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AND

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Conservative Government Premier Chief Commissioner

Hon. Richard McBride Has Declared for Party Lines With Approval of Legislature.—Estimates Being Revised by Committee of Five Members from Each Side.—Division Carried by Thirty to Four.—Premier Sworn in as Chief Commissioner and Hon. R. G. Tatlow, Temporarily as President of the Council.—Slate of the New Cabinet.

Premier's Office, Victoria, June 2, 1903.

HON. R. G. TATLOW, PRESIDENT EXECUTIVE COUNCIL, VICTORIA.

DEAR CAPTAIN TATLOW.—As under the circumstances it is impossible for me to make an official statement in the House, I am handing you this letter that you may read it for the purpose of acquainting the members of the Legislature of the position of affairs.

After most careful consideration and in view of the anticipated dissolution of Parliament, I have fully decided that the interests of the country would best be served by a division on party lines. Personally I have always favored this course, and I feel sure that the electorate as a whole is desirous that local affairs in the province should be so administered.

The government to be formed will be Conservative in character, and after dissolution it is the intention to make an appeal to the country at the earliest possible moment. In the preparation of the voters' list and in all other matters pertaining to the forthcoming elections, everything will be done to permit of public opinion having the fullest and fairest expression at the polls.

Had Parliament continued to the expiry of its legal existence, a composite government would have been formed, and I cannot allow this occasion to pass without placing on record my appreciation of the valued co-operation of the Liberals who were my colleagues in the opposition ranks. They are entitled to, and have, my warmest thanks; and under other circumstances than those to which I have alluded, I should have had much pleasure in recognizing their services by a proportion of seats in the Cabinet.

(SIGNED) RICHARD MCBRIDE, PREMIER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

VICTORIA, June 3.—The hopes of those who expected that Hon. Richard McBride would form a coalition cabinet have been blasted at the outset. The new Premier who, by virtue of his accession to office, cannot sit in the House until re-elected has made a clear cut statement of his position. Hon. R. G. Tatlow, who in the interim fills the position of President of the Council, acts for Mr. McBride in the House and made public the statement sent herewith.

When the House was called to order Tuesday afternoon, Hon. R. G. Tatlow, introduced the following motion:

"That in order to facilitate a speedy agreement upon the estimates, it is hereby resolved that the following be a committee to revise the same:—Messrs. Semlin, Fulton, Kidd, Paterson, Tatlow, McInnes, Hall, Clifford, Houston and Ellison."

This was objected to by Joseph Martin, Gilmour and others but was finally passed by the substantial majority of 30 for and 4 against. The dissentients were Martin, Gilmour, Rogers and Neill.

Mr. McBride has all along been acting with the full concurrence of Charles Wilson, K.C., the Conservative leader, and the latter will be included in the cabinet which will be formed immediately after dissolution. It is not expected that any further ministers will be selected during tde few days that will elapse before the Hou e rises. The Conservatives are staying loyally with the new Premier and harmony has been restored in the Legislature.

I have, from a very reliable source, the following slate of who will form the new cabinet and it is probably a close estimate.

Premier and Chief Commissioner—Hon. Richard McBride.

Minister of Finance—Hon. R. G. Tatlow.

Minister of Mines—Hon. Robert F. Green.

Provincial Secretary—Hon. F. J. Fulton.

Attorney-General — Hon. Charles Wilson K. C.

President of the Council—Hon. A. E. McPhillips.

The appointments of Hon. Richard McBride as Chief Commissioner and Hon. R. G. Tatlow as President of the Council were published in a "Gazette" extra late yesterday.

Hon. Richard McBride is the first native son of British Columbia to ascend to the high position of Premier of the Province. He was also the first to attain to cabinet rank when on June 21st, 1900, he accepted the portfolio of Minister of Mines, resigning it on Sept. 3, 1901, when Dunsmuir's alliance with Martinism was made known by his taking J. C. Brown into the cabinet. Mr. McBride thereupon became the leader of the Opposition and succeeded in securing the defeat of Mr. Brown.

Mr. McBride was born in New Westminster on December 15th, 1870, and educated at Lorne College, Sapperton, the local public schools and Dalhousie University, Halifax, N. S., taking his degree as Bachelor of Laws in 1890. He headed his class in Equity the year he graduated. He was articled to the late Chief Justice McColl as a law student and was called to the bar in the spring of 1892, since which time he has practised law in his native city. He married on Sept. 23rd, 1896, Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Neil McGillivray of New Westminster and has a family of three daughters. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church.

He unsuccessfully contested the Dominion seat of New Westminster at the Federal elections in 1896, being called out at the last minute and made a record two weeks campaign, covering the whole district and averaging two meetings a day. He entered provincial politics as member for Dewdney at the general elections of 1898 which seat he has since retained. In politics he is a Conservative, and as such was elected in 1900, defeating his opponent Charles Whethan by 338 to 285.

Hon. Robt. Garnett Tatlow was born in County Cavan, Ireland, in the year 1855 and was educated at Cheltenham, Eng. He came to Canada a lad of 17 and has been in B. C. 24 years. He located in Vancouver late in the eighties and was an unsuccessful candidate at the Provincial elections in 1891. He is connected with several financial organizations and has large mining interests. He was elected as a Conservative in 1900 when he headed the poll in a contest involving 4 Conservatives, 4 Martinites, 2 Labour and 1 Socialist. Capt. Tatlow has taken great interest in Vancouver's splendid park, named after Governor-General Lord Stanley of Preston, and has been chairman of the Park commissioners for eight years. He is a staunch Conservative and was one of the stalwarts elected in 1900, the other s being Premier McBride, J. F. Garden and Thos. Taylor of Revelstoke. Capt. Tatlow married some years ago, the daughter of Harry Abbott, then general superintendent of the C.P.R. at Vancouver, and a member of the Church of England.

FRENCH CREEK OPERATIONS

A Big Syndicate Acquires French Creek Through E. A. Bradley—Paying Proposition in Ninety Days.

The recent visit of Mr. E. A. Bradley to the eastern states resulted in very important developments in the mining history of the Big Bend. As a result of his trip he has acquired for a syndicate of Eastern capitalists practically the whole placer grounds on French creek. The company which is being formed will be a close corporation and no stock will be placed on the market.

One of the claims acquired, the Consolation, was well known in the early history of the creek, and even with the surface scratching of the old time miners produced an enormous amount of gold. Mr. Bradley, before making the purchase, extensively prospected the properties just acquired, and figures on having the claims on a paying basis within the next ninety days. He left on Tuesday morning with five or six tons of supplies and a party of men to engage in the preliminary work, and the force will be largely increased as soon as the properties are opened up. He was lucky in securing, as foreman, Mr. John Sweeny who has been identified with the district in question for over twelve years.

The property will be mined by the drifting process, and the previous results in coarse gold, which were inspected at the time by a representative of the HERALD, warrant the supposition that not only will Mr. Bradley's hope of quick returns prove justified but the properties in question develop into large dividend payers. Mr. Bradley has, more than any man in the province, shown faith in placer possibilities in the Big Bend and deserves the success in his ventures which we are assured awaits him.

Since the above was written the unfortunate stoppage of navigation occurred and Mr. Bradley has been compelled to postpone his trip until the Revelstoke can get through the canyon.

CONSERVATIVES !

All members of the Committee appointed on 28th May are requested to attend meeting

FRIDAY EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK,

at LeMaistre and Scott's office, to arrange for fulfillment of its duties.

J. THEO. WILSON,
Chairman.

H. A. Brown is asking for recruits for the local company of the Rocky Mountain Rangers. Applications to join can be made at Roy Smythe's store.

AMERICAN CAPITALISTS

Are Investing in the Fish River camp—W. B. Pool Returns and Work Will Proceed on Some New Properties

W. B. Pool returned yesterday morning from a month's visit to San Francisco and other cities in the Southern States. Mr. Pool states that there is big interest being taken in the Fish River free gold camp, and that camp is well known on thesound. The HERALD'S recent articles on the mines of Fish River having a wide circulation, occupying prominence in all the leading papers in the South and West. Mr. Pool was accompanied by W. Bland, a well known capitalist of Whatcom, and who has large interests in the Mount Baker district. Mr. Bland will visit the Fish River and Lardeau districts before returning. Mr. Bland in conversation with the HERALD yesterday stated that he had heard a great deal of the free milling gold of the Fish River, and has kept in close touch with the news of the camp and decided to come here and investigate from personal observation. Mr. Pool states that he had a most successful trip from a mining standpoint and with the faith which his former successes in mining has given him he returns assured that there is no richer or better camp on the continent than the one in which he and his associates are so largely interested. In connection with the new properties, three groups in the Beatrice basin and adjoining the Silver Dollar on Mohawk Creek, Mr. Pool intends pushing development as soon as the work can be laid out.

—Go to C. B. Hume & Co. for ready mixed paints, cold water paints, varnishes and japans, muralo wall finish, paint and kalsomine brushes.

REVELSTOKE ORGANIZED

Local Branch of the Provincial Mining Association Successfully Launched—Officers and Executive Elected.

The meeting to organize a local branch of the Provincial Mining Association held in the City Hall on Monday evening was well attended. Mr. W. M. Brown, the local member of the central executive, was voted to the chair and stated he had called the meeting at the request of the provincial executive who wished all districts organized at an early date. The election of officers was then proceeded with and resulted as follows, Mr. J. Theo Wilson acting as secretary to the meeting.

President—H. A. Brown.
1st Vice President—W. M. Brown.
2nd " " —F. B. Wells.
Secretary—James I. Woodrow.
Treasurer—A. Johnson.

Executive Committee—J. M. Scott, W. F. Ogilvie, G. S. McCarter, A. E. Kincaid, E. A. Haggen and Ed. Adair.

The vote for Treasurer was a tie between Messrs. LeMaistre and Johnson, and was finally decided by a novel casting vote and show of hands. All officers are ex-officio members of the executive.

Moved J. Theo Wilson; seconded, J. D. Sibbald and carried that the preparation of by-laws and rules to govern the association be left in the hands of the executive.

Mr. W. M. Brown was elected unanimously as the member in the central finance committee representing the Revelstoke branch.

A letter from A. L. Belyea, secretary of the Provincial Association, was read to the meeting and, excepting as to the appointment of a member of the financial committee, referred to the executive.

A petition urging consideration of the Association's amendments to the mining laws by the government was, on motion of Messrs. W. M. Brown and Woodrow, laid on the table.

It was decided on motion of Messrs. LeMaistre and Woodrow to leave the obtaining of a permanent meeting place in the hands of the executive. All letters and documents regarding the association were ordered placed in the hands of the secretary for attention by the executive. The meeting then adjourned to meet at the call of the President.

Conservative Meeting.

The meeting of the Revelstoke Liberal-Conservative Association, held in the Opera House last Thursday evening, was well attended and a large amount of business was transacted. The President, Mr. J. M. Scott, occupied the chair and Mr. J. A. Kirk filled his usual position as secretary. In view of the coming provincial campaign steps were taken towards securing the success of the party in Revelstoke riding and all present felt satisfied with the outlook should an election on party lines be decided upon. The President, on opening the meeting, made a short but pithy address and was followed by Mr. J. Theo. Wilson, who gave a number of hints as to successful organization. Other speakers also made inspiring addresses and a large committee was formed to do necessary work for the party. As soon as anything of interest transpires the chairman was instructed to call another meeting.

Bourne Bros.

Ready Mixed Paints. | Try Our Dry Paints.

Boiled Linseed Oil
Raw Linseed Oil
Neatsfoot Oil
Turpentine
White Lead
Yellow Ochre

BOURNE BROS. Mackenzie Avenue . . .

SEASONABLE GOODS AT BARGAIN PRICES

DON'T MISS THE SNAPS.

Dress Goods
200 yards plain cloths, regular $1 per yard, now 75c.
Five piece all-wool serge at 35c.
Two piece all wool serge at 30c.
Three piece small checks, regular 35c., now 25c.
Navy Blue Serge, Black Cashmere, Lustres, Canvas Cloths, Zebelines, and all lines of dress goods at bargain prices.
Zephyr Ginghams, Chambrays in checks, stripes and plain grounds.—12½, 15c. and 18c. per yard.
Muslins and Organdies in all the new shades at 10c., 15c., 20c. and 25c per yard.

Wash Skirts and Blouses
In Duck, Pique, Crashes, White and colored Lawns. These are all new goods. We have a good large range to select from.

Wash Silk Blouses
At $3, $3.50, and $5 each.

Ladies' Costumes
Ladies' Ready-to-wear Costumes, not large stock, but new and nobby styles.

Children's Dresses
Children's made up dresses, Navy Blue Prints and ducks Dot Muslins, Piques, Organdies, Drills, etc.

Prints and Sateens
A line of Stripe and check prints at 6c.

White Cottons
White, 36 inches, Twilled, Lonsdale Cambric etc.
36 inch White Cotton at 7c.

Pillow Cottons
44 inch, at 12½c per yard.

Flannelette
At five cents per yard.

Hosiery
10 dozen fast black. Two pr. for 25c.

Umbrellas
And Sunshades. Our stock was never so large, both in prices and quality as now.

Men's and Boys' Apparel
In serges, Canadian and Scotch Tweeds. Our Prices range from $8 up. Odd pants, all wool, at $1.75.
Flannel Suits and odd pants for the warm weather. Call in and see these goods.
Men's and Boys' underwear—Balbriggans, open mesh, natural wool—at $1 a suit.

Ladies' Empress Shoes
A full range of styles and prices. Prices marked on every pair by the manufacturer.

UP-TO-DATE MILLINERY.
A clearing of Ready-to-Wear Hats, Children's Muslin Bonnets and Trimmed Millinery.

REID & YOUNG, AGENTS FOR BUTTERICK PATTERNS.
MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE OUR PROMPT ATTENTION.

HYDRAULICING McCULLOUGH

Present Indications on McCullough creek very Promising—Seventy Dollars Picked up in Eight Hours.

The first report of hydraulic mining operations in the Big Bend this season was brought to the city on Friday evening by Mr. J. D. Sibbald, manager of the McCullough Creek Hydraulic Mining Company operating on the creek mentioned. The company holds five creek claims, aggregating 2¾ miles in length and has applications pending for two more when the total length will be 3¼ miles. Mr. Sibbald went up to the property about two weeks ago to commence operations for the season, taking with him a force of twelve men to instal the plant. For the present a 4 inch monitor will be used, connected with the water supply by 1250 feet of pipe line which it is believed will be placed and in operation by July 1st.

Some small amount of gravel was washed into the flume by ground sluicing for two or three days and a patch of bedrock about 15 feet square uncovered. Mr. Sibbald, with two of the men, went over this piece of bedrock and in eight hours picked up between three and four ounces of coarse gold, the total value being about $70. The largest nugget found by Mr. Sibbald weighed nearly three-quarters of an ounce and is valued at about $12.75; several other pieces ran from $3 to $7. Taking this into consideration, it is reasonable to suppose that there is about 100 oz. in the flume but this will not be known until a clean up is made. The prospects of this company are therefore very bright and the shareholders are awaiting with interest the installation of the plant. The season's operations are only in the nature of fully proving the value of the ground, and if the result is nearly as successful as present indications show large additions will be made next season. Mr. Sibbald left for the properties on Tuesday morning where he will remain until the close of work.

Counterfeits.

Howard L. Jones, Pastor of the Baptist Church of the Epiphany, New York.

Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?—John xviii., 38.

Pilate's question is the yawn of a tired agnosticism which has encountered the counterfeits of virtue until it doubts the reality of righteousness. Its conclusions mark the point where the brain grew weary of thinking about the facts of life. Though its conclusions be worthless, its facts are interesting and valuable. It is as well to realize that every virtue has its sham as it is to know that each coin of our currency has its counterfeit. But it is as foolish to doubt the genuineness of all virtue because of these shams as it would be to declare all coins worthless because of their counterfeits. Truth can only be represented. Its forms of expression are innumerable. It can be sung in a song, told in a poem, painted in a picture, represented in an act. And in just as many ways a lie can be told. Wherever there is the necessity of representation there is the possibility of misrepresentation. Nothing is gained by shutting our eyes to the fact of counterfeit virtues. They are in the world, and it is far better to know them than to ignore them. They are in the world because they are more easily acquired than the genuine. As long as it costs less to seem to be than to be the world will be cursed with counterfeit righteousness. Bluster is cheaper than bravery, talk costs less than genuine liberality or unselfishness, fake frankness is less expensive than straightforward sincerity, and modest phrases can be made of a baser metal than the fine gold of true humility. It is wisdom to recognize all this.

Nor is there anything to be gained by ignoring the danger of counterfeits. To depend upon the frankness of a friend and find that he is, after all, only a past master in the art of flattery is a threat to the peace and happiness of life. If you are in no way prepared for such shocks, before you know it you are saying, in the bitterness of some crushing disappointment, "All men are liars." Greater than the menace of being the victim of some pietistic counterfeiter is the danger of being ourselves counterfeiters. So subtle are the temptations to traffic in the nefarious business that none of us is entirely safe. It is so easy to get credit for virtue without paying the price which virtue always costs. A superficial view of life reveals how easy it is to "fool all of the people a part of the time," but a better vision assures us that the rest of Mr. Lincoln's quaint aphorism is equally true. An unctuous manner, a long face and a convenient tremolo stop to the organ of speech have been sore temptations to men in every age, and have often arrested and given ignoble satisfaction to noble ambitions.

The wisdom of admitting the fact of counterfeit virtues and recognizing the threat which this fact holds against the peace and happiness of life suggests the further wisdom of testing all virtue. The spiritual counterfeiter has some of the same limitations which circumscribe the man who deals in bad money. His profits depend upon keeping his counterfeits in circulation. He must palm them off on somebody or they are of no use to him. We do well to suspect the man who is always telling us of his virtues. If he intimates too often how frank he is, we will be on our guard to repel duplicity. If he makes a parade of his honesty, our hands will instinctively be upon our pocketbooks. A tropical luxuriousness of profession will make us suspect an arctic barrenness of practice. We will be constrained to quote Emerson's words, "What you are thunders so loud that I cannot hear what you say." We need more especially to note this sign of a counterfeit within ourselves. If we feel impelled to talk of any of our virtues we may be quite sure that they are not genuine. Genuine virtues need no advertisement. They enrich their possessor regardless of recognition. The counterfeiter must choose his opportunity for passing his bad coins. An uncertain light is to his liking. The counterfeit virtue is tendered on propitious occasions. It is dependent upon certain moods and external conditions. After-dinner charity is only a counterfeit of the genuine charity which "never faileth," which "suffereth long," which "is not impulsive, is not puffed up." Virtue which needs the environment of stained glass windows and the accompaniment of organ music is apt to be but a worthless imitation of that which can stand the sunlight and which rings true amid the confusion of the busy marts of trade.

But, after all, the infallible test of any virtue is to compare it with that which we know is genuine. God has given us a standard of comparison. Jesus of Nazareth is God's plea of genuine manhood. Pilate had the answer to his question if he could only have understood Him into whose face he looked. Jesus spoke no word in reply. There was no need of words. Jesus Himself was the answer. Here was a union of God and man, without which there can be no genuine, unalloyed righteousness. Here was One who served man, but received His reward from God. Man gave Him a cross, God gave Him His crown. "What is truth?" To dwell among men, living our lives as unto God and not unto men. This is the genuine and the true. And to know righteousness within ourselves is to recognize it in others. This is a far worthier ability than to be able to detect counterfeits. The inspiration of the genuine life is the Voice which it is possible for every one to hear within, saying "Thou art My beloved child, in whom I am well pleased."

FUN IN ADVERTISING

As Seen in the Columns of the Chinese Newspapers.

A noticeable feature of the China newspapers is the "exuberant verbosity" of their advertisements. This is due to cheap advertising rates, as well as to the flowery language of the Kingdom. All sorts of communications get into the papers, but the business system of Chinese editors is so admirable that instead of airing private and public grievances in "letters to the editor," they are inserted in the advertising columns, and thus help the editor to get an honest living.

An announcement inserted by a jilted swain whose lady-love eloped with Chou Ling, closes with these heartfelt words:

"I cannot control my wrath and bitterness. My loved one has, it is plain, been enticed away by this rascal's deceit. How, I wonder, can a mere tailor's dummy like this succeed in winning her? Surely he has not law or justice before his eyes. It is on this account that I am advertising. Should any kind-hearted gentleman give me information of her whereabouts by letter, I will reward him with $20; should he bring her back to her parents, I will joyfully give him $40. I will most certainly not eat my words. His kindness and benevolence for a myriad generations, to all eternity, shall not be forgotten."

A mother writes to a son who has run away from home:

"If you delay longer and do not return, I cannot bear it, and shall most surely seek an end to my life, and then you will stand in peril of death by thunder. I am now at my last gasp, and the family has suffered from insults most grievous. If you come, no matter how, everything is sure to be arranged. I have thought of a plan by which your father may still be kept in ignorance. My life or death hangs on the issue of these few days. Only I pray that all good people everywhere will spread this message abroad, so that the right person may hear of it. So will they lay up for themselves a boundless store of secret merit."

Another advertisement for a missing son says:

"My second son, Huai Po, a boy of tender years and no parts, was educated at home in the country, and had no knowledge of the world. Even when we came to Shanghai last year he stayed indoors learning his lessons, and never left the house until September 26, when he went out to get cool, and never returned. I ought to say that the boy was altogether unacquainted with Shanghai and the character of the people, and I presume he has been decoyed away by rascals for some bad purpose. The gold charms he wore will not, I am afraid, be sufficient for his necessities; on the contrary, he will be borrowing money or doing something of the kind. In that case I will not hold myself liable. Should any of my relatives or friends see him I earnestly hope they will command him to return at once, and so will they earn my gratitude. But I shall pay no monetary reward."

Quacks in China advertise in more beauteous language than their kind in America. One such "ad" runs:

"Our recipe has come down to us from a physician of the Ming Dynasty. A certain Mandarin was journeying in the hill country, when he saw a woman passing southward over the mountains, as though flying. In her hand she held a stick, and she was pursuing an old fellow of a hundred years. The Mandarin asked: 'Why do you beat that old an?' She answered: 'He is my grandson, for I am 500 years old, and he 114. He will not purify himself by taking his medicine, and so I am beating him.' The Mandarin alighted from his horse, and knelt down and did obeisance to her, saying: 'Give me, I pray you, this drug, that I may hand it down to posterity for the salvation of mankind.' Hence it got its name—'Fairy Receipt for Lengthening Life.' Take it for five days, and the body will feel light; take it for ten days, and your spirits will become brisk; for twenty days, and the voice will be strong and clear, and the hands and feet supple; for one year, and white hairs will become black again, and you move as though flying. Take it constantly and all troubles will vanish, and you will pass a long life without growing old. Two dollars a bottle."

Where Father and Son Go to School.

In one of the missionary schools in China, called Queen's College, the ages of the male students range from 9 to 30. Often father and son attend school together, and sometimes run a spirited race for the first place in a class. Sometimes family rivalry is productive of dire results. Mr. May, the second master, had been a short at the school when one day he noticed that a boy was absent, and he made inquiries as to the reason. The following dialogue in Chinese took place:

Officious Boy—Please, sir, Li-ho-wack isn't well.

Master—What is the matter with him?

Officious Boy—His father thrashed him last night, and he is too bad to come to school today.

Master—He must have committed a grave fault to merit so severe a thrashing. What did he do?

Officious Boy—Please, sir, he laughed when you caned his father yesterday.

"You don't seem well this morning," remarked the shark. "What's the matter?"

