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THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol V. No 150 REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1902 $2 00 a Year in Advance.

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BIG FIRE AT ROSSLAND

Kootenay Town Suffers Loss Amounting to Seventy Five Thousand Dollars.—Change in Wind Saves Business Portion.

ROSSLAND, Aug. 25.—In two hours this afternoon fire did $75,000 damage in the business and residential sections of Rossland. Earlier in the day it was believed that the loss would be substantially greater than this, but close scrutiny of the facts indicates that the lesser estimate is as nearly accurate as can be obtained for several days.

The fire broke out precisely at 3 o'clock, in the establishment of P. Burns & Co., butchers, two doors south of First avenue, on Spokane street, where a fire was in use for rendering lard. The blaze was not discovered until it had secured considerable headway, and by the time the alarm was turned in the flames were issuing from the roof. The department was on the ground quickly and water was playing on the flames two minutes after the alarm sounded.

The Burns building was in the centre of a solid block of wooden buildings, and the strong breeze prevailing speedily spread the flames north and south, despite the torrents of water thrown by the firemen. In two minutes from the first outbreak the fire had spread north into the Anaconda saloon, west of the M. & M. saloon, and south to the Coeur d'Alene saloon, while Thompson's restaurant, immediately adjoining the Burns block, was involved with the Burns, place in the first outbreak.

Within the space of time indicated the fire had jumped First avenue to two large three story buildings used as stores, and these were totally wiped out within an hour of the outbreak. The fire was spreading east rapidly, when the wind changed and turned the fire west. The flames jumped Spokane street and wiped out half a dozen business houses on that side together with all the residences in the block.

The fire fighting service was admirable and the water supply excellent. The city brigade was assisted by the War Eagle and Centre Star mining companies' well equipped fire brigade, and during the afternoon the Trail department arrived with 30 trained men and a thousand feet of hose. The run from Trail was made by a special train in 36 minutes. In addition scores of volunteers did good service at fighting the flames.

The only casualty was an accident to Chief Guthrie, of the city brigade, who was struck on the cheek by a live wire, but it did not burn nor render him unconscious. The accident led to a report that the chief had been killed, but he recovered immediately upon reaching the fire hall and resumed the direction of the brigade. After the fire was in progress an hour, and it was believed that the business section was doomed, the principal streets presented an interesting spectacle. Merchants commenced to move their stocks, every conveyance in the city was impressed to carry goods to points of safety while scores of persons, who were unable to secure conveyances ran here and there panic stricken.

The Rossland Miner block was threatened for a time and material to issue an emergency paper was carried out of the premises. The fire veered off when but one small building intervened between the conflagration and the newspaper office. The Nickel Mine buildings are located at the head of Centre Star gulch, and it was believed that the flames would penetrate that far, in fact they did reach points two hundred yards from the mine buildings. The entire force was turned out as a fire brigade to protect the compressor, shaft house, and valuable office buildings of the Rossland Great Western.

At one juncture it was believed that buildings would have to be dynamited to save the city, and a considerable amount of giant powder was brought down from the War Eagle mine, having been handed over by the company on request, which alternative was not resorted to, however. Ten constables were sworn in to preserve order and protect the thousands of dollars worth of merchandise of every description about the streets, where it had been hurridly posted in the first panic.

At dark tonight the burned area was smouldering, but no danger is apprehended.

Scarcely a vestige is left of the various buildings which were wiped out in the disastrous two hour fire.

A Train Signal Invention.

Mr. C. W. Davidson, of Winnipeg, conductor on the Canadian Pacific railway, has invented and patented in Canada and the United States, a device calculated to do away with the present cumbersome and expensive system of railway train signals in which flags and torpedoes have so long done service. The device which was suggested to the mind of the inventor as he pondered how the difficulty of continual stopping of trains necessitated by the old system of torpedo signals could be overcome, is quite simple in construction and consists of a gong and hammer which can be attached to the rail in such a way that the passage of every wheel throughout the length of the train registers a stroke on the gong. Mr. Davidson has shown his device to a great many railway officials in the east and these without exception pronounce it a perfect working signal.

It is claimed for the device that its adoption will save to the raiway companies using it, thousands of dollars annually which is lost year by year in the wear and tear on rolling stock and loss of time and fuel consequent upon so much useless stopping of trains, and also in the purchase of torpedoes, which alone amounts to a considerable sum. When it is known that every time a train stops, there is a loss of 80 cents and in the case of large freight trains a dollar. The number of useless stops that may be avoided by the use of this device will save a very large sum in a year. In addition to being capable of perfectly satisfactory working the device has the advantage of being cheaply constructed and when its merits become known and its use adopted by the numerous railway systems of America, the inventor will surely reap a snug fortune.

Lacrosse.

The Revelstoke lacrosse boys leave Sunday night for Kamloops, where they play the first match in the Fulton Cup competition with Kamloops on Monday. The boys have been practicing steadily for the past few weeks and should give a good account of themselves. A final practice will be held Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock to which all players are urgently requested to turn out. The team will be chosen from the following players: Trimble, Miller, Coghlan, Edwards, Hyatt, Carey, Chambers Graham, Jackes, Melville, Baird, Moir, and Stanford.

CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION

Will be Held in Revelstoke on Sept. 12th and 13th.—Prominent Speakers From the East Will be Present.

A convention of the Liberal-Conservative Union of British Columbia will be held in this city on Sept. 12th and 13th. The Selkirk hall has been engaged by the local association for the occasion. Delegates will be present from all parts of the Province, one delegate being allowed for every twenty members of each local association. Proxies can only be used by members of the union.

In addition to the many prominent speakers who will be in attendance from different parts of the province there will also be present R. L. Borden K. C., M. P., the Liberal-Conservative leader in the Commons at Ottawa, F. D. Monk, K. C., M. P., Conservative leader in Quebec, E. F. Clarke, M. P., ex-mayor of Toronto; H. A. Powell, K. C., of Westmoreland, and A. C. Bell, M. P. from Pictou, Nova Scotia. These gentlemen are among the most prominent and gifted orators in Canada. A mass meeting will probably be held after the labors of the convention are ended so that an opportunity may be given the general public of listening to these distinguished speakers.

Political Leaders.

Mr. R. L. Borden, the Liberal-Conservative leader in the Commons at Ottawa, is about to visit British Columbia in the company of several of his prominent parliamentary supporters. These include Mr. F. D. Monk, the party leader for Quebec; Mr. E. F. Clark, ex-mayor of Toronto; Mr. A. C. Bell, Sir Hibbert Tupper's colleague from Pictou, and Mr. H. A. Powell, of Westmoreland. The dates upon which they expect to be in the cities named are as follows: Victoria, Sept. 8; Vancouver, Sept. 9; New Westminster, Sept. 10; and Revelstoke Sept. 12 and 13, these being the dates set for a convention of the party in this province. They will visit Rossland and other Kootenay points also. The visitors will be at liberty to address meetings at the various centres on the dates named.

BUILDING UP GOLDFIELDS

The Banner Gold Camp of British Columbia—A Town of Big Possibilities—The Building Boom.

GOLDFIELDS, Aug. 26th.—The saw mill machinery for the new mill at Goldfields is now all on the ground, and the work of placing it in position to commence operations is being vigorously pushed forward. Lumber for the erection of buildings, including the big stamp mill and houses for the Northwestern Development Syndicate will be cut at once.

Joseph Howson, who is erecting the big three storey hotel has the foundation laid and is pushing the work with all haste. An order for doors and windows for the hotel was brought up to Sawyer Bros. planing mills here on Saturday.

The Kootenay Lumber Company, who own the big store at Comaplix, has chosen two lots in Goldfields on which will be erected a big store immediately.

Lots in Goldfields are being snapped up in lower Kootenay and reserves for locations are coming in by every mail.

There will be a great demand for carpenters here within the next few weeks. There are buildings projected to keep the work going with a hum for the next twelve months.

"Goldfields will be the banner gold camp of British Columbia within the next six months," so says a well known Spokane mining man.

R. F. Perry, the manager of Goldfields is clearing ground for the erection of a handsome cottage.

The government block is now being cleared.

The wagon road being constructed by the Northwestern Development Syndicate is really the best piece of roadmaking in British Columbia.

Hospital Board.

At a meeting of the hospital directors last week, B. R. Atkins tendered his resignation as secretary and Nurse McKinnon was appointed to the position. A. E. Phipps was appointed treasurer. A rate of $2.50 per day was made for private ward patients who are now ticket holders. It was also decided to issue tickets at $10 per year to include hospital accommodation and medical attendance in the public ward, to ticket holders treatment in the private ward at 50c. per day extra. An additional nurse has been wired for and Mrs. Smith of Vernon has been appointed and is expected to arrive shortly.

GENUINE BARGAINS
AT
Reid & Young's
For the Balance of August
On All Summer Goods, Consisting of

DRYGOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING,
MEN'S FURNISHINGS, BOOTS AND SHOES

MUST CLEAR OUT OUR SUMMER STOCK
During This Month to Make Room for
FALL GOODS.

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

The Lord's Day Alliance.

Tuesday evening saw a large and representative gathering of the people of Revelstoke in the Methodist church to hear Rev. J. G. Shearer, B.A., secretary of the Dominion Lord's Day Alliance on the all important topic of "The Battle for the Sabbath in Canada. The united choirs of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches furnished the music for the occasion. Solos were rendered by Mrs. Dent and Mr. Melville and the choir an anthem "Praise ye the Lord." Rev. W. C. Calder occupied the chair.

Rev. Mr. Shearer expressed great pleasure at seeing such a large and enthusiastic meeting, in fact the largest week night meeting he had seen in B. C. He paid a glowing tribute to the work of Messrs. Turk and Kirby, the evangelists who are to open a three week's campaign on the 7th inst. in Revelstoke, urging upon all the duty of making their meetings a success. The speaker for a few minutes dwelt upon the Lord's Day in its importance to the welfare of the nation, showing how the people of every nation were awakening to its significance in the matters of their social and material progress. He made reference to France, Italy and Germany in the marked change that was manifested through the organization of societies for the advocacy of the Day of Rest and the passing of legislation for its protection. Mr. Shearer settling down more closely to his subject dealt with it under the following heads: 1. That the national success of Canada depended upon the preservation of the day of rest. 2. That the success of the Kingdom of Christ depended upon it. 3. Also the physical, mental, moral and religious welfare of all the people. The speaker then treated his subject from the standpoint of its foes and friends. Amongst its foes were the irreligious, the immoral, all the lower elements of society, including greed of money, and seekers of pleasure, the passion for sport, and foreign labor. Amongst its friends, God, all branches of the Church, paying a high compliment to the stand of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada and particularly the attitude of Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal, the trades and labor are on our side. Mr. Shearer made some reference to the action of the Minister of Customs in stopping the excursions from the United States to Canadian towns on the Great Lakes, also to the attitude of Ralph Smith. A highly instructive and interesting address brought to a close an eloquent peroration urging upon the hearers that active interest of the laws of the Lord's Day as would lead to its better observance in this community and British Columbia. The meeting was brought to a close by the Doxology and the Benediction pronounced by Mr. Shearer.

At the close of the meeting a branch of The Lord's Day Alliance was organized with the following officers: President, Rev. W. C. Calder; Vice Presidents, Rev. C. Ladner, R. Howson, T. More, H. Floyd, C. J. Wilkes, and the presidents of the Ladies Aids of the different churches; Secretary, E. Wilson; Treasurer, W. Lefeaux.

Col. Prior's Visit.

Hon. E. G. Prior, acting premier and Minister of Mines, paid Revelstoke a visit on Tuesday last. Mr. Prior is just returning from a visit to the Kootenay and Boundary districts, with a view of acquainting himself with the conditions affecting the mining industry of the Province. During his stay in the city a large number of our citizens availed themselves of the opportunity of laying before him matters of importance needing the government's attention in this riding. The Minister of Mines has taken the proper course in coming to the mining district and seeing for himself the condition of affairs. There is not the least doubt that when he returns to Victoria he will be able to lay before his colleagues a true statement of the conditions as they exist today, and be in a much better position to formulate plans for the encouragement of mining in British Columbia for the future. The people throughout the whole country are well pleased with Col. Prior's visit, and fully appreciate his desire to get among the mining men and others and find out from personal observation the work that needs the permanent attention of the government.

Furniture Sale.

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

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

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

Grand Duke Boris, of Russia, left Chicago today for Niagara.

George Kerr's flour mill with all its contents was destroyed by fire at Dunville, Ont.

Richard Michaels in a quarrel with Wm. Robbins, at Niagara Falls, N.Y., killed the latter.

The Klondike Washery at Hazelton, Pa., was burned today. It is thought that the strikers are responsible.

The situation in the Panther Valley coal region is becoming serious. An outbreak is expected at any time.

Premier Laurier was present at the exposition at Lille, France, yesterday. He was banquetted in the evening.

The Runnison, Carson, McKee Co.'s stock of $66,327 was sold at auction at London, Ont., for 55 cents on the dollar.

The Dominion Iron and Steel Co are suing through the Halifax courts for $195,967.15 which they claim is due for bounties.

Twenty thousand men will be needed to handle Manitoba and the Northwest crops. Eleven thousand men have already been procured.

Larnel has maintained his title of champion by defeating R. F. Doherty, the English player at the Casino lawn tennis courts.

Four young women were drowned together in Lake Pearce, near Pawling N. Y., while out bathing. They got out beyond their depth.

Mount Pelee broke out again in another violent eruption yesterday. Cable communication with Martinique has been completely cut off.

Six thousand tons of Welsh anthracite coal is being loaded for Canada at Swansea, Wales. It is the largest cargo ever shipped from that part.

A ten thousand dollar robbery of diamonds has been committed on the Bowery, in New York. One of the depredators was arrested in Montreal for the theft yesterday.

A large number of men went to work today in the Torrance colliery at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and the company claims that there are large numbers of men applying for work.

The weather in Manitoba is very warm and bright. The grain is ripening fast all over the province. It is reported by next Saturday night half the wheat crop will be harvested.

Tom O'Brien, the escaped convict has written a letter to the Times at Butte, Mont., saying he had made his escape from the penitentiary for the sole purpose of killing under sheriff Morgan, who, he said, had perjured his testimony at his (O'Brien's) trial.

Clause Spreckles, of New York arrived in Montreal yesterday in connection with an organization of a Canadian company with six million dollars capital, to exploit a new process of sugar refining now in operation in the United States.

British Subjects Need Protection

CARACAS, Venezuela, Aug. 26.—Ciudad Bolivar, capital of the state of Bolivar, has been bombarded by government warships and many persons were killed or wounded. The place has a large British population and the British subjects have requested that a British warship be sent there for protection. It is alleged that atrocities have been committed at Ciudad Bolivar by both the government troops and the revolutionists.

Ciudad Bolivar is still in the power of the revolutionists. The town was fired upon day and night by the gunboats Bolivar and Restaudor, which attempted to land forces to reoccupy the place. About 600 shells were fired into the city. When the ammunition of the Restaudor was exhausted she left for La Guaira to obtain additional supplies, after which the bombardment will be resumed. There are no foreign warships in the Orinoco river to protect the interests of the powers, and the British government is being blamed in certain quarters for abandoning the 3,000 subjects of Great Britain who reside in the district of Ciudad Bolivar.

When Christendom Becomes Christian.

By DAVID G. WYLIE,
Pastor of Scotch Presbyterian Church, New York.

Take up the stumbling block out of the way of My people.—Isaiah, lvii., 14.

Christendom is the stumbling stone of Christianity. Christendom has the name of Jesus Christ, but lacks His spirit. Make Christendom Christian, wholly obedient to the will of Christ, and earth would become an Eden.

Christendom betrays Christ—often for gold. It was not so at first, when Christianity had no Christendom back of it, no heavy load such as Constantine, Charlemagne and Henry VIII. to carry. Note some results of making Christendom Christian:—

(1) Changed lives. The religion of Christ has suffered much from nominal Christianity. The Sermon on the Mount shows what the Master requires of His followers—that they be upright, honest, sincere, pure, holy.

But the lives of many Christians do not harmonize with the rule of Christ. On the other hand, unholy lives reproach and betray Him. The mistakes of Christians turn the hands on the dial plate of progress backward. Holy living is the great argument. Purify the lives of Christians and soon the Master would rule the world.

(2) Governments would be revolutionized. Christianity lays down rules for nations, but often these are disobeyed and shameful crimes are committed. The Golden Rule has in too many cases failed to regulate national conduct. Blood has been used as ink to write the history of many nations.

Cruelty, greed, lust of gold and injustice have marred the conduct of nations bearing the name of Christ. Great States have crushed small ones, grinding them to dust with a heel of steel. We may dream of the millennium, but it will not dawn until nations regulate their conduct by the laws of Jesus Christ.

(3) Christian principles put into practice would have a beneficial effect upon commerce, which has opened up the world to Christian influences. Commerce has spread its white sails upon the ocean highways of the world, and with it have gone noble men and women with messages of hope, love and salvation.

But commerce has often betrayed Christ because not dominated by Christian principles. Unparalleled greed has marred commercial transactions, as when Christian nations have fitted out slave vessels and sold into perpetual servitude thousands of the race. Not long ago opium was forced upon the Chinese by bayonet and cannon, and to-day Christian nations—England, Germany and the United States—are pouring barrels of rum down heathen throats for gain. Unchristian commerce curses, blasts and withers all it touches. If men would act upon Christian principles in business there would be fewer failures and suicides and more contentment, prosperity and happiness in the world.

(4) Christian literature and art would be transformed. Christianity owes much to the printing press. While there are more good and wholesome books than ever before, still there are men who run their presses night and day producing papers and books fit only for the fire, since these pollute the minds of youth. Bad literature retards Christ's kingdom and advances Satan's—which is a kingdom of darkness and death. Make unchristian literature Christian and the world would be a fitter place in which to live.

What of art? Much is good, much immoral and degrading. Sad, indeed, it is to see Christian people willing patrons of an immoral art, covering the walls of their homes with pictures which in their effect are degrading. Art should have a fine moral purpose and enthrone truth, purity and loveliness—in a word, Christ. Ruskin affirms that art should make religion, not luxury or pleasure, its first object.

(5) If Christendom were Christian heathenism would disappear and universal peace soon bless the world.

If Christians in heathen lands would let their light shine, if Christian nations would act in a Christian manner, Confucianism, Buddhism and Mohammedanism would soon cease to exist, since these forms of error would not be able to endure the white light of Christianity.

"If," says Dr. Seelye, "all men were true and loyal disciples of Jesus Christ wars would cease, oppression and slavery would be no more, vice and crime of every sort would disappear; there would be purity and love among all men, and the spiritual life which the Christian faith enkindles would furnish the unfailing impulse to all intellectual growth and all industrial activity. Not only righteousness, but knowledge, would flow through the earth, while the wilderness and the solitary place would be glad thereof, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose."

It should be the high aim of every Christian to make the principles of the holy religion of Jesus Christ dominant over all the movements and forces of the world. Then the coronation day of Jesus Christ will come.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Peel and core two and a half pounds of apples, chop one pound of onions very finely, and one pound of stewed raisins. Boil all together with two quarts of best vinegar for two hours, then add a quarter of a pound of powdered ginger, one pound of coarse sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cayenne pepper, quarter of a pound of salt, one pound and a half of mustard seed. Mix the ingredients well together, and the chutney is fit for use at once.

Take the smallest onions that can be got. They must be quite ripe and dry. Be careful not to use a steel knife in peeling them, or their color will be spoiled. Take off the two outer skins with a silver knife. Put the onions as fast as they are ready into perfectly dry jars, and cover them with cold vinegar and two spoonfuls of all-spice and two spoonfuls of pepper to each quart of vinegar. Tie them down closely. In a few weeks they will be ready.

Prick three pounds of small tomatoes with a silver fork and lay in a deep preserving pan, sprinkling salt over each layer, cover closely and allow them to stand for three days. Then strain the juice and add one quart of vinegar and a quarter of an ounce each of powdered sugar, mustard seed, cloves and white pepper and half a teaspoonful of ground mace. Boil all these ingredients together in an enamelled vessel, pour over the tomatoes, and when cold put in wide-mouthed jars. In about ten days the pickle will be ready for use.

Mushroom Sauce.

