THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol XIV: NO. 19 | REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1903 | $2 00 a Year in Advance

MODERN
Retailing

The art of Modern Retailing is studied at this Store. Where we find a line of goods too large for the demand or for any reason not selling fast, we make the price for your benefit.

BUDGET OF PRICES
For Friday and Saturday

Dish Toweling—Good Soft Cotton Toweling. Regular Price 8c. Friday and Saturday's Price—
FOUR YARDS FOR 25c.

Boys' Heavy School Boots, sizes 11 to 2 and 2 to 5. Regular $2 Boot. Friday and Saturday's Price—
Reduced to $1.40

Black Satin Skirts, well made. Some have Accordion Plaited Frills. Regular $2.00 Skirt. Friday and Saturday's Price—
Reduced to $1.25

We have a few Children's Coats that we will make a substantial reduction on.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING PARLORS ON SECOND FLOOR.

C. B. HUME & COMPANY
LIMITED.

DIVIDENDS FOR LARDEAU MINES

The Triune and Silver Cup Have Done a Large Amount of Work this Season—Shipments to be made soon.

(Special to THE HERALD)

FERGUSON, Oct. 26—While not much is reaching the outside regarding the mines in this vicinity all the important properties are being steadily developed. The Triune has been working all summer, and the operators, the Metropolitan Gold Mining Company, are so pleased with the outlook that they will, for the first time, continue working all winter. Several hundred feet of tunneling have been contracted for and the new stoping ground provided will enable very large shipments to be made next season. Progress has been made with the tramway and the management expect to have it in good working order so as to handle the output as soon as spring opens up. A lot of fine ore is on the dump and it is very probable some shipments will be made over the snow.

The Silver Cup Mines, Ltd., has done extensive work on its well known property this season and shipments will shortly be made over the new trams to the compressor at Five-mile. A very large amount of machinery has been installed during the past summer and money has been spent wherever it could be used profitably to improve the mine and equipment. When the compressor gets to work it is confidently expected that large profits will be derived. The management has taken the wise course of thoroughly developing the mine before commencing to earn dividends and its success is now assured.

The annual meeting of the Talent Society of St. Peter's Church was held at the rectory on Thursday. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. Spurling, president; Mrs. Paget, vice-president, and Mrs. Burridge, secretary-treasurer.

PROGRESS AT POPLAR CREEK

Mines Showing up Splendidly as Developed—Building Operations Active—Streets Graded and Stumped.

(Special to THE HERALD.)

POPLAR, Oct. 26.—As work proceeds on the various rich showings here the owners are becoming more satisfied as to the permanence of the gold deposits. On the Lucky Jack the tunnel is now in some 160 feet and every foot made adds to the value of the mine. The same with the Swede Group, the Gold Park, Ophir, Telluride and others. Alex. Lucas, mining recorder at Kaslo, who was here temporarily has returned home, his place being taken by John Simpson, who has been appointed deputy mining recorder and provincial constable.

As for the town, it is progressing rapidly. Contractor Spiers has completed the stumping and grading of the streets. There is a movement on foot for immediate incorporation and acquisition by the citizens of electric light and water works facilities. Property owners have decided not to be at the mercy of any company for these utilities.

Visitors are much surprised at the building already done. There is ample accommodation for travellers as there are six hotels having from 14 to 20 rooms in connection. Several residences are in course of construction, those for J. Y. Cole, Magnusson Bros., J. J. Casey and O. Schultz having been completed. Nearly a dozen provision men are open for business and there are, in addition, the usual mining brokers, an assay office, livery stable and hardware store. Taken altogether Poplar is doing very well. Next spring will see a big boom here with enormous free gold exposures to warrant it.

The Conservatives of Yale-Cariboo hold a convention this evening to nominate a candidate in the forthcoming Dominion elections.

CONSOLATION PROVES RICH

Well Known Blue Auriferous Clay Located on French Creek—To be Operated all Winter

The result of operations during the summer on the old Consolation claim, French creek, has been more than satisfactory. This leasehold, which is held by Mr. E. A. Bradley, is a drifting proposition and has been opened up in a most systematic manner. A shaft was sunk that, at a depth of 82 feet, reached bed rock where drifting was commenced. A tunnel was then run a distance of 90 feet when the rim of the old channel was located. After sinking on the channel a short distance a vein of blue auriferous clay was struck, carrying gold to the value of $35 to $50 per square yard. This deposit has been carefully compared with the blue clay of Williams and Lightning creeks and found to be perfectly identical. It is also similar in character to the famous blue lead of California. The rich dirt is carried from the face by bucket cars to the shaft where they are attached to a water power hoist and, upon reaching the surface, dumped into the dump box. The water from the power wheel is then utilized and the pay dirt taken from the dump box and sluiced in the usual manner. All the preliminary work has been done and the past week was devoted to building a new camp for winter operations. This consists of sleeping houses, mess house, store room and office, and has just been completed.

It is Mr. Bradley's intention to keep a force of 14 men at work all winter and for that purpose 8 tons of supplies are now on the ground. The property is in good shape and can easily be worked all the year round. This is where the Big Bend has its great advantage over Cariboo, in which district, even at the best of times, operations can only be carried on for six or seven months annually. There is also no shortage of water such as handicapped the older district for the last 2 or 3 years.

It may be mentioned that Mr. Frank H. Guffey, the well known attorney and mining man of Pittsburg, Pa., visited the property recently on his way home from Nome and expressed himself as more than surprised with the good showings. The statement that the pay dirt runs from $35 to $50 in gold may appear exaggerated but it must be remembered that until the old channel is reached the deposit is practically barren. The gold is coarse and well washed thus proving that it is an ancient river bed. This makes the probability of rich returns more certain than would be the case had the auriferous deposit been angular in character.

The success that has met these operations shows conclusively that rich deep placers exist in the Big Bend and the similarity in character of the old river bed deposit to the well known blue auriferous clay of Cariboo and California leads inevitably to the conclusion that other locations will, when exploited, prove very productive.

Victoria Budget

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

VICTORIA, B. C., Oct. 28.—You may take it for granted that it is unlikely anything will be done towards filling the vacancies in the Cabinet for some time yet. The statement that John Houston was recommended for a portfolio and refused by the Lieutenant-Governor is correct. The reason for this unusual course is an incident that occurred in the Legislature during the session of 1902. The Government was, by the absence of one or two members, in a decided minority and Houston acted as a stop gap from four till six o'clock. He defied the Speaker, defied the House, and, in addition used insulting language to the chair. The matter was taken up by motion a day or so after, the Opposition moving a resolution that it was advisable to protect the Speaker. The motion was voted down and the matter was supposed to be dead. However, the Lieutenant-Governor, who retained the Dunsmuir Government that was responsible for this insult to the chair, has at last repented, and now refuses to accept as a member of the Cabinet the man who, acting under instructions from a former Government that had his confidence, caused the scene in question. The proper time to investigate this matter and act on it was in 1902, not after a general election and with another Government in power. As to the vacancies, however, I still adhere to the prediction that, if seats are not found for Messrs. McPhillips and Goodeve, Hon. Charles Wilson will become Attorney-General, Taylor or Ellison, Provincial Secretary and Gifford or Pooley, Speaker.

The statement that the Canadian Bank of Commerce has stopped supplies is also false. Cheques are issued in the usual manner and promptly paid on presentation. Those in the know laugh at the asserted stringency especially as the Government received, only recently, over $280,000 from the Dominion as our proportion of the Chinese entry tax.

The Premier has quite recovered from his recent indisposition and has been at his office for the past four days. Col. Wolfenden, the King's Printer, completed his 40th year of service in that capacity on Monday and the employees of the Printing Department presented him with an address and a splendid watch to mark the occasion.

The petition against the return of Mr. C. E. Pooley for Esquimalt was filed in the Supreme Court yesterday. It is made by A. E. Wale. The usual charges are laid.

Ontario Bye Elections

TORONTO, Oct. 27.—To-day's bye elections for the Ontario Legislature, leave the parties in just the same position as before.

Sault Ste. Marie, formerly Conservative, has returned Mr. Smith, Liberal, by about 100 majority, with the Michipicoten poll to hear from.

Muskoka, formerly Liberal, will probably elect Mr. Mahaffy, Conservative, by a small majority; he has 78 lead now, with 18 polls to hear from.

EVA POUNDING OUT BULLION

Stamp Mill Now Working and Estimated October Clean Up $20.000—Oyster-Criterion will Start up Soon.

(Special to the HERALD.)

CAMBORNE, B. C., Oct. 27.—Lexington mountain promises to be the scene of much mining activity the coming winter by many claim owners who have been closely watching the progress of the Eva and Oyster-Criterion. The Eva mill has now been running over 10 days and it is certainly piling up bullion. From the daily run it is conservative to estimate that the clean-up for the month will not be far from $20,000. The 10 stamps are pounding out an average of 32 tons per day.

At the Great Northern's property—the Oyster-Criterion—everything is being put in readiness for an active winter season's work at the mine. The 10-stamp mill has long been completed but the management has been forced to await the receipt of a car of water-piping that has tied operations up at the mill for the past six weeks. Meanwhile at the mine a new crosscut tunnel, to be known as the Terminal tunnel, has been started, just above the terminal of the aerial tramway. Superintendent Lade figures that it will be 400 feet before the quartz is reached. This will give a depth of approximately 400 feet on the vein. The upper workings are all in good shape to start stoping and the ore in the bin and on the several dumps will be sufficient to last the mill many weeks. When the lower tunnel is completed raises will be made to connect with the upper workings.

The Camborne Water Works Co. is laying the mains for a water-works service. Most of the trenches have been dug and the work should be completed before the snow flies.

Wedding Bells.

On Tuesday morning at the Roman Catholic church the wedding was solemnized of Louis J. Ball, manager of the Vernon "News" and Miss Mary Happey, late of Toronto. After the ceremony a recherche breakfast was given at the Hotel Revelstoke, among the invited guests being Mr. and Mrs. D. McCarthy and Miss Darragh.

The HERALD extends hearty felicitations to Bro. and Mrs. Ball and hopes for them a long and happy married life.

REVENGEFUL RETALLACK

Causes the Discharge of Ferguson's Postmaster Owing to Election of Hon R F Green —Miners Indignant.

(Special to THE HERALD.)

FERGUSON, B. C., Oct. 25.—As soon as the result of the election became known Geo. B. Batho, who has been postmaster here since the office was opened in 1898, was informed by Inspector Dorman that his services were no longer required. No reason was given for his dismissal and the only known cause is an alleged statement by J. L. Retallack, the defeated Liberal candidate, that if he was beaten Batho would have to go.

This action has caused great indignation not only here but in all the surrounding camps. Mr. Batho has proved himself a competent official and is well liked and respected. Not a single complaint has been made against his conduct of the office. The postmastership was tendered to J. L. McKinnon, a staunch Liberal, but refused owing to the treatment given Mr. Batho.

This Morning's Despatches

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 28.—Mr. Chamberlain was the guest at the Lord Mayors luncheon today and was afterwards presented with an address by the Workingmen Conservative Association. Speaking at the luncheon he declared that as the United States had failed to meet Great Britain regarding the tariff, the latter will be forced to retaliate by placing duty on their goods.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—Speaking at Dover tonight, Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, said that unless England was prepared to lose her prestige she could not afford to see Canada dominated by American capital. Canada must be linked with the Empire whether it was done by Chamberlain's method or by some other.

ROME, Oct. 28.—The Italian finances show a surplus of $13,000,000.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—U. S. Ambassador Clayton, at Mexico City, has wired his government that the reported attempt to assassinate President Diaz, was without foundation.

L. O. L. Entertainment.

On Thursday, November 5th, the members of L. O. L. No. 1058 and L. T. B., No. 174, will give a supper and concert in Selkirk Hall. A Boston baked bean supper will be served by the ladies from 6 to 8 p.m. after which the concert programme will be rendered. The best local talent has been secured for the latter and all those attending will have a good time. The HERALD is requested to state that after the concert the Royal Arch division of the L. O. L. will hold a meeting in the lodge room.

LEGISLATORS CLOSE SHOP

Dominion Parliament Prorogued on Saturday—Cabinet Reconstruction—Minto to be Appointed Viceroy of India.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, Oct. 24.—The House was prorogued at 11 a.m. today when the Governor-General delivered the usual speech from the Throne. There was nothing particular mentioned in it and most of the legislators had left.

Yesterday R. G. Macpherson delivered a spread eagle speech about the Alaskan award and a government railway to the Yukon but it only had a political significance.

The Dominion cabinet will be reorganized at once. From what I can hear H. R. Emmerson, M.P., lately Premier of New Brunswick, will get the Marine and Fisheries portfolio, Hon. J. R. Prefontaine going to the Public Works and Hon. James Sutherland taking Fielding's late department, that of Railways and Canals.

It is reported that, at the conclusion of his term in Canada, Lord Minto will succeed Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India.

BUY THE BEST.

We carry a full line of McCLARY'S STOVES—for Wood or Coal. These are the best and most durable stoves made in Canada. There are some in constant use in town that we sold 15 years ago and still in good condition.

Granite and White Enamelled Ware. Mining, Mill and Builders' Hardware.

For Choice Groceries in large or small Quantities Write, Wire, 'Phone or Call on

BOURNE BROS. Mackenzie Avenue . . .

MAIL ORDERS SUBJECT TO THIS DISCOUNT.

$25,000 $25,000

MAMMOTH SLAUGHTER SALE

$25,000 $25,000

Drygoods, Clothing,
Men's Furnishings,
Boots and Shoes

20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 20
ON THE FOLLOWING LINES:
DRESS GOODS, LADIES' MANTLES, GOLF CAPES, DRESS SKIRTS, in both Womens' and Misses', FURS AND MILLINERY.

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 10
ON ALL OTHER GOODS THROUGHOUT OUR ENTIRE STOCK.

New Blouses in Flannel, New Vestings and Silk.

Flannels, Flannelettes, Wrapperettes, Bleached and Unbleached Cotton Sheeting, Prints, Ginghams, Blankets, Flannelette Sheets, Comforters, Table Linen and Napkins, Ready-Made Clothing, Hosiery and Underwear, Boots and Shoes, Etc.

Thrifty Buyers
Here's an Opportunity

For you to make a dollar go further than ever before. You can't afford to miss this mammoth slaughter Sale. It means a great saving to your pocket book.

Don't ask why we are doing this. We have our reasons.

REID & YOUNG
LEADING DRYGOODS MERCHANTS.

MAIL ORDERS SUBJECT TO THIS DISCOUNT.

REJOICING IN THE TRUTH.

Rev. Henry Olmstead, Church of the Holy Apostle., New York.

Charity rejoiceth in the truth.—I. Cor., xiii., 6.

If we are convinced of the truth of a simple fact, such as the form of some object, then we believe it; but the conviction produces no effect upon our feelings. But there are truths which, when we are assured of them, either sadden or make us happy.

A friend comes to a mother and gently breaks the news that her child is drowned. But she cannot believe it. She will not believe it. Only an hour ago this dear little one was nestling to her bosom, full of the joy of life and basking in the happiness of a mother's love. "My child cannot be dead," she cries, "I will not believe it." But at last, when she sees the body of her little one borne in to her the dreadful truth is realized, and the pent-up agony gives way to a flood of tears. Here indeed we have truth that may not be rejoiced over.

But, on the other hand, the news of a certain fact may bring with it a world of joy. The lost may be found. The son who had wandered away from his home and loving family, and who had spent his youth in riotous living, returns at last. His father runs to meet him, he recognizes him, and his heart goes out to the son who was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found. What a happy moment was that in the life of the aged patriarch Jacob when his sons returned from Egypt with the news, "Joseph is yet alive." At first he could not believe, but when they had told him all their tale, and showed him the waggons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob, their father, revived, and Israel said: "It is enough; Joseph, my son, is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die." Yes, it is indeed joy to be convinced of truth like this.

All these events, which affect more or less our human life, are of little consequence, however, compared with the greater truths concerning the universe and God himself. Under the former head we may consider scientific truths—truths which men have discovered and proved by profound study and research. They are the revelations of things which God meant us to know. New facts are being discovered every day in the world of science, and in regard to these things it is our duty to receive them when we are convinced of their truth.

But belief is one thing, and rejoicing in what we believe is altogether another. A scientist, a bacteriologist, a student of disease germs, is studying some painful and contagious disease. He thinks to himself, "Now, this disease must be propagated by some kind of germ. Let me try to discover the presence of such." With great pains he analyses everything which may be the lurking place of such germs as he supposes exist. At last he is rewarded by finding the cause of the trouble, and perhaps also discovers some way of exterminating the bacteria. He has discovered the truth. He has convinced others of his profession that his conclusions are true, and he is very happy. Others who have been laboring to heal people of this disease, without success, read of his experiments, realize how great is the discovery, and rejoice with him.

Science deals only with the world and man's physical life. There is a still greater kind of truth which it cannot touch—the great facts about God and heaven and man's spiritual being and prospects. These we may call divine truths. We shall see that they are of the greatest interest, not to a few people only, but to every child of man. Yes, they should interest him and make him rejoice.

It is not enough that I believe in the creed and in all the facts of our Lord's life. It is not enough to say, I know, I believe, but, rather, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, rejoice and be exceeding glad, for the Lord hath showed thee, O man, what is true. Rejoice, therefore, in the truth." If these things which I enumerate in my belief do not make me glad, then I must indeed be a bad man.

We say that we believe the Old and New Testaments to be the Word of God. We all know this fountain of truth, but does it make us glad? Do we take up the Bible, read it carelessly, and put it down again with a sigh of relief, as if a disagreeable duty had been accomplished? We say that we fully believe what we have read, but what is the value of such belief? As well read some profound and abstract treatise on mathematics, which we know to be true, but which interests us not at all. Far better it would be, it seems to me, to read even sceptically, expecting to disbelieve, than to read carelessly. Better an honest doubter than one who can read the glorious pages of God's work and not rejoice.

Then we say that we believe all the articles of the Christian faith as contained in the creeds of the Church. But if our belief does not make us happy, our belief is in vain. I believe in the Fatherhood of God, and if I believe as a Christian should, I shall be indeed happy in God's family. God tries to make His children happy. They know their blessings, but they refuse to repay Him with one grateful prayer, with one smile of trusting love.

We believe that God sent His Son into the world to redeem mankind, but does the thought of the Incarnation at Christmas have as much to do with our happiness as the family reunion, the good dinner or the many gifts? The angel who came from the throne of God, from the delights of heavenly worship, to bring the news to fallen man, thought well that his news would make men glad. Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy." But many of us believe, and yet we do not rejoice. Oh, my people, why is it? Can we truly believe in all God's blessings, in the great truths which affect our eternal welfare, and not rejoice?

There can be no cold, unfeeling belief in God's great truths. They are too vital, too essential, and if they do not make us happy, then our faith is as nothing. Believe in the truth. Yes, but believing, we must rejoice with joy unspeakable.

Took a Long Time.

When George Ade went from the literary field of Lafayette, Indiana, says The Reader, to tread the primrose path of dalliance with all sorts of things on the staff of The Chicago Record, he met a native lady writer of that town of Pierian Springs and Olympian heights. She wasn't as young as she used to be, but she was quite as pretty as she had ever been, and her devotion to Mr. Ade as a present help in every time of trouble—her troubles—was pathetic. He was a good thing at first, voluntarily, because he wanted to help struggling genius, but the lady was so persistent that she became a nuisance, and Mr. Ade, in his efforts to break away, at times became actually rude.

One day he went cheerfully to his desk, for he had not seen her in a long long time, and the hope that she had gone to a better world above made him resigned, if not really and truly happy. But it was not to be. He found her waiting for him. She greeted him effusively, and he didn't reciprocate, but he had to be polite, and ask her where she had been all this time.

"Why, don't you know?" she said. "I had a fever for three weeks, and it has taken me six weeks to get on my feet."

"Six weeks!" exclaimed Mr. Ade in surprise.

"Yes, indeed; six whole weeks."

"Well," he responded, as if thoroughly convinced. "I have always heard that Chicago women had large feet, but I didn't suppose they were quite so large as that."

Sistine Chapel in Danger.

The news that the roof of the Sistine Chapel is in danger suggests the possibility of a disaster compared with which the fall of the Campanile was trivial, says The Speaker. Here the Titan of the Renaissance spent thirteen years of his life, wrestling in its cooped spaces with the mechanical difficulties that impeded the execution of his gigantic imaginings. It is the monument of Michael Angelo's genius, and of the whole lavish spirit of his age. Here Pope Julius squandered the sin-offerings of Venetian conquerors and Florentine tyrants, and with the great brush that he had the wisdom to hire painted his way to the gratitude of the human race, while the obscure monk in Germany undermined his careless reign. It is the centre of a faith which had at last grown weak enough, in the splendid glow of tasteful indulgence, to make a real mythology. Here in the dome are present the very authentic records of the world, as though in Rome had been deposited the archives of the universe. The prophets and the sibyls in the dome seem the buttresses of an authority that is here indisputable. The Creation and the Judgment expose the origins and explain the destinies of the regime that is centred in the Vatican. It was all a great world-empire which knew its begin. The first donation to the proposed art gallery will require a lot of inspection if the British Museum authorities' information is correct. — London Chronicle.

Morgan Got at Them.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's offer to present his entire art collection, valued at $6,000,000, to the proposed national art gallery in Washington, will create a smile among British Museum officials, who entertain very settled convictions as to the genuineness of much of his collection. Some weeks ago, when the Satitapharnes tiara scandal was raging, one of the heads of the Museum said, in an interview, that there were not many costly art forgeries in the market, as Mr. Pierpont Morgan had absorbed all that had been offered of late! When their patron was possessed of numberless millions of dollars art agents in Paris, where Mr. Morgan had scattered his commissions, grew reckless in buying, hoping to unload on American millionaires who knew everything about finance, but nothing about art, nings and foresaw its doom; Michael Angelo painted its annals when Rome was still the awful centre of the earth and the earth the proof of Creation. There is in the superb pride of his superhuman figures the conscious authority, the imperial instinct of a painter who worked for God's viceregent. It seems intolerable that these tremendous monuments of the great days before Galileo should ever turn to crumbling plaster and pitiable fragments.

A Courtship Under Difficulties.

This is The New York Sun's picture of how a devoted couple conducted a courtship in a Jersey mosquito-infested resort. There are, of course, no summer resorts in Canada where love's young dream would be dreamt under such depressing circumstances.

Proscribed Races.

Theodore Watts-Dunton, in an article in The London Star dealing with the "Proscribed Races," says:—Some few men seem to be drawn instinctively toward the proscribed races of the world. I confess to being one of them myself. This is why I have always felt the strongest admiration for the greatest of all the proscribed races—the Jews—and number among them some of my most intimate friends. I have lately been writing on that wonderful Jew, Shylock, in relation to his race, a race to which I should be very proud to belong, for an American edition of Shakespeare. With regard to the gypsies, what I say is that if any race were placed in the position of a proscribed race, the master instinct of self-preservation working through generations would show itself in qualities like those which are commonly associated with the gypsies—especially what is supposed to be Romany duplicity. It is observable in the Cagots; we see it in the proscribed races of Asia. I am at this very moment writing upon the subject in a cyclopaedia, and have mentioned the fact that a gypsy woman once said to me and a Romany Rye friend of mine, "There's somethin' in the wind off Gorgis that shuts the Romany's mouth and opens his eyes and ears." From this state of things, what can come but gypsy duplicity? I have, in the cyclopaedia article just mentioned, alluded to the way in which nature seems to have divided not only mankind, but the entire animal world, into three families—those whom she has fitted to oppress, those whom she has fitted to resist oppression, and those whom she has fitted to fly away from it. Where the oppressed race has to save itself by craft, natural selection gives rise, and must give rise, to those crafty characteristics which are their only means of defence.