"A little touch of indigestion," replied the whale.

"You seem to be subject to that quite often."

"Yes. Hereditary in our family since Jonah's time."—Philadelphia Press.

For the Farmer.

The easiest and best way to destroy all kinds of weeds is when they are just beginning to appear above ground, as even a slight stirring of the soil will then seriously cripple them in growth or destroy them. If weeds are permitted to grow, however, they make excellent green material for ploughing under, but while they may nearly reach maturity before being thus utilized, under no circumstances must they be permitted to produce seed. If no weeds are allowed to scatter seeds it will be but a few years before the farm will be entirely clear of them. It will pay the farmer, however, to keep weeds down by stirring the top soil when the weeds are young.

Cutting Seed Potatoes.

The results of several experiments conducted within the past few years show that cut potatoes have a marked influence upon the crop produced. Large pieces of seed cut from the best marketable potatoes produce greater yields and better quality than small uncut potatoes. It has been found that good potatoes cut into pieces of about 2 ounces in weight gave very satisfactory results, when the amount of seed used, as well as the yield of potatoes produced, were both taken into consideration.

As the result of an experiment conducted for three years in succession, in planting one, two, and four pieces of potatoes in the same place, and by using the same weight of seed in every case, it has been found that larger yields and better satisfaction have been obtained where only one piece was planted in each place. The cutting of a potato tends to increase the number of stems produced, and when from two to four small potato sets are planted in one place, there is a greater number of stems produced than when one good piece is used. A few large, vigorous stems appear to give better results in both yield and quality of potatoes than a large number of small weakly stems.

An experiment has been conducted for seven years in succession in cutting potatoes and planting them on the same day, as compared with cutting potatoes from four to five days previous to planting. It has been found that the potatoes which were cut and planted on the same day gave upwards of six bushels per acre per annum more than those which were cut and allowed to remain a few days before they were planted. Experiments very clearly demonstrate the great importance of planting potatoes immediately after they are cut.—Farmer and Stockbreeder, London, England.

Indigestion in Cows.

With the exception of a few cases due to organic disease, indigestion is, as a rule, a consequence of errors in diet, too much food or feeding on material of unsuitable quality. In cases of indigestion in the adult bovine, whether there be or be not any marked engorgement associated with it, special treatment applicable to the case is desirable. Generally, simple indigestion means loss of cud, with the symptoms that inevitably follow in the train of cessation of rumination. The distinction between acute and chronic indigestion is bound to be in a large measure an arbitrary one, but it is generally found that in chronic cases there is developed a depraved appetite, which grows on what it feeds upon. The animal becomes unthrifty, as denoted by a dry, harsh, staring coat, depraved or irregular appetite, irregular and imperfect rumination, a tendency to tympany—that is, to become "blown"—flatulence, torpidity, or sometimes looseness of the bowels, a "tucked-up" appearance, and loss of flesh. Generally the treatment of indigestion in bovines is quite as much a matter of giving up as giving of less food, or a change of food, as of the administration of medicine. The treatment should comprise change of diet and of general surroundings, conditions, and the administration of stimulant tonics and cordials, after the bowels have been cleared out by a brisk saline purge. An example is: Powdered ginger, 1 oz.; bicarbonate of potash, 1-2 oz.; Epsom salts, 12 oz. to 16 oz.; warm ale or gruel, 1 quart. After this has acted give: Powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm; bicarbonate of soda, powdered gentian, ginger and calumba root, of each 1-2 oz.; warm ale, 1 pint; twice daily. Salt is known in many cases to promote digestion in unthrifty ruminants, and a lump of rock salt should be placed within reach.—Pateley Bridge.

Dressed Poultry.

The prize poultry at the recent Canadian winter fair was shown by Messrs. Woodrow & Sons of Beaconsfield, Ont. The turkeys, in particular, were very heavily meated, plump and white fleshed. The method of feeding had much to do with the result. Mr. Woodrow feeds for a period of about five weeks in all a preliminary diet of whole grain—corn chiefly—and chop—oats and corn—mixed with skim milk to a stiff consistency, and fed in troughs. A crammer is not used. The finishing period is one of about twelve days, and the birds are fed three times daily, about 10 a.m., 1 p.m., and again in the evening. No hard grain is used in the finishing, but a mixture of oats and barley, not more than quarter of the latter, ground fine and sifted as the end approaches, mixed with skim milk, soft enough to eat freely, constitutes the chief diet. If the bird shows signs of getting off feed, a breakfast of hot roasted corn is fed, whole. The night feed is tallow, in the rough. This tallow is fed crumbled, and about a handful to each bird. This insures the bright, light-colored flesh that is so desired. Mr. Woodrow says that when no tallow is fed, the meat being a bright yellow, the price is reduced about two cents per pound. The birds are allowed out on the ground in the yards during the day and driven into sheds or pens at nights, without roosts, but straw-floored. The spring hen turkeys weighed about sixteen to seventeen pounds, and the gobblers twenty pounds. The starving and killing Mr. Woodrow considers most important matters. The birds are always starved a full forty-eight hours before killing.

A Remarkable Parrot.

There is a parrot now for sale in a New York bird store for which the owner wants a thousand dollars. The bird, it is said, shows unmistakable evidence of doing its own thinking. A maid who taught it some of its words entered the room where it was one day and had an attack of coughing, whereupon Commander, the parrot, remarked:

"Well, Annie, that's a bad cold you've got."

Scolded by its owner a short time ago for throwing scraps of food on the floor, Commander said:

"I didn't do that; it was Dick."

Dick is a canary that occupies the next cage to Commander. Whenever Commander does anything that should bring censure it tries to blame Dick. Commander's owner says that it is constantly coming out with new remarks, which show that it is a thinking bird.

Commander is very much interested in the telephone, and one of its favorite amusements is to imitate with remarkable exactness the bell of a telephone, and then proceed to hold a conversation with some imaginary person. It always ends this conversation by making an engagement to meet the person downtown. If any one speaks during one of these imaginary conversations it will say:

"Hush! Don't you see I'm talking over the telephone?"

Commander has many other interesting tricks. It will imitate the popping of champagne corks, will bark at its owner's dog until the dog is in a rage and will howl at the cat until its patience is exhausted.

According to the owner of these birds their training is the result of the hardest kind of work, and must be conducted along the same lines that a child's training is. They are brought here from Africa. To be of any use they must be taken from the nests when babies. When the babies get here they are generally a few months old. Nevertheless they are worth from $15 to $20 apiece. It takes from four to six years to complete the training. Commander is six years old. He will probably live to be 75.

The first thing taught the baby parrots is the alphabet. Then they are taught to count. They are taught the meaning of words, and gradually, according to the trainer, they learn to think for themselves.

An Early and Uniform Moult.

When a specialty is made of producing winter eggs it is of much importance to have the hens shed their feathers early in the fall, so that the new plumage may be grown before cold weather begins. In case moulting is much delayed the production of a new coat of feathers in cold weather is such a drain on the vitality of the fowls that few if any eggs are produced until spring, while if the moult takes place early in the season the fowls begin winter in good condition, and with proper housing and feeding may be made to lay during the entire winter.

A few years ago Mr. Henry Van Dreser proposed a way whereby fowls may be caused to moult as early in the fall as is desirable. Briefly this method consists in withholding food either wholly or in part, for a few days, which stops egg production and reduces the weight of the fowls, and then feeding heavily on a ration suitable for the formation of the weathers and the general building up of the system.

The experiment designed to study this method was begun August 5, 1902, with two pens of Rhode Island Reds and two pens of White Leghorns, about two years old. One pen each of Rhode Island Reds and White Leghorns received no food for thirteen days except what they could pick up in their runs, which had been sown to oats in the spring. These runs were fifteen feet wide and one hundred feet long, and nearly all of the oats had been picked from the heads before the beginning of the experiment. The other two lots of fowls were fed as usual on mash, beef scraps, corn, wheat and oats. After the expiration of the thirteen days all four lots of fowls were fed liberally. Each lot of fowls contained twenty hens and two cocks.

The following table shows the number of eggs produced during the first thirty days after the beginning of the test:

Lot 1—Rhode Island Reds; fed continuously; produced 75 eggs.

Lot 2—Rhode Island Reds; no food; produced 17 eggs.

Lot 3—White Leghorns; fed continuously; produced 172 eggs.

Lot 4—White Leghorns; no food; produced 25 eggs.

Lots 2 and 4 ceased laying entirely on the seventh day of the test.

Thirty days after the test began the "no food" pen of Rhode Island Reds had practically a complete coat of new feathers, had begun to lay, and within a week from that time one-half of the hens were laying regularly, while the other lot of Rhode Island Reds were just beginning to moult, and the egg production had dropped down to two or three eggs per day. Both lots of White Leghorns were a trifle slower in moulting than the Rhode Island Reds, but otherwise the treatment affected them in a similar way.—West Virginia Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin No. 83.

An ingenious young man once took his fiancee to church in a small country village, and when the time for "collection" came around he rather ostentatiously displayed a sovereign. Presuming upon their engagement, the young woman placed a restraining hand upon the arm of her fiancee.

"Don't be so extravagant, George!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, that's nothing," he replied. "I always make a point of giving a sovereign when I go to a strange church."

Just then the deacon came with the plate, and George dropped a coin. Everything seemed favorable, and the young man beamed with a sense of generosity. Then the minister gave out the notices for the week, and concluded with the wholly unexpected announcement of the day's collection.

"The collection to-day," said he, "amounted to 19 and 6 pence."

George hadn't much to say all the way to his fiancee's home.—Tit-Bits.

A Lady Tiger-Killer.

Mrs. Donnett, an American, who is the wife of a British officer in Northern India, has recently shot the largest tiger ever killed in India. The great brute was ten feet eight inches from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. Mrs. Donnett had been with a party of officers shooting in the Chanda jungle and had already killed two tigers, four panthers and other big game when the chance of a lifetime came to her. This is how she tells the story:—"We heard a tiger had killed a lot of deer in a piece of bamboo jungle about six miles off, so Timmins, my husband, got about forty beaters together and we took up our positions near an open space, while the beaters went into the jungle with drums and horns, driving six buffalo in front of them, and made hideous noises. After about half an hour, when the beat was nearly up to my tree, I saw what I first took for a deer gliding through the high grass and bamboo, when suddenly an opening revealed a huge tiger to my astonished gaze. He was going full bat, so I saw it was a case of then or never, and, although it was a very blind shot, I let blaze at the vanishing stripes as they flashed through the bamboos. A roar and rush told me the monster was hit, but I could see nothing, as the jungle was so dense. When the shikar came up I told him where I had fired and got down, and with loaded rifles we approached the spot where about ten yards from where I fired lay the very finest monster I ever saw, and his great striped body did, indeed, look like a slain king of the forest. The shikar and I all but hugged in our excitement, and when the beaters came up our hurrahs and jubilant exclamations brought Timmins tumbling down out of his tree, and his joy and pride quite touched me. The monster was, indeed, glorious with his ten feet eigth inches spread out to their full, his gums rolled up showing his enormous teeth and his skin in its prime, and, oh, so beautifully yellow and black."

Russia's New City.

Russia, says The Illustrated London News, has produced a marvellous city in the wilds of the far east, and has made it possible for the terminus of her gigantic Asiatic railway system to assume at once a commercial importance. M. de Witte, by an expenditure of over £4,000,000, has succeeded in constructing a town capable of housing 100,000 people, and has done this before any of the permanent inhabitants have arrived. It was only after all the scheme had been worked out that any plots of land were put up to auction for the general public. Dalny is to be a free port open to the merchants of all nations; indeed, the Russians expect that the town will be populated rather by foreign merchants than by Russian, since the latter can not compete openly with rivals prepared to work for a return of 5 or 10 per cent. The town lies on the shores of Talienwan Bay, and, following out M. de Witte's idea, is equipped with every necessity of a modern port and city. There are jetties and breakwaters alongside which vessels drawing thirty feet of water can unload into the trains from Moscow and St. Petersburg. On the larger jetties will be warehouses; there are two dry docks, one 350 feet long and the other 700 feet. The sea frontages are all faced with specially prepared concrete blocks. In the city itself are roads, electric lights, electric trams, drainage, gardens, and parks; while the municipal buildings, in which form a centre of the foreign members of the Council will sit, is the commercial town. The Chinese town lies at some distance, and the official town clusters around the docks and jetties. The bay of Talienwan is an ice-free harbor; thus there is no necessity for the suspension of trade during the winter, as is the case in the other Manchurian port of Newchwang.

How Greeley Died.

Senator Depew introduced an account of the disastrous close of Horace Greeley's life into his eulogy of the late Representative Amos Cummings of New York in the Senate recently. He said: "I have seen many a death-bed in my life; I have seen life go out under conditions that were sad or sweet, hopeful or despairing. I never but once saw a man die of a broken heart, and never do I wish to see such a tragedy again. I made a speech with Mr. Greeley in his Presidential campaign, just before its close. We spoke from the same platform, and both of us knew that he was to be beaten. We went back to his home, and he was jeered upon the train and at the depot when he arrived. We went into his study, which was littered with those famous caricatures of Nast, representing him as the embodiment of all that was evil or vile in expression or practise in life. Mr. Greeley glanced them over for a moment, and then said: 'My life is a failure. I never have sought to accumulate a fortune. I never have cared for fame, but I did want to leave a monument of what I had done for my fellow-men, in lifting them up and in doing away with the curse of slavery and the curse of rum; but here I am, at the close of this campaign, so represented to my countrymen that the slave will always look upon me as having been one of his owners, and reform will look upon me as a fraud.' Then, his head falling upon his desk, he broke into uncontrollable sobs. I sent for his family. The brain that had done such splendid work snapped. The next morning he was taken to an asylum, where he died. His heart literally broke."

Lady Cavagnari, who is about to resign the set of apartments in Hampton Court Palace which the late Queen placed at her disposal in 1880, is the widow of Sir Louis Cavagnari, who was murdered on September 3, 1879, by the rebel troops of the Ameer at Cabul, where he was acting as British Resident.

Humor of the Hour.

The new teacher asked of the class the following question:

"John had five oranges. James gave him eleven and he gave Peter seven. How many did he have left?"

Before this problem the class recoiled.

"Please, sir," said a young lad, "we always does our sums in apples."—The Little Chronicle.

Tourist—Who is the best doctor in the village?

Native—Wal, I allus recommends Dr. Killumquick.

Tourist—Are you a good judge?

Native—Judge? No, I'm the undertaker.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I had a good job last summer, but lost it on account of my fool absent-mindedness," said poor old Seldum Fedd, pessimistically. "I was actin' as de echo fer a mountain hotel; an' I done all right till one moonlight night, when a smart guy from de city hollered 'Hello, Smith!' I fergot meself, an' answered back, 'Which Smith do you mean?'"—Judge.

"What can I do for you?" the physician asked the good woman who had entered his consulting-room.

"I think I should have a commission," she returned, respectfully but firmly. "Every child in our street caught the measles from my baby."—Youth's Companion.

There was a young man in Mo.
Who worked himself in a fo.
Because the receipt
Of a summons so neipt
Proclaimed he must serve on a jo.

"Fifteen cents per pound."

"What's the price of cheese?"

"But the fellow opposite sells it for ten."

"Then go and buy it there."

"But he hasn't got any."

"Well, then, the kind of cheese I haven't got you can have here at 10 cents a pound also."—Vikingen.

Little Girl—If I was a teacher I'd make everybody behave.

Auntie—How would you accomplish that?

Little Girl—Very easy. When girls was bad I'd tell them they didn't look pretty; and when little boys was bad I'd make them sit with the girls, and when big boys was bad I wouldn't let them sit with the girls.—Tit-Bits.

The world is going round and round
And round about in space;
And all the while it's going round
We're walking on its face.
—Columbia Jester.

Uncle John—So next Tuesday will be your birthday. I suppose you're counting on some nice presents?

Willie—No, sir; I don't expect a thing.

Uncle John—No? That seems strange.

Willie—Well, you see, ma says the less I expect the more I'll get.—Philadelphia Press.

"We have before us this morning this: 'Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. Three weeks ago I could not spank the baby, and now I am able to thrash my husband. God bless you!'"—Our Dumb Animals.

Freshman—Doctor, will you please give me a sick excuse for last Wednesday and Saturday?

The Doc—What was the matter?

The Fresh—I was homesick on Wednesday and home sick on Saturday.—Cornell Widow.

They were just concluding a series of "first aid to the injured" lessons in one of the settlements, and the worker in charge thought it might be a good idea to have a written test. Among other questions she wrote:

"How would you restore consciousness to a person who had been rescued from drowning?"

In answer to this a maiden with an affection for polysyllables wrote:

"When the resuscitation of animation is complete plump the person on a barrel till he is thoroughly exhausted."—New York Times.

Tourist—Say, my good fellow, am I on the right road to the town?

Native (after a pause)—Yaas, stranger, but I reckon you're goin' in the wrong directshun.—Lippincott's.

"I thought Spoonamore was going to marry Miss Garlinghorn, but I see she has let him get away."

"Yes; her father didn't appear to be at all anxious for the match, and her mother was a little too anxious. She lost him on account of bad team work."—Chicago Tribune.

She—Did your friend get any foreign decorations while abroad?

He—Oh, yes: he got a red nose in London, a black eye in Brussels, and the blues when he came home and discovered how much he had spent.—Chicago News.

Miss Withers—I presume Mr. Flipp made his usual weekly call on you last night?

Miss Callow—Yes, and I must say that he made a fool of himself.

Miss Withers—Proposed to you, eh?—Richmond Dispatch.

Senator Hoar at the New England Society dinner, recently held in Philadelphia, told the following story of his friend, the Rev. Joseph Erskine of Edinburgh:—

"The good Mr. Erskine at one time in his life lost handkerchief after handkerchief. He found, on investigation, that it was on Sunday these losses occurred, and accordingly one Sabbath morning Mrs. Erskine sewed his handkerchief in the tail pocket of his coat.

"'Noo,' said she, 'noo lat us see what wull happen.'

"Mr. Erskine, with the sewed-in handkerchief, passed down the aisle of the church that morning as usual to ascend to the pulpit, but as he sallied by the amen corner he felt a gentle tug behind, a delicate nibble among his coat tails. Thereupon he turned upon the disappointed old woman in the corner, and said, with a triumphant smile:—

"'No' the day, honest woman, no' the day.'"—New York Tribune.

"You can't judge by appearances, paw," said Farmer Sorghum's eldest daughter. "Beneath the roughest exterior may nestle the heart-of gold."

The old man looked thoughtful.

"That sounds nice," he said, "but it seems to me it's jest the opp'site with a gold brick.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOUSEY'S RAPIDS IS IN LINE

Geo. C. Chalker Tells What Dodd's Kidney Pills did for Him.

Took Him from his Bed, made him a Well Man, Able and Willing to do a Fair Day's Work.

Housey's Rapids, Ont., March 16.—(Special.)—As every city, town and village in Canada seems to be giving its evidence as to the wonderful cures resulting from Dodd's Kidney Pills, there is no reason Housey's Rapids should not be in line. People here have Kidney troubles just the same as elsewhere, and like others they have used Dodd's Kidney Pills and been cured.

One of the most remarkable cures as that of Geo. C. Chalker. He says: "I am cured of my Kidney Complaint. I have no doubt about it in the least. I weigh ten pounds more than I did fourteen months ago, can do a fair day's work every day and I am clear of my old enemy, lame back, heavy aching arms, dull bloated eyes—yes, it is all gone, purged out by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"No one can realize the relief except those who have been through it all. I was so bad I could not work hard, but was compelled to make a living. My head felt so bad that my eyes would seem to float. I felt tired all the time, my arms felt useless at times and so very heavy. At last I was laid up and could do no work.

"Then I was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and you see the result. It only took six boxes to cure me completely."

And Mr. Chalker is only one of many in this neighborhood who charge their good health up to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Jews, Rich and Poor.

At the synagogue at Hampstead, says The London Star, the Chief Rabbi startled the assembled Jews by reading Mr. Street's essay on "The Paradox of the Jew."

Here are some of the Gentile's sentences that smote the astonished ears of Israel:—

"The poor Jew fasts or eats dry bread when he cannot get meat which has been duly killed; the rich Jew eats meat unclean to his fathers, because the other is not served at the Savoy Hotel. The poor Jew binds his phylacteries round his arm in the sight of the heathen; the rich Jew is ashamed of the Day of Atonement. The poor Jew glories in his race when it is most despised and rejected; the rich Jew—now, that no one but a fool in this country despises his race—changes his name and hopes to be taken for a Scotchman. (Rustling laughter in the synagogue.) The poor Jew clings to his heritage, though the world would batter him; the rich Jew gives it up to win a contemptuous smile. The poor Jew is a strenuous man, worthy in the main, despite his faults, of a glorious past; the rich Jew is a sham, barely worthy of an ignoble present. That is the paradox of the Jew."

"My brethren," the Chief Rabbi said, "the indictment is severe, but is it not true?" He denounced the flaccidity, the laxity, the limpness of Judaism.

Mme. Humbert's Jewels.

It appears that the jewels of the famous Mme. Humbert, who, with several members of her family, is now on trial at Paris, were sold by auction in London in 1901, realizing £38,879. The gem of the collection, says a London paper, was lot 9, which was a pearl necklace, of which an illustration was given in the catalogue. It was composed of six rows of 424 finely-matched and graduated pearls of the highest quality, and Orient, with circular open clasp set with emeralds and small brilliants, weight of pearls about 4,050 grains. For this superb necklace, said to be the finest which has ever occurred in the auction room, bidding started at £10,000, and at £20,000 it fell to Mr. Robinson.

The next highest price was £3,150, which Mr. Arbit gave for a rope of 234 graduated pearls of fine Orient, with single brilliant snap. A pair of bouton pearls mounted as earrings were purchased by Mr. Drayson for £2,550, and a pearl and brilliant stomacher of large brilliants, with five bouton pearls down the centre, and a border of pear-shaped pearls, was knocked down to Mr. Harris for £1,850.

Other lots were a brilliant trailing flower-spray ornament, with large fine brilliants forming the centre of the flowers, thirteen inches long—£610 (Crichton); a brilliant collet necklace, composed of 31 large graduated brilliants—£1,080 (Harris); a brilliant rose-spray brooch or hair ornament, tied with ribbon, with three fine brilliants forming flower centres—£280 (Harris).

A ruby and brilliant suite, purchased at the sale of the French Crown jewels in 1887 consisted of the following: A trailing flower-spray ornament-decorsage, with seven large and six smaller rubies—£1,260.

A bracelet, with a ruby and brilliant cluster centre—£165.

A pair of large ruby and brilliant cluster earrings—£480.

An emerald and brilliant suite consisted of the following:—A tour-decorsage, with row of eleven large graduated collet brilliants and three large emeralds down the centre of two rows of closely-set brilliants—£2,350.

A hair ornament, with a large oval emerald in the centre—£400.

A bracelet set with seven brilliants—£530.

A brooch composed of a large square-shaped emerald, with four brilliants at the sides—£400.

Another, similar—£500.

A brilliant necklace, composed of nineteen open square-shaped graduated links—£520.

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To Set Her Free

By FLORENCE WARDEN

Author of "The House in the Marsh," "A Prince of Darkness," etc., etc.

"See," she went on, "how miserable he is, just because I'm talking to you. He will come over here in a minute and take you away."

"But you ought to be flattered," said Astley. "There's no love without jealousy, you know."

"Love!" muttered Norma scornfully. "That's not love: it's greed. He only wants my money—to buy stamps with. Think of it!"