Place one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and when it is brown add one tablespoonful of flour. Add salt, pepper and one and one-half cups of stock. Cook five minutes, stirring constantly, then add one-half cup of fresh mushrooms, but in small pieces. Allow the mushrooms to cook until well heated, take them from the fire and stir in the yolk of one egg and a teaspoonful of butter. When the egg is set add a sprig of chopped parsley and serve.

The Brides Sofa Pillow.

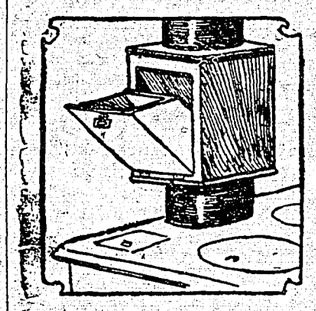
The latest idea in the sofa-pillow craze is intended for a bride, and will be sure to occupy a prominent position on the hall seat of her new home.

It is made of bits of ribbons and silk left from the trousseau. The smallest pieces may be used and a very rich effect produced. It should be made on the old-fashioned patchwork pattern of our grandmother's.

Dispose of Your Garbage at Home.

No more gathered garbage standing round, no more flies, no more waiting the janitor's pleasure. Charles R. Harris, of Williamsport, Pa., has invented a clever device for disposing of refuse at once and without odor.

It takes the place of a link of pipe, and while it does not obstruct the



passage of the smoke, yet there is sufficient heat passing up the pipe to carbonize the solid garbage placed therein. The hopper is readily opened to deposit the waste, and when closed the odors pass up the chimney with the smoke. Whatever remains after the carbonizing process is readily emptied into the firebox, the hopper tilting downward for that purpose.

Ventilating the Hair.

A woman who will make a habit of brushing and combing the hair at night and vigorously rubbing the scalp, rubbing till the blood tingles, may be sure, if she inaugurates this habit before her hair has begun to fall, that her hair will keep its color and useful quality. Even falling hair will often be brought back to vigor by such treatment.

A good deal is said in favor of brushing the hair. Brushing cleans the hair itself, but it does not invigorate the scalp as does combing, and neither is half so good as vigorous rubbing. When one begins she will find it takes a lot of rubbing to make the head tingle, but in a few weeks the first rub will start the blood. That tells its own story, for where the circulation is sluggish there deterioration of vitality has begun. Where the blood runs freely, there life renews itself.

It is good to let the hair hang loosely at night, especially if one sleeps in a room in which outside air circulates freely. The roots need air. Twice a week braid the hair into little braids all over the head. Hair thus treated will keep a glossy look, yet not hang together, and it will turn back prettily in a pompadour with better effect than as if the curling irons are used. Besides, curling irons are ruinous to the health of the hair

Sauce Hollandaise.

Mix one tablespoonful each of butter and flour in a saucepan; add gradually half a pint of boiling water. Stir until it just reaches the boiling point; take from the fire, add the yolks of two eggs. In another saucepan put a slice of onion, a bay leaf and a clove of garlic; add four tablespoonfuls of vinegar and stand over the fire until the vinegar is reduced one-half. Turn this into the sauce, stir for a moment; strain through a fine sieve.

Danger in Wells.

It seems to be the somewhat widespread belief among mankind that if one can get a nuisance underground and out of sight all trouble is hereby disposed of. Creamery companies are peculiarly liable to this belief, writes F. G. S., in Hoard's Dairyman, and where surface drainage is deficient the attempt is frequently made to either sink a tubular well into the sand or gravel or use a shallow surface well to dispose of the creamery waste.

The results from such a method are more than liable to be disappointing, especially if the creamery well is in the neighborhood of the drainage well. Depending on its composition, soil will take up, filter out and destroy a certain amount of waste organic matter, but it rapidly loses this power unless it is turned over and exposed to the oxidizing power of the air. So when the large amount of waste matter from the creamery is turned into a trainage well, it only forms a source from which polluted water is supplied to the creamery, and the result on the butter is what might be expected.

Scent in Birds.

Animals follow their noses with unerring instinct. A dog identifies his master by smelling him. A goat picks her kid from an enclosure of hundreds with her nose. After a separation a cow is never satisfied with her calf until she has thoroughly smelled it. . . The feathered family are so deficient as to smell and taste that they go anywhere and eat anything. I have seen birds contentedly brooding about slaughter houses and sewer discharges, where the air was so contaminated that my horse would turn up its nose, draw its lips back from its teeth and groan, and I could only secure my material by working with a cloth dipped in disinfectant bound over my lips and nostrils. The birds eat unspeakable things. It is nothing to find them raking the river banks for worms at the very mouth of a sewer discharge. . . Some of our golden-noted, gaily-plumaged birds, that have been sung by poets and painted by artists, may be found in the fields complacently picking the undigested corn from the droppings of the herds they follow. Beyond all question the birds have sight and the animals scent, but where each is defective in one of these senses it seems compensated for by the greater degree in which it possesses the other.—From "Sight and Scent in Birds and Animals," in June Outing.

Wild Ducks.

It seems almost certain that the ducks change their line of flight, avoiding to some extent the lines where their danger is greatest. It is certain, for instance, that Canada has better shooting than Michigan in the Lake St. Clair district, for the reason that Canada gives six weeks more protection, and the ducks are not frightened away by an early bombardment. In consequence, the kill in Michigan has declined, while that across the river is as good as of yore. Likewise, I know one section of Wisconsin once famed for its great flights that now has scarcely a duck. Yet the country round about has not suffered correspondingly. Here, in these Sandusky shooting grounds, was a similar example. Formerly the law permitted duck-shooting as early as September 1. A number of the clubs took advantage of the early weeks. The Ottawa Club and one or two others declined to shoot until later, with the result that when, toward the season's close, ducks were growing scarce on neighboring preserves the Ottawa men had the best of shooting. This was not only a good instance of virtue proving her own reward, but goes to show how local conditions may alter materially the kill of ducks.—From "Problems in Ohio Sport," in June Outing.

Mr. Pillsbury's Memory.

At the Athenaeum Chess Club, Camden Town, London, recently, Mr. H. N. Pillsbury gave a remarkable exhibition of simultaneous blindfold chess. He sat at the end of a room with his face to the wall, and behind him were ranged ten first-class members of the club, with boards in front of them. Mr. Pillsbury had the white men, and therefore the first move against each of his opponents. He opened all the games with the familiar P—K4. Two of his opponents played the Sicilian Defence, and two the French game; there were two centre counter gambits, one King's gambit declined, one Ruy Lopez, and some irregular defences, so that the American champion had plenty of variety to exercise his memory. Many of the games were interesting, and it was wonderful to watch the accuracy with which Mr. Pillsbury made his moves. Anyone who has attempted to play a single game without seeing the board will be ready to admit that it is a task which demands one's whole attention. Very few know from actual experience what it entails to play a number of such games simultaneously. Mr. Pillsbury, however, sat for five hours playing, and during all that time he retained an exact knowledge of the position on every board, and not a single false move did he make.

This effort was by no means the limit of his capabilities, for after two hours' play the games were adjourned for half an hour, and during that time the young American performed, without seeing a board, what is known as the "Knight's Tour," and further demonstrated his remarkable memory with a pack of cards in the following manner:—Mr. Elliott, the Secretary, drew from a complete pack about thirty cards, naming each one as he turned it over. Mr. Pillsbury then told him with absolute accuracy every card left in the pack. Shortly after the resumption of play the first game was finished, Mr. Pillsbury resigning to Mr. Hamlyn, playing board No. 6. Mr. Hamlyn was the only player to defeat the American. He has been a member of the Athenaeum for 25 years, and has had the honor of defeating Mr. Pillsbury in a similar encounter before. Mr. Passmore, playing top board, Mr. Sutton, board No. 2, and Mr. Baker all drew their games. On each of the other six Mr. Pillsbury scored a win, making a total of 7 1-2 games to 2 1-2, a highly creditable performance, for which he was loudly applauded.

A DISCUSSION ON WAR.

UNITED STATES CONGRESSMEN TALK OF BRUTALITIES.

The Actions of the Army in the Philippines Compared With Those on Both Sides During the War of the Rebellion.

The wicked British, having made peace with the Boers, and the latter having sung "God Save the King" and "Rule, Britannia," and having also spoken favorably of the concentration camps, the Americans who were so indignant at the harsh treatment of the Boer women and children are raking up some details of their own history. Needless to say, it was not in reference to South African affairs. But quite recently in Congress, in connection with the Philippine civil government bill, according to the report published by The New York Tribune, Mr. Grosvenor of Ohio spoke in defence of the army in the Philippines. In no war of modern times, he declared, had there been less brutality and retaliation than in the war in the Philippines. That would be the verdict of history. If everything that had been said of General Jacob H. Smith were true, he could find its counterpart on both sides in the civil war. He read a report from General Grant to the Government, telling of the arrangements he had made to carry desolation everywhere through the Shenandoah Valley; to seize all men under fifty years of age as prisoners of war; to destroy crops and make the valley a "barren waste." "Before 'Phil' Sheridan got through he made it a barren waste," said Mr. Grosvenor. He then read from "The Letters of Stonewall Jackson," edited by his wife, a statement that Jackson believed the black flag should be raised and no quarter given as the best means of resisting invasion, and saying that he had urged this policy on Lee. He also read a telegram from General Beauregard urging the passage of a bill for the execution of prisoners. By this means, the telegram read, "England will be stirred to action." Mr. Grosvenor said he did not read these things to rekindle the embers of sectionalism, but to show how deplorable war always was.

"When that bill was introduced in the Confederate Congress," asked Mr. Bartlett of Georgia, "had not Lincoln issued a proclamation to seize the citizens of the valley of Virginia and try them by court-martial and had they not been seized?"

"I do not know," replied Mr. Grosvenor.

"That is history," declared Mr. Bartlett.

"If that is true," responded Mr. Grosvenor, "it furnishes only another reason to excuse those of our soldiers who retaliated when the natives in the Philippines sneaked up and cowardly murdered their comrades."

Mr. Grosvenor also defended the rules of the House, and paid a high tribute to Speaker Henderson's impartiality.

Mr. Mahon of Pennsylvania maintained that the Filipinos were not fit for independence. Speaking of the cruelties charged against some of the officers and men in the Philippines, he declared that they were not to be compared with the barbarities of the civil war. He read from official reports tales of the horrors suffered by the Union prisoners at Andersonville.

"Do not the official figures show," interrupted Mr. Richardson, the Democratic leader, "that a greater percentage of Confederate prisoners died in northern than Union prisoners in southern prisons?"

"I have the official figures here," replied Mr. Mahon. "I will put them in the record." He read an order to shoot the prisoners at Andersonville if the Union army got within seven miles of the prison.

"If the north was justly indignant over the atrocities at Andersonville," interrupted Mr. Neville of Nebraska, "why should not the American people now be indignant over the brutalities in the Philippines? Why parade the civil war horrors as an excuse?" (Democratic applause.) "If the Administration was directly responsible for the atrocities alleged to have been committed in the Philippines the Republican party should be swept out of power." (Democratic applause.)

"While the Union prisoners were suffering at Andersonville," interposed Mr. Richardson, "did not the Confederate Government have up a standing offer to exchange those prisoners, officer for officer and man for man? And was not the proposition rejected?"

"Yes. But the men in Andersonville were broken, emaciated, many of them maniacs. The north refused to exchange able-bodied men for men who could not perform military service," replied Mr. Mahon.

"I ask again," interrupted Mr. Richardson, "did not more Confederate prisoners die in Union prisons than Union prisoners in southern prisons?"

"I deny it, and will put the reports in the record," said Mr. Mahon.

"It is true, and I can prove it," asserted Mr. Richardson.

"You want the south to support the Government in prosecuting the war in the Philippines," interposed Mr. Neville. "Why do you now seek to besmirch the south?" (Democratic applause.)

"I do not desire to besmirch the south," responded Mr. Mahon. "I only desire to show, as General Sherman declared, that 'war is hell.'"

"As a Republican," Mr. Mahon concluded, "I say that I do not fear this assault upon our army. The American people will stand by the boys in blue when we go upon the hustings for the control of the next House." (Republican applause.)

Mr. De Armond of Missouri spoke at considerable length in opposition to the Administration's Philippine policy. Other speakers were Messrs. Olmsted of Pennsylvania, Williams of Illinois, Corliss of Michigan and W. W. Kitchin of North Carolina.

At the night session Mr. Bartlett replied to the remarks of General Grosvenor and Mr. Mahon as to the treatment of Union soldiers in Confederate prisons. He read from a report by Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, saying that the conditions of the Union prisoners in the south was no worse than that of the Confederate soldiers in the field. To prove his statement that a greater percentage of Confederate soldiers died in Union prisons than of Union soldiers in Confederate prisons, he produced figures from Secretary Stanton's report of July 16, 1866, showing that of 220,000 Confederate soldiers in Union prisons 26,576, or over 12 per cent., died, against 22,576, or about 9 per cent. of the 270,000 Union soldiers in Confederate prisons.

Buried Alive.

Naturally enough, the entombing of Joshua Sanford in the well near Paris and his rescue, have recalled numerous instances of a somewhat similar nature. Perhaps the most remarkable of these is the following, recently published by The Hamilton Times:—

There have been some very remarkable cases of entombment and rescue. Dr. Geike tells the story of one which took place in the Carrick country, a rough, hilly district on the west coast of Scotland, where a little bit of the great Scottish coal field has got jammed into the steep sides of the valley of the Girvan. Visitors to the quiet kirkyard of Dailly are shown a stone bearing the following inscription:—

In Memory of
JOHN BROWN, COLLIER,
who was enclosed in
Kilgrammie Coal-pit, by a portion of it having fallen in,
Oct. 8, 1835.
having been twenty-three days in utter seclusion from the world, and without a particle of food. He lived three days after, having quietly expired on the evening of
Nov. 3.
Aged 66 years.

Brown was entombed by a "crush," he having gone back to get his jacket. "The jacket is a new one," said he, as he hastened back into the pit as his comrades were leaving as fast as their legs would carry them, "and, as for the pit, I've been in a crush before now, and have won through, an' I'll win through now." But ere he got back the entire roof caved in, and for some days he was given up for dead. The "crush" took place on Wednesday, and on Sunday the minister of the wee kirk made a powerful appeal to the people not to give up hope, and the work of tunnelling was begun. On the twenty-third day after the accident the workmen got through the ruins and into the open workings beyond, and some of them were nearly frightened out of their wits by hearing a groan. One more venturesome than his fellows advanced and said, "If that's your ain groan, John Brown, in the name o' God, gie anither." And in a few minutes they were hearing their old comrade to the light, convinced that it was indeed himself, and not some trick of the evil one, of whom they stood much in dread. Brown's first words were, "Gie me a drink"; and then, "Eh, boys, ye hae been lang o' coming." He had not had a bite to eat, and for seven days not a drop to drink, although he could hear water running near him. His hair and beard were matted with the coal fungus which gathers in the pits, and his flesh had the appearance of a mummy. He was wasted to a shocking extent and was very weak; but he had never given up the hope of rescue and he was hopeful of recovery, saying: "Eh, boys, when I win through this I've a queer story to tell you." But he was not to "win through." The exhaustion had been too much and he expired three days after being taken out of the mine. The inquest showed that almost every particle of fatty matter in the body had been consumed, but it did not succeed in convincing the simple and superstitious people of the district that there was nothing uncanny about Brown, the doctor who held the post mortem being asked by scores "if he had seen his feet," they being convinced that Brown must have had a cloven hoof.

British Credit.

Lord Goschen's remarkable statement in the House of Lords yesterday shows how little ground there is for the croakings of those curious pessimists who are for ever belittling the greatness of their own country. He showed that our consols have risen fifteen points in the last four years, notwithstanding an exhausting war and borrowings to the extent of a hundred and fifty-five millions. The Prime Minister commended Lord Goschen's declaration on the same grounds as those on which we yesterday welcomed Lord Salisbury's own reference to the place of sea power in Imperial defence—namely, that the bare word of a trusted statesman is more convincing to the public mind than much literature and many arguments. To those, however, who have the will to read and the mind to understand, we commend as a supplement to Viscount Goschen's striking figures a perusal of the volume which has been issued from the Custom House, giving details for the past five years of the over-sea trade of the United Kingdom. So far from our trade showing any signs of decay, the record of the past five years is one of astounding progress. The year 1900, as most people know, was a record year, which we have never equalled before, and, perhaps, may not equal again for several years to come. But in 1901 there was nothing abnormal about our trade, and it may, therefore, fairly be compared with the earlier years of the quinquennium. In imports, which give the best indication of the purchasing power, and, therefore, of the general prosperity of the country, we find that there was an increase in the five years from £451,000,000 to £522,000,000. Exports of home produce, which give a measure of the activity of many of our most important trades, increased—after deducting new ships—from £234,000,000 to £271,000,000. At the same time, re-exports of imported produce, which show the activity of our entrepot trade, increased from £60,000,000 to £68,000,000. In face of these figures, it seems a pity that so many well-intentioned people should waste their energies in bewailing the decadence of British trade.—London Daily Graphic.

Dora—How many times did you refuse Jack before you accepted him?

Ethel—Only once. He seemed so discouraged I was afraid to try it again.—New York Weekly.

Sheep on the Farm.

Wool has almost ceased to be a factor in the sheep industry, as farmers have discovered that there is more money in selling early lambs and fat wethers than to depend solely upon wool as a source of profit from sheep. The fleece is simply a by-product, and no progressive farmer now expects to make sheep pay with the wool as the principal source of revenue from the flock. The majority of farmers do not have large flocks, 25 sheep being considered as above the average, and they are kept largely because they are of valuable assistance on the farm in consuming weeds and other waste materials that possess no value. It is well known that a flock of sheep will clear a field of weeds rapidly, and they will also keep the pests down. While so doing they distribute manure evenly on the ground and press it into the soil with their feet. For these advantages from sheep there are farmers who would not be without them, as they save labor and demand but little attention. It has been frequently demonstrated that from fields upon which large flocks of sheep have been hurdled the yields of grain have been doubled, due to the fertility added to the soil by the sheep. Farmers who give their attention to early lambs and the production of choice mutton have found Southdown rams excellent for the improvement of the common flocks, as the Southdown is hardy, and such sheep can be kept in larger flocks than the Oxfords or Shropshires, though the latter breeds are larger in size than the Southdown. The preference for the Southdown is also due to the fact that the grades are excellent foragers and can subsist on scanty herbage compared with some other breeds or crosses. Wherever cattle are kept sheep can find also a place, as the sheep will clean up lands upon which the cattle may leave much that could be turned into profit. No farmer, however, can expect the best results from sheep without care; but sheep require less attention than other animals on the farm.—Philadelphia Record.

Green Bones For Poultry.

Nitrogen is the valuable constituent of the white of the egg, the gluten of wheat, of lean meat, of blood, and of all flesh-forming substances. When animal matter is decomposing, the nitrogen unites with hydrogen and forms ammonia. When we feed meat to poultry, we do so in order to procure the nitrogen, which, through the process of digestion and chemical reaction, is converted into albumen or some other form of nitrogen. There is no food that can be given that will produce more eggs than bones, for bones not only contain nitrogen, but abound in mineral matter. The waste of bones that might otherwise be used for food is enormous, says an American paper.

By bones is not meant the hard, dry bones, but the ones that have a little lean meat on them, which is one of the egg-producing elements. When the hard, dry bone is ground up there is much time wasted, for it can be bought cheaply, but freshly ground bone cannot be bought. The fresh bones must be ground and used at once, or some of the valuable properties will be lost. By the use of green bones we provide not only grit, but a complete egg food, carbon and water excepted, while dry bones and shells do not possess these qualities. The demand for a hand bone-mill has become great in the last few years, because poultry-raisers have come to the conclusion that the fowls must have fresh, green bones, and they must be used immediately after they are ground. Many times there are bones left from the table which are exceedingly valuable for fowls, and there are also many bones that the butcher would be glad to sell for a mere trifle, but which will yield more than their value in eggs. Do not throw away green bones, but save time and money by grinding them and giving them to the birds.

Early History of Buff Leghorns.

Claiming for the Buff Leghorns, as we do, both a combination of beauty and utility, we can safely recommend them to our patrons and lovers of poultry, writes Daniel Wagner in American Stock Keeper. Contrary to the general belief, Buff Leghorns do not come from a cross known as Buff Cochins or Brown Leghorns, as rumored by our brother fanciers. They are a distinct breed. They were originated in England thirteen years ago. Some of our brother fanciers have made importations from there. No new variety has ever come along so fast or taken a stronger hold on the admiration of fanciers as well as utility breeders, for they certainly have in them the elements which measure up to the highest standard of excellence for both fancier and farmer. They will prove their own merits of all or more than has ever been claimed for them.

