.—Wayland Hoyt.

Poor Old Man.

"That's a strange case of the aged gentleman who moves in the highest circles, isn't it?"

"I hadn't heard of it."

"Hadn't you? Why, the Yerkes telescope is authority for the story that the man in the moon is all burned out."—

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS,

Cumberland, B. C.

Issued Every Tuesday and Saturday.

M. Whitney, Editor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

IN ADVANCE.

ONE YEAR, by mail $2.00

PER MONTH by carrier .25

SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One inch per year, once-a-week, $12.00

" " " month, " " 1.50

Local notice per line " " .10

For both issues ONE-HALF additional.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each insertion.

No Advertisment inserted for less than 50 cents.

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

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

☞ Advertisers who want their ad changed, should get copy in by 12 a.m. day before issue.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 3d, 1898

The Chinese question is still meancing but with the new and more peaceful attitude of Russia, need not give us alarm.

History is being rapidly made now. The chapter in which we are specially interested will be written by the International Convention in session at Quebec.

The Victoria Times which claims to speak by authority declares that there is no intention of dissolving the legislature and appealing to the people and predicts there will be no general election until 1902.

The proposal of Russia for an international convention in the interest of peace and the reduction of the excessive armaments, so burdensome upon the people, is fairly startling even in these dramatic times. There is no doubt but that the convention will be held and the world has much to hope from it. No important changes may be expected at once, but it is a step towards what we believe will be a brighter future.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Rev. Dr. Lucas is "doing" the islands.

Services will be resumed at the English Church Sunday Sept. 4th.

Mr. Netherby. Inspector of Schools, is paying this place an official visit.

Mr. Young of Yarwood & Young, barristers, Nanaimo, was in town this week.

The contract for the new Fire Hall has been awarded to Mr. A. J. McKay. He will commence its erection at once.

Mr. J. J. McKim is reported to have returned from Glenora and to be at the home of his parents at Puyallup, Washington.

Dr. Bailey has had a heavy strain of work during the past few weeks, he being our only physician in the city. It is due the doctor to mention his success also his faithful and skillful attention to his patients.

Dr. Staples and bride arrived home on Wednesday. THE NEWS extends earnest wishes that Dr. and Mrs. Staples may have many happy years. The doctor was welcomed by his many friends and patients.

A fire was started one evening last week in the rear of the block, south side of Dunsmuir avenue, between First and Second sts. by a little child. Parents should see to it that their little boys are not supplied with matches, and that imflamable material is removed from around their premises.

At a meeting at the Methodist Church Thursday evening it was decided to have an Oratorio and a committee was appointed to make a selection.

Another meeting of all interested in the matter will be held on Tuesday evening at the Presbyterian Church to receive the committee's report, appoint a conductor, organist, and make the necessary arrangements.

Hugh Miller of Union whose father recently returned from the Klondike, was taken ill of chorela morbus, and died August 31. The funeral services took place September 1st at the residence of his parents, and was conducted by Rev. W. Hicks. The body was taken to the Presbyterian cemetery Sandwick whither it was followed by a large number of relatives and friends, among the latter were the Knights of Pythias. He was an employee of the company, and 16 years of age.

Miss Bertram, organist, will sing "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," at the English Church, Sunday evening.

TRENT RIVER BRIDGE.

Engine No. 4 has gotten up out of her rocky bed and is standing on her wheels, ready for a move.

A large part of the timbers for the repair of the old bridge have been sawed, and much of it framed.

It is supposed the new bridge will be not far from the new road bridge across the Trent, as the railway survey indicates the railroad will run down that way.

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.

TENDERS

Tenders are hereby called for kalsomining and painting the interior of the Presbyteian 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

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.

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.

Victoria Times Sued for Libel.

Victoria, Sept. 1.—It is understood that D. M. Eberts, late Attorney-General, has directed the issue of a writ for libel against the Evening Times, in consequence of an article published in it that he had wrongly advised the Lieutenant-Governor.

Dreyfus Case May be Reviewed.

Haris, Sept. 2.—The sentiment in favor of a revision of the Dreyfus case is growing stronger in the papers, which, until now have been hostile to the prisoner of Devil's Island. Late revelations show Dreyfus was not the only one involved. One high officer in the army has committed suicide, and General Pilling has tendered his resignation The case will involve other prominent officers.

COMOX

EXHIBITION

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Village of

COURTENAY

-on-

THURSDAY, THE

29TH

OF SEPTEMBER,

Gordon Murdock,

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in all its branches, and Wagons neatly Repaired

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Eggs,

Vegetables.

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WE DO GOOD WORK.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR.

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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. Mc. Callum, Proprietor.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, J. J. Grant, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Black smith and Carriage Maker.

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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 experience, 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.

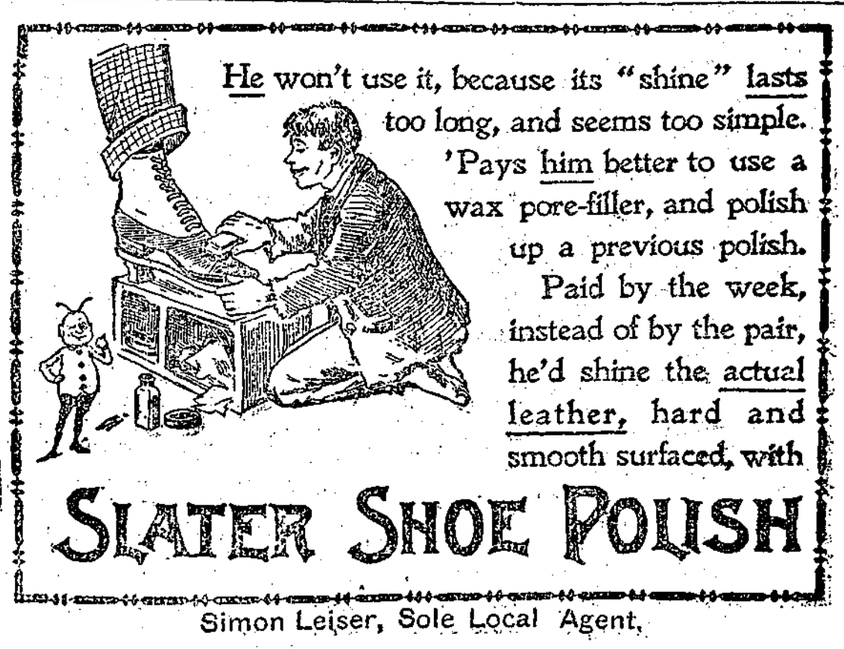
JOHN COMBE, Scribe.

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.

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



Simon Leiser, Sole Local Agent.