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THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol V. No 146 | REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, JULY 24, 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.

THE ELMORE NEW PROCESS

Concentration of Ores by Oil Will Bring Good Times if, as Experiments now Seem to Prove, it is a Success.

In view of the great interest taken in the new Elmore process, especially as it is so applicable to the Kootenay ores, and will, if found as satisfactory as now seems practically certain, revolutionize and start a great boom in copper mining in British Columbia, we publish a letter from Mr. J. D. Kendall, London, Eng., who is well known on the Coast, to Mr. E. E. Sawyer, managing director of the Dominion Development syndicate, of London, England, who is at present visiting the province in the interests of his company.

Many mining men of world-wide reputation have expressed favorable opinions of the process, Mr. Kendall's being particularly interesting to British Columbians:

Dear Sir.—In reply to your enquiry I have much pleasure in giving you my opinion as to the Elmore oil concentrating process. I have examined, whilst at work, the only plant yet built, that erected in Wales for the purpose of treating the yellow copper ore from the Gladsdir mine. It saves about eighty-five per cent of the values as against 15 per cent by ordinary water concentration as previously carried out with the best machinery that could be got. The ore contains only about 12 per cent of copper. I have also made numerous laboratory tests with the oil process. For ores which contain finely disseminated metallic minerals I think oil is greatly superior to water as a concentrating medium, for it comes at once into contact with, licks up and saves a large proportion of the floating particles which pulverization produces in such minerals and which are unavoidably lost when water is used. To save by water the mineral treated must sink, but a very large proportion of some minerals such as chalcopyrite and tetrahydite, will not sink, as it is well known to all engineers who have given any attention to metallurgy. I recently made a number of concentrating tests with water, of a yellow copper ore containing about 2.2 per cent. of copper. The average loss was 55.8 per cent., mainly arising from floating ore, the surface of the water being covered with a scum of metallic mineral in ore, and the more finely it is disseminated, the greater is the loss in water concentration. The use of oil prevents that loss almost entirely. I feel very sure that the process has a great future, for besides enabling many ores to be profitably treated in water, it will always be useful as a tailings plant in mills handling ore in which a large proportion of the metallic minerals is so scattered through the gangue that it can be saved by handsorting and jigs.

In British Columbia and other parts of Canada I know of a large number of deposits which cannot be worked profitably if water concentration were employed, but which, with the Elmore process would become very valuable properties. Mines that have been worked at a profit when smelting their produce could greatly increase that profit by employing the Elmore process prior to smelting. Much ore that has hitherto been amalgamated and cyanided will, I am satisfied, be more economically dealt with in the future by oil concentration.

Yours,
J. D. KENDALL.

Minister of Mines Report.

The annual report of the Minister of Mines for the year ending December 31st, 1901, has been issued, and it shows the progress of the mining industry in the Province has been satisfactory, notwithstanding the many drawbacks to which it has been subjected. The total production from the mines for the year amounted to $20,083,780, as against $16,341,751, for the preceding year—an increase of $3,742,029.

The value of the mineral products for the past year is thus tabulated in the report:

Gold, placer	$ 970,100
" lode	4,318,603
Silver	2,881,745
Copper	4,446,963
Lead	2,002,733
Coal	4,380,993
Coke	635,405
Other materials	417,238
Total	$20,083,780

The City Council.

Regular meeting held on Friday, the Mayor in the chair, and Ald. Taylor, Manning, Law, McLeod and McMahon present.

The Revelstoke Water, Light and Power Co. wrote asking extension of time in which to consider council's offer for purchase of electric light and water works systems.—Extension was granted to August 8th.

A. G. Fuller, city clerk, Vernon, wrote stating fire truck for that city cost $90.—Mayor stated that local estimate for similar truck was $190, which seemed out of all reason. The matter was referred to Fire, Water and Light Committee to enquire into further.

The Mail offered to supply 500 copies of Engineer Smith's reports for $40.—Offer was accepted.

The Waterous Engine Works quoted figure for rock crusher, $1205.—While city was not in a position to purchase same at present, it was recognized that Revelstoke would never have good streets until city owned a machine of this kind.

City solicitor wrote explaining that according to act passed at last session of provincial house, copies of all city bylaws had to be registered with the County Court registrar.—The bylaw committee were instructed to go through bylaws with the city clerk and make selection of those requiring to be registered, subject to approval of city solicitor.

J. W. McCallum asked for payment of $125 on account of sidewalk contract.—Granted.

Mrs. McMahon and W. A. Foote asked for opening of First street, west of hospital.—Laid over until time arrives to grade streets.

The Public Works committee were instructed to notify Caley Bros. to move house off street near hospital. Committee were also instructed to clear up grounds around hospital.

City solicitor reported he had not yet drafted bylaw re Chinese laundry boundaries, as he understood Chinese were going to fight it and matter required to be carefully looked into.

Mayor reported that he, in company with the city clerk, had interviewed Provincial Health Inspector Dr. Fagan, in regard to smallpox quarantine question. Dr. Fagan will recommend to government payment of all accounts of quarantine station with exception of $8.50 for brandy. Goods left in station will be turned over to government.

Mayor reported that Ald. Hume had ordered a Hall safe for the city, to cost $125.

Council then adjourned.

—W. B. summer corsets just what's needed for the warm weather, at C. B. Hume & Co

AROUND THE RAILWAY YARD

Personal Paragraphs Pertaining to Railway Men Picked up By the Herald Man on His Daily Rounds.

Supt. Marpole and party went south to Robson on Tuesday.

Geo. Beavo, of the C. P. R. shops, left Tuesday night on a holiday trip to the coast.

A telegraph operator and a section foremen were injured near Regina owing to a car overturning on the building in which they were.

Geo. Bell left Wednesday last for Revelstoke, where he has secured a position with the C. P. R. in the office of Assistant Supt. Kilpatrick.—Vernon News.

W. S. Hooper, who has been chief C. P. R. operator at Regina, for a number of years, has been appointed to the despatchers' office in Moose Jaw. Miss Duff, a young lady well known in Calgary, succeeds him.

Members of the Dominion government in London, have invited the Allan Steamship company, the Elder Dempster line, and others, to submit tenders for 18 knot passenger service on the Pacific. The companies are asked to tender for a separate quick cargo service from Vancouver to Australia.

Canadians at Bisley.

The Canadian riflemen at Bisley are doing some good shooting. At the close of the shooting in the first stage of the King's prize competition, nine Canadians were qualified to enter the second stage, shooting in which takes place tomorrow.

The great team match for the Kalapore cup was won by Australia with 770, Rhodesia was second with 758, and Canada third, 756. Lance Corporal Mortimer of the Canadian team did phenomenal shooting, making the highest individual score of any man on any team. His total was 102 out of a possible 105.

The Agrarian strike in the province of Galicia, says a Vienna despatch, resulted in a conflict between the troops and strikers at Czortkow, in which 23 persons were killed and 40 wounded.

H. P. Smith, of Spokane, and A. Laing, of Pendleton, Ore., directors of the Prince Mining Company, are in the city. They leave tomorrow morning, in company with J. M. Scott, to inspect the company's property in the Standard Basin.

The funeral of the late Bobby Johnson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Johnson, took place Monday afternoon from the family residence. Many floral tributes with expressions of sympathy were sent by friends of bereaved parents. Rev. C. Ladner conducted the service.

An exciting bicycle race took place at rather a late hour on McKenzie Avenue the other night, in which a local judge, a government official, two lumber dealers, and two prominent business men were mixed up. The contestants in the race were the lumber men and the government official. The "judge" acted in his official capacity, while the business men were timekeepers. The government official finished first but a dispute arose between the timekeepers as to whether he finished within the time limit and it is probable the race will have to be run over again.

Prevention of Forest Fires.

Arrangements have been made for the prompt enforcement of the provisions of the law for the prevention of forest fires within the railway belt in this province. The penalties for violation of the law in this respect vary from $5 to $200. Special attention is called to the necessity for the greatest caution being observed in the use of fire by settlers, campers and others during the dry summer months. The following rules should be observed:

1.—In building a camp fire choose a place that is sheltered from the wind and clear away any moss or inflammable material surrounding it.

2.—Thoroughly extinguish camp fires before leaving them.

3.—Be careful not to throw away cigar stubs or matches in the woods before extinguishing them.

4.—Settlers desiring to burn brush and log heaps in clearing land must do so at proper seasons of the year, and not allow the fire to escape from their premises.

5.—All employers of labor should see that their employers whose work is in the open air are furnished with copies of the Act respecting forest fires or other instructions in regard thereto, as such employers are responsible for any violation of the law caused by their servants.

GREAT MIDSUMMER REDUCTION SALE

HIGH CLASS DRY GOODS.

WE START OUR MIDSUMMER SALE ON SATURDAY MORNING and continue it for the balance of this month. A sale of great interest—one that should jam this Store all day long with eagerly buying shoppers. We have gone through our extensive stocks and selected many of our leading and best selling lines, a few of which we quote below:—

Dress Goods

Five Pairs All-Wool colored Cashmere, in navy blue, brown and drabs. Regular selling price 40c. Sale Price 30c

Three pairs all-wool Serges in cardinals, dark greens. Selling price 50c. Sale price 35c

A few ends of Plaids and Fancy Work. Regular 30c. and 35c. Sale price 20c

Wash Goods

Fancy Dress Muslins in all colorings. Regular lines at 15c. Sale price 10c

Scotch Zephyrs in stripes and fancy, nice patterns. Selling price 15c. and 18c. Sale price 12½c

Fancy White Muslins, in stripes and checks. Regular price 15c. and 18c. Sale price 12½c

Ladies' Sailor Hats

All this Season's Goods and new shapes. Regular price $1 and $1.25. Sale price 75c

Ladies' Sailors, New Shape. Fine Braid. Regular $1.50. Sale price $1

Ladies' Black Sailor Hats. Regular 75c. Sale price 50c

Ladies' Blouses

In colored Scotch Zephyrs, sizes somewhat broken —Regular $1 and $1.25. Sale price 75c

Ladies' Cotton Vests

A large assortment in these goods. Regular price 15c., Sale price 10c

Hats and Bonnets

Children's Muslin Hats. Regular 50c. and 60c. Sale price to clear at 35c

Children's Muslin Bonnets. Regular price 25c. Sale price 10c

Big Reductions in Men's and Boys' Summer Hats. It will pay you to look over them. Prices on these goods cut right in two.

Bargains in Everything

IN THIS STORE. Come expecting to get the biggest bargains you ever got and we can assure you that you will not be disappointed.

REID & YOUNG, DRY GOODS MERCHANTS, MACKENZIE AVENUE.

Revelstoke Rifle Association.

The first practice of the Revelstoke Rifle Association was held Saturday last. The two and five hundred yanges being fired over, the principal scores were:

W. W. Foster (200 yds.)	31
R. A. Upper (500 yds)	27
C. Lawrence (500 yds)	26

Additional targets are being prepared and the firing butts put in better order as the present accommodation is inadequate to the large membership. It is intended to proceed with the erection of a new range immediately after the site has passed inspection. In the meantime there will be practice every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Members wishing to practice at any other time will be able to do so by arrangement with the captain and engaging their own marker.

Owing to the limited number of rifles, those intending to shoot should notify the captain or secretary as far in advance as possible previous to each practice, in order that satisfactory arrangements may be made. It is also proposed to institute a series of weekly competitions.

J. Shaw has been appointed marker for the Association. Members are also reminded that the annual meeting of the British Columbia Rifle Association will be held at Victoria on July 31st, August 1 and 2. Special rates are being made by the Transportation Company, of which full particulars can be obtained from the secretary.

It is interesting to note that a B. C. man, Col. Sergt. J. Moscrop of Vancouver, B. C., took fifth place in the Prince of Wales competition at Bisley with a score of 93, the highest score made was 95.

Card of Thanks.

Through THE HERALD we beg to tender our heartfelt thanks to all our friends and neighbors here as well as at Ballard, Wash., for their kind assistance and expressions of deep sympathy tendered to us on account of the death, under such sad circumstances of our beloved son Bobby.

ARTHUR AND EDNA JOHNSON.

The Retrieve.

Joe. Dunn, returned this week from Carnes Creek where he was doing assessment work on the Retrieve and Receive claims, situated near the famous Rosebery. These properties are owned by Revelstoke people and are showing up wonderfully rich this year. At the end of the 40 foot tunnel in which Mr. Dunn was working he struck a four foot vein of high grade shipping ore, and still in the ore when he ceased working. The full length of the 40 feet is along the ledge and shows ore all the way. This property should prove a very valuable holding.

Another Important Strike.

On Monday last foreman Baribeo of the Silver Cup mine had a look on his physiognomy that betokened pleasure and satisfaction. It was soon learned that another important strike had been made in the mine. Some time since six feet of solid galena was encountered in No. 12 drift, particulars of which were reported by the Eagle. This body of ore being found in an unexpected place made the mine worth fully half as much again, for this added a great many more tons of ore to the amount in sight. It insures a body of ore 4 to 6ft. wide and 104 feet in depth for stoping. The new find is in No. 11 drift and is of more value to the mine than the previous strike, for while it is but three feet in width it is solid grey copper of a quality equal to anything previously found in the mine.

No. 5 drift is also looking good and No. 4 is better than ever. In No. 4 the body of ore is narrow, but is solid grey copper and is so rich that it is not sent down the chute, but is sacked in the stope, thus preventing any loss. It takes but a very small piece of this ore to weigh a pound and every pound is worth a dollar in gold, so it pays to be careful of such rich mineral.

Supt. Crilly was up to the mine Tuesday and when the Eagle representative met him Wednesday he seemed very pleased at the way the development in the Cup is turning out. All our work on the Cup, said Mr. Crilly, since the Pool-Young syndicate took over the mine has proven satisfactorty even beyond our most sanguine hopes. The syndicate thought they had a good property, but they had not hoped that it contained the volume of ore that is being continually encountered.—Eagle.

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

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

A fire in Annapolis, Ind., destroyed $50000 worth of property this morning.

Illinois miners have given $50,000 to a fund for the benefit of Anthracite miners.

A system of wireless telegraphy is to be operated between Chicago and Glace Bay, Nova Scotia.

The Leander Rowing Club won the Challenge Cup from the Berlin Club today at Cork, Ireland.

The Empress of China arrived at Yokohama at 3 a.m. today in her race against time.

Latest figures report 109 deaths from the disaster which befell the steamer Primus in the River Elbe on Monday.

A London cable says that absolutely nothing of a definite nature has resulted from the Imperial conference.

The Toronto City Council has voted $25,000 towards fund for the relatives of firemen killed at recent fire.

The river Illinois at Bearstown, Ill., is rising and much damage has already been done to crops in the vicinity.

The Earl of Dunraven and Mount Earl is freely mentioned at the Cabinet Council for the Vice-Royalty of Ireland.

A Hong Kong despatch says that a native steamer was capsized in the West River and 200 passengers have been drowned.

King Edward's health is still improving. Emperor William will visit him on August 2nd. His visit will be a private one.

The steamer Windward sailed from Sydney, N. S., this morning for the frozen north in search of the missing explorer, Peary.

General Buller demands that he be allowed to state his views regarding Ladysmith's capability to hold out against the Boers.

The city of Camden, S. C., was visited by fire last night. At midnight the loss was $100,000, and relief had not then arrived.

The troopship Winnifredian with the Canadian contingent from South Africa on board, arrived at Halifax yesterday. Most of the men left for the west in the evening.

Hon. Jos. Chamberlain announced in the House of Commons today that all persons not of African birth who had fought against Great Britain in the late Boer war would be debarred from returning to South Africa.

A gasoline stove in the home of W. M. Feethers, Pinto, Ind., exploded and set fire to the house. Two of his children were burned to death and the baby was also badly burned. The mother had a very narrow escape.

Three American school teachers were murdered at Cebu, in the Philippine Islands, on June 10th, by natives. The leader of the murderers was killed and eight others were captured by the constabulary.

Dr. E. M. Horsey, M. P., principal stockholder and promoter of the Portland Cement Co. at Owen Sound, Ont., was killed at the works of the company today by the breaking of a fly wheel, a piece of which struck him.

Cholera is spreading at Mukden, Manchuria. It is reported that 757 cases between July 3rd and 4th have been encountered with that dreadful disease and 81 Russians and 383 Chinese have died from its fatal effects.

Tracy, the outlaw, appeared at Miller's logging camp, near Kansas, Wisconsin, yesterday and partook of a hearty dinner. He is not wounded, but looks fresh and rested. He still has in his possession a rifle and two revolvers and plenty of ammunition.

WORK WITH FAITH.

SERMON BY

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.—St. John, v., 17.

I was looking over some plans with an architect the other day. He was so eccentric in some of his ideas that many people thought him mildly insane, but I discovered that he was simply religious.

"I am just as truly bound to be honest in building a house," he said, "as you are to be sincere in your prayers. If I can show when the time of reckoning comes that I have put my soul into my work I have no doubt about the welfare of that soul. I must look to my foundation to see that it has sustaining power, to my roof that it will not leak, to the arrangement of rooms and closets, to make everything convenient and comfortable rather than inconvenient and irritating, and I must do all this in the name of humanity and God."

He struck the bedrock truth of the religious life. If I could extend the principle which governed my architect to every department of activity and industry I should convert the world to the theory of the New Testament, change its complexion and make it a far better place to live in than it is now.

Every man a consecrated workman. All honest work God's work, as truly so as the work of the priest at the altar. The bricklayer, the merchant, the preacher, the woman of society, equally servants of the Most High. The winning of a livelihood by some kind of toil—whether on the farm or in the warehouse or in the pulpit makes no difference—not simply a necessity, but a divine necessity in accordance with the plan of the universe, and this toil to be engaged in with skillful hands and a loyal heart, not as drudgery but as duty, not by decree of a harsh fate but by the will of a wise and overruling Providence. The millennium would come before our prayer for it had been finished, our mental attitude would be more cheery, and a gladness would prevail as the spring sunshine does, joy-compelling and fruit-bearing.

Although our life here is temporary and we may reasonably look forward to something better, still this life is a glorious opportunity. The real difference among men is not that some are rich and others poor, for that is a mere incident, a detail, but that some accept their task with faith and others think themselves unjustly used. The poor man who endures his poverty with a heart that makes the best of what he has can find more happiness in his meagre circumstance than the greedy soul discovers in his wider field if he feeds his appetite for more. If I could make all men plan to be happy where they are instead of wearing their fretful hearts out because they are not where they think God ought to have put them, I should make the very wilderness blossom with roses and raise a floodtide of joy that would sweep round the earth bearing blessings to every home. It is not so much what you have as what you are that brings happiness. You might have all and still be miserable, and you might have little and still have heaven.

To feel that what you do is drudgery makes it drudgery. It is not the work you are doing, but your attitude toward it, that is important. If you are a king, you will dignify a trivial thing by doing it in a kingly way, and the glitter of the crown will be reflected thereon. A true Christian, finding his way to glory through the sad and hard as well as the joyous experiences of life, always under the conviction that God and the angels will come with assistance at his call, presents an ideal of work well done, of sorrows bravely borne and of a heart at peace, because duty and pleasure are two words for the same thing.

You will have trouble—make good use of it. You will have happiness—enjoy it thoroughly. You will have sorrow—let the Master share it with you. Work, if God is in it, is made easy and cheerful. Even death, if there is a home beyond to look forward to, loses its sharpest pang. Mix heaven and earth, tears and faith, life's tasks and life's hopes, and the days shall sing themselves away until the great dawn comes when you will have your reward and your rest.

Miss Caroline Corbin.

Here is the story how Mrs. Caroline Corbin became the anti-woman suffragist leader in Chicago, says an unkind Chicago newspaper. Mrs. Corbin went to school with Miss Susan B. Anthony, and not until years later the two women met in Washington.

"What have you been doing all this while?" asked Miss Anthony.

"Bringing up four boys," was the answer.

"Boys!" exclaimed the outspoken Susan. "What under the sun is a woman like you doing with four boys?"

"I don't know. Would you expect me to strangle them?"

"Bosh!" was the reply; "you should never have had them. They will grow up to be men—nothing but men!" It was then that Mrs. Corbin became an opponent of woman suffrage.

Making Poultry Pay.

Poultry-keeping will pay the man who has poultry at heart, just the same as farming pays the man who has farming at heart, only a much larger profit for the money invested.

Farming never paid the man who had a desire to drive a huckster waggon for the village merchant, or for the man who had some other pursuit at heart more than farming. The man who expects to make poultry-keeping pay must have a desire for that particular work. Of course he can be engaged in some other pursuits and make a success at poultry-keeping, but he must have a love for the business or he can never claim a grand success. There are thousands of men who are making fortunes at raising poultry, who are largely engaged in banking, railroading or some other profession as well, but they have a fancy for fowls or they would never have admitted them in their lines.

In former years I was engaged as a representative of a well-known commercial establishment, which required me to travel largely over the rural districts of our country, and where I noticed a farmer who kept all buildings in a high state of preservation, with well-painted doors on hinges, well shingled, all fences up to standard, all corners free from obnoxious weeds, no harvesting machines or waggons standing under shade trees, no farming implements of any kind standing or strewn where they were last used, I decided that sort of man would make poultry-keeping pay, and pay handsomely.

Speaking from a life spent on a farm, I will say one cannot possibly keep up all ends on a farm. But one can keep it neat and attractive and in a profitable condition. And this question is forced on the poultry-keeper. He cannot keep up all ends, but he can keep them clean, neat and attractive, and this is the secret of poultry-raising. If houses and yards are not kept clean and free from vermin great losses are sure to follow. A few years ago a neighbor requested me to send and get him a setting of White Wyandotte eggs. Knowing the disposition of the man—although he was a good-natured fellow, as all lovers of poultry generally are—I knew it would be money sunk for him, but I complied with his request, and ordered a setting from a well-known White Wyandotte breeder, a breeder I knew would send out nothing but choice eggs for hatching. The eggs came in fine condition, were put under the natural hen, and out of thirteen eggs seven chicks were hatched. A splendid hatch it was! A great many would suppose this a poor hatch, but if we can get seven chicks out of every thirteen eggs throughout the season we will have no "kick" coming. In about two weeks I called on my neighbor, and not a single chick did he have. All the blame was laid on the breeder, as usual. But I insisted on helping the breeder out and to look for the cause nearer home. On catching the mother hen and turning down a few fluff feathers I discovered a very good crop of lice. Lice and chicks cannot be raised togethere by any mans. This was not a surprise to me, but it seemed to be new to my neighbor. However, it lightened the load on the breeder, and if a number of poultry-raisers would look well to the cleaning of poultry houses, ridding the place of lice and disease, there would be more satisfied customers and less abused breeders.

