THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol V. No 148 REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1902 $2 00 a Year in Advance.

Fresh Groceries.

OUR SPECIALTY

We are the largest buyers of GROCERIES in the North Kootenay, and are therefore able to offer the very best goods produced in the world at the very lowest prices. Although times have been hard during the past year, our business has been the largest we ever had in Revelstoke, which is very encouraging to us.

This year we have made arrangements which will enable us to give our customers better prices than ever before.

W. G. & R. Shirts

These Shirts are recognized to be superior to any made in Canada for Style and Durability. We have them in all the Latest Patterns.

Neck Ties

The celebrated Currie Tie —The Spring Patterns in these Goods have just been received, and for Beauty and Taste, excel anything yet produced by this Renowned Firm of Tie Makers.

Hats! Caps!

The world-renowned Christie and Fedora Hats A consignment in the Latest Styles has just been opened up.

Underwear

For Spring and Summer. A well selected consignment of Imported Scotch and English fine, woolen Balbriggan and Fleece-Lined Underwear just to hand.

Hosiery

Ladies' and Gent's Hosiery in Silk, Cashmere, and Wool. A complete stock of the Latest Patterns and Best Quality.

Hardware

A carload of Assorted Hardware just opening up.

C. B. Hume & Co.

40 DOLLARS A TON FREE GOLD

The Result of a 12 ton Test Gave the Above Results.—The Camborne Group the Biggest Free Gold Property in the West.

With the low prices for lead and silver, that have prevailed for some time, the free gold camps of the Kootenay have come into prominence, and at present there is a noticeable increase in activity both as regards the mines, and also the development work being done on the prospects of this class. Among the camps which have felt this most strongly that on Fish Creek in the Lardeau, has been the leading one, and at present it is the liveliest camp in the district. The first discovery of free gold in this portion of the Lardeau was in 1899, when a number of claims were located on Fish and Pool creeks. Among these a number of good properties have been opened up, and are now being operated. Those on which the most extensive work is being done are the Camborne Group, owned by the Northwestern Development Syndicate Limited; the "Eva" group, owned by the Imperial Development Syndicate, Limited, and the Oyster Group, owned by Messrs. Pool and Young and associates.

During a visit to the new town of Goldfields, a week ago, a representative of THE HERALD had the pleasure of a visit to the workings of the famous Camborne group under the guidance of the foreman of the works, D. J. Kennedy and R. F. Perry, manager of the Goldfields townsite. It was just a year previous that a visit was made to this same property, then under the management of A. F. Rosenberger, who was the first mining man to grasp the greatness of the big free milling gold ledges, on Fish creek tributary to Goldfields. The work then done by Mr. Rosenberger and twenty men was most satisfactory and established the extent of the free gold ore bodies and their magnitude. The outcome of last season's work was the flotation of a strong company to work this property and the Northwestern Development Syndicate, Limited, took hold of it. After the company was well launched, Mr. Rosenberger resigned, and H. Z. Brock, of Hancock, Mich., a large stock holder, was appointed to the management. Mr. Brock early this spring visited the property and after sizing things up generally immediately ordered an electric plant and three Durkee electric drills, and in two months time the plant was set up and the drills pounding the face of the big gold ledges. What a change in a few short months. Three months ago there was scarcely a sign of life on the east of Fish river in the vicinity of this big group of gold ore claims. Today there is one bustle of mining enterprise and activity. In two months an electric power house was built, blacksmith shop, boarding house for fifty men, the flume and pipes laid from the greatest water power river (Menhennick creek) in Kootenay giving 500 horse power, to the power house; three big tunnels started, one of which is now in 200 feet, 150 feet of which was driven by the Darkee drills in one month at a cost of less than $3.50 per foot. This main tunnel will have a length of 6,900 feet, driven on the vein to tap the main ore shute at a depth of 2000 feet. Double tracks will be constructed in the tunnel and electric cars will be used to haul the ore to the stamp mill, which at this writing is being erected convenient to the workings and ore bodies. For the purpose of making a thorough test to determine the process of treatment best adapted to the ore a shipment of 12 tons from the Camborne group was made by Mr. Brock to the Granite mill, five miles west of Nelson. The results obtained were reported as follows:

Feeder sample assayed	$44.00	per ton
Recovered by amalgam'n	83.07	"
" " concentration	1 80	"
Value of concentrates	207.20	"
Gold bullion recovered	25.63	ounces
Percentage of total values saved by amalgamation	83 07	per ct.
Percentage of total values saved by concentration	4.7	"
Total recovery	87.4	"

This mill test was considered as most satisfactory and means much for the Fish river camp. The test has demonstrated that the ore is strictly free milling.

The machinery for a 10 stamp mill and 5000 foot aerial tramway are now en route to the property, and should be in operation before the end of September. Last week the machinery for the new saw mill with a capacity of 40,000 feet per day was on the way to the mill site at Goldfields and by this date should be practically in shape for sawing lumber for the erection of buildings at the mines and at Goldfields. The Northwestern Development Syndicate, Limited, have acquired a half interest in the new town of Goldfields from the owners Messrs. R. F. Perry, who is manager of the townsite, F. J. Goldsmith and A. Johnson.

The Camborne group it is firmly believed, by all miningmen who have had the pleasure of looking over the ground, to be the biggest free milling gold ore property in the west, and that that belief is entertained by the company is evidenced by the energetic manner in which they are pushing the development. The prospects of large dividends in the very near future are most encouraging, and THE HERALD believes that Mr. Brock in a few short months will be able to demonstrate the richness of the free gold ores of the Fish River camp to the most pessimistic. Another matter which the syndicate operating this property is seriously considering is the transportation problem. At present the town of Goldfields and the Camborne group are reached by wagon road (8 miles) from Comaplix, at the head of deep water navigation. As soon as the camp will warrant the Northwestern Development syndicate will undertake the construction of an electric car line from Comaplix to Goldfields. The company at their holdings on Menhennick creek have sufficient water power to generate the electricity for this purpose as well as for the successful operation of their stamp mill and sawmill, and all purposes at the mines.

The new town of Goldfields which is situated in the heart of the gold camp, and adjoining the Camborne group, will be in the words of a well known eastern mining man "one of the most modern and up-to-date little cities in western Canada." Lots are now being cleared for the erection of hotels, stores, private residences, etc., which will go up within the next month. The wire for lighting the streets and business houses in town is now on the ground and will be stretched from the poles in a few weeks. The pipes for carrying the water from the flume and dam on Menhennick creek will be laid this fall. The sawmill will be running full time and the delay from lumber necessary to insure the construction of buildings will be a thing of the past. The Camborne group of mines will employ this winter upwards of 200 men, while just across the river the Eva and Oyster groups will have a big pay roll all tributary to Goldfields. Thus, it is said, in a few months the banner gold camp of British Columbia will be as well known to the public as Rossland. Roger F. Perry, who is manager of the townsite, is putting forth every effort to clear the ground and make preparation for the grading of streets and other public improvements.

Furniture Sale.

—FOR SALE—A number of bedsteads, mattrasses and springs, all nearly new. The goods can be seen at the residence of Mrs. McCallum, three doors east of the Molson's Bank. a 14 3w

—A new stock of staple dry goods at C. B. Hume & Co's.

THE NAKUSP MURDER CASE

Constable Young, of Nelson, is Seeking Evidence in the Case Against Rose Accused of the Murder of Cole.

Charles W. Young, the provincial constable attached to headquarters staff at Nelson, spent a day or so in this city looking up evidence to be used by the crown prosecutor in the case of Rex. vs. Rose, in which the defendant is charged with the murder of John J. Cole at Nakusp recently.

During his stay here Constable Young interviewed a number of Rosslanders with whom Rose is acquainted. No testimony of prime importance is likely to be obtained in this city for obvious reasons, the defendant having been away for some time prior to the terrible affair at Nakusp and having no apparent motive for having committed such a crime that could have originated in this city. The state is now working up its case against Rose, but the date of the trial has not been fixed as yet.

Rosslanders take special interest in the case by reason of the fact that the murdered man and prisoner charged with the deed resided in this city at various intervals and had many acquaintances here. Alexander Smith, of the Hoffman House was a partner of Cole's, and with others is following the case with keen interest.

The attorney-general has the case for the prosecution in hand, as is natural under the circumstances, but if private assistance were required to ferret out the story of the murder and establish the responsibility for the killing, this would undoubtedly be forthcoming, as the deceased man's brother is a magnate of the great steel trust who is rated as a millionaire in Michigan, where he is identified with the general management of the iron properties worked by the big corporation. Under the circumstances, however, nothing of this kind is required, as the state looks after the prosecution. —Rossland Miner.

Card of Thanks

We beg to tender our heartfelt thanks to all our friends and neighbors for their expressions of sincere sympathy tendered to us on account of the sad loss sustained by us through the drowning of our beloved daughter Elsie.

MR. AND MRS. H. COOKE.

A FATAL RY. ACCIDENT

On the Nakusp & Slocan Branch —Engine Crashes Through A Bridge Killing Engineer Connacher—Brakeman Injured.

A serious wreck occurred on the Nakusp and Slocan Railway last Tuesday afternoon in which James Connacher, one of the best known locomotive drivers in British Columbia lost his life. It appears that bush fires, which are raging in that district, set fire to a small bridge and burned out the timbers below, leaving the bridge to all appearances intact. Engineer James Connacher was not aware of the damage to the bridge and proceeded to cross as usual when his engine crashed through, followed by some of the cars. The engineer had not time to make good his escape and was crushed to death by the wreck. The fireman, Chess Clark, however, was fortunate in being able to jump, and escaped with but few bruises. The brakeman and baggageman, the HERALD understands, were both seriously injured, but to what extent it is unable to state at this writing. All along the line the news of the death of Jim Connacher will be received with many regrets, for the deceased was one of the most popular and trustworthy employees of the C.P.R. in the mountains.

The Hospital Opened.

The hospital was unexpectedly called into requisition last Thursday, two accident cases being taken in. Fortunately Nurse McKinnon, who has been sent out by the Victorian Order of Nurses to take charge of the work here, arrived the previous day, and was on hand to look after the patients.

Nurse McKinnon, hails from Charlottetown, P. E. I., and comes highly recommended, having had large experience in hospital work. She attended for three years the training hospital at Philadelphia, after which she was engaged in V. O. N. work at Montreal, and later had charge of the work of the Order in Hamilton, Ont. Prior to coming to Revelstoke, Nurse McKinnon opened a small hospital, under the auspices of the Victorian Order of Nurses, at Sintaluta, Assn. The Revelstoke Hospital Society has every reason to congratulate itself on obtaining a nurse of Miss McKinnon's experience.

Nurse McKinnon explained to a HERALD representative that it would take some little time to get everything into first class running order. Since the opening of the hospital four patients have been under treatment, one death having occurred. There are at present three cases in the hospital, two male and one female. Miss Josephine Leveque is at present the only assistant Nurse McKinnon has, and she is consequently kept very busy. A Chinaman is in charge of the kitchen and it is the Nurse's first experience with a Celestial, but she finds he gives every satisfaction.

Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays are the visiting days, hours from 3 to 5 p. m., and a visitors book will be placed in the hall shortly.

The citizens have every reason to be proud of their efforts and when the furnishing is complete Revelstoke will possess one of the most modern and best equipped hospitals in British Columbia.

The City Council.

The city council met on Friday evening, all the members being present except Ald. Taylor.

McCall Bros. & Co., through their solicitors, wrote asking payment of an account for $10.30. The bill had been contracted several years ago by the school trustees, who had exceeded the government grant to that amount. While the city were in no way liable, it was decided to pay the account in order to avoid any friction.

E. Picard wrote asking payment of scavenging account.—Laid over till next meeting.

W. C. Brent, Toronto, wrote offering to purchase school debentures at par. —City will accept same if offer means par at Revelstoke.

The Revelstoke Water, Light and Power Co. wrote refusing the city's offer of $58,400 for their plant, and making the city an offer to sell for not less than $65,000. When this important matter came up for discussion the mayor was of the opinion that it should be strictly private. The aldermen present being of the same opinion the press were asked to retire.

White Girls Replace Chinese.

An important change has come over the factory of Messrs. Turner, Beeton & Co., of Victoria, manufacturers of shirts and overalls. This firm formerly employed Chinese, but within the last few months decided for business reasons that white labor was preferable. Today some scores of girls work at the machines in a clean, well ventilated and well lighted building, which it is a pleasure to visit. Nor is this all. After the factory started the Garment Workers' Union organized the operatives, who are now all members of that body, receive union wages for an eight hour day and have a half holiday on Saturday. It is gratifying to learn that the change has been satisfactory to the firm from a financial standpoint, the work being better done, with a consequent increase of orders. A month after the Chinese were cleared out eight new machines were installed and even with those the factory cannot keep pace with the demand.—Clarion.

Lacrosse.

Next month will be a busy one for local lacrosse men. The schedule of games for the Fulton cup competition has been arranged and is as follows:—

Sept. 1, at Kamloops, Revelstoke v. Kamloops.

Sept. 13, at Revelstoke, Revelstoke v. Kamloops.

Sept. 17, at Kelowna, Kelowna v. Kamloops.

Sept. 20, at Revelstoke, Kelowna v. Revelstoke.

Sept. 24, at Kamloops, Kelowna v. Kamloops.

Oct. 1, at Kelowna, Revelstoke v. Kelowna.

There is no reason why this cup should not come to Revelstoke, and the boys can get it if they practice faithfully and go in for combination play. Two weeks only remain before the first game of the series and Revelstoke will have to play their prettiest in order to defeat Kamloops on their own ground.

Grand Excursion.

Another excursion is advertised by the s. s. Revelstoke next Sunday to Halcyon Hot Springs. The steamer will leave the city wharf at 7:30 a.m. returning in the evening. The sale of tickets is limited to 90, and can be had at the Canada Drug & Book store. Fare for the round trip $2; children under 12 years of age $1. Refreshments and meals can be procured on board the steamer.

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

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

Governor Gage, of California, was arrested at Los Angeles at the instance of the San Francisco Call, charged with criminal libel. He was eventually released on a writ of habeas corpus.

The Canadian government has just completed their contract with a syndicate of shipping companies for a monthly service between Canada and South Africa. Ships will carry mails and be supplied with cold storage.

Woodmakers, numbering 150 in all, employed by the Dominion Piano Co., of Bowmanville, Ont., have decided to strike for an increase of 20 per cent. in wages, also for recognition of the Union.

The International Harvester Co. has been organized under the laws of New Jersey with a capital stock of $120,000,000 to manufacture and sell harvesting machinery.

Cold rains have been falling all through Germany for the past two weeks turning to snow in the mountains. The harvest just closed has been seriously damaged and imports of foreign grain will be required.

Wined and Dined.

Mr. F. Macbeth of the Molsons Bank, who was recently transferred as manager to the Calgary branch, spent a few days in the city this week. A number of his friends here taking advantage of his visit, entertained him to an informal dinner at the Hotel Revelstoke on Tuesday night. During the evening Mr. Macbeth was presented with a gold headed cane and a handsome set of pipes, as a slight token of the esteem in which he is held in this city. Mr. Macbeth was taken somewhat by surprise and expressed in a few well chosen remarks his appreciation of the presentation and his regret at his removal from the city.

Mr. Macbeth's residence in the city as manager of the Molsons Bank has been a comparatively short one, but during that time he made a host of friends who sincerely regret his departure. Revelstoke's loss however is Calgary's gain. THE HERALD joins Mr. Macbeth's many friends in wishing him every success in his new home.

Opposed to Mulock's Bill.

Grand Chief Arthur, at Toronto last week, in speaking of the matter, said: "I am not in favor of compulsory arbitration. I believe, however, that some measure of arbitration should exist to settle difficulties when two parties fail to agree. But labor organizations must reserve the right to strike when the necessity requires it. If we did not have that right our organizations would be of little value. Mind, I am not in favor of strikes, nor is any man in the movement of heart, but it is useful at times to demonstrate our strength in defence of our members when necessary."

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the regular meeting of Selkirk Lodge, No. 12, I.O.O.F., held on Tuesday, August 5th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove the beloved daughter of our friend and brother Harry Cooke: Therefore be it resolved that we, the members of Selkirk Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., extend to our bereaved brother and his wife our heartfelt sympathy and regret that his home has been made desolate. And be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to our brother and also to the local papers.

Civilian Rifle Association.

The following scores were made by those who took part in the shoot at the rifle range last Saturday:

NAME	200 yds	500	Total
B. A. Lawson	31	25	56
J. F. Carruthers	28	27	55
H. A. Brown	29	20	49
A. E. Phipps	27	22	49
E. Moscrop	15	23	38
W. Moscrop	20	4	24
W. Bailey	22	—	22
M. Hume	13	9	22
G. H. Brock	3	10	13
J. G. Webster	—	9	
J. H. Jackson	4	2	

GENUINE BARGAINS

AT

Reid & Young's

For the Balance of August
On All Summer Goods, Consisting of

DRYGOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING,

MEN'S FURNISHINGS, BOOTS AND SHOES

MUST CLEAR OUT OUR SUMMER STOCK

During This Month to Make Room for
FALL GOODS.

Your Opportunity to Get
SUMMER GOODS AT A BIG DISCOUNT FOR CASH

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

SERMON BY
REV. GEO. H. HEPWORTH.

For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.—Romans, xiv., 7.

Somebody has said that thoughts are things. The phrase is unfortunate, because it is misleading and inaccurate. This world is made up of things and forces. Thoughts are more subtle than mere things and far more potential. They are forces which change a man's life for better or for worse.

If you apply the principles of wireless telegraphy to spiritual concerns you will see the full scope of my statement. We may safely do this, for there is a spiritual law running parallel to every physical law, and no man can discover a physical law without suggesting a corresponding spiritual law. In this way all thinkers stand shoulder to shoulder, lifting the world out of the old into the new.

The wireless telegrapher tells us that a word or its equivalent creates a vibration of the air, as a pebble creates a ripple in the pond, and this vibration speeds on its way to the destined terminus, however distant, and there makes itself known and felt. We are living in an age of miracles, or, in other words, an age of discovery, and this is one of the startling results.

In like manner a word of scorn or of praise hurled into the spiritual universe from a heart that hates or loves becomes a living force, not lost in the general confusion as a single note is lost in the multitude of sounds, but going straight to the man or woman against whom or in favor of whom it was directed. That other heart at the further end of the line, perhaps half broken by remorse or timidly hoping for better days, is the receiving station of this wireless telegraphy. Your thought, critical or gentle, strikes that other heart with an impact which either hurts or helps. You may not know that your thought has taken its flight, that other person may not know whence it comes, but all the same he is uplifted or oppressed by it.

This may seem strange and even incredible, but while it is to-day a possible fact, it may to-morrow become a demonstrated truth, and the next day it may change the whole outlook of the spiritual world. It has the appearance of a miracle, but profounder knowledge always seems miraculous, while in reality we only climb from the lower to the higher realm of law, see further and understand God better.

A spoken thought is even now recognized as a force when speaker and hearer are within earshot of each other. An oath, a compliment, a bit of vocal flattery go through the ear to the heart and kindle a flame of resentment or of happiness. What you say becomes part of another man's life and excites passion or stimulates friendship. Why may there not be a quicker transit than the slow and dull car affords? Why may not the time come when we can convey our thoughts without the coarse medium of words? There are no words between us and heaven. A prayer is *longing of the soul, "uttered or unexpressed."* God speaks to hearts. The impression is instantaneous, as when the sun makes its mark on the photographer's plate. There are "unseen beings who walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep," but they use no words. They make us feel their presence, and we are as sure that they are close by as though we heard a trumpet call. What they would say steals into the heart, for our poor ears cannot catch it. We hear nothing, but we know that they are giving us a helping hand. Is there any language in heaven except that of thoughts?

When the world grows older why may we not speak to each other without this cumbersome factor of spoken words? Progress is indefinite and infinite, and we are moving in that direction. We catch glimpses of the possible already. A look, a pressure of the hand, and contempt or sympathy is complete. Enlarge the circumference and you have a new truth. No one needed to tell the Christ what he thought. He read the heart as an open book. He looked at a man and the man's story was already told. Lips had nothing to do with it. The Master felt the woes and shared the joys of humanity. A subtler language than we can use was at His command.

A thought is the wireless message of soul to soul. Your neighbor's welfare is affected by your kind or unkind criticism of him. When we deal with subtle and far reaching forces of this kind, then religion, which enjoins charity, is brought to the forefront as *the most important factor in human* life. If you would be at your best you must love your neighbor, for your thought of him will either lift him up or trip him to a fall. The whole trend and swing of the universe bid a man be honest, just and gentle, for we are so bound together that nobility in one kindles nobility in all, and one man's hurt is an injury to all. Since we are marching, one great company, from time to eternity, let us go as brothers, with a kindly word and a helping hand whenever opportunity offers.

Protected.

IN recalling incidents of international courtesy, when British and Americans have supported each other, a writer in the Boston "Transcript" tells the following story which came from an American sailor who had landed at a port in Chile:

The men had gone ashore and become somewhat hilarious, and one of the police officers, instead of warning him not to make a noise in the street, drew his sword and knocked him down. The American got up, and promptly knocked the policeman down in return. He was arrested, tried, and condemned to be shot the next morning.

Mr. Loring, the American consul, expostulated with the authorities, saying that it would be monstrous to put a man to death for such an offence; but they paid no attention to him. On the day specified the sailor was brought out and pinioned, in readiness for execution.

The English consul, preparing to hoist the *Union Jack*, saw a crowd in the field opposite, and realized that the execution was about to take place. He rushed over to the American consul, and cried:

"Loring! You're not going to let them shoot that man?"

"What can I do?" was the answer. "I have protested against it. I can do no more."

"Give me your flag!" cried the Englishman.

With the two flags in his hand, he ran to the field, elbowed his way through the crowd and soldiery, and reached the prisoner. He folded the American flag about him, and laid the Union Jack over it. He stepped back, and faced the officers and soldiery.

"Shoot, if you dare," he shouted, "through the heart of England and America!"

The man was not shot.

The Old-Age Habit.

"FOR why would I look old, darling? Answer me that, now!" Mrs. Mullaly demanded. She had been Honora Costigan formerly, Mrs. Morris's loving and faithful house-girl; but that was twenty years earlier. Mistress and maid had been at opposite ends of the earth in the meantime, and the mistress, who had noticeably aged, felt almost a shock of resentment at sight of the plump and buxom Nora she used to know.

"Sure, I've had me bad times and me good times, like the rest of the world," Mrs. Mullaly went on, reflectively. "But, glory be! before the bad times quite *finished me the good times* always came again—me always leaving the door ajar to let them in, d'ye mind?

"I am older; I feel it sometimes in me poor back; but I'm not old. Whisper, darling, it ain't the years that go over; it's the heart that's inside that changes the faces of us.

