THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol V. No 10 | REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1903 | $2 00 a Year in Advance

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THE RAILWAY LABOR ACT

The Brotherhoods of Railway Conductors and Railroad Trainmen disapprove of the new measure suggested by the Minister of Labor for dealing with labor dispates in connection with railways and an appeal has been made to the labor organizations in the Province to secure their co-operation in resisting the bill. The appeal is as follows :—

To Divisions and Lodges of Railroad and other Labor Organizations in British Columbia, Greeting :

Dear Sirs and Brothers,—We, the undersigned, wish to call your attention to the revised edition of the "Railway Labor Act." This act, which, in its first form, undeniably made arbitration compulsory, and we believe the same objectionable feature to be present in its revised state. This, we claim, is unfair under presen conditions, and it appears to us that the purpose of the Bill is to disrupt railway organizations and, if successful, the ultimate downfall of organized labor in Canada by this same means. We wish also to call your attention to the signal victory that we gained by our protests on the first edition, as the Government never intended to deviate from the first measure, but on account of the popular movement against it, they saw organized labor was waking up to its own interests and something had to be done. Now, brothers, we ask you to put your shoulder to the wheel once more, and forever silence such unjust and dangerous legislation. We wish you would send a copy of this protest to your representative at Ottawa and to Brother Harvey Hall, legislative representative at Ottawa for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Brotherhood of Locomotive Fireman, Order of Railway Conductors, and Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and to the Hon. Sir Wm. Mulock, Minister of Labor, Ottawa.

Fraternally yours,
T. J. COUGHLIN,

Secretary Joint Committee, O. R. C. and B. R. T.

In addition to issuing the above appeal the following communication has been sent to Hon. Wm. Mulock by the Conductors and Trainmen :

To the Honourable, the Minister of Labour, Ottawa, Ont.

SIR,—By unanimous resolution of Joint Committee of the Order of Railway Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen assembled practically representing all Conductors, Brakemen, Switchmen and Train Baggagemen employed in British Columbia), it was resolved on the 3rd day of March, 1903, that we earnestly protest against the enactment by the *Parliament of Canada* of the Bill entitled "The Railway Labour Arbitration Act," in lieu of the bill entitled "The Railway Arbitration Act" presented by the Honourable Sir Wm. Mulock at the last session of Parliament, upon the following grounds :

Our organizations have already protested against the former proposed Bill which was certainly (if enacted) a Compulsory Arbitration Act.

Our Organizations have always subscribed to and endorsed the principle of Voluntary Arbitration as a means of conciliation in the settlement of labor disputes.

But we have never subscribed to, and are not willing now to subscribe to the theory of Compulsory Arbitration. It seems to us that compulsion takes all of the essentials out of arbitration, and if the proposed Bill be enacted it would retard the legitimate progress and in time disrupt all such labor organizations as ours in the *Dominion of Canada.*

We wish to call your attention to the fact that such organizations as ours have been established and doing business in Canada for the past 20 or 30 years. And never after being established and recognized on and by a Railway Company has a strike occurred, or a lockout been declared, either by or against our Organizations.

We, therefore, contend and protest that this Bill if enacted would work detrimentally to the very best interests of ourselves and the citizens of this fair Dominion as a whole, and have the very opposite effect intended and claimed by its supporters.

At the very least we contend and protest that legislation along such lines is unnecessary so far as organizations such as ours are concerned.

So sure are we that the enactment of this Bill would be detrimental to the best interests of the citizens as a whole (as well as ourselves), that we feel that we are fully justified in protesting against the same.

In conclusion we wish to state that we will continue to protest against the enactment of legislation of any kind, which we consider will injure the high standing labor organizations have attained in this country; and if such legislation is forced upon us against our expressed wishes, we will employ every means at our command to have such legislation repealed.

Dated Vancouver, B. C., March 5th,

J. HERCHMER, J. WARD,
J. A. MACKAY, J. BRADSHAW,
R. URQUHART, J. P. WELLS
GEORGE STREVENS, T. J. COUGHLIN,
D. W. STEVENS.

THE STRIKE SITUATION

The Differences are Becoming Aggravated President Estes Says the Union Mines will be Closed From Calgary.

The most sanguine will fail to find in the strike developments of the past 24 hours much cause for satisfaction or encouragement says the Vancouver World. The parties to the vexatious dispute involving so serious loss to business interests, are *certainly no nearer to one another* and a settlement. Indeed it seems as though the differences were now becoming so aggravated as to make reconcilliation more difficult than ever.

As for the proposal of Provincial Premier Prior, to introduce his government as an intermediary, General Superintendent Marpole has politely replied that the matter of settlement has been removed from his jurisdiction through the action of the strikers themselves in applying at Montreal for formal recognition and calling out workers on sections of the line beyond the boundaries of the Pacific division. The offer of the government has been reported, however, to Mr. D. McNicol, but his acknowledgment and comment is not as yet made public.

As for the strikers' acquiescene in the suggestion he himself advanced, looking to friendly adjudication, General Supt. Marpole re-asserts that he has had no intimation of their acceptance from any of the strikers in such direct, business and tangible form, that he can forward it to Montreal. When such an intimation is received it will be undoubtedly transmitted and receive such full consideration as it merits.

The offer, it is explained to remove an apparently general misapprehension, is that the differences are to be submitted for adjustment to the heads of the four recognized brotherhoods in the railway service.

Vancouver, March 18.—The strikers issue the following bulletin this morning:

"At Winnipeg the company has been able to get a *few Italians* to work with W. H. D'Arcy, claims agent, as checker, but they are doing more harm than good. One of them drew his knife on a special policeman and was arrested.

"At Nelson the blockade is still effective with everybody standing firm. Calgary wires that the C. P. R. is not even taking care of the baggage and the freight is looking after itself, and so far they have only been able to get one scab to work. Nine substitutes were taken to Revelstoke but have refused to work, and will sue for damages on account of being brought out under false pretences.

"The fight has been still further extended at Vancouver by the crews of the C. P. N. boats coming out last night, the company having broken the agreement entered into with the B. C. Steamshipmen's Society.

"Everything is moving nicely with the strikers."

Victoria, March 17.—President George Estes of the U. B. R. E. arrived in the city last evening. As a result, C. P. N. shipping is pretty well tied up today.

About midnight, within an hour of the time for the sailing of the steamer Charmer, her deck hands and all but the engineers and officers walked out.

Other sailings were delayed also by the crews going out, including the Danube and the Princess Louise.

There was no time then to get a crew for the Charmer, so Captain Troup led the way and took a place as deck hand, with officers and engineers of the Danube assisting him—and the steamer left as usual.

The Danube's sailing was cancelled until the return of the Charmer tonight, when her officers will rejoin her.

It is contended by the steamshipmen's union workers who have refused to work, that the *C. P. N. Co.*, in taking on non-union freight, violated its agreement, and hence there was no need for the twelve hours' notice.

The Princess Louise got away this morning with a non-union crew.

President Estes says the union mines will be closed for supplying the C.P.R., and the entire supply will be completely cut off.

Calgary Herald : Yesterday the two new baggagemen struck, but one of them went back to work later on.

Monday morning a party of fifteen, in charge of three specials, arrived on No. 1 to take the place of the strikers. They went to work, some of them at the boggage room and by noon eleven of them quit.

The teamsters are at work unloading carload lots for Calgary merchants.

LIBERAL CONVENTION

Revelstoke Will be the Convention Town for the Liberal Association of British Columbia

In connection with the request of the Vancouver Liberal Association for a provincial convention, it is proposed that for the convenience of upcountry delegates, the convention shall be held at Revelstoke. It is considered probable in view of the possibility of a general election after the next Legislative session, that the *convention will be called to meet at* an early date.—Vancouver Province.

Notice.

A meeting of the Ladies' Hospital Auxiliary will be held in Selkirk Hall on *Tuesday afternoon next at 3.30* o'clock. A full attendance of members is requested.

Mrs. B. A. LAWSON, Secy.

If you are looking for a newspaper subscribe for the REVELSTOKE HERALD.

STARTLING REVELATIONS.

R. R. Gamey, M. P. P. of Manitoulin Island Gives the Particulars of the Attempts of the Grits to Hold Power

The shattering crash of a *death*dealing thunderbolt from a smiling and *cloudless summer sky could not be* more startlingly unexpected than the amazing disclosures made by R. R Gamey, M. P. P. for Manitoulin Island in the Ontario House last week which awed members and spectators alike with a realization of the depth of corruption which has been reached by a political party resolved upon maintaining its grip upon office, no matter by what desperate means.

Alex. G. McKay, of North Grey, and Valentine Stock, of South Perth, had moved and seconded the address in reply to the speech from the *throne*, their addresses teeming with eulogies of the Government and references to the wisdom *of the people in again* declaring in favor of an honest and capable administration. They little *dreamed* how very soon the people were to be given a startling sample of the "honesty" and "capability" which has marked the actions of the Government during the past eight months.

In the ordinary course of events Mr. J. P. Whitney would have risen to continue the debate upon the speech. As Mr. Stock resumed his seat amid applause from the Liberals, however Mr. Gamey suddenly arose from the desk which he occupied at the extreme end of the Opposition's front row. The members of the House *and the spe*tators in the gallery alike looked in surprise at this new and untried member *of the Legislature*, who had occupied a rather considerable place in the press during the few weeks preceding *the meeting of the House*. The faces of the Cabinet Ministers wore a look of mingled satisfaction and enquiry. This was Gamey—Gamey, who had publicly abjured his allegiance to the Conservative party, and had cast in his lot with the Government; Gamey, whose vote would add one more to the all too unsubstantial majority; Gamey, the convert to "honest and capable" methods of administration. These were the reflections which seemed to run through their minds and light up their faces.

But what had he to say? they wondered. Not a public profession of his conversion, surely; for that has been made a month ago in an interview in the Toronto Globe. So they waited in tolerant silence to hear what their newest recruit would say. They did not have to wait long.

Mr. Gamey began by asking the indulgence of the House for a short time. He had, he said, heard with interest the speeches of the two honorable members who preceded him. There were some things in the speech from the throne, and in the *remarks* of the two gentlemen, with which he did not wholly agree, but he would not take up the time of the House in discussing them at the present time. He wished, however, to lay before the House certain facts which would throw some light upon his own recent actions and which he hoped would result in removing him from a painful and distasteful position.

With this preamble Mr. Gamey lifted *from his desk a bundle of* manuscript in his own handwriting, beside which lay a sheaf of documents, *which proved to be letters, telegrams*, and other communications. Without delay he launched into the reading of the most remarkable narrative of duplicity and *venality which has ever* been heard on the floor of a Canadian House of Parliament. For nearly an hour he continued his recital, turning from his manuscript to read in their proper order the damning documents which linked Ministers of the Crown with the foulest crime in Canadian political history.

The scene was one dramatic in its intensity. There was *a silence as of* death in the chamber as page after page was turned over by Mr. Gamey, a silence broken only on the Opposition side of the House when each fresh point scored drew forth a round of vigorous applause. The Liberal members sat silent as mutes.

Several times did Mr. Gamey break off in the reading of his story. Once he paused to interject a word as to what his personal feelings were in the distasteful task which he had felt himself obligated to undertake.

"Gentlemen" he said, impressively, "this is the hardest thing I have ever had to do in my life. I do not think I could ever have *gone into it* had I known I would have to keep it up so long. We expected an early *session, and never dreamed* that it would drag along until March 10th before assembling. I cannot tell you the jeers and insults I have had to bear in consequence of what I under took."

Another dramatic pause was made when he reached that portion of his statement dealing with the receipt of the second instalment of cash, amounting to $1,000, half of which was given to Frank Sol van. Throwing down his manuscript, Mr. Gamey took from his desk an envelope, and raising the flap, took from it a bunch of bank bills. After holding them up for a moment so that they were visible to everyone in the House, he *flung them* on his desk and resumed his reading.

When he had reached his final page Mr. *Gamey laid down his manuscript* and in "straight-flung words and few" cast himself upon the consideration of the House.

"I have told all I knew," he said simply. "It is a most lamentable affair, but what was I to do? These men came to me, and I knew if I could secure no evidence the whole thing would be denied, and the people would not believe it. I knew what had been done in other places. I am told that the honorable member for South Oxford, Mr. Donald Sutherland had stated that he had been similarly approached, but when he made the fact public it was denied. I say I was justified in going on as I did. I do *not* believe a more corrupt institution exists in the world than the one which *sought to buy me. I can hardly* conceive of a Ministry so corrupt. I lay these documents on the desk of my *leader*, Mr. J. P Whitney, and I ask the House to do what it will with me for the part I have taken. God knows my task has been a hard one!"

Amid the wild applause of the Conservative members, Mr. Gamey walked with deliberation up the floor of the House, and, passing in front of Mr. Whitney, laid the mass of manuscript and the bills on his desk.

"I ask the honorable member what he wishes me to do with these documents?" said Mr. Whitney, rising.

Mr. Gamey answered, "You can do just what you like with them, but I think you should not part with them under any circumstances." And with *these words the man from Manitoulin* turned and walked back to his place.

Mr. Whitney took the documents, put them in his desk, and, after locking it, resumed his seat.

The Premier then stood up, and, despite the most impressive silence, his voice was barely audible as he spoke the first few words.

"I am assured by my colleague," he said, evidently referring to Mr. Stratton, "that the charges *affecting* his honor are untrue. So much has been said by the hon. member for Manitoulin, however, that it *becomes* as to take steps toward an early and thorough investigation. That in*vestigation shall be made consistent* with the rules of the House, either by a committee specially appointed, or by the *Committee on Privileges* and Elections. An investigation shall be made, and be made with as little delay as possible. That is all I have to say about the matter."

The leader of the Opposition rose again to his feet. There was an added dignity in his bearing, and a deep and impressive note in his voice.

"No matter could possibly be more serious than the one which has engaged the attention of this House for the past half-hour," he said. "It is a matter to be considered and spoken of with the *greatest* possible seriousness, and it is not to be even thought of lightly. If things have come to such a pass as has been alleged in the Province of Ontario, then the people of the province will demand an investigation in such terms that even the Ontario Government dare not stand in the way of purifying the political atmosphere. God forbid that I should say anything to prejudice the hon. gentlemen, but the time has come when the scoundrels who steal the ballots of free men can no longer be protected by the laws of the land. This is all I have to say. I ask the hon. gentleman if it would not be proper to adjourn this debate for today, and I will move the adjournment."

The House then adjourned to meet the following day.

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

The News of the World in Brief As Received Over the Wires From Every Corner of the Globe.

The Manitoba legislature prorogued yesterday.

Four boys were drowned in the Lachine canal at Montreal yesterday.

A new volcano is vomiting large quantities of smoke and lava on Riri, New Hebrides.

Grand Trunk passenger train jumped the track near Guelph, Ont. Several passengers injured, none fatally.

Trouble has arisen at Fiji between Protestants and Roman Catholics as a result of burning of 300 bibles by the latter.

Sir John Boyd and Chief Justice Falconbridge will act as investigating commission in the Gamey charges at Toronto.

Although the Ohio river has begun to fall at Cairs the conditions continue extremely critical at nearly all points below.

Asst. Professor Wastengard of the Harvard law school has accepted the appointment as asst. legal adviser of the King of Spain.

A fire resulting from recent fatal explosions in the Cardiff mine at Springfield, Ill., has necessitated flooding of the colliery. It throws 100 *miners out of work.*

Wedding Bells.

A quiet wedding took place early Wednesday morning at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. Bongard, when Miss Catherine Stevenson and Mr. John Fraser, C. P. R. bridge foreman, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. C. Ladner. The bride was dressed in a handsome travelling suit of blue broadcloth trimmed with white satin and wore a large velvet hat with white trimmings, and was assisted through the ceremony by her little niece Miss Mary Smith, who was becomingly dressed in white silk with pale blue trimmings. Mr. Tom Gillispie assisted the bridegroom through the trying ordeal. After partaking of the wedding *breakfast prepared* by the brides sister, Mrs. Ed. Bongard, the happy couple left on No. 2 for a two months trip to Nova Scotia and Ontario. The contracting parties are both popular and well known in the city and the HERALD joins their many friends in wishing them a happy and prosperous wedded life.

-Reid & Young-

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MISS RIDDELL, of Toledo, Ohio, has arrived and is now in charge of this Department, and will be pleased to meet the Ladies of Revelstoke. All orders for Millinery from this date will receive prompt attention.

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BREAKFAST FOODS

BREAKFAST is the most important meal of the day. Each day commences with it, and if things go wrong at that time, they are apt to go wrong all day. Buy your Breakfast Foods here, and you will be sure of a good meal and a good temper..

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The Sayings of Children.

The children in a kindergarten in India were being asked the names of their favorite kings and queens. Akbar, William the Conqueror, Richard the Lion-hearted, were the guesses of the mass. "King Edward the Fourth," said one small voice with a lisp. "What can you know about King Edward?" asked his teacher, to test him. The child drew himself up to the full height of his four years. "He is my King!" was his answer, and surely a conclusive one. The child who described Henry VIII. as a "professional widower" was an English production. Then there was "Jack," writing to his aunt in England his six-year-old impressions of India: "Here we have a larger moon, and we keep it better polished!" And N——, who upon being told he is getting quite old (he had had two birthdays), replied: "Indeed I am not; I am almost new!" When still "almost new" N—— was found one day sitting solemnly on a chair kicking his legs up and down. "What is it in me that wants to go for a walk?" he asked. "Not my legs, for I could move them here." Ethel and Marjory went with their mother to the stores to buy golf-clubs for their father, who was sweltering in the Indian plains. "Ethel," said Marjory, "are these for our Father which art in heaven, or our father which art in India?" "Hush, Marjory!" was the answer. "Don't you know that our Father which art in heaven only plays Sunday games!" (I cannot help inserting here the remark of one of my acquaintances to whom I take all my stories, because her absence of any sense of humor prompts her to inimitable comment. "Ah!" she said on being told the above, "I suppose, then, the mother was married twice!") Granville said his prayers at bedtime, but refused to do so in the morning. "A fellow must be a fool if he can't take care of himself in the day!" "Make Tom a good boy," said another five-year-old; adding, "Do you hear that, Tom?" And—"Wait, Lord, while I kick Tom!" was another of his interjections. Elsie's sayings were numerous. "I wish I could bathe in chapters," was one extracted on a shivering winter's night. When she was about eight she hated being called of a morning, and thought of a way out of the necessity. "Trespassers on my dreams shall be prosecuted!" was the announcement in her largest writing found pinned on to her coverlet. The spelling was what Elsie herself would have called "pathetic!" "Someone once told me I spelt on the pathetic system," she confided to me! It was very pathetic sometimes, as when she wrote of her sweet little "ginny-pigs!" "King of Kings and Lord of Lords," was in the Sunday hymn. "Do you know Whom that means, dear?" asked the mother. "Let me see; now, would it be hearts or clubs?"

Sometimes the comment on younger brothers and sisters is delicious. "Why does not baby speak?" puzzled one small girl. Later, dissatisfied with her mother's answer, she produced her own. "I know: the things that baby saw in God's house before she came to live with us were so wonderful that she cannot speak about them. She's got to be quiet—till she's forgotten!" "Baby's broken a hole in the sky and come through," was the explanation of another, aged three. Jack, rather older (aged eight), was a student of "ruling passions." "Oh! mother's been getting bargains again!" he said in all good faith upon being shown his twin baby sisters.

Enid and Edith were at a loss for a game. "Let's play at being at home," said Enid. "We'll have a day." "But what does that mean?" begged Edith. "What is a day?" "Oh! don't be stupid," said Enid. "All fashionable people have 'days.' God's day is Sunday, and mother's is Tuesday!" "Is the gentleman in the sailor hat an Apostle?" was the comment of another child on the saint in a church window.

From a bishop who had been preaching in his mitre I have my next story. It is the conversation of two small children, who sat just below the pulpit. The poor bishop could not help overhearing their little whisperings. "He's a king!" said one. "He isn't!" was the contemptuous reply; "this is Church." "He is!" "No! he isn't!" "Well, then, he's a clown!" "I don't like Christian soldiers, I like barrat soldiers better," said Geoffrey, whose hero was Lord Roberts. His small brother's rendering of his nightly hymn was original;

> May thine Angels spread,
> Their white tails above me,
> Over Ruby's bed!

A learned friend of mine sends me, as marginalia to the story, a photograph of the ancient "death-angel" from the Lycian Harpy tomb. The tails are beautifully marked, and I am sure Ruby was an archæologist in some previous existence. "God would not send a flood now," said Frances comfortably, after hearing the Noah story. "And why?" asked her mother. "Oh! He knows that everyone can swim now; it would not be any good!" "Please let's arrange about Christmas presents," said Rosamond (aged four) last December. "But don't you want a surprise?" I asked. "Oh no!" she replied, "I've tried surprises, and they're only disappoints!" (Seven seems too early to grow blasé, even in this century.) Joan is just nine years old. "What is she like?" she asked of her mother about an expected guest. "But really, Joan, I can't tell what you want to know." "Well! what does she look like? Is she old or young? What does she think about?" Her mother attempted a description. "I know," said Joan, summing her up, quite satisfied; "black net and sequins!" Another "summary" one retails with tears at one's heart, for it is many years now since Ralph, aged seven, was called to enter the mists of death. It was his last Easter, and he begged hard to be allowed to go to church as usual. He was taken home after the Easter lesson. "And you could not understand that, my boy; you might have come out before," said his mother. "Oh, no!" said Ralph, "I loved it; it was a beautiful story: the blood, and the Lamb—and, they were all safe!"—Cornelia Sorabji in the "Spectator."

Corrected.

Poetical and pedantic young lady walking in the wood with elderly and learned professor: "Oh, Mr. Bookworm, look at that magnificent oak! Let us stop one minute. I must tell him how the sight of such beautiful trees raises keen emotions in my soul; because, you know, I'm sure they can hear us and enjoy a compliment as well as you do. You superb oak, what would you say if you could talk?" "I believe I can be his interpreter, dear Miss Hopkins. He would most likely say: 'Beg your pardon, miss; I'm a beech!'"

Some Grizzly Bear Stories.

In the old days of the Spanish occupation of California, a common amusement on fete days was a fight between a grizzly bear and a bull. Old-time residents, who witnessed the barbarous contests, say that the grizzly came off victor. Some bears have despatched five and six bulls in an afternoon. The maddened bear would always rise upon his hind legs as the attacking, bellowing bull, with head lowered, came prancing toward the grizzly. The bear would await the attack, then at a favorable moment, quick as a flash it would deal *the bull a staggering blow between the eyes.* This blow was sometimes so powerful that the bull dropped dead with a crushed skull. Anyhow, the blow from the bear's paw was always so heavy that the bull was groggy for a few minutes and stumbled on its forelegs. Meanwhile the grizzly would cling to the bull, striking *its razor-like claws deep into the* bovine flesh, while it bit and chewed the bull to death. At some of these Spanish contests bears have broken bulls' legs as if they were pine sticks.

"The best illustration I ever knew of a grizzly's powerful forearms and quickness of motion occurred at a bear and bull *fight in San Gabriel, Cal., in the early* forties," said Senor Don Aguilar recently. "In the excitement of the mortal fight between the beasts, a man accidentally fell over the railing to the floor of the pen below. In a second the big hulking bear dove from the bull straight at the man, striking one paw at his head. The man was literally and instantly scalped and in a second more the grizzly had torn the man into a horrible mass.

"I have known young grizzly bears to carry carcasses of heifers," said Captain Dan Fuller of Portland, Ore., "for more than fifteen miles just as fast as most men can run. Once I saw an old grizzly carrying a dead pig, weighing about 150 pounds, in its forepaws and mouth as easily as a boy would carry a cat. Three summers ago I was in the Coast Mountains and I saw a she grizzly bear carrying a yearling cow home to her cubs. I had a place on a mountain side where I could see every movement of the bear in the sparsely timbered valley before me. She carried the dead cow in her forepaws for about three miles, across sharp rocks over logs, around the rocky mountain sides, where even a jackass could not get a foothold, to a narrow trail up the steep mountain. She never stopped to rest for a moment, but went right along. I followed her, and just about half a mile from her lair I laid her out."

Robert Barr's Latest.