The Servian Assassinations.

"The English local paper The Levant Herald of Constantinople has been allowed by the censor to publish details of and free comments on the Servian assassinations, while the other organs are still condemned to silence," says The London Standard's Constantinople correspondent. "This is the first time for many years that such a subject has been permitted to be mentioned locally. The reason is, I am credibly informed, the Sultan's great satisfaction with the strongly condemnatory position taken up by England, and at the same time his resentment at the series of false telegrams emanating from a supposed Russian source, concerning an imaginary military riot at Yildiz, which were taken as a text for predicting a similar fate for his Majesty to that which befell King Alexander."

Stole a Steamship.

This is from The London Chronicle:—It is the fashion when a famous Judge or detective retires to give a list of his more remarkable cases. Sir Hartley Williams, the retiring senior Judge of Victoria, has been subject to such a retrospect. One of the first cases he had to try was a very rare offence indeed—stealing a steamship. A couple of audacious scoundrels named Henderson and Wallace stole a steamer from the Clyde, disguised her very skilfully, and went on a pleasure cruise around the world. At Melbourne, where they posed as scions of English nobility, and received much social attention, the fraud was detected. They were arrested, convicted, and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Stealing a ship is like stealing an elephant, a very unprofitable form of crime. The risks are enormous, and it is so difficult to get rid of the stolen property or convert it into cash.

Aerial Navigation.

Readers of that class of prophetic fiction which deals with the doings of aerial fleets and their probable influence on the warfare of the future will find something to interest them at the Alexandra Palace during to-day and for some time to come, says The London Chronicle of July 18. Here, in a huge shed by the side of the lake, Dr. Barton, working for the War Office and Mr. Brodrick, and assisted by Mr. Watel (who made the airship in which the Count von Zepperlin made his famous voyage over the Lake of Constance), is busily engaged in constructing what will be the biggest vessel yet built intended to float through space in any direction which the captain may desire. At present only the hull of the new ship with its narrow net-guarded deck can be seen. The length of this will be 180 feet, with a height of 45 feet, and a width of 50 feet. It is composed of an arrangement of thick bamboo poles selected specially for the purpose, and lashed together by experienced men with ropes and wire after Dr. Barton's own design. This framework will hang below the balloon, and will carry in addition to the crew of five men, three fifty horsepower petrol motors, which are to work sets of fans on each side of the ship, each of these having screw blades some 12 feet long working at 1,000 revolutions a minute. The aeroplanes on each side can be deflected at the will of the aeronaut, and the steering will be done by a rudder some 12 feet long. The balloon will have a capacity of 200 000 feet, and is calculated to life seven tons. The completion of the new airship will take some time, but it is expected that an experimental ascent will be made some time in August.

Collier's Weekly on Lynchings.

When our soldiers were accused of torture in the Philippines many of us took the simple ground that degraded cruelty was inconceivable in our enlightened, liberty-loving race. Later came explanations of the few cases which seemed undoubted. Tropic heat made men crazy. The foe's barbarity infected our soldiers. We accepted these things, and clung to our belief in human nature and American decency. What is going on in Southern country now is a harder test of faith. Please Heaven, we shall continue to believe, but it will be a task. We have no palliation to make it easier. Chivalric feeling for woman is no longer the excuse. Sectional aspects are disappearing. Even race hatred, which is a genuine explanation of the milder Russian cruelty, promises soon to be lost here in the one true cause—the love of bestial excitement. Burning a man is so much more thrilling than boyish sport like stoning a dog or pulling legs and wings from an insect that if the supply of blacks runs out we fear it will be necessary to use the whites. One of the most beautiful tragedies in all literature is rendered in parts shocking and unreadable because of the gouging of an old man's eyes. When the civilized allies made war on China we shuddered and turned away from the newspaper, seeing what Russian, German and French soldiers did to Chinese men and women; and we rejoiced that the British and American troops were guiltless. There is another story, now, about French soldiers escaping from a wreck by beating the passengers from the boats—beating women and little children. How long before such a story will come to bring to us also the hot flush of shame? What are all these crimes compared to burning a human being at the stake, in order to have a thrilling party, to see him writhe and hear him scream? If we indulge in such pleasures, shall we not tread the downward path which is one set in the history of Spain? Indeed, it may be doubted if Spain had any cruelty quite so unexcused and gross. Interference by our Federal Government would be stupid tampering with Justice. The responsibility is with each community. If the wild beast in man is to be chained and kept from turning our progress back to sickening inhumanity, the saving work must be done by local courage and nobility.—Collier's Weekly.

"Hortense," murmured the fond youth, "would you give me a penny for my thoughts?" "Wilmot," she replied with an arch look, "I fear such a proceeding would be contrary to the law. You know it is held illegal to control the entire output of any industry."—Judge.

For the Farmer.

Thousands of tons of grass (and even weeds) go to waste annually along the roadside which might be easily utilized. A farmer lately made a few movable hurdles, in which he placed sheep, and pastured them along the road, the farm fence forming one side of the hurdle. The hurdles were moved forward daily, and the result was that the roadside was cleaned off wherever the sheep were hurdled, while quite an amount of mutton was secured at a trifling cost. It is worth practising by others.

Apples vs. Strawberries in England.

The folly of keeping Canadian apples until late in the spring with the hope of selling them for export at an increased profit is shown by a recent report to the Fruit Division, Ottawa, by Mr. A. W. Grindley, one of the agents of the Department of Agriculture in Great Britain. Mr. Grindley says:—"Prof. Waugh of the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station and myself were looking at some States apples in barrels, arrived 29th of June in cold storage. They were soft when discharged, and did not bring much, as they will go off very quickly, besides, who wants poor apples when the market is swamped with English strawberries at their best?"

The Value of Barnyard Manure.

The subject of manures is perhaps the most touchy one in the whole category of the good old-fashioned farmer's principles and practices. Here he feels master of the argument. He is standing up for an old friend, a faithful servant of the family—something that has done good work in his day, and in the days of his father and grandfather. It is the hardest worker on the farm; its work is not done, says he, in one year; you can see it the next year, and the next. The farmer does not attempt to explain this apparently permanent benefit, nor to understand it in so far as it is so. Nor does he discriminate much between manures and manures, good, bad or poor; nor does he calculate the money value of this manure, unless he have need to buy it, and then he often calculates long and earnestly, and fails to buy. Nor does he often think it worth while to give attention to this faithful servant until he is ready to plow it into the ground. It may lie in his barnyard and leach away, or burn; a passing brook may flood it and wash the life out of it; still, it is his old faithful and true standby. If it fails to stand by him, something else receives the blame. The season or the soil is at fault, but barnyard manure is infallible.

Now, if the good old-fashioned farmer knew the full and true value of this friend—barnyard manure—he would guard it as the apple of his eye, and use it as carefully as gold dust. He would build a wall around it and a roof over it, would preserve it from flood and fire, and in the end old barnyard manure would do itself more than old-time credit in the work for which it was created.

Now, let us consider a few things in regard to these barnyard manures. First, there is quite a range in their chemical (food) composition and value. Manures of highly-fed animals are different in value from those of low-fed animals—those of fattening from those of milking animals. Manures composted with leaves, cornstalks, tobacco stems, etc., have the added value of the composting material, while those housed from the sun and rain keep whatever value they first possessed. This housing cannot always be done by the average farmer, in which case he has two things to be careful to guard against—heating and washing. Heating may be avoided either by spreading the manure or by adding to it something to take up the ammonia as it is formed by decomposition. Land plaster or lime sulphate will do this, and both add lime to the manure and form the valuable fertilizing compound of ammonium sulphate—an ingredient of all high-grade commercial fertilizers. So the addition of leaves straw, tobacco stems, etc., add to the manures the mineral elements of those materials. The value of barnyard manure is twofold. First, it adds certain chemical plant foods to the soil, just as the commercial fertilizer does, but usually in a much smaller degree in proportion to cost. Twenty loads of barnyard manure at a value of $30 would furnish somewhat less food, but produce about the same yield of corn as 650 pounds of plant food, costing $12, in a high-grade commercial fertilizer; the same with clover hay.

Barnyard manure has, however, an additional value—one which at times becomes quite as important as its food value. To a sandy soil it gives body, moisture-holding power, and a slow and steadily available food supply—one that will not wash out easily. To a clay soil, particularly if it has had land plaster added, it gives circulation of air and moisture—two essentials to plant growth.

For these last reasons it is a valuable helpmeet for the commercial fertilizer in all but very rich, loamy soils and those rich in decaying vegetable matter. Its benefit extends over into years succeeding its application, for these two reasons—first, its improvement of the texture of the soil is more or less permanent; second, it decays slowly, and slowly yields up its food constituents. The whole $30 worth is not available, and is therefore not used the first year, although it was necessary to place this much within the reach of the plant.

A word as to a disadvantage of barnyard manure. All decaying vegetable and animal matter is favorable to insect life; hence crops upon which barnyard manure is used are more liable to insect pests than those nourished with commercial fertilizers. This may be in part avoided by spreading the manure late in the fall, and leaving it exposed to the winter frosts.

Barnyard manure is especially valuable for crops which have a long period of growth, like corn and potatoes and clover hay, though it must not be forgotten that there are also slow-acting commercial fertilizers which serve the purpose as well.—W. W. Fowler, in The Country Gentleman.

Some Irish Wit.

Mr. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C., tells some fine stories of the Irish judiciary in his recent book on the "Divarsions" of the Irish law court. Of an eminent Judge he says:—He was an Irishman and a Connaught man to his finger-tips—with a western brogue which, to use his own expression, you could "hang your hat on." There is a story current that on one occasion he was present at a wedding with the Irish Sydney Smith, the famous Father Healy of Bray, to whom he complained he had "no slipper to throw after the bride." "Throw your brogue, my Lord," retorted Father Healy, promptly.

Fortunately for the fun of the world, the advice was not taken. The broad brogue was part of the man's self. It was relished as keenly at the most aristocratic dinner tables in London as in the Claddagh, in Galway. Our Judge, though a strong Irishman, was a strong Unionist. It is told that he sat at a brilliant dinner beside Lord Aberdeen when the first came as home rule Viceroy to Ireland.

"I assume, my Lord," said the unsophisticated Viceroy, glancing round at the brilliant gathering, "I assume we are all home rulers here."

"Faith, your Excellency," was the blunt and unexpected retort, "there isn't a home ruler in the room except yourself—and the waiters!"

I have often heard him quaintly justify his political creed. "Here we are," he said, "a quick-witted, poor nation, in partnership with a dull-witted, rich nation, with our full share of the till, and yet nothing will please us but to go off and set up a miserable little shebeen of our own."

That the humor of the Bench and Bar is still alive, let one or two stories of living personages prove. An eminent living leader of the Bar, as eloquent and powerful an advocate as ever addressed a jury, has a perplexing habit of confusing the Christian names of the parties to a case. He got mixed up badly in his speech for the plaintiff in a recent case of "Brown v. Robinson." The Judge bore it for some time with exemplary patience. At last he interrupted:—

"Mr. Attorney," he said, "will you pardon me for one moment? So long as you persistently and consistently called the plaintiff Brown by the name of the defendant Robinson, and defendant Robinson by the name of the plaintiff Brown, the court could contrive to follow your speech; but when you introduce a third party—by the name of Jones—without explaining whether you intend him to represent the plaintiff Brown or the defendant Robinson, some difficulty arises."

Just an illustration or two of modern Irish judicial politeness, and I have done. Two criminals were recently convicted of an atrocious offence. The Judge proceeded to pass sentence. "The prisoner Moriarity," he said, "is the more guilty of the two. Which of these two men is Moriarity?"

"I'm Moriarity," me Lord, cried an insinuating voice from the dock.

"Thank you, Moriarity," replied the courteous Judge, "twenty years' penal servitude, Moriarity."

Another old offender was more fortunate in a recent case. The jury acquitted him in the teeth of the plainest evidence. They sat abashed when the Judge had produced a yard long list of previous convictions for similar offences. "But," his Lordship concluded, gravely, "the jury have in their wisdom acquitted you of the crime for which you were here tried. In the eye of the law you are wholly innocent of that crime, and you accordingly leave the dock without any—additional—stain on your character."—From M. A. P.

A High-speed Railway.

There is about to be constructed between Manchester and Liverpool, says The London Sphere, an electric express mono-rail track which will be the pioneer high-speed railway in the world. When the bill was brought before Parliament cautious persons prophesied failure, but after the committee had heard evidence of prominent engineers, who expressed their opinion that travel at 110 times an hour was quite possible and safe on the mono-rails, Parliament authorized the construction of the line, which will probably be the forerunner of a host of subsequent mono-rails on which we shall travel at high speed in perfect comfort and with no reasonable chance of accident. The engineers are Mr. P. B. Behr and Mr. R. Elliott-Cooper, who propose to run single cars on the single-rail track at a speed of 110 miles an hour, the cars running every ten minutes. The length of the line will be about thirty-four and one-half miles, and the cars will take twenty minutes instead of the forty to forty-five minutes taken by the present fastest express trains run by three railway companies. The patentees of this high-speed mono-rail is Mr. P. B. Behr, who has devoted himself to this form of travel for many years past. Some little while ago, in connection with the Brussels exposition, Mr. Behr built an experimental mono-rail on which very high speeds were attained. The commissioners appointed to report on the line by various Governments expressed their opinion that speeds of 100 miles an hour and over would be quite feasible on such a track, that cars could run round sharp curves with no possibility of derailment, and that the passengers would feel no ill-effects from such rapid travel. The earlier mono-rails built by Mr. Behr were steam lines, and many of these exist in various parts of the world and give every satisfaction. Mr. Behr's idea in building the Manchester and Liverpool mono-rail is to convince the railway companies of the advisability of laying down special mono-rail tracks solely for the express passenger traffic, thus leaving the present ground tracks for slow passenger and goods traffic. Engineers are agreed that average speeds of over seventy miles an hour are impossible on the curves found on existing railways. The construction of a special mono-rail track would enable very high speeds to be reached with perfect safety, and would do away with that "mixture of speeds" which renders the problem of dealing with express, slow and goods traffic one ever-increasing difficulty to the railway companies. The mono-rail tracks would be laid alongside the existing two-rail ground tracks, or the cars could be run overhead if so desired. The mono-rail electric cars, which are expected to move at the rate of 100 miles an hour, will be slung very low down on the trestle rail, the propulsion being obtained on the top rail by upright wheels. Side rails will be employed to steady the car and render derailment impossible. The line of route from Manchester to Liverpool will run through part of Eccles, Warrington and Garston, but it is not intended to have stations at these points. There will be two lines of rail—an up and a down line—on which express cars will run.

Tristan d'Acunha.

A Blue Book has just been issued, containing "Further correspondence relating to the Island of Tristan d'Acunha." The present publication completes the series formerly brought down to February, 1897. It contains a number of notes and reports on the Island, compiled by the captains of passing vessels, the latest of which, by Lieutenant Watts-Jones, commanding H.M.S. Thrush, bears date January, 1903. The question of removing the community from Tristan d'Acunha to Cape Colony, and of abandoning the Island, has been under the consideration of the Colonial Office for some time. From some points of view the existence of a population in this lone spot has its advantages, as wrecks are not infrequent, and the islanders invariably render every aid in their power to shipwrecked sailors. But, on the other hand, the responsibility of safeguarding the future of the people is considerable, and it may not always be possible in future to tell off a man-of-war for the purpose of visiting the island annually. The subject of removal was broached to the people themselves, and the great majority expressed their willingness to go, only one man and two elderly women demurring. The islanders stipulated, however, that they should receive compensation for their cattle and sheep—a matter of a few hundreds of pounds altogether. The island, indeed, seems to be quite an Arcadia, and as there is no cable and no postoffice it might easily be regarded as an ideal holiday resort.

A CAPE COD STORY.

Abigail Went With the Tide Just Once to Her Sorrow.

Not all the residents of Cape Cod are eccentric, as those who are not familiar with the region might infer from the many stories which are told of queer characters there. But it is no doubt a fact that many Cape Cod people have strongly accentuated dispositions in one way or another.

In Cotuit, many years ago, a local legend runs, Captain Barnabas Z—— and his wife, Abigail, who were both queer after their way, lived at peace for a good many years, in spite of the fact that Abigail was said to be the "contrariest woman on Cape Cod." Whatever was said or proposed she was almost sure to go against it.

But Captain Barnabas was as patient as his wife was contrary, and by dint of always allowing for his wife's disposition, and usually proposing the exact opposite of what he wished her to do, he got along very comfortably for many years.

But at last on one evil day, when Mrs. Abigail P—— was down at the harbor visiting a relative on board a schooner then in port, she fell overboard and sank in the water.

Captain Barnabas was near by and was called in haste. He reached the spot and immediately went out in a boat to search for his wife.

"Look here!" some one called out, frantically, seeing him push off. "You're going the wrong way of the tide. You're looking up the tide, not down the tide."

The captain kept on.

"Mebbe," said he, calmly, "you warn't acquainted with Abigail. It 'twas anybody else they'd gone with the tide but bein' as it's Abigail, I reckon if she hain't gone ag'inst the tide it warn't her that fell in."

This time Barnabas's philosophy was wrong. His wife's body was found next day down the harbor. For once she had gone with the tide.—Ex.

The Solemn Man and the Escaped Joke.

The man with the paper laughed uproariously.

"What's the matter?" asked the solemn man.

"Why, here's a story of a horse that got into a hammock."

"I don't see anything funny in that," remarked the solemn man.

"Nothing funny in it!" exclaimed the man with the paper. "Why, just think of it! A man who has been enjoying a quiet snooze leaves his hammock to go into dinner, and when he comes out he finds a horse has usurped his place. He tried to get the horse out, but can't do it. Horse is all tangled in the netting, you know, and they finally have to cut the hammock down to get the horse out."

The solemn man continued to smoke solemnly.

"What's so tarnation funny about it?" he asked at length. "It might be worth talking about if the horse had usurped the hammock's place, and it had been necessary to cut the man down, or if the hammock had usurped the man's place and it had been necessary to cut the horse down, but as I understand it the horse merely usurped the man's place and it was necessary to cut the hammock down, which was the reasonable and proper thing to do."

The man with the paper looked at the solemn man and gradually edged away.

"I suppose his keeper is in the vicinity," he muttered to himself, "but I don't like to take any chances."—Kansas City Journal.

Why the Office Cat Is Under the Safe.

"No, that young man isn't working here any more!" snapped Dodson. "What did I discharge him for? For inattention to business. Do you suppose that I want any one around here wasting his time writing letters to 'Darling Tootsie' and 'Precious Darling?'

"When my wife went away for her vacation I promised her faithfully to write every day under penalty of buying her a new gown if I skipped a day. Well, I did for three days, and then I commenced dictating them to my private secretary, who wrote them for me on his typewriter. The second week I told him to go ahead and write them himself, as he knew what to say as well as I did. I believe in making them models of the letter-writing art. I looked over the first few and found them to be better than if I had written them myself, so I shook hands with him and told him to keep it up.

"After a few days I had so much confidence in his letter-writing abilities that I got in the habit of signing them and sending them to Mrs. Dodson without taking the trouble to read them. There was where I made a mistake, but it wouldn't have happened if that young fool had been attending to his business. The infernal idiot has a 'Darling Tootsie' to whom he writes every day, and he made a mistake and handed me the wrong letter, which I promptly signed and sent to my wife.

"That explains why she suddenly cut her vacation short and returned to town. It also explains why that young man no longer works here, and why the office cat has been under the safe for three days and still refuses to come out."—Detroit Free Press.

Why Aim With One Eye.

Joskins—I say, old boy, this is my first day at shootin'. You might tell me in confidence what people shut one eye for when they're sightin' anything?

Hoskins—Oh! that's perfectly simple, my dear fellow. You see, if they were to shut both eyes they wouldn't be able to see anything.

Striking Children.

"You are one of those humanitarians who believe in bringingup children without corporal punishment, aren't you?"

"Yes; as true as I'm standing here, I've never struck one of my children except in self-defense."

WHEN YOU'RE RUN DOWN

just build up your system with the great South American Nervine, the health builder, blood maker and nerve food, that is quickest and most thorough in its action.

Will put every organ in the body in good working order speedily and permanently, through giving them a new nervous energy, and fills the system with health, vigor and rich, red blood.

J. W. Dinwoodie, of Campbellford, Ont., stated: "For years I was troubled with nervousness and impaired liver and kidneys. I was treated by several doctors; tried every medicine. Last fall I procured a bottle of

SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE.

I took but a very few doses and the nervous depression left my entire system. I will never be without it."

DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS

allow the sufferer from indigestion to eat heartily and heavily of anything he likes while curing him, for the Pineapple actually digests the food, letting the stomach rest and get sound, whilst you enjoy life.—Price, 35 cents. 9

Will J. Lampton, the poet, is telling a sweetly poetic story these days, and he insists that it is perfectly true. Once upon a day he was making a driving tour through the country near Harper's Ferry, and stopped at a little wayside inn for refreshment. A sign in the window announced that oysters in all styles were to be had, and Mr. Lampton ordered a fry.

"Don't you want a stew?" asked the man in charge.

"No," said Mr. Lambton, "I want a fry."

"Raw wouldn't do, would it?" queried the man, who seemed to entertain a prejudice against unnecessary exertion.

"No," repeated the poet, "I want a fry."

The man walked over to the stove and sought the frying pan. It was lying on the floor.

"Here!" said the man, "get out of that pan, Jim; the gentleman wants a fry."

Jim was a harmless, necessary cat. —Washington Post.

You Pay—You Choose.

There is no case of Rheumatism that the **Great South American Rheumatic Cure** will not conquer in a few days—acute or chronic, muscular or nervous. It gives almost instant relief and at once begins to drive out the disease, root and branch, curing in one to three days.

George England, a ship builder of Chatham, writes: "I was laid up for six months with rheumatism. I procured a bottle of **SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE.** In twenty-four hours I was well and have not been troubled with rheumatism since."

South American Kidney Cure speedily and thoroughly relieves and cures the worst Kidney and Bladder diseases. Relief in a few hours. 7.

The Language of Nature.

A young lady at a Boston dinner table upon remarking that "We have had a very torrid month" received the response from a perspiring young man on the other side of the table, "Yes, and a durned hot one, too." Human nature is much tempted to speak to the point of high temperatures.—Boston Globe.

PRESCRIPTIONS UTTERLY FAIL

To cure itching and disfiguring skin diseases. But

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT CURES

no matter what other or how many other applications have failed.

Madam used it and got well, and she keeps it for her friends and her children, having learned it is a neverfail in the treatment of piles, and in tetter, salt rheum, ringworm, eczema, barber's itch, and all skin eruptions. Price, 35c.

The Sisters at St. Joseph's Infant Home, South Troy, N.Y., state: "Many children come to our home covered with eczema. We would like to buy your ointment by the pound."

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the most effective pills—while milder in action, more quickly setting free the digestive canal. 40 doses, 10c. 8

ROLFF HOUSE

By G. H. BENEDICT.

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure.

Matters went on in this way for two or three weeks. Rolff House was enjoying a reputation it had never before fully borne as an abode of mischevous spirits, when the gossip and interest in the matter were suddenlyy greatly increased by the flight of old Margaret from the house to the abode of a niece, a married woman of middle age, living in the village, where she arrived smitten with moral terror, and at once took to-bed with serious illness in consequence of the nervous excitement she had undergone.

From her confused statements, it was gathered that she had at first put no faith in the reality of the ghostly manifestations, attributing them solely to the wicked pranks of Leb. Sackett; but, as day after day passed by, and each night brought new and more mysterious occurrences, her courage had gradually given way, till at last an event had occurred that had completely terrified her and caused her to flee the house. What this terrifying occurrence was she could not be induced to state, but it had evidently left a most serious impression upon her mind and partially shattered her well-worn faculties.