First, they are the handsomest of all the Leghorn family. Second, while in general characteristics similar to other varieties of Leghorns, they are superior in some respects. Third, the characteristic of the variety which will strongly recommend them to breeders is their extreme hardiness, especially when young. They come to maturity very young. I have had several cockerels crowing when six weeks old.

They are great layers of large white eggs that are unequalled for their size. I had kept an egg record of my Buff Leghorn pullets, they laying as high as 200 eggs in twelve months, of which they hold their own record.

I have had the Asiatic breed, which only laid 98 eggs in the twelve months. The Buffs will outlay all the Asiatics. They are small eaters, and bear confinement well, and are good foragers when allowed to run.

The Buffs are here to stay, and are mortgage lifters. If there is a mortgage on your farm you will make no mistake in purchasing a few settings of eggs from good stock and starting to raise Buff Leghorns. The demand for Buffs is increasing every day. They are very stylish, and have the most beautiful buff color, which presents a handsome appearance, which, when seen on a green lawn, makes them favorites with most people. They draw attention wherever they are shown.

Rule Britannia—As It is Sung

The effervescences of Peace Day prompted The London Daily Chronicle to suggest that the street boys should be tested as to their knowledge of the words "Rule, Britannia." The idea was taken up by schoolmasters in several places, with surprising results. In a Brighton school, for instance, one boy wrote down as the first line of the chorus, "Royl Brick Tanner, Brick Tanner rules the Way." Another began Rore Britainer." A third thus adjured his country, "Rail Britianl, Britanil Rails the Way," doubtless thinking of the Cape to Cairo project. A fourth, more ambitious, gave a whole verse, thus: "The nations not so blest has he but still in stern but still stern to God most all this was the Chelter the Chelter of the Stall and God in Angles sang the Strang Bulbintanya biatanya woves the waves for Britians never will be slain." "Bulbiatanya" has a fine South African tang about it. One of the fifty boys tested in a Poplar Board school produced the following version:—

Roul Pretanyer Pretanyer all the way
Three cheers nevar nevar nevar shall be slane.

Canadian schoolmasters might make similar experiments and report as to the results.

The Last Rose of Summer.

The Irish melodies and national songs of Thomas Moore still enjoy a popularity almost as widespread as in the days when he shared with Lord Byron the honor of being the most popular poet of his generation. His longer poems have

not stood the test of time so well, though "Lalla Rookh," with its wealth of eastern imagery and detail, is still read and admired by many, as are also his satirical papers and lampoons collected under the title of the "Twopenny Post Bag," and his biographies, including one of his friend Lord Byron. Moore, who was born at Dublin in 1779, was the son of an humble Dublin grocer, and even in his earliest youth wrote poems of no mean merit. When he went to London in early manhood his engaging social gifts, his charming personality and the sweetness with which he sang his own songs gained him almost instant admission to the highest society, and he retained the love and respect of hundreds of friends and acquaintances until his death in 1852. His health completely failed in 1845, and he wrote nothing for publication after that year. Above everything else Moore was a patriotic Irishman, and his national songs and ballads vibrate with love of country and are tinged also with that strain of pathos which seems to be inseparable from all Irish poetry. "The Minstrel Boy," "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls" and other songs may be instanced in support of this. One of the best known of his songs and one which was a particular favorite with the poet is "The Last Rose of Summer," which follows:—

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Buttermilk For Pigs.

Buttermilk should not be given in large quantities to a sow that is nursing pigs. It may so affect her milk, by causing it to curdle prematurely in the stomach of the young pigs, as to cause the death of the latter. If fed at all, the quantity should not exceed forty pounds to a barrel of swill. If the buttermilk has been obtained from a creamery and has become an acid before it can be fed, better avoid feeding it. Buttermilk as obtained from creameries, even though fed to shoats or pigs, when fed single and alone, will, as a rule, cause the evil results above alluded to. And yet there is no food that may be fed to such great advantage in connection with other food as the by-product of the dairy.—American Swineherd.

"So you and Tom were finally married, eh, Nell?"

"Yes, but we're not happy."

"Why, how's that?"

"We didn't marry each other."—Detroit Free Press.

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.

Almost starving, Lady Feo—so desperate that I was going to throw myself into the river, when he found me and brought me here, because I had nowhere else to go."

"All the worse for him, when the story is known. He will be chiled a scoundrel for taking advantage of your youth and helplessness."

"For giving me work—for leaving his home that it might be a refuge for me when I was too ill to be moved?"

"That won't be what his enemies will say."

"But if I tell all—all, myself?"

"Nobody would believe you. Naturally a girl, caught in such a web, would make things look as well for herself as she could. It wouldn't help him—or you. Believe me, for I know the world."

"What would you have me do?" I demanded, brokenly.

"I have told you. Go away."

"And I have said that I am going."

"To rooms of his taking. Oh, Sheila, I beg of you, for his sake, go far away from him, and leave no trace."

Now, indeed, I could control my tears no longer. They fell from my eyes like rain, and sobs choked my voice.

"Oh, I can't— I can't do that!" I cried. "Go without letting him know why or where? He would believe me ungrateful—he would believe horrible things that are not true."

"If he did, you should be unselfish enough to be glad. For it would spare him pain. And it would keep him from searching for you, which he might do otherwise, out of a conviction that it was his duty to see that you were safe."

"Perhaps you are lying to me!" I flung at her. "Perhaps you only want to get me out of the way."

Lady Feo Ringwood smiled. "You don't really think that. I am not afraid of you with John Bourke, my poor child."

I looked at her, and as my pain and jealousy accentuated her beauty, I told myself bitterly that she had no need to be afraid. She was like a young queen, in her exquisite dress and the black picture hat that contrasted with her auburn hair; "daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair." I was a little insignificance, my poor claims to prettiness paling beside her classic perfection.

"I saw," she continued, "from that old woman's reluctance to let me into the study that the Secret was there, and so I was determined to enter, for I had come to the house with a purpose. I expected to see some ordinary girl of no importance. I found you. I said to myself: 'Sir Roger Cope will kill John Bourke for this, or John will kill him!'"

"Roger Cope!" I ejaculated. "Always Roger Cope!"

"Yes, Roger Cope. But if he were the only one with whom Mr. Bourke will have to reckon it would not be so bad. I am so far from having lied to you that certain political opponents, who would give ten years of their lives to have him under their feet, have arranged to set spies upon him. Anyone who rings at the door-bell may be a spy. Or the servants will be questioned. Proof is what they want. It is easy to get. Unless you go and hide yourself before it has been actually got. Are you brave enough? Do you love him enough for this?"

"I am grateful enough," I answered, haughtily.

"Then do it—quickly, before you change your mind and weaken; quickly, before it is too late. If you do this I shall believe in you and speak well of you always. Some day Jack himself shall know."

I shrank away from the gloved hand she laid on mine and shivered. I guessed the meaning cloaked by her words. She wished me to understand that some time in the future, when she was John Bourke's wife, and he was safe from all harm which I could do him, he should hear the truth about my going. Till then I must content myself to remain under a cloud—a cloud blacker and colder to my soul than the river from which I had been saved by him. And she called him "Jack."

"I will tell Mrs. Jennett that you have brought me news which makes it necessary for me to go away," I said, as firmly as I could. "And—I will leave no message for—Mr. Bourke."

"Ah, but that would be to defeat the end you seek to gain," Lady Feo assured me, hastily. "Mr. Bourke must not know that I have had anything to do with your going—for his own sake he must not. If he took the idea into his head that you had been coerced in any way, he would certainly not stop to think of his own advantage, but would move heaven and earth till he had found you again, giving you back your position as his secretary—which perhaps you can ill afford to lose?"

"I shall contrive to get on without it," I replied.

"You will let me help you, of course! It would be only fair, since by my advice you are giving up—your situation."

"I shall not need your help, thank you," I said. For I would not have taken anything from her to save myself from starving.

"I didn't mean you to go away without leaving word for Mr. Bourke," she went on, catching up the dropped thread with animation; for her offer of assistance had been but perfunctory and absent-minded. "It would be best to satisfy his mind that you had gone because it was your own wish, because you thought that you could better yourself. Then, you see, his conscience would be at rest; he would be contented to let you alone; and the flame of scandal would presently die, let us hope, for lack of fuel."

"Very well, I dare say you are right," I rejoined, hopelessly. "I will write such a letter."

Lady Feo's hand rose nervously to her breast, toying with the orchids pinned among her laces. "Sheila," she said, betraying slight confusion, "would you—you would not, I suppose, let me see the letter when it is written, and—and advise you about it?"

I saw that she meant to persist if I showed signs of refusing her request, and I did not care to hold out against the suggestion. Since I was an obstacle in John Bourke's path up the hill of fame, I wished to remove myself in the way that would be best for him. I was ready to believe that Lady Feo Ringwood knew what the best way was, not so much because I considered her a wise and conscientious adviser, as because her revelations had forced me to certain deductions of my own.

John Bourke's words, which had made me so happy and hopeful only an hour or two ago, came back to me now, lurid in the light of a new meaning.

I sat down at the table from which I had risen at the sound of Lady Feo's voice in the passage and deliberately placed a fresh sheet of paper in the typewriting machine. Then I began to tap out, letter by letter, my farewell to the man I loved.

"Dear Mr. Bourke," I wrote. "It is easier to write some things than to speak them. After all, I don't think that the life of a typewriter would suit me. I have grown restless and want a change." (How my heart smote me as my fingers told the falsehood!) "Perhaps I was foolish to choose poverty when I might have had all I could possibly wish for. So now I have changed my mind. Lest you should not approve, and I should be forced to argue my point (I'm not good at argument), I will not wait to hear what you think of this step I am taking, but will say farewell now. Thank you again for all your kindness, which I shall never cease to appreciate. But I shall be happier in a life more like that to which I was brought up. In that life we may not meet again; and so this is good-bye."

Lady Feo's eyes followed each line as I typed it. "Well?" I said at last, when I took the paper from the machine to sign.

"It is very well indeed," she pronounced. "You have given exactly the impression that it is best to convey. You couldn't do better."

"I am glad you are satisfied," I said, in a stifled voice. I dipped a pen in an ink-pot standing near, then paused with it suspended. I had never signed the name which was really mine, "Jenny Harland," and to do so was repulsive. "I will not be Jenny," I said to myself; "not to him at least. In this one thing I will indulge my own wish. I shall sign myself 'Sheila.'"

I wrote the name hurriedly beneath the few typed paragraphs, folded the letter, and put it into an envelope which I addressed to "John Bourke Esq." I felt as if I had signed my own death warrant; but I wept no longer. A stony calmness had come to help me through the rest of this scene with Lady Feo Ringwood.

"When will he be here again?" she asked.

"Not till to-morrow," I informed her.

"You are sure?"

"As sure as I can be of anything."

"That's good. I will go now, for, as I said, I must not be associated with this plan of yours. Presently, I suppose, you can make some excuse to that old woman—Mrs. Jennett, isn't it? You won't tell her that you are leaving for good?"

"No—o," I said, slowly. "Perhaps it would be better not. She has been very kind to me, and it is hateful to leave her so. But one hateful thing more or less doesn't matter much now."

"You are a brave girl, Sheila Cope," exclaimed Lady Feo. "It sounds conventional to say that Heaven will reward your unselfishness, but, really, believe it will."

"We won't talk about it, if you please," I said, my lips very stiff as I formed the words.

"At all events you must come to me afterwards. Not to my house, perhaps, for that might lead to awkwardness—one never can tell. Things happen queerly. But we must make an appointment. This is a great responsibility I've undertaken, and I feel——"

"Don't feel," I cut her short, abruptly. "I shall be all right."

"Have you—do forgive me—but have you money?"

Her hand fluttered towards a dainty gold-netted purse that she had laid with a lace film of handkerchief on Mr. Bourke's desk.

I stopped her with a gesture. "I know where to get money, thank you."

"Oh, very well. Of course you know your own affairs best. What else is there for me to say?"

"Nothing but—good day," I returned with a smile that was strained as the smile on a mask.

"I have been very frank, very outspoken, because I had to be so. But I hope you don't feel hard towards me?"

"I don't think that I feel anything," I said.

"Well, then, good-bye."

I murmured something, and did not seem to see the hand which she held out—a great lady condescending to a misguided girl who had promised to mend her ways, and therefore deserved commendation. She gathered up her belongings and went to the door, then turned and looked at me anxiously.

"You won't change your mind and—and stay after all? I may—trust you?"

My eyes flashed to hers.

"I am doing this, not for you but for Mr. Bourke," I said. "I will not go back from my promise to myself."

"Then I do trust you."

She had the last word and so was gone.

Mechanically I began to put away the material on which I had been at work. I had finished typing Mr. Bourke's article, which was to appear in the "Fortnightly Review." Never would I do any more work for him. But he would find plenty of others to step into my place. I had only been employed out of charity.

When I had neatly arranged the papers I had no longer an excuse for inaction. I must make up my mind exactly what to do with myself. Somehow I seemed always to be making up my mind what to do with myself; and as soon as the matter was settled Fate interfered to undo it all again. I had run away from Arrish Mell Court; I had run away from Easel street; now I was going to run away from John Bourke, which meant leaving all that had become to me best worth living for.

I had promised him that never again would I be a coward and seek to end my own life. I would not break the promise, and so my troublesome self had to be provided for; plans made by which my body was to be fed and clothed, just as if it were still of some importance.

There was Roger Cope, of course. I could really do the thing which in my letter to Mr. Bourke I had hinted at. Probably Roger's offer was still open, and if I took it I could rehabilitate myself in the eyes of the world, in case my acquaintance with the great "Labor Member" became known to others beside Lady Feo Ringwood. Yet, no! I could not bring myself to that.

I thought of Mr. Westerley. But he liked Roger, and would advise me to act in a way contrary to my inclinations, if according to common sense. He was a dear old matchmaker, and with the best intentions in the world he would work to throw Roger Cope and me together. Therefore, Mr. Westerley was still out of the question.

My eyes fell upon a newspaper lying on the desk. It had not been there, I knew, before Lady Feo came. She had, doubtless, brought it in and forgotten to take it away. I picked it up and turned to the advertising pages. I could not go back to any of the agencies I had visited while I lived in Easel street, for Mr. Bourke was probably right in his deductions. At all events, they had offered me no hope, after the first visits I paid them; but Roger had certainly lost sight of me now, and he could not prejudice the minds of advertisers in the papers in case I should luckily discover one willing to try my services.

But I could find nothing in the long lists of persons wanted which offered hope for me, and I was on the point of flinging the paper aside with an impatient sigh when my eyes happened to fall upon the "personal" column on the first page.

Then my heart gave a great bound and I snatched up the paper again.

CHAPTER XVII.

What I Saw in the Personal Column.

Destiny seemed bent on playing strange tricks with me of late; and the last trick was no less curious than those which had gone before. Strangest of all was it that this should come to me now.

"Heart-shape" were the two words, in capital letters at the head of the "personal" column, which had caught my startled attention. "If the younger of the two ladies who saw something which surprised her at the theater on a night several weeks ago would like to hear the explanation of a mystery and at the same time receive information greatly to her advantage," the paragraph went on, "she should be at the Marble Arch between the hours of seven and eight to-night or to-morrow. Later the offer may no longer be open."

The advertisement was meant for me, and no one else on earth!

By the wording, "to-night or to-morrow," I judged that this was the first time that the notice had appeared. It would come out once again perhaps, and then—unless the writer altered his or her intention—no more.

I read the paragraph for the second time, and was struck by the conviction that it had been cleverly planned to be understood by me alone.

If it had begun with the words, "Heart-shaped scar," others in the secret of that mysterious sign—John Bourke, for instance—might have been prompted by curiosity or an even deeper motive, to keep the appointed rendezvous. But "Heart-shape" might mean almost anything, were it not for the special significance of the message which followed. The uninitiated might easily pass it by as the device chosen by lovers who corresponded through the personal column of a newspaper.

But I knew differently—I only. For the other eyes which had seen the "something surprising at the theater" would never see anything else in this world. A shiver went through my veins as I remembered the white, white arm on the background of black satin, and the vivid, pansy-colored, heart-shaped stain. For an instant I saw, as clearly as I had seen it before, the gypsy face which had looked up to our box from the stalls with its pale cat-eyes. The atmosphere of mystery and dread closed round me again, and I felt it as I had felt it then.

Should I keep the tryst, or should I not? The thought frightened, yet at the same time fascinated me.

There was still enough of the old self left in me to tingle with a subtle curiosity at the thought of solving the mystery connected with Lady Cope's death—the mystery which wove its web round John Bourke as well. As for the "information greatly to my advantage," my mind did not dwell upon that with such a sense of allurement.

It seemed to me that, since I must go out of this one man's life, nothing could be really worth having any more. But I could not long resist the calling of the syren voice, and after a very few moments of hesitation I determined that I would be at the Marble Arch at the time appointed.

It was afternoon still, and there was little to delay me. The things given by John Bourke or lent by Mrs. Jennett I would not, of course, take away. I had only to change the tea-gown which had cost me so much bitterness for the black frock which I had worn when I came; make some excuse to Mrs. Jennett for my departure—an excuse which would not cause her to send word of my sudden move to Mr. Bourke—and then I could go.

I was about to cut the advertisement from the paper, when I reflected that to do so might rouse suspicion; and instead I tore off the entire sheet, which I folded into small compass.

Then I threw the remainder into the waste-paper basket, and was on my way to the door when Mrs. Jennett came smiling in with a tray. "I've brought your tea, my dear," she said, chirpily. "It's after the usual time, but I just wouldn't bring it in while her ladyship was here. I had an idea, somehow, that you wouldn't care for her to stop too long. And, my gracious! I was in such a state when she would insist on bouncing in. 'Twas almost as if she knew there was something in the room I didn't want her to see. But, of course, she couldn't. I do hope you didn't mind. As it turned out you'd met before, it was all right."

"Oh, yes, it was all right," I echoed, drearily.

"Well you've seen Mr. Bourke's wife to be, if she can anyways manage it," Mrs. Jennett went briskly on, as she finished clearing a space for the tea-tray on the table where I had been working. "I suppose she could call herself Lady Feo Bourke, if it should come off, couldn't she?"

"I suppose so," I repeated.

"That would sound well! But then, Mr. Bourke doesn't care about titles and things of that sort, or money either. They say Lady Beaconsfield proposed to her husband under the clock at the Crystal Palace or somewhere; and he took her because she was rich, and could help him to reach the place he wanted. And they were happy ever after, just as it says in the story-books. Not that Mr. Bourke would take a wife for any reason of that sort, no matter how much it might be to his advantage—which it certainly would! But then, her ladyship is such a beauty, and has such a way with her, anyone might fall in love with her just for herself. Don't you think so?"

"I do," I answered, truthfully. For I thought that, though I now, as a girl, almost hated Lady Feo, if I were a man she would be exactly the kind of woman I should admire most. And I grudged her the admission, which it hurt my heart to give.

"Well, we shall see what we shall see," remarked Mrs. Jennett, oracularly. "Anyhow, Lady Feo Ringwood is the only great lady that Mr. Bourke ever will go to see; though there's a lot of them would give their eyes to get him at their houses. Haven't I made your tea right, my dear? You said yesterday it was so nice."

"So it is now," I reassured her. "But my thoughts were somewhere else, to tell the truth. I—I've been reading a thing in the paper that set me thinking of—a very dear friend. I can't bear to wait any longer. I shall have to go out this very afternoon, to—to make some enquiries about her. You must not be worried if I should stay late, or even be away all night."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Jennett, "I'm not at all sure, miss, that I ought to let you go. The doctor said you must be so careful not to take cold——"

"Ah, that was ten days ago," I reminded her.

"But you haven't been out of doors since you came here. Do wait, miss, till Mr. Bourke's been in to-morrow, and see what he says."

"I can't wait to see what Mr. Bourke says," I replied, trying to speak lightly, though the thought of his next coming wrung my heart. "He could say no more than you, after all, dear Mrs. Jennett; for, kind as he has been, he's not the master of my actions."

"Of course not, miss," protested the little old woman. "But if you should spend the night with your friends, and he should come before you got back, I'm sure he'd be anxious. He's only a young man, but he's much older than you, and he looks upon you as a child—himself as a sort of guardian. He told me so himself."