Astley could not control his impulse to laugh this time. Yet he felt sorry for the girl too. Erratic as she was, she had more vitality in her, more humanity, than the pale-eyed, fluffy-haired Robert.

"As for his wanting your money," he said, when he had recovered his gravity a little, "it's very natural. Everybody wants money. I want it myself."

"Do you?" said Norma with interest. "Now it's about the only thing I don't want. I shall have more than twenty thousand pounds, nearly seven hundred a year, when I'm of age or when I marry—"

"And yet you wonder that Bascot's jealous!" broke in Astley, smiling.

The girl frowned.

"If he marries me," said she, "he'll want to fritter it all away on a horrid house just like other people's, and on giving dinner parties to people I hate, and in trying to make a little appear as if it were a great deal. While I want to go away, right away from here, and to learn things, and see things, and get something out of life. Why, it I could only get experience, I might do some little good in the world with my poor mother's money, make some few people happier perhaps, or—or do something, something," she ended impatiently.

Astley looked at her with interest. These vague longings excited his sympathy; they betokened something more than mere restlessness, the generous desires of a noble, kindly spirit. He gave her a quick look, and a little nod of intelligence and sympathy.

"I see," said he. "But can't you manage it? Can't you get away? Haven't you any other relations, or friends, who'd help you?"

Norma answered by a slight but depressed shake of the head.

"Not one," said she, in a low voice. "I'm tied, bound hand and foot. Of course," she went on, with eager interest, delighted to have a sympathetic listener, "I could insist on going away if I liked, and on having my allowance paid me, and I could go to London, and join some sisterhood, or do something like that. But though I'm so self-willed, I'm timid too, and I don't like to dare the opening. Do you see? I'm so ignorant that I should make mistakes, and do the wrong things, more harm than good, as so many people do, who want to do the right thing, but don't know the world well enough to begin."

Astley was by this time deeply interested in the mingled innocence and good sense which the young girl showed. He was going to put a further question to her, on the subject vital to her thoughts, when, as she had prophesied, Robert Bascot came fussily across the room to them, and carried her off to the piano, to play for one of the old ladies.

The girl exchanged with Astley one significant look, and went away like a lamb.

He got no further chance of speaking to her that evening, but from that time he frequently called at the house, either by himself or with Jack Fielding, taking care always not to ruffle Robert Bascot's susceptibilities further. Indeed, that enthusiastic collector of postage stamps gave him no chance of another tete-a-tete with his well dowered cousin, so that the first occasion on which these two strangely acquainted persons were able to exchange any words except of a trivial kind was when they met by chance one day while he was strolling along under the leafless trees in Addison's Walk.

Her greeting was abrupt and impulsive.

"I've been thinking of you," she said in a low, breathless voice, "and wondering whether you'd help me!"

"I'll help you in any way I can, I'm sure," said Astley heartily, conscious, like the good fellow he was, of quite a pleasure in the possibility of doing a good turn for the unhappy and oddly attractive girl.

"But not this, I'm afraid. I hardly like to suggest it," said she, with sudden hesitancy, which yet was not ordinary shyness. "You hate the thought of marriage, don't you? You don't approve of it? You would never want to marry, you are sure?"

"Most heartily and certainly sure," said Astley, his sun-browned skin growing redder, so earnestly did he speak.

"If you had to marry, in fact, there's nothing you wouldn't do to be rid of the society of your wife?" pursued Norma, with a sudden flush overspreading her usually pale face.

"Certainly. And feeling like that, why should I marry at all?" said Astley, naturally enough.

"Would you do it—would you marry a girl, not really, but at a registry office, for her sake, to set her free?"

"Good Heavens, Miss Bascot, you must be dreaming!" cried Astley, with his eyes starting out of his head.

"Dreaming! Do I look like it?" said she simply, as she gazed steadfastly into his face, her great black eyes gleaming with excitement, her lips parted, her bosom heaving, and the ever-deepening flush rising to the dark hair above her brow.

CHAPTER IV.

Astley Darwen, though he was not yet seven and twenty, had knocked about the world, and seen something of life, both in peace and war, and at home and abroad. But never had it occurred to him before to meet with a girl like this one, who was both shy and bold, innocent and yet shrewd, at the same time.

Never before, either, had it happened to him to have an offer of marriage made to him by a lady, and the conjunction of such singular circumstances went nigh to overwhelming him.

Norma guessed something of what was passing in his mind, and the blush which had rapidly overspread her face suddenly died away.

"You're disgusted with me, of course," said she, biting her lip, and turning away her head, while her eyes filled with tears.

Astley answered her quickly, with a warmth and kindness there was no mistaking.

"Indeed I'm not. The feeling uppermost in me at this moment is the most intense sympathy for you, the strongest wish to be of use to you. I'm only wondering what I can do. What you suggest wouldn't do anything but plunge you into fresh troubles."

"I suppose I was mad to suggest it," mumbled Norma, "but it would have set me free. And as you're always protesting you would never marry any woman, and complaining of your poverty at the same time, why I thought you might help me, and let me help you at the same time. For we would have gone shares in what I have, and I should have been grateful to you to my life's end."

Astley felt a natural difficulty in realizing the intense force of passionate feeling in this girl, which made her so unable to face common accidents of life squarely and surely. That she should have attempted suicide; that she should now suggest the maddest of mad expedients, merely to free herself from the society of uncongenial companions, did indeed suggest a nature so out of the common run that to suppose her mad would have been a pardonable assumption.

But, pardonable as it would have been, Astley did not fall into this mistake. Knowing what he did of her parentage, appreciating too the constant irritation which the restraints of her uncongenial life put upon her, and the steady determination with which all the members of the Bascot family pursued their intention of forcing her into an ill-assorted marriage, he saw that her desperation was not the result of insanity, but of ignorance. This girl, brought up in a convent school abroad, and accustomed to hear of marriages arranged on business principles only, had hit upon a way out of her misery, without realizing the fresh difficulties to which the course she proposed would give rise.

It was not easy to put the matter in a right light.

"Don't you know," he said gently, when they had walked side by side for some moments without speaking, "that there's no such thing as half-marriage? Matrimony contracted in a registry office is every bit as binding as if the ceremony were performed in a church."

"But it wouldn't seem the same!" retorted Norma quickly. "I could never feel that a man to whom I'd only been married in an office was really my husband."

Astley smiled at her feminine view of the matter.

"What you would feel doesn't matter: I'm telling you what would be the fact," said he. "If I were some needy and unscrupulous adventurer—"

"Oh!" interrupted Norma with an indignant flash of the eyes.

"I repeat, if I were some penniless rascal, ready and eager to profit by your impatient generosity—"

"I'm not generous, and you're not an adventurer, so it's ridiculous to put it like that."

"Will you listen to me, Miss Bascot, or will you not?" said Astley, with half-serious peremptoriness.

"I'll listen," said Norma, after a moment's pause, submissively enough.

"If I were to marry you—"

"At a registry office," put in Norma.

"At a registry office or anywhere else, you would be legally my wife, and therefore you would be precluded from marrying anybody else as long as I lived. You never seem to have thought of that."

"But there's nothing I'm more determined about than this, that I will never marry at all," said Norma firmly, "except, as I suggested, as a matter of business, a partnership of convenience. And it was because you always talked as if you felt exactly as I did about this horrid subject of marriage, that I ventured to be so bold as I was, and to suggest it to you."

"Oh, believe me, I quite understand that," said Astley, who now began to find a secret but decided amusement in this most odd discussion. "But I, when I say that sort of thing, speak from experience, while you are too young to have had any."

"Oh, no, I'm not," said Norma gravely and with decision. "I know what the experience of my own mother was, and through her I know of other cases, of plenty of other cases. And there's nothing I'm more strongly resolved upon than that I'll be my own mistress as long as I live."

"I wonder you don't go into a convent," suggested Astley.

"I shouldn't be my own mistress there," said Norma. "However, we needn't discuss it any longer. You think what I said absurd, unwomanly, unconventional, I can see that."

"Unconventional, certainly. But not unwomanly, and I don't even like to say absurd. I'm rather touched by the confidence you show in me, a confidence which, I am bound to add, is wholly misplaced."

Norma, who had been walking on beside him in a state of so much shame-faced excitement that she had scarcely been able to subdue her pace to his leisurely lame gait, stopped and stared at him.

"Mis-placed!" echoed she in surprise.

"Yes," said Astley with dogged decision. "You take it for granted that, because I've abjured matrimony, I must be a hard-headed philosopher, superior to the ordinary human emotions. But I tell you I'm nothing of the kind. Supposing I agreed to—to—to your idea, and began with a lofty and noble refusal to touch a penny of your money, as I of course should do. Why then presently, when I found out you were spending your comfortable little fortune in benefiting the human race, and in other species of what the mere man calls tomfoolery—you'll excuse my speaking with hideous frankness?—"

Norma nodded, smiling a little in spite of herself.

"—Then I should be mad, and I should come sneaking after you, with suggestions that we should join forces, and spend what we'd got on ourselves, just like Robert Bascot."

Norma drew herself up.

"You couldn't be like Robert Bascot! That's why I like you," she said.

"Oh, Bascot is a good deal more human than you think," said Astley. "There's only this difference between us, that his hobby is postage stamps, and mine isn't: and that he shows he's greedy, and I take care not to show whether I'm greedy or not."

"I'm delighted to hear it. Because I owe you a deep debt, and if you are greedy, I can repay you. But I don't believe you are."

This was the very first expression of gratitude which Norma had ever used to Astley in connection with his rescue of her from the river. And she uttered the words in such a low breathless voice, with her eyes turned away and her hands moving nervously, that he was greatly touched. He tried, however, to laugh it off.

"Oh, nonsense," said he. "You know that was no more than anybody would have done. I thought you were too sensible to think of it in any other way."

They were both moving again at a very slow pace, and now Norma stopped once more.

"Ah," she said. "You think, of course, because I haven't spoken of it, that I never think about it; but I do. At first I admit I wasn't grateful; life seemed too dreadful a thing to bear. But—but—now I see more sanely, and—and I'm ashamed of myself, and—and thankful that—nobody knows—but you."

There was a simple confidence in these words, uttered in the same diffident manner and low voice, which thrilled Astley to the heart. He felt impelled to revert to the previous subject of conversation, which began to have a new attractiveness.

"Come," said he, "let us get back to the point. Suppose we were to marry, you and I, what would your people say? What would they think of me? Wouldn't they spread the tale abroad that I had taken advantage of their hospitality to steal away your heart from its rightful owner? Come, now, I'm sure you must confess they'd say something like that?"

Norma's black eyes looked down haughtily through their long lashes.

"Would you mind?" said she. "I shouldn't."

"Well, I can't say I should care to get the reputation of being a mean fellow. You see, if you don't marry me, you admit you will probably end by marrying Bascot."

"They might make me marry him, but if they did, I should murder him," said Norma, with ferocity. "If you would save me from that, therefore, you would at the same time save a man from being murdered."

Astley laughed a little. He was not afraid of letting her see him laugh now, for she was getting used to his way of looking at things, and no longer resented his lightness of heart.

"I'm not sure," he said gently, "that the prospect, as you put it, is altogether reassuring."

"Oh, but I shouldn't murder you, if you mean that," said Norma, quickly, but smiling a little. "You wouldn't really be afraid of that, would you?"

And then she turned upon him a look, the first of the kind she had ever given him, eloquent of womanly feeling and charm.

Decidedly she was too good for Bascot! Astley involuntarily came a little nearer, as if to speak low.

"Perhaps not," said he. "But—there's something else I should be afraid of."

She might have known what was coming, but she did not. She met his eyes full, enquiry only in hers.

"And what's that?"

"Why, I might fall in love with you, you know."

The girl laughed almost harshly.

"I wouldn't let you," she said quickly. "I would keep you to the bond. My mother used to say that no man falls in love with a woman without some sort of invitation."

"And you're not afraid," suggested Astley, half amused, and half resentful, "that you might some day be inclined to give the invitation?"

"Not a bit," said Norma, frankly. "I respect you too much. I should be very sorry to see a man I liked sink down into a husband like my uncle, meek in the presence of his wife before other people, a tyrant in private. Or to see him become another sort of husband, openly neglectful and cynical. No, no, no. It's better for a man to feel free."

"Yet not to be free?"

Norma was silent. But there was a deep flush in her cheeks as she looked away, and he saw that he had pained her by the words.

"Look here," he began again, in a humble tone. "I don't quite understand yet what you propose to do, supposing we were to—"

She moved impatiently.

"Oh, don't let us talk any more about it," said she. "Forget that I ever—"

"But I don't want to forget it; I want to talk it out and help you if I can. I want you to tell me, supposing you were to go to the registry office mademoiselle and to come out madame, what would you propose to do?"

"Nothing," said Norma, quickly, "at first, but just to tell them what I had done, so that they would know it was of no use to worry me to marry Robert; and so that they would have to let me have my money."

"I see. But if you proposed to remain with them, surely they would make it more uncomfortable than ever after that?"

"I don't think they could," said Norma. "You see, I should be absolutely my own mistress directly; and instead of doling me out a wretched allowance of a hundred a year, more than half of which I have to pay them as my share of the household expenses, they would be at my mercy, since I could threaten to go away at once, and then my money would go with me. It's all a miserable, sordid affair," she went on restlessly, "but I'm obliged to tell you all, am I not?"

"Yes," said he, "of course you are. Well, you wouldn't stay with them permanently, would you?"

"Oh, no; I should go to London, to the East End, where the poorest people are, and try to do some good there. There are lots of associations, charities, and bodies there for doing good, aren't there?"

"Oh, yes, plenty. They all do good, some to the poor, and some to themselves," said Astley, rather cynically. "I expect I should have my work cut out for me in keeping you out of the hands of rogues, advertising charity-mongers, and such folk."

"You need not worry your head about that," said Norma, superbly. "I've given up all idea of this, and I quite agree with you that I was mad to speak of it."

"Now, don't be nasty. I only wanted you to understand what you were doing," said Astley, humbly. "But I quite agree we've talked enough about this for the present. Now I must see you home. You're getting cold. I walk so slowly with this stiff leg of mine."

So they turned back, and said never a word more on the subject of Norma's freak until he had delivered her up safely at her uncle's door. But perhaps there was a sort of self-conscious look on their faces, for the parlor-maid peeped out after him when she had admitted the young lady, with a sly look in her eyes.

She at least was not astonished when, a little more than a fortnight later, the news became known in the household, and filtered down quickly to the kitchen, that Miss Norma had gone and got married to Mr. Darwen.

Poor Norma had ill-calculated the force of the disappointment to the whole family which the news of her suddenly-announced marriage created. She had had half a dozen secret meetings with Astley since the day when she startled him so greatly by her unconventional proposal, and each time he saw her Astley was more attracted to the passionate and wayward girl. Not that he was in love with her: Norma's pronouncement that no man could love a woman without invitation not being without truth, and she herself refraining distinctly from giving such an invitation, it was interest rather than love which he felt in her; but it was interest strong enough to make him throw prudence and common sense to the winds, and become in his turn the proposer that she should take his name and thus free herself from the hateful position in which she now was placed.

There was of course just this difference between their attitudes towards each other: Norma believed that the business footing on which they started could be maintained; Astley knew that it could not. But to his prophecies that they would hate or love each other within a year she turned the deaf ear of scorn, and told him that she thought better of both him and herself than he did.

When, however, she announced at tea one afternoon that she had been married that day "at a registry office" to Astley Darwen, the rage and despair of her aunt in particular knew no bounds; and during the scene which followed, both that lady and her husband, to say nothing of Robert, reviled Norma and Astley in such bitter terms that the girl rushed from the room, put on her hat and jacket and started at once, before any one could discover her intention, for Astley's hotel.

Under the old-fashioned wide entrance she went quickly, and presenting herself with a loudly beating heart at the office, asked tremulously whether Mr. Astley Darwen was at home.

As she uttered the name, Norma saw that a quietly dressed woman, who was standing with her back turned towards the new comer, and whom she had not noticed as she entered, started perceptibly, and moved so that she could get a look at the speaker. Even before the manageress could answer Norma's question, the other woman, with a stealthy glance at Norma as she went, passed quickly and quietly out into the street.

CHAPTER V.

Yes, Mr. Darwen was in the hotel, the manageress said. Then Norma hesitated and asked:

"Did the lady who's just gone out ask for Mr. Darwen?"

The manageress look surprised.

"I thought she was with you," she answered. "She came in just before you did, and hadn't spoken when you followed her."

It was rather a strange circumstance, Norma thought, as, much too shy to send up her married name, she gave the message that some one wished to see Mr. Darwen.

So she was shown into the coffee-room, and in a few minutes Astley came in. He seemed surprised to see her.

"You never sent up any name," said he, "or at least they didn't give me any."

"I didn't like to," said Norma, who suddenly found herself afflicted with an overpowering shyness in Astley's presence. She was realizing to the full the strangeness of the fact that this man, who yesterday had been but an acquaintance, was to-day legally her husband.

Astley, who had been considering the matter also, smiled a little.

"Why not?" said he.

They had the room all to themselves and could talk at their ease. But there was something soothing, too, in the knowledge that it was a public apartment, and that, as they were liable to the entrance of a waiter or a chance visitor at any moment, there was a sufficient excuse for keeping the conversation at a pleasantly common-place level.

There was a pause before Norma said, rather hurriedly, as she looked down at the fire before which she was standing:

"Were you expecting anybody else, then?"

"Oh, no. Jack Fielding sometimes looks in, but they know him and bring up his name, if he doesn't come straight up himself. But to see you is an unexpected pleasure."

Norma raised her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders dismally. She had inherited the habit of certain little demonstrative gestures from her mother.

"Pleasure!" she echoed, with mocking lips.

"It is a great pleasure," returned Astley, as he came close beside her, and leaned against the mantelpiece, as she was doing. "Or at least it would be, if I were not afraid that something has happened to worry you or put you out. Come, what is it?"

He did not touch her, but he bent his head a little towards her and smiled reassuringly into her face, as if to remind her that he was her staunch friend at least.

Then her face quivered, and she almost sobbed out:—"It's been dreadful! Worse, much worse than I expected. They were hateful, all of them, especially my aunt. At least I suppose Robert was really as hateful as she, only I despise him so that he doesn't count. But oh! It's beautiful to be able to despise him only, and not to be afraid of him, too."

Astley laughed, but not mirthfully.

"I'm afraid this is only the beginning of the trouble," said he. "Why couldn't you keep your secret until I was there to back you up?"

"Well, I—"

(To be Continued.)

Mainly About People.

The late Dr. Joseph Parker was once arguing with a man on the problem of continued existence, and at the door the friend declared finally: "The fact is, I am an annihilationist. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me." "Thank God for that!" exclaimed the doctor, and banged the door.

The following effusion was addressed to the editor of a Southern paper:

"Sur an Frend—Do the Carnegie liberary lend Books teechin Matthewmattics, to Outside your Citie? I want Onile Books on Matthewmattics, as I am all right on spellin and am a purty good Grammatician if I do say it Misef. I kin spell and Grammarize but Matthewmattics is one too Much for Me."

A country vicar discovered not long ago that one of his male servants was in the habit of stealing his potatoes. He mentioned the fact to his curate, and asked advice. "Well," replied the curate, "of course you must remember what the Bible says: 'If any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.'" "I see," mused the vicar. "Well, in this case, as the man takes my potatoes, I'd better give him the sack!"

When Dr. Lorenz, the distinguished surgeon, received the degree of doctor of laws from Northwestern University he said, in acknowledging the compliment: "I had the degree of imperial royal counselor of the Government from the Emperor Francis Josef. I think I am the worst counselor of government to be found. In receiving this degree of doctor of laws, I am the worst doctor of laws in the world. But it seems nowadays that the less a man knows the greater is his degree."

A Pittsburg physician was visited the other day by a very nervous man, who had dropped in to secure medical advice. After a brief examination, the doctor said there was nothing much the matter with his visitor. "Take a tonic and dismiss from your mind all that tends to worry you," concluded the physician. Several months later the patient received a bill for eighteen dollars, together with a polite request to "please remit." This is the reply the nervous man made: "Dear Doctor—I have taken a tonic and your advice. Your bill tends to worry me, and so I dismiss it from my mind."

E. S. Willard administered a well-deserved rebuke to some theater-goers of Hartford, Conn., at a matinee the other day, when, just before the last act, many of those occupying boxes and front seats decided that they had divined the climax and rose to leave. The disturbance was marked. Willard stopped suddenly, and, holding up his hand for silence, said: "I have stopped the play in order that those who are desirous of leaving may do so, and leave others to that which is their right—undisturbed attention." Those who were seated applauded, and the disturbers sank into their seats abashed.

Oliver Wendell Phillips, the abolitionist, never permitted a negro slave to wait on him. It is related that one day while in Charleston, S.C., he came late to the dinner-table at his hotel, and when a negro attempted to serve him, he asked: "How long have you been a slave?" "I ain't got no time to talk about dem foolish questions," the slave replied, "wid only five minutes for dinner." Mr. Phillips told the slave to leave the room, that he would not let him serve him at the table; that he would wait on himself. "I can't do dat, suh," said the waiter, 'cause I is 'sponsible for de silber on de table, suh!"

The thriftiness of a London shopkeeper is illustrated in a story told of a dry-goods dealer. The merchant was of an excitable temperament, and on hearing his assistant say to a customer, "No, we have not had any for a long time," was unable to countenance such an admission. He fixed his eye on the assistant, and said to the customer: "We have plenty in reserve, ma'am, plenty upstairs." The customer looked dazed for a moment, and the shopkeeper did not seem happy when his assistant informed him that the customer was speaking about the weather, and had remarked, "We haven't had any rain lately."

There is a story of a man of seventy who, when he was asked if his father lived to be an old man, replied that his father was upstairs putting his grandfather to bed. There is another setting of this old story—old enough to be new—which is told by the New York "Times" as coming from a Southern senator, who was explaining how healthy his part of the State is: A mountaineer, ninety-two years old, and his wife of ninety were returning from the funeral of their eldest child, who had died at the age of seventy-one. As they discussed their loss in deep grief, the wife said: "I always told you, John, that we should never raise that child."

At a Maine educational convention Rev. Nathaniel Butler, formerly president of Colby College, but at present professor of English literature in the University of Chicago, was down for an address. As he was about to speak, Hon. W. W. Stetson, state superintendent of schools, said to him: "Doctor, is your address like a cat's tail?" "How is that?" asked Dr. Butler. "Why, fur to the end," replied Mr. Stetson. Dr. Butler smiled appreciatively, but kept silence. He opened his address by saying, "Your superintendent just asked me if my address was to be like a cat's tail—fur to the end. I assure him that it is like a dog's tail—bound to occur."

He Sat Down.

The curtain had gone down on the first act, when a bullet-headed man, who had come in ten minutes late and disturbed a dozen people to get to a seat, got up. It was time for refreshments. He had been in there twenty-two minutes by the watch, and was suffering untold agonies for a glass of bitter. He started to put on his overcoat, when the strange lady at his side enquired:

"Going out?"

"Yes, madam."

"Coming back after you've had a drink?"

"Ye-yes, madam."

"Well, I came prepared. I have two bottles, one containing Scotch and the other beer. Which will you take?"

"W-w-what!" he stammered, as he looked down upon her with bulging eyes; and gradually his arms fell, and he dropped into his seat with a thud that jarred everybody in the row.—"Pick-Me-Up."

Lumley—He's very fond of mosaics and all sorts of antiques. He has in his collection several tiles from the tomb of Rameses the Great. Dumley—Go on! They didn't wear tiles in those days.