It was noticed, too, by those most interested, that Leb. Sackett no longer wore his usual jaunty air, but seemed unusually grave and pre-occupied in all his actions. Yet he did not leave the house. He asserted that there were not ghosts enough in Christendom to scare him, and that he would stay in the old house as long as he was wanted there.

One evening, however, he did not put in an appearance at Ronk's tavern. Another evening passed, and he was still absent. Still a third and a fourth found him missing from his accustomed place, and public excitement began to be aroused in regard to his safety. It was believed that he had come to some harm at the hands of the evil spirits that bewitched the old house. None were so bold as to go and investigate the matter, however. And so the mysterious disappearance of Leb. Sackett added to the excitement in regard to the ghostly doings at Rolff House.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ralph Saybrook was not a young man to take leave of his characteristic shrewdness even in such a delicate matter as love-making. Having resolved to win Rosa Bruyn, he knew the best plan to lead to ultimate success was to boldly and persistently lay seige to her heart. He was well aware that he would be rebuffed at first, and that it would require great address and persistency for him to achieve ultimate success, and all his plans were laid for conducting a long and difficult suit with as much precision and method as if it were a law case instead of a matrimonial project he had in hand.

It was greatly to Rosa's disadvantage in the matter that her natural goodness of heart and modesty of nature precluded her repulsing his advances until he had gained the advantage of actually declaring his love for her. She took every possible precaution to avoid his society, it was true, but as he was not at all backward in obtruding himself upon her company, and was a frequent welcome guest of her father at his house, it was impossible for her to avoid his company entirely. Thus Ralph was offered his own opportunity to declare himself, and the occasion was well chosen. It was a beautiful early spring day, and Rosa had been to the village on some errand, when, on her way home, she was joined by the young lawyer. He proceeded home with her, exerting himself to be lively and entertaining, and, detaining her at the gate, managed shrewdly to engage her in an animated conversation on the appropriate subject of flora culture, which, being a topic she took a deep interest in, she was unconsciously led out of her usual mood of studied reticence in his company, and even awakened into some life and enthusiasm in expressing her views on a subject in which she took such a deep interest. Ralph was a young man of quite general reading, and, as is sometimes the case with those of the coldest and most selfish nature, had quite a passion for flowers, and was well informed on their cultivation and capable of displaying enthusiasm and erudition in discussing the subject. So he managed to lead the guileless girl from one point to another, until at last they were holding an animated discourse on the language of flowers, and it was not long ere he had taken advantage of so favorable a turn of the conversation to introduce a subject of love and declare his attachment for her.

"Yes, dear Rosa," he said, in his most beguiling tones, as she stood surprised and confused in consequence of his unexpected declaration, "I love you with my whole heart. You are, to my eye, the chiefest flower in all Nature's parterre of beauty, which, to win and wear on this faithful breast I may well desire to make the ruling ambition of my life."

In reply to this ardent language, Rosa could only stammer:

"Really Mr. Saybrook, I cannot listen to you. You but do wrong to yourself to address me so. It is my error if I have given you the slightest reason to indulge a hope that I could look favorably on your addresses. I most truly cannot. I would wrong you to leave you under the slightest delusion. Believe me, it is impossible."

Ralph was quick to catch the implied admission of the generous-hearted girl that she might have unconsciously led him to hope for her favor.

"But why?" he made haste to urge. "Most truly, I have seen no reason to incline me to believe that your attitude toward me was such as to shut out hope. And even if it were, I could not the less admire and love you, and cherish the fond hope to win you. But I will not, I cannot, indulge so terrible a belief as that you will deliberately decline to listen to my suit, and at least not give yourself time and opportunity to ascertain whether my attentions may not in time become more agreeable to you."

"It is needless, believe me, Mr. Saybrook," she replied. "Do not wrong yourself with such a hope."

"Ah, but, Rosa, I cannot help it. The thought of love may be new to you; but, my dear girl, you are now of an age to excite admiration and attract suitors, and why should I not seek to be among the number of your faithful worshippers? I could not expect to be without rivals, but, knowing my own heart, I can well indulge the hope of being able to surpass all in faithfulness and devotion."

Tears sprang to the eyes of the young girl. The situation was becoming very embarrassing for her, and she determined to cut it short by a candid explanation.

"Let me be frank with you, Mr. Saybrook," she said. "My faith is already pledged to another, and I cannot break it."

"Unwelcome as the news is to me," replied Ralph, showing no sign of discomfiture, "I do not see how it entirely shuts me out from hope. I had reason, perhaps, to suspect such a fact, but I also had reason to believe that it was not an objection that would prove in any way insuperable. Indeed, I did not know but that your relations in that direction had been broken off. Of course, you allude to Claude Rolff. Much as I respect and admire him as a friend, I cannot believe but that he has lacked the sincerity and earnestness of a true manly character in his attentions to you. In fact without breaking confidence, I think I may say that he himself looked upon his departure abroad as a practical sundering of all ties that bound him to his native land, and that he confessed as much, and I have also reason to believe that he has since formed new ties in the place of his present residence which would preclude the idea that he regarded any pledges he might lightly have made to you as binding. No, no; I cannot consider that his claims should shut out mine. Let me assure you, Rosa, kindly but earnestly, that all others save only yourself, perhaps, have regarded his attentions to you as lacking in real sincerity. I know that such is your father's opinion. I did not presume to indulge a hope of becoming your suitor without first declaring my intentions to him, and learning that he did not regard my character and hopes unfavorably; and I was given to understand by him that not only was your hand free so far as he knew, but that, even if an engagement did exist with Mr. Rolff, it could never receive his consent. He regards, as I assure you others regard, the ambition of that young man as of a kind that will never adapt itself to the circumstances of our quiet little community and peaceful ways, and that his leaving us is a practical sundering of all designs or probability of ever returning here. It would be but cruelty, Rosa, to deny me even the one fond lover's privilege of hope for one who I am assured has already proved false to you."

"I cannot believe it—I will not believe it," replied Rosa hastily, and with a sudden spirit that seemed to indicate that her feelings were much moved. "You all slander him; you all seem conspired together to deceive me. I cannot believe ill of him till I have better evidence than I have yet seen."

"Possibly you are right as regards the evidence," replied Ralph, who shrewdly saw that it would not do to press the point at present. "I confess I can hardly believe so ill of Claude myself as his actions would seem to warrant. It is a point that perhaps a little lapse of time will settle clearly. All I ask, my dear girl, is that you will not forbid me to indulge a hope that your hand will yet be free for me to sue for with all the ardor and deep love that is in my heart."

This request was humble enough, but Rosa was scare listening. She was deeply agitated, and felt a hasty impulse to break away from the disagreeable interview.

"You must excuse me now, Mr. Saybrook," she said hurriedly, "I cannot listen to you longer. I have duties awaiting me in the house. Good day."

Turning almost abruptly, she proceeded with hasty steps toward the house.

The young man watched her disappear, and then turned to retrace his steps toward the village. He whistled to himself lightly as he walked along, and he evidently was not disappointed at the reception his declaration had received. His only object had been to establish himself as a declared suitor for the maiden's hand, and in that object he had been perfectly successful. He was resolved that not one rebuff, nor a hundred, should discourage him. He meant to win by persistency, address and opportunity, and time and fortune, he well knew, were in his favor.

CHAPTER XVII.

The excitement caused by the disappearance of Leb. Sackett, and the public surmises in regard to the reasons therefor, naturally came to the ears of lawyer Saybrook and his son.

"Leb. seems to have managed that little job of getting old Margaret out of the house very neatly," remarked Ralph as they were discussing the matter.

"Yes," responded the other. "He said he'd try to fix it, and he has succeeded very finely. But I am puzzled to know why he keeps himself so quiet since the old lady left. Perhaps he is only trying to keep up the mystery; but I have my suspicions somewhat aroused. To tell the truth, I haven't any too much confidence in Leb. He's just a trifle too smart to be trustworthy. It is now four days since he has reported. Suppose after dinner we walk over and see what is up."

Ralph assented; and, dinner being over, they proceeded to visit Rolff House.

As they drew near the old place, it looked as silent and deserted as if it had not had an inhabitant in years.

They approached the great front door and the elder Saybrook placed his hand on the heavy iron knocker and sounded an alarm vigorous enough to have waked the soundest sleeper. It was some seconds before the echoes ceased reverberating through the vacant halls and rooms.

They waited; but there was no answer. The summons was repeated. Still no answer. Again and again did Anthony Saybrook repeat the knocking in the loudest possible manner, but no response came save the muffled echoes from within.

"This is strange," he muttered, testily. "What can it mean? Is it possible that Leb. has been up to some knavish prank, and left the place? Dear me! I'm afraid—I'm afraid we've made a grave mistake. There—the door is locked. Luckily I brought a key with me. There were lots of things in the house that were worth the stealing. Why was I such a fool as to trust a man I knew to be a scamp? Oh, dear! will I ever get this door open?"

The lawyer had been fumbling with unsteady hands with the lock of the door, but at last the wards flew back and the door was opened. They entered into the house. It had flashed across Anthony Saybrook that perhaps Leb. might have taken advantage of the opportunity afforded him to break into the old vault, rob it of any valuables it contained, and make good his escape. Hence his sudden agitation.

They made a hasty search of the rooms off from the old hall, and called loudly for Leb. but there was no response.

"Let us go down into the cellar," exclaimed the elder Saybrook, who was plainly very much dismayed and discomfited by the mysterious disappearance of Leb. "I'll warrant we'll find his traces there. Yes, yes; I know his game, the d—d rascal. But we must have a light. Where can we get a light?"

"Let us look around," interposed Ralph, who was of a less excitable nature than his father, but equally intent upon solving the mystery of Leb.'s strange actions.

After considerable search, they discovered a tinder box and the same old lantern with which Carl Crum had guided the lawyer down to the lower regions of the house on a previous occasion. The lantern had in it a piece of candle. Managing to light it, they proceeded cautiously through the dark passages and stairways down to the old cellar. The door was open, and a key in it.

They entered, and stood for a moment in a sort of trepidation, vainly casting their eyes about in an effort to pierce the darkness of that subterranean dungeon, which the feeble flame of the candle only made more visible.

Then they advanced slowly and with extreme caution in the direction of the old vault. A sudden chill of dread had struck to their hearts, inspired by the mysterious gloom of the old cellar and the reaction from the eager excitement that had led them to penetrate its depths. As they approached the vault, carefully throwing the light of the lantern ahead of them, a sight was suddenly presented to their eyes that caused them both to start back with an exclamation of horror. The form of a man was lying on the damp cellar-floor, buried beneath the weight of a huge stone that had fallen from above upon him. Summoning courage to investigate more closely, a glance showed that the form was that of Leb. Sackett. He was stone dead, and presented an appearance well calculated to excite horror even if it had been witnessed under less terrifying circumstances. The stone was across his breast, as he lay stretched upon his back; his face was twisted back and turned toward them; his glassy eyes protruded; and blood had flowed from his mouth and nostrils. It was evident that his life had been crushed out at once.

The two men glanced at each other with blank countenances.

"Ralph, this is horrible," said the elder Saybrook, as soon as he could compose himself to speak. "I did not expect any such result as this. Let us look about. Yes, yes, I see; he had been making an attempt to get into the vault. See here where he has been to work trying to break through the door. Yes, and here is where he has drilled, and fired his powder blast, only to loosen the stones above, however, and one has fallen upon him as he approached to see the effect of his operations, and crushed him to death. Strange and fatal reward of his knavery! What a spectacle! It leads one to think of the stories they tell of the Evil One keeping guard over the vault. I'm not superstitious, Ralph; but this thing unmans me. Let us get out of this. We can learn nothing further now. We must touch nothing till we notify the proper legal authorities.—It's a strange tragedy. It sickens me. Let us get out."

They turned to go, when the feeble flame of the candle grew suddenly faint and then expired, leaving them in total darkness. The situation was one that might well inspire terror in the hearts of braver men. Already horrified as they were, the sudden quenching of the light threw them into a panic of fear. They scrambled for the cellar door, as though the Evil One himself were ready to seize them, tumbling over each other and falling sprawling on the cellar bottom. Fear added to their confusion, and they were some time in finding the door. But they at last succeeded in doing so, and hastened up the narrow stairs into the dark hall above. Here again they were in trouble, and some moments of fearful suspense were passed ere they discovered the stairway that led to the upper hall. They finally succeeded in gaining the door by which they had entered, and drew easier breaths.

"Whew!" exclaimed Anthony Saybrook, "that is the worst scrape that ever I got into. I wouldn't be down there again for a thousand dollars."

"No, nor for ten thousand," added Ralph. "I never was so scared in my life—I'll own to that. I'm all in a tremble, and it's lucky I did not break my neck. I've got some good bruises as it is."

"And I, too," added the elder, with rueful countenance. "Curse the old house; I'm afraid it is bound to bring us ill luck. I suspect it is the devil's property after all. But let us get home. We must have this matter attended to. Of course, this event will arouse tenfold more gossip in regard to the old place. The superstitious will be more assured than ever that it is haunted by evil spirits. I confess that Leb.'s strange death staggers me for the moment. I must have time to get over my fright before I can think clearly about it."

"One thing is certain," interposed Ralph, who had somewhat recovered his coolness by this time, the gate of the yard being passed, "Leb. has been foiled in his game of robbery, and the old vault is safe. It is good luck, after all."

"Well, perhaps so," responded the other. "But I hate terribly to be taken in by any one in such a manner. Still, as you say, it is good luck that the vault is safe, but what it contains I confess I don't know, though I suspect there is something valuable in it. This affair will make a big talk; but of course it will be seen at once that Leb. was the cause of his own destruction, or if some are superstitious enough to attribute it to supernatural means, as many no doubt will, it can make no difference to us. I suspect we will have difficulty now to get some one to put in Leb.'s place; but even if we have to lock the old house up, this event will inspire such dread that I do not believe any one will be so bold as to molest it hereafter."

Thus discussing the matter, they soon reached home, and, after a short rest and consultation, the proper authorities were notified of the tragic accident that had happened in Rolff House.

The officers of the law and a few assistants soon made ready and proceeded to the scene of the strange occurrence. They were well provided with lights, and, on investigation, the hurried surmises of Anthony Saybrook in regard to the cause of Leb.'s death were fully confirmed. He had evidently made an attempt to break in the old vault, but, failing in his first efforts, had drilled holes in the massive door and attempted to blow it out with a blast of powder. The only result had been to jar the heavy masonry, and loosen a huge stone that rested as a sort of projecting cap above the door of the vault, and, as he had approached and was probably occupied in observing the effects of the blast, the stone had given way from its position and fallen upon him, forcing him backward and crushing him beneath its weight.

The corpse was carried away, an inquest held upon it, resulting in the usual verdict of accidental death. So the would-be robber had been caught in his own trap.

To the general public, however, Leb.'s tragic ending was proof positive that Rolff House was "possessed" by evil spirits, and that the tradition that the old vault was protected by the Evil One was the sober truth. His recklessness in risking himself in such a foolhardy contest with the powers of evil was commented on with many sober shakes of the head, and all the old, well-worn stories in regard to strange occurrences at the old mansion were revived and retailed with impressive earnestness to groups of interested listeners.

As he had surmised, Anthony Saybrook could secure no one to take the place made vacant by the death of Leb. Sackett. He would not have old Carl Crum; so, trusting in the protection which the popular belief that the house was the abode of evil spirits would afford, he had it carefully closed up and left to only such occasional inspection as he and Ralph should together make.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Events drifted along a few weeks without any event to startle the community in regard to Rolff House.

The old place remained locked up and deserted, but it was better protected by the superstitious dread in which it was held than it if had a score of guards. Mr. Saybrook had sent off letters to Claude explaining and smoothing over the late events, and also taking occasion to drop him certain hints that would lead him to infer that old Mr. Bruyn's dislike to him continued and that he had used his influence to prejudice Rosa against him. He did not say this directly; in fact, he was careful not to let Claude suspect that he took any interest whatever in his love affairs; but he deftly managed to weave certain facts and hints in his letter, as if by the merest inadvertance, which the young man could not well help interpreting so as to arouse his suspicions that Rosa's love for him was already becoming cold. The wily lawyer argued that if he could arouse in the young man a feeling that he had been slighted, his naturally high spirit would probably lead him to express his resentment by affecting coolness and reserve himself. He knew that he must be anxious by this time on account of the neglect with which his letters had been treated, and full of fancies as to the reasons for it; and, by skillfully misleading him, he hoped to so arouse his sense of injured pride as to incline him to dismiss all thought of Rosa from his mind. Amid the novelty and excitement of his new life, he inferred that Claude, like most young men, would easily forget past impressions, and that, could his thoughts and feelings be turned into a new channel, his passion for the old farmer's daughter would soon be so far erased from his mind that Ralph would be left a clear field to woo and win her, no matter what turn events might take.

But Anthony Saybrook had no opportunity to learn the effect of his letter upon Claude, or whether, in fact, the young man received it at all. It was a period when the mail service between this country and Europe was particularly irregular and slow. The world was being shaken by the throes of the gigantic contest between England and the France of Napoleon, which had involved nearly all Europe, and the consequences of which were slowly but inevitably dragging the young New World republic into war. The seas were harried by the hostile fleets of the belligerents, and commerce was practically interdicted by the decrees the proud hostile nations hurled at each other, commanding the world to cease from commercial intercourse with their enemies under threat of the capture and confiscation of all ships venturing to do so. The spirit of the aspiring young Western nation illy brooked this arrogant dictation, which was destroying its growing commerce; and it had long been evident to careful observers that the outrages committed against American commerce particularly by British cruisers would sooner or later result in hostilities. In fact, the spirit of the people was already aroused to the highest pitch, and was pushing a peace-loving administration forward to the bold course of recommending the young republic to unsheath its sword as the champion of the rights of commerce.

(To be Continued.)

MOSEBY ESCAPED

George W. Fink Had the Famous Guerilla Under Arrest

The man who captured Colonel John Singleton Moseby, the most famous of the Confederate guerillas during the civil war, was George W. Fink. The fact that Moseby was a prisoner under Fink for only a short time, not more than half an hour, in fact, does not take away much from the glory of his achievement, as may be seen from the circumstances of the incident as related by Mr. Fink at the Union station in the special train in which the colonists lay over while arrangements for the transfer from the Pennsylvania to the Fort Wayne were being made.

At the outbreak of the war Fink enlisted in Troop A, of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, and went with that command almost immediately to the region of the Shenandoah Valley, where their field of operations continued to be. In 1861 Fink was one day a member of a scouting party sent out to reconnoiter, and in that capacity traveled a considerable distance from the spot where the camp had been pitched. It was learned from some of the Union sympathizers in the region that a small party of Confederates were concealed in a house three or four miles away, and a detachment was sent after them.

Fink himself rode up to the door and demanded entrance, which was refused him by the woman who answered his knock at the door. She denied vigorously that any soldiers were within and loudly protested against the intrusion of the scouts.

In one of the upper chambers two officers, a lieutenant and a captain, were found lying under the bed, and were triumphantly dragged forth, covered with dust and lint from the floor. In another room a third man, dressed in civilian's clothes, but very evidently connected with the army, was found and placed under arrest in company with the others. Their arms were taken from them, and under the guard of Fink and one companion their return to the camp was begun.

On the way a thick wood was passed through. The man in civilian's clothes was riding at the front of the little party. When the middle of the grove was reached he wheeled his horse, plunged the rowels into its side and dashed off to the right. Fink promptly raised his carbine and fired at the rapidly retreating form. The horse fell dead, but the rider leaped free from the animal's body and ran like the traditional white head further into the woods. The cavalrymen could not leave the two prisoners who remained, and who were watching with breathless interest the flight of their comrade, so the journey to the camp was continued without chase having been made.

When headquarters were reached the two officers were turned over to the commander. On their way to the guard house they turned to Fink and one of them said:

"You may be interested in knowing that the man who got away was Colonel Moseby." Then he started on with his companion. Fink, in telling the incident said:

"I was feeling sore enough over the escape, as it was, but when I heard who my prisoner was, I felt like going to the guard house myself and serving the longest sentence I could persuade my superiors to give me."

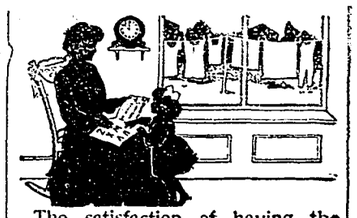
It has never been positively established that the man who got away in the woods was really Moseby. The two officers averred that it was, and Fink's comrades believed them and always called him "the man who captured Moseby."

If it was Moseby it was the closest escape he ever had from becoming a prisoner of the Federal government, for there was no man probably in the whole rebel army who was more wanted than he was and against whom more determined efforts were directed. Arch H. Rowand, Jr., the well-known local attorney, who was during the war one of the most famous of Federal scouts, put in the best part of three years in trying to apprehend him. Mr. Rowand this morning said in connection with the Fink incident,

"If Fink really had him I never heard of it. I put in my spare time and a good deal more during 1862-3-4 in going after the doughty old fellow, and when we weren't after him he was after us. I was once chased by three of his men from Stickers Gap clear into Harper's Ferry. My own opinion is that the man who skipped out in the woods Fink speaks of was not the guerilla at all, but that the officers who didn't get a chance to clear out just said he was, to make their own captors feel sore at their loss. Of course you understand I don't know anything about the affair, and that this theory is one of my own construction."

Moseby is still alive and resides in California. He came into great prominence just after the close of the Civil war by becoming a Republican, or as the phrase went then, a "reconstructed rebel." He held office under President Grant and has always remained an administration man. During the Spanish war he came into public notice again by applying for a commission. He was told to get the recommendation of the Senators of his State, but hotly declined to seek any such backing, closing the letter in which he did so with the characteristic declaration that he was after an army job, not a political appointment.

"The use of visiting-cards dates back to quite an antiquity," explains Mrs. Van Koert Schuyler, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Formerly the porter at the lodge or door of great houses kept a visitors' book, in which he scrawled his idea of the names of those who called upon the master and his family, and to whose inspection it was submitted from time to time. One fine gentleman, a scion of he nobility from the Fauborg St. Germain, was shocked to find that his porter kept so poor a register of the names of those who had called upon him. The names, badly written with spluttering pen and pale or muddy ink, suggested to him the idea of writing his own name upon slips of paper or bits of cardboard in advance of calling upon his neighbors lest his name should fare as badly at the hands of their porters. This custom soon became generally established."



The satisfaction of having the washing done early in the day, and well done, belongs to every user of Sunlight Soap. 10B

The Latest Humor.

The Anxious Mother—Are you sure my son has appendicitis?

The Eminent Specialist—We can tell you better, madam, after the operation.—Life.

Mrs. Oldun—All you young girls nowadays seem to be muscular athletes.

Miss Strong—Yes, indeed. In the proud lexicon of feminine youth there is no such word as "frail."—Philadelphia Press.

"Colonel," asked the beautiful grass widow, "have you ever really known what it was to be frightened?"

"I should say I have," replied the gallant warrior. "At the dentist's office the other day I could actually feel the blood congealing in my veins when he came at me with his buzz saw."—New York Herald.

Mabel—I understand that drinking is one of his failings?

Ethel—You have been misinformed. It is one of his most pronounced successes.—Boston Post.

In babyhood his mother called him "a kitten," the neighbors "a little monkey."

When at college he was commonly dubbed a "calf," the girls sometimes termed him "a puppy."

After he left college he became, according to his friends, "a gay dog," according to his enemies, "a beast."