"He's not likely to call very early," I said, winking away the tears that rushed to my eyes. "Oh, how hot this tea is! It almost made me cry! And I shall leave a note which you can give him, in case—he should be before me."

"Very well, if you must go, you must," sighed Mrs. Jennett. "But I shall be glad when it's to-morrow at this time, and I see you and Mr. Bourke sitting with your heads together over the typewriter."

I could bear no more, but sprang from my chair. "I must go and get ready," I explained. "Here's the note. I wrote it to hand to you."

"And her ladyship's?" The letter she was to give you for Mr. Bourke?"

"She forgot to write it, after all," I said. "She was so interested in talking to me—about him."

"I suppose she left her regards?" Mrs. Jennett suggested, slyly.

"Something of the sort. You can give them to Mr. Bourke if you like." I talked with my back to her, lest she should see that tears were running down my cheeks; and, reaching the door, I ran away without turning, on pretense of being in a desperate hurry.

It had seemed hard to leave beautiful Arrish Mell Court, but it was a hundred times harder to leave this plain little house in Westminster. I had grown to love it dearly. Mrs. Jennett had told me how, when her "poor husband died," she had fallen into financial difficulties, and John Bourke—who knew them both through work her husband had done for him—came to the rescue, as he always did when he possibly could, if people were in trouble. He had offered to pay the rent of the house, and so much besides, as her lodger—a very generous arrangement. Mrs. Jennett had gratefully added. That was years ago, but, though it was a poky little place in a dull neighborhood, and several very grand men had wanted to share their chambers with Mr. Bourke (for she had overheard them say so with her own ears) he would not move away.

I loved the house because it was associated with him, and I loved Mrs. Jennett because she loved him, and because he was good to her, even more than for the reason of her kindness to me. But I wished the little bedroom, where I had slept and dreamt of him good-bye, and I came downstairs and bade farewell with my eyes to the study, and from the mantel I stole the worst and oldest of the pipes in the motley collection there. Then I was ready to go; and I kissed Mrs. Jennett, who stood in the front door, waving her hand that still held the letter I had written to Mr. Bourke.

It was half-past five, and, though I must walk because I had no money, I thought that I should reach the Marble Arch shortly after six. I did not quite know the way there from Westminster, but I should recognize the neighborhood, with which I had once been tolerably familiar; and I could enquire the direction from time to time.

I was longer in reaching the journey's end than I had expected, however, for my illness had weakened me; and, though I started out briskly at first, I was soon so tired that I was glad to slacken my pace. Twice I lost myself, going for some distance in a wrong direction before enquiries told me of my mistake. Altogether it was nearer seven than six when I saw the Marble Arch in the distance, and I was fearful lest I should be too late.

I quickened my steps, with my heart beating fast, and joined the crowd which I always associated with the Marble Arch. This evening in early June it seemed to be precisely the same crowd that it had been in March and the first part of April, when I had been a debutante making my bow to society. There were a few belated carriages coming out of the Park; there were the well-dressed people on foot who had

(To be continued.)

FUN OF THE DAY.

Landlord—I just came over to tell you that I've decided to raise your——

Tenant (interrupting)—Well, you needn't bother about it. I've decided to move.

Landlord—Oh! I merely desired to say that I had decided to raise your porch where it seems to sag there at the corner, and also to paper the bedrooms, but, of course, you will not, since you have decided to move, care to hear anything further about my plans. Good day. I hope you'll like it where you're going.

"What would you say," began the voluble prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you that in a very short space of time all the rivers in this country would dry up?"

"I would say," replied the patient man, "'Go thou and do likewise.'"

Barber—Why is it that you and your brothers are so bald?

Victim—I'll tell you if you'll promise to say nothing more about it.

Barber—Sure.

Victim (whispering)—It's because our hair has fallen out.

"Cook, we haven't any milk to put in the butter cakes."

"Oh, well, mum, I'll use water; there ain't much diff'rence."

First Beggar—Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something!

Second Beggar—I let her go because I understand my business better than you. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses. This profession has to be studied just like any other if you expect to make a success of it—see?

Mrs. Youngwife (at breakfast)—There is no bread on the table, Nora.

Nora—Sure, there's none in the house, mum.

Mrs. Youngwife (severely)—Then make some toast.

Laura—I am afraid you love another, Jack.

Jack—How can you talk that way, dearest? I've kissed you thirty times in the last two minutes.

Laura—But if you really loved me you wouldn't keep count.

A woman enjoys nothing better than to read a letter in the presence of other women and smile occasionally.

Inexperienced Rider—What! you wish me to pay in advance? Are you afraid I shan't come back with the horse?

Proprietor of Livery Stable—Ahem! It is just possible the horse may come back without you.

Householder—I caught a man peering into my parlor window last night.

Friend—Robber?

Householder—No, rubber.

He—What do you girls call that club of yours?

She—The Analytical.

He—H'm! What do you analyze?

She—Other people's reputations chiefly.

Vest's Story and Its Application.

Senator Vest's most famous anecdote is that of Miss Bertie Allendale. It was told when the two chambers were arrayed against each other on the tariff of 1894 and the House was insisting that the country would go without any tariff act unless the Senate were prepared to forego its own schedules and adopt those of the House.

"In my younger days out West," said Mr. Vest, "I went into a variety theatre one night.

"It was one of those primitive shows where the stage manager comes before the footlights without a coat and waistcoat and with his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, to announce the next number on the programme.

"'Miss Bertie Allendale,' remarked the stage manager, appearing in one of the interludes, 'who has entranced two hemispheres with her wonderful vocal powers, will now render, in her inimitable style, that exquisite vocal selection entitled "Down in the Valley."'

"A gentleman in a red flannel shirt rose in the midst of the audience and exclaimed in an impressive bass voice: 'Oh, thunder! Miss Allendale can't sing for green apples.'

"The manager, who had started to leave the stage, halted and turned. An ugly light flashed from the eye which swept the audience and finally rested on the face of the interrupter. Raising one shoulder higher than the other, letting one hand drift significantly toward his hip pocket, and thrusting his nether jaw forward in a savage way, he observed with a deliberateness which emphasized every syllable, 'Nevertheless and notwithstanding; Miss Bertie Allendale will sing "Down in the Valley."'

"And she did. So, likewise, nevertheless and notwithstanding, the Senate schedules will stand."—St. Louis Republic.

Got the Job.

The young man stood before the great steel magnate. A moment later the latter looked up.

He stared at the rough clothing, the muddied shoes and the unkempt hair of the youth.

"Well?" he said.

The youth retained his presence of mind. He wanted a job because he needed it.

"Sir," he said, "I have come——"

He got no further. A smile irradiated the magnate's face.

"That's all right," he said; "the job is yours. I was afraid at first that you might be one of those worthless college graduates."

And when the youth, the valedictorian of his class and the pride of the university, again faced his mirror he winked expressively at his own reflection.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

I HAD SEEN GOLDEN IMAGES.

The Row Started in a Negro Sunday School by a New Teacher.

The daughter of a man prominent in Washington tells an amusing story of her recent experience in negro Sunday school work.

She has taught a Sunday school class for years, and, being used to colored servants, flattered herself that she understood the negro temperament. So when a Washington friend who taught a class of negro children in the poorer quarter of the town was taken ill and obliged to miss her Sunday school class, the young woman of experience blithely volunteered as substitute. The teacher looked doubtful.

"They are awfully ignorant little darkies."

"Of course."

"And they don't always behave well."

"Now don't worry for a minute. I reckon I can manage a roomful of pickaninnies."

So the matter was arranged. Then the substitute teacher betook herself to earnest thought. She wanted to make a hit with the children, and she didn't intend to be tied down to any biblical order of sequence. She would pick out a lesson whenever she could find one to suit the emergency.

The only problem was the choosing of the chapter that would prove most thrilling and appeal most strongly to the juvenile darky. The teacher-elect went at the question intelligently. What did negroes like most? she asked herself. She meditated a long time and went back over her experiences. Finally she decided that long names, gorgeousness and heat were as dear to the darky heart as anything in the world.

That fact being established she ran a mental eye over the chapters of the Bible. At Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego she stopped in triumph. There was a subject ready to her hand—long names, pomp and circumstances, fiery furnace and all.

She studied diligently and on Sunday morning sallied forth full of enthusiasm. In a stuffy little room on a narrow alley she found fifteen preternaturally solemn little darkies waiting for her. They rolled their eyes at her arrival and looked a shade more solemn. The teacher felt a throll of pleasure at the thought of the coming triumph. She had decided that since grandeur was beloved of the colored race she would preface the entry of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego by a vivid description of the magnificence and extravagance of the times. Then, having captured the attention of her pupils, she would go on to the men of imposing names and the fiery furnace.

Her reasoning was good, but her knowledge of pickaninny nature was defective. She began her description of the times. Rapt attention. Then, unfortunately, she was moved to talk of golden images and she asked a question.

"Did any of you ever see a golden image?" she asked.

Of course, she said to herself, no one could have seen a golden image, but the interrogative form chains childish attention. She reckoned without her audience. The question had hardly left her lips before a fat little darky on the front seat held up his hand and tumbled breathlessly into speech.

"Yes, lady; I done seen golden image, big as de debil."

The boy next to him gave him a vicious nudge.

"G'way, you niggah! I seen image biggah'n dis room," said the second boy.

They were off. Every child in the class had lived a life full of golden images. Each image mentioned was bigger than the last; each voice was louder than the last.

The teacher gasped and tried to still the tumult; but she was helpless against the storm she had raised. The air was full of golden images.

Golden images as big as the White House, as big as the Capitol, rained force. The assertions of image seers were emphasized by hair pulling and slapping. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego never had a chance to show their heads. The class broke up in a row.

When she saw most of her pupils engaged in a free for all on the floor, amid a babel of image testimony, the teacher gathered up her belongings and fled. As she escaped through the door she heard a loud voice insisting:

"I seen a gold'n image big enuf tuh put the Washnton monument in his pocket."

"You don't want to get a negro Sunday school class too much interested right at the start," says the ambitious teacher, sadly.

A Moral Tale.

Her earliest and only ambition was to marry a rich husband.

For twenty long weary years she sparred for some such opening.

Then she met Van Soaque, who was worth $12,000,000 a day, and had delirium tremens every morning before breakfast.

She felt her life work was accomplished. She was to have a rich husband.

So she married him one morning between horrors.

But she had sidestepped from the substance and clinched the shadow (as Byron hath it).

For though Van Soaque could roll in diamonds without cutting himself, his habits made him the poorest husband that ever percolated the pike.

So she missed that shot after all.

The Jester and the Czar.

The Russian court jester was trying his best to cheer up his imperial master.

"If you were dean of the college of czars," he playfully remarked, "what would you then become?"

The Czar looked at the jester coldly. "Well, what?" he asked.

"A-a czar-dean, your majesty, of course."

The Czar scowled.

"You have a pretty wit—for the Siberian frontier," he said. "Away with him!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BABY DOT OR SADDIE.

Here's a charming little lady
In a snowy fur coat,
If her name be Dot or Saddie
It matters not a groat to
If you had her for a sister
I'm sure you'd love her much
As wee brother does, who kissed her
And called her "Puggie Puch."

Little Grass Princess.

In the fields where the grass and flowers grow, there lived a little princess. The house in which she lived was so small that the grasses hid it from view. When the sun rose in the morning, it would awaken her and she would rise and go to the dew drop for her morning bath. The flower in which the dew would lodge, would form her washbowl. After she had washed, a blade of grass would offer to be her towel; and the running brook would be her looking-glass. After the little princess had finished her bath one day, she wished to go to the garden and visit the sweet flowers. A butterfly which was passing, offered to carry her on his back.

She went with him, and he flew from flower to flower. The little princess loved the flowers and it made her very happy to be with them.

After a time she grew tired, and asked the butterfly to take her home. The sun had grown very warm, and as they passed the honeysuckle and other flowers; a leaf called out to her: "Take me for a parasol." The little princess took the leaf, and they soon came to her house.

In the house they found a nice little table, with acorn cups of honey on it for her supper. The bees had been busy while she was away.

After supper she lay down to rest, and the birds sweetly sang her to sleep. While she was going to sleep she thought how lovely everything was, and how good everybody had been to her; and she thanked God for all beautiful things and asked Him to make her good and lovely too.

Wit From the Mouths of Babes.

A little four-year-old miss wanted a fan, but could not remember the name of it, so she said: "Mamma, where's the thing you brush the warm away with?"

Teacher—Now, Johnny, suppose you had $2,000 and wanted to buy a brick house worth $10,000; what would you do? Johnny—Why, I suppose I'd have to marry a girl worth $8,000.

"Tommy," said his uncle, "can you tell me why the enemies of poor St. Sebastian shot him full of arrows?" "I reckon 'twas 'cause they didn't have no guns," replied Tommy.

Little Edith had been to church for the first time, and on her return her grandma asked her how she liked it. "I didn't like the organ very well," was the reply. "Why not?" asked the old lady. "'Cause," answered Edith, "there wasn't any monkey with it."

A Singing Mouse.

A good deal of skepticism prevails as to the fact of there being singing mice, but, having kept such a songster for four years, an English gentleman is in a position to speak with authority.

She was caught in a coal mine, was brought to the surface and handed over to the narrator. Thus commenced an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimacy, and which was only terminated by her death. There was no doubt about her song—a pretty bird-like warble, rising and falling alternately, and of sufficient power to carry from the top to the bottom of the house when all was quiet.

In appearance she was just an ordinary house mouse, with the usual well-groomed coat, the cascade of whiskers, the beady black eyes and an elegant tapering tail, like the rest of her tribe. It was her song alone which singled her out from the dumb millions of her fellows, and this song she poured out almost without intermission during her waking hours.

It is not often that the waves of the ocean can set cliffs afire, but they do sometimes. At Ballybunnion, on the west coast of Ireland, the waves which for unnumbered centuries had been beating against the shores, one day broke into a great deposit of coal. An action took place which produced a fierce friction took place which produced a fierce heat and set the whole cliff to burning. For weeks the cliff burned like a volcano, and great clouds of smoke and vapor rose in the air. When the fire died out great masses of lava and clay burned to brick were seen in every direction.

In the Arctic regions there is another such burning cliff, which, when last seen, was on fire for twenty miles. The burning material was composed largely of lignite, but is believed to be made up of several other combustible chemical substances which had been set on fire when the waves reached them.

Arizonia has the largest unbroken pine forest in the United States, covering an area of over 8,000 square miles. The total quantity of pine timber fit for sawing purposes within the boundaries of the territory amounts to 10,000,000,000 feet.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

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

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

THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1902.

The Hope of the West.

All anxiety as to the great wheat crop of the Northwest is now at an end. The golden grain has reached maturity without damage and will practically all grade as No. 1 Manitoba hard the finest wheat produced in the world and therefore will fetch the highest prices. All that remains to be done is to get the rich fruits of the earth upon the market. Work with that end in view will become general this week. The season of activity is now on and will not end with the storage of the yield in the elevators and cars. It will be prolonged through the winter and will mean the greatest year's business in the history of Canada. Our Golden north, with its harvest wrested from the creeks and the benches, is not to be despised, but it is insignificant as a producer of general prosperity compared with that annually brought forth by the rich soil of the prairies. There is no industry so diffusive of prosperity as that of agricultural. It has now become a truism that the fruits of the field are the foundation in the wealth the farmer produces. The transportation companies (whether operating on land or water.) the bankers, the merchants, the manufacturers, all share in the wealth the farmer produces. The developments of the past couple of years have practically elevated the despised Northwest, the frigid zone of Canada, into the banner section, the hope of the Dominion. The pride of Ontario has been humbled and she recognises that in a few years she will occupy second place as a producer of the goods that are to make a mighty nation of this Canada of ours. We frankly acknowledge that at present the precious minerals, the base metals, the coal, the fish and the other sources of wealth in British Columbia have been relegated to the background in comparison with the productions of our brethren on the prairies. Nevertheless we entertain a lively and reasonable hope that our time will come and that British Columbia will occupy an important place when the west attains to her true position in the great nation which is now so rapidly rising on the northern portion of this continent. Thousands of people are pouring into the great wheat belt and preparing for the harvests of the future. By and bye we shall shake off the incubus that is weighing us down and holding us back, and make our neighbors hustle for the prize of industrial paramountcy.—Victoria Times.

Engineer's Death.

The coroner's jury which held the inquest at Slocan City touching the death of Engineer James Connacher, returned a verdict on Saturday morning at 11.30. After briefly reciting the cause of death, caused by his engine going through a burning trestle on the Nakusp & Slocan branch of the C.P.R. it stated that no blame attached to any employee of the said railway for the accident. A rider at the end of the verdict was as follows: "Equally that the accident might have been averted if a patrol of the track had been kept." The inquest commenced at 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon and the jury retired at 5. At 6 o'clock no verdict had been reached, and they were held till the following morning, when a verdict was reached at 11.30, as mentioned above. The long delay in reaching a verdict is understood to have been over the discussion of the rider attached.

Literature's Anticipations of Science.

A VERY interesting book might be written, as the "Spectator" observes, by collecting together all the cases in which poets and dramatists and novelists have anticipated the triumphs of later science. A correspondent has just called attention to such a case, in which he claims that the Spanish dramatist Calderon uttered "a very clear prevision of Marconi's wireless telegraphy." Freely translated, the passage in question reads as follows: "They say that when two instruments are properly attuned together they communicate to each other their wind-borne echoes; touch the one instrument and the winds excite its fellow, though none be near it." Calderon's reference is, of course, to the well-known principle of resonance, and can scarcely be used as a prophecy of wireless telegraphy, but in the writings of a contemporary of Calderon there is a much closer approximation to Marconi's discovery. Strada, the learned Jesuit historian, tells us how two friends carried on a correspondence "by the help of a certain Loadstone, which had such virtue in it that, if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner." Strada goes on to describe how these two friends made a kind of "alphabetic telegraph"—a dial-face with the letters of the alphabet placed around its edge, and a needle in the center which could be made to point at any of the letters at will. "When they were some hundreds of miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence to avoid confusion. The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant, over cities or mountains, seas or deserts." Not only had these correspondents no necessity for wires; they did not even need the simple apparatus upon which Marconi depends, although there are scientific prophets of our day who believe that we shall yet reach even a higher standard of simplicity in the future.

Recognized Their Old Friend.

THE love which English people, especially British soldiers, feel for Florence Nightingale has been shown at many times and in many places. A new and striking instance of it was recently given by the "Sunday Magazine."

The late Sir John Steell, sculptor to Queen Victoria, was modeling a bust of Miss Nightingale, when an officer of one of the Highland regiments which had suffered so cruelly in the Crimea heard that the bust had just been completed, and was in Sir John's studio. Many of the men in his company had passed through the hospital at Scutari, and he obtained permission from the sculptor to bring some of them to see it. Accordingly a squad of men one day marched into the big studio and stood in line.

They had no idea why they had been mustered in so strange a place. Without a word of warning the bust was uncovered, and then, as by one impulse, the men broke rank, and with cries of "Miss Nightingale! Miss Nightingale!" surrounded the model, and with hats off cheered the figure of their devoted nurse until the roof rang.

So spontaneous and hearty and so inspiring was the whole scene that in after days Sir John Steell declared it to be the greatest compliment of his life.

A Story of Cecil Rhodes.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes' latest biographer, Mr. Hensman, contradicts the story that Rhodes ever used the phrase "he never met a man whom he could not buy." The germ of this fiction, Mr. Hensman says, "is to be found in the fact that one day, many years ago, when discussing his proposed telegraph wire from one end of Africa to the other, somebody asked him how he proposed to carry it across the Soudan, which was then under the domination of the Khalifa. 'Oh, leave it to me,' Rhodes answered. 'I never met the man yet that I could not come to an agreement with, and I shall be able to fix things up with the Khalifa when the time comes.' This is the true version of a story that in its distorted form has been so widely circulated."

Furniture Sale.

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

WANTED.—Situation by young man in office or store. Would take small salary at first on condition of advancement both of work and salary,

For Sale

TWO Residences on McKenzie Avenue, with modern improvements, $2500 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.

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.

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Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
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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, Hon. Secretary.

LOYAL ORANGE LODGE No. 1658.

Regular meetings are held in the Oddfellow's Hall on the Third Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. sharp. Visiting brethren cordially invited

A. JOHNSON, W. M.
W. G. BIRNEY, Rec.-Sec.

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

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

H. A. BROWN, C. C.
W. WINSOR, K. of R. & S.

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 Repaired.
JUST EAST OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Third Street.