Mr. Robert Barr ("Luke Sharp"), who *has again acquired the "Idler," has some* witty things to say about the purchase:

"I have bought the 'Idler,' and I hope everyone else in England will do the same. It will cost you a simple sixpence. I paid a good deal more. Editors have always recognized the commercial value of an imposing list of celebrated names in their preliminary announcements, and I follow their example. A popular contributor is a prized asset, even though he be in reality but the first syllable of the word. I hope then to present to readers of the 'Idler' articles and stories by Tom Smith, Dick Jones and Harry Robinson when these distinguished writers brace up and let me have something from their talented pens worth printing. The truth is I don't care a rap for a great name, and I'd rather print a good story by the unknown Polly Perkins of Paddington than a poor yarn from the German Emperor of Berlin. If this increases the irritation against us across the Rhine, I can't help it. I shall print the truth if the Hohenzollern dynasty falls. This announcement need not cast a gloom over the haunts of the famous. I am quite willing to accept any effort of a noted man or woman, if it happens to be worthy. I have no prejudice against a great name; indeed, if I wished to flaunt a resplendent reputation on the pages of the 'Idler' all I should have to do would be to write the whole magazine myself. But I am a cautious editor. When formerly connected with this magazine I was under the painful necessity of rejecting three of my own essays in fiction. They were not up to the mark. R. B. the author cannot delude R. B. the editor. At present I am using his literary talents for the writing of my circulars, and if he shows capacity I may print one of his articles in the magazine. Modern literature has proved that authors make the best advertisers."

Quite Safe.

The truth is never more convincing than when it "slips out" involuntarily. Generally at such times it has a peculiar charm also, as this incident suggests. A tattered and forlorn young girl of fifteen summers or so entered the office of a real estate man the other day. Ordinarily he is the politest of individuals, but this day he was so busy that he did not know which way to turn. So, with a swift glance out of the corner of his eye, he said rather sharply:

"Well, what do you want?"

"P-p-please, mister, won't you buy a ticket on our cuckoo clock?" replied the girl, hesitatingly.

"Your cuckoo clock? What could I do with a cuckoo clock even if I should get it?"

"Oh, you won't get it, mister! Please buy a ticket."

Those Turkish Baths!

They are now saying that a Turkish bath is the best means to restore a man in a hurry from the effects of the flowing bowl. Generally when you present yourself at the ticket office of the palatial establishment, the clerk leans forward and enquires: "Do you want a Turkish bath?" as if he thought you might have come to enquire whether they sold tintacks. The unhappy inebriate will miss this pleasant experience, since his condition will give him away off-hand. But it will be a disagreeably suggestive surprise for the toper who wakes gradually with the consciousness of his iniquity troubling his spirit to find himself in seraphic attire in a place uncomfortably hot; and we shall probably hear of the patient in such a case reaching out for the innocent attendant with the pathetic words: "Say, ole feller, this is a s'prise! When did I die?"

Cautions.

"Let's go have a drink, Smithers." "No, I've swern off this week for a test." "Why, what are you testing?" "Myself. As long as I find I can stop I won't stop, but as soon as I find I can't stop I will stop."—Ex.

Flirting.

The dictionary offers several definitions of the verb "to flirt," as descriptive of the chief amusement of women. One is "to be perpetually running about." It is not a very elegant definition, but it will serve. In one sense or another, the flirt is perpetually *running about. Her pretty feet may be* still, but her eyes, her hands, or her lips are not. And as for her thoughts, why she herself can hardly follow them, so quickly do they leap from Reginald to Arthur, from Arthur to George, and from George back to Reginald. Even in her dreams she is out on active service, *conquering with smiles, slaying with* frowns, and burying with scorn.

It is good to know a flirt of parts. You may suffer sometimes, but, if you are possessed of a little philosophy, a little of the spirit of adventure, and a little of that of self-sacrifice, there are delightful compensations. Will she give me three dances, two, one, or none at all? Will she go to the picnic with me or with him? Did she sing that song because it was the one I said I liked? The compensations are not simply in the favorable answers to the questions, but in the very questions themselves. You love her both for the dangers you have passed, and for those you hope to pass.

What a wealth of talent, even of genius, is devoted to the art of flirting! What original conceptions and brilliant successes in it might be told to the world! Might be; but are not. The triumphs in other arts are proclaimed in every market-place. Those in the art of flirting are merely whispered in two or three parlors. It is a pity; for they also are worthy of general rejoicing and admiration.

You, reader, have your own experiences. One morning, let us suppose, you call on a flirt with whom you are privileged to be acquainted. You met her at a dance on the previous evening. She was kinder to you than usual. The flowers she wore were some you had sent her. In short, it was a happy evening. How does she receive you now? Coldly, distantly. You try to begin where you left off at the dance, but she insists on talking about the weather and other impersonal subjects. The minutes pass slowly and dully. At last you rise to go. As you do so, she directs your attention to a large jar on the sideboard. "It is a sort of funeral urn," she says, "full of memorials of the past."

You lift the lid and see a heap of dead roses and lilies. "I always keep the flowers fellows give me," she explains; "directly they fade, I drop them in here." You wince at the thought of the bouquet you selected so carefully mouldering with a dozen more in this common grave. With a forced laugh, you mention the thought. Her eyes sparkle. "Your flowers," she says reproachfully, "do not go with those of the other fellows. See, there is a second jar which I reserve for you." You look. There is, indeed, a second jar; and your bouquet, indeed, lies in it.

If that, or anything like it, be one of your experiences, you have reason to be glad. An artist has planned and wrought for you alone. The two jars, the flowers, and the speeches were all prepared in anticipation of your call. Be grateful. Admire the artist, and let her perceive the admiration. This is the least, and the most, that you can do.

Is it love of power, desire for change, or original sin, that makes a woman flirt? Or is there such a thing as the Quest of the Golden Youth? It does not matter. Some emotions occasionally far outweigh a moral. If the woman flirts well, that is sufficient. As has been said, you may suffer sometimes, but there are delightful compensations. To know her is, if not of itself a liberal education, at any rate an assistance to one.—Edgar Turner in "To-day."

Had Lost Track of the Case.

The young woman who, when asked if she had read Romeo and Juliet, replied that she had never read Juliet, but she thought Romeo was lovely, was of the same temperament as a village postmaster who knew or pretended to know something of all the doings of the world, great and small.

Some wags from a neighboring town who strolled into the post-office one day thought they would have some sport with the wise man.

"I suppose it's pretty dead up here, Mr. Pratt," said one.

"Well, not so dead as you think. I guess there ain't much goes on that we don't hear about, even if it don't happen right here."

"Why, you people don't know the war's over," said another, falling back on the stock phrase.

"Oh, you can't work that dodge on me," replied the postmaster, looking shrewdly over his spectacles. "I guess I followed the negotiations with Kitchener in the papers."

"But there are some things that aren't in the papers," said another youth. "I don't believe you know when Shakespeare died."

"Well, no," said the postmaster, "I didn't know that he was dead, but I heard last week he was pretty low."

While Imprisoned.

A prisoner condemned to prison for life, after a careful study of the Bible, found it to contain 3,566,480 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times, the word "Lord" 1,855 times.

The middle verse is the 8th of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except "j."

The longest verse is the 9th in the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest is the 35th of the 11th chapter of St. John's Gospel.

There are 86 words of more than six syllables.

It must have taken the poor prisoner many years of patient, careful study to gather all these facts.

Our Strictly Policed Women.

No women in the world are so strictly policed as ours—for they watch each other. Huge incomes without any responsibility attached to the spending of them, lack of daily rational occupations, and a frank indifference to art and literature—not to mention politics and science—have turned our "Smart Set" ladies into dollies, gorgeously dressed (and too often freshly painted, I fear), some of which can say, "Mamma, Papa!" when you pull a string. A very few have phonographs in their pretty heads; but these are the exceptions; and one soon wearies, anyway, of hearing the repetitions of their well-known little cylinders, scratched by the latest anybody who has talked into them.—Ex.

Mainly About People.

A youthful member of Parliament was once advised by a bibulous member of one of his audiences to "go home to his mother." "I think," the young candidate said, "my friend might follow his own advice with advantage, for he does not seem to have outgrown his affection for the bottle."

A student at Oberlin College one day asked the president "if he could not advantageously take a shorter course than that prescribed in the curriculum." "Oh, yes," was the reply; "that depends on what you want to make of yourself. When God wants to make an oak, He takes a hundred years; but when He wants to make a squash, He takes but six months."

It is said that W. S. Gilbert was meant for the bar, and his father was reluctant to see him turning in other directions. "If you would only stick to it," said the elder Gilbert, you might become Lord Chancellor." "So I might," answered the author of the "Pinafore" to be, "and if I stick to the theaters I may become Sheridan. One's as likely as the other, and of the two I prefer Sheridan." That was a preference lucky for the lovers of the stage.

The house in Portland, Maine, where Longfellow was born is now a tenement in the poorer part of the city, mostly inhabited by Irish. A correspondent writes that a few years ago a teacher in Portland was giving a lesson on the life of the poet. At the end of the hour she began to question her class. "Where was Longfellow born?" she asked. A small boy waved his hand vigorously. When the teacher called on him his answer did not seem to astonish the rest of the class, but was a cold shock to her. "In Patsy Magee's bedroom," he said.

A good example of the witty answer that turns away wrath was furnished by the Abbe de Voisenon, who had been unfortunate enough to offend the great Conde and to lose his favor. When the Abbe went to court to make his peace with the offended prince, the latter rudely turned his back on him. "Thank Heaven, sir," the Abbe exclaimed, "I have been misinformed; your highness does not treat me as if I were an enemy?" "Why do you say that?" the prince demanded. "Because, sir," answered the Abbe, "your highness never turns your back on an enemy."

In the "Critic" is a letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Chalmers Martin relating the following story: "When my father-in-law, Mr. Robert Martin of Glasgow, was a lad he stood one day watching some builders, I forget where, in Scotland, but probably near Abbotsford. Suddenly a lame man walked up to the workmen, bareheaded, and with a pen behind his ear. He took hold of a pail, and, turning it over quickly, said, 'What am I doing with this pail?' 'Whamblin' it over,' one of them replied. 'Thank you! thank you, my man; that's the very word I've been trying to get all morning'—and Sir Walter Scott, for it was no less, went home to continue his story."

In some country districts of Ireland it is not unusual to see the owners' names simply chalked on carts and other vehicles, in order to comply with legal regulations. It is related that a policeman once accosted a countryman whose name had been wiped out unknown to him by a mischievous boy. "Is this cart yours, my good man?" "Av coorse it is," was the reply; "do you see marthin wid it?" "I obsarve," said the pompous policeman, "that yer name is o-blitherated." "Then ye're wrong," quoth the countryman, who had never come across the long dictionary word before, "for me name's O'Reilly, an' I don't care who knows it!"

In his most slumberous moments Trollope retained a certain good-natured, grumbling, perverse argumentativeness, thoroughly characteristic of the man. He had just returned from South Africa, and was talking one night to the late Lord Carnarvon, Lord Derby, Froude the historian, Lord Wolseley, and one or two others equally famous, on the future of that country. In the midst of the discussion Trollope fell asleep; and after a quarter of an hour's doze he awoke, shaking himself together like the faithful, growling Newfoundland dog he so much resembled. Dissentient even in his unconsciousness, he spluttered forth, "I utterly disagree with every one of you. What is it you said?"

An amusing anecdote is told of how Zola met the Pope during his visit to Rome, in 1894, when he was writing his work on the Eternal City. He stayed for only three weeks, but he went everywhere, and took copious notes of all that he saw—everywhere, even to the Quirinal, where, on the afternoon of December 1, he held a long conversation with King Umberto and Queen Margherita. Considerable pressure was brought to bear upon the Holy Father to grant him an audience, but all to no purpose. "I will not receive an enemy of the Church," said the aged Leo. Zola, however, nothing daunted, disguised as a pelerin from Metz, managed to solicit the services of one of the Papal guards, and, by him, was introduced into the Vatican; he wandered through the gardens, and even inspected the private apartments of the Pope, with whom he was enabled to exchange a few words.

King Edward in Disguise.

The London "M. A. P." tells this story of King Edward:

Not so very long ago, when the King was Prince of Wales and he was better able than nowadays to gratify his tastes for the methods of "the good Haroun-al-Raschid," he was taking a walk alone in St. James' Park before breakfast. He found himself followed by a well-dressed but crazy-looking old woman. He had seen and suffered from her before, so he ignored her sedulously and severely, and continued his stroll until he was obliged to turn homeward. Then the woman stood right before him and curtsied. The Prince raised his hat and tried to pass on. But in vain.

"I have a grievance, your Royal Highness," began the stranger, drawing from her handbag a big, closely written parchment roll.

"Ach, madam, thees ees not zo first time I have been taken for ze Pr-rrince of Wales," was the reply in a gruff voice, and with a fine natural German accent.

The old lady flashed a look of deepest scorn upon the Teutonic "double" of the King that was to be. Then she put away her precious documents and said loftily, with the rather pitiful vanity of her class—the Miss Flites of real life: "I have the honor to know personally all the members of the royal family, and if my eyesight were not becoming so bad nowadays I would never have made such an astonishing error as to have taken you for the Prince of Wales!"

Insured Against Specialists.

In England people of moderate means are beginning to insure themselves against surgical operations. The plan is that subscribers who pay an annual fee shall be entitled either to free admittance to a hospital or nursing at home and a free operation or to a fixed sum paid down to defray the cost of an operation if one becomes necessary. In England, as here, the cost of surgical repairs to the human body has become oppressively great to persons who just manage to pay their way. People who are obviously poor get a great deal of excellent surgical and medical treatment in hospitals and elsewhere for nothing, but for the next class above them a serious illness—especially if it involves an operation—is almost ruinous. It would seem as if the time was near when societies for insurance against specialists might be profitably organized in the larger American cities. The specialists has come to be a very important—indeed, an indispensable—institution, especially to families in which there are children. The office of the family doctor has now become simplified to the task of coming in and telling the patient which specialist to go to. It is not that specialists charge too much, for their honorable services are above price. It is that landlord, butcher, baker, grocer, milkman, coalman, dentist and trained nurse do not leave you money enough to pay them appropriately. To subscribe a considerable sum annually, and have all the repairs and desirable improvements made in one's family without further disbursement would be a comparatively simple way out of a troublesome predicament.—"Harper's Weekly."

The Discipline Broke Down.

Mahmoud Pasha was a progressive Turk of the new school. He was sent to St. Petersburg on a special mission, where, owing to his good manners and childlike ingenuousness, he soon became popular in diplomatic circles. He caught eagerly at new ideas and was always discussing the possibility of introducing reform into Turkey.

One day the Turk was at luncheon at the quarters of a Russian officer named Birnedoff. The conversation had turned on the splendid discipline to be found in every branch of the Russian service. Birnedoff suddenly rang a bell.

"I am going to show you how methodical my orderly is," said he to Mahmoud Pasha.

A trim-looking young officer entered the room, saluted, and waited. Birnedoff gave him a key and told him to go to his office and get a certain bunch of papers.

The man saluted and left the room. Birnedoff took out his watch. Keeping his eyes fixed on the dial, he said, "He is going down the stairs; he is in the street." And then, after a long pause "He has reached the War Office; he is going upstairs; he has entered my room; he has the papers and has started to come back; he has reached the street." Another long pause: "He is down at the door; he is mounting the stairs; he is here." At this moment the door opened, and the orderly reappeared and placed the required parcel in his superior's hands.

The Turk returned home and at once began to institute reforms. A year or more passed, and the Russian officer Birnedoff was in his turn sent to Constantinople, and became the guest of Mahmoud Pasha.

"Count Birnedoff," said the Pasha, at an opportune moment, "I want to show you what I have accomplished in the way of discipline during the past year, thanks to your teaching. I want to prove to you that the Turk is as capable of methodical training as the Russian."

At the sound of a bell a liveried servant appeared. The Pasha spoke to him in Turkish. When the man had left the room the Pasha took his watch in hand, and said:

"Now he is going downstairs; he is in the street." A long pause: "He has reached the building where my office is; he is going upstairs; he is in my room; he has the papers; he is coming back—"

At this moment the door opened suddenly and the heavy Kurd reappeared. "Effendim," said he, with a low salaam, "I can't find my shoes."

Speaking in Parables.

Phrases and figures of speech often tell much of one's early life and environment. Such illustrations as arise spontaneously to a man's mind in conversation are usually those derived from familiar scenes or favorite books.

Secretary Shaw, a Vermont Yankee, who has passed most of his life in the Mississippi Valley, often surprises his Washington callers by the terse, everyday phrases, and even homely illustrations, in which he sets forth his attitude on great questions of public policy. Not long ago a delegation of influential men were trying to persuade him to do something to which he was plainly disinclined. To their elaborate technical arguments he replied:

"Gentlemen, I expect to get into more or less hot water while I am in this office, but you must excuse me from stepping into a bucket from which I can see the steam rising."

When asked by reporters on another occasion why he was unwilling to give publicity to some views which he had just advanced, Mr. Shaw replied:

"Don't you know that when you spank your baby in public you give it a good deal worse reputation than it deserves?"

One of his casual admonitions which has been somewhat quoted, is:

"Don't drop your monkey-wrench into the cylinder just when the threshing-machine is going to start."

With an H.

"What's your baby's name?" asked a visitor who had called to secure Mrs. Johnson's services as washerwoman.

"I'm 'most 'shamed to tell you dat chile's name," said Mrs. Johnson, "'cause de folks round here say it soun' like he was an Injun. But his name, dat his paw 'sisted on gibing him—his name am Hoscar, missy."

"Horse-car?" feebly repeated the visitor.

"Yas'm—Hoscar," said the mother, sorrowfully. "Dere was an Englishman dat was pow'ful good to Mr. Johnsing when he took dat foolish trip out Wes' four years ago, an' put him on de cyars to come home again; an' when my husban' ax him his name he smile an' say, 'Dey call me Hoscar when I'm to home,' he say. So when dis baby was born, nuffin would do but we mus' call him Hoscar, after dat Englishman."

TERRIBLE SUFFERING

A Story from the Rainy River District.

Mr. Dixons Sufferings Ended by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Barwick, P. O., Rainy River, Jan. 12.—(Special.)—The hardships endured by the settlers of a new country so often bring on Rheumatism that any well authenticated cure is eagerly discussed and carefully investigated in this neighborhood. For this reason the recent cure of William John Dixon has created a sensation. He was a familiar figure limping around with his stick, and his cure was so speedy and complete that it is little wonder people are looking on Dodd's Kidney Pills as something to swear by.

"I had an attack of Typhoid Fever," Mr. Dixon says in telling the story, "and after I got over it and started to work Rheumatism set in. I had pains in my back and in my right hip so bad that I had to use a stick to walk and I had no comfort in sleeping. I could no more than dress myself for nearly two months, and for three or four months I could not lace my right shoe or put my right shoe or put my right leg on my left knee.

"A brother of mine advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and after taking three boxes I began to walk around and do my work and lace up my shoes.

"Six boxes cured me completely."

Fighting Off Obesity.

The Ebstein dietary for the cure, which has been largely adopted in Germany, goes on the homoeopathic principle of giving fat to destroy fat, on the theory that by consuming fat freely a sense of satiety is quickly produced and the patient is unable to take more than a small quantity of food. The inventor of the system maintained that fat taken into the stomach does not produce body-fat—an hypothesis by no means accepted by medical men generally.

Under this system, three meals a day are allowed. Breakfast consists of two ounces of toast, thickly plastered with butter. For dinner, soup made of beef marrow is given, followed by four ounces of fat meat, smothered with fat sauce. A small quantity of green vegetables may be added. Supper consists of an egg, followed by a little very fat meat, and an ounce of bread thickly covered with butter. After each meal a cup of tea, without milk or sugar, is given. It will be noticed that, notwithstanding the large proportion of fat, this is really a very restricted diet.

Oertel's system provides a dietary similar to that first described, though not quite so severe, and adds to it a considerable amount of hill-climbing—a form of exercise to which the corpulent are certainly not addicted.

The system invented by Germain See is that of Ebstein plus the consumption of vast quantities of fluid, hot tea being specially favored, on the ground that in this way the elimination of waste material is promoted. But life can hardly be worth living on a diet of fat, washed down with huge potations of warm unsweetened tea! Most people would prefer to remain corpulent.

Most Remarkable Strike on Record.

That the women of Persia are something more than the mere slaves of their lords and masters is evident from the following incident related by Wilfred Sparroy in his entertaining volume, "Persian Children of the Royal Family:" "In the autumn of 1890 a complete monopoly of the purchase, sale and manufacture of native-grown tobacco was granted by the Shah, Nasir-ud-Din, to an English company, entitled the Imperial Tobacco Corporation of Persia, which was formed to work it. The concession was to hold good for a period of fifty years. So wholesale a bartering of a staple product regarded in Persia as a necessary of life, excited the fiercest opposition among the people, who took further alarm at the company's exercising the right of search in too reckless a fashion. The suggestion that the privacy of their homes was in danger of being violated sufficed to kindle the irresistible vitality of the race; and the whole country, headed by the women and the priests, went on strike. Mirza Hasan, the high priest, of the sacred city of Kerbela, declared tobacco to be unlawful to the true followers of the prophet, and every man and every woman was forbidden either to smoke or to sell it. The priestly prohibition was obeyed; the women, ever to the fore in upholding the rights of the people to develop the resources of the country themselves, refused to allow their husbands to smoke in the harems; raids were made upon suspected tea-shops by vigilance men, who smashed every water-pipe they could lay their hands on; ministers of the crown were coerced by their wives to forswear the soothing weed; men and women took their walks abroad wearing the sullen and irritable look habitual to smokers who give up the habit too suddenly; even the Shah himself had no choice than to smoke on the sly, like a schoolboy, so overruling was the whim of the ladies of his harem. The result of the strike, probably the most remarkable, and certainly the most representative on record, was that the Shah, in January, 1892, weary of governing a nation of non-smokers, yielded to the popular demonstration by cancelling the entire concession, promising pecuniary compensation for the rupture of contract—a promise which was faithfully fulfilled. Then the gurgling of the bubble-bubble was heard once more in the land, and the national face took on its customary expression of Oriental serenity. The honors of this victory belong to the gentler sex, for the priests could have achieved next to nothing without their whole-hearted co-operation."

Saved by a Match Box.

James B. Holmes of Pasadena, Cal., was chatting with a hunting guide up among the Coast Range Mountains, in Kern County, in San Joaquin Valley, California. As they talked they heard a crackling of twigs behind them. "I believe it's deer," said Mr. Holmes. The guide said "no." A moment later the crackling became louder. Both men then thought surely deer were coming down the mountain side, and they leaped to their feet.

"They're deer, sure; look out," said Holmes softly.

Both men stepped aside and waited. Mr. Holmes had a rifle in his hands, and he and the guide stood watching the thicket above them, whence the crackling sound came. As they looked, the gray nose of a grizzly was protruded through the foliage, and Mr. Holmes and the guide stepped backward while they caught their breaths. Mr. Holmes is a crack shot, but he had never had experience with grizzlies. The nose of the bear made a fine mark, and Mr. Holmes raised his rifle to blaze away. He was about twenty yards from the bear. Just as he was going to fire there was more crackling of brush, and two other and larger grizzlies thrust their heads through the thicket toward the men. The guide turned pale.

"For heaven's sake, don't shoot," he called. Mr. Holmes lowered his rifle.

"Run for the hill! Run for your life!" yelled the guide.

Mr. Holmes heard him yell "run!" but did not catch the instructions to go for the hill. Near the crest of the hill was a clump of trees, and Mr. Holmes made a rush for them with the idea that he might find a hiding place or some place of shelter. The bears gave vent to frightful bellowings and went bounding over stones and chaparral after Mr. Holmes. He afterwards said it was the most awful moment of his life. He stretched every nerve and exerted every muscle. The bellowings of the three grizzlies close behind told him there was one chance in a million for him to escape alive.

The bull grizzly bear was nearest. Just as Mr. Holmes felt the hot breath of this beast upon his hands, he resolved to do something desperate. He wheeled around quickly. The grizzly towered above him. He made a last effort to get his gun in position and fired. At that moment he was knocked down. The bull bear buried his teeth in his right leg just below the hip, tearing open the flesh. The pain was well-nigh killing. The female came up and made a vicious snap at his ribs, but only succeeded in grabbing his coat and driving her teeth through the cloth and through a pasteboard match box, igniting the matches. The female gave an angry roar, shook her head and snapped at Mr. Holmes' face, and he gave his head a feeble jerk. It was just in time. He heard the teeth snap in his face with a sound like that of closing a steel trap.

