THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

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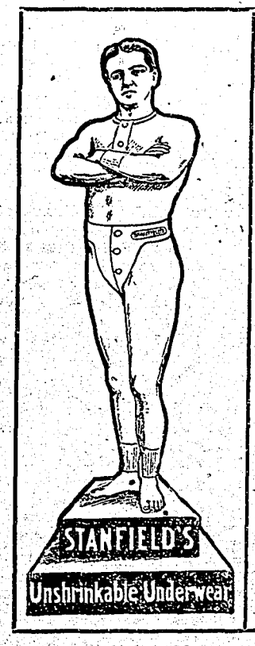


MEN'S WEAR

In this department we are getting together a stock for the Spring Trade that will surpass any of our former efforts. We will be glad to have the opportunity of showing you through our different lines.

CLOTHING

Men's Tweed Suits, Barbers' Coats, Waiters' Coats, Lounging Coats. Separate Trousers.

UNDERWEAR

The famous Stanfield's Underwear (unshrinkable), Sanitary Linen Mesh.

Balbriggan Underwear in colors and Black.

Cashmere Underwear in colors and Black.

Suspenders, Umbrellas, Rain Coats, Caps, Night Shirts, Handkerchiefs, etc. The famous Trainman's Window Cap.

Hosiery

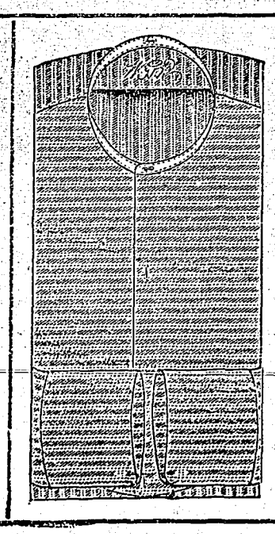
IS ONE OF OUR SPECIALTIES THIS YEAR

New Light Weight Wools for Spring. Cashmere in plain and fancy. We have Special Wool Hose..... Three Pairs for $1.00

Gloves

Very dressy lines in Silk Lined Moccas, Tan Suede, Grey Suede, and Ox Blood, the new shade.

FANCY
White Shirts



Evening Dress Shirts, Negligie, Colored Cambric, and a good line of working shirts.

COLLARS

The New Wing Collar, the New Poke Etc., and different heights in the Folded Collar.

TIES

White Dress Ties, White Hook-on Bows, Fancy Midget Teck's, Four-in-Hands, etc.

Sweaters

A large showing of Fancy Patterns and Plain Colors.

Haberdash'ry

Bachelor Buttons, Collar Buttons, Cuff Links, Gaiters, Pocket Combs, Pipes, Belts, Toilet Brushes, Tie Clips, Arm Bands, Combs, Tie Pins, Nail Brushes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarette Holders, Pens, Handkerchiefs, Perfume, Shaving Brushes, Shaving Soap, Hair Brushes, Travelling Cases, Razor Strops, Lead Pencils, Writing Material, etc.

Agents for SLATER'S UNION MADE SHOES —We have both makes of Slater's Shoes.

C. B. HUME & CO., Limited
Department Store.

KEYSTONE MINES, LTD.

A Company Formed to Operate High Grade Big Bend Properties — Small Capitalization, —Local Management.

Another local company has been formed for the purpose of developing three groups of valuable claims in the Big Bend district. The directorate are all local citizens and the management is in the hands of A. W. McIntosh, the well-known Big Bend miner, who has had a large experience in that locality. There is no district in British Columbia that can show larger or better defined ledges of high grade ore than the Big Bend, and it is only a matter of a very short time when that district will be the mecca for mining investment. The Keystone Mines, Ltd., are the owners of three groups of claims, viz, The Keystone group of four full-sized claims situated on Keystone mountain, the Homestead group of two full-sized claims situated on Keystone creek near where it joins the Columbia river, and the Pinnacle group of four full-sized claims situated on Lakeview mountain on Downie creek. The work already done on Keystone group consists of open cuts for the purpose of showing up the ledge and No. 1 tunnel of 75 feet on the ledge displaying an ore body of from three to five feet wide and three assays from this ore gave the following results in gold silver, etc., of $74, $38.50 and $17.50. No. Two tunnel is in 85 feet and cuts the vein at a lower depth. Assays from there gave returns as follows in all values, $26.50, $50.25 and $61.80 to the ton. On this property cabins have been built and supplies are now on the ground and the company will do all the principal work on the group for the present. On the Homestead group there is a strong ledge of iron pyrites, galena and blende, and assays in all values give returns of $52.85. The company will commence development on this group and trial shipments to the smelter will be made during the coming summer. Ore from this group can be loaded on the steamer from the mouth of the tunnel. The Pinnacle group on the north side of Downie creek, is about 10 miles from the Columbia river. The ledge on this property is about 25 feet wide and great depth can be attained on this showing by drifting on the ledge. There is now a good trail to this property which will be of considerable assistance in getting in supplies for development of the property.

The object of the company is to do development work only, and with that end in view considerable money will be expended this summer to prove the value of the ground. Operations will be under the direction of Mr. McIntosh, the original owner and locator. There are no high paid officials and all sales from stock will be placed to the credit of the operating account. The capitalization of the company is law, namely $50,000 and only 1000 shares are now offered to the public at par. Keystone Mountain and Downie creek are known to mining men as being very rich in gold and silver and it is in this locality that these groups are situated and the Keystone Mines, Limited stock should be very valuable holdings in the near future. There is no better chance for men with small capital to invest in mining stock than is offered here in Revelstoke, and it should be to our own interest to see these local companies prosper in mining at our very doors. With a local directorate who are acquainted with the country and conditions, the affairs of the Keystone Mines, Ltd. should have the success that the HERALD predicts it will have the coming summer.

The Premier Eulogized

Mr. R. T. Killaby, a redoubtable Liberal of New Westminster, in a letter to the Columbian refutes an attack made on the Premier by the Vancouver World. Mr. Killaby feels so well satisfied with the administration of the Conservative leader and thinks the Premier's legislation is so fair and just that it is as beneficial to the Liberal party as to the Conservative party. Mr. Killaby says:

"Why, sir, if I had not known that Mr. McBride was a Tory, in reading over these few well-known and well-put facts, in bringing before us the light and truth with regard to the C. P. R.'s misstatement of affairs, I surely would have taken him for a Liberal.

And he further states: "Why should he not speak his mind? He is our leader, our guide and should be our model. He should have nothing to hide, to keep secret. I am surprised at the World for the stand they take. If every one of us would speak our mind on such important questions and be frank and truthful, British Columbia would be far better off today. Let us hope for the day when this grafting business shall have ceased and men will not hesitate to come out with the truth."

Surely such well deserved praise from the political opponents is a convincing proof of the excellence of of the Conservative party.

Revelstoke Losing Ground.

Elsewhere in this issue is a letter from a correspondent in Camborne, and among other things reference is made to the amount of trade from the Lardeau district which is going to Nelson.

The Camborne and Trout Lake District is really a part of our district of Revelstoke and being such our business men should have, if not all, at least the great bulk of their patronage. The facilities for obtaining this trade here in Revelstoke are much greater than those possessed by Nelson. We are within easy reach of the the towns of Beaton, Arrowhead, Camborne, Comaplix, Trout Lake, etc., and it is to be hoped that more interest will be taken in the Camborne district as they seem only too anxious to place their business here providing we show a desire to have it.

SOME MORE FALSEHOODS

Prevarications Continued from Last Week.—Second Edition of Deliberate Lies Told By Our Contemporary.

Revelstoke is noted for a modern Baron Munchansen in the person of the editor of the Kootenay Mail. When a man is told that he has deliberately lied in the face of overwhelming proof and yet offers no explanation, but continues to falsify with absolutely no grounds whatever, some worthy citizen ought to give him a pass to the Provincial institution at New Westminster.

Further, this gentleman is as deficient in ordinary arithmetical calculations as he is in common horse sense. Witness.—He chooses the following amounts from the Estimates for this riding: $500, $8,000, $2,000 and $2,600 and makes a total of $10,500 instead of $13,100 which would be correct.

To make it still plainer it is this way:

$ 500	$ 500
$ 8,000	$ 8,000
$ 2,000	$ 2,000
$ 2,600	$ 2,600
$13,100	$10,500
Correct addition.	Mail's addition.

Difficult?—Very.

Should he essay entrance to the public schools we would suggest to him that Grade 2 would just about suit his mental calibre when he stalls at a little sum in addition like the above.

Regarding the comparison of the estimates for previous years with this year, the HERALD will settle that point in a later issue.

Business Soon to Pick Up.

For the past two months business has been pretty dull. Spring however is coming on a-pace and this year will doubtless see quite a boom.

During the past winter the timber put in to shape for the mills is one of the largest cuts in the history of the lumbering industry of the interior.

When the mills have got thoroughly into operation it is estimated there will be upwards of 1000 additional men employed.

This, taken in connection with the number of new mining properties starting extensive operations in the early spring will mean a big boom for this locality as Revelstoke is practically the chief centre for transportation. Get ready for business!

Conservatives Attention!

There will be a meeting in Selkirk Hall, to-morrow, Friday evening, at eight o'clock. A large attendance of Conservatives requested. Programme, short speeches, etc., will be in order.

—12ft. Linolum, 6 ft. Enlaid Floor Oil, at R. Howson's & Co.

GOOD SHOWING IN THE MINES

Of Fish River Camp—Mammoth Group Averages Two Thousand Ounces of Clean Ore to the Ton.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

CAMBORNE, B. C., March 5.—James Hill is down from the Mammoth group on Goat mountain, seven miles from town. He has been working with a force of men for the past two months sinking an incline shaft. Mr. Hill reports the workings to be down over 40 feet on the dip of the lead, which is high grade galena. At the bottom of the shaft is 18 inches of this character of ore. A considerable quantity of clean ore has been sacked for shipment. While it is hard to estimate the average value of the contents samples have run as high as 1,500 to 2,000 ounces per ton.

The Mammoth group is owned by the California Syndicate whose shareholders are principally Rossland investors. The property is regarded as one of the best argentiferous prospects in the Fish creek camp. It is understood that development will be continuous and that as soon as possible in the spring a trail will be completed from the proposed Fish river wagon road to the property.

The Scout group owned by Winnipeg and Camborne people adjoins this property to the west, and has the same high grade lead. George Johnson who has recently returned here stated, that so soon as supplies could be taken in work would be resumed. The owners intend to place the property on a shipping basis by next winter, and have already some nice ore in the workings. This is another property that merely awaits the completion of the proposed Camborne-Boyd creek wagon road to permit it joining the permanent shipping ranks.

Andrew F. Rosenberger is in camp arranging to increase the work on the Goldfinch mine, that has passed into his management. He is particularly reticent about future operations contenting himself with hinting that there will be "things doing." This was the property that was so disastrously handled by the Northwestern Development Company's management and Mr. Rosenberger has a chance to add to his laurels as a company promoter in securing sufficient capital from the sale of stock to place the mine on a dividend paying basis. The Goldfinch has many admirers in camp as a big possibility and in the present practical hands will doubtless once more come to the front as a producer of gold bricks.

The February gold bricks from both the Eva and Oyster-Criterion mines have been sent out. No particulars as to values are obtainable.

Transportation Cut Rate

The C. P. R. have reduced freight rates on rough cedar, hemlock, spruce and all woods except fir from the original price of 50c. to 40c. per 100 lbs., the same rate as is now charged on fir. This cut of 10c. per 100lbs. means a reduction of $2.50 per thousand on the freight.

The railway company made a proposition to the mills whereby American lumber men will be unable to compete with B. C. lumbermen. This proposal has been accepted and from the prospects it is thought the increased business of the mill this season owing to the new arrangements, will more than tax the utmost handling capacity of the railways.

Mining Notes.

An English dictionary of mining terms gives:

Bonanza—A hole in the ground owned by an American liar.

In mining, as in other matters, these Arabic lines are trite and true,

He that knows not and knows not that he knows not, is a fool—shun him.

He that knows not and knows that he knows not, is simple—teach him.

He that knows and knows not that he knows, is asleep—rouse him.

And he that knows and knows that he knows, is a wise man—follow him.

Card of Thanks

The Ladies' Hockey Club desires to heartily thank the Independent Band for their kindness in furnishing music at the hockey match on Monday evening, March 7th.

BOURNE BROS.

Hay, Oats, Bran, Shorts, Feed Wheat, Flour, Rolled Oats, Etc.

Bacon, Hams, Eggs, Groceries and Canned Goods, Etc., Etc.

ORDERS SHIPPED SAME DAY AS RECEIVED

BOURNE BROS.

MACKENZIE AVENUE.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT
[LATEST DESPATCH]

The last session of the Dominion Parliament opened to-day. Wilfrid Laurier made a stirring appeal to the country for a third term. A great deal of the time will be devoted to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. There are also numerous other railway charters up for consideration.

On Thursday a Speaker will be elected to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Hon. S.P. Brodeau who since last session has been appointed Minister of Inland Revenue. Prospects point to a long and arduous session.

Hockey.

The rink practically closed last Monday evening for the season, with a ladies hockey match. The players included the team which went to Rossland and an additional seven from the city. The ice was in fair condition until the last when it became a little sloppy but the girls put up an interesting game. The opposing players represented no particular team but were simply chosen indiscriminately and as an evidence of the good feeling, each fair goal keeper allowed her opponents to put in 2 goals. The following were the players:

GREENS	BLUES
Goal	
Miss E. Jolliffe	Miss N. Dunn
Point	
Mrs. E. Edwards	Miss H. Dunn
Cover Point	
Miss N. McRae	Miss V. Coleman
Rover	
Miss M. Buck	Miss Bliss
Right Wing	
Miss M. Corley	Miss B. Spurling
Left Wing	
Miss M. Calder	Miss Pettipiece
Centre	
Miss B. Sawyer	Miss L. McPhadden

Referee—W. J. Barber.

Many were rather disappointed that the ladies met such hard luck at Rossland but it seems that there is a very good reason. The ladies team has been frowned upon here practically all season and particularly when they went to Rossland. There is a feeling that the game is too rough and detracts from the dignity and the lady-like attitude—we would wish to admire in the fair sex. But surely the girls have just as much right to obtain their pleasure from the more strenuous sports as the young men, providing of course they preserve the same characteristics we admire in them when presiding at an afternoon tea or other such dainty fetes. In short a lady is a lady anywhere and our respect for her as such can never lessen while she keeps our ideals of womanliness in view, whether we see her with a hockey stick or broom handle.

The C. P. R. and City teams fought it out on Friday night last to the tune of 6 to 2 in favor of the railroaders.

The teams faced off with Allum, Sawyer, McDonald, Swan, W. Bews, H. Bews and Dr. Sutherland for the City and Woods, McCann, Bowden, Allan, Cao, and Chambers for the C.P.R.

Dr. Sutherland was injured at the commencement and retired from the fray, J. Pettipiece taking his place.

This is the windup of hockey notes for the season, and doubtless many are glad It is peculiar how anything no matter whether it be the most attractive amusement or the awfulness of war, will grow tiresome to the newspaper reader. The demand is always for something new and exacting, be it good or bad. Deplorable as it may be, are we not all anxiously looking forward to some tremendous bloody battle between Russia and Japan? and will we be satisfied till we get it with the details of so many thousand Russian soldiers killed and all the other horrors?

Ottawa defeated Brandon last night 6 to 3, in the first game for the Stanley cup. The next game takes place tomorrow night.

JAPANESE SCORE AGAIN

Japanese Squadron Attacks Vladivostock—Several Russian Cruisers Totally Destroyed—War Notes.

The despatches state that the Japanese squadron is at sea and report that a heavy engagement took place between the opposing fleets, resulting in the destruction of several Russian cruisers. No details are at hand, yet it seems that all news points to a surrender of Vladivostock and Port Arthur.

WAR NOTES.

Last week the Japanese threw some 200 lyddite shells into the town of Port Arthur, but only one or two exploded. It is apparent from this that the manufacturers of the shells have by some means been corrupted and are playing treason to the Japanese Government in the preparation of war ammunition. Such actions are certainly despicable and only another evidence that every man has his price.

The Russian students and other reform bodies have signified their entire disagreement with the present policy of the government. Should a revolution take place—of which there seems every probability—the students of the various colleges of Russia will doubtless take the lead as they are foremost in reform and freedom from despotism.

THE WAR.

As far as can be learned through the meagre news contained in the dispatches the situation in the far East, apart from minor incidents, remains about the same.

Japan is apparently centering all her attacks at Port Arthur and Vladivostock. It is reasonable to suppose that with her naval strength she wil force these two ports to surrender and then fortifying and using them as a basis will gradually move forward through Korea and Manchuria and force the Russians back. Whether or no the Japanese will be successful in this is, of course, hard to say, but from the energy, forethought and military strategy she has evidenced so far it is quite probable that the Russian Bear will be driven from the two provinces it unjustly claims.

No one who is familiar with the marvellous growth of the Japanese as a nation, but will realize the dire need in which she stands of more territory. Considering her great progress and the avidity with which she has adopted all things modern in home and state both from European countries and America, no one can help but feel she is really entitled to additional territory for her further development. Britain would be in the same state as Japan today were it not for her numerous dependencies.

Looking at the situation generally—at Japan's worthy advancement and her abject need of room for her crowded population, also at the despotic cruelty and greed of Russia—no one need feel ashamed of having abundant sympathy with the busy and industrious little Jap.

C. J. Wood has resigned his position as draper with Messrs. C. B. Hume & Co. Mr. Wood leaves to-night for the Coast. Charlie will be greatly missed in the City where he is a general favorite.

EUCHRED.

An Auld Body's Story.

"By JETNA."

WELL, I'm an auld body now, and the story I'm going to tell you happened long years ago, but it's a' fresh and clear still in my mem-ry.

I was born and brought up in a quiet Scotch country village. I was never bothered much with book larnin' by my folks, but I was a great one for gardening, and the flowers I reared in our bit place—the country was prood o' them. I've heard tell the Scotch are considered uneo' guid gardeners. My father was, an' he taught me. When he died our home had to be given up, and I went as nurse to Lord Grosvenor's two little daughters, up at the big house, remaining on as ladies' maid to them when they grew up.

They thocht a lot o' me; 'deed they did that, for I was a grand hand at the hair-dressing. Then, I was young and good-looking, though ye wouldna think so now. Seems to me an awfu' peety that youth and beauty go as time rolls on. But rich folks keep their looks in a wonderful manner nowadays, I'm thinkin'. Ay! Money can work wonders.

My young ladies were the bonniest in the whole countryside, especially Lady Marjorie. Her face was a garden; there were roses and lilies in it, and forget-me-nots lay in her eyes. Lady Sybil was dark—kind o' haughty like—a gallant girl. All the paint an' powder they used was good soap an' cold water. As for "switches" and "transformations," and these kind o' heathenish get-ups I whiles hear tell of those days, they didna even know the name o' them. Their hair was that thick and long I had hard work to dress it and keep it in good order.

We didna lead a very gay life. Lord Grosvenor was a bit cranky, and couldna be fashed wi' company.

The big house was a fine place: old-fashioned, with turrets and towers and lattice windows, an' it was fair smothered with rich old ivy. The swallows would dart in and out o' the overhanging eaves, an' on a bright summer's morning, well, seems to me that merely to live in such a place was a kind o' education of itself—it was all so interesting!—a story book, I aye thocht. And the garden!—with its high boxwood hedges; and every kind o' color was blazin' there, not prim-like, as the gentry generally favor, but just all here and there, and everywhere them sweet, well-known flowers, an' that's the kind for me; though orchids and fashionable blooms get more talked about, an' are used at weddings and that now, I believe.

Often the young ladies would pop down to the housekeeper's room of an evening to have "a crack" wi' me. I'd sew my patch quilt or knit "cosies," as we called them—cross-over things to wear in winter against the cold. I'd tell them stories my father had told us, of their ancestors, an' whiles I'd sing to them or read their fortunes in a tea-cup. There was always a lover in Lady Marjorie's; wish him she was to ride away. But she'd pout and sigh at that—they lived ower quiet, she said, for the fairy prince to find her.

But the fairy godmother appeared, anyway, shortly after that, and carried them off in a fine yellow chariot with a "rumble" behind for the footman to sit in. They went to London—principally to call on the Queen, and be introduced to her Majesty an' kiss her hand. And then their aunt got the fine English folk to invite them to balls and gay doings. I'se warrant ye, my young leddies took the shine out o' the others, wi' their natural beauty and winning ways.

When the "season," as they called it, was over they returned, and my! the grand clothes were a sight; and their mother's jewels had been divided between them—pearls and all kinds of precious stones, fit for the Queen o' Sheba.

Lord Grosvenor entertained a good bit after, an', of course, did it well. We had fine times.

I never lippened to the gossip I heard about hands-me gentlemen comin' court in' my mistresses. "Time'll tell," says I to myself, an' ye won't find me gabbling round.

But I had seen one comin' gey often—a tall, dark, black-eyed Sir Something or other, and 'twas Lady Marjorie he was keepin' company with, for he'd send her such beautiful flowers—orchids and the like. Now and then she'd wear them in her bonny brown hair in the evenings, but I think it best suooded with a blue ribbon, just in its ordinar'. I told her so, an' she laughed, an' says she, "So do I." But weel I kent that laugh was na frae the heart.

Some time after Lord Grosvenor told me his youngest daughter was to be married ere long to a very wealthy English baronet. I thocht it sort o' queer she had never said a word tae me about it.