EXERCISE AS A FAD.

Those Who Undergo Training Are Made Prematurely Old.

Mr. Wilkie Collins, the greatest story teller known to the English-speaking world, once wrote a novel—and it was one of his best—to illustrate the proposition that athletic training makes men old before their time, shortens their lives, and reduces vitality in the process of building up mere muscle. The book was named "Man and Wife," and the description of Geoffrey Delamayn, the illustrious athlete, contained a world of wisdom.

We see the demonstration of this immortal truth in a thousand every-day experiences. We hear pugilists and oarsmen called old and "stale" at thirty. We see race horses retired from the course at six as "aged." All animals, human and brute, that habitually undergo so-called training—another term for exercise—are made prematurely old. They are the easy victims of disease. They have not the vitality of any ordinary boy or girl of twelve.

When Yousouf, the Turkish wrestler, visited this country and let it become known—as was the fact—that he never "trained;" that he lived a life of idleness; smoked cigarettes without number; ate anything that struck his fancy, and drank beer by the bucketful—when these things leaked out and were to a certain extent corroborated by Yousouf's soft, fat and flabby person—all the knowing ones declared with scorn that he would be an easy prey for the thoroughly conditioned champion of America. When the two came together, however, the fat and flabby Turk took Roeber up as if he were a paper bag of peanuts and flung him about with striking fluency. The German was as a trivial shuttlecock between the gigantic battledores of his Homeric hands. Yousouf never exercised—Roeber was forever at it.

Of course, Dr. Hoy's proclamation will set in motion a tremendous controversy, but it will shortly be reduced to a choice between two standards—that of the trained athlete of twenty-five and that of the normal man who attains his highest physical development at forty or forty-five, and who is a better man at sixty than the worn-out athlete at thirty. The individual will decide according to his taste and fancy, but solemn facts and the lessons of observation leave, for rational human beings at least, no sort of choice.—Washington Post.

Harmony May Banish Hospitals.

Music is the latest panacea. Nobody yet claims that an application of Mendelssohn has set a broken leg, but they do say that harmony skilfully laid on has proved valuable in pretty nearly every other portion of the medical field.

The chief apostle of the musical method of treating disease is Miss Eva A. Vescelius, who has a harmony hospital out at Forest Hill, on the outskirts of Newark.

Owing to business worries, a patient was suffering the horrors of insomnia. He disliked music, but at the solicitation of friends submitted his case to Miss Vescelius. She says: "I induced him to lie down while I softly played simple melodies upon the piano. He would drop into a slumber which would last for a few hours. He would then awake, go up into his room and relapse into a deeper and longer sleep. Persevering in this treatment, after six weeks I succeeded in restoring the habit of normal slumber.

"Whenever you find disease," says Miss Vescelius, "you find discord—a man working against nature, not with it. He has set the wrong vibrations going by anger, by fear or by other negative emotions, and thus drawn to him all the discordant vibrations about him. What we must do is to get him back into harmonious relations with the conditions which surround him. We must set the right vibrations going.

"Music has a wonderful way of doing this. Only do not play the wrong note. First we must find out the key in which the man is written; then sound forth the melody in that key. Any other will only add to the discord. Great sympathy and discerning power are necessary. If the vibrations are attuned to the listener, he is rested, calmed, his fever abates and he falls into slumber which restores.

"Sometimes he needs rousing, and then I use the music of power, of passion, to send vibrations of energy through his being. The ancient Egyptians combined music with medicine, and the Greeks learned from them to do the same. Appolli was called 'the Healer,' and those who learned of him cured disease with music.

"Singularly enough," she adds, "mechanical playing will accomplish nothing. The music box, the automatic piano or harp is absolutely worthless. There must be the quality that we call soul, sympathy, expression; and the more intuitive and penetrative the observer the more effective will be his effort to reëstablish harmonious conditions in the sufferer."

Little Eva—Do all good people go to the good place when they die, mamma?

Mamma—Yes, darling.

Little Eva—And do all bad people go to the bad place?

Mamma—I supose so, dear.

Little Eva—Then I suppose all the cross people go to where the cross roads lead to, don't they, mamma?

Jagwell—What makes that hen in your backyard cackle so loud?

Wigway—Oh, they've just laid a cornerstone across the street, and she's trying to make the neighbors think she did it.

THAT AWFUL BREATH.

Possibly You Haven't Noticed It, but Others Have.

Dr. Agnew's Powder.

Catarrh, if neglected, soon develops into the chronic form, accompanied by the most nauseating and disgusting symptoms. **Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder** is a specific for curing Colds, Coughs, Deafness, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Cold in the Head, Influenza and all other diseases of the nose and throat. Mr. C. Spooner, a literary man, and editor of the *Kingston News*, Ontario, writes: "I was troubled with constant headache, and used almost every concoction sold under the name of 'Headache Cure' without obtaining any relief whatever. At last I heard of **Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder**, and thought to give it a trial, although having but little faith in its curative action. I was at once relieved and after using it but a short time almost entirely free from the disorder."

Do You Suffer from Stomach Disorder?

If so, your liver is probably not working properly. **Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills**, purely vegetable, rapidly induce healthy action and restore the entire system to normal condition. 40 doses, 10 cts. No. 37.

From One Point of View.

"So she has refused you?" said the native.

"She has," replied the titled but impecunious foreigner.

"Ah, well," said the native consolingly, "a disappointment in love——"

"Hardly that," interrupted the titled foreigner. "Rather a disappointment in business."—Chicago Post.

"When I rejected Dick he didn't seem a bit put out. I can't understand it."

"Well I can. Dick is used to it. He used to write poetry and get a dozen ejections every week."—Chicago News.

The Gate to Health

is a hale heart, and the better the blood pump the more vigorous the vitality. Some know they have weak hearts; others only know that they're ill and don't suspect the heart. But cure the heart cures every part. No heart is too sound; ninety-nine out of a hundred are disordered or diseased. Doctors do not get to the heart of the subject; to be effective that is what medicine must do.

Dr. AGNEW'S HEART CURE enthrones health where disease reigned, in the great center of the system, the heart. Then good blood pumps in full measure, sends new life quivering through every organ and tissue of the body. It means new courage, new cheer, a new lease of life.

Dr. AGNEW'S PILLS scavengers of the digestive system and healers of the disordered apparatus. Purely vegetable and mild, forty doses for ten cents. One-fifth the price of the next best competing pill. 15

Rear Admiral Frank Wildes, who died recently, used to be fond of telling of a great start that a Boston clergyman once gave his congregation. "I was born in Boston," Admiral Wildes would say, "and in my boyhood attended church there. Well, at church one Sunday morning there was, it seems, a couple to be married after the service. The minister made the announcement in this way: 'The parties that are to be joined in matrimony will present themselves immediately after the singing of hymn No. 245, Mistaken Souls That Dream of Heaven.'"

WEARY, ACHING JOINTS.

The Awful Twinges of Rheumatism Mean Old Age in Youth.

Relief in Six Hours.

Ointments, Salves and Lotions are positively worthless for Rheumatism. Get at the cause—the blood—and by purifying that, restore the system to a clean, healthful condition. **The Great South American Rheumatic Cure** relieves in six hours and cures in one to three days Muscular and Articular Rheumatism, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, and any affections of the joints and muscles arising from impure blood. Mr. F. E. Wright of Toronto, Canada, writes: "I suffered almost constantly with Neuralgia and Rheumatism. I used several remedies, but nothing seemed to relieve the pain until I tried **South American Rheumatic Cure.** After using a few bottles of 'Rheumatic Cure' and also 'Nervine Tonic,' I was wholly cured."

Pain in the Region of the Kidneys.

Pain anywhere is a danger signal. Pain in the region of the kidneys, means that they are not working properly. **The Great South American Kidney Cure** restores these organs to a healthy working state. No. 38.

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FIRST CLASS $2 PER DAY HOUSE

Choice Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

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$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 ve rcoats for $2 25

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Just what you want for a nobby Spring Suit or Overcoat.

Woolens—The best and most complete range ever shown in Revelstoke before.

Prices right consistent with good material and workmanship.

Cut stylish and up-to-date by a competent cutter. Union made and a guarantee of good and honest work.

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By appointment to His Majesty the King, 1901.
By appointment to Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria, 1848-1900.

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A first class boat builder with a large experience in their construction on the Coast is prepared to received orders for boats for river and lake use. Information and particulars can be obtained on application at the **Herald office.**

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

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REVELSTOKE, B. C.

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Wood for sale including

Dry Cedar, Fir and Hemlock.

All orders left at W. M. Lawrence's will receive prompt attention.

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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.

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Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.

BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

Large, Light bedrooms.
Rates $1 a day.
Monthly Rate.

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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.

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Write to
John T. Patrick
Pinebluff, N. C.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1903.

HON. RICHARD McBRIDE.

The new Premier, a native son of British Columbia, has had conferred upon him the highest gift in the power of his natal province. Young, ambitious and of sterling integrity, his past political career warrants the belief that his administration will be a long and able one. Mr. McBride has been a close student of labour questions and legislation regarding them in all parts of the globe, and we look to see remedies for the too oft recurring disputes introduced by him in the House. His recent promise of civil service reform has met with unqualified approval and we await with interest the actual measure that it is now in his power to place upon the statutes. Until the new Premier has outlined his policy we are not in a position to discuss it at length, although, from past experience, we are able to judge its tendency.

We believe we are voicing the opinion of a large majority of the citizens of Revelstoke in congratulating Hon. Richard McBride on his newly conferred honour and expressing the hope of a long and useful career for his administration.

JUNE THE SIXTH.

This is a day to be remembered by all lovers of Canada and of Imperial aspirations the world over for on June 6th, 1891, died the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, G. C. B., the prime mover in Confederation and the leader of the Conservative party during the period when prosperity was founded on the ashes of commercial depression left by the government of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie.

The father of the National Policy was born in Glaswow, Scotland, on 11th January, 1815, and with his parents removed to the then wilderness of Upper Canada early in 1820 when the future premier was five years old. At the early age of fifteen he had to leave school to help in support of the family, and choosing the profession of law, entered the office of George Mackenzie, of Kingston, as a student, being called to the bar in 1836, the year before Queen Victoria ascended the throne. It is strange that the first two students to enter his office were the late Sir Alexander Campbell and Sir Oliver Mowat, both of whom, after long and honourable careers as public servants died representing the Crown as Lieutenant-Governors of Ontario. Sir John entered political life in 1846 as member of the Assembly for Kingston and in the foreground of his first manifesto struck the note of Imperial loyalty which characterised his whole life when he said

"The prosperity of Canada depends upon its permanent connections with the mother-country, and I will resist to the utmost any attempt (from whatever quarter it may come) which may tend to weaken that union."

And his last public address to the people of Canada, then united as our grand Dominion and issued early in 1891 emphasized the same views. The phrase "A British subject I was born; a British subject I will die"—was the rallying cry of his last and, as always, successful campaign.

It is also interesting to note that during his first session in the Assembly he spoke strongly in favour of differential duties in favor of Great Britain, contending that:

"In my opinion the danger of our markets is not from British but American manufactures; and whilst British manufactures coming through the United States must, of course, pay the high duty, coming by the St. Lawrence they will pay in advalorem duty of five per cent."

There have been very few men in political life whose prophetic instinct was so sure. The ambitions of Sir John Macdonald in 1846 are accomplished facts today, and his life was a notable example of that quality so tersely put by Abraham Lincoln—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead." Of the more recent actions of the late premier's life it is unnecessary to speak, they are written large on the history of the Dominion, and Canadians, of whatever political complexion honour the memory of Sir John A. Macdonald.

THOSE ADJOURNMENTS.

A lot has been said by those whose political animosity beclouds their reason as to the actions of the opposition regarding recent motions to adjourn in the Provincial Legislature. As the defeat of the Government was brought about by these motions it becomes necessary for us to state, in their proper light, the actions of the House regarding them. The initial defeat of the Government was upon the usual pro forma motion by the Premier "That the House, at its rising, do stand adjourned until two o'clock tomorrow" which was defeated by a vote of 15 to 17 against the Government.

To enable supply to be passed it was necessary for some other member to move adjournment to another set hour, which was done by Mr. McBride, his motion setting the hour as 3 p. m. This was defeated 15 ayes, 17 nays; but, for some unaccountable reason the names on this division have not been recorded in the Votes and Proceedings.

At this time the Premier intimated that he would accept the first of these motions as a defeat "and would "ask His Honour to come down and dissolve the House at two o'clock tomorrow." This definite statement made, the Premier moved "That the House do now adjourn." When this was brought up, Mr. McPhillips at once asked the ruling of the speaker as to its effect. Mr. Pooley said its effect was "to adjourn until two o'clock tomorrow." This dictum of the speaker is too untenable to need serious consideration. Anyone in the slightest degree conversant with parliamentary procedure knows that a motion barely "to adjourn" is, if passed, an adjournment sine die. The Opposition realized this and accordingly voted against it for the purpose, we believe, of defeating the intention of the Government to adjourn without passage of supply. Any parliamentary authority will agree that all business done since the House adjourned at 6.30 p. m. on Wednesday is entirely illegal, as the House was dissolved on motion of the Premier at that time.

But taking for a moment the expressed view of the speaker that the last motion on Wednesday carried with it the unspoken words "until two o'clock tomorrow", then he should have immediately ruled it out of order. Rule 31 of the Legislative Assembly says "A Motion being once made and carried in the affirmative or negative, cannot be put again in the same Session, but must stand as a Judgment of the House." Therefore, in his efforts to save the Premier from the inevitable result of a false move, if he thought the unspoken words included, the speaker acted in direct violation of the Rules of the House. If he realized the true purpose of the motion he should have refused to call the House to order on Thursday, and since, as its adjournment was final on Wednesday evening.

POLICE PROTECTION.

There is no city in Canada of the same size and population that has such inadequate police protection as Revelstoke. Fortunately, we have been up to the present practically free from serious crimes, but this has not been the result of foresight but good fortune. The large influx of a floating population has, however, changed the condition of affairs, and some additions should at once be made to the police department. The recent case of the negro, Kid Rogers, committed for trial showed conclusively the necessity of such a step. There was only one policeman on duty in the city at the time the assault in question was committed, and he was engaged in taking a man, who was afterwards convicted as drunk and disorderly, to the station, leaving the city without police protection. It is probable that if an officer had been in the vicinity of where the assault occurred it would not have taken place. The powers that be seem to think that a policy of masterly inactivity should be pursued, and no arrangements made to cover changed conditions as they arise. The recent influx of population certainly increases the sources of taxation from which municipal revenue may be derived and, in any event, protection to life and property should not be overlooked through mistaken ideas of economy. This is a matter on which there should be no hesitation and we are sure the ratepayers would cheerfully contribute the amount necessary to increase the police force.

The Century Life Insurance Bill recently passed by the Dominion House, on motion of Mr. Morrison, should not be considered an insurance that its clients will live to be centenarians.

Some Grit papers are berating Smith Curtis for playing to the gallery when accusing Joseph Martin of perjury in connection with the notorious Bill No. 87. It is a good thing for the Province to have the stormy petrel brought up with a round turn for once in his, to say the least, circuitous course.

Eberts will have to go to the graveyard with his amending bill in his pocket.

LEGAL

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Revelstoke, B. C.
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Solicitors for Imperial Bank of Canada.
Company funds to loan at 8 per cent.
FIRST STREET, Revelstoke B. C.

SOCIETIES.

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

ED. ADAIR, W. M.
W. JOHNSTON, Rec.-Sec.

Gold Range Lodge, K. of P., No. 26, Revelstoke, B. C.,

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

B. VAN HORNE, C. C.
G. H. BROCK, K. of R. & S.
H. COOKE, Master of Finance.

J. A. KIRK.
Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor.
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Successors to A. N. Smith.

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Fresh and Complete Line of Groceries.

—Just opened a newlot men's hats all the new styles and colors, at Reid & Young's.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

According to a return presented to the Provincial House on April 29th, and just printed. 1,400,450 acres of land have been reserved for pulp companies. To this must be added the 700 square miles for the Island Power Co. This means 2888¼ square miles of land reserved for gangs of grafters whose only excuse for existence is a paper charter.

It has been stated that Dunsmuir is employing Chinese as miners in his mines at Cumberland, who have not the necessary certificate of competency. The Inspector of Mines, Mr. Thos. Morgan, has been instructed to see the law enforced and has left for Cumberland.

It is amusing to notice how the Grit and Railway press are down on Richard McBride. But still Dick keeps on his even way, beloved by his friends, but detested by those having axes to grind. Aided by his friends he compelled the withdrawal of the Canadian Northern land grant. Which accounts for the milk in the cocoanut.

And so Victoria is to have a $300,000 tourist hotel built by the C. P. R. The final closing of James Bay flats will remove an ancient eyesore, and the proposed site is certainly the best city location in the Province.

The S. O. E. Record publishes, by request, the old song "The Miner's Dream of Home." Written for the original production of "The Silver King" by Wilson Barrett, it became the popular song of the day in London before anything but placer mining was known in British Columbia. Its chorus, however, is particularly appropriate for old country miners here.

"I saw the old homestead, and faces I love;
I saw England's valleys and dells;
I listened with joy, as I did when a boy,
To the sound of the old village bells.
The log was burning brightly, 'twas a time you would banish all sin
For the bells were ringing the old year out
And the new year in."

The registration of votes in Manitoba commenced on Victoria day. Twenty-five hundred went on the list in Winnipeg alone. Politics must be strenuous in the prairie province when even a public holiday is devoted to it.

The collapse of the Street Railway strike in Montreal shows that after all, public opinion is the supreme arbiter in industrial disputes. Compulsory arbitration is powerless sometimes but the will of the people never.

On June 3rd 1778, the Montreal "Gazette" was first issued. And for a century and a quarter it has continued publication, improving with increased population until today it stands as one of the foremost moulders of public opinion in the Dominion.

Even the Chief Justice can sometimes get called down. He was by Aaron Barnes, a miner, at Ladysmith the other day when the following colloquy took place:

"Chief Justice—I can tell you what will happen if you don't settle. Mr. Dunsmuir will employ non-union labor, and where will you be then?

"Witness—With all deference to Your Lordship, and knowing your anxiety to see a settlement in favor of Mr. Dunsmuir, I do not think men could accept the proposition."

In a recent report to President Roosevelt, regarding an U. S. coaling station at Dutch Harbor Admiral Bradford makes use of the following expressions:

"Attention is also invited to the present great political question of the day, the settlement of the boundry between the territory of Alaska and the Dominion of Canada. There is abundant evidence going to show that the spirit of Canada on this matter may be considered as threatening."

Not only is this unique as an official report referring to politics, but also as a compliment to Canada. The United States considering Canada as threatening shows the Dominion's power is becoming recognized.

The Beauties of Nature

Nature is, in every mood, very beautiful and British Columbia has been blessed in no ordinary degree with hills and valleys, meadowlands and rivers of surpassing loveliness. Until a few years ago these scenic advantages were very little known and it was only when the attractions of our province were disseminated in the press that tourist travel commenced. Many a jaded eye has been made clear and tottering frame rejuvenated as a result of judicious advertising of British Columbia's beauties and such advertisements have not only been profitable to the advertiser but of benefit to his readers. It is the same in mercantile life. Advertising is a benefit to both the merchant and the buyer. If the one has something a little better or cheaper than anyone else he is not doing his duty to the other unless such goods are advertised. Judicious advertising not only stimulates trade but also is of great assistance to would be purchasers.

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 district:

1. Commencing at a post planted one mile from the mouth of the south fork of Big Mouth creek and marked "W. Murray'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.

2. Commencing at a post planted one mile from the mouth of the south fork of Big Mouth creek and marked "W. Murray's south east corner post," thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the place of commencement.

Dated the 29th day of May, 1903.

W. MURRAY.

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 district:

1. Commencing at a post planted one mile from the mouth of the south fork of Big Mouth creek and marked "E. Adair's southwest corner post," thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to place of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted one mile from the mouth of the south fork of Big Mouth creek and marked "E. Adair's northwest 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 29th day of May, 1903.

E. ADAIR.

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 district:

1. Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Big Mouth creek, about 3 miles from its mouth and marked "H. S. Howard's south west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to place of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Big Mouth creek about 3 miles from its mouth and marked "H. S. Howard's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to place of commencement.

Dated the 21st day of May, 1903.

H. S. HOWARD.

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 district:

1. Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the forks of Big Mouth creek and marked "M. L. O. Stone's south west corner post," thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to place of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Big Mouth creek, one mile below the forks and marked "M. L. O. Stone's north west corner post," thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to place of commencement.

Dated the 21st day of May, 1903.

M. L. O. STONE.

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 district:

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Big Mouth creek, about 8 miles from its mouth and marked "G. E. Hedstrom's south east corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.

Dated the 21st day of May, 1903.

G. E. HEDSTROM.

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 south side of Trout Lake about ½ mile above Canyon creek trail and marked "C. W. Ward's north west corner post," thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains west to the point of commencement.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1903.

C. W. WARD.

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 north side of Trout Lake near foot of lake and marked "C. W. Ward's south west corner post," thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west to point of commencement.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1903.

C. W. WARD.

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 north side of Trout Lake, about 5 miles from head of lake and marked "Edward Holt's south east corner post," thence 160 chains north, thence 40 chains west, thence 160 chains south, thence 40 chains east to point of commencement.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1903.

EDWARD HOLT.

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 north side of Trout Lake, about 11 miles from the head of lake marked "Edward Holt's south east corner post," thence 40 chains north, thence 160 chains west, thence 40 chains south, thence 160 chains east to point of commencement.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1903.

EDWARD HOLT.

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 north side of the Trout Lake and Beaton Road, about 3 miles from Trout Lake and marked "H. S. Barton's south east corner post," thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south to the place of commencement.

Dated this 15th day of May, 1903.

H. S. BARTON.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of the Estate of Joseph Best, Late of British Columbia, Prospector, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HERERY GIVEN pursuant to the "Trustees and Executors Act" that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Joseph Best, who died on the 8th day of April, A. D., 1903, are required on or before the 31st day of July, 1903, to send by post prepaid or deliver to A. J. Laughon, of Zeigler Block, Spokane, Washington, Attorney for Frank Clifton, the Administrator of the estate of the said Joseph Best, their Christian and Surnames, addresses and descriptions, and full particulars of their claims, the statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

AND NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN that immediately after such last mentioned date, the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice, and that the said administrator will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by him at the time of such distribution.

Dated this 20th day of May, A. D., 1903.

SMITH & LAUGHON,
Attorneys for Administrator.
27 Ziegler Block, Spokane, Wash.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief License Commissioner of the Revelstoke riding of North West Kootenay, for a license to sell liquor by retail in the Goldfinch Hotel at Goldfields.

WM. ROBERTS.

Goldfields, B.C., May 16th, 1903.

NEW

BAKERY

IS NOW OPEN ON McKENZIE AVE.

The undersigned begs to ask a fair share of Public Patronage.

Home Made Bread
A Specialty.

—CONFECTIONERY AND CAKES OF ALL KINDS.—

A. E. BENNISON,
Mackenzie Ave.

BOOT AND SHOE REPAIRING.

I have opened up a Boot and Shoe Repairing Shop, opposite the Climax Hotel, and will be pleased to receive a share of the Custom work of the City. Special attention given to the repairing of Shoes for Railway work.

JARVIS H. ARMSTRONG,
Opposite Climax Hotel.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application 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 marked "Marion Adair's north west corner post," on the south side of Pool creek about half a mile from the mouth of Mohawk creek, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 22nd day of May, 1903.