In business he was referred to as "a sly fox," though his competitors labeled him "a wolf."

In Wall street he was "a bull"—sometimes "a bear."

In his love affairs he was "a perfect tiger;" some said, however, "a perfect donkey!"

In society he was described as "a lion," varied occasionally by "an ass."—Town Topics.

'Tis said the individual who
Would win success's crown
Must keep his grit and never let
The people laugh him down.

And yet the joke-smith's chances for
Success are mighty slim
Unless he's smart enough to make
The people laugh at him.
—Baltimore American.

Towne—He's very wealthy.

Mrs. Towne—Yes, and very stingy and economical.

Towne—You don't know that. You mustn't judge a man by his clothes.

Mrs. Towne — Certainly not; I'm judging him by his wife's clothes.—Philadelphia Press.

Nan—Is there any infallible cure for seasickness?

Tom—Oh, yes; when you feel the symptoms coming on all you have to do is to go out and sit under a tree. You will very soon recover.—Yonkers Statesman.

Bill—It seems strange, but heat comes in waves, does it not?

Jill—It certainly does.

"And yet a man wants to get into the waves to get out of the heat.—Yonkers Satesman.

"There's a peculiarity about the Russians that I have noticed. They nearly all seem to have square, heavy jaws."

"I suppose that's the result of the exercise they get through calling one another by name."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Lady—Are you sure this salmon is quite fresh?

Salesman—Fresh? Lor' bless yer, mum, I've just had to cut it up to keep it from jumpin' at the flies!"—The Joker.

Robinson—It is awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?

Brown (in a whisper)—Oh, I shan't say much, you know. "Good morning, dear," or something of that sort. She'll say the rest.—London Comic.

He—You say that automobile accident was caused by a misplaced switch?

She—Yes; the dear girl tried to fix it and steer her auto at the same time.—Judge.

One way to keep a woman's love is to return it.—Chicago News.

The maid, as by the papers doth appear,
Whom fifty thousand dollars made so dear,
To test Lothario's passion, simply said:
"Forego the weed before we go to wed.
For smoke take flame; I'll be that flame's bright fanner;
To have your Anna, give up your Havana."
But he, when thus she brought him to the scratch,
Lit his cigar and threw away his match.
—The Humbler Poets.

"My dear," said a frightened husband in the middle of the night, shaking his wife, "where did you put that bottle of strychnine?"

"On the shelf next to the peppermint."

"Oh!" he groaned. "I've swallowed it!"

"Well, for goodness sake," whispered his wife, "keep quiet or you'll wake the baby."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

SCYTHE IN THE PINE

A Curious Reminder of the Son's Going to the War, Never to Return.

Thirty-eight years ago young Augustus Bliss, of Warwick, quit cutting brush on his father's farm, hung his scythe on a pine tree and went off to war. The soldier boy never came back, and the scythe has never been taken down from the tree where he hung it, but has become imbedded in the growing pine until it is a fixture. This pathetic reminder of the great civil struggle is a familiar sight to members of the Sheomet Club of this city, as the tree stands near the club's comfortable quarters in Blissville, a hamlet just across the North Orange line in Warwick.

When young Augustus Bliss left home and parents, to fight his country's battles, Blissville was a busy centre of small industries, traces of which remain to tell the story of the shifting of the scene of manufacturing from the small country hamlet to larger centres. The tree has witnessed all these changes, has seen the mill standing near slowly falling into decay, the population changing, but still the scythe hangs there, summer and winter, a mute testimonial to the devotion to duty that animated young Bliss. His father, Milton Bliss, was engaged in building the dam standing by, and sent his son to cut some briers that were in the way of stone that were needed. After the briers were cut he scythe was hung on a small pine tree near, probably without a thought of how long it would remain there.

In a day or two Augustus Bliss went to the front, having enlisted for a three years' term of service in the army some time previous. The young soldier never came back. He was but eighteen years old when he enlisted, August 4, 1862, in Company B, Twenty-sixth Massachusetts Regiment. While with his regiment in the South, he was overtaken by a fatal disease and died in an army hospital at Mildvale, Virginia. The circumstances of his contracting the disease were very sad. He had gone to get water for his comrades, and his company had orders to march while he was gone. He tried to overtake them, and the over-exertion was more than he could stand, and he was taken ill with fever before he had been in battle. He was not brought home for burial, but his name is on the roll of honor on the soldiers' monument at Orange.

In all these years no one has meddled with the scythe. It has hung there a symbol and visible reminder to his father of his son's devotion to duty. As the tree grew the scythe has become embedded in the wood, until it is a part of the tree. The snath, which has been forced off the scythe by the growing tree, is supported in its original position by a small framework. The woodwork of the tholes has yielded to the action of the elements and fallen away. Around he tree, which is probably a little over a foot in diameter at its base, has been erected a railing.—Springfield Republican.

The Man Who Does Not Hurry.

Many evils in this life come from undue haste in the morning. A Roman gentleman of excellent family and large income killed himself because, as he left word, he was "tired of doing the same things." Think of the hideous monotony of morning life. You stretch yourself in bed and yawn; a sense of duty drags you out, just as in earlier years a chapel bell summoned you at school to early and shivering prayers. You poke your feet into slippers. Bath, the operation of shaving, a quick decision as to the necessity of a change in underclothes or linen, then a rush into clothes, as though you were a fireman in active service. You gobble breakfast and a newspaper, there is a wild scramble for a street car, there is suspension from a strap, and you are at the office with a dash of shaving soap close to an ear and biscuit crumbs on your mustache. And for what?

The body is too fine a thing to be treated in haste. We know a man, and we think of him now with reverence, who snaps fingers at conventional duty. He snoozes after he has had eight or nine hours of sleep. After he has made ready his bath he lies down again to recover from the exertion. He then puts a Scotch cap on his head—association of ideas, for he drank Scotch the night before—gets into the tub, where he soaks for fifteen or twenty minutes, and reads a novel. Then in bath-robe he drinks two or three glasses of water and eats a sliced orange. He shaves himself as carefully and slowly as though he were about to be hanged. He then examines his stock of shirts, which leads him to a study of the methods pursued in a modern "American hand laundry." He chooses a cravat to suit the sky and the temperature of the day. About an hour and a half after he parted from sleep he consumes a cup of coffee and a roll. Finally he saunters toward the street corner, and there he waits until he sees a car with empty seats. Do you call him lazy? He has all eternity before him. And we claim that this man is better prepared to meet the problems of the day than you, who are complimented when some one describes you as a hustler. It is true that if the deliberate one is working for others they may not appreciate his deliberation; they may discharge him. But this is a mere detail. Others will gladly hire him at a princely salary.

Unpreparedness.

A courier presses toward the commanding general, his steed foaming conventionally.

"The enemy is in motion," he cries, "but it is impossible to decide whether he advances or retreats!"

Again the sickening unpreparedness of the war office, which should have provided charts of the Boer trouser, enabling the strategists at the front to determine at a glance in which direction any person wearing this garment was proceeding.

What the Gentlemen Said.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Did you say that Miss Decolleta was the best dressed woman at the opera?"

Mr. Crimsonbeak—No. I didn't say exactly that. What I did say was that she outstripped all the others.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

THURSDAY, OCT. 29, 1903.

Don't forget the Court of Revision sits on Monday. If you are not on the Voters' List, get on. Everything points to a Dominion election before the next Court in May.

TO PARENTS.

The growing boys of Revelstoke stay out too late at night. While we do not pose as wishing undue restraint to be exercised, still there is a happy medium in all things. That medium is certainly passed when boys of ten are permitted to run round the streets hours after they should be in bed. If a healthy growing boy is not ready for a good night's sleep at ten o'clock there must be something wrong. Yet we all know that midnight often finds many boys in this city careering round as if there was no attraction at home capable of making them recognize it as the true place for evening amusements and proper recreation.

We think this is the keystone of the situation. Too little home life is what Revelstoke, and practically all the west, suffers from. The small boy is not given a chance. He is contemptuously dubbed "the kid" by his elder brother and treated by him as an inferior. The day of the older sons taking an intelligent interest in the youngster's tasks and amusements seems to have gone by and nowadays there is an abrupt break of real home life when a youth reaches about the age of seventeen. True he lives at home but his amusements do not, as they should, centre round the fireside. The habit of a whole family joining together in harmless amusements, in round games and other fireside pleasures has, in the west, become practically obsolete. The question naturally arises, why is this? We think the answer is plain. There are too few inducements extended by the parents to keep the boys at home. The sisters have their pianos, their music and their friends to entertain but nothing of a similar nature is provided for the boys. Jenny invites her girl chums home to spend the evening with her and receives invitations in return, but what about Johnny? Oh, the boys are too rough, they make too much dirt says the average mother—and lets it go at that. But is it not better to have a little extra washing and cleaning, to bear with rumpled tidies and maybe a broken vase now and again than to have your boys running round the streets? Boys are gregarious animals and would much sooner congregate in a pleasant home than in front of an hotel. Let the boys know their friends are your friends. Receive them well, take pains to entertain them, enter with vigour into the accounts of youthful prowess and you will find the boys' eyes turn towards home as the flower turns its face to the sun. Give juvenile stag parties, bound only by the law "thou shalt not wilfully destroy." Greet the youngster's friends with a smile. Let them know that Johnny's chums are as welcome as Jenny's and you will find a great change. Get hold of good stirring standard literature. Read them the life-like battles of Alan Quartermain and take pains to try and read them well. Make them acquainted with Hoaseyeasy and Treasure Island and, like Oliver Twist, you'll find them ask for more. If they want boxing gloves and single sticks, let them have them, 'twill be money well spent. Let Johnny smash his finger now and again with a hammer if he must butcher wood, but for goodness sake see that he has the hammer.

Give the boys a chance. The youngsters of today will be the Empire of tomorrow. There's no need of curfew laws. The boys can be kept out of mischief and drawn towards good by the invisible threads of pleasure at home and a thorough welcome to their friends. If only a few of the parents of Revelstoke would start this method of meeting a grave source of danger in a few months the boys would be off the streets.

The spectacle of J. A. Macdonald leading Joe Martin and McInnes is is like driving piles with a tack hammer.

MINING COURTS.

In every other mining country in the British Empire but this, easy and inexpensive means are provided for the settlement of mining disputes. The course generally pursued is to form a Mining Court in each district and the Warden, an official somewhat on a par with our Gold Commissioners, is appointed its judge. Until British Columbia joined the Dominion a similar plan was in force here and worked extremely well. The "Gold Ordinance, 1867," provided for these courts and any ordinary mining litigation was summarily disposed of without the trouble or expense of leaving the district in which the dispute arose. Of course provision was made for appeals in cases where matters were adjudicated upon in which the interests were too complicated to permit the Mining Court properly, being that of last resort.

This procedure was attempted to be revived in the "Mineral Act, 1888," by which Mining Courts were re-constituted and large judicial powers given to the Gold Commissioner. It was not long, however, until the legality of the mining courts was attacked and they were disposed of in the first case. The sections constituting them had to be repealed and it is almost impossible for this Province to use this most satisfactory method of dealing with mining disputes.

The case to whice we refer is Burk v. Turnstall, in which judgment was given on June 24, 1900. By this judgment it was held that;

"It is competent for the Province to create Mining Courts, and to fix their jurisdiction, but not to appoint any officers thereof with other than ministerial powers."

The question naturally arises, why is the Province not competent? And here again our old bugbear, the B.N.A. Act, steps in and says "No." British Columbia can organize and maintain courts of all kinds, but the judges must be appointed by the Dominion, which it is fair to say pays their salaries. This is another matter in which the B. N. A. Act should be amended. The Province can and does organize, appoint magistrates of and run police courts having jurisdiction over the liberties of our citizens, but cannot provide a great convenience for the prospector when minor mining disputes arise. This and many other things prove that the time is ripe for a general overhauling of the B. N. A. Act.

But, pending that necessary step, can nothing be done to do away with anomaly? We think there is a course open, and a simple one. The power of appointment of judges of Mining Courts lying with the Dominion authorities the difficulty could be removed in the following way. The Governor-General-in-Council should be asked to make an Order, that upon the appointment of a Gold Commissioner in British Columbia, he shall, ipso facto, become judge of the Mining Court in his district without any salary from the Dominion. His remuneration as Gold Commissioner would cover his services as such judge.

We present this idea for the careful consideration of the Government. In the event of its being acted upon we do not anticipate any difficulty with the powers that be at Ottawa. If the necessary Dominion Order-in-Council is obtained, or assurances given that Gold Commissioners will be appointed Mining Court Judges on the request of the Provincial executive, the rest is easy. At the coming session of the Legislature these sections could be re-enacted and in a very short time Courts for the trial of mining disputes established at every Gold Commissioner's office in the Province. That such would be a boon in outlying districts like Cariboo, Omineca, Cassiar and Atlin is self apparent, while even here in Kootenay all the law's delays so vexatious to litigants would, as far as mining is concerned, be removed.

We mention this matter because recently in some parts of the Province, particularly the Atlin district, an agitation has been going on for the formation of Courts of this kind by those who do not take the trouble to investigate before agitating.

The first woman said Cain raised a club. Nowadays the women say clubs raise Cain.

"MINER" MISTAKES.

Very many newspapers in the Province show a lamentable ignorance of affairs when attempting to discuss local politics. The Camborne "Miner" is one of these. In its last issue there is an article, purporting to give an account of the contemplated reductions in the civil service, in which the following occurs:

"Among those let out are two men from the land registry office, but unfortunately W. S. Gore, Deputy Commissioner, is not one of them. Now that the ministers have started house cleaning, they should pay particular attention to the land registry office and remove the cobwebs and dust from the documents so that in future applications for crown grants, etc., may be acknowledged and attended to at least within a year from their dates."

What makes this so amusing is the fact that W. S. Gore was never in the Land Registry office and has nothing whatever to do with it, the regulation of all registry offices being under the control of the Attorney-General. Again, the office in question has nothing to do with the issuance of Crown grants, and anyone applying there for them would receive a polite intimation to try again at the proper department.

Does not the "Miner" know that Mr. Gore is Deputy Commissioner of Lands and Works? We thought everyone did. As for removing the head of the Land Registry office in Victoria, the matter has not been thought of and will not be. Mr. S. Y. Wootton, the registrar, is one of the most capable officials in the public service and fills the many duties, such as those of Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, allotted to him in a prompt and efficient manner.

There ought to be a journalistic kindergarten where newspaper men, such as the editor of the "Miner," could receive a training in the first requisite of journalism—a knowledge of the facts. May we recommend to our contemporary Lincoln's well known motto—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead." But, be SURE you're right.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The "Colonist" man in Vancouver must be working over time. He advertised in the "Ledger" for a bright boy to apply "at 11 p.m. to-day."

D. C. Fraser, M.P., for Guysboro, commonly known as "Foghorn" Fraser, on account of his far-reaching voice, is to be appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia.

J. A. Macdonald, the newly elected Liberal leader is unfortunate in his name. He'll have to rustle to reach the standard of Sir John A.

The old lady made a funny break when she said that the trees this month look quite automatic.

Don't kick against the lawyers. We've all of us been called to the bar.

Why doesn't Joe Martin go to England and buck Joe Chamberlain. But then there's no money in politics there.

The name and services of the Strathcona Horse are to be perpetuated by a permanent force of about 100 mounted men, similar to the N. W. M. P., to be stationed at Calgary.

A half million dollars has been appropriated for surveys in connection with the Government section of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

We have received the Fifth Annual Report of the Central Farmers' Institute and the Fourth Report of the Superintendent from the Department of Agriculture. Both are of great interest to farmers and should have a wide circulation.

The "Colonist" made an amusing break on Sunday when stating that the people of Cranbrook were rejoicing over the run of the Eva stump mill. The man who doesn't know Cranbrook from Camborne should be taught provincial geography.

Get your name on the Voters' List.

LEGAL

LE MASTRE & SCOTT.

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Revelstoke, B. C.
J. M. Scott, B.A., LL.B. W. de V. le Maistre, M.A

HARVEY, M'CARTER & PINKHAM

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
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
T. H. BAKER, President. H. COOKE, 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.

Cold 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.
R. LOYST, C. C. H. COOKE, K. of R. & S.
H. A. BROWN, Master of Finance.

MOSCROP BROS.

Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating, Electric Wiring & Bell Works.
Pipes, Valves and Fittings.

Second St., REVELSTOKE, B.C.

H. PERRY-LEAKE,

Mining Engineer and Metallurgist.

SPECIALTIES:

Examination and reports on Mining Properties.

Specification and Construction o Mining Machinery.

Mill Tests of Ores and Concentrates.

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

Corporation of the City of Revelstoke.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that all chimneys must be cleaned not later than November 15th, 1903, in accordance with By-Law No. 11 of the City of Revelstoke.

By Order.

T. W. BAIN,
Fire Inspector.

WOOD

Wood for sale including

Dry Cedar, Fir and Hemlock.

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

W. FLEMING.

NOTICE.

Public notice is given that the Big Bend Lumber Company Limited have adopted the below mentioned timber marks for logs belonging to them and all persons are warned against dealing with or keeping in possession any logs bearing any of said marks:

B. B. L. Co. AE

235

Dated at Arrowhead, Aug. 28, 1903.

THE BIC BEND LUMBER CO. LTD.
THEO. LUDCATE, President.

UNION HOTEL

FIRST CLASS $2 PER DAY HOUSE

Choice Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

J. LAUGHTON, Prop. First Street.

STENOGRAPHY

TYPEWRITING, BOOK-KEEPING, PENMENSHIP, BUSINESS LAW and FORMS, COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC, CORRESPONDENCE, etc. thoroughly and practically taught.
VANCOUVER BUSINESS COLLEGE, LIMITED
P. O. Box 514. Vancouver, B. C.

Lots of Dough

FOR MAKING

THE BEST BREAD IN THE CITY

CAKES, CONFECTIONERY, PIES, COOKIES, ETC.

A. E. BENNISON,
Mackenzie Avenue.

UNION
Cigar Factory

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

H. A. BROWN, PROP.

Brands:
OUR SPECIAL and THE UNION

ALL GOODS UNION MADE

NEW GOODS

See Wilson's newly imported stock of Wools for the Fall Trade.

The best assortment ever landed in Revelstoke.

Look for the UNION LABEL on all garments made by us.

M. A. WILSON,
Graduate of Mitchell's School of Garment Cutting, New York.
Establishment—Next Taylor Block.

Boilers

and ENGINES.

Saw Mill Machinery
Wood Working Machinery
Machinery for all Purposes
All of very best makes.

Write
J. L. NEILSON & CO.,
602 Main St., Winnipeg.

M. A. SMITH & CO.,
Successors to A. N. Smith.

BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS

Fresh and Complete Line of Groceries.

Jas. I. Woodrow
BUTCHER

Retail Dealer in—
Beef, Pork,
Mutton, Etc.
Fish and Game in Season....

All orders promptly filled.

Corner Douglas and King Streets. REVELSTOKE, B.C

PELLEW-HARVEY,
BRYANT & GILMAN
Mining Engineers and Assayers,

VANCOUVER, B.C. Established 1890

ASSAY WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS UNDERTAKEN.

Tests made up to 2,000 lbs.
A specialty made of checking Smelter Pulps.
Samples from the Interior by mail or express promptly attended to.
Correspondence solicited.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

H. W. Edwards,
Taxidermist.

DEER HEADS, BIRDS, ANIMALS MOUNTED.

REVELSTOKE, - - B. C.

FOR SALE.

Pure bred Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerels—good ones—$2.50 each. J. W. McCALLUM, Salmon Arm, B. C. Sept. 15-1m.

SIBBALD & FIELD,

AGENTS FOR

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

FINANCIAL — Canada Permanent & Western Canada Mortgage Corporation, Colonial Investment and Loan Company,

Insurance — Sun Fire, Caledonian Fire, Atlas Fire, Canadian Fire, Mercantile Fire, Northern Fire, Canadian Fire, Manchester Fire, Great West Life, Gen. Accident and Guarantee, Confederation Life Canada Accident Assurance Co. Connecticut Fire

COAL FOR SALE. HOUSES FOR SALE AND RENT.
CONVEYANCING.

J. D. SIBBALD, Notary Public. CHAS. M. FIELD.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD FOR

-Furniture-

CARPETS, LINOLEUM, FLOOR OIL, WALL PAPER, BLINDS, ETC.

R. HOWSON & CO.

PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
Funeral Directors & Embalmers, Graduate Massachusetts Embalming School.

P. BURNS & CO'Y.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

PRIME BEEF. PORK. MUTTON. SAUSAGE.
FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

WATCHES! WATCHES!!

I have a large and well assorted stock of the very best movements. VERITAS, VANGUARD, New Railway, all 23, jewelled.

Cases to suit all pockets.

Fully guaranteed watches from $5.00 up.

E. M. Allum

Jeweller and Optician, - McKenzie Ave.

HAVE YOUR EYES TESTED AND FITTED WITH GLASSES

MODERN ELOQUENCE

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed's Splendid Library of the Best After-Dinner Speeches, Classic and Popular Lectures, Famous Addresses, Reminiscence, Repartee, Anecdote, Illustration, and Story, in ten handsome volumes, illustrated by fine photogravures and color plates.

A FEW OF THE MANY CONTRIBUTORS:

Theodore Roosevelt, Charles Dudley Warner, John Morley, William E. Gladstone, Andrew Lang, Canon Farrar, William Cullen Bryant, Lyman Abbott, Robert G. Ingersoll, John B. Gough, Charles A. Dana, Sir Henry Irving, John Tyndall, Charles Francis Adams, Henry Ward Beecher, Joseph H. Choate, George William Curtis, John L. Spalding, Edward Eggleston, Lord Beaconsfield, Josh Billings, William M. Evarts, John Hay, Champ Clark, Russell H. Conwell, John M. Allen, Chauncey M. Depew, Wendell Phillips, Henry W. Grady, Jonathan P. Dolliver, Robert J. Burdette, Horace Porter, Artemus Ward, Newell Dwight Hillis, Grover Cleveland, Joseph Chamberlain, Mark Twain, John B. Gordon, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wu Ting Fang, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Joseph Jefferson, Arthur J. Balfour, John Ruskin, Henry M. Stanley, Seth Low

"Modern Eloquence" as a Guide to Success

EVERY young man wants to succeed. How? Obviously the way to learn is to study the methods of men who have succeeded.

Guides to success are many. What do they say? Be honest. Tell the truth. Work hard. Save money. Do $20 worth of work for wages of $5. Such advice is good, no doubt, as far as it goes,—but is not something *more* needed? Did these methods alone make HILLIS, and BOK, and REED, and CARNEGIE, and CURTIS, successful?

Young men are not fools. They see that there *is* a secret of success, and that it is more than honesty and hard work, else every honest hard worker would be successful.

The secret lies in controlling the minds of men. How to make others believe you, trust you, and do what you wish,—this is what you must learn. To be sure, few will learn it but those who also work hard and tell the truth. These come *first*,—but they are not *all*.

As a guide to the highest success, "MODERN ELOQUENCE" has no rival. It is a splendid series of object-lessons by masters in the art of influencing men's minds. And the success aimed at is far more than mere money success. Fame, power, honor, the gratitude and love of generations to come,—these are the rewards which have spurred to such efforts the men whose words are gathered in these ten rich volumes.

In "MODERN ELOQUENCE" the men who have won success in every line speak for our instruction:—

In **Law**, there are Evarts and Phelps, both the Choates, Coudert, and David Dudley Field.

In **Journalism**, Dana, Halstead, Watterson, McClure, McKelway, and Whitelaw Reid.

In **Politics**, Cleveland and Harrison, Blaine and Conkling, Sumner and Seward; we listen to the eloquence of Gladstone, then to that of his great rival, Disraeli.