A. H. HOLDICH
ANALYTICAL CHEMIST
AND ASSAYER.

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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Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

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Sanitary Plumbing, Hot Water
And Steam Heating, Gas
Fittin
Second St., REVELSTOKE, B.C.

FOR SALE.

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

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

It will pay you to investigate

THE PAYROLL TOWN FOR THE BIG FREE MILLING GOLD ORE PROPERTIES IN FISH RIVER DISTRICT.

WATCH THIS SPACE

GOLDFIELDS

The possibilities of Goldfields

A TEN STAMP MILL AND SAWMILL NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION ON THE TOWNSITE OF GOLDFIELDS.

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 tore, or by Telephone No. 7 will receive prompt ttention.

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—Saturd'ys
21 o'clock.

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

STEAMSHIPS, FROM VANCOUVER

TO——CHINA, JAPAN,
TO——AUSTRALIA ALASKA

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.
E. J. Coyle. Assist. Gen. Passenger Agent Vancouver.

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, Valenciences Lace, Insertion.

Call at the
MADISON PARLORS.

Misses Sheppard & Bell
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FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS. HEATED BY HOT AI
FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION. REASONABLE RATES

Hotel Victoria

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ELECTRIC BELLS AND LIGHT IN EVERY ROOM.
HOURLY STREET CAR MEETS ALL TRAINS. BAR WELL SUPPLIED BY THE CHOICI 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, Et

DEALER IN

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

DOUGLAS STREET. Revelstoke, B. C.

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The Revelsto e 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, Sheries, Clarets, Champagne, Liqu
Imported and Domestic Cigars.

THE SUPPLY HOUSE FOR NORTH KOOTENAY.

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 Roo
REVELSTOKE FURNITURE CO'Y.

THE SHOOTING SEASONS

Synopsis of Game Protection Act Compiled for the Guidance of Sportsmen—Prohibitions and Restrictions of the Act.

With the approach of the shooting season, it is natural that sportsmen and others interested may wish to refresh their memories as to the exact date upon which they may commence to shoot the various game birds and animals which abound in this province.

It is also equally important to bear in mind the varieties of game and other birds and animals which it is unlawful to kill or destroy at any time and the many other restrictions and limitations which have been from time to time incorporated in the Game Protection Act of British Columbia. According to old established custom, therefore, the HERALD, herewith gives a synopsis of the game laws, for the guidance of its many readers who are more or less directly interested in the protection as well as the destruction of game. The dates in each case are inclusive, and within the respective periods it is lawful to shoot (subject to hereinafter mentioned conditions,) as follows:

OPEN SEASONS.

September 1 to December 14—Deer, buck or doe, mountain goat, mountain sheep, (ram.)

September 1 to December 31—Caribou, elk, wapiti (bull;) grouse of all kinds, including prairie chickens, hare, moose, (bull.)

September 1 to February 28—Bittern, duck, all kinds; heron, meadow lark, plover.

November 2 to March 31—Beaver, land otter, marten.

PROHIBITIONS.

It is unlawful to shoot or destroy at any time: Birds living on noxious insects; English blackbirds; caribou, cow or calf; chaffinch; deer, fawn under twelve months; elk, wapiti, cow or calf under two years; gull; linnet; moose, cow or calf under twelve months, mountain sheep, ewe or lamb; English partridge; pheasants, cock or hen; except as hereinafter provided; quail, all kinds; robins, (farmers only may shoot these in gardens between June 1 and Sept. 1;) skylark; thrush.

SALE RESTRICTIONS.

It is unlawful to buy, sell or expose for sale, show or advertisement, caribou, hare, bull moose, mountain goat, mountain ram, before Oct. 1, deer, before Sept. 1; nor any of the above named animals or birds at any time, except duck, blue grouse, heron and plover during the open season.

HUNTER'S LIMIT.

It is unlawful to kill or take more than five caribou in one season; more than ten deer, or to hunt them with dogs or to kill for hides alone; more than 250 ducks, more than two bull elk or wapiti; more than two bull moose; more than five mountain goats; more than three mountain rams; or to take or destroy the eggs of protected birds at any time.

OTHER RESTRICTIONS.

It is unlawful to enter land enclosed by fence, water or natural boundary, after notice or if notice under Sec. 17 is posted up; for non-residents to shoot without a license: for non-resident Indians to kill game at any time; to export or transport for export in the raw state, game birds of every kind and animals protected except bear, beaver, marten and land otter; to use traps, nets, gins, drugged bait, etc., to catch game birds; to expose for sale any deer without its head or bird without its plumage; to use batteries, swivel guns or sunken punts in non-tidal waters to take ducks or geese; to shoot any wild fowl in Vancouver and Victoria harbors, for unlicensed non-residents to trap or kill bear or beaver for their pelts; to kill any game bird between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise; to kill game birds or animals imported for acclimatization purposes; to buy or sell heads of mountain sheep; to take trout except by hook and line, or to use salmon roe as bait; to enter with hunting implements or permit dogs to enter, fields of growing or standing grain or enclosed lands, without permission; for Indians to kill does or fawns from Feb. 1 to Aug. 1; to shoot on enclosed lands on Sundays without permission. But farmers or their authorized resident employes may kill deer depasturing their cultivated fields and free miners may kill game for their own use any time.

The Lieutenant Governor may by proclamation, remove disabilities.

The open season for pheasants has not yet been proclaimed.

It would be advisable for all interested to cut this out for reference, as it will not be published again this season.

Automatic Coupler.

The Montreal Star of recent date says: The Imperial Limited left for the Coast today equipped with the latest life and labor saving device, in the shape of the Tretheway automatic steam and air couplers. This is a simple invention by means of which the system of pipes conveying the steam for car heating purposes, the steam for the signal pipes and the compressed air attachment for the Westinghouse brakes are automatically coupled by the mere impact of the cars.

The invention is a casting which is clamped into the draw bar consisting of guide horns arranged diagonally containing the three system of pipes which when coupled make an absolutely perfect connection with steam and air joint and do away entirely with the necessity of trainmen making the separate connections of each pipe. The impact of the cars makes the connection as instantaneous as the car coupling is made, and the uncoupling is equally expeditious. So favorably impressed with the invention are the Canadian Pacific that they have decided to equip all their cars with it. At present the Tretheway company is equipping one hundred cars, and is erecting shops at Valleyfield for carrying on its business on a large scale. The advantages of the new device are selfevident; a train of any number of cars can instantly be coupled by impact, there is no going between cars by attendants, no scalding by steam or freezing of hose pipes; there is a saving of fuel and water on the road, and a saving it is estimated to the C. P. R. alone of $25,000 a year in rubber hose alone. In addition to this, the general appearance of the train is greatly improved, as the unsightly system of rubber hose between cars is replaced by the perfectly constructed hood.

Anecdotal.

In taking out a ten-thousand-dollar policy with a Milwaukee insurance company William J. Bryan had to state if he had ever suffered any from fever, and if so, what kind. He is said to have written: "Yes, had two severe attacks of Presidential fever, followed by severe chills, but I have fully recovered from both."

At a party in Dublin Castle one of the young aide-de-camps tried to play a joke on Archbishop Whately. Approaching the primate, the youth said: "Does Your Grace know what is the difference between an ass and an archbishop?" "No," was the grave answer. "Oh," says the youth, "an ass has a cross on his back, while an archbishop has a cross on his breast." "Very good," said the archbishop; "now will you tell me what is the difference between a young officer like yourself and an ass?" "I don't know," replied the youth. "Neither do I," said the archbishop, and walked away.

Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England, was driving toward his court one morning in his brougham, when an accident happened to it at Grosvenor Square. Fearing he would be belated, he called a cab from the street rank, and bade the Jehu drive him as rapidly as possible to the courts of justice. "And where be they?" "What! A London cabby, and don't know where the law courts are at old Temple Bar?" "Oh! the law courts, is it? But you said courts of justice."

"John," said a Scotch minister to one of his congregation, "I hope you hold family worship regularly." "Ay," said John, "in the time o' year o't." "But what do you mean, John?" "Ye ken, sir, we canna see in the winter nichts." "But, John, can't you buy candles?" "Weel, I could," replied John "but in that case I'm fearin' the cost would owergang the profit."

One of David B. Hill's first lawsuits was a non-jury case, in which the opposing counsel was one of the best attorneys in New York State. Hill gave a speech which lasted about three hours. It was such a speech as might be expected from a young lawyer, and it was very trying to the court. After he had finished, his opponent arose and said: "May it please the court, I intend to follow the example of my young friend and submit the case without argument." Hill lost the case.

Former President Scott of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad was greatly annoyed, when he first took hold of the road, by the claims for horses and cattle killed by trains on their way through Kentucky. It seemed as though it were not possible for a train to run north or south through Kentucky without killing either a horse or cow. And every animal killed, however scrawny, scrubby or miserable it may have been before the accident, always figured in the claims subsequently presented as of the best blood in Kentucky. "Well," said Scott one day, after examining a claim, "I don't know anything that improves stock in Kentucky like crossing it with a locomotive."

An Unfortunate Experiment.

SOME years ago there lived in Turin a physician noted far and wide as a specialist of brain diseases. Men and women came to him from the ends of the earth. With the development of fortune, for his fees were in proportion to his prominence, he cultivated a pleasing taste for those precious relics of antiquity in which millionaires alone are privileged to indulge. He had in his library a collection of costly objects of art. The fame of his treasures was loud in the world's ears with the note of his skill. One day a rich American banker came to consult him about his wife, a confirmed kleptomaniac. His life was a burden to him, following her from store to store, continually guarding her reputation against the encroachment of her fingers. Though it had cost him thousands, his wife knew nothing, suspected nothing of her own weakness. Nor should she ever know if he could prevent it.

"If I brought her here to consult you as a physician," said the afflicted husband, "I fear she would suspect something and it would kill her. If you will permit it I'll bring her to call on you as a collector of antiquities. Do not be disconcerted, however, if during the interview you find her pilfering, slipping your relics and coins into her umbrella or pockets. That is the ailment, and, of course, whatever she takes will be returned to you at once. My references are So and So, bankers." This with much dignity and the production of documents.

The physician made the appointment, and next day the couple came. The doctor brought out his treasures, wonderful coins, antique jewelry, on which he descanted with much graceful learning. Every now and then the lady slipped into her pocket or dropped into her parasol a coin, a jewel, a vase, and as she did so her husband winked at the doctor to draw attention to her theft. When the physician finally gave the signal that he had learned all he required, she had accumulated the rarest of his possessions.

"I'll be back within an hour," said the Chicago banker, "with the things my wife has taken. Poor, poor girl!" he burst out. "Doctor, my fortune, my life are yours if you can but cure her."

Two hours passed, then three, then the interval lengthened to five. The physician, rather alarmed, sent his servant to the American's hotel. No persons of the name were staying there. The police were called in, descriptions given, detectives went forth. They identified the culprits, who had time to make their escape. They were London pickpockets, two thieves whose characters and depredations were notorious all over England.

"Why do you call the fast bicycle rider a scorcher?" "Because he goes at a hot pace, makes pedestrians boiling mad, warms up the police, gets roasted in court, and then thinks the whole thing is a burning shame."—Tit-Bits."

Guest (impatiently)—Say, waiter, how long have you been employed here? Waiter—'Bout a week, sah. Guest—Oh, is that all! Then I must have given my order to some other waiter.—Chicago Daily News."

Onions and Epidemics.

A READER of "Marmaduke's" letters in London "Truth" has sent him the following:

"Whilst turning over some old books in my library last week I stumbled upon the following paragraph in the 'Rural World' of 1863. As there is an epidemic of smallpox in London it has occurred to me to send this to you, for some of your medical readers may be either able, to prove or disprove the statements it contains:

"'Onions and Epidemics.—In the spring of 1849 I was in charge of one hundred men on shipboard, with the cholera among the men. We had onions, which a number of the men ate freely. Those who did so were soon attacked, and nearly all died. As soon as I made this discovery their use was forbidden. After mature deliberation I came to the conclusion that onions should never be eaten during the prevalence of epidemics, for the reason that they absorb the virus, and communicate the disease, and that the proper use for them is sliced and placed in the sick-room, and replaced with fresh ones every few hours. . . . After maintaining the foregoing opinion for eighteen years, I have found the following well attested: Onions placed in the room where there is smallpox will blister and decompose with great rapidity; not only so, but will prevent the spread of the disease. I think that as a disinfectant they have no equal if properly used. If needed, the foregoing (which I have greatly abbreviated) can be attested on oath.'"

It is a curious echo of a bygone preventive, and it is given here without much hope that the suggestion can be valuable.

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 D. Kennedy's No. 1 Post at 13 Mile, running west 40 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement, following Fish River.

Dated this 20th day of August 1902.

D. KENNEDY.

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 H. Wright's No. 1 Post at 13 Mile, thence running west 40 chains; thence north 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 160 chains to the point of commencement, following Fish River.

Dated this 20th day of August, 1902.

H. WRIGHT.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

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

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, George S. McCarter, agent for Louise Leontine Graham, Free Miners' Certificate No. B. 70.410 and for Gus Lund Free Miner's Certificate No. B 48074, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

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

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

GEO. S. McCARTER.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

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

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

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

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

NOTICE.

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

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

ALICE PERRY.

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

NOTICE.

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

NUMBER ONE.

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

NUMBER TWO.

Commencing at a post planted on South Bank Deep Creek, Galena Bay, about three miles south from Arrow Lakes; about 25 chains east from a post marked "T. H. D. south-west corner: Thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains; thence west 40 chains to place of commencement.

ANGUS McLEOD.
Arrowhead Mills,
Per J. T.

Arrowhead, July 24th, 1902

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that sixty days from date hereof I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission 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 northwest 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.

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

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

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

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

C. B. HUME.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

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

Where located:—Laforme Creek, Big Bend.

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

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

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

W. E. McLAUCHLIN.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE

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

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, Florence McCarty, Free Miners' Certificate No. B, 67.241, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for certificates of improvements for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims.

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

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

FLORENCE McCARTY.

THE TOWNSITE OF

..CIRCLE CITY..

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BUY BEFORE YOU SLEEP.

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

Splendid Water Power

Which will be utilized next Season by Concentrating Plants.

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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.

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All the latest faces in type At the HERALD Office

GOVERNMENT HAS ITS WAY.

The Postmaster at Delight Wash., Gracefully Yields a Point.

The postmaster at Delight, Wash., has consented that the office be made one at which money orders may be issued. The Post Office Department determined some time ago that Delight should be made a money order office. The postmaster objected and wrote to the Postmaster-General in opposition to the plan. Again he was informed of the determination of the Department. Postmaster-General Smith the other day received the following letter:

"Postmaster General:

"Sir: Yours of the 13th inst. received and contents noted. We think from the tone of your kind letter that you mistook our meaning perhaps or we should have been more explicit.

"We never intended to dictate to you how our Post Office should be run, and if you come to such a conclusion you mistook our meaning.

"It is your duty to give to the public in our neighborhood the very best mail service possible, and if you think it would answer that end by making it a money order office we have no more to say. The next thing would be for us to let somebody else have it if it did not suit us. Until the last two or three years the only pay there was in our Post Office was the convenience there was in it for our community. Our first quarter cancellations did not quite amount to $4 and we never got a red cent of that, as there was no instruction come with our commission (had not got the postal laws) we sent the whole business to the United States expecting when it was audited we would get our pay, but we never did.

"This was during Cleveland's first term. Then during his second term in making our quarterly report we overlooked $10 in stamps that we got from the Department. Have done that very thing since and was allowed to make the correction that we took no credit for which was held against us and persisted in the extent of pressing our sureties for payment (of course we would not let them suffer), we borrowed the money and paid, but never knew why.

"At the time referred to we were only experimenting with our country; did not know then whether it would make an agricultural one or not, but all doubts in that direction have happily been dispelled, which is evidenced by the trainloads of emigrants that are almost daily coming to our States and adjacent ones.

"Well, we are like the young preacher, got clear away from the text. After we had sent one letter to you and come to think what we had written, that Delight belonged to me and that we had a right to say whether it should be a money order office or not, but your answer had none of the 'Big I and little u' about it, but was tinged with kindness toward an old ignorant man.

"Now it remains for you to say if Delight is to be a money order office, we have no more to say, you are the boss.

"Tell us what to do and we will lay our head on the block. Yours most respectfully. "——, P. M."

—Washington Evening Star.

Boy in a Hurry.

The merchant had arrived at his office rather early in the morning, and five minutes after he got down to his desk a foxy-looking, bright-faced young boy came in, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. The merchant was reading and the boy, with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but saying nothing.

At the end of two minutes he coughed slightly and spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I'm in a hurry."

The merchant looked up.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job, if you've got one for me."

"Oh, do you?" snorted the merchant. "Well, what are you in such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp response. "I left school yesterday afternoon to go to work, and I haven't got a place yet, and I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me, say so, and I'll go. The only place I can stop long is the place where they pay me for it."

The merchant looked up at the clock. "When can you come?" he asked.

"I don't have to come," rolled the youngster. "I'm here now, and I'd been at work before this if you had said so."

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job as long as he wants one.

The New Servant Girl.

Mistress (to new housemaid fresh from the country)—Now, see, Mary, this is the way to light the gas. You turn this little tap, so, and then apply the match, so. You understand?

New Housemaid—Yes, ma'am; quite, ma'am.

Mistress (next morning)—Why, what a horrible smell of gas! Where can it come from? We shall all be suffocated!

New Housemaid (with much pride)—Please, ma'am, what shall I do next? I've made all the beds, and dusted all the rooms, and turned on all the gases ready for the night.—Exchange.

Amende Honorable

"We feel that an apology is due," explains the editor of the Spiketown Blizzard, "to the estimable young lady who teaches at the school house in District No. 5. Through the wretched blunder of a worthless tramp printer whom we trusted with the setting up of an item just as we were closing the forms for our last week's edition we were made to say that 'Miss Ruby Cornell, the handsome and popular teacher in the Riggs neighborhood, is the proud possessor of an elegant new black beard.' We wrote it 'black board.'"—Chicago Tribune.

HUBBY'S TYPEWRITER.

When Mrs. Tapes Was Introduced All Suspicion Vanished.

Mr. Arthur Tapes was showing Mrs. Arthur Tapes the wonders of mammon's zoology in Wall street at the close of business on the day following the end of their wedding tour.

"Who are all these young ladies I see on the street?" asked Mrs. Tapes.

"They are typewriters from the hundreds of offices around here," answered her husband.

That was all that was said on that phase of life in the "street" until Mr. Tapes and his bride were enjoying dinner in their cozy Harlem flat.

"Have you a typewriter?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, and again the subject was dropped.

The next morning at a quarter past ten o'clock Mrs. Arthur Tapes entered the office of Mr. Arthur Tapes and approached a bald headed clerk.

"Is Mr. Tapes in?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. He is busy with his typewriter in the next room," he answered, as he pointed with his left elbow to a partially open door. "Shall I call him?"

"No! I will wait," replied Mrs. Tapes, as she took a seat that gave the best possible view of the open door.

It was a most provoking view, for it gave Mrs. Tapes only a glimpse of Mr. Tapes' side elevation as he straightened in his chair from a frequent leaning position, apparently toward the typewriter. Then the distance was such that she could hear the sound of his low voice without catching the words.

In a few minutes she moved her chair nearer, which did not help her view, but made the voice more distinct. Mr. Tapes leaned so far forward that he was entirely out of sight, and Mrs. Tapes showed agitation by rapidly tapping the floor with her right foot. Then she arose and approached the busy smooth pated clerk.

"What is the name of Mr. Tapes' typewriter?" she asked.

"Hannah."

She returned to her chair and drew it a little nearer the door as she sat down. She saw her husband standing, and then disappear as he stepped behind the typewriter. She heard him laugh, a low laugh that she had delighted in. Then she heard him speak, with some emphasis.

"I have had my vacation," he said, "and now you must have yours. I hope you will have as fine a time as we had when we took our vacation together last summer."

Mrs. Tapes sprang from her seat, thrust the door wide open, and entered. Mr. Tapes stood with both hands affectionately on his typewriter's shoulders, and the two turned quickly toward her as she entered.