"'Twas a cousin of mine that taught me the truth of it, this long ago. She begun to be old the day she was born, did Katie, and when she was fourteen, looking and acting twenty, 'twas a great help to her. But when she was twenty, 'I'm getting on!' says she. When she was twenty-five, 'No,' says she to Johnny Walsh, that came a-courting, 'I'm too old and settled in me habits to be marrying.' Then when she was thirty nothing would do her but to get wid the old women and talk of the time when she and they was young.

"So the heart of her went into the face of her. It did so! I mind when she was thirty about and me over twenty, we went together one day to a big new hotel to get work. A good worker was Katie. But the boss he looked us up and looked us down and asked his questions, and then says he, 'I'll give you a trial, my girl,' says he to me. 'But as for you,' he says to Katie, 'it's young, strong, lively women we want,' says he, 'and I'm thinking you're after mistaking this for the Old Ladies' Home, which,' says he, 'is in the next block.'

"'O-ho!' says I to meself at that. 'Am I going out to hunt for wrinkles and rheumatism before me own mother gets gray in her hair? No,' says I, and 'twas then I begun to toss me birthdays over me shoulder as fast as they came. They're all behind me, glory be! where I can't fall over thim.

"Whisper, darling," Mrs. Mullaly added, impressively, "old age is a bad habit, like drinking, and if ye give way to it ye won't so easy break it off. Sure, there's a new year every twelve months, but that can't make ye an old woman—never, darling, until ye're willin' to be!"

Team-work Among Squirrels.

A party of young people who were tenting in a grove near a glen at a Northfield Conference witnessed an incident which seems to show a friendly understanding among squirrels. The Deerfield Valley "Endeavorer" tells the pleasing story.

An out-of-doors dinner had just been finished, and the party were still sitting at the table, when a red squirrel, with glistening, eager eyes, came creeping down a tree which stood near the table. He crept nearer and nearer, and finally leaped upon the table.

The lady who was presiding said, "Yes, help yourself to anything you want!"

Upon this invitation the little fellow made bold to creep up to a loaf of bread from which only a slice or two had been cut. He seized it and dragged it to the side of the table, and somehow managed to scramble down the side with it to the ground. He then fixed his teeth in the crusty and dragged it away and down the steep sides of the glen.

But when he reached the bottom and confronted the steep rise on the other side it was too much for him. Then he gave a sort of call, which seemed to be understood, for soon squirrels were seen coming from several directions. They crowded round him, and after a little conference, all took hold, and with tug and strain they managed to bring the loaf to the top of the hill, and disappeared with it in the woods beyond.

Two Ways.

When a woman gets frightened at night she just pulls the bedclothes over her head, says she is terrified out of her wits, and goes to sleep. But with a man it is different. He says he is not afraid, pushes the clothes down and lies tremblingly wake for two hours, straining his ears at every sound.—"Pick-Me-Up."

The Alienation of the General.

I FIRST encountered him in the streets of a Montana "cow-town," where he was affording amusement to a crowd of men and boys, while a tipsy musician was attempting the Boulanger March on an antique piano. To save him from further abuse I bought him, and ever afterwards he was known to his little world as "General Boulanger."

We grew to look upon the General as an interesting scientific phenomenon. His was a soul saturated with hate for all men. Any amiable qualities he may have possessed in early youth had been killed by abuse. He knew but distrust and fear. We determined to reclaim him, and in our lonely camp the General became the object of such flattering attention that only his unconquerable misanthropy kept him from becoming an arrant snob. For a long time our efforts were unavailing, but as the weeks went by I thought I noticed a little less shrinking, fewer growls, and a faint gleam of recognition in the glassy eyes when I approached. I felt the thrill of conquest, and redoubled my efforts. The heart of stone was at last touched, and my theory in regard to "yaller dogs" was correct.

We returned to the outskirts of civilization, and one day, driving once more to the town, so filled with painful memories for the General, I was surprised to behold him again in the street, slinking about with others of his kind. The slight results of our patient labors were in peril. It would never do to allow the General's slowly growing faith in man to be nipped in the bud by further town life, so with infinite pains I secured him and tied him to the back of my wagon. I remonstrated with him gently, as he lay cringing in the dust, for his base desertion of the only friends he had ever known.

The painful journey homeward began. The General betrayed a distinct unwillingness to ride, so he was allowed to follow at the end of a long rope behind. With his usual acumen, he fancied the strength of two half-broken broncos to be as naught compared to his fiery determination to remain in town. So he sat down. With an expression of pained surprise on his countenance he traversed a few hundred yards of the dusty road in this position, and then tried his back. It was quite in keeping with the eccentricities of the General's mental processes that a simpler method did not occur to him, until, striking a deep rut, he was hurled high into the air, and by some happy chance alighted on the extremities nature had provided for purposes of locomotion. Then, with bowed head, he trotted contentedly along. I turned to look at him occasionally, and flattered myself that I saw in his demeanor evidences of regret at his folly, and a determination to do better in the future. I spoke encouragingly to him, but he was too absorbed in meditation to look up.

A hot afternoon's ride brought us to an irrigating ditch. After rattling over the few loose planks which served as a bridge, I stopped to repair a break in the harness. The General, hot and dusty, at once dashed into the little stream to drink and bathe. With my back to the tired horses I watched him.

As I looked he performed his colossal act of folly, the final episode in his witless career. After refreshing himself on one side of the tiny bridge, quite unmindful of his connection with my rear axle, he laboriously splashed under the bridge and came out the other side. Cooled by his bath, he came to the side of the wagon and looked sweetly up at me. Immensely impressed by his sagacity, I was on the point of alighting to free him from his dangerous predicament, when the hand *of fate, ever turned against him, struck* the last blow.

A fly stung my off bronco, and with a squeal he and his startled mate rushed madly down the road. I was hurled to the bottom of the wagon, but not before I saw the General turn a perfect back somersault and shoot toward the stream. In a cloud of dust he disappeared into the water, and then followed a symphony of howls as he traversed the dark and damp nether side of the bridge, to be shot up into daylight once more by the united strength of two frightened broncos. In a shower of spray he struck the road twenty feet from the bridge, and did not gain his feet until I had brought the horses to a standstill. Once more I turned to the General. He was a pitiable sight. Covered with mud and half strangled, he quivered with cold and rage.

As we traveled the short distance to camp I tried to fancy what his reflections were. Knowing him as well as I did, I felt sure that he looked upon the past weeks of kindness as part of an elaborate scheme to win his confidence enough to practice this last insult upon him. I dreaded the consequences of the episode, and planned new blandishments to reinstate myself in his favor.

Arriving in camp, my first thought was to release him from the wagon. But the water and mud made it difficult to unfasten the knot at his collar. Feeling keenly the embarrassment of his position, I untied the rope from the axle and threw it on the ground.

The General watched me sulkily, and when the end of that hated rope fell free he bounded to his feet. With one final snarl of utter hate and disgust he was off like a shot; not in a wild, purposeless circle, but straight as the flight of an arrow across the prairie. Away he went, with the lariat dragging behind him.

With eyes raised to the solitary snow peak a hundred miles away he flew from us, with a heart full of hate and a grim determination to put half a continent, if need be, between himself and tyrant man. As I watched the little cloud of dust, raised by his hurrying feet, disappear on the horizon, I realized the futility of battling against fate.

Then our packer broke the silence: "There goes the ornriest cur in the world with the best lariat in Montana."—"Atlantic Monthly."

The Color Cure.

Now it is the color cure, and medicine men are recommending that their depressed and nervous patients should wear nothing but garments of red. Mr. Ruskin went so far as to say that all the people he had known who were morally and physically sound loved bright color; that the yellow hues of a canary were enlivening to behold, and that it was enough merely to see a huntsman in his "pink" to give you courage to take a ditch yourself.—"Ladies' Field."

The Plague of Statistics.

DISCUSSING "The Plague of Statistics" in the "Atlantic Monthly," Eugene Richard White says:

"We have come so to rely upon numerical expression that numbers stand both as end and means; no longer dare we appeal to the emotions, no longer do men sway men with truth of words. Facts, and the exact expression of them, are what we seem to desire. Fast are we drawing the chilling robes about us; fast have our finer instincts, our higher powers, become drugged with sums total. Judging from the means taken to convince and excite us, as a race we are becoming incapable of any reason not expressed by one of the great divisions of mathematics. Pythagoras would be delighted indeed to see our reverence for numbers; for we bow lower than did he, and for less reason.

"But what actually is the extent of the evil? We can hardly measure the effects aright without knowing the extent; how greatly are we afflicted by it? The children of the imagination were long in bondage to science. Now they wander, let us hope not a full forty years, in the wilderness of purely scientific expression, the arid, sterile waste of statistics. What function of public life has not been unduly brought under this dread domain? Understanding quantity by instinct and quality not at all, the appeal is made at once to arithmetic. Would we convince the average American? Experience has taught that it can best be done by figures. The Zerah Colburn in him is most alert. Do not the newspapers rely upon this trait continually? Latterly, our editorial pages are digests of tables prepared by various commissions. Does the pulpit scorn this means of arousing interest? How do we raise funds for starving India? The chief instrument for rousing compassion is famine statistics; the bulk of the misfortune readily appeals. We group disaster as our merchants corner markets. Do we plead the cause of temperance? Here statistics revel, and they may be had patiently plotted out even to the number of drunkards to the square rod in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, or the arrests for inebriety in Kokomo, Indiana, for 1900. What seems to be the crux in literature? How appraise the success of a book save by the number of copies sold in a given time? How ascertain the merit of a play save by the number of nights it "ran" in the dramatic centers? Thus is our American mark set on what is what. We go about reforming and purifying the world, with a committee report at elbow and a statistical compilation in each hand."

A Dream's Fulfillment.

IN an essay in "Longman's Magazine" on dreams, Horace G. Hutchinson invited people to send him accounts of their own experiences and ideas, and as a result he was deluged with thousands of letters relating to dreams. These he studied carefully, and in a volume entitled "Dreams and Their Meanings," now presents his conclusions, and quotes the most striking contributions to illustrate the particular class of dream which he is discussing. An interesting class of dreams is that in which the sleeper finds himself in a certain house or room that is familiar to him in dreams, but quite unknown to his waking hours. Here is an instance which Mr. Hutchinson relates:

"A certain lady dreamed frequently of a certain house until it had become exceedingly familiar to her; she knew all its rooms, its furniture; it was as well known to her as that in which she lived her waking life, and, like a good wife that has no secrets from her husband, she often talked over all the details with him, a very pleasant fancy. One day they (husband and wife) went into the country to see a house that they thought of taking for the summer months. They had not seen it, but the account in the house-agent's list had attracted them. When they arrived before it, they gave a simultaneous exclamation of surprise. 'Why,' said the husband, 'it is your dream-house!' It was. The coincidence attracted them. They took the house.

"In the course of their occupancy they learned that the house had the reputation of being haunted; that several people before them had taken it for short terms, but had seen—or fancied they had seen—'something,' and had left before their term of tenancy expired. Had these new tenants not brought their own old servants with them it is likely they would have had some difficulty in whipping up a domestic staff, so uncanny was the reputation of their apparently quite reputable house. The new tenants dwelt in the house with all satisfaction and peace through the summer months, until their term of tenancy came to an end. On leaving, husband and wife expressed their satisfaction to the local agent. 'The only thing,' said the wife, 'that we were disappointed in about the house is that we never saw the ghost.'

"'Oh, no,' said the ghost agent. 'We knew you would not see the ghost.'

"'What do you mean?' asked the wife, rather nettled.

"'Oh,' the agent repeated, 'we knew you would not see the ghost. You are the ghost that people have always seen here.'"

He Missed His Opportunity.

"Henry," said Uncle Amos from Upcreek, who was visiting his city nephew, "who's that man in the house on the other side of the street? Every morning he stands in front of a window an' shaves himself. He's done it now for three days hand-running."

"I suppose he has done it every morning for the last ten years, uncle," replied Henry.

"Has he lived there all that time?"

"Yes, and longer than that, for all I know. I've been here only ten years myself."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"What does he foller?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, uncle."

Uncle Amos put on his hat and went out. In an hour or two he returned.

"Henry," he said, "that chap's name is Horton. He runs an insurance office down town. He's wuth about twenty-seven thousand dollars, owns that house an' lot, belongs to the Presbyterian church, has three boys an' one girl, an' he's forty-six years old. I've found out more about him in an hour than you have in ten years. Blamed if I don't believe livin' in the city makes people stupid."

A Glimpse Into the Future.

HOMER G. WELLS, in a brutally frank article in the "Fortnightly Review," gives us a striking *glimpse into the future through* what most people will consider a very highly colored lens. His description of the New Republic is, of course, an arraignment of the present order of society.

"The men of the New Republic," says Mr. Wells, "will not be squeamish either in facing or inflicting death, because they will have a fuller sense of the possibilities of life than we possess. They will have an ideal that will make killing worth the while; like Abraham, they will have the faith to kill, and they will have no superstitions about death. They will naturally regard the modest suicide of incurably melancholy or diseased or helpless persons as a high and courageous act of duty rather than a crime. And since they will regard, as indeed all men raised above a brutish level do regard, a very long term of imprisonment as infinitely worse than death, as being indeed death with a living misery added to its natural terror, they will, I conceive, where the whole tenor of a man's actions, and not simply some incidental or impulsive action, seems to prove him unfitted for free life in the world, consider him carefully and condemn him and remove him from being. All such killing will be done with an opiate, for death is too grave a thing to be made painful or dreadful and used as a deterrent from crime. If deterrent punishments are used at all in the code of the future, the deterrent will neither be death, nor mutilation of the body, nor mutilation of the life by imprisonment, not any horrible things like that, but good scientifically caused pain, that will leave nothing but a memory. Yet even the memory of overwhelming pain is a sort of mutilation of the soul. The idea that only those who are fit to live freely in an orderly world state should be permitted to live is entirely against the use of deterrent punishments at all. Against outrageous conduct to children or women, perhaps, or for very cowardly or brutal assaults of any sort, the men of the future may consider pain a salutary remedy, at least during the ages of transition while the brute is still at large. But since most acts of this sort do, under conditions that neither torture nor exasperate, point to an essential vileness in the perpetrator, I am inclined to think that even in these cases the men of the coming time will be far less disposed to torture than to kill. They will have another aspect to consider. The conscious infliction of pain for the sake of the pain is against the better nature of man, and it is unsafe and demoralizing for anyone to undertake this duty. To kill under the seemly conditions science will afford is a far less offensive thing. The rulers of the future will grudge making good people into jailers, warders, punishment dealers, nurses and attendants on the bad. People who cannot live happily and freely in the world without spoiling the lives of others are better out of it. That is a current sentiment to-day, but the men of the New Republic will have the courage of their opinions."

Wit and Wisdom From New Books.

From the December "Era."

The world may doom you to plain living, but only you can deny yourself plain thinking.—Deafness and Cheerfulness.

Think not as many say there is but one spring-tide of life, that it is but a green and sappy youth which rushes to a brief summer and all else of life is but a winter, long and drear and gray and lonely. Through all our life our *spring-tide is renewed.*—Mistress Brent.

If we wish to be big men to those who come after us, we should keep no log books, but always remember to sing "I never did so when I was young." Then, you see, they'll never have a chance to find out what blooming idiots we were. —Up and Down the Sands of Gold.

The world's full of globular men who have cubical jobs.—Captain Bluitt.

Truth is mighty and must prevail—but sometimes it leaves a bad taste in the mouth.—The Marrow of Tradition.

The man in a man can only be recognized by the woman in a woman.—By the Higher Law.

The power that prepared the highways of life seems to have arranged that the finger-posts along the primrose paths shall rarely point to the Promised Land.—Captain Bluitt.

A girl is never too young to form opinions of her own sex—or to express them.—The Destiny of Doris.

Women love good men—but are interested in men whose goodness is more or less impaired.—The Man from Glengarry.

If silence is golden, a discreet silence is away above rubies.—Life on the Stage.

Most men are inventive enough in the matter of personal justification.—Papa Bouchard.

The (Wall street) manipulator must be a great artist in mendacity and at the same time have the superb self-confidence of the grizzly.—Wall Street Stories.

An example should not be too far above our heads.—Lassie.

Laugh, brother in affliction, laugh. The best way to get on with a misery is to laugh at it if you can.—Deafness and Cheerfulness.

Love is clairvoyant and most men know what their wives wish to believe, and gratify them accordingly.—Papa Bouchard.

Not What He Meant at All.

Politeness, it is true, must have its origin in a kind heart and a desire to please; but tact and thoughtfulness and quick wit are also essential to good manners.

A very stout hostess who was entertaining a large company one evening turned to a group of young men standing near her chair and smilingly asked: "May I trouble one of you young gentlemen for a glass of water from the pitcher on the table?"

Several of the young men hurried to comply with the request. One, who was particularly active, succeeded in reaching the table first.

As he handed the glass of water to the hostess she complimented him on his quickness.

"Oh, that's nothing," he said. "I am used to it. I got into many a circus and menagerie when I was a boy by carrying water for the elephant."

It was only when he saw the expression on the lady's face, and noticed the silence, that the young man realized what he had said.

Russian Red Tape.

WILLIAM E. CURTIS had a strange experience not long ago when he called at a bank in Russia to make a draft against his letter of credit. "I was met at the door by a man in gorgeous livery, with a long staff in his hand," he writes. "He led me into a reception-room which was sumptuously furnished. Upon the center-table were several volumes of photographs, a city directory, a railway guide, the last report of the bank, two or three guide-books, and several morning papers. Over in one of the corners was a handsomely carved writing-desk furnished with all sorts of stationery. While I was wondering what I was there for, a gentleman of irreproachable attire and manners entered, and asked how he could serve me. I explained that I would like two hundred and fifty dollars on my letter of credit, and wondered how he knew I was an American, but he had doubtless learned from long experience to distinguish the different nationalities, and I soon discovered by the manner in which he received subsequent arrivals that he could speak German and French as fluently as English. I handed him my letter of credit, and he bowed politely and left the room. For a time I was alone with my own thoughts. I looked over all the books and papers, watched the traffic in the street from the window, made two or three entries in my notebook, and wondered if the polite gentleman had not forgotten all about me, when a page in buttons entered with a silver tray, upon which were two drafts—duplicates—for my signature. The little fellow bowed like a French dancing-master, and seemed to be deeply impressed with a sense of responsibility. He came in several times afterward on similar service for other people, and his salutes were repeated each time with an exactness that showed careful training. I was afraid he was going to be gone all day, and became impatient. I sat down at the desk to write a letter, and had written nearly a whole sheet when he came back with my letter of credit and the money upon his tray. But the latter was all in bills. I handed him one of them and asked him to get it changed. He bowed again and disappeared. I must have spent fifteen minutes regretting my folly, when the handsome manager came in to enquire if there had been a mistake. He seemed to think I had been overpaid, and was greatly relieved when I told him I only wanted a bill changed. He disappeared, and it was another ten minutes before the boy returned with the smaller bills. I had been in that room for *more than three-quarters of an hour.*"

We Thrashed You.

DEAN STUBBS of Ely does not like Chicago. In his book, "In a Minster Garden," the Dean's causerie revolves amiably round Ely, but where he discourses on his holiday in the New World he becomes most amusing. Of Chicago he says: "I thought it the most hatefully unlovely city I ever was in. There were fine buildings, of course—warehouses for the most part, of the 'sky-scraping' variety—but, as a whole, hateful, simply hateful—a clanking wilderness of endless streets, monotonous, unpicturesque, untidy, dirty, foul."

Yet the Dean tells at least one story which proves that Chicago, for all its unloveliness, has a knack of digesting all who go to live there. It relates to Archdeacon Rushton, the secretary of Bishop Maclaren. The Archdeacon was a Yorkshireman by birth; he had married a Canadian; but he had been settled for some time in Chicago. "His children, he told me, were born in that city. One day lately his youngest boy came home from school looking grave and solemn. He had just been promoted to the history class, and had been reading about the War of Independence. 'Father,' he said, 'are you a Britisher?' 'Yes, my boy, I am.' 'Oh! *Mother, are you a Britisher?*' 'Yes, dear, I am,' she said. 'Well,' he replied, after a pause, 'I don't care. You had the King's army, and we were only a lot of farmers, but we thrashed you!'"

One Obstacle Overcome.

WILLIE was a bright boy, of an inventive turn of mind. At the age of eight or ten he was seized with the "perpetual motion" idea, and began to make all sorts of queer machines, despite the advice of his father, who told him of men that had devoted their lives to a vain search for perpetual motion.

"It violates the first principles of mechanics, my boy," said his father. "Action and reaction are equal, as you will understand some day. When you can pull yourself up by your bootstraps, you may hope to invent a machine that will start itself and run without stopping."

The next day Willie came to his father in great excitement and told him he had done it—had pulled himself up by his bootstraps.

"It's no trick at all," he said as he led the way to the barn, where he showed his bewildered father a pair of old boots nailed, soles up, to a beam overhead.

"There!" he exclaimed, as he climbed on a box, reached up, ran his fingers through the straps of the boots and pulled himself up. "What do you think of that?"

Willie's father did not reply in words. Instead, he took a harness strap, and then and there Willie gave an imitation of perpetual motion which required no elaborate apparatus.

Christmas Unmasked.

In modern London, the Christmas spirit is not, I maintain, a spontaneous spirit from within yourselves, but a spirit which Dickens foisted into you. For Christmas itself you have no real sentiment; but you continue to keep it, cannot help keeping it, for Dickens' sake, in the regulation way. It is a mere literary survival.—Max Beerbohm in "Pall Mall Magazine."

Over the grave of his wife in an English village a poetry loving widower has just erected a monument bearing this verse from the Rubaiyat:

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

Curious Bits of News.

A French savant who lately returned from Egypt, bringing a royal mummy with him, had a somewhat curious experience at Marseilles. On the case being opened at the custom house there the officer on duty, hearing that it contained a Pharaoh, looked up Pharaoh in the tariff. But no mention could be found of such an article. Then it occurred to him that a nice high duty was exacted on dried fish, and the savant was obliged to pay as if for that commodity.

Rural free delivery, according to the report of the United States Postmaster-General, is being rapidly extended in that country. The number of routes *in operation increased from 1,276 at the* beginning of the last fiscal year to 4,301 at its close; and under the present plans the number of routes by the first of next July will be 8,600. By that date the rural population receiving daily service will reach 5,700,000, and the delivery system will then cover more than a quarter of the eligible portion of the country.

A remarkable story is going the rounds of the English papers with regard to General Sir Ian Hamilton's spectacles. It appears that General Hamilton lost a pair of spectacles in the battle of Majuba Hill. They were apparently picked up by a Boer whom they suited, and who kept them for twenty years. In the early part of the present year the spectacles were found on the body of a dead Boer. The case had General Hamilton's name on it, *and the glasses were in due course* returned to their original owner.

"D. F. Coon, whose son was last night married to Miss Hattie Combs, is one of the best natured men in Fort Scott," remarks the Fort Scott (Kan.) "Monitor." "After the ceremony, he kissed the bride and gave her $1,000, at the same time remarking that it was worth another hundred. The bride then walked up and kissed him, and he pulled out $100 more and gave it to her. The bridegroom thought this was a good financial snap, and he tried the same game. He kissed his father, but only got $40. However, the old gentleman went broke on this little series of speculations."