Then a few days later Lord Grosvenor had an attack of sky-sky—a kind of rheumatism, anyway (an' I hope ye'll kindly excuse my poor way o' expressing myself, for it's awfu' hard to keep the Scotch words frae slipping oot, now an' again). Well, he went up to London to consult a famous doctor. That evening Lady Madge, as we often called her, came down to see me.

She looked a bit worried like, an' her pretty color seemed leaving her. I saw something troubled her; she kept pushing a magnificent diamond ring up and down on her finger.

"Sing me something, Nursie," (for they'd nicknamed me that), says she. "Some of your old Scotch sangs." So I gave her all my cheery ones, "The Laird o' Cockpen," an' "A Hundred Pipers," an' "Within a Mile o' Edinboro Town." And then she says, says she, "Sing 'Jock o' Hazeldene,'" an' when I cam' to the words, "A chain o' gold ye shall not lack, nor braid to bind your hair," what did she do but fling the glittering ring away off her finger, where it fell ahint—I mean behind—the tall old clock, with a "clink."

"Let it lie!" she cried. "I hate it!" and wi' that she threw her arms aboot me an' sobbed out, "Oh! Ebbie! Ebbie!" (that's short for Elizabeth, for that was my name) "I'm so unhappy! Was ever girl more miserable?"

I soothed her as if she'd been my ain bairn. An' then, bit by bit, out it all came. "I've been weak, and vain, and she flattered me," she said. "I gave him my troth—he is enormously rich, and father urged me to accept him, though something in my heart whispered 'No.' Auntie says father has lost money lately, and that Sir Francis Anstruther has been generous and kind, and that I am so lucky to have secured such an eligible 'parti'—these were the very words."

"He may be eligible," says I, "but there's baith thunder an' lightning in yon black eyes, an' he's no the man for you, if that's what eligible means;" an' I spoke up quite hold-like.

"I don't love him," she kept repeating, "though I've tried to, for father's sake."

"Of course ye don't, dearie," I said then, "for ye canna love two men at the same time." And wi' that she gave me a frightened look, an' her cheeks turned pale as the gown she wore; for full well I knew that the young squire whose place lay a mile aboon the crossroads, was "cracked" about our bonny young leddy.

"You're a wonderfu' woman," she says, "for you never gossip, yet you find everything out." An' my! I felt prood. An' I told her that the squire was the brawest an' cantiest young man that ever rode to hounds, and that brought a smile to her face, just like the sun on a woodland flower.

"He sold out of his regiment for my sake," says she, "but he was afraid to ask me to 'buckle to' (that means marry in high English) for he was not rich. He was too proud to speak, but the other evening at the 'gathering' somehow he couldn't help himself—and so—and so—"

I kent her people would think it a poor match for the like o' her, with her beauty and pedigree—besides having taken tea wi' the Queen, an' kissed her hand an' all that. I asked her plump and plain whatever made her lippen to the other, and she bridled her swanlike neck and made answer that I couldn't understand these things and mauna try to. I didna try to, for I'm one o' these folk who ne'er reach their hand out further than they can draw it back, an' these things beat me. She had met her true lover once or twice secretly, but when I begged her to confess all she trembled like an aspen leaf, an' said she was afraid, an' I mustn't betray her. Dear, dear! what was to be the end o' it all?

After that things were quiet. Lord Grosvenor was uncommonly good-tempered, and gey pleased at his daughter's approaching marriage, which was to be in spring.

The puir lamb would often come ben to my room. She was a slender scrap of a lassie, but ilka time I saw her she was thinner and paler. "An'," says I to mysel', "wae's me!"

* * * * * *

When the spring time set in I used to feel a queer sink-sinking o' the heart. I'd jump at my ain shadow, an' I couldna sleep. So I went ower to my auntie's, for a change the doctor said, an' my cousin took my place for a wee while.

I mind fine the day I went: the hedges were all sprouting fresh and green, an' the caller air was frae the west, an' I kept humming "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw," for my heart seemed lighter. My mither aye used to say, "Changes are lightsome." And they are.

There was a sturdy thorn tree, then thick wi' blossom, said to mark the border line betwixt England and Scotland, an' when I cam' to that (it was jist a mile and a bittock from the big house), the words, "She's ower the border an' awa'," got into my head, and I sang them over and over and over again. It's kind o' queer when—but ye'll see how it all turned out.

My auntie was an invalid, an' maist always upstairs in her room. Such a bonny cottage! as sweet and clean as could be—its plot in front full of cabbage roses, and sweet-william, and wallflowers, and dusty millers, and bachelors' buttons, when the summer came. And we had beehives, too. Then, inside, it was that quaint, like a picter, with its wide old window seats, and the ingleneuk to sit by o' an evening, and the chintz curtains, blue and white convolvulus trailing over them, dim with many washings; an' the old brown jug on the mantelpiece, with father's ale mug beside it. Ay! picters like that are ne'er forgotten.

Ofttimes Lady Madge would drive or walk over and see me, and have tea oot o' the willow pattern cups she'd sic a fancy for. Once he rode over wi' her. She looked so handsome in her blue cloth riding-habit an' plumed hat! She was keen to come in, but when she gey timidly said she was thirsty, he hurried her away. I noticed the blitheness was gone from her voice and the sunshine frae her face.

Two days afore the wedding she came to bid me good-bye. I wasna strong enough to go to the big house for the grand doings, though I was pickin' up fine.

She'd come through the woods, an' her tunic was full o' yellow primroses she had plucked. An' there was a big bunch stuck in her broad-brimmed hat. She looked like an angel, in her soft white tamboured muslin, only that angels have na occasion to wear sats or crinolines.

"Haste to the wedding," says I, sort o' joking-like, an' she said nothing; but she began to deck up the room wi' the primroses till it looked quite gay and bridal like. "See, Nursie!" she cried, an' though she smiled bravely there were tears in her voice and in her eyes, though I didna take notice, an' her face was workin' so I felt fear'd for her. My ain lips were trembling.

Then we had some oat cakes and honey, bit it was pitiful to see the effort she was makin' to be cheery.

"What's that?" says she, suddenly, putting down her glass o' buttermilk (she was aye fond o' buttermilk). I told her "that" was what we called a box-bed—some folks ca' it a "press-bed." It's just built into the wall, like a closet or "press," as Scotch people say for cupboard. It's a queer bit o' furniture, an' looks like part o' the wainscotting. It has folding doors, which stand open at night for air, ye ken, an' the mattress rests on a shelf jist as lang as the press. The pillows are ahint short print curtains. (There's a braw one in the cottage o' "Robbie Burns"—I've seen it.) There's a small press, with shelves for dishes or onything, at the outside end o' that, which opens intil the passageway of course.

To this day the scent o' primroses brings back tae me the look on her face as she whispered, "'Twould be a good hiding-place, Ebbie." As sure's death, 'twas no helpin' hand she got frae me, as far as thinkin' went, but I couldna help mysel' saying, "Graund!" an'—an'—I've never been sorry for it.

* * * * * *

Weel, I saw the presents. My! they were fit for the Princess Royal—fair wonnerfu', but my Lady Marjorie didna fash much aboot them.

The Scotch are unco' superstitious, an' I'm a firm believer in dreams an' signs, though whiles there's naething in them. However, what happened after this confirms me (as the meenisters say) in my belief.

The night before the weddin' there was a big ball up at the house, an' I was sittin' up thinkin' how I'd like fine to hae seen them dance the "Reel o' Tulloch."

Aboot twelve o'clock I heard a hurried step, an' then—my sakes! My heart went pit-a-pat, for there came a low tap-tap at the window, where the can'l was burning. I threw down the sock I was knitting (I mind it was o' heather mixture fingering), an' when I got the length o' the door I heard, "Ebbie! Ebbie!" and then I kent.

In she swept, an' her eyes were brighter than the diamond stars in her hair, but her face was pale—white as the pearly satin o' her rich gown. She threw off her heavy dark cloak and sank down on it, exhausted like.

I knelt down beside her. It wasna my part to speak first. She grippit my hands an' clung to me as if she'd never let go, an' for a few minutes—weel, we jist grat thegither.

I think we baith forgot she was a lady o' high degree, in her grand attire an' jewels, and I but her servant, in my dark linsey-woolsey—for in matters o' the heart station doesna count, an' a' the world's akin.

The can'l burnt out, an' the moon rose high, ere she let me take her in beside the kitchen fire. I pushed aside the gathering coal and threw on some peat to make a "low" (that's a blaze, I mean), an' I forced her to swallow some hot toddy (that's whiskey an' water, though I dare say ye ken that). It did her a power o' good, though she pushed it away an' called it horrid stuff.

I put the best lavender-scented linen sheets I could find in the kist on my bed, an' when I got her finery off and she was resting, she told me she had pleaded feeling ill at the ball an' so got away. "He was enraged at Grouse (her pet dog) yesterday," says she, "because he wouldn't follow him; so he kicked him, oh! so savagely. He denied it," she said, wi' her eyes full o' tears, "but I saw him do it. He is cruel an'—an' I've made up my mind I shall not marry him. I have written Jack to come here for me. The other will follow me, I know, to-morrow morning to this cottage, and, Nursie," says she, gripping my hand hard, "you'll hide me so he shall not find me, won't you?"

And says I, "That I will!"

* * * * * *

I kent there wad be a stramash up at the house next morning when they found out Lady Marjorie had fled. So I kept looking oot an' alang the straight road. I saw Sir Francis Anstruther come driving in his high phaeton, sort o' reckless, for it was just about the hour he should have been married—a beautiful morning!—the sixteenth of May—though there's a common sayin' in Scotland, "Married in May, repent it for aye," because Mary Queen of Scots was married in that month.

Up I ran to my lady, quick as lightning! She'd had a good breakfast—I saw to that—an' it had strengthened her a bit.

"Haste ye, my lady," says I, "for there's somebody comin' ye'd best no see. Leave him to me. I'll manage him."

She understood—an' just for one second I was feared she would faint; then she pulled herself together, and, thanks to that blessed box-bed, by the time Sir Francis reached our cottage door no' a trace o' the bed, far less Lady Marjorie, was to be seen. Jist like a piece out o' the "Arabian Nights"—sort o' magic.

Scotch folk are aye fond o' a joke, so I mind whispering, as I closed the doors, "Ye may keek through the chinks, but dinna sneeze."

I felt gey shaky, though, when that fierce rat-tat sounded, and in he strode, without as much as "Good mornin'."

"What's your wull?" says I, dropping him a curtsey; an' he snapped out: "What, my good woman?"

"What's your pleasure, sir?" I repeated. An' wi' that he says, "Pleasure be," something or other (he used a word that's no in the dictionary, I'm sure), An' then he began to rampage up an down the floor like a daft body, saying what a trick had been played him, at the eleventh hour, by that little jade, an' miscalling oor young leddy in an awfu' way.

"She's in this cottage," he says, "so tell no lies about it."

"If she's in this cottage," says I, "ye'd better find her; an' as for telling lies, I leave that for folk that isna above it."

His face grew as dark as my dress. He saw he'd met his match.

"Hoity-toity!" he says. "Ye're not afraid to speak up to your betters, my good girl. Your manners need improving!"

"Tastes differ," I made answer, feelin' as if I could have struck him, "but I've met nobody better than mysel' since yesterday."

He laughed—an' then he asked if he might look thro' the house, an' poked his nose here an' there an' everywhere.

I was a bit put out when he noticed a wee white satin slipper lying anint a chair, but I says, "My mistress left that too last time she was here." (I couldna tell a lie aboot it, though I'd have gone through fire an' water for Lady Marjorie.) "It's a pattern for the silk stockings I'm gaun to knit for her ladyship," says I, for I was loath to mak' him suspicious; but I spoke the plain truth all through.

He blustered an' swore a wheen after that. My! little did he ken how near what he was looking for was to him. I had never favored him, or I might hae felt sorry, for I suppose he loved his promised bride in his ain way.

Weel, to mak' a lang story short, awa' he went after a while, zair crestfallen. He flung a crown piece on the table as he was going. "There's five shillings for your civility, my good girl," says he, but I up and sent it spinning after him, I was that thrawn. "Keep your crown piece! It might be something like yersel'—no quite sterling," an' I sneckit an' bolted the door. And then—

There's no nuckle mair to tell. Seems to me now, when I look back on my long life, I've seen a good deal of sadness an' mirth too, but I dinna think I ever laughed as heartily as when I shut that door ahint Sir Francis Anstruther. My certie! but I laughed till the tears ran down my face. Maybe it was wicked—ye see, 'twas the way we two had outwitted him that tickled me. My conscience was clear, though—folk like him dinna die for love for ithers—they're ower fond o' themselves. An' siller?—why, siller's mighty convenient, but it's a heart o' gold a woman should look for, no a purse o' it. Love o' money is a cryin' evil these days o' gold mines, an' speculatin', an' stocks, that the papers talk aboot.

I must be stoppin', an' I'll only add that when a true and gallant gentleman came for his bride he found her—and she, her heart's desire.

* * * * * *

And Miss Marjorie, that's their eldest daughter (her mither's livin' image), she ofttimes comes an' has a crack wi' me, as my lady used to. I'm going doon the hill noo, an' it cheers me, ye see. Gey often she'll say, "Ebbie, sing me 'Jock o' Hazeldene,'" an' then she laughs kind o' slyly—for I'm thinkin' she kens an auld body's story.

Curious Bits of News.

At a recent London wedding in high life, instead of pelting the bride and groom with showers of rice, miniature shoes and little horseshoes, made of silver paper, were thrown after them.

A strange freak was found in Vineyard Haven harbor this summer by a young woman who was in bathing. She saw a bottle on the bottom and dived for it. When it was brought to the surface it was found to contain a live lobster far too large to have crawled through the neck of the bottle. It is supposed that it got into the trap when it was a little fellow and was unable to find its way out, but how it got food enough to grow on is a mystery.

To be married three times to the same person is probably a unique experience. It was the fate of a lady who died the other day at Hamilton, Ont. Her first marriage, in Scotland, was a runaway affair. She was re-married to her husband when they reached Canada—for safety's sake. In time they both found their way back, and the third marriage was undertaken to please the lady's parents, who had become reconciled to the husband. It should be added that the husband pre-deceased the lady.

The most singular forest growth in the world is encountered in the Falkland Islands, a dismal region constantly swept by a strong polar wind. What appear to be weather-worn and moss-covered boulders are scattered about, and when one of these curious objects is seized in an attempt to overturn it strong roots are found to hold it down, these "boulders" being, in fact, native trees which the wind has forced to assume this shape. The wood appears to be a twisted mass of fibres almost impossible to cut up into fuel.

One of the greatest artistic marvels of the world is to be seen in the museum at Harvard University. This curiosity consists of hundreds of specimens of flowers and plants formed of glass, but with such exquisite fidelity to Nature that they appear to be real, every tint and marking, every tiniest detail, being faithfully reproduced. They are made by a secret process, the artists being a father and son in Germany, who, it is said, may let their secret die with them. As an instance of the wonderful workmanship it may be mentioned that the very hairs which appear on the stems on certain plants are reproduced on the glass imitations.

Turkey has a race suicide question, despite the provisions which the Prophet Mohammed made against that contingency. Fifty years ago the rule among Turks was to marry young and to espouse several wives, and as a rule families were correspondingly large. Now all this is changed. Marriages are late, and in the enormous majority of cases are monogamous, while families are becoming small to a degree which has alarmed the Government. The Sultan has recently promulgated an irade on the subject, abolishing much of the expensive display connected with Turkish marriage, and condemning present tendencies as threatening to depopulate the empire.

A "curatorium" for eye troubles exists in St. Petersburg, which sends commissions through the country districts for the purpose of giving free treatment and advice to those among the peasantry who are suffering from affections of the eyes. The report of the year 1898 states that thirty-three of these ophthamological expeditions were sent out during the year to various parts of the empire.

In pre-revolutionary days there was a woman public executioner in Virginia. At that time death sentences were respited on condition that a criminal should perform this office. "Lady Betty," as she was afterward called, was sentenced to death for murder. She offered instead to become public executioner and held the office for many years. It is said that on the scaffold she officiated without a mask.

NOT A TWINGE IN HIS BODY

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured W. J. Dixon's Rheumatism

He was Crippled for weeks before he tried the great Kidney Remedy —How the Cure was Effected.

Barwick, Rainy River, Ont., Dec. 28.—(Special).—The cold, wet weather, with its accompaniment of Rheumatic pains has set the people here talking of the case of Wm. John Dixon. Mr. Dixon, who is well known in this neighborhood, was a cripple from Rheumatism. To-day he has not a twingle of his old enemy anywhere in his body, and he gives all the credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I had an attack of Typhoid Fever," Mr. Dixon says in speaking of his cure, "and after I got over it, Rheumatism set in. I had pains in my back and in my right hip so bad I had to use a stick to walk. I had no comfort in sleeping and could no more than dress or undress myself for two months. For three or four weeks I could not put my right leg on my left knee.

"On my brother's advice I started using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes I began to walk around and do my work as usual. I am all right now, and Dodd's Kidney Pills did it."

Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. The natural way to cure it is to get the uric acid out of the blood. If the Kidneys are sound they will take all the uric acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys sound.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Ten per cent. of the Hawaiian natives are lepers.

It is decidedly mean to lend to your friend just enough money to keep him away from you.

"I don't hate the capitalist because he has money," the man with the riotous whiskers explained. "I hate him because I have no money."

The absorption of soda water and ice cream during the summer season is more than 50 per cent.

Man, born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble. What few days the trouble is out of sight he wanders about uneasily hunting it.

A philosophical observation in "David Harum" is to the effect that wealth is much more desirable for what it saves us from than for what it brings us.

Ice cream and soda has been introduced in the Philippines. Surely if anything can check the heathen's rage it must be this concoction of sweetness and light.

The worst thing about the Alaskan boundary dispute is that it is bound to break out in a new place every time gold is discovered on the American side.

Science and the veterinary surgeons may get together some day and discover that no milk is pure which does not contain a certain per cent. of tuberculosis.

Mrs. Mary Jane Douglas, the 102-year-old widow of Galena, Kas., who recently married a youth of 70, is clearly open to the implication of having taken a boy to raise.

The last book of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro bard, is lauded both at home and abroad. The critics say that he has reached a height as a poet never before attained by anyone of his race.

After all it's all in the way you look at life. A North Carolina exchange says: "Our editor was run over by the midnight accommodation train, but unfortunately he was not hit hard enough to secure damages!"

A Galveston resident, going home late on a recent night, thought to experiment with a pocket electric searchlight, which he had recently purchased, and unexpectedly caught a negro in the act of robbing a store.

The secretary of the Massachusetts board of health has issued the statement that codfish is as nutritious as sirloin steak or oleomargarine. It is plain that locality sometimes influences even the scientific judgment.

A French chemist, attending the American Medical association at Columbus, presented a report on the cure of consumption, claiming to have cured 1,000 hopeless cases and offering to cure 500 cases gratis in this country. The treatment is by inhalation of formaldehyde vapor.

A final act of the three days' June session of the Rhode Island legislature was the passage of a bill fixing the salary of legislative employes, and ending the scandal of treasury grabs by members for extra services by making the compensation $10 per day for attendance at committee meetings during a legislative recess.

The London daily newspapers are famous for queer advertisements—if for nothing else. A "personal" which appeared recently in one of them reads: Wanted—A respectable gentleman—widower preferrred—to marry the housekeeper of an aged gentleman, who has been an invalid for years and who respects her, whom he would like to see in the happy state of matrimony before he dies. She has had three husbands, but is willing for a fourth."

Francis L. Loring in New York has brought suit against Senor Mendonca to recover $4,725. Artists and art patrons are displaying much interest in the suit. It seems that Mr. Loring paid $4,550 for the "Magdalene" at the sale of the Brazilian minister's collection, held in New York recently. The picture was sold as a genuine work of Murillo. Experts who have examined it say it is a copy and worth [illegible]. Senor Mendonca says he thought the painting was the original and seems quite ready to return the purchase money.

An interesting relic of the Confederate reunion at Charleston, S. C., was the iron 6-pounder cannon, "Old Secession," which was used in announcing the opening of the secession convention in that city, and was again fired when the ordinance of secession was passed. It was also used to announce the secession of each state as the news was received in Charleston, and whenever its roar was heard many persons rushed to see what state had joined South Carolina. The cannon has been moved by night to various places and buried since the evacuation of Charleston in 1864. It was recently dug up in Savannah and returned to Charleston.

A writer in the Century, who has made a study of the tramp, has come to the conclusion that the free riding on freight trains has not been the least incentive to trampism. The custom grew up after the war, and it was tolerated so long that tramps came to regard it as a right and fought to retain it. Thousands pass from one section of the country to another, thus spreading the evil. Furthermore, traveling is so attractive to many men that it induces them to become tramps. The writer holds that if tramps were kept off freight trains, tramping would not be so attractive, and that if railroad officials would make a concerted and energetic effort they might cut off the privilege of free transportation, which would confine the wanderers to limited areas, where they would soon become known to the officials and the custom be suppressed.

He Offered Her His Heart.

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

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

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

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets give the stomach a vacation by digesting the food for it. Pineapple will digest beef or the greasiest of food. Dyspeptics eat heartily and laugh and grow fat while getting cured by this cure. Price 35c. 30

The Chinese have many things among their institutions which call forth the praise of travelers, but Chinese roads are not among them. In more senses than one the Celestials ought to "mend their ways." Confucius has left the saying that "a smoother of a way is a benefactor of his species," but visitors to the flowery land in the present day would come to the conclusion that such benefactors have been scarce for a long time past.