MARION ADAIR.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in West Kootenay District, B. C. :—

Commencing at a post planted on the west bank of the Columbia river, just below the mouth of Eight Mile creek (below Canoe river) and marked "R. S. Butler's south east corner," thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to initial post.

Dated this 23rd day of April, 1903.

R. S. BUTLER.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in East Kootenay District, B. C. :—

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia river, about 5 miles below the mouth of Cummins creek and marked "E. Nagle's south east corner," thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated this 5th day of May, 1903.

E. NAGLE.

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 marked "Frank Case's south east corner post," planted on the south bank of the west branch of Pingston creek about 21 miles from its mouth and 4 mile from the Forks; thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 8th day of May, 1903.

FRANK CASE.

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 marked "John Bourne's No. 2, south west corner post," situated on the east side of Pingston creek, about ¾ of a mile north of Chas. Taylor's cabin, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 8th day of May, 1903.

JOHN BOURNE.

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 marked "James Martin's south west corner post," situated on the east bank of Pingston Creek, at John Bourne's No. 2 north west corner, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 8th day of May, 1903.

JAMES MARTIN.

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 marked "Jennie Dashwood-Jones's south west corner post," situated on the east bank of Pingston creek, about 12 miles from its mouth, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 8th day of May, 1903.

JENNIE DASHWOOD-JONES.

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 situated in East Kootenay district, B. C.:

Commencing at a post planted alongside the Wood River trail, about 60 chains north from the head of navigation landing on the Columbia river, and about 2½ miles south of the upper trail crossing of Wood River and marked "Lorne Hume's north west corner," thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated this 4th day of May, 1903.

LORNE HUME.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend making application 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:

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Snow creek at the mouth of Trout creek, about 2½ miles from Burton City, West Kootenay, marked "R. Stewart's north west corner post," running east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains to place of commencement.

Dated the 20th day of May, 1903.

R. STEWART.

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 north side of the Trout Lake and Beaton Road, about three miles from Trout Lake and marked "H. S. Barton's north east corner post," thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains east to point of commencement.

Dated this 15th day of May, 1903.

H. S. BARTON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in East Kootenay District, B. C. :—

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia river, about 5 miles below the mouth of Cummins creek and marked "J. R. McCleery's south east corner," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated this 5th day of May, 1903.

J. R. McCLEERY.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application 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, B. C.:—

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia river about 2½ miles below Cummins creek and marked "C. Boyle's south east corner," thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to place of beginning.

Dated this 5th day of May, 1903.

C. BOYLE.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated in East Kootenay District, B. C. :—

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia river about 2 miles above the mouth of Cummins creek and marked "H. S. Butler, south east corner," thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated this 6th day of May, 1903.

R. S. BUTLER.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application 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, B. C. :—

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia river about one mile above the mouth of Cummins creek, marked "J. R. McCleery's south east corner," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the initial post.

Dated this 6th day of May, 1903.

J. R. McCLEERY.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application 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, B. C.:—

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of the Columbia river, about 3 miles above the mouth of Canoe river, and marked "H. S. Johnson's North West Corner"; thence East 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to initial post.

Dated this 7th day of May, 1903.

H. S. JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application 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, B. C.:

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of the Columbia river about four miles above the mouth of Canoe river, and marked "H. S. Johnson's North West Corner"; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated this 7th day of May, 1903.

H. S. JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia river about two miles west of the mouth of Canoe river, and marked "J. T. Nagle's North-East Corner"; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated this 7th day of May, 1903.

J. T. NAGLE.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in West Kootenay District, B. C:

Commencing at a post marked "C. Boyle's North East Corner," planted on the west bank of the Columbia river just below the mouth of Eight Mile creek (below Canoe river); thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 23rd day of April, 1903.

C. BOYLE.

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 Guy Barber's north east corner post on the east slope of Pingston creek valley about eight miles from the mouth of said creek, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement. Containing 640 acres.

2. Commencing at Guy Barber's south east corner post on the east slope of Pingston creek valley about 8 miles from the mouth of said creek, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement. Containing 640 acres.

J. GUY BARBER.

Revelstoke, B. C., 27th April, 1903.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I will 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:—

No. 1. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Whatshan creek, about 6 miles north of the north end of Whatshan lake and marked "John Gadway's south west corner post," thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains to the point of commencement.

No. 2. Commencing at a post planted on the east side of Whatshan creek, about 6 miles north of the north end of Whatshan lake, and marked "John Gadway's south east corner post," thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 15th April, 1903.

JOHN GADWAY.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I will 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:—

No. 1. Commencing at a post planted on the north west side of Cariboo creek, about 17 miles from its mouth, and marked "R. R. Hall's north east corner post," thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to the point of commencement.

No. 2. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of Christy's creek, and about eight miles from the head of Whatshan Lake, and marked "R. R. Hall's south east corner post," thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 15th April, 1903.

R. R. HALL.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I will 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:—

No. 1. Commencing at a post planted on the north west side of Cariboo creek, about 15 miles from its mouth, and marked "B. Ellis' north east corner post," thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to the point of commencement.

No. 2. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of the west fork of Mosquito creek and about 3½ miles from where it empties into the main creek, and marked "B. Ellis' 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 15th April, 1903.

B. ELLIS.

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 West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted 1¼ miles north from Big Mouth creek on the west side of Columbia river and ½ mile west from river, and marked "John Jackson's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres.

Dated May 16th, 1903.

J. JACKSON.

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to Honourable 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 1¼ miles from Big Mouth creek on the west side of Columbia river and ½ mile west from river, by Edwards and Jackson's corner posts and marked "Ada Edwards' south east corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres.

Dated May 16th, 1903.

ADA EDWARDS

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I will 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:—

No. 1. Commencing at a post planted on the north west side of Cariboo creek, about 1½ miles from its mouth, near the Chieftain cabin and marked "James Ellis' north west corner post," thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the point of commencement.

No. 2. Commencing at a post planted on the south side of the west fork of Mosquito creek, about 2½ miles from where it empties into the main creek and marked "James Ellis' 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 the 15th April, 1903.

JAMES ELLIS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend making application 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:

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of the west branch of Mosquito creek and about two miles from Mosquito creek, West Kootenay, marked "James Ellis' north east corner post," running south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to place of commencement.

Dated the 14th May, 1903.

JAMES ELLIS.

NOTICE.

Take notice that thirty 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:

1. Commencing at a post marked "Mabel Martin's south west corner post," planted at a point about one mile east of Pingston creek, and about 19 miles up from its mouth, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "Mabel Martin's north east corner post," planted on the west bank of Pingston creek, about 11 miles up from its mouth, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 26th day of March, 1903.

MABEL MARTIN.

NOTICE.

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

No. 1. Commencing at a post marked "Mathew Soper's north west corner post," situated about 1 mile west of Mosquito creek and about 10 miles from its mouth and running south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 2. Commencing at a post marked "Mathew Soper's south east corner post," and situated beside post of No. 1 as above described and running west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 1st day of May, 1903.

MATHEW SOPER.

GOLDFIELDS POSSIBILITIES..

If you are looking for possibilities in Estate Speculation that will double your capital, it will be to your interest to invest RIGHT NOW, before the best of the properties have been taken up.

REAL ESTATE

A GROUND FLOOR PRICES

Are you looking for Business Lots, Residential Lots, or other Real Estate? Goldfields is the Payroll Centre and Resident Town of the Famous Fish River Free Milling Gold Camp, and has a Future unequalled by any other Town in the West.

For Terms and Particulars Write

ROGER F. PERRY, Manager, Goldfields, B. C.

WANTED

GOOD CARPENTERS

EXPERIENCED CARPENTERS and Framers for Mill Work at Arrowhead. Address W. J. LUDGATE, Arrowhead. 23-tf.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Mountain Chief mineral claim, situate in the Arrow Lake mining division of West Kootenay district.

Where located:—On Canyon creek, about two miles from the junction with Cariboo creek.

Take notice that I, A. R. Heyland, agent for Peter McDonald, free miner's certificate B.32,395, Ellen McDougald, free miner's certificate, B32,399, Walter Ross, free miner's certificate, 41,933, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the mining recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 7th day of April, 1903.

A. R. HEYLAND.

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In the matter of the Estate of A. N. Smith, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that Probate of the Will of the said A. N. Smith was on the 24th day of March, A. D., 1903, granted to Margaret Adela Smith, the sole executrix under the said will.

And, further, take notice that all persons having any claim against the said Estate must send in full particulars of their claims to Messrs. le Maistre & Scott without delay.

Dated this 2nd day of April, 1903.

LE MAISTRE & SCOTT,
Solicitors for the Executrix.
First Street, Revelstoke, B. C

NOTICE.

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

No. 1. Commencing at a post marked "A. R. Soper's north east corner post," situated about 2 miles west of Mosquito creek and about 10 miles from its mouth, and running south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres.

No. 2. Commencing at a post marked "A. R. Soper's south east corner post," and situated beside No. 1 as above described and running west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 1st day of May, 1903.

ALICE R. SOPER.

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 West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted 1½ miles north from Big Mouth creek, on the west side of Columbia river and ½ mile west from river and marked "N. T. Edwards' north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres.

Dated May 16th, 1903.

N. T. EDWARDS.

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 West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Flat creek, Big Bend, ½ mile from the mouth of said creek, and marked "J. R. Anderson's north east corner post," thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains to the point of commencement. Containing 640 acres.

Dated May 15th, 1903.

J. R. ANDERSON.

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 West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted at J. R. Anderson's north east corner post on Flat creek, Big Bend, and marked "John Anderson's south east corner post," thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres.

Dated May 15th, 1903.

JOHN ANDERSON,

FAIR FANTINEKILL.

[S. E. Hampton.]

Fair Fantinekill, what boyhood scenes
Return again in Manhood's dreams?
Each pathway through the wooded dell
Some tale of youthful pleasures tell.
Here Nature's lavish hand is seen
In richest hues—in greenest green,
And ev'ry little rippling rill
Holdeth a power to charm and thrill
The after years we feed upon
When youth and all but hope is gone.
Sweet memory floods my heart at will
Repeating o'er Fair Fantinekill.

Thou nestling valley gem, walled in
By mountains tall—by mountains grim,
Each frowning, hoary head is dearth
In praises fitting to thy worth.
Fantinekill, fairy queen of brooks,
Thy small cascades were ideal nooks
Before the vandal woodman tore
The leafy glades from your shore.
Ere solace now, no more attacks
Can come from desecrating axe—
Dispoiled yet murm'ring sweetly still,
And still I love thee, Fantinekill.

The hazy time of life's ne'er dim
If but we turn our eyes within,
For there we findeth no decay
Among the mem'ries laid away.
Beneath the dust and grime of years
More oft the sun creeps out than tears,
More oft a deed of excellence
Stands side by side with recompense,
And spectral shadows fade and flee
When youth returns in memory—
Youth and hope and every thrill
That clustered 'round thee, Fantinekill.

The brooklet ages may defy
With voice attuned to song and sigh;
It's life must be as lives of men.
The past will ne'er return again.
Yet man, when in the twilight age
Turns dreamy eyes for inward gaze,
And feasting, finds that shadows lie
Too deep for retrospective eye.
'Tis sunkissed hours that mem'ry brings—
Like rose bereft of thorns and stings—
Thrice welcome ere to heart whose thrill
Responsive is to Fantinekill.

ROOM FOR TWO.

Mrs. Getty's coupe was at the curb in front of a florist's establishment on Fifth avenue, near Forty-third street. Her coachman held the coupe door open, for at the moment the lady was issuing from the shop. Across the way was an empty handsom cab waiting for patrons. There was rather more than the ordinary bustle of traffic in the famous thoroughfare. Automobiles rolled silently and swiftly, stages lumbered slowly and noisily, and all manner of private vehicles were on parade, making it a matter of no small difficulty for pedestrians to cross from one sidewalk to the other. The clock on the tower of the Grand Central station near by told all who cared to note that it was five minutes past 2.

Just as Mrs. Getty was stooping to enter her coupe a man came hurriedly up Forty-third street from the direction of the Grand Central, took in the scene on the avenue with a quick glance, jumped into the waiting hansom and pushed open the little trap in the top. There was a bill in his hand. The driver promptly possessed himself of the bill while he bent his head to hear his customer's orders.

"Go to No. 347 West Forty-fourth street as fast as you can," said the man; "there'll be somebody there to tell you where next. Don't let anything whatever delay you."

"All right, sir," answered the cabby, dropping the trap and jerking the reins.

The horse started at once, and at the same moment the passenger got out. Cabby saw him go, and wondered, but with the bill still crumpled in his hand, and with the passenger's struct injunction to let nothing delay him ringing in his ears, he drove on, and the jam of vehicles was so great that he could not even turn his head to see what became of the passenger.

"It's a good job, anyway," thought cabby, thinking of the bill, "and if the fellow at No. 347 is as generous as this one, I'll get that new coat I've needed so long."

The man who had left the cab sc shortly after engaging it rised his neck by running in front of a stage, dodged an auto and darted across the avenue, making as straight as circumstances would permit for Mrs. Getty's coupe. She had nestled into a comfortable position and the coachman was climbing to his box when the man opened the coupe door, entered and pulled the door to quickly, but noiselessly.

"Say nothing, madam," he said sharply, "or I shall be compelled to resort to violence to quiet you."

Mrs. Getty shrank, terrified, against the side of the coupe, her cheeks blanched, her lips parted and her eyes distended. The man sank upon the seat beside her and breathed heavily. Then the coachman, all unmindful of what had taken place, spoke to his horse and the vehicle started.

The episode had attracted no attention from the sidewalks, for the pedestrians, intent on their own affairs, could not see what went on in the roadway. It may be that a number of persons in passing conveyances saw a part of it, but they comprehended not and cared not. So when, a few seconds later, a number of men came rushing excitedly up from the Grand Central station, such information as they could gain by hurried inquiry sent them speeding, some on foot, some in cabs, down West Forty-fourth street.

So soon as the coupe was in motion, the man turned to Mrs. Getty with a deprecatory smile, in which there was a gleam of satisfaction, and said:

"I am truly sorry to intrude on you in this unmannerly way, madam, but there's room for two here, and you'll have to endure my company for a bit."

"I can easily attract the attention of my coachman," said Mrs. Getty, resolutely, "and have him put you out and into the hands of the police."

"As she finished speaking she raised a hand to rap on the window.

"Don't madam," exclaimed the man, appealingly, and he help up a hand too, not in threat, but as a gesture of entreaty.

At sight of it Mrs. Getty sank again into her corner and stared at him, once again, with speechless horror. Around the wrist he held up was a steel band, and from it depended a fragment of chain.

"I told you I should have to shock you again," he said quietly, "but you know the worst now. Yes, I am a convict. Ten minutes ago I was on my way to Sing Sing. You may not know that convicts are always taken up on the train that leaves the Grand Central at five minutes past two. The train has gone and I am here. With your assistance I shall be a free man within an hour."

"No! No!" she protested, faintly, "you shall not make me a party to your crime." And again she made as if she would rap on the glass.

"One moment, madam," he interposed, a little sternly, and as he displayed once more that steel band and the broken chain, her resolution gave way to helpless terror. "I have committed no crime," he continued, impressively. "My life has been venturesome, colored with many an episode that I regret, but before heaven I am innocent of the charge upon which I have been convicted and sentenced. I can prove my innocence if I can be free but a few days. To go to prison now would mean the destruction of my only hope of clearing my name, unless that might happen after I had rotted for years in a cell. You are listening, madam, and I will be brief, for time is pressing. Convict though I am in the eyes of the law, I have faithful friends who know my innocence. They have helped me thus far on my escape. One of them managed to supply me with a pair of super-hardened steel pincers. Another thrust money into my hand during the moment of confusion at the railroad station. I was manacled in the usual way to a deputy sheriff. When we were about to board the train I nipped the chain that bound me to my guard and broke away. My friends made a diversion that gave me a slight start, and here I am. Now you know everything except my plans for establishing my innocence. Those I have not time to tell you, and you might not understand them. Liberty I must have. You will not give me up. Pity me, madam, and save me from the unmerited degradation of a felon's life."

"What do you expect me to do?" she asked.

"Have your man drive to the Twenty-third street ferry," he replied coolly, "and cross the river. I shall then be not only in the Pennsylvania railroad station but in another State, and those facts together will give me all the time I need."

"I cannot do it," she said. "It is not right for me to interfere with the law. In a moment my man will stop. You may then go out, and I will not ask him to summon an officer. That is all I can do, and it is more than I ought."

Even then the coupe was driven to the curb preparatory to stopping.

"Madam," said the convict, hopelessly, "it shall be as you say, and within ten minutes from the time you leave me I shall again be a prisoner."

If he had used threats or shown desperation, the outcome might have been different. To this day Mrs. Getty is puzzled to explain her course to her own complete satisfaction. When the coachman opened the coupe door he started a little at sight of a stranger, but, like a well-bred servant, said nothing.

"Wilson," said Mrs. Getty, with astonishing calmness, "my friend is in a hurry to catch a train at the Pennsylvania station. Go over by the Twenty-third street ferry as quickly as possible."

Wilson bowed and closed the door.

"You are an angel!" whispered the convict.

He said nothing more for a time, but busied himself in winding a handkerchief around his manacled wrist.

"Unfortunately," he remarked at length, "I lost my pincers in the scuffle and so can't get rid of this just at present. May I ask one more favor of you? Fasten this bandage with a pin, please, and it will then appear that I have injured my wrist and the sign of my disgrace will not be visible."

He held his hand toward her, and Mrs. Getty, wondering if she were under a hypnotic spell, complied with his request. He thanked her and remained silent until the coupe was driven from the ferryboat to the platform of the railroad station on the New Jersey side of the river.

"Thank you once again," he said then, as he alighted. "If I might know who has assisted——"

"No," she interrupted; "I never want to know more than this."

"You are probably quite right," he responded. "Good-bye," and lifting his hat he went rapidly toward the ticket office.

In the next day's papers Mrs. Getty read long accounts of the sensational escape of a noted forger on his way to Sing Sing prison. There was a lot of detail about the pursuit of an empty hansom cab, but not a word about the coupe in which there proved to be ample room for two.

A Feeling of Resentment.

"Did you do anything to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday this week?"

"I should say not," answered the man with the big diamond and the fierce mustache. "A man who wrote those box office frosts like 'Macbeth' and 'King Lear' ought to be glad he's livin' without askin' for any celebrations."—Washington Star.

A girl loses her self-possession when she puts on a wedding ring.

Usually the more money a man has the more selfish his children are.

A YELLOW SEA POPPY.

Only a yellow sea poppy,
That grew in the shingle and sand,
Kissed by the spray of the ocean,
Afar from the dews of the land.
Hard is thy bed, little beauty,
And few are the comforts that bless;
No butterfly wing passes by thee,
Thy life is one lonely distress

Yet thou art golden in beauty,
And delicate, too, in thy form.
There! as I lifted thy glory,
'Tis shattered before the rude storm.
Flower, thou art parched in this desert.
Too dry for one tear of complaint;
Around thee hard stones, and above
Fierce rays—thou wilt wither and faint.

"Oh, no," said the poppy, "not so;
God made me to blossom out here;
My red-coated brothers, I know,
Were formed for a different sphere.
But God wanted one little flower
To grow where no other bloom grew,
And He has provided my dower,
Where you think the comforts are few.

"And if He has called you to be
Where all things seem barren and bare,
Then learn this blest lesson from me—
God's flowers in a desert are fair.
The yellow sea poppy God made
To grow amid shingle and sand;
And here I have always His aid,
To me 'tis a good, fruitful land."
—William Luff, in N. Y. Tribune.

A Chat With a Detective.

There was a tremendous crowd outside the Marylebone Police Court last Tuesday morning when I presented my card to the policeman at the door.

Some time after I had entered the court, I was introduced to a very well known detective, who has gained many laurels in the past, and who will gain so many in the immediate future.

He is a very gentlemanly man, well-dressed, smart-looking; and when you have talked to him for a few minutes you realize in the quickness of his eye, and the sound sense of his conversation, the ability that has brought him into his present position.

I wanted his reminiscences; but an inherent dislike of publicity forbids him from helping his would-be scribes; nor would he help me more than others.

"Never mind," I said, "I shall have them for all that, you see if I don't," I am able, however, to tell you some amusing things about this great detective, things learned in a chat with an old detective officer, almost as famous, and an ardent admirer of my subject.

He is now forty years of age; he has been in the service for twenty years, but has only been a detective for ten years. During that time he has seen as much of London life—in its better and more vicious forms—as any living man; and were he to write a book, it would be one of the most entertaining volumes that we could possess.

One of the most amusing cases that he was ever engaged on was when, in 1882, he arrested three famous "magsmen," that is, confidence-trick men, in a public-house near Euston Station.

He had followed these men for days, until one morning he saw two of them in the public-house and the third loafing about outside. They were waiting for a victim; "and so," said the "tec," "I will be their victim, and they shall try to play the confidence trick on me."

With that he strolled into the bar, and instantly one man nudged the other, and gave him the signal that the game was to begin, little thinking what a comedy they were playing or how particularly lively a bird was their audience of one.

The first process was for them to quarrel. They called each other a lot of bad names, and then one turned to the "victim" and said:

"Look here, sir," this man is my son, and I allow him a lot of money every month, which he dissipates and wastes. He has just spent five hundred dollars of mine, and he wants me to give him more; but I've no confidence in him—none at all."

Here the son called his father bad names; and then turned to the detective and asked him to have a drink. He had a drink, smoked with the men for over an hour, and pretended to be fresh from the country.

The fellows were delighted, and were about to confide in him, when in came the confederate from outside, and, suspecting something, said, "You fools; don't you see he's a 'D.'"

The game was nearly up, but the detective, quick as lightning, saved it. He pulled out some money from his pocket, and said:

"Look here, let's toss for drinks."

The pseudo-father cried to the suspicious man, "It's all right, you idiot, shut up," and then he fell to tossing with the detective, and finally opened the whole scheme, saying that, if the detective would trust his son with his one hundred dollars to go round the corner with, he would give him more money, and the son hinted that he (the victim) and himself might divide it.

"Exactly," said the detective, and with that he whipped out the handcuffs and buckled the pair.

Of course the swindlers were fairly taken. "That big sum of money did me," said one of them, "I never thought that the police went about with so much money."

These three sharpers were in a jesting mood when tried. They kept the judge and jury in fits of laughter, for they did not seem, even then, to have recovered their astonishment at learning that the supposed greenhorn was one of the sharpest men in London.

"Didn't you drink with me?" asked one; "didn't I stand you cigars?" inquired another, and to all this the detective merely smiled and replied: "Oh, yes; I enjoyed myself very much."

This is the amusing side of detective life. Let us take another side. In the same year, my friend was instrumental in capturing eight desperate burglars, of whom the captain was a man named Willim Lovett.

This man, a regular desperado, was traced by the detective to a loft over a stable, and, although knowing that two or three desperate scoundrels were at the top of the narrow stairs, our detective went up, taking but one officer with him.

The moment he entered the room, he saw that the affair was full of danger. Lovett drew a knife from his pocket and sprang upon him, but he struck the man under the ear and knocked him down. Then, lest he should recover, he took him in his arms, and thinking that the other men were about to spring on him, he contemplated throwing Lovett down the stairs.

However, in the end he carried him down, and called his officer, who said, "We're carrying a corpse," a statement which frightened the "tec" very much. They laid the man down in the police-station and applied cold water to his head. But Lovett did not like cold water.