In **Literature**, we have the best thoughts of Dickens and Thackeray, in contrast with the more modern humor of Howells and Mark Twain; or Carlyle, Froude, and Morley speak to us from across the sea, for comparison with our own Emerson and Curtis.

Among the heroes of **War** are Grant and Sherman, Sampson and Schley, Miles, Wheeler, and Lew Wallace.

Among great **Educators** are Eliot, Gilman, and Hadley.

Among great **Scientists**, Huxley and Tyndall, Herbert Spencer and Agassiz.

Among successful men of **Business** are Carnegie and Depew, E. W. Bok and Cyrus W. Field. President Eliot's address on the "Uses of Education for Business," and Gladstone's "Modern Training for Life," are guides for the beginner to learn by heart; and Bok's lecture on "The Keys to Success" is of the greatest practical value to every young man ambitious to succeed.

FOLD HERE—TEAR OFF—MAIL AT ONCE

[V 100]

A FINE PORTFOLIO MAILED FREE

To John D. Morris and Company
1201 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

GENTLEMEN: Referring to your advertisement of Hon. Thomas B. Reed's Library of "MODERN ELOQUENCE" in Revelstoke I should be pleased to receive portfolio of sample pages, photogravures, and chromatic plates; also full particulars regarding bindings, prices, terms, etc.

Name.....
Occupation.....
Street.....
City and State.....

John D. Morris and Company
Publishers Philadelphia

CHAMBERLAIN MANIFESTOS

Text of the Broadsheets now Flooding Great Britain to Further Chamberlain's Tariff Reform Campaign.

We have made arrangements for the receipt of all literature issued in support of Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain's campaign for inter-Imperial preference. As the matter is one of extreme interest to all Canadians two or three of them will be published in each issue of the HERALD. Today we reprint the first two and would advise subscribers to preserve these interesting souvenirs of the most important political campaign the world has ever seen.

No. 1.—The Scope of the Enquiry.

The following questions were put by Mr. Chamberlain in the course of his speech at the Constitutional Club, June 26th, 1903:

What is the alternative to Preferential Tariffs as a system by which the Empire can be held together?

Will opponents say by what process they hope to secure the closer union of the Colonies with the Mother Country?

Is it a fact that the exports of our manufactured goods to our own Colonies already exceed the total exports of our manufactured goods to all the protected states in Europe and the United States of America?

Is it a fact that our exports to these protected countries are decreasing in quantity, and deteriorating in their profitable character?

Would it not be better to cultivate trade with our own kinsmen and fellow-subjects, who take from us at the present time more than £100,000,000 in manufactured goods?

Shall we lose this opportunity for the sake of an attempt to conciliate 300,000,000 of foreigners, who take from us only a few shillings a head?

Is it true that the existing policy of free imports is necessary to our prosperity?

Is it the fact, as we are told on the authority of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, that 12,000,000 of our people—more than one-fourth of the whole population—are always on the verge of starvation?

Is that a proof of the blessings of free imports?

Is it true of many once profitable industries that the whole of the capital invested in them has been lost?

Is it true that the workpeople employed in them have gone to join Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's 12,000,000, or have been forced to emigrate, where they are finding employment in competition with their comrades at home?

Is it, or is it not, the fact that our greatest and oldest industries—especially the iron trade and the textile industries—are threatened as they never were before?

Is it true that these industries might at any time be overwhelmed by a great importation of goods, manufactured abroad and sold here below cost price—the produce of protected states?

Has the progress of these protected states been in much greater proportion than the progress of Great Britain under free trade?

[It is important that opponents of Mr. Chamberlain's policy should not be allowed to evade any of these questions.]

No. 2.—Three Years' Trading and Its Lessons.

The following summary of the trade of the United Kingdom (1) with foreign countries and (2) with our own colonies and dependencies is taken from the returns of the Board of Trade.

1.—Imports from Foreign Countries:

1900 . .	£414,000,000
1901 . .	416,000,000
1902 . .	422,000,000

Observe that the imports are continually rising.

Exports to Foreign Countries:

[Note.—Column A gives the value of all exports, including products of other countries, foreign and colonial, that pass through the United Kingdom; column B gives the value of British productions exported only.]

	A	B
1900	£252,000,000	£197,000,000
1901	235,000,000	175,000,000
1902	231,000,000	174,000,000

Observe that during the three years we find imports rising and exports simultaneously falling.

Now let us take the corresponding figures for our trade with British Colonies and Dependencies, and notice the striking contrast.

2.—Imports from British possessions:

1900 . .	£110,000,000
1901 . .	106,000,000
1902 . .	107,000,000

Exports to British possessions:

	A	B
1900	£102,000,000	£ 94,000,000
1901	113,000,000	105,000,000
1902	118,000,000	109,000,000

Here we find exports constantly rising, in spite of a slight fall of imports.

In other words, the more we buy of foreign nations, the less they are buying of us. On the other hand, the Colonies are year by year buying more of us, even though we buy less from them.

Every item that goes to make up the export return (B) means employment and wages for British industry. Exports are what we sell; imports what we buy.

The interest of the wage-earner is, therefore, in the export return. It is always misleading to add together exports and imports—as though a man should add together his income and his expenditure?

THE MORAL.—Give special encouragement to Colonial trade. When the Colonies offer us preferential trading, reciprocate their good-will. Federate the Empire by means of a fiscal and commercial union. Union is strength.

This is Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Is it not worth fair and favourable discussion?

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 licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate in Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "J. Agnew's south west corner post," on the north bank of Canoe river, about nine miles above Glacier creek, running north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "J. Agnew's north east corner post," planted on the north bank of Canoe river, about nine miles above Glacier creek, running south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this Sept. 18th, 1903.

J. AGNEW.

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 licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate in Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post planted about seven miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted "F. McLean's south west corner post," planted about seven miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 17th Sept., 1903.

F. McLEAN.

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 licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate in Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "T. L. Haig's north west corner post," planted about five miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "T. L. Haig's south west corner post," planted about five miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this Sept. 19th, 1903.

T. L. HAIG.

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 licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate in Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "L. Miller's north east corner post," about seven miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "L. Miller's south east corner post," about seven miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 17th day of September, 1903.

L. MILLER.

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 licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate in Kootenay district:

1. Commencing at a post marked "E. Miller's north east corner post," planted about five miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "E. Miller's north west corner post," planted on the north bank of Canoe river about nine miles above Glacier creek, running south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to place of commencement.

Dated this 19th September, 1903.

E. MILLER.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post marked "M. Agnew's south east corner post," planted on the north bank of Canoe river, about three miles above Glacier creek running north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "M. Agnew's north east corner post," planted on the north bank of Canoe river about three miles above Glacier creek, running south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.

Dated the 19th day of Sept., 1903.

M. AGNEW.

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 licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate in Kootenay district:

1 Commencing at a post marked "J. Miller's south east corner post," planted about five miles above Glacier creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post marked "J. Miller's north west corner post," planted about three-quarter's of a mile above Boulder creek on the north bank of Canoe river, running south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this 18th day of Sept., 1903.

J. MILLER.

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 licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate in Kootenay district:

Commencing at a post marked "J. McLean's north west corner post," planted about ¼ of a mile below Boulder creek, on the north bank of Canoe river, running south 8 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated this Sept. 18th, 1903. E

J. McLAN.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing a post planted 80 chains south of the south bank of Columbia river, about 4 miles above the mouth of Canoe river and marked "A. Maddock's north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted 80 chains south of the south bank of Columbia river, 4 miles above the mouth of Canoe river and marked "A. Maddock's north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 17th, 1903.

A. MADDOCK.

NOTICE.

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

1. Commencing at a post planted 80 chains south of the south bank of the Columbia river, about 2 miles above the mouth of Canoe river and marked "J. Gables' north west corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a post planted 80 chains south of the south bank of the Columbia river about 2 miles above the mouth of Canoe river and marked "J. Gables' north east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated Sept. 17th, 1903.

J. GABLE.

NOTICE.

Public notice is hereby given that the undersigned intend to apply under the provisions of the "Tramway Company Incorporation Act" and amending acts, for the incorporation of a company with power to build, equip and operate a tramway and to construct and equip and operate telephone or telegraph lines in connection therewith, between a point on the north east arm of Upper Arrow Lake, at or near the townsite of Beaton and a point on Fish River, West Kootenay, 10 miles northerly from the town of Camborne.

The general route of said proposed tramway and telephone or telegraph lines shall be along or near the easterly shore of the north east arm of Upper Arrow Lake and thence northerly along or near the banks of Fish river.

Dated this 16th day of July, 1903.

A. Johnson, J. A. Darragh, G. S. McCarter,
Applicants.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that sixty days after date we intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands, situated on the east side of Adams lake, at the mouth of the Mo-Mich river, Lillooet district B. C.

Commencing at a post planted on the east shore of Adams lake about twenty (20) chains north west of the mouth of the Mo-Mich river, and marked "Harbor Lumber Co's. north west corner post," thence east 40 chains, thence south 60 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 60 chains, to point of commencement. Containing 240 acres more or less.

Dated this 24th day of September, 1903.

HARBOR LUMBER CO.

MEN !!! GIVE THE

Vacuum Developer

A trial and be convinced that it will give results sure and lasting. Cures weakness and undeveloped organs, stricture and varicocele. Send stamp for book sent sealed in plain envelope.

THE STRENVA HEALTH APPLIANCE CO.
713 Cordova Street, West, Vancouver, B.C.

WANTED.
GOOD CARPENTERS

Experienced Carpenters and Framers for Mill Work at Arrowhead. Address W. J. LUDGATE, Arrowhead.

Oriental Hotel

Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.

BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

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

J. Albert Stone · Prop

IMPROVE YOUR CHANCES

in the Commercial world by taking a complete course in Isaac Pitman's Shorthand. Shorthand cannot be successfully taught by mail. I offer you personal and practical instruction at my Evening Classes which commence on November 2nd STUDENTS PREPARED FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE. For further particulars apply to

WALTER MUNRO,
Revelstoke, B. C

PATENTS
PROMPTLY SECURED

Write for our interesting books "Inventor's Help" and "How you are swindled." Send us a rough sketch or model of your invention or improvement and we will tell you, free our opinion as to whether it is probably patentable. Rejected applications have often been successfully prosecuted by us. We conduct fully equipped offices in Montreal and Washington; this qualifies us to promptly dispatch work and quickly secure Patents as broad as the invention. Highest references furnished.

Patents procured through Marion & Marion receive special notice without charge in over 100 newspapers distributed throughout the Dominion.

Specialty:—Patent business of Manufacturers and Engineers.

MARION & MARION
Patent Experts and Solicitors
Offices: New York Life B'ld'g, Montreal
Atlantic Bldg, Washington D.C.

Yankee
WINTER RESORT

Pine Clad Sand Hills of North Carolina; Pine Bluff.

A Two-Cent Stamp for Booklet.

F. C. ALLEN, SECRETARY BOARDOF TRADE.

$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVACE **$2.00**

THE REVELSTOKE HERALD and RAILWAYMEN'S JOURNAL

The Revelstoke Herald and Railwaymen's Journal is the oldest established newspaper under one management in the Interior. It numbers among its subscribers residents of all parts of the Province and the Western States. It is the most valuable advertising medium in North Kootenay, being read by everybody.

THE HERALD'S news of the mines, logging and lumber industries is reliable and up-to-date. Its special correspondents are in touch with Dominion and Provincial authorities and give exclusive news in advance of important political events.

THE HERALD deals with local matters in an impartial manner and for the past seven years has been an important factor in building up the City of Revelstoke.

THE HERALD is the Working Man's paper. It speaks fearlessly for the right no matter whose interests are affected.

THE HERALD will give, during the next session of the Provincial Legislature, a crisp and unbiassed account of all the proceedings and generally inform its readers regarding what will be the most important deliberations of that body since its inception.

Job Printing Department

OUR JOB DEPARTMENT has every facility for turning out First-Class Work at right prices and our customers all return. Try Us and you will know the reason why.

The Revelstoke Herald and Railwaymen's Journal.

$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE **$2.00**

IN A TOY SHOP.

He walked into the toy shop with the uncertain air bred by unfamiliarity. He was not old—perhaps fifty; he may, indeed, have been younger. The lines about the mouth and the crow's-feet about the eyes told of a life that had been none too easy, and yet there was that subtle air of prosperity about him, too, that in turn told its tale.

Outside in the street the sun beat down on the white sidewalk with a glare that reflected even into the carefully shaded shop. Behind the counters the young women stood or sat in little groups. They look cool and pretty in their light summer frocks. On the counters were toys. Heaps piled on heaps, it seemed to the man, although the arrangement was orderly enough.

For a moment he stood in the doorway. After the glare of the street the shop seemed almost in darkness. Gradually the forms of the young women were outlined to his sight, and then he saw dimly the things on the counters.

An officious and obsequious young man came forward rubbing his hands. Within a minute the man was in charge of a cool-looking young woman, with a pretty smile and a gracious manner. Almost before he knew it the man was talking with her and explaining things that needed no explanation.

"I want to get a er-er-er, a toy, you know," he said.

"Yes, sir," said the young woman. "Here is a very pretty doll. How would that do?" and she brought out a wonderful creation with eyes that opened and shut, and long blond curls. It was dressed in a pale blue silk gown.

"How do you like that?" asked the young woman, holding the doll up for inspection. Then she pressed a hidden spring.

"Mamma, mamma, papa, papa!" said the doll.

"Great Scott! what's that," almost shouted the man.

"I was making the doll talk?" replied the girl.

"Do they make dolls that talk?" asked the man.

"Why," said the girl, with a pitying smile, "they did that ten years ago."

"Did they?" said the man; "well, you see it's a good many years since I've seen any toys."

"Shall I send it home?" asked the young woman.

"No," said the man; "I don't think that would do at all. I suppose you think I'm a pretty old man to be buying toys," he continued, irrelevantly, "but, you see, I've been so busy trying to get rich that I never had time to think about getting married till about two years ago. Been out West all the time," he continued, half sadly, "and somehow, I didn't see many things like that out there."

"Here is something else that you might like, sir, interposed the young woman, as she brought out a wonderful locomotive and train of cars. She pressed a spring, and the engine bell rang, the whistle blew, and off the train started on the circular track.

"Is that what they call a toy?" asked the man.

"That is certainly a toy," replied the girl, with a laugh.

"I wish I could remember some of the things I had to play with when I was a boy," mused the man. I don't suppose you could get me a Noah's Ark, could you?" he continued doubtfully.

"I'll see, sir," said the young woman, "but they're awfully old-fashioned."

The young woman walked to the rear of the shop and soon returned with the toy in question.

Yes, there it was. The Noah's Ark! It hadn't changed a bit in all the years that had fled. The same old gabled roof, one side of which opened like the lid of a box. The same square walls, with the little green windows; the same narrow ledge around the bottom, and the picture of the dove, bearing the branch of olive, painted on the side.

Slowly the man opened the box and began to take out the little figures. His hands actually trembled with delight. The wonderful made green trees, standing on the little brown bits of wood that are meant to represent mother earth. The quaint figures of men and women; the soldiers, with their little wooden staffs. And then the animals. Where has their like ever been seen before?

He spread them out before him and looked at and beyond them, and the shop, and the glare of the sidewalk without vanished from his vision. Green fields stretched before him, and deep in their hollows nestled the little white house with the bright green blinds and the red chimney.

In front of the house was a narrow little walk bordered on each side with sweet peas in bloom. How they smell! He could even smell them here in the shop. Then he looked up. The girl was wearing a bunch of those wonderful blossoms at her belt. He had not noticed them before, and he had almost forgotten how sweet those blossoms can smell. There is a small lad running up the narrow walk toward the house. One arm, broken by a fall from a tree, hangs limp by his side. A sweet-faced woman comes rushing out to meet him, and with a cry of tender love gathers him into her arms. He lies in her arms, sobbing, while they rush for a doctor. And as he lies there, bearing the pain as best he can, the little sister comes toddling up with something in her hand for him.

"Take dis, Tommy; oo hurt," and she hands him the choicest treasure of all her treasures, the little blue camel from the Noah's Ark.

And here, almost half a century later, he stands with something warm and sticky held tight in his hand. He opens it, and lying in his palm is the little blue camel from the Noah's Ark.

In all these years that he has forgotten them the little blue camel and its companions have not changed. They are the same now as then.

* * * * * * *

At home his wife laughed when she saw the toy.

"Baby is too young for a Noah's Ark," she said. "Why did you buy it?"

"There was a little blue camel in it," he replied vaguely.

The wife laughed as she kissed her husband. "I fancy you brought that for another baby," she said tenderly and with perfect understanding.—Mail and Express.

IN FEW WORDS.

It is proposed to change the name of the Congressional Library to the National Library.

The first factory for the manufacture of cotton sewing thread was located at Pawtucket in 1794.

The size of each thread, as spun by the silkworn, is one two-hundredths part of an inchin diameter.

The only woman's face that has ever adorned United States paper money is that of Martha Washington.

The word "book" is derived from the word "beech," the bark of which tree our teutonic forefathers used for writing on before paper was invented.

According to the astronomical, geological and anthropological evidence, man first appeared upon the earth six hundred and fifty thousand years ago.

A journal devoted to the pen, ink, and paper trade says that the world now uses three million five hundred thousand steel pens every day in the week.

There about two thousands persons in France who are set down as anarchists, and are under the constant watch of the police of the various European countries.

The California Board of Health finds that in San Jose the average duration of life is about forty-three years, which is longer than that of any other city in the United States.

The tallest trees are to be found in the state forest of Victoria, Australia. They belong to the eucalyptus family, and range from three hundred and fifty to five hundred feet in height.

Piercing the flesh with even the finest needle hurts, because the nerves are so thickly matted just under the skin that not even the finest point can be introduced without wounding one or more.

Boston firms under contracts with the Nicaraguan government now control nearly the whole of the vast mahogany forests of that country, which is the supply of the world for this costly wood.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

It is said that the Greenland whale sometimes attains to the age of four hundred years.

A French way of complimenting the old lady: "Ah, madam, you grow every day to look more like your daughter."

Mrs. Partington declares that she does not wish to vote, as she fears she could not stand the electrical franchise.

Love and friendship are synonymous terms to all except those who have ceased to be lovers, and who have therefore ceased to feel friendship.

The London Times, in its latest crop report, estimates the wheat crop of Great Britian for the current year at 20,00,000 bushels above that of 1895.

Jimmie had been told that his father went to town every day to make bread for the family. One day he was allowed to go to his father's office with him. "Now, poppie, he said, as soon as they arrived, "bring out the dough."

A recent ad. was put in a Canadian paper about a new nursing bottle. The direction were as follows: "When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

Mrs. Munniworth—What is the price of this fur garment? Salesmen—We can let you have that for forty dollars. "Forty dollars? Mercy. I couldn't think of taking it at that price." "Oh, of course, we shall make a difference in your case. If you take it, we shall let you have it for eighty-five." "M'm—well—yes, you may send it up. I think it will suit me perfectly, come to look at it again."

Blumenthal, the great theatre manager of Berlin, was talking with Tolstoi about Ibsen and said: "I have put a good many of his plays on the stage, but I can't say that I quite understand them?" Do you understand them?" Tolstoi replied: "Ibsen doesn't understand them himself. He just writes them, and then sits down and waits. After a while his expounders and explainers came and tell him what he meant."

ODDS AND ENDS.

A vacuum cure—A dinner.

A domestic bird—A duck of a wife.

The prohibitionist is not the only man who objects to money being tight.

In France there is a law compelling physicians to write their prescriptions in the language of the country.

More than four times as many barrels of apples have been exported so far this season as in the same period last year.

The line of sectionalism is fading out. An Alabama correspondent of a Georgia paper asks for a receipt for a New England pumpkin pie.

It is said that New York has more well-equipped first-class hotels in proportion to its population and area than any other city in the world.

The largest room in the world is said to be the hall of the imperial palace in St. Petersburg. It is one hundred and sixty feet long by one hundred and fifty feet wide.

"The principal value of an education," wrote a little negro boy, recently, in reply to the question, "is so you can read the sign-boards at the cross-roads, to tell you which road to go."

It is asserted by Lyell, the geologist, that at a period comparatively recent all that portion of the United States south of the Black Hills was under five hundred to nine hundred feet of water.

It is said by philologists that there are thirteen original languages—the Greek, Latin, German, Slavonic, Welsh, Biscayan, Irish, Albanian, Tartarian, Illyrian, Jazygian, Chaucin and Finnic.

A story is told of a child witness in an Irish court who was asked by the judge: "If you took a false oath, what would happen to you?" He hesitated and at last said: "I suppose I wouldn't get my expinses."

The late Judge Ira C. Parker, of Fort Smith, Ark., who had the sad distinction of having sentenced more murderers to death than any other judge in our history, was personally one of the gentlest and kindest-hearted of men.

BITS OF FUN.

"One day," said Mr. Depew, "I met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a Union man, and I asked him in which battle he had been injured."

"In the last battle of Bull Run, sir," he replied.

"But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said the man, half apologetically, "fater I had run a mile or two, I got careless and looked back.—Youth's Companion.

Clara—When George and I are married, I am to have my own way in everything.

Dora—Guess you won't.

Clara—Indeed I will. That's the bargain. Don't you remember I told you he proposed to me in a rowboat, and asked if I'd float through life with him just that way?

Dora—Yes.

Clara—Well he was rowing, but I was steering.—New York Weekly.

"This," said the drug clerk, "is a most wonderful hair renewer. It's our own preparation."

"Well, give me a bottle," said the bald-headed man. "But, say, come to think of it, why don't you use it? You're pretty bald yourself."

"I can't use. You see, I'm the 'Before Using' clerk. The 'After Using' clerk is out at lunch. You should see him."—Philadelphia Press.

It is related that the lookout on a steamer in the far China Sea once saw a sailing craft flying a big flag of distress. Lowering a boat and boarding the ship, the officer in command found the captain and crew—all from Boston—lying about the deck in various stages of starvation and distress. "What is the matter?" he asked. "We have been out of beans for seven days," was the feeble reply.—New York World.

A certain German professor of music to be met with in English drawing-rooms, is an entertaining old gentleman.

To him, recently, a lady said, when one of his compositions had just been rendered by one of the guests:

"How do you like the rendering of your song, professor?"

"Vos dot my song?" replied the professor. "I did not know him."—Tit-Bits.

Landlord—I'm going to raise your rent, Mr. White.

White—Whit's gaun wrang; hiv the rents gaun up?

Landlord—No; but I see you have painted the house and made a few improvements in it. That, of course, ought to make it bring more rent.—Tit-Bits.

Tommy—Say, paw.

Mr. Figg—Well,

"What kind of a man is called a 'trimmer'?"

"Er—well, he's one of those fellows that hasn't the nerve to be a shirt-waist man, but goes around lugging his coat on his arm."—Indianapolis Press.

"Pa, why do they formally notify a man that he is nominated for president?"

"Well, mainly, I think, so that he can't get up after he fails to be elected and vow he wasn't in politics at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

Clerical Tourist—Do many people worship at your little church?

Villager—Mighty few. Most of the men fall asleep an' the women spends their time lookin' at each other's clothes.—Brooklyn Life.

The Stuttering Sailor.

There is one marked peculiarity about most men who stutter. When they become excited the only thing they can do to recover their lost speech is to sing, and when in anger their most fluent mode of communication is through profanity. Not long ago a boat which sailed from this port had on board a sailor who stuttered under all circumstances. He was excitable in the extreme, and at critical times it was almost impossible for him to say a word. The mate of the vessel was a tall, muscular fellow by the name of Barnabas. His peculiarity was that he always kept himself busy, and that when he had no work of his own he would do the work of the sailors. One day he was busy along the rail, and the stuttering seaman looking that way saw him lose his balance and drop into the lake. He ran in an excited way to the captain and was trying to report the incident, but could give vent to nothing more intelligible than a succession of sputters. The master divined from the look on the man's face that something was wrong, and shouted out:

"If you can't say it, blame it, sing it!"