A law was recently passed in Norway prohibiting the sale of tobacco to any boy under 16 years of age without a signed order from an adult relative or employer. Even tourists who offer cigarettes to boys render themselves liable to prosecution. The police are instructed to confiscate the pipes, cigars and cigarettes of lads who smoke in the public streets. A fine for the offense is also imposed, which may be anywhere between 50 cents and $25.

Don't Snuffle!

You make people sick— You keep yourself sick.

Cure that Cold.

You can do it if you exercise common sense and use only **Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.** It relieves colds and catarrh and cures headache in a few minutes. If you have common sense and catarrh you will use it now,

REV. L. MCPHERSON, of Jefferson St. Church of Christ, Buffalo, N.Y., says:—"Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieved me in ten minutes and is a blessing to mankind."

THE URSULINE SISTERS of St. Bernard's, Grand Forks, N. Dak., state:—"We have been using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder in our institution. We find it a very good remedy."

The Great South American Nervine Tonic is first a nerve food and then a physician, searching out and strengthening every weak spot in the body of man, woman or child. It means nerve, health, vigor, hope, liveliness, lightheartedness and life. 23

Mr. Jones—That young Snodgrass seems like one of the family. His Only Daughter—How so, papa? "Why, he looks scared when your mother's anywhere near."—Exchange.

FOLLOWING HIS NOSE

And you see where it's leading him. He has Catarrh, breeder of Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption.

A package of **Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder** will save him.

Relief instant, cure constant. Relieves Colds and Catarrh, and cures Headache in ten minutes.

Thomas Waterman, of Bridgewater, Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, states: "In consequence of a cold, I contracted a case of acute Catarrh. I could not breathe any more. I snuffed some of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and instantaneously my nostrils were free. I could hardly believe that anything could act so quickly."

For all skin diseases and for piles, Dr. Agnew's Ointment is rightly regarded by many of the medical fraternity as the surest, simplest, quickest cure. The relief is instant and the cure permanent in every such case. Price, 35c. 29

RANDOM COMMENT.

The production of wire rods increased in the United States from 279,769 tons in 1880 to 1,071,683 tons in 1898.

Trenton (N. J.) Methodist ministers have inaugurated a crusade against Sunday ice cream and soda water.

When Captain Coghlan was in command of the Raleigh he was the smallest man in stature on that ship.

Melbourne, now the seventh city of the British Empire, consisted at the time of Queen Victoria's accession of thirteen huts.

New telephone patents, involving the use of one wire, which, it is claimed, will revolutionize telephone rates, are to be developed by a company just organized.

Britain holds the honor of having first formed societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and of having first legislated for punishment to offenders.

Famine is general in no less than seven provinces of Russia, and the number of peasants bordering on starvation is variously estimated at from five to twenty millions.

President Schurmann, of the Philippine commission, says the late General Luna was the ablest and most influential of the rebel leaders, and far superior morally and intellectually to Aguinaldo.

Major Marchand, whom half of France regards as a new Napoleon, was the son of a widow, and as such exempt from military duty. His mother was at first opposed to the army, and started him in life as a lawyer's clerk.

Something like $65,000,000 of insolvent indebtedness is said to have been wiped out or discharged since the federal bankruptcy act went into effect. Most of the indebtedness was of long standing and practically uncollectable.

Twenty-eight postoffices in as many States have been named Dewey after the hero of Manila. This is only four less than those named after Washington. Over 300 other applications are on the postal files. Seventy new Tennessee offices have asked for the name.

A man approached a Burlington, (Vt.) policeman the other day, and advanced the decidedly novel proposition that if the bluecoat would lend him a quarter, presumably to buy a drink, he would come back in a few moments and raise a disturbance, so that the officer could arrest him and get the usual fee.

Mrs. C. Steele, of Kansas, who has been discovered as the teacher of the first school attended by General Funston, is credited with saying she never thought while she was teaching the young idea how to shoot that Funston would ever amount to much. The swimming teacher of the gallant Kansan has not yet been discovered.

The invitations to President McKinley and President Diaz to attend the Chicago celebration next October are inclosed in handsome mahogany boxes made from the old government building at Chicago and lined with purple velvet. That for Admiral Dewey is lined with blue velvet, bears a gold monogram and is decorated with silver stars. Each invitation bears a pen drawing of the recipient.

C. A. Wewey, a Kenosha (Wis.) hardware merchant, recently ordered a ladder from a Chicago house, and after waiting a reasonable length of time he wrote to inquire why he had not received it. He was informed that the ladder had been shipped by mistake to Admiral Dewey at Manila. A tracer was sent after it, and it was discovered just as it was about to be placed on board a steamer at San Francisco.

Heroes are not treated alike in all countries, even when admired by the people. Major Marchand, for instance, was not only hurried out of Paris, for fear the demonstration in his favor would be too fervent, but when he started for his native town of Thoissey, to hide from his admirers, he was met outside by the town authorities, and asked to go away somewhere else until they could get ready to receive him in proper style. When last heard of he was hovering around Macon, not knowing exactly which point to make for.

Dr. Norman Kerr, the temperance advocate who died recently at Hastings, England, had made a life study of the subject of inebriety, concerning various aspects of which he published about thirty volumes, together with numerous articles in medical journals. On the efficacy of tobacco as a disinfectant he also held strong opinions, and some time ago he made the following statement: "On broad, general grounds, I am decidedly of opinion, from my own experience and observation, that tobacco smoking—other things being equal—does give any one exposed to infection a considerable amount of immunity."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The more you pay for experience the more it is worth to you.

Kissing may be unhealthy, but nothing risked, nothing gained.

The sun rises in the east, but bread rises with the yeast in it.

The more fickle a woman is the more it seems to hurt her when told of it.

The man who is continually harping on his virtues has at least one vice.

If you know a man to be a liar you can trade horses with him understandingly.

A marriage license was recently issued in Kentucky to William Bird, aged 70, and Mary Chaff, aged 22. This would indicate that an old bird may be caught by chaff after all.

HAIL THE NEW YEAR.

New Year! New Year! so glad and free
What will you bring in your arms for me?
Here I stand waiting to bid you good-speed,
What will you bring me of all that I need?

While I stand hailing you, fair New Year,
Change our good wishes to blessings here;
Change them for us into roses, I pray,
Into violets of April and daisies of May.

Change them for all into harvests of peace,
Into hope's fruition and joy's increase;
Deal with us tenderly, crown us with cheer,
Bless us, bless only, O gracious New Year!

—Luella Clark.

A NEW YEAR WEDDING.

"THIS is a charming spot—for two," he said, seating himself comfortably at her side.

"We are lucky to find it unoccupied," she said, "especially at one of Mrs. Gurdon's garden - parties. She will be pleased. I don't believe there is a square inch of the lawn to be seen."

"The whole world is here. I know. Miss Lindsay; I have shaken hands with it."

"It is one of the penalties of being a great author."

"Or of being notorious?"

"You are too modest, Mr. Holland. Have you not shared the honors of the afternoon with the Prince and the latest lion—just imported from South Africa, was it not?"

"And felt like a martyr all the time. But there you have the proof, Miss Lindsay. Don't think I am complaining. Fame and notoriety mean the same—in London. And in this"—he indicated the screen of shrubbery which cut off the little nook from the rest of the garden, but did not shut out the strains of the Blue Hungarians or the hum of many voices—"in this I have my reward. I forgive the lion-hunters."

"It is a relief to be out of it," she admitted. "Do you know, Mr. Holland, that these nooks—yes, there are more of them— are a pet idea of Mrs. Gurdon's?"

"I must thank her. She is a woman of genius."

She laughed merrily. "Oh, no, she is only an incorrigible match-maker—and finds them useful."

"So she, at least, believes in love?" he asked, picking up the thread of a former conversation.

"Or in marriage. It is not always the same thing, is it?"

"It should be," he replied, with an air of the deepest conviction. He was looking up into her eyes.

"What does somebody say?—that in woman love is a disease; in men it is an episode."

"I seem to recollect that," he said. "But it is nonsense; love cannot be summed up in an epigram."

Again she laughed. "I am afraid you have a very bad memory, Mr. Holland. Is it another of the penalties of—notoriety?"

"In my case I am afraid so. Is Meredith the culprit?"

"I must leave that to your conscience, sir. The sentiment appears in a brilliant study of society, entitled 'Providence and Mrs. Grundy,' for which, if the title-page is to be trusted——"

"Ah! I remember now. Please spare me, Miss Lindsay. You don't know the evil effects of phrase-making—it saps a man's morals until he has not even a nodding acquaintance with the truth. And you have taken your revenge."

"But, really, Mr. Holland, I trusted to your—your knowledge of human nature, shall I say? I was glad, for my own sake——"

"For what, if I may ask?"

"That, 'in man it was an episode.' It makes life so much easier to believe so."

"You will let me retract in sackcloth and ashes, Miss Lindsay? Honestly, I have some reason to do so. It is three years since I wrote that miserable book. Can you guess my excuse?"

"It seems to infer a compliment—somewhere," she said, rather doubtfully.

"I am very much in earnest," he said, getting up and standing above her; and he looked it. "I didn't know you then. If I had, the thing—call it an epigram if you like—would never have been written. How could it, when——?"

Here the bushes were parted, and a face—a tanned, handsome, open face it was, albeit just now the expression was not too pleasant—showed in the interstices. Miss Lindsay nodded brightly.

"Come in, Ralph," she said.

"Very sorry, I'm sure," said the newcomer. "I don't know, Nell——" Then he disappeared.

Miss Lindsay smiled.

"Capt. Havelock seems — out of sorts," remarked her companion, sitting down again.

"Probably he is looking for my mother," said she. "I told him to attend to her."

"He is a capital fellow," he said indifferently. "Done something in India, hasn't he?"

"A small affair of outposts," she replied, in the same tone. Only, perhaps, it was as well that he was not studying her eyes very intently at that moment. "He held a fort somewhere on the frontier for a fortnight against a couple of thousand tribesmen, with only a European sergeant and fifty Sikhs under him; and he was reduced to thirty rounds of ammunition and no provisions before he was relieved. It is quite a common thing out there. He told me so himself."

"He is modest—as well as lucky," said [illegible]. "You and he are old friends, Miss Lindsay?"

"We were brought up together."

"Like brother and sister?"

"Exactly. We quarrel quite as much, at least."

"And make it up, I dare say? But I am sure the quarrels are not serious. Apropos, am I forgiven?"

"Was there a crime, Mr. Holland? Really, I have forgotten."

"We were discussing——"

"George Meredith, was it not?"

"Then I am not forgiven for that unfortunate fault of my youth? You are very hard, Miss Lindsay. You have taught me the error of my ways, and yet you refuse to credit the conversion! How can I convince you? I am quite serious——"

"Oh, I hope not," she said. "It is too warm for anything but frivolity." He reddened a little, and nervously plucked the grass round him. Miss Lindsay watched him with some curiosity out of the corners of her eyes; the symptoms were not unknown to her. "There is a green thing on your coat, Mr. Holland," she went on.

"Thanks." He flicked the insect off. "I have something to say, Miss Lindsay—a kind of confession. It is stupid; but I don't quite know how to say it."

"Is it necessary?" she asked innocently. "I don't like confessions, Mr. Holland. We are Low Church people."

"It means a lot to me," he continued, and again there was silence. Then he rose for the second time, perhaps feeling that an upright position conduces to a proper dignity.

She perceived her opening, and rose also. "It is time we were returning," she remarked.

"Don't go just yet, Miss Lindsay," he pleaded, putting out a hand to detain her.

"I want you to listen to me for a moment. I won't keep you if——"

But already she was half-hidden by the shrubbery, and her only answer was a bewildering smile. He had perforce to follow.

"It seems more crowded than ever," she said as they picked their way through the throng. "Ah! there are my mother and Capt. Havelock. Shall we join them?—I hope you are attending to your duties, Ralph? Mr. Holland and I have been discussing Meredith—and things. Tired, mother? Oh! you must be. Mr. Holland, will you find my mother a seat somewhere—near the band, if you can? The Hun-

garians are so good."

"Delighted," he replied. Then lower: "I may see you again before you go, Miss Lindsay?"

"If you can," she repeated.

She watched them until they were lost in the crowd, and then deliberately led Capt. Havelock back to the little nook. Some girls have no originality. But it was still empty.

"Better sit down, Ralph," she said, taking her old place.

"Thanks; I prefer to stand," he said stiffly.

"It is a matter of taste—or of comfort." She gave him a swift glance. "Not up to Simla, is it?"

"I'm sick of it. Beastly sick. I haven't had a chance of speaking to you all afternoon, Nell."

"Philanthropy is its own reward," she said.

"It's not that—Mrs. Lindsay is all right. But there's that scribbling fellow who's always dangling after you."

"He is very amusing—and clever."

"Is he? He doesn't know one end of a gun from the other, and I suppose he thinks that horses were invented to drag the Chelsea 'bus—or wherever he stays."

"Why, dear boy, to be a groom is not man's chief end. And you are very rude. Mr. Holland speaks very nicely of you."

"Confound his impudence!" and, by way of relief, he proceeded to kick a hole in Mrs. Gurdon's turf. "Look here, Nell," he said presently; "I'm going off to Egypt."

"Indeed! I thought winter was the proper season. Won't it be rather warm there just now?"

"That is, if they'll have me," he continued, paying no heed. "I've volunteered for Dongola. Kitchener is going up to Khartum in the autumn—at least I hope so."

"In Cook's boats? What fun!"

"It will be—for Fuzzy and the dervishes. But you might have the decency to say you are sorry, Nell. I mayn't come back, you know."

"So that is why you told me?" she asked. "Don't you think it is rather crude, Capt. Havelock?" But she was not looking at him, being engaged in tracing fancy patterns on the grass. Not that it would [illegible] mattered; for he, on his part, [illegible] so regarding the point of the sunshade with apparent interest.

"Oh, I dare [illegible] that writing chap would have done it better," he said savagely. "[illegible] trade, I suppose you mean to [illegible] the beggar, Nell?"

"His name [illegible] land," she suggested.

"I know it. [illegible] You can see his portrait in any illustrated paper for a sixpence. It's in them all."

"Which is really no reason why he shouldn't be addressed properly, is it? I have some idea that I have seen another portrait in the same places, with the letters D.S.O. after the name."

"You need not get nasty. Besides, you haven't told me if you are engaged to him."

"Well, you see"—here she ventured another glance—"he hasn't asked me yet."

"I suppose you will marry him,

NEW YEAR.

ERRY, Merry Christmas, passed away,
"Happy, Happy Old Year!" shout today.
Happy, Happy Old Year, nevermore
Shall we taste the pleasure past and o'er.

Gleaming on the hill-side, shining bright,
Comes the New Year sunshine, golden light,
When the happy seasons pass away,
May there be for us no darker day.

Forth all people straying, here and there,
Careless, happy greetings ev'rywhere,
There is no repining, all is cheer,
Shout aloud to hail the glad New Year.

TWO LITTLE REBELS.

IT was the last night of the dying year, and "Ole Sherman's" Yankees were but a few miles from our home in Georgia. We heard the beating of the drums, the prancing horses and booming of cannon.

I sat up in bed, and rubbed my eyes. There on the floor lay our black Mammy Venus, wrapped in her patchwork quilt, and beside me lay little sister; it was no dream, for through the open window, along with the perfume of the orange blossoms, came those strange sounds, nearer and nearer.

Mammy's black head advanced from under her quilt like a cautious terrapin.

"What is it, mammy?" I asked, and I began to tremble.

"Oh, my honeys!" cried mammy, taking little sister and me both into the shelter of the patchwork counterpane, "don't git skeered nohow; no Yankees, not Marse Lincoln he-self, kin tek yo' f'um yo' mammy, an' yo' mammy f'um yo'."

"The Yankees!" I gasped; "have they come really and truly?" and immediately I began to wonder if I dared tiptoe to the window to get a peep at the terrible and interesting creatures.

"Would that noise kill me if I locked out of the window, mammy?" I asked at last.

"To be course it would," answered little sister, shuddering.

"Well!" said mammy, "'pears to me like you better not; it's right resky foolin' wid Marse Sherman, and dat's him, fo' shore. I steddy, an' I steddy, an' 'pears like I can't mek it out nohow. Talk 'bout free! 'pears like des Yankees can't know dat nuttin' is so no-count as a free bawn nigger."

"A band!" I cried; and forgetting our fears all three rushed pell-mell to the windows. As the tramp, tramp, tramp, came nearer, and the front ranks came into sight, little sister set up a dismal wail: "Dey is only men, and not real and true Yankees at all," she said.

"They are real enough," said poor mamma, who had come hurrying in, and she made us close all the shutters, and although she let us peep through the blinds, she would not look again, even when we entreated her to point out "Ole Sherman."

"Yes," sniffed mammy, "dey is a playin' 'When dis cruel wah is over,' and dey is a-doin' it dey-self all de time!"

As we sat around the drawing room fire that afternoon, the door was thrown open with a flourish, and Cyrus announced: "Gineral Sherman, Missus!"

My mother went forward to greet her visitor, with youngsters clinging in mortal terror to her gown, for that name was more frightful to us than "Bluebeard," or "Hop-o'-my-Thumb's" ogre, or "Red Riding-hood's" wolf, all rolled into one.

Mamma put her hand behind her and drew me forward, saying: "General here is a young person who is very anxious to see 'Ole Sherman.'"

"I declare, mamma, I didn't say it," I began, trembling like an aspen leaf; "'twas mammy or little sister——"

"No! no! I cross my heart I never did," sobbed little sister miserably.

Our dreadful visitor looked from one culprit to the other, from under his bushy eyebrows, and then—he did not cut our heads off with his great sword, as I fully expected him to do; he laughed!—oh, so-long-and-loud!

He took pretty little sister on his knee, and kissed her, and said he had letters in his pocket for mamma, and asked for some sugar for us, to cheer us up a bit. There was no sugar, nor had there been any for many months; so General Sherman told us to come to his headquarters next day and he would give us all we could eat.

We got our sugar (brown by choice), in nice pasteboard boxes marked "Colgate's Soap," and what else do you think we got?

A New Year's box, perhaps it came straight from Santa Claus, a week late, whom General Sherman met on his "March to the Sea," else how could he have got it for us?

As we skipped joyfully home we said with conviction:

"You see, mammy, you were all wrong. 'Ole Sherman' is not a 'Yankee,' after all."—E. G. Parker, in Wide Awake.

Swearing Off.

"With the new year I am resolved—"

A NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

How a Chafing-Dish Party May Cook Welsh Rare Bit.

"In most of our entertainments nowadays," says a writer in Demorests, "there is less of informality than there used to be, and for this we should be duly grateful. In the old days, when we called every man "sir" and every woman "madame," interpolating bows with all of our remarks, there was, to be sure, a grand air to our intercourse; but it was stiff in its statliness, and not infrequently dull and heavy. In this formality, however, there was a safeguard against those dangerous intimacies which bring us so close together that we get of one another that kind of knowledge which prevents a man from being a hero to his valet. But where young people are well schooled in the arts of social intercourse, they can meet together with much freedom, and snatch from the passing days many happy hours of harmless enjoyment. For such as these there can be no pleasanter party than one where the chafing-dish is the centre of attraction.

To a cunning cook the chafing-dish is an instrument upon which may be played many gastronomic tunes. Oysters may be cooked in many styles; lobsters also may be stewed and served in that favorite fashion known as "a la Newburgh," but probably the Welsh rarebit is the thing that amateurs most enjoy attempting on the chafing-dish.

Suppose the chafing-dish party consists of six persons,—and that by the way is a very good size for such an entertainment,—you will want two and a half pounds of fresh American cheese, one-third of a pound of fresh butter, some Bass's ale, Tabasco sauce, Worcestershire sauce, and mustard. These are the ingredients. Cut the cheese into small pieces, the butter also. Put one-third of the butter on the bottom of the chafing-dish and then throw in the cheese; place the remainder of the butter on top of the cheese, and then light the wicks of the lamps. When the butter and cheese begin to melt, pour into the dish one-third of a teacupful of ale. As soon as the cheese is sufficiently melted, begin to stir it and never stop stirring it till it is served. When the cheese is nearly melted, add another one-third teacupful of ale; add also one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and half a teaspoonful of Tabasco sauce; add also a little mustard and keep on stirring. When the cheese has become so smooth that it falls out of the spoon like cream and is not in the least stringy, it is ready to serve. In the meantime another of the party or a servant must have prepared six slices of toast and buttered them. Put the cheese, prepared as directed, over a piece of toast on a warm plate and eat at once as the rarebit, or rabbit, will spoil more quickly than any other manufactured thing in all the world.

It may be said that a Welsh rarebit, or rabbit—we wish some authority would settle the question as to which the dish should be called—prepared according to the above directions, can be eaten with entire freedom by anybody in the world not cursed by confirmed dyspepsia. But one of these is enough in one evening.

On a New Year.