With a howl and a bound he sprang up, and made another grab at the detective who had caught him; rather a foolish proceeding, seeing that he was surrounded by police officers, and had no chance of escaping.

This Lovett, afterwards sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, was a daring fellow, for he made his escape from Millbank, and then walked about London for two days with a loaded revolver, his sole purpose being to shoot the celebrated detective, whom he regarded with a perhaps easily comprehensible feeling of animosity.

Fortunately for himself, that gentleman was at that moment lying in his own house, suffering from a sharp attack of typhoid fever, and when he recovered he learnt the great risk he had escaped.

All great criminals seem possessed of a great desire to shoot detectives, and this is not unnatural seeing that such officers are, in the opinion of thieves, impertinently inquisitive and offensive in their curiosity.

The subject of this article once had a narrow escape with an American burglar named John Owen, a man who had committed many crimes in the north of London. The detective followed him for days, knowing well that the man always had a revolver in his pocket; and that, were he tackled, he would certainly shoot his captors.

Here was a desperate job then; and one of the detective's assistants thought it so desperate that he begged not to be left alone with Owen even for a few minutes.

The hour for this burglar's capture came at last. Walking close by him in the street, the pursuer suddenly pinned his arms and threw him backwards. The fellow was thrown down, and when he learnt that his captor was a detective he said, "Well, I should have made a hole in you, I guess, if I'd known who you were."

These are but a few of the many great cases that the great enemy of evil-doers has been engaged in. For instance, he captured the perpetrators of the Regent's Park murder, when a young man was stabbed and no clue of any sort was left to identify his assailants.

Again, he brought Hatton to justice when a woman was discovered in a field near Elstree with her head crushed, and dozens of other cases have been characterized by the skill that he has brought to bear upon them. With these I do not propose to deal; but I may just cite one instance to show how ready is the insight of such a man and how true his quickly-formed conclusions.

One day a woman came up to the police-station, and said that her servant had been nearly murdered by burglars, who had wounded her, pulled her hair out, and made off with a valuable silk dress.

The detective went up to the house, and cross-examined this domestic, listening to her whole explanations, and then saying:

"What do you take us for, detectives or fools? Come now, where is that silk dress?"

Of course, he was abused. "How dare he suspect our servant! how dare he make such insinuations?" He listened to them, and laughed. He knew in a moment that the servant was lying, and that no robbery had been committed.

The girl had stolen the dress herself, and before he left the house it was produced; and the astonished householders confessed that his instinct was nothing less than marvelous.

Nor should it be forgotten that our subject wears a fine gold chronometer given him for saving life from fire. One night a house in Cardigan Square was ablaze. He heard cries and screams; he rushed in and brought out a woman, who, however, died in his arms.

He entered the house again, brought out a child; entered yet a third time, but was overpowered by the smoke, and fell back into the flames only to be rescued by the fire brigade.

Where Can We Find—

A woman to mop the brow of the mountain?

The whetstone that will sharpen a dull appetite?

The ring that will fit the finger of fate?

The correct measurement of the footprints of time?

The number of inhabitants in the matrimonial state?

A frame for the mirror that is held up to nature?

Experience to ripen those people who are green with envy?

A ladder that will reach the top of the morning?

Something to soothe the itch for fame and relieve some of the awful strains of music?

RETIRED.

The strong tide breaks upon the narrow pier,
The ships go by; and one who knew them well
Sits at the close of day, and sits alone.

Captain no more! But he remembers yet
The little town in dear old Maryland,
Where first he learned by star and wind and tide
The track of the ocean, and the way of war,
Upon the wave that smote his native land.

Now all is done: a warship rides the bay,
With shining hull and blackened funnels high.
And his old heart leaps at its prisoned side,
For that his boy is there! He minds the time
When little arms were twined upon his neck,
And ears bent low to hear the thrilling tale
Of ships that fought in battles long ago.

He thinks of her who stood beside him then
With shining eyes—the light-house of his heart—
And outward passed, like to a little sail,
That, rocking in the mist, returns no more.

So comes the dusk; he hears the booming gun,
He sees the lowered flag, the night-lamps set;
And watching on the pier he falls asleep,
And dreams of golden anchors far away.
—John J. Meehan, in Leslie's Weekly.

MY DOUBLE DILEMMA.

Thoroughly tired of the pier, the esplanade, and the tennis-court, one afternoon, during my stay at the seaside, I took a solitary ramble round the coast.

With the tall cliffs on one side of me and a vast expanse of ocean on the other, I made my way over sand and shingle, careless of everything save the appearance of my immaculate flannel trousers, until the town of Brinybay was hidden by a chalk promontory, and I found myself alone, or apparently alone, with Nature.

As, however, I approached an irregular mass of rock lying together at the foot of the cliff, a scarlet object appearing above them attracted my attention, and, on nearing the spot, I discovered it was a parasol shading one of the most bewitching girls I had ever beheld in my life—and I have seen a good many.

Comfortably seated on a mossy boulder and deep in the perusal of a yellow-backed volume, she was becomingly attired in a dress of pale pink, and as I passed her I fancied she peeped at me from beneath her shady straw hat; but young men always think that girls notice them, especially when like myself, they are Oxford undergraduates with their college arms emblazoned on the breast of their blue serge jackets.

I had not left this siren very far behind when my progress was suddenly brought to a stop by the sea, which had covered the beach and was lashing the base of the cliff. I at once realised the unpleasant fact that the tide was flowing, and that if I did not speedily retrace my steps, my return to Brinybay would be prevented in the same manner as my advance.

Hastening back, and passing the maiden in pink, who was reading as unconcernedly as ever, I again found my path barred by a sheet of water several yards in width. I was completely shut off from the mainland.

To scale the cliff was utterly impossible, and although I might have resumed my homeward course after wading through the water, I could not have deserted the fair girl near me, who was evidently unconscious of her critical situation. The waves were rapidly advancing towards the rocks among which she was seated, and the seaweed clinging to them told me that at high waaer they were totally submerged.

Approaching the parasol, I coughed.

"Excuse me," I said, "but the tide is coming in very fast, and, I am afraid, will soon be up here."

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, blushing, and hurriedly looking around her. "Oh, dear, how very stupid of me not to notice it; whatever shall I do?"

"The only possible way of getting back," I remarked, as she slowly closed her book and left her seat, "is across this piece of water, but it is rather deep."

In silence she followed me to the spot, and after gazing upon the fast-widening barrier, looked up at me and smiled.

"I think I know how we can overcome the difficulty," I said, "but I hope you won't be offended at my suggestion."

"Oh, no, no," she exclaimed, with a little laugh; "anything as long as I can get out of this horrid fix."

"Then, I believe I could manage to carry you across, if you wouldn't object," I said, after some hesitation.

Another smile illumined her fair countenance, and she replied in tones of the deepest sincerity—

"Oh, thank you, thank you; I should feel so grateful if you would, so very much obliged."

Throwing off my shoes and socks, and tucking up my immaculate ones, I put the yellow-covered book into one of my capacious pockets, deposited my stick with the scarlet parasol on the beach and gently lifting its fair owner in my arms, in another moment had forded the water and deposited her on extra firma.

She returned with me to Brinybay. Her thanks were overwhelming, and ere long we were chatting together like a couple of old friends.

A proposal I made for taking her mother for a sail in my yacht pleased her more than ever, and when I parted with her near the pier—though ignorant of her name and connection—I thought she was the most charming girl I had met with for a long time.

On arriving at my apartments I found that the yellow-covered volume which she had entrusted to my care was still in my pocket. I opened it and found on the title-page the following: "Bessie Cragg, Sea View Villa, Brinybay."

Not displeased at my discovery, I penned a polite little note to "Miss Cragg"—who was evidently the bewitching possessor of the scarlet parasol—in which, after briefly referring to her book, I had the boldness to fix a day for the proposed yatching expedition.

Neatly enclosing the epistle with the volume, I left the parcel that evening at Sea View Villa.

Next morning I was told that a gentleman desired to speak to me in private. I ordered my landlady to show the visitor in, and forthwith a black-looking man, of middle age, entered my parlor.

"Mr. Lyon, I presume?" he began, eyeing me unpleasantly.

"I am Mr. Lyon; what is it?" I said, annoyed at the stranger's manner.

"What is it?" he sneered; "what is it, indeed young man! What do you mean by sending my wife such stuff as this, and by asking her to accompany you in a yacht, etc., you impertinent fellow?" and he threw my little note to Bessie Cragg on to the table.

"Your wife?" I exclaimed in confusion, "your wife, sir? I think you are in error; I think that you have made a mistake, sir."

"Mistake!" cried the stranger fiercely; "mistake—fiddlesticks. I am Mr. Joseph Cragg, young man, and if ever I catch you insulting my wife with another such billet doux it's ten to one you won't have a chance of repeating the offense!"

With this terrible threat, my visitor left the house.

I threw myself into a chair and groaned aloud—a pretty ending, forsooth, to the romantic incident of the preceding day.

During the next week I had little bliss; it made me miserable to think that fair and frolicsome Bessie was bound for life to such a wolfish monster as Joseph Cragg.

On reflection, I wondered why she hadn't informed her husband of her adventure by the seaside (for I presumed he was unaware of it,) and why, when she was with me, she had appeared so eager to accept my invitation.

I met Mrs. Cragg several times alone in the town and on the pier, but always passed her without any token of recognition. On one occasion I fancied she smiled faintly at me, but taking no notice of her familiarity, I thought, for a married person, that her behaviour was extremely improper.

Just a week after my eventful ramble round the coast, while strolling listlessly on the esplande, I was surprised on being accosted by a pleasant-looking old lady who, grasping my hand, exclaimed—

"Are you the gentleman that saved my dear little Marie from being drowned when almost caught by the tide some days ago?"

I was absolutely bewildered, nor was it until I was seated in the gushing old lady's drawing-room conversing with her and her fair grand-daughter Marie—the identical possessor of the scarlet parasol—that an explanation of the whole affair took place.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cragg was a friend of Marie's and had lent her the yellow-backed volume which, on being returned to its original owner, had fallen into the hands of Mr. Cragg.

Without showing either the book or the note to his wife, this gentleman had opened the letter with the above recorded unpleasant result.

It may interest the reader to know that Marie and I took our yachting trip as proposed, and thoroughly enjoyed it, too; but beyond the information contained in the appending newspaper cutting, I cannot furnish further particulars of the consequences of my eventful ramble when, although I eluded the clutches of Neptune, I fell a victim to the snares of Cupid.

Lyon—Brading.—August 4, at St. Old's, Ermyhay, by the Rector, the Rev. P. Prosy, M. A., Charles Lyon, eldest son of John Lyon, Esq., of Harrowfield, Hants, to Maria, daughter of Colonel John Brading, Royal Slashers.

How to Read the Tongue.

The perfect tongue is clean, moist, lies loosely in the mouth, is round at the edge and has no prominent papillae.

The tongue may be furred from local cause or from sympathy with the stomach, intestines or liver.

The dry tongue occurs most frequently in fever and indicates a nervous prostration or depression.

A white tongue is diagnostic simply of the feverish condition, with perhaps a sour stomach. When it is moist and yellowish brown it shows disordered digestion. Dry and brown indicates a low state of the system, possibly typhoid.

When the tongue is dry and red and smooth, look out for inflammation, gastic or intestinal.

When the papilae on the end of the tongue are raised and very red it is called a strawberry tongue, and that means scarlet fever.

Sharp pointed red tongue will hint of brain irritation or inflammation, and a yellow coating indicates liver derangement.

The world contains an oversupply of average man.

The gold handled by adentistis always at a premium.

REPOSE OF BODY AND MIND.

Anna M. Pennock Writes on the Subject in Health Magazine.

We cannot write or talk too much of repose in this busy, hustling world, where people are keyed to such high nerve tension. More mental quiet is an unconscious demand of the race today. Healthy repose of body is a symbol of strength and power of mind.

On every side we meet with this mental unrest, this struggle with burdens of some variety, until from the expenditure of nerve force a large number are among the never-well, always-tired class, after which follows the morbid, and finally the insane.

By repose we do not mean idleness or sluggishness; but we mean steady, quiet, life-building activity. Every healthy child is brimful of active life, but it is restless only under artificial conditions.

If repose is power then we cannot too early train the child to observe times of daily silence, short intervals when both mind and body rest. Our public schools should cultivate more repose on the part of both teacher and pupil, for in the school lies much of the moulding of the race. These practical psychological and physiological lessons can be incidentally taught and would result in a freer, healthier and happier people. The schools would send home fewer tired nerves if relaxation and energizing were more frequently alternated during the day.

Train the mind to free the nerves, relax the muscles and lay the inert body down to natural sleep. If you are not able to keep the body still you cannot control the mind; then begin by training the body to lie in repose. Focus the thought force on using the right nerves and correct muscles for the immediate work and let those off of duty rest.

If every person weighed down with cares and tired muscles would thoroughly relax for a short period daily they could retain and generate force sufficient to accomplish the remainder of the day's work without exhaustion, and the mind would thus be able to evolve new plans and ideas.

It would be a blessing to humanity, if there were retreats throughout the business part of every city for times of silence interspersed with music; music because it possesses that special power to quiet and harmony.

Many persons never enter a car or boat, read, teach or listen that the nerve tension does not increase, muscles contract, wrinkles come and a sufficient amount of nerve force is wasted to have prevented any bodily discomfort or fatigue. Why? From ignorance how to run their own machinery.

Note how many in conversation talk all over; it tires one to see every nerve and muscle expending force for one duty. Mark the irregular up scale of the voice of the many tired mothers and teacher; then they wonder why they fail to discipline the children. The loss of force has weakened the nerves and the soul cannot express powerfully through them.

Those who have young girls in charge will soon note how strongly people live in their emotional nature, vacillating between elation and depression. There is a difference between true and false feeling.

You have to reach the girl on the aesthetic side, convincing her that repose and equipoise are beautiful as well as healthful. Much of this sensitiveness, self-pity, sympathy, self-consciousness, self-centre and uncontrollable temper contract the nerves until it becomes a disease.

Our Machinists are the Finest on Earth.

One of the greatest obstacles to the general introduction of American machine tools into continental Europe is the ignorance of the average European machinist. This is especially true of the higher class of machine tools. The intelligence which enables an American mechanic to understand and operate a machine seems to be dormant or entirely wanting in his European brother. The American manufacturer quotes the sales manager of one of the leading manufactories of machine tools in this country as saying: "Install a fine machine in a shop on the continent, and unless the maker has sent with it from the works an expert to break the dunderheads into the using of it, the chances are three to one that the perfect mechanism will be a wreck inside of forty-eight hours after the power is applied to it. Accustomed to work with tools that are crude and simple, compared with the ingenious and intricate American inventions, the operating machinists of Europe are slow to comprehend the latter and often do them a lot of damage by stupid handling. These facts are so well recognized by our machine tool builders that when giving an estimate on any considerable amount of work, care is had to add enough to the price to cover the sending of a man, or men, to install the machines and stay with them until they have proved their merits."

Concerning States.

What is the most religious state? Mass.
The most egotistical? Me.
Not a state for the untidy? Wash
The most Asiatic? Ala. or Ind.
The father of states? Pa.
The most maidenly? Miss.
The most useful in haying time? Mo.
Best in time of need? Ark.
Decimal state? Tenn.
State of astonishment? La.
State of exclamation? O.
State to cure the sick? Md.
The most unhealthy? Ill.
Best state for students? Conn.
State where there is no such word as fail? Kan.

Mark Twain on Christian Science.

There is a deal of thoroughness about Mark Twain. When he sets out to relieve his mind he is apt to relieve it fully. He stops not at the end of the page, nor at a convenient point, but when he gets through. When that happens it is usually found that he has made a mark that will stick. The reader may differ with his views, but he does not forget them. They are too well pounded in for that.

Mark is publishing in the "North American Review" a series of discourses on Christian Science and the future before it. These discourses were written in Europe in 1899, and have been seasoning for three years. This month's chapter is *mainly devoted to the amazing* profitableness of Mother Eddy's monopoly. Mark insists that the old lady will be worshipped in due time by her following; meanwhile he guesses how much money she must have made, and what are the financial prospects of what he calls the Boston Christian Science Trust. He can find no evidence that this trust ever gives anything away. It sells many things—the great Eddy book, hymnals, manuals, miscellaneous writings of Mrs. Eddy, and the like, "always at extravagant prices, and always on the one condition—cash, *cash in advance.*" From end to end of the Christian Science literature, says Mark, "not a single (material) thing in the world is conceded to be real except the dollar. But all through its advertisements that reality is eagerly and persistently recognized."

Mark has a keen scent for money-changers in the temple, as readers may recall. The trust, he finds, now collects a fee of three hundred dollars for a finishing course of seven lessons at its metaphysical college in Boston, and a tax of one dollar a head, annually, from all members of Christian Science churches. He thinks its revenues from all these sources—books, souvenir spoons, fees and taxes—must already be very large, and bid fair to be enormous. And he cannot find that it has any serious expenses, or that it supports any charities. He is very deeply impressed by Christian Science as a commercial enterprise in the hands of a small trust, not accountable to anyone for its receipts. He insists that it is destined to win an enormous growth. He guesses there will be ten million Christian Scientists in America in 1910, and that they will be a political force. He guesses that they will be politically formidable in 1920, and in 1930 "the governing power of the republic—to remain that permanently." "And I think it a reasonable guess," he adds, "that the trust will then be the most insolent and unscrupulous and tyrannical politico-religious master that has domineered a people since the palmy days of the Inquisition."

As for the curative branch of Christian Science, Mark declares that the power which a man's imagination has over his body to heal it or to make it sick is a force which none of us is born without. But because, if left to himself, a man is likely to use only that half of the force which invents imaginary ailments, it takes two *imaginations*, his own and some outsider's, to help him.

The outsider must imagine that he is doing the work, and the patient must imagine that this is so. "I think," says Mark, "that it is not so at all; but, no matter, the cure is effected, and that is the main thing." The outsider's work, he says, is unquestionably valuable. He likens it to the work done by the engineer when he turns on steam and starts the engine. The power is in the engine, but if left alone the engine would never start of itself. Whatever you call the engineer—Christian Scientist, Mind Curist or Hypnotist—he is simply the engineer, and turns on the same old steam and the engine does the work. The reason why the Christian Scientist engineer beats all the others is partly, Mark thinks, because he has the takingest name and wears religious overalls, but chiefly because he has organized the business, backed it with capital, and concentrated it in Boston in the hands of a small and very competent trust. It is on the existence of this trust that Mark has based his expectation of the vast spread of Christian Science. If it were loosely conducted, as such enterprises usually are, it would do no better than "unorganized great moral and commercial ventures" usually do. "But I believe," he says, "that so long as this one remains compactly organized . . . in a trust, the spread of its dominion will continue."

How Carnegie Greeted the King.

The visit which King Edward paid Andrew Carnegie at Skibo Castle was a complete surprise to the philanthropist, the King merely telegraphing him a few hours beforehand that he would arrive at a certain time. Mr. Carnegie happened to be asleep when the "wire" came, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia "Press," and it was not handed to him until he awoke. The correspondent relates the incident that followed:

Then there was considerable excitement. The King was due in five minutes, and Mr. Carnegie was in despair at the thought that not a single arrangement for his reception had been made. Then he had an inspiration. At Skibo there is an immense pipe organ which Mr. Carnegie had put in some time ago for his own pleasure. An organist is a permanent member of the millionaire's household. Mr. Carnegie determined that the organ should thunder out "God Save the King" as his Majesty entered the castle. But when he sent for the organist, the reply came back that the musician had gone down to the neighboring swimming-pool.

"Have him out of the water, then!" roared Mr. Carnegie.

And so they had him out. Actually dripping and clad only in a blanket, the wretched man was brought back to the castle on the run, borne into the concert-room and plumped down on the organ stool. It was just time, for the word passed that the King's carriage was coming up the driveway. An immense screen had been dragged in front of the organist, now innocent even of his blanket, so that he was shielded from view, and thus, the water dripping from his hair, his fingers and his shoulder-blades, the shivering musician played "God Save the Queen," while one servant rubbed him with a coarse towel and another gave him brandy. The King was delighted with his musical reception, and when Mr. Carnegie told him the circumstances under which the National Anthem had been performed his Majesty laughed till his sides ached.

If some men told all they knew the silence would be expressive.

He Owned "Jay Eye See."

Christian Science failed to save Jackson I. Case, the young millionaire of Wisconsin, from the sentence passed passed on him by the doctors some months ago. So thoroughly did he believe in Mrs. Eddy's dogmas that he was engaged in writing a letter to a local paper, denying there was anything the matter with him, when he dropped dead. He inherited a large fortune from his father, whose hobby was the Hickory Grove Breeding Farms, whence came the great pacer, Jay Eye See, and, brought up among horses, he became a noted horseman. He was an impulsive young fellow, and proved it by his marriage. At a roller skating rink he fell the victim to an obscure but bewitching divorcee who was many years his senior. Some months after his marriage to the woman he confessed it to his mother, whose first anger soon gave way to discretion. Jackson got the political bee, was elected mayor of his native city, Racine, and was the youngest mayor in the United States. He had designs on Washington, but the interests of the great threshing machine works which his father had built up, and the other enterprises in which the Case millions were invested, bound him to that narrow sphere against his will.

Jackson Case was as liberal-hearted as his father was penurious, and was preyed upon by every conceivable breed of crank and trickster that the Middle West harbored. They made his life miserable, for he never acquired the art of saying "No," which was ever on the lips of the elder Case, who loved to display his passion for parsimony to all men, even after he had many millions to his credit. One of the father's delights was to rise at daybreak of a winter morning, hang a basket on his arm, repair to his fine hot-house in the rear of his mansion, pick a couple of huge bunches of grapes, walk two miles to market to sell them, returning home with a porterhouse steak for breakfast. These eccentricities worried the daughters, who were socially ambitious and very susceptible to ridicule about the paternal thrift. Jackson was shrewd and brisk in business, and ambitious to make the most of his immense opportunities. He was undersized, sensitive and erratic, and his later years were tinged with sadness and cynicism brought on by ill-health and a keen capacity for pleasure thwarted and circumscribed by the duty and hardship of keeping ten million dollars' worth of property from taking wings in a manner to delight the hearts of the million cranks that beset him. His short career was in strong contrast to that of the typical Eastern millionaire's son, who "puts not his trust in millions, but puts his millions in trust," and then goes motor-carring through Europe. At the age of thirty-seven one of the brightest careers in the West was crushed out by one of its biggest fortunes.—"Town Topics."

Privileges in Preference to Rights.

Josephine Dodge Daskam, one of the most popular of the younger writers of the day, is not in sympathy with woman suffragists, and thinks the girl of to-day ought to be eager to hang on to her many privileges and let her rights go. "If you cannot in this generation get your vote, you always can get your voter. Women have always influenced man, and I don't see but what that's just as good. There is some danger of women getting what our brothers call the 'big-head.' If the young girl isn't careful her brother may turn like the worm. Whatever we do, we should leave him two things. One of these is the conviction that he knows and can do more than we can (as, for instance, looking up our trains for us), and we should leave him his bank-book. He may give us everything else, including his latch-key. I think there is a great deal of unnecessary twaddle these days about the increasing strenuousness of the young girl. I don't think she has changed so much. I don't think these little fads of the modern girl and modern woman, such as physical culture, or vegetarianism, or Greek grammar, to which she must devote at least a morning a week, have changed the woman underneath. She has no more mind. She may use her mind a little differently, but it's the same old mind, the same energy she uses. There are two things which women must always have had since the creation to be successful, and those two things are the same in the far-off islands of the Pacific and in the high school in Massachusetts. A woman to be successful must be good and she must be charming. You may think of her charm as her parliamentary ability, her oratorical power, or her excellent canning of peaches, but she has got to have it. And if she is not good, the world can't progress. There may be something interesting in the bad woman, but she can't perpetuate nations, and, after all, that was the main purpose of our creation, I think. If a woman is good and nothing else, she will be as dull as anything the world ever made, but if she can be good and charming, her heritage and posterity can ask absolutely nothing better." Miss Daskam proved her sincerity and fearlessness by including the above remarks in a paper which she read before the Pilgrim Mothers, at their recent two hundred and eightieth anniversary of the landing of the "Mayflower," for most of the members of the league are woman suffragists. Naturally they were somewhat surprised and disappointed with her point of piew.