The sailor took two hitches in his trousers, whistled once, and droned out in a sing-song way:

"Overboard is Barnabas.
Half a mile astarn of us."
—Cleveland Leader.

Great Discovery.

The Master Mind now gave to the world the fruit of his laborious calculations.

As the shrewd reader will doubtless have conjectured, it was an extremely impressive moment.

"If you add the first two figures of 1901," announced the Master Mind modestly, yet dignifiedly, "you get the same result as if you transpose the last two figures."

Of his attendants some wrung out wet cloths to apply to his head, while others telephoned for reporters.—Detroit Journal.

An Exception.

"There's one thing about this glorious country—every man in it has a chance to be President."

"Not every man."

"Yes, sir."

"No, sir. There's Bryan."—Life.

LO AND HIS BUFFALO HORNS.

How the Red Man Utilizes a Product of the Slaughter House.

The Montana Indian is something of a schemer himself. He comes to town and sometimes walks all over the place without saying a word to any one. Sometimes he brings in a few sets of polished mounted cow's horns, which he sells for a dollar or two a set. He never frequents saloons. He looks into clothing store windows, but never bucks the slot machines in cigar stores. He frowns as he passes a restaurant, but smiles while walking through the sweetscented alleys back of cheap boarding houses.

In a horse trade he takes the prize, if there's one to be taken, for he was never known to get the worst of such a bargain. The reason of this, however, may lie in the fact that he begins the negotiations with nothing to lose and everything to win. However, he has the reputation of a schemer.

Where his schemes shine brightest is in the scale of polished "buffalo" horns. He lives out near one of the slaughter houses on the south side, and there he secures his "buffalo" horns, all sizes, curves and consistencies. He picks out a set of ox horns of symmetrical proportions, scrapes the scales off and boils the horns in a solution of glycerine, wood ashes and water. This treatment softens the horns, so hat a case-knife will easily remove all the exterior accumulation. Then fine sandpaper is used to give the first polish, followed by a thorough rubbing with a flannel cloth slightly saturated with oil. A varnish or shellac is then applied, and the horns are in condition for mounting. Then the work is turned over to the squaw, who does the really artistic work. Red flannel and braid, beads sometimes, and a strip here and there of buckskin, a few brass-headed tacks and the mounted "buffalo" horns are ready for the market.

Mr. Buck comes to town and the tenderfoot asks him where he "ketch-em buffalo horns."

"In Yallowstone Park," grunts the big buck.

"How much?" asks the intending purchaser.

"Two dolls."

"Too muchee."

"No, no; cheap; three dolls, ugh."

The tenderfoot inspects the work and satisfies himself that they are really the horns of an almost extinct species of the majestic Western animal, and he hands over the coin and walks away proudly with his prize.

The Indian moves off down the street, turns the first corner and disappears up an alley.

Lost His Scalp Fourty-four Years Ago.

"There is an old fellow living near Grenada, in my State," said a Memphis man at one of the hotels, "who was scalped by the Indians back in '56. I saw him recently when I was down in his neighborhood looking after the title of some farm property, and was greatly interested in his story. He is now about 70, tough and gnarled as a tree, and the mark of his horrifying adventure consists of a curiously ridged and indented scar, about four inches across on the top of his head.

"He says he was one of a party of emigrants who had taken what was then known as the 'Fremont overland trail,' for California, and while passing through southern Kansas he and two other young men left the main party to ride after some antelopes. They were intercepted by Indians and his two companions killed. He himself was shot in the back and fell off his horse senseless. The firing was heard by the other emigrants, and a rescue party drove the savages away. But, meanwhile, they had scalped this young man, and when picked up he was at first supposed to be dead. He was carried back and the next day turned over to some eastbound travelers, who took him to St. Louis. He told me it was over a year before the wound began to heal, but, of course, his memory may be at fault as to particulars. The wonderful part of it is that he recovered at all in those days, when skin grafting was practically unknown. He used to hide the scar with a toupee, or patch wig, but at present he is entirely bald and wears a tight-fitting cap.

"I dare say he is the only man in the world who ever survived such an ordeal. His forehead, by the way, is curiously wrinkled in vertical lines, and his eyebrows are raised out of the natural position. That was what first attracted my attention to him. He says it was caused by the healing of the wound."

Onions Good for Sleeplessness.

One of he best and simplest cures for insomnia is said to be the odor of raw onions. They should be mashed to a pulp in order to free all the juice. Smell this substance for ten minutes after retiring. It is said to quiet the most nervous person and relax the most overwrought nerves.

Onions contain a form of onium. This gives them soporific qualities. The smell after a itle while ceases to be obnoxious. People who are exceedingly sensitive to ordor will feel no unpleasant effects. It will not induce headaches or nausea as might be supposed. A gentle lethargy steals over the person heroic enough to try this means of wooing slumber. The senses become dull, the nerves weakened and restful sleep follows.

The medical properties of onions are well known. One eaten raw every night just before retiring for a month in the spring is recommended to produce a clear, fresh complexion.

An onion plaster will relieve hoarseness and inflamation. Raw onions mashed and applied as a poultice to the throat will relieve sore throat. The same poultice on the chest is effective in cases of bronchitis and where there is soreness in the lungs. At least onions enthusiasts claim that all these things are true.

Salutes.

Originally, a town or a warship fired off its guns on the approach of friendly strangers, to show that they had such faith in the visitors' peaceful intentions they didn't think it necessary to keep their guns loaded

CANNIBALISM IN VOGUE

An American Indian in Jail for Eating a Woman.

An Indian cannibal has been sent to jail in Vancouver. His crime was part of an ancient rite. He was an initiate of the Ha-mattsa, an Indian secret fraternity which demands of its members that they acquire a taste for human flesh.

The Canadian government is greatly exercised over this outbreak of a barbaric custom that had been thought well nigh stamped out.

One of the prisoners was a well-known half-breed named George Hunt. He had charge of a band of Indians exhibited at the World's Fair, and he acted as interpreter for Dr. Franz Boas, of the Museum of Natural History, New York, when the latter was in Vancouver collecting data for his important work on Indian customs, now filed at the Smithsonian Institution.

There was insufficient evidence for the conviction of Hunt, and the same is true of all the defendants save one. He was convicted of having devoured a portion of the body of a squaw.

It is only among a few of the far northern and inland tribes, remote from civilization and stubborn in their resistance to missionary effort, that the horrible rites of the Ha-mattsa, or flesh-eaters, survive.

Every spring the Ha-mattsa holds its initiation ceremonies for new candidates, accompanied by feasting and dancing and other wild orgies. The chief purpose of the initiation is to create in the aspirant the taste for human flesh.

In the case in question the body of a young squaw who had mysteriously died but a few days before was removed from the burying ground and taken to the initiation room, where it was lashed naked to one of the posts. A band of the Ha-mattsas, marched round it, inflamed by wild music and frenzied yells of the old Ha-mattsas, and proceeded to bite off mouthfuls of flesh from the arms, sides and legs of the squaw's body.

The Northwest Mounted Police were informed of the hideous rite and succeeded in capturing the ringleader.

Many curious facts about the cannibal fraternity came to light during the trial. It was developed that for initiation into the Ha-mattsas the novice must go and live four or five weeks in the forest seeing no one and eating no food.

At the end of his banishment his "spirit" appears in the shape of some animal, which he at once kills and devours raw, whereby he is supposed to imbibe its courage and strength, which thereafter dwell in him. He returns from the forest adorned with a headdress of cedar bark, dyed red which is one of the emblems of the flesh-eating fraternity, and is worn by him during the progress of the initiation. He is met by a band of the secret brotherhood, who escort him to the village with much ceremony.

They are joined by an attendant bearing in his arms a dead body, which must be that of a young squaw. In ancient times she was sacrificed for the occasion.

Walking behind this body, the candidate is led into the dancing-house, which has been cleared for the ceremony.

The body is tied to a post and the unspeakable rite begins.

There were witnesses at the trial who swore that Hunt, the half-breed, had cut the body to pieces for distribution among the old members and the novice, and that all joined in devouring the flesh. Certain it is that the man from the woods, naked and half-starved after his vigil, played his part in the rite, while his associates spurred him on with dance and song.

And if they did not actually join him in the gruesome feast, they stimulated his zeal by making concerted, wolf-like rushes at the mangled body and pretending to fight over the flesh.

Nor did the candidate for Ha-mattsa honors escape with one night of horrors. Four times, as darkness fell, he was led into the dance-house and compelled to undergo the trial prescribed by Indian tradition. On the fourth night the corpse had been all devoured.

Then came another stage of the ceremony—the eating of living flesh. In this the uninitiated spectators were allowed to play a passive part. The Ha-mattsa ran hither and thither among them, biting with the ferocity of a wildcat and eating their flesh.

It was a point of pride with the victims to endure the onslaught with stoicism. Besides, the customs of the order prescribe gifts for those who allow themselves to be bitten. The first prize on this occasion was awarded to a boy who allowed a large mouthful to be detached from his forearm.

Having faithfully performed all that was required of him, the candidate was pronounced by the elders a full-fledged Ha-mattsa.

It then devolved upon his proud family to give a great feast in his honor. Human flesh was not included in the repast, but the new Ha-mattsa exhibited his zeal by occasionally taking a bite out of his nearest neighbor's arm or shoulder, and these attentions were submitted to with great good humor.

Most important of all was the distribution by the young Ha-mattsa of blankets and other gifts to all the persons whom he had honored by biting.

Need of Pure Air.

In order that sleep may perform its legitimate work of restoration it demands that its condi ions and environment shall offer no obstacle to its accomplishment. Sleep demands a purer atmosphere than the waking hours of life. Awake and at work we are somewhat on the defensive, but we yield ourselves into the arms of slumber and are at the mercy of unseen foes lurking in secret hiding places about our rooms, close beside our beds and beneath our very pillows.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT
Removes all hard, soft or callaoused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish cure ever known.

A HANDY ELEPHANT

He Would Rock Babies Asleep With His Trunk

Stretched on the floor of an annex of the Crystal Palace is all that now remains of Charlie, the performing elephant—a great dusky skin and huge frame, says the London Chronicle. Everything else has been buried, and soon the hide and skeleton, mounted after the most approved taxidermic methods, will be added to the natural history section of the palace.

Although he had two human lives against his record, Charlie was not without friends, and there are at least three men who mourn his inglorious end. One is a black attendant, who declares: "Charlie all right, poor old fellow;" and another Mr. Edgar Shrubsole, who is renovating the "specimens" at the palace, and speaks admiringly of the dead elephant as the best proportioned animal of its kind he has ever seen. But perhaps Charlie's most sincere mourner is Mr. Sanger, with whose circus the creature traveled for close upon forty years. "He was the most docile, affectionate and intelligent animal and the finest performer I have ever known," said Mr. Sanger recently to one of our representatives. "He has been up and down the country with me for thirty-eight years, and has never interfered with the public. Why, he has nursed all my children and my grandchildren, and what better evidence can there be of his docility than that? It sounds surprising, but what I mean is that he took them in his trunk and swung them gently until they fell asleep. Money will not replace him. I don't know where I could get an elephant of his size and quality as a performer." Before the final tragedy of Charlie's life took place Mr. Sanger bade him an affectionate farewell in his stall.

Took off His Arm Without Touching It.

A brief telegram the other day recited that one James McMullen had lost an arm in a wringing machine in a laundry at Hutchinson. Here is the remarkable story related about the accident by the Hutchinson News:

"McMullen stopped at the wringer and held his hands over it to dry them. He got one hand too low so that the air suction caught it, and his arm from the elbow down was taken off as by a miracle. The wringer is a large circular iron affair, with a smaller bowl inside it in which the clo hes are placed. The smaller apar ment is perforated with holes upon the sides, and the whole thing revolves at the rate of several thousand revolutions a minute. The effect is that the air currents within the wringer are as terrific in their power as the centre section of a Kansas cyclone. When a cyclone strikes a brick building and hurls it to atoms the force seems appalling and incomprehensible. The accident to Mr. McMullen was equally mystifying. The instant his arm came into contact with the current of air it was parted at the elbow. One part lay on the clothes that were in the machine and the other dangled from his shoulder. There was nothing about the machine to give him even a scratch.

"The nerve exhibited by McMullen was wonderful. 'It never touched me,' was the first thing he said. The girls in the room were screaming and McMullen calmly informed them that it was not his head that was taken off and told them to be still. He was taken to a hospital and his arm was amputated close to the shoulder."

Confession of Crime By Hypnotism.

Public interest has been aroused recently on this question by the exortion of a confession from a thief by means of hypnotism.

A confession of crime obtained in this way may or may not be a valid one. It is not necessarily infallible, any more than a voluntary confession would be. It would have to be verified by other evidence before it could be seriously considered.

Hypnotism will not make a liar instantaneously veracious. It is a very common opinion that a hypnotist can completely capture the mind of his patient without his consent, and discover all the secrets of his past life.

Hypnotism only gives us a means whereby we can the more readily get at the divine man within. It is not so much a key to the door of a man's mind as a more effectual way of ringing the door-bell and conversing with the occupant.

Generally speaking, a strong-willed man may still keep his criminal secret in spite of all influences, hypnotic or otherwise. As a rule criminals are very hard to hypnotize, because they set their whole nature against the hypnotist, and when a man is under the influence of liquor it is impossible to do anything with him.

There is no doubt that hypnotism can and will be used to detect crime. But we are only on the threshold of knowledge in this direction, and no one can set limits to the future of hypnotism in overcoming the obstinacy of criminals. The time may come when the old, ineffectual methods of regenerating the moral nature will be superseded by hypnotic treatment. The astonishing results already attained prove this beyond question.

By hypnotism we can reach people who are moral imbeciles, and by no other power known to man can you do this.

We can discover the sense of right and wrong where none seemed to exist. We can overcome evil habits and awaken the higher self which never completely dies in any man or woman.

Where every other influence has failed to restore a man to moral sanity, hypnotism has succeeded. So I would say that if it fails to extract a confession from a criminal no other means can be used with success.

There is such a thing as compulsory hypnotism, which can be applied to any person without his consent. It is possible to shatter a human will as you might break a china vase against a rock. But this is a new and almost undeveloped field, about which little can be said at present.

Wires Need Rest.

Telegraph wires are better conductors on Monday than on Saturday, on account of their Sunday rest; and a rest of three weeks adds 10 per cent. to the conductivity of a wire.

CURED LONG AGO BUT STILL CURED

S. Kernohan's Incurable Disease Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Five Doctors Agreed there was no Hope for Home, but He has been Strong and Well for Years.

Gelert, Ont., Aug. 10.—(Special).—The wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills published almost daily, recall the case of Samuel Kernohan, of this place. It is years now since he was cured, but as he is still cured it is well worth recalling the facts, and Mr. Kernohan delights to relate them.

"Some time in December, 1893," he says, "I was taken sick and laid up for fourteen months. During my confinement to my house and to my bed, I was attended at various times by five doctors. Three of them decided that my disease was incurable, Floating Kidney, and two of them that it was Soinal Disease. All agreed on one thing—that my case was incurable.

"When my money was all gone, as a matter of necessity and as my last hope I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had only taken three boxes when I was able to walk about. I took in all, eighteen boxes, when I was entirely cured and quite able to work.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best friend I ever found."

WHAT THE HORSE WOULD SAY

Don't loan me. If it is to go for the doctor, use me yourself.

Don't rein my head up to make me look showy and high-strung. It pains me a great deal to be compelled to hold my head in an unnatural position.

Don't check or whip me for defending myself from flies. What do you do when flies bite you? I have feelings as well as you.

Don't compel me to work when my shoulders are sore. Put on me a collar that fits my shoulders. When you first train me when my shoulders are tender, wash in cold water with salt added at night. To compel me to work when my shoulders are sore, is like you working when your hands are sore.

Don't leave the harness on me at noon; give me a chance to rest.

Do't sit on my back to talk.

Don't check or whip me for stumbling. I don't want to stumble any more than you do.

Don't put frozen bits in my mouth. My mouth is as sensitive to pain as yours.

Don't feed me corn the year round. Give me a chance at both grain and roughness.

Don't over-load me, it will cause me to lose confidence.

No sin the writer fears more to answer for than that of loaning horses and hitching them to too big loads, although you did not have to use a whip.

I have seen on Sundays, at a country church, about fifty horses tied to the hitching-rack, reined up. To me it seemed as if their owners wanted their horses to be seen with their heads the highest. Unable to defend themselves from the flies, they were compeled to stand and let the flies sting the blood out of them. While the thoughtless or cruel owner sat in a comfortable seat.

I believe that if people would not be so careless and thoughtless about their horses that worked all week and pulled them to church on Sunday, they would not treat them unmercifully, but instead, let them stand at their ease unreined. Country churches and school-houses should have shade trees. Trees for that purpose should be planted as soon as the house is built, or better, before building.—Jacob Faith, in St. Louis Journal of Agriculture.

Breed for Size.

The National Stockman, speaking of the occasional sale of little trotters at fancy prices, sensibly says:

"The man who breeds small horses may now and then get an animal of this kind, but he has no assurance of this, or even of getting enough out of them to pay for their raising. Small park horses do sell for fancy prices now and then; but for every little horse that brings a big price there are 10,000 that owe their breeders money when they go to market. No breeder who has to make a living from his business can afford to take any such risks. Better breed big ones. Good big horses will average more than little ones of the same quality. Let the ranchmen produce the little fellows. They can do it cheapest, and go in for size along with quality."

Bran With Cornmeal.

Where cut feed is fed to horses, a mixture of corn and oats ground together makes the best meal to put on the cut and moistened hay. If the oats are not to be had grind the corn and mix the meal with twice its bulk of wheat bran. Corn meal alone is too heavy a feed to put on cut hay, but mixed with bran and the whole chewed as cut feed is sure to be, the saliva from the horse's mouth will be mixed with it and enable it to digest without fermentation in the stomach. When we feed corn and oatmeal on cut hay to horses, we usually put in some bran also, and think the horses liked it better, as the combinations of the three feeds gave the whole a very appetizing flavor, especially as hot water was used to moisten the hay.—American Cultivator.

SUGGESTIONS.

The Story of a Prison Chaplain.

"YOU will no doubt tell me that I allowed myself to be cajoled and befooled by a pretty woman," said the chaplain. "Nevertheless, against the impression my story produces upon your mind I will set my long and critical experience of humanity. I am a connoisseur in crime, villany, roguery and hypocrisy, and I preface this story with the emphatic pronouncement that I am persuaded of the genuineness of Mrs. Fulham's delusion."

With that he pushed his chair a little back from the fire, set his pipe in his lap, and with his feet resting upon the fender told me the following extraordinary story:

Eliza Fulham was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment on a charge of forgery. Her maiden name was Chambers, and she was the daughter of a Canadian rancher. At the age of eighteen she married a man named Fulham who came from the States, and after some five years of life in Canada she went with him to England, where they settled down to a humble, humdrum existence in the suburbs of London. There were no children of the marriage.

The man, Thomas Fulham, was several years older than his wife, and her very counterpart. Whereas she was small, fair, gentle and infirm of will, he was huge, black, stern, and a man of iron determination. His full, dark eyes were expressive of the most profound melancholy, and the character of his mouth was severe, and at times even cruel. He was frequently thrown into fits of gloomy depression, which lasted several days. He was glum, tacitura, secretive. His wife, at the time of her marriage and for several years after, knew nothing of his antecedents. He came suddenly into her somewhat lonely life—a striking looking man of magnificent physique, a great hunter, a bold rider, a lover of solitude—and so powerful was the enchantment he cast over the girl's mind that for many months, thinking he did not care for her, she suffered severely both in mind and body. Her love for him was of the blind and unreasoning order—a girl's love for a hero of romance; the sort of love that is common enough in young and unsophisticated communities, however rare it may be in modern Europe. She loved blindly, and when one day he rode up to her father's ranch, tied his horse up to the rails, entered the house, and without preface of any kind told her that she must marry him, the girl was wild with happiness.

Her father appeared content with Fulham's assurance that he had private means, and no bar was raised to their engagement. They were married, and at her father's death, five years later, they left the country.

My story begins after their arrival in England. But I must tell you first that soon after the marriage, although she continued to adore her husband, Eliza Fulham was distressed by his deepening melancholy and by the unlifting shadow that overhung his thoughts. She realized that she was married to a confirmed hypochrondriac, and after vain attempts to dispel the mists of his melancholy she settled down to a gray colored life, content if she avoided giving him offence, and enchanted if he ever bestowed upon her any mark of tenderness or affection. Such a life, as you may well imagine, had a numbing effect upon her intelligence. The vigor of the strongest mind would decay and atrophy in an atmosphere of this kind; and as the poor girl was of a weak and clinging nature her environment was peculiarly adapted to the destruction of her sanity.

One day, she told me—it was some eight years after her marriage—Thomas Fulham returned to his villa after a visit to London, came into the kitchen where she was helping a little maid of all work to prepare the evening meal, and, taking her hand, led her without a word into the sitting-room. Here he laid both hands upon her shoulder, and for several moments looked deeply into her eyes. Then he drew her nearer to him, kissed her gently between the eyes, and spoke as follows:

"My dear Mary," said he, "it has been dawning upon me slowly for several days that I have not shown you the kindness and the attention which your great affection deserves, and which my love for you is most ready to display. I have had thoughts to worry me, business to occupy my mind, and conscientious difficulties in the matter of religion. But, by the mercy of heaven, I have now shaken these troubles from my brain, and from this time forth we will be all the world to each other."

She was so enraptured by this confession that she did not concern herself to tell him he had addressed her by a wrong name. She threw herself upon his breast, told him that he had always been good to her, and professed the most complete and consuming adoration for her one friend in the world.

He seemed pleased by her artless love, fondled her with quiet affection, and studied her countenance with lingering interest. "You are not looking at all well," he said presently. "You stay too much indoors. I must take you about."

She said she was perfectly content with her life.

"You deceive yourself," he answered. "You are not well. You have grown much thinner, and I notice that in order to obscure this effect upon your face you have taken to wearing your hair in a different fashion."

She laughed, and said that he was quite mistaken.

"Do not distress me by contradictions," he answered, a little impatiently. "I remember perfectly well that you always wore your hair parted in the center, and caught away from the brows, which gave your face a more open and simple expression. I hope you will return to that fashion. I liked it, and it suited you."

To humor him she said that she would dress her hair in future like a Madonna. At that he shuddered.

"Like the Madonna!" he said, almost under his breath. "Yes, yes, like the Madonna. All women should emulate that holy purity; certainly, certainly." And then he added, thoughtfully, "I desire my Mary to be like the Mary of Scripture."

"Why do you call me Mary?" she asked, smiling up into his eyes.

He looked at her in surprise. "Why? Because your name is Mary."

"No," she answered; "it is an uglier name, a much uglier name."

"My little wife is ill," he said, gently. "Come, I have neglected you too long."

"No, dear, I am not ill," she answered, "and I know that my name is Eliza."

He frowned angrily. "Your name is Mary," he said.

"If you call me Mary, Mary I will be," she answered.

"Your name is Mary," he rejoined.

That evening, when they had finished their meal, he drew from his coat an old leather pocketbook, which he had kept in his possession ever since their marriage.

"I was looking to-day at one of your old photographs," he said; "it was this that made me realize how much thinner you have become since your arrival in this country." He looked for a minute at a photograph in his hand, and then passed it to his wife.