A monument was recently unveiled at Dundee, Scotland, in memory of James Bowman Lindsay, who, Sir William Preece said, predicted in 1884 that houses and towns would soon be lighted and heated by electricity, and that machinery would be driven by electricity instead of by steam. About 50 years ago Lindsay went to London and illustrated by experiments a system of wireless telegraphy, but there was then *no practical call for such a system,* and it was forgotten. "An invention, to be of use," Sir William Preece remarks, "must come at the proper time"—a fact in which disappointed inventors may possibly find some comfort.

A Minnesota paper tells of a giant buff cochin rooster, owned by a Mr. Plumason of Luverne, Minnesota, which has been trained to trot in harness, pulling a tiny cart, in which rides the baby son of its owner. Golden Duke is the name of this strangest of fowls, and it is a prize-winner in its class, as well as a freak. The big bird was broken to harness by the boys of the Plumason household, and now seems to enjoy its work. It wears a little harness and is guided by reins, which it carries in its bill. It is the master of several gaits, and at the word of command, given by the small child who is driving, it will walk, run, trot, or come to a standstill. At home in the country the big rooster often pulls the cart and its occupant for half a mile or more without stopping.

Following closely on the recent announcement of the young women of the Delta Gamma Club of Northwestern University, Chicago, that they were open to proposals of marriage, comes the formation of a club of celibates among the young men of that institution. The Knights of the Marble Heart is the name of the new organization, and, as the name indicates, the club proposes to give the "marble heart" to the young coeds with matrimonial inclinations, and to cultivate the joys of jolly bachelorhood. The new society of knights is composed of members of the senior class, and their organization was *completed last week. The colors, scar*let and black, were pinned on the thirteen charter members, and these will be worn until the arrival of the society's pins, which will consist of small hearts of marble set in gold.

A Bargain in Gloves.

Something more than a warm heart and an open hand is needed in dispensing charity. A Boston woman who wanted to be generous found this to be true in at least one case, related in the "Youth's Companion."

She had been giving to a poor family, consisting of a mother and three grown daughters, a regular allowance of six dollars a week until the daughters should find employment.

The eldest daughter called at the house every Saturday to receive this allowance. One week she appeared on Thursday, and wanted to know if it would be "quite convenient" for her benefactress to advance the money that day instead of waiting until Saturday.

"We are out of fuel and food, and the man will call this morning for the weekly rent, and we haven't a cent to give him," she said.

"How does it happen that you are in this condition this week when the six dollars I have been giving you sufficed to pay more comfortable expenses in the past?"

"Well, I'll tell you," replied the young woman, frankly and calmly. "Mamma was down town yesterday and by some chance across such a genuine bargain in kid gloves that she felt that we could be almost sacrificed not to take advantage of it, so she got each of us girls and herself a pair. They're regular two-dollar gloves marked down to seventy-nine cents a pair, and mamma didn't know when she'd ever have another chance to save four dollars and eighty-four cents on four pairs of gloves, so she got them, and who could blame her?"

Dearth of Genius.

The present seems to be an age of accomplished mediocrity. In every field there is a glut of "able men"—that is to say, men who have brains and know their business, who are industrious and energetic, and are either clever, or have the trick of appearing so. But the kind of intellectual distinction which we call genius was never so rare in every department of life.—"Truth."

A Girl of the People

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

Author of "The Barn Stormers," "Fortune's Sport," "Miss Nobody," "Her Royal Highness," "Lady Mary of the Dark House," etc.

"What is it? Have I hurt you?" he asked, quickly. By this time he had rearranged both sleeves, and, seeing it no more, I could hardly believe in the actual existence of the strange thing which I had caught sight of for an instant.

In my astonishment I had sat up, and continued to stare at him, my lips apart.

"Mrs. Jennett, make haste with the sal volatile!" he exclaimed. "I'm afraid that she will faint again."

But I gently pushed the sal volatile away when it was obediently presented to my nostrils. I could speak now.

"No, no," I said. "I'm not ill. But——" And I looked straight up into the man's anxious face. "Tell me who you are?"

He laughed. "I ought to have told you that before," he replied. "But, you see, I had so little chance. My name is John Bourke."

"Yes, miss," proudly broke in Mrs. Jennett. "And he's the John Bourke. Oh, you may scowl and shake your head, Mr. Bourke—but only fancy her not knowing."

I knew no more now than I had known before, since the name of John Bourke suggested nothing. All my thoughts were concentrated, however, not on what I heard, but what I had seen. He guessed this, and his eyes questioned mine in a puzzled way.

"Why did you cry out and suddenly ask for my name?" he demanded. "Don't tell me if you would rather not," he hastily added. "But——"

"I would rather tell!" I spoke on the impulse of curiosity, keen as the stab of a knife. "I cried out because—I saw something strange on your arm. A heart-shaped scar."

CHAPTER XIII.

John Bourke and a Lady.

John Bourke's face changed under my eyes. A slow flush rose to his forehead, and he slightly compressed his lips with an expression which was like the involuntary wince of a stormy, yet sensitive nature beneath an unexpected blow.

"Do you think that so strange?" he said. "I have got used to it. I have had it for a long time. But at present there's something much more important to think about than the scar on my arm; which is, for Mrs. Jennett to get you into dry clothes. It is late, and you are very, very tired. I shall leave you for to-night, and to-morrow morning, perhaps, you will let me call and see how you are."

I felt abashed, as if I had been guilty of an unwarrantable impertinence. He had spoken courteously and kindly, but it was plain that the subject of the heart-shaped scar was forbidden. I was more curious than ever; it even seemed to me that I had a right to my curiosity, if he knew all. But I instantly determined that I would not again ask questions.

"Good-bye; and thank you for all you have done," I said, meekly.

At the door he turned. "Promise me one thing before I go. That you will not leave this house until you have seen me again."

"I do promise that," I responded, after an instant's hesitation.

"And I trust you—entirely." Then he was gone.

Mrs. Jennett ministered to all my physical comforts. I was given a delicious hot bath, that drew the aching out of my tired body; I was put into a lavender-scented, old-fashioned night-gown of coarse linen, and at last I was tucked up in bed.

"Could you eat anything before you go to sleep, my dear?" enquired the little woman. "A wing of cold chicken, now, and a glass of wine?"

The suggestion was irresistible. I cried to say: "Yes, if you please," without a tell-tale, greedy eagerness. But I had had nothing to eat all day save the one thick slice of stale bread on which I had gloomily made my breakfast.

She bustled promptly away, and I was left alone to think, my thoughts roving back over the day which had been so crowded with events that its beginning appeared to have been years ago. After Waterloo Bridge, this waking was like a resurrection, and it seemed the more strange that almost the first thing I saw in the new world should be—the heart-shaped scar.

Though I had been permitted to look at it but for a second's time, I could see it still as if printed in colors in the air. In size it was slightly smaller than the mark I had such good cause to remember on Lady Cope's arm, or that other which had belonged to the old mystery and created a new one as well. It was of a less deep pansy-purple than its prototype, but otherwise it appeared to be the same. As I pondered, marveling at the strangeness of the coincidence (which must be far more than a mere coincidence), Mrs. Jennett came back. And when I had eaten the chicken and sipped the port, my brain grew blurred with sleep. I remember nothing more, until I awoke in the morning.

At first I thought that I was quite well again, but I soon found out my mistake. I had taken a feverish cold, and though I tried to get up, I was ordered back to bed by Mrs. Jennett. My head ached so dully and my brain felt so weary that I had not the energy to oppose her, or even the desire to ask questions. A doctor was called in, and afterwards sent medicine, which I reluctantly swallowed. For three days and nights I lay in bed, and sometimes I think I must have been slightly delirious, for I heard myself saying words over which my mind had no control, and I saw Mrs. Jennett's face as through a mist, regarding me oddly. But at last the burning heat in my veins and the throbbing in my temples died away. I felt strangely peaceful, though very weak, and Mrs. Jennett said that, if I liked, I might be dressed in a wrapper and lie on the desk-chair in Mr. Bourke's study.

"Mr. Bourke's study!" I echoed. "Why—does he live in this house?"

"Oh, deary me, didn't you know?" exclaimed the little woman. "Then I suppose I've put my foot into it again."

"He said he would take me to his relatives, when I told him that I had no one to go to," I explained, wondering how much of my story—as John Bourke knew it—Mrs. Jennett had heard. "Are you a relative of his?"

"N—ot exactly," she faltered. "I think he's nearly as badly off for people of his own as you seem to be. But I'm just as fond, and proud of him, too, as if I were his mother. And she'd be a lucky woman if she was alive to-day!"

"So he brought me to his house!" I reflected, aloud.

"Oh, now, don't you be thinking, my child, that he's done anything imprudent from your way of looking at it, or anything you might ever have to regret. He's too wise for that, and too good. The house is my house, and he's my lodger, you might say, if that doesn't sound disrespectful or impertinent, after all he's done for me."

"Is he in his study?" I asked, rather shyly.

"That he isn't. He's not been inside the house, except to call and ask after you (which he's done twice every day) since the evening you came. He went that night to an hotel, and there he is at this moment."

"I've driven him out of his home, then!" I cried.

"He wouldn't like to hear you say that. And it isn't the way he feels about it, my dear. Why, if you'll excuse the expression, since you've been getting better, he's as happy as a child with a new toy. But there! I'm just hindering you. You'd be better off downstairs. It will amuse you, looking at some of his books. Besides, there's something waiting for you in the study that you're sure to like."

My curiosity thus stimulated, I hastened the process of bathing and dressing, Mrs. Jennett acting as maid, brushing and braiding my hair in a great wavy plait down my back. As she flatteringly exclaimed over its length and thickness, I watched her moving hand that wielded the brush. It was a very pretty brush, with a silver back, and there was a comb to match, which surprised me a little, for all Mrs. Jennett's other belongings, so far as I had seen, were as plain as they were neat.

"Now, don't think me an extravagant old body!" she ejaculated, seeing the direction of my eyes. "These things aren't mine. Mr. Bourke bought them the morning after you came, and told me I was to use 'em for you. The big cut-glass scent-bottle on the table there, too, with the eau de Cologne I put on your forehead when you were so bad; that was his thought. And see here. Your own underthings are ready for you again, but, man as he is, he said to me: 'She has nothing loose and comfortable to wear when she's getting better. I'll send something in.' I could have offered you a wrapper, but it would hardly have been fit for a beautiful young thing like you. Which was what he had in his mind, I expect, though he wouldn't risk hurting my feelings by saying so. Now, what do you think of this?"

Mrs. Jennett opened a drawer, whisked something out, threw off a loose layer of tissue-paper, and with pathetic delight held up a garment of white, soft satin and lace.

"Bought at Liberty's," she exclaimed, almost in awe. "The name was on the box. What do you think of it?"

"That—that Mr. Bourke ought not to have done this," I stammered, on the verge of tears.

Mrs. Jennett's quaint, rosy apple face straightened into lines of distress.

"Oh dear!" she ejaculated. "Perhaps I oughtn't to have told you. He didn't say not, that I can remember, but I daresay he took it for granted I'd have sense enough to keep it to myself."

She, too, was almost crying. My first impulse had been to refuse to wear the elaborate tea-gown which I owed to a stranger's charity, but her grief disarmed me. I knew that any slight put upon her idol (it was easy to see that John Bourke was that) would hurt her far more than the cruellest insult to herself. So, much against my will, I let her help me into the garment, reminding myself that at worst it was only borrowed, and determining to fight out my grievance with the man for myself.

In my palmiest days I had possessed nothing more beautiful, and I experienced a very curious sensation in wondering if he had used his own taste in the selection, troubling himself so much for me.

On the deck-chair in the study, where I had awoke to a new world the other night, were three or four ruffled silk cushions of pretty pale tints, which I was sure had not been there before. But this time Mrs. Jennett was the soul of discretion, if there were a secret which she might have betrayed. She merely pointed to a great bunch of white lilac in a vase on the table, saying:

"Those are for you, my dear. From—from Mr. Bourke and me."

Then, before I could answer, she had begun bustling about the room, drawing down the blinds so that the light did not come into my eyes as I reclined on the big chair, and asking me what books I would like to have from the shelves.

There certainly seemed a magnificent collection to choose from. Everything worth reading which I had ever heard of, and many, many learned-sounding books which I never had heard of, lined the walls.

I had no wish to read. I was reckless, though not as unhappy as I ought to have been after breaking with my past so ruthlessly at Waterloo Bridge; and my strongest desire was for Mrs. Jennett's companionship.

I wanted her to talk to me; and deep down under the surface of my thoughts I knew exactly on what subject I desired her to talk, though by no means did I confess this openly to myself.

I begged her to bring her sewing, or some sort of work, and sit with me, which she cheerfully consented to do, after giving a few instructions to her maid-of-all-work, whom I had not yet seen.

At first I vaguely intended to angle for information, without letting her understand what I was about; but it occurred to me that this would be a dishonorable mode of procedure, and I blushed at myself for having entertained it. Because, no matter what mistakes Mr. John Bourke had made in his tactics, he had behaved generously and—I believed—meant chivalrously by me.

"Do you think Mr. Bourke would mind my asking you a few questions about him?" I hesitatingly began. "You know, perhaps, how it was that—he brought me to you?"

"I only know that he saw a lady almost fainting, and that she was too ill to tell him anything much about herself, so he thought she would be better off with me than at a hospital," said the little old woman, clicking her needles over a pair of long worsted stockings, which she was busily knitting—for him, perhaps. "I'm sure he wouldn't mind your asking questions, and I should be only too pleased to answer 'em, for there's nothing in his whole life that I'm not proud to talk about."

So then I did ask questions, timidly at first, eagerly as I went on. And she answered with evident delight.

Why, Mr. Bourke was the great Mr. Bourke. How extraordinary that those words should bring no light of comprehension to my eyes! Where had I lived that I hadn't heard of him? Didn't I read the papers? Oh, I hadn't been allowed to read them! That was quite a different thing. Some people were so particular with young girls; and quite right, too, no doubt. But as for Mr. Bourke—well, to begin at the beginning, it was just like a story-book.

He'd been a poor boy, without friends or money. He'd sell newspapers and run errands in shops. Every penny he could save he spent in buying books. He had taught himself to read, and he had gone to a night-school. There he attracted the notice of the teachers, one of whom got him apprenticed to a firm of engineers. He was eighteen by that time, and he began to send articles to a London paper, which were published, and brought the author great praise. The editor found out who he was, and, taking a great fancy to the wonderful boy, sent him to Oxford, as a non-collegiate.

That was a hard life, so Mrs. Jennett had heard—to be among a lot of more fortunate young men, who had plenty of money and fun, but to remain an outsider. However, Mr. Bourke won many honors, and he wrote several books on Socialism which made a great deal of talk among people who cared about such things.

When he was only twenty-two, he was editing an important Socialistic paper; and now, though he was but six-and-twenty, he was a member of Parliament—a "Labor member," Mrs. Jennett thought, was the right name for it. And he made such brilliant speeches that all England talked about them. And dukes and duchesses and earls and countesses invited him to their houses, but he would never go when he could help it.

When he was at home she had orders invariably to provide enough food at every meal for several unexpected guests, and it was seldom that they failed to appear. Such guests! In rags, generally. And sometimes very distinguished men, friends of Mr. Bourke's, had sat down at the same table with them. He never apologized.

There was a story about him, which Mr. Bourke did not know that she had heard, but the lady concerned in it had told it herself to Mrs. Jennett one day when she had called at the house and waited a long time, hoping in vain that Mr. Bourke would come in. A beautiful young lady she was, too, and very rich. Who knew but, after all, he would marry her one day? If he did, with her money and position to help him on, why, he might rise to be Prime Minister of England.

But the story—oh, yes, Mrs. Jennett would tell it! Mr. Bourke had once been persuaded to dine at the house of this young lady of whom she had just spoken. Nobody else had been asked, and after dinner the lady had begged Mr. Bourke to tell her how she might begin to work as a Socialist—because she believed in the doctrines he taught.

"You can begin by washing the flour from the hair of my brothers in your hall," he had said, meaning the footmen, of whom the lady kept several in livery and powder. At first she was very angry; but soon she forgave him, and liked him better than ever—she had remarked to Mrs. Jennett—for being "so original and so daring." Afterwards she had sent Mr. Bourke her photograph, and Mrs. Jennett had recognized it at once as the portrait of the charming young lady who had chatted with her for so long.

I listened to all this gossip with a strange diversity of feeling. The part of the disjointed narrative which concerned the beautiful "woman in the case" fascinated me oddly. "I should like to see the picture!" I said, rather wistfully, at last feeling even more insignificant and vaguely homesick than I had felt before the story began.

Mrs. Jennett rose and went to the mantelpiece, returning in a moment with a framed photograph in her hand. With an air of importance, she placed it in mine, and as my eyes fell upon those that looked out from the picture I gave a low cry of surprise, almost alarm.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Woman Who Would Be a Socialist.

It was a beautiful face, and I knew it well. Now, my heart gave a quick throb as I gazed at it. For the woman who owned it belonged in that part of my life which had come before the deluge. She was of the "ultra smart" set, which for a little while had petted and welcomed me as a promising debutante. She had been "nice" to me; but I had not valued her kindness highly after hearing her remark one day, with a characteristic laugh: "I always make a point of being charming to girls; one never knows whom they may marry."

Looking at her "counterfeit presentment," taken (in a ball dress with becoming background of ermine) by the most popular woman-photographer of the moment, I seemed to hear her sweet, though slightly metallic voice saying the words again.

She would, according to her maxim, no longer care to charm me, since it was now certain that if I ever married at all, it would not be a man of importance.

So Lady Feo Ringwood was a disciple of John Bourke, the "man of the people!" I could imagine nothing more incongruous than that she should advertise herself as a "Socialist."

She was a young widow, the daughter of an impecunious earl. The middle-aged city knight whom she had married when she was eighteen had considerately died three years later, leaving his fortune all to her. She was now five-and-twenty, with a beautiful house in Park lane, and more money than she could well know what to do with. I had met her so often during my butterfly days that it seemed strange I had never met the man she apparently delighted to honor. But, then, those butterfly days had been so few; and Mrs. Jennett declared that her hero went as seldom as possible into society.

Somehow, I did not like to think of Lady Feo Ringwood as a friend of John Bourke's; and the sight of her portrait in his study brought me so nearly into touch with old times that I felt vaguely disturbed. I had disappeared from Lady Feo's set for ever; and I did not relish the thought of being discovered, the miserable secret of my Easel street connections rooted up, perhaps, and discussed as a spicy bit of scandal in drawing-rooms.

While I lay with the photograph in my hand, there was a ring at the door-bell and a light tapping of the knocker.

"That's Mr. Bourke, I'm sure, come to enquire how you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Jennett, jumping up from her chair. "He won't use his key and walk in, because he says the house is yours and mine, not his at all for the present. I'll just run and let him in myself."

Two minutes later and she was back again, peeping through a crack of the door. "It was Mr. Bourke," she announced. "He's delighted to hear that you're downstairs, feeling better; and he'd be glad to see you for a few moments if you are quite up to it. But you are not to say 'Yes' otherwise; for he will come back to-morrow."

"Please tell him I shall be pleased to see him," I replied, with an attempt at indifference of tone, but in reality I was curiously excited. Mrs. Jennett disappeared; and when Mr. Bourke came she was not with him.

The blood rushed up to my face as I saw his eyes fall upon the tea-gown and brighten into a smile of pleasure. I had almost forgotten it for the moment, but his look brought back all my resentment.

"I had to wear it," I cried out, like a child, "or poor Mrs. Jennett would have been hurt, and vexed and grieved. You had no right to buy this gown for me."

He blushed boyishly, the sudden color and look of embarrassment making his grave face appear very young. "Oh, please don't say that!" he exclaimed, coming impulsively closer to the deck-chair which was my throne, then checking himself abruptly. "I'd rather have done anything than vex you. I didn't want you to know. I thought Mrs. Jennett would have managed without telling you."

"I must forgive you, since I am sure you meant to be so kind," I said more gently. "At least, I will, if you'll tell me one thing."

"I can almost promise, for such a bribe, that I will."

"Why are you suddenly so different from what you were a few nights ago, when you came to me at the bridge? You are more like what I remember of you the first time."

"Thank you for remembering at all. But that is another thing I must ask you to forgive me for; the way I behaved to you at Waterloo Bridge. It was the only thing to do, you know—to be firm and stern. But it was not what was in my heart. I wonder if I dare tell you what was really there?" I looked up at him half-startled. But I said: "Yes, tell me." And I made a sign that he should sit down in the chair left not far off from my side by Mrs. Jennett.

"It may be presumptuous for a man like me to pity a woman like you," he began, slowly, even shyly. "But I did pity you then, with an infinite pity. If I had been your brother I could not have felt greater sorrow and tenderness. I thought how you must have suffered, and it seemed cruel that you should have to suffer. You are almost a child still, you see, and I had thought of you so many times after that first meeting at the theater, as a girl born to happiness and good fortune. I shall never forget how I felt when you turned your face as—as I held you back from that mad plunge, and saw—it was you. I could not believe my eyes for a moment."

"For I mine," I said, softly. "It seemed very strange that you should come to my rescue for the second time."

"Do you forgive me for what must have seemed like harshness and lack of sympathy?" he asked.

"There's nothing to forgive. Only everything to thank you for."

"Then you do thank me?" he questioned, eagerly. "You aren't sorry now that I forced you back to life?"

"I ought to be sorry," I said. "Nothing is changed. I have as little to live for as I had then, as little chance of redeeming miserable failures. Yet—I suppose because I'm young and the love of life is instinctive, now that—that there's sunshine, and I'm not faint with hunger and dropping with weariness—I can't feel all sorry."

"Good heavens! You were hungry!" he ejaculated in an odd voice. "How terrible—how unbelievable!"

I could not help laughing, though I really did not feel like laughing at all.

"Not so very terrible to be hungry," I returned. "But now, looking back upon that night, the blackest I ever knew, I think, perhaps, if I hadn't been physically so weak I might have been morally stronger. Of course, it was cowardly to do what I meant to do, though I'd just persuaded myself that it wasn't—when you came. I hope that I shall never be so wicked again. And I shall not even think of it, if only I can get work. I did try so hard before, but I had no luck. Maybe you will, give me a little good advice how to find it."

He looked me earnestly in the face.

"I didn't dream it was that kind of trouble," he said. And I thought that, for some reason, his eyes expressed relief.

"I suppose not," I rejoined, with a smile that was not very gay. "When you saw me first I didn't appear exactly a candidate for the workhouse, but I was, even then, though I didn't know it myself. And the other night—well, that frock and hat were made before I realized that I was a beggar."

(To be Continued.)

Curious Bits of News.