I do not believe there is any royal road to wealth in the poultry business. Yet I am certain there is an independent living in it if properly managed. I know a breeder in Indiana who received $500 for a pen of Plymouth Rocks. Of course they had a great show record behind them, but they never could have been brought to this high state of perfection had they not been bred judiciously and by practical methods. But as we farmers are not breeding a specialty of show fowls, but utility fowls, yet keeping up to the standard requirements, we do not expect to get such fancy prices; but the aim of every up-to-date farmer should be to obtain strictly standard bred fowls, fowls that are positively from laying strain ancestors, as the egg production is the farmer's profit. A good egg yield can never be obtained from fowls roosting in tree-tops and on fences. But there has been a vast improvement in this respect in the last ten years, as farmers are fast learning that poultry comfortably housed during the winter season, and properly fed, will return a larger income than most any other stock fed and cared for on the farm; but the farmer that manages his poultry on the "Peter Tumble-down" plan will find poultry-keeping a total loss.

A few days ago I heard a man of this class running the poultry business down at a terrible rate. His argument was: Chickens eat their heads off three or four times each year, as his chickens had eaten with the fattening hogs all the fall and winter, and had not laid a single egg. He had been trying to get his wife to sell them, and not leave one on the farm. I was forced to say that a man who has no more sense than to expect eggs under such management should be sent to the insane asylum, as any sane person knows hens would get too fat to lay under such treatment. I believe in the corn ration, but it should be alternately fed with other grains, vegetables and animal foods. I have been a breeder of poultry for the last fifteen years, and I have never seen the time that our hens were not paying a handsome profit. I would rather have one hundred well-bred hens on a small piece of land and out of debt than to have two hundred acres and be financially embarrassed, as some farmers are. I would enjoy life better, have more money that I could call my own, and be free from the clutch of money sharks. To those who wish to enter into the poultry business for either profit or pleasure, let me say let the old mongrels of our forefathers softly down into oblivion and bury them, as I know from long years of practical experience that pure bred poultry pays a much larger profit than scrubs. They lay more eggs and mature quicker and it costs no more to feed blooded stock than it does to feed scrubs.—J. C. Clipp, Saltello, Ind., in N. Y. Tribune-Farmer.

"Is there really any danger
In a kiss?" he softly sighed,
Little planning any plot.
"Wait—I'll to the stairs and listen,
And find out," she quick replied,
"Whether papa sleeps or not."

—Smart Set

A Story of Bret Hart.

The London Daily Chronicle tells the following story about Bret Harte. It seems that during his early years he had an engagement to attend the opening of a new saloon in Market street, San Francisco. The interest did not begin till after 11 p.m., and Mr. Harte was late in getting back to The Chronicle. The night editor had gone, leaving word that Mr. Harte was to hand in his half-column to the foreman printer without editorial revision. Mr. Harte had taken particular pains with his copy, which was really funny. Beginning in grandiloquent terms he described the new premises accurately enough. Then he came on to the good cheer, then to more good cheer, his praise of the refreshments piling up stage by stage, till it wound up in incoherency. It was an exact portrayal of the stages of a man's mind passing from exhilaration to intoxication. Looking for his article next day Mr. Harte found half-a-column of descriptive matter as dull as ditch-water. He inquired. "Well, Mr. Harte," said the foreman, "I killed it. You must have had a terrible skinful last night. It's lucky the old man wasn't about when you got back, for if there's anything he's down on it's drink." Poor Bret Harte, who expected San Francisco to laugh over his little article, went sadly away—tne more sadly as at that time of his life he was a teetotaler!

Blue Jackets Popular.

No wonder our bluejackets are popular, says a notice of a book recently published by Mr. Basil Thomson, relating incidents of travel in the Pacific islands. Mr. Thomson declares that if he were set the task of winning the confidence of suspicious and hostile natives he would ask for an escort of the first naval petty officers that came to hand, and consider the work done. Here is a charming story of how they won confidence:—"Returning from a walk late in the afternoon, we heard sounds of merry-making in the village square, and found the whole population sitting convulsed with laughter at an entertainment provided by their visitors. It appeared that the shore party, returning to their boat, had discovered a band of urchins playing catch with oranges, and seized upon the opportunity for teaching the new British subjects the British national game. With sticks for wickets and cocoanut butts for bats, they soon had the game going, and when we came up a boy of eight was bowling to a bearded engine-room artificer, who was going through the antics of clown-cricket, to the huge delight of the onlookers. The little boys positively wept when the boat came to carry away their new-found friends."

The King of the Tongans once told Mr. Thomson that it was because the English joke with the Tongans that they were such good friends, and he told him this lovely story in illustration. A French flagship arrived in one of the island's ports at the moment when H.M.S. Tauranga was there, and the natives wondered which of the two ships would be the first to acknowledge itself to be the inferior of the other. The English captain went first to the French ship, and so the natives said, "See, the Englishman admits his inferiority." But they did not speak thus on the next day. Eighty French soldiers landed, and also one English marine, who used to carry the letters to the postoffice. The French soldiers marched proudly in lines of four, and the natives thought the English marine would be abashed when he met them. What was their surprise to see the marine actually waiting for the French soldiers, and when they came up to him "he put himself at their head and marched so bravely in his red coat that the Tongans cried out, 'Lo, a King is approaching us with his bodyguard!'

"The face of the French officer was not good to look upon, for when he called upon his men to stamp the ground and let the marine go on, he also stamped the ground, and when they pressed forward to pass him he quickened his steps and kept with them as if he was indeed their leader. Nor was it better when they passed the guard-room and saw even the Tongan sentry dissolved in laughter, for the marine behaved as if he was too exalted to know his friends, save for a secret sign that he made to them with one eyelid. So they went on together to the boat. The rumor of this thing was carried throughout Tonga, and the people thought more of this marine than of the French Admiral and all his men."

Dipping Lambs.

Lambs usually need dipping when they are two or three months old, for the purpose of destroying ticks. Even the strong and vigorous ones have a few ticks about the head and neck, which retard the growth of the animal. For a small flock a common sized washtub or caldron will be large enough for the bath. In this pour a solution of steeped tobacco juice and powdered sulphur. Add sufficient cold water to bring the bath to a proper temperature. One part strong tobacco juice and two parts water, with a reasonable amount of sulphur, make a good bath, though one need not follow any rigid rules as to the proportions. Many use some sheep dip already prepared. To aid in saving the dip, provide a board two feet wide and six feet long, with narrow cleats nailed on each side. Let one end of this project over the tub while the other end should rest on some object a few inches higher.

In dipping lambs be careful to thoroughly saturate every part of the body except the face (the head and neck need special attention). Then lift it out onto the drainage board and squeeze the wool till most of the dip runs back into the tub. The tobacco soon kills ticks or drives them off, while the odor of the sulphur adheres to the wool for a long time. Ticks don't like it, and will stay away as long as it remains. The dipping should be done in pleasant weather, otherwise the lambs are liable to chill. We dip about June 1, when some of the lambs weigh sixty pounds or more. It takes a trifle over a quart of dip for each lamb. A quart and a half would be none too much, were it convenient to furnish that much, but by close economy can get along with less.—H. White, in Ohio Farmer.

Chinese Doctors.

Chinese medical men are not compelled to pursue any particular course of study and are not able to obtain any university degree, says a doctor writing in The Chicago Daily News. Consequently doctors have no great special standing. Medicine may be practised by anyone. It is only necessary to hang out one's name as "Dr. Wang" or "Dr. Li" to become a physician. This seems easy enough, but doctors are liable to heavy penalties in the event of the death of a patient.

Chinese materia medica is extensive and nonsensical in the extreme. The native doctors have acquired an empirical knowledge of the action of certain remedies, notably of several purgatives and anodynes, but with no certain methods of diagnosis their use of these remedies is often fallacious.

A Chinese doctor feels the pulse in both wrists. He places three fingers of his right hand over the radial artery of first one arm and then the other. In the first arm he says he can tell by his first finger the condition of the spleen, which is very important. The second finger tells him the condition of the lungs and the third the state of the liver. On the other arm he detects in like manner the diseases of the heart, kidneys and stomach. He leaves the brain, the arteries, venous and nervous systems entirely out of consideration, as his books do not tell him anything about such systems. The pulse and the pulse alone, to his mind, is an indication of the locality of the disease. It is not at all uncommon for women patients to thrust an arm from the curtained bed that the physician may feel the pulse and make his diagnosis on that basis alone. If the patient recovers the doctor is credited with the cure; if the patient dies he is accused of murder. Remedies must produce immediate favorable results or the doctor is dismissed and a new one employed. I have known of eleven doctors being sent for in one day. The patient in this case pulled through after taking eleven doses, the last doctor of course getting the credit of the cure.

Several years ago I was called to see the little six-months-old grandson of the Governor of Pekin. The child was in convulsions from having eaten a quantity of indigestible material when it had only two or three teeth. Each one of a number of Chinese doctors had poured down the infant's throat, without effect, some decoction of nastiness, the last dose of which was powdered scorpions' tails. By means of chloroform, a hot bath, ice to the head and other remedies I managed to bring the infant around, much to the joy of his grandfather. If the child had died I would have been blamed with killing him, especially as I had dared to use ice, a remedy that the Chinese doctor as the cause of many fatal illnesses.

The native physicians are great believers in the efficacy of counter-irritation, which they use in the form of antimonial and arsenical plasters, often creating intractable ulcers, generally both painful and useless. Their fees are exceedingly small, the usual rate in Pekin being about 30 Mexican cents (15 cents), but they frequently make up for this by providing the medicine, for which they charge in proportion to the wealth and credulity of the patient. One patient of mine paid his native doctor 30 cents for his visit and $150 for the velvety fur from a young deer's horns, which was prescribed as medicine.

If the patient recovers he often has a memorial tablet of heavy wood carved in characters setting forth the disease from which he suffered and of which he was marvellously cured by Dr. Wong or any other doctor. This tablet is hung on the wall outside the doctor's residence, and is a lasting testimonial and useful advertisement to his ability, or, more often, good luck. Some doctors have a dozen or more of these large wooden testimonials hung on their walls. A doctor's house which I often pass has boards reading thus:—"His hand touched the life returned." Another: "In diphtheria the only savior." Another: His art is great." Still another: "Due to him I live again." One day in passing this place in a cart with a Chinese friend I pointed to the numerous boards, and said, "That must be one of your great doctors, judging by the number of grateful patients he has cured." "He!" rejoined my companion with scorn. "He had every one of those boards made himself. The people he is supposed to have cured never existed."

Some doctors have recipes that were handed down to them by their ancestors, and keep them in their family, telling only one member in each generation how the nostrum is prepared. Some of these formulas have great local reputations, but they are never widely known. Since the introduction of vaccination by medical missionaries the former terrible ravages of smallpox have been very much abated; but when they cannot get vaccine matter they will vaccinate with condensed milk, believing that the milk of the cow ought to be as good as the serum, especially as its inoculation often produces a sore, due doubtless to germs of a puss-producing character introduced through the abraded surface. Tuberculosis and blood diseases are often spread by means of careless, uncleanly vaccinatic; but notwithstanding all the unclean ess and the unscientific methods smallpox has decreased enormously within the last thirty years, and vaccination is thoroughly believed in everywhere.

Western medicine and western methods of treatment of disease are steadily increasing in popularity. They have been introduced by medical missionaries in all the larger cities through free dispensaries and hospitals. The natives in this way have acquired some faith in foreign drugs. Many of the purely native drug stores are now selling certain samples that the masses can use without danger, such as senna, Epsom salts and vaseline. In Shanghai, Hong Kong, Tientsin and Pekin are native drug stores where only western remedies are sold, and where a more or less full stock is carried. The late Li Hung Chang was one of the first converts to a belief in the superiority of western medicine.

Youngwed (on bridal tour)—I would like rooms for myself and wife.

Hotel clerk—Suite, I suppose?

Youngwed — That's what. She's the sweetest thing that ever happened.—Chicago News.

Humor of the Hour.

A short time ago a well-known writer of London, remembering that he had never read the non-canonical books, went out in search of a copy, and in one bookshop after another drew blank. At last he went to his own particular newspaper shop, which also dealt in Bibles and light literature. "Have you the Apocrypha?" he asked. For a moment the young woman behind the counter was puzzled. Then, brightening, she said, "Is it a weekly or a monthly?"

The Army Department telegraphed to an officer in San Francisco who had been ordered to the Philippines: "You can go to New York and sail on transport that goes by Suez, if you choose."

The answer was sent back, "Would prefer to cross the Pacific direct."

Then the department wired him: "Transport will make good time. Has sixty women school teachers aboard."

The young Lieutenant answered, "Save me a berth on transport."—Chicago Chronicle.

Ten little butcher shops doing business fine,
Trust gobbled one right up, then there were nine.
(Same description applicable in the next eight couplets.)
One little butcher shop left the tale to tell,
But veg-e-tables are the only things he has to sell!

—Cincinnati Commercial.

"What is your opinion of rag-time music?"

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, confidentially, "I like it. But I'm too refined to own up to the fact."—Washington Star.

Mark Twain is said by those who know him in his home life to be many things of excellence besides a humorist; among them, a model host, a loyal husband, a gallant framer of fine compliments. A friend who spent the evening in that family circle not long since tells this incident as apropos:—

When, after dinner, coffee had been served for three before an open fire, the conversation turned upon the subject of the author's critics. When Mrs. Clemens had grown vehement in her denunciation of those who had called her husband "selfish," he interrupted:

"But I am selfish, my dear. I will prove it to you and our visitor here. Mary"—calling to the servant—"close that door, please."

"Yes," said Mrs. Clemens, drawing up her chair a little closer to the fire, "let us keep out all the cold."

"Now, there you are," he added. "I was not afraid the cold would get in, but that some of our coziness would get out."—New York Times.

Ping—Did your rich uncle leave you anything when he shuffled off?

Pong—More than I expected.

Ping—What did he leave you?

Pong—The earth.—Chicago News.

Mrs. Richmond—What lovely antique furniture.

Mrs. Bronxborough—Yes, and, do you know, we got it almost as cheap as if it had been new.—Judge.

A would-be golfer recently sent an order to his bookseller for all the works on the royal and ancient game which he could find. In the course of a few days the consignment arrived, and among them was one called "Stockton on Tees." It reminds one of the story of the sporting journalist which we had occasion to quote some time ago. In a parcel of books sent him for review he discovered one on "Marco Polo."—London Globe.

The Rev. Dr. Swallow, who has recently been very much in the eye of the world because of his trial before his fellow-Methodists on charges growing out of accusations against the late President McKinley, tells a story about George Alfred Townsend, who writes over the nom de plume of "Gath."

"What does that name mean?" Dr. Swallow was asked by a young lady of his parish.

"Why, the letters are the author's initials," answered the clergyman; "G. A. Townsend."

"But what does the H stand for?" the other persisted.

"That's where he is going to when he dies," came from the doctor.

The questioner was visibly impressed.

"Is he such a very bad man?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Certainly not," replied Dr. Swallow. "The H stands for heaven."—New York Times.

"Well, aunty, what are your thochts aboot marryin'?" asked a young Scotch lady the other day of her aunt, a decent body who had reached the shady side of life without having committed matrimony. "'Deed, lassie," frankly replied the old lady, "I've had but three thochts aboot it a' my days, an' the last is like to be the langest. First, then, when I was young like yoursel', I thocht 'Wha'll I tak'?' Then, as time began to wear by, I thocht, 'Wha'll I get?' An' after I got my leg broken wi' that whumel oot o' Saunders M'Drunthie's cart, my thochts syne have bin, 'Wha'll tak' me?'"—London King.

Theatrical manager—Well, that's the best I can do for you. You've been idle all season so far. Now, will you remain idle all the rest of the season, or take this small part?

Lowe Comedy—I'll take it. In this case a small role is better than a whole loaf.—Philadelphia Press.

Farmer—So you've had some experience, have you?

New man—Yes, sir.

Farmer—Well, what side of a cow do you sit on ter milk?

New man—The outside.

A school-teacher put the following problem in arithmetic to his class:—

"If one horse can run a mile in one minute fifty-five seconds and another a mile in two minutes, how far would the first horse be ahead of the other at the end of a race of two miles?"

A scholar returned the question with the attached:—

"I see, sir, mother says I must never have anything to do with horseracing."

A SERIOUS MATTER.

The Gradual Exhaustion of Our Soil Considered.

No country was ever blessed by Nature with a more productive soil. She made the best possible use of the long ages prior to the settlement of this country by white men, in forcing the most luxuriant growth of vegetation, and by its decay and that of the annual crop of foliage, had filled the soil with an amount of fertility that seemed exhaustless. So thought our fathers, and so think now many of the occupiers of the great fertile West. But a continual taking out and putting nothing back would exhaust even the ocean. It has exhausted the millions of acres of the older East, and it will exhaust the most fertile of the West. A study of the census must convince any searcher that the production of all our crops is year by year growing less and less. It cannot be attributed to a change of seasons for a series of years, but can be only to one cause—the gradual exhaustion of plant food by our unthinking and unwise course.

This subject of husbanding the resources of our acres, and of returning to our starving fields those elements of plant growth quite or nearly exhausted, is yearly forcing itself more prominently upon the attention of the farmers of at least the eastern half of our country, and the line is very rapidly extending westward. Millions of acres that once produced magnificent crops of the various grains, even west of the great lakes, are now lying vacant, or barely paying for the most shiftless cultivation. This question cannot be seriously considered too soon even by the farmers on the now rich and productive prairies west of the great rivers. Every train that passes eastward is loaded with a portion of their fertility, much of it in the crude and barely remunerative state of bran, oil meal and the coarser grains and, to the shame of the farmers, even in the bones of their animals, while the returning trains carry back nothing in the nature of plant food.

Though Western farmers may think they have no need of such knowledge, they should not fail to thoroughly post themselves, and those farmers who do so and who take advantage of this knowledge, will by and by be looked upon as the "lucky ones" who have the richest farms in the vicinity in which they live.

Renewing Worn-out Pasture Land.

One of the greenest pastures that I have seen is a farm once well tilled. Acting upon this idea, were I in Mr. Andrew's place, I would raise a hay crop next year on that 50-acre pasture land. It needs topdressing in either case, and it would be prudent to make the produce pay for the culture. Give your cattle the run of your mowing fields for a year or two, and plow and heavily fertilize the wornout land. As it appears rich, a part of it might be utilized for tuber or berry growing, and no more difficulty in the way of weeds would be met than when turning up green sward for such purposes. Following this treatment a marked improvement will be realized by the cows, which should never be turned into a sheep pasture. Sheep may be allowed the run of the pasture only after the cows have been removed for better feed late in the fall. Fence them off by themselves.

If the farmer lives near canning factories, fish heads or lobster shells are obtainable and can be advantageously spread on grass land or turned under with the plowshare. No cheaper grass grower can be utilized by the seaboast farmer than rock weed—seaweed, he may call it. If his own land does not border on the shore he can buy from his neighbor the privilege of pulling it at 3 to 5 cents a load. The returns will more than pay the year following its spreading, for pulling, hauling and cash outlay. If any part of the ground be overgrown with bushes, the young men of the neighborhood will hail with glee the inauguration of an old-time "bee" to clear up the land. Pull bushes, stumps, everything, and burn over before plowing and sowing to grass seeds. The ashes enrich without adding to the expense. The burnt land may even be sprinkled thickly with seed without plowing. Sometimes when no other fertilizer can be afforded on grass land a simple burning and seeding is profitable.—American Agriculturist.

Portable Board Fence.

Despite the large introduction of various kinds of wire fence, the board fence still remains its inherent advantages peculiar to itself. The principal objection to a board fence nailed to stationary posts is the trouble and expense of construction and the lack of portability. Mr. Jacob Wolf, of Newmansville, Pa., has recently patented a very simple form of board fence that is in the fullest sense portable, and when set up is entirely substantial. It can be made with ease and economy.

The fence panels are made simply with certical cleats, nailed or bolted, and are simply set end to end and a key is slipped through the upper space to engage across the interval and unite the panels. A similar piece is put through the lower space. Holes are made at close intervals in the key pieces to receive transverse pegs that hold the panels in longitudinal direction. A section of wire is centrally bent around the upper key piece and to its extremities are connected stakes that are driven into the ground on either side, making a strong brace. A stake is also driven in at the panel base. These panels can be made in shelter and any kind of lumber may be used.—The World's Progress.

A Ten Acre Celery Plant Bed.

Perhaps the largest celery plant bed in the United States, if not in the world, is that of Messrs. D. E. Smeltzer & Co., of Sonta Ana, Cal. The beds are under the personal supervision of Mr. Abner Wilson, of the firm of Wilson Bros., celery growers, of Tecumseh, Mich. They are laid out in sections eight feet wide, with ditches between them for irrigating, as it does not rain there at this time of the year. The beds have to be kept quite wet, while the plants are small, as the hot sun and alkali in the soil would otherwise kill the young plants. Forty pounds of seed were sowed. The firm expects this season to plant six million plants.

St. Pierre.

Shaken Martinique, with her extinguished capital, holds the world's interest still. What manner of city was it which, in two or three awful minutes ceased to be? As graphic a description of the gay little city of romantic memories which has been blotted out was given to The London Daily Mail, and is here reproduced in part:—

St. Pierre was one of the most picturesque of towns. In shape it followed the semicircular form of the shore, and its main streets ran parallel with it. But there was so little room between the mountains behind the town and the sea that when it increased in size it had to climb the slopes behind.

And so as you approached the town you saw before you terrace upon terrace of picturesque houses, creamy tinted with red-tiled roofs, backed up against the palms and dense foliage of the tropics which clothe the Mornes with never-fading green. Away behind to the north stands the great mountain called Pelee, lifting its head into the misty veil of cloud which hangs above it, the mighty forces of a volcano burning within. It is this treacherous sentinel which has burst forth, dealing death and destruction, and turning the beauty of nature into a vast crematorium.

The windows of the St. Pierre houses were without glass or frames, and had simply heavy wooden blinds with movable slats, closed by shutters, which kept out the driving rain. The houses along the Rue Victor Hugo, the principal street, had terraced courtyards at their rear, enclosed by solid stone walls overlooking the harbor, where the ships of all nations were wont to float. The depth of water close in shore is so great that large ships could be moored almost under the eaves of the houses. In these courtyards, which were filled with roses and fruit-bearing fig vines trailing over trellis, were bathing pools filled with the Gouyave water which came down from the mountains and supplied St. Pierre with pure drinking water also.

The end of the Rue Victor Hugo was ignominious. After gradually narrowing down it became merely an alley, so full of all abominable smells that it won for itself the name of the "Street of a Thousand Smells." All the streets of this ill-fated town were narrow and very poorly lighted at night by a few ancient lamps, so that by 9 o'clock in the evening the town fell into complete obscurity, and one might well imagine himself in some mediaeval French town.

But during the day the Rue Victor Hugo was filled with what has been called "a population of the Arabian Nights." So dazzling a combination of color, barbaric in its intensity, could scarcely be found elsewhere—certainly not in the Caribbee Islands. Yellow in all its vividness predominated in turban, foulard, and gown. Pink, green, purple, blue, in stripes, plaids and figures, wrapped about the lithe bodies on gracefully wound about the well-poised heads—such was the first impression one's eyes received of the native population of Martinique.