Make thou this coming year new to me, blessed Father, or it will be only the same as the old year. Renew to my faith thy promises, and renew my courage to seize them. Quicken within me the consciousness of thy presence. Let thy Spirit of great joy drive from my soul its oldtime fears. They shall not dwell with me to befoul this sweet new year. Through its days I will carry, dear Father, the sturdy bearing of one upheld by the Infinite. I will walk straight onward, thy hand leading me. I will look men frankly in the face, thine eyes seeing me. I will sing, I will laugh, I will rejoice through the year, the joy of the Lord being my strength. Draw close about me, if it be thy pleasure, the curtain of the future, so that I may not see beyond the encompassing day. It is thy future, and behind those dense folds are thine upholding arms. It will draw back before me as I move courageously onward, disclosing at each step new proofs of thy wisdom and love. No evil will befall me, for thou wilt befall me. I do not ask thee for more light, or more strength or more joy; I ask thee boldly for thyself. Father, through whom the new year comes, O come through it to me. My spirit burns within me for the vision of thee. I long to be freed from the frets of worldliness into the liberty of the world, the mastery of sense and of time that thou canst give. I long to know thee, that I may know myself and others. Live thou in me, blessed Lord. Then alone shall I rightly live in thy new year.

On it's Holiday Vacation.

Friend—I suppose your house will contain plenty of evergreen to begin the new year.

Paterfamilias—Don't know. All I'm sure of is that it will not contain much long green.

Looking for Him.

Farmer Hittem strode up to the negro cabin with a whip in his hand and a scowl on his brow.

"Where'd you git that air turkey?" he demanded, pointing to one that lay on the table.

"I knows," volunteered little George Washington Snowball. "Pa done brought hit."

"Huh!" grunted the farmer, grasping the whip more firmly. "He's just the man I want to see.

In Making Resolutions Remember This

Married people live longer than the unmarried, the temperate and industrious longer than the gluttonous and idle, and civilized nations longer than the uncivilized. Tall persons enjoy a greater longevity than short ones.

CHANGING CUSTOMS.

New Years Not So Generally Observed Now.

To the good old Holland Dutch people of the New Netherlands we are indebted for many of the customs which made the observance of New Year's Day so interesting in the days that have gone. One of these was the keeping of open house on that day, and the scrupulous fidelity with which every "gentleman" called upon all his lady friends upon that day.

Probably an important factor in destroying this custom has been the temperance agitation and the constantly growing sentiment against the use of strong drink. There are very few men strong enough to resist a social glass when presented by the hand of a lady who moves in the best of society, and when to decline makes an awkward pause in the ceremonies, and attracts the attention of all present.

For this reason, the better sentiment among Christian people has frowned upon the use of wine or strong drink on New Years and this frowning is gradually displacing the custom of New Year's calls.

But among the older residents, es-

Waiting to Receive Callers.

pecially of New York, this good old custom will not be permitted to die out. There is no reason why it should not be preserved, when divorced from those conditions which make it objectionable. The social spirit ought to exist without being stimulated. No one questions the fact that true friendships, as firm and loyal as ever were known exist to-day, and the expression of this friendship does not require either the social glass or the intoxicating cup. And if any one inclined to look upon the decline of the custom of New Year's calling as a bad indication, they will certainly agree that the evil which was its constant attendant has been greatly curtailed.

Fifty years ago there was no temperance sentiment to lift its note of protest. To-day, that sentiment is strong and has been as said a potent factor in modifying a custom which cannot be upheld and justified by the best sentiment of the community.

Holiday Shopping.

There is something particularly exhilarating about holiday shopping. Whether it is the uncertainty about getting your share of the bargains that are going at, apparently, such a ridiculously low price, or whether it is on account of the bargains themselves, because they are bargains, it is hard to say, but the pastime, though there is veritable labor in it, is unmistakably exciting. The woman, who is a born shopper enjoys every detail, and bargain days are red-letter days to her.

You see you drift into one of the big stores whose departments are almost numberless, and whose attractions baffle description, and their knack of cattering not only to the desire, but to the eye, is a veritable gift passing the understanding.

You go in thinking to purchase a gown-pattern, but in order to reach that department you must pass by where all the latest novelties in veilings are displayed, and you stop just to take one little look, and—are lost; no woman, it is said, is created sufficiently plain to be past the pleasing delusion that the fascinations and coquetries of beautiful veilings will lend her beauty. You are enchanted. You have fanciful visions of yourself in the privacy of your dressing-room before the glass, trying the effect of that bit of film. You already see the delicate tints of your complexion intensified into actual beauty. It will deepen the rose in your cheeks and of your lips; besides it will look so stylish with that last new hat that is the most becoming thing you ever had; and so, of course, you buy it, determined to shut your eyes to everything else until after you have bought the cloth for that gown, for you have not a great deal of money to spend, but before you know it you are in the lace department looking at point de Venise, and you remember that exquisite dinner set that was among your wedding presents, and fall to thinking about point de Venise medallions in a damask tablecloth with your monogram, and napkins to match, and you hesitate.

Then the cute little boleros of real lace that you can't possibly afford, but which you sigh over, and finally drop reluctantly to take up some black chiffon with daphnes with golden hearts embroidered upon it, and that sells for "only" $50 per yard. You have never owned a bit of real lace in your life, and you remember this fact with a feeling of actual humiliation as you flit from chiffon to laces again, and stand entranced over a most exquisite pattern that would make a perfectly bewildering dream of a jabot, or a lovely finish for your new cravotte.

Your mind reverts to the heroine in the last novel you read, whose sovereignty over men, and the ease with which she made conquests must have been due to the Spanish lace she wore over magnificent amber brocade, and the famous parure of diamonds she wore with it, and the necklace of diamonds that clasped the snow-white throat, and the boquet of white daphnes with golden hearts, and you don't wonder that she was surrounded by princes and dukes, each struggling for a look and a smile. But, had she only had a gown of this chiffon wrought with the golden-hearted daphnes, what gift might not the gods have offered her!

I tell you it is of no use for a woman to pray to be delivered from temptation and then deliberately start out for a day's shopping with not an hundredth part money enough to satisfy what of the latest Parisian novelties the heart lusteth after; it is absolutely flying in the face of Providence!

though," he persisted. "It's natural enough, perhaps—he's a genius and all that—and of course I'm not. Wait a minute, Nell! I can't stand this any longer, and I'm bound to have it out for good. You were always cleverer than I was; but you know what I've wished for ever since I was an unlicked cub at Eton. I wasn't afraid to tell you then. You remember, Nell?"

"I remember thinking that those lickings—which you did not get—might have done you good."

"Well, you didn't say so! And all the time I was stewing in India it was the same; and when I was down with fever in the plains I kept shouting one name—so the doctor told me."

"It was in very bad taste," she murmured.

"Oh! Then that fort on the frontier, with the Waziris howling round—and not five minutes' sleep on end for fear they should rush us—and the grub running out—and the only idea in my head was to see it through somehow, and get home to ask you to marry me! There, Nell, it's out at last!"

She was looking at him now, but there was a world of reproach—and perhaps something else—in her eyes. "You haven't asked me yet!" she cried.

"But, Nell—good heavens!—you don't mean to say——"

And then—well, in some mysterious fashion he managed to gain possession of her hands, and to say the rest without words. As for her:

"You might have seen it, you foolish boy!" she said.

And that was all.

Except that, a little later, she met Mr. Holland.

"I have been looking for you, Miss Lindsay," he said; "I have something to say. Not going already, surely? I may call to-night, then? I need not tell you what it is—perhaps you can guess—I—I hope so."

"I think it would be better not to come, Mr. Holland," she replied, giving him her hand. "I am sorry, but—will you oblige me by considering the episode as closed? I am engaged to Capt. Havelock, and the wedding is set for New Year's Day.

Holidays in Dixie.

The Holidays among the old time "down South niggers" was by no means what we are familiar with at the North, where frosty air, evergreen wreaths, comfortably clad business men, elegantly dressed ladies and anxious and half-famished tramps abound.

In the South, of which we speak, the observance of the Holiday of roses and sunshine and plenty of joyous dancing—in short, a season of supreme delight to the poorest and the raggedest "culler'd pusson" on the plantation.

Your Southern darkey is a supreme lover of the Holidays. To him it matters little what the occasion is which calls him to cease from labor. A wedding, a baptism or a funeral, or a New Years dinner are alike to him in their satisfying character, so long as his emotions are stirred, his sympathy awakened and his body refreshed without his making the usual exertion. It is the materialistic phase of the midwinter festival which has made it the most popular of the plantation holidays.

Visions of bountifully spread tables, gifts for the "lil' chaps," visits from the generous, young "mistis," and dreams of singing and dancing in the long twilight, rather than any deep religious significance of the festival, have appealed to the negro imagination and caused to be anticipated with unbounded joy and prepared for with unwonted diligence.

The joyous preparations for the midwinter festival were never confined to the Great House:

"Unc' Mose, am yoh cabin all spic an' span?" "Lindy, hab yoh done finish all yoah patchin'?" were familiar

greetings among the darkies on any well-to-do plantation. And they were greetings possessing a significance beyond interest and mere curiosity.

This system of annual cleaning and patching was the outgrowth of a superstition that a thrifty ending of the old year was absolutely necessary in order to avoid the various assortment of "hoodoos" that otherwise were prepared to descend upon the plantation during the coming year. If before the dawn of New Year's Day the cabins were scrupulously clean and every garment washed and patched, no power of evil could reach them; even the sight of a red flannel heart or a tiny cloth human figure, stuck full of needles and placed on the very doorsill, need no longer bring terror to their hearts.

This general undoing of the hoodoos was usually followed by the decorations of the cabins. Great branches of fruit trees were brought in, which were dipped in water and sprinkled with flour and glittering powder, and then placed over the door and windows and over the chimney-place. A touch of color was given the garniture by the huge bunches of mistletoe, which, although with negroes it has lost its osculatory significance, is still a signal for much romping and shouting among the young folks.

The New Years Caller.

"I didn't want to keep you waiting, Mr. Westend, so I came down just as I was," said Miss Darlington, sweetly, as she entered the parlor.

"Oh, what a whopper!" exclaimed her small brother. "You know you only had on——"

And then Tommy was violently hustled out of the room.

Saturated.

Van Ishe—Well, old man, did you greet the New Year with the proper spirit in your heart?

Ten Broke—Yes, the doctor said it had soaked in almost everywhere.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The coal production of Great Britain amounts to 190,000,000 tons a year, of Germany to 100,000,000 tons, and of France to 28,000,000 tons.

A large class of Mexicans, commonly called peons, wear a kind of sandal. These are called "guaroches," and consist of a simple sole of leather held to the feet with strings which pass between the toes and are tied about the ankle.

The storage of bicycles in Paris during the winter months is expensive. So a great many Parisians pawn their machines in the Mont-de-Piete, or state pawnshop. The interest paid on the advance of money is very small and is a great saving on what would be paid for storage.

The British navy has control of no less than sixty-two docks for its ships, of which sixty-one are of stone and one is of wood. All of the wooden docks with which the United States is provided are in need of extensive repairs, and it is only a question of time when these wooden structures must be replaced with stone.

Fancy two plants being so unfriendly that the mere neighborhood of one is death to the other! Yet this is the case with two well-known British plants. These are the thistle and the rape. If a field is infected with thistles, which come up year after year and ruin the crops, all you have to do is to sow it with rape. The thistles will be absolutely annihilated.

Those who believe that feeding bottles for babies are the result of modern civilization are out of date. The Greek nurses used to carry with them a sponge full of honey in a small pot to stop the children from crying, and in the British museum are two Greek vases, dating from 700 B. C., which are much like feeding bottles used by the Romans subsequently.

The Presbyterian Synod, which met in New York, recently, discovered that some of the orphans supported by the missionaries in India are old enough to die of old age, and some of the contents of the innumerable missionary boxes which are sent from this country for orphans go to people long past middle age. The synod has passed a resolution fixing 17 years as the age at which orphans may claim such care.

STARBEAMS.

One suggested reason why doctors never prescribe for themselves is their professional dislike to being overcharged.

There would be more real art in this world if so many critics did not look for the artist's name before expressing an opinion of the work.

Uncle Sam's lightning change act from champion warrior to chief peace dove is being received with great applause by the delegates at The Hague.

"There is a man in Kansas City," says the Orange (Va.) Observer, "who, it is said, can eat ninety-nine eggs at a meal. This must be the man the hens are laying for."

An exchange says: "Senator Hanna has the absolute control of the Ohio political situation in his pocket." It may be added, though, even in Ohio there are plenty of political pickpockets.

The Dallas News suggests that "If Sarah Bernhardt really wants to create a sensation by playing one of Shakespeare's characters, she can do so by appearing as Puck." It might be added that Puck, for once, would be humorous.

A couple named Newton Lord and Jennie Helper were married in an Eastern Kentucky town some days ago, and the editor of the local paper was almost clubbed to death by the indignant groom because he made use of the heading Lord-Helper.

Up in a Chicago museum the Circassian beauty refused to marry the tattooed man, very properly contending that she did not care to be mated to a man who already had a woman on his chest and an elephant on his hands.

BUSINESS NOTES.

An ink trust is in process of formation. It looks black. In fact, if it goes through and its goods are what they should be, then it will be as black as most trusts are painted.—New York Press.

A number of capitalists propose to put millions of dollars into liquid air. In the meantime millions of other people will continue to put their small change into more substantial liquids.—Kansas City Journal.

Russell Sage contended that the revenue tax of $2 per 100 shares on stock transactions did not apply to "puts," "calls" and "spreads," but Attorney-General Griggs has decided against him, and now Uncle Russell's contributions to Uncle Sam's treasury will be materially increased.—Syracuse Herald.

The advance in wages which has resulted from the conferences of the Amalgamated Association with the representatives of the iron and steel manufacturers will result in a rise of [illegible] $1 a day. As 15,000 men are affected by this rise, the aggregate money value of the advance will be large.[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Pullman Car Company, at Chicago, has orders for $5,000,000 worth of cars for a railroad in the Argentine Republic. The owners of the road and the ones who order the cars are members of a British syndicate. That transaction illustrates how Americans are taking the markets of the world away from the British manufacturers.—Binghamton Republican.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

Published every Thursday. Subscription $2 per year. Advertising rates on application.

Changes of advertisements must be in before noon on Wednesday to insure insertion.

Job Printing in all its branches promptly and neatly executed.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1904.

THE EXCELLENCE OF REVELSTOKE RIDING.

Revelstoke the beautiful, the romantic, the picturesque. Revelstoke the happy hunting ground of the sportsman, the fairy land of wealth.

In some such terms as the above might we speak of our district and anyone making a thorough tour of the Revelstoke riding, making note of the grandeur and sublimity of its scenery, the veritable paradise it is to the lover of sport, the immense wealth of its mines and timber would sound its praises in no less, if not more, extravagant terms than the above.

Perhaps in these days of "Dollars and cents" the most important feature is the extensive wealth of the Revelstoke district. While it is by no means the largest constituency in the interior yet we can safely say that in the abundant mineral and lumber wealth it possesses it will prove to be by far the richest section of this wonderful Alladin's province of B. C.

South of the city, at the head of the Arrow lakes, are some of the largest saw mills to be found anywhere, the daily capacity being a cut of from 50,000 to 200,000 feet of inch lumber. Throughout the district are various other mills varying in their capacity, but all running to their full limit.

No one can do justice in a description of the mineral wealth. This district is practically one whole vast mine of almost every known mineral, the predominating color being yellow. In years to come "The Big Bend" will have more significance and will be remembered with tales of greater wealth than the diggings of California in '49, or the rush to Cariboo in the 60's or even the Klondike craze of '97. It is impossible to particularize or make a selection of the best paying properties. Some are not as well developed as others, but when the facilities for transportation become more thorough this district will be honeycombed from centre to circumference with the different points from which ore will be shipped.

There are also a number of free milling properties in the south of the district. This is undoubtedly the cheapest and simplest mining process of any.

But the placer properties in the Big Bend are what make the palms itch. There, after the hydraulic power is turned off on a clean up, one can pick up pocket fulls of little golden nuggets which lie there shining in the sunlight.

We will suppose the greed for gold has been partially satisfied and will now look at the asthetic side of our fair district. Going up the Columbia river—which in its sweep away to the north and then after a wide turn flows away to the south again and forms what is appropriately called "The Big Bend" is perhaps one of the grandest sights to be found anywhere. The river is navigable for 40 miles north and throughout the whole, the ever changing picturesque beauty of the majestic mountains ribbed with silver streams and towering with their white caps far into the Heavens, pass before the eye like some kaleidoscope panorama of the homes of the Gods.

Throughout the whole district with its artistic arrangement of mountain, lake and river, luxuriant valleys and fertile hillsides, it is at once and for all time a "place of beauty and a joy forever."

When the ancient tribes of Indians formulated their doctrine of the after life of a good Indian being spent in the "happy hunting ground," where abundance of game and fish and the myriads of delights to the enthusiastic sportsman were the predominant features—they must have modeled it after our Revelstoke district.

Game of nearly all kinds outside of the tropical and polar species are in abundance. Elk, antelope, mountain goat, deer, bear, and dozens of other animals roam the mountains where they feed on the wild berries of the hills and fish of the streams.

To the fisherman who can sit down by a mountain stream and in half an hour fill a basket with the finest of trout at the same time feasting his eyes on the grandeur of the scenery everywhere around him this surely is an ideal spot.

And a word about the climate. While we have abundance of snow yet the climate is very mild and practically never visited by those cold biting winds, the feature of the north west and the east. Perhaps a more beautisight cannot be imagined than to witness a snowfall in the lumber woods here. Quietly, gently the silvery flakes fall one by one covering branch and twig in a rich ermine and clothing nature in a mantle of purity.

We are justly proud of our district. Its resources and beauties are unlimited and we feel it will compete with, equal and excel any locality on the map of North America.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There is war on among the dough punch punchers of Spokane. The regular price of bread has been 25 loaves for the dollar. Some small dealers who wished to increase their sales put it down to 28 for the $. And now the larger concerns in the Bakers Association are giving 30 loaves for the little William. This will be a good opportunity for the poor man to lay in a supply of bread tickets and cash them later on.

There is much agitation now over the matter of allowing Senator Smoot to hold his seat as representative from Utah owing to his belief in and practise of polygamy. Mr. Smoot is hardly a Senator in a real sense but rather an emissary of the Mormon church. When Utah was admitted to the Union it was solemly promised that polygamy would be done away with. Apparently the practise has really increased. The agitation set on foot now by the Protestants may possibly result in Utah being left without a representative in the Senate and the State being practically abandoned. Certainly Mormonism with Joe Smith as the arch angel will not be tolerated.

What every citizen can and ought to do for Revelstoke:

Praise it.
Talk about it.
Trade at home.
Write about it.
Take a home pride in it.
Remember it's your home.
Tell of it's business resources.
Try and induce others to trade here.
When strangers come to town use them well.
Look ahead of self when your town is considered.
Don't call your best citizens frauds and impostors.
Support your local institutions that benefit the town.
Help your public officers in doing the most good for the most people.
Don't forget that you live off the people here, and you should help others as they help you.
Respect every good citizen in your town, and if there are any others try to make them good.
If your tax is increased a dollar by improvements remember your property is benefitted many times that sum.

The proposed modifications in the charter of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company were made public in Ottawa and London, England, on Tuesday. The changes are several in number and of varying importance. Clause 1 provides for a three year extension of time limit within which the western or Grand Trunk section of the road must be completed, still subject, of course, to delays by acts of Providence and the labor unions. Clause 2 gives the Company power to recover its deposit of $5,000,000 from the Government if the portion of the road assigned to it for construction is completed before the section undertaken by the Government. With this provision no one will be inclined to find fault, especially as it is provided that the money when recovered by the Company is to be put into rolling stock. Clause 5 provides that the Government's guarantee upon the bonds of the western section is to equal 75 per cent of the cost of construction, whatever it may be, on the mountain section, and up to $13,000 on the prairie section. In the original agreement the liability of the Government was not to exceed on the mountain section its proportion of $30,000 per mile. Clause 9 provides that the old Grand Trunk Company may dispose of some of its share of the common stock of the new company, but must retain a majority of it to insure control. These are the essential features of the new arrangement. In all other respects the contract remains as passed in July last.—Commercial.

As an indication of the sympathy felt for the Japs, Winnipeg and other cities are commenting on the greatly increased trade that the local Japanese merchants are getting. This is certainly a substantial and sensible method of showing the good feeling Canadians bear towards the little island nation.

The Hendryx cyanide process for the treatment of low grade ore is claimed by its inventor to be a complete success. If this is so, the many properties in B. C. which hitherto could not be mined at a profit will now begin to pay large dividends.

'Ow' Restaurant

YODO FUJII, PROP.

BEST EATING HOUSE IN THE CITY.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS

MEN WANTED

TWENTY-FIVE (25) BUSH MEN wanted by

BIG BEND LUMBER CO., ARROWHEAD, B. C.

CAN SELL FOR CASH.

I can quickly sell for cash, without local publicity, your Business, Real Estate or Partnersoip, no matter where located. Send me full particulars, prices, etc. Address:

CHAS. E. POWELL, 19 W. Mohawk St., Buffalo, N. Y.

HAY FOR SALE

One Car of No. 1 clear Timothy, apply to

J. W. McCALLUM, Salmon Arm, B. C.

THIS SPACE RESERVED

$1.00

to the party cutting this out and presenting same to the Advertiser.

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WINTER RESORT

Pine Clad Sand Hills of North Carolina; Pine Bluff.

A Two-Cent Stamp for Booklet.

F. C. ALLEN, SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE.

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

UNION HOTEL

FIRST CLASS $2 PER DAY HOUSE

Choice Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

J. LAUGHTON, Prop. First Street.

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JOHN MANNING SCOTT,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

First Street - - Revelstoke, B. C.

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

W. B. FLEMING, W. M. J. ACHESON, Rec.-Sec.

KOOTENAY STAR, B. B. P.

Meets on First Tuesday of every month, in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. ACHESON, W. P. J. H. ARMSTRONG, REC.