A young Kentucky girl of amazing beauty, who had been forced into marriage with an aged speculator whom she heartily disliked, vowed that after marriage she would never look upon her face in a mirror, saying that it was her facial charms which had brought about the loathed union. For six years she faithfully observed the vow, until the recent death of her husband cancelled the extraordinary oath.

The common notion that Germans are the heaviest beer-drinkers is refuted by statistics published by the British Board of Trade. Last year every German, on the average, drank twenty-seven gallons, while the average Englishman drank thirty-two gallons. The consumption in the United States was less than half as much, per capita, as in Germany. With the exception of the Belgians, the British are the largest beer-drinkers in the world, and the consumption has grown rapidly during the last fifteen years.

A card-shuffling machine has been invented by R. F. Bellows of Cleveland. It should make business poor for crooked card-players. The device is complicated, yet simple in its action. "Card-players who want a fair and honest game are enthusiastic in their praise of my machine," says Bellows. "It shuffles cards more thoroughly than can possibly be done by hand, and it is impossible for the dealer to put up a hand to suit himself."

A funny story comes from New Jersey about an auction sale of furs which had been preserved in red pepper. About a hundred ladies and other eager bargain-hunters with a keen scent for their quarry were impatiently waiting, but as soon as the furs were opened they were all seized with a violent fit of sneezing, which was so irrepressible that, in spite of heroic struggles to continue the bidding, the sale had perforce to be stopped, and would-be purchasers were sent sneezing away.

A watchmaker at Zurich is exhibiting in his shop window a wonderful piece of Swiss workmanship, in the shape of the smallest watch that has ever been manufactured, writes a Geneva correspondent. The watch, which is in the shape of a rose, is so minute that a strong magnifying glass is necessary to read the hands, and when winding up the tiny article it is necessary to use a specially prepared contrivance for this purpose. The manufacturer refuses to sell the watch, which keeps excellent time. One rich customer offered two hundred pounds for the curiosity, but this sum was refused.

There are probably not many men living who had a brother that died one hundred and forty years ago. This, however, appears to be the case with an old man who was called as a witness in a small town of Styria. His father was married the first time in 1760, at the age of nineteen. The following year he had a son, who died after a few months. His father married again in 1811, at the age of seventy, and witness was born the next year, which made him eighty-nine. "Mark Twain dropped a tear upon the grave of Adam, so perhaps this old man still grieves for his brother," comments the London "Chronicle."

In the Steam-Heated Flat.

"How do you suppose Santa Claus will get in?"

"Perhaps he can make himself small and come through the steam-pipes."

"Oh dear, no. He'd freeze."—"Harper's Bazar."

Obscure Couplet in a Famous Hymn.

The hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," which was sung so generally in connection with the funeral services of the late President, has in its last two lines a reference which has aroused considerable speculation. The lines are:

"And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I save loved long since and lost a while."

In 1880, according to the Chicago "Inter-Ocean," Dr. Greenhill, of Hastings, wrote to the author, Cardinal Newman, concerning the apparent allusion in these lines to some personal experience, and received the following reply:

"The Oratory, January 18, 1880.

"My Dear Dr. Greenhill: You flatter me by your question, but I think it was Keble, who, when asked in his own case, answered that poets were not bound to be critics, or to give a sense to what they had written, and though I am not, like him, a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to remember my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of fifty years. Anyhow, there must be a statute of limitations for writers of verse, or it would be quite a tyranny if, in an art which is the expression not of truth, but of imagination and sentiment, one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient state of mind which came upon one when homesick or seasick, or in any other way sensitive or excited.

"Yours most truly,
"John H. Newman."

Just Like Doctors.

The doctor examined his patient carefully, and, with a grave face, told him that he was very ill, and asked if he had consulted anyone else. "Oh," said the man, "I went to see a druggist and asked his advice, and he——" "Druggist!" the doctor broke in, angrily; "what was the good of that? The best thing you can do when a druggist gives you a bit of advice is to do exactly the opposite." "And so," the patient continued, "advised me to come to you."—Ex.

Anecdotal.

A British Columbia lawyer was passing along the street, carrying under his arm a law-book in circuit binding, when he was accosted by a self-righteous individual. "Ha! Mr. Blank, and where are you going to preach to-day?" "I don't preach, I practice," replied the lawyer.

A Sunday school examination was in progress, and the examining visitor put this question: "What did Moses do for a living while he was with Jethro?" Following a long silence a little voice piped up from the back of the room: "Please, sir, he married one of Jethro's daughters."

Once a distinguished Russian grand duke found himself charged twenty francs apiece for hothouse peaches at the old Cafe de Paris, in the French metropolis. "Are hothouse peaches so scarce, then, even in midwinter?" he asked. "No," replied the maitre d'hotel "but grand dukes are."

When the late Li Hung Chang visited Germany a few years ago the Kaiser asked him: "How do our women compare with those of China?" "I really cannot tell," said Li, slyly, fastening his eyes on the corsage of a lady who was present; "we never see half as much of our women as you do of yours."

Of the many stories told of the late Ameer of Afghanistan, who was one of the really strong characters among monarchs of recent years, none is better than the one about the subject who ran to court in great alarm, crying that the Russians were coming. "Are they really coming?" said the Ameer. "Then you shall be taken to the top of yonder tower and you shall have no food till you see them arrive."

Speaking of sympathetic strikes the other day, Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers told of one that he conducted when only a boy working on a farm: "The force of hands had dwindled to two, a fellow named Joe and me. The farmer decided to discharge the other fellow, whereupon Joe suggested that I should stop work also, leaving the farmer in a fix. This I did. I went out on a sympathetic strike; but the result was that the farmer hired Joe back again, and I was left out in the cold."

Sir Henry Irving has no special cabby on his nightly transit from the London Lyceum Theater to his home, and when he leaves the theater the first man within call gets the job, and, it may be, a ticket for the pit on some future occasion. One of these occasional cabbies to whom a pass had been given was asked by Sir Henry how he liked the play. The man hesitated, and then, choosing what seemed to be the most grateful words to express his pleasure, answered: "Well, sir, I didn't go." "You didn't go! Why not?" "Well sir, you see, there's the missus, and she preferred the wax-works."

A wealthy foreigner, intent upon a day's outing, wanted to hire a London dealer's best horse and trap, but not knowing his man the dealer demurred at trusting them in his hands. Determined to have his drive, the gentleman proposed paying for the horse and the vehicle, promising to sell them back at the same price when he returned. To that the other saw no objection, so his customer's wants were supplied and off he went. He was back in time at the stables, his money reimbursed according to contract, and he turned to go. "Hold on!" exclaimed the dealer, "you have forgotten to pay for the hire." "My dear sir," was the cool reply, "there was no hiring in the case. I have been driving my own horse and trap all day." And he left the dealer to his sorrowful reflections.

Marie Corelli at Home.

A CORRESPONDENT who has been visiting Shakespeare's town, writes that Miss Marie Corelli figures by no means among the least of the local attractions at Stratford-on-Avon. She has quite a large establishment, and her carriage and coachmen are much observed when she drives about. The townspeople do not seem to take her very seriously. She is talked of as being "queer;" a literary person whose ways are naturally a little unconventional. During the early summer it appears that a strolling company of comedians settled down at Stratford for several weeks. Their theater was a big tent, and their repertory was a medley of tragedy, comedy, and vaudeville. Prices varied from sixpence to a shilling, though after nine o'clock a sixpence gave you a choice of seats. To the right of the main entrance a place had been fenced in and hung with draperies and set apart as Miss Corelli's box. She was a regular patron, and seemed to enjoy the performances very much, frequently showing her approval by applause. It was not surprising to find that her books were little known locally, although fabulous stories of their sales and her great profits were current. When Miss Corelli made her home in Stratford-on-Avon, she was then at work on The Master Christian, published last year. To her vexation, she found that the house next to hers was occupied as a private school. It appears that at a certain hour in the day, when she was most engrossed in her work, the classes would be up for calisthenics, and the disturbance became very annoying to Miss Corelli. She wrote to the schoolmistress, and informing her that she was at work on a masterpiece of literature, which she hoped to give to the world in a few months, requested her to change the distracting hour of noisy exercise to one that would be more convenient for her. Miss Corelli received in effect the following reply by return: "Dear Madam,—I beg to remind you that my school was here before you made your home in this town, and that if cannot change the hour of the exercises as you suggest, not even to further the important work upon which you are engaged. Indeed, I may say that if your masterpiece is to be at all like the works which you have already written, anything I can do to prevent its publication will be regarded by me as a blessing to the world."

Like an Employee.

When the night-watchman found a strange man stealing funds from the vault of the bank his indignation knew no bounds. "You've got your nerve!" exclaimed the watchman. "Anybody'd think you was employed here, actually!"—"Puck."

Anecdotal.

Mark Twain tells a story of a man who received a telegram telling him that his mother-in-law had died, and asking: "Shall we embalm, bury, or cremate her?" Twain says he wired back: "Yes, and if these fail, try dissection."

A clergyman, visiting a house where an infant was dying in convulsions, remarked to the aged nurse that it was too bad to see a baby in such pain. "Ah, sir," replied the pious woman, "it says in the Good Book, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and I tell you they do suffer."

When General Sheridan was camping on the lower Mississippi, his negro boy, Harry, was one day asked by a friend whether the general was not terribly annoyed by the mosquitoes. "No, sah," said Harry; "in the evenin' Marse's so 'toxicated he don't mind the skeeters an' in the mornin' the skeeters is so 'toxicated they don't mind Marse."

When Sidney Smith was rector of a parish in Yorkshire he found his vestry were discussing the propriety of paving the approach to the church with wooden blocks. There was a good deal of perturbation over ways and means, however. "Gentlemen," said the witty rector, "I think if you will all put your heads together, as the saying is, the thing can be accomplished without much difficulty."

A Scottish member of Parliament, in an address to his constituents, assured his hearers that he was not an idle member of the House, and that during the last two years he had put no less than one hundred and eighty-two questions to the speaker and the members of the government. "What an ignorant auld beggar ye must be!" cried a voice from the crowd.

The revivalist, "Sam" Jones, was once taking women to task for spending more time in prinking than in praying. "If there's a woman here," he screamed, finally, "who prays more than she prinks, let her stand up." One poor old, faded specimen of femininity, in the sorriest, shabbiest of clothes, arose. "You spend more time praying than prinking?" asked the preacher, taking her all in. The poor old creature said she did—prayed all the time, prinked not at all. "You go straight home," admonished Jones, "and put a little time on your prinking."

While passing Cherbourg, en route from South Africa to London, Cecil Rhodes observed several vessels of the French Channel Squadron drawn up in line to salute the ex-Empress Eugenie's yacht. The Frenchmen, who were spread out on the yards of their vessels, shouted "Vive l'Imperatrice!". The captain of the vessel on which Rhodes was a passenger, wishing to show his respect to the empress, got his men ready to salute, but in the short time at his disposal he could not school his crew to repeat the French words. "Tell them to say 'beef, lemons and cheese,'" suggested Rhodes, playfully, and, to his utter amazement, the yacht was greeted with a deafening yell of "beef, lemons and cheese!" which entirely drowned the voices of the French sailors. The ex-empress is stated to have expressed great pleasure at the compliment afterward.

Curious Bits of News.

Tubes of glass made by lightning are often found in sand. The electricity passes into the ground and melts the silicious material, forming little pipes, the inside diameter of which represents the "bore" of the "thunderbolt." Such tubes measuring as much as twenty-seven feet in length have been discovered.

The beauties of the New York custom house regulations were again illustrated the other day when an English Freemason, who arrived with his jeweled regalia, was charged full duty on it, and fined for omitting to declare that he had his regalia with him. He had come to take part in a celebration of the order in the United States.

One of the most curious lawsuits ever tried in France has been occupying the attention of the courts. At the last election M. le Provost de Launay, a Royalist senator, desired to have an organ. He went to the editor of a local newspaper, and hired the front page for two months for a given sum. His Republican opponent thought the idea a good one, and hired the second page, so that the readers of the "Journal de Ferguler" were treated on the first page to a eulogy of monarchy and on the second page to praise of the republic. M. de Launay lost the election, and is now suing its editor for breach of contract in leasing the second page to his opponent.

President John I. Sabin of the Chicago Telephone Company has made a popular hit by installing movable phones in fashionable restaurants. You do not have to leave the table to enjoy this luxury. "Waiter, bring me a telephone," is the only order necessary to have a fully equipped long-distance 'phone at your elbow. By simply ordering a telephone a guest may be placed in communication with New York or Denver, or any other city served by the Chicago Telephone Company, without moving from the table at which dinner or luncheon is being served. The new service is very simple. What is termed a "telephone spring-jack" is adjusted to the wall near the table, and when the telephone is ordered the waiter brings the instrument, inserting a plug in the "spring-jack," perfecting direct connection with the main telephone exchange.

As tamers and keepers of animals dark men never succeed, states the Philadelphia "Record." Visits to zoos and to menageries show them to be invariably fair fellows, with yellow or brown hair and with blue eyes. "Thus, at the Zoological Garden, in this city, there is not a keeper who is dark. John McMullen of the lion house has light hair, a yellow moustache and violet orbs. Lover, of the wolves and foxes, is still more markedly blond, and in the antelope house, the snake house and the small mammal house light colors still prevail. One of the most pronounced blonds at the Zoo was John Thompson, who is now in Honolulu making casts of fishes for a museum there. Thompson was one of the most successful keepers the Zoo has ever had. Not only snakes and turtles (his specialty), but lions, foxes, wolves, deer and many other animals took to him naturally, and he was never scratched or bitten."

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

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

THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1902.

THE FATHERS OF THE SENATE.

Today but four of the Senators appointed at Confederation are in the land of the living. These gentlemen are Senators Miller, Wark, Dickey, and Armand—all from the Maritime provinces, the home of the long-lived and the healthy. The Halifax Herald, speaking of Senator Miller, says that gentleman is the only appointee under the Queen's proclamation of 1867 "whose vigor of mind and body have been such as to enable him to take a leading part in the deliberations of that body throughout the whole of that long period."

"Though sometimes not counted among the Fathers of Confederation, it is well known to those intimate with the events leading up to and immediately connected with the union of the provinces that Senator Miller's services at that time were of very great value in helping to bring about the inauguration of an united British America; and whether technically he should be numbered among the Fathers of Confederation or not, for very real reasons he should be so numbered. To give any account of Senator Miller's public services from 1867 to the present time would be something the same as giving a summary of the parliamentary history of the Dominion; for the present it must suffice to say that from the great debates of the early days and onward, including those on the admission of British Columbia, the inauguration of the National Policy, the construction of the Canadian Pacific railway, down to the exposure and defeat of the attempted Yukon steal, and the vigorous treatment of still more recent matters, Senator Miller has throughout all the years of the Dominion brought to the services of the country a large capacity and willingness for work, and a power in debate that has given him a leading position in parliamentary life and been of great public value."

Senator Wark is 98 years of age, Senator Dickey is 90, and Senator Armand 82. Their colleague, Mr. Miller, is quite a young fellow among them. He is only 67, and is good for many years of hard work.

New Coal Fields.

D. R. Young is back from a prospecting trip through the Okanagan district, from Vernon to Penticton, made in the interests of the Ashnola Smelter Co. He was successful in locating several thousand acres of coal lands within easy reach of transportation on Okanagan lake. The principal location was made on Mission creek, about six miles back from the lake, where he staked over five thousand acres of coal lands. The other location was made on Trout creek, two and a half miles from the lake and consisted of twelve hundred and eighty acres. There is an eight foot seam on the Trout creek property, samples from which have been assayed by A. L. McKillop, with very satisfactory results. Mr. McKillop states that the coal is first class for steam and domestic purposes.

The Ashnola Smelter Co. will commence development work on their new properties at an early date. Mr. Young is confident that they will be shipping coal into Nelson by January 1st. 1903.

CORONATION CEREMONY

Solemn and Magnificent—London Streets Crowded to see Royal Pageant. — Nothing Mars the Arrangements.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra were crowned in Westminster Abbey shortly after noon Saturday. Though the ceremony was bereft of the elaborateness, and pageantry originally intended, it lacked little in the way of spectacular perfection. The whole ceremonial was of a magnificently decorated character and presented a constantly changing panorama, around the two central figures enthroned in their robes of velvet, ermine and cloth of gold, amidst the distinguished assemblage of participants, the fulfilment of whose various roles required constant movement. Each stage of the ceremony, with its old world usages, furnished its quota of interest. while the interior of the noble church, filled as it was with officials in various capacity, with princes, diplomats, officers in gold laced uniforms, with heralds, pursuivants and officers of state in medieval costumes, with peers and peeresses in rich robes with Oriental potentates in many hued raiment, with men of all types and all shades of complexion from distant points of the new crowned monarch's Empire, with its dazzling display of jewels and wealth of color, presented a picture which in its combined brilliancy and its distinction has seldom been excelled.

As the hour appointed for the departure of the Royal procession approached, the excitement about Buckingham Palace was most marked.

Punctual to the time the advance guard of the Royal cavalcade issued from the archway, the horses of the troopers curvetting nervously as they faced the wall of humanity that cheered their coming. Shortly afterwards came the Prince and Princess of Wales' procession and finally within a few minutes Their Majesties state coach appeared at the gateway and the King and Queen smiled and bowed in response to the mighty roar of cheers that dwarfed all previous welcomes. The scene in the vicinity was remarkable. On the roof of the Palace were perched a number of fashionable dressed ladies members of the household, and their cheers, with the fluttering of their handkerchiefs as the King and Queen entered the Royal coach gave the signal for the deafening plaudits of the populace, which greeted Their Majesties as they emerged from the gates.

The ovation was taken up by the crowds which thronged the Mall, and was repeatedly acknowledged by the occupants of the state coach.

It was a continued triumph and reached its climax on the arrival at the Abbey, where there was a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm, which did not cease until Their Majesties disappeared in the Annex.

An accident to Lord Pelham-Clinton, one of the grooms in waiting, created considerable excitement in the Mail. In a closed carriage he was passing York Steps, when his conveyance collided with another Royal carriage going at high speed in an opposite direction. The horses fell and there appeared to be a bad mixup. The police extricated the teams with some difficulty, and Lord Pelham Clinton, who was only slightly hurt, proceeded.

Lord Kitchener, Admiral Seymour and General Gazelle, as they sat together in the procession, came in for much attention, but all seemed to pay little attention to the people along the route. Lord Kitchener, in resplendent full dress uniform of a general, also looked unfamiliar, and many present did not recognize him. The Indians were undoubtedly the most picturesque feature of the procession, while the state coach of the King, drawn by the fat and Hanovarian horses, which figured in all of the late Queen Victoria processions, seemed much more like a fairy land than unusual. The progress of the naval cortege was marked by no special incident. with the exception of an accident to Lord Edward P. Clinton, one of the grooms in waiting.

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Red Rose Degree meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month; White Rose Degree meets third Tuesday of each quarter, in Oddfellows Hall. Visiting brethren welcome
G. E. GROGAN, President. HY. EDWARDS, Hon. Secretary.

LOYAL ORANGE LODGE No. 1658.

Regular meetings are held in the Oddfellow's Hall on the Third Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. sharp. Visiting brethren cordially invited
A. J. HNSON, W. M
W. G. BIRNEY, Rec.-Sec.

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Special Trips between regular sailings, will be made in any case where business offered warrants same.

The Company reserve the right to change time of sailings without notice.

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A LAND OF NO STRIKES

Effect of New Zealand's Compulsory Arbitration Law—The Toronto Globe Prefers it to Shotgun Methods.

The New Zealand compulsory arbitration law is criticized because it is not perfect. Any discussion of the law which leaves out of view the existing conditions will be useless. The condition from which escape is sought is one of almost constant industrial warfare. Just when business and industry are at their most flourishing stage disputes spring up between employer and employed, and in a day the whole machinery of production is thrown out of gear, and enormous losses are entailed on master and man. In not a few cases these conflicts are founded on the veriest trifles, and usually no matter who wins there is no real gain to anybody. It is not too much to say that even when the workmen win higher wages by a prolonged struggle it takes years for the increases to make up the losses sustained during the progress of the strike. One calling after another is subjected to these upheavals, and periods of prosperity, when every sail should be set to catch the favoring breeze, are those in which the strike and lockout are most numerous and most persistent.

Whatever demerits the New Zealand compulsory arbitration act may have, it certainly has the merit of putting the country in the unique position of having had no strike in seven years. Can any other industrial community in the world say as much? It is urged that this has been accomplished during a prosperous time, when wages were steadily increasing. That, however, is the very time that experience tells us to look out for numerous labor disputes in countries which have not adopted New Zealand's radical methods of dealing with an intolerable evil. The question is not whether there are defects in the law, but whether these defects are not venial as compared with the pernicious evils for which the law is put forward as a remedy.

The law is an experiment, but it is an experiment which has endured the test of seven years, and has at least done what its advocates promised, namely, prevented strikes. If it produces other effects which were not anticipated these may be met. The law has been altered from time to time, as every new law has to be, to meet unexpected developments. As an experiment other countries would be well advised to adopt it, cautiously and even tentatively. There are certain semi public services, such as the running of railways, which, when interrupted entail widespread inconvenience and loss. The relations between men engaged in such services and their employers seem well suited for regulation in the manner we are considering, and if it is found to work well in that branch of labor it could be gradually extended.

It is to be feared that some of those who express their hostility to the proposal have not studied it very closely. It is stated, for example, that the farmers of New Zealand will oppose its extension to agriculture, because if the scale of remuneration in farm work were increased they would be unable to meet the competition of their rivals in Argentina and elsewhere. The application for increased wages has to be supported by evidence and the employers are quite at liberty to meet or disprove the evidence adduced by their employees. On the case presented the court decides, and this has been found a more rational and more civilized way of settling such questions of fact and inference that the shotguns with which they are now being settled in the coal regions of pennsylvania.

Advice to Miners.

It is an old saying that "straws show the way the wind is blowing." We all know that this is generally the case, and many experienced mining men are of the opinion that stringers often lead to big ore bodies. Follow your ore is excellent advice to heed in the exploration of a prospect, and many instances are not wanting where stringers from the main vein have been investigated and followed with most gratifying results. As a rule no mining property should undergo extensive development work without first having been carefully examined and reported upon by a competent expert and engineer. He should lay down the lines of intelligent exploration and his directions should be followed in the main. In his decisions he is largely guided by surface indications and conformations and yet with development, it may be found that the property in course of exploitation contains blind veins and ledges, some of which may be stronger larger and more valuable than the ore croppings at the surface, and upon which development is in progress. It is a safe and sure plan, therefore, to pay attention to the stringers branching off from the vein, as they often connect with magnificent bodies of mineral, the existenc of which might never be known but for these little feeders, so often ignored and passed by almost unnoticed. While nature is an open book in her geological formations, her language is oftimes as Greek to those who have conversed with her in the Queen's English, and this is why the most favorable indications and the broadest kind of hints are not seen or taken advantage of by those in search for the keys to her treasure vaults. As a matter of fact, nature is no niggard in her deposits of the precious metals, and these deposits often exist in duplicate and even triplicate where the claim owner expects to find nothing more than a single ledge, the single vein. Instances are not uncommon where the value of a mine has been more than doubled by the following of a stringer into a new ore body in virgin ground; by breaking through what was supposed to be one of the walls of a known deposit into a blind vein, the presence of which was not even indicated at the grass roots.