Gounod's Button.

An anecdote is told of Gounod which is decidedly French:

It appears that Gounod had inspired a number of high-born ladies with a mystic love. On one occasion, when on a visit to a countess, he let a button fall upon the carpet—a prosaic trouser button. The countess picked it up and had it encased in the most beautiful locket that the most skilful jeweler in the Rue de Paix could make. This memento she constantly wore about her neck. Later the countess paid a visit to the wife of the composer, who went into ecstasies over the medallion. "Yes," said the countess "it is pretty, but it ought to be prettier to be worthy of what it encloses. Look!" The locket was opened, and Madame Gounod saw, to her astonishment, a trouser button. "It belonged to M. Gounod, my dear," said the infatuated countess.

She—Do you realize how long we have been engaged? He—Why no, darling. She—Well, I didn't know but you would like me to set the year of our wedding.—"Town Topics."

Curious Bits of News.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, the Kansas "saloon smasher," has bought for seventy-five hundred dollars a fifteen-room house in Kansas City, in which she proposes to establish a home for drunkards' wives.

It is reported that the Russian Minister of the Interior is considering a project for nationalizing the medical profession, so that all doctors and chemists would be state officials. A commission has been appointed to collect information.

A demonstration of the earth's rotation upon its axis will be given in the rotunda of the Capitol during the meeting to be held in Washington this winter of the National Academy of Science. The exhibition will be a replica of that given in the Pantheon in Paris some time ago. Suspended by a piano wire from the dome will be an iron ball several pounds in weight. As the earth revolves the ball will naturally change its position from time to time, the rotation of the earth being thus demonstrated.

Dr. Davidson, the new Archbishop of Canterbury and primate of all England, is a Scot, and in this connection it has been pointed out that a Scotsman is now Prime Minister; the leader of the Opposition is a Scotsman; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Attorney-General, Secretary of Board of Trade are Scotsmen. On the other hand, the Lord Chancellor, the Solicitor-General, the Secretary for India, the Foreign Secretary, the Chief Secretary for Ireland are of Irish origin. Where does poor England come in?

The progress of the religious census of London being made by the "Daily News" shows, with almost unbroken regularity, that Londoners are not church-goers. Seven districts of London have been enumerated — Kensington, Hampstead, Battersea, Paddington, St. Pancras, Lambeth, Wandsworth—with the result that, in a total population of 1,340,699 in these localities, only 267,514 men, women and children have attended the churches and missions of all the denominations and faddy religious sects. From this attendance a considerable reduction has to be made on account of those who go to church twice daily.

The Lady Chameleon is attracting attention in Paris. She is a young Rumanian, Marga Cerbus by name, whose coloring is determined by her emotions. Anxiety turns her green; she is pink when joyful, violet when afraid, and black when angry. The Boston "Journal" can see how such a woman would be a never-failing joy as a wife. Her husband would never be in doubt as to the precise nature of her mental condition. And then there might come a mildly polygamous feeling to a husband having a white wife, a colored wife and a red wife on different days. "Yet Miss Cerbus will, no doubt, marry a man that is color blind, and therefore unappreciative; such is the irony of life."

"It begins to look as though the brothers Lebaudy of Paris had already solved the problem that has baffled every airship inventor hitherto—sailing against the wind," says a writer in the "Scientific American." "Following up their first rather sensational success, they made an ascension at Nantes recently that gave striking testimony to the truth of the claim that they had made the most nearly perfect airship yet built. Several ascents were made, the balloon returning to a given spot each time. It moved in all directions above the fields and woods which border the Seine. In every instance the airship was brought back to its starting-point at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, the turn being made against the wind."

Felt Sorry For Him.

"Sthrike me, thin! I defy ye! Phy don't ye sthrike me?"

"Shure, an' Oi wouldn't flatter ye by alterin' the shape av ye face!"

What May We Eat?

Says the "Family Doctor:" "If all we read be true there is nothing one can safely eat. Bread is not to be thought of as an article of diet. It is a treacherous compound, consisting largely of alum and potatoes, and concocted in some insanitary cellar; it is teeming with microbes, and is, so we are told, totally unfit for food. What, then, are we to look to? No careful man will surely touch beef, mutton or lamb, owing to the number of tuberculous carcases which are constantly being placed upon the market. Piggy is tabooed because he may have died of swine fever. Butter and milk are poisoned with boracic acid and other noxious preservatives, to say nothing of the artificial coloring matter which is frequently added. Eggs are dangerous because so many of them are packed in lime to keep them good, and recently, too, a foreign bacillus has found his way through the shell. In addition to other drawbacks, cheese helps to ruin digestion. Root vegetables are to be avoided, because of wireworms. Tomatoes induce cancer, and cabbages may become poisonous by the action of improper fertilizers. Raw fruit helps along cholera. Fish, although possessing highly nutritious qualities, should be avoided owing to the large quantity which is sold in an unfit state for human consumption and the difficulty of obtaining it really fresh. Poultry, if fresh, appears to be the most wholesome sort of dish, as there is only a vague, undecided, and eminently backboneless microbe to its account. Therefore, duck and green peas appear to be the dish to make a stand upon, but let the peas be fresh. Still, when you come to think of it, you cannot always get duck, and you certainly cannot always get fresh peas. It is really a shocking prospect!"

Equality of the sexes means for the woman a step down.

Engagement Extraordinary.

George Francis Train ("Citizen" Train) gives, in his recently published "Reminiscences," a very amusing account of his courtship, and shows the indomitable pluck and assurance which characterized his youth. When he was twenty-one he started for a journey west. At Syracuse he was struck by the appearance of "a lovely girl" bidding good-by to a half-dozen students. He turned to his traveling companion.

"Look at that girl with the curls," I said.

"Do you know her?"

"I never saw her before, but she shall be my wife." Whereupon I snatched up my satchel, rushed over to the train and the car which the girl had entered, and dropped into a vacant seat opposite her. An elderly gentleman was her companion. My chance came sooner than I expected. The elderly gentleman tried to raise the sash of the window, and could not move it; it had, as usual, stuck fast. I sprang lightly and very quickly across the aisle, and said: "Permit me to assist you," and, adding my youthful strength to his, raised the window. Both he and the young lady thanked me. The old gentleman went further, and asked me to take the seat directly opposite him and the young lady, on the same side of the car. I did so, and we entered into conversation immediately. I continued my speculations as to the relationship that existed between them. The gentleman seemed rather elderly for her husband, and she too young to be married at all. He did not look exactly as if he were her father.

It turned out that he was an old friend of the family, escorting the young lady to her home in the West. Their immediate destination was Oswego, where they would take a boat. Says Mr. Train:

"I immediately exclaimed that I was also going in that direction, and was delighted to know that we should be fellow-passengers. In such matters—for love is like war—quickness of decision is everything. I would have gone in any direction if only I could remain her fellow-passenger. And so we arrived at Niagara Falls together. Dr. Wallace was kind enough to permit me to escort his charge about the falls, and I was foolish enough to do several risky things, in a sort of half-conscious desire to appear brave—the last infirmity of the mind of a lover. I went under the falls and clambered about in all sorts of dangerous places, in an intoxication of love. It was the same old story, only with the difference that our love was mutually discovered and confessed amid the roaring accompaniment of the great cataract. We were at the Falls forty-eight hours, and before we left we were betrothed."

A Parisian Duel Averted.

"Pardon, monsieur, but were you addressing me?"

"No, monsieur, I was not addressing you."

"Then why not? Think you I am a man to be ignored?"

"Monsieur is pleased to be impertinent. But let him beware! I warn him."

"He warns me! How he is droll. It is the flea which warns the elephant!"

"Canaille! Turn away your face. It offends me."

"Bah! You are making of your chapeau a telephone through which to speak. Take care lest I forget that I am a gentleman!"

"There is no danger. One can scarcely forget that which has never taken place."

"Pig of a pig! Come hither, and with the smallest finger of my left hand I will crush your fat bulk and grind it to a powder!"

"Oh, meanest of beasts that crawl, approach, that with a single breath I may blow you from the surface of the earth you pollute!"

"Enough, monsieur! My friends will wait upon you!"

"Pardon me; I think not. I am some what particular in my choice of restaurants."

"Monsieur pleases himself to be witty; but, perchance, ere long I shall tickle his ribs with a little jest of my own. I beg, monsieur, that you will do me the favor to present me with your card."

"Your solicitude is irresistible. Behold it!"

"What! Surely I am not addressing M. Prevoat, the world-renowned manufacturer of pneumatic-tired baby carriages?"

"It would be useless, monsieur, for me to conceal my identity. But why do you weep?"

"Because, monsieur, I am myself a father. Alas! that I should have wished to kill the benefactor of my darling child!"

"Wretch that I am! To think that I had almost put an end to the existence of an honored patron!"

"Monsieur, my head swims with pride at having made your acquaintance."

"And I, monsieur, am delirious with joy at the thought of numbering you among my friends! Come, let us celebrate our meeting in a glass of absinthe!"

Work and Sleep.

It is by no means the case that the more one sleeps the more one works. Some of the greatest workers of modern days have done with much less than the usual eight hours' sleep. Dr. James Legge, professor of Chinese, in the University of Oxford, who died at the age of eighty-two, was, it is said, in the habit of rising at 3 a.m., and allowing himself only five hours' sleep. Brunel, the famous engineer, for a considerable part of his life worked nearly twenty hours a day. Sir George A. Elliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, who was in command throughout the great siege of Gibraltar, which lasted four years, never during all that time slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four. He lived to the age of eighty-four. "As I get old," said Humboldt, "I want more sleep—four hours, at least. When I was young, two hours' sleep was quite enough for me." On Professor Max Muller hinting that he found this rather hard to believe, Humboldt said: "It is quite a mistake, though it is very widely spread, that we want seven or eight hours' sleep. When I was your age, I simply lay down on the sofa, turned down my lamp, and after two hours' sleep I was as fresh as ever." He lived to be eighty-nine.

Artist—Well, sir, what do you think of this—"Ajax Defying the Lightning?" Patron (something in the city)—Ahi—um—yes; not at all bad, not at all. But—er—don't you think the—er—um—the arm's a little out of the prospectus?—"Judy."

Mrs. Langtry's Gowns.

A professional modiste thus describes Mrs. Langtry's gowns in "The Crossways:"

All the Langtry skirts are full, gathered on the belt at the waist, and all are of clinging materials. The sapphire blue in the third net is a wonder. Its curious shade is produced by the draping of an odd colored bluish-green net over a changeable blue and green taffeta silk. The effect simulates the richest sapphire velvet, without having its bulkiness or weight. The net is full and plain from the waist line to the hips, where it is latticed with rows of large black sequins to the bottom of the skirt. At the various points where this lattice intersects, black silk roses, with glittering black sequins as centers, appear, and lend a wonderful richness to the dress. The bodice is slightly fulled into the belt, which is a regulation girdle of soft silk, pointed top and bottom in front and narrow and straight in the back, where it fastens. The top is low in cut, showing the actress's fine back, and is finished with pointed capes, two in front and two in the back, which fall free quite to the waist. These are trimmed with the roses and black sequins. The sleeves are short in front and fall long in the back in exquisite bits of scintillating drapery, through which the pink flesh gleams. No neck jewels are worn with this costume, and only a few rings—sapphires and diamonds.

The cloak which completes this wonderful toilet is of black shirred chiffon and net, made over a sapphire blue satin lining of the exact shade of the gown. The collar is a fluffy mass of black ruffles and plaitings, and the entire bottom of its long skirt is made up of row after row of double ruchings and shirrings.

A delicate blue neglige, matching the color of Mrs. Langtry's eyes, is perhaps the most becoming of her toilets. The bodice of this creation falls quite straight from the bust, with a long bias seam up the front. A wide blue satin ribbon is passed directly around the bust and tied in a huge bow at the left front side, leaving wide ends falling to the feet. The neck is medium low in cut, and perfectly round, finished by three alternating rows of satin pipings and white chiffon shirrings. The white chiffon is also let into insertions to trim the very wide "angel" top sleeves, which fall gracefully over the smaller puffs of white net that form the elaborate undersleeves. The latter have deep cuffs buttoning to the wrist, and made entirely of pipings, a dozen or more in number, applied on white net. Turquoises and diamonds are worn with this costume.

The white water-lily gown, made of white net, showing green graduated rayons at intervals up and down the skirt, is exquisite. The bottom fulness of the skirt is a mass of yellow and black-hearted water lilies, with green-colored petals, outlined in silver spangles of a dull finish. The leaves of the lilies are made of white chenille, and stand out in exquisite relief. The bodice shows the same capelike effect back and front already described, with only slight modifications. The capes are made of rare lace, on which lilies and leaves are embroidered. The graduated flounces which form the sleeves are also of this material. The most charming and novel feature of the bodice, however, is the soft silver fringe which is united in some mysterious way with the lace and falls over the arms and in stunning festoons over the bust to the waist line.

With this Mrs. Langtry, who is not at all partial to hats, wears three clusters of scarlet berries in her hair and a handsome opera cloak of white chiffon, with pink rose petal trimming in the form of a huge boa about the collar and down the front. The cloak shows the most curious shirring about the sleeves and across the back at irregular intervals. The only hat in which she appears is a pink chiffon affair trimmed with a wreath of a dozen or more deep pink-hearted full-blown roses. It is of medium size, and droops slightly in front, while a pink satin chou raises it slightly from her hair at the left side.

The gown with which she wears this is of pink chiffon over silk. The skirt is trimmed with three ruffles of pink lace, headed by ruches made of tiny pink chiffon roses, and the bodice is trimmed in the same manner. This pink lace is also an innovation with which New York is not yet familiar. It is not so very pretty, but it has the charm of novelty.

The handsomest jewel Mrs. Langtry wears is a pendant attached to a slender gold chain which just encircles her fine throat. This has one large yellow center diamond of wonderful brilliancy, surrounded by many others, the entire pendant being about the size of a silver quarter. Her rings are magnificent, particularly those of emeralds and diamonds; but she wears only one brooch—a huge fleur-de-lis of diamonds. The necklace and chains and butterflies and pins, which formed so conspicuous a feature of her adornment on her last American trip, are left in her jewel box.

Rather Have the Money.

The business methods of insurance companies are not at all to the liking of a shrewd old German farmer with whom a certain agent had some dealings. The house of the farmer, insured for a thousand dollars, had burned down, says the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat." The privilege of replacing a burned house is reserved by insurance companies, and the agent, having this in mind, said to the farmer:

"We'll put you up a better house than the one you had for six hundred dollars."

"Nein!" said the farmer, emphatically. "I vill haf my one tousand dollar or notings! Dot house could not be built again for even a tousand."

"Oh, yes, it could," said the insurance man. "It was an old house. It doesn't cost so much to build houses nowadays. A six-hundred-dollar new house would be a lot bigger and better than the old one."

Some months later, when the insurance man was out for a day's shooting, he rode up again to the farmer's place.

"Just thought I'd stop while I was up here," he said, "to see if you wanted to take out a little insurance."

"I got notings to insure," said the farmer—"notings but my vife."

"Well, then," said the insurance man, cheerfully, "insure her."

"Nein!" said the farmer, with determination. "If she die, you me out here und say, 'I not gif you one tousand dollar. I get you a bigger und a better vife for six hunded.' No, sir, I dakes no more insurance oud!"

Modern Manners.

"I suppose I am old fashioned," said a fashionable young matron recently as reported in The New York Tribune, looking with great disapprobation at a group of young girls who were talking and laughing together near her. "It does seem to me, however," she continued, "that the standard of manners is deteriorating since my time. How loud those girls' voices sound! And how rough they are! I would think they were decidedly common if I did not know that they belonged socially to the best class. There seems to be a certain type of girl in the ascendancy just now who appears to think it is necessary to be loud and aggressive to have what she calls 'a good time.' I have heard quite a number of people speak of it lately, so it is not only my idea that louder manners and freer speech are increasing among the younger set. I think it may be what Mr. Carnegie would call 'Triumphant Democracy' that is making our young women too aggressive. We used to be brought up according to English standards; our voices were criticized, and repose of manner was cultivated. Now we have changed all that. We go in for naturalness and spontaneity. Our children are not checked, because it might make them affected, but there is danger, in my opinion, of carrying the matter too far. The result is too crude, and I think I shall bring up my little girls in the old traditions."

CHAMPION SAFE BREAKER

Picked the Bank of England's Locks on a Wager and Won Easily.

The first world's fair, the Crystal Palace at London, was held in 1851, and, though it was a long time ago, it is not forgotten, and has not been surpassed by the world's fairs which have followed. It was at the Crystal Palace that the American mechanic showed that he stood second to none in the world. Hobbs challenged Chubb, and Hobbs, the American mechanic, carried off the first prize as a lockmaker. Hobbs represented an American manufacturer of iron bank safes. He placed his safe on exhibition and tied the key to the combination lock on the outside. Inside the safe was placed £1,250, and the free offer was made to the mechanics of the world that if they opened the safe the money contained therein could be taken for their success. The safe was never opened.

At that time Chubb was famous all over England and in Europe as a lockmaker. The Bank of England indorsed Chubb and used his locks exclusively. Hobbs examined the workmanship of the locks and offered to not only enter the outer doors of the Bank of England, but to open also the seven doors leading to the treasure safes inside of two hours, if permission was given. This was too much for the Britishers to stand and they gave the necessary consent.

Hobbs was on hand two hours before the time of opening the doors of the bank arrived and announced himself ready to go to work. All the tools he had he carried in his vest pocket, consisting of about twenty picks. He opened the front door in seven minutes and entered the bank triumphantly. He next approached the outer door of the treasure safe. In six minutes the door opened, and before one hour had passed, half of the time he asked for, he had his hands in the treasure of the bank, much to the amazement of the directors of the bank and to the intense disgust of Chubb.

He took his defeat gamely, however, and soon set to work to improve his locks. This he did by taking Hobbs into his employ as an adviser. For the time, however, I think the Bank of England put American locks on their safes, for everybody recognized the fact that Chubb was no more a match for Hobbs than Sayers was for Heenan.—Washington Star.

Hid by Standing on His Head.

Deputy Constable Frank Lingo called at Minnie Wagner's home in the rear of No. 2922 Franklin avenue to serve an execution, and found a crap game in progress. He retired, and enlisted Policeman Curley and Timken to aid in arresting the gamblers.

As the officers forced an entrance one of the players kicked over the lamp, hoping to escape in the darkness. Each officer caught a man, and after handcuffing them went upstairs to look for a fourth. They searched every room, but found nothing until Policeman Curley pulled a bedstead out from the wall. There was a dress hanging on one of the posts of the bed. As Curley jerked the bedstead a negro fell from under the dress. He was the missing man. He could scarcely speak.

"It's funny I didn't see your big feet," said Curley.

"You couldn't, kase I was standin' on my head," said the negro.

And so he had. Knowing the feet would be more readily perceived than his black head, the negro had upended himself, and had held that position for twenty minutes or more. That is why he had difficulty in speaking when first discovered. The negroes were not prosecuted for gaming.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

On Their Bridal Tour.

"Do you mind if I go out into the smoking compartment of the car for a few minutes?" he asked.

"You'd better not go just now," she replied, suggestively. "We're coming to a tunnel in a few minutes."—Chicago Post.

Here's to the girl who loves me,
And here's to the many who don't;
Here's to the girl who accepts me,
And here's to the many who won't.
—St. Louis Star.

A STRANGE CASE

A Woman Coughed Up a Spring and Suspender Snap.

The case of Mrs. H. T. Smith, who six weeks ago coughed up the snap of a suspender and a week ago coughed up a spring coil, is a most peculiar one and has attracted the attention of medical men.

About five years ago Mrs. Smith, then Miss McHenry, thoughtlessly placed a snap off a pair of suspenders between her lips. Accidentally the piece of metal slipped down her throat and into the windpipe. Physicians declared that the snap would give her no trouble, as it had passed down her throat into the stomach.

In time she experienced trouble in her right bronchia, and was affected exactly as a person suffering from tuberculosis. The difficulty continued, and the afflicted woman was almost continuously under the care of a physician. During the latter part of October, while seized with a severe coughing spell, Mrs. Smith spat out the metal snap minus the brass spring. She improved immediately and has since increased in weight.

A short time ago Mrs. Smith was compelled to cough violently and felt a severe pain in her chest. Almost immediately she spat out the missing spring from the suspender snap. The spring was in the form of a coil about three-eighths of an inch long and an eighth in diameter, with a prong at each end.

Curious Features of Railroad Fatalities.

"There is hardly another calling," said a railway official, "so beset with danger and hardship as that of a brakeman on freight or coal trains, although the introduction of safety appliances and auxiliary brakes has greatly reduced the peril; and yet when a brakeman is killed on a railroad there will be a dozen applicants for his place as soon as the news of his death gets around. Every railroad has a small army of those eager applicants for dead men's shoes hanging about its division yards and terminal stations. They are chiefly men who have followed railroading all their lives, and who have in some way lost their places. Railroading is a good deal like politics—if a man gets into it once he isn't worth a snap for anything else, and so, if he gets out of it, he is perpetually on the lookout for the opportunity that he believes must come for him to get in again.

"It would naturally seem that the new and inexperienced men who work on railroad trains would be the most likely to get injured, but statistics are to the contrary. They show that the largest average of injuries to trainmen occurs after the employe has been six years in the service, the evidence being that trainmen are careful of themselves up to their third or fourth year, because of fear or lack of confidence. Reading from the testimony of the figures, it would seem that then they regard themselves as being able to ignore danger, owing to their skill and alertness. It takes them two years to discover that such is not the case, if we may judge from the percentage of accidents that befall them, which in the sixth year is about 22, as against 34 per cent in the first year. The trainmen, learning from experience, becomes careful again, and the percentage of men injured after the eighth year is in no instance shown to be more than 9 per cent. This would seem to indicate that it takes a trainman five years to forget fear and six years to learn wisdom."

Coughing Bean.

To the ordinary housemaid the fazing of a house plant into a violent paroxysm of coughing is naturally disconcerting. Yet there are plants which will do this when the broom or the duster begins to make dust fly. This singular plant is the "coughing bean," known to the botanist as the Eutada tuasieno. It is a native of warm and moist tropical countries, and can not and will not stand dust. When dust settles upon the breathing pores and the leaves of this plant and chokes them a gas accumulates inside the leaves, and when it gains sufficient strength forcibly "blows off," clearing the pores of dust and making a sound exactly like coughing. At the same time the leaves tremble and the plant actually "gets red in the face," through the sinking of the green chlorophyl grains and the appearance of red particles on the leaves.