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

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

A. J. HOWE, C. C. J. W. BENNETT, K. of R. & S. H. A. BROWN, Master of Finance.

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.

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Renowned for their full and sympathetic tone. Unsurpassed in finish and case design.

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DAY AND EVENING CLASSES IN THE LIBRARY BUILDING.

Instruction is given in Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Penmanship, Correspondence, English, Shorthand and Typewriting.

Classes are being formed for French and Latin.

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. A E

235

Dated at Arrowhead, Aug. 28, 1903.

THE BIG BEND LUMBER CO. LTD.
THEO. LUDGATE, Presiden

MOSCROP BROS.

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

Second St., REVELSTOKE, B.C.

BALED HAY

FOR SALE—Three Hundred Tons No. 1 Prairie Hay. For particulars and prices address

Olds Lumber and H. D. Co

FANCY CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY

If you want the above we can supply you with anything in this line.

TRY OUR WHOLESOME

White and Brown Bread Scones and Buns

Dances and Private Parties Catered To. Full Stock of Excellent Candies.

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

FINE TAILORING

IN SPRING SUITINGS AND OVERCOATINGS

We have a handsome assortment to choose from at prices that should be attractive to careful buyers. Everything strictly up-to-date in style, fit and finish.

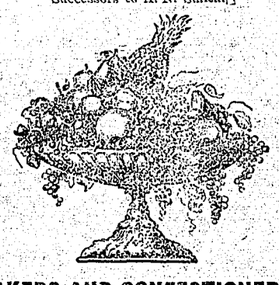
THE ONLY UNION SHOP IN TOWN

M. A. WILSON,

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

M. A. SMITH & CO.,

Successors to A. N. Smith.



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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 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.

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DEER HEADS, BIRDS, ANIMALS MOUNTED.

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.

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One of the best and commodious hotels in the City . . . . . .
Free 'Bus meets all trains
Hourly Street Car.
Fare 10 Cents.

W. M. Brown, Prop. Front Street.

P. BURNS & CO'Y.

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

ITS A REST FOR YOUR EYES

To wear good glasses. To those who have to work and feel that their eyes are continually aching from that cause should wear a pair. The trouble is that the majority of people do not know that the right glasses will give that needed rest. WE WILL EXAMINE YOUR EYES FREE OF CHARGE, and if you feel that you are justified in wearing glasses we can fit you. A large quantity always in stock.

E. M. ALLUM, WATCHMAKER, AND OPTICIAN

DON'T SUFFER ANY LONGER

Save Your EYES

Free Examination

J. GUY BARBER, - Jeweller, Optician

SIBBALD & FIELD

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Cressman STILL LEADS

Our Rush for 1903 is over, and as usual at this time of year we make a specialty of

BLACK SUITS

What is nicer and more becoming.

You should try one of our latest Black Suits. They are stylishly made, frock and full dress. We have a stock of nice goods to select from, and we guarantee every suit.

Our stock of Tweeds are well selected, and in order to keep our hands employed until the arrival of Spring Goods, we are having a Special January Sale.

Our $20 Suits to Order

LADIES' TAILORED SUITS TO ORDER.

J. B. CRESSMAN, - Mackenzie Ave

WM. FLEMING, Wholesale & Retail Meat Merchant.

Fish and Game in Season.

First Street, - Revelstoke, B. C.

SOUTHERN 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.

WOOD

Wood for sale including

Dry Cedar, Fir and Hemlock.

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

W. FLEMING.

REVELSTOKE SCORED

Business Men Losing Trade by Their Indifference—Daily Mail Agitation for Lardeau District.

(Special to THE HERALD.)

BEATON, B. C., Feb. 29.—The needs of a daily mail service for the Lardeau district and the necessity of cleaning out the channel from the present deep water landing to Beaton, were the topics of a lively discussion held tonight at a mass meeting of citizens of Beaton and vicinity. Judge J. W. Thomson presided and T. W. Grahame acted as secretary. With reference to the inadequate postal service the following resolution was passed;

"Whereas, the Lardeau district is provided with a three-times-a-week mail service; And, whereas, the said district is entering upon a period of greater commercial, mining and lumber activity, that the present mail service is wholly inadequate to the demands. Therefor be it resolved by this meeting that its chairman and secretary write the Nelson Board of Trade, the Poplar Trades Committee, the Trout Lake Trades Committee and Hon. W. A. Galliher, M.P., urging the needs of a daily postal service throughout the Lardeau."

The meeting also passed a resolution addressed to Hon. W. A. Galliher, M. P., asking him to use his influence with the Dominion authorities to have the dredge on the Arrow Lakes employed in cleaning out the channel from the present deep water landing to Beaton. In this connection a largely signed petition has been circulated between Camborne and Beaton for the past week on the same lines which will also go forward to Mr. Galliher, together with the resolution. At the present time travellers and the commercial interests are put to great inconvenience by the reason of the additional three-quarters of a mile necessary to make connections with the boats at the present deep water landing, particularly at this time of the year. This could easily be obviated if the channel were dredged out.

Previous to the last general elections, when Mr. Galliher was so anxiously seeking the votes of the electorate, he made a definite promise both verbal and in writing, that so soon as the dredge was in commission that the channel should be cleaned out. The citizens here generally are at a loss to understand his seeming neglect. Perhaps the resolution and petition may wake him up sufficiently now that another election is not so many moons off, to act in the matter.

A remarkable feature of the meeting referred to and which the HERALD correspondent is in duty bound to point out, was the undisguised feeling manifested during the framing and passing of the resolutions to exempt the Revelstoke Board of Trade from being under any obligations to this community in advancing its welfare. And, on the other hand, the unanimous approval of the citizens in memorializing the Nelson Board of Trade to use its influence in securing the needed improvements. This sentiment prevades to a more or less extent through the whole of the district, and is by no means exclusively held by the citizens of the 'Gateway of the Lardeau.' The feeling is not so much that as a body the Revelstoke Board of Trade is incapable of helping us, but that the business interests individually appear to slight the district. Even Revelstoke men who come among us cannot fail to make note of this sentiment. Revelstoke draws a splendid trade from the towns of the Lardeau, but not by any means what it could be. This apparent indifference should not be allowed to continue. The Revelstoke Board of Trade must wake up. Is it going to allow Nelson to capture the bulk of the trade which is rightfully its own? As a suggestion the correspondent would urge a more friendly feeling to this section, even to the extent of organizing an excursion of the businessmen to the towns of the Lardeau, where the visitors could could not fail to see the opportunity for extending their trade, which lies within their grasp.

Possibly it is a small matter to mention the failure of the Revelstoke hockey team to visit Trout Lake as agreed to last Saturday. But this is one of the irritating things that leave so bad an impression. What excuse do the sportsmen have to offer? At Camborne and this place not a few were put to considerable expense in connection with the non-arrival of the Revelstoke players. When it hits the pocketbook, annoyance is a mere bagatelle.

War Notes.

"One reason why it is difficult to reconcile official Russian and Japanese dispatches is the strange confusion of tenses. The Russians seem to deal only in the future; the Japanese only in the past tense. It is the policy of the Russians to tell what they are going to do and then not do it. It is the policy of the Japanese to tell only what they have done after it is fully completed.—Minneapolis Tribune."

"The whole civilized world was electrified by cablegrams that raced round and round the world announcing a great Russian naval victory at Port Arthur.

The Russians shouted for joyski and there was a great howliski.

Alas, the cables humbly report that the Russian triumph consisted in sinking a number of Japanese barges, loaded with stone, just about where the Japs wanted them sunk at the mouth of Port Arthur's harbor.

It was also said that the Russian battleship Retvizan, just repaired, had covered herself with a thick armor plate of glory by sinking half a dozen Japanese war boats by well-directed fire.

Now we are told that she plunked big shells into the Japs' stone barges, not understanding that she was helping the enemy in his little scheme to bottle up Port Arthur.

Let the public sit down in abiding patience, just as the newspapers are doing and await the unfolding of this mystery.

There has evidently been a great mixup of cobblestones and glory."—Tacoma Times.

In response to a request from the North American Review regarding his attitude in the present war Count Leo Tolstoi has sent the following message:

Moscow, Feb. 23.—I am neither for Russia nor Japan, but for the laboring people of both countries, deceived by their governments and obliged to fight against their welfare, conscience and religion.

Four and a half per cent on First Mortgage Loan.

If you have money out at two to four per cent, write to the undersigned who can place your money so it will net you four and one half per cent on first-class city property where the insurance on the property will cover the full amount of loan.

The people of the South are making more money than the people of any section of the union. Fruit growing and truck farming pay large profits because the farmer gets his products into market six weeks earlier than the farmer of any other section. Rice growing, sugar cane growing and the making of sugar, cotton growing bring to the farmers large returns and these crops are sure. No droughts to cause a failure. Where people are making money is the place to loan for sure and safe return of principal and interest.

I give as reference Hon. Walter Clark, Chief Justice of Supreme Court for North Carolina, Raleigh, N. C; Mr. Josephus Daniels, Editor Daily News and Observer, the leading daily in North Carolina, Raleigh; Mr. John H. Sharp, Treasurer Seaboard Air Line Railway, Portsmouth, Va., and Mr. E. H. Clement, Editor Daily Transcript, Boston, Mass. If you want any information about the South, its lands, water powers, best place to spend winter, etc., as well as loaning money, write me and I will gladly reply. Address John T. Patrick, Pinebluff, N. C.

Consumption.

The fresh air treatment for consumption has long been the only offered remedy. Patients were kept in the open air night and day. Sleeping with the window up regardless of draft was found to be beneficial.

A new process is being tried now and medical men claim considerable success from it so far. It is to bury the patient. The earth is supposed to contain healing properties particularly suited to this disease and instead of sleeping in a bed the consumptive is put in an ordinary grave and the earth filled in completely covering him. In the morning he is dug up and partakes of his breakfast. Raw eggs and milk in abundance form a staple diet, each patient being compelled to take at least 1 dozen eggs and 3 quarts of milk daily.

This certainly is a novel treatment and to the nervous might appear somewhat repugnant. Of course the end justifies the means but the sensation of being covered up is certainly a little startling.

The United States loose 100,000 people annually through this dread disease.

Revelstoke Licence District

Notice is hereby given that John Ennest, of Camborne, has made application, under the provisions of the "Liquor Licence Act, 1900," for a transfer of his licence for the Criterion Hotel at Camborne, to Powers & McKlun, of Camborne, and that a meeting of the Board of Licence Commissioners will be held to consider such application at the Provincial Police Office, Revelstoke, on Tuesday, the 15th day of March, 1904, at the hour of 2 p.m. in the afternoon.

R. A. UPPER,
Chief Licence Inspector.

Provincial Police Office,
Revelstoke, B. C., March 1st, 1904.

REVELSTOKE ASSESSMENT DISTRICT
WEST KOOTENAY.

Take notice that I shall hold a Court of Revision and Appeal, under the Assessment Act, 1903, for the Revelstoke Assessment District, on Monday the Fourteenth day of March, 1904, at *the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon*, at the Court House, Revelstoke.

Dated at Revelstoke, this 15th day of February, 1904.

CHAS. M. FIELD,
Judge of the Court of Revision and Appeal Revelstoke Assessment District of West Kootenay.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands situated on the North side of Upper Arrow Lake near the mouth of Columbia River in West Kootenay District commencing at a post planted on the north side of Upper Arrow Lake and on the East boundary of Lot 384, Group One, and marked T. Kilpatrick's south west corner post; thence north 20 chains; thence east 60 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence west 60 chains to the point of commencement, containing 120 acres more or less.

Dated this 23rd day of February, 1904.

T. KILPATRICK.

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 APLIANCE CO.
713 Cordova Street, West, Vancouver, B.C.

WANTED

A man to represent "Canada's Greatest Nurseries," in the town of Revelstoke and surrounding country, and take orders for

OUR HARDY SPECIALTIES

In Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, Ornamentals, Shrubs, Roses, Vines, Seed Potatoes, etc.

Stock true to name, and free from San Jose Scale. A permanent position for the right man. Liberal terms; outfit free, pay weekly.

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Fonthill Nurseries,
(Over 800 acres)
TORONTO, . . ONTARIO.

BALED HAY FOR SALE

Baled Hay for sale in carload lots, good quality. Apply Box 700, Calgary, Alberta.

OPENING
AUCTION SALE
—:OF:—
HORSES
At the Stock Yards
CALGARY
March 23-24-25

Persons having horses to enter or book will please do so before the 12th March.

Full particulars on application to

THE ALBERTA STOCK YARDS
Limited, Calgary.
P.O. Box, 846. Room 23, Herald Block

WOOD
FOR SALE

BIRCH —$5.00
FUR —$4.50
HEMLOCK—$4.50
CEDAR—$3.50

Apply to
A. Cowie
CITY RESTAURANT
First Street.

$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE $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

A FATAL WOOING

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "The Crime of Hallow-E'en," "The Flirtations of Beauty," "Willful Gaynell," "Little Leafy," "Only a Mechanic's Daughter," etc.

"I have [illegible] lost all my cunning yet," he said to himself. "Ha! did not Robert Bruce of Scotland, fail a score of times ere he reached his grand success?"

Hampton did not stop to reason that that cause had been an honest one. He smiled as he thought of the daring bravery of King Richard III.

"What are a few petty deeds," he cried, "to the many daring deeds of Richard before he gained the crown? Vatal has been a willing tool, but his days of usefulness are over; his knowledge will make him a dangerous foe."

Suddenly attracted by a slight rustle in the room, he raised his eyes.

"Mother," he said, harshly, fixing his keen, penetrating eyes sharply upon her, as if he would read her very thoughts, "tell me how long you have been here."

"I have just entered" she replied. "What is the meaning, Heath, of the brightly burning gas-light in the broad glare of day. Surely you have not been up all night, have you, my son?"

She laid her hand wistfully on her son's arm; he shook off her light touch impatiently.

"Don't annoy me with your importunings," he said ungraciously.

"There was a time, Heath," she said, "when you would listen to your mother's entreaties; I depend upon it, without it you will rush headlong to your ruin."

He answered her with a bitter, taunting laugh.

"You might as well talk of the horrors of hanging to the poor wretch who stands at the gallows with the rope about his neck. Bah! I am as poor ruined now as I can be."

"It is all your own fault, Heath; you should have——"

"Never throw up the past, mother; what good can that do?"

"The rocks of the past warn us of the future."

"It's rather late in the day to commence moralizing now, mother; you should have practiced what you preach years ago. I'm in a series of scrapes; there's only one way you can help me out."

For a moment it is mother and son facing each other.

"If it is the want of money again, Heath," she said, with the slow, cold emphasis peculiar to her, "we will not discuss the subject; let it drop. I have humored your whims, and spent a fortune upon you. Your waywardness has been the cause of my deepest grief. I have ruined you like a generous man while the other——"

Heath Hampton raised his hand warningly.

"Have a care, mother," he cried, "walls have ears; trust a woman for never yet kept a secret."

His face was pale, and livid lines were drawn about his mouth.

"See how you have repaid me," cried his mother, in bitter anger, forgetting her caution; "a gambler and a rogue."

"It's a word you do not add murderer and thief in the true bill," he said, sneering, taking a cigar from his pocket and calmly lighting it.

"The road you are on leads to it," she retorted.

How little she knew he stood upon the brink of!

"You could help me, mother, if you would," he answered; "and I would leave the country."

"Never again," she replied, sternly. "You have had it in your power to do what you have always let your chance slip. See the terrible sacrifice I made for your sake. If I ever repeate——"

Heath Hampton leaped to his feet, crying hoarsely:

"You dare not repent after all these long years; think how the world would rise at such heartlessness and cruelty. You think, I, your son, could be fair to less. Ask the raven who he is not a century, and he will tell you: 'By right of ancestry.'"

She held her hands with a low cry.

"Is it for this," she groaned, "after all these long years—you, for whom I have toiled and schemed, taunt me with my crime? I reared you a gentleman; see how little it avails you. You might have retrieved your fortune with Lorrimer money, but you let it go and wasted your time abroad; the best of all, you came home to me a cripple," she cried, pointing to his withered hand, so hideously scored. "I believe it is vengeance. The cripple in the house was enough, but you mysteriously creep home under cover of the night, shunning the face of men like a felon. What does this mean? Answer me, Heath Hampton! I have the right—I demand to know this mystery you won't keep from me, here and now!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Robbery Planned.

"I may have reasons for my actions, which I do not choose to disclose," resumed Hampton. "You will be wise not to interfere in my affairs. Money is the only thing that will help me; advice is a cheap commodity."

"You shall never have another cent until I die," she retorted, sternly, her white, thin, jeweled hands clasped nervously together. "I have borne patiently with you for years, and you would beggar me in my old age, if permitted."

Although the mother knew too well his many follies, she loved this handsome, daring, reckless son as she had never loved anything in her solitary life. What had she not undergone for his sake?

"Listen, mother," he cried; "I appeal to you for the last time; advance me a thousand dollars, and I will never ask for another cent!"

Her face was rigid as the marble Flora against which she leaned.

"No," she said, "not another cent—mark me, not one cent."

"So be it," he answered, gloomily; "but I want you to always remember, whatever happens, I was not thoroughly warned; there was a time, and not long ago, when I might have been redeemed by Love."

"I am certainly at a loss to understand you. What do you mean?"

"I am dealing in plain acts; first, I followed your instructions by offering myself to the haughty heiress of Lorrimer Hall, only to be refused for my pains. I had never met any woman then whom I thought I could love for herself."

Mrs. Hampton's cold, glittering eyes never once left her son's white face as he continued:

"I cursed the fate that swept that grand estate from my grasp; wealth was my idol; suddenly my heart awoke to the subtle influence of a woman's face— do not start, mother, it is true—yet you kept us asunder, yes, you; had you permitted me to woo and win your late companion for my wife, I might have been a different man to-day. I loved her passionately, madly, yet you kept us asunder, poisoned her against me; now she has fled from me, and with her all hopes of my ever leading a better life."

He finished his sentence with a hard, bitter, mocking laugh, that grated harshly on his listener's ear.

"Ah, this is the reason, then, Miss Rienzi fled from us so unceremoniously," she said, slowly.

She had been so vigilant lest Izetta should meet her son, yet they had met; she wondered where and when.

With a quick motion she advanced to where her son sat, placing her hand on his dark hair as she said:

"Heath, my boy, I would rather see you dead than wedded to a beautiful pauper. In me you see a shattered life, still I know the advantages of money; while you throw yourself headlong at the shrine of a pretty face; from this time on I have done with you. It's but Dead Sea fruit, after all," she said, slowly, a spasm of pain crossing her dark face.

Turning hastily, she left the room, her heavy, black silk robes trailing after her on the thick carpet.

She little realized under what circumstances she would again look upon the desperate, reckless face of her son.

Late that afternoon she sent for Vatal. It had been years since the dwarf had received such a summons.

"What can she want of me?" he muttered, as he made his appearance at the door.

"Come in, Vatal," she said.

Her voice had a weary sound in it.

The dwarf noticed that she sat with her face partially turned from him. She was not a woman to waste time in unnecessary words.

"Sit down, Vatal."

On this occasion she came to the subject uppermost in her mind at once.

"Can you tell me, Vatal, where and when my son first met Miss Rienzi, the young girl who so mysteriously disappeared from here lately?"

"On the day she first came here, madam."

"You are in the habit of driving my son about considerably, are you not?"

"I was, madam, before he went abroad; very little since his return."

"Try to remember if he ever met Miss Rienzi before she came here."

"Not to my knowledge; they appeared to meet that day as perfect strangers."

"Do you know if they have met since?"

"No, madam; I am sure they have not."

"Why are you so positive, Vatal?"

For a moment the dwarf was silent.

"I command you to answer me, Vatal," she said, fastening her flashing eyes upon him, those eyes which had such a strange influence over him.

"I am sure he has not met Miss Rienzi since, for he has moved heaven and earth almost to find her."

"You are perfectly sure he has not succeeded, Vatal?"

"Perfectly sure, madam; she flitted in all that terrible storm; we traced her footprints some distance, only to lose them effectually in the drifts beyond."

"There is still another question I would ask, Vatal. Who are these strangers who persistently haunt this house?"

"They wish to see Mr. Hampton."

"What do they want?"

"They are creditors, madam, pressing for money."

"Poor Heath," she said, quite under her breath, "I did not dream it was so bad as that."

"They believe Mr. Hampton is still abroad, and come to ask when he will return."

"Yes, yes," she answered, abstractedly; "you may go now, Vatal. Stay," she called, as he was about to quit the room. "You are quite contented, are you not, Vatal?"

Her face was turned away, but there was a thrill of wistfulness in her voice.

The dwarf was amazed. This cold woman, who had not deigned even so much as a glance at him for years, to ask him if he—the miserable, despised dwarf—the tool of her capricious son was contented. He wondered if he had heard aright.

The deep silence annoyed her.

"You are contented with your lot in life, are you not, Vatal? Never having had wealth, education, or luxury, you do not realize the loss of them. You are satisfied, are you not?"

"What good would it do me if I were not?" he answered. "I was accursed from the hour of my birth, and abandoned——"

"For God's sake, spare me," she cried; then almost instantly recovering herself:

The dwarf gazed at her with a frightened expression. He thought he had annoyed her by saying too much.

"Go now, Vatal."

Instantly he obeyed.

One thought troubled him. If she mentioned this interview to her son, he dared not think of the consequences; he would go back and beg her not to mention it; and, turning noiselessly, he retraced his steps and entered.