Mr. Holmes swooned. He was unconscious for three or four minutes, and then, slowly rising, reconnoitred the situation. He saw the bears with the cub trotting at their feet disappearing in the brush. Peeping over the brow of the hill he perceived the guide, pale and trembling. When he arose the guide sprang to his feet and rushed toward him, saying:

"Thank God, sir, you're alive. It's the narrowest squeeze I ever saw. The box of burning matches scared the bears off."

Definitions of a Kiss.

Some years ago the following definitions of a kiss were published:

A kiss is an insipid and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love.

The sweetest fruit on the tree of love. The oftener plucked the more abundant it grows.

A thing of use to no one, but much prized by two.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parents' benison, and the hypocrite's mask.

That which you cannot give without taking, and cannot take without giving.

The food by which the flame of love is fed.

The flag of truce in the petty wars of courtship and marriage.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

The only known "smack" that will calm a storm.

A telegram to the heart in which the operator uses the "sounding" system.

Nothing divided between two.

Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The only really agreeable two-faced action under the sun, or the moon either.

The sweetest labial of the world's language.

A woman's most effective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband, or console the griefs of childhood.

> Something rather dangerous,
> Something rather nice,
> Something rather wicked,
> Though it can't be called a vice,
> Some think it naughty,
> Others think it wrong,
> All agree it's jolly,
> Though it doesn't last long.

A kiss from a pretty girl is like having hot treacle poured down your back by angels.

The thunder-clap of the lips, which inevitably follows the lightning glance of the eyes.

A report at headquarters.

Everybody's acting edition of "Romeo and Juliet."

What the child receives free, what the young man steals, and what the old man buys.

The drop that runneth over when the cup of love is full.

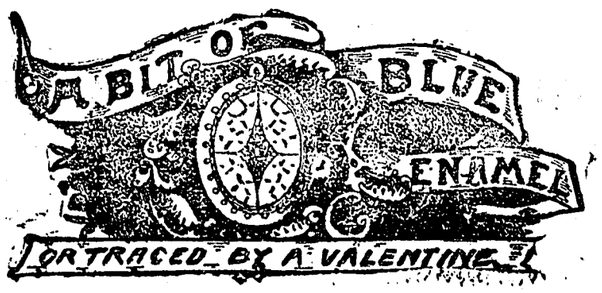
That in which two heads are better than one.

A Fine Theory Punctured.

It was late in the evening, and the young professor of physiology ought to have known enough about the human system and functions of society to have gone home, but he didn't, or if he did, he was not putting his knowledge to much use. The girl, in the meantime, was doing the best she could under the circumstances.

"You see, Miss Frances," he was saying, as the clock struck eleven, "if from any cause the brain is unduly stimulated, whether by emotion, thought or external impressions on the one hand, or by the acceleration of the blood current and increased blood supply through the cerebral vessels, then the supervention of sleep will be delayed and possibly prevented for a prolonged period."

"Yes," she responded with feeling, "but, you see, mine isn't that way."



which the curtain had been pushed aside.

On the floor in front of the window, her father was lying—still, quite still.

A moment later, Mrs. Bruce, aroused from sleep by the strange cry, rushed into the room. She found Marjorie, bare-footed and in her nightgown, kneeling on the floor in an agony of grief and terror, vainly trying to support her dead father in her arms.

CHAPTER II.

In the Train.

Nine years later.

The London express from Crewe was on the point of starting.

The guard had all but raised his whistle to his lips, when a porter was seen hurrying along the platform with a young lady, dressed in slight mourning, who was evidently anxious to catch the train.

The porter pulled open a door; it belonged to a first-class compartment, and there was a single passenger inside—an elderly gentleman with a thick travelling rug wrapped round his knees, and books and papers littering the seat beside him.

The young lady gave a little incoherent exclamation, and seemed as though she would have drawn back.

But there was no time for this.

The guard banged the door, the whistle sounded and the train moved out of the station.

The young girl—for she was nothing more, being barely eighteen years of age—sank into one of the comfortably cushioned seats, with a look of such unmistakable agitation and distress that the gentleman could not but observe it.

"I hope there is nothing amiss," he said, courteously. "Surely they have not put you in the wrong train. This is for London."

"I'm in the right train, thank you; but," she flushed crimson, then added, bravely, though with an evident effort: "But this is a first-class compartment and I am only a third-class passenger."

"Indeed! That is a very trifling accident," said the gentleman, pleasantly. "I think you need not worry over it. No doubt the porter made a mistake."

"Yes, that was it," murmured the girl, with a suspicion of tears in her eyes. "Can you tell me how far I shall have to go before I can change?"

"Well, we stop at Stafford, I believe. Don't be uneasy. You may take my word for it, the railroad company will not be hard on you."

And he smiled in a frank, pleasant fashion, calculated to set her entirely at her ease.

After this there was silence for a minute or two.

The gentleman turned to his papers; but, nevertheless, he gave, every now and then, a quietly scrutinizing look at the girl sitting opposite.

She was of middle height, slender, and graceful, with a refined and exceedingly lovely face.

A pure oval face—the eyes large and lustrous, and fringed by long dark lashes, the complexion delicate as a rose-leaf, the shining hair of a beautiful golden brown.

A truly lovely face, the gentleman decided, but rather a sad one just now.

He noticed the extreme plainness of her dress—indeed, his clear gray eyes seemed to take in everything at a glance—and came to the conclusion that she was a gentlewoman, though a poor one.

He himself was a distinctly aristocratic-looking man of sixty—his hair gray, his somewhat military-looking moustache almost white.

From head to foot he was pervaded by that air of extreme neatness and cleanliness which is even more attractive in an old man than in a young one, and which pleasantly characterizes a certain type of elderly English gentlemen.

After a few minutes, he laid aside his papers and looked at his young traveling companion.

It was easy to see that she was in deep trouble; the tears were standing in her lovely eyes.

"My child," said the old gentleman, "you are too young"—his look added, "and too pretty"—"to be making this long journey all alone. Have you friends to meet you?"

The pleasant, fatherly manner appealed to the girl's inmost heart; it caused her tears to flow faster and faster.

"You are in trouble, I see. Is there anything—I am an utter stranger, and don't wish to be inquisitive—but is there any thing I can do for you?"

Sympathy is always welcome.

The girl needed no further encouragement to tell her simple story.

She was an orphan, she said; had lost both her parents while she was very young, and had been brought up by a relation of her mother's, who had lived in the south of France.

This relation having died recently, and her annuity dying with her, the girl was left to make her own way in the world.

She had no other relative that she knew of, and no friends in England.

Through the medium of an advertisement, however, she had, a fortnight ago, obtained an engagement as companion to an English lady, and had traveled from France yesterday to fulfil it.

Imagine her grief and horror to find on reaching her destination that the lady had been suddenly called to Africa, to nurse her husband, who was dangerously ill there.

She had telegraphed to France, apprising the girl of her change of plans and asking her to postpone her journey till she heard from her again; but unfortunately, the latter had started before the telegram arrived, and she reached her English destination only to find the house shut up, and in the hands of a caretaker.

"And what will you do, my poor child?" asked the gentleman, very kindly, having listened to the pathetic little story with much interest and sympathy.

"I don't quite know. I am going to London now, to try to find out an old servant, whose address I have. She would let me stay with her a little while."

"Do you mind telling me your name?"

"Marjorie St. Clair."

"You don't mind my asking you, I hope. I am not asking from mere idle inquisitiveness."

"Indeed, I don't know how to thank you enough; you have been so very kind."

"Will you allow me to give you my card?"

And he handed her one, inscribed with the name—Geoffrey Hyde.

After having sat deep in thought for a minute or two, he took up a newspaper again, glanced down its advertisement columns, and finally handed it to Marjorie pointing to the advertisement he wished her to read.

Under the heading "Wanted" she read—

"As companion, a young lady of refined tastes and cheerful disposition; must be musical. Address, Alpha."

"I imagine that would suit you, Miss St. Clair," said Mr. Hyde. "You are musical, I think you said."

"Yes, but——"

"But you don't know whether you could get the situation. Isn't that what you would say? Well, you have only to decide whether you will accept it. I happen to be 'Alpha,' Miss St. Clair."

"Oh!"

Marjorie uttered this little exclamation, and then sat silent, looking at him with a world of gratitude shining in her eyes.

"Take a little time, and think this over," said Mr. Hyde, kindly. "It is my daughter for whom I want a companion, my only child, and a dear, sweet girl, with whom, I feel sure, you would be happy. We are by no means people of fashion; but our home is a pleasant one, a quiet country house, a dozen miles from London, and very prettily situated. As to references, I can only refer you to my friends and neighbors."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Marjorie, tearfully, quite overcome by his kindness.

"Well, then, my dear child, think it over for yourself. If you do decide to come to us, I tell you frankly I shall be very pleased, and so, I am sure, will my daughter. But don't let me urge you unduly. Decide according to your own feelings. Only I would suggest that, if you are coming to us, you might just as well come at once. Go home with me this afternoon. That will be much better than going hunting over London for your old servant, whom, after all, you might not find."

After a moment he added, gravely—"London is certainly not the place for a young girl like you to be alone in."

"I don't know how to thank you," said Marjorie, with deep emotion. "Your kindness is so very great. And if—if you are quite sure I shall not be intruding, I will accept your generous offer, and—and heaven bless you for making it."

"My child, I have not the slightest doubt it is heaven that has willed our meeting. We hear of special Providence often; and if we only look we might see them for ourselves. But now," he added, in a kind, cheery tone, "we will consider the main question settled; and as to little details, you must arrange them with my daughter."

After a little more conversation the train stopped at Stafford.

"You will stay with me, of course?" said Mr. Hyde, noticing her look of hesitation and indecision. "You will not leave this for a third-class compartment?"

She thanked him with her eyes, and the next moment a man-servant, in neat dark livery, came up to the window, and, touching his hat, asked if his master wanted anything.

(To be Continued.)

The Moonstone Sphinx

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson,

Author of "A Girl of the People," Etc.

Champagne, in a jeweled Venetian glass, was sending up from its depths to the golden gleaming surface a stream of bubbles. Winifred raised her glass to her lips and drank. As she did so her tortured eyes met Macaire's, and the glint of satisfaction that darted from his, though he would have hidden it, startled her. She set down the glass quickly. What had that look meant? Was he pleased that she had drunk his wine only because of his triumph in compelling her obedience, or was there a more subtle reason?

Her heart knocked against her side, and her hands grew cold as her gaze traveled questioningly from one hard face to another. Was there one in this strange company who would sympathize or help her if she went down on her knees to implore it? She did not believe that there was one. And Baron von Zellheim did not come.

Fearful lest she had made a serious mistake, she watched her own feelings. Had she experienced any different sensations, she asked herself, anxiously, since she had drunk those few sips of wine?

At first she hoped that her excited fancy alone conjured up the imagined difference, but slowly she was obliged to acknowledge that she felt a slight giddiness, a weakness of the limbs of which she had not been conscious before. Her eyelids drooped, and she lifted them with an effort. There was a faint prickling in the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet. The beating of her heart, which had been like the wild fluttering of a bird against the bars of a cage, slowed to a heavy, measured throbbing at longer intervals. The shrill laughter of the women at the table sounded metallic, unreal, and far away. A mist rose between her and the faces to which a few minutes ago she had turned a vainly appealing gaze.

CHAPTER XL.

The Eye of the Moonstone.

How the dinner went on Winifred did not know, for she was like one in a dream. Macaire had talked to her and forced answers at first, but now he let her alone, well pleased, perhaps, with the progress of events. Some of the guests who appeared to know each other well, had addressed a remark to her now and then, but when she scarcely replied they turned their attention elsewhere.

"I've been drugged, I've been drugged," Winifred kept saying to herself, as if the repetition of the startling words must rouse her failing energies to some supreme effort. But, though her mind struggled with the creeping lethargy, the body would not answer the call to arms.

As the champagne went round the laughter grew louder, the women bolder. Strange jests were made, such jests as Winifred had never been forced to hear even behind the scenes at the Salisbury, nor did she hear them now. The words drummed upon her ears without conveying a meaning. All the voices seemed to join in a wild babble, inarticulate as the voice of a river fed from many rushing brooks.

Winifred was going to sleep, and so dulled were all her faculties that she no longer cared.

Her head, with its crown of bright, waving hair—so different from the artificial structure of her neighbors'—nodded on the slender throat, like a lily shaken on its stem by the wind. Her lashes fell.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Macaire. "See, our Miss Ingenue is missing her beauty sleep! She would have us believe that she's in bed every night at ten."

"You've plied her with too much champagne, oh, generous host!" cried one of the women.

"Perhaps," confessed Macaire, while everybody laughed. "The child must not have any more to-night. Next time you meet her I warrant she'll do better. In a month she'll hold her own with any of you."

"To the next meeting!" Glasses were lifted, and much champagne was drunk.

"Poor little dear, she doesn't look very comfortable!" giggled a lady in many diamonds and a small allowance of bodice. "She won't be able to sit up with us bigger children for dessert."

"I'll give instructions for her to be taken away where she can have her nap out in peace," said Macaire, his eyes viciously bright. He nodded to a footman, who moved forward respectfully to take his master's order; and at this instant, without being announced, Hope Newcome came into the house.

"Von Zellheim!" exclaimed one of the men.

Winifred's closing eyes opened wide for the fraction of a second. They were no longer bright, but dull and curiously glassy. "Help!" she whispered, rather than spoke, straining to make her voice heard as one tries to scream and break the cold spell of a nightmare. Then her head fell forward again, and she would have slipped from her chair to the floor had not Macaire caught her.

It was the movement, not the scarcely audible whisper, which drew Hope Newcome's eyes to the drooping figure in white; and, seeing the lovely, pallid face of Winifred Gray, he sprang towards her, his eyes blazing incredulous horror at her presence here.

"This is a pleasant surprise, my dear Von Zellheim," said Macaire, his expression somewhat belying his words. "Your pardon for one moment while I see to Miss Gray's comfort, and a place shall be made for you. Our young friend's head is not as strong as it might be, and she has been overcome by a little more champagne than she's been accustomed to taking."

For an instant Hope Newcome had lost self-control; but in the short interval occupied by the millionaire's excuses he had regained it. He knew Winifred Gray; and he knew Macaire—at last! Never in his life of vicissitudes, perhaps, had he received such a shock as the sight of Winifred Gray at Macaire's house, dining in this company, had given; but, though he was absolutely ignorant of the circumstances which had led up to her coming, it took him no longer than a second to divine that she was the victim of some plot—possibly not the first web which this cunning spider had spun for her undoing. And at the end of me. You bound yourself, in your goldgreed, to do anything I exacted of you when the six months should be up. What I meant to make of you was a groom in my stables, a place you're well fitted for, and you can't refuse it without breaking your pledge, the same as obtaining eight thousand pounds on false pretenses. How will Miss Gray fancy being the wife of my groom? We must ask her when she wakes from her fainting fit."

"Let me first ask you a question" said Newcome. "Whose property is this?"

He supported Winifred's slender, white-clad body with his left arm, and pressed it close against his heart. With his right hand he held up a moonstone, cut in the shape of a Sphinx's head. As he raised it aloft the light touched the stone, and struck out a strange blue gleam, like an eye that peered through a cloud, searching, scarching for something that sooner or later it would find.

"That is mine!" said Macaire, and sprang towards it. But Newcome lifted the stone beyond his reach.

"You are sure it is yours?" he asked again.

"I've had it for years, till it was stolen from me. Unless you want to be called 'thief' as well as dog and liar, you will hand it back."

"You have had it for years?" Newcome echoed. "I thought so. It was you who stole it from Harold Norman."

For once in his life Lionel Macaire visibly quailed. His hideous face seemed literally to wither, his body to shrink; but in a moment he was himself again, all traces of emotion gone, save for a quivering of the nostrils, a slight twitching of the marred eyelids.

"I don't know the name," he said.

Hope Newcome turned a sudden blaze of hatred and contempt upon him. "You know it as well as that of Leland Marmion, the Californian murderer!" he flung at the millionaire.

Speechless, Macaire stared at him, with mouth falling open, jaw dropped down. Then, his voice coming back, he

that one second he had made up his mind how to act.

"Whatever had caused Miss Gray's indisposition it is certainly not due to champagne," he said, in a loud, cold voice, to be heard by everyone. "I know her well enough to vouch for that, since she is to be my wife. And as she is to be my wife it is my place to take care of her. I will relieve you of the trouble, Mr. Macaire."

As he spoke he stepped forward as if to remove her from Macaire's arms.

It was the first time that the millionaire had touched Winifred Gray more familiarly than to take her hand. The fragrance of her yellow-brown hair was intoxicatingly sweet in his nostrils; he had been half drunk with the joy of success at last; and with an oath he drew back from the younger man who had just announced himself his rival. There was no reason for holding his fierce temper in, so far as he knew, and he loosed it savagely.

"How dare you?" he demanded. "She's nothing to you, you liar. She's mine, or she wouldn't be here to-night."

Newcome did not answer, but grasping Macaire's wrist with one of his brown, strong hands, he twisted it back so that the joint cracked in its socket, and the millionaire gave a shrill, irrepressible squeal of pain.

Quietly Newcome took Winifred from him, holding her against his shoulder, and defying Macaire with the cold menace of his dark eyes.

Always hideous, the red, glazed face of Nero the Second was appalling in his rage. At sight of it the women sprang up from the table, pale under their paint. Glasses were overturned, and eyes that had gazed on many a strange scene opened wide to behold something of more than common interest.

"You dog; you common cur that I took from the gutter!" shrieked Macaire. "You puppet that I hired with my money to dance at my bidding! You thought you might presume on your brute strength to come here and insult me in my own house, I suppose, since our contract wasn't out yet. But it's got hardly a month more to run——"

"We'll call it cancelled now," said Hope Newcome. "You and I will have no more contracts in future."

"Everyone here shall know who you are," Macaire went on, furiously. "All the world that I've been laughing at shall know to-morrow, and where will you be then? Why, kicked back to your kennel by the women who've made you their pet."

"My kennel's rather a nice one," said Newcome, "Schloss Zellheim, on the Rhine. It is no longer a ruin. I have had it restored in these last few months. I hope to take Miss Gray there; only she will then be the Baroness von Zellheim, and any man who has told lies about her will have been horse-whipped into publicly apologizing."

"Schloss Zellheim!" sneered Macaire. "The money you've saved out of what I flung to you wouldn't have bought it."

"The ruined castle has been the property of my family for many years, though they were absentees, and too poor to restore it. That has been my privilege."

"Pshaw!" laughed Macaire, hatefully. "These friends will know how much to believe of that, and what to tell in their clubs to-morrow when I say that you've no more right to the name of Von Zellheim than I have. I gave you the name, to make sport for myself, and sport I've had, but there's better to come. For six months your pay for breaking Joey Nash and being at my beck and call was to continue—good pay, a thousand pounds a month, to say nothing of the sum you got down to start with——"

"It's trebled now," cut in Newcome, coolly. "You gave me such excellent advice as to speculations. I took it, and succeeded beyond my best hopes. That's the one thing for which I have to thank you."

"There speaks your dog's ingratitude. But many a servant's got rich in his master's service; and you're my servant—or you're bound by your own word to be—till the end of the six months, and everybody shall know it; everybody shall hear the great joke now and laugh with gasped: "You scoundrel!"

"I am Harold Norman's son," answered the man who had called himself Hope Newcome. "His son, and the son of F. E. Z. I am Harold Norman's namesake, and I have lived for this night, lived to be his avenger."

"Great Heavens!" he heard Macaire mutter, beneath his panting breath. Even for that iron self-control, the stubborn courage that could inflict horrible self-mutilation for bare life's sake, and safety's sake, was broken down. But again it was only for a moment.

"I wonder if you know what you are talking about?" Macaire sneered, his voice coming back to steadiness. "I only know that you seem to be threatening. Take care or I will have you arrested."

Hope Newcome—or Harold Norman—laughed. "Try it," he said. "You will never have so good a chance. The police are outside now, for they have seen certain letters found long ago, but not too long for justice, in the pocket of a dead man—one of those whom you, Leland Marmion, murdered."

As that last word leaped like a sword from the accuser's lips, a strange thing happened. The women at the table cried out in terror, and in the same instant utter darkness fell. The brilliant lights that had made vivid the blue and gold and purple and marble-white vanished like a burst bubble, and the room was black as a night of plague. The screams and the sudden darkness came together. The quickest eye and ear could not have sworn with certainty which was first.

Someone had turned off the electric lights—how, nobody knew. There was a soft fluttering and rustling of women's dresses, hysterical exclamations, and the crash of breaking dishes and falling chairs as people pushed away from the table, blinded and confused by the black darkness.

Only Hope Newcome did not move. Even if he lost his revenge, he would not put Winifred away to recover the chance slipping from him. She was waking from her stupor, and clung to him, murmuring the name by which she had known him. And, stooping closer, he thought he heard her whisper:

"Partner, partner, if you could forgive!"

CHAPTER XLI.

The Mills of the Gods.

Never for one moment had Lionel Macaire been unprepared for the possibility of the blow which had fallen to-night.

He had not expected it; he had told himself a thousand times that it would never fall upon him—that it could not fall. Still he loved life, and he had worked hard to make it worth living. He had shed blood to make it worth living, and he did not mean that Nemesis should strike him from behind.

The millionaire had not a house nor a room of his in one of his houses where all electric lights could not be turned off by means of a single button. His steam yacht, waiting his orders in harbor, was always ready to start at ten minutes' notice. Once he would have had to depend upon horses for a dash to the sea, but now he had the means by which he could outdistance the fastest horse on earth.

In his stables stood a racing Daimler auto-car of fifty horse-power, though its seating capacity was but for two persons. Like the yacht, it was kept ready by its engineer for an instant start, filled with petrol and water, its machinery oiled.

To-night, as he switched off the lights from the dining-room, he flung himself at a swinging door behind the purple drapery—a door by which the servants entered through a passage leading to the huge kitchens. The door moved noiselessly, and Macaire's artificial foot limped over the thick felt with which the floor was covered faster than it had ever done before.

Half-way down the passage was a door which opened near the stables. A moment, and Macaire was in the room where the motor-car was kept, for the key was on his chain, and only the engineer, absent now, had a duplicate.

Macaire sprang to the car and lit the electric lamps, his heart pounding in his ear, for the great crisis had come, and he was working for life or death.

True, Hope Newcome might have lied; he might suspect, yet not have the proofs he hinted at. But it would not do to risk his having lied. If Macaire could reach Gravesend, where the "Diavola" lay (he hoped that few knew she was there), before the police of London had warned the police of Gravesend by telegraph, there was a chance for him still. He would trust the yacht to show her heels to anything afloat. The seas were wide. There were countries where he could hide himself; and there was money on board the "Diavola"—money and thousands of pounds' worth of diamonds which he kept there in a safe in case of such necessity as had arisen to-night. He would be comparatively poor, yet he would want for nothing, and he would at least have defied the hangman.

In two minutes the car was ready to start, the stable doors flung open. By this time those whom he had left groping in the dark would have light again. The police would be in if the dead man's son had told the truth—but they were not here yet.

He ran limping from the opening doors back to the car and climbed on board. Then with a rush and throbbing of its machinery, the Daimler tore into the street.

Let them come now if they would. What did he care? Who could catch him now? What was there fast enough to follow even so far away as to guess at his destination?

Out in the street he put on the fastest speed, reeking nothing of the law, for none could stop him.

With its two electric lamps like great white dragon-eyes blazing in the night, the Daimler tore through the streets at the rate of thirty miles an hour. People flung themselves wildly out of the way, shrieking for the police, shouting that here was a madman on a motor-car; cabmen lashed their snorting horses up side streets to avoid destruction or drove in desperation on to the pavement, the wheels of their vehicles here and there smashing a window, adding the keen, high treble of crashing glass to the uproar.

Policemen yelled to the hatless man bent forward over the steering gear, bidding him stop on pain of desperate penalties, but Macaire only laughed. Rain had begun to fall, and the wind and the water, spraying against his hot face, cooled his brain, giving him a sense of power and exhilaration. He felt like Juggernaut, and longed for victims for the wheels of his rushing car, which flew faster than the flying minutes, bearing him out of danger to a new life.

He did not think of all that he had left behind, all that he must sacrifice, for that way madness lay. Yet Winifred's sweet girlish face would rise before him. He would not have had this thing happen until he had crushed the butterfly under his heel and broken its wings so that it must lie for ever in the dust. And Hope Newcome, the son of the man he had done to death; he would fain have sent him after his father.