Nowhere does that distinctive article of adornment, the turban, play so important a role as among the creole women there. A mere head-covering in Barbados or Antigua, in Martinique the stiffly-starched, gaily-colored "Madras" becomes a distinctly ornamental headdress, and it is worn with a certain coquettish grace which proclaims the lingering trace of true French blood in the dark current in the veins.

The beauty of the Creole is proverbial, and even the common people share to a certain extent in this beauty. The mulatresse capresse, or metisse, differs as much from the negresses of Jamaica or Barbados as the pure Caucasian type differs from them. These people have in many cases, in too many, a curious mixture of blood, ranging from the "sacatra," almost pure negro, to the so-called "sang mele," almost pure Caucasian—a mingling of races which lends to them the warm beauty of the tropics, together with the refinement of feature of their sisters. The most beautiful of all, however, are those who have the blood of the three races, Carib, negro and white, the blending of the old Indian with the two usurping races lending a charm of color and feature as rare as it is beautiful.

When visitors cast anchor off St. Pierre a signal gun boomed out. Immediately the ship was surrounded by a shrieking, frenzied mob of boatmen, waiting to convey one to shore, mingled with a swarm of half-naked diving boys, all equally excited and equally anxious for stray coppers. A language which was not French nor English, but unknown and unintelligible, greeted the ear, and was poured forth with that extraordinary volubility and extravagant gesticulation which seem to be necessary concomitants of any transactions among peoples having a drop of French blood.

Personal violence seemed imminent, and one hesitated to trust his property, much less his life, to the mercy of such repellant carriers. All this, however, was but momentary, and one was soon set safely down in the quaint streets of old St. Pierre. The best time to see St. Pierre used to be at the carnival season. Then the Creole nature—its passion for song, dance, gaudy colors and barbaric pageants—asserted itself. The people used to take possession of the streets of the city, which were given up to a series of processions, fetes, crowds of maskers and gay dancers, presenting a scene which was unrivalled.

Men and women, light of nature and warm of blood, dressed in fantastic costumes, and personating devils, animals or grotesque figures which came under no special category, used to fill the narrow, steep streets of St. Pierre on Mardi Gras with a gorgeous, hurrying, jostling, chanting, dancing pandemonium of joyous gaiety.

It is over such vivacious scenes as these that the molten pall of death has swept.

Cucumbers, squashes and melons prefer rich soil and an abundance of well-rotted manure. Old sawdust, or rotten wood, mixed with the manure, is said to be serviceable. It will be an advantage to allow cucumbers to grow on stakes or bushes, the same as peas. Tomatoes may also be fastened to stakes. One of the best plans is to grow cucumbers along a fence if the location is not too shady.

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.

CHAPTER VIII.

What I Found at the End of the Journey.

The purse I had desired Swift to bring me was the one which had been in my charge on the night of terror and disaster—the purse that had been rescued for me by a man whose face I had seen once or twice in my dreams since then.

On that night it had held a considerable sum, but the *money* was all or nearly all gone now. There had been frequent calls upon it during the last day or two at the hotel, and though I had supposed then that I should have plenty of my own by and by, I had not cared to apply to Roger while there, remained a fund that I could draw upon instead.

My hand trembled when Swift gave me the purse. She had been away in the next room longer than necessary it seemed, and I had been desperately impatient to know my fate. I was almost sure that, at most, there would be left me no more than twenty or thirty shillings, but what was my surprise when I saw seven bright gold sovereigns.

"Oh, I am so thankful!" I exclaimed. "This will last me a long time." Then, even as I spoke, a torrent of blood rushed up to my face. "Swift, how could you do it?" I said. "Don't you think I know? Don't you think I understand?"

"There's nothing to understand, miss," she returned, stolidly. "I'm sure I can't guess what you mean."

"This is your money. You put it into the purse, knowing or suspecting that I would have nothing besides. It was very good, and I thank you; but I can't take it. Tell me how much is yours, Swift, and how much was really there."

"Oh, miss, as if I would have dared!" she asseverated. "If there's more in the purse than you expected, why, begging your pardon, it's because of your careless way. You didn't know what you had."

"No, but I'm sure——"

"Do, do forgive me interrupting, dear miss," broke in Swift. "But it's too bad of you making out I'd have touched your purse—her ladyship's own purse it was, too. It's as much as to say I'm—well, I won't go on, miss, if you look like that. But do tell me you don't believe I would have done it. Now, miss," she hurried on, before I could do more than look what I felt, "I must be hurrying to get ready, too, if you can spare me."

"Ready for—what?" I echoed.

"Why, to go with you, to be sure."

"I thought you understood," I said, sadly. "I can't take you. I must go alone."

She burst out crying. "Oh, miss, that's the last straw! I must go with you. 'Twould be wicked to stand by and let you go out in the world alone—just like a little white lamb in its ignorance straying into the butcher's hands."

"I am going to—my mother," I answered, choking a little. "She—isn't very rich, and—and I fancy she must live in a small house. She would not know what to do with a maid, and—besides, I couldn't pay you."

"I wouldn't want a penny, miss, and I'd be a 'general' sooner than leave you," persisted Swift, almost fiercely. I didn't know what she meant by a 'general,' associating that name only with high officers of the army, but I appreciated her intention. We were miserable together; and when I went down to the carriage, there were all the others in the hall, not a dry eye among them. Somehow, I got through the good-byes, and took one last, long, yearning look at the old house as I and my luggage were driven away.

I left Lull at two o'clock in the afternoon. Three hours later I arrived at Waterloo Station. My thoughts had been so busy that the journey had not seemed long. Indeed, I had almost dreaded the end, because of the necessity for action it would entail; and besides, I had begun half to repent my rashness in flinging myself upon the world before I was absolutely certain that I could have my mother's protection. When she had been at a distance, I had looked upon her as a sure refuge. Roger had given me her address, and had said positively that she was to be found there. I was her daughter, and it had seemed natural that when the floods of disaster had swept me off my feet, I should try to grasp her hand.

Easel street, Commercial road, meant nothing definite to me. I vaguely thought of Peckham as a suburb, and I had some dim picture in my mind of a neat little ivy-draped brick house in a small garden, such as I had often seen in the village of Lull.

The London I had known best was the region of parks, big, splendid houses, and smart shops. I was not foolish enough to suppose that my mother, who had been described as poor, had her home in such a neighborhood as that, but as I was driven through street after street, even meaner and more squalid than the ones I had seen on the night I followed Lady Cope from the Lyceum Theater, I grew sad and amazed. Was it possible that, while all my life I had lived among beautiful things, the woman who had brought me into the world had been—here?

At last we turned into a narrow street, lined on either side with little gray houses, all exactly alike. It was as if a wall of dirty brick stretched along, with low doors and windows cut into it at intervals; for there was no separation between the houses.

Each hovel had a door of its own, with a window on the ground floor; and above, two more windows. On the broken pavement, or in the gutters, ragged children swarmed; dwarfish girls carrying big-headed, squalling babies almost as large as themselves; toddling boys, with red-rimmed eyes and grimy faces. The babies all seemed to be crying; their young nurses shrilly bidding them be still, or exhorting the boys who shouted over their games to come home at once if they did not wish various horrible consequences to befall them.

It was a dreadful street; the worst I had ever seen, and I wished that my driver would make haste in passing through. But, *to my surprised alarm*, he stopped, drawing up the cab at the pavement. "He is going to enquire the way," I thought. Yet no; he was clambering slowly off the box. I looked out. We were exactly in front of a door cut in the long gray wall of blackened brick. Over the door was a number—35. My heart gave a leap, and I almost called out a protest. It could not be true. Any place but this.

The driver opened the cab door. "Here you are, miss; 35 Easel street," he said, seeing that I sat still.

"Oh, it can't be the right Easel street!" I exclaimed, tremulously.

"Easel street, Commercial road. There ain't no other of the same name, miss. Shall I knock?"

"If you please," I meekly answered. "And—and don't take down the luggage yet. I'll wait and see if—if——" My voice died. I did not finish the sentence.

There was no bell on the door, which stood ajar. The cabman knocked loudly. From the two upper windows the frowsy heads of several children and a bold-looking young woman appeared. They stared with open-mouthed curiosity at me and the four small new boxes heaped on the four-wheeler. I shrank back, and wound my fingers nervously together.

"What d'you want?" shrilly demanded the woman. "Miggits or Newlyn?"

I drew my breath in sharply. My mother's name! There was no mistake, then. The cabman turned questioningly to me, and I realized that I must answer. "I want Mrs. Newlyn," I reluctantly, thrust out my head to explain.

"Owh!" returned the dweller on the upper floor. "I'm Miggits. Newlyn's the ground floor."

As my informant partially withdrew, a girl's face showed itself in the crack of the door; then the door was thrown wide open. She was about fifteen, with pale unwholesome skin, a pert nose, and an aggressive fringe of drab-colored hair. She fixed a pair of light blue eyes upon me, and slowly I descended from the cab, which seemed the only link left between me and familiar decencies of civilization.

"Is Mrs. Newlyn at home?" I enquired, in a voice which did not sound like mine, so dull and toneless was it.

"Yes, ma's 'ome." (I started.) "D'ye want to see 'er?"

"If you please. May I—may I walk in?" Already half the swarming population of Easel street had come to its doors and windows to enjoy the sight—such as it was.

I felt curiously giddy. The suggestion in one of the first three words this girl had spoken had caught me by the throat. I entered the narrow passage, having again bidden the cabman wait; and the close odor of the house added to my faintness. A door a few feet down the passage was opened, and I had a dim impression that my companion was bidding me follow her into a room beyond. I obeyed, and then almost recoiled as I passed the threshold.

The room could not have been more than twelve feet square. The boards of the floor were uncovered, and not too clean; the low ceiling was blackened with smoke, and the wall, destitute of paper, was decorated with a few glaring, unframed chromo-lithographs, held in place with pins.

In one corner was a tumbled bed, covered, pillows and all, with a dark calico quilt. There was one unclothed deal table, spread with a few common dishes and a tin or two; there were three or four rough wooden chairs; a big box, heaped with a strange medley of cooking utensils and women's outdoor wraps; a mantelshelf, littered with odds and ends; and a kitchen range, into which a woman, with her back turned to me, was throwing a few coals from a battered shovel.

"I 'y, 'ere's a lydy to see you," brusquely announced my guide. The woman turned, shovel in hand. My eyes sought her face wistfully, imploringly, for the one gleam of hope left. But the last flicker died as our eyes met. No subtle voice of nature cried out in my heart: "This is your mother; you are of one flesh and blood." She was a tall, thin woman, who might once have been pretty, even ladylike-looking in better days, but there was hardly a vestige of past beauty remaining, though in years she was not really old. Her scanty, grizzled hair was pulled carelessly back from a lined forehead. Her small mouth had a fretful drop; slightly open, in surprise at sight of the visitor, it showed that one front tooth was gone. The cheeks were hollowed in, the well-cut nose sharpened, the complexion of the uniform, faded gray most fashionable in Easel street among those who were not overflorid. She wore a rusty black dress, and a colored cotton handkerchief was tied round the thin throat instead of a collar.

My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. It seemed physically impossible to tell her who I was, to ask her if she were not my mother. But they were both waiting for my explanations. I had to speak. "I—I *hope*——" A few lame words had come stammeringly, when the elder of the two broke in. "If you're one of those district visitors, why, I can just tell you as I told the last one, that you ain't wanted here," she said, acidly, with a rather better accent than the girl's.

"I—my name is Cope," I stammered. "At least, I always thought it was until to-day."

Still she stared at me, with little, if any, awakening comprehension in her eyes. I blundered desperately on.

"Perhaps, if you don't know what I mean it may be a mistake after all. But Lady Cope is dead. I was brought up to believe her my mother, and now——"

Suddenly the woman's pale face changed and reddened with a vivid flush. The small fire-shovel she had been grasping slid out of her hand and fell to the floor with a metallic crash.

"My goodness, gracious me!" she ejaculated, with a gasp. "It's Jenny."

A faint shiver ran through me. I was not even "Sheila" any more. I was "Jenny."

"I heard to-day that—that——" I faltered.

I could not go on. But she took up the words with a shy, awkward sort of eagerness, as if she were half-afraid of me; while the girl stood by, wide-eyed and dumb in bewilderment. "Did they tell you the whole story? Did they tell you who I was, and all?"

"Sir Roger Cope told me that you were—my mother," I said, dully.

"Well, I never. He told you that! And after Lady Cope making me swear I'd never breathe a word to a soul so long as I lived."

"Oh, ma, it ain't true, is it?" cried the girl. "She ain't my sister?"

"Hold your tongue and mind your own business," was the sharp answer; and I felt, rather than saw, the flounce of her poor skirts and the toss of her tousled head that the girl gave.

The woman looked keenly at me, her face still flushed and excited, half-suspicious;; but she did not take a step nearer.

"I don't think Lady Cope meant me to be told," I answered, choking back a sob. "But Roger knew from the first. Moth—Lady Cope only died a few days ago, though it seems a long, long time."

"You heard to-day, and you came straight here to see me," said my newly-found mother, reflectively. "Well, that was very good of you, my dear, that it was. I only wish I had a better house for you to come to. But I haven't had any luck. Totsey, get the young lady a chair. Dear me, I wonder now if you'd let me make you a cup o' tea?"

She still spoke to me as to a stranger of another class from hers, a visitor who must be entertained. She was nervous, and suddenly she became a pathetic figure in my eyes, though I had no stirrings of love. Perhaps this was unnatural, hard-hearted. I cannot help that, for I must paint the picture truly.

I could have screamed or broken into hysterics as Totsey rather sullenly placed a chair for me; but I almost fell into it.

"Is—is it possible that this is my sister?" I forced myself to ask.

"Your half-sister," was the quick reply, as if there were relief in responding to definite questions. "After Lady Cope adopted you—it was hard enough to part with my only one, I can tell you, my dear, but what was I to do?—after she took you away I married again. 'Twas the only thing to do, for I wasn't the sort of woman to be left alone. I had two girls by my second husband, a very different sort of man from your father, I thought, though he was but a rough fellow compared to him, he'd be a protector. But 'twasn't long before I found out it was the money he was after—the money Lady Cope gave me when she took you."

So I had been sold for a price! was the thought that darted through my mind. But I was silent, listening.

As she went on there was a loud noise in the passage outside the door. The handle turned. I started and turned round. What was to come now?

CHAPTER IX.

Home, Sweet Home.

A big, black-eyed girl in a coarse blue dress, with a large hat trimmed with feathers, bounced into the room, but paused at sight of me. This, I was sure, was my other half-sister. She was older than "Totsey," quite a young woman in appearance, and had the air of thinking herself pretty. No doubt she was a beauty—for Easel street.

"I didn't know there was comp'ny," she remarked, bridling.

"It's a wonderful thing's happened, Fan," said the mother of us all. "This young lady—I never told you before my daughter by my first husband was alive—but it's so. And here she is."

The poor, faded creature spoke as if she were half-ashamed, half-proud of the startling revelation.

"Laws!" said Fan. Then, giggling: "She seems to 'ave done pretty well by herself."

"She was adopted by a grand lady, a lady of title," answered the elder woman, with emphasis. "Things were different with me in those days. I was poor, goodness knows; but her father was a gentleman, if he had come down in the world, and he knew how to treat a woman. Yours brought me to this, as I was telling her when you came in."

"You never pyde us a call before," said Fan, still laughing with a certain jealous defiance.

"She never knew who she was till to-day," said our mother, sharply, defending me from the innuendo. "I do hope, my dear," she continued, turning again to me, "that her ladyship left you well off? It's what you had a right to expect. And though, perhaps, I shouldn't say it, it would be a comfort if you could feel inclined to give us a little lift from time to time. Not that we'd expect you to come often, or——"

"I've just six pounds in the world," I interrupted, impulsively; "nor shall I have any more till I've earned it. And I've even lost my home."

For an instant nobody spoke. "That's bad; that is bad," said my mother, gloomily, at last. "What a shame. Can't anything be done? Can't you go to law?"

I shook my head. "Lady Cope's nephew comes into everything. He was her husband's cousin as well, and has the title. No will was made, and I have no chance at all. Besides, I wouldn't fight him for the money if I could."

"Well, I don't see why!" exclaimed my mother. "I'd fight him for all I was worth. Your friends—you must have a lot of grand friends—would pay the costs. You'd get something. But there, that's your father all over! It's wonderful how blood tells. He was on his beam-ends when he came to my mother's house to lodge, poor fellow, for he'd been unfortunate—everything had failed. But he was a gentleman. And he looked at things different from any man I ever saw. I didn't pretend to understand him. He had relatives with some money; but when we were at our worst, and he *dyin'* for *nice* or medicine and proper food, he wouldn't let me go to them. 'Let me die,' says he. 'I'm no more good to you or the baby. It's better I should die than they should know what I've sunk to.' Now, it's the same thing with you."

"What sort of feller's the heir?" enquired Fan. (She pronounced it "hair.") "Is 'e young or old?"

"Over thirty," I answered.

"Ow, not past the marryin' age. Couldn't you 'ave set yer cap at 'im? Then it would 'o bin all right. Jest like the stories in 'My Love' novelettes."

I shuddered, I fear perceptibly, for her face hardened and she tossed her head, with its wild profusion of dark locks. I heard her indistinctly murmur something about "folks that were too stuck up to live."

"What are you going to do?" asked my mother.

"I—I don't know," I almost sobbed.

"Six pounds won't go far."

"No, indeed," I admitted.

"You'll live with friends, I suppose, till you get something to do—governessing, or—or a lady's companion."

"I'm afraid I haven't anyone among the old friends who would take me in; no one, at least, that I would ask."

"There it is again. Just your father's pride. How it does bring back old times! I used to get cross enough with him till he'd fling out of the house, like as not, and stop away for hours."

My poor father, whom I had never known! My heart warmed to him; and I wondered if he cared for me in his freedom from the bondage of this sordid world; if he could see and feel sorry for me?

Quickly my thoughts traveled on to possibilities. To stay with my mother and her two daughters did not seem to be among them. Yet, with six pounds between me and starvation, what other way was open?

"I hear that even for smart, ladylike girls it's hard work to get a place as a governess," the poor, pale woman was querulously saying. "Of course, I don't know anything about it, though. Such things are a good many cuts above me, or Fan and Totsey. Fan's in an artificial flower factory. Totsey was with her till her health broke down, when she came home and helped me with the tailoring. I do for a West End sweater—for that's what he is. You ought to get something miles better. You might go into a grand draper's shop, only there you'd have to pay a premium. But it may be months before you can get hold of what you want. Wouldn't Lady Cope's heir do something, a little allowance——"

"I wouldn't have a penny from him!" I reiterated, picturing the blank lack of comprehension in these poor narrowed minds if I should blurt out the truth that I had refused Sir Roger Cope, with everything that was now his.

"You must 'ave meant to go somewheres," observed Fan, still sulkily, "for you've got a lot of reg'lar Noer's harks out there on your growler. I bet you wasn't goin' to stop 'ere?"

She finished jocosely, but my face must have betrayed that she had stumbled upon the truth. Her jaw dropped.

"Well, I never!" she ejaculated. "If I don't believe you meant that very thing!"

"I didn't know," I tried miserably to explain, "that—that there were other daughters. I came because I had nowhere else to go, and I hoped—but, of course, I see—"

"We might put you up," said my mother, thoughtfully, "if you could stand it. It does seem hard to send one's own flesh and blood away from one's door. You'd have to help with the expenses, of course. That's what the girls do, though it nearly all comes on Fan now, and I couldn't afford anything else. Your six pounds would last you pretty near three months, the way we live, and you could go about looking for a place. But——"

"Law! you must be off your chump, ma!" coarsely exclaimed Fan. "A sweet *plyce* this would be for a fine lydy like 'er. She's 'most ready to 'old 'er nose as it is."

My mother's thin face flushed angrily, and I felt the blood rush to mine. Until Fan's taunt it would have appeared unbearable to stay in such surroundings, crowding the occupants, who must already be cramped for breathing space. But her words raised in me a curious antagonism, a desire to contradict.

"It is my mother's house," I said, stiffly. "If she says that she will have me I will stay."

"There!" cried my mother. "Well, I do say it."

"Can you really put up with me?" I asked, pretending not to hear Fan's rude laughter.

"Fan can come in here to this bed," my mother returned. "You'd have to bunk in the back room with Totsey."

"I'll send the cab away," I said, drearily. Then, suddenly I remembered a new embarrassment.

"My luggage!" I exclaimed. "What shall I do with it?"

"Lor!" groaned my mother, ruefully eyeing the proportions of my boxes through the one small window of the bedroom-kitchen.

"Oh, 'ave 'em in, do!" entreated Totsey, almost dancing in excitement at the prospect. "We'll manage some'ow. I'm jest dyin' to see 'er things."

Half the street was ready to help the driver carry my belongings into the little house. The big trunks were taken to a tiny bare back room, furnished only with a narrow bed and shabby chest of drawers, the latter having a tin basin and a cracked yellow jug on its top. Small as the room was, the lack of furniture made accommodation for the boxes possible, and they were piled one on top of another against the wall. The cabman, evidently very curious, was paid, and sent away; and during the process of finding the right change I heard Totsey whispering to a slatternly woman from next door that her "sister had come 'ome to stop—quite a lydy, with no end of *smart* clothes, and 'ad been livin' with a pirress."

Ten minutes later, no doubt, all Easel street was in possession of this savory morsel.

Mother had been engaged in replenishing the fire for "tea" when I had arrived. Now Totsey was sent out with a few coppers, and shortly after returned with something brown wrapped in newspaper. This something resolved itself into four bloaters, a delicacy with which my nose and eyes for the first time made acquaintance, as I was informed that it had been provided in honor of my coming.

While the bloaters frizzled pungently on the fire, and the tea brewed in a brown earthen pot with half a spout, I was invited by Totsey into the next room, which I was to share with her. Fan followed, with none too good a grace, to remove her belongings from two or three hooks on the wall, and the top drawers of the dilapidated chest. But her big black eyes sparkled as they roved over my boxes.

(To be Continued.)

Giant Tortoises.

FOUR giant tortoises have recently been added to the reptile collection of the Zoological Gardens in Bronx Park, New York. They are from the Galapagos Islands; in the Southern Pacific Ocean, and differ from any tortoises native to Europe, Asia, Africa, or America.

These enormous tortoises are living reminders of the age of giant reptiles. They represent the sole survivors of the gigantic cold-blooded creatures whose massive bones in the different scientific museums illustrate the wonders of the Pliocene Age. In that age lizards attained a length of fonty feet and more, and possessed strength enough to tear down small trees in order to browse upon their leaves. All reptilian life was gigantic in proportion, and a comparison of an ordinary tortoise of the present day with one of the giant tortoises shows the decadence of the reptile race. The average land tortoise of Europe or America, for instance, weighs five pounds, while the largest tortoise at Bronx Park weighs 410 pounds.