"Why, Mary, how you startled me," he said. "I didn't expect to see you here. What a pleasant surprise. Allow me to introduce my typewriter to you. Mr. Hannah, this is Mrs. Tapes. You see, my dear, Mr. Hannah has grown gray in Wall street. I had my initiation in his office, and though he taught me well, like many others he has met with disappointment."

Mrs. Tapes grasped the old man's extended hand, and sunshine of relief dispelled clouds of suspicion from her pretty face.

Self-Extinguished Obligation.

Joseph Rend tells a funny story recently narrated to him by Gov. McCorkle, of West Virginia. A colored man was telling a white friend about another negro who owed him $2 and absolutely refused to pay the debt. The creditor dunned and dunned him, but all to no purpose. Finally the creditor went to his white friend, who is a lawyer, and poured his tale of woe into his ear.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if he positively refused to pay you, what reason did he give?"

"Well, boss," said the colored man, "he said he had owed me dat money fo' so long dat de interest had dun et it all up, and he didn't owe me a cent."—Columbus Dispatch.

Detective Up-to-Date.

Gladys Kanbee (Queen of Opera)—The jewels I reported stolen have been found. They were merely mislaid.

Hemlock Holmes (King of Detectives)—I'm very sorry, madam, but one of the five men I arrested has just confessed to taking the jewels.

Was Born in Boston.

A young man who for business reasons had wandered far from his native city, materially but not spiritually, once attended a revival service in the small town where he had taken up his abode. At the service an urgent invitation was extended to all sinners to come forward to the anxious seat to be prayed for by the brothers and sisters of the church. As the young man did not accept the invitation, the revivalist walked down the aisle and placed his hand on his shoulder, inquiring: "Have you never felt any desire to be born again?" his answer was given at once: "No, I was born in Boston."—Short Stories.

AN ADOPTED CHICKEN.

"Lucky" Was Accidently Hatched With a Batch of Little Chickens.

When I was a little girl I lived on a farm where there were a great many chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese, and among them was a brown hen named Yellow Foot, who wanted very much to have a nice family of little yellow chickens, and she knew if she laid one egg every day until there was twelve eggs, and then sat on them patiently for three weeks, she would have twelve dear little chicks. So she laid a nice white egg every day, but she could never get twelve as the cook took the egg away every morning, so Yellow Foot felt very sad.

Now, another hen named Tufty thought it would be nice to have little chickens, too; but she was very smart and found a place away off that cook didn't know about, and there she laid her eggs, and one day she surprised all the other hens by walking into the chicken yard with twelve little chicks toddling after her. Now I had learned how sorry Mrs. Yellow Foot felt because she had no little chickens, when I saw Mrs. Tufty walking about so proudly, I felt very sorry indeed for Mrs. Yellow Foot.

Well that afternoon something very funny happened. I was walking about the farm, and I found in the corner of a rail fence, a turkey sitting on some eggs, and running around her was a lonely little chicken, just out of its shell, making such a pitiful "peep, peep." I took it up in my apron and ran and asked one of the men what it could mean. He said that a hen's egg had by mistake been put with the turkey's eggs, and it takes just a week longer for turkeys to hatch than it does for the hen's eggs. The poor little chick had come out of its shell a week before there was any one to take care of it.

When I heard that I thought, "Poor little chicken, what will you do, for I don't know how to take care of you at all, and it will be a week before that ugly turkey gets ready to do it, and you can not wait until then?" And then suddenly I thought, "Why, this little chicken is just as old as the twelve that were hatched this morning. I'll take it to the chicken-yard and set it down among them, and Tufty will take care of it. So I ran to the chicken-yard and put it with the other little chicks, and it ran after Tufty like the others. But you can't believe how bad Tufty acted. The minute she heard the strange little "peep" she turned around and stood still a moment, and then all her feathers stuck out, and she bobbed her head, and then pounced on my poor little chicken and gave it an awful pick. Wasn't it cruel?

I didn't know what to do, I was afraid to go near Tufty, because she would think that I was going to catch her little chicks, and I knew she would try to pick me just as she did my poor little chicken. While I was thinking she flew at it again and gave it another pick. This time I didn't stop to think, but I jumped and caught it, and ran before Tufty could catch me. I ran till I felt quite safe, and then sat down on the kitchen doorstep with my poor little chicken in my apron and cried. I think I must have cried pretty loud, because mother heard me and came out. When I told her all about it, she said: "Why didn't you try old Yellow Foot?"

At that I jumped up and clapped my hands with delight, and my poor little chicken dropped on the grass, but it didn't hurt it, and I put it carefully in my apron and went to the chicken yard again to try mother's plan. I had a hard time finding Mrs. Yellow Foot, but finally I came upon her, looking doleful in the bottom of a barrel. I poked her out with a stick, but she would not come out. At last I turned the barrel over and she had to come out. She looked very angry and made a great deal of noise about it. I waited until she got out, and then put my little chicken down by her, and oh, you should have seen her then; she looked at it a minute, and when it "peeped" she gave a quiet little cluck, just as if she was trying to see how it sounded, and then the little chicken "peeped" again, and Yellow Foot clucked again, and walked around, and the chicken followed her.

So my little chicken had some one to take care of her, and I named her Lucky, right away, and oh, how proud Yellow Foot was! She strutted everywhere with her odd chick, and all the love and care she was going to give the twelve she gave to this one. She scratched for it, and clucked for it, and fought for it, and gave it all the warm cover of her wings at night. Little Lucky seemed to know that she had all the care that was meant for twelve, for she was the happiest chick that ever lived.—Kindergarten Gems, St. Louis.

At a conundrum party on Clinton Ave a few nights ago, I am told, the following familiar question was put: "What is the difference between a white baby and a black baby?" After all the young folk had given it up one of the grandfathers present, who had been a slave owner in the South, remarked: "I don't know what it is now, but I can tell you what it used to be." All appealed for the answer in chorus, and as he marched triumphantly out of the room, hands deep in trousers pockets, he chuckled "Nine hundred dollars!"

No one loves the man who he fears

No great genius was ever without some mixture of madness, nor can any thing grand or superior to the voice of common mortals be spoken except by the agitated soul.

For one swallow does not make spring, nor yet one fine day.

A king ruleth as he ought, a tyrant as he lists; a king to the profit of all, a tyrant only to please a few.—Aristotle.

PLANTS FOR INDOOR GROWTH.

Preparing Potted Flowers for Home Decorations.

It is useless to think of having house plants unless you are prepared to place them in a sunny room; flowering plants especially must have the sun. Select a room if possible, with an eastern or southerly outlook. To keep the atmosphere moist enough for rapid growth, place a pan of water on the radiator or stove and see that it is never empty.

George W. Perkins, an authority on the hygiene of house plants, says that to grow flowers in a house purifies the air about them, and that to a certain extent plants test the air we breathe. The injurious gases often found in dwellings affect plants as readily as they do people, and it is generally conceded that where a plant dies from chandelier or furnace gas the room is unfit for human occupation as well.

The first thing, then, to bear in mind is that it is necessary to have a great abundance of fresh air and sunshine. Pull up the shades and open the windows wide. In thus catering to the needs of the plants the home is made more cheery, attractive and healthful.

It is stated by some authorities that heliotrope, mignonette and mint in some way increase the quantity of ozone in the air. If this is true, then these plants should be, by allmeans, among the winter plants of every home.

The latter part of September or the beginning of October is the best time for propagating plants. The weather then is neither too warm nor too cold to hinder the cuttings from taking root.

Select a good healthy plant from which to take the cutting. If the branch snaps off clean, without bending, then you have made a good choice. When the wood of a plant has become hardened it is always difficult to get a cutting from it that will take root quickly. Except in the case of roses, cuttings should always be taken from the young wood.

Fill a box that is three inches deep with ordinary sand, firmly packed. Plant the cuttings and keep the sand quite wet until every cutting has rooted. Place the box for two days in the shade, then move it into the sun. The temperature of the sand should be kept to about 65 degrees. As the cuttings become rooted, put them in pots, water freely, place in the shade for a few days, then set them in the sun, and they ought to grow and thrive well.

Another way to propagate plants is called the "saucer system," and is so simple that any housekeeper can successfully root as many cuttings as she may wish to pot. The use of a soup plate is even better than a saucer, for it is deeper and will accommodate more cuttings. Put the cuttings in close together and cover with sand. Keep watered well and fully exposed to the sun. The window sill is a good place on which to place the dish. A close watch must be kept on the sand. Allowing it to get dry even once may cause the roots to bake and die.

Now for the soil for the pots. It should consist of one-third leaf mould, one-third garden loam, one-sixth sand and one-sixth well rotted manure. Have a large box of this soil well mixed and kept in the cellar. Oftentimes you will want to repot or add more earth to a plant already potted, and sometimes it is difficult to get the proper earth just when you need it.

Suppose that last May or June you buried out in the garden some of your potted plants, sinking the pots in the earth up to the rim. You picked off the buds to prevent their blooming before you were ready to bring them in. Now you are ready to shift the plants to larger pots. Dig up the pot, turn it upside down, supporting the plant and earth with the left hand. With the right knock the rim of the pot on the edge of a chair or table and the plant, with the clinging earth, will fall out into the hand, leaving the pot empty.

Now into the larger pot put a layer of charcoal or a wad of "excelsior." Cover this with a little fresh earth. Shake out the matted roots of the plant that one finds generally spread out as if having tried in vain to get out of the small pot, and settle them gently in the fresh earth. Fill it with fresh soil—don't pack it—then water well, and set one side in the shade for a day or two.

Much water at first will rot the roots. But after the plant has shown signs of new life it should be watered regularly.

There are many beautiful foliage plants that grow easily in the window and brighten the room almost as much as plants that flower. It is difficult to make a plant bloom profusely by window treatment, but chrysanthemums make a very pretty showing, so do fuchsias, carnations and geraniums.

These coverings are used only for the common clay pots, but one can get Jardinieres in almost any kind of ware. Some jardineres come with a saucer. In these the plant is potted, and there is therefore no use for the common clay vessel. In using the jardinieres that have no saucer the clay pot is placed inside them.

Hyacinths, begonias, tulips, crocuses, jonquils, geraniums, heliotropes and even roses make beautiful winter plants. A cheerful array can be had by sowing annual seeds, such as mignonette, phlox, sweet alyssum and portulaca. These pots should be kept in a window with a southern exposure. For the edging a drooping plant should be selected, such as lobelia, petunia and passijora.

Chrysanthemums make particularly pleasing house decorations. If very large blossoms are wanted, the plant should not be allowed to have many branches, and but one or two flowers. Such a plant needs much nourishment, and nothing is better than barnyard compost.

The great secret of success with potted plants is to keep them scrupulously clean.

ARITHMETIC TRICKS

Here Is Something to Interest Boys and Girls.

A good method of keeping up the interest of boys and girls in mathematics is to explain to them easy arithmetical tricks which they can readily perform for themselves, says The Open Court. A very simple card trick, which appears quite wonderful to the uninitiated, is as follows:

Ten cards from ace to ten are laid in order in a row, beginning at the right and with their faces down. The performer of the trick announces that he will tell the number of the cards which may be moved by one of the company from the right to the left and in addition pick up the card bearing this number. As we wish to explain the trick, we will play with the faces of the cards upward; and the original order (when uncovered) will be this:

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

The magician then leaves the room and some one who wishes to test the extraordinary accomplishment of his young friend transfers a few cards in their regular order from the right side to the left. Let four cards be moved, then the new order will be this:

4 3 2 1 10 9 8 7 6 5

You will at once see that the four-spot has become the first card of the row. The first card tells the number of the cards moved. Accordingly the young performer lifts up the first card, and seeing that it is a four-spot declares, "four cards have been moved." The art of the magician consists in giving the impression that he knows the card before he picks it up, and the discovery of the position of the four-spot is only an additional proof of his omniscience. He goes out again, knowing beforehand that whatever number of cards may be moved from the right side to the left the card which bears the number will always be found in the last position of the ten-spot, which at present is the next place after the four cards transposed in the first move, i.e., in the fifth place. If no card is moved, the ten-spot will remain in its place and be picked up as a sign that all ten cards, or none at all, which means the same thing, have been moved. But suppose that three cards have been moved, then the three will be in the fifth place:

7 6 5 4 3 2 1 10 9 8

The place of the card showing the number of cards moved will always be "one plus the total number of moves," and it is a matter of course that only units count.

After the second move the card to be taken in will be 1x4x3—8, and supposing that five cards are now moved the five will appear in the eighth place. Thus we may continue, and the uninitiated will wonder what trick is at the bottom of the performance, which is nothing but a very simple example in addition.

Another trick, which may be called "mind reading," is also the work of simple arithmetic.

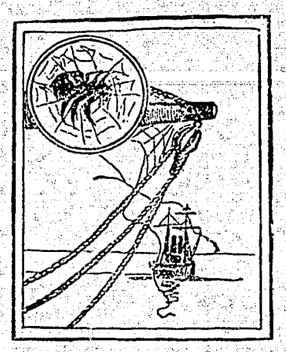
Suppose you request a person to think of any number from 1 to 15 and to point out to you the rows in which his number occurs in the following scheme:

1	3	5	7	9	11	13	15
2	3	6	7	10	11	14	15
4	5	6	7	12	13	14	15
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15

You will at once know the number which the person has in mind when he tells you in which horizontal rows it occurs, for all you have to do is to add together the first three numbers of these rows. A close inspection will tell you that 3 occurs in the two lines beginning with 1 and 2; the number 5 in the lines beginning with 1 and 4, etc., and 15 in all four lines beginning with 1, 2, 4, and 8.

Spiders Make Balloon Voyages.

The spider is a born aeronaut and makes ascensions that sometimes carry him far out to sea. During his voyage around the world in the ship Beagle the naturalist Darwin gave particular attention to the spider and his airship. This last consisted of a strand of web silk, and the insect—in this case a tiny red gossamer spider one-tenth of an inch long—came aboard in great numbers while the Beagle was sailing sixty miles from land. The threads of silk which they used in their aerial voyage was two and sometimes three feet in length,



while they themselves were so light that they were able to voyage about on the heat waves that rose from the water on a warm day.

Companies of several thousand—Male, female and young—would appear in the Beagle's rigging, and immediately upon arriving they would drink thirstily of any water that could be come at. The sharp-eyed Charles Darwin thought that this thirst was caused not so much by the salt ocean air as by their passing through the dry, rarefied upper regions of the atmosphere, showing that they sailed at considerable heights in their voyages.

The output of watches in Swtzerland last year was the largest ever recorded. According to statistics just published, the total export amounted to 2,366,426 nickel watches, 3,086,777 silver watches, 800,258 gold watches and 6,769 chronographs and repeaters.

Mainly About People.

The Englishman sent by his Government to examine the schools of Germany reports that he found Shakespeare so popular there that his landlady, when he made some reference to that poet, exclaimed with surprise: "Dear me! Have you also Shakespeare in England?"

A Kansas editor wrote this obituary notice: "He was born May 3, 1875, and therefore escaped this earth in time to celebrate his twenty-seventh birthday in the house of his eternal abode beyond the arching skies, leaving terrestrial land n Friday, March 21, 1902, at 9.30 p.m., central time."

Colonel Maltby of Philadelphia tells of a neighbor of his who went home at a rather unusual hour of the day and said to the family servant: "Can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?" Bridget hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "Faith, to tell ye the truth, I really believe they are in the wash!"

"Well, yes, I liked Dr. Hale," remarked a Western revivalist on an occasion when Dr. Edward Everett Hale preached in Pasadena, Cal., during a visit there. "I liked him pretty well, but I don't think much of his grammar. He said in one part of his sermon, 'It rests between him and me,' whereas he ought to have said, 'It rests between he and I.'"

Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales, came one day upon a tiny mite of a boy crying piteously. He was in charge of a fat and comfortable old lady, who seemed quite unmoved by his grief. "What is the matter?" enquired the Princess, who is very fond of children. "Is he ill?" "Wall, ma'am," said the comfortable old lady, "he isn't hexactly ill, but no stomach can't stand nine buns."

The celebrated physician, Zimmerman, attended Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day the King said to him: "You have, I presume, helped many a man into another world." This was rather an unexpected thrust for the doctor, but the dose he gave the King in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many as Your Majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

The late Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who, it may be well to explain, was the chief of a Scotch clan, was once on a visit to London. During his stay, he got into a dispute with his cabdriver over the fare. "Perhaps you do not know who I am," he said, at last, when all other arguments had failed. "I am the Mackintosh." "I don't care if you're the humbrella, too," returned the unimpressed cabby. "The fare is one and six, and that's what I wants."

Victor Hugo had a very exalted opinion of himself. One of his intimates called on him once and found him walking in his garden, apparently thinking deeply. The visitor asked the great French poet what he was meditating upon. "I was wondering," replied the poet, "what I should say to the Creator when I meet Him. Can you imagine what I would say?" "Yes," answered the poet's friend; "you would say: 'My dear Confrere.'"

There are times when differences of rank do not count, and an Irish soldier is said to have chanced upon one of them during the late war in Cuba. He was discovered by the sergeant of his company in a hole, well out of the way of even a stray shot, when he should have been engaged in active service. "Get out of that hole!" commanded the sergeant, sternly. "Get out of it this minute!" The broad Irish face looked up at him with stubborn resistance written on every feature. "You may be me superior officer," he said, boldly, "but all the same, Ol'm the wan that found this hole fir-rst!"

"Baptizing days" are great events among the negroes of the South. On one occasion the old black preacher took two candidates, one a middle-aged, sedate, quiet man, the other a young, excitable fellow, well out in the stream, where the water was waist deep. He put the older one down first, who came up, folded his arms and looked dignified and pious. The younger one, after being put under, came up greatly excited and shouting: "Glory! Glory! I seed de Lord! I seed Him in the water, right down dar at de bottom!" The older one, patting him on the shoulder, said: "Hush, honey, hush; dat warn't de Lord. I seed it. It was nothin' but a terrapin."

A distinguished Episcopal clergyman was once called on to officiate at a fashionable summer resort church, and, finding only a short surplice and no cassock in the vestry, was very much disturbed at the thought of having to appear in a vesture that to the frivolous would look like a white shirt and trousers. But a happy inspiration came to him. Why not wear one of his wife's black petticoats? The portion that would show below the surplice would look exactly like the regulation cassock, and no one would ever be the wiser. So he hurriedly sent one of the ushers with an explanatory note to his wife in the hotel, and in the nick of time the petticoat arrived. The makeshift turned out to be a perfect success, and no one at a distance could tell that he was not wearing a cassock. After the close of the service he decided to go out to the body of the church without taking off his robes, in order to greet some friends. And he was soon the center of a group of fashionable women, when a green Irish maid from the hotel came up, and in a loud voice said to him: "Yer Riverence, the missus sint me afther her petticoat that ye do be wearin', an' I wuz to wait till ye take it off."

Mayor Low on Laughter.

Mayor Low of New York when "off duty" is a jolly sort of philosopher, and the quick twinkle in his eyes shows it. Talking one day about laughter, which he declared, with a noted writer, has a basis of malice, Mayor Low said: "The more I ponder the more I marvel at the slinking, double-eyed, sinister villainy of the wretched, laughter-making Mark Twain, who, so far as I know, does not repent a single joke in his long career of crime."

"Will you please raise my salary?" "Why, I gave you a raise only last week, because you told me that you had your mother to support." "I know, but my mother got married and now I have two to support."—"Ohio State Journal."

A Railway Man.

EXtraordinary Unpleasant Symptoms of Kidney Trouble in this Case.

Tortured by all Kinds of Pains and Aches he Tries Everthing, but fails to find Relief Till a friend Advises him to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills—They have Made a Well Man of Him and he is Grateful.

Ottawa, Ont., July 14.—(Special.)—Frank Chartrand, a railway man, whose home is 130 Little Chaudiere Street, has acknowledged that Dodd's Kidney Pills have done more for him than anything else in the world has ever done. He says: "I suffered with backache and was always drowsy and had a very heavy feeling in my limbs.

"I had frequent severe headaches and more times very sharp pains in the top of my head, which gave me much annoyance in my work.

"My fingers would cramp and I would have an uneasiness in my legs and occasional pains in the loins.

"I was dizzy in spells and short of breath, If I ate a hearty meal I would have a pain in my left side. My appetite would sometimes be very good and sometimes I couldn't eat anything.

"I had a constant soreness and tenderness over the spine and tired feeling in the region of my kidneys.

"I suffered quite a little with a dragging heavy feeling across the loins.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended to me by a friend of mine who had been cured, and I began to use them.