"To think that she should have been Harold Norman's wife, and I never guessed it! Fool—fool!" he railed madly against himself.

He had passed the suburbs now. London and London's lights would soon be left behind. He would do the trick. The Daimler and his "Diavola" would save him yet.

Suddenly it was as if a figure rose out of the earth before him, flitting in front of the car as it rushed on along a white ribbon of winding road. It was radiant with a strange, pale radiance, and out of a faint golden mist gleamed a face—the face of F. E. Z.

"I'm mad!" he cried. "I'm mad. It's not there—it's a delusion."

Yet the eyes looked at him from the pale, lovely face that he had seen in countless dreams, that he had fancied he saw duplicated in Winifred Gray's, and he could not run it down.

In another instant the face would have been under his wheels, crushed out of all semblance of beauty. With a jerk of the steering lever he swerved the car to the right. The movement was too sudden for the tremendous speed at which the car was going, and, with a crash, the Daimler leaped from the road into the ditch at the side, turning over as it fell. Macaire was flung off, and with a grinding, rending pain in his leg, fell into unconsciousness.

Then came dreams, a changing kaleidoscope of dreams, with flashing lights and the booming of cannon. He was dragged back by sheer physical agony to consciousness again.

At first he hoped, well-nigh prayed, that this waking was the false waking of a dream. He dreamt—or was it true?—that the car had fallen on him, pinning him underneath, writhing and helpless, in an agony of pain. He dreamt—or was it real?—that the whole sky was bright with the weird, pale light from a pillar of flame that shot far up into the purple night, up, straight up, higher than the tree-tops.

The lamps had ignited the petrol with the falling of the car, and the whole fabric was on fire. Oh, the pain, the horror! Yes, it was true, and he must die here, like a rat in a trap.

In his agony faces crowded round him, faces that he had struck life out of long, long ago. For what they had suffered, for what he had made many suffer, was he paying now.

Heavens, how long it lasted! How long it took a man to die! Perhaps even now it was a dream. It was too horrible to be true.

* * * * * * *

Yet the papers said next day that it had been true; and the world that had known Macaire was shocked. No one grieved for the man who was gone. But a girl, hiding her face against her lover's arm, shuddered, sobbing that in spite of all she would have saved him from so terrible an ending if she had had the power.

"The mills of the gods, my darling," answered the man who loved her, and would never let her go far from him again, "are slow in their grinding, but they grind exceeding small."

(The End.)

Cunning Siberian Natives.

When compelled to travel all night, the Siberian natives always make a practice of stopping just before sunrise and allowing their dogs to go to sleep. They argue that if the dog goes to sleep while it is yet dark and wakes up in an hour and finds the sun shining he will suppose that he has had a full night's rest and will travel all day without thinking of being tired. One or even two hours' stop at any other time is perfectly useless, as the dogs will be uncontrollable from that time forward until they are permitted to take what they think a full allowance of sleep.

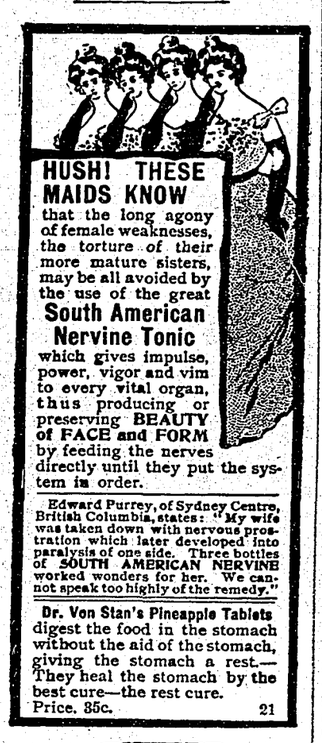
A Hopeless Case.

There was a brilliant reception at the house of Mrs. Amory. Among the guests was a certain Mr. Mackenzie, a man of grave and somewhat taciturn demeanor, whom several of the young ladies present had tried to engage in conversation, but without much success.

One of them spoke to the hostess about him.

"He seems to be rather uneasy and out of place at a party like this," she said.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Amory, with a bright smile, "he can't talk anything but sense."



A lively exchange of shots occurred between a Venezuelan fort and the German warship Panther. The Commandant of the fort says three men were wounded.

Interesting Items

It has passed into an axiom that almost anything can be insured at Lloyd's. The other day, according to the "Outlook," a broker actually received a letter from an ardent golfer who wanted a rate for insuring himself against the loss of Haskell balls. The broker was not a golfer, but his enquiries speedily elicited the fact that there was no market in Lloyd's. That venerable institution, by the way, has a flourishing golf club of its own, so the risk was adequately appreciated.

They have got a highly ingenious method of dealing with drunkenness in Denmark which reflects great credit on the master-mind that devised it. When a policeman finds a drunken man in the street he hails a cab and drives the too ardent devotee of Bacchus to his domicile. If he is very far gone, a considerable time is often spent in discovering where the intoxicated individual lives. But who pays for the cab? That is just where the ingenuity comes in. The cab is paid for by the publican who served the man with his last drink! Now what we should like to know is, how they find that publican.

Appendicitis is by no means new, if we are to credit the researches of a Frenchman, M. Lannelongue, who claims to have discovered that cases of it existed in Egypt under the Pharaohs. Says the "Revue Scientifique:"

"It has long been confused with peritonitis, typhlitis, intestinal catarrh, and with diseases of the liver, kidneys and ovaries. At the Trousseau Hospital from 1885 to 1889 there were noted 470 cases of peritonitis. From 1895 to 1899, in the same hospital, after appendicitis had become recognized, there were 443 cases of it—about the same number. Appendicitis is thus not any more frequent than in the days when it constituted a good part of the acute cases of peritonitis of unknown cause. Appendicitis is a microbian disease. . . . Its causes are numerous. . . . The influence of intestinal worms has been noted by Metchnikoff. 'These worms,' says M. Lannelongue, 'have been found by my colleague, M. Guilliod, in 128 cases, or thirty-five per cent. of those examined.' The worms may cause appendicitis by introducing into this organ the microbes with which their bodies are covered."

False prophets and fictitious Messiahs are not always merely victims of their own hallucinations. They are not infrequently the result of the fanaticism of others. A strange and certainly instructive example of this is to be found in the proceedings of the Russian peasantry near Kronstadt. A famous priest of the neighborhood, Father John, has in spite of himself been credited with divine attributes by the village folks. One peasant wrote a hymn to him, and a sect began to grow up whose objects were to worship him. The remarkable thing is that the peasants persist in their belief in spite of rebukes and denials and threats from Father John himself.

Paris is enjoying a swindle now not comparable with the Humbert affair, but still with some unusual features. A pretending canon, an unfrocked priest, named Rosemberg, of Jewish origin, a financier named Malleval and some others plucked a wealthy widow, Madame Civet. Malleval is an interesting character. His lively youth resulted in his being disinherited. He decided to marry money, and did it. And then on the day of his wedding he went out with his wife, took a cab, went to a certain gambling club on the Boulevards, and told her to wait outside. That was, it appears, in the afternoon, and at 2 o'clock in the morning the bride was still waiting. When he finally arrived, the bridegroom informed her that he had lost the whole of her "dot" at play. According to the Paris papers that was but a typical incident of his career!

The King's Library.

A library that is necessarily exceptional in its wide and varied interest is that of King Edward VII. at Windsor Castle. The whole library dates only from the time of George III. When the British Museum was founded the ancient library of the kings of England was transferred thither by George II. George III., finding himself without a library, entrusted Sir Frederick Barnard to buy in Venice and other cities all books of worth; and in 1762 Consul Smith's library was also bought for him. Thirty-nine Caxtons, including the "Doctrine of Sapience," were mostly personal gifts to the King. The inner print-room is precious beyond all words. Twenty thousand of the finest works of the greatest men are contained in it, including over eighty portraits by Holbein—they speak for themselves as likenesses—in three tints of crayon. But the glory of the whole collection is in the Leonardo da Vinci drawings, and not only drawings, but his own manuscript, with anatomical notes and illustrations of priceless worth.

A simple library table contains in its drawers a sequence of kings and queens in miniatures, with the exception of "Bloody Mary," dating from King Henry VII. There are works by the two Olivers, Orgius, Humphrey, Cooper and Cosway. Queen Mary of Scotland is by Janet, and described by Charles II. most accurately in his catalogue of his possessions. On the easel is a curious little drawing, which was presented to the present librarian for purchase. It was a little drawing made by Her Majesty Queen Victoria and given to her uncle. She said she quite remembered doing it at the age of seven. The Queen and Prince Consort were frequent visitors to the library. The librarian is Mr. Richard Holmes, C.V.O., who, when sent by the British Museum to gather treasures, succeeded so well that the late Mr. Gladstone referred to him in the House of Commons as a sacrilegious robber.—"Bookman."

Millicent's Engagement.

"Just listen to Millicent's letter," says the fond mamma, who is reading the epistle from the daughter who has been spending the summer at a fashionable resort. "She writes, 'I know you will all be surprised to learn that I have become engaged—'"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the doting papa. "I knew we should never have permitted that girl to go to that place unattended. Now she will come home with a bogus count or a spurious duke, or at the best a bankrupt lord for me to support. I've a notion to telegraph her that she is disinherited, and—"

"Wait a minute," advises the mother. "Listen to the rest of the sentence. 'I have become engaged to the landlord.'"

"Oh, joy!" shouts the father, as he executes a saraband of happiness down the room.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal

Published By

The Revelstoke Herald Publishing Co
Limited Liability.

A. JOHNSON,
Editor and Manager.

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We invite correspondence on any subject of interest to the general public. In all cases the bona fide name of the writer must accompany manuscript, but not necessarily for publication.

Address all communications to the Manager

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

1.—All correspondence must be legibly written on one side of the paper only.

2.—Correspondence containing personal matter must be signed with the proper name of the writer.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1903.

Liberal Praises for Conservative Leader.

Mr. J. S. Willison, formerly editor of the Toronto Globe, who, on behalf of the Liberal party, has just completed a biography of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, pays the following high tribute to Mr. R. L. Borden, the Conservative leader, in an editorial published by the Toronto News:

"He is a young man, young in years and parliamentary experience. Leadership came to him unsought. He seems to be wholly free from bumptious propensities, and intolerant of all advertising methods. It is clear, however, that he is growing in the esteem and confidence of his party, settling down firmly in the position of leadership. He has made no mistakes, and is clearly developing steadiness and purpose in the management of his party in Parliament and in the country."

"He made some strong speeches and kept his party well in hand during last session. He, no doubt, profited by his long stumping tour in Western Canada. There, for some years to come, must the work of parliament lie. There is the best field for the exercise of the creative genius of Canadian politicians. Those who followed Mr. Borden in the west and read his speeches carefully must have perceived that he touched all the sores and found all the sensitive areas in the government's policy and methods of administration in that country, and got into rather close relationship with the dissentient elements of the population. As a result of this tour, of his better knowledge of conditions throughout the country and of his continued study of parliamentary procedure, he will meet the government at the coming session with more of the confidence and sure-footedness that are so essential to successful leadership."

FIND OF COAL AND PETROLEUM

Two Hundred Miles of Claims Staked in the Depth of Winter. The Discoverers Act With Great Secrecy.

The provincial Gazette discloses that as many as 220 applications were filed in one week with the government for coal and petroleum lands discovered in South East Kootenay, situated about 30 miles from Morrissey, the lands being in the mountains and within 25 miles of the C. P. R. Two hundred and twenty miles of territory has been staked off, the stakes being driven in the deep snow. The country is well wooded. The matter has been kept quiet by the applicants with the object of preventing a stampede. Despite the number of applications filed with the government, the extensive territory staked off has been taken up by a few people.

The number of applications appearing in the Gazette has caused some stir and excitement among those realizing the prospective value of such extensive coal fields. Upon enquiry yesterday, it appears that for the past ten years it has been no secret that there was every indication that the territory just staked contained valuable coal measures. Applications for licenses have been filed with the government for many years back. It is authoritatively affirmed though, that no licenses or grants have been issued. These lands are all under a reservation and a three-months' notice in the Gazette is necessary before the lands could be opened to applicants.

The government has not considered the matter of lifting the reservation, and it is not known what policy will be adopted. In any case, the lands will not be permitted to be gobbled up by a few people. It is intended to preserve the rights of the public in order that these coal and petroleum lands may not fall into the hands of monopolists to the prejudice and detriment of the public interest. The reservation on these lands has been expressly established with a view of having them developed under such conditions as will prove most beneficial to the province. People cannot be prevented from staking, but this will avail them little, for the present at least, as there is no indication that there will be any immediate cancellation of the reservation. In view of the many applications recently filed, it is likely that pressure will be brought upon the government to open the reservation, but it is hardly likely this will be done without adequate restrictions to conserve the rights of the public; so that in the event of these prospective coal and petroleum lands being proved to be valuable, the full benefit of such a provincial asset may be realized to the best advantage of the province. At any event it is understood that the question of opening the reservation has not been considered by the cabinet, and there is perfect freedom to deal with the subject from the exclusive standpoint of the public interest.—Victoria Colonist.

THE DEATH OF A HERO

James Hemsworth, the Well Known Hero of the Rossland Mining Camp, Has Been Claimed by Death.

A hero of the Rossland mining camp died in Spokane last week. James Hemsworth, familiarly and almost exclusively known as "Jim," passed away at 12:30 p. m. after suffering from diphtheria since last Wednesday, says the Spokesman-Review. Six years ago he saved the lives of two miners named Smith and Conson by thrusting his arm into the cogs of a windlass and risking death and horrible mutilation. For seven years he had been employed as a motorman and conductor by the streetcar company there, and many of his friends did not know that he was the man who set the entire west talking of his heroism and won a medal for bravery from the Royal Canadian Humane society.

At the time of the accident Hemsworth was working at the mouth of a 150 foot shaft of the Young American mine, hauling up ore in an ironbound bucket by means of a windlass. The bucket, filled with rock, had almost reached the top, when the iron crank of the windlass snapped in two and the heavy bucket started for the bottom at a terrific rate, straight toward the men below. He was thrown to the ground at the time, but sprang up in time to see the whirling windlass and realize that death was impending above his comrades.

Springing forward, he threw himself upon the revolving machinery, forcing his arm and shoulder between the cogs. With a jerk and a crunch the bucket stopped just above the heads of Smith and Conson.

Hepburn's Dancing School.

POLITE ART DANCING.

Juveniles are instructed in Society Dancing and Deportment, how to sit, stand, walk, to present hands, bow, curtsey and conduct themselves properly. Parents will confer a favor by being present as often as possible. Lessons—Juveniles every Tuesday and Friday from 4:15 to 6 p. m. Twelve lessons—$5. For further information call at the hall.

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Red Rose Degree meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month; White Rose Degree meets third Tuesday of each quarter, in Oddfellows Hall. Visiting brethren welcome

DR. CARRUTHERS, President. T. B. BAKER, Act. Secretary.

LOYAL ORANGE LODGE No. 1658.

Regular meetings are held in the Oddfellow's Hall on the Third Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. sharp. Visiting brethren cordially invited

A. JOHNSON, W. M
W. JOHNSTON, Rec.-Sec.

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MEETS EVERY WEDNESDAY in Oddfellows' Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting Knights are cordially invited.

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CHURCHES

METHODIST CHURCH, REVELSTOKE.

Preaching services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Class meeting at the close of the morning service. Sabbath School and Bible Class at 3:30 Weekly Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30. The public are cordially invited. Seats free.

Rev C. LADNER, Pastor.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, ANGLICAN.

Eight a.m., Holy Eucharist; 11 a.m., mattins, Litany and sermon (Holy Eucharist first Sunday in the month); 2:30 Sunday school, or children's service; 7:30 Evensong (choral) and sermon. Holy Days—The Holy Eucharist is celebrated at 7 a.m. or 8 a.m., as announced. Holy Baptism after Sunday School at 3:15.

C. A. PROCUNIER, rector.

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Service every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. to which all are welcome. Prayer meeting at 8 p. m. every Wednesday.

REV. W. C. CALDER, Pastor.

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Meeting every night in their Hall on Front Street.

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Correspondence solicited.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

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If you are contemplating going South during the winter of 1902 or 1903 you can get valuable information free of charge.

Write to

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He can save you money in hotel rates.
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All orders left at K. M. Smythe's Tobacco store or by Telephone No. 7 will receive prompt attention.

Land Registry Act.

Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, in Block 48, in Town of Revelstoke, B. C., Map 636 B.

A CERTIFICATE of Indefeasible Title to the above property will be issued to Frank Bernard Lewis on the 28th day of February, A. D., 1903, unless in the meantime a valid objection thereto be made to me in writing by a person claiming an estate or interest therein or in any part thereof.

H. F. MACLEOD,
District Registrar.

Land Registry Office, Nelson, B. C., 17th November, 1902.

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HOW ABOUT THAT SUIT

Of Clothes you promised yourself this FALL.

Our Fall Stock is now the most complete in B. C.

Our Fancy Goods are all new with new colors and the latest stripes.

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KOOTENAY TIMBER

One of the Immense Resources of this Rich District Being Grabbed Up—Billions of Fee Fir, Cedar, Tamarac Pine, Et

The Kootenays are on the eve another big boom. This time it not the mineral wealth but the timbe lands. Timber will be king for month to come, and millions of dollars will b invested this year in the purchase huge areas of forest land and th erection of saw mills in every direction.

During the last twelve months mil*after mile of timber lands has been* quietly staked by men who have ha the foresight to get in ahead of th boom. There is scarcely a district i southern British Columbia that is no being cruised out by experienced lumbermen who have unlimited capital behind them. Along Columbia river above and below Revelstoke, billions of feet of fir, cedar, pine, tamarac and hemlock have been secured under government leases. The magnificent forests along the lower Arrow lakes have also been explored, and the best timber tracts have been corralled. Around the shores of Kootenay Lake, in the Upper Kootenay valley north and south of Fort Steele, in the Trout Lake, Fish river and Kettle valley districts the same activity is noticeable among lumbermen.

There are several reasons for this sudden demand for merchantable lumber in the Kootenays. To the east, in Alberta and the adjoining Northwest Territories, the recent flood of immigration has opened a market for Kootenay lumber that is growing ten times as fast as the capacity of the local sawmills. With the exception of the forests in this section, there is no timber available for the Northwest nearer than the Pacific coast. The coast lumber mills are from three to seven times farther from the Territories than are those of the Kootenays, and, considering also the heavy haul over the steep grades of the main line of the C. P. R., they can never compete on anything like an equal footing with this district in the lumber trade. In this connection it is worth remembering that there are a hundred acres of agricultural land in the Territories to one acre of good timber land in the Kootenays, so it will be readily seen that there is not the slightest probability that the supply of lumber from this district will ever come up to the full requirements of the customers east of the rockies.

The second reason for this great boom in Kootenay timber is the fact that the Okanagan district, a comparatively treeless country lying immediately to the west of the Kootenays, is being filled up with prosperous settlers who are rapidly developing the agricultural resources of that rich district.

There is always the local market which is constantly growing, and is of sufficient importance to rank well with the outside trade.

The forests of the Kootenay are enormous in their extent and contain as fine a quality as could be desired. Most of the best timber areas have already been secured, but there are still a few tracts of excellent quality to be obtained from the crown.—Rossland Miner.

For Sale.

A Gramophone in first class order, with 32 records, all up to date. $21 buys the lot, a bargain. Apply at HERALD office.

Lead Climbs up.

A comparison of yesterday's metal market report on lead with that of the proceding day will show a rise in twenty four hours of no less than four shillings per ton on the London market. Such an increase is phenomenal, and demonstrates that something of a revolution is occurring in connection with the lead market.

Lead on the London market is *rapidly climbing to the £13 mark, and* the fact is gratifying in view of the statement by the management of the St. Eugene mine that they will resume shipments when they can dispose of their product on a basis of £13. The St. Eugene is frequently quoted as the bell wether of Kootenay lead mines. With such remarkable increases as have been chronicled during the past few days the juncture is rapidly approaching when Kootenay lead producers will obtain $2 net for their product. The producers maintain stoutly that if the federal government comes to their assistance in the matter o proper protection, the industry will immediately be placed on a sound basis, scores of mines will be reopened and thousands of men employed where hundreds are engaged under present conditions. With $3.50 for Canadian lead on the home market and $2 net on the world's market, an average can be attained that will justify the lead mines resuming in full swing throughout the province.—Rossland Miner.

From a New England Lady Down South to Her Father in New Hampshire.

Pinebluff, N. C.

Dear Papa:—

I suppose you think me mean, but I have written twice to the folks and suppose of course they have given you all the news. I hope your health is good this winter. I wish I had you where I could send you some of my fresh eggs and a chicken. You wish me to give you a detailed account of my surroundings, well Pa I will try. In the first place I am in the heart of the N. C. longleaf Pines, this is an ideal health resort. We have beside the health giving ozone of the pines, the best water on the face of the globe, not barring the Poland Lake Mineral Springs of Maine. The water is from living Springs right out of the side hills over the whitest sand you ever saw, and the climate is something grand, warm days and cold nights in winter, and the same in summer with always a beautiful breeze. I have spent the most delightful time of my life here this winter, I have got rid of my cough and that is a great deal to me, if you know any one with any kind of trouble with lungs, or bronchial tubes, do not fail to tell them what the long leaf pines have done for me. These are the trees they make turpentine of, also the tar used on ropes, and in calking vessels and a thousand other uses. I saw the other day a tar kiln in operation. There are very beautiful wild flowers here in the woods in summer, the wild Orchid, Palm grass, trailing Arbutus, or Mayflowers, Violets and wild Honey suckels, which grow profusely, *also Jack in the pulpit, and many* others I know nothing about. Now about animals, the hog or razor backs as you call them do best. there are lots of them running wild on the range, marked and turned loose, also there are lots of goats, get their living on the hills here. There are Possum, Rabbits, Quail and wild Turkeys, and Foxes, vegetables and all kinds of fruit do well here, such as grapes, pear, plum, peaches, fig, apricot, nut trees of all kinds, peanuts, sweet and white potatoes, etc. Well Pa now I will tell you of our own place, we have 14 acres, our house is 1½ stories, 2 rooms below and one up stairs not very high posted, but it does very well to commence with, a kitchen and sitting room down stairs. The chimneys here are mostly built of tile or drain pipe, but we thought a brick chimney would be better, so Albert built it himself and never having built one before it is very crude but it answers the purpose very well. In fact there are several round where we live would like one like it. We also have a very good shed, and carpenter shop combined, also a hen house, and I have 18 hens from which I am receiving quite a number of eggs at present, and I find ready market for all I can spare. We have about one dozen grape cuttings planted, a few peach, some prune and one fig tree, that is all as yet, and quite a little clearing done on the land. We expect to make our place a poultry and fruit farm. Give our love to all, and tell them they owe me a letter with best love to you from your loving,

Children Annie and Bert,
Mrs. A. L. Allen.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay district:—

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the Columbia River, about one-half mile above Carnes creek, and marked "A. Edgar's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 26th day of February, 1903.
A. EDGAR.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay district:—

Commencing at a post planted 1½ miles from Gold Stream, on the trail, and marked "Geo. Laforme's north west corner post," thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 6th day of March, 1903.
GEO. LAFORME.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted at the north west corner of Geo. Laforme's homestead, and marked "Geo. Laforme's north east corner post," thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of February, 1903.
GEO. LAFORME.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay district:

Commencing at Geo. Laforme's south west post on Gold Stream, at a post marked "Gertie Laforme's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 4th day of March, 1903.
GERTIE LAFORME.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in Big Bend, West Kootenay district:

Commencing at a post planted 1 mile south of Geo. Laforme's south west post of his ranch on Gold Stream, and marked "Gertie Laforme's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 4th day of March, 1903.
GERTIE LAFORME.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at G. Shannon's north east corner post on the south side of Pool creek, about half a mile from the mouth of Mohawk creek, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 2nd day of March, 1903.
G. SHANNON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at C. Harvey's south east corner post on the south side of Pool creek about half a mile from the mouth of Mohawk creek, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated the 2nd day of March, 1903.
C. HARVEY.

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the Big Bend District of West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted four miles above the head of Death Rapids on the west bank of the Columbia River and marked W. J. Cummings' south east corner post, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1903.
W. J. CUMMINGS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay district:

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the Columbia river above Carnes creek and marked "R. Edgar's south east corner post," thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 26th day of February, 1903.
R. EDGAR.