There are fourteen distinct species of the giant tortoise. Of these, six inhabit the Galapagos Islands, four the Aldabra Islands and four the Mauritius-Rodriguez group. All the species are rapidly becoming extinct, and reputable scientific authorities have declared several species to be entirely extinct for some time. On the continents of Europe, Asia and Africa these creatures are represented only by fossil remains; the living individuals are confined entirely to the islands mentioned.

To procure these reptiles a number of expeditions have been planned. The first of these resulting in the arrival of specimens in this country was made by the United States ship "Albatross." The specimens procured were placed in the National Museum at Washington. In 1812, long before the visit of the "Albatross," the United States ship "Essex" had explored the islands of the Galapagos group, and two large tortoises were captured and presented to a South Sea Island chief. In 1889 these same reptiles were obtained by Walter Rothschild, and were shipped by him to London.

In 1897 Mr. Rothschild despatched his expedition for giant tortoises to the Galapagos Islands. The total expenses of this expedition were $16,500. Fifty-nine tortoises were procured, but none exceeded two hundred pounds in weight. All the islands were visited. On Duncan Island twenty-seven specimens were captured, representing a species scientifically known as Testudo ephippium. The tortoises collected in this expedition were taken to London in 1898 by Frank B. Webster of Boston. As a special exhibit in a zoological conference then in progress they excited great interest, and their owner finally distributed them among the zoological gardens of Europe.

In 1900 twenty tortoises from the Galapagos Islands were landed in San Francisco by a Captain Noyes. Mr. Webster, acting as special agent for Mr. Rothschild, purchased all the reptiles. A number were lost in shipment from San Francisco to Boston, but six reached Boston alive. These comprised specimens of Testudo vicina and Mycrophyes. The specimens were then shipped to London, where they arrived in good condition.

The third and by far the largest lot of these reptiles arrived in San Francisco early this summer. This lot consisted of twenty-four specimens. They had been brought in a schooner from the Galapagos Islands by Captain William Johnson of San Francisco. Three of the tortoises in this lot are the largest ever captured, weighing more than three hundred pounds each.

F. B. Webster purchased this lot of tortoises, and shipped them to his place in Hyde Park. On the way three of them died. One of the three largest specimens was purchased by the New York Zoological Society, together with four smaller ones. Six specimens have been purchased by Mr. Rothschild, two go to Count Peracca, in Italy, and the remainder will probably be disposed of among zoological institutions.

The five giant tortoises at the New York Zoological Gardens now occupy a plot of long grass opposite the reptile house. In the mornings they are often let out of their enclosure to browse about at will. In the heat of the day they sleep in the shadow of a piece of tarpaulin that has been spread to shelter them from the sun.

The principal article of diet with these strange creatures is the cactus, but they feed on all sorts of vegetation, and seem to thrive.

These tortoises live to a great age. There is one in captivity known to be 127 years old, and it was full grown when caught. The largest of the collection at Fordham is supposed to have attained the great age of two hundred years.

The dimensions of this enormous tortoise are: Length of shell, on curve, 4 feet 3 inches; width of shell, on curve, 4 feet 7 inches; height, 20 inches; weight, 310 pounds. This giant was caught in the crater of an extinct volcano. To carry it thence to the shore were required the efforts of fourteen men for twelve days. A stretcherlike carrier was improvised, and the reptile placed upon it.

Next winter a special tortoise house will be ready at the east end of the present reptile house. There the giant tortoises will be housed from the cold, and a glass roof will give them the full benefit of the sun.

Shuffle and Cut.

Perceiving now that the block was inevitable, the noble prisoner bethought him of suicide.

"Shall I shuffle off this mortal coil?" mused he.

But the executioner, being a man of some wit, withal, divined his thought. "You shuffle after I cut!" quoth this functionary, briefly.

The duke was silent at this. It was not his grace's wont to bandy words with one from the commonalty.—Detroit "Journal."

"Harry," she said, thoughtfully, "what is it?" responded the worried business man, rather shortly. "I wish you could rearrange your business a little bit." "How?" "So as to be a bear on the Stock Exchange instead of at home."—Exchange.

Of the one hundred most popular books of the century up to the present time the check-book is one and the pocketbook is the other ninety-nine.—Ex.

Mr. Dooley on the Weather Bureau.

"I'M goin' to make me apologies to Clancy's leg," said Mr. Dooley.

"Why's that?" asked Mr Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "I've done it an injustice. I've spoke ill iv it as a weather prophet. F'r years that rhoomatic prop has been indicatin' th' weather. If Clancy was seen walkin' briskly down th' sthreet ivrybody up an' down th' road made plans f'r a buggy ride. If Clancy come along leanin' on a shtick, they begun to keep their eye on their umbrellies. Iver since I was a young man, Clancy's leg has tipped off rainstorms before they got as far as th' Rocky Mountains, an' manny a bark has it previnted fr'm goin' out on th' canal whin th' sky was clear overhead, but a twisht in th' knee told Clancy a hurricane was brewin' down below Lemont. That leg dealt in anny kind iv weather, hot or cold, wet or dhry. Clancy used to make a verse about it. 'What,' says he, 'is th' use iv raypinin'?' he says. 'Dhrive care an' sorrow away. To-morrah,' he says, 'th' leg may be aisy, although it is,' he says, 'achin' to-day.' People bought their coal an' ice be Clancy's leg, arranged their parties an' mended their roofs. It predicted th' hard frost iv sivinty-nine an' th' hof spell iv eighty-eight. Th' night before th' big wind come that blew down th' steeple iv th' church, ye cud hear Clancy howlin' like a wolf, an' before th' heavy floods two years ago he had to be wheeled around in a chair f'r a week. I used to laugh at th' people that watched that ol' peg; but mind ye, if I was Mack, I'd have the weather bureau take observations on Clancy's leg an' issue bulletins: 'Clancy in gr-reat ag'ny. Look out f'r storms on th' lakes.' Or: 'Clancy wint to a dance last night. Continyued fair an' clear, with light southwesterly breeze.' I wud so.

"Las' Foorth iv March, Mack sint f'r th' *la-ad that r-runs th'* weather bureau an' says he, 'Pro-fissor,' says he, 'what kind iv weather ar-re ye goin' to give us to-morrah?' he says. 'Can I wear me plug hat?' says he. 'Ye cud go in tissue-pa-aper,' says th' pro-fissor. 'Since th' Lord sint you an' me to bless this gran' counthry,' he says, 'there niver was seen such a fine day as to-morrah will be,' he says. 'Th' sun will shine in th' boochus sky,' he says, 'an' th' burrds will carrol fr'm th' three,' he says. 'Twill be a glorious day, an' ye'll be glad,' he says, 'that ye give me th' job,' he says. Well, sir, Clancy come in to see me that night, groanin' with pain. 'What ails ye?' says I. 'Me leg,' says he. 'Th' weather's got into it,' he says. 'Tis goin' to rain a diluge,' he says. 'But,' says I, 'th' arya iv low barometer is stationary over Texas an' th' arya iv high barometer is tearin' around in th' neighborhood iv Goshen, Injianny,' I says. 'How can it rain?' says I. 'I don't care,' says he. 'Tis goin' to rain, he says. Well, sir, d'ye raymmber, Mack had to put on a life-presarver before he got half-way through tellin' what he'd done f'r us. 'Twas a gr-reat victhry f'r Clancy's leg. I don't know what th' pro-fissor said about it. Maybe he blamed it onto th' Popylists. But annyhow, he wint back to his wurruk an' I begun to believe in him again, f'r th' weather got good.

"I've been thinkin' it over, Hinnissy, an' I come to th' con-clusion that there's two kinds iv weather, human weather an' weather-bureau weather. No wan knows what causes human weather. Hogan says th' seasons is caused be th' sun movin' fr'm th' thropic iv Cancer to th' thropic iv Capsicorn, an' whin 'tis in wan place we suffer fr'm th' cold, an' that's winter, an' whin 'tis in th' other place we suffer fr'm th' heat, an' that's summer. Hogan says it, but Hogan can't tell ye why, if that's so, th' days don't get hotter fr'm March sthraight through to October. Some people says th' summer's, caused be fires in th' bow'ls iv th' earth, where hell used to be whin I was a boy; but if ye believe that, why ain't we cooked th' year around? Father Kelly thinks 'tis th' spots on th' sun does it, an' Schwartzmeister thinks 'tis th' brewer's agent. Ivrybody has a guess, an' wan man's guess is as good as another. That's our weather. Th' weather bureau ought to lave it alone an' shtick to its own, that rains whin they'se a high pressure in Maine, an' snows whin they'se a low pressure in Texas. Th' weather bureau weather is good parlor weather, but th' kind we have to dhrive sthreet cars in is out-iv-dure weather, subject to all th' rigors iv th' climate. Th' weather bureau's weather is on a map, an' our weather is in th' air. That's why th' pro-fissor falls an' Clancy's leg is a gr-reat success. 'Tis an out-iv-dure leg."

"I don't believe in anny kind iv weather prognostifications," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if I was goin' into th' business, I niver wud prophesy till th' day afther."

A Dog Story.

A dog story is told by the traveler, Mr. Herbert Vivian, in his book called "Abyssinia." The dog belonged to Colonel Sadler of Berbera. Among his accomplishments was drinking whiskey. "One very thirsty evening a guest was reclining in one of Colonel Sadler's long cane lounges on the verandah. He placed a tumbler of whiskey and soda by his side and proceeded to converse. Presently he stretched out his hand for his glass, and gave a great start on finding it was empty. He was convinced that he had put it down full a few minutes before, equally positive that he had not touched it; yet how could this liquid have disappeared without disturbing the glass? It was all explained when the dog emerged, wagging his tail, and reeking indecently of spirits."

Out of His Province.

A soap-maker and a banker were at a Wagner concert, says the "Christian Register." The programme did not please them, and they began to talk.

"Every man," said the banker, "wants to do something outside of his own work."

"Yes," answered the soap-maker. "I manufacture good soap, and yet I've always wanted to be a banker."

"You wouldn't be a good one. I am a successful banker, but I always wanted to write a book. And now here's this man Wagner tries his hand at music. Just listen to the stuff! And yet we all know he builds good parlor-cars."

SHEEP CULTURE

Advice Where a Point Is Made of Growing Lambs for the Market.

Sheep and wool are appreciating in value, and the business of growing them is likely to be prosperous for a term of years, the point is well taken just now. What breeds to use and how to conduct the business depends upon the object in view in growing them and the environment or surrounding circumstances. For instance, if sheep are to be kept on low ground, the Romney Marsh breed are the right ones. If the land is hilly or mountainous, Merions are the best. And if on old, well-cultivated farms near market for lambs, any of the Down breeds are suitable. On the ranges of the West, Southwest and South, the present sheep need breeding up, and there is not so good a sheep to breed up with as the Rambouillets or French Merions. To commend them for this purpose are their hardiness, density, firmness, length and weight of wool, size of the animals and great propotency, the pure-bloods having been bred in liu over a century. To show the esteem in which they are held on the Western sheep ranches, the ranchers last season took the last carload of rams that could be found in any locality in the East.

On Eastern farms, if a point is to be made of growing lambs for market, without much regard for quantity of wool, and if there are good enclosed Winter quarters for them, and succulent and rich food, any of the Down breeds or the Dorsets would answer the purpose well. Most of the ewes of farmers are Merino grades. A cross of pure-bred Down rams upon them produces very fine early market lambs; but when the blood of the ewes is mainly of English breeds I would cross them with Rambouillets. Sheep do well in Summer where they can get sufficient herbage, either of fine or coarse grasses, many of the weeds or leaves of bushes and briars. If their range is limited, A change of pasture occasionally is desirable. Pue water and constant access to salt are necessary to health. Good clover or fine hay will carry them through the Winter nicely, but a little grain daily from February to grass is advisable. Timothy hay is not a suitable food for sheep. Merino sheep will winter well on bright straw and a pint of grain a day. In this case they should be fed a third more straw than they will eat up clean, because they reject the coarse butts. They will not refuse a daily feed of roots or silage. Such will benefit them, but it is not a necessity as with Eaglish sheep.

Value of Coal Ashes.

As a walk around the dwelling of down to the barn they are first class. They are good for street crossings and when the pavements are icy, just splendid. As an improver of roads for horses and wagons they come in very handy when the clay subsoil is sticky. But as an improver of clay soils for farm purposes their value is nil. A neighbor who hauls out much manure from town claims that he has had enough of coal ashes. He is a gardener and all of his land is now filled with coal cinders which dull his hoes and other tools while working his land. In planting cabbage and tomato plants he has to use a stick to plant with, for he says if a cinder runs against his finger when planting, he has a sore finger; it does not hurt a stick. J. F. says that "10 to 30 tons of coal ashes may be applied per acre." Why not use sand to ameliorate the clay instead of cinders? We have a soil in some portions of our hills hereabouts which is filled with fine broken flint. Farmers have no love for such a soil and coal ashes are just as bad. My gardener friend tells me that he is going to use sand to ameliorate a certain warm spot of clay on his farm. This is interesting and I shall watch it.—F. K. S., Festus, Jefferson Co., Mo.

Treat Cows Like Horses.

Aim to keep the cows perfectly clean. Until you have tried it you don't know what an economical and paying policy it is. Clean, dry bedding for the milch cattle goes a long ways, but it does not do all. Cows should be daily curried the same as horses, which not only removes all stable compost and dirt from their flanks and legs, but keeps the skin stimulated and conduces to the animal's health. And, as regards neatness and auxiliary to milk purity, the procedure goes without saying. Nothing looks so "penny wise and pound foolish" as to see a dairyman brush off the cow's udder preparatory to milking, while her flanks are covered with filth. Once get the cows' bodies clean, and it is a comparatively easy matter to keep them so. With a daily change of bedding and a daily currying the feat is accomplished.—Geo. E. Newell.

Throwing Feed Away.

There are many ways of reducing the cost of milk, but the one that should receive the first consideration is the cow. Is she a good one? If she is not, then the problem of how to make cheaper milk is a hard one to solve. I believe that one first-class cow in a herd of scrubs would, if the owner were an observing man, soon be the means of lessening the cost of the milk in that dairy by replacing the scrubs with good cows. When an observing man notices the difference in yield between a good cow and a poor one it sets him to thinking, and he finds out that it does not pay to keep poor cows. When one good cow will yield as much as three poor ones it does not require much intelligence to see that the extra feed taken to support three cows in stead of one is just that much feed thrown away.—V. M. Couth.

Sweet Cream Butter.

But why make sweet cream butter? The general market, where it goes to the average consumer, does not demand it. Unless one wants it for use in the family, or has special consumers that prefer it, I can see no occasion for making it. Of course, if one has customers that want sweet cream butter, it should be made. That is the only business-like way to do; make an article just exactly as the consumer wants it, and then a good price can be obtained. If a customer thinks he wants sweet cream butter, make some for him and let him try it. The chances are that after he has tried it, he will prefer that from ripened cream. I have seen sweet cream butter entered many times at fairs and never knew it once to draw a prize.—C. P. Goodrich, Wisconsin.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

Published By

The Revelstoke Herald Publishing Co.
Limited Liability.

A. JOHNSON,
Editor and Manager.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display ads., $1.50 per inch; single column, $2 per inch when inserted on title page. Legal ads., 10 cents per inch (nonpariel) line for first insertion; 5 cents for each additional insertion. Local notices 10 cents per line each issue. Birth, Marriage and Death Notices free.

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By mail or carrier, $2 per annum; $1.25 for six months, strictly in advance.

OUR JOB DEPARTMENT.

Is one of the best equipped printing offices in the West and prepared to execute all kinds of printing in first-class style at honest prices, one price to all. No job too large—none too small—for us. Mail orders promptly attended to. Give us a trial on your next order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

Address all communications to the Manager.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1902.

IMMIGRATION.

A considerable overflow from the great tide of immigration which is flowing into Manitoba and the North West at the present time, could be secured for British Columbia were proper facilities afforded for would-be immigrants to investigate the lands in different parts of the province, with some previous information as to their general character. We have on the authority of the Hon. T. Mayne Daly, that there are numbers of Manitobans who are in revolt against the climatic rigors under which they have secured a comfortable competence in Manitoba. Mr. Daly is in a good position to judge, as, having lately been in British Columbia, he has, no doubt, been consulted by many would-be immigrants. These men have undergone the storm and stress of one of man's greatest conquests over nature, the settlement and cultivation of Manitoba. During the present rush for land there they are able to sell their productive farms to advantage, and the milder climate and more humid valleys of British Columbia are to them irresistibly seductive. Imagine the effect, however, of turning responsible and substantial farmers loose in British Columbia bush and telling them to choose for themselves! They at once reply that being neither birds nor monkeys they will go elsewhere to investigate soil and climatic conditions. Yet that is practically all that our government departments can do for the immigrant today. We heard the other day of a substantial German who was the advance agent of one hundred families, and was armed with bank references of the most unimpeachable character, who spent some time in Victoria seeking information about land on which to settle the colony. He found no official information which could possibly be of service to him, and was left with the sad alternative of either starting to survey enormous areas for himself, or of leaving the province. Colonel Prior, speaking before the Board of Trade, expressed himself strongly on the subject of the government's being able to supply a little more detailed information about unoccupied Crown land to the agricultural settler than a small scale map. We hope that the necessity of adequate action will not be overlooked. Warning voices are in our ears all the time. The drain upon our resources through the fact that we do not even feed ourselves, is frightful, and is not growing smaller. We must develop agriculture or be continually impoverished. At the present time a great opportunity exists to give agriculture a much needed stimulus through the immigration setting towards Canada. We must not permit our opportunities to slip through our hands. Once lost they do not recur.—Colonist.

Our City—Revelstoke.

(Recited by Bessie Lawson at the True Blue Concert, July 12th.)

In a valley of the Rockies lies this city of the west:
Its soil is rich and fertile, its people truly blest.
Its produce is quite varied; its people, from all climes—
Mingled products, mingled peoples, suit each other and the times.

Need we grudge the ancient cities, glorious annals of the past;
While we have within our city men and women of all caste?

Let Italy boast of her Columbus; we have little Krisses here.
Were more continents to discover, from our midst 'tis very clear,
Would spring the chap to do it, for, as we've said before,
We have the right material, it is at our very door.

Napoleon,—what of him? We have Bonnies just the same,
That, perhaps, could teach Napoleon some lessons at his game.
Was George Washington a hero? We have Georges in our town,
That will, some day in the future, cut our forest trees all down—
Not with hatchet, but with muscle, not of hand, but brain,
Intellects that feed upon our country's choicest grain.

Li Hung Chang! Peace to his ashes and his wealth!
We have Changs of no mean order, except it be for health.
The health of our public, which, at present, is but poor.
But our council have awakened, we may rest secure,
They will see that we are guarded from every pest and snare—
They are not like other councils which are taken unaware.

We have gentlemen at leisure with remittance at their backs.
We have men of all professions, from the true, down to the quacks.
We have prospects, glorious prospects: we need never have a care,
If in the Big Bend district we have wisely bought a share.

Our populace are quite enthused, they've running o'er with vim;
They've built a boat, that all may float, in case all cannot swim.
The tide is strong at present, the architects hold sway;
Our buildings, if not up to date, are all right in their way.
The temple of Diana must hold but second place
To our Joss House lately builded for our heathen Chinese race.

We're living in the present; the future holds in sight
A city of no mean estate, with prospects quite as bright,
As any modern city holds in this or other lands.
We're not swelled headed saying this, We quote just how it stands.
Our citizens a good thing know, and are not afraid to part
With the cash that furthers interest in every loyal heart.

We contemplate a building, which, ere long, will be complete—
A building promised to afford aesthetic eyes a treat.
We boast not of surroundings, our mountain peaks sublime
Speak much louder, more effective, than can this tongue of mine;
But we boast of our resources, of our prospects, plain to see,
Of what Revelstoke today is, and of what she yet shall be.

—A. SMITH.

A notice of the collections recently bequeathed by the late Mr. Philip Crowley to the natural history branch of the British Museum appeared a few days ago in the "Times." A very important portion of the bequest is the collection of eggs, from which 15,200 specimens have been added to the series previously possessed by the museum. Among the gems in the Crowley cabinet are an egg of the great auk and one of the extinct pied Labrador duck. Both these specimens were acquired by Mr. Crowley from Canon Tristram. The great auk's egg is one of the last "batch" despatched in 1844 from Iceland to Denmark. The two specimens in the museum previous to this addition were both cracked and in otherwise poor condition. An interesting item in the collection is the number of clutches of eggs of various species of birds with a cuckoo's egg among them. The Crowley collection has added about 15 per cent. to the species of birds represented by their eggs in the museum, the increase being especially marked in Australian forms, in which the national collection was previously weak.

For Sale

TWO Residences on McKenzie Avenue, with modern improvements, $.500 each on easy terms.

TWO Residences on Third Street, east, very convenient for railway men, $1800 each, easy terms.

ONE Residence on First Street, east, cash required $500, subject to mortgage.

Apply to,
HARVEY, McCATRER & PINKHAM.

TIME TABLE

S. S. Revelstoke
During High Water.

Leave Eight-Mile Landing—
Every Tuesday and Friday at 6 a. m

Leave La Porte—
Every Tuesday and Friday at 2 p. m.

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.

A. FORSLUND, Master. R. W. TROUP, Mate and Purser.

TIME TABLE

S. S. ARCHER OR S. S. LARDEAU

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

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

Leaving Comaplix and Thomson's Landing for Arrowhead....twice daily—7:15k and 12:45k

Making close connections with all C. P. R. Steamers and Trains.

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

The Fred Robinson Lumber Co., Limited

BELGIAN HARES

The quickest breeders and greatest money makers in the small stock line of the present day. Full bred stock of FASHODAS.

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

THOS. SKINNER,—Revelstoke, B. C.

LEGAL

LEMASTRE & SCOTT.

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

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM

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

SOCIETIES.

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

CHURCHES

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

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

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Service every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. to which all are welcome. Prayer meeting at 8 p. m. every Wednesday.
REV. W. C. CALDER, Pastor.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Mass at 10:30 a. m., on first, second and fourth Sundays in the month.
REV. FATHER THAYER.

SALVATION ARMY.
Meeting every night in their Hall on Front Street.

H EDWARD
TAXIDERMIST
DEER HEADS, BIRDS, Etc. MOUNTED,
Furs Cleaned and Re-aired.
JUST EAST OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Third Street.

A. H. HOLDICH
ANALYTICAL CHEMIST
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Royal School of Mines, London. Seven years at Morfa Works, Swansea. 17 years Chief Chemist to Wigan Coal and Iron Co., Eng. Late Chemist and Assayer, Hall Mines, Ltd. Claims examined and reported upon.
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REVELSTOKE, B. C.