He was about to speak, when suddenly the sound of his name on her lips chained his attention.

"Poor Vatal," she said, with a hard, dry sob. "His infirmity should have caused pity, not hatred; all should have been his!"

She rocked herself to and fro.

"'Twas all for Heath's sake," she muttered.

Vatal could not explain the impulse which caused him to secrete himself behind the heavy, hanging curtains, where he could see and hear unobserved.

"Fool that I am, 'tis too late now to give vent to sorrow thus," she cried, touching a taper to the fire, and securely fastening the door.

"Heath shall have money, just this once," she muttered; and, drawing from her bosom a peculiar, long, thin key, she parted the hanging curtain of an alcove, disclosing a heavy, iron chest, which she hastily unlocked.

The iron door creaked noisily back on its rusty hinges. From the safe she took two dark, mahogany boxes, which she placed on the table, drawing up her rocker close beside them, and proceeded to examine their contents.

One was filled with papers— most of them dingy with age, at sight of which for a moment she lay back so white and still in her chair, Vatal thought she must have fainted.

She aroused herself, crushing the papers hastily back into the box; she did not notice a small, well- worn package that slipped from her grasp, rolling noiselessly to Vatal's very feet.

Had she turned her head ever so slightly, she must have observed it; if she put forth her hand to recover it, detection must have surely followed.

The dwarf knew this, and in an instant he stooped down and possessed himself of the package, which he hastily thrust into his pocket.

The contents of the other box absorbed Mrs. Hampton's attention.

The dwarf fairly held his breath as the glimmering light fell upon its contents, heaped to the brim with bright, shining gold.

The very sight made the fire leap through Vatal's veins.

She carefully counted out one thousand dollars in coins, piling them upon the table, replaced the boxes in the safe and the key about her neck, tied the coins in her kerchief, and after placing them securely under her pillow, tossed herself upon the couch to rest.

The eyelids slowly closed over the tired eyes, and her regular breathing showed Vatal that she slept.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Cruel Son.

A wild desire had seized the dwarf, at the sight of the gold, to possess it.

What could he not do if it were only his!

Vatal had never been totally depraved at heart.

There had been moments when many a generous impulse to do a good deed had stirred in the dwarf's heart; but the world had shunned and derided him, and the good impulses were wholly crushed out by cruel insults.

The great temptation was more than he could withstand.

To possess himself of the gold beneath the pillow was but the work of an instant; but the key to the chest, how could he obtain that, the key which held the treasure?

"I must have the gold in yonder chest, let the consequences be what they may," he muttered.

As he stooped over the prostrate form, the door swung softly back on its hinges.

Vatal had hardly time to draw back into the shadow of the curtains ere Heath Hampton, with white face and gleaming eyes, softly and stealthily as a panther, glided into the room.

He carried a shaded night- lamp in his hand, which he placed noiselessly on the table.

"By fair means or foul," he muttered, setting his lips firmly together, "I must have money."

He groped his way carefully about the room until his hand came in contact with the iron safe; again the curtains were looped back, and the midnight intruder proceeded to carefully examine the lock.

He drew a bunch of skeleton-keys from his pocket, inserting them one by one in the rusty lock.

"The money will not be missed for a day or two," he muttered.

He drew the last key from the lock; the desperate frown on his face deepened—useless!

Then commenced a thorough search through the room; bureaus were rifled and boxes overturned, without success.

Mrs. Hampton moved uneasily in her slumbers at that moment; the cord about her neck attracted his attention. Without an instant's deliberation he severed it in twain and held the coveted key at last in his hand.

Again the door of the safe swung back on its rusty hinges with a loud creak.

Heath Hampton stooped, listening intently.

The sleeper stirred uneasily, and the dwarf from his hiding-place distinctly heard her murmur:

"No one must know the contents of the safe, for Heath's sake; the secret must die with me!"

Carefully the son abstracted the two boxes, quickly and noiselessly forcing open the lids.

"Ah! the papers," he murmured, "they must be secured as well as the gold. Women must not guard so vital a secret; once destroyed they will tell no tales."

He made a hurried examination of the remaining contents of the safe, and, evidently satisfied, he hurriedly locked it, replacing the key about the sleeper's neck, and, securing the two boxes, he stole softly from the apartment, followed by the revengeful dwarf.

When quite opposite the library, Vatal spoke.

"Is that you, Mr. Hampton?" he said.

With a bitter oath, which nearly caused him to drop the two boxes he carried, Heath Hampton turned upon him.

"What are you doing up at this hour of the night?" he demanded sharply.

"I have been waiting to see you all the evening. I have important—"

"You miserable cur!" cried Hampton, with an impotent yell of rage; "you have been watching me, have you, dogging my footsteps, eh? I'll have a short settlement with you here and now."

"You are mistaken," said the dwarf, coolly, his eyes gleaming a dusky fire; "I have news of Miss Rienzi, which I learned to-night, but it takes money to buy it."

For a moment Hampton glared at him as if in doubt what course to pursue.

"Well, in that case it's a little different. What makes you think I can pay for your cursed secret, when you know how I am fixed financially?"

"You might raise the money for that, if it's worth anything to you," answered Vatal, doggedly.

"How much do you want? Five dollars?"

The blood boiled in Vatal's veins as he thought of the box so heavily laden with gold which he knew was secreted under the cloak Hampton wore.

"Not a cent less than one hundred dollars," replied the dwarf, determinedly.

"Well, for once I'll humor you. What do you know about Miss Rienzi whereabouts?"

Still Vatal hesitated.

"Oh, I see; it's cash in advance, eh? See that the information is worth it, or it will be the worse for you," As he spoke he placed the sum grudgingly in Vatal's hand.

"I have traced her to a hiding-place, not ten miles distant."

"Can it be possible?" cried Hampton, excitedly.

"Yes," replied Vatal; "and the strangest part of the affair —she is at Ulvesford Manor!"

"What!" shrieked the irate Hampton, "do you mean to tell me that she, too, is beneath that roof? How do you know?"

"I saw her face at the window twice."

"When?"

"Once last week, and again to-day."

"You rascally cur, how does it happen you did not come to me directly with the information, then? Why, do you know, I have half a mind to thrash you within an inch of your life?"

The dwarf set his lips tightly together as he replied:

"I was not quite sure until to-day that it was she."

"Humph!" ejaculated Hampton, slightly mollified, as he turned on his heel and strode toward his apartment.

An hour later, with a heavy, dark cloak thrown about his shoulders, more to conceal the boxes he carried than from actual need, Heath Hampton quietly quitted the house.

"I must never lose sight of him and that girl," muttered Vatal, stealthily following his footsteps.

It was evident that Hampton was at a loss as to which road he had better take.

A sudden thought seemed to occur to him; he would go down the river a short distance toward Ulvesford Manor.

A bold scheme occurred to him — why not abduct the girl? He had plenty of money to see himself through.

"I will do it," he cried. "Ha! my bird, flap your pretty wings as much as you like; I will hover about like a hawk and swoop down upon you when you least expect."

Several skiffs lay fastened to their moorings; he tossed his burden into one of them, took up the oars and floated silently down with the tide.

A few moments later a second boat pushed out quietly into the stream, keeping close to the bank, silently following in the wake of the first.

The night was dark and cloudy; the two boats —out alone in the darkness and the night —were within a few feet of each other.

Suddenly Hampton's skiff lay motionless on the wave.

There was a low, gurgling sound, as of a heavy weight dropped down into the silent water, followed by a momentary ripple; then the dark waters that had had full many a secret, which they never yet divulged, intrusted to their keeping, flowed on.

The dwarf marked the spot well.

Hampton's skiff glided rapidly onward to its fatal mission, followed closely in the rear by the one occupied by Vatal, the dwarf.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Links of Fate.

For an instant the room seemed to whirl around Izetta.

"Alderic! Alderic!" she cried, but the words died away on her lips, making no sound.

The fair-haired stranger, with a voice so like, was not Alderic.

Yet the great resemblance for an instant had electrified her. She was face to face with the original of the portrait, yet this was not Alderic.

For an instant Clarence Ulvesford gazed down into those dark, terrified eyes, with a puzzled, thoughtful expression.

He could not remember that they had ever met before, yet such a pair of dark, soulful eyes as these seemed ever haunting him.;

Then he remembered he must not be wanting in courtesy toward this helpless stranger.

He held out his hand to her.

"Mrs. Ross, I believe," he said.

He wondered why the little, cold hand dropped so suddenly from his own, and the blood swept over those pale cheeks and receded again, leaving them whiter than the petals of a white rose.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Mrs. Ross; I was unexpectedly summoned out into the grounds; I trust you will pardon my delay," he said, in his clear, musical voice.

He drew up a chair toward the fire, sitting opposite her.

Izetta thought she must surely die then and there, as she watched that handsome face, over which the firelight flickered; every gesture reminded her so forcibly of Alderic, her faithless husband.

She wondered if the mouth quite concealed by the drooping mustache, was firm and haughty like Alderic's. Had this stranger had dark, waving hair like him, Izetta would have fled; the sight would have been more than she could bear.

"Oh, cruel, relentless fate," she cried, "why have you brought me face to face with one so like Alderic, whom I thought like none other!"

(To be Continued.)

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases. 22

Anecdotal.

An old Scotchwoman when advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon, replied: "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

A well known landscape painter was busy "dashing in" the colors of a sunset in the country. The tints were hurriedly conveyed from tube to palette, and from palette to canvas, for the artist was anxious to catch the effect. A rustic standing by observed the operation for a little while, and then remarked: "Ah, you be a-painting two pictures at once. That's clever." He paused a moment, and blurted out: "I like that picture best—the one you've got your thumb through!"

According to the "Scottish American," the following was overheard in a London railway refreshment room: An Aberdeen man, noting a woman eating an ice, said to the waiter: "Hi, man, gi'e me yin o' thae." Being supplied, he took a spoonful, and made a wry face. "I'm dootin' it's a bit frost-bitten, mister," said he. "Oh, no, sir," remarked the waiter. "It's an ice." "Gosh! Do they eat ice in London?" asked the wondering Aberdonian. "Man, we slide an' skate on't in Aberdeen!"

The quickness and felicity of Hon William M. Evarts in the line of repartee is pleasantly illustrated anew by President Timothy Dwight in the following story from "Memories of Yale Life and Men:" On one occasion, writes President Dwight, at one of our Yale commencement dinners, I had the duty, as the presiding officer, of introducing the speakers. In performing this duty with reference to Mr. Evarts, I said, in allusion to the well-known length of his sentences in public address: "Mr. Evarts will now give us a single sentence." He rose and instantly replied: "It will be a life sentence."

An instructor at Cornell University who was one of Dr. Goldwin Smith's pupils when the latter was a professor there, says: "Dr. Smith was describing to us one morning the difficulty of making young men understand things quite unfamiliar to them. He said there was once a blind youth to whom he tried for a long time to explain the nature of light. He made this subject of light as clear as he could; it seemed to him that he had explained it perfectly, but at the end the young blind man said: 'Then I am to understand, sir, am I not, that light is composed of very much the same material as sugar?'"

It is told of a United States ambassador, freshly arrived at St. Petersburg—his wife reluctantly left in America because of an expected addition to the family—that when asked in public audience, "And how are things at home?" (the Czar meaning, of course, affairs of state), he replied: 'Oh, I have just received a telegram that it is a girl." When the other ambassadors giggled he looked foolish, and believing that his mistake consisted in not asking in return afte: the health of the Czarina, who at the moment was also the more beloved because a child was expected, ran after his Majesty, and, throwing a hand familiarly upon his shoulder, asked, "And your wife—is it a girl or a boy?"

When Bill Nye one day happened on the modest sign of the late Major Pond, the lecturer manager, in a window of the Everett House, in New York, he said to a friend who accompanied him: "Here's the man that incites the lecturers; let's go in and see if we can't induce him to lead a better life." Entering, Nye removed his hat and ran his hand over the hairless expanse of his head, and, after staring about for a moment, said: "This is Major Pond, I believe." "Yes, sir. What can I do for you?" answered the major. "I want to get a job on the platform," returned Nye. "Ah—yes," said the major, slowly. "Have you had experience?" "Well, I've been before the public for a couple of years." "Yes. May I ask in what capacity?" "I've been with Barnum. Sat concealed in the bottom of a cabinet and exhibited my head as the largest ostrich egg in captivity."

Justin McCarthy says that Thackeray often created quite erroneous impressions of himself by indulging in irony in the presence of people who were incapable of understanding it. One curious instance which he gives is this: "Thackeray had been dining at the 'Garrick,' and was talking in the smoking-room after dinner with various club acquaintances. One of them happening to have left his cigar-case at home, Thackeray, though disliking the man, who was a notorious tuft-hunter, good-naturedly offered him one of his cigars. The man accepted the cigar, but, not finding it to his liking, had the bad taste to say to Thackeray: 'I say, Thackeray, you won't mind my saying I don't think much of this cigar.' Thackeray, no doubt irritated at the man's ungraciousness, and bearing in mind his tuft-hunting predilection, quietly responded, 'You ought to, my good fellow, for it was given me by a lord.' Instead, however, of detecting the irony the dolt immediately attributed the remark to snobbishness on Thackeray's part, and to the end of his days went about declaring 'that Thackeray had boasted that he had been given a cigar by a lord!'"

Rudyard Kipling once visited the late Cecil Rhodes at Lekkerwijn, one of his fruit farms at Paarl, South Africa. One morning Rhodes went round his farm before breakfast, leaving his guest, who was not so energetic, behind. Time went on, and Rhodes did not appear. Hunger soon roused Kipling to action, and in a short while he was very busy on his own account. As Rhodes returned he found his trees bearing a new kind of fruit in the shape of placards, inscribed in huge black letters with "Famine!" "We are starving!" "Feed us!" etc. On reaching the front door he was confronted with the following, in still larger type: "For the Human Race—Breakfast tones the mind, invigorates the body. It has sustained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." Then in the house, on every available wall, he came across other mysterious placards, in more and more pathetic appeal: "Why die when a little breakfast prolongs life?" Larger and larger grew the type: "It is late, it is still later," leading at last into the little breakfast-room, where he found Kipling reading his paper in peaceful innocence, but very hungry. It did not need much ingenuity to guess the author of these broadsides.

To Shakespeare.

They say you are immortal;
They say it with reason,
For still you endure
Though you're murdered each season.
—Washington "Star."

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Monkey Discipline.

One of the monkey cages in the New York "Zoo" contains a mother monkey and her baby. Some visitors one day gave the mother a chocolate peppermint. She tasted it, smacked her lips, winked and put it all into her mouth—only to remove it at once, and smack and wink much harder. After a second she repeated her experiment, and again hastily removed the peppermint.

Once more she put the dainty in her mouth, but once more took it out. Then, with watery eyes, she laid the candy carefully on the ledge of her cage, turned her back, walked over to the opposite side, seized the rails with both hands, and gazed out as if she had never seen a peppermint.

Meanwhile the baby, who had been engaged with visitors in a corner, had returned to the front. Seeing the peppermint, he picked it up and tasted it. But his mother's three experiments had left only a nibble for him. That disposed of, he, too, walked to the opposite side, seized the rails, and stood gazing out with the same air of utter absorption as his mother's.

As soon as the latter had cooled down she came back again, and looked for the peppermint. Not seeing it, she swept with one paw all along the ledge where she had left it, but in vain. Suddenly she ran to the baby, and twisting his head to face herself, put one hand on each of his jaws, pulled his mouth wide open, stuck her head in, and gave a big sniff. Then she turned him over and spanked him soundly.

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$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever or contains any injurious chemicals

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

The Creed of a College Class.

President William DeWitt Hyde, of Bowdoin College, U.S.A., asked a class of 60 students, most of them seniors, to write out their individual creeds. "In these individual creeds," he writes, "I asked each man to state as exactly as possible both his belief and his unbelief; and to define, as far as possible, the sense in which he held the things in which he believed and the sense in which he rejected the things he did not believe." President Hyde then reduced these sixty creeds to a composite creed. As he puts it:

"Into this composite creed I put every thing which any student had affirmed except what some one of them had denied; aiming in this way to get a class creed to which each individual member would assent. I distributed copies of this composite creed to each member of the class, and invited criticism and amendment. We then spent two hours together in discussing the articles of the creed one by one; making such modifications and concessions at each point as were necessary to secure their unanimous acceptance by the class. At the end of the second hour the creed was adopted by a unanimous vote."

Here is the creed—that of the class of 1903—thus evolved:

"I believe in one God, present in nature as law, in science as truth, in art as beauty, in history as justice, in society as sympathy, in conscience as duty and supremely in Christ as our highest ideal.

"I believe in the Bible as the expression of God's will through man; in prayer as the devotion of man's will to God; and in the Church as the fellowship of those who try to do God's will in the world.

"I believe in worship as the highest inspiration to work; in sacrifice as the price we must pay to make right what is wrong; in salvation as growth out of selfishness into service; in eternal life as the survival of what loves and is lovable in each individual; and in judgment as the obvious fact that the condition of the gentle, the generous, the modest, the pure, and the true is always and everywhere preferable to that of the cruel, the sensual, the mean, the proud, and the false."

"Do you know how I'd like to keep Christmas, mamma?" "No, my boy." "Why, I'd like to keep it the year round."

"I think," remarked the poet, "that a smile is peculiarly appropriate to such a cheerful festival as Christmas." "I agree with you," said the local editor. "Let's go out and smile."

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ALL SORTS.

A kind word to the cook never spoils the dinner.

Great Britain and Ireland import 1,500,000,000 eggs a year.

It is estimated that there are 50,000,000 English sparrows in Massachusetts.

"Something must be done with those boys of mine at college," exclaimed a staid old citizen. "They're wilder than March hares and in hot water all the time."

"Oh, well, they're young yet, and you must make allowances."

"Make allowances, man? That's what's keeping me poor."—Detroit Free Press.

The Boston Herald tells this story: 'Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Gilbert of Salem, who were married fifty years ago, have been fortunate beyond most people. Six children were born to them. They also have ten grandchildren and one great-grandchild, and every one of their descendants is still alive and well. Not a break has occurred in the family from the day of the marriage, fifty years ago."

There was a country wedding in Ford county, Kan., the other day, which was attended by 300 guests. "One large beef," says the local paper, "had been slaughtered and cooked, three hogs had been roasted, seventy-five pies and fifty cakes had been baked, fifteen gallons of canned peas had been prepared, ten gallons of pickles were set before the happy throng, and thirty chickens were cooked, and, besides, there were bread, ham and vegetables in proportion. That layout was doubtless sufficient to provide all the wedding guests with 'a square meal.'"

A unique violin has been made by a Missouri man. The back is of cherry from a table more than a century old, which formerly belonged to the Howard-Payne college. In the center of the back are inserted twenty-one pieces of wood from the Holy Land, one being from a grapevine that grew in the garden of Gethsemane. Around the margin are set in a row small pieces of wood, diamond shaped, gathered from all over the civilized world. In one end of the back is inserted a horseshoe made of castor wood, and in the other end is the image of a rabbit carved in cherry. There are, in all, over 150 pieces of wood, and the only tools used in the manufacture of the instrument were a pocketknife and a half-inch chisel.

The report that Siegfried Wagner was to marry an opera singer proved, like the story of Paderewski's second marriage, to be a canard, but a German musical paper supplies its place with another Wagnerian anecdote. The story goes that Siegfried took his first composition, a polonaise, to his father, and asked for an opinion. Wagner, however, refused to look at it, saying that only fools wrote polonaises. Siegfried pointed out that one of his father's earliest compositions had been a piece of that kind. "A boy twelve years old ought to mind his books," said Richard. "Mozart began composing when he was six," replied Siegfried. "You are not Mozart." "No, but I am the son of Richard Wagner." After that there was nothing for Wagner to do but look through the polonaise.

The popular game of "best books" has taken on a new lease of life in England. Rival newspapers are selling the "Hundred Best Books" and the "Hundred Best Novels," and the selections are coming in for wide discussion. Labouchere asked the readers of Truth to select the twenty best books in the world. A consensus of the replies published in a recent number reveals this selection, in the order given: The Bible; Shakespeare; Homer, "Paradise Lost;" "Vanity Fair;" Dante; "The Pilgrim's Progress;" Gibbons' "Decline and Fall;" "Ivanhoe;" "Robinson Crusoe;" Carlyle's "French Revolution;" "The Imitation of Christ;" Boswell's "Johnson;" "Pickwick;" Tennyson; "The Arabian Nights;" Virgil; Moliere; "David Copperfield;" "The Vicar of Wakefield."

PERSONAL.

Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler has received official notification of his election as president of the University of California.

That Queen Wilhelmina ordered all the famous Waterloo battle pictures removed from the apartments where the peace delegates are meeting is cited as an evidence of her tact.

Joe Juneau, founder of Juneau, Alaska, died very suddenly at Dawson, May 13, of pneumonia. He made four distinct fortunes on Alaskan mines and spent everything.

Mark Twain told the London Authors' club that he worked eight hours on this pun: "Since England and America have been joined together in Kipling may they never be severed in Twain." This, the Cleveland Plain Dealer thinks, is a very poor testimonial for the eight-hour day.

Theodore, duke in Bavaria, famous as the only royal oculist, has just gone to Munich, after completing his 1,000th consultation and his 155th successful operation, principally for cataract. The duke is transferring his Tegernsee clinic to Munich, where he will open June 20th the largest private eye clinic on the continent.