H. PERRY-LEAKE,
Mining Engineer and Metallurgist.

SPECIALTIES:
Examination and reports on Mining Properties.
Specification and Construction of Mining Machinery.
Mill Tests of Ores and Concentrates.

Bedford McNeill Code:
COWAN BLOCK, Revelstoke, B. C.

TIME TABLE

S. S. ARCHER OR S. S. LARDEAU

Running between Arrowhead, Thomson's Landing and Comaplix, commencing October 14th, 1901, will sail as follows, weather permitting:

Leaving Arrowhead for Thomson's Landing and Comaplix.....twice daily—10k. and 15k.

Leaving Comaplix and Thomson's Landing for Arrowhead....twice daily—7:15k and 12:45k
Making close connections with all C. P. R. Steamers and Trains.

The owners reserve the right to change times of sailings without notice.

The Fred Robinson Lumber Co., Limited

For Sale

TWO Residences on McKenzie Avenue, with modern improvements, $1500 each on easy terms.
TWO Residences on Third Street, east, very convenient for railway men, $1800 each, easy terms.
ONE Residence on First Street, east, cash required $500. Subject to mortgage.
Apply to,
HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special licenses to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay district:—

1. *Commencing at a post planted on the south* bank of Goldstream, about 5½ miles upstream from the mouth of French Creek and marked "A. L. Lindmark's south west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

2. *Commencing at a post planted on the South* bank of Goldstream, about six and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French Creek and marked "A. L. Lindmark's north-west corner post," thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of February, 1903.
A. L. LINDMARK.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special licenses to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—

1. Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream about four and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French Creek and marked "G. H. Brock's south-west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, *thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.*

2. Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about four and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French Creek and marked "G. H. Brock's north-west corner post, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, *thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to* the point of commencement.

Dated this 21th day of February, 1903.
G. H. BROCK.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I *intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of* Lands and Works for special licenses to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—

1. Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about two and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French Creek and marked "A. E. Jessop's *south-west corner post,"* thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Gold Stream, about two and a half miles up stream from the mouth of French Creek and marked "A. E. Jessop's *south-east corner post,"* thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of February, 1903.
A. E. JESSOP.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—

Commencing at a post planted on the west bank of the Columbia River *about 200 feet south of Old* Goldstream Slough and marked "A. Edwards' north-east corner post," thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 26th day of February, 1903.
A. EDWARDS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the Columbia River, about half a mile from the river and about two miles above Death Rapids, marked "A. M. Nelson's south-west corner post," thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 27th day of February, 1903.
A. M. NELSON.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the Columbia river, about 1 mile above One Mile creek, marked "Chas. F. Lindmark's north-east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 4th day of February, 1903.
CHAS. F. LINDMARK.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the Columbia River about 1 mile above One Mile creek, marked "E. M. Allum's north-west corner post," thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 4th day of February, 1903.
E. M. ALLUM.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the *Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works* for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about eight and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French creek; and marked John Nelson's north-west corner post; thence east 160 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence west 160 chains; thence north 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of February, 1903.
JOHN NELSON.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted on the South Bank of *Goldstream, about three* and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French Creek and marked E. L. Hume's north-west corner post; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of February, 1903.
E. L. HUME.

NOTICE.

Take notice that 30 days after date I intend o apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted one-half mile westerly from the Columbia River about one mile above Rocky Point, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 3rd day of February, 1903.
A. EDGAR.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days from date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described land in West Kootenay:

Commencing at Mary E. Sanderson's north *west corner post on west bank of Pingston* Creek about 4½ miles from mouth of said creek and about 5 chains south of tree blazed on four sides on R. G. Mounce's trail, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres.

Haleyon, Feb. 7th, 1903.
MARY E. SANDERSON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days from date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay.

Commencing at Andrew M. Symons north east corner post about 20 chains north of the south west corner of Lot 871, Group 1, Kootenay, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, and

Commencing at Andrew M. Symons north east corner post planted on the west slope of Pingston Creek Valley about 4½ miles from mouth of said creek and about 40 chains westerly from tree blazed on four sides on R. G. Mounce's trail, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres.

Haleyon, Feb. 7th, 1903.
ANDREW M. SYMONS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days from date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a *special licence to cut* and carry away timber from the following described land in West Kootenay:

Commencing at R. Sanderson's north west corner post at the south west corner of Lot 871, Group 1, Kootenay thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres.

Haleyon, 7th Feb., 1903.
ROBERT SANDERSON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days from date I will apply to the *Chief Commissioner of* Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at C. M. Symons north west corner post situated about 40 chains westerly from a tree blazed on four sides on R. G. Mounce's trail on the west side, and about 4½ miles from the mouth of Pingston Creek, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres.

Haleyon, Feb. 7th, 1903.
C. M. SYMONS.

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable The Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special licenses to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the Big Bend District of West Kootenay:

1. Commencing at a post planted about three-quarters of a mile east of the Columbia River at a point about a quarter of a mile south of the Forks of the Smith Creek and Gold Stream trails and marked J. Smith's south west corner post, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, *thence south 160 chains, thence west* 40 chains to the place of beginning.

2. Commencing at a post planted about three-quarters of a mile east of the Columbia River at a point about a quarter of a mile south of the forks of the Smith Creek and Gold Stream trails and marked "J. Smith's north west corner post, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1903.
J. SMITH.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in *West Kootenay*:

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about six and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French creek, and marked E. L. Hume's south-west corner post; thence east 160 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 160 chains; thence south 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of February, 1903.
E. L. HUME.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted on the north side of Goldstream, about five miles above the mouth of Goldstream, and marked John Nelson's south-east corner post; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains, to point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of February, 1903.
JOHN NELSON.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted on the *north side of Goldstream*, about five miles above the mouth of Goldstream and marked N. T. Edwards' southwest corner post; thence north 40 chains; thence east 160 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence west 160 chains; to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of February, 1603.
N. T. EDWARDS.

Notice.

If the party or parties who removed the cap from a field glass at Watchman William Mackie's Cabin at the Columbia bridge last summer, will return the same to A. McRae, Postmaster, they will receive $5 reward.

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special licenses to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the Big Bend District of West Kootenay:

1. Commencing at a post planted two miles above the head of Death Rapids on the west bank of the Columbia River, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning.

2. Commencing at a post planted two miles above the head of Death Rapids on the west bank of the Columbia river, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1903.
D. MORGAN.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of Downie Creek, about 100 yards south of Thomas Meredith's south west corner post, and marked Alex. Taylor's south east corner post, *thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains,* thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated this 31st day of January, 1903.
ALEX. TAYLOR.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Halfway Creek St. Leon Springs, Upper Arrow Lake, and about 10 miles from its mouth and marked Stewart Taylor's south west corner post, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated the 6th day of February, 1903.
STEWART TAYLOR.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Halfway Creek, St. Leon Springs, Upper Arrow Lake, about 11 miles from its mouth and marked A. Butler's south west corner post, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated the 7th day of February, 1903.
A. BUTLER.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about one mile east of Deep Creek and about one and a quarter miles south of Galena Bay, Upper Arrow Lakes, and about 50 feet south of what is known as J. J. Foley's farm, and marked James White's north west corner post, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated the 9th day of February, 1903.
JAMES WHITE.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted 40 chains north of the north bank of Halfway creek, St. Leon Springs, Upper Arrow Lake, and about 15 miles from its mouth, and marked James White's south east corner post, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 *chains, thence east 80 chains to the place of* commencement.

Dated the 6th day of February, 1903.
JAMES WHITE.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following *described lands*:

Commencing at a post planted about 12 miles from the mouth of Halfway Creek, St. Leon Springs, Upper Arrow Lake, and marked Stewart Taylor's north west corner post, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated the 7th day of February, 1903.
STEWART TAYLOR.

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special licenses to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the Big Bend District of West Kootenay:

1. Commencing at a post planted 100 yards east of the Nine Mile Shed on Big Bend trail and on the East limit of E. L. McMahon's timber limit, and marked George Johnson's north west corner post, thence south 160 *chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160* chains, thence west 40 chains to the place of beginning.

2. Commencing at a post planted 100 yards east of the Nine Mile shed on Big Bend trail, and on the east limit of E. L. McMahon's timber limit, and marked George Johnson's south west corner post, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1903.
GEORGE JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that The Fred Robinson Lumber Company, Limited, intend to apply to change the name of the company to "HARBOR LUMBER COMPANY, Limited."

Dated February 12th, 1903.
HARVEY McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Feb-12-3m. Solicitors for the Company.

McMahon Bros. & Company, Limited.

Notice is hereby given that McMahon Bros. and Company, Limited, intend to change the name of the Company to The Big Bend Timber and Trading Company, Limited.

Dated this 10th day of February, 1903.
HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM,
3m Solicitors for the Company.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away *timber from the following described lands* in West Kootenay:—

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about three and a half miles up stream from the mouth of French Creek and marked F. C. Manning's south-west corner post; thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of February, 1903.
F. C. MANNING.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the Columbia river, about half a mile from the river and about two miles above Death Rapids, marked A. M. Nelson's north-east corner post; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 27th day of February, 1903.
A. M. NELSON.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted on the West bank of the Columbia river at the south-east corner of John Nelson's ranche, and marked A. Edward's north-east corner post; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 27th day of February, 1903.
A. EDWARDS.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about two and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French Creek, and marked B. A. Lawson's north-west corner post; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of February, 1903.
B. A. LAWSON.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about two and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French creek, and marked F. C. Manning's north-east corner post; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of February, 1903.
F. C. MANNING.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days from date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at W. le Maistre's south-east corner post; about half a mile east of the east bank of the Columbia river, and on the east boundary of John Nelson's ranche; thence north 160 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; to the point of commencement; containing 640 acres.

Revelstoke, B. C., Feb. 21st, 1903.
W. LE MAISTRE.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at J. A. Kirk's south-west corner post, on the Keystone trail, near Boyd's ranche, about three-quarters of a mile from the Columbia River; thence north 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence west 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres.

Revelstoke, B. C., 21st February, 1903.
J. A. KIRK.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Goldstream, about eight and a half miles upstream from the mouth of French creek and marked N. T. Edwards' south-west corner post; thence east 160 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 160 chains; thence south 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of February, 1903.
N. T. EDWARDS.

Mainly About People.

At Pretoria the Jews once complained that only half as much ground had been allotted to them for a synagogue as to the Hollanders for a church. Whereupon Dom Paul replied: "Well, that's perfectly fair; you believe only half of the Bible."

On one occasion Voltaire spoke highly of Haller and then was told he was very magnanimous to do so, as Haller had spoken in quite a contrary way of him. "Perhaps," remarked Voltaire, reflectively, and after a pause, "perhaps we are both mistaken."

A friend once wrote to Mark Twain asking his opinion on a certain matter, and received no reply. He waited a few days, and then wrote again. His second letter was also ignored. Finally, he sent a third note, inclosing a sheet of paper and a two-cent stamp. By return post he received a postcard on which was the following: "Paper and stamp received. Please send envelope."

A characteristic story is going round about Her Majesty and the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is said that they were playing at cards, when His Grace suddenly exclaimed, "You have revoked." "Well," replied the Queen, "it is the first time anyone has ever told me that I revoked at cards." "I dare say, ma'am," responded the Archbishop; "I don't suppose they dared!"

The late Sir Frank Lockwood was a tall man, and for some reason an unruly member of his audience once called out to him in the middle of his speech: "Go it, telescope!" My friend is mistaken in applying that term to me," Sir Frank quietly said; "he ought to claim it for himself, for, though he cannot draw me out, I think I can both see through him and shut him up."

A New Jersey clergyman in a small town recently electrified his congregation by introducing into his sermon a dramatic account of Rudyard Kipling's deathbed scene. One of his parishioners hurried up to remonstrate with him at the close of the service. "Kipling isn't dead?" echoed the preacher, tranquilly; "well, that's odd. I surely read about the thing somewhere. Well, never mind. It must have been someone else who died, but the point remains the same."

Archbishop Ryan, visiting a small parish in a mining district for the purpose of administering confirmation, asked one nervous little girl what matrimony was, and she answered that it was "a state of terrible torment which those who enter it are compelled to undergo for a time to prepare them for a brighter and better world." "No, no," remonstrated the pastor; "that isn't matrimony; that's the definition of purgatory." "Leave her alone," said the archbishop; "maybe she's right. What do you or I know about it?"

Early in his literary career, the late Frank Stockton, in conjunction with his brother, John, wrote many poems with which they afflicted the editors of various periodicals. The effusions came back always. The editor of one magazine was an especial target of the Stocktons, but as none of their poems were ever accepted, the brothers came to the conclusion that this editor had no conception of good poetry. To prove their belief, they hunted up and despatched to him an ode little known from Milton. Within two days they received a check and a letter of thanks. "I came to the conclusion that that editor knew poetry when he saw it, after all," Mr. Stockton used to say; "and gave up trying to write it."

Mrs. Bigelow, wife of a former United States minister to France, was a woman noted for her ready wit, but sadly addicted to the reading of "Ouida's" flashy and fleshly books. Being once in Florence, where the author resides, Mrs. Bigelow resolved to call and pay homage to her talent. On her arrival she was kept waiting while a servant disappeared with her card, returning after some time with the information that "Mademoiselle de la Ramee is not at home." A strident voice was heard shrieking over the stairs: "Tell Mrs. Bigelow that I never receive Americans." "You don't, eh?" shouted back the irrepressible Mrs. Bigelow. "Well, you ought to, for they are the only people who read your filthy books!"

Mr. Balfour's Kindness.

Added to the other virtues of the new Prime Minister of England is consideration for the least of these who ask his help. Mr. Justin McCarthy, who is a favorite contributor to the "Companion," tells in the "Outlook" a story of Mr. Balfour's readiness to stretch out a helping hand.

Two or three years ago Mr. McCarthy learned that an Englishwoman who had won distinction as a novelist had fallen ill, and was suffering from the poverty that followed her inability to continue her literary work. Some of her friends thought that she should be assisted by a department of the state, and applied to Mr. McCarthy, who is both man of letters and politician, to bring the matter before the proper authorities.

There is a small fund at the disposal of the British Government for the relief of literary persons in distress. The fund is in the control of the First Lord of the Treasury. This office Mr. Balfour held at the time, and holds now.

It was just when England was in the most distracting period of the South African War, and Mr. McCarthy feared that an official who must have been passing many nights of sleeplessness in the midst of ever fresh news of disaster and mishap would not be able to attend to such a small matter as the relief of an individual. It would have been natural for the overworked statesman to hand the case over to some minor official, who would allow it to come to a standstill, immovably entangled in the red tape of petty routine. But in spite of his lack of hope he wrote to Mr. Balfour.

The next day he received a reply in Mr. Balfour's own hand, expressing sympathy and willingness to help. Relief came soon after.

Although the case was deserving, and too much need not be made of it, yet Mr. Balfour would have had good reason for turning it over to someone else.

"I must say," concludes Mr. McCarthy, "that I think this short passage of personal history speaks highly for the kindly nature and sympathy of Arthur Balfour."

Monsieur Mouton—I vould of Mademoiselle beg to know ze rule grammaire ven shall I say I vill, and ven will I say I shall. Miss Klevver (graciously)—Why, that will be very simple, Monsieur Mouton. Wherever you now say I shall, you should say *I will*, and wherever you say I will, say I shall instead.

Amended Obituaries.

Mark Twain has addressed the following letter to the press:

Sir — I am approaching seventy; it is in sight; it is only three years away. Necessarily, I must go soon. It is but matter-of-course wisdom, then, that I should begin to set my worldly house in order now, so that it may be done calmly and with thoroughness, in place of waiting until the last day, when, as we have often seen, the attempt to set both houses in order at the same time has been marred by the necessity for haste and by the confusion and waste of time arising from the inability of the notary and the ecclesiastic to work together harmoniously, taking turn about and giving each other friendly assistance—not perhaps in fielding, which could hardly be expected, but at least in the minor offices of keeping game and umpiring; by consequence of which conflict of interests and absence of harmonious action a draw has frequently resulted where this ill-fortune could not have happened if the houses had been set in order one at a time and hurry avoided by beginning in season, and giving to each the amount of time fairly and justly proper to it.

In setting my earthly house in order I find it of moment that I should attend in person to one or two matters which men in my position have long had the habit of leaving wholly to others, with consequences often most regrettable. I wish to speak of only one of these matters at this time: Obituaries. Of necessity, an Obituary is a thing which cannot be so judiciously edited by any hand as by that of the subject of it. In such a work it is not the Facts that are of chief importance, but the light which the obituarist shall throw upon them, the meaning which he shall dress them in, the conclusions which he shall draw from them, and the judgments which he shall deliver upon them. The Verdicts, you understand; that is the danger-line.

In considering this matter, in view of my approaching change, it has seemed to me wise to take such measures as may be feasible, to acquire, by courtesy of the press, access to my standing obituaries, with the privilege—if this is not asking too much—of editing, not their Facts, but their Verdicts. This, not for present profit, further than as concerns my family, but as a favorable influence usable on the Other Side, where there are some who are not friendly to me.

With this explanation of my motives, I will now ask you of your courtesy to make an appeal for me to the public press. It is my desire that such journals and periodicals as have obituaries of me lying in their pigeon-holes, with a view to sudden use some day, will not wait longer, but will publish them now, and kindly send me a marked copy. My address is simply New York City—I have no other that is permanent and not transient.

I will correct them—not the Facts, but the Verdicts—striking out such clauses as could have a deleterious influence on the Other Side, and replacing them with clauses of a more judicious character. I should, of course, expect to pay double rates for both the omission and the substitutions; and I should also expect to pay quadruple rates for all obituaries which proved to be rightly and wisely worded in the originals, thus requiring no emendations at all.

It is my desire to leave these Amended Obituaries neatly bound behind me as a perennial consolation and entertainment to my family, and as an heirloom which shall have a mournful but definite commercial value for my remote posterity.

I beg, sir, that you will insert this Advertisement (1t-eow, agate, inside), and send the bill to

Yours very respectfully,
Mark Twain.

P. S.—For the best Obituary—one suitable for me to read in public, and calculated to inspire regret—I desire to offer a Prize, consisting of a Portrait of me done entirely by myself in pen and ink without previous instruction. The ink warranted to be the kind used by the very best artists.

How Salt Cools Coffee.

Between bites of the simple breakfast he had ordered, the young clerk gazed nervously at the restaurant clock. It was plain he had oversiept himself and was paving the way to future indigestion by bolting his food. The coffee was the stumbling block. It was hot—very hot—but the clerk needed it badly, and he sipped it carefully, having due regard for his mouth and tongue.

But time pressed, and, with a parting glance at the clock, he reached for his glass of ice water and prepared to pour some of the frigid fluid into his cup.

"Don't spoil your coffee, young man," said an elderly gentleman who was eating his breakfast on the other side of the table. "You take all the good out of it by putting ice or ice water in it."

The clerk was at first inclined to resent the interference, but the patriarchal appearance of the other man tempered his resentment.

"What am I to do?" he asked. "I am late for the office, and I want this coffee badly."

"Let me show you a little scheme," said the elderly man. Taking the cylindrical saltcellar from the table, he wiped it carefully with a napkin, then, reaching over, deposited the glass vessel in the cup of coffee.

"Salt, you know, has peculiar cooling properties," he said, meanwhile holding the receptacle firmly in position. "They put it with ice to intensify the cold when making ice cream. It is used extensively in cold-storage warehouses for cooling purposes, and being incased in glass does not affect its power to any great extent."

As he spoke he withdrew the saltcellar from the coffee and motioned to the younger man to drink. He raised the cup to his lips, and, to his surprise, found the liquid cooled to such an extent that he could drink it without inconvenience.

"The uses of salt are manifold," said the elderly man, with the air of one beginning a lecture. "I remember once when I was in Mexico——"

But the clerk, with another glance at the clock, thanked him profusely and dashed out of the restaurant.

"Have you seen Mrs. Connyshaw's wonderful collection of old china?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Fussilove, "I have; and I can't say that it gives me a good opinion of the Connyshaws' social position." "Dear me!" said the other lady. "How is that?" "Well, you see," explained Mrs. Fussilove, "they can't ever have kept many servants, or they would never have had all that china unbroken!"

About Dreams.

From a new book of dreams, not by a played-out gypsy, but by a college professor, the Chicago "Tribune" selects the following passages:

To be sure, the gray granddames have always held their dreams to be true, and have always interpreted their eerie visions of the night into future events of colossal moment. So, too, the romantic lassies in search of signs of lovers, and here and there some masculine rhapsodist, who warmed to the world of the unreal and fanciful. But not so the scientific wise men. They have always known better—until now.

N. Vaschide and H. Pieron of the Paris Institute are two leading exponents of the value of dreams in diagnosing physical disorders, and have collected from here, there and everywhere, of all times, not omitting the all-convincing present-day, illustrations and data which go to establish the accuracy of their position in a way not known to the ignominious gypsy.

This is their idea: In sleep the mind forsakes the outer world and yields itself to introspection. During our waking moments the external sensations prevail. The brain is preoccupied with what occurs outside the body, and, unless there be importunate calls from internal sources, pays no attention to what is happening within. When sleep overtakes us it is vice versa. The internal organic sensations predominate and occupy the exclusive attention of the mind unless external demands for its notice become emphatic. This is why reasoning begun during the course of the day or a problem too intricate for the preoccupied brain of waking hours can be carried on to successful issues in sleep. The brain is not disturbed with interruption.

Dreams are chiefly of three kinds: those which reveal the temperament of the dreamer; those which prognosticate disease, and those which are symptoms of a disease.

People with sanguine temperaments dream about songs, dances, feasts, merrymaking, fights, games. Those of a melancholy temperament dream of ghosts, studious solitude, death. Those of phlegmatic temperament dream of white phantoms, water, humid places. The bilious dream of dark bodies, assassinations, incendiaries, and the like.

Dreams of gaiety signify healthy conditions; dreams of tranquillity are favorable. Dreams of baths or of cold water foretell critical perspirations. Fiery serpents in dreams indicate hemorrhages. Dreams of combats or agitations of various descriptions when occurring at the inception of a fever predict prolonged illness. Violent pains, if not due to exterior causes, are signs of lesion, inflammation, or gangrene in some form. Mountains in abrupt precipices or inextricable forests in dreams indicate disordered livers. Fire is the ill omen of anaemia.

Anxiety in dreams is a sign of heart affections. Dreams of overexertion and exhaustion prognosticate hysteria. Nightmares in the beginning of the night indicate cerebral affections; in the middle of the night they mean bad digestion. Dreams of gustatory enjoyments indicate digestive affections. Fatiguing, suffocating dreams indicate dropsy of the chest. Terrifying dreams and hideous pictures show gastric affections. Floods, swamps and ponds mean cerebral disorders. Fear and anguish denote faulty circulation.

Nightmares with repulsive animals, like rats, serpents and reptiles, indicate suffering from alcoholism. Nightmares also precede asthma. Short, frightful dreams of the nightmare genus foretell certain heart disturbances. Veritable romances, sometimes continued from one night to the next, are forerunners of hysteria and characteristic of people suffering from hysteria.

The children of alcoholists always see animals in their dreams, such as cats, dogs, horses, lions, or other frightful beasts of prey, although generally the sort of animals with which they are most familiar. Obstructions of all kinds are omens of certain varieties of dropsy.

When dreams are repeated several nights in succession they are certain signs of physical disorders, and should be related to the physician, who, if he understands diagnosis through the interpretation of dreams, can be materially assisted thereby in arriving at the correct conclusion regarding the malady affecting the dreamer.

Vaccination Previous to Jenner.

The return of a well-known African explorer, in the person of Mr. J. Faux, who has had a long sojourn in the land of the Gallas, British East Africa, has given a correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" an opportunity of recording some fo this traveller's interesting experiences and discoveries. The Gallas, who are described as a race physically and intellectually superior to their neighbors, the Somalis, have a light copper-colored skin and handsome features. Possibly the most remarkable thing about them is that for centuries past they have practised vaccination as a preventive of smallpox; and although this disease is not unknown among them, they are not susceptible to it, and are rarely pock-marked. The operation is performed not on the arm, as with Europeans, but on the side of the nose, the serum being rubbed into the skin after a slight puncture has been made. Should any of the Gallas be smitten with an infectious disease, he is immediately isolated from his fellows, while his neighbors cast lots as to undertaking the duties of nursing and feeding the invalid. The Gallas are a strictly anti-liquor people, and intoxicants in any form appear to be abhorrent to them. The land which they occupy extends from some distance east of the Uganda railway to the Juba River, and there have been found on their territory the ruins of a large city, now almost entirely hidden in the jungle, which speak of a former civilization of a very high order.—"Chamber's Journal."