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Sanitary Plumbing, Hot Water And Steam Heating, Gas Fittin
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A Fine Stock of Chinese and Japanese Goods Just Arrived

BAMBOO CHAIRS,
FANCY TABLES,
TEA TRAYS,
CHINAWARE,
FANCY GOODS,
NAPKINS,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
FANS,

IN GREAT VARIETY
IN THE NEW STORE OPPOSITE THE JOSS HOUSE.

GRAND

Orange Celebration

REVELSTOKE, JULY 12, 1902,

in which Golden, Salmon Arm, Kamloops and Revelstoke, and the Loyal True Blues will take part.

EXCURSION RATES

In connection with the celebration by the Orangemen in this city on the 12th July next, the C. P. R. have granted cheap excursion rates from the following points to Revelstoke and return;

Ashcroft	$4 95
Kamloops	3 75
Salmon Arm	1 95
Vernon	3 65
Golden	2 85
Arrowhead	1 05

For Further Particulars Write
W. G. BIRNEY,
Recording Sec., L. O. L., 1658,
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

GET IN EARLY FOR FIRST CHOICE

LOTS NOW FOR SALE IN THE BANNER CAMP OF FISH RIVER

"GOLDFIELDS"

The Centre for all the Big Free Milling Gold Groups of Fish River, Pool Creek, Etc.

Business Lots, $100. Corner Lots, $150

EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT.

A Ten Stamp Mill and Diamond Drills, Etc., are now on the way to Goldfields for the Northwestern Development Syndicate. This means that **Goldfields** will be the **Big Town** in that District.

LEWIS BROS.,
Agents, Revelstoke.

R. F. PERRY,
Resident Manager.

A. N. Smith

Baker and Confectioner

A full and complete line of
GROCERIES

A. N. Smith

Cor. Mackenzie Ave. and Railway Street.

Jas. I. Woodrow BUTCHER

Retail Dealer in—
Beef, Pork, Mutton, Etc.
Fish and Game in Season....
All orders promptly filled.
Corner Douglas King Streets. REVELSTOKE, B.C

THE CITY EXPRESS

E. W. B. Paget, Prop.

Prompt delivery of parcels, baggage, etc. to any part of the city

Any Kind of Transferring Undertaken

All orders left at R. M. Smythe's Tobacco store, or by Telephone No. 7 will receive prompt attention.

LIVE, AND LET LIVE!!

Please don't try and run us out of town by sending your orders east. We must have your work in order to live. We depend on you for our work! Eastern houses do not! Do not allow yourself to be roped in by their peddlers! We also guarantee to give you better satisfaction for your money.

R. S. WILSON,
Next the McCarty Block.

Canadian Pacific Railway

TRAINS LEAVE REVELSTOKE DAILY.

EASTBOUND	8:10
WESTBOUND	17:15
SOUTHBOUND	8:40

IMPERIAL LIMITED EASTBOUND.
Sundays—Wednesdays—Fridays—4:20 o'clock.

WESTBOUND.
Mondays—Wednesdays—Saturdays 21 o'clock.

Fastest time & Superior Equipment
82-HOURS TO MONTREAL-82

STEAMSHIPS, FROM VANCOUVER
TO——CHINA, JAPAN,
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Lowest Rates and Best Service to and from all points.
For full information, printed matter, etc., call on or address,

T. W. Bradshaw, Agent Revelstoke.
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WOOD

For Sale.

The undersigned having contracted for the whole of McMahon Bros. wood is prepared to supply Mill wood at

$2 Per Load

Cedar Cordwood—$3.00 delivered.
Hardwood at equally low rates.

..Thos. Lewis..

Orders left at C. B. Hume & Co., Morris & Steed's, or at mill will have prompt attention.

LACES and BRAIDS

A large range of Point Lace, Duchess and Battenburg Braids, Stamped Designs, Stamped Linens, Embroidery Needles, Hooks, &c.

Berlin and Zephyr Wools, all shades, Slipper Soles, Valenciennes Lace, Insertion.

Call at the
MADISON PARLORS.

Misses Sheppard & Bell
McKenzie Avenue oct3

FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS. HEATED BY HOT AIR.
FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION. REASONABLE RATES.

Hotel Victoria

Brown & Guerin, Props.

ELECTRIC BELLS AND LIGHT IN EVERY ROOM.
HOURLY STREET CAR MEETS ALL TRAINS.
BAR WELL SUPPLIED BY THE CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

P. BURNS & CO'Y.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

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

W. Mollison,

General Blacksmith, Wagon Maker, Etc.

DEALER IN—
Chatham Wagons, Wm. Gray & Sons Plows,
Popp Bros.' Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, Seeders, &c.

DOUGLAS STREET. Revelstoke, B. C.

H. G. PARSON, President. M. J. O'BRIEN, Managing Director

The Revelstoke Wine and Spirit Co.

Limited Liability.

Carry a full and complete line of
Scotch and Rye Whiskies, Boandies, Rums,
Holland, Old Tom, London Dry and Plymouth Gins,
Ports, Sherries, Clarets, Champagne, Liquers
Imported and Domestic Cigars.

THE SUPPLY HOUSE FOR NORTH KOOTENIAY.

FURNITURE

Just unloading Two Large Cars of Furniture. We now carry a larger and better stock than any House between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Come and look round whether you want to buy or not. We are stacked full from Floor to Roof
REVELSTOKE FURNITURE CO'Y.

WORST FLOOD IN 40 YEARS

Mississippi Levees Break under the Unprecedented Strain—Loss Will Exceed Forty Million Dollars.

KEOKUK, Iowa, July 21.—The flood conditions are much worse today, and the Mississippi is from two to ten miles wide, for seventy miles below Keokuk, and is rising rapidly. The flood is reaching far outlying farms, hitherto missed. The farmers in the lowlands on the Missouri side have lost everything but their houses on high knolls, and a few fields behind the highest levels. The damage is above a million dollars on the Illinois side, between here and Quincy.

The Lima and Hunt levees, opposite Canton, Missouri, which protect many square miles of corn in Illinois, are being constantly patrolled, and hopes are entertained that they may possibly hold.

The greatest damage is on the Missouri side of the river, between Keokuk and Hannibal, the flooded territory covering 300 square miles, and on which the corn was estimated at 80 bushels to the acre a few days ago. Reports today are that in the territory indicated the loss will be over four million dollars, chiefly to corn lands.

The damage done along the Mississippi is greater than was expected, or at first reported. One township in this county, Green Bay, is six or seven feet under water. It contains more than 11,000 acres of crop. The families there were driven out hurriedly, and some cattle were drowned. The levee eight miles north of Burlington, broke inundating three square miles that had been considered safe.

The Skunk river, the most damaging tributary of the Mississippi, is roaring down with a flood approached but twice in the history of the state, in 1851 and 1802. The water reached the record of 1892, and touched the highest record of 1851. The river rises in the centre of Iowa, and empties into the Mississippi 25 miles north of Keokuk. Eddiville, Ottumway and Copperk are among the heaviest losers from this cause.

Thousands of acres are submerged in Apanoose county, Iowa, and there is much small grain caught in the fields. The crop in other places is chiefly corn. A new element, which has appeared all over the drowned section of Iowa, is disease among the stock, from the condition of the pastures overflower slightly, and used after the temporary subsidence of the water.

IS COMMITTED FOR CONTEMPT

McAdams to Serve 9 Months and Give Security for Future Good Conduct.

William McAdam, editor of the Sandon Paystreak, has been sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for contempt of court, and also ordered to give bonds in the sum of $1,000 with four sureties for his good behaviour, or, in default, another twelve months imprisonment. McAdams was brought down from Sandon on a warrant issued by the Full Court, he having failed to appear in answer to the summons of the court. The article which the court has decided was a contempt of court, reads as follows:

"J. K. Clark's famous case against J. Frank Collum for commission on the Arlington deal has again been postponed — this time until next December. J. K. has now been 28 months trying to break into the British Columbia courts, but owing to Collum's pull, cannot get his case heard, and it is evident that the courts intend to continue putting him off on one pretext or another until he dies or quits the game. * * * We pride ourselves on our British fair play, but we maintain a string of judges who are corrupt, lazy debauched and prejudiced and we permit them to conduct the business of the country in a manner that is simply outrageous. The two handed gun man is a lessor danger to society than a corrupt judiciary."

Mr. Maclean, deputy attorney-general, put in the copy of the Paystreak containing the article coinplained of and quoted cases to show that the article was contrary to law.

McAdams addressed the court, not being represented by counsel, although Mr. A. E. McPhillips, K. C., watched the case in his interest. He stated that he could not comply with the summons of the court as he had no money with which to come to Victoria. The article, he said, was written in the heat of the moment, and was what he considered reflected what the people of Sandon were saying. He recited the facts of the case of Clark vs. McCollum, but said he was not prepared to prove that there had been any "pull" exerted. He also admitted that he should not have used the word corrupt. He tendered an apology.

After considering the case the court passed sentence as above, Chief Justice Hunter saying that the court found the defendant guilty, on his own admissions, of a serious contempt of court and of a scurrilous attack upon the court with a view to scandalizing the judiciary before the country. The statements in the article in question stabbed the court in its most vital parts, because it shook the confidence of the public in the administration of justice. The defendant appeared to be a man of some education, and should have known better than to write such an article. Not satisfied with one offence he had repeated it. His apology was worse than no apology, because he had limited it to one portion of the offence. His Honor thought the court would be very remiss if it allowed articles of the sort in question to pass unchallenged. He wished to remind McAdams that he was not going to be made a hero of, as there were no heroes in the jails of British Columbia.

Oriental Hotel

Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.

BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

Large, Light bedrooms.

Rates $1 a day.
Monthly Rate.

J. Albert Stone . Prop.

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 of 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.

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. 67,211, 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 th s first day of July, A. D., 1902

FLORENCE McCARTY.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the south side of the Columbia River, about one mile below the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Maude Skene's North-East Corner Post;" thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east to the point of commencement.

MAUDE SKENE.

Dated this 29th day of April, 1902.

Notice.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of the Columbia River about two miles above the mouth of Wood River, and marked "Olivia Robinson's North-West Corner Post;" thence south 40 chains; thence east 160 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 160 chains to the point of commencement.

OLIVIA ROBINSON.

Dated this 29th day of April, 1902.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, intend 30 days after date to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:- Commencing at a post planted on the west side of the Columbia River one mile below Boyd's Ranch, and marked A. Edgar's south east corner post, thence running in a westerly direction 40 chains thence north 160 chains thence east 40 chains to Columbia River thence along Columbia River 160 chains to place of commencement.

Dated this 14th day of May, 1902.

A. Edgar.

Notice.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of the Canoe River, about four miles up from its mouth, and marked "Olivia Robinson's North-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

OLIVIA ROBINSON.

Dated this 1st day of May, 1902.

Notice.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of the Columbia River about two miles above the mouth of Wood River, and marked "Olivia Robinson's North-West Corner Post;" thence south 40 chains; thence east 160 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 160 chains to the point of commencement.

OLIVIA ROBINSON.

Dated this 29th day of April, 1902.

Notice.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of the Columbia River, about two miles above the mouth of Wood River, and marked "E. L. McMahon's North-West Corner" planted on the east bank of the Columbia River at the south-west corner of the timber limit held by Henrietta McMahon under special license; thence east 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence west 40 chains, to the east bank of the Columbia River; thence north along the east bank of the said river 160 chains to the point of commencement.

E. L. McMAHON.

Dated May 5th, 1902.

Notice.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of the Canoe River, about four miles up from its mouth and marked "C. R. Skene's North-West Corner Post;" thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

C. R. SKENE,

Dated this 1st day of May, 1902.

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

Annual General Meeting.

The annual general meeting of the Revelstoke Hospital Society will be held at Fire Hall No. 2 on Monday, August 4th, 1902, at 8 p. m., for the purpose of electing trustees for the ensuing and general business.

All persons who have subscribed $5 or upwards towards the funds of the Society are entitled to be present and vote on all matters brought before the meeting, and all such are invited to be present.

B. R. ATKINS,
Hon. Sec.-Treas.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to cut and carry away timber from the following described tract of land in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post marked "John A. McMahon's South-West Corner," planted at a point 160 chains southerly from the south limit of the lands of the Pittsburg Syndicate situated north of Death Rapids; thence east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains, to the south limit of the lands of the Pittsburg Syndicate; thence west 40 chains, to the east bank of the Columbia River; thence south along the east bank of said river 160 chains to the point of commencement.

JOHN A. McMAHON.

Dated May 5th, 1902.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of the Columbia River, about one mile below the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Henry Lovewell's North-West Corner Post;" thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

HENRY LOVEWELL.

Dated this 29th day of April, 1902.

Notice.

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

Commencing at a post marked "G. B. Nagle's South-East Corner Post, planted on the north bank of the Columbia River, one mile west of the mouth of Canoe River; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

G. B. NAGLE.

Dated this 29th day of April, 1902.

Notice.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia River just above the mouth of Canoe River, and marked "Fred. Robinson's South-East Corner Post;" thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

FRED ROBINSON.

Dated this 29th day of April, 1902.

Notice.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of the Columbia River, about two miles above the mouth of Wood River, and marked "Fred. Robinson's South-West Corner Post;" thence east 160 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 160 chains; thence south 40 chains to the point of commencement.

FRED ROBINSON.

Dated this 29th day of April, 1902.

Notice.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of the Canoe River and alongside of the Canoe River trail, about one mile above the mouth of Harvey Creek, and marked "C. R. Skene's South-West Corner Post;" thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

C. R. SKENE.

Dated this 1st day of May, 1902.

Notice.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the west bank of the Columbia River, just below the mouth of a large creek about one half mile above Peterson's Ranche, and marked "Henry Lovewell's South-East Corner Post; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains, more or less, to the bank of the Columbia River; thence following the bank of the Columbia River to the point of commencement.

HENRY LOVEWELL.

Dated this 5th day of May, 1902.

Notice.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the west bank of the Columbia River, about one quarter of a mile below the mouth of Seven Mile Creek, about six miles above Death Rapids and marked "Maude Skene's South-East Corner Post;" thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains, more or less to the west bank of the Columbia River; thence following the bank of the Columbia River to the point of commencement.

MAUDE SKENE,

Dated this 5th day of May, 1902.

THE TOWNSITE OF

..CIRCLE CITY..

IS NOW ON THE MARKET.

2oo --Lots on Sale-- 2oo

BUY BEFORE YOU SLEEP.

CIRCLE CITY is the Terminus of the proposed Railway already surveyed via the Lardeau Creek with fork to that point.

CIRCLE CITY is beautifully situated at the base of the Lardeau Pass, Galena and Surprise Creeks.

CIRCLE CITY is absolutely surrounded by Mining Properties now under Development.

Splendid Water Power

Which will be utilized next Season by Concentrating Plants.

SEND FOR PARTICULARS AT ONCE TO THE GENERAL AGENT,

G. B. BATHO, - - Ferguson, B. C.

ASHNOLA!!

The Smelting Centre of the Similkameen Valley. Backed by the payrolls of two gigantic coal companies and the Copper and Kennedy Mountain Mines.

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.

City of Wonder, Progress and Great Prosperity

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 the company 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.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS APPLY TO

SIMILKAMEEN VALLEY COAL CO., LIMITED.

—NELSON, B. C.—

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.

Corporation of the City of Revelstoke.

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby give that the first sitting of the annual Court of Revision of the Municipality of the City of Revelstoke will be held in the City Clerk's Office, Revelstoke, on Friday, the First day of August, 1902, at 10 a.m., for the purpose of hearing complaints against the Assessment as made by the Assessor, and for revising and correcting the Assessment Roll for the year 1902.

CHARLES ERSKINE SHAW,
Clerk Municipal Council.

Revelstoke, B. C.,
June 21st, 1902.

NOTICE.

The Double Eagle Mining and Development Co., Limited Liability.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company will be held at their office, in Ferguson, B. C., on Thursday, July 10th, 1902, at 2 p. m., for the transaction of all business connected with the Company, and the transfer books of the company will be closed from June 25th, 1902.

A. H. HOLDICH,
Secretary.

Notice to Delinquent Co-Owner.

To John T. Moore or to anyone to whom he may have transferred his interests in the Gilman Fractional mineral claim, situate in the Lardeau Mining Division.

You are hereby notified that I expended the sum of one hundred and seven dollars and fifty cents ($107.50) in labor and money on the before-mentioned mineral claim, in order to hold said mineral claim under Section 24 of the Mineral Act; and if within ninety days (90) from the date of this notice, you fail to contribute your proportion of such expenditure, together with all costs of advertising, your interest in said mineral claim will become the property of the undersigned, under Section 4 of an Act entitled "An Act to amend the Mineral Act, 1900."

Dated at comaplix, B. C., this 15th day of April, A. D., 1902.

JOSEPH BEST,
Co-Owner.

UNION Cigar Factory

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

H. A. BROWN, PROP.

Brands:
OUR SPECIAL and THE UNION

ALL GOODS UNION MADE

PELLEW-HARVEY, BRYANT & GILMAN

Mining Engineers and Assayers,

VANCOUVER, B.C. Established 1890

ASSAY WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS UNDERTAKEN.

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

VANCOUVER, B. C.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

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

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SECOND STREET, EAST.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

THE TOMATO IN ENGLAND.

It Had Been an Ornament in the Kitchen Gardens for Over a Century.

Horace Townsend writes from London, May 8, to the Philadelphia Ledger:

Not so very many years ago it was almost as difficult to find a tomato in an English green grocer's shop as to discover the proverbial needle in the traditional hay stack. The tomato was not altogether unknown in England, for it had been an ornament of old-fashioned kitchen gardens in the southern counties for over a century, but as a serious article of diet it was not at all considered. It is probably due to the missionary efforts of the American people that the tomato today holds a prominent place in the cuisine of all but the most conservative English households. There are, of course, Englishmen who will argue with you that because, when they were children, they some times ate a tomato on some rare and exceptional occasion. American can lay no claim to having educated her elderly relative even in so trifling a matter as the consumption of tomatoes, or love apples, as the English name used to be for them. The fact remains, however, that the English have bravely got over their former antipathy to the vegetible—so much so, indeed, that one large fruit grower has started what is probably the largest establishment in the world for growing tomatoes under grass. The English climate does not allow of the ripening of the plant in the open air until late in the summer, but the English appetite demands a supply of it in the early months of spring. Hirtherto the Continent and the Channel Islands have supplied this demand; now the market gardener in question has determined not only to break the record in the size of his green-houses, but to drive the foreigner out of the English tomato market. He has expended something like $100,000 in starting his experiments. He has built ten enormous green-houses each nearly a thousand feet long and forty feet wide, and when I went down to see them the other day I found that seven were already filled with tomato plants. So enormous are these houses that the work of preparing the soil is done by a three-horse plow, as though it were an open field. Already nearly fifty thousand tomato plants are all a-growing and a-blowing, and next year, I was told, ten more green-houses of the same size will be built, all to be devoted to tomatoes alone. It may be of interest to add that the only varieties planted are the "Challenger" and the "Chemin Rouge," which the grower in question considers the best for crop and quality. Within a month he expects to be sending tons of tomatoes to the London market every week.

Another Cure for Balky Horses.

As told in a New York letter, a driver of a truck was in great distress in front of the Judge building, in New York, one day recently, because his horse balked crosswise of the street and caused not only a loss of his time, but also blocked traffic. All the usual devices to get the stubborn animal to move were unavailing, and a crowd had gathered of considerable size to watch the proceedings. W. J. Arkell, proprietor of Judge, was attracted to the scene, and as the Tribune relates it, he said to his brother Barlett, who sat in his office: "I will bet $100 to 10 cents that I can go out and start that horse in two minutes." Bartlett immediately took the bet and the money was placed in the hands of the private secretary.

W. J. Merrill and two Arkells started for the street. W. J. Arkell picked up two handfuls of sand and asked the driver to hold the horse's head still. Then he packed each of the horse's nostrils full of the sand, and almost instantly the horse began to sneeze and start with a rush, to the great delight of the driver, amid the shouts of the by-standers. Mr. Arkell, the winner, says he doesn't read the London Lancet for nothing.

The Gypsy Moth.

Endeavors to exterminate this pest have, since 1890, cost the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture $700,000.

Professor C. H. Fernald, of the board in an interview, is reported to have said that the territory covered by the gypsy moth is about two hundred square miles. They are in about twenty towns in Eastern Massachusetts and this territory has been attacked from the outside till about half the area has been cleared. The cost of extermination as estimated by Professor Fernald, would be $200,000 each year, for five years; $100,000 yearly for another five years, and about $15,000 yearly for the third five years. The moth eats everything that grows, except tobacco leaves. Professor Howard is to investigate the matter farther this summer for the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, and if his report is satisfactory the burden of the work may be taken up by the national government. If pursued carefully, Professor Fernald says, the war against the moth may be completed within the first decade of the twentieth century, so that nothing but future importation need be feared.

Against Free Seeds.

Secretary Hastings, of the Florida State Horticultural Society, has forwarded us a copy of a resolution passed by that society condemning the free distribution of seeds by the government, as now conducted, and recommending that Congressmen use their efforts to have the appropriation now made for this purpose applied to the scientific work of the Department of Agriculture in investigating diseases and insect enemies of plants grown for commercial purposes throughout the United States.

Salt, Sulphur and Lime Wash.

To make this wash, which is extensively used in California as an insecticide, take ten pounds of lime, twenty pounds of sulphur and twenty gallons of water; boil until the sulphur is dissolved. Then take the remaining fifteen pounds of lime and salt, slake and add enough water to make the whole sixty gallons; strain and spray with it while milk warm. This wash has no injurious effect on the buds or on the trees.

Pennies by the Ton.

When one has put a penny in the slot and got his correct weight or a piece of chocolate, he seldom thinks of the thousands of other pennies dropped that very hour into other machines. The companies that own these "automatic vendors" receive tons of pennies, which they can turn back into circulation only through the United States Subtreasury, since banks refuse to handle pennies unless they are counted and packed in rolls, and the slot-machine companies would have to hire a large force of clerks to do this, and that would curtail their profits. The problem of counting pennies for deposit in the Subtreasury is simple. They are weighed like so many bullets on a scale, which registers not pounds and ounces, but dollars and cents. The collections from the slot-machines do not go directly to be weighed. The coin has first to be sorted, for it is mixed with all kinds of refuse—lead weights, buttons, bangles and counterfeits, put into the slot either in a spirit of mischief or to defraud the company. The boys who do this sorting wear antiseptic gloves, for the coins are very dirty and likely to spread disease. The refuse from the sorting process is usually valueless, although now and then gold pieces, bits of jewelry, gold and silver charms engraved with tender inscriptions find their way into the iron throat of the machine which swallows only copper cents. Hundreds of German pennies and many coins of higher value are found in the machines, put there through carelessness, for in these cases there can be no intention to cheat; there is nothing lower than a cent. Counterfeits abound. The cost of making is not great, and the per cent. of profit is large. People seldom take the trouble to look carefully at pennies, so counterfeits pass easily. On the Bowery in New York and at Coney Island from one to two per cent. of the copper in circulation is said to be spurious. So the owners of the penny-in-the-slot machines have more trouble with the actual money they receive than men in any other business. Making change relieves a street-car company from receiving nothing but nickels, but the penny-in-the-slot company must take the actual copper stuff and turn it into more convenient form. On lower Broadway it is no uncommon sight to see a wagon load of pennies going, to the Treasury, in appearance only a load of canvas sacks, but really a clumsy embarrassment of riches.