Goldfields.

The Northwestern Development Syndicate have acquired a half interest in the new town of Goldfields from the owners, Messrs. R. F. Perry, F. J. Goldsmith and A. Johnson. The deal was negotiated by R. F. Perry the manager of the townsite. Under the new condition of affairs Goldfields will be placed among the banner mining camps of the province. The new owners are stringing wires for lighting the streets by electricity and clearing ground for the erection of buildings for employees on the townsite, a 10 stamp mill, sawmill, boarding houses, etc.,—in fact all modern conveniences, including a water system from the famous Menhennick creek will be established and pipe lines run through the principal streets. Within a year Goldfields promises to be one of the most modern little cities in western Canada.

Engineer Given Damages.

CARSON, NEV., Aug. 9—The Supreme Court has handed down its decision in the case of Drew Taylor against the Nevada, California and Oregon Railway, running north from Reno. Taylor is an engineer on the road, and on more than one occasion informed the proper official of the road that his engine needed repairing and was not safe. The official promised to attend to the matter, but did not do so, and later on Taylor spoke to him about it again. Nothing was done, and a few days after an accident occurred which resulted in permanent injury to Taylor and prevents him from ever pursuing his vocation as a locomotive engineer.

The jury in the lower court allowed Taylor $15,000 damages, and the railroad appealed from the verdict. The Supreme Court refuses to interfere and Taylor will get his money.

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Price—$6 and $10 per pair, according to age.

THOS. SKINNER,—Revelstoke, B. C.

The Lament of the Adult.

IN one of Dickens's novels—those novels which we are tearfully assured nowadays are not in the least funny—an ungrateful brickmaker rejects the little volume which has been brought him, because "it's a book fit for a babby, and I'm not a babby. If you was to leave me a doll, I shouldn't nuss it."

Something of this unchastened spirit stirs within our middle-aged hearts when we read a modern story, or see a modern play. It is probably the nicest kind of a story, and the nicest kind of a play, and if we were only fourteen instead of forty, or fifteen instead of fifty, we should thoroughly enjoy them both. Nothing is better calculated to make us regret our lost youth than fiction and the drama as they exist today. With what glorious emotions we should have dilated in childhood over Mr. Crockett's desperate brigands, or Miss Johnston's dauntless heroes. How we should have steeped ourselves—figuratively speaking—in gore, and revelled in romance. Sicilian outlaws, noble Indians, cruel half-breeds, courtly villains and heroines of wild, unearthly beauty—time was when these things made our pulses jump. But now seventeen murders excite us less than one, and duels are no longer the thrilling episodes they were in the happy past. It is hard to grow old, and it is made harder by the fact that nobody, save one's family doctor, has anything to offer to age. We should still like, even at forty or fifty, to be amused, but nobody caters to our amusement. When a veteran actor like Mr. Drew—who ought to sympathize with adults—entertains us with a drama that calls to mind the school plays of happy infancy, and the last act of which must certainly have been written by Miss Edgeworth, we feel that we are indeed friendless in the evening of our lives.

It is cold comfort to be told that the drama is intended for the debutante, and the novel for her younger brothers and sisters. It is even less agreeable to hear it hinted that if we do not like these pure and wholesome performances, it is because we want something evil. Does nothing, then, interest the adult save sin? Are bankers and brewers, anxious mothers and hard-working spinsters indifferent to all but vice? Must we either frolic like lambs—being lambs no longer—or devote ourselves seriously to the meretricious? Life has issues, not wholly unimportant, yet disconnected with love-making of any kind. Men—middle-aged men—desire many things besides their neighbors' wives. Women—middle-aged women—are sometimes strangely indifferent to their neighbors' husbands. We may be pure of heart, yet unable to take pleasure in "The Old Homestead" or "Ben Hur." We may be virtuous and intelligent adults. Will no one write novels and plays for us?—Agnes Repplier in "Life."

Turning Smoke Into Gold.

QUEEN ELIZABETH of England was not a thoroughgoing spinster, for she had so little prejudice against the practice of smoking that she permitted Sir Walter Raleigh his pipe in the royal presence. She was sufficiently a woman, however, to twit him openly on his devotion to the weed, and it was on one of these occasions—or so the author of "The Soverane Herbe" shrewdly surmises—that the knight replied:

"I can assure Your Majesty that I have so well experienced the nature of it that I can tell even the weight of the smoke in any quantity I consume."

"I doubt it much, Sir Walter," replied Elizabeth, holding it was impossible to weigh smoke, and mayhap scenting a joke, "and I will wager you twenty gold angels that you do not solve my doubt."

Gallantly accepting the wager, Raleigh filled his pipe with a weighed quantity of tobacco, smoked it out, and then, weighing the resultant ashes, announced the weight he had smoked away.

"Your Majesty cannot deny that the difference has disappeared in smoke."

"Truly, I cannot," answered the Queen. Ordering the wager to be paid, she turned to the courtiers around her and said: "Many alchemists have I heard of who turned gold into smoke, but Raleigh is the first who has turned smoke into gold."

Musical M.D.'s of the Future.

A PATIENT having been cured of smallpox by the witching strains of a violin, a contemporary thinks it not at all unlikely that it may ere long be discovered that music has a therapeutic value heretofore undreamed of. Music may in time become a most important branch of medical science, and the doctor of the future may, after diagnosing his case, take a violin or a cornet from his bag, as the case may demand, and render the wedding march from "Lohengrin," or Schubert's "Serenade," according to the progress the malady has made. Different tunes rendered on different instruments, in various tempos, may become necessary at critical moments, and this will naturally develop a new science—that of writing musical prescriptions. Musical boxes and orchestrions may yet be used in hospital-wards, and the shops in which sheet-music and musical instruments are now dispensed are likely to be the drug stores of the future. Patent music is a possible successor of patent medicine, and we may yet take a five-minute dose of "Lanigan's Ball" adagio, or a seven-minute-and-a-half dose of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" andante, for our neuritis or necrosis. Medical music and medical science will be one, and the scalpel will be supplanted by the mandolin, and the clinical thermometer by the piccolo.

Little Mothers in Japan.

Although the Empire of Japan is said to be a "paradise of children," where they are allowed to do very much as they please, and where they seldom, if ever, cry, their life is not all play. The little boys and girls have their work to do, but in many skilful ways they turn work into play. Take, for instance, the little girls who have baby sisters or brothers to care for. They tuck the youngsters into their queer garments and go on with their games of ball. If the baby grows tired and begins to fret the "little mother" jonces it up and down over her shoulder with a peculiar humping motion of her back, without stopping the game. All the time she sings some pretty song.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the Estate of Thomas Edwin Horne, late of the City of Revelstoke, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Thomas Edwin Horne, who died on or about the 21st May, 1902, are required, on or before the 15th day of August, 1902, to send by post prepaid, or deliver to Messrs. Harvey, McCarter & Pinkham, of the City of Revelstoke, solicitors for the administrators of the estate of the said deceased, their addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, the statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities if any held by them.

And further take notice that after such last mentioned date the said administrators will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and that the said administrators will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by them at the time of such distribution.

Dated the 20th day of June, A.D., 1902.

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Solicitors for the Administrators of the Estate of Thomas Edwin Horne, deceased. td

NOTICE.

TAKE NOTICE that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post marked Alice Perry's southeast corner post, situated about 200 feet from Scott Creek, thence west 40 chains; thence north 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 160 chains, to the place of commencement; containing 640 acres.

ALICE PERRY.

Goldfields, B. C., July 24th, 1902.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

NUMBER ONE.

Commencing at a post marked "A. M. North-West Corner Post," and planted on the northwest bank of Half Way Creek, near St. Leon Hot Springs and about two miles from Arrow Lakes. Thence east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains to place of commencement.

NUMBER TWO.

Commencing at a post planted on South Bank Deep Creek, Galena Bay, about three miles south from Arrow Lakes; about 55 chains east from a post marked "T. H. D. south-west corner: Thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains; thence west 40 chains to place of commencement.

ANGUS McLEOD.
Arrowhead Mills.
Per J. T.

Arrowhead, July 24th, 1902

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that sixty days from date hereof I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works at Victoria, B. C., to purchase 320 acres of land on Downie Creek in the Big Bend, commencing at a post planted about nine miles from the Columbia River on the north east side of Boulder Creek and marked A. W. McIntosh's initial post, No 1, and running north forty chains to north-west corner post, No. 2, thence eighty chains east to post No. 3, thence forty chains south to post No. 4, thence eighty chains west to point of commencement.

Dated the 30th day of June, 1902.

A. W. McINTOSH.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that sixty days from date hereof I intend applying to the Chief Commissioner o Lands and Works at Victoria, B. C., to purchase three hundred and twenty acres of land on Downie Creek in the Big Bend, commencing at a post planted about eight miles from the Columbia River and near the north east side of Boulder Creek and marked J. C. Montgomery's initial post, No. 1; thence forty chains north to north-west corner post No. 2; thence eighty chains east to north east corner post No. 3; thence forty chains south to south east corner post No. 4, thence eighty chains west to point of commencement.

Dated at Revelstoke the 30th day of June 1902.

J. C. MONTGOMERY.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Golden Hill Mineral Claim, Situate in the Revelstoke Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located:—In Ground Hog Basin, on McCullough Creek.

TAKE NOTICE that I, C. B. Hume, Free Miner's Certificate No. B67188, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 16th day of June, A.D., 1902.

C. B. HUME.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Edna, Alice and Norland Mineral claims, situate in the Revelstoke Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located:—Laforme Creek, Big Bend.

TAKE NOTICE that I, W. E. McLauchlin, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 67270, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims.

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

Dated this 10th day of July, A.D., 1902.

W. E. McLAUCHLIN.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE

Shamrock, Mammoth, Fairview, Maple Leaf, Arabian, Belcher, and Victoria IV mineral claims, situate in the Revelstoke Mining Division of West Kootenay.

Where located:—The Shamrock and Mammoth mineral claims, at the head of Camp Creek, in Ground Hog Basin, Big Bend. The Fairview and Maple Leaf mineral claims, at head of the West Fork of McCullough Creek, known as Barrett Creek; the Arabian, Belcher and Victoria IV mineral claims on Graham Creek, at the head waters of the West Fork of French Creek.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Florence McCarty, Free Miners' Certificate No. B, 67,241, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for certificates of improvements for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that action under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificates of Improvements.

Dated this first day of July, A. D., 1902.

FLORENCE McCARTY.

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Surrounded by the following resources: Coal, gold, copper, silver and a fine agricultural country. Large herds of cattle, fruit in abundance, with a climate almost southern and all that could be asked.

ASHNOLA is owned and backed by the payroll of the Similkameen Valley Coal Company, Ltd., which is a guarantee in itself of its success. The equipment and development of their coal mines, installing of water, electric light and power plants are already arranged for. The development of the Ashnola Coal Company's mine by the Eastern Capitalists who have established their payroll at ASHNOLA, makes it the coming city of the interior of British Columbia.

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Lots in Ashnola are safe investments. In Blocks 1 to 4 and 13 to 20 the price will be advanced 25c. per month until May 1st, 1902, and to ten per cent. in the remaining blocks. The present price is from $50 to $225 Twenty-five per cent. cash, three, six and nine months without interest.

Arrangements are already completed for Eight buildings, including cottages for the Employees of thecompany at Ashnola. This work will be under full headway by May 1st.

Four years ago the Crow's Nest Shares could be bought and were sold at 11 cents. Today they are quoted at $80.00. With the advent of transportation, Similkameen Valley Coal can be delivered at any point in West Kootenay or Yale as cheaply as by any other Company in Canada.

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The Kaiser as He Is.

RAY STANNARD BAKER, in an volume, "Seen in Germany," gives this picture of the Emperor William:

"He is a brown-faced man, the brown of wind and weather, of fierce riding on land and of a glaring sun on the sea. His face is thinner than one has pictured, and there is a hint of weariness about the eyes. His hair gives the impression of being thin, and his famous moustache is not so long nor so jaunttily fierce as one has imagined. There is many a dry-goods clerk in Berlin who has out-Kaisered the Kaiser in growing a moustache. But, owing to the sin of retouching, there is one thing that few of William's photographs know to advantage, and it is the most impressive characteristic of his face. And that is its singular sternness in repose. Square, iron jaws, thin, firm lips, a certain sharpness and leanness of visage, a penetrating eye, all speak of invincible determination, pride, dignity. Indeed, herein lies the force of personal majesty—for William, however much one may smile at his passion for royal display, has many of those splendid attributes of character which would make a man great in any sphere of life. It would be a large company of Germans, indeed, among whom one would fail to select him instinctively as the leader. A first impression, therefore, may thus be summed up: The Kaiser is less a great king than one has imagined, and more a great man. The longer one remains in Germany, and the more he learns of William and his extraordinary activities, the deeper grows this impression. We Americans have never quite overcome our first prejudices against the Kaiser, bred during the early days of his reign, when the mantle of royalty—and the Hohenzollern mantle at that—was new to his shoulders, and he said and did strange things; but in Europe—where they have grown accustomed to his vagaries, now, indeed, much less pronounced in their manifestations, and have set them down as the expressions of a strong and original individuality—the Kaiser occupies a place of high and genuine esteem. An American who remains long in Germany feels this change in sentiment strongly, and, when the Kaiser passes, he raises his hat with all the others, not merely because this is royalty, but because it is character and strength of purpose."

As might be expected, the Kaiser is most popular in his capital:

"One, hearing a commotion on Unter den Linden, with a flash of white plumes in the distance, and the swift clatter of hoofs, may well crowd up to see. A pair of splendid horses, traveling like the wind, two richly uniformed men on the box, and the Kaiser, the Kaiserin, and another lady in the open carriage behind. You observe that the Kaiser sits with his back to the horses, giving the place of honor to his wife, for William has set the highest ideals in courtesy to women—the Anglo-Saxon ideals, which often form a strong contrast to the rougher Teutonic customs. He wears a glistening silver helmet, which he touches with military precision as the people on the streets shout and lift their hats. No cavalcade of guards accompany the carriage, and there is apparently no effort to guard the lives of its occupants, except in so far as they are protected by the terrific speed at which the horses are always driven. It is one of William's pleasures to show himself and his family frequently to his people, and the royal carriage may be seen at all hours in the streets of Berlin. The Kaiser's departure from the palace is always signaled by the fall of a flag, which serves as a notification to the people to prepare for his appearance among them. Nearly every afternoon he rides out, usually in uniform, with some of his staff-officers, galloping down the Linden and into the Thiergarten, where he often spends an hour in exercise."

Henley's Attack on Stevenson.

THE literary section in London is William E. Henley's onslaught, in the Christmas number of the "Pall Mall" magazine upon the Stevenson worshippers. In tone it is not dissimilar from that of his attack on indiscriminate eulogists of Burns. As Stevenson's closest friend, he strips Stevenson's personality of the fantastic romance woven about it, and shows him to have been at times a vain, ungrateful, self-righteous, anxious egotist, possessed of abundant but imitative gifts. Even those who attempt to defend the justice of the criticism find that it lays Henley open to charges of censoriousness and bad taste. The London "Daily News" is emphatic in its protest. It says:

"We are not surprised that the literary world is scandalized. It is astonishing that any trace of ordinary feeling should have written in such terms of a dead friend. One thing is made quite clear by the article. Stevenson has a genuine hold upon the affections of his countrymen, and that affection will not long after Mr. Henley's ill-judged screed is forgotten."

This view, however, is not shared by some who cannot be charged with envy of Stevenson. Just as Mr. Henley knew Stevenson best in his middle and Mr. Balfour in his later life, so Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson, the authoress of "Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days," can speak of him as boy and young man. Miss Simpson states her view as follows:

"Mr. Henley has done a brave deed in his trenchant article on his friend Lewis. He depicts him as he was before he began to posé as a famed man and was by preference the thoroughbred Bohemian. Mr. Henley recalls him to Edinburgh talk as he was and as the true Stevenson would have wished to be known."

Explained Too Much.

The caller explained his mission.

"It's a worthy cause," he said.

"It is, indeed," admitted the up-to-date merchant. "You may put our firm down for five hundred dollars."

"Good!" exclaimed the caller. "It's to be done very quietly and unostentatiously, of course. The money will be given in a lump sum from a few friends, without any names whatever."

"No one will know who gives?" asked the merchant.

"No one," answered the caller.

"No list published?"

"None."

"Cross the name of our firm off."—Chicago "Post."

Anecdotal.

At North Berwick, near Edinburgh, the other day, a golfer whose ardor is greatly in advance of his skill got into difficulties at the second hole. Repeated "foozles" left his ball badly "cupped" on the brink of a bunker. He turned to his caddie in despair. Said he: "I've tried my brassie, and my cleek, and my mashie, and none of them will lift out that ball. What should you say I should take now?" "Sir," was the perfectly respectful and sympathetic response, "I wad mysel' be taking, were it just me mysel', the four-twenty train back to Edinburgh." And he did.

The English papers are full of apocryphal incidents, alleged to have taken place in Canada during the recent Royal visit. It is related, for instance, that a proud and touchy resident in the neighborhood of Perth declined to go to Ottawa to see the Duchess because, although he went to see the Prince of Wales in 1860, the Royal family had never returned his call. Less ceremonious was the Western alderman who, grasping the Duke's hand with firmness and effusion, exclaimed, "I met your old man here forty years ago."

A recently published story of the late Lord Morris, Chief Justice of Ireland, illustrates his scorn of red tape and petty details. A question had arisen as to the cost of heating the Irish law courts, and a consequential treasury official was sent over from London to Dublin on purpose to investigate the matter. When he introduced himself and explained his errand, Lord Morris smiled with suspicious blandness and said: "Certainly, I will put you in communication with the person immediately in charge of that department." Then he sent out a messenger, and presently there entered an old charwoman. Lord Morris arose and left the room, saying as he did so: "Mary, here is the young man to see about the coal."

Father Taylor, the sailors' friend, was a man who at all times spoke with an engaging frankness, which sometimes became more brusque than was desirable. A banker from the West End of Boston once visited Father Taylor's church during a fervid revival, and varied the usual character of the meeting by a rather pompous address. Its purport was that the merchant princes of Boston were a very beneficent set of men, whose wealth and enterprise gave employment to thousands of sailors, and that it was, above all, the duty of seamen to show their gratitude to the merchants. At the close of his speech the banker was somewhat taken aback when Father Taylor rose and asked, simply: "Is there any other sinner from up-town who would like to say a word?"

Not long ago a Western Kansas politician was asked by his wife to lay aside politics long enough one day to dig the potatoes in the garden. He consented, and, after digging for a few minutes, went into the house and said he had found a coin. He washed it off, and it proved to be a silver quarter. He put it in his jeans and went back to work. Presently he went to the house again and said he had found another coin. He washed the dirt off of it, and this time it was a silver half-dollar. He put it in his jeans. "I have worked pretty hard," said he to his wife; "I guess I'll take a short nap." When he awoke, he found that his wife had dug all the rest of the potatoes. But she found no coins. It then dawned upon her that she had been "worked."

At the Lotus Club dinner to Ambassador Choate, Senator Chauncey M. Depew told a story on Mr. Choate which caused the assemblage to roar with laughter. The occasion he referred to was a dinner given in New York some years ago to the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, and head of the Clan Gordon. The earl attended in full regalia, "the wearing of which," said the senator, "consists in leaving off some articles of dress we deem quite essential." He continued: "At the dinner I sat on the earl's right. Choate was next me. Just after the earl seated himself, Choate whispered to me: 'Chauncey, are Aberdeen's legs really bare?' I raised the table-cloth cautiously, and gave that scratch that all Scotchmen appreciate, and said: 'Yes, Joe, they are.' When Choate got up to speak, he said: 'Gentlemen, my invitation did not convey to me the information that the Earl of Aberdeen was to be here to-night in full regalia. If I had known it I would have left my trousers at home.' Well, you never saw a madder crowd of Scotchmen. They thought it a reflection on the national costume of the earl, who had done the diners honor to appear in it. Well, four years have passed since then, and now the earl regards that as a joke, and tells it at least once a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year."

Smoking-Cars For Women.

SMOKING seems to be growing in favor among the fair sex, especially on the Continent. So apparent this become of late that the railroad authorities of Belgium have been seriously considering the advisability of introducing cars in which only women shall be allowed to travel. What has particularly served to bring the matter before the officials' notice is an incident that happened a few weeks since, when a young woman entered one of the carriages on the Southern Railroad reserved for ladies, and in a few minutes after the train had started from Brussels lit a cigarette and began to smoke it. Whereupon the other women in the compartment became very indignant, threatening to complain to the guard as soon as the train stopped. "I am in a carriage reserved for ladies," observed the smoker, blandly, "and I am not aware of any law which prohibits ladies from smoking." When the train stopped, the guard was informed of the proceedings, but was loath to interfere, and the result was that when the woman smoker arrived at her destination, she consulted a lawyer, who has now by an action in court raised the interesting question: Should railroad companies be compelled to provide separate smoking cars for women who wish to smoke while they are traveling? Some of the companies, however, appear to have taken time by the forelock, for it is understood that arrangements have already been made on some of the Belgian railroads to provide smoking compartments exclusively for women addicted to the use of tobacco.

Curious Bits of News.

Luigi Carreno, a journalist of Rome, in order to get up a story on the Pope's daily life, recently secured employment in the Vatican as a gardener.

Petrified tropical fruits have been found in coal from Spitzbergen, the island group in the Arctic Ocean, midway between Greenland and Nova Zembla.

A writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" mentions as an incident of life in Labrador the burial of a live pet in a barrel under the November snow. The owner of the animal (a black bear, by the way) dug up the barrel twice during the winter, but did not awaken the occupant, who was permitted to sleep on till May.

Edward Beaupre of the Territory of Assiniboia, Canada, claims to be the tallest man in the world. His exact height is seven feet, ten and three-fourths inches, and he is still growing, and expects to reach the eight-foot mark. He is twenty years old, wears a number twenty-one shoe and a number twenty-one collar.

A Chinese manuscript lately discovered in the Paris library proves the startling fact that anaesthetics were used in China seventeen hundred years ago. A certain concoction, it states, was given by the doctors before performing an operation, which rendered the patient unconscious. The anaesthetic was a simple preparation of hemp.

The translation of the Bible from ancient to modern Greek, against which students in the Grecian capital have been rioting, and coming into fatal conflicts with troops, was ordered by Queen Olga, because she found so many Greeks could not read the language of their classic ancestors. The students oppose the translation on the ground that it would be desecration to put the Bible into Greek as it is now spoken.