Didn't Want to Make Any Mistake.

A flag-raising was held at the schoolhouse, and after the banner had been flung to the breeze there was an exhibition of the drawings which the pupils had made and the work they had done during the year. The teacher had recited to the class the story of the landing of the Pilgrims, and after she had finished she requested each pupil to try to draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock.

Most of them went to work at once, but one little fellow hesitated, and at length raised his hand.

"Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"—Exchange.

Interesting Items.

In Scotland 28,106 persons have been found who speak only Gaelic, and 202,700 who, though they can speak English too, usually speak Gaelic.

It is announced that the Sultan of Turkey has begun to reform his feminine establishments. The expense of maintaining the Yildiz Kiosk harem, at a modest estimate, is $625,000 a year, and the other three establishments together cost $1,500,000. The total expense now is to be reduced to $250,000 a year. Mizi Bey, the chief eunuch, has been entrusted with the task of weeding out the superfluous, who are to be married to officers and officials. The Sultan has been induced also to set his face against much of the infanticide which takes place in the secret recesses of his palaces.

The Italian people, in all walks of life, are hopeful that Queen Helena will bear an heir to the throne. This event, which is due soon, is arousing extraordinary manifestations of popular loyalty. Interest is nowhere so eager as in the slums, where the friends of criminals are hopeful for an heir because the King will grant amnesty to thousands of convicts in that event. Betting on the event is common, and a prominent druggist of Rome has organized a lottery with a big money prize, for which all may compete by sending an order for a box of pills, and filling in a coupon indicating the day of the event and the sex of the infant.

Tourists in Switzerland will soon have a choice of sensational experiences. If they do not care to climb Mont Blanc, they may make a "submerged excursion" in a submarine boat in Lake Geneva. The boat will travel twenty-five miles under water and a mile and a half on the surface, tickets for the trip will cost twenty-five dollars, and each passenger will receive a life insurance policy for twenty-five hundred dollars. The guaranty of insurance is not, perhaps, so reassuring as it was meant to be; but as a whole the proposition conveys a pleasing suggestion that submarine voyages are ceasing to be experimental and becoming safe.

An ingenious method of mild adulteration is practised in Athens. The residents have a penchant for goat's milk, and herds of these animals are led along the street by Greek milk-sellers wearing long blouses with capacious sleeves. Their cry of "Gala! Gala!" brings the housewife to the door, and she prudently demands that the goats shall be milked in her presence. This is done, but the milkman has in one hand the end of a thin tube which runs up his sleeve and connects with an india-rubber receptacle full of water, which is carried under his ample blouse. At each pressure of the fingers on the udder there is a corresponding compression of the water sack, and milk and water flow side by side into the milk-pail.

Mr. Dugald Macdonald of Montreal has undoubtedly great faith in his own capabilities. He claims to have solved certain problems respecting astronomical and other sciences by a long course of study of the Egyptian pyramids. Relying on the facts in his possession he has challenged the scientists of all the world to answer any or all of the following questions: Why was the day divided into 24 hours? Why was the hour divided into 60 minutes? Why was the minute divided into 60 seconds? Why was the circle divided into 360 degrees? Why was the degree divided into 60 minutes? Why was the minute divided into 60 seconds? Why was the second divided into 60 thirds? What is the origin of the Troy pound? What is the origin of the English inch? What is the origin of the English foot?

The Telephone Newspaper.

In the November "Pearson's" is described an invention which may revolutionize the present method of newspaper publication. The article says:

"One of Bellamy's boldest conceptions was his idea of a speaking, singing, lecturing, and concert-giving 'newspaper.' He dreamt of the time when people would no longer go to the printed newspapers for their day's news, but to the telephone receivers. It will come as a surprise to most to learn that this fancy has been actually realized in Budapest, Hungary, where a telephonic daily has been in active operation for some time.

"Every day, from eight in the morning to eleven at night, the 'Telefon-Hirmondo' is busy sending the news of the world, hot from the wires, into its subscribers' homes. In the editorial rooms six 'stentors,' or speakers, with strong, clear voices, speak the 'copy' into the transmitters.

"At definite hours, concerts, or the performances of the Royal Opera or of the Municipal Operetta Theater, are to be heard through the ear-tubes. Eminent preachers, speakers, or actors tell their stories to enormous audiences scattered over the city. A list of strangers' arrivals, the correct astronomical time, and a list of amusements, are among the many features of this marvelous institution.

"The exact time for each of the news items is strictly regulated, and is announced to the subscribers every morning. Thus, each subscriber need only listen to the news that particularly interests him, and can always be sure of hearing it at the predicted minute. In case, however, of particularly important news coming to hand, it is immediately announced, and special alarm signals are rung."

John Chinaman as a Lightning Calculator.

A social observer of humorous sympathies reports to "Listener" of the Boston "Transcript" a trait of a Chinese servant employed in a suburban family, which reveals a certain capability for ready assimilation with American methods of dealing with the tramp problem. A hungry tramp called one Monday afternoon at the kitchen door, and was promptly challenged by John. To John the tramp told his tale of woe, ending with a humble petition for something to eat.

"Like flish?" asked John, in insinuating tones.

"Yes, I like fish," the tramp answered.

"Call Fliday," said John, as he shut the door, with a smile imperturbable.

"If you leave all your property to your second wife, your children will certainly try to break your will." "Of course. That's what I want them to do. I want them to have their full share of my money." "Then why bequeath it all to your wife?" "Well, you see, it will be easier for my children to break my will than it is for me to break hers."—New York "Weekly."

Actress and Tom Cat.

In her book, "Stage Confidences," the veteran actress, Clara Morris, relates this amusing incident from her experience:

"It was in 'Camille,' one Friday night, in Baltimore, that for the only time in my life I wished to wipe an animal out of existence. I love four-footed creatures with extravagant devotion, not merely the finely bred and beautiful ones, but the poor, the sick, the halt, the maimed, the half-breeds, or the no breeds at all; and almost all animals quickly make friends with me, divining my love for them. But on this one night—well! it was this way. In the last act, as Camille, I had staggered from the window to the bureau and was nearing that dread moment when in the looking-glass I was to see the reflection of my wrecked and ruined self. The house was giving strained attention, watching dim-eyed the piteous, weak movements of the dying woman; and right there I heard that (——h!) quick indrawing of the breath startled womanhood always indulges in before either a scream or a laugh. My heart gave a plunge, and I thought: What is it? Oh, what is wrong? and I glanced down at myself anxiously, for really I wore so very little in that scene that if anything should slip off—gracious! I did not know but what, in the interest of public propriety, the law might interfere. But that one swift glance told me that the few garments I had assumed in the dressing-room still faithfully clung to me. But alas! there was the dreaded titter, and it was unmistakably growing. What was it about? They could only laugh at me, for there was no one else on the stage. Was there not indeed! In an agony of humiliation I turned half about and found myself facing an absolutely monstrous cat. Starlike he held the very center of the stage, his two great topaz eyes were fixed roundly and unflinchingly upon my face. On his body and torn ears he carried the marks of many battles. His brindled tail stood straightly and aggressively in the air, and twitched with short, quick twitches, at its very tip, truly as burly an old buccaneer as ever I saw.

"No wonder they giggled! But how to save the approaching death-scene from total ruin? All was done in a mere moment or two; but several plans were made and rejected during these few moments. Naturally my first thought, and the correct one, was to call back 'Nannine,' my faithful maid, and tell her to remove the cat. But alas! my Nannine was an unusually dull-witted girl, and she would never be able to do a thing she had not rehearsed. My next impulse was to pick up the creature and carry it myself; but I was playing a dying girl, and the people had just seen me, after only three steps, reel helplessly into a chair; and this cat might easily weigh twelve pounds or more; and then at last my plan was formed. I had been clinging all the time to the bureau for support, now I slipped to my knees and a prayer in my heart that this fierce old Thomas might not decline my acquaintance, I held out my hand, and in a faint voice called: 'Puss—Puss—Puss! come here, Puss!'

"It was an awful moment; if he refused to come, if he turned tail and ran, all was over; the audience would roar.

"'Puss—Puss!' I pleaded. Thomas looked hard at me, hesitated, stretched out his neck, and, working his whiskers nervously, sniffed at my hand.

"'Puss—Puss!' I gasped out once more, and lo! he gave a little 'meow,' and, walking over to me, arched his back amicably, and rubbed his dingy old body against my knee. In a moment my arms were about him, my cheek on his wicked old head, and the applause that broke forth from the audience was a balm of Gilead to my distress and mortification. Then I called for Nannine, and when she came on I said to her: 'Take him downstairs, Nannine, he grows too heavy a pet for me these days,' and she lifted and carried Sir Thomas from the stage, and so I got out of the scrape without sacrificing my character as a sick woman."

Having One's Skin Removed.

After describing some of the up-to-date methods employed by modern beauty doctors, the "Strand" says that all these operations appear pale and commonplace by the side of the heroism displayed two years ago by a celebrated actress, to whom truly belongs the martyr's crown. Driven to desperation by seeing her beauty compromised by a series of superficial alterations in her complexion, she decided to have the skin of her face completely changed! She found doctors who undertook the performance of this strange operation, which extended over seven weeks — seven weeks of uninterrupted suffering. All the skin of her face was chemically burned, then detached bit by bit. At the end of two months of suffering the old epidermis had entirely disappeared and been replaced by a skin as rosy, thin and tender as that of a newborn child! So disconcerting was the aspect of this baby-like complexion to a woman of thirty that the desperate actress found herself more ill-looking after the operation than she had thought herself to be before undergoing it, and had to seclude herself for a month to allow her new skin to age a little. At the end of four months, however, the result was perfect; the best friends of the heroic actress all declaring that she was "unrecognizable," so completely was she rejuvenated and transformed!

Easily Pleased.

The man in search of a coachman looked coldly at the voluble and eager young Frenchman before him, and shook his head.

"I don't wish another valet," he said. "I have one already; there would be nothing for you to do."

"But, monsieur," pleaded the young man, with outstretched hands, "if you could conceive how little it takes to occupy me!"

Caution.

"Willie, did you thank Mr. Speedway for taking you to drive?" said the mother of a small boy, solicitously. No answer. The question was repeated. Still no answer.

"Willie! Do you hear me? Did you thank Mr. Speedway for taking you to drive?"

"Yes," whispered Willie, "but he told me not to mention it!"—N. Y. "Life."

The Age of a Woman.

The bachelor friend of the family was idly turning the leaves of the little daughter's birthday book. He came to the page on which one of the girl's teachers had inscribed her name, adding the date, 1877.

"I take off my hat to Miss Beckwith," he cried, "the young woman who publicly admits that she will be twenty-five years old on December 17! Blessings on her honesty! I think I'll hunt her up and ask her to marry me."

"Twenty-five isn't very old," the hostess hinted. "Of course Miss Beckwith wouldn't hesitate to 'own up' to that age. But don't you suppose she'll be sorry, some day, that she put it on record? There was no real need to give any date, you know—and her age is nobody's business but her own."

That sounded like an invitation to conflict, but the prudent man ignored it.

"Even at twenty-five she might have falsified," he answered. "Some of them begin early. I know a girl who has been fifteen years old for almost three years—and all because she proved to be too stupid to win her promotion from the grammar to the high school at the time when most of her mates did. Sometimes I wonder what her mother has done to the entry in the family Bible. It would seem odd, wouldn't it, to set up a lie in housekeeping between the Old and New Testaments?"

"But whose business is it how old anybody is?" the hostess persisted.

"Well, in the case of a man, a good many people have a right to know; for example, the officials who put him on the voting list. I won't affirm that anybody but her husband is justified in asking a woman's age—that is, unless she applies for life insurance, or does something of that sort.

"But why can't we avoid unpleasantness by establishing a new social convention on the age question? Say we assume that all unmarried women are under twenty, that married women with children are thirty or less, and that when a woman has grandchildren she shall be considered to have reached the age of forty-five, and shall never be older.

"Such an arrangement would put it out of the power of ill-bred persons to talk about 'old maids,' for all unmarried women would be of the same age, a marriageable age at that. Moreover, every married man would be much older than his wife, which, of course, is as it should be. Indeed, no woman would ever reach a point where she could fairly be called old.

"I see just one flaw in the scheme," the bachelor added, gravely. "If you, let us say, were thirty to-day, and a baby came to your son or your daughter, you would be forty-five to-morrow. To grow old so suddenly would put a strain on one's nerves, wouldn't it?"

"Not so severe a strain as one suffers from the detestable people who try every way to find out one's age," was the energetic answer.

The bachelor chuckled. "After my new system goes into effect," he said, "we shall assume that people who act so have not reached the age of discretion themselves. We shall send them to some public nursery, and have the matron box their ears and put pepper on their tongues."—"Youth's Companion."

A Few Directions.

During the present stringency in the coal market, which is likely to last for some time to come, many expedients have been devised. A few words about how to heat your house without coal may not be amiss.

To use a gas stove, get from ten to thirty feet of hose and attach it to the gas meter so you can sit and read the figures as they reel off. This will keep you hot all the time, and also give you a fine appetite. In case the gas stove does not exhaust all the oxygen in the room, send for the plumber and have him remove the rest.

If an oil stove is used, saturate a few old rags with eau de cologne, and burn them at the same time. Then sit in a rocking-chair with handles on each side and rock yourself violently up and down, holding on with might and main. You will thus not only keep warm, but will have all the effects of automobiling without the expense.

To burn soft coal successfully, first put it through a wringer and have it ironed out in strips. Placing it tastefully in the stove, light from underneath. Always keep the stove covers off, as otherwise you will have your chimney clogged up instead of your house, and what you are after is some kind of a fire.

If you have fireplaces in your house, and decide to use wood, do not let anyone else make the fires but yourself. First, take several pounds of selected editorial matter, and to give a fickle flame, add a few weather reports. Over this spread some autumn leaves, which you can secure in any forest. Put on top of this some clothes-pins—they are cheaper than kindling, and your cook will use them anyway—and then add a sprinkling of logs, apply a gallon of kerosene and light from underneath with a clothes-pole. But before doing so, move the piano near enough to protect the opposite wall and the Persian rug close enough to save the floor.

In case all other means fail, try a bonfire in each room. You will thus get rid of some of your old furniture, besides heating your house to suit yourself, and not the insurance companies or the Republican party.—New York "Life."

Her Daily Food.

"I love all that is beautiful in art and nature," she said, turning her dreamy eyes to his. "I revel in the green fields, the babbling brooks, and the little wayside flowers. I feast on the beauties of earth, and sky, and air; they are my daily life and food, and——"

"Maudie!" cried out the mother from the kitchen, not knowing that her daughter's beau was in the drawing-room, "Maudie, whatever made you go and gobble up that big dish of mashed potatoes that was left over from dinner? I told you we wanted them warmed up for supper. If your appetite isn't enough to bankrupt your poor pa!"

A Necessary Qualification.

A school inspector in England asked a child in a primary school to tell him as nearly as possible what he understood a pilgrim to be.

"A pilgrim is a man who goes about a good deal," was the reply.

This seemed not quite satisfactory to the inspector, and he said, "I 'go about a good deal,' but I am not a pilgrim."

"Please, sir, I mean a good man," was the eager addition.

Famous For Repartee.

Of all the brilliant preachers of modern times, no one shone more resplendently in conversation than the eloquent Baptist minister, Robert Hall. It is remarkable that, while in his writings hardly a gleam of wit or humor is to be found, yet in the social circle he was distinguished by his terse and pungent sayings. All his life he was a martyr to an excruciating disease, and his wittiest sayings were uttered when he was writhing with sharp pain. A lady at a friend's house found him so lost in thought that she vainly essayed to engage him in conversation. At length, impatient of his reveries, she said flippantly, in allusion to a Miss Steel to whom he was engaged to be married:

"Ah, sir, if we had but polished steel here, we might secure some of your attention; but——"

"Madam," interrupted the now roused preacher, "make yourself quite easy; if you are not polished steel, you are at least polished brass!"

Hall had an intense abhorrence of religious cant, to which he gave expression sometimes in the most scorching terms. A young minister, who was visiting him, spent a day in sighing, ever and anon begging pardon for his aspirations, and saying that they were caused by grief that he had so hard a heart. When the lamentations, which Hall had borne patiently the first day, were resumed at breakfast on the second, he said:

"Why, sir, don't be so cast down; remember the compensating principle, and be thankful and still."

"Compensating principle!" exclaimed the young man; "what can compensate for a hard heart?"

"Why, a soft head, to be sure," replied Hall, who, if rude, had certainly great provocation.

Individualities.

Justice Grantham is certainly making a record as the murder judge of England. In one day at Leeds recently he tried three murder cases—two before luncheon and one after.

King Edward's reconciliation with the Duc d'Orleans, in spite of the latter's gross insults to the late Queen Victoria, is said to have been due to the intervention of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and of King Christian of Denmark, out of regard to the Duchess of Orleans.

Once a fashionable woman of Newport expressed to the late Elizabeth Cady Stanton a fear that it was not entirely modest for a woman to speak in public. The dignified president of the suffragists looked at her with mild surprise. "Why," she said, "there are not so many people at our convention as there were at the ball last night, and surely it is more modest to make a sensible speech in quiet costume than to exhibit one's bare arms and shoulders at a public dance in the embrace of a strange gentleman."

Of his recent visit to the Empress Eugenie at Farnborough, General Corbin said: "She is now a woman seventy-six years old, but remarkably well preserved. She lives in a beautiful villa in that quiet suburb, about fifty miles from London, and maintains an extensive establishment. The Empress herself showed us the little chapel where the bodies of her husband and her son are lying, and how the trees had been cut away so as to afford a view of the chapel from the house. 'That is the destination for which I am bound,' she said, sadly, pointing to the chapel. 'They are both asleep there, and very soon I shall join them.'"

The Queen of Roumania is no longer the only crowned writer of poetry. A new royal author has appeared, in the person of Queen Helena of Italy, who has just published a striking little poem, entitled "A Crown of Thorns." The poem represents a woman seated on the steps of the throne, with her features transformed by grief; no one sees her but the king; her name is Care. Beneath the golden crown of the king there is another crown, which galls his brow; no one sees it; it is the Crown of Thorns. Queen Helena, who has, perhaps, drawn on her own experience in these lines, is one of a family possessed of literary talents. Her father, Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, has written two plays—"The Empress of the Balkans" and "Prince Arvanit"—many poems, and is now completing a new novel. Her second brother, Mirko, is also a poet.

Gordon Ralph Caine, the eighteen-year-old son of Hall Caine, is visiting America to get some advertising ideas for his magazine, "Household Words." This is his story of how he came to be an editor about a year ago: "I had just left King William's College, in the Isle of Man, and was about to go up to Cambridge University. But I was tired of school, and wanted to go into the newspaper business. I heard that the weekly was for sale, and I worried father until he bought it for me. No, I didn't buy 'Household Words' through any particular fondness for the memory of Charles Dickens, who established it in 1850. I simply saw in it a chance to do some good advertising. When I took the paper it had a circulation of twenty-five hundred, and now it has about one hundred thousand. I advertised it by going all over England with some news-agents, and putting sample copies in every house, and placing placards on old houses and fences. Then I organized the Dickens Fellowship Society, and got Percy Fitzgerald, who has written lots about Dickens, to go at the head of it."

Just a Slip.

Miss De Courcy is musical, and when Harold Tompkins called round the other evening she asked him to sing. The poor fellow is bashful but obliging and he attempted to give her his favorite:

"Thou art so near and yet so far,
Beautiful star, beautiful star."

But she stood by the piano just where he could look into her face, and it must have embarrassed him, for he forgot the words, and this is how he rendered it:

"Thou art so far, and yet so near,"
Beautiful steer, beautiful steer."

She won't speak to him now, and he vows to devote himself hereafter to songs without words.

What Really Happens.

A new definition of absent-mindedness, which is humor if not psychology, appears in the Indianapolis "News" in this dialogue:

"Pa, what does 'absent-minded' mean?"

"My boy, that's easy. Did you ever stop to think?"

"Yes."

"And your thoughts ran on?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's it."

Heavenly Visions.

S. A. HAYT, D.D.,
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—Acts. xxvi., 19.

Christianity consists largely in the ability to see visions—ideal things—and be lifted by them into a better life. In all the round of our living to believe in good things is to see them and to have them.

To be cynical about men and women, about institutions and societies, is to put out one's eyes and walk in darkness. Nothing pays better than to believe in good things, in the good God and in the good in men. This makes life optimistic, charitable and helpful.

The best investment you can put in men is to believe in them. For it has this effect on men when they are believed in, that they are stimulated to become what you believe them. If there is any manhood it will hear that call and respond to it. Disbelieve in a man and you make it hard for him.

But to be vitally affected by a heavenly vision we must see one that will stop us on our way, as Paul was stopped on his way to Damascus and ever after saw things in a new light—a vision that shall be like a new sun risen at high noon, or as if a great battle had been fought and the dead and wounded covered the ground, and the sun looked down on many a thing that we loved and cherished, dead and cold, all the banners of our resistance furled for ever and the true flag triumphant everywhere. Then a man awakes out of indolence into work, out of shiftlessness into care, out of selfishness to live God's truth and for his fellow-mtn.

This vision is not so far off or so rare as some may think. The heavenly visions cluster and crowd around us. Every bush is aflame with God and every spot is holy ground. Every life is a holy land to be rescued from the infidels. God in this age and in this land masses and multiplies heavenly visions. Every one who is brought up in a good family has everyday visions that for his life he must not be disobedient to—the quiet, shining life of father and mother, the Christian home, where all the atmosphere is suffused with the beauty and fragrance of the gospel. A man must be obedient to the law of honor, integrity and commercial worth that is taught every day in this city and throughout the land or sink himself to the lowest disgrace. The cleanness, order and temperance of Christian communities are the elevating and ennobling principles of our civilization and patriotism. All the lessons of industry, application and conduct taught in our schools; every pretty farmhouse nestling among the trees, where contentment, virtue and thrift reign; every court of justice and house of penal detention, all the round of our many-hued civilization constitute a vision of heaven and incentive to Christian living. By all these or by some of these a man may be lifted to a vision of Jesus Christ, to a better life and a better outlook.

The majority of men are not moved by great things, but by many things. It is the cumulative argument that is drawn from a thousand sources and grows by a thousand tributaries that conquers men's minds and transforms their lives. We look too far off and hope for too great things when it is but a little turn in the path that will bring us into the right road.

This vision is not a solitary one. We are tempted to believe that it is the only one we shall ever have. This is a mistake. Paul's life was a series of heavenly visions and repeated impulses to duty and service. We have repeated in this world what we believe in. If we believe in truth and righteousness we seek and find these for ourselves. Patriotism, art, sense of beauty grow in souls devoted to them. Many pull down the shades, draw the curtains, close the blinds and say the world is dark.

All these visions are to lead to one desire and determination—to be obedient to them. It requires a great character to be obedient always. Any one can disobey. Paul knew he had met his Master and he promised to obey. And it was a grand thing for him to be able to say when he stood before King Agrippa and thought of his whole life from the day of that ride to Damascus, "I was not disobedient." For obedience is the one solid foundation of character and success—in the family, the school, the store, the bank and the railway. Civilization is based upon obedience. A boy who will not obey has no place in the family and in the school. Disobedience is a source of demoralization and a menace to the well-being of society. Every switchman or engineer who will not obey is a peril to the travelling public. The man who persists in disobeying the laws of his mind and his body is on the way to the insane asylum. If we are disobedient to natural law we may escape with slight penalty. But if we are disobedient to conscience, to spiritual law, to Jesus Christ and the heavenly visions we are disobedient to the best and most effective things in our lives, and the loss and punishment must correspond.

A Plucky Sailor.

The death occurred the other day at Moruya, in New South Wales, of a Crimean veteran who had a good deal of attention from the London newspapers at the time of the war. Mr. George Solly had for many years been a prosperous settler at Moruya, and was a popular figure in the district. He was one of the blue-jackets landed from the Rodney in the Crimea, and had the clasps for Inkerman, Balaclava, the Alma and Sebastopol. While Sebastopol was burning and the fighting still going on, he regaled himself and his comrades by dancing a horupipe on the ramparts, and the incident was afterwards made the subject of a cartoon in Punch.