President McKinley has been giving Mr. Peixotto, the well-known artist, a number of sittings for a portrait for the Union League club of Chicago. The new picture is to be entirely different from all the other portraits of the president. It represents him during the war seated at his desk and studying a map of the campaign of our army against the Spaniards.

MATT

A Tale of a Caravan

A NOVEL

Into the cavern, washed away the body from its place on the shingle, and carried it away in the direction of the Caldron. "In which case," he reflected, "them coast- guard chaps would find it some day among the rocks or on the shore, and think it had been drowned in the way of natur'."

Satisfied that everything else was undisturbed he retired as hastily as possible, sealed up the entrance to the cavern and ran hastily home.

The morning of the marriage came — a fine sunny morning An open dog-cart belonging to Monk and driven by one of his servants, stood at William Jones's door, and close to it a light country cart, borrowed by William Jones himself from a neighboring farmer. The population, consisting of an aged coast- guardman, two coast guardsmen's wives, and half a dozen dejected children, crowded in front of the cottage.

The bridegroom, attired in decent black, with a flower in his buttonhole, stood waiting impatiently in the garden. Despite the festive occasion, he had a gloomy and hang-dog appearance. Presently there emerged from the door William Jones attired in a drowned seaman's suit several sizes too large for him, and wearing a chimney- pot hat and a white rosette. Leaning on his arm was Matt, dressed in a dress of blue silk, newly made for her, out of damaged materials supplied by Jones, by one of the coast- guard women, a light straw hat with blue ribbons to match, and a light lace shawl. Behind this pair hobbled William Jones's father, whose costume was nautical like his son's, but more damaged, and who also sported a chimney-pot hat and a white rosette.

The crowd gave a feeble cheer. Matt looked round and smiled, but mingled with her smile there was a kind of vague anxiety and expectation.

It was arranged that Monk should drive Matt in the dog-cart, while William Jones and his father followed in the commoner vehicle. At Pencroes, where the ceremony was to be performed, they were to meet with one Mr. Penarvon, a country squire and kindred spirit of Monk's who had promised to be "best man."

Monk took the reins, while Matt got in and seated herself beside him, the groom getting up behind; and away they went along the sand-choked road, followed by Jones and his father.

The day was bright and merry, but Matt never thought of the old proverb, "Merry is the bride that the sun shines on"; she was too busy examining the prospect on every side of her. All at once, as the bridal procession wound round the edge of the lonely lake, she uttered a cry of delight. There, standing in its old place by the lake side, was the caravan.

Monk looked pale — there was something ghostly in the re-appearance even of this inanimate object. He was a man of strong nerve, however, and he speedily smiled at his own fears.

As they approached the spot they saw Tim standing near the vehicle in conversation with two strange gentlemen — one a little man in black broadcloth, the other a tall, broad- shouldered fellow wearing a light overcoat and a wideawake hat. Directly the procession approached, this group separated, and its three members walked severally to the road he with the wideawake hat standing right in the centre of the road quietly smoking a cigar.

As the dog- cart came up he held up his hand. Unable to proceed without running him down, Monk pulled up angrily.

"What is it? Why do you block the road?" he cried, fiercely.

"Excuse me, governor," returned the other, coolly. "Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst, I believe?"

"That's my name."

"Sorry to trouble you on such a day, but I should like a few words with you."

"I cannot stay— I am going to be married!"

"So I heard," said the man, lifting his hat and bowing with a grin to Matt. "Glad to see you, miss. How do you do? But the fact is, Mr. Monk, my business won't keep. Be good enough to step this way."

Full of some unaccountable foreboding, inspired partly by the stranger's suave, yet determined manner, partly by the reappearance of the Caravan, Monk alighted, and followed the other across the grass to the close vicinity of the house on wheels. The little elderly man followed, and the man who had first spoken went through the ceremony of introduction.

"This is Mr. Monk, sir. Mr. Monk, this gentleman is Mr. Lightwood, of the firm of Lightwood and Lightwood solicitors, Chester."

"And you— who the devil are you?" demanded Monk, with his old savagery.

"My name is Marshall, Christian name, John, though my friends call me Jack," answered the other, with airy impudence. "John Marshall governor, of the detective force."

Monk now went pale indeed. But recovering himself, he cried, "I know neither of you. I warned you that I was in haste. What do you want? Out with it!"

The little man now took up the conversation, speaking in a prim, business- like voice, and occasionally referring to a large note- book which he carried.

"Mr. Monk, you are, I am informed, the sole heir male of the late Colonel Monk, your cousin by the father's side, who is supposed to have died in the year 1862."

"Yes, that's true. What then?"

"On the report of his death, his name being included in an official list of officers killed and wounded in action, and it being understood that he died without lawful issue, you laid claim to the demesne of Monkshurst, in Cheshire, and that of the same name of Anglesea. Your claim was recognized, and in 1865 you took possession."

"Well. Have you detained me to hear only what I already knew?"

"Pardon me, I have not finished. I have now to inform you that you inherited under a misconception — first, because Colonel Monk was married and had issue; secondly, because he did not die in India, but reached the shores of England, where he perished in the shipwreck of the vessel 'Trinidad' on Christmas day, 1864."

Monk was livid. At this moment Jones, who had been watching the scene from a distance, came over, panting and perspiring in ill- concealed terror.

"Lor', Mr. Monk, what's the matter? Look ye now, we shall be late for the wedding."

As he spoke, Marshall, the detective, clapped him playfully on the shoulder.

"How d'ye do, William Jones? I've often heard of you, and wished to know you. Pray stop where you are. I'll talk to you presently."

"I don't know what you mean," Monk now said, with dogged desperation, "with all this rigmarole, Mr. Lightwood, or whatever your name is. It seems to me you are simply raving. If I am not my cousin's heir, who is, tell me that?"

"His daughter," said the man quietly."

"He never married, and he never had a daughter."

"His daughter, an infant twelve or fourteen months old, sailed to England with him, was shipwrecked with him, but saved by a Special Providence, and has since been living in this place under the name of Matt Jones."

"Your intended bride, you know," added Marshall, with an insinuating smile. "Hullo, where is the young lady?"

Monk looked round toward the dog-cart and on every side, but Matt was nowhere to be seen.

"I see her go into that theer cart," said William Jones.

"Call her," cried Monk. "I'll stay no longer here. Listen to me, you two. Whether you are telling me truth or lies, that girl is going to become my wife— I have her guardian's consent, and she herself, I may tell you, fully appreciates the honor I am doing her."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Lightwood, smiling. "Unfortunately I, as Miss Monk's legal adviser, must have a say in the matter. Doubtless this marriage would be a very pretty arrangement for keeping the late Colonel Monk's fortune and property in your possession, but I can not conscientiously approve of the young lady's marriage to an assassin."

"An assassin?— what— what do you mean?" gasped Monk, staggering as if from a blow.

"Tell him, Mr. Marshall."

"All right, sir. Well, you see, Mr. detective grimly,yet playfully, "you're detective grimly, yet playfully,"you're accused of making away with— murdering, in fact— a young gentleman who came to Aberglyn a few weeks ago in that little house on wheels; and this nice friend of yours" (here he again slapped William Jones on the shoulder) "is accused of being your accomplice."

"No, no. I never done it! I'm innocent, I am!" cried William Jones. "Tell 'em, Mr. Monk, tell 'em — I'd nowt to do with it."

"Silence, you fool," said the other; then he added, turning on his accusers, "You are a couple of madmen, I think! I know nothing of the young man you speak of! I have heard that he is missing, that is all; but there is no evidence that any harm has come to him, for his body has not been found."

Here Marshall turned with a wink to William Jones and nudged him in the ribs.

"Don't you think, now," he asked, "it might be worth while looking for it in that little underground parlor of yours, down alongside the sea?"

William Jones uttered a despairing groan, and fell on his knees.

"I'm ruined!" he cried. "O, Mr Monk, it's your doing! Lord help me! They knows everything."

"Curse you, hold your tongue!" said Monk, with a look of mad contempt and hatred. "These men are only playing upon your fears, but they can not frighten me."

"No," remarked the detective, lighting his cigar, which had gone out. "I think we shall even manage that in time."

As he spoke he carelessly, and as if inadvertently, drew out a pair of steel handcuffs, which he looked at reflectively, threw up and caught underhand in the air.

"You accuse me of assassination?" said Monk; trembling violently. "I warn you to beware, for I will not suffer such accusations without seeking redress. If you have any proof of the truth of your preposterous charge produce it."

At this moment Matt, looking bright as sunshine, leaped out of the Caravan.

"There's my proof," said Marshall. "Miss Monk, this amiable bridegroom of yours denies being concerned in harming Mr. Charles Brinkley. Is he telling the truth?"

Matt's face darkened and she looked at Monk with eyes of cordial detestation.

"No," she said, "he's lying.'

"Matt," cried Monk, fiercely, "take care!"

"He's lying," she repeated, not heeding him. "I see him do it with my own two eyes, and I see William Jones helping him and looking on; they thought that no one was nigh, but I was. I was hiding behind them sacks and barrels in the cave."

Monk now felt that the game was almost up, for he was beset on every side, and the very ground seemed opening under his feet. The wretched Jones, in a state bordering on frenzy, remained on his knees wailing over his ruin. The two strangers, Lightwood and Marshall, looked on as calm but interested spectators. Matt, having delivered her home- thrust of accusation, stood and gazed into Monk's face with cool defiance.

"It is a plot!" Monk cried, presently; "an infamous plot to ruin me! You have been tampering, I see, with this wild girl, whom you foolishly suppose kin to me by blood. Arrest me, if you please —I shall not take the trouble to resist, for I am perfectly innocent in this matter."

He added, while they looked on at one another as if somewhat puzzled:

"As to the girl's relationship with my dead cousin, the very idea is absurd. Where are the proofs of her birthright?"

"Here," said a quiet voice.

Monk turned his eyes and started back in wonder, while William Jones shrieked and fell forward on his face. Standing before them in the sunshine was the really or the semblance of—the murdered young man of the Caravan!

CHAPTER XVI.

The "Murdered" Man.

Yes, it was the artist himself,looking a little pale, and carrying one arm in a sling, but, otherwise, to all appearance in good health.

Monk had strong nerves, but he could not prevent himself from uttering a wild cry of horror and wonder. At the same moment Matt went to the young man's side, and with an air of indescribable trust and sweetness, took his hand — the hand which was free —and put it to her lips.

"The proof is here," he said calmly, "here upon my person. I am not quite dead, you see, Mr. Monk of Monkshurst, and I thought I should like to bring it you myself. It consists, as you are aware, of Colonel Monk's dying message, written on the fly- leaf of his prayer- book, and of the marriage certificate of his wife; both these having been placed upon his child's person, concealed by the unsuspecting and illiterate Jones,and found by me after a lapse of many years."

Monk did not speak; his tongue was frozen. He stood aghast, opening and shutting his clinched hands spasmodically, and shaking like a leaf. Reassured to some extent by the sound of the voice, unmistakably appertaining to a person of flesh and blood, William Jones gradually uplifted his face and looked in ghastly wonder at the speaker.

"You will be anxious to ascertain," proceeded Brinkley, with his old air of lightness, "by what accident, or special Providence, I arose from the grave in which you politely entombed me? The explanation is very simple My young friend here, Matt, the foundling, or, as I should rather call her, Miss Monk, of Monkshurst, came to my assistance, attended to my injuries, which were not so serious as you imagined, and enabled me, before daybreak, to gain the kindly shelter of my caravan. Tim and a certain rural doctor did the rest. I am sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Monk, but I felt bound to keep my promise —to interfere seriously with your little arrangements, if you persistently refused to do justice to this young lady."

As he spoke, Monk uttered a savage oath and rushed toward the road; but Marshall was after him in a moment, and sprung upon him. There was a quick struggle. Suddenly Monk drew a knife, opened it, and brandished it in the air; so that it would have gone ill with his assailant if the herculean Tim, coming to the rescue, had not pinioned him from behind. In another moment the knife was lying on the grass, and Monk was neatly handcuffed by the detective.

"Now, governor, you'd better take it quietly!" said Marshall, while Monk struggled, and gnashed his teeth in impotent rage. "You're a smart one,i you are, but the game's up at last."

Monk recovered himself, and laughed fiercely.

"Let me go! Of what do you accuse me? It was murder just now, but since the murdered person is alive (d—n him!) I should like to know on what charge you arrest me."

"Oh, there's no difficulty about that!" said Brinkley, looking at him superciliously. "In the first place, you have by fraud and perjury possessed yourself of what never legally belonged to you. In the second place, you attempted murder, at any rate. But upon my life, I don't think you are worth prosecuting. I think, Mr. Marshall, you might let him go."

"It's letting a mad dog loose, sir," replied Marshall. "He'll hurt somebody."

"What do you say, Miss Monk?" said Brinkley. "This amiable- looking person is your father's cousin. Shall I release your bridegroom in order that you may go with him to the altar of Hymen and complete the ceremony?"

"I hate him!" cried Matt; "I should like to drown him in the sea."

Brinkley laughed.

"Your sentiments are natural, but unchristian. And the gentle Jones, now, who is looking at you so affectionately, what would you do with him? Drown him in the sea too?"

"No, no. Matt," interposed William Jones, abjectly; "speak up for me, Matt. I ha' been father to you all these years."

Matt seemed perplexed what to say. So Brinkley again took up the conversation.

"On reflection we will refer William Jones to his friends the 'coastguard chaps.' I think he will be punished enough by the distribution of his little property in the cave. Eh, Mr. Jones?"

Jones, only wrung his hands and wailed, thinking of his precious treasure.

"And so, Matt," continued Brinkley, "there will be no wedding after all. I'm afraid you're awfully disappointed?"

Matt replied by taking his hand again, lifting it to her lips, and kissing it fondly. The young man turned his head away, for his eyes had suddenly grown full of grateful tears.

CONCLUSION.

My tale is told. The adventure of the Caravan has ended. Little more remains to be said.

Monk, of Monkshurst, was not brought to trial for his iniquities, but he was sorely enough punished by the loss of his ill-gotten estates. Before the claim of the foundling was fully proved he left England, never to return. Whether he is alive or dead I can not tell.

William Jones, too, escaped legal punishment. A severer retribution came upon him in the seizure and dispersal of the hoards in the great cave. So sorely did he take his loss to heart that he crept to his bed and had an attack of brain fever. When he reappeared on the scene of his old plunderings his intellect was weakened,and he showed curious evidences of imbecility. But the ruling passion remained strong within him. I saw him only last summer, rambling on the sea- shore, talking incoherently to himself, and watching the sea in search of wreckage as of old.

And Matt?

Well, her title to Monkshurst and the property was fully proved. For a long time she did not realize her good fortune, but gradually the pleasant truth dawned upon her in a sunrise of nice dresses, jewelry and plenty of money. Chancery stepped in like a severe foster- parent, and sent her to school. There she remained for several years; but Charles Brinkley, who had first taken in hand the vindication of her claims, and who never ceased to be interested in her, saw her from time to time, and took particular note of her improvement in her grammar and the gentle art of speech.

"Matt," he said, when they met last Christmas in London, and when he saw before him, instead of a towsy girl, as bright and buxom a young lady as ever wore purple raiment and fine linen, "Matt, you are 'growed-up' at last!"

Matt blushed and hung her head, with a touch of her old manner.

"Yes, I am grown up, as you say. I wonder what William Jones would think if he saw me now."

"And if he noticed these pretty boots, Matt, and heard you play the piano and prattle a little in French. Upon my word, it's a transformation! You always were a nice girl, though."

"Do you really think so?" asked Matt, shyly. "Did you always think so?"

"Certainly."

"Even when I told you I liked you so much, and you told me 'it woul...'t do?'"

It was Brinkley's turn to blush now. It was clear that Matt, despite other changes, still retained her indomitable frankness.

"Even then," he replied, laughing. "But I say you were a precocious youngster. You proposed to me, you know!"

"I know I did," said Matt, "and it wasn't leap-year then."

She added still more slyly:

"But it's leap- year now!"

Their eyes met. Both blushed more and more.

"Matt, don't! It won't do, you know! Yes, I say so still. You're a rich woman, and I'm only a poor devil of a painter. You must marry some great swell."

But Matt replied:

"I shall never marry any one but you!"

"You won't? Do you mean it?"

"Of course I do."

He caught her in his arms.

"My darling Matt — yes, I shall call you by that dear name to the end of the chapter. You love me then? I can't believe it!"

"I have loved you," she answered, laughing, "ever since I first came — to look!"

And she rested her head on his shoulder, just as she had done in the old days, when she was an unsophisticated child of Nature.

"So there's to be a wedding after all," he said, kissing her. "Matt I've an idea!"

"Yes?"

"When we marry, suppose we arrange to spend the honeymoon in a Caravan!"

The End.

Ten carloads of black walnut logs were sold recently in Kentucky for export abroad, principallly to London, Glasgow and Hamburg.

The mayor of Hays City, Kan., is only 22 years old, the president of the council is 22 and the oldest man in the municipal government is 29.

A toboggan slide in St. Moritz, Switzerland, extends three-quarters of a mile, and is said to be the longest in the world. The descent has been made in 71 seconds.

Charcoal is the great Italian fuel, Naples alone consuming 40,000 tons of wood charcoal, at a cost of from $16 to $20 per ton, the national consumption being 700,000 tons.

The United States has about 450,000,000 acres of forest, but this is being rapidly depleted by the ax and by destructive fires. The government is now investigating means to prevent or control the latter.

A Georgia convict, working with others in a contractor's brickyard, escaped recently by piling bricks in a hollow square and thus shutting himself in until the convicts had been locked up for the night.

To-day there are represented directly by reporters in the gallery of the House of Commons, about twenty daily London newspapers, and the total number of journalists who have entrance to the gallery is about 240.

Eighty-three thousand acres of pine timber lands, near Pine Bluffs, Ark., have been sold for lumbering purposes at an aggregate price of over $500,000. This is said to be the largest business deal of the kind in the history of this section.

"I think, Mrs. Fitznoodle, you are the most stupid woman I ever knew. I can't get anything through your head." "Yes," said the little woman, quietly, "how strange. You told me just the other day that everything you said to me went in one ear and out the other."

A chemical and pharmaceutical laboratory has been established at Rajkote, Western India. Its object is to improve the practice of native medicine, and to make known to Western science the valuable Indian remedies, as well at the possibilities of yet unfamiliar native herbs.

New York's aldermen have voted for an appropriation of $150,000 for the expenses of welcoming Admiral Dewey, and a member of the board wants "to know where the money is going." This solicitude of the alderman might imply that some of the money voted would be used for the purpose expressed in the appropriation.

An interesting memento of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava is to be sold in London shortly—the trumpet of Trumpet Major Gray, who was an orderly to Lord Cardigan, and with him headed the charge of "The Six Hundred." His medals and the Cross of the French Legion of Honor will also be auctioned.

In an article on the danger of long hours in druggists' shops the London Lancet says that during the four years ended July, 1898, thirteen dispensing assistants in drug stores committed suicide, and seven others attempted, but failed, to kill themselves. These suicides were the consequence of the physical conditions induced by the taking of drugs to resist the effects of fatigue.

HAPPINESS VILLA.

BY A. DE LAMOTHE.

"Eh! eh! business has not been so bad this year!" exclaimed Athanase Polydore Le Comte, wholesale and retail dealer in chiffons, entering, on the last day of December, 1867, the little salon—rather dark, although it was eighty-six steps above the pavement of Rue Childebert—of the tiny apartment occupied by him as tenant of the unfurnished house No. 218.

"Yes, not at all bad," he added, rubbing his hands after throwing his hat on the green damask sofa near which his only daughter, Mlle. Palmyre, a tall slip of fourteen, her hair hanging down her back, was perched upon a piano stool, executing a series of exasperating scales, while her mother, Mme. Elodie Polydore, a plump little woman bordering on fifty, was reading near the window a novel in octavo bearing on its greasy back the imprint of the most fashionable circulating library in Maubert Place.

"A clear gain of 22,587 francs 63½ centimes on the sale of white and colored chiffons is not bad! not bad!"

And, with his hands in the pockets of his black and grey checked trousers, the consequential little trader began to walk up and down, humming a popular air which he interrupted only to plant himself squarely, in the attitude of the Colassus of Rhodes, in front of his wife, to whom he said once more:

"A fine profit, eh? What do you say to it, Elodie?"

Instead of answering, Elodie dropped her book on her knees with a discouraged air, and heaved a sigh powerful enough to turn a windmill.

Athanase Polydore nevertheless maintained a half stooping position which made him not unlike an interrogation point.

"What's the good of it?" murmured the afflicted beauty, sinking back in her armchair and relinquishing her hold on the novel, which slid to the floor.

"What's the good of it?" repeated Palmyre like a plaintive echo, running her short, thick fingers over the sobbing piano.

"What's the good of 22,587 francs, 63½ centimes!" exclaimed the dealer, drawing himself up with the majesty of a dancing master who takes the third position at the first squeak of the bow; "but are you well aware that, added to the rest, it represents 418,000 francs 12 centimes of capital, or, at the present rate of interest, 20,157 francs 8 centimes of income?"

"Oh! what do figures matter to poor victims obliged to waste away in the obscurity of a dark dungeon?" sobbed Elodie.

"Waste away! Waste away!" exclaimed Polydore, with bitterness. "It does not appear to me that you are in such bad condition; you weigh 220 pounds, and in spite of your fifty years you are as red as—"

"Go on; add gross insult now to the other tortures you inflict upon us, sir! Say before your daughter, without any respect for her youthful modesty, that her mother is old, obese, ugly, deformed! Go on, sir—crush under the weight of your contempt a poor creature whose only fault is to have married a man who is heartless and incapable of understanding her."