A Believer in the Birch.

There are two very amusing little anecdotes in the newly-published "Memoirs of Herr von Busch," who lived for years in the confidence of Prince von Bismarck. It appears that the Iron Chancellor was not tender to his two sons when they were little, and spanked them for the slightest offence. Once Herbert and "Bill" had been caught stealing nuts in the garden of a neighbor, who, full of respect for the little gentlemen, only scolded them mildly.

At that very moment, however, Bismarck and Moritz Busch put in an appearance. "What!" cried the stern father; "is that all you find to say to these little scoundrels?. Please cut one of the most elastic branches from your despoiled tree, and give them, under my very eyes, the best thrashing that they ever had. And, depend upon it, when I do it myself I do not spare them!" There was no getting out of it; so the neighbor set about the task as tenderly as possible, but Bismarck, stamping with his foot, kept on crying, "Go on! Go on! You coward!" till the wretched farmer, excited by the commanding voice, hit so hard that the boys asked for mercy.

Herr von Busch was indignant, and could not help venturing a few observations. "Bah!" Bismarck answered, "you are too much of a sentimentalist, and seem to ignore that the birch is the salvation of our German children. Look at the Prince Imperial himself! The birch never for a moment leaves the back of the chair of Fraulein H., his governess, who obeys orders, but hates beating her august pupil."

Then, choking with laughter, the Prince went on: "One day the poor, kind lady, after having administered a severe correction to Wilhelm, said, 'Believe me, your Highness, it hurts me more than it hurts you when I have to punish you so.' The boy shrugged his shoulders, looking somewhat incredulous. A little later, at luncheon time, when all the family was gathered round the table, he suddenly said to the governess, 'Is your back better?' On which Princess Victoria kindly asked her what was the matter with her back. 'Not much, I hope,' quickly answered the mischievous boy who is now Emperor, 'for I scarcely feel mine now, but you see, mother, Fraulein H. has such a sympathetic back that it begins to hurt her directly she commences to cane me, and she performed on me this morning.'"

The Glass Eye.

The following good story comes from Ceylon:—A tea-planter—he had a glass eye—was very desirous to go and have a day's shooting with a friend, but he knew that immediately the natives, who were at work on the plantation, got wind that he was away, they would not do a stroke of work. How was he to get off?—that was the question. After much thought an idea struck him. Going up to the men, he addressed them thus: "Although I myself will be absent, yet I shall leave one of my eyes to see that you do your work." And, much to the surprise and bewilderment of the natives, he took out the glass eye and placed it on the stump of a tree and left. For some time the natives worked like elephants, now and then casting furtive glances at the eye to see if it was still watching, but at last one of them, seizing the tin in which he carried his food, approached the tree, and gently placed it over the eye. As soon as they saw that they were not being watched they all lay down and slept peacefully until sunset.

Mrs. Hicksy (who is entertaining her little son's playmate, aged five, to dinner)—Willie, can you cut your own meat? Willie (who is struggling with a piece on his plate)—Yes, thank you (with a desperate saw at the beef), I've cut quite as tough meat as this at home.—Glasgow "Evening Times."

Mainly About People.

"There was a witty fellow out in a Michigan hospital," says Representative William Alden Smith, "who had to be fed on a daily diet of egg and sherry. His physician asked him how he liked it. 'It would be all right, doctor,' he said, 'if the egg was as new as the sherry and the sherry as old as the egg.'"

It is related that once, when the Earl of Lauderdale was at dinner with King Charles, he remarked to the King: "There is a good saying, that fools make feasts and wise men eat them." "There is another as good," replied the Earl of Shaftesbury; "wits make jests and fools repeat them;" and the King advised Lauderdale to make sure of his man in future.

During the recent street car strike in St. Louis, Professor Hyatt, the weather observer, was about to get on a car, when a member of the strike committee stepped up to him and asked if he intended riding on the car. The professor replied that such was his intention. The striker sought to persuade him not to ride, but he started to get on the car. "Well, if you ride on that car we will withdraw our patronage from you," said the striker. "I don't care whether you patronize me or not. I'm in the weather business," replied Professor Hyatt, and he entered the car.

In a Georgia justice court a colored witness was asked to name the time a difficulty occurred. "Hit wuz in fodder pullin' time, suh," he replied. "You don't understand me," said the judge. "I mean, what time was it by the clock?" "Dey warn't no clock dar, suh," said the witness. "Well, by the sun, then?" "Now," exclaimed the witness, triumphantly, "sence you hez come right down ter business I'll tell you plain: Ef de sun had been a-shinin' hit would er been 'bout two hours en a half by sun; but ez de sun didn't show his face 'tall dat day I couldn't say fer sartin des what time hit wuz!"

At the funeral of a lawyer of state reputation, who lived and practised in a town not far from Philadelphia, and who was known among his friends as an unbeliever, an eminent gentleman from Philadelphia reached the house after the minister had begun the sermon. Not knowing how far the service had progressed, he accosted a well-known Quaker of the town, who was a friend of the deceased, and who was noted for his great sense of humor, and, leaning over his shoulder, asked in a whisper: "What part of the services have they reached?" To which the Quaker, without a smile, replied: "Just opened for the defence."

A story of poor Aurelien Scholl, who lately joined the majority, gives a good idea of the caustic humor which made him an oddity among French writers. At a celebrated cafe—not, I think, the Maison Doree, though he was at one time a great supporter of M. Verdier's, alas! moribund establishment—he was offered a Burgundy, which was praised by the host as "true velvet," but had, in fact, become a little sharp with age. "Yes," said Scholl, after tasting it, "velvet, but with pins in it!" Soon after came a Bordeaux, said on the same authority to be "the most generous wine in his cellar." "It is," was this time the verdict, "for it has given away all its good qualities!"

Magistrate Devoy, in the Myrtle Avenue Court, Brooklyn, recently had four darkies who were caught in a gambling raid before him. The first of the lot to be brought to the bar was an undersized man, with a comical face, as black as night. The dialogue between the magistrate and the prisoner created some merriment in the court. "What is your name?" enquired the magistrate, sternly. "Mah name's Smiff," replied the darky. "What is your profession?" "I'se a locksmiff by trade, sah." "What were you doing when the police broke into the room last night?" "Judge, I was pursuin' mah profession. I was makin' a bolt for the door." "Officer," said the magistrate, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "lock Smith up."

The late Sol Smith Russell had three young nieces living in the West, of whom he was very fond. On one occasion, so the story goes, he took the youngest of them for a walk and bought her some candy on the agreement that it was not to be eaten until they reached her home. They started, but before they had gone far the little girl proposed, "Let's wun!" Her uncle declined, and there was long pleading, all to no purpose. Finally, the little girl stopped, knelt down on the pavement, and offered up the petition: "Dod, please make Uncle Sol wun." It was simply a question of my losing my dignity, or her losing her faith in God," said Mr. Russell, in relating the incident, "so we ran as fast as we could for home."

Patronage.

The impressionist had finally sold one of his creations. A brother artist who had arrived, or, as we say, "got there," not only persuaded one of his own customers to buy a painting by the less successful man, at a good figure, but got him an invitation to visit the patron's house to see the picture as it hung on the wall.

It was a painting of a sky, a bridge and a stream, and as they stood before it the purchaser fairly exhausted his vocabulary of art in expatiating on the naturalness of the water and the poetic beauty of the sky. The man who had done the painting smiled and smiled, but at the same time mopped beads of perspiration from his brow. Finally he got his friend into the hallway and there exploded.

"Good gracious!" he groaned. "They've hung my picture upside down!"

Modern English.

A Washington lady who is so fond of her home that she stays in it sometimes all the year round was assailed, says "Lippincott's Magazine," by a conventional friend in conventional language.

"I knew that you usually wintered here," she said, "but I was astonished to hear that you had summered here!"

"I have not only wintered here and summered here," replied the unfashionable one, "but I will astonish you still further when I tell you that I always fall here and have sometimes sprung here."

A Dramatic Moment.

At the close of the Crimean War the Duke of Cambridge, who had taken command in the absence of Lord Raglan, went in person to Marshal Canrobert to invite the French officer to review the English troops. It had not occurred to His Highness that the date fixed for the review was June 18, the anniversary of Waterloo. Nor indeed at the moment did Marshal Canrobert pay any heed to the date.

At the time agreed upon Canrobert was on the ground in full parade uniform, accompanied by his staff. The English army was drawn up in long file; to the right, the Guards, with their long, hairy head-gear; then the Highlanders, with their feather-trimmed caps, their strange costumes and their bagpipes, and with sounds stranger still; and last the infantry, with their tufted shakos and their red tunics with white gimp. The sun was beaming brightly, causing the arms to glisten, and the flags waving in the wind were all covered over with names embroidered in gold. It was a superb spectacle.

The Duke of Cambridge asked the marshal to take the right of the line of battle—it was the Guards who occupied it—and reviewing officers began to move along in front of their ranks. Having got level with the first battalion, Canrobert saluted it. At the same moment the flag was lowered to return his salute, and on the unfolded tissue he read, in large letters:

"Ramilies, Malplaquet, Les Arapiles, Vittoria . . . Waterloo."

Those were precisely the most disastrous days of the history of France that Canrobert, a French general, was thus compelled to salute on the anniversary of Waterloo, in the midst of English generals who had fought there. He was unable, do what he could, to repress the emotion that was choking him during that second. Cold shivers ran through his body; the hand with which he held his hat while saluting trembled like a dead leaf.

Still, anxious to let nothing of all that appear, he went on saluting, one after the other, down to the very last of them, the colors on which he could always read:

"Les Arapiles, Vittoria . . . Waterloo."

As may be imagined, Canrobert's emotion was all the more powerful that he was constrained to keep it down. When it was all over he was obliged to pull himself together in order to shake hands with the Duke of Cambridge, to tender him thanks, to offer him congratulations.

His Highness was far too quick-sighted not to have noticed what he had gone through, and far too tactful to make the faintest allusion to it. But from that day onward, whenever French officers were invited to review the English army, the colors remained under cover, and neither Saint-Arnaud, Pelissier nor Canrobert had in the future a similar ordeal to go through.

Railroad Search-Lights.

One of the recent safety equipments of the fast mail-trains which of necessity run at a high rate of speed through the night, is the electric search-light. A number of engines on the leading roads have been supplied with such powerful search-lights that objects on the track can be seen nearly a mile away on the darkest nights. A small dynamo in the engine supplies the light, and the lamp itself is so arranged that the fireman can operate it from his position in the cab to suit the needs of the moment. It was found that a permanent light attached to the smoke-stack, as the old-time reflectors were, would cast its path of light off the track instead of on it when rounding curves. The fireman can now touch a lever and throw the light straight ahead, sideways, or up in the air. The largest of these locomotive search-lights are 6,000 candle-power, which, compared to the old-time reflectors, are remarkable products of the age.

The fast mail-trains travel over the ground so rapidly that an ordinary head-light casting a reflection four or five hundred feet is practically of little use. It might reveal to the engineer trouble ahead, but it could never help to avert the accident. The engineer might be able to shut off steam and apply the brakes, but by that time the engine would be upon the object. It is almost impossible for one of the fast trains to come to a dead stop much inside of 1,200 to 1,500 feet, and the heavier and faster the train, the greater length of time must elapse before a stop can be effected. Consequently, the old head-lights were of little real value to trains running fifty and sixty miles an hour. With the new powerful electric search-light, however, danger ahead can be seen in ample time for the engineer to bring his heavy train to a dead halt. As a safety equipment of the record-breaking trains, the search-light has thus become a necessity of the day.

Easily Satisfied.

Some men think they know everything. It was recorded of a freshly-made railway director, who was inspecting the permanent way, that he noticed at a curve in the line that the outside rail was higher than the other, and immediately called the engineer's attention to the defect. The engineer was a man of sense, and did not wish to enter into an explanation of the scientific character and the necessity of the rails being laid as they were, so he exclaimed: "All right, sir; I see exactly what is the matter, and I will have the rails levelled as soon as the up express has passed." And that sapient director went off perfectly satisfied.

Joe's Revelation.

Not long ago a nice young man was invited to dine at the home of a young woman and accepted the invitation with pleasure. It was just a family dinner, and everything was passing off well when an unpleasant and quite unforeseen incident occurred.

They were all discussing the pie, when the young woman's little brother, who had been regarding her closely, suddenly spoke up.

"Gee," he said, "look at Marie tryin' to put on style just 'cause Joe is here. She's eatin' her pie with a fork!"

It is needless to add that the cherubic child experienced a very unpleasant quarter of an hour after Joe had gone.

The Toreador's Rose.

Whenever I hear the "Toreador's March" from "Carmen" — that gay, devil-may-care melody, with its undertone of tragic sorrow, recalling a picture I once saw of a rose in a skull—I think of Jose Silverio. It was in old Madrid, the romantic city of guitars, dark eyes, love, and bull-fights; where the statue of the Virgin stands in the public square with the late King Alfonso's fatal sapphire burning blue on her carven finger. To the light lilt of merry music Jose Silverio, the handsome toreador, idol of all the young bloods and beloved by half the fair women of Madrid, rode into the ring. A murmur of admiration greeted him—he was splendid in spangles and mounted on a magnificent white horse. After him came his scarlet-cloaked matadors on foot, armed with light lances fluttering with streamers of many-colored ribbons. The bull's hoarse bellow struck into the music like the deep, mellow note of a bass viol. He was already in the ring pawing up the sawdust defiantly, a superb animal of the best breed of Andalusia, with delicate hoofs, curving horns, and a skin like black satin, under which the fierce muscles constantly rippled. The toreador lifted his dark, passionate eyes to a box above, where eyes equally dark, equally passionate, answered his mute, adoring message. The senorita was in black, the usual dress affected in public by Spanish women of high degree. A diamond star sparkled on her full bosom, and a crimson rose caressed like the lips of a lover the black, silken masses of her hair, over which a fold of the lace mantilla was coquettishly thrown.

An hour before he had passed the flower between her window bars, and he thrilled with exquisite joy to see it glowing in her dusky braids. The perfume of the rose, already wilting in the hot amphitheater was wafted to his nostrils with the woody smell of fresh sawdust and musky odors from hundreds of constantly moving fans. Its fragrance led him back in sweet retrospection to a walled garden, dim paths, checkered black and silver in the moonlight, the pressure of a soft breast, braceleted arms, and red lips yielding kiss for kiss, while his blue-ribboned guitar lay silent in the dew at his feet. Then the bull, goaded to splendid ferocity by the torturing banderillos, made his mad charge. The ring became an inferno of hoofs and horns, out of which flashed the keen lightning of the toreador's sword in a cloud of dust. No one could tell afterward exactly how it happened, though every eye was riveted on the arena, but the white horse rolled over in his death agony, disemboweled by one swift stroke from those terrible twin sabres fixed in the bull's powerful forehead. By the fraction of a second Jose failed to slip his feet from the stirrups in time to escape the second charge. His body described a glittering arc in the air, and fell lifeless in the sawdust. The sword, sent spinning from his hand, was caught by a matador, who delivered the coup de grace to the bull by a feat of nimble cunning that elicited a thunder of applause. Even the senorita clapped her little jeweled hands. She leaned over the edge of her box to look down at the limp, inert figure so full of proud courage and virile grace a moment ago.

"Dios! poor fellow," she said. Then, turning to a young man leaning over her chair, "Don Felipe, you may have the rose, though it is wilted now."—Minna Irving, in "Leslie's."

The Fable of Matsukata.

Count Matsukata, former Prime Minister of Japan, who is known in America as "the father of the gold standard," was asked during his recent visit to New York whether "Captains of Industry" in the Mikado's Empire were getting control of the country's trade and resources.

"Not to the same extent as in—more advanced lands," answered Count Matsukata with a smile. "Perhaps we are influenced by the old 'Myth of the Gold Man,' handed down from the ancient days of Sin Mu."

The count was requested to tell the legend, and he said:

"In the dim historic dawn a merchant eager for great wealth heard of a strange grove of wild lemon trees whose fabulous fruit, when eaten, would convert the hand that plucked it into gold.

"So the merchant journeyed to the grove, where the God of Riches, with a great sack on his shoulders, bade him help himself. He did so, and his arm was converted into gleaming gold. This he had amputated, and, though bereft of an arm, became a man of wealth.

"A banker, hearing of the strange case, determined to secure the total produce of the miraculous lemon trees. To that end he bought out the right of the guardian deity; but that shrewd being exacted so great a price that the covetous banker found his fortune depleted. To secure ready money he determined to eat of the fruit and sacrifice an arm.

"Raw lemon, however, was too astringent for his pampered palate, and so he sweetened the juice of several lemons, and, adding thereto wine of rare vintage, drank greedily of the potent and tempting beverage.

"In a few minutes he had turned into a pillar of gold.

"Then his heirs melted him down, coined him into convenient cobangs, and, turning their backs bravely on the grove of golden lemons, proceeded with free hands to spend and enjoy their bountiful inheritance."

"What became of that lemon grove?" enquired a vigilant New Yorker who had listened eagerly to the story.

"There is no record," replied Count Matsukata, smiling, "of its having been destroyed, but happily our fortune-hunters have not been able to locate it.

"Do you think he would be a success in politics?" "Yes, indeed. Why, he has thoroughly mastered the knack of looking interested when he is being bored."—Chicago "Post."

"I left my husband's death notice here this morning," said the widow. "Yes," said the bright clerk in the publishing office of the "Daily Squib." "Now, I want to add 'Gone to Rest' in an appropriate place." "Yes, madam," replied the bright clerk, and the next morning she read: "Gone to rest in an appropriate place."—Philadelphia "Press."

Passing of the Artificial Flower.

"Harper's Weekly."

For the last hundred years artificial flowers have been the dearest decoration a woman could buy for her summer hat. The superlative has a double meaning in this connection.— "dear" to feminine purse-strings, immeasurably satisfying to her sense of the artistic and appropriate. No one, not even the most logical man, could deny the daintiness of the instinct that led women to bedeck their multitudinous heads with copies of the sweetest things Divinity sets down upon this rolling ball. So it was that all these years, from her palace in the center of her kingdom, Fashion each spring sent out her unassailable decree that flowers were to deck hats.

At first the word "artificial" was always used in speaking or writing of linen or silk posies. Old "fashion items" contain many allusions to "artificial roses," "artificial lilies-of-the-valley,"—always to impress upon the reader that real flowers were not meant. Of late years the adjective has been almost entirely eliminated from the dictionary of the writer who dishes up modish delicacies. Nowadays, a hat is trimmed with "violets;" a boa is of "forget-me-nots." No woman—and not often a man—is so ignorant as to imagine anything else but artificial flowers is meant.

The making of these beautiful imitations of Nature's handiwork became a vast enterprise employing the skilled labor of thousands of men, women, and girls. In many parts of the world the trade of artificial-flower making descended from mother to daughter. Whole families for generations cut, pasted, stitched and colored the beautiful evidences of their skill.

Until recent years the aim was always to make artificial flowers successful counterfeits of Nature's own darlings. Every one knows that the work was often done so ably as to defy the eye's discernment. At this time the art of artificial flower-making attained its highest perfection. The more faithful the likeness of the imitations to the originals the better the pay of the maker, and the greater the stimulation to effort.

Then came a creeping in of the grotesque and unnatural. Now and then Queen Fashion sent out edicts establishing the position of green roses, red lilacs, purple carnations, and all sorts of inartistic, even ugly, effects in artificial flowers. The unending search for novelty began it. Newness, no matter how unseemly, appeals to most people for a time. Then comes a reaction, when the full commonness of a popular fancy strikes people, and they put the whole, good and bad, aside for a period of dormancy. When the imitation blossoms of fantastic proportions and bald ugliness came to be the style, artificial-flower-making was a doomed industry. Milliners looked about for some artistic and new substitute. The hat itself, which from our great-grandmother's time down had been a thing of shape only, offered great possibilities for ingenious ideas. About three years ago fancy braids began to flood the market; wire frames were made with greater care than ever; all sorts of fantastic and beautiful effects were brought out in straw hats, which needed no extra adornment other than a trifle of ribbon, chiffon, or lace—and artificial flowers went off Fifth avenue to dwell among the folk who live on the outermost edge of Queen Fashion's realm, and read her royal mandates through poverty's spectacles.

Last year there were more fancy straws, and dozens of carefully planned shapes in hats, and this season the demand for the new straws has driven many dealers in artificial flowers out of business. During the month of April four heretofore prosperous firms were obliged to close their doors. One of these, a large wholesale house dealing exclusively in artificial flowers, went into bankruptcy, giving as the sole reason for so doing that there was no demand for their goods.

So long as the straws are as dainty and durable as they are this spring the situation is not likely to change. A walk past the series of fashionable Fifth avenue millinery shops establishes the truth of this assertion. There are whole windows displaying only hats of straw whose sole trimming is ribbon, lace, or chiffon. It seems a pity, when one thinks of the daintiness of the artificial flowers of past days, but there is no help for it until women tire of fancy straws and long for other novelties. Then the industry will awaken. In the meantime hundreds of girls and women who have no other employment are hopelessly out of work.

Keble's Mistake.

Apropos of the rather slighting remark in Cecil Rhodes's will, with reference to the college authorities of Oriel, that they "are like children as to commercial matters," someone recalls the story once current of John Keble, who in his time was bursar of Oriel. The worthy poet was thrown into a panic by the discovery that the college accounts came out about two thousand pounds on the wrong side. The learned and pious men of Oriel tried in vain to find out where the error was, and it was not until an expert was called in that it was discovered that Keble, in casting up a column, had inadvertently added the date of the year to Oriel's debts.

Husband's Face.

Benedicts who are in the habit of trying to palm themselves off as spring hatched roosters will learn, not without alarm, that the physiognomist is on their track. He has, in fact, evolved a new terror called the "husband's face." Every married man is said to possess it, and it marks him out a Benedict just as surely as if he had a label to that effect hung round his neck. Don't imagine, says "Pick-Me-Up," that we are going to give the secret away—the ladies know too much already—but any duly certified married man who sends along sufficient cheques and stamps to cover the postage, cost of packing, and registration, can have it by return, or later. It is just as well to be on your guard, boys. There is small comfort in being told by a casual confection that you are not what you pretend to be, even supposing you aren't, and if a little wrinkle from "one who knows" can avert trouble, I'm sure you're heartily welcome.

The No Breakfast League.

Certain good people of Chicago have started a "No Breakfast League," the idea being that breakfast is a frivolous and unnecessary institution, and ought to be suppressed. People, they say, can work better and enjoy greater health by starting for the city in the morning without breakfast. On your way to the station you drink in the free air of heaven; and as you sit in the train you buckle up your waistcoat band another inch or two and feel a new man.