The First Newspaper.

For a long time the honor of having produced the first newspaper has been disputed by Italy, France, Germany, England and Holland, and for years the British Museum exhibited a paper called The English Mercury, said to have been printed in 1588, but which proved to be a practical joke of Lord Hardwicke. As the first German paper only appeared in 1615 in Frantfort, the first Dutch paper in 1617, and the first English paper, The Weekly Gazette, in 1622, and the first French paper in 1631, the priority of Antwerp in the field is now asserted and sustained, it is declared, by official documents. Shortly after the invention of printing, publishers from time to time issued placards giving some sensational piece of news, but it was not until Abraham Verhoeven of Antwerp in 1605 thought of making these publications at regular intervals that what is properly termed a newspaper was issued, and it has taken 297 years for it to reach its present universal extent and influence. In 1905 Antwerp intends to celebrate the 300th anniversary of journalism in a fitting manner, and when that city undertakes such a celebration it is believed it can outdo any other in the artistic manner in which it organizes its pageants, and thousands will flock from all parts of Europe to participate in its festivities.

The Czar Was Caught.

M.A.P. tells a story with regard to the playing a game of whist at Homburg, and the present King, then, of course, Prince of Wales, and several of his friends were of the party. Among those friends was Sir James Mackintosh, a well-known bon vivant of the eighties and nineties. Sir James was one of those blunt, downright, rough-spoken Scotchmen. In the midst of the game Sir James called out to the Czar, "You've revoked." Everybody's blood ran cold. The Prince of Wales, I have been told, kicked the Scotchman under the table, and the Czar, blushing and confused, exclaimed in bewilderment, "Revoked! Why, I never did such a thing in my life." But Sir James persisted, and the Monarch was proved to be in the wrong, whereupon Sir James replied to the observation of the Czar: "I dare say you've often revoked, your Majesty, but this is the first time you were ever told so."

Gladstone's Bravery.

In an address at the unveiling of a statue of Gladstone at Glasgow, some time ago, Lord Rosebery told some stories of the dead statesman. "Most men," he said, "are physically brave, but Mr. Gladstone was brave among the brave. He had to the end the vitality of physical courage. When well on to 90 he was knocked over by a cab and before the bystanders could rally to his assistance he had pursued the cab with a view to taking its number." In regard to his genius for hard work Lord Rosebery said: "An eight-hour day would have been holiday to him—for he preached and practised the gospel of work to the fullest extent. When he was staying at Dalmeny in 1879 he kindly consented to sit for his bust. The only difficulty was that there was no time for sittings, so the sculptor with his clay model was placed opposite Mr. Gladstone as he worked and they spent the mornings together—Mr. Gladstone writing away and the clay figure of himself less than a yard off gradually assuming shape and form. Anything more distracting I cannot conceive, but it had no effect on the busy patient." Here is another story: "A contemporary of his at Eton once told me of a scene at which my informant was present, when some loose or indelicate toast was proposed and all present drank it but young Gladstone. In spite of the storm of adjuration, objurgation and ridicule that raged around him he jammed his face, as it were, down in his hands on the table and would not budge."

Women and the Grange.

A powerful factor for woman suffrage in New Hampshire is the Grange. During the past year, says a New York contemporary, the State suffrage President, Miss Mary N. Chase, a university graduate, has addressed 103 of its branches on this question, and a large majority of the members, in some instances every one present, signed her petition to the convention. It is favorable to the suffrage amendment that this great body is absolutely impervious to the influences which in all States but two have accomplished the defeat of every one which has been submitted to the electors. The Grange from its foundation has recognized the equal rights of women. At its last national convention, a few weeks ago, it passed a ringing resolution demanding the franchise for them. In Maine the women are preparing to ask the Legislature for suffrage for taxpaying women. The State Grange has 34,000 members and is the largest in the United States. At the State meeting on Dec. 17 over 1,000 delegates, unanimously, by a rising vote, adopted a strong resolution for the passage of this bill. Women now have no form of suffrage in Maine. In 1887 a bill for a full suffrage amendment received a majority vote of both Houses of the Legislature, but not the necessary two-thirds. Several times since a similar bill has passed one or the other branch. Very few States have more liberal laws for women. It is one of the nine which give fathers and mothers equal guardianship of children. Women are eligible as Justices of the Peace, registers of probate and deputy town clerks. They are serving as trustees and county superintendents of schools and public libraries, trustees and physicians of State institutions, etc. There is little doubt that in the near future they will have not only taxpayers, but full suffrage.

While Prof. Henry Drummond was calling on a friend on his last visit here, says The New York Times, he was introduced to a party of American girls.

"How very formal you are here when you are introduced," he said. "Now, in England we always shake hands. What do you do here when you say good-bye?"

"Oh, we kiss," said the youngest of the party, a beautiful girl of sixteen.

"Ah, that's charming," responded Prof. Drummond; "suppose we say good-bye right now!"

Cromwell's Descendants.

It is a curious example of the persistence of the English governing families and of their close intermarriages, says Mr. Harrison in his "Cromwell," that the blood of Oliver Cromwell still runs through female lines in the veins of the following well-known persons: Marquis of Ripon, Earls of Chichester, Morley, Clarendon, Cowper, heir presumptive to the Earldom of Derby, Lord Ampthill, Lord Walsingham, Countess of Rothes, Mr. Charles Villiers, M. P., Sir John Lubbock, M.P., Sir F. W. Frankland, Sir Charles Strickland, Sir H. E. F. Lewis, Sir W. Worsley, Sir W. Payne-Gallway, the Astleys of Checkers Court, the Polhills of Kent, the Tennants of Glamorganshire, the families of Vyner, Lister, Berners, Nicholas, Gosset, Prescott, Field, Mr. S. R. Gardiner, the historian, etc. During the past century at least seven persons descended from the Protector have held office under the Crown, including one Prime Minister, Lord Goderich; one Foreign Secretary, Lord Clarendon; two Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland and a Viceroy in India. Among those who have married descendants of Cromwell are the Earls of Darnley, Lytton, Lathom, Lord Stanley of Preston, Sir W. Harcourt, M.P., Sir A. Borthwick, M.P., Mr. Samuel Whitebread, M.P. The late Sir George Cornwall Lewis, the statesman and author, was a descendant of the Protector, and Lady Theresa Lewis, his wife, author of a work in illustration of Lord Clarendon, was a descendant at once of Oliver the Protector and of Edward Hyde, the Chancellor.

Morocco and Its Rebellion.

The man who heads the present attempt to overthrow the Government of the Sultan of Morocco is reported to say that he has not the slightest intention of seizing the throne. His mission, he says, is to wage a holy war against Christians, keep Europeans out of Morocco and remove the present Sultan from the throne on account of his tendency to listen to European advice and yield to foreign influence. He says that he and his followers will nominate a Sultan from some Shereefian family who will promise to continue the war against the Christians. According to the correspondent of The London Times, Mr. W. B. Harris, who recently "got away from Fez, just in time," in his own words, the rebels are very strong in numbers. The rebellion is an expression of total dissent from and reprobation of the Sultan's recent scheme of reforms. Mr. Harris, who had many interviews with Morocco's young ruler last year, and who is credited with being the Sultan's confidential adviser, reports that he as wholly unlike other Oriental potentates in thoughts, habits and manner of life. "He is keenly sensitive to public opinion in Europe, is interested in educational systems abroad and in the workings of constitutional government, and is anxious to keep on good terms with the powers," Mr. Harris says. The Sultan told Mr. Harris that as soon as his Government was better organized he hoped to travel abroad and learn what he could for the benefit of his country. To reform Morocco, to introduce modern and liberal ideas into its system of government, may, however, require genius and strength beyond the powers of the young ruler. In 1884 Dr. Oscar Lenz, one of the most acute observers of affairs in Morocco, wrote that though the father of the present Sultan had liberal tendencies and was a man of independent and energetic character, as well as an autocrat, he was not in a position to introduce revolutionary reforms against the will of the official class. The fanatical party was too strong both in the country and at court to be forced to submit to drastic measures of reform.

When the late Sultan's son came to the throne in 1894 he was a mere boy of fourteen. During his minority Sid Ahmed, the Grand Vizier of Morocco, ruled the country with the iron hand of an absolute despot. He held the country together, quelled rebellions and subdued disorderly tribes with the utmost cruelty and at the same time by wholesale confiscation and enormous exactions amassed a great fortune. Two years ago the young Sultan reached the age of twenty and just as he assumed control the stern old regent died. The report that the old man left his great fortune to the new Sultan is probably incorrect. At any rate, it is known that the Sultan's finances have been in a bad way, and that since he came into actual power he has raised considerable money by the sale of a part of his jewels. It is not believed that his government has to-day the monetary resources necessary to equip a force and maintain it in the field for the suppression of a great and determined revolt. There are Moors of progressive tendencies, and they have hoped for great things from their Sultan. But it is very hard to change the old system. It has been the time-honored practice for Government officials, all of whom receive only nominal pay, to prey upon the officials below them till the local chiefs finally recoup themselves by preying on the people. "Squeezing" is the main business of the governing class, and these officials do not wish for any change. Added to this policy of corruption is the blind prejudice of ignorance which makes both the powerful and the lowly believe that all foreigners are hereditary foes, who cannot possibly wish them well, and who are most earnestly desired to leave the Moroccans to themselves. With such conditions as these firmly footed in the country, the small body of progressive Moors will be most fortunate if the present Sultan is ever able to bring about a tithe of the reforms which they are expecting at his hands.

Time Enough at Twenty-one.

Scotch papers say that at Falkirk recently Sheriff Bell pronounced judgment in an action by Nellie Grant, a miner's daughter, of Slamannan, against William Mitchell, a miner, of Slamannan, for £250 damages for breach of promise of marriage. His Lordship said plaintiff was seventeen and defendant eighteen, and he ordered the case to be held over until defendant was twenty-one. There was no hurry for a girl to marry at seventeen, and the case could be heard if, when defendant was twenty-one, he had married another woman.

For the Farmer.

Sheep cannot be kept in damp locations without being liable to foot rot. Their quarters should be dry, but they will thrive in an open shed that faces the south.

Any farmer can try the experiment of inoculating the soil with the necessary bacteria for promoting the growth of a crop. Should the soil seem unadapted to clover it will be found of advantage to procure a few bushels of earth from a field upon which grew a luxuriant crop of clover, broadcasting the earth over the field and seeding to clover, the possibility being that a good stand of clover will be obtained.

All kinds of early crops that are to be grown from seed in the spring may be hastened by starting them in a hot-bed. Some may then be transferred to cold frames, such as lettuce and cabbage. For the family garden such work will not be laborious if attention is now given the early crops. The advantages of having all kinds of vegetables early are that they will escape the dry season, to a certain extent, and may be followed by later crops. Peas may be seeded in the open ground quite early, if the ground is warm.

Green Cut Bone For Poultry.

When I began feeding green cut bone, about the first thing I did was to find its feeding value by actual test. Hens under like conditions with fresh cut green bone added to their feed laid nearly twice as many eggs in the winter season and a third more in the summer season than did the lot without the bone. Fifty-eight chicks hatched at the same time, from the same kind of eggs, were divided into two lots and treated the same, except that one lot was fed bone extra. The lot with bone extra to their feed grew much faster, and at the end of thirteen weeks, the end of the test, a person would never have thought the two lots were once the same. The lot fed the bone were not only larger, but had clearer and brighter plumage. The lot that ate the bone went through the test with the loss of but one, while the lot without the bone sustained a loss of five. This, with other observations, leads me to believe feeding bone will lessen the death rate in chicks, and that old stock will be healthier.—William Jack, in Farmer's Guide.

Weaning a Colt Properly.

An inquirer asks the best way to wean a colt. I will not try to give that, but will give a good method. The change should be gradual. First, the colt should be handled when running with the mare, and be made docile and familiar with the caresses of man. It should be educated to the halter, and, if the mother is worked on the farm, it is a lesson to the colt to tie it by the side of the mother a portion of the time, and let it jog along by her side when she is hauling the waggon, or even the plough or reaper. It is an education the colt will have to receive some time in life, and if given young, the better. It will be accustomed to the rattling of waggons and machinery behind it, and learn to start and stop at the word. If thus treated the weaning is a simple thing.

When it is desired to wean it put it in a stall adjoining that of the mother, either tied by the head, or partitioned off, so it cannot reach the teat of the mother. The first day allow it to nurse morning and night only, milking the mother out at noon if giving a good flow of milk. The next day allow it to nurse in the morning, and, before nursing at night, strip out the mare quite well before it is let to nurse her. The next morning strip out in part, and so continue to strip out before nursing, and in from four to eight days the mare will be dry and the colt weaned. While with the mare it will learn to eat oats with her, and should have oats and bran now, to take the place of milk. There is far more danger of farmers feeding too few than too many oats, and too much bran, to a weaning colt during its first winter. A pound of the mixed oats and bran mixed equally to every hundredweight of colt is about right; that is to say, a 500-pound colt should in three feeds daily receive five pounds of the mixed grain feed, and what fine mixed hay it will eat up in an hour's time. That is plenty of roughage.

The colt should have exercise every day; a good, warm stable to sleep in, or shed to run under, and a field or yard to run in, make the ideal. But it should not be turned out in a storm and made to stay out. Allow it to do as it pleases regarding this. A colt weaned and so carried through the first winter of its life is more of a horse at three years old than at four if stunted at weaning and half fed during the first winter. In fact, the destiny of the colt's life is often fixed at weaning time alone, when turned out to grub for a living on some frostbitten pasture, to stamp flies, to worry and become poor. It may outgrow it, but the chances are much against it. Remember that, farmer, and dispute it if you dare.—C. D. Smead, Logan, N.Y., in Tribune Farmer.

Egypt's Population.

When the British occupation began Egypt's population was about 7,000,000, says The Detroit News-Tribune. According to an official census just completed, it has risen to 9,750,000, as the result of the caring for child life and teaching rules of cleanliness and order. According to this census, practical Egypt has a population of 923 to the square mile, a density far in excess of any European country, even Belgium, and not to be equalled outside of Asiatic communities. It will no doubt surprise most readers to be told that a fair estimate of the value of Egypt's 10,500 square miles of cultivable territory is $115 an acre. The average land tax of Egypt is something in excess of $4 per acre.

Bilkins—Softhead, I thought you told me you had a chance on hand to elope with old Moneybag's daughter last night?

Softhead (dolefully)—Yes, I did tell you that; but it appears that another fellow had a better scheme than mine. He got there first.—Tit-bits.

"Bends," a New Disease.

The New York Sun the other day had a long and interesting descriptive article on the trolley tunnel now in process of construction under the North River, and which is to connect New York and Jersey. Owing to the difficult and hazardous nature of the work and the peculiar formation of the ground, the work is being done in a compressed air chamber. The use of air pressure holds the water back by opposing to it as far as possible an equal pressure from within. Between the shield and the bottom of the shaft 4,200 feet back under the Jersey shore line are two air locks, furnishing in the chambers between them two different stages of air pressure. An air lock is an arrangement to provide communication between the outer atmosphere and the chamber filled with compressed air. It consists simply of a cylindrical tank or boiler with doors at each end, opening in the same direction—that is, inward against the pressure. To gain admission to the compressed air chamber a gang of workmen enters the air lock by the outer door. This door is then closed and compressed air is introduced into the air lock till the pressure is the same as in the chamber beyond. When that stage is reached the inside door can be opened and the workmen pass into the chamber. A reverse process enables them to return again to the outer air. In the case of this tunnel there are two air locks 1,500 feet apart. In the first the normal atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch is raised to twenty or twenty-two pounds, the pressure in the middle chamber beyond. Fifteen hundred feet further into the tunnel is a strong bulkhead containing a second lock. In this the pressure is raised to thirty pounds to the square inch or more, according to the need in the working chamber on the other side, that in which is the shield and the head of the tunnel. The limit of endurance is fifty pounds to the square inch. Only men who are physically sound and strictly temperate can work in these compressed air chambers. It appears that they must be careful about coming out in too great a hurry into normal pressure again or they suffer a serious and sometimes a fatal attack known as the "bends," to which workers in compressed air are subject. There is a rule that on coming out of the inner chamber, the workers must stay in each air lock for several minutes to enable them to become used to the reduced pressure. It is to accustom the men to the change that the two air locks are placed 1,500 feet apart in the tunnel, for it insures, in part at least, a gradual transition—but the man who breaks the rule and hurries through the air locks in five cases out of ten will be stricken with the disease. The victim does not feel the effects till he gets through the last lock and into normal pressure. Then he is seized with cramps. His knees, his elbows, in fact, every joint in his body, is affected and he suffers excruciating pain. There is only one means of relief and that is to put him again under heavy pressure and after he recovers gradually to reduce the pressure again. If this relief is not at hand the attack may be fatal, as it was to a man who was stricken in Canal street a few weeks ago. This has led to the establishment of a compressed air hospital at the top of the shaft. This is nothing more than a big steel boiler twenty feet long and eight feet in diameter. It is divided into two compartments, in each of which is a bench, and is fitted with airtight doors, electric lights and valve attached to the compressed air engine. A workman suffering with the "bends" is carried up the shaft into this hospital and laid on the bench. Then the door is closed and the compressed air pump raises the pressure within. An air guage on the door shows what the pressure is. As it rises to the limit in which he has been working, the man's rigid limbs relax and his pains subside. After a while the pressure is gradually reduced, a physician meanwhile watching the man carefully, and he can soon be taken into the outer air again. But he may feel the effects of the attack for weeks.

New Diamond Fields.

Some German capitalists of Bremen, headed by Senator Achelis, have formed a syndicate to work the diamond fields that have recently been discovered in German Southwest Africa. The German newspapers say that it is hoped to develop another Kimberley in this region and to destroy the monopoly at present enjoyed by the great De Beers Company. The discovery of diamonds in German Southwest Africa is quite recent, and little has been made known about this new source of wealth in that colony except that the fields are situated among the mountains in the central part of the colony. It has long been known that Kimberley could not permanently have a monopoly of the diamond trade. At present it supplies most of the diamonds in the market; but there are several other fields in South Africa that promise well, though little or nothing has yet been done to develop them. The Australians also are beginning to work diamond mines in New South Wales, which promise rich returns. The fields of Brazil, at one time the great source of supply, are quite certain to be as productive as ever when modern methods of diamond-mining, backed by abundant capital, are introduced there. Very little has been done to develop diamond-mining along the banks of the Vaal River in South Africa, where the diamonds of that country were first discovered. Mines were opened there and they yielded abundantly for two years, until the marvellous richness of the beds at Kimberley was revealed in 1869.

Among the latest novelties in the way of social entertainment is the left-handed ping ping party, which naturally proves a sort of jolly extravaganza, all the playing being done with the left hand. One can hardly realize what a difference it makes to reverse the order of things regarding the handling of the ping pong raequette. Crack players are reduced to the merest amateurs, the most strenuous efforts result only in ridiculously low scores, and the champion of the city is likely to take the consolation prize. The fun of such a party, however, can scarcely be fancied until it is tried.

He Offered Her His Heart.

"But do you take Dr Agnew's Cure? If not, you know, I couldn't risk accepting it." she said.

She is wise. His heart may be disordered and his life in danger.

No matter how strong his heart is, **Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure** will make it stronger and his system healthier. No matter how weak from any disease, it would put him on his feet physically.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets

give the stomach a vacation by digesting the food for it. Pineapple will digest beef or the greasiest of food. Dyspeptics eat heartily and laugh and grow fat while getting cured by this cure. Price 35c. 80

High Treason Trials.

"Ex-Attache," discussing the coming trial of Col. Lynch on the charge of high treason, says:—The last trial on the charge of high treason in England took place just twenty years ago, when MacLean was tried at Reading by a court presided over by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, assisted by Baron Huddlestone, for shooting at the late Queen Victoria as she was leaving the railroad station at Windsor. He was acquitted on the ground of insanity, and ordered to be confined as a criminal lunatic at Broadmoor Asylum "during her Majesty's pleasure." The indictment against him was for high treason, which must not be confounded with the so-called "treason felony" for which the Fenian dynamiters were sentenced to penal servitude for life in 1887. Previous to the case of MacLean there was that of William Smith O'Brien, M.P., who was tried for high treason in September, 1848, at Clonmel, in Ireland, found guilty of the charge and sentenced by the Lord Chief Justice to be hanged, afterward beheaded and then quartered. The Queen, however, commuted this terrible sentence passed upon the leader of the sanguinary encounter between the insurgents and the police, known as the Ballingarry affray, to one of penal servitude for life, and some fifteen years later he had been deported. Some eight years earlier the Chartist leader Frost was indicted for high treason, but had the capital sentence pronounced against him commuted and was afterward pardoned. Indeed, the last cases of execution for high treason were those of the so-called Cato street conspirators in the year 1820, who, it may be remembered, were arrested when about to murder the members of the Cabinet, a crime which was to be followed by the assassination of King George. They met with their death on the gallows, but were spared the ignominy of disemboweling, beheading and quartering. Nor is there any instance of these barbarous practices being resorted to in cases of high treason in Great Britain since the eighteenth century, so that there is but small prospect of the member from Galway being cut up if convicted.

That man must have been a bit of a wag who, when advertising in a matrimonial paper for "a nice young girl, of affectionate disposition, willing to make a good-looking bachelor happy," added the words "Previous experience not necessary."—Chicago Journal.

The "meenister" of a certain parish was walking one misty night through a street in the village when he fell into a deep hole on the top of the water pipes, which were being repaired.

There was no ladder by which he could make his escape, and he began to shout for help.

A laborer passing heard his cries and, looking down, asked who he was.

The minister told him, whereupon the laborer remarked:

"Weel, weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise. You'll no' be needed afore Sawbath, an' this is only Thursday nicht!"

WEALTH FOR YOU BECAUSE HEALTH FOR YOU.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

Only 50 cents for bottle and tube, and is worth—as much as your life is worth. Catarrh kills thousands through colds, bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption, and Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cures all of them when other prescriptions have failed. It will relieve colds and catarrh and cure headache in ten minutes.

FRED H. HELB, JR., the well known clerk and stiller of Railroad, York Co., Pa., states:—"I have had catarrh of the head and stomach for two years in the worst form. I tried all the medi ines I ever heard of, but without relief. I used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It cured me entirely, I am now a well man."

In thirty minutes **Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart** will add strength to that organ. Feeding the body by a full supply of blood it fills life with the old time vigor. 1

Insurance and Crime.

"There is a flavor of deviltry about insurance frauds that is peculiar, whether they are committed by insurer or insured," remarks Mr. Alexander Colin Campbell, in his new book on the above topic. And he goes on to prove his statement in four hundred pages of discussion of the ships sent down with all on board, the buildings burned, and the lives of relatives, benefactors and little children destroyed for insurance money, and the frauds practised by bogus concerns that have, in recent years and in States like Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, robbed poor people of millions of dollars, in the aggregate, by wild-cat insurance schemes. Mr. Campbell makes it clear that he is not attacking insurance itself, in which he firmly believes; but he is trying to rid it of its evil accompaniments. His is the first book on this topic, and it displays thoroughness, breadth and scholarly style in a remarkable degree. Many of the chapters read like a romance.

He says, by way of introduction:

"Here we have a fearful vista of evil opened to our sight. And, as we go on with our investigation, we shall find that occurring which we might expect. We shall find that not merely has insurance provoked people to fraud, forgery and misrepresentation and to conspiracies to carry on all these, but it has made barratry a trade, arson a business and murder a fine art; that there is hardly a crime in the calendar of which it has not been the prolific mother and the assiduous and successful nurse.

"But even this is not all. As frauds committed by the insurer are the worst possible frauds, so are crimes committed by the insured the worst possible crimes. Some of these crimes have become notorious throughout the world, and the perpetrators of them have attained the topmost height of that bad eminence upon which the world pillories the memory of the worst criminals of our race. In these more brutal acts of villainy, the treachery which gives to frauds committed by insurance companies and their employees so bad a character is to be traced. They indicate, moreover, the poisoning of the most sacred relations that exist between members of society. In thousands of cases the employer has sent his workmen to death in order to make sordid gain through an insurance contract. In thousands of cases the master of a ship, the man to whom the crew looked for guidance through the dangers of the deep, has given over all or part of his crew to Davy Jones that an insurance fraud might fructify in gold for himself and his accomplices. The cup has been poisoned, again and again, by wife or child, so that the corpse of the husband or father might be presented to the insurance company as a voucher for the payment of money. Worse than that, if worse be possible, the golden bribe of insurance has caused the natural guardians of children to neglect their care; it has even caused the mother to smother the babe at her breast. There is no relation known in our social life too sacred to have been poisoned by insurance, and made the means of crimes so revolting that nothing but the hope of preventing, to some extent, their recurrence can so far overcome our horror and loathing as to enable us to contemplate them."