"That was the old Mary," he said, tenderly.

She looked with amazement at the picture of another woman. It was the picture of a girl some twenty years of age, with large, quiet eyes, and a beautifully gentle mouth. The hair was worn as he had described, and there was no likeness between herself and this woman.

"This is not I," she said, looking up.

He smiled sorrowfully. "Is it possible that you have forgotten yourself?" he said.

"But, really, this is someone else."

"My dear Mary, you are ill. What can possibly have occurred to make you doubtful of your own identity? Look at the back of the photograph; you have written your own name there."

She turned the picture over and there on the back, written across the photographer's usual advertisement, was the name of Mary Townsend.

She looked up; her husband was regarding her with a smile of quiet triumph.

"Well?" he asked.

"This is all wrong" she said. "There is some mistake. My father's name was Chambers. My own name is Eliza."

Without answering, but continuing to smile tolerantly, he drew from his pocketbook a folded document, and passed it to his wife.

She opened it and saw that it was a certificate of marriage. Her heart began to beat nervously, and tears rushed to her eyes. The document witnessed to a marriage between Thomas Fulham of Cedar City, Nevada, and Mary Jefferson Townsend, of Salem, Ore.—four years before her own.

"What does it mean?" she cried, with a sob.

"It should convince you," he said, tenderly, "that your name is Mary; that this picture is your photograph, and that the signature at the back is your own."

"No, no!" she cried, starting up. "It is a lie! I say it is a lie!"

At that moment, she told me, the poor thing felt the full horror of her loneliness. Without a relative in the world alone in a strange country, she found herself in the grip of a man who persisted in attaching to her an identity not her own, who forced upon her a personality that was not hers; and this man was her one guardian and protector in the world! Her brain was possessed with horror, and she could do nothing but cry out, "It is a lie—a lie!"

He looked at her calmly as she said this; then he took the paper from the floor where she had dropped it, and with quiet precision folded it up and replaced it with the photograph in his pocketbook. She stood there, mesmerized, while he slowly closed the book and pulled the elastic strap about its covers. The room was growing dark, and she remembered that the street lamp outside their window was suddenly lighted as he placed the book in his pocketbook and looked up at her. She could see his black eyes shining upon her as he stood there on the other side of the fireplace—huge and tyrannic—the flame of the street lamp dancing against the window of the room.

He came to her, rested his fingers upon her shoulders, and regarded her with fixed intensity, his face close to her own. It was for many minutes, or so it seemed to her, that he stood there in the gloom fixing her with this long and searching gaze; then, very gently, and very slowly, he put his arms about her, gathered her up to his breast, and, as if she had been a sick child, carried her from the little parlor up to their bedroom on the floor above. She was completely under the spell of his gaze, and could say nothing, and could make no protest against his action.

"You are ill, dearest," he said, when they reached the bedroom. "You must go to bed, and rest there until you are quite restored." He bent down and took the shoes from her feet.

"I am not ill," she answered. "I am, indeed, quite well. Only—only why do you say I am somebody else?"

He kissed her, and she told me that never before had he been so deliciously tender to her. His very voice was a caress.

"Beloved," he said, "you are ill, though you do not know it—very ill. I will watch over you and nurse you till you are restored to me again, for I could not support life if you were taken from me."

He assisted her to undress, and put her to bed. Then he drew a chair to her side, and, sitting there, holding her hand, spoke as follows:

"I once had a terrible dream, dearest; I dreamed that you were dead; that people came and bore you away from me, locked up in a coffin so that I could not see your beautiful eyes, nor fondle your dear hands, which they had folded upon your breast. It was a dream from hell, and when I woke up and found you still alive I could scarce believe that it was true, so strong was the hold of that bad dream upon my mind. And now that you are ill I am full of terrible fear that my dream may come true. You must live, Mary—you must live to comfort me, for without you the devils will goad me to madness and self-destruction. Promise me that you will try to live."

The yearning in the last sentence filled the mystified girl-wife, and she kissed the hands fondling her own, promising that she would get well, and that she would never leave him.

Then he sat there and talked of a past in which she had never shared. He recalled anecdotes of her home, her father, and her old uncle the ironmaster, and she knew that he was talking of the home of this Mary Townsend whom he had married four years before he married her. It was a horrible situation; to all his appeals, "Do you remember this?" and "Don't you recollect that day we rode to this place or that?" she had to nod her head and express recollection of a past she knew nothing about.

Well, for the first day of this treatment she listened eagerly, curiosity naturally urging her to learn all she could of this man's first wife. And he never left her save to fetch food and drink, tending her with extraordinary tact and tenderness. But at the end of the second day her brain grew weary, and it was then that delusion first began its assault upon her consciousness.

Now, you know how frequently we think during a conversation, "I have heard that before," or, on visiting a scene, it suddenly strikes us that we have seen it on former occasions. You know all that? Well, there is a scientific explanation. When the intelligence is alert the sound of words is conveyed instantaneously to the consciousness; the lobes of the brain grasp the meaning of words at the very moment their sound strikes upon the drum of the ear. But let one lobe of the brain be fagged and weary, the attention flagging, and there is delay—albeit infinitesimal, that delay, that fraction of a second's interruption in the normal working of the mind is sufficient to produce these wandering delusions. "I have heard that before!" we exclaim, believing it to be years and years ago; and quite truly, we have heard it before—the thousandth part of a second ago.

This explanation I apply to the case of Eliza Fulham. She told me that on the second day as he sat by the bedside talking to her of this past, it suddenly struck her that she was familiar with it, familiar with the very words he was addressing to her, and that somewhere in the mysterious past she had threaded the ways of which he spoke. She roused herself to see if she were not dreaming. Then she checked her thoughts and brushed the theory aside. She was herself, Eliza Chambers, daughter of a Canadian farmer, and now the second wife of Thomas Fulham, the man who had lived beside her dead father in the far-off Canadian days.

It was a battle between memory and the present. On the one side was recollection of her past, on the other the live and active present which told her she was Mary Townsend. You may imagine the conflict.

Days went by, many days, and still he kept her a prisoner in bed, nursing her with engaging gentleness, and waiting upon her smallest whim with the alacrity of a lover. They were in a measure the best days she had known, for the pretty little creature had long been sick for love, and now the hero of her romance was showering upon her a thousand tendernesses. But they were days of struggle—the conflict of memory and present—and every day found her memory weakening in the strife. She could not tell me definitely when she abandoned her personality. The transition must have been so gradual, she thought, that no actual date could be assigned to it; but when she rose from her bed it was with the full and complete conviction that she had been Mary Townsend, that she had lived in Oregon, and that it was in the old town of Salem she married Thomas Fulham. Eliza Chambers was forgotten.

She was weak in health, and her weakness increased. The greater part of her day was passed on the sofa, her husband in the closest attendance. In brief, she had become a complete invalid.

Three years after this, when she had almost forgotten her belief in the existence of Eliza Chambers, her husband came to her room one morning, in a state of great excitement, with a letter in his hand.

"Mary," he cried, "I have bad news for you, and good news, too. You remember your uncle, Zachary Townsend, the ironmaster? He is dead, and he has left you a fortune—a big fortune."

He came to the bedside, put the fluttering sheet in her hands, and as she read it he placed his arms tenderly about her and kissed her hair.

Well, when she had received that fortune she believed herself to be the dead wife. That is her statement—that is my unswerving conviction. You can guess the sequel. After some months of great wealth, other heirs in the States heard that Mary Townsend had died, proofs of her death were forthcoming; evidence, too, of Fulham's second marriage with Eliza Chambers was speedily produced—and then the newspapers here got hold of it, and rumors of "a gigantic swindle" were in the air.

Reading the account of the story in one of the papers, the conviction returned to Eliza Fulham that she was not Mary, the daughter of Auberon Townsend.

Bewildered and all confused—for her mind, I fully believe, was affected—she hurried to her husband.

"Read this!" she implored. "It is all about us, about you and me. O, something is wrong, something is wrong! Tell me what it means."

He drew her upon his knee, held her gently against his breast, and read the article. But as he read a great shudder shook him, he drew his breath in sharply, and she felt his arms tighten about her. And then—all in a minute—he sprang up, flinging her from him, and cried out, in a loud voice:

"Mary in heaven, forgive me! I have forgotten you—I have been false to you!"

He was looking up, one arm raised above his head, the fist tightly clenched: His wife went to him.

"What does it all mean?" she whimpered.

He turned upon her a glance of the most horrible ferocity, shrinking back from her.

His brows were black with rage, his parted lips were curled into an expression of loathing and contempt. He a hand, resting it gently upon her head.

While she trembled and gasped before him, however, his face suddenly softened, a look of the most tender compassion dawned in his eyes, and he stretched out a hand, resting it gently upon her head.

"Against two women have I sinned," he said, slowly and brokenly; "the wife whom I forgot in death, and the woman whom I must forget in life."

And he left her—without another word he went out of the room and out of the house.

She never saw him again. Shortly after this she was brought to her trial; she confessed everything as though she had impersonated the dead wife for purposes of fraud, and the doctors finding nothing wrong with her mind she was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

I attended her every day, struck by her fragile beauty and the extraordinary dreaminess of her expression, which gave the lie to her confession of premeditated guilt.

But it was only toward the end, when she was dying in the hospital, that she told her story, charging me to seek out her husband and tell him that she forgave him everything. And that story of hers I believe implicitly.

"And the husband?" I asked.

"He has never been discovered."

Curious Bits of News,

An egg-laying contest will be the next international event. Twenty-one of the best hens in the United States have sailed from San Francisco to compete for a year with an equal number of Australian hens. The Australian Government paid the traveling expenses of the Yankee poultry, and at the end of the year will buy six of the hens at twenty-five dollars apiece. The others will be disposed of by public auction.

A saleswoman in a Paris dressmaker's establishment, whose salary was twenty-five hundred dollars a year, accepted an offer of three thousand dollars from a rival firm, and promised to forfeit two thousand dollars if she broke the new contract. Thereupon her employer advanced her salary to thirty-seven hundred dollars, and agreed to pay the forfeit provided she would make no change. These figures have recently been brought out in a French court of law.

Much interest has lately been aroused in London by two surgical operations which have resulted in a marked change of character in the patients. One was that of a boy of good family who had developed strangely brutal instincts. A clever surgeon examined him with care, located what he considered the seat of the trouble, removed a piece of the skull, and thus relieved the deforming pressure. The lad was restored to his parents a normal and lovable child. The other case was that of a soldier who, after an injury in a skirmish, developed a propensity for theft. An operation on the brain cured him.

Lord Wemyss has the unique distinction of being the only man who ever struck the present King of England. It happened during a debate in the House of Lords, when the King, then Prince of Wales, occupied a seat in front of Lord Wemyss, who was speaking with a great deal of animation. While emphasizing a point he brought his fist down on top of the Prince's silk hat with such force that the hat was smashed in and pushed down over the eyes of the royal listener. Apologies followed. The Prince remarked that he appreciated the force of Lord Wemyss's remarks, and then moved out of range of the lord's energetic arm.

Marie Corelli is out on the warpath again, the object of her wrath this time being Andrew Carnegie. She tried to see the multi-millionaire in London, the other day, to protest against his alleged vandalism of demolishing two ancient houses in Henley street, Stratford-on-Avon, to erect a Carnegie free library. But the steel king declined to see the fiery little novelist, who has recently written some slighting things about him for the press. Mr. Carnegie explains his position thus: "When I gave the money at the request of the local authorities for a free library my responsibility ceased. I have no right and do not wish to interfere with the action of the local authorities in selecting a site. I am quite sure they are as anxious as Miss Corelli to destroy no relic of Shakespeare."

H. G. Wells' Criticism of "Americans."

"Fortnightly Review."

For example, the theory that every man is as good as his neighbor, and possibly a little better, has no check for fools, and instead of the respectful silences of England there seems—to the ordinary English mind—an extraordinary quantity of crude and unsound judgments in America. One gets an impression that the sort of mind that is passively stupid in England is often actively silly in America, and, as a consequence, American newspapers, American discussions, American social affairs are pervaded by a din that in England we do not hear and do not want to hear. The real and steady development of American scientific men is masked to the European observer, and it must be greatly hampered by the copious silliness of the amateur discoverer, and the American crop of new religions and new enthusiasms is a horror and a warning to the common British intelligence. Many people whose judgments are not absolutely despicable hold a theory that unhampered personal freedom for a hundred years has made out of the British type a type less deliberate and thorough in execution and more noisy and pushful in conduct, restless rather than indefatigable, and smart rather than wise. If ninety-nine people out of the hundred in our race are vulgar and unwise, it does seem to be a fact that while the English fool is generally a shy and negative fool, anxious to hide the fact, the American fool is a loud and positive fool, who swamps much of the greatness of his country to many a casual observer from Europe altogether. American books, American papers, American manners and customs seem all for the ninety and nine.

Pretty Fair for a Start.

First matron—And what sort of people are they as 'ave come next door to you now, Mrs. Figgin? Seem inclined to be friendly like? Second matron—Oh, yes, very, I think. They only come in Tooseday, and by Satterday they'd borrowed two flat-irons, a puddin'-basin, a loaf o' bread, a box o' tin-tacks, a meat chopper, and my biggest saucepan.

In Chicago:

She—I'm afraid I can't marry you. He—Oh, just this once!

A gentleman with Auburn hair.—New York "Life."

"It's hard to lose one's relatives," said the poor man, insinuatingly. "Hard?" growled the millionaire. "Why, it's almost impossible."

He—If I stole a kiss, would it be petty larceny? She—I think it would be grand.

Studies in Natural History.

The Shopper.

This expensive animal, which appears to have been designed by Providence to keep man poor and humble is found in both Europe and America. Much controversy has arisen over the classification of this interesting creature, owing to the circumstance that only married men have studied the species at close range, and they write of it with a manifest prejudice and venom that robs their observations of all weight.

Some of the scientists go so far as to declare that the Shopper is the original vampire, that bleeds a man's pocketbook to the last drop that is in it. Others affirm that it delights in torturing its victim by pulling its leg, but the truth of the matter seems to be that it merely belongs to the class of animals that have no grip, and let things get away from them (genus femnibus bankruptus).

In appearance the Shopper is inconspicuous, being chiefly noticeable for carrying a bag stuffed full of samples and newspaper advertisements. These, however, render it so formidable that people give it the right of way, and men, especially, flee at its approach.

It has been found impossible to obtain any accurate information as to the habits of the Shopper. According to the most reliable data that have been furnished on the subject, it is, at times, a most docile, intelligent and affectionate domestic animal, performing its tasks with willingness and ability, when suddenly it will be attacked with a wild mania, and, breaking every restraint, will rush off to the bargain counter.

These fits, which are similar to those which seize animals in the Wild West after eating the loco plant, seem to be occasioned by reading the advertisements of the department stores in the Sunday newspaper, for which reason many eminent clergymen advocate the abolition of the Sunday paper.

Arrived at the shop, the Shopper rushes wildly up one aisle and down another with no apparent purpose, but will lock horns and fight with another Shopper over the possession of something that neither one of them wants. The species move about in herds, charging in a body on any counter that seems to be popular, but they are easily stampeded, and the sight of a pile of junk marked "For this day only for 3s 11½d" will send the whole bunch at it, and cause them to eat it up. In these mad rushes the old and feeble and the very young are trodden down, and have their clothes and hats torn off of them, but when the buying fever is on them the intrepid creatures never stop as long as they have a penny left.

A peculiarity of the Shopper is its utter indifference to hunger and fatigue while on one of its raids. It will sustain itself by nibbling at a cream puff, and although ordinarily so fragile and weak it cannot walk the length of the street or sweep a room, it will lead a rush on a counter of marked-down blouses with a vigor that would make a football player look sick.

Another interesting characteristic is that the Shopper's sole idea seems to be to get rid of money, and it will buy anything. It may go out with a list of a special sale of tin pans for the kitchen, and come home with forty yards of off-color chiffon in place of them. This peculiarity in an apparently intelligent creature can only be accounted for on the theory that the Shopper suffers at times from being bluffed.

Men, as may be supposed, stand in great fear and dread of the Shopper; but, unfortunately, there are no outward marks by which it can be distinguished from the ordinary female domestic animal, and so many a man who thinks he is getting a thrifty, economical wife finds out, when he has got it home, that he has acquired a Shopper instead; and as it is impossible to trade one off, or even give it away, his plight is a sad one.

A Shopper is the most expensive pet in the world to keep. A small and insignificant looking one, with an appetite no bigger than a bird's, costs more to maintain than a herd of elephants or a menagerie of carnivorous beasts. This is owing to their unfortunate habit of going off on buying raids. Whether science will ever be able to find a virus that will inoculate Shoppers against the bargain rabies, as dogs are inoculated against hydrophobia, it is impossible to say. You can always tell when a man owns a Shopper by the way his trousers bag at the knees and his shoulders hump over.

The Soulful Lady.

On one of the walls of the Alhambra there used to be a pencil autograph of Washington Irving—at least so the guide-books say. As the room has been whitewashed several times, the autograph no longer exists. One day, writes a traveler who is touring Southern Europe, I heard a soulful lady importuning a guide to show her this autograph; he would cheerfully have accommodated her, but there had been no autograph there since he was born. Still she was so soulful, and yearned so for the autograph, that I wrote one myself for her in pencil near where she was searching. When the soulful lady found it she burst into such a torrent of emotional rhapsody that I felt more than repaid. These little acts of kindness as we go through the world are far too rare.

This same soulful lady subsequently pointed out to her companion a blank white wall down in Granada, which was covered with round black spots.

"Look!" she cried, enthusiastically, "look at those apertures! Evidently they are shot-holes—probably made by cannon-balls fired in the wars waged by the Moorish kings with Ferdinand and Isabella. Is it not quite too interesting?"

It struck me as being so, particularly as the shot-holes were so clear and sharply defined. They seemed a little recent. So I asked our guide Juanito what the black spots were.

"Those round black spots, senor?" said he. "Oh, that is a hat factory, and those are new sombreros hanging up in the sun to dry."

"How do you suppose she manages to make her husband still love her?" "Why, she won't let him draw on her principal; and that, of course, keeps up the interest."

Tommy (mysteriously)—I shall have lots of cake this summer, all for myself. Mother—Oh! Has aunty promised you some? Tommy (with withering scorn)—No. I've planted a seed-cake in the garden!

Anecdotal.

A minister who was called in to comfort the wife of an old Scotch caddie assured her that while John was very weak he was evidently ready for a better world. Unexpectedly, however, John rallied, and said to his wife: "Jenny, my woman, I'll maybe be spared to ye yet." "Na, na, John!" was the reply; "ye're prepared, and I'm resigned! Dee noo!"

Assistant Secretary of the Interior Ryan, at one time a sheriff in his native State, relates how he was at one time ordered to arrest an Indian who had been selling whiskey to his red friends on the reservation. After the sheriff had captured "Poor Lo" he gave him a sound lecture on the depravity of his conduct. The Indian listened stolidly to the reprimand and finally asked: "No way Injun git outer this?" "No one can help you now but God," was the reply. Sadly the prisoner shook his head. Then he muttered: "God keep like Uncle Sam; Injun never see Him!"

A brother actor famous for his pomposity and his inordinate ambition was regaling Sir Henry Irving with a forecast of his plans for the future. "I shall begin the season," he announced, "with such and such a part; and after that I shall appear as Hamlet." "Um!" drawled Irving. "As—eh—Hamlet, did you say?" The other, incensed by the tone of the query, bridled up at once. "Do you think, Sir Henry," he demanded, indignantly, "that you are the only man who can play Hamlet?" "Oh no," rejoined Irving, blandly; "but I am quite sure that you are the only man who can't."

The late Paul du Chaillu was on one occasion asked why he had never married. "Well, once upon a time," he answered, without a smile, "an old African king who was very fond of me offered me my choice of eight hundred and fifty-three women as a wife." 'Your majesty,' I replied, 'if I should marry one of these beauties of yours there would be eight hundred and fifty-two jealous women here.' 'Well,' replied the king, 'that is easily settled. Take them all.' That was a little too strong for me, however, and as I have never had such a field to choose from since, I am still a bachelor."

Chauncey M. Depew has told of finding a visitor in Horace Greeley's editorial room when he made a call on him. The editor's patience had evidently been almost exhausted, and as he wrote on steadily he would give an occasional kick toward the caller, who every now and then put in a word. Finally, turning round, Greeley said: "Tell me what you want. Tell me quick, and in one sentence." The man said: "I want a subscription, Mr. Greeley, for a cause which will prevent a thousand of our fellow-beings from going to hell." Greeley shouted: "I will not give you a cent. There don't half enough go there now." As Greeley was a Universalist, this reply was not so severe as it sounded.

A certain Yankee woman, the wife of a former representative in Congress and minister abroad, who now aims at social leadership in the most exclusive and toplofty circles of Washington, D.C., is noted for her love of display and her penchant for wearing about all the jewels she can bear up under. One recent night she gave a dinner. Several members of the diplomatic set were present. Madame was in high feather, and she also wore a diamond tiara and several strings of pearls around her neck. During the evening she complained of feeling a bit chilly and told one of the servants to call her maid. When the maid appeared she is said to have shivered a trifle, and exclaimed: "Susette, I am so cold; please get me another string of pearls."

An amusing illustration of the linguistic capability of the educated Chinaman comes from Berlin. When the Kaiser complimented the new Chinese Minister on his excellent German, the man from the Orient replied: "I can do better—I can speak the Berlin dialect. One day, during the occupation of Pekin, I encountered a number of your Majesty's soldiers, one of whom, thinking that I would not understand him, took the liberty to address me as follows: 'Wait, you Chinese baggage; if ever I catch you in the dark I will twist your queue for you!' 'Shut up, you Berlin weiss beerpot,' I replied in his own vernacular, 'or I will knock all your teeth into your bread-basket.' Your Majesty ought to have seen the soldiers' faces," concluded the minister. "If you yourself had addressed them at that moment without warning, they couldn't have been more astonished and frightened."

A new application of the rule of proportion between labor and wages is illustrated in a little story told by a representative of the house of Witwark. The leader of a certain band, who was rehearsing one of their publications, stopped the music abruptly and frowned at a stout little fellow who was putting all the other musicians out. "Say, Heerman," he demanded, "what do you mean by playing a lot of half notes where there should be whole notes?" Heerman lowered his instrument. "Vell," he said, "I make explanations by you. You cut down my vages to haf brice, don't you?" The leader stared in amazement. He had done so, but— "Und I gontinue to make der nodes wit my instrumend, but dey vill be haf nodes until der vages is put back to whole brice. Vat ist fair ist fair, aind't it?"

The extent to which the agricultural portions of the Middle West are now supplied with modern conveniences may be inferred from the story which follows: There came a ring at the telephone in a farmhouse in Northern Indiana one day last summer, and the farmer himself responded. "Hello!" he said. "Hello!" said the voice at the other end of the wire. "Can you furnish me a bass singer for to-morrow night?" "A bass singer? Why, yes, I reckon so," answered the farmer, laughing. "What do you want one for?" "Because the one we've had up to now is sick. What would be your terms?" "Well, I usually furnish 'em by the dozen. I won't charge you anything for one. How do you want him sent?" "What are you talking about?" "Who do you think you're talkin' to?" "Isn't this the Indianapolis Opera House?" "No. This is the Barataria frog farm."

Age.

Gray hairs do not a patriarch make,
Nor wrinkled brows a sage;
In subtler ways we deftly take
The finger marks of age!

Ceasing to love! forgetting friends!
When the warm heart turns cold,
Then the recording angel bends
And writes, "He's growing old!"

"What precisely are his prospects?" "Two maiden aunts, and one of the worst climates in England."