This plant, is sometimes used as a house plant, and sweeping the room sets it coughing, to the intense astonishment of persons not familiar with its peculiarities

There seems to be hardly a natural limit to the life of some kinds of fishes. There are in the royal aquarium in Russia carp which are over 600 years old according to Professor Suelso, and he believes that the ordinary carp lives to at least 500 years if not interfered with. Ordinarily goldfish have been known to live for 100 years In the museum in Mannheim, Germany, is preserved the skeleton of a pike which was caught in 1497. It was nine feet long and weighed 350 pounds. In the gills was fixed a ring bearing this inscription in Greek: "I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the governor of the universe, Frederick II. the fifth of October, 1280. The pike was therefore at least 267 years old when caught.

"Mamma," queried five-year-old Harry, as they were returning home from church one Sabbath morning, "why do they play the organ so loud when church is over?"

After a few moments' serious thought the little fellow said: "I guess it must be to wake the people up."

A WISE WOMAN

Always takes all possible precaution against the depredation of Moths when she packs away her Winter Clothing.

The precautions don't cost much, for we sell

MOTH BALLS AT 20c. PER LB.
CAMPHOR AT 10c. PER OUNCE

and a few cents may save a fine Suit of Clothing.

Canada Drug & Book Co
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

BORN.

COURSIER—On Tuesday, June 2, 1903, to Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Coursier, a son.

MARRIED

COOK-CHAMBERS—At Revelstoke, on Wednesday June 3rd, by Rev. C. Ladner, Charles W. Cook, of New Denver, B. C., to Charlotte E. Chambers, of Detroit, Mich.

DIED.

LOVEWELL—At the Victoria Hospital, Revelstoke, on 29th May, Henry Lovewell, of Arrowhead.

BREVITIES.

Don't think every girl born in June is a Juno.

And now how do the Smith and McInnes boomers feel.

J. D. Sibbald left on Tuesday by trail for McCullough Creek.

—Call in and see our glassware, all new, at C. B. Hume & Co's.

The anfractuosities of the License Commissioners are truly wonderful.

—Tumblers and glasses, a large assortment at C. B. Hume & Co's.

Prior got dissolution all right. Dissolution is an euphuism for death.

W. Kemp and wife, of Los Angeles, were visitors to Revelstoke last week.

The Conservative Committee meets tomorrow night.

Fifty people were injured in a street car collision at San Francisco on Saturday.

F. B. Shaver, Phm. B., of Toronto, arrived here on Tuesday and is at the Union Hotel.

—We have the Spanish Queen olives, half-pint, pint and quart bottles at C. B. Hume & Co's.

A. F. Rankine, the well known druggist of Ferguson, has been in the city for a few days.

There was a slight smashup in the C.P.R. yard on Sunday night when a box car got the worst of it.

J. Laughton, proprietor of the Union Hotel, left on a short holiday trip to the south yesterday morning.

The infant son of J. Albert Stone, who has been very sick with congestion of the lungs is now on the road to recovery.

Miss Addie Brown who was visiting friends at Rossland for a couple of weeks returned to the city on Friday evening.

The next sitting of the County Court will be held on the 24th inst. As yet no very important cases are on the docket.

The HERALD'S lady readers are much interested in the new serial, Florence Warden's great novel "To set her free."

W. J. George has secured the services of Miss Lee, of Hamilton, Ont., in his dressmaking department. She arrived on Sunday.

—Ladies don't warm yourselves up making soup when you can buy Crosse & Blackwell's and Van Camp's prepared soups at C. B. Hume & Co's.

The New Westminster Exhibition last year had total revenue of $21,300. The directors paid out $4,157.90 for lacrosse and are glad they did it.

—W. J. Curry, dentist, successor to Dr. Coghlan. Specialties Hurd method of painless dentistry, crown and bridge work. Office, Union Hotel.

Fearful floods have raged in various parts of Kansas during the past week and fifty thousand people are homeless. Many deaths have occurred.

At Rincon, Cal., a passenger train was derailed on Saturday evening and four cars fell over an embankment. Forty people were injured but none fatally.

With the advent of the Imperial Limited next Sunday it is stated faster time will be made on practically all divisions of the C.P.R. for summer service.

The regular meeting of the True Blue lodge will be held in the lodge room tomorrow (Friday) evening at 8 o'clock. All members are requested to attend.

The Ottertail mill will be closed down for about a month owing to the breaking of the large fly wheel. The flying pieces considerably damaged the machinery.

The employees in the Royal City Mills, New Westminster and Vancouver, are on strike for a nine-hour day. The management are scouring the territories for men.

Some important finds of free gold quartz have been found three quarters of a mile up Rapid creek about eight miles below Trout Lake on the Lardeau branch. The HERALD has seen a sample in the possession of Constable Upper showing very good values. A number of prospectors have gone to the new find.

—Limoges china at C. B. Hume & Co's.

Lord Wolseley is 70 years of age today.

H. A. Brown has returned from Banff.

The Conservative Committee meets tomorrow night.

Every strawberry blossom you pluck means one less berry for the stomach.

The Judges will make their report as to the Gamey investigation early this month.

If you are dissatisfied with other offices' printing, try the HERALD. Satisfaction guaranteed.

When you see HERALD on a piece of job work you are sure of good goods and artistic workmanship.

J. D. Sibbald came in from McCullough Creek on Friday evening and returned Tuesday morning.

Arthur Crowe left on Tuesday morning for Truro, N. S., to be present at his grandparents' golden wedding.

Mrs. E. Dupont left on Saturday for Hamlet, N. C., to spend some time with her grandmother, Mrs. E. Corning.

On Victoria Day the street cars in the city of Victoria carried a total of 10,160 passengers, establishing a new record.

There was a small blaze on Front Street the other afternoon, giving the hose reel a run. Not much damage was done.

The Council meet tomorrow evening when it is understood the Tax Sale By-law will be re-considered and finally passed.

The recent influx of Japs has been brought to the notice of the Laurier government. As usual, they didn't know, you know.

The report of the Epworth League Convention in New Westminster last week show a very satisfactory condition numerically.

The Band Concert on Saturday evening was much appreciated. The Independent Band shows marked improvement of late.

The Grand Forks Investment and Trust Co., Limited, has applied to change its name to the "British American Trust Co., Ltd."

W. F. Van Antwerp came in with his engine from Sicamous on Sunday morning and left next day after the usual monthly overhauling of his iron steed.

Two thousand people were killed by an earthquake in the town of Melazgherd, Turkey, on Friday last. The disturbance only lasted 30 seconds.

Is the Board of Trade going to do anything regarding the visit of British members of parliament? If not, the Mayor and council should take it up.

A. C. Flumerfelt, Manager of the Granby Company's mines, was in the city on Saturday to meet President C. H. Miner. They left on Sunday for Phoenix.

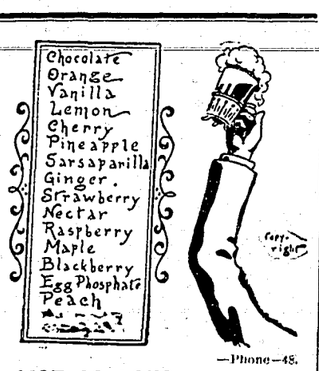
The Western Clarion is authority for the statement that a new switch lighter here the other day lost considerable time looking for "red oil" to fill a red lamp.

The provision of red lights over the fire alarm boxes is a good move. But a visitor remarked the other day, "My, what a lot of drug stores you have in Revelstoke."

The annual examinations for teachers certificates will commence on July 4th. Nelson, Rossland and Vernon are among the places appointed for examination of candidates.

The HERALD is in receipt of many congratulations on being the first paper in the interior to make public the defeat of the Prior administration and the accession to the premiership of Hon. Richard McBride.

J. J. Hill was in Morrissey last week and inspected the Crow's Nest coal mines. The Great Northern practically depends on this source for its western coal supply. That's why our B. C. smelters suffer from shortage of coke.



—Phone—48.

A LIST AS LONG AS YOUR ARM

There's no exaggeration in that statement. All the well known flavors of other stores and manp that are exclusive with us are served at this fountain.

SODA WATER AND FRUIT SYRUPS

The quality of our Soda Water and Fruit Syrups is superb. The purity of our beverages strongly recommend them to those who desire drinks free from anything injurious and the delicious taste is a source of delight to all.

WALTER BEWS
Druggist and Stationer. Next Hume Block

G. S. McCarter returned to town to Tuesday after a business trip to Nelson.

Alfred Vye, of Field, came to town on Wednesday and is registered at the Union.

Over three hundred miner's licenses were issued by the Mining Recorder's office here during the month of May.

Henry Yates, who lives on a ranche to the south of town, was taken in by the police yesterday on a charge of insanity.

Mrs. J. Holmes, of Nelson, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. G. M. Clarke, Second street, returned south yesterday morning.

There will be a special meeting of No. 2 Fire Brigade in the Fire Hall on Monday evening next. A full attendance of members is requested.

W. Fleming with a gang of men left on No. 2 this morning for Field, where they will be engaged in building a wagon road for the C. P. R.

Mrs. T. King, of Golden, who has been spending a few weeks in the city with her sister Mrs. D. M. Rae, returned home yesterday morning.

Chief Bain has a good fat list of names of persons who have been seen riding bicycles on the city sidewalks. There will be fun in court some day soon.

Mrs. William Croft, of New Denver, came to the city yesterday to attend the wedding of her brother, Chas. Cook, and returned home this morning.

J. Kernaghan went up to Laggan yesterday to finish his contract on the big hotel at Lake Louise. By the end of this week the contract will be completed.

Charles Latham, the well known lacrosse player of New Westminster, arrived in town on Saturday. He has obtained a position in the C. P. R. engineer's office.

The Epworth League will hold a musical evening on Monday next. The programme is in charge of Mr. C. F. Lindmark which guarantees it will be an excellent one.

Charles W. Cook and bride, who were married last evening by Rev. C. Ladner, left for New Denver this morning. Mrs. Cook came from Detroit, Mich., on yesterday's No. 1.

Conductor Larry Dorrin, wife and family, left on Monday for Sicamous, where Mr. Dorrin will take the run on the S. & O. branch. Conductor Alex. McLean is now on the Arrowhead branch.

The big kick made by the Mayor regarding the purchase of the recreation grounds was only a fizzle. An agreement has been executed placing the city in a better position than before.

The Vancouver World is the latest missionary on behalf of mining in the Big Bend. Last week it copied the HERALD'S article on lode mining there and was good enough to intimate the origin of the information.

Hector McPherson, of Rossland, is accusing Mr. Agnes Galvini, of rolling him for a $1000 bill. Which shows that the golden city is looking up. How many men here carry a greenback that size in their pants pocket.

The crop of drunks still continues. Monday night two made their bow to Robert Gordon, J. P., and another couple were polished off by his brother on the bench, W. E. McLaughlin, the next day. Result, the usual "V" or ten days.

Owing to the high water and a large amount of driftwood in the Canyon the steamer Revelstoke was unable to get up to the Bend on Tuesday. The rudder was very nearly put out of business by a floating log. Some of the passengers returned to town.

The death occurred at North Bend, on May 26th, of Mrs. Eliza Lyons wife of John Lyons, and Mother of Jack Lyons, the well known C. P. R. Engineer. The deceased lady was 63 years of age. The funeral was held in Vancouver on Thursday last.

C. J. Wilks is out for a fusion of the Liberal-Labor-Socialist party, with Mr. Wilks or W. M. Lawrence as the possible candidate. The Labor and Socialists will no longer be the tail for the Liberal party, a fact which the Grit machine will shortly realize.

At the recent sitting of the Supreme Court at Nelson the case of Magee vs. Brock came up for trial. It was a case of sale of plaintiff's stock by the defendant who made no return of the monies collected. Judgment for plaintiff for $1086.00 and costs. G. S. McCarter acted for Mr. Magee.

Owing to notice which have appeared in the Eastern papers, Mr. Gosnell, of the Provincial Bureau of Information, is in receipt of a number of letters from farm hands who are available for employment. Most of these are good milkers and farmers desiring such assistance should write to the department at once.

W. J. Curry, D. D. S., lately of Kamloops, who has taken over the dentistry practice of Dr. Coghlan commenced business on Monday morning. Dr. Coghlan will go into partnership with his brother in Guelph, Ont., but before leaving B. C. will pay short visits to various points. He will be much missed in lacrosse circles.

A man by the name of J. R. Smail who was in the South African war attempted suicide at the Lardeau hotel at Comaplix on Tuesday. Smail locked himself in his room and with a jack knife cut his throat. Finding that this was not successful he procured a razor and made another attempt which also failed to end his career. He then jumped from the second storey window and made for the lake and plunged in but was immediately fished out by the men working in the Fred Robinson mills. Gold Commissioner Fraser happened to be in Comaplix at the time and ordered his arrest and Smail was brought to town on Tuesday evening and taken to the hospital where he now lies in a precarious condition from the loss of blood from the wounds self inflicted.

Provincial Assessor Cornelius Booth died in Victoria on Sunday, aged 73 years.

W. F. Ogilvie returned on Saturday evening from a two months' trip to Cleveland and other eastern cities.

The big firm of brokers and bankers A. E. Ames & Co., of Toronto, have suspended with liabilities of several millions.

J. G. Allan, formerly of the Dominion express office here, but now general agent for the Equitable Life, is in the city for a few days renewing acquaintances.

R. Tapping takes interest in the Lord's Day observance movement and he endorses his sentiment by offering the Opera House to Mr. McKinnon, of the Sabbath Alliance on the 28th inst. Come and hear him.

Clarence McDowell, of Fish River, is in town for a few days. He reports the camp very excited over the recent bonanza strike on the Goldfinch. The Northwestern mill is now running steadily. Watch out for the gold bricks.

A. E. Miller has installed a new soda fountain at the Red Cross drug store. A handsome parlour has also been arranged behind the store for the use of customers. A specialty will be made of crushed fruits in addition to the usual syrups.

Kid Rogers, the coloured man recently committed for trial on charges of assault and robbery has elected for speedy trial before a judge at Nelson, where he was taken by Provincial Constable Upper. He will be tried by by the first judge available here, possibly tomorrow.

The project of importing desirable domestics to the city from the east is receiving considerable attention at the coast. The Vancouver World heads an article on the subject "Revelstoke grapples with servant girl question. Proposes to import eastern maidens wholesale and thereby get rid of the "Heathen Chinese."

The Licensing Board met on Monday at 2 p. m. there being present Commissioners E. A. Haggen and A. E. Kincaid and Chief Inspector Upper. There was only one application considered, that of J. H. Smith for the Coronation Hotel, Camborne, which was adjourned till the regular meeting here on 15th June. J. M. Scott is acting for Mr. Smith.

Mr. Henderson, clerk of the public works department for British Columbia for the Dominion, was in the city on Tuesday and took over the drill hall from Contractor J. Kernaghan. The contract was carried on most satisfactory and there was no difficulty in making the transfer, and for which Mr. Kernaghan was highly congratulated for his workmanship.

Dan Stearman, formerly train despatcher in this city, but now of Vancouver, was renewing old acquaintances. Mr. Stearman has severed his connection with the C. P. R. and leaves in a few days for New Mexico, where he has obtained a lucrative position on one of the roads there. The many friends of Mr. Stearman will wish him in his new position and home.

Dominion Day Sports

A meeting will probably be called for Saturday evening to discuss the matter of Revelstoke having a celebration on Dominion Day. With a little hard work a good programme could be arranged and a number of visitors from outside points attracted. This idea should be well supported.

The Conservative Committee meets tomorrow night.

Unjust Attack on Public Officials.

The Kootenay Mail publishes a long letter from Mr. Harold Nelson, complaining of discourtesy on the part of one of the staff of the post office here. The HERALD does not know whether Mr. Nelson's mail is more important than any other business man's or traveller's through the city or not. Mr. Harold Nelson states that he has travelled far in the Dominion. He should therefore know by this time, that general delivery of mail matter is fixed for special hours during the day and that on Sunday the public (including Mr. Nelson) cannot get their mail through the general delivery, and it was a piece of presumption on the part of Mr. Nelson when he sent his assistant to the post office on that day with a demand for his mail.

The editor of the Mail follows up the letter of Mr. Nelson with an editorial touching on the alleged discourtesy of the assistant post master Mr. Calhoun, for in the first part of the article he excuses Mr. McRae for the reason that that gentleman is rarely in the office and therefore has no chance to be discourteous. The HERALD has done business with the Revelstoke post office for over six years and nearly every item of its business has been done through Mr. Calhoun the assistant postmaster. The same has been the case with the business houses as well as the general public. During this time we have never had the slightest cause for complaint, and further, have never heard a word of complaint from any source of discourtesy on Mr. Calhoun's part. So far as the customs office is concerned the same has been the case. The HERALD will venture to state that there is not a single person in the city of Revelstoke who works harder or longer hours than the assistant postmaster. The editor of the Mail must have gone a long way out of his way to make such unjust assertions and we are firmly of the opinion he took this course from personal motives rather than in the interests of the public as he so mildly suggests. The HERALD would suggest that the Mail gives the name of one reputable citizen who has made a complaint of the character mentioned against the assistant postmaster. The amusing part of the editorial is the comparison made with the C. P. R. and Express Company's officials and we will look with interest for a photo of the C.P.R. and Express agents in the Mail's next issue with an autobiography from the pen of Hot Air Johnny.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

The executive of the lacrosse club met on Friday evening, when among other business a hearty vote of thanks was passed to W. J. George for the gift of a set of new jerseys.

Both the seniors and juniors are getting down to business and are practising faithfully. As a result team play especially shows a decided improvement.

Much regret is felt in lacrosse circles at the coming departure of Dr. Coghlan who has been one of the mainstays of the national game in Revelstoke.

Charlie Latham arrived in Revelstoke on Saturday morning and will be a tower of strength to the local team. Those who saw him play rings round the Shamrocks at New Westminster last year admit he is one of the star stick-handlers of Canada. He will help to make the boys turn out and drill too; the salmon bellies are fiends for practice.

Farces and Dance

There was a large attendance at the Opera house on Tuesday evening when the farces "Ici on parle Francais" and "Box and Cox," were presented, with the children's Maypole Dance, in aid of the Anglican Sunday school library.

The Maypole dance was a decided success, and Mrs. H. A. Brown deserves great credit for its management. Those taking part were May Queen, Frances Lawson; Maids of Honour, Hazel Back and Sylvia Phipps; Heralds, Jack Sibbald and Charles Gordon; Dancers, Elsie Hooley Margaret Risteen, Mamie Dunne, Emma Allen, Doris Bennett, Eric Coursier, Cecil Back, Frank Tapping, Charles Procunier and Ivan Sutherland. All acquitted themselves well.

"Ici on parle Francais" was given by the local Dramatic Club with the same caste as when presented for the U. B. of R. E. The talented company are too well known to need repetition. "Box and Cox" was played by Mr. and Mrs. Dunne and Mr. Chambers and went off splendidly.

By special request the Maypole dance will be repeated on Saturday at 2:30 p.m., the programme being given entirely by the children. Admission 10 cents. The Ladies' committee wish to thank those who helped in the successful entertainment including contributors of ice cream, cakes, candies, flowers, ribbons and $5 in cash.

THE DOBIE COMPANY.

The performances at the Opera House by this company deserved better audiences than attended.

A Wise Woman.

The engagement of this company at the Opera House, Friday, June 5th, gives promise of being the most important musical comedy event of the season. The play, which is in three acts, is so constructed as to give scope for the introduction of specialties, and from the reviews seen of the production these features are said to be of a very superior order.

High Water.

The Columbia river is rising with great rapidity and the high water mark of last year was passed yesterday morning. As the river in 1902 did not reach its highest level until June 24th, fears are expressed that there will be a repetition of the floods of 1894 and 1896. This morning the river was within six feet of the high water mark of 1894. The Revelstoke was unable to get through the canyon on Tuesday and yesterday but an effort will be made today to get the steamer up the river. When this is done she will not be brought south of Eight Mile until the end of the season.

Endorsed.

No company that we have ever heard of has ever come here with such favorable comments as "A Wise Woman." They have the unanimous endorsement of the press, and this you may rest assured will be your only chance to see this superior company, as they make but few stops going from New York to San Francisco. We have no doubt of their success here at the Opera House, Friday, June 5th.

Crickbaum's Body Found.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. C. F. Lindmark discovered the body of Charles Crickbaum, who was drowned in the Canyon on April 21st, floating near the boom at the Big Eddy mill. The body was at once brought on shore and the authorities notified. It was in a very unpleasant condition, practically all the clothes but the boots having been torn off by the current.

On Monday evening at 8 p. m. the corner, Dr. Cross, held an inquiry when Messrs. Curry, Christiston, Rear and Provincial Constable R. A. Upper gave evidence of identity and the unfortunate occurrences leading up to Crickbaum's death. It appears that at the place where he fell in the water did not reach above his knees, but in his excitement he walked further out into the river with his pole instead of discarding it as his companions shouted to him to do. When he reached deep water they called to him to hang on to his pole as an assistance to keep him afloat but he disregarded that advice also. As a result the first fatality of the season occurred in the canyon as reported at the time in the HERALD.

After hearing this evidence the Coroner decided no inquest was necessary and handed over the body to the authorities for burial, which took place the next day.

PRIVATE SALE

A private sale of household goods is now on, comprising the following articles which must be sold by June 5 h on the premises of J. HUTCHISON:

Stoves, Tables, Chairs, Bedroom Furnishings, etc. Plows, Harrows, Scraper, Wagons, Harness, Tools, Etc.

For further particulars apply to

J. HUTCHISON, FIRST STREET.
One Block West of Imperial Bank.

THE LEADING STORE

HAVING PURCHASED THE DRY GOODS, Men's Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, etc., I am prepared to make you the best possible bargains in these lines, and beg to solicit a continuance of the patronage extended to the old firm.

New Goods Are Arriving

AND BEING OPENED UP AS FAST AS POSSIBLE

A visit to Our Stores and an inspection of the new goods is particularly requested.

W. J. GEORGE, MACKENZIE AVENUE.

..Furniture..

HOUSE FURNISHINGS.
CARPETS,
LINOLEUMS,
PICTURE FRAMING.
UPHOLSTERING
CABINET MAKING.
ALL KINDS OF REPAIR WORK.

TO YOUNG PEOPLE WISHING TO GET MARRIED

But not having the necessary funds to furnish a home with, come along to us and we will furnish it for you. By paying a few dollars per month, you will gradually become the owner of it. You will have a nicely furnished home and something to look at for your money, instead of spending it foolishly.

John E. Wood, REVELSTOKE FURNITURE STORE.

Tailoring! Tailoring!!

To the Residents of Revelstoke and District:

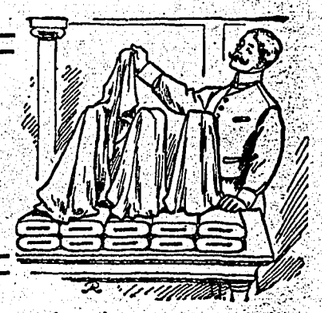
J. DORRANCE, Tailor,

Wishes to announce that he has started an up-to-date business on First street, opposite the City Hotel. Mr. Dorrance has had considerable experience in his business as a Tailor in Australia, having been his own master for the past 14 years, which is sufficient to recommend him to the public of this district.

I can guarantee all work entrusted to me to be of the best. ONE TRIAL SOLICITED.

In Your Hands...

You want to get the Goods in your hands to be able to judge their quality.



It is impossible to do this when you buy the ready-made clothing; so that is one distinct advantage in having us make your clothes.

We carry a stock complete in every particular See us about your DRESS SUIT.

LADIES' TAILORED SUITS TO ORDER.

J. B. CRESSMAN, - Mackenzie Ave.