Four hundred and ten thousand immigrants landed on the shores of the United States last year. Many of them were Christians, many others were not. The majority even of those who were had no copy of the Bible. In the hands of each, as he set foot upon the soil of his new home, the New York Bible Society placed a copy of the Scriptures. Twenty-one different languages were represented, the largest number being in German, the next largest in Swedish.

Because a beautiful young white woman, the heroine in Sir Walter Besant's serial story, "No Other Way," is forced to marry a negro criminal, the "Sunny South," one of the leading literary weeklies of the South, has announced the discontinuance of the publication of the story. The "Sunny South" declares the story passes the dead-line of Southern sentiment. It appears that the novel was selected after a synopsis had been submitted, and not until the fourth instalment were the objectionable features discovered. The editors declare the plot of the story to be "an obsession, the result of mental indigestion, from which we shall endeavor to save our readers."

Hang Trouble on a Chair.

"LAUGH and grow fat" is a saying as old as the hills. It has long been an accepted fact that humor is a promoter of digestion and merry words the deadliest foes of disease. A doctor named Kennedy writes an interesting article on the value of laughter, in which he shows it is not only a remedial agent, but is also a valuable preventive against a host of diseases. The physical effects of laughter are thus put down by Dr. Kennedy: Laughter increases the blood circulation. It enlarges the heart. It expands the lungs. It jiggers the diaphragm. It promotes the dioculation of the spleen. In other words, laughter stirs up the vital regions of the body, gives them healthful exercise, and produces a mental exhilaration which acts upon the system much as a brisk walk in a crisp atmosphere does upon the appetite. As strong allies to laughter, Dr. Kennedy gives the following directions for mental peace of mind: Beware of theologians who have no sense of mirth; they are not altogether human. Keep your chin up. Don't take your troubles to bed with you; hang them on a chair with your trousers or drop them in a glass of water with your teeth.

Society Slang.

IT is rather amusing to watch the changes in society slang; for the "best" society has its own special vulgarities, which change from decade to decade—even from year to year. Lady Blessington, if she were reincarnated and suddenly projected into a woman's afternoon chatter at a smart club, would think she had missed her country, observes an English exchange. A few years ago it was the mode to scatter Gallicisms freely into conversation. But the French craze has passed, and even such an old servant as "chic" is never heard, and rarely seen but in the fashion articles. To-day's slang—in the "best" circles of England—has probably reached the lowest depth of fatuous vulgarity. Its keynote is abbreviation. What are "undies?" Well, they are the things that a woman puts on first in the morning and takes off last at night, when she gets into her "nighties." "Tizzy-wizzy" is another favorite Masonic word among those in the social know. It corresponds to the 'bus conductor's "little bit of all-right." And if you want to go a step further in compliment, you may describe your new frock—if you are a woman in the "best" set—as "quite too deevie for words." We hope Dr. Murray has a contributor on the pounce for these words in Mayfair. He has missed "deevie" from the New English Dictionary, but he is in time for "tizzy-wizzy," to say nothing—as, of course, nothing should be said—of "undies."

Surgeon (after the operation)—I am glad to be able to assure you, Mrs. Tyte-Phist, that the danger is now over and your husband will recover. We have successfully removed the appendix vermiformis, and it is of such a unique formation that I shall preserve it for use in my medical lectures. Mr. Tyte-Phist (opening his eyes) — You'll allow me something for it, I suppose, doctor?—Ex.

"How did it happen?" "Oh, I got into a game where the limit was the ceiling—and somebody took off the ceiling."

When Victoria Was Crowned.

In the Marquis of Lorne's "Life" of Queen Victoria there is a chapter on the coronation now quite interesting in view of the much-discussed ceremony which is to take place in London in June. The former Governor-General's description of the pageant is too impressionistic to be very effective, but the following account of the ceremony, given by Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, one of the train-bearers of the Queen, who later became the Duchess of Cleveland, is very amusing. She writes:

The Queen looked very well and was perfectly composed. She wore a circlet of splendid diamonds, and was dressed in gold tissue, over which was fastened a crimson velvet mantle, bordered with gold lace, and lined with ermine, with a long ermine cape, which very ponderous appendage we were to support. . . . We were all dressed alike, in white and silver. The effect was not, I think, brilliant enough in so dazzling an assembly, and our little trains were serious annoyances, for it was impossible to avoid treading upon them. We ought never to have had them; and there certainly should have been some previous rehearsing, for we carried the Queen's train very jerkily and badly, never keeping step properly, and it must have been very difficult for her to walk, as she did, evenly and steadily, and with much grace and dignity, the whole length of the Abbey.

The Abbey itself was a beautiful coup d'oeil, as we marched up amid thunders of applause and handkerchiefs and scarfs waving everywhere. The Queen acknowledged her reception very graciously. I think her heart fluttered a little as we reached the throne; at least, the color mounted to her cheeks, brow, and even neck, and her breath came quickly. However, the slight emotion she showed was very transient, and she stood perfectly motionless while the archbishop, in almost inaudible voice, proclaimed her our undoubted sovereign and liege lady. . . .

The burst of applause in the Abbey when the crown was placed on her head, and the sight of all the peers and peeresses crowning themselves at the same moment, was really most impressive, and in the midst of the cheering Handel's magnificent anthem, "The Queen Shall Rejoice!" thundered in. After this the Queen was enthroned, and we took up our station on the steps of the throne during the homage, and amused ourselves with watching Lord Surrey, the treasurer of the household, dispensing medals in the midst of a most desperate scramble, and nearly torn in pieces in the universal excitement. The pages were particularly active, and some of them collected ten or twelve medals apiece.

I saw little of the homage. The Duke of Wellington was prodigiously cheered. Lord Rolle fell down, and was carried away by two strong peers. . . . After the homage, we returned with the Queen to the chapel, where her mantle—now a purple one—was fastened on, and we waited for three-quarters of an hour for the procession to form in the same manner as on entering the Abbey.

The Queen complained of a headache from having the crown very ceremoniously knocked by most of the peers—one actually clutched hold of it; but she said she had guarded herself from any accident or misadventure by having it made to fit her head tightly. She had, besides, to bear the heavy orb and sceptre across the Abbey; but when she reached the robing-room, she disembarrassed herself of them, unclasped her mantle, took off her crown, and having got rid of all her royalty, sat down on the sofa and amused herself. We, too, were allowed to sit down for the first time.

But her day of fatigue was not yet over, for she had to entertain one hundred persons at dinner in the palace.

The Duke of Wellington had a great ball at Apsley House, two thousand persons having been invited, the cabinet ministers gave state dinners. Illuminations, fireworks, a fair in Hyde Park, and free admission to the theaters were provided for the gratification of Her Majesty's subjects in London. There was no accident of any importance, except in one case, where a balloon made a bad descent. The House of Commons voted $350,000 on account of the coronation, a very small sum when compared with the large amounts given for similar ceremonies abroad. A number of peers were created or raised a step in the peerage, among these being the father of General Lord Methuen, and twenty-nine baronets, among them Lytton Bulwer and William Herschell.

Mystifying the Audience.

At the first production of Augustus Thomas's dramatization of Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune," at New Haven, Robert Edeson, the star, made the first speech to the cheering Yale boys. Then there were calls for Richard Harding Davis, author of the novel, and Augustus Thomas, who had dramatized it. A large, smooth-shaven man, who tallied with the descriptions of the novelist, appeared and thanked the students for their kind reception of his book in play form, said he hoped it would awaken new interest in the book, enlarging its sale, and that he would like to have Mr. Thomas dramatize his latest novel, "In the Fog," which name he impressed upon possible buyers. About a third of the audience knew that the man who had represented himself to them as Davis was really Mr. Thomas. The rest saw the joke when Mr. Davis came out and said: "Of course this reception is very gratifying, but I don't think my dramatization of Mr. Davis's story is particularly good. But then, to a man who has written a play like 'Arizona,' that has been successful all over America, and recently was praised by the King and Queen of England, dramatizing a novel by a mere Richard Harding Davis seems unimportant and trivial."

The panic in the diamond market is growing worse instead of better. It is now almost impossible to get No. 2 whites in carload lots; No. 1 blues can be obtained only in bushel lots; and No. 1 straws are no longer quoted, except by the peck.—Chicago "Tribune."

Penelope—Mercy! Why did Mabel ever marry that young Slimkins? He's such a poor excuse of a man! Ann—Well, a poor excuse is better than none. —Chicago "Daily News."

Anecdotal.

Frederic Villiers, the well-known war artist and correspondent, declares he saw the following sign in a prominent hotel in an Australian town where water was scarce: "Please don't use soap when washing, as the water is required for tea."

"Do you mind me calling you May?" once said a very fashionable and gushing society lady to the young Duchess of York; "I love your name so much!" "Not at all," said the Duchess in a dangerously quiet tone of voice; "if you do not mind me not answering you!"

Douglas Jerrold, the English wit, was once sitting with George Henry Lewes and a poet named Heraud, who was something of a bore and a good deal laughed at. Lewes asked Jerrold: "Have you ever seen Heraud's Descent Into Hell?" "No; but I should like to," tersely replied the wit.

At dinner at Balliol the Master's guests were discussing the careers of two Balliol men, one of whom had just been made a judge and the other a bishop. "Oh," said Henry Smith, "I think the bishop is the greater man. A judge at the most can only say 'You be hanged,' but a bishop can say 'You be damned.'" "Yes," characteristically twittered the Master, "but if the judge says 'You be hanged,' you are hanged."

In a high school one day last week a teacher desired to refresh a boy's memory and help him to answer a question. Acting on the supposition that a mental review would lead him to a correct conclusion, she said: "Now, go away back"— Unconsciously from the entire class there came a responsive murmur: "And sit down." The teacher was compelled to join in the audible smile, and hardly knows yet whether the boy's answer was right.

The story is told of Ambassador Choate that returning from a college boat race he was once approached by a fresh young undergraduate, who introduced himself as the son of one of Mr. Choate's old friends. The youth was smoking a pipe, and constantly blew great clouds of smoke into Mr. Choate's face. Observing that the ambassador was looking rather steadily at his pipe, the student said, proudly: "A birthday present." "Ah," replied the lawyer, without taking his eyes from the loud-smelling bowl, "I should never have thought you were so old!"

A bailiff having long tried in vain to arrest a Quaker at last resolved to adopt the disguise of being a Quaker himself and so get access to the interior of the house. He knocked accordingly at the door, enquired if Friend Aminadab was at home and if he could see him. The housekeeper said: "Walk in, friend, and he shall see thee." The bailiff, delighted to have got this success, was directed to wait. But after waiting an hour he became impatient, rang the bell and said to the servant: "Thou promised me I should see Friend Aminadab." "No, friend," answered she; "I promised he should see thee. He hath seen thee, but he doth not like thee."

A curate, it is said, on applying to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury when Bishop of London, to be licensed, was ordered to read some verses of Scripture, as a test of his capacity for conducting public worship. When he had done so, in fear and trembling, the Bishop declared that he was "Not loud enough." "But," pleaded the poor curate, "a lady in church only yesterday told me I could be heard most plainly all over it." "Ah!" exclaimed the Bishop, "you are engaged." The curate blushingly owned the soft impeachment. His Grace darkly smiled and then solemnly said, "Now listen to me, young man. While you are engaged don't believe everything the lady tells you, but after you are married believe every word she says."

Robert G. Ingersoll used to be fond of telling how, when he first came to Washington from the West, he once encountered in one of the corridors of the Capitol an old negro woman vigorously scrubbing the floor when she heard anyone coming, and, when the footsteps died away, busily reading her Bible. He slipped up on her very quietly one morning, and, taking her by surprise with her precious book, said: "Mary, do you believe all you read there?" "I sutanly do," she replied; "ebery word, Colonel Ingersoll." "Do you believe that God made man out of dust?" "In coase I does." "Say, it happened to rain hard about that time and the dust was gone and there was nothing but mud?" To which old mammy retorted: "Den de good Lawd knowed enough to know dat it was time to make dem lawyers and infidels, Colonel Ingersoll."

Ocular Demonstration.

"Mrs. Decollete, over there, puts every cent her husband makes on her back." "He's making very little, then." —Philadelphia "Press."

Not the Fashion in Natal.

There was a young lady of Durban,
Who imported a Paris made turban.
It was blue, green, and red,
But the natives all said
That the style was remote and suburban.
—"Punch."

Reciprocity Limited.

In May and June steamers laden with green peas and strawberries leave Brittany daily for England. These are the spoils of the rich lands about Brest. After Fashoda and the Dreyfus affair, when an anti-English feeling was rampant, a grocer of this district, distinguished in his abuse of the British, denounced the whole race as "despicable preserve-merchants." "Why despicable preserve-merchants?" someone asked. "Because they make the jams they sell to us. They have no sugar and no fruit. Despicable? Why, they take our sugar and our fruit, and they make us buy their jams!"

A Substitute.

"Don't you miss your husband very much now that he is away?" "Oh, no! At breakfast I just stand his newspaper up in front of a plate, and half the time I really forget he isn't there." —Exchange.

The Human Brute.

The saddest words of tongue or pen,
Likewise the gladdest words, we know.
The saddest are "It might have been,"
The gladdest are "I told you so."
—Philadelphia "Record."

Curious Bits of News.

That the German authorities in Samoa are determined to thoroughly Germanize that country is shown by the fact that the English missionaries in the islands have now been ordered to instruct their pupils and adherents in the Teuton tongue. American and Chilian dollars, as well as British coins, are also to make way for German money, and apparently Samoa will presently become as purely a German colony as New Caledonia is French.

"The latest in 'yells,' "says the Kansas City "Journal," "is that of the convicts on their way from the jail in the county in which they were sentenced to the penitentiary. A gang of fifteen of them from Buchanan County, the sheriff's 'guests' on a special car, gave vent to this yell at each railway station they passed between St. Joseph and Jefferson City a few days ago: "Two years—five years—we will stay; didn't do St. Joe anyway!" "

The subject of a tunnel connecting Ireland and Scotland has been brought before the British Government, and the project will be pushed if the requisite financial support can be obtained. The estimated cost is $50,000,000. The route provisionally selected is from Strauraer in Scotland to Belfast in Ireland. The total distance is 51 1-2 miles, of which 34 1-2 miles would be tunnel, and 25 miles of the tunnel would be under the sea, along a line where the maximum depth is 480 feet. Electric motors would be used to drive the trains at an average speed of 60 to 70 miles per hour.

Susie E. Jenkins, twenty years old, of Philadelphia, says: "I have seen nearly all the funny shows that have come to Philadelphia in recent years, and not one of them could make me laugh. My mother has often tried to make me laugh by tickling me, but even that won't work. Ever since I can remember people have been telling me funny stories and cutting up all sorts of capers in the hope that I could be induced to smile; but all their efforts have been in vain. No; I have never consulted a doctor about it, for I have always enjoyed perfect health. I want to exhibit myself in public, and offer a prize to anyone who can make me laugh. It must be a queer sensation."

It has been recently asserted that mosquitoes are strongly attracted by certain sounds. This is confirmed by Sir Hiram Maxim, who in a letter to the London "Times" states that one of the electric lamps which he put up at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., in 1878, emitted a musical note; or rather the note proceeded from the box containing the dynamo-machine under the lamp. "One evening while examining the lamp he found that everything in the immediate vicinity was covered with small insects. They did not appear to be attempting to get into the globe, but into the box that was giving out the musical note. A close examination of these insects showed that they were all male mosquitoes. Although there were certainly two hundred times as many female mosquitoes on the ground as males, not a single female mosquito was found to have been attracted in the least by the sound."

An Uncollected Poem by Whittier.

There are hundreds of Whittier's early poems which were never placed by him in any collection of his works. They are to be found in the papers he edited and to which he contributed in the days before he consecrated all his powers to humanitarian work. They gave him a measure of literary reputation which must have gratified him at the time; but when he was baptized into the new spirit which informed all his later work he took pains to prevent the collection of the verses written in the vein of an outgrown ambition. His wish in this matter should be respected. And yet, while studying his early work, I find some poems which I fancy he would have preserved if they had not been overlooked when making his selections, writes S. T. Packard in the New York "Independent." Among these is this paraphrase from the German, which I find in "The Liberator" of August 10, 1838:

LINES FROM THE GERMAN OF LAMITTER.

Thought after thought ye thronging rise,
Like spring doves from the startled wood,
Bearing like them your sacrifice
Of music unto God!
And shall those thoughts of joy and love
Come back again no more to me—
Returning like the patriarch's dove,
Wing-weary from the eternal sea—
To bear within my longing arms
The promise-bough of kindlier skies,
Plucked from the green immortal palms
Which shade the bowers of Paradise?

Child of the sea, the mountain stream
From its dark cavern hurries on,
Ceaseless by night and morning's beam,
By evening's star and noontide's sun—
Until at last it sinks to rest,
O'ercwearied in the waiting sea,
And moans upon its mother's breast—
So turns my soul to Thee.

Breaking it Gently.

"What do you want, little boy?"

"Is this where Mr. Upjohn lives, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"The Mr. Upjohn that runs the bank?"

"He is an officer in the bank."

"The Mr. Upjohn that went down town on a trolley car this morning?"

"I presume he went on a trolley car. What——"

"Is he the Mr. Upjohn that was in that horrible street car accident?"

"I haven't heard of his being in any street car accident."

"Didn't you hear 'at h'd sprained his ankle jumpin' out o' the car when the train run into it?"

"No, my little boy, you frighten me. What has——"

"Didn't you hear how he run into a drug store for a piece o' court-plaster to stick on a little cut he'd got over the eye?"

"Not at all. For mercy's sake—"

"He isn't in, is he, ma'am?"

"No, he's—"

"Name's John U. Upjohn, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's his name."

"Then he's the same man. He won't be here for an hour or two, I guess, cause he's stoppin' to have one of his teeth tightened that got knocked a little bit loose when he was jumpin' out o' danger, y' know."

"Little boy, tell me the whole story. I think I can bear it now."

"Well, ma'am, he's in the hospittle with four ribs broke an' one leg's in a sling an' his nose is knocked kind o' sideways, but he's getting along all right, an' he'll be out again in about a month, an' here's a letter from the doctor tellin' ye all about it, ma'am."

Lotta's Shower of Gold.

LOTTA, the actress, after a retirement of many years, has come anew into public attention, this time as manager of a theater in Boston which she has owned for some years, but which heretofore she had leased.

In private life Lotta is Miss Charlotte Crabtree, a most charming and dignified lady of petite figure and middle age. She has lived in retirement for nearly twenty years. She left the stage at the height of her popularity for reasons that have never been definitely stated. She had always been singularly successful, so successful that when she quitted active life it was said that she was worth nearly a million dollars.

Lotta was born in San Francisco amid very humble surroundings, and long before she was out of short clothes had made her appearance as a banjo player in the San Francisco music halls. She could play so well, and sing so well, and tell stories so well, that she became an innocent favorite with the rough element before which she appeared, and it is of record that the utmost decorum always prevailed when she was on the stage.

Her singular influence over rough men was exemplified by an incident that occurred when she was about seventeen. In charge of her mother, she was making a tour of the Nevada mining camps. She landed at Hamilton, one of the roughest camps in the Territory. An expectant crowd of particularly rough miners was at the tavern to meet her when the stage drove up. The great theatrical event had been announced somewhat in advance, and the miners had looked forward with boundless joy to the appearance of the gay soubrette who was coming to entertain them.

When there alighted from the stage a spare, elderly lady, who was Mrs. Crabtree, and a little girl in short frocks, who was Miss Crabtree, the disappointment was loudly and vociferously expressed. However, any show was better than none, and that evening the miners fairly packed the place where the show was to take place. Two billiard tables had been pushed together to make a stage, a curtain being dropped between for purposes of retirement. At the hour set for the opening there stepped from behind this curtain, on to the front billiard table, a demure little creature with skirts reaching to the knees, and carrying a banjo slung negligently over her shoulders.

The audience was very cold. In less than half an hour, however, Lotta had every mother's son of them in a state of high-wrought enthusiasm.

She sang to them, danced for them, and told them funny stories with tireless energy, and they encored her again and again. Finally one man in the audience, carried entirely away by enthusiasm, came down to the front with a whoop, and, throwing something on the stage, cried out:

"There; you can have my pile!"

The example was contagious. In less than a minute every man in the place was scrambling eagerly forward to divest himself of riches in order to lay them at Lotta's feet.

The result of that night's work was the most profitable in the history of Miss Lotta's career on the stage, either in Nevada or anywhere else.

Golf Girl Sees a Ball Game.

IT was her first appearance at a ball game, and he sat beside her with resignation written on his face. They both belonged to the smart set, and when people smiled at her innocent queries as to how the game progressed he ground his teeth and groaned inwardly, for it was a vulgar, peanut-eating crowd about them.

"Why does the man with the mask throw the ball at the other man?" she asked.

"To put out the runner," he replied. "There! Look at that drive to left field," he added excitedly.

She began to see daylight.

"That's just great," she commented. "How many will it take him to hole out?"

"He doesn't hole out. He runs bases."

"How long does it take him to get around the bases and back to the teeing-off place?"

"That depends," he grumbled in despair.

"John," she queried presently, "when the batter tees off and the caddies get the ball and throw it at one another, what then?"

"Oh, I suppose Milwaukee might win a game then," was the indifferent response.

"Dear me. He's frozed his put," she exclaimed at the next play. "And look at the caddies shaking their fists at the referee. The impudent things! They ought to be put off the links."

"You don't understand the game, Margaret," he explained. "You see, the players bat the ball thrown by the pitcher, and then they run the bases. While they're on base they can't be put out, and if they are caught between bases they are out. Every man that reaches home makes a tally for his side. Each side has nine innings. Balls caught on the fly are out, every batter has three strikes at the sphere, and fouls don't count unless caught by the out side's players. That's the game epitomized, Margaret. Don't you understand it now?"

Margaret was silent. She felt humbled and perplexed. After a pause, she protested meekly—

"But, John, dear, I don't see anyone trying to catch any fowls!"

Editorial Responsibility.

The troubles of the literary man are seldom better exemplified than in the case of the seedy-looking poet who wandered into an English newspaper office, venturing to hope that the editor would accept his offering.

"Give me your address," said the editor.

"That, sir," was the frank reply, "depends entirely on yourself."

"On myself?" said the astonished editor. "How so?"

"Well, you see," went on the unabashed poet, "it's this way: if you take the poem my address will remain 77 King street; if you don't take it I shall have no address. My landlady is a woman of her word."

Just Like a Widower.

Little Clarence—Pa, when Lot's wife was turned to salt what did he do? Mr. Callipers—Began to look for a fresh one, I presume.—"Smart Set."

Anecdotal.

Once, during a dry season in China, the late Li Hung Chang called on Minister Conger, and spoke of the weather. "Yes," said Mr. Conger, "it seems to be dry everywhere. It is dry in America, too. I read in one of our papers the other day that in many places in the West the people were praying for rain." "What!" said the earl, "do your people pray to their God for rain?" "Oh, yes," said the minister, "they often pray for rain." "And does their God send it when they pray for it?" asked the earl. "Yes, sometimes their prayers are answered, and sometimes they are not." "All the same like Chinese joss, hey?" said the earl, with a grin and a chuckle.

General Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America, tells a story of a prayer-meeting held in New York on the East Side during the recent mayoralty campaign. In the midst of a prayer, he relates, one pious brother said: "Oh, Lord, we pray Thee that the Democratic party may hang together in the coming election." "Amen, answer prayer, Lord," put in a Republican who was near. "But I do not mean it as the Republican brother means it, Lord. I pray that we may hang together in concord and accord," continued the Democrat. "Amen, Lord," again said the Republican; "any cord, so long as they hang."

Lord Kelvin once paid a visit with a friend to some well-known electrical works. They were escorted over the workshops by the senior foreman, a man of much intelligence and an enthusiastic electrician. Entirely unaware of his visitor's identity, he minutely explained the details of the plant and machinery, and lectured him in his role of layman quite professionally. Lord Kelvin's friend was on the point of interrupting several times, but an amused signal from the great master of electricity kept him silent. When the tour of inspection was complete, Lord Kelvin quietly turned to the foreman and asked: "What, then, is electricity?" This was a poser for the man, who, somewhat shamefaced, confessed that he could not say. "Well, well," said Lord Kelvin gently, "that is the only thing about electricity which you and I don't know."

A certain congressman who had instructed his butler to say to all undesirable callers that he was in the bath and could not be seen, was recently visited by a constituent with a grievance to exploit. He called every day at the house, but no matter at what hour he presented himself he was invariably informed that the congressman was bathing. "I must see him," he finally said one day to the servant; "my business is most important; I'll wait until he is through with his bath." "Da's no use," replied the negro butler; "gen'leman done waited foe hours de udder day; he wa'n't through den." Whereupon the disappointed constituent is said to have written this upon his card: "You may succeed, if you persevere, in getting your body clean one of these days; but if you should spend the rest of your life in a bathtub it would not purify your conscience or your political record."

A correspondent of the "Canadian Gazette" (London) relates the following story to illustrate the abnormal development of the late Li Hung Chang's bump of curiosity. "One day I was unwise enough to tell him that it was possible to tap the telegraph wires at any point along the line. This got me into a nice mess, for Li insisted on stopping the train in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and although Le Fung Loo pointed out to him that the tapping might interrupt the transcontinental business of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, he was determined to see Mr. Joseph Baker (an expert telegrapher who accompanied us) tap the wires. The obliging Baker, to my surprise, willingly consented, and entertained His Excellency with an agile pole-climbing feat and a spectacular manipulation of the wire. Joe came down the pole with a most plausible story of what the operators at the end of the line had said to him, but he afterwards confided to me that he had 'only fooled the old man.' Li, however, was delighted, and talked of wire-tapping until he heard about a typewriter we had on board. Then Mr. Baker was kept busy for half a day explaining to His Excellency and the equally interested members of his suite the intricacies of the writing machine."

A Duel of the Wits.

There had been a somewhat protracted discussion in the smoking room between the Aged Cynic and the Prize Idiot, and it had now reached the stage of flickering snappiness, which indicates the beginning of the end.

"After all," said the Prize Idiot, "there is no fool like an old fool."

The Aged Cynic surveyed him calmly. "There is no ass like a young ass," he retorted.

"A tu quoque is the repartee of the intellectually destitute," sighed the Prize Idiot, wearily.

"When your case is bad abuse the other side," quoted the other cheerfully.

"Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them," said the Prize Idiot in his most hydraulically crushing manner.

"And who was the wise man who said that?" asked the Aged Cynic innocently; and the Prize Idiot is now making elaborate arrangements for having his seat moved further back.

An Ancient Problem.

How often do passing events recall the halcyon days of our youth? It was announced at a recent mission meeting, to which apparently a sewing circle was attached, that the women seemed shy of making clothes for the other sex, and in regard to attempts that had been made, it was stated that the boys had been able to stand up in the suits, but when they stooped, or tried to move about a bit, there had been trouble. Times have evidently not changed in this respect, and cutting down the parental left-offs to fit little Willie is as much a problem today as it was forty years ago. We have all more or less experienced the trouble referred to, and we can sympathize with the little victims of that mission.

Mamma—Well, did you tell God how naughty you have been? Lily—No, I was ashamed. I thought it had better not get out of the family.—Harlem "Life."

A Cerious Man's Thoughts on Winter.

At the moment of writing it is only fair to say that King Frost has not yet got us in his icy grip. But as it is not unusual to expect something of the sort at this season of the year, we may very well stand up and look at the prospect of sport which any seasonable weather of the kind may bring us. There is sliding for instance. If you don't happen to possess a pair of skates, or to own a friend who will lend you a pair, Nature is determined that you shall not lose all chance of risking your neck, just because you are lacking the usual outfit.

Of course for really superior slides you ought to put a little water down overnight; but as you have probably grown out of little frivolities of that sort, you can confidently rely on your next door neighbor's little boy doing what is necessary in the matter. Doubtless you will not leave your house in the morning with any idea of becoming actively engaged as a display slider. It is not until you find one of your feet slowly but surely creeping upwards to the sky, as the song says, that it will occur to you to throw up your hands and drop into the conventional attitude as a measure of self-protection. You will probably be encouraged in this course by noticing that a small but enthusiastic knot of bystanders is endeavoring to raise a cheer for your benefit. The next moment the programme comes off with a loud bang and you scramble to your feet, and address yourself loudly to nobody in particular in a way that makes the thoughtful observer trustfully hope that the recording angel wasn't looking your way at the moment.

It is commonly understood that the gentler sex are denied the relief that is afforded to mere man by the possession of an elastic vocabulary. But a casual slide that is spread out on the pavement is perfectly catholic in its tastes, and is open to receive all comers. The slide makes no invidious distinctions as to age or sex. Anybody with a limb to break is warmly welcome. It seems a little hard, however, that when an accident of this kind does take place by the unexpected co-operation of a member of the fair sex, the unhappy victim is almost invariably a lady who should be old enough to know better. The young and flighty damsels who could fall on an extemporaneous slide and make quite an elaborate and picturesque display of the business, are usually most successful in avoiding accidents of the kind; while, on the other hand, elderly ladies will practically make a bee-line for the trouble and then shower a liberal perspective of knitted wool and red flannel on the unsympathetic spectator.

The part that snow plays in our lives varies according to circumstances. As the poet said, distance lends enchantment to the view. And when you are looking at the snow-clad landscape over the top of something cheerful and hot in a large glass, there is doubtless a good deal to be said for the poetic side of beautiful snow. At the same time, I am not one who believes in coddling when the snow is on the ground. I am glad to say I can enjoy as well as anyone a brisk walk along the open country when the snow is lying thickly around; and I think there are few moments when one feels more keenly than at such times what a glorious lark it is to be alive. The tingling of the blood as it comes through the veins, imparting a healthy glow to the cheek and all the rest of the details, as per patent medicine advertisement, are all benefits of the snow that I keenly recognize and cordially appreciate. But what does *me* all up, so to speak, is to have a small boy come up behind and sock me unawares in the neck with a half-melted snowball.

Of course, we are all young, and, after all, we can afford to laugh at trouble of that kind. Usually, if I am out in a fair-to-medium suit of clothes, and I find that snowballing is in the air, I endeavor to make for cover. But if the worst comes to the worst, and I find that my hat has been knocked off and my clothes are more or less blobbed with melting patches of snow, I consider I have lost all the dignity I set out with, and that I may as well start throwing back. I have a sort of feeling that, since I am no longer respectable, I may as well go the whole hog and have my fling with the crowd. I always look forward with some dread to the winter in the distant future when I may have become too old, or as the East End damsel said, "too much of a bloomin' lydy," to throw back. It seems to me that it is very cruel to snowball an old fellow who can only dance around and squirm and call on high Heaven for help; and I have no doubt that it is precisely this aspect of the case that makes it so deliriously enjoyable to the average boy on the snowballing lay. Indeed, to regard the matter from a sporting standpoint, the boy may consider that the old gentleman is in the same boat as the hunted fox, who is said to enjoy the hunt as much as anybody.

A Queer Lawsuit.

The other day Mrs. Norma Adams and Samuel Gardner, who live on adjoining farms, began suit to determine the ownership of a brood of fourteen turkeys, says the San Francisco "Argonaut." The brood, headed by two old hens, a white and a bronze, had been running the fields of both farms all summer. Mrs. Adams owned the bronze hen and Mr. Gardner the white. Each claimed that their respective hen was the mother of the brood. One of the witnesses before the justice testified that he had once turned a dog upon the straggling band of turkeys. At the approach of the dog the young birds flew into a tree, the bronze hen ran into the woods, while the white hen stood under the tree and gave battle to the dog, which she repulsed, then called the brood to her, and they marched off. After hearing this witness, the justice decided that the white hen was the mother of the brood, and gave the turkeys to Gardner.

Rebuttal Evidence.

"There, my dear," said the returned hunter, "there's one bird for you, anyway. Bagged him just as I was about to give up in disgust." "Oh, George!" she exclaimed. "It's a carrier-pigeon, isn't it?" "Not much! It's a quail." "But it has a card tied to its leg, with some message on it. Let's see. It says: 'John Jones, Poultry and Game, Central Market.'"—Philadelphia "Press."

Stevenson's Advice to Writers.

In the December number of "Harper's Magazine" there are some letters by R. L. Stevenson which have not previously been published. They contain, as lengthy letters written by R. L. S. always did contain, sundry excellent remarks. We append a few excerpts:

"Beware of realism; it is the devil; it is one of the means of art, and now they make it the end! And such is the farce of the age in which a man lives that we all, even those of us who most detest it, sin by realism."

"In your art bow your head over technique. Think of technique when you rise and when you go to bed. Forget purposes in the meanwhile; get to love technical processes, to glory in technical successes; get to see the world entirely through technical spectacles, to see it entirely in terms of what you can. Then, when you have anything to say, the language will be apt and copious."

"Cling to your youth. It is an artist's stock-in-trade. Don't give in that you are ageing, and you won't age. See the good in other people's work; it will never be yours. See the bad in your own, and don't cry about it; it will be there always. Try to use your faults; at any rate, use your knowledge of them."

"The sins of the most innocent, if they were exactly visited, would ruin them to the doer. And if you know any man who believes himself to be worthy of a wife's love, a friend's affection, you may rest assured he is worthy of nothing but a kicking. We are not meant to be good in this world, but try to be, and fail, and keep on trying, and when we get a kick, to say 'Thank God!' and when we get a buffet, to say 'Just so: well hit!'"

Two Furniss Stories.

The poor Saxon "towrist"—what he may suffer in the Emerald Isle! There is a story on record of three Irishmen rushing away from the race meeting at Punchestown to catch a train back to Dublin. At the moment a train from a long distance pulled up at the station, and the three men scrambled in. In the carriage was seated one other passenger. As soon as they had regained their breath one said:

"Pat, have you got th' tickets?"

"What tickets? I've got me loife; I thought I'd lost that gettin' in th' thrain. Have you got 'em, Moike?"

"Oi! Begorrah, I haven't."

"Oh, we're all done for, thin," said the third. "They'll charge us roight from the other side of Oireland."

The old gentleman looked over his newspaper and said:

"You are quite safe, gintlemen; wait till we get to the next station."

They all three looked at each other. "Bedad, he's a directhor—we're done for now entoirely."

But as soon as the train pulled up the little gentleman jumped out and came back with three first-class tickets. Handing them to the astonished strangers, he said: "Whist, I'll tell ye how I did it. I wint along the thrain—'Tickets, plaze; tickets, plaze,' I called, and these belong to three Saxon towrists in another carriage."

A stoutly made little fellow of eight, to his mother, who happened to be extremely thin:

"Oh, mother, I do believe you must be the very sweetest woman in the world!"

"Thanks, very much, Lawrence. But why so affectionate? What do you want?"

"I don't want anything. I only know you must be the very sweetest woman in the world."

"Really, you are too flattering. Why this sudden outburst of affection?"

"Well, you know, I've been thinking over the old, old saying, 'The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat.'"—Harry Furniss, in "The Strand."

The Minnow—Can you tell me the story of Jonah and the whale?
The Cod—Can I tell you that story? Why, boy, I'm the whale!—"Life."

Omar at Golf.

Not only devotees of the game, but all admirers of Omar's quatrains will find pleasure in "The Golfer's Rubaiyat," by H. W. Boynton. There is philosophy, satire and wit in the verses, and the imitations in form have a worth of their own. These are stanzas chosen at random from the little book:

Wake! for the sun has driven in equal flight
The stars before him from the Tee of Night,
And hol'd them every one without a Miss,
Swinging at ease his gold-shod Shaft of Light.

Lately, agape beside the door of Fame,
Sudden a Touch upon my shoulder came,
And ere I o'er the Dusk an Angel Shape I descrout
The greater Guerdon; and it was—the Game!

A bag of Clubs, a Silver-Town or two,
A Flask of Scotch, a Pipe of Shag—and Thou
Beside me caddying in the Wilderness—
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

And some we loved, the feeblest with a Club,
Ordain'd to sclaff, to foozle, and to flub,
Have turned in Cards a Round or two before,
And played that final Green without a Rub.

There are many grotesque and humorous illustrations in the margins and as borders, and the make-up of the volume is unique throughout.

Adam—I say, Eve. Eve—Well? Adam—Do you think there is anything in that saying that clothes make the man?

Anecdotal

Once, when passing through a cemetery, Eliot Gregory was surprised to see that the members of one old New England family had been buried in a circle, with their feet toward its center. He asked the reason for this arrangement, and a wit of that day, daughter of Mrs. Stowe, replied: "So that when they rise at the Last Day, only members of their own family may face them!"

Prof. Syle (pronounced Sill), of the State University of California, must be either a boor or a smart Aleck, if the following story told by the "Argonaut" is true, and the general verdict will be "Served him right." The other day, says the "Argonaut," while calling the roll of one of his classes, Professor Sill came to the name of a Miss Greene. He paused and expressed his disapproval of the final e in her name by saying: "G-r-e-e-n-e, does that spell Green or Greenie?" Miss Greene promptly replied: "S-y-l-e, does that spell Syle or Sillie?"

"It is a shame," John Randolph once said in the United States Senate, "that the bull-dogs of the administration should waste their time in worrying the rats of the Opposition." The members constituting "the Opposition" groaned, hissed, and called him to order. The presiding officer ruled that he was in order, and Randolph, springing to his feet, pointed at his antagonists and screamed: "Did I say rats? I meant mice, mice, Mr. President."

James McNeil Whistler was recently dining with a friend in London. Suddenly, when all had dined and were back in the drawing-room, Whistler said that he had almost forgotten it, but he absolutely must write a letter and get it off by the night's post. He was told that in a room at the head of the first flight of stairs he would find the lights burning and pens, paper and ink at his disposal. He went up, and presently there was heard a series of bumps, ending in a heavy thud at the foot of the stairs. The master had tripped, lost his balance, and come near having a bad fall. The host ran to him and asked if he was hurt. "I am not killed, if that's what you mean!" Whistler replied; "but, tell me, who built those stairs?" The host mentioned the name of a builder unknown either to Whistler or to fame. "Humph, he did, eh? The d—d teetotaler," said Whistler.

Booker T. Washington tells an amusing story of an old colored preacher who was endeavoring to explain to his congregation how it was that the Children of Israel passed over the Red Sea safely, while the Egyptians, who came after them, were drowned. The old man said: "My brethren, it was this way: When the Israelites passed over, it was early in the morning, while it was cold, and the ice was strong enough so that they went over all right; but when the Egyptians came along it was in the middle of the day, and the sun had thawed the ice so that it gave way under them, and they were drowned." At this, a young man in the congregation, who had been away to school and had come home, rose and said: "I don't see how that explanation can be right, parson. The geography that I've been studying tells us that ice never forms under the equator, and the Red Sea is nearly under the equator." "There, now," said the old preacher, "that's all right. I's been spectin' some of you smart Alecks would be askin' jes' some such fool question. The time I was talkin' about was before they had any jogafries or quators either."

All flower-lovers who read Elizabeth and her German Garden and who sympathized deeply with the heroine in her hopes and fears over her ventures, will be interested in this letter from the writer herself, who is the Countess Von Arnim, an Englishwoman married to a titled German though not, one will hope for her sake, "The Man of Wrath" in verity. The letter was sent in answer to one written by a gentleman in Ottawa who owns a beautiful rose-garden; it will be seen that she understood the meaning of the "N'Importe Qui," which he pretended to hide, and her gay humor is shown in her own signature, which she would veil under a similar play upon words. This is the way she writes on paper with an odd red crest, and with envelope postmarked with some illegible German words:

"Dear M. Namport-Key:

"Your *charming letter has so puffed* me up with pride that far from being modest, I am unbearable. Your rose fills me with envy—how lovely it is. If I had one here it would not grow, the climate is so changeable. We have frost sometimes in August. All my tea roses that I wrote about are dead and frozen, in spite of more tender attention and covering than the babies get even. This autumn, greatly daring, I start fresh ones.

"I think I must make an expedition to America, the letters I get from there are so delightful, and I should so much enjoy seeing my unknown friends' gardens. It was so kind of you to send me a photograph of a bit of yours.

"Believe me,
"Yours very gratefully,
"Elizabeth—Namport Kwa."

A Whimsical Fable.

One of the most whimsical fables about the Knickerbocker settlement in New Amsterdam, to which the descent of President Roosevelt gives interest, concerns the acquisition of Manhattan Island. The Dutchmen wanted to buy; the Red Indian was not indisposed to sell. So a "deal" was arranged. For a specified amount of cash as much of the island was to become the property of the Hollander as he could cover with his nether garments. His name was Ten Broeck (scottice, "ten breeks," anglice, "ten pairs of breeches"). But of this the too confiding savage was unaware. When Ten Broeck calmly proceeded to disrobe himself, and to spread his voluminous clothing on the island—which he succeeded in covering entirely—the look of mingled chagrin and amazement on the chief's usually impassive face must have baffled description. However, the noble Red Man buried his hatchet, puffed away at his calumet, and stood by his bargain, while all the time realizing the force of Canning's epigram that "in matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much." And that—again to fall back on legend—is why expansive garments of Dutch cut are called "knickerbockers" even unto this day.

A Tale of the Quick and the Dead.

An old friend of Mr. Abell, proprietor of one of the Baltimore papers, asked to have his boy taken into that office and taught the business. He was added to the city staff as a special favor. The city editor sent the youngster out to Druid Hill Cemetery to describe that aristocratic burial place. He was instructed to prepare a list of the distinguished lot owners and to mention all the famous dead who rested under the velvety turf. The reporter was neither experienced nor careful. He went to the office of the cemetery company, and, being allowed access to the books, copied such names as seemed worthy of selection. In writing his notes the young man mixed his lists, gave to the distinguished dead the names of the living lot owners, and made up his list of the distinguished survivors from his catalogue of the dead.

The article was immediately put in type, and appeared the following morning.

When Mr. Abell reached his office that day he found a throng of citizens awaiting him.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he demanded in his brusque manner of the first man in broadcloth who pushed into his private office.

"Do? What haven't you done? I am G. Washington Smith and your paper says that I am buried at Druid Hill. It's shameful, sir; and I demand a correction."

"Does my paper say you are dead?" asked Mr. Abell gravely, looking at his visitor over the top of his glasses.

"It does, and—"

"Well, I want to say to you, Mr. G. Washington Smith, that if my paper says you're dead, you are dead. Good morning; this is no place for ghosts!"

Children's Unconscious Witticisms.

"Terra-cotta is stuff squeezed out of a little insect and used to turn puddings red."

"The zebra is like the horse, only striped, and is chiefly used to illustrate the letter Z." (Also "A donkey with a football jersey on.")

"Faith is that quality which enables us to believe what we know to be untrue."

"Parliament is the place where they go up to in London to talk about Birmingham."

"A *Limited Monarchy* is a government by a monarchy, who in case of bankruptcy would not be responsible for the entire national debt. In private life you have the same thing with a Limited Liability Company."—Quoted by Dr. Macnamara, M.P., in "New Liberal Review."

Equal to Three.

Public vehicles in Paris are allowed to carry only as many passengers as can find seats. After that number has been admitted no one is allowed to enter. The explanation will serve to introduce an incident reported by a correspondent of the Pittsburg "Dispatch."

A crowd of men and women, each with a numbered ticket, showing the order in which they were to enter the next street car, stood at the Place de l'Etoile station when the down-town car arrived.

Surveying the crowd, the conductor cried out: "Only three places in the car! Who has ticket No. 1?"

With that Mrs. Blank of Chicago, the stoutest woman in the American colony, approached, holding up the ticket called for.

"Step aboard, madam," said the conductor, ringing his go-ahead bell.

"Wait! Wait! I've No. 2!" called a little Frenchman.

"You're too late," replied the conductor. "Every place is taken."

The Vital Question.

He—You are truly the first girl I ever loved. She—That isn't the point. Are you sure I will be the last?

An Old Letter.

A wholesale merchant of Philadelphia, in looking over old papers and records, recently came across an interesting document. It was a letter of instruction sent forty years ago by a merchant in St. Louis to his agent in San Francisco. He thus describes it in the Philadelphia "Times:"

"It related to the disposal of a lot of goods which had been shipped by way of Cape Horn, and although it contained over fifteen thousand words and a copy of a good-sized invoice, it was written on just two sheets of paper.

"The paper itself is a sort of tough, opaque tissue, very thin and light, and when folded the letter slips easily into an envelope three inches wide.

"Why it was gotten up in such a peculiar style is explained by the stamp on the corner, which is one of the old 'pony express' series, embellished with a picture of a man on horseback, spurring at a gallop across the plains.

"I knew, of course, that the Pacific mail of that period was carried by relay express riders, but I never before realized what great pains were taken to reduce the weight to the lowest possible point. I am told that the letters were stored in little flat pouches under the flaps of the saddle, and that they were usually written on a specially prepared tissue.

"The one I have described must have occupied an expert clerk several days, for the penmanship, while microscopic, is beautifully executed, and as clear and legible as print.

"The stamp is of the denomination of fifty cents, and, taken altogether, it would be hard to find a more striking reminder of the astonishing progress that has been made in this country in a trifle over one generation.

"Everything about the little brown letter speaks of dangers, difficulties, and rude, primitive conditions. It is difficult to realize that the route it traveled is now the great highway of a thousand rushing trains, bearing the transcontinental commerce of the nation."

In Germany.

A fat man who lived on the Rhine
Was asked: "At what hour do you dine?"
He answered: "Eleven,
Three, four, five, and seven,
Six, eight, and a quarter to nine!"
—"Life."

A Plumber's Philosophy.

In "Captain Bluitt," the new novel by Charles Heber Clark ("Max Adeler") is a plumber who is nevertheless an honest man. When called to account for a blunder of one of his workmen, he explained as follows:

"You see, things was built crooked in this world on purpose. There ain't nothing that was arranged to go exactly right. You know better than I do, doctor, that if we went sailing along through life smooth and pleasant, like drifting with the tide, we'd never amount to nothing, now would we?"