And Mme. Polydore hid her luxuriant countenance between a pair of large, fat hands.

Accustomed to these scenes, Palmyre went on playing her scales.

"Dear child, give me my eau de Carme," murmured her mother.

"It is on the mantelpiece behind you," answered the sweet young girl, crossly. "It is not worth my while to get up."

The merchant had resumed his promenade. At the third turn he halted and said:

"In short, what will satisfy you?"

"Oh! nothing, absolutely nothing!" she replied. "I am so happy."

"See here, that is no answer," said he in an almost supplicating tone, "what do you want?"

"Nothing, sir, since you have decided to keep us always shut up in a dungeon, unless that you would not add insults to ill-treatment."

"Truly, dear Elodie, you are unjust. It was you who selected this dungeon a dozen years ago, at Michelmas; a fine apartment, convenient, well-arranged, a perfect gem, which I have always kept in repair, handsome papers, carpets, mirrors, clocks, and everything; a salon facing south with a balcony covered with flowers, a light and roomy kitchen, two domestics—"

"Oh! certainly, a real earthly paradise, an Eden, is it not?" interrupted the prisoner, with a doleful laugh. "This is an excellent description to give of a horrible lodging which can only be reached by means of a frightful staircase! As to the balcony, one cannot go out on it without becoming dizzy, and the pure air one breathes there is nothing but an infected and pestilential breeze laden with emanations from filthy sewers! You know that I am not hard to please, sir; you are not ignorant of the privations of every sort which I impose upon myself; but to lower myself to the point of allowing you, in my presence, to call a lodging which I cannot enter without blushing a charming apartment—oh, no! that is impossible."

"Great heavens! my dear, I do not claim that the house has no inconveniences," replied the merchant, moderating his voice. "Still, I do not in the least understand why you should blush at it."

"Ah! you do not understand? Really, I am amazed at that. Have you never read the ignoble inscription over the door of your offices on the ground floor?"

"I have never seen anything but our sign there."

"And have you read that sign?"

"Why, certainly. I have even had it regilded not three months ago, and it produces an excellent effect at a distance, I assure you, with these words in large letters:

"'Chiffons at wholesale, Maison Polydore Le Comte.'"

"That is precisely what ought to fill you with confusion and makes me die of shame. Listen: it was only the other day that I was coming in with Palmyre; we had been to a baptism, the baptism of the youngest child of Mme. Raymbaud, a fashionable lady. Of course, we were obliged, contrary to our usual custom to be a little careful about our dress; I had on my yellow silk robe with currant-colored trimmings and my green bonnet with white feathers. Assuredly, that is simple enough, or I do not understand such things. A young man passed very near us with two ladies, and I do not say it to boast, but I heard with my own ears that gentleman ask one of the ladies: 'Do you know who that elegant and distinguished person is?'

"'Oh!' said the impertinent thing, with a sarcastic laugh, 'that is the wife of M. Le Comte. You will see her go into her mansion presently.'

"'Bah! are there any mansions in this street?'

"'Certainly, my dear—see for yourself,' and she pointed to your offices. 'There is the palace of M. Le Comte de la Chiffonerie,' and all three of them laughed."

Mme. Elodie hid her head in her hands and her bosom heaved with sobs.

"If this insult recoiled only upon me," she murmured between her fingers, "I could endure it; but to think that it falls back upon our only child, upon that dear Palmyre, so timid, so artlessly sensitive, it breaks my heart!"

All this time the too sensitive Palmyre was pounding out on her piano the stupid melody of the song "Ah! I will tell you, Mamma"—this clever morceau and her scales comprising the whole of her musical repertory.

Less philosophical than his daughter, Athanase listened pitifully to his wife's complaints. The poor man did not know what to do. He was unable to resist her tears, and madame, who knew the power of her lamentations, had opened all the floodgates of her woe. The unfortunate Athanase did not even pretend to struggle against this inundation; the water was gaining on him, he lost his footing and begged her pardon.

Madame only wept the harder, making her little calculations very coolly all the while. The motto of this sensitive heart was: "Woe to the vanquished."

Her big, good-natured husband, weak, like all men of his sort, grasped at every twig by which he might hope to save himself. As basis for a truce he offered all that he supposed might calm the aggrieved beauty:

A voluminous shigon of the most beautiful black.

A dress of the newest style of silk.

A box at the Bobino Theatre.

A fortnight in the country on the banks of the Morne.

A season at Trouville.

A journey through Switzerland.

Nothing availed. The sensitive creature was bound to die. The more alluring the propositions, the more disdainfully did she reject them. What was the good? Death alone could put an end to her moral tortures.

"What the d— can she want!" wondered the defeated man, rumpling his thick whiskers, and he went on magnifying his offers.

"An apartment on the Chaussee d'Antin? It is a little dear. If, however—"

"No; it is useless! I want nothing, and an apartment in this horrid Paris less than anything else."

"Well, then, a cottage at Chatou or Passy."

"We are not rich enough," sighed she.

"But if we hired it for three months—"

"Another lodging!" cried she, in a suffocating voice. "I will not have one."

And her voice died away in a sob so deep that M. Polydore hastily unfastened some hooks, fearing that she would stifle.

Elodie allowed herself to fall half-fainting into the arms of her tormentor.

"What do you want, my dearest? Tell me. I will give you everything!" cried he, in consternation.

"I want a house of my own," she said, in a voice so feeble that one would have thought it the last sigh of a dying woman.

"Consent to live and I swear that you shall have it, my adored angel!" said he, totally beside himself.

The adored angel made no answer, but a smile of gratitude hovered over her lips—very red lips, to be sure, for a dying woman—and a light pressure of the hand conveyed to the husband the assurance that his victim forgave him.

"My God!" he murmured, "if only it is not too late!"

Well, no! Monsieur Athanase, it was not too late, and the proof is that half an hour later, when the blonde Zenobie—a tall girl who used to call herself Julienne, plain and simple, before she entered the service of Elodie—came to announce dinner, Madame was able to walk to the dining-room even with the leaning on the arm of her ninny of a husband, who followed her with a hang-dog expression, sadly meditating on the fatal consequences of a rash vow.

As may be easily imagined, the conversation turned all through the dinner on the house to be purchased by the big darling; a little whitened house with green shutters, of course—one knows one's Rousseau. They would choose it near Paris, on a hill; there must be water, shade, flowers; a little garden where mornings, in a wrapper, one could cultivate climbing plants, the white clematis and the wisteria with its long velvet violet clusters. Monsieur would keep his offices in Paris, but would let the fourth floor at the best possible price. What was the use of retaining it? One room would be enough, and the big darling would come to dine and sleep in the country.

Palmyre clapped her hands, which, considering their meagreness, produced a somewhat disagreeable effect of castanett. She wanted to go at once, but where?

When such a great matter as buying a house is in question, it is almost least necessary to make an agreeable and suitable choice, for such articles cannot be exchanged like a pair of gloves.

"Is not that so, my Loulou?"

In times of peace Athanase was Loulou, or big darling; in times of war, Monsieur.

For the moment he was superlatively Loulou, for Madame had laid all her weapons and smiled at twenty-eight natural teeth; she would have preferred thirty-two.

* * *

"Mamma, if we were to buy that pretty red-brick house over towards Pantin, you know, where we stopped for breakfast coming back from the country."

"Shocking! The palin is frightful, and nothing but the recollection of Tropmann kept me from going to sleep."

"But since he is dead, mamma, you know very well that we read the account of his execution. It was even very amusing."

"He is dead; but his accomplices—for I am sure he had accomplices! My big darling, do you know, I would prefer the Avenue de Neuilly."

"Montrougue would probably be cheaper."

"We might look in the direction of Passy."

"Or of Clichy-la-Garenne."

"Foh! a marsh."

"Better look in the suburbs."

"That is what I will do to-morrow, with Palmyre. You will accompany us, will you not, Loulou?"

"We might put it off until spring, dear soul. December is a dismal month to judge of the country."

"On the contrary, my dear, in choosing at once we would have time to make the repairs. Zenobie, bring the coffee."

Zenobie obeyed with bad grace; she detested the country, and would keenly regret the neighborhood of the Jardin des Plantes, her favorite walk.

For a week M. Athanase had the pleasure of driving round the fortifications of Paris, stopping here and there to visit villas from whose balconies hung advertisements signifying the desire of their owners to rid themselves as quickly as possible of these unfurnished dwellings.

Finally Mme. Elodie decided on a villa situated at Sevres, on the slope of a stony hill, with a microscopic garden surrounded with high walls, like the yard of a prison. A week later, by a deed signed in presence of Lawyer Grigoutin, M. Athanase Polydore Le Comte became legitimate owner of the villa at a round sum of 35,637 francs, centimes not included, and the empty house was at once entered by masons, plasterers, painters and paperhangers. The repairs had already cost 9,800 francs when the family went there to install themselves in May.

After long deliberation it had been decided that the new habitation should bear the significant title of "Happiness Villa."

The villa had by this time cost 45,437 francs. It was rather dear. But then, what a situation! A house within reach of everything! A real Paris in the country, ten omnibuses, an American railway, and the Seine boats. One had only the embarrassment of choosing.

What a charming arrangement! The cook could go to market every morning, madame and mademoiselle visit their friends and do their shopping. As to M. Athanase, from his garden gate to the boat and from the quay to his offices, he had not a kilometre to walk. One could not be otherwise than happy under this roof covered with varnished tiles.

The first week was really delightful; the weather was superb, the newly planted flowers enamelled the borders, beautiful ivy twined around the lanceolated bars of the grille; madame, in a filmy muslin wrapper and a broad-brimmed hat of Italian straw, shepherdess fashion, distributed water from her fountain to the blue periwinkles, and biscuit crumbs to the gold-fishes in a pond a trifle larger than an ordinary bath-tub.

Palmyre was not less caraptured, and M. Le Comte de Sevres took his new fief as well as his new title seriously.

A house within reach of everything is so charming!

The following Sunday the proprietors of Happiness Villa were able to

(To be Continued.)

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Homespun Cheviot Serges, latest styles. All this Season's Goods.

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Black Broad Cloth and Camels Hair Cloth Skirts—
Regular $11.50 and $12 for $8.00

New Goods Just Being Opened Up..

White Lawn Blouses, all sizes. Prices 1.00, 1.25, 1.75, 2.00

Colored Zephyr Blouses. Prices ranging 90c. 1.00, 1.50.

NEW SHEETINGS AT OLD PRICES.

Table Linens and Napkins.

Lace Curtains bought direct from English manufacturers—75c, 1.00, 1.50 to 6.00 per pair.

Portier Curtains, Plain Chenille, Roman Stripes, New Colorings.

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Coming Events

Mar. 15.—Miss Pauline Johnson and Mr. Walter McRaye, at Opera House.

Mar 17.—St. Patrick's Concert under auspices Ladies Aid Catholic church.

April 4.—Easter Monday. Knights of Pythias Ball.

April 19.—Bazaar and Concert in Selkirk Hall, under auspices of Ladies Aid of Methodist Church.

BORN.

HAMELL—At Comaplix, Feb. 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Hamell, a daughter.

ABRAHAMSON—On Feb. 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Abrahamson, a daughter.

AMAN—On March 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Aman, a daughter.

DIED.

SCOTT—At London, England, on Feb. 7th, Roynon Chisholme Scott, only son of Mr. and Hrs. H. B. Scott, formerly of Revelstoke, aged nine months.

LOCALISMS

Dr. Curry, resident dentist, over Bews' drugstore.

Sale of Souvenir China, 25c a piece, at Bews' Drug Store.

J. A. Darragh went south to Camborne on a business trip this morning.

—Fresh eggs just arrived selling at 40c. per dozen at C. B. Hume & Co.

Remember the meeting in the Conservative Club rooms tomorrow night.

—New Books, always look for them at the Canada Drug & Book Co's.

The Kootenay Mail has suspended the publication of its daily war bulletin.

Every purchaser of a Parker Pen has it insured for one year. Sold at Bews' Drug Store.

Don't forget the Conservative meeting in the Club's rooms tomorrow night—Friday.

—A carload of Hams, Bacon and New Canadian Cheese, just arrived at C. B. Hume & Co's.

E. Adair, who has been on a business trip to the east, is expected to return on No. 1 this evening.

New Spring Shirts just to hand. Colored Shirts in starched and soft fronts, prices from $1 up. Reid & Young.

—Call and see our Graniteware display, C. B. Hume & Co.

The HERALD regrets to announce the serious illness from pneumonia of Mrs. B. Goddard of Kamloops.

—Ladies' Shower Proof and Rain Coats. This season's newest designs at Reid & Young's.

—Eastman Kodak, No. 1, practically new. For sale cheap, apply HERALD office.

Mr. Goldie, Provincial inspector of boilers was in town on business last week.

—Simcoe brand of Jams and Jellies in 1lb. glass jars for 10c. per jar at C. B. Hume & Co's.

E. McAdam has returned to the city, after doing some prospecting on some mining properties north of Edmonton.

—Goggles and Smoked and Colored glasses for the eyes on bright sunny days, sold at Canada Drug & Book Store.

Mr. J. G. McCallum, of Salmon Arm, a former resident of Revelstoke, is in the city for a few days on business.

Men's hats and ready to wear clothing. We open and put in stock this week several cases of new goods. Reid & Young.

Topic for next Friday's meeting is "The Unemployed: the next financial crisis." Discussion invited. Socialist local of Selkirk Hall.

—Cough Cures—Quinine Capsules, Cod Liver Oil, Emulsion or anything you want to cure a cold always fresh and strong at the Canada Drug & Book store.

Miss Johnson and Mr. McRaye take their entire programme from Canadian writers. Mr. McRaye in Drummond's "Wreck of the Julie Plante" is very good. He makes a hit too, with "The Stove Pipe Hole." They will give the same programme here which they gave in Vancouver.

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New Spring Dress Goods, the prettiest and latest novelties at Reid & Young's.

The Knights of Pythias are making every effort to make their ball on Easter Monday evening the success of the season.

The Ladies Aid of St. Andrew's Church purpose giving a "Pie Social" in Selkirk Hall on Easter Monday, April 4th. Particulars later.

E. L. Kinman, who has the contract of 100,000,000 feet of logs, for the Trout Lake mill, was in the city this week on business.

—Something Special—Helmet brand of Canned Peaches and Cherries in 3lb. tins, selling at 50c. per tin at C. B. Hume & Co.

Monday being the fourtenth day of the month, Companions of the Royal Scarlet, will please meet in the I.O.O.F. hall at 7 p.m. sharp on that day, for the purpose of opening the chapter.

This is the last week of our Big Clearance Sale of Furniture. Let us supply you at once. Get the benefit of our large discount. John E. Wood, The People's Furniture House.

Sir Joseph W. Tratch, the first lieutenant-governor of British Columbia, and at one time agent there for the Dominion of Canada, died after a long illness. He was born in 1826.

She fully justified all that had been said of her. It is seldom that a more enthusiastic audience has ever assembled in our city than that which greeted Miss Johnson.—Vancouver World.

The Willing Workers of St. Andrew's Church will hold an "At Home" in the church on Friday evening, March 11th, commencing at 8 o'clock. *Everybody is invited. Collection at the door.*

At the next meeting of the city council it would perhaps be wise to pass a resolution for a committee to interview the weather promoters to the effect that a very little more snow will be quite sufficient.

At the Board of Trade meeting on Thursday evening a formal resolution was passed to assist Mr. Galliher in obtaining a grant for the dredging and improvement of the channel and also for the construction of a tramway north from Death Rapids.

Mr. McRaye is a comedian of merit and though he is probably at his best in his French Canadian impersonations, he has many qualities that make him an actor of high light comedy considerably better than the average comedian that is met on the stage. His work was extremely laughable.—Vancouver World.

The new steamer which the Harbor Lumber Co. are constructing, will be placed on the run between Comaplix, Beaton and Nakusp, about May 1st. The hull is already completed and the machinery is expected any day. The steamer is up-to-date in all particulars and will be one of the finest crafts on the Arrow lake.

Miss Pauline Johnson and Mr. McRaye, who appear here on the 15th, will probably make this their last trip in the west. They leave for England in May where they open an engagement in St. James', Piccadilly, under esteemed patronage. Miss Johnson has just received a most flattering letter from the Duke of Argyle complimenting her upon her last volume of verse, and among her friends whom she made on her last visit to England are the well known names of Lord Abeadeen, Sir Gilbert Parker and the Marchioness of Ripon.

—New stock Carpet Squares, at R. Howson's Furniture store.

The Talent Society of St. Peter's church will put on that pleasing Irish drama, "Colleen Bawn" at the Opera House May 24th. The hearty thanks of the society is extended to all those who so kindly assisted in former entertainments and it is hoped their interest will still continue.

Localisms from Beaton

(From an Occasional Correspondent:)

BEATON, B. C., March 6.—Harry Anderson, the local nimrod, has had great luck in shooting at Stauber lake. The joke on Harry was the discovery that what he took to be wild geese were of the swan variety and consequently not good eating.

George Johnson, the metallurgist, has returnad from a two months' trip to Cranbrook. He reports that place making great preparations for the spring rush, but deems himself safer in this ice-locked harbor.

Talking about harbors the correspondent of the HERALD has it on good authority that the government turned down the request of the citizens here and Camborne to dredge the channel from the present high water landing to Beaton, on the grounds that the people did not know how to use the franchise. In other words that its all a hold-up game for votes. The Marine department at Ottawa has been in correspondence with Capt. Tom Graham, the author of the last petition to the honorable gentleman representing this constituency, for additional particulars regarding cost, etc.

Six-shooter Jack was over from Comaplix for a few days, as also "Lucky Joe" the barber. Lucky Joe stated that he has been successful in interesting capital in his property.

Rumor hath it that the ladies of Beaton purpose giving a Leap Year's Ball at the school house at an early date. The proceeds will be devoted to securing an organ.

Beaton's last census gives a total of 85 inhabitants.

New Restaurant.

Mrs. McKitrick, of Columbus, Ohio, has opened a restaurant a few doors south of the New Imperial bank. The building was formerly occupied by the French Restaurant but everything is being re-modeled and it will be one of the most tasty and attractive eating houses we have yet had. Mrs. McKittrick has had large experience in regular hotels and summer resorts, having been engaged in that business for some 20 years. Last summer she ran the Criterion Hotel at Camborne.

Doubtless many have heard of Dorothy Dean who has played the Western States in vaudeville and light comedy. She is the daughter of Mrs. McKittrick and has had a very prominent career in theatrical life.

—A few pieces of carpet remnants still left from R. Howson & Co's. sale.

Boys' School Shoes.—We have the best guarantee; goes with every pair. Ried & Young.

WILL ADD FIFTY STAMPS

Great Northern Mines to Build Mill at Poplar.—Capacity of Oyster-Criterion Plant to be Doubled.

W. B. Pool, of this city, and J. J. Young, of Calgary, who are large stockholders of the Great Northern Mines, Limited, leave for the coast tonight. It is their intention to order while at the coast ten additional stamps with the necessary equipment for the Oyster-Criterion mill at Camborne, owned by the Great Northern Mines. The mill already has ten stamps, three frue vanners, compressor plant, water-wheels and other machinery. There is so much ore in sight in the Oyster-Criterion group of mines, owned by the company, that it has been decided to double the present capacity of the mill. The mill is connected with the mine with an aerial tramway and there will be no trouble whatever in securing ore sufficient to keep the 20 stamps in continuous operation, while the difference between operating 20 stamps and 10 stamps is so small that it is insignificant.

It is the intention of Messrs. Pool and Young, while at the coast to arrange for the installation of a 40-stamp mill for the reduction of the ores from the Lucky Jack and Swede groups in the Poplar creek camp.

Mr. Pool in speaking about this matter yesterday said: "Spring seems to be here and, anyhow, we might just as well make an early start as to put it off till later in the year. The Oyster-Criterion can furnish all the ore necessary to keep a 20-stamp mill, or even a much larger plant, in constant operation. There is a large tonnage of ore in sight and our machine drills will soon disclose more; for we know that it is there.

"As far as our properties in the Poplar camp are concerned I have no fears concerning them. The tunnel on the Lucky Jack lead has been driven in for a distance of 320 feet. The breast on the tunnel now has a vertical depth of 175 feet and the ore is just as rich as it was at the surface. Our explorations on the Swede group have disclosed that there is sufficient ore to keep many stamps in motion. There are 15 leads on the two groups and all of them carry pay ore. When Mr. Young and myself reach the coast we intend to immediately order the ten stamps for the Oyster-Criterion mill and also to secure figures for the 40-stamp mill for the Poplar properties. It will run into a considerable sum to erect a 40-stamp mill and to provide it with water-wheels and other paraphernalia, but the values are lying idle in the ledges on our properties in Poplar and it might as well be extracted now as to leave it for our heirs and assigns to do it. We mean business and intend to have the addition to the Oyster-Criterion mill and the 40-stamp mill for Poplar in operation at the earliest possible moment.

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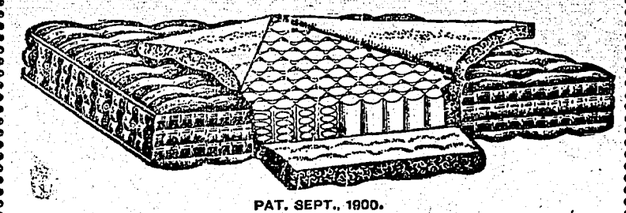

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