"Almost from the start I began to feel the wonderful improvement, which continued as the treatment proceeded, till the unpleasant symptoms had one by one entirely disappeared.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have worked a wonderful cure in my case and I cannot speak too highly of this great and good remedy."

What Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for Mr. Chartrand they have done for thousands of others, and they'll do the same for you if you give them a chance.

There are many railway men in Canada to-day who find Dodd's Kidney Pills indispensable. They are the railway man's surest and best friend.

The constant vibration on trains and engines is very hard on the kidneys, and Dodd's Kidney Pills make these organs well and able to resist disease.

GAZETTE NOTES.

Companies Incorporated Under Provincial Acts.

Toronto, July 14.—Edward Thos. Bishop, solicitor, and Donald Guthrie White, both of Toronto, have been appointed notaries public for Ontario.

Among the companies which have been incorporated under the Ontario companies act are the Lake of Bays Wood Manufacturing Company, Limited, of Birkendale, capital stock $25,000; the Chris Moore Company, Limited, of Orillia, capital stock $20,000; the E. H. Jackson Company, Limited, Simcoe, capital stock $12,000; the Guelph Biscuit & Confectionery Company, Limited, Guelph, capital stock $10,000; Hess Furniture Company of Bracebridge, Canada, Limited, share capital $65,000; the Beaver Paper Company, Limited, of Toronto, capital stock $40,000; Queen City Vinegar Company, Limited, of Toronto, capital stock $40,000.

The Woodstock Waggon Manufacturing Company, Limited, has been authorized to increase its capital from $25,000 to $100,000.

KOLA TONIC WINE.

Manufactured from Kola, Celery and Pepsin is a sure and positive cure for stomach trouble of any kind, also recommended for Asthma, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism and Nervousness. It purifies the blood and restores you to perfect health. Physicians recommend it ahead of all previous concentrated nourishments. Try a bottle and you will be convinced what we state is correct. Manufactured only by the Hygiene Kola Co., 84 Church street, Toronto, sole proprietors for the Dominion. See that our address is on each bottle.

COPY OF AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

The Hygiene Kola Co., Toronto.

Dear Sirs—After the use of your Kola Tonic Wine made from Kola, Celery and Pepsin, I wish to thank you for the good results obtained. I had suffered from indigestion for over four years, my stomach was in such a bad state and my nerves so feeble that I could not get proper sleep more than once a week, I used to startle in my sleep, and have terrible palpitation of the heart, and I would get up in the morning very often more tired than when I went to bed. To-day I am perfectly well, I can sleep soundly, and am well rested when I awake. I am delighted with the results obtained from your Kola Tonic Wine and can recommend it highly to any person suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, weak nerves and insomnia, as a sure and positive remedy as well as an excellent tonic.

Yours very gratefully,

J. H. COURVILLR,

163½ Jarvis St., Toronto.

In the Heart of a Thunder-Storm.

The Thrilling Experience of an Aeronaut.

BY REV. J. M. BACON, F.R.A.S.

In the summer of the year before last a thunderstorm of exceptional severity developed rapidly over London. About noon the sky darkened, and with short warning the gathering clouds burst upon the city, over which for three and a half hours they kept up an aerial cannonade with little intermission and with the utmost fury. The lightning was incessant, the thunder deafening, and in less than four hours a month's average of rain had fallen. Then the storm ceased, passing nowhere. Apparently, too, it had come from nowhere. Springing into existence above the area of London proper, it spent itself over the city, and there expired.

This was a phenomenal but perfectly typical summer thunderstorm. What are technically known as secondary cyclones, or small areas of low pressure, may form at any time or place on the outskirts of larger depressions, and whenever among the endless eddying of currents overhead such spring into existence, then, if it be in summer months, it is a sure consequence that electric disturbance will ensue.

Unfortunately, as may be inferred, we are at present unable to predict with any certainty where a "secondary" may develop, or over what portion of its area the thunderstorm may burst; and it may certainly be added that we cannot predict where it will die out. Nevertheless thunderstorms have their special haunts; and it is possible to know something of their mode of action.

It will facilitate the descriptions which follow if we point out some of the essential conditions of a summer storm. In the outset these unquestionably entail great changes in temperature—a fact which it will be easy enough to credit. Everyone can recall how, when the storm is brewing, the air about us is warm and close. Then a loose cloud curtain commonly gathers on the ground, while above it towers the heavy black cumulus cloud, appearing almost solid, with its compact masses and clean-cut outline. This is the true thunder pack, invariably associated with the lightning, and its very configuration with broad outspread base and white masses heaped above, bespeaks the presence of a cold upper air stratum which has condensed it, and on which it rests.

But perhaps its most remarkable characteristic is its motion, which is almost constantly opposed to the set of the weather-vane on the ground. Thus the cloud appears as coming up against the wind; and this is not all, for higher yet, much higher, there is generally to be seen a broad stretch of upper cloud, and somewhere in those upper regions the hailstones form and fall. A little later, as we need not be reminded, the down-rush of the storm brings to earth some of the chill of those upper levels.

I will now only ask that two or three very well-known facts relating to electricity be borne in mind. If a moist substance be electrified and then made warm its electric charge rapidly passes away with steam. And again, if water that has been electrified is allowed to escape drop by drop, then the charge leaks away with each drop. Further, any body which has a charge of electricity contains that charge only on the surface.

Enough. Now, it being conceded that the earth is the great storehouse of electricity, it is easy to conceive how in moist summer weather, when steam is invisibly rising off the ground, electricity may be passing copiously into the atmosphere, where it will for a while reside on the surfaces of the minute drops of water that now begin to take the form of clouds. If, however, those clouds continue condensing, towards rain the minute drops soon coalesce into larger, and in consequence the electricity, still confined to the surface, becomes more cramped for room. Presently, then, this process continuing, the electricity in the clouds can no longer be contained within it, and breaks away as lightning. The crash of the thunder follows, causing violent concussion of the air and augmenting the discharge of raindrops which thus are soon falling in a deluge.

So far, then, we have traced in outline the circumstances attending the bursting of the thunderstorm, which in a general way happily we regard only from the standpoint of lower earth, far enough removed from the terrors of the storm center itself. Occasionally, however, an adventurer has climbed into the actual path of the thunder-pack, and, escaping with his life, has been able to record his experiences.

In the Andes of the great Equator Mr. Whymper once found himself suddenly in the midst of a tropical thunderstorm that gathered and broke around him on a lofty peak. He and his guides were sixteen thousand feet up, with a clear sky above them, when, as he puts it, "Heaven knows where it came from, a hailstorm sent up flying for protection to the cliffs." There they were assailed with grape and shrapnel, in the form of half-inch stones, that wounded their faces and broke off fragments from the rocks around. Twice they left their refuge, and twice were beaten back.

Then followed a lull, and when the storm recommenced the hail had given place to lightning, which, beginning with occasional flashes, soon "blazed away without intermission, several flashes often occurring in a single instant," the ice axes of the party hissing ominously the while. So much for the lightning, but of thunder Mr. Whymper states that each flash was followed simply by a single bang, which, he adds, "is all one hears when close to the point of discharge."

Compare with the above an account (taken from the "Times") of a mountain storm in temperate latitudes. This time the observer was not Mr. Whymper himself, but the scene is that particular ground which will always be associated with his name—the Matterhorn. A lady and gentleman and two guides were on the summit, and once again the heaven above was perfectly clear.

All in five minutes, however, the sky darkens, and, as in the last account, the storm is heralded by hail and snow falling so densely that "you could grasp a handful from the atmosphere." Then the first thunder peal is heard, apparently from a distance, but a moment later a report as of a rifle rings out close about them (a single bang, again), and a shock is felt in the head. A repetition of the same unpleasant phenomena pursued the party until they had climbed down beyond the limits of the storm.

Many sensational paragraphs are to be found telling how balloons have been caught in thunderstorms, the majority of these being too manifestly overdrawn or untrue. But a genuine instance is to be found in the case of the younger Green, who once had the rare fortune to mount completely through a thunderstorm in progress and emerge in the clear overhead. His experience was instructive, and clearly proved the fact, often insisted on, that such storms travel over the country much slower than the rate of the wind that bears them.

It was an August afternoon, with a violent wind from the south-west, when Mr. Green went up from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and at a height of 4,400 feet found himself level with the storm clouds, which were discharging rain like a waterfall, though without the accompaniment of much thunder and lightning. Plunging through this, however, he reached clear sky above, where a breeze from the north-west carried him clear of the storm which he thus left, still brooding over the scene behind him.

In view of this record it would seem possible for an aeronaut to rise in front of an approaching storm, and, vaulting over it, to descend clear again on the other side.

I proceed now to tell of an occasion when, failing to accomplish this manoeuvre, I managed to land myself in the very heart of one of the very heaviest storms of thunder and lightning that I can recall, being, moreover, compelled by circumstances to remain in this predicament long enough to take somewhat careful stock of these unusual surroundings. As with the mountain storms already described, in my own case it began with a clear sky, yet a sky in which heavy cloud had lately dispersed. It had, indeed, since noon been a day of storms, which, however, at past five o'clock in the afternoon, appeared to be clearing away.

The month was July, and at that period of the summer it is common for severe storms to cease suddenly towards evening, even though they may return again at night. Thus I, with a couple of kindred spirits, felt justified in venturing into the heavens. Indeed, it was hard to conceive that there was any risk in so doing, inasmuch as the sky was clear, and since we must travel with the wind it seemed natural to suppose that, should a cloud arise anywhere on the horizon, it could but travel as we should, and keep its proper relative distance from us. It was just here, however, that our mistake lay.

We started from Newbury, England, with a course at first over the high ground in the direction of Swindon, but soon, rising higher, we came within a rapid air stream which sucked us back over the Kennet valley, along the trend of which we thenceforward were carried at high speed; and it was over this valley that our trouble arose. It is commonly said that a thunderstorm is attracted by a river bed, but in reality the case should be differently stated, the truth being that air streams up to a considerable height, and often bearing clouds, will follow the windings of any valley or channel through which the lower air is forcibly sweeping.

At any rate, at the end of the first ten miles, which we traveled in the brief interval of twenty minutes, we noticed the rich pastures below us growing indistinct with a blue-gray mist that deepened and broadened, and seemingly crept on ahead of us. The real fact, however, was that it was not being carried, but rather formed or condensed by a colder air that was settling down on the valley. And the access of this cold air was soon brought home to us, for, looking upwards, we saw ahead the sky already blotted out with a dense black pall, from which a few stray hailstones were descending, chilling the air.

The sky immediately above us was ill seen on account of our huge silk globe. For our craft was a large one, and the cordage having shrunk with recent showers, the car was drawn up somewhat close under the balloon. Thus our view of the thunder-pack—coming like the London storm, apparently from nowhere, and now already upon us—was a good deal restricted; but as watched by many onlookers from our starting-ground, ten miles away, the storm was seen to advance towards the balloon, swallowing it up and towering high above it, a black threatening mass swelling into unusual proportions.

It proved, as I have said, one of the worst storms on record in our neighborhood. It brooded for five hours over Devizes, a few miles ahead of us, proving what has been already insisted on, that the true storm travels far more slowly than the wind which bears it. And right and left of us the havoc wrought was widespread and severe. Close on one side a house was struck and burned to the ground, while on the opposite side, just over the near ridge of hills, two soldiers were killed on Salisbury Plain.

It may have been partly owing to our circumscribed view of the sky overhead, or partly, perhaps, owing to our rapid forward motion, joined to the fact of the storm meeting us with equal velocity, that we failed to note the menace of the advancing cloud, as did those at a distance. But I believe that in reality the fringe of the cloud formed about us almost before we were aware of it, and thus hid the depths of the vast masses piling around.

It is the same with those who run into fog at sea. They become enveloped in a general mist which they cannot determine at close quarters, though to onlookers at a distance the shroud that covers them may appear as a fog bank of clearly defined limits. I shall always recall how, looking sheer down, the gulf below us was as though perfectly empty and transparent, for I was for some time intently watching the green fields, sharp and clear, sliding under us, while preparing to fire a detonating fog-signal, of which more anon. A little way out, however, all around us and below us, the air grew thicker and thicker with the blue-gray mist I have spoken of—that loose cloud curtain, doubtless, which accurate observers so generally describe as gathering from the earth as the storm sweeps up.

But ere we were reluctantly compelled to admit that we were caught in bad weather there was a wild shriek in the air all around, and in less than a minute's space we were swallowed up in a pitiless onslaught of hail, which cut and bruised us, rattling with a furious patter on the silk above, and on the sides of our wicker-car, bringing down, too, from the upper regions—from what height, who shall say?—an ice-cold down-draught, for which we were but ill-prepared.

And then the thunder broke out. Up to this moment we had had little or no premonitory warnings, in the usual growling of an approaching storm. Indeed, the thunder, though appalling enough, proved not the most striking feature of the grand phenomena we were now about to experience—a fact, in accordance with the experiences of the mountaineers, already quoted. Moreover, the reverberations of the bomb which I now exploded a hundred feet below died away with unwonted quickness. This was remarked by all our party, and deserves further consideration. Certainly to our senses the rolling of the thunder was not prolonged. But again this may have been merely that its frequency and its nearness drowned the after-sound.

For crash now followed crash with the briefest intermission. It was like guns opening at short range, fast and furious, as in some sham fight which one may watch at sea. The flashes which came from all sides were invariably somewhat above us, as though from batteries on commanding heights; and each was followed smartly with a burst, closely resembling the solemn boom of heavy ordnance. They were single shots from masked embrasures.

On one flank would come a fork of light—for even in the home of the lightning the eye could not give it any other shape—which for a brief interval lingered painfully in the eye. Then the crash followed, and the black cloud closed up; a shot, as it were, with smokeless powder answered promptly by like discharges from opposite heights. It was all a wild, terrific war, to which the novelty of our situation lent a real terror. For it was borne in upon us that this was not a sham fight after all, but that all the sky around was a real battle-ground, and we were in its focus.

Probably the physical distress which all in some measure feel when there is electrical tension in the air was accentuated, and, moreover, there was the feeling of utter helplessness. The lofty balloon above was a big object for the lightning to strike at, and for ourselves there was not even the soldier's sorry chance of lying down under fire. Nor for a while was there the opportunity for retreat. Instinct seemed to tell us that for safety we were wholly in the wrong place. Anywhere on the earth must be better than the thunder-cloud itself, where there was no hiding.

But a glance below showed that as yet there was no haven on which to alight, for the whole length of Savernake Forest stretched beneath, offering a peril of its own to sky voyagers in a high wind. And so for several minutes—long and anxious minutes truly—we watched and wondered, and chatted cheerily, though our hearts misgave us. But presently our chance came—a chance for the exercise of judgment, and, better, for prompt action. There was a clearing in a margin of woodland, for which we were heading, a field of roots, bounded at its far end by a bank and double hedge, and with this in view the whole aspect of affairs was changed. The storm abated not one whit, but the thunder might crash on. We scorned its din, and the wicked streaks of blinding flame; for we could act now.

* * * * * *

Ten minutes later we had negotiated the turnips and the hedge, and our balloon lay prone along a forest track on the far side. Around us was gathered a group of countrymen. They had been stolidly watching our balloon in the sky, waiting for it to be struck, and convinced, from their point of view, that it could not escape the lightning flashes that fairly enveloped it.

Baseball Term.

"Dropping a hot fly."—"Life."

Ping-Pong Banned.

Ping-pong has at last fallen under the ban of the law keepers of Scotland. In the city of Dundee the police magistrates have decided that this latest fashionable game is detrimental to the morals of a sober city. It seems that all public houses of that town, or nearly all, have provided ping-pong tables for their patrons, and the custom of playing for drinks has grown so rapidly that the jails are not large enough to accommodate all the victims of the game. Consequently, greatly aroused by this sudden increase of intemperance, the magistrates have decided that henceforth ping-pong may not be played in places where liquor is sold.

Decorative Simplicity.

People are beginning to tire of frills and frivolity in their drawing-rooms, and many ladies are redecorating their houses in a somewhat severe and mediaeval style. The reaction in favor of simplicity in house decoration, of good and substantial things versus shams and imitations, is making itself strongly felt just now. It is a step in the right direction.—Lady Violet Greville in the "Graphic."

Individualities.

Visitors to the last Passion Play at Oberammergau will be interested to learn that Anton Lang, who represented Christus, is shortly to be married to Matilde Rutz, whose rendering of the "mystical song" was universally admired. Fraulein Rutz is a daughter of Herr Rutz, the village blacksmith, and leader of the chorus.

In the Tenth Kentucky district, Mary Burkhart is a candidate for Congress on the Prohibition ticket. Miss Burkhart is a resident of Wolfe County, which is in the mountain district of Eastern Kentucky, and she is making her canvass on horseback. The temperance vote of Wolfe County, it may be added, was only six at the election of two years ago.

The wife of Jefferson Davis has protested against the decision of the Daughters of the Confederacy to make the memorial to Mr. Davis a "triumphal arch." As she points out emphatically, both the arch and the place where it is proposed to erect it in Richmond are unfit, as the cause did not triumph, and the "intersection of two noisy streets lined with shops" is most incongruous.

Colonel Marchand of Fashoda fame, who has returned to France from Pekin, by way of Manchuria and Siberia, was greeted all along the route with great public and official enthusiasm. The Governor-General at Khabarovsk gave a reception in his honor. After staying a couple of days at Vladivostok, he left for Russia on the Manchurian railway. At all the chief stations the officers of the various garrisons were waiting on the platform for the arrival of his train. Bands playing the French national anthem, officers in full dress, and even the governors of the various districts were present to do him honor.

The conviction of John Most for publishing an anarchistic article entitled "Murder vs. Murder," in the "Freiheit," just previous to President McKinley's death, has been affirmed by the appellate division of the United States Supreme Court, all the justices concurring. Most was sentenced to a year in prison. In its decision, the court said: "It is urged that the defendant is not criminally liable for the publication of this article because he was not the author of it—that it was first published nearly fifty years ago, and that all the defendant did was to republish it. A complete answer to this suggestion is that the defendant published and adopted it as his own."

Hugues Le Roux, the French author and explorer, says that he, and not Alphonse Daudet, is the author of "La Belle Nivarnaise." To the University of Chicago students last week, he said that Daudet, when asked by the management of one of the American magazines to write a certain kind of story, enquired of him whether he had such a story written, but not yet published. M. Le Roux said that he had not, but that he had material for such a story in his mind. He then wrote, he says, the story which is known as "La Belle Nivarnaise," and turned it over to Daudet, who read it, signed his name to it, and then sent it on to the American publishers, by whom it was first printed. "I was amazed on landing in this country to find the book a classic," said M. Le Roux. "Neither M. Daudet nor myself thought it one. The story of a good young man a classic—the idea is ridiculous to us."

Finding the Ghost.

Materials for thrilling ghost stories may be drawn from life, with the advantage that a rational explanation comes with them. Some years ago there was a lone house standing near a Southern plantation. This house nobody would ever take, because it was haunted and strange noises were heard in it every night after dark. Several tenants tried it, but were frightened away by the noises. At last one individual, more courageous than the rest, resolved to unravel the mystery. He accordingly armed himself, and, having put out the light, remained sentry in one of the rooms. Shortly he heard on the stairs, pit, pat; a full stop; then pit, pat; a full stop again. The noise was repeated several times, as though some creature, ghost or no ghost, were coming upstairs. At last the thing, whatever it was, came close to the door of the room where the sentry was placed, and he flung it open—hurry, skurry, bang; something went downstairs with a tremendous jump, and all over the bottom of the house the greatest confusion, as of thousands of demons rushing in all directions, was heard! This was enough, for one night. The next night the crafty sentry established himself on the first landing, with a heap of straw and a box of matches. Soon all was quiet. Up the stairs again came the pit, pat—pit, pat. When the noise was close to his ambush, he scraped a match and set fire to his straw, which blazed up like a bonfire, revealing a rabbit, which instantly scuttled downstairs again to rejoin scores of its comrades, which had got into the house from a neighboring plantation. The courageous sentry was rewarded for his vigil, for he held his tongue as to the cause of the ghost. He got the house at a reduced rent, and several capital rabbit pies made of the ghosts' bodies into the bargain.

Petty Economy.