There has been for many years a "No Breakfast League" in everything but the name; although the members of the League do not brag about their connection with it. After what is popularly known as a "thick" night, breakfast has no charms whatever for the practised drinker. Perhaps this is the idea of the League. At any rate, anybody can start in the no-breakfast business for himself at any time. All you have to do is to mix your drinks judiciously the night before, so that you will wake up in the morning with a copper-colored taste in the mouth and general feeling that eating is a low and degrading habit anyhow. At such times even a sight of the breakfast ham gives you a dull, hard feeling in the chest; and when that stage is reached you will be a No Breakfaster of the first water.

More than likely, however, that the Chicago No Breakfasters are just the ordinary run of food cranks. If there is one thing in this world that you cannot prudently do, it is to advise your neighbor as to his dietary. And, as a natural consequence, we all think we know what is good and what is bad in the way of meals for the people. One man will tackle a breakfast big enough to make a dinner for three people, and if he hears that his neighbor's breakfast is limited to a slice of toast and a cup of tea, he at once predicts a lowered vitality and an early death. The tea and toast man, on the other hand, will no doubt hold that his neighbor is killing himself by inches with those heavy breakfasts; whereas, in these matters, it seems to be most true that every man is the best judge of what is good for himself. It is very likely that a breakfast limited to a run round the garden and a bit of dumb-bell exercise may suit the Chicago people, but it is very improbable that it would suit everybody alike.

The average enthusiast is apt to overlook the swing of the pendulum when taking up the newest craze in a whole-hearted manner. He will go without his accustomed breakfast on the first morning, and arrive at his office in a peevish and irritable mood. Somewhere about eleven o'clock he feels like throwing up the sponge, and sending the messenger out for a dry biscuit or two; but in most cases he will last out for the first experiment. At lunch time, though, the swing of the pendulum will come in. He has got to take a lunch that will average up to two meals, and in the first glorious rush at the good solid food there is a very fair chance that he will overdo the lovely business. The usual lunch hour will drag itself out into two hours and a half, or thereabouts; though it would be idle to fix a limit to it if it is going to be the first meal of the day under the new rules. The novice will eat—and drink—and the reaction after the unaccustomed fast will turn the meal into a considerable sort of orgie. "Thish ish the first drop I've 'ad to-day, ole feller! 'Ave anuzzer wiz me! Whoo-oop!"

Where is this No Everything going to leave off? They will carry these self-denying ordinances along till something occurs that will show the public that the wrong tack is being pursued. The papers the other day said that a Russian scientist had discovered that all the ills the flesh is heir to are due to our wearing—clothes. Let somebody start a No Clothes Society in this happy land of ours and see how it works. There would be a busy time on the first bright summer morning on which the Leaguers set out to justify their principles; and the authorities would be running round town buying up hundred-weights of trousers at contract price for the morning's batch of prisoners roped into the official strong-rooms. A league of this sort would impress the public with its stupidity, whereas you can't tell by merely looking at a man whether he has had his breakfast or not. And, as we know, what we can't see we don't trouble about to any extent.

Some people who profess to be very wise tell us from time to time that the average man eats too much. If the average man who hears the good news gets influenced by it, the chances are that he will thin his diet down a little, and thus save money for the doctor's bills that he will thereby incur. The average man, as a rule, eats what he thinks he wants. To some extent, he has probably learned by experience that a certain quantity of food is necessary for his well-being, and as soon as that quantity has become a habit he runs a considerable risk in changing it, for use is second nature. The scientist sits down and calculates that so many ounces of food are sufficient for an ordinary man, and calmly assumes that the last word on the subject has been said. Whereas, in the case of two men of equal size, one will often be satisfied with a dinner of oatmeal porridge and a glass of water, while the other will want soup, fish, joint, and cheese, and then as likely as not will want to order some biscuits with his wine just to fill up the still aching void.

You can't lay down a hard-and-fast rule in these matters; and if the No Breakfasters are going to have a free run in the country, I for one shall advocate an increase of accommodation in our lunatic asylums. It has long been a favorite rule of the medical profession that people oughtn't to eat suppers; and if we are now to be advised to do without breakfast as well, we might as well go the whole hog and live the higher life on two dry biscuits and a seidlitz powder per diem.—"Pick-Me-Up."

"It's an A1 display," said Mr. Pitt, at the dog show. "It's a first-class exhibition," replied Mr. Penn, "but you've got the wrong number." "How so?" "Instead of A1 it is K9."—"Dog Fanciers' Gazette."

"If any one asks for me, James, I shall be back in ten minutes," said Mr. Fosdick. "Yes, sorr," replied the Irish office boy; "and how soon will you be back if no one asks for you?"

A Ghostly Game of Chess.

"The International Hall of the Cafe Monico is a truly palatial chamber, ever so many feet broad by ever so many more feet long. On the evenings of Friday and Saturday of last week," says London "Outlook," "it was divided by a barrier into two unequal parts. In the smaller sat, each at his board, the British chess-players competing against the American chess-players—who were not there. Through the larger roamed a selection of the chess public. . . . Inside the barrier, and next it, sat Mr. James Mason at a chess-board, facing us. We seem to have known Mr. Mason as a fine player these—well, say twenty years. On this occasion he is opposing Mr. J. H. Barry of America—who is not here; Mr. Barry is sitting in a room in Brooklyn three thousand miles away, under the eyes of American spectators. It is easy to say that the two men are connected by electric telegraph; but it is not wise to dispose of the mystery and romance of space in so rude a way. . . . But Mr. Mason, in this grand International Hall, seated opposite nothing better than a man with a book of telegraph forms who waits unconcernedly for the move, can he play thus dumbly and in absence against Mr. Barry in Brooklyn and think it chess? It is a very ghostly business, and we wonder Mr. Mason can get through with it at all. But he does. He is as solemn, as rapt in thought, as oblivious of all but the game as if Mr. Barry were opposite to him in the flesh, and not opposed to him only by electric telegraph. Clearly to him the play is everything, whether the opponent's move comes to him by actual touch, by telegraph, or by psychic suggestion. But for our part we cannot throw off a dread of the uncanny nature of the business. We feel inclined to look about for some manifestation of Mr. American Barry's spirit. What better evidence of it could we have than the arrangement of these wooden pieces on that wooden board? There is Mr. Barry—most effectually Mr. Barry, for he is causing Mr. Mason to think, and think, and think; to purse his lips in the old familiar way, to fall into immovable silences, wherein you would think he was revolving schemes of a new order of creation or puzzling out the mystery of man's origin and destiny; and Mr. Mason is doing the like to him in far Brooklyn. A strange and fascinating pursuit is chess, strange and unprofitable. Not politics, nor fame, nor wealth, nor love can so engross a man. These objects are usually compassed by flashes of passion, insight, and daring; but this slow, prolonged struggle of brain against brain, through the medium of pieces of fantastically carved wood, is pure devotion to an abstraction. The man who wins, who so hems in the piece of wood called a king that he may not move, gains nothing, proves nothing, establishes nothing but—"checkmate." Yet when he accomplishes that he tastes of a satisfaction deeper and more permanent than is accorded to statesman or lover, merchant or gambler. To accomplish it he deliberately, and for very love of the doing of it, undertakes an enormous mental effort, a thing which mankind in general shuns as if it were Satan himself. Truly a most mystical business this chess. In Paradise you will find politicians reading poetry, and poets studying morals; merchants will be cultivating the arts, and critics weeping on other people's necks; but the chess-players will be playing chess.

Dispensing With Early Rising.

Some genius has, according to his own advertisement, invented an apparatus to dispense with getting up so early in winter time to set the kettle boiling. As far as we understand it, you fix the new invention on your clock, and at the hour required it starts a fire under a kettle of water. As soon as the water boils a bell rings, and you wake up. This is not the sort of thing that takes the cake; it simply grabs it.

We once saw a remarkable invention of this nature in Sheffield. It consisted of a small, but powerfully built bedstead which had an ingenious clockwork arrangement attached, as you would expect, to the ticking of the mattress. In the morning a phonograph got up from under the bed, walked round to your side, and announced it was seven o'clock. After giving you two minutes to reply, one of the hands of the clock reached up and pulled your ear playfully. These were just preliminaries so to speak. If you didn't move then, the patent bed began business. It got up on its hind legs and ran downstairs with you inside it till it got to the garden, where you were shot into a modest little heap under the pump. By a clever arrangement of the process of suction you were drawn up to the mouth and a refreshing stream of cold water crawled down your back. If this didn't wake you, you had to wait for Gabriel's trumpet.

As a matter of fact, the inventor explained, it did wake most people. But in case you were too sleepy to collect your thoughts into fitting shape, by pressing a little knob in one of the blankets, a second phonograph would grind out a little appropriate profanity to ease your feelings. The invention is patented; and when it is put on the market it will beat all the spring mattresses going, as it does for summer, autumn and winter as well.—"Pick-Me-Up."

An "Infernal" Dinner.

A tiny girl of seven gave a dinner-party the other day, for which twelve covers were laid, and that number of small maidens sat down to dine. It was a real little girls' dinner, and the little hostess herself presided, sitting at the head of the table. She had been very anxious, in looking forward to it, to do everything as it should be done. "Mamma," she asked, "shall we say grace?" "No," said mamma; "it will be a very informal dinner, and I think you need not do that." That meant one ceremony the less to be gone through, and was a relief. But the little lady was anxious to have all her guests understand it. So, as they gathered about the table, she explained: "Mamma says that this is such an infernal dinner that we need not have grace to-day!"

The Sense of Humor.

He was an ordinarily mild and inoffensive little gentleman who had lived for many happy, uneventful years in farther Chelsea, when a volume of theatrical anecdotes came into his hands. In this he read of delicious practical jokes played with unfailing success by Vivier and Sothern, and of how that great comedian, J. L. Toole, brought confusion to a baker's shop displaying in the window a sign, "Families supplied," by requesting that three girls and a boy should be sent round as soon as possible.

"This," he said, "is the exercise of true wit." Then he went out, still chuckling.

In farther Chelsea, where custom is drawn by halfpence from the needy, stands an eating-house which endeavors to attract the hungry by pasting on its front this dubious message, "Everything as nice as mother makes it."

"The very place," said the little gentleman, and entered.

"I can have a meal?" was his first query.

"Yes—straight through," said the woman behind the counter, pointing to an inner partition of the shop.

"Any everything as nice as mother makes it?" he asked.

"That 's in the window."

"But how nice does mother make it?"

"Jim," said the woman, calling into space, "here's a cove wants to know how nice mother makes it," and she laughed.

"Garn," came a beery voice; "must be balmy on the crumpet. Turn 'im out."

Nothing daunted, the little man went on: "Supposing she doesn't make it at all nice?, Supposing she makes it very nasty, what then?"

No answer.

The woman went on frying onions, but her eye gleamed.

"What if I don't remember any mother? What if she never made anything at all? What if——"

He got no further, but found himself thrust violently through the door to the pavement outside, while a voice admonished him: "'Ere, you, don't come interfering 'ere—if yer wants a sausage and mashed, say so. If not, get out." And as he retreated hastily, though with dignity, the voice followed faintly: "Bedlam—that's the place for the likes of you—Bedlam."

The discomfited little gentleman had walked nearly a mile before his recovery was completed by a sign, hung over a boot shop, which caught his eye. "Wear Parkinson's Boots," ran the legend.

The little man fairly leaped into the shop.

"Why?" he asked, in mild enquiry.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the assistant who had hurried forward to greet him.

"Why should I wear Parkinson's boots?"

"Because they are the best, sir. We use nothing but the best leather."

"What's the matter with my own?" The assistant glanced down.

"Uppers want mending and heels leveling, sir. Do you a perfect boot for fifteen shillings."

"But supposing Parkinson's don't fit me?"

"We keep all sizes, sir."

"Yes, but I don't know that I care about wearing another man's boots."

"Of course, sir, if you prefer to go on buying boots like those you've got on; but," with a deprecatory smile, "we can turn you out a much better article for fifteen shillings!"

"But my name is Pettigrew, and I don't think it would be legal for me to wear Parkinson's boots—it looks like robbery."

"Robbery?" said the assistant sharply. "Our prices are as low as they can be for sound wearing qualities. If there's nothing further to-day, sir," holding open the door, "good morning!"

"Some people," said Pettigrew to himself, as he waited for his homeward 'bus, "have no sense of humor. I wonder how Toole managed it?"—"Punch."

A Keen Sense of Smell.

One of the sorrows of childhood is the slowness of some older people to take a hint. It is often quite a strain on good manners to be obliged to reinforce a suggestion that should have been adequate in itself.

A little girl, calling at a neighbor's house, sat near a plate containing some apple-parings. At last, unable to keep silence any longer, she said, "I smell apples."

"Yes," returned her hostess, "it's those parings."

"No'm," said the little girl, solemnly, "I smell whole apples."

RECENT FICTION.

Wild Animals that have known me.—From "Life."

Is the Novel Dying?

Science and the stern reality of life are bound to destroy the novel. It is out of harmony with the scientific and materialistic spirit of the age. The more industrial and strenuous a nation is, the fewer novelists has she: only the backward, the passive, the visionary peoples produce great novelists. The fable, the national tale, the folk-song, have died. Why not the novel? It, too, is subject to the law of evolution. It has seen its acme, its highest point, and is on the decline.—"Novoye Vremya," St. Petersburg.

Unrewarded Solicitude.

Hostess (to guests, who have come to spend a few days)—We're so glad you've been able to come, Mrs. Gushington; but I do hope we are going to have better weather, or I'm afraid you won't enjoy yourself much. Miss Gushington—Oh, but, my dear Lady Boreham, we didn't come here to enjoy ourselves. We came to see you.—"Punch."

Money and Dreams.

He settled himself in his roomy chair in his big, old house, where he had lived so long that the city had grown up away and beyond him, leaving the house, which had been in a fashionable neighborhood, so far down town that there was little more than the hum of business to be heard all day around it. The old man's housekeeper brought him a cool drink, and one of his nephews came in to enquire how he had stood the unusual heat of the day.

He had so many nephews and nieces to look after his comfort. Some even stayed in town all summer to be near him. When they tried to persuade him to go away for a little rest in the hot weather he would say:

"Rest! Who wants rest? If you let money rest it rusts—rusts! Turn it over, keep turning it over; it grows, it grows!" And he would add that the summer was the best time of all for work. The old financier was the possessor of many millions. But he walked alone. This evening he sat in the twilight which settled itself hot and thick about him. The night was bringing no cooling breath. The roar of the metropolis was dying away in tired sobs outside. The city's life seemed sapped with the heat. Even the old man, who never stopped his work for anything, realized that it was unusually hot to-night. He fanned himself with his newspaper and took a sip from the glass which stood near him on the table.

He closed his eyes. He felt such a strange sense of oppression. No, he was not dizzy. It had passed. He opened his eyes and put up his hand to unfasten his collar. At his neck he touched a twisted cord of silk that was around it. He pulled at the cord and drew out its length. From it hung a ring—a silver ring—old-fashioned and worn, and on it two raised hearts lying against each other and rubbed smooth by time.

He sat now with his eyes closed again and his hand folded over the ring on his breast. He dreamed once more, and it was his last dream. It was summer—yes—but it was nearly fifty years ago. The dust and roar of the city gave way to the scent and quiet of an old garden; the heat to the dew of a country evening, its breeze lightly moving the leaves of the trees and fluttering the ruffles of a girl's muslin frock, with its pattern of summer blossoms upon it.

A boy—such a boyish country boy—took the silver ring, then new and shining, from his pocket and put it on the hand of the girl in the flowered muslin frock. Then they kissed each other, and the girl fell to sobbing, with her arms about her companion's neck, and he spoke:

"Never mind, dear; Annie, dear, I am going away to make a fortune, and I'm coming back for you, and we will be married, and I will take you away to the city, and you will be rich and have everything you want."

"But I don't like the city. I should be so afraid and so confused, and you might not love me there as you do now here in the country. People in the city forget each other so."

"No, they don't; not if they really love each other, and I love you. Nothing can ever make me forget you. See, not as long as evening comes after the day and the stars come with it."

They kissed each other again.

The ring came back to him in a letter with a flower from Annie's grave.

Never once did he go to seek the grave to rest by it a moment. Work became his love and gold the star that guided him.

Now he clasped the silver ring tighter, tighter. By and by he gasped and fell forward. His clasp relaxed; he sighed once, a deep sigh, then lay there quite still. And later they found him so.—Margaret Klein in the New York "Herald."

A Useful Helpmate.

The editor of the Guapaying "Telegraph," after spending six years without a break, in the editorial harness, felt himself entitled to a vacation, and went away to the mountains for a month's hunting and fishing, leaving his wife in charge of the paper.

On his return he was astonished to find his office overflowing with potatoes. Everything that could be turned into a receptacle was filled with them. Each pigeonhole in his desk contained a potato. The drawer of his editorial table was bursting with potatoes. Old ink-kegs, lined with papers, were filled and heaped with them. There were potatoes in the coal-bucket, in the ash-pan, and even in the stove itself.

They were no small potatoes, either. Every one of them was as big as his fist, and some were as big as two fists. The collection would have taken a premium at a county fair.

"Lucy," he said, after the greetings were over, "what does all this mean?"

"Oh," she almost sobbed, "I wanted to do something original, and so I announced, in the first number of the paper I printed after you went away, that the 'Telegraph' would be sent for one year to the person sending us the largest potato raised in this county, for six months to the person sending the next largest, and for three months to the one sending the third largest. The potatoes began coming in right away, and they've been coming ever since. Some persons, I am afraid, have tried to get all three of the prizes. I have begged the people not to send any more, and I do believe they are doing it now for a joke. We can't announce any prizes till they quit coming, and there are some boys in the other room with their pockets bulging with them right now, and—Oh, Cyrus, what shall we do?"

"Do?" said the editor, with a grin on his face. "Do? The right thing to do would be for me to go away for another month and let you continue to edit the paper. Potatoes are worth a dollar a bushel, and you have got enough of them here to pay all the expenses of my trip, and all they cost us is a dollar and seventy-five cents' worth of 'Telegraph.' If you want an apprentice, just consider me in line for the job."

Advantageous Terms.

"I hear that you have compromised your suit for damages against the P. D. and Q. Railroad Company." "Yes." "Advantageously?" "Very." "What were the terms?" "They paid my lawyer's bill."—"Texas Topics."

The Despot of Vienna.

The citizen of Vienna who does not wish to be out of pocket must keep early hours, for after ten o'clock he is taxed on entering his own house, or, for the matter of that, any house. The "sperrgeld," or door-opening tax, is peculiar to Vienna, as the London "Express" explains. The entire population of that city, numbering nearly two millions, are practically imprisoned in their houses from ten o'clock in the evening until six the next morning. They can go in or out only by paying at least four cents to the janitor or "house-master," as he is called.

Vienna is built on the "flat" or apartment-house plan. Millionaires and working people alike live in houses of this description. The houses are large, having five or six floors, with four flats on a floor, so that it is not unusual to find a hundred persons living under one roof. There is one common entrance from the street, and after ten o'clock at night this door is bolted and barred. From ten until twelve all who go in or out must pay four cents. After twelve the charge is doubled.

The tax must be paid every time one passes through the doorway, without exception. If a man has occasion to go in and out half a dozen times, he must pay every time. One who has dined with a friend must, if he stay late, pay four cents to get out of his friend's house, and four more to get into his own. A telegram in the night necessitates the payment of the tax before the boy can enter.

The house-master also collects and keeps duplicate copies of the forms on which every individual in the house must report to the police his age, birthplace and religion, his exact occupation, and other personal details which the Austrian authorities insist upon knowing. Nor does the power of this important personage end even here. From the little guard-room which he occupies at the foot of the stairs he sees every one who goes in or out. He ascertains with amazing accuracy the amount of each tenant's income, the events of his family life, and the character of his visitors. His far-reaching power enables him to terrorize every servant in the house into entering his intelligence department, and thus he spies on the innermost life of the subjects in his five-storey kingdom.

In some cases the house-master is more powerful than in others. An English resident was obliged to move from an apartment that he particularly liked because he could not venture to speak with any degree of sharpness to the man at the door, even when the man was remiss in his duties. The flat was owned by a railway belonging to the State. This made the house-master a State official, an insult to whom is a very serious offence in Vienna. A reprimand for delaying letters would be construed into an insult, and the Englishman deemed it wise to move to other quarters.

Thousands of people in Vienna live in such terror of the house-master that, it is said, they never make an apple-tart without giving him half.

Buried by a Cougar.

A hunter who was trailing after bear meat in British Columbia reports to the "Western Sportsman" an experience which he calls a "narrow graze." If the incident happened as the hunter tells it, it was indeed a narrow graze; but one cannot help suspecting that some of the invigorating ozone of the North-West has got into the story. Nevertheless, it is worth hearing.

"It was warm and dry, and along in the middle of the afternoon I began to pine for rest and a pipe. It was all quiet and no traces of game, and so when I'd had a comfortable smoke I stretched out for a nap.

"It must have been an hour later that I woke up and found myself covered with two feet of leaves snug as the babes in the wood. I was all tucked in that cosy that nobody else could have done it but a cougar, and most likely a female cougar at that. It occurred to me with some force that I'd been filed away for future reference, and that I hadn't waked up any too soon. It didn't soothe me to figure on that cougar stowing me away as a dog hides a bone.

"It seemed that the best thing for me to do was to countermine that cougar's mine, as it were. So I hunted up a log about my size and covered it with the leaves—a nice fat hump on the ground. Then I shinned a tree close by, assuring myself beyond any doubts or peradventures that nobody had meddled with the working of my repeater.

"The cougar came in such a short time as to show how fortunate it was that I had waked up when I did, and with her, as I had calculated, were a choice lot of young ones. She had left a dinner located and had been off to get her family.

"Well, that cougar circled around the pile of leaves for a matter of minutes, crouching and picking a nice select place to spring from. When she got satisfied and made the leap she went through the air tremendous, throwing the leaves in a whirlwind and scratching and snarling. It was some of a shock when she found the log, but she didn't display any disappointment. She just took the scent and came to the foot of my tree and looked up, real venomous.

"It seemed to her an awkward job to handle, I having my gun ready so, and the cougar had an inspiration. She went to a tree about ten feet away and started to go up. She was after that meal and not to be discouraged by any trifles. It was her idea to climb up above me on the other tree and then bring me down with a flying leap.

"I didn't lose any more time with experiments or speculations, but let her have it the first time she came round the tree. The ball went through her jaw and breast, and the varmint went to the ground. The young ones were running around, and I knocked them over, too, with the gun.

"Since then I haven't gone to sleep in the woods so careless and casual like."

"Have the letters been duly examined by the hand-writing expert?" "Yes, your honor." "Very well, let the hand-writing expert now be examined by the insanity expert."—"Ohio State Journal."