"No."

"Very well, then; there's big troubles and there's little troubles. You may lose your money or your health or your relations or you may not; but, anyhow, it'll rain on the day you fix for a picnic, or your train'll be late the day you particularly want to make a connection with another train, or you'll stub your toe so's you can't walk just as you arrange for a pedestrian tour, or the rain'll come on hard when you've left home without your umbrella (did you ever notice that?), or a frightful bore'll drop in to see you just when you thought you'd like to be alone. It's always that way, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"You start out in life believing that you're going to have nearly perfect bliss, and lo and behold! there's something every day in the year and nearly every hour in the day to worry and annoy you. Now, why is it, doctor? Why is it?"

"What is your theory, Davis?"

"It's like this. Here we have, as the books say, evidence of design. The road of life was made rough, on purpose. And why? Doctor, you know well enough. It was made so for our good."

"I have heard something like that before, I think," said the doctor.

"Of course! If things was always right, life would be too easy. We need discipline—discipline of adversity. It makes us strong to fight trouble. Our patience is tried, and so we know we have patience and we get more patience and so forth. You know all about it."

"And you think the man who chokes a flue is appointed to help the thing along?"

"Certainly. Probably he never quite means to choke the flue. Some overpowering outside agency directs him, makes him careless, throws him off his guard. He plays his part in the great drama of life. The man who chokes the flue or fixes a pipe to leak is working to make men better. You might call him the Angel of Discipline."

"You think, then, that the whole matter is supernatural?"

"Well, I don't know as I quite call it that. It's just the way things is fixed. You try to toss a book on the table and it falls on the floor. If you tried to throw it on the floor it would have fell on the table. You go through your house in the dark and hold your arms straight in front of you, and an open door goes between your arms and you hit your nose. You could hardly steer straight enough in broad daylight to get the door into the space between your arms, but you do it sure in the dark. Out in the ocean you sail along for days and never see a sight of a ship. Let a fog come up and it's five chances to one you'll have collision in two hours! No, I don't exactly say supernatural; them's just the lines on which the world is built. There ain't no intention that things'll go straight."

"Then it's your thought that a hidden power compelled you to fix the pipe in my bathroom so that it would leak?"

"Well, I don't want to shirk no responsibility or to blame anybody else. But the fact is I did my very best. I thought it was all tight and snug. But there had to be a hitch somewhere for your uplifting towards higher things and so I s'pose my attention was called off, by some mysterious influence, from a weak place in the joint, and you had the benefit. You learned something more about self-control and the hollowness of life when the water came through on the ceiling paper. No doubt you are this very minute nearer heaven because I inadvertently missed that tender place in the joint. It ought to have been added to my bill."

All in the Point of View.

Madame Wu Ting-Fang, wife of China's representative at Washington, says it is becoming the custom in China for ladies to have feet no smaller than those of a five-year-old child, and so the feet of little girls are not confined or bound until they reach that age. By that time they are strong, and if the binding be properly done, there is no severe or agonizing pain. Really the suffering is slight, and by the time a girl attains her full growth the pains cease altogether. Foreigners, she says, have an exaggerated idea of the suffering incident to the making of small feet. But so important is it, from an aristocratic standpoint, for a girl to fulfil in this particular the Chinese idea of beauty that she is willing to endure a little pain to secure that end. According to our own ideas, the binding of children's feet is simply barbarous; but that it is largely a matter of point of view may be seen by what the Chinese lady has to say about the tight waist of women who represent the highest civilization: "I for one prefer having small feet to a little waist. My vital organs are not affected in any way or injured by the confinement of my feet in childhood, but the health of many a woman is ruined by the constriction of her waist."

Unexpected Erudition.

An absent-minded professor of languages dropped into a restaurant one day for luncheon.

"What will you have, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Fried eggs," replied the professor.

"Over?" said the waiter, meaning, of course, to ask whether he wanted them cooked on both sides or only one.

"Ova?" echoed the professor, surprised at his apparent familiarity with Latin. "Certainly. That is what I ordered. Ova gallinae."

This the waiter interpreted as meaning "extra well done" and that is the way they came to the table.

A Combination Needed.

Mr. Botts—I think, my dear, I have at last found the key to success. Mrs. Botts—Well, just as like as not you'll get be able to find the key-hole.—Yonkers "Statesman."

Canadians

(Who have used

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Sold on the American continent, and is unequalled as a speedy and pleasant Remedy in all cases of Stomach Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments or as a Restorative for use after long and painful illness. It is non-alcohelic, yet stimulating, contains no drugs, only Nature's rarest boonties. We defy competition and guarantee its properties.

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Mainly About People.

Dr. Parr, on meeting Lord Chancellor Erskine, with whom he was friendly, once said: "Erskine, I mean to write your epitaph when you die." "Doctor," answered the great lawyer, "it is almost a temptation to commit suicide."

At a ball in the country a gentleman undertook to introduce a companion to a young but somewhat stout lady, who seemed to be pining for a dance. "No, thanks, old fellow; I don't care to waltz with a cart." A few evenings later the same young lady, who had overheard the conversation, beheld the young man seeking an introduction and asking if he might have the honor, etc. "No, thank you," she replied; "I may be a cart, but I am not a donkey cart."

A rich Irish-American, who frequently visits England and dearly loves a lord, loses no opportunity of talking of his great acquaintances. At a recent dinner party in New York, where there were several Roman Catholics, during a conversation on the subject of fasting, this gentleman said: "It is very strange how little Catholics in the higher ranks mind the fast days. I was dining at the Duke of Norfolk's on a fast day, three weeks ago, and there wasn't a bit of fish at dinner." "I suppose," said another Irishman, "they had eaten it all in the dining-room."

John D. Rockefeller recently told the following story: "I don't question the veracity of that story, but I am going to tell you one that I know to be true. It happened down in Washington. A negro was driving a wagon and in going through a street ran against a funeral. With the superstition of his race he thought it would be bad luck to cross behind the funeral, so he tried to cross ahead of it, but the driver of the hearse whipped up his horse, and the two went neck and neck for a time until finally the darkey sang out: 'Say, dah, pull up youah hoss! Mah boss is in a hurry an' yuah'n isn't!'"

Judge Pennypacker of Philadelphia tells a story which shows the readiness of the Pennsylvania Dutchman to obey those in authority: In 1864 Sheridan, under orders, burned every barn from a valley above Staunton to a certain point below Winchester. A band of angry rebels followed this raid, watching for a chance to pick up any stragglers. Among others who fell into their hands was a little Pennsylvania Dutchman, who quietly turned to his captors and enquired: "Vat you fellows going to do mit me?" The reply came short and sharp: "Hang you." "Vell," he said, meekly, "vatever is de rule." His good-natured reply threw the Confederates into a roar of laughter and saved his life.

REUBEN DRAPER

Few Men have had such a Thrilling Experience

A Quebec Gentleman who Relates an Interesting Story of a Narrow Escape—Happy Deliverance just in the Nick of Time.

Bristol, Que., June 9.—(Special.)—There are not many men or women alive to-day who have passed through such a terrible trial as Mr. R. Draper of this place. Mr. Draper says:

"About four years ago I was taken ill with what I thought was Gravel.

"I was suffering great pain so I sent for the doctor, he gave me some medicine and said he would call again.

"He came twice more and charged me fifteen dollars. I was a little better but not at all well, and in a short time after I took another bad spell.

"Then a man advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, for he said they had cured his mother.

"I thought I would try them and I got a box and commenced to take them right away.

"In just one week after I had taken the first dose, I passed a stone as large as a bean, and in four days after I passed another about the size of a grain of barley.

"This gave me great relief and I commenced to feel better at once.

"The improvement continued and I gained strength very rapidly until in a short time I was as well as ever.

"This is over four years ago, and I have not had the slightest return of the trouble since, so that I know that my cure was an absolute and permanent one."

WALL PAPERS

We have them in all the new designs for the year. See our samples if you are going to paper.

Canada Drug & Book Co

BORN.

FENNELL—At Revelstoke, B. C., on Tuesday, Aug. 12th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Fennell, a daughter.

NOTES OF NEWS

J. B. Henderson, architect, of Grand Forks, is in the city.

Jack Pettipiece returned from the coast on Sunday's delayed train.

Gold Commissioner Kirkup of Rossland, came up from the south Tuesday.

Horace Gough, of the C. P. R. shops, has returned from a trip to eastern Canada.

Mrs. G. F. Risteen and family returned Tuesday morning from a visit to Vancouver.

—Remember the promenade concert and dance tomorrow evening at the skating rink.

Percy Dunne, of Revelstoke, is visiting Calgary as the guest of Dean Paget.—Calgary Herald.

Mrs. G. M. Clark left Tuesday evening for a few weeks' visit to friends in Vancouver and Victoria.

B. R. Atkins left on Saturday evening for the coast where he will spend a couple of weeks holidays.

—Root Beer Extract, Lemonade Extract, only 25c. a bottle (makes a gallon) at Canada Drug & Book Co.

M. A. Wilson, merchant tailor of Ferguson, spent a couple of days in the city with his family this week.

—Everything you require in Toilet Articles of all kinds kept at the Canada Drug & Book Co's.

J. J. Langstaff, of the Trout Lake Topic, spent Tuesday in the city, returning south Wednesday morning.

The Bank of Montreal has issued an order that none of their employes shall marry until they are in receipt of $1500.

The Ladies of St. Andrew's Church will hold a lawn sociable and concert on Tuesday afternoon and evening next at the church.

Miss Shepard and Miss Bell left this week for Grand Forks. They will spend a couple of days at Arrowhead before proceeding to their new abode.

Rev. J. G. Shearer, secretary of the Dominion Sabbath Day Alliance will be in Revelstoke to hold a public meeting on the evening of the 20th inst.

The Minister of Education having extended the school holidays for one week throughout the province, the schools did not reopen this week, but a start will be made on Monday next.

—The children will be wanting new books, etc., when school starts and the Canada Drug & Book Co. have a large supply just opened up of latest scribblers, drawing books, slates and school books. Don't forget.

It is pleasing to note that the chartered banks of Winnipeg have decided to follow the example of this province. They will close at 12 o'clock Saturday instead of one o'clock as heretofore.

D. G. McKenzie, the popular local agent of the Dominion Express Co. left last week on a holiday trip to the coast. Before returning he will visit San Francisco. Mr Thompson, of Vancouver, is in charge of the office till "Mac's" return.

At the Methodist Church on Friday evening last the choir presented Miss F. Shepard with a handsome gold brooch set with oliveines, as a slight token of their appreciation for the many ways in which she has so ably and willingly assisted them.

The next of the series of social hops takes place in the rink tomorrow night. The dancing platform has been planed this week and is in splendid shape. As usual the Independent Band will be in attendance which is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the music. Admission 25 cents.

A very successful garden party was held Monday evening on the lawn of Mrs. T. Downs, under the auspices of the Epworth League of the Methodist Church. The Independent Band was in attendance and rendered an excellent programme. The proceeds will be devoted to the furnishing of a ward in the hospital.

Rev. B. K. Yooseph, a Persian missionary, who is a graduate of Victoria University, Toronto, occupied the pulpit in the Methodist Church both morning and evening last Sunday. The sermons at both services were very instructive, and gave an idea of the movements of Christian teachings in foreign lands, and the great need of further efforts to spread the gospel.

—Summer underwear that won't shrink at C. B. Hume & Co's.

A. N. Hyatt has accepted a position as clerk with Messrs. Taylor & George.

—Don't forget the hospital social at Mrs. Lawrence's Saturday evening.

John Samson has the contract for the painting of the new Kilpatrick block.

—Any little girl that wants a sun shade can buy one for 35c. at C. B. Hume & Co's.

The contract for the erection of Taylor & George's new warehouse will be let today.

—All kinds of refreshments, all kinds of music, all kinds of fun at the hospital social Saturday evening.

Engineer J. Lyons and H. J. Hanbury of this city were in Kamloops on Tuesday.

—Just a few more of those Gents' 25c. straw hats at C. B. Hume & Co's.

D. McCarthy has the contract for the erection of a residence on Fourth street, east.

B. Johnson, one of the owners of the famous Scott group on Fish Creek, is in town on a business visit.

L. A. Fretz left on Monday night for Enderby, where he is building a section house for the C.P.R.

Thos. O'Brien, solicitor of Golden, passed through the city on Tuesday evening for Republic, Wash.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the hospital purpose giving a shirt waist hop on the evening of Labor Day, Sept. 1st.

J. D. Sibbald and W. deV. Lemaistre are on a visit to McCulloch and French Creeks, Big Bend. They will return tomorrow.

Mrs. H. A. Brown, who has been at the Sanitarium, Banff, for the benefit of her health, will return home on No. 1 this evening.

Lou Thompson returned on Monday from Ferguson where he has been for the past couple of weeks looking after his mining interests.

Coronation Day was spent quietly in town. The steamer Revelstoke ran an excursion to St. Leon Springs which was well patronised.

A. E. Solloway, Mrs. Solloway and family, who have been spending a month's vacation visiting friends at the coast, returned last week.

J. Soards who has been employed for some time on the Blue Jay on Smith Creek, came in on Saturday and is stopping at the Victoria Hotel.

Engineer W. MacPherson left on this morning's No. 2 for Calgary, where he will spend a short holiday with friends and old acquaintances.

The C.P.R. will have 27,000 box cars west of Lake Superior next month with which to move the immense wheat crop of Manitoba and the Territories.

A. Nelson, formerly employed by J. Milton, of this city, has filed with the Revelstoke lacrosse team for the Fulton cup competition.—Kamloops Sentinel.

Engineer Tom Sweeney, returned yesterday morning from Kamloops, where he had been spending a few days. Mrs. Sweeney and family returned with him.

—Wanted, at the residence of Mrs. W M. Lawrence on Saturday evening, 200 people to eat up the refreshments which have been provided for the Ladies Auxiliary social.

H. E. Foster, of Golden, who is extensively interested in mining in B. C. and the Republic camp, in Washington, was in the city on Tuesday evening en route south.

NEW

School Supplies

and Fine Stationery just opened at

BEWS' DRUGSTORE

We have a well assorted stock of Text Books and Scribblers, Pencils, Boxes and Writing materials.

New, Bright Colors in Crepe Tissue Paper

WALTER BEWS,
Phm. B., Druggist and Stationer,
BROWN BLOCK.

"NAME ON EVERY PIECE."

LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES

We have lately imported the choicest varieties of the above in bulk, and are selling at

75c. per lb.

Highest Award at the World's Fair.

Red Cross Drugstore

W. J. Mackay, of Vancouver, has been elected district organizer for the International Typographical Union.

The Epworth League desire through THE HERALD to acknowledge with thanks their appreciation of the services rendered by the Independent Band at the social on Monday evening last.

Gold Range Lodge, K. of P. held their regular weekly meeting last night, K. Dodd receiving the rank of esquire and G. Brock was advanced to the chivalric rank of knight in amplified form.

Lacrosse players are requested to turn out and drill in view of the competition games for the Fulton cup, which take place next month. Practice nights are Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Owing to a steady increase in business H. A. Brown has found it necessary to employ another cigar maker in the Union factory. J. Kamers arrived last week from Nelson to join the staff.

The Ladies Hospital Auxiliary will give a garden party on the lawn of Mrs. W. M. Lawrence on Saturday evening. Tea, coffee, cake, and ice cream will be served. The band will be in attendance. Admission 10 cents.

Mrs. J. Lyons and Miss Ladner, of Revelstoke, spent a few days in town last week visiting friends, and left for the coast on Sunday night. They were accompanied by W. Ladner, who has been visiting his parents at Revelstoke.—Kamloops Sentinel.

J. H. Jackson has resigned his position with the Revelstoke Wine and Spirit Co. Mr. Jackson is relieving B. R. Atkins, of the Customs department, for 10 days, after which he will accept a position as accountant in the office of Messrs. Taylor and George.

The officers and crew of the s. s. Kootenay will give a social dance at Arrowhead on Thusday evening. The s.s. Revelstoke has been chartered to take down a number of guests from Revelstoke and will leave the city about six o'clock on Thursday evening.

E. C. Ward, of Port Arthur, has been appointed to the management of the Molson's Bank here and will arrive in a few days to assume charge. K. E. Carnahan, of Calgary, who has been teller here for the past month will return to the Calgary branch after the arrival of Mr. Ward.

Antonie Berguson, who was admitted to the hospital last Thursday morning suffering from an accident caused by falling from a plank while carrying a block of ice from the ice house into the brewery, died on Monday afternoon from the effects of the accident and was buried on Wednesday.

Mrs. Kane, wife of Capt. Kane, of the government dredge, who with her family has been spending a few months on the coast, came in Sunday and will in future make her home in the city. Capt. Kane will make his headquarters in Revelstoke, directing all dredging operations from here.

Arthur C. Bradshaw met with an accident last Thursday at Ross Peak, where he was braking with the work gang. Whilst setting a brake on a dump car the wheel broke throwing him to the ground injuring his head and back. He is progressing favorably in the hospital under the care of Dr. Cross.

The s. s. Revelstoke made two attempts on Tuesday and Wednesday to get through the canyon. The ropes broke twice and the steamer was obliged to return to the city wharf, where she will remain until the arrival of another cable from Nelson, which will reach the city by tonight's train.

SUMMER BEAUTY AND COMFORT

Requires the right kind of Clothing and Footwear.
We have them at the right prices.
Call at Our Store and prove it.

Hot Weather Hats.

We can fit you with a Hat that looks well and feels comfortable.

Boots and Shoes

King's Union-Made Boots for Men and Women.
The Empress Shoe for Women.

Dress Goods

A full line of Dress Goods, consisting of the latest patterns and fashions.

Carpets and Linoleums

Sold at fair prices and cut and laid free of charge.

TAYLOR & GEORGE
Mackenzie Avenue.

Mail Orders Solicited and Promptly Attended To

Edward J. Bourne

Dealer In
Groceries, Gent's. Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Ready-Made Clothing.

Men's Union-made Boots—New Stock Just In.

Revelstoke Station. Bourne Bros.' Old Stand.

SIBBALD & FIELD,

AGENTS FOR

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

FINANCIAL — Canada Permanent & Western Canada Mortgage Corporation. Equitable Savings Loan and Building Association.

Insurance — Imperial Fire. Caledonian Fire. Atlas Fire. Canadian Fire. Mercantile Fire. Northern Fire. Guardian Fire. Manchester Fire. Great West Life. Ocean Accident and Guarantee. Confederation Life. Canadian Accident Assurance Co. Connecticut Fire

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

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

WE GUARANTEE TO GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

ONCE A CUSTOMER ALWAYS A CUSTOMER

WE DEFY COMPETITION IN QUALITY AND PRICE

WE HAVE on our Two Floors just now a varied collection of Oak Dressers, Stands, Extension and Centre Tables, Large Polished Oak Rocking Chairs, Sideboards in great variety, Upholstered goods, carpets, etc.
Call and inspect the stock.
Liberal discount for cash on any of the above articles.

R. HOWSON & CO.,
Upholstering. Picture Framing.
Furniture, Undertaking,

Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd and Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, of St. Cloud, Minn., arrived in the city last Saturday and left Sunday morning for Trout Lake City, where Messrs. Shepherd and Cooper are interested in the American and Old Gold groups on Trout Lake. H. A. Brown accompanied the party as far as Trout Lake and returned to town Tuesday evening.

Jas. J. Woodrow, Dr. Carruthers, F. B. Wells and Raymond Allen, who hold some valuable placer leases on Camp Creek, sent up six men this week to commence operations on their properties. During Mr. Woodrow's visit to the property a couple of weeks ago he washed from the gravel over 20 feet from bedrock about $30 worth of fine coarse gold in a very short time and with crude machinery.

The Manitoba Free Press, Winnipeg, has issued a special supplement dealing with the crop prospects in the Northwest and Manitoba. The supplement is illustrated from photos especially taken for it during the last week in July, and they convey a good idea of the enormous grain fields now almost ripe for the reapers. It contains a fund of useful information regarding the prairie country, and is admirably suited for distribution abroad.

Millinery and Dressmaking.

Messrs. C. B. Hume & Co. will reserve floor space in their new building which will be completed in the early fall for the display of an up to date stock of millinery and fancy goods. These goods are being ordered now and will be opened up in time for the fall and winter trade. A dress making department will be another feature of the business and will be in charge of a first class dressmaker.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

GOLDEN EAGLE Ineral Claim, situate in the Revelstoke Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located:—In Ground Hog Basin, on McCullough Creek.

TAKE NOTICE that I, George S. McCarter, agent for Louise Leontine Graham, Free Miners' Certificate No. B. 70,410 and for Gus Lund Free Miner's Certificate No. B 48074, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under Section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 4th day of August, A. D., 1902.

GEO. S. McCARTER.

THE NEW STORE

WE HAVE JUST REMOVED INTO OUR NEW QUARTERS ON MACKENZIE AVENUE

BOURNE BROS.

GENERAL MERCHANTS.

I HAVE IT!

The largest stock of the latest WATCHES, CLOCKS, RINGS, SILVER WARE, CUT GLASS, FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, Etc. My many years' experience enables me to buy goods at the right prices, enabling me to sell to the public at reasonable prices.

J. GUY BARBER.
WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SUMMER

SALE OF TROUSERING

We must admit that we have over bought in Trousering this Season, and they certainly must be cleared out before the Summer Season is over to give room for Fall Goods. Everybody here know our past reputation in this line. The best goods are used, the make is guaranteed, and a sure fit is assured. Cressman's Trouserings cannot be beaten.

OUR SUMMER SALE OF TROUSERS.

$3 — $4 — $5

OUR FALL GOODS

Will be here on or about August 5th, when we will open up the largest and best selected stock from Winnipeg to the Coast.

J. B. CRESSMAN, Art Tailor, Mackenzie Ave.

Real Estate Bargains

$1450 Good Residence & Store Building. Terms—$200 cash; Balance on Easy Terms.

$1200 Plastered House with stone foundation. Good garden 50x100 feet—well located. This is a special bargain.

$1250 8-Roomed Residence, with all modern improvements. A very desirable property. Terms can be arranged with suitable party.

$1050 A fine Residence—7 large rooms and Bath Room, Electric Lighting, garden 50x100 feet. A comfortable home, selling at a great sacrifice.

$900 6 Roomed House, with bathroom, etc., good cellar. Well situated for a C. P. R. man. Easy Terms.

$600 80 acre Farm, about 5 miles from Salmon Arm Station. Best of soil, good timber for domestic uses and good roads. Terms to the right party.

A Number of Other Real Estate Bargains. Call and Inspect Our List.

Revelstoke Smelter Townsite

Fine Residential and Business Lots in all parts of the City on easy terms of payment. A limited number of Five-Acre Garden Plots within five minutes' walk from the centre of City, are now ready for sale. Easy terms of payment.

LEWIS, BROS. Real Estate Brokers. Financial and Insurance Agents.