THE DANGER OF BEAUTY

The Dreadful Suffering, Physically and Mentally Experienced by Women.

Beauty—when applied, at any rate, to persons by the pen of the novelist, the dramatist and the historian—seems o be a vastly dangerous holding, and instead of bringing in its trend that superb joy voiced by the dictum, it carries with it a burden which is indeed a very hard lot to bear.

Pick up any noval at random and you will read that the only persecuted creature in it, to speak by he card, is the beautiful young heroine. It is her beauty which has attracted the villain, like the bright flame which attracts the moth, and made him act as a brute to her.

Beauty in novels, freely interpreted, means dreadful suffering, physical and mental; it means a deadly poison which is as fatal as the sting of a viper and which permeates the body and soul of the average heroine of the modern novel. It brings no joy except at the end of the book.

The penalty for being beautiful would seem to be more exacting and more disagreeable than the disappointments experienced by the ugly. It is because the modern heroine of books, or of the stage, is described as a sort of daughter of the gods in form and build and looks that you take interest in her and follow her doings, her sufferings, through every page of a novel or through every scene and act of a play.

Leave fiction for fact. Scour the village of the United States from Maine to California and you will find, with very few exceptions, that nearly all can tell the sory of how once upon a time there lived in the village a beautiful girl who fell a slave to the mad delirium of love and after many years came back a wreck. There is recorded in the unwritten archives of nearly every village such a story as that told in one form or another.

But this is not the story of a village merely; it is the history of the world.

It was this evil fate of beauty that wrecked Cleopatra, who in turn wrecked Marc Antony, broke the heart of Octavia and brought the horrors of civil war upon imperial Rome. The great Julius fell a victim to her exquisite charms at a single interview.

Cleopatra was a beatuiful and magnificent creature, and her charms never failed to captivate and conquer those who passed before her. She was not only all this, but her personal beauty seemed to have influenced her mind intellectually in a marked degree, for she was a woman of very high attainments. She was as intelligent as she was beautiful. She was a capital musician, skilled in several languages, a good singer and a brilliant conversationalist. No woman has surpassed her in cunning.

How she died is a mystery. The story of the asp biting her to death is a myth, but authorities agree that she died a violent death by her own hand—a hard price for such great beauty as hers.

There is the pitful story of Julia Donna, who, in her maiden days a poor, humble girl was, on account of her great personal charms, raised from a common sphere to the highest that imperial Rome could offer. She became the wife of Severus, and thus Empress of Rome. Her beauty was her evil fate. She lent herself to the flattery or courtiers, permitted all and sundry to approach her with their sentiments; finally, she fell back into the position she came from, but not before she had been stabbed in the arm by a son, who intended the blow, however, for his brother.

Disappointed of all hope of ever becoming again the power she once was in Rome, deserted by those who brought her to her misery, forsaken by her friends, she ended her days in starvation.

There was yet another beautiful Roman Julia, who, through her extreme beauty, was introduced to and became the wife of a famous Senator when she was only sixteen. Between that tender age and four-and-twenty she lived up to the traditions of the times, fell a victim to the conceit of her own charms, became the prey of flatterers, conspired against her husband, and was finally put to a violent death.

The story of the captivating Helen of Troy is interesting, and is on a par with that of the beautiful women just alluded to. Helen of Troy was tied to a tree and strangled—a condign punishment for the errors she fell into on account of her beauty. She was responsible for the many years' seige of Troy, her husband, Menelaus, being determined to revenge himself on Paris. It serves as an object lesson for those women who repine because they are not beautiful.

Josephine, the unfortunate wife of Napoleon I., was said by her husband to be most truly a lovely woman, refined, affable, charming; a goddess of the toilet, kind and humane," yet because no son was born to them Napoleon divorced her—an overwhelming sorrow. She died an absolutely crushed and saddened woman.

Why There are Heroic Jims.

"Why is it," the girl asked, "that the brave boys who are not appreciated at home—who are regarded as black sheep by the rest of the family, and go to war where they fall while carrying the beloved flag of our country up the rocky slopes—why is it that these noble fellows are always named Jim? I have read a hundred poems about them during the last year or two and every one of them was Jim. Is it merely a coincidence, or can there be somehing in a name, after all?"

"It is not a coincidence," the cynic beside her answered. "It's the name that makes them heroic. Juliet said a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but Jim by any other name could not have poems written about him. Just think of the possibilities presented by slim, trim, vim, him, brim grim, dim, whim, glim, rim, limb, not to mention cherubim, seraphim and a lot more long words that could be used in a pinch. Jim is one of the boys that have glory thrust upon them."—Chicago Times-Herald.

More steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

Souvenir Post Cards

Giving three views of Revelstoke. Just the thing for sending away to your friends.

Three for 25c.

35c. a Dozen.

Canada Drug & Book Company.

MARRIED

BALL-HAPPEY—At Revelstoke, B. C., by Rev. Father Roy, of Vernon, on Oct. 27th, 1904, Louis J. Ball, of Vernon, to Miss Mary Happey, of Toronto.

LOCALISMS

Harold Nelson is coming.

—Fresh Satins to hand at Bews' Drug Store, assorted flavors.

John Laughton is paying a business visit to Farguson this week.

—W. J. Curry, resident dentist. Parors over Bews' drug store.

Saturday night is Hallowe'en. Look out for gates and pot hats.

—Leave your orders for anthracite coal with H. N. Coursier.

Thos. Taylor went down to Camborne yesterday morning.

Hospital Ball, Friday Nov. 20th. Tickets, Gentlemen $2; Ladies $1.

W. Fowler left for Brandon this morning.

—Ladies flannelette night robes, etc. C. B. Hume & Co.

Hospital Ball, Friday Nov. 20th. Tickets, Gentlemen $2; Ladies $1.

—A new line of Sparkling Crystal glassware, C. B. Hume & Co's.

A Hallowe'en party will be given by Mrs. John Palmer on Saturday evening.

Alf. Penzer attended the Anglican Synod in New Westminster last week.

D. McCarthy is erecting a building at Arrowhead for Mr. Pitblado.

—Remember Reid and Young's big discount sale. See advt. on front page.

Ernest Adair went south to Arrowhead yesterday to erect a building for Messrs. Reid & Young.

—Chamois Vests for the protection of Chest and Lungs, sold at Bews' Drug Store.

The Quadrille club holds its opening dance at the Opera House tomorrow evening.

—Baby's Own Cough Cure, an excellent remedy for children, sold at Bews' Drug Store.

Today is the thirty-fourth anniversary of the commencement of the first Riel rebellion.

The usual symposium of the Eagles will be held in upper Selkirk Hall tonight.

John Houston, M.P.P., of Nelson, passed through the city on Saturday en route home.

Al. Vye, of Field, spent a few days in the city last week renewing old acquaintances.

Ernest Cashel was sentenced to death for the murder of Rufus Belt at Calgary on Tuesday.

Engine 919 was off the track, near the junction of the smelter spur, for several hours on Sunday.

Don't forget to put your name on the Voters' List before Monday if you have not already registered.

R. K. Floeter, a prominent investor in Fish river, returned to his home at Lima, Ohio, on Monday.

J. A. Darragh returned to Fish river on Tuesday after a couple of days' visit to Revelstoke on business.

J. Dailey was, on Saturday evening, fined $50, or two months, for flourishing a loaded revolver on the streets.

Rev. C. Ladner, on Sunday evening last, preached a most impressive sermon, the subject being "The Prodigal Son."

—Room Wanted—with or without board, by young gentleman, as near C.P.R. offices as possible. Address Box 282, City.

Eighteen members joined the Philharmonic Society at the meeting held in the City Hall last Thursday evening.

At the regular meeting of the Epworth League on Monday evening Miss Pettipiece read an interesting paper on "Missions."

E. A. Haggen has given notice of application for Crown grants to several mineral claims owned by the Certainty Mining Co. Ltd.

T. W. Melville, the well known machinist and prominent in musical circles, left yesterday morning on a holiday trip to his old home in the east.

The Conservatives in Vancouver hold a big celebration tomorrow evening the occasion being the anniversary of the institution of the Conservative Club.

—Too often the child's musical abilities are allowed to decline by the parent's inability to purchase a good piano. This drawback is now removed and any person of responsibility can have a high-grade "Newcombe" Piano—the best—placed in their homes on easy terms. Call at our office and investigate our original proposition—Lewis Bros., First Street.

Harold Nelson is coming.

—Iron Beds, Iron Beds, Springs and Mattrasses at R. Howson & Co's.

T. Hatfield's store at Calgary was destroyed by fire on Monday. Loss $12,000, half insured.

—Second hand Raymond sewing machine, for sale at R. Howson & Co.

Horace Manning is now located in his new store next to Guy Barber's. He has fixed it up very tastefully.

Frank H. Guffey, of Pittsburg, Pa., who visited the French creek placers last week, left for home on Saturday.

—R. Howson & Co. are opening up a most beautiful line of Parlor furniture.

Mr. Geo. Atwood, consulting engineer for the Nettie L. and Silver Cup left on Monday for England.

The night before "Pat" Ensley left for Calgary he was tendered a farewell surprise party by Mr. and Mrs. P. Hooley.

Mrs. W. G. Sutherland returned last week from Victoria where she had been paying an extended visit to her sister.

—There's no butter that's just as good as Government Creamery, we have it in 1 lb., 14 lbs. and 28 lbs. boxes. C. B. Hume & Co.

Alex. Robinson, provincial Superintendent of Education, passed through on Friday en route to Victoria after spending a two months' holiday in the east.

—Just opened up, a large shipment of folding book cases, music racks, clock brackets, photo shelves, fire screens, etc. Call and see them, John E. Wood.

R. A. Upper left for Six-mile on Tuesday morning. As he was accompanied by two dogs, two guns and a game bag he was presumably on Nimrodic work intent.

The shareholders of the Revelstoke Rink Co., Ltd., will meet in le Maistre and Scott's office tomorrow afternoon at 3. The loan on the company's property will be considered.

—Don't forget that we have a large stock of winter vegetables, Aschroft potatoes, California unions, beets, parsnips, Turnips, carrots and cabbage. C. B. Hume & Co.

The Altar Guild of St. Peter's Church on Thursday elected Mrs. Coursier, president and Miss F. Paget, secretary-treasurer. An entertainment will be arranged in the near future.

According to the Vancouver "News-Advertiser" the marriage of Jack Purvis, the well known engineer, and Miss Helen Dunn, lately of Revelstoke, will take place in the Terminal city on Nov. 4th.

A man named Jeffries was committed for trial on Monday on a charge of forgery. Unwittingly he told his tale of woe to Gold Commissioner Fraser in the presence of the man whose name was signed to the cheque. He afterwards confessed.

The Ladies Hospital Guild met at the hospital on Tuesday afternoon and decided to hold the Annual Hospital Ball in the Opera House on Nov. 20th. As this is the big event of the season there will be doubtless a big rush for tickets which will be available in a few days.

—Another evidence of the stability and progress of Revelstoke is noted by the establishment of an agency of the Leading Fire Insurance Company of America, the "Aetna" of Hartford. This company with it's assets of over $15,000,000 is rated as one of the best and strongest on the Continent. The local agency is in charge of Messrs. Lewis Bros.

Conservative Concerts.

The Junior Conservative Club held another of its enjoyable smoking concerts on Friday evening at Selkirk Hall when a very pleasant time was spent. Mr. Theo. J. Wadman, vice-president, occupied the chair and songs were given by Messrs. Humphreys, Melville, Aitken, Johnson and others and recitations by Messrs. Burk and Wilson. Messrs. Hooley and McKenzie contributed enjoyable piano selections.

Thos. Taylor, M.P.P.-elect, made a short speech thanking the club for its services during the recent election and also urging the continuance of its organization. He was loudly cheered on rising and at the conclusion of his remarks.

BETTER CURE THAT COUGH NOW

It is a well known fact that a Cough contracted in the Fall is much harder to get rid of than one contracted at another time.

Senega Cough Cure

is the remedy you want. It will relieve Hoarseness immediately and cure your Cough.

25c. and 50c. a Bottle.

W. BEWS, Phm. B.
Next Hume Block.

SATISFACTORY CONSUMMATION

Of the Most Extensive Timber Deal ever put Through Here —Forty-six Miles Disposed of at a Good Figure

The largest lumber deal ever put through in this city was concluded late last week when Messrs. W. de V. le Maistre, W. Cowan and E. L. Kinman, all of Revelstoke, disposed of 46 miles of timber limits to Messrs. J. P. McGoldrick and G. A. Lammers, prominent millmen of Minneapolis. The property in question is situated on the Duncan river and is considered one of the most valuable stretches of timber in the Kootenays. The owners received a most satisfactory cash figure for their holdings and are to be congratulated on bringing a large amount of Eastern capital into Revelstoke.

Messrs. McGoldrick and Lammers intend erecting a very large mill in the vicinity of Nelson to cut the timber from the limits.

Shakespearian Society

Twenty five members gathered at St. Peter's rectory on Tuesday evening when Mr. J. Theo. Wilson read a paper on the play of "Julius Caesar." An animated discussion followed participated in by all present. The criticisms, both of the paper and tragedy, showed the members are taking a deep interest in the society's work.

Next Tuesday the first act of "Much ado about nothing" will be taken up. Mr. E. A. Haggen has been requested to act as critic for this play. The reading cast has been arranged by the executive committee as follows:

Hero	Miss Fraser
Beatrice	Mrs. Sibbald
Margaret	Mrs. Coursier
Ursula	Mrs. Wilkes
Balthazar	Mrs. Bews
Don Pedro	Mr. McDonald
Don John	Mr. Williamson
Claudio	Mr. Wilson
Benedick	Mr. Miller
Leonato	Mr. Coursier
Antonio	Mr. Lumb
Borachio	Mr. Aman
Conrade	Rev. Mr. Procunier
Dogberry	Mr. Humphreys
Verges	Mr. Aman
Septon	Mr. Williamson
Friar	Rev. Mr. Procunier
Boy	Mr. Humphreys

Red Cross Drug Store.

Mr. J. A. Buckham, who recently acquired this popular business from J. A. Miller & Co., comes well recommended and has made many friends during the short time he has been in the city. As will be seen by his advertisement on this page he will maintain the standard of this well known store, and if possible increase its scope.

He carries a full line of drugs, toilet articles, proprietary preparations and stationery and prescriptions will be compounded correctly at moderate prices. At present he is showing a large stock of bulbs for spring flowering and those wishing to obtain a supply should call on him while there is a large variety to select from.

Harold Nelson.

This talented Canadian actor, with a strong company and magnificent scenery, will appear in the Opera House on Nov. 16 and 17. Everyone in the city will of course go to hear him. This is what the Brandon Sun had to say regarding his recent performance of "Quo Vadis":

"In the character of Marcus Vinicius, the romantic hero of the play, Mr. Nelson is most aptly suited. The impulsive, reckless young man, the daring soldier, the unrest of the pagan seeker after truth found only in the light of the new faith, were so vividly portrayed it was evident to the audience that Mr. Nelson to his new role had brought all the resources of careful historic and histrionic study with that same enthusiasm which characterized his portrayal of Hamlet and Richelieu. In the earlier scenes of the play the part is less conspicuous in the usual stellar qualities, but in the development of the climactic and more intricate moments the character stands out with rugged boldness and clear relief; and here Mr. Nelson was at his best. One of the most difficult and interesting scenes of the play is where Vinicius in a long speech describes the difference between pagan Rome and Christianity. For fully five minutes the large audience listened with breathless attention to a masterly description which only one thoroughly qualified in voice and elocution could have made attractive; and at the close a round of applause such as is rarely heard from a Brandon audience, denoted the hearty appreciation elicited."

It will be a pleasure to our readers also to know that several of the old company are with him including Clifford Lane Bruce, Fred Roland, Wm. Blake and Miss Helene Scott.

Mr. Nelson's repertoire for this season consists of Quo Vadis, Hamlet, Much ado about Nothing, Romeo and Juliet, Othello, Taming of the Shrew, Julius Caesar, Merchant of Venice, David Garrick, Louis XI and Richelieu.

A funny incident happened the last time Mr. Nelson played "Louis XI." It was at a small farming town in the West and an old hayseed came up to congratulate him saying, "Say, yew air all right as Lewis cross eye." Mr. Nelson was non-plussed for a minute until he discovered that "cross-eye" was the farmer's reading of the Roman numerals.

During his engagement in this city the plays performed will probably be "Quo Vadis" and "Much ado about Nothing."

Rev. W. E. Chrismas.

This well known divine healer will conduct eight days revival services in the Opera House, commencing on Sunday next, Nov. 1st. Services will be conducted each day at 3 and 8 p.m. and Mr. Chrismas can be seen at S. McMahon's house any morning during his stay, between 10 and 12.

Referring to his recent visit to Woodstock, Ont., the "Times" of that city publishes the following:

"Rev. W. E. Chrismas, the healer, leaves Woodstock to-morrow morning for Vancouver, B. C. Yesterday being his last Sunday in town, he held his meetings in the Opera House, and in the semi-light the picture of the long-haired exhorter and the stage full of enthusiastic followers, was not an uninteresting one. It reminded you forcibly of the 'Passion Play,' or some of those other plays of Biblical lore and many of the spectators staid through the service more to look on than anything else.

"The people who believe Christmas is really gifted, took advantage of his last appearance to get annointed, and there must have been fifty 'treated' at the various services yesterday.

"In the afternoon Chrismas asked all who had received a benefit from the services to rise and a good percentage of the audience rose up."

Massage.

Massage is to the skin what cultivation is to the earth. There is no necessity for anyone nowadays to wander round with his brow bearing the furrows of care. No woman need fear the coming of old age's signal, crow's feet, for they can be painlessly removed and the skin regain its pristine freshness.

In this city there is a masseur who obtained his knowledge of the art in the large centres of the east. Mr. J. O'Connor, at Joseph Morgan's barber's shop, is prepared to treat gentlemen in the bath rooms and ladies there or, by appointment, at their own homes. Mr. O'Connor can give expert advice as to skin foods and all those other beautifiers which enable twentieth century society women to defy the march of years. Hollows can be filled up and fleshiness removed in a short time and both ladies and gentlemen are taking advantage of Mr. O'Connor's presence in the city.

NORTHERN PINES,
Moore Co., N. C.

The most delightful climate for a Home or Winter Resort.

Only sixteen hours from New York. Write to Board of Trade of Southern Pines for booklet.

Are You Contemplating Going South or Investing Money There?

We advise any of our readers who contemplate going south for the winter and want to rent a furnished cottage or secure board in hotel, boarding house or private family, or are desirous of investing money down there, to first write Mr. John T. Patrick, Pinebluff, N. C. Mr. Patrick has made a specialty of furnishing information to Northern people who want to find winter homes or to those who desire to loan money down there on mortgages. He is a man that can be relied upon to give honest information and to protect the interests of those who trust their money to his care. Recently one of our readers asked Mr. Patrick to give reference as to his character and business ability, and he furnished the names of the Chief Justice of his state, Ju W dgealter Clark, Raleigh, N. C., and the Editor of the leading daily in the state, the News & Observer, Mr. Josephus Daniels, Raleigh, and the Editor-in-Chief of the Boston Transcript, Mr. E. H. Clement, and these men said in reply that whatever Mr. Patrick said could be relied upon. Therefore it will pay you to write Mr. Patrick before you locate, and if you have money to loan, secure his assistance to get the highest rate of interest on good first-class mortgages down South where the people pay more interest than is paid up here.

NOTICE

REVELSTOKE, B.C.,
Oct. 20th, 1903.

A meeting of the Shareholders of the Revelstoke Rink Company, Ltd., will be held at the office of leMaistre & Scott on Friday, the 30th day of October, 1903, at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of taking steps in connection with the loan on the Company's property.

J. M. SCOTT,
Secretary.

NOTICE.

Re the Estate of Richard Ramsay, Deceased.

Take notice that all persons having any claim against the Estate of the late Richard Ramsay must send in their claims duly verified to the undersigned on or before the 28th day of November, A.D., 1903, and any person owing any debt to the said Estate must pay the same to the undersigned on or before the above date.

Dated this 28th day of October, A.D., 1903.

LE MAISTRE & SCOTT,
Solicitors for the Executors.
Address—First Street, Revelstoke, B.C.

REVELSTOKE BUSINESS COLLEGE

Will open in the Library Building on Monday, Nov. 2nd, at 9:30 a.m.

Practical instruction will be given in Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Penmanship, Correspondence, Shorthand and Typewriting, and special classes can be arranged in other subjects, such as Drawing and French.

EVENING CLASSES

will be held from 7:15 to 9:15, Monday to Friday inclusive, and to these particular attention will be paid.

Here is a chance for business men to learn to keep their own books and for all young men and women to get knowledge that can at any time be turned to account. Come at the commencement and get the whole season's work. Parents, give your boy or girl a commercial education this winter; next winter you will have a High School.

For terms and further information apply to the Principal,

M. LENNOX, B.A.

Red Cross Drugstore

J. A. Buckham
(Successor to J. A. Miller & Co.)

DRUGGIST, CHEMIST, STATIONER, TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, ETC., ETC.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Mail Orders Promptly Attended To.

Business is Still Coming Our Way..

Our Prices are Away Down This Week in Mackinaws, German Socks, Rubbers and all lines of Heavy Underwear. We still have a few Rain Coats, Umbrellas, Etc., left.

Just to hand a large assortment of Oil Clothing, which we are selling cheap.

Choice Groceries and Vegetables

We are unloading another Car of Choice Groceries to-day, also a Car of Mixed Vegetables and will be prepared to quote you prices very low. When you are wanting anything in the above line.

DON'T FORGET US.

..MACDONALD & MONTEITH..

FIRST STREET.

The Leading Store

THE STORE THAT NEVER DISAPPOINTS

Winter days will come again and you will need something for Street and Housewear. You will find the latest styles here, and we have the very latest materials in the store, so put the two together and you will be ready for New York or Paris.

DRESS GOODS.

Are conspicuous by their variety this year. If you wish the latest London or Paris Novelty take one of our Snowflake Zebelines, or, if you wish to buy a more dressy gown, buy a German Broadcloth and have it made with Medallions and Pendant Trimmings.

DRESS MAKING.
"We Fear Nae Foe."

MISS LEE, who has charge of Our Dressmaking Department, will be delighted to talk over the latest fashions with you and give you the proper style in dress if you entrust her with your orders.

NEW IDEA PATTERNS.

NO PATERN OVER TEN CENTS. We will guarantee them to be the best in the market.

W. J. GEORGE, MACKENZIE AVENUE . .

Call and See Our New Goods.

HOTEL VICTORIA

W. M. BROWN, Prop.

One of the best and commodious hotels in the City.

Free Bus meets all trains. Hourly Street Car—Fare 10c.

GET YOUR EYES TESTED FREE OF CHARGE.

LOOK!!

EIGHT-DAY CLOCKS $3.00

J. GUY BARBER, - Jeweller, Optician

HIGH CLASS ..Furniture..

Just opened up two cars of Furniture. One car contained the best goods that can be bought in Canada, including all the latest styles in Bedroom, Sitting Room and Dining Room Furniture. Our second car contained cheap Bedroom Dining Room and Kitchen Furniture.

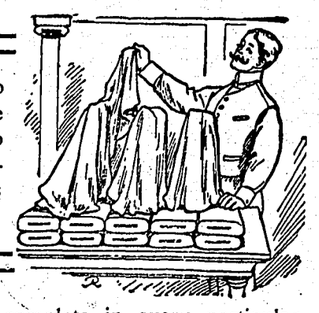
We carry a full and complete stock. Intending purchasers will do well to visit us.

John E. Wood, REVELSTOKE FURNITURE STORE.

Cabinet Making. Upholstering. Picture Framing.

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