NEW FRINGED HOLLYHOCK

It Differs From the Old Type Hollyhock Materially.

The fringed Hollyhock, Allegheny, which is being introduced this year, has very little in common with its parent the old style double Hollyhock and a flower separated from the stock would hardly be recognized as Hollyhock at all, on account of the novel arrangement of the petals which are deeply fringed or cut, of a rather transparent texture, and of a silky nature. The veins throughout the petals give the appearance of crimped or crushed silk and this to such a degree that a florist of long experience refused to believe that a flower of the Allegheny, which a lady wore pinned on her coat, was real.

In the old type Hollyhock one finds a comparatively dense centre made up of short petals or reverted stamens in a setting of flat outer petals, generally a single circle of these which gives an unbalanced appearance to the whole flower. The Allegheny shows a well rounded flower—as the petals are nearly all of a uniform length, and yet not so precise as to spoil the grace of the flowers. The Allegheny Hollyhock is a profuse bloomer and has a long season of flowering, blooming frequently after the first frosts in November. One reason for this long period is no doubt the fact that from two to four buds are located at each axil on most plants; these buds develop in rotation, and two distinct crops of flowers with an intervening space of buds and seed pods can be seen on the plants; the lower set of flowers being the second or third crop coming in.

While the flowers are larger than those of the old favorites, from 4½ inches upwards to 7 inches across, they are quite light and drop from the plant when past their prime not hanging there disfiguring it as the old double ones are inclined to do.

Treatment of Swine.

See if the sow has an milk and whether the bag is caked. If caked, grease well with equal parts lard and coal oil, as warm as can be applied. I wring a flannel cloth out of hot water and hot as I can bear it, and lay on the bag of the sow. You will be surprised to see how the cake will yield to the application. One application is nearly always sufficient and as soon as the sow gets up give her a warm, weak gruel, or dish water and keep that up at each feeding time until the sow is free from fever. She will then have a good appetite; then begin to increase the slop in richness and quantity and you can then begin to feed whole corn, soaked is better than dry; then you can see the pigs grow, and be sure to add all the milk you can get to your slop. As soon as the little pigs begin to turn around place a shallow trough outside of the sow's pen and pour a little milk in it for the pigs, and they will soon begin to drink it with relish. Then feed a little soaked corn as soon as they begin to crack it; they enjoy it. I like to feed the pigs away from their dam, and at 10 weeks old they are ready to wean. I aim to give the pigs at this age such feed as comes nearest milk. This is the time to lay the foundation for a profitable hog, which consists largely of bone and muscle. Nature is our best example, and milk is the food nature provided, and we should feed such food as comes nearest fulfilling that want to be successful as breeders and feeders. The size of the litter at this time should be largely bone and muscle, and not fat; and to produce this result requires a bulky and not a concentrated food. A range of blue grass, alfalfa or clover aids in giving a good bone and capacity for rounding up and putting on the flesh when the time comes, with a richer and more concentrated food. A profitable hog must have a well developed abdomen, and we should respond to the demands of the pig at the different stages of its life to accomplish this. The pigs should never be allowed to stop in growth until he is ready for the market.—J. B. Zinn in Farm and Home.

Save Home Wastes.

The waste of manure is a most common mistake among farmers, small and great. Offensive barnyards, pigpens and poultry houses are very common. There should never be any offensive odors about the premises; absorbents should be used so freely as to prevent any smell getting loose to pollute the air. Poultry droppings should be looked after more regularly and the house cleansed. Almost anything seems to be good enough for poultry in this section. Nine out of every ten farmers could make their manure crop one-third more with ease. Straw, which is used plentifully, does not absorb liquid manure nor does it retain the odor. Those who can should buy land plaster, but when this cannot be done, woods litter is very good, especially if a little dirt is taken with it. Straw and corn fodder are also used in too wasteful a manner; cut or shredded, their feeding value would be much increased, which would leave a good deal of hay to be sold as a money crop when hay is scarce. The farmer is apt to be too wrapped up in himself. This is a mistake. Every farmer should have one or more specialities and he should call the attention of the public to it by exhibiting at fairs and in every way let people know what he has. I have observed often that when a farmer begins to improve his stock, his house, farm and family fall in line and all seem to be satisfied that they are in a progressive line.

The Cabbage Maggot.

Last spring I set out several thousand early cabbage plants. By June the maggots had attacked them very badly—nearly every plant being affected and some so much so that if twisted slightly they would break off at the surface of the ground. I hoed the plants thoroughly, loosened the soil well around the stems and then applied to each about a third of a pint of strong, well stirred lime water. A couple of days after a tablespoonful of fresh slacked lime was put around the stem of each plant. The crop came on well and there was very little if any loss from the maggot. Instead there were signs on the stems showing where maggots had eaten them severely, but had left when the strong lime water had been applied. I believe that from this and other experiences which I have had, that the lime without doubt saved the crop.—Milo Holbert, Wayne Co., Pa.

Curiosities of Book Sales.

Commenting on the phenomenal sale of some recent novels, a correspondent of the "Book Buyer" writes interestingly of notable books that years ago were popular, but since have become practically unknown. He says:

There was once a very popular preacher who wrote many books, and for every one there was a large demand on the day of publication. But most of them passed out of print while he was still living, and I doubt if a single one of them is now kept in stock by any bookstore. Not many years ago appeared a book which the laboring classes and the tenement-house population bought so eagerly as to run the sale into the hundreds of thousands, because they thought it showed how an equal distribution of all property might be brought about. Now it appears to be dead. Helper's "Impending Crisis" attained a sale of 140,000 copies, forty years ago, which was as great an achievement as half a million would be to-day. That was because of its bearing on burning political questions and the fact that it was systematically attacked in Congress. Now you can occasionally find a stray copy of it in a second-hand shop. Tourgee's "Fool's Errand," twenty years later, reached about the same circulation. For purposes of comparison, this and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would seem to be closely analogous. But while the "Fool's Errand" has almost, if not quite, gone out of circulation, Mrs. Stowe's great novel, thirty years older, still sells largely in several editions, and at many libraries is called for more frequently than any other book. Mrs. Stephens' "Fashion and Famine" was the best selling novel of its day, and three translations of it were published in France. But to-day it is difficult to find a copy of it anywhere except in the lumber-room of a public library. Another example may be seen in the sudden popularity and subsequent deadness of "Robert Elsmere," the author of which is still writing successful books. Were it not that it might seem like telling tales out of school, something could be said of certain books that have begun life with a phenomenal sale, which has stopped suddenly and unaccountably, as if at some mysterious signal.

For the reverse of the picture, the most notable example is afforded by "Ben Hur." This book had no sale worth mentioning for a year after its publication, and was considered dead. Now it is said to have attained a circulation surpassing that of any other American novel, with the single exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Someone might prepare a curious and entertaining article on three classes of books in light literature: 1. Those that have had an immediate large sale, and have then gone to oblivion. 2. Those that have had no sale at first, but afterward have met with large success. 3. Those that have been popular at the start and never lost their popularity. The first class would be the largest. Probably the second class would be the smallest. Two that would shine in the third are the "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table" and "Reveries of a Bachelor."

The Making of Anagrams.

Apropos the renewal of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, an article by William Sheppard in the "Era" on the making of anagrams is enlightening. "A correspondent has asked me," says Mr. Sheppard, "to furnish him with some good anagrams on the names of famous people. He further informs me that he has spent a good deal of time trying to make an acceptable anagram on the United States, and has failed to do so. With reference to this failure, I would remind him that he must not be discouraged. The task he has attempted is an enormous one. United States has just a dozen letters. Now, mathematicians will tell him that a dozen letters will admit of seven thousand and twenty-nine millions (7,029,000,000) of possible transpositions. Old Camden has vividly described the vexation of soul undergone by anagrammatists when oft-repeated effort, with an oft-repeated approximation to success, have finally resulted in loss of time and labor: 'Some have been seen,' he says, 'to bite their pens, scratch their heads, bend their brows, bite their lips, beat their board, their paper, when they were fair for somewhat and caught nothing herein.' Again, let him comfort himself by the reflection that no one has yet succeeded in making a good English anagram on United States. Anagrammatists have been forced to fall back upon the more fluent and manageable Latin. It has been discovered that the letters forming United States may be transposed into the following Latin words:

In te deus stat. "God stands in theo."

Inde tutus stat. "Hence thou standest safely."

Dentatus est. "He has teeth," the "he" evidently referring to Uncle Sam.

Desiste, nutat! "Hands off, he shakes!" a sentiment which may have been applicable in 1861, when it was made, but is now, thank Heaven, without meaning or point.

Siste, nudat te. "Stop, he strips thee," which might be revived to-day by the Anti-Imperialists in their warnings to our new subjects in Cuba and the Philippines.

A te desistunt. "They keep off from thee," which is exactly the attitude which the anti's wish the United States to assume towards Cuba and the Philippines.

In Desperation.

The European king sighed and stirred uneasily. "My subjects," he exclaimed, "are getting so enlightened, so imbued with the ideas of democracy, that they no longer fawn upon me, toady to me. There's only one thing for me to do to relieve this monotony. I must visit America."—"Town Topics."

A Phenomenon of Sleep.

He had come on her dozing in a hammock, and when she woke up she accused him of stealing a kiss. "Well," he said, "I will admit that the temptation was too strong to be resisted. I did steal one little kiss." "One!" she exclaimed, indignantly; "I counted eight before I woke up."—"Household Words."

STILL THEY WONDER

Physicians and Scientists were Never so Bewildered.

The Ottawa Miracle is still being Discussed at the Regular Meetings of the Doctors of the Capital City.

Ottawa, Ont., June 2.—(Special.)—To say that the miraculous case of George H. Kent, of 309 Gilmore street, has shaken Medical Circles to their very foundation, is putting it mildly.

The facts of the case have been so thoroughly and satisfactorily established by Mr. Kent's sworn statements as to leave no room for misunderstanding or mistake in the matter.

Mr. Kent had Bright's Disease; he had been in bed for months, gradually getting worse; physicians could do nothing for him.

His case had reached that stage when his body was terribly bloated.

He was so low that he had convulsions, which were rapidly growing more frequent.

In the interval between these convulsions he was almost entirely unconscious.

In this extremity the physicians at last told his wife one evening that he could not live until morning.

While watching by his bedside Mrs. Kent chanced to pick up a paper containing an advertisement of a cure of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills. It was then midnight, and all the drug stores were closed, but the devoted wife determined, that even at this extremely late hour she would make one more effort to save her husband's life.

Accordingly she despatched a messenger, woke up the nearest druggist, procured a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, which she commenced to administer at once.

Mr. Kent did not die that night, for from the first dose of Dodd's Kidney Pills he commenced to improve. All other treatments and medicines were discarded, and the use of this remedy carefully continued.

Gradually yet surely this wonderful remedy arrested the progress of the dread Bright's Disease.

It took Dodd's Kidney Pills about six or seven weeks to restore Mr. Kent to good health. This is seven years ago, and he has never lost a day's work through illness since.

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."

Canadians

[Who have used

Egyptian Damiana Wine

Endorse our claim that it is the Grandest Tonic

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 a long and painful illness. It is non-alcoholic, yet stimulating; contains no drugs, only Nature's rarest bounties. We defy competition and guarantee its properties.

Mailed in Canada, freight prepaid, 75 cents large bottle.

The Egyptian Damiana Co.,

88, 90, 92 Church St. Toronto

Head Office: London, England. Branches all over the world.

The finest Pain Killer on earth for Man or Beast, Egyptian Embrocation. Try it. Mailed free; 50 cents bottle.

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.

SKINNER—At Revelstoke, B. C., July 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Skinner, a daughter.

Died.

JOHNSON—At Ballard, Wash., on July 18th, at the home of his grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Clary, Robert James, beloved and only son of Arthur and Edna Johnson, of Revelstoke, B. C., aged 4 years, 2 months and 20 days.

NOTES OF NEWS

Hot weather.

H. A. Brown has gone to Kamloops for a few days.

—See the latest Coronation suitings. at Cressmans.

Miss Cannon returned from a visit to Kamloops this week.

—We have all the newest cloth. New summer goods at cost at Cressman's.

F. McCarty went into Trout Lake Wednesday morning.

Four cases of smallpox are reported at Harrison Hot Springs.

J. J. Langstaff, of the Topic, Trout Lake, was a visitor this week.

—Don't forget the hop at the rink *tomorrow night*. Admission 25 cents.

—Social hop at the rink tomorrow night. Good music. Admission 25 cents.

Mrs. and Miss. Spurling left Wednesday morning to spend a few days at St. Leon Hot Springs.

Miss Pinkham, of Calgary, sister of A. M. Pinkham, spent Tuesday in the city on her way to Nelson.

Mrs. T. Downs, Mrs. C. Holten and Mrs. J. P. Sutherland went south to St. Leon Hot Springs on Monday.

The executive meeting of the newly formed athletic association on Monday night fell through for want of a quorum.

T. Lougheed, brother of Hugh Lougheed, of this city, and family, arrived in the city on Sunday last from Toronto.

The Vancouver boat club passed through Monday en route for Nelson to take part in the regatta being held there this week.

The regular shoot of the Revelstoke Gun Club was held Saturday. Following were the scores:—Barber, 13; McRae, 11; Brown, 11; Phipps, 10.

The Vancouver lacrosse team passed through the city this morning for Nelson, where they play two games with the local club tomorrow and Saturday.

Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works came in from the east yesterday evening on his way to Nelson. He will return on Friday and stay over till Saturday.

The dead letter branch of the post office will be moved from Victoria to Vancouver next April. Three or four years ago there was no dead letter office west of the Rockies.

The Shamrock lacrosse team of Montreal, has accepted New Westminster's invitation to play a series of games during the exhibition, provided all the players can get away.

The Clarion, a weekly journal devoted to the interests of the wage earners of Vancouver Island published at Nanaimo, is the latest aspirant for journalistic honors in the province.

The Vernon News says: "There may be better football teams in the upper country than the Vernon Juniors, but if so they have thus far succeeded in concealing their whereabouts."

—If you want to have a good time take in the concert and dance at the rink tomorrow night. Revelstoke Independent Band in attendance. Admission 25 cents. Commencing at 8:30 o clock.

P. Lamont, manager of the Canada Drug & Book Co., Nelson, spent a couple of days in the city this week, returning home this morning, accompanied by C. R. MacDonald, local manager for the company.

Messrs. Kirby and Walker, of London, England, accompanied by Messrs. Pool, Young and McCarter, left for Ferguson on Tuesday to attend the annual meeting of the Nettie L. company. On the way in Mr. Walker had the misfortune to meet with an accident at Thomson's Landing. In attempting to land before the boat stopped, he fell and was crushed between the freight shed and the boat, breaking several ribs. Dr. Cross was summoned and returned the same evening with Mr. Walker, who is now at the Hotel Revelstoke and progressing favorably.

—Bargains in everything this month at Reid & Young's.

W. G. Birney leaves on Saturday for Edmonton.

St. Andrew's Ladies Aid intend holding a lawn social about the 5th or 7th of August.

Rev. W. F. Gold, of Salmon Arm, will exchange pulpits with Rev. W. C. Calder, on Sunday the 27th inst.

Sale of household furniture by private sale at residence of Mrs. C. E. Shaw. Call any day between 2 p.m. and 9 p.m.

A banana vendor struck town Sunday, and after disposing of a few bunches of his stock was ordered to take out a trader's license or move on by acting chief Kincaid. He moved.

Mr. and Mrs. Atwood, of London, England, are spending a few days at the Revelstoke. Mr. Atwood has been examining some properties in the Lardeau on behalf of English capitalists.

The hospital committee are busy putting in furniture, ranges, and other equipment preparatory to the opening of the hospital. Secretary Atkins has telegraphed Nurse McLeod for the nurse in charge to come on at once.

Messrs. Carson and Wanless, of Calgary, agents for "Kilfyre" a patent fire extinguisher, are in town this week. They gave an exhibition on Monday evening in front of the City Hotel of the capabilities of their extinguisher and it certainly seems to perform all that is claimed for it. Geo. Sutherland has been appointed local agent.

Miss Edwards, sister of Mr. Harry Edwards arrived last Saturday from London, England. Miss Edwards speaks highly of the courteous consideration shown her by the agents and officials of the Canadian Pacific, which makes it possible for one to travel thousands of miles over the C. P. R. without experiencing discomfort or fatigue.

The second of the series of social hops arranged by the management of the rink takes place tomorrow night. Those who had the pleasure of attending the previous one have been looking forward to the next and a large attendance is expected. The Independent Band will furnish the music which in itself is a sufficient guarantee of the success of the affair.

C. E. Shaw, city clerk, and family leave for England the end of September, where they will permanently reside in future. Through the departure of Mr. Shaw the city will lose an efficient, painstaking, and most obliging official. While THE HERALD regrets Mr. Shaw's departure from the city, of which he is one of the oldest residents, it joins with his many friends in wishing him every success in his new abode.

Word comes from Vernon of a very sad occurrence, resulting in the untimely death of the eldest daughter, a girl of 17, of Price Ellison, M. P. P. On Wednesday morning last Miss Ellison drank some carbolic acid in mistake for some other medicine, and before medical aid could be procured she expired. Throughout the province there will be sincere regret for the terrible affliction which has overtaken the genial member for Vernon and his family.

Mr. W. T. R. Preston, who has charge of Canadian immigration matters in the Old Country, is to arrive in Canada about the middle of August. He will be accompanied by the editors of ten or twelve of the leading Old Country newspapers, provincial as well as metropolitan. The editors will visit all important places in the Dominion, the trip being extended right through to British Columbia. It is expected that the resulting dissemination of accurate information about Canada, will prove a valuable aid to immigration.

COOLING, REFRESHING, SUMMER DRINKS

THERE'S inspiration and refreshment in our soda. It has a delightfully cooling effect on the body and it soothes the mind. It's an effervescing beverage of most licious flavor and undoubted purity.

Our Soda Water Fountain

Is modern in construction and kept absolutely clean. Nothing injurious to health can penetrate pipes or receptacles. These flavors are favorites; Strawberry, Pine Apple, Orange, Grape, Kola, etc.

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

—See Cressman's latest Coronation suitings.

The Molsons Bank branch at Victoria will be closed.

—Just a few Gents' $10 flanel suits left at C. B. Hume & Co.

Miss Bell went south to Grand Forks this morning.

Miss Lily Valentyne, of Thomson's Landing, is in the city.

T. G. Wanless, of Calgary, arrived in the city on Monday last.

Miss Fee left this morning on an extended visit to friends in Ontario.

—Reid & Young's great midsummer sale is still going on. Bargains galore.

Miss Bessie Sawyer left this morning on a visit to friends at Coldwater, Ont.

—J. B. Cressman, the Mackenzie Ave. Tailor, has received his first consignment of fall goods.

The HERALD is glad to announce that Dr. Brett of Banff, is recovering from his illness.

—For bargains in ladies dress goods, wash goods, blouses, cotton vests, etc, try Reid & Young's.

J. A. Bangs, solicitor, of Calgary, passed through the city this morning on his way to Republic.

—Don't forget that we have a large assortment of Gents' summer underwear. Prices from $1.25 to $3 50, at C. B. Hume & Co.

Miss McMicken, of J. B. Cressman's tailoring establishment, left on Tuesday for a visit to her home in Carberry, Manitoba.

The News Advertiser announces the marriage at Vancouver on Tuesday of Dr. Newcombe, of Ferguson, B. C., to Miss Mae Fraser, of Vancouver.

Mr. W. M. Brown, of the Victoria hotel went south Tuesday to Ferguson to attend the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Nettie L.

T. E. L. Taylor, F. Taylor and E. Edwards went down to Nelson this morning to attend the regatta being held there Friday and Saturday.

A. E. Miller, of Toronto, brother of Mrs. H. J. Bourne, arrived this week to take a position with Mr. G. F. Curtis, in the Red Cross Drugstore.

The ladies of the Catholic church are to be congratulated on the success of their bazaar held last week. The handsome sum of $137.45 was realized after paying all expenses.

Tenders for New Building

REVELSTOKE SCHOOL BOARD

The Board of Trustees of the Revelstoke Public School are desirous of receiving tenders for the erection of the proposed new building on City Block 33.

Plans, specifications and conditions of contract may be seen in one of the school class rooms (Second Street), daily, (Sundays excepted), from 10 a.m. till 12, noon, and from 6 p.m. till 7 p.m., on, and from Monday, July 28th, to Saturday, August 9th, inclusive.

Tenders will be received for the whole or separate parts of the work as shown on specifications.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

The specified conditions of contract must be strictly adhered to.

TENDERS must be sealed, endorsed on the outside "Tender for School Building" and MAILED to the undersigned; and will close at 6 p. m. on Tuesday, August 12, 1902.

Any further information may be obtained from Mr. J. B. Henderson, Architect, Grand Forks, B. C., or either of the School Trustees.

HENRY FLOYD,
Secretary, Revelstoke School Board.
Revelstoke, July 24, 1902.

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, Cent'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.

First and Paramount. Absolute Security to Policy-Holders.

IMPERIAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
OF CANADA. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.

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George B. Reeve, Ex-2nd Vice-President and General Manager Grand Trunk Railway Company.
Samuel J. Moore, Secretary and Manager Carter-Crume Co., Limited.
Hon. S. C. Wood, Vice-President Toronto General Trusts Corporation.
H. S. Holt, President Sovereign Bank of Canada, President Montreal Light, Heat & Power Co., Montreal
Thomas J. Drummond, Messrs. Drummond, McCall & Co., Montreal.
J. J. Kenny, Vice-President Western & British American Assurance Companies.
Chester D. Massey, President Massey-Harris Co., Toronto.
Charles McGill, General Manager, The Ontario Bank.

Good Agents Wanted—Address,

J. W. W. STEWART, Provincial Man., Vancouver.

—Call and see the bargains in Mens' and Boys straw hats, at C. B. Hume & Co.

The revenue from Chinese immigration for the year ending June 30th amounts to $364,972, compared with $178,704 during the previous year. The poll tax last year was increased from $50 to $100. The number who paid the tax was 2525, compared with 2518 in 1901.

The plans for the proposed new school building have been received and tenders are being called for in this issue of THE HERALD. Tenders will close on August 12th. Plans may be seen at the public school on Second street, and further particulars may be obtained from the school trustees, or J. B. Henderson, architect, Grand Forks.

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, June 30th, 1902.

FOR SALE.

A FARM FOR SALE, good buildings. Apply to Mrs W. Willis REVELSTOKE, B. C.

It is officially announced that there will be no public holiday in Canada to mark the King's coronation day on August 9th.

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.

THE CAREFUL WORKER

with the best of appliances and materials at his disposal must of necessity produce more perfect garments than do the human machines who work at low wages in crowded sweat shops.

Our Garments

Our Garments show the impress of the careful painstaking work of well paid and skilful tailors.

J. B. CRESSMAN, Mackenzie Aveuue.

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 roome 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.