It is certainly a fearful panorama that is given in the succeeding chapters devoted to the crimes committed for insurance money and the gigantic frauds committed by dishonest insurance concerns. But no radical remedial legislation is proposed. Mr. Campbell would enforce the simple law that the insurance beneficiary must show an "insurable interest" in the person or object insured, and would leave the rest to an enlightened public sentiment.

New Limbs For Old Ones.

It might reasonably have been supposed that artificial limbs, like the bicycle and the telephone, were refinements of modern civilization. As a matter of fact, however, they illustrate the truth of the wise man's saying that "there is nothing new under the sun." The College of Surgeons owns among its curios the skeleton of a man with a wooden (or rather bronze-cum-wooden) leg. It was found in a tomb at Capua, the contents of which were known to date back to 300 B.C. Coming to a somewhat later date, Pliny tells us that Marcus Sergius, Consul of Rome in 167 B.C., lost his right hand in his second campaign, besides receiving over a score of other wounds. Under such circumstances most men would have had enough of fighting. Not so the gallant Sergius. After taking part in four more battles single-handed (in a literal sense), he had an artificial hand made for him, and, thus repaired, fought with undiminished valor and success throughout the Second Punic War.

Passing to more modern times, the "iron hand" worn by Gotz von Berlichingen, one of the robber knights of the sixteenth century, may still be seen by the curious at Jagstfield. It was so contrived as to grip sword or lance with equal facility, which in those days was no doubt the first consideration, though its weight (over three pounds), must have made it a trifle unwieldy for more peaceful purposes.

These, however, are isolated instances, and from Gotz's time artificial limbs seem to have been neglected for about three centuries. Nelson lived for eight years after he lost his arm at Santa Cruz; but no attempt was made to replace it, and for the rest of his days he wore an empty coat-sleeve. About the beginning of the last century, however, Baillif, a mechanician of Berlin, succeeded in constructing a hand weighing only a pound or thereabouts (in itself a great advance), and capable of picking up any light object.

These matters rested till 1845, which may be regarded as the real starting-point of the limb-making industry. In that year a celebrated French tenor, M. Roger, had the misfortune to lose his right arm. At first it appeared as if his artistic career was at an end; but an ingenious Prussian mechanician, Herr Petersen, constructed for him an arm with which he was able not only to use appropriate gesture in his performances, but to draw and wield a sword, use a pen and pick up a piece of paper. The French Academy of Sciences appointed a committee to report on the achievement, and since that date the art of artificial limb-making has made rapid strides.—"Chambers' Journal."

"You sell ladies' hats here?" b[illegible] the sour-looking man. "Certainly," replied the milliner, repressing a smile. "You want to buy one for your wife?" "No, I don't, but it looks as if I'd have to."—Philadelphia "Press."

PROTECT YOURSELF

FROM THE SEVERE FROST WITH A

CHAMOIS VEST

We have them to fit Men, Ladies and Children, and at very reasonable prices

—AT—

CanadaDrug & Book Co

MARRIED

FRASER-STEVENSON.—At Revelstoke, B.C., on Wednesday, March 18th, at the residence of Mr. E. Bongard, by the Rev. C. Ladner, John Fraser, C. P.R. bridge foreman, to Catherine Stevenson, both of Revelstoke.

NOTES OF NEWS

—For first class millinery try Reid & Young's.

J. Graham came in from Field Monday evening.

Geo. Beavo left Wednesday morning for Spokane.

Mayor O'Brien took a run up to Vernon on business this week.

Post Office Inspector Dorman, of Vancouver, spent Tuesday in the city.

—All the latest Paris and New York designs in hats at Reid & Young's millinery parlors.

E. C. Fromey has the contract for the construction of the bake oven for Albert Bennison, and is now engaged on the work.

James Mathie, who had two ribs broken at the wreck on the Arrowhead branch a couple of weeks ago, is around again and improving rapidly.

WATCH FOUND.—The owner can have the same by applying to the Chief of Police, proving property and paying for this advt.

On the evening of Easter Monday, April 14th, Prof. Hepburn will hold a public assembly in the Opera House, further particulars of which will be announced later.

NOTICE.

Dining room girl wanted at once. Reference. Apply at the HERALD office.

E. A. Bradley, manager of the Duquesne Mining Co., left on Friday last on a visit to the Company's property at Smith Creek. Mr. Bradley is expected back about the 1st of the month.

A grand ball under the patronage of the Most Worshipful Grand Master E. E. Chipman, will be held by Kootenay Lodge No. 15, A. F. & A. M., and Revelstoke R. A. Chapter 128, on April 17th.

A meeting of the Lord's Day Alliance will be held in the vestry of the Methodist church on Tuesday evening next the 24th inst., at 8 o'clock. All interested in the work of the Alliance are requested to attend.

You can join Prof. Hepburn's class at any time, without the slightest interference of the advancement of anyone. Railroad men can get a lesson during the day by calling on Mr. Hepburn at the City hotel.

James Minnotte, an Italian settler on the banks of the Illecillewaet river, met with a serious loss on Monday when his residence and household effects, stables and outbuildings were completely destroyed by fire.

—A very popular line for this season for the ladies are the fancy Snowflake effects in Tweeds, of which we show an immense variety of designs and shades. Cressman, the Art Tailor.

The Chinaman who was sent up to the Kamloops jail to await trial for a murderous assault on a Chinaman at Clan William about a month ago has been removed to the asylum at New Westminster, he having been adjudged insane by the authorities at Kamloops.

—Clothes are more likely to make the woman when a man makes the clothes. We have the largest and most select stock of Box cloths, Meltons, Cheviots, Homespuns and Rainproof goods in choice effects. We guarantee the nobbiest ladies suits in the city. Cressman, the Art Tailor.

McPhee's Big Company played to big houses in the Mayville opera last Friday and Saturday evenings and at the Saturday matinee. They gave general satisfaction and pleased their audiences. McPhee's is one of the best shows of the kind on the road.—Tribune Mayville, N. D. The McPhee Co. will appear in the opera house Revelstoke, March 28th, 30th.

Miss Riddell, late of Toledo, Ohio, arrived in the city on Sunday night and has taken charge of Reid & Young's millinery department. Miss Riddell comes well recommended from the best houses in the east as a first class milliner. In Chicago recently Miss Riddell received a first prize and diploma as a designer in hats, in which there were ten contestants.

Dr. Cross went south to Fire Valley this morning.

Geo. S. McCarter and A. E. Kincaid are expected home on Saturday from the east.

An entirely new line of mens dress shirts, colors and white. C. B. Hume & Co.

A line of toilet soap 25 cents per doz. in grocery department. C. B. Hume & Co.

N. Brown, of Seattle, and cousin of W. B. Pool, is in the city and registered at the Victoria.

C. B. Hume & Co. have a line of canned Bloaters (Fish), worth 25 cents to be sold on Friday at 17 cents.

—Two millinery apprentices wanted at once at Reid & Young's.

Miss McRae came in on Monday evening from Glengarry, Ont., on a visit to her brother, Postmaster McRae of this city.

Jerry Nagle and E. C. Fromey left by No. 2 this morning with snow shoes, toboggan, etc. Mr. Nagle will return in about 10 days.

Eight hour day for carpenters in Vancouver after April 1st. The contractors have agreed to the demands of the union.

A meeting of the Ping Pongers will be held in No. 2 fire hall Saturday evening at 9 o'clock, for the purpose of making arrangements for the proposed tournament.

—Two millinery apprentices wanted at once at Reid & Young's.

Lorenzo Latremouille, a C. P. R. brakesman, was slightly squeezed between two cars at Laggan on Monday. He is now at Banff and it is expected will soon be about again.

There has been an epidemic of la grippe in the city for the past month. Very few of the citizens of the town have escaped the clutches of the Russian plague.

Within the past year there has been staked and licenses issued for about from 200 to 500 square miles of timber in the Revelstoke riding of west Kootenay.

Dr. Geo. Thomas, acting provincial constable, returned on Sunday morning from the coast after delivering J. Grammason, the insane man at the New Westminster asylum.

One page in this issue of the HERALD is used almost exclusively for timber advertisements. Even the timber men know the value of the HERALD as an advertising medium.

There is a scarcity of men for the lumber camps and mills. Hundreds of men will be employed this year in and around Revelstoke in the lumber business.

Watch for further announcements next week regarding the Birthday Social which is being got up under the auspices of the Methodist church Ladies Aid.

Thos. Irwin who has been employed in the Fred Robinson Co's mills met with a nasty accident yesterday by being struck on the top of his head with a block, causing a nasty wound.

Miss Gunn and Miss Ward, dressmaker and milliner, respectively, for Messrs. C. B. Hume & Co., Limited, arrived this week and are now prepared to attend to the wants of the many patrons of this enterprising firm.

—Cressman, the Tailor, is making the nobbiest suits and overcoats to be had anywhere. His stock of clothes is always up to date and the style and fit of his tailoring is the delight of the wearer. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

The Liberals of Vancouver at a meeting held in that city on Monday voted for another convention of the Liberals of the Province. Joe Martin made one of his strongest speeches against the motion. The vote stood 17 to 50 for a convention thus throwing Martin down, as the leadership of the Liberal party in the Province was the point of discussion.

SENEGA

FOR A COUGH

Gives instant relief.

If you are desirous of breaking up a Cold you should try a Bottle of Senega.

IT WILL CURE A BAD COLD

25c. and 50c. per Bottle

PREPARED ONLY BY

Walter Bews, Phm. B. Phone—48.
Druggist and Stationer. Next Mume Block

Gus Hedstrom returned on Tuesday from the Big Bend where he has been for the past month assisting T. J. Graham in cruising timber for the Arrowhead Lumber Co.

A. E. Kinman and Chas. Richards returned on Saturday from the Lardeau-Duncan where they succeeded in getting about 60 square miles of timber for W. Cowan.

—Just received a handsome spring stock of ladies' dress goods at Reid & Young's.

J. C. Montgomery returned on Sunday from Halcyon Hot Springs after a three weeks stay for the benefit of his health, having been a sufferer from rheumatism.

The young son of Locomotive Foreman Roberts died on Wednesday morning of scarlet fever. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts will have the sympathy of the community in their sad bereavement.

The Revelstoke Lumber Co. have just about completed the improvements to their mill at the Big Eddy, which will insure a bigger cut and in a position to handle the output more expeditiously. The mill will run about the 1st of April.

W. R. Reid, of the firm of Reid & Young, returned from a business trip to the east by Sunday night's train. Mr. Reid visited the markets in Toronto and Montreal and made the spring and summer purchases for the firm.

It is now nearly two weeks since the s. s. Archer has reached Arrowhead. The cause is the ice which has formed to a great thickness on the Arm. Efforts are being made daily by the little steamer and it is expected she will be able to break through by the end of the week.

Brakeman Killed at Greenwood

Greenwood, B. C., March 16.—A young man named Harry Bell, about 22 years of age, met his death at the Fisherman creek siding, between Eholt and Grand Forks, on the Columbia and Western railway, Thursday. He was head brakeman on one of the ore trains running between Phoenix and the Granby company's smelter at Grand Forks, and was riding on the running board of the engine of his train when the engine was slowing down to back into a switch to allow the westbound passenger train to pass. The unfortunate man jumped off too soon and was caught by the arm of the switch apparatus, breaking his back and three of his ribs and cutting and bruising him in numerous places besides. The first injury was fatal for he died on the passenger train, which came along just after the accident, before it reached Greenwood. He was a steady industrious young man and his untimely death is much deplored.

A Sad Bereavement

Two children of Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Hammel died of scarlet fever on Thursday. A girl of eight and a boy of four years. The former had been attending school at Comaplix until within two days of her death, so the fever was evidently of a most malignant type.

Mr. Hammel owns a ranch on the Camborne-Comaplix road, and almost everyone who had occasion to journey between the two places will recall the bright eyed handsome little girl who had a merry greeting for all.

Much sympathy is expressed among the wide circle of friends and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Hammel for the sad loss of their two bright children.—Camborne Miner.

Burned to Death

Winnipeg, March 16.—News of a terrible tragedy comes from Hnausa, the Icelandic settlement on Lake Winnipeg, some forty miles north of Selkirk. On Saturday night the residence of Steffin Oddlifsson, caught fire while the occupants were asleep. Oddlifsson, escaped, but returned to rescue two smaller children and all three were burned to death, nothing but the charred bones remaing the next morning. The wife is crazed with grief. Deceased was one of the most highly respected Icelanders in the district.

Prof. Hepburn's Dancing Class.

Although dancing is the chief element of instruction in this class, physical education forms an important part of each lesson. The exercises, being formulated from a careful study of anatomy and physiology, never exceed the limits of natural capacity of the joints and muscles; in this regard, superseding many of the old-fashioned and more rigid systems still adopted. They are, therefore, especially suitable for ladies and children of all ages and constitutions.

For Sale.

A Gramophone in first class order, with 32 records, all up to date. $21 buys the lot, a bargain. Apply at HERALD office.

Slaughter Sale

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF

GROCERIES

TO BE SOLD FOR CASH

AT ACTUAL COST PRICES

25 per Cent Off for Cash on all Dry Goods

THESE ARE GENUINE OFFERS

AS WE ARE GOING OUT OF THESE LINES

Taylor Bros. & George,

LIMITED.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Reply to "A Parent."

To the Editor of the HERALD:

SIR,—In the last number of your paper appears a maudlin article under the anonymous signature, "A Parent," denominated "The Dancing School." Now, Mr. Editor, I should refrain from replying to such sanctimonious twaddle and treat the hysterical remarks with that silent contempt which they deserve, were it not that the honor and integrity of the kind and courteous trustees of the Revelstoke Public School are involved.

The people of Revelstoke are to be congratulated on having such broad minded and liberal gentlemen as trustees. A liberal education in the broadest sense, is a harmonious development of the physical and mental powers. The body needs culture and development as well as the mind. Physical strength, grace and beauty are inestimable characteristics. These, with elegance of carriage and deportment, are produced and strengthened by dancing, "Nothing renders the human frame divine," more graceful What culture is to the mind, grace is to the body. This science with amusement produces health and beauty. The true teacher trains the body as well as the mind and has profound reverence for that ancient addage:—"Mens sana insana Corpore."

From time immemorial we find it recorded that dancing has been a favorite form of social amusement. Men and women have indulged in it as an innocent recreation: It was not confined to any one class of society. It has had such able and wise defenders as Socrates, Cato, etc. Even Martin Luther showed that he knew something more than his prayers when he said: "The best pastime and exercise are music and dancing; the former dispelling mental care and melancholy, the latef producing elasticity of body and preserving of health."

But like many other good things it has at times met opposition; however, its opponents are few and belong to that class of people who oppose everything that makes life cheerful.

The writer says: "I am informed .....that if their mothers wished them to attend his class they should absent themselves from school." Who was the informant? They say? I have always understood that evidence was founded upon knowledge and not upon hearsay. I emphatically deny having made such an assertion. My classes are held at such a convenient hour that reprehensible advice and conduct of this kind are unnecessary, hence the senselessness and absurdity of such a vulgar charge.

I did not even mention dancing. The particular phrase used in the general announcement was, "School of social refinement, deportment and etiquette," moreover, I even advised the children not to come to my preliminary lecture unless they received the sanction and permission of their mothers—(208 were present).

In conclusion I may say, on mature consideration, scarce anyone will differ from Athenæus when he says:—"Dancing is a thing becoming people of honor and wisdom, and by all nations practised and deservedly admired." In the future I shall pay no attention to this thoughtless traducer of innocent amusements and Revelstokians, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," unless he comes out of grass and reveals his true form and vinaire.

PROF. L. A. HEPBURN.

Laggan Laconics.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Robt. E. Campbell is again in Laggan and will put up sixty tons of ice at Lake Louise Chalet.

A pleasant social gathering took place at the C. P. R. boarding house on Friday evening the 6th inst. Dancing and games were participated in and a pleasant evening was spent.

Rumor hath it that Laggan is to have a hotel in the near future. Frank Field, of Field, has, it is understood, secured a building site and will shortly begin the erection of a hotel building. This is but one of several indications that herald a boom for Laggan.

Field is much elated over the victory scored by the hockey team of that ambitious burg over the cracks of Banff. The Banff boys thought they were "some punkins" too, until the husky Fieldians swept the ice with them. Laggan takes it all very quietly knowing well that in a short time we will have a team that will lay either Banff or Field out colder than liquid air.

This is certainly a record breaking March. After snowing five days without a break the mercury crawled down the tube until forty-two degrees below was registered on Thursday night. Friday night went five better and we had forty-seven degrees below. Not very balmy, but we are living in hopes that it is the last dying snarl of winter.

Miss S. Jackson was visiting friends at Banff and Anthracite this week.

Mr. J. Pearce, architect in charge of the works at Lake Louise, was here on Friday.

Jas. McLean of Revelstoke, has the contract for plastering the new building at Lake Louise and the work is progressing rapidly under his management.

Duncan McDonald, foreman for Vanstone & Co, Victoria, is putting in hot water heaters at the new Chalet Lake Louise.

Mrs. Russell has returned from the Banff hospital quite recovered in health.

W. H. Cleater, with a competent crew of plumbers, is doing the extensive plumbing required by the remodelling of the Chalet at Lake Louise. Mr. Cleater is manager for Brown & Co., Vancouver.

March 14th.

After Four Years.

The original Andrew McPhee Big Co., consisting of twenty-five people, two special cars, a magnificent band and orchestra, will return to Revelstoke, after a four year's tour of the United States, opening a two nights and Saturday matinee engagement, at the Revelstoke Opera House, commencing Saturday, March 28th, at 2 p.m., with the grand masterpiece, "Little Lord Fauntleroy;" Saturday night the beautiful drama, "Only a Farmer's Daughter;" Monday night, March 30th, the distinguished melodrama, "The Two Orphans," using all special scenery, and mechanical stage effects, elaborate wardrobes, rich stage settings. No waits, new and novel specialties introduced between each act, change of specialties nightly. This company is under the personal direction of Mr. Andrew McPhee himself. Watch for our big daily band parade, see Mille La Tena the world's champion lady drum major ahead of our parade daily. Reserved seats now on sale at Canada Drug and Book store. Prices—evening—Reserved 75c. admission 50c., children 25c. Matinee—Adults to any seat 25c., children 15c. Box seats, 75c.

St. Patrick's Concert

The St. Patrick's concert on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid of the Catholic Church, was most successful in every respect. Each number on the programme was well received, particularly the drill by the "Daughters of Erin," which was cleverly executed and showed careful training on the part of their instructor, a hearty encore was given being gracefully responded to by the young ladies. Refreshments were served after the concert to which full justice was done by the large gathering. The following was the programme:

Quartette.....'Oft in the Stilly Night,'
Mesdames Lawrence and Dent, Messrs Taylor and Allum.
Song....'The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall,'
Mr. J. Taylor.
Recitation.....'Kathleen's Troubles,'
Mrs. Hutchison.
Song.....'Connemara,'
Mrs. Dent.
Duet.....'Believe Me if all those Endearing Young Charms,'
Mrs. Wilkes and Mr. Taylor.
Song.....'The Minstrel Boy,'
Mr. Allum.
Trio—Selected.....Mesdames Dent, Lawrence and Wilkes.
Song.....'Come Back to Erin,'
Mrs. Wilkes.
Comic Song.....'One of the Old Brigade,'
Mr. Wilkes.
Drill .....By Daughters of Erin
Chorus..'Let Erin Remember the Day of Old,' 'God Save the King,'
Accompanist.....Miss Hall

OUR SPRING **"GO-CARTS"** HAVE ARRIVED

We are ready now to supply you with handsome "GO-CARTS." We have them in all sizes, colors and shapes. Come in and see for yourselves.

FURNITURE THAT FURNISHES

If you want anything in the way of Furniture you can be supplied here. The following lines are worthy of consideration:

CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, BEDROOM SUITES, &c., &c.

R. Howson & Co. Furniture Dealers, Etc

Undertaking, Embalming, Etc. Mackenzie Avenue.

SIBBALD & FIELD,

AGENTS FOR

Real Estate C. P. R. TOWNSITE, MARA TOWNSITE, GERRARD TOWNSITE, CAMBORNE TOWNSITE,

FINANCIAL— Canada Permanent & Western Canada Mortgage Corporation, Colonial Investment and Loan Company.

Insurance Sun Fire, Caledonian Fire, Atlas Fire, Canadian Fire, Mercantile Fire, Northern Fire, Guardian Fire, Manchester Fire, Great West Life, Ocean, Accident and Guarantee, Confederation Life, Canadian Accident Assurance Co, Connecticut Fire

COAL FOR SALE. HOUSES FOR SALE AND RENT. CONVEYANCING.

J. D. SIBBALD, Notary Public. CHAS. M. FIELD.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Daily **Stage**

TO CAMBORNE AND GOLDFIELDS FROM BEATON

Shortest and Most Direct Route to the Fish River Gold Camps.

Daily Stage leaves Beaton for Gold Camps on arrival of Boats at 12 o'clock noon, arriving at destination that same afternoon.

Stables supplied with Single, Double, Saddle and Pack Horses and Freight Teams for any part of the District.

ANDREW M. CRAIG, - Proprietor.

I HAVE IT!

The largest stock of the latest WATCHES, CLOCKS, RINGS, SILVER WARE, CUT GLASS, FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, Etc. My many years' experience enables me to buy goods at the right prices, enabling me to sell to the public at reasonable prices.

J. GUY BARBER.
WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SUITS FOR BOYS AT HALF PRICE

$7 Suits for $3.50. $5 Suits for $2.50.
$3.50 Suits for $1.75. $2.50 Suits for $1.25.

$4 50 Frieze Overcoats for $2 25

EDWARD J. BOURNE,

Revelstoke Station. Bourne Bros.' Old Stand.

Ralph Smith

OTTAWA, March 18.—The opinion in political circles here is that Ralph Smith, M.P., of Nanaimo, will go into provincial politics to lead the Liberal party of British Columbia. He will have the support of Senator Templeman and other members of the Cabinet, including the Premier. It is declared that Liberals and labor men alike will support him in the Pacific province.

Hepburn's Dancing School.

POLITE ART DANCING.

Juveniles are instructed in Society Dancing and Deportment, how to sit, stand, walk, to present hands, bow, curtsey and conduct themselves properly. Parents will confer a favor by being present as often as possible. Lessons—Juveniles every Tuesday and Friday from 4:15 to 6 p. m. Twelve lessons—$5. For further information call at the hall.

Notice to Creditors.

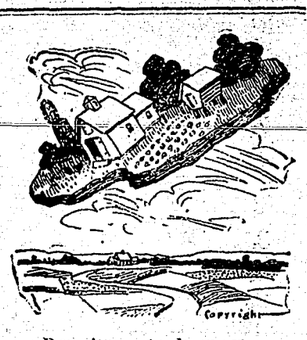
Notice is hereby given that William Morris and Thomas Steed, of Revelstoke, B. C., carrying on business as Morris & Steed, General Merchants, have by deed bearing date the 5th day of March, A.D., 1903, assigned all their personal property, real estate, credits and effects which may be seized and sold under execution to Henry Cooke, of Revelstoke, B. C., Bookkeeper, in trust for the general benefit of their creditors, and the said Assignee has assented thereto.

A meeting of the creditors of the said firm will be held at the office of Harvey, McCarter and Pinkham, Revelstoke, B. C., on Monday afternoon the 23rd day of March, A. D., 1903, at the hour of four o'clock.

All creditors are required to file with Henry Cooke, the Assignee, Revelstoke, B. C., full particulars of their claims, and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them. And notice is hereby given that after the 20th day of April, 1903, the Assignee will proceed to distribute the assets among the creditors, of whose debts or claims he shall have received notice, and that he will not be responsible for the assets, or any part thereof, so distributed to any creditor of whose debt or claim he shall not then have received notice.

Dated this 6th day of March, A. D., 1903.

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Solicitors for the Assignee.



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