President E. J. Dimington of the Illinois Steel Company declares that the day of petty economies has passed. "A man advertises for an office-boy," he says. "His choice finally rests between two bright youngsters, and as the supreme test he asks that they open some packages lying on a table. This is easy for Charlie. Charlie takes up a package, unties four hard knots, unwinds the string, rolls it up around his fingers, ties it into a loop, and lays the string in a safe place. Then, unwrapping the package, he folds the paper up neatly and lays it on a shelf. By that time Willie, with his pocket-knife, has slashed the strings on seven packages, ripped the paper off, and piled the whole mass of rubbish in the waste-basket. Forty years ago, of course, Charlie would have got the job; now, however, Willie is business manager for the house. Small economies must be scientific economies. The days of saving wrapping-twine are gone."

Benham—I'm going to smoke as long as I live. Mrs. Benham—Oh, longer than that, dear.

The Ornithologist and the Ichthyologist.

An ornithologist invited an ichthyologist to walk in the woods with him, and the ornithologist said: "I suppose you know that the crow—"

"I know nothing about birds."

"But surely you have heard that the cuckoo—"

"I do not know a hawk from a handsaw, I am sorry to say."

"Yes, but you surely have heard so common a thing as the fact that the swallow never—"

"My friend, I know less than nothing about birds."

They finished their walk, and the ornithologist went home and said to his wife:

"The man with whom I walked today in the woods is woefully ignorant. How can a man go through life with so little knowledge of the things about him?"

The next day the ichthyologist invited the ornithologist to walk along the sea-cliffs with him.

So they walked together, and on the cliffs a doltish fellow was standing.

"Good-morning," they said to him, but he only stared at them, open-mouthed.

"A fool!" cried both.

And the ichthyologist said to the ornithologist: "Of course you know that the blue fish of these waters—"

"I know nothing about fish."

"But surely you have heard that the swordfish—"

"I would not know a cod from a kid, I am sorry to say."

"Yes, but you surely have heard so common a thing as the fact that a porpoise never—"

"My friend, I know less than nothing about fish."

At this point the ichthyologist was so impressed by his friend's ignorance of common things that he did not mind his steps and fell off the cliffs into the sea, and not knowing how to swim he called to his friend for help.

"Alas, I do not know how to swim," said the ornithologist.

"More of his ignorance," said the ichthyologist as he went down for the second time.

But the dolt had been watching, open-eyed, and he plunged into the sea, and swimming out to the ichthyologist he saved him.

Moral—Each one of us has his special brand of ignorance.—Charles Battell Loomis, in "Saturday Evening Post."

Has Co-education Failed?

"There is no question that a reaction has set in against co-education," said President David Starr Jordan in his speech on "The Education of Women," before the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in Los Angeles, on Tuesday. He added: "The number of those who proclaim their unquestioning faith is relatively fewer than would have been the case ten years ago. This change in sentiment is not universal. It will be nowhere revolutionary. Young women will not be excluded from any institution where they are now welcomed, nor will the almost universal rule of co-education in State institutions be in any way changed or reversed. . . . The only serious new argument against co-education is that derived from the fear of the adoption by universities of woman's standards of art and science, rather than those of men; the fear that amateurism would take the place of specialization in our higher education. Only men, broadly speaking, are capable of objective studies. Only men can learn to face fact without flinching, unswayed by feeling or preference. The reality with women is the way in which the fact affects her. Original investigation, creative art, the 'resolute facing of the world as it is,' all belong to man's world, not at all to that of the average woman. That women in college can do as good work as the men is beyond question. In the university they do not, for this difference exists, the rare exceptions only proving the rule that women excel in technique, men in actual achievement. If instruction through investigation is the real work of the real university, then in the real university the work of the most gifted women is only by-play. The remedy for feminine dilettantism is found in more severe training. Current literature, as shown in profitable editions, reflects the taste of the leisure class. The women with leisure who read and discuss vapid books are not representative of woman's higher education. In any event this gives no argument against co-education. It is thorough training, not separate training, which is indicated as the need of the times."

Miss Bass—George promised to drop me a line to-day. I wonder if this is it!—"Life."

"Snaggs is posing as a wealthy man," said Munn to Scadds. "Oh, pshaw! Why, that upstart hasn't got more than one million to rub against another."—Ex.

Lulu—Yes, I was introduced to him yesterday, and he told me I was the prettiest woman he had ever met. Celie—Ah, you see, I was only introduced to him this morning.

Mainly About People.

At the finish of a discussion with Tolstoi on the ethics of finance, his opponent sought to excuse certain methods of commerce and trade with the familiar argument: "That's business." "Business?" mused the philosopher, "oh, yes; I know what business means—somebody else's money."

The Kaiser has a habit of pulling his ear when he is in a study. One of the royal nephews asked him why he did it. "Because I am annoyed," replied the Kaiser. "And when you are very, very much annoyed, what do you do?" persisted the nephew. "Then I pull somebody else's," said His Majesty.

Mark Twain, in his latest story, tells of a group of miners who were discussing Sherlock Holmes and his majestic methods. After each in turn had paid his tribute of respect, Ferguson, "with a deep awe in his voice," ventured: "I wonder if God made him." There was no response for a moment, then Ham Sandwich said reverently: "Not all at one time, I reckon."

Mr. Carnegie once listened to a colored preacher's sermon in a little village church in Georgia, and was so much affected by the appeal for funds that he dropped a fifty dollar greenback in the collecting box. Standing in the pulpit the preacher counted up the offerings; then, clearing his throat, he said: "Breddern, we has been greatly blessed by dish yer contebution. We has heah fo' dollahs an' fo'ty cents; an' if" (he looked suspiciously at the donor of libraries), "an' if de fifty dollar bill put in by de white gemman with de gray whiskahs tu'ns out to be a good one, we is blessed a whole lot moah."

One of the humorous incidents of the political campaign now drawing to a close is the joke perpetrated by a Western Ontario candidate who is opposing the sitting member. He has distributed thousands of copies of a pamphlet bearing the title, "Speeches by Mr. ——— in the Legislature of 1893-1902." As a rule, budding statesmen's speeches are used against them by their opponents, but in the present instance the member for North ——— never once opened his mouth, unless it was in committee, during the whole Legislature. His parliamentary eloquence is therefore represented by half a dozen pages of blank white paper.

A political orator addressed a club of Italian voters in English, and to his surprise and satisfaction, his listeners paid strict attention and applauded at the proper places, shouting: "Viva!" and "Bravo!" repeatedly. At the conclusion of his speech (says the New York "Times"), the orator took his seat beside the chairman. He whispered that he was delighted with his reception, and had never spoken to a more intelligent audience. "Ha-ah!" replied the chairman; "me fix all-a dat. Me hol' up one-a finger, evra man say-a 'Hurrah!' Me hol' up two-a finga evera man say-a 'Viva!' Me hol' up t'ree-a finga, evera man say 'Bravo!' Me hol' up whole-a hand, evera man say-a 'Hi-yi!' like one great yell. Me fix all-a dat."

His Majesty Edward VII. is credited with the saying that it is vastly easier to live up to the obligation of a playking than to those of a real one; and the same thought, with a slightly different turn, was once expressed by President Lincoln. In 1862, says a writer in the Kansas City "Journal," Colonel Alexander of Topeka, who was an intimate friend of the President, visited him at Washington, and found him in a greatly depressed state of mind. "This being President isn't all it is cracked up to be, is it, Mr. Lincoln?" enquired Colonel Alexander. "No," said Lincoln, his eyes twinkling momentarily. "I feel sometimes like the Irishman, who, after being ridden on a rail said, 'Begorry, if it wasn't for the honor av th' thing, I'd rather walk!'"

Sermons are commonly supposed to be medicinal to the mind of both compounder and congregation, but the New York "Tribune" tells the story of one which, if the minister's servant was right, was an exception: One Sunday morning the late Rev. Dr. Ducachet of Connecticut arose feeling decidedly ill. After a futile attempt to eat breakfast, he called an old and favorite colored servant to him and said: "Sam, go around and tell Simmons"—the sexton—"to post a notice on the church door that I am too ill to preach to-day." "Now massa," said Samuel, "don' you gib up dat way. Just gib him a trial; you get 'long all right." The argument resulted in the minister's determination to try it. He preached as usual, and after service returned to the house, looking much brighter. "How you feel, massa?" said Samuel, as he opened the door. "Better; much better, Sam. I'm glad I took your advice." "I knew it, I knew it!" said Samuel, grinning from ear to ear. "I knew you feel better when you git dat sermon out o' your system!"

Dress Reform.

Once upon a time a certain woman, who had been much pestered by a dress reformer, was shot at by a frenzied suitor, and was saved from an untimely death by her corset, which deflected the bullet.

"Aha!" she exclaimed, turning triumphantly upon the dress reformer. "If I had quit wearing corsets, as you advised me, I should be dead now!"

"Oh, no!" replied the dress reformer, with perfect serenity. "Women who don't wear corsets don't have frenzied suitors, you know!"—"Town Topics."

Simply Cumulative.

"Eating pie, old man? Why, I thought it never agreed with you." "It doesn't. But I don't care; it's my turn to take care of the baby to-night, anyway."—"Town Topics."

The Reason.

"I wonder why ministers generally marry?" "Matrimony is the only game of chance they are allowed to play."

The Publishing Business.

"They publish an immense amount of rot." "Oh, immense! So much rot, indeed, that their profits enable them to get out no fewer than two good books a year without embarrassing themselves financially."—N. Y. "Life."

The wise man is recognized by his inability to explain everything.

WHEN BABY IS SICK.

Crying the Best Index to Its Physical Condition.

A baby's cry should be to the intelligent mother the best index to its physical condition. The healthy baby cries very loudly and in a lusty, explosive, angry manner, and the tears flow freely. The sick baby, or the one on the verge of sickness, cries peevishly or whines in a low tone.

Watch the manner in which the baby takes its food. If it is perfectly well it will attack the bottle greedily, and will express its satisfaction much in the same manner as any other young suckling animal—that is, by soft and inarticulate noises or grunts. If, on the other hand, the baby contemplates its food before touching it, or, after tasting, turns from it, be sure there is something wrong.

Watch the baby closely while it sleeps. If it is in perfect health the skin will be moist, the lips damp and scarlet, the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet pink. The eyelids will be completely closed and there will be no twitching of the muscles about the mouth or nose or eyes. Save for a faint rhythmic sound of breathing the healthy baby when asleep will be as still as a piece of carved marble.

If the baby smiles in its sleep, if it throws out its little hands and feet with swift, spasmodic motions; if the eyes are only half closed, the corners of the mouth drawn down, the breathing irregular or labored, the face flushed and the head hot, then lose no time in calling in the family physician.

THE VALLEY SHADOWS.

The Shadows in the valley,
They gather grim and grey;
We needs must pass their darkness through,
It waits on every way;
But from the heights decending,
O soul, be brave and strong,
And make the valley shadows ring
Unto the hilltop song!

The shadows in the valley,
They gather grey and grim,
But all the darkened roads go straight
From mountain brim to brim;
And now the heights ascending,
The way behind you long,
How steadfast sounds your faithful chant,
The valley's hilltop song!

—Ripley D. Saunders.

A Word About the Bathroom.

The bath itself must, of course, always be kept spotlessly clean and the taps brilliantly polished, and the linoleum covering the floor always carefully swept and washed, but even more than this is needed to make a really comfortable bathroom. A cork or rubber mat should be kept in every bathroom.

Woolen mats are useless; they absorb the moisture and become unhygienic. A place should be found on the wall for a mirror—a plain one with a black frame will answer the purpose admirably; the longer it is the better, and it should be placed where there is a good light. Two wire trays should also be fastened to the wall beside the bath, and low enough to be within easy reach of the person using it.

These are to hold the sponge and flannel and soap when not in use during the bath. Also shelves should be made and placed upon the walls of every bathroom. These may be of plain deal, enamelled any color that is liked.

Plenty of soap should always be provided and towels in abundance, and with all these little comforts the daily bath will be indeed an unmixed pleasure.

Proper Manners at the Table.

There is no place where a person's good breeding and early training, says a writer in The Delineator, are more clearly shown than at the table. Peculiarities of manner which might elsewhere pass without criticism are not there allowable. Conduct must be marked by serenity, and there must be no uncertainty of manner, but an easy knowledge of the use of all the belongings of the table. Customs which may seem insignificant are in reality of sufficient importance to show the difference between refinement and the lack of it, between a familiarity with social conventionalities or the reverse.

Whether a dinner is ceremonious or informal, certain customs remain the same.

We will suppose that a lady is taking her seat at a dinner party. She immediately removes her gloves, places them in her lap, unfolds the napkin, takes the roll or bread from within it and places it at the left hand on the table, and lays the napkin across her lap. At each place there may be on the right two large knives, a small silver fish knife and a tablespoon, and on the left three or four silver forks, one of them a fish fork, and one an oyster fork.

The oysters are served on the shell and must be eaten whole, not cut in half.

Soup is taken with a tablespoon and from the side of the spoon; one must never tilt one's soup plate to secure the last spoonful, and must never be served twice to soup.

For the fish course, the silver fish fork and knife are used. Butter is not served at dinner. It is not good form to eat bread between the courses, as if one were hungry.

Some entrees, such as cutlets or sweetbreads, may require the knife and fork, for others, such as patties, timbales or croquettes, a fork only is used. Meat is cut as required, a small piece at a time. When eating vegetables the knife is laid on the plate, the blade resting near the center. The knife must not be placed across the edge of the plate, nor with the handle resting on the table. The fork is then taken up in the right hand, the handle of the fork resting easily on the hand between the first finger and the thumb.

Small birds, such as quail and squab, are served whole, one for each person, and one cuts the meat from the breast and eats each piece at the time of eating it.

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

MARRIED.

MESELEY-CARR—At the Methodist Parsonage, Revelstoke, B. C., on Wednesday, Aug. 27th, by the Rev. C. Ladner, James Meseley to Lydia Carr, both of Ferguson, B.C.

On Tuesday, the 26th inst., at the Manse, Revelstoke, B. C., by Rev. W. C. Calder, William J. Thompson of Sandon, B.C., to Ada Jane Kenty, of Hants Co., N. S.

NOTES OF NEWS

Monday next, Labor Day, is a public holiday.

Golden will celebrate Labor Day with sports and a dance.

Geo. Laforme was in town this week from Downie Creek.

W. A. Foote returned on Tuesday from a visit to Ferguson.

Mrs. E. Bongard spent last week visiting friends at Kamloops.

J. J. Foley, of Arrowhead, spent a couple of days in the city this week.

R. P. and Morry Pettipiece came in from Vancouver yesterday morning.

Mrs. J. E. McPherson left Monday on a visit to her sister at Portland, Oregon.

H. C. Killeen, government inspector of roads and trails, was in the city Monday.

S. McMahon, has taken over the blacksmith and wagon shop from W. Mollison.

TO LET.—A good photo gallery partially furnished, apply to R. Tapping.

S. G. Robbins, of the Columbia River Lumber Co., Golden, was a visitor in the city this week.

J. Martin, of the well known firm of Martin Bros., of Rossland, spent Tuesday in the city en route to Vancouver.

James Wardner, one of the best known pioneer mining men of the lower country was in town last Saturday.

The Fred Robinson Lumber Co. who are erecting a sawmill on Pool Creek, expect to be cutting timber for the market in a few days.

The HERALD is pleased to announce that D. Ferguson, who has been suffering for some time with blood poison in his arm is rapidly recovering.

The Revelstoke Rifle Association will hold a smoker in Selkirk hall on Monday evening next, Sept. 1st. a first class time is expected. Admission 25 cents.

Miss L. Garvin, who has been spending her holidays in the city with her father, left yesterday morning for Minneapolis to resume her studies at the Holy Angel Academy.

Rev. J. W. Sipprell, the President of the Columbia College, at New Westminster, will occupy the pulpit in the Methodist church both morning and evening next Sunday.

M. A. Wilson, who was in charge of R. S. Wilson's tailor shop at Ferguson came up last Friday and went south to Rossland on Monday morning where he will likely reside for the future.

Pres. Shaughnessy has announced that it is the intention of the C. P. R to improve the roadbed, so that they may be enabled to reduce the time from coast to coast from 90 to 70 hours.

A special tourist train passed through the city eastward on Monday. Attached to the train was the Pullman car "Pacific," in which the remains of the late President McKinley laid in state.

Dr. Stengel, chief medical director of the University of Pennsylvania, passed through the city Monday on his return from an extensive trip through Mexico and the southern States.

S. McMahon, shipped this week two heavy wagons to J. A. Magee at Comaplix. Mr. Magee will use the wagons to transport the heavy stamp mill machinery from Comaplix to Goldfields

W. A. Jowett, secretaty of the Nelson tourist association, registered at the Revelstoke on Monday. He is making a trip along the main line with a view to diverting as much of the tourist travel to Nelson as possible.

Mrs. R. W. Northy and daughter, formerly of this city and who has been a resident of Rossland for the past five years, came up on Saturday and was the guest of Miss Brown at the Victoria hotel for a few days. Mrs. Northey is going to Camborne to visit her son G. R Northey, who is manager of the Miner at that town.

—Potatoes, $1 per 100 lbs. at R. Tapping's.

Five tenders have been received for the construction of the Canadian mint.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Temple and Miss Temple returned from the east last week.

—FOR SALE—One coal heater and one cook stove, both secondhand, apply at HERALD office.

Ex Lieut-Governor Royal of the Northwest Territories died on Saturday aged 65 years.

A Commissioner has been appointed to enquire into the recent disastrous explosion at Fernie mines.

Beginning next month the post offices of Great Britain will accept parcels for the United States.

—Cameras of all kinds, Kodaks of all kinds, Film of all sizes, Chemicals every kind, at Canada Drug & Book Co.

Two parties, headed respectively by Jack Leslie and G. B. Nagle, left this week to stake timber limits on the Columbia river, in the Big Bend.

Bert Howe, of P. Burns & Co.'s staff in this city, has gone to Detroit on a visit after attending the K. P. convention in San Francisco.

—White duck overalls and coats for plasterers and masons, and duck aprons for carpenters at C. B. Hume & Co's.

On Tuesday's trip the s.s. Revelstoke went up to the foot of Death Rapids, which is five miles farther up the river than any boat has been before.

Mr. E. E. Ward has arrived in town to take charge of the Molsons Bank, and is here to stay and push the interests of the bank for all its worth.

—When the flies get so thick that you can't do anything with them, get a 25c. box of our insect powder, it is the very best, Canada Drug & Book Co.

The last issue of the B. C. Gazette contains notice of incorporation of C. B. Hume & Co., Limited, and The Revelstoke Athletic Association, Limited.

—Tooth Brushes wear out very quickly but the Canada Drug & Book Co. have a line for 25 cts. that is excellent value. Remember this when you have to get one.

C. B. Krutz, late of Seattle, will open up a first class tobacco and cigar store near the Imperial Bank about the end of October. His stock includes all kinds of English, Spanish and Indian tobaccos, pipes, etc.

The secretary of the Toronto Carpet company, has been fined $50 or 30 days for infraction of the Alien Labor Act. He attempted to replace striking carpet makers by men from the other side. The fine goes to the Carpet Weavers Union as informers.

The provincial government have decided to build a trail from Smith Creek to Canoe river. This will bring the Tete Jaune Cache mica fields into direct communication with Revelstoke E. L. Kinman and G. B. Nagle leave tomorrow to locate the proposed trail.

St. Peter's church Sunday School annual picnic will take place Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock from the church to the recreation grounds. The parents and friends of the children and the choir are cordially invited to attend.

G. F. Curtis, the druggist, has disposed of his business to J. H. Clements of Ashcroft, B. C. The new firm will be known as Clements & Co. Mr. Curtis leaves shortly for San Francisco where he will study for an M. D. degree.

The Ladies Aid of St. Andrew's church wish to thank the members of the Independent Band for the valuable contribution to the success of the lawn sociable held on the 10th inst. As a result of the entertainment the Aid realized $53 clear of expenses.

A teamster named Foster, employed by J. McGee on the Camborne-Comaplix road was brought up Monday night to the hospital having had his left arm run over by a heavily loaded wagon. It was found necessary to cut out the elbow joint. The patient is progressing favorably.

Rev. G. Turk and Rev. G. W. Kirby, B. A., will hold evangelistic services in Revelstoke for three weeks commencing Sunday Sept. 7th. These gentlemen come with the highest testimonials from different churches in the east and are meeting with very marked success wherever they labor. They endeavor to hold union gospel services, and are exceptionally fine preachers and singers. Further announcements will be made next week.

B. R. Campbell, a former resident of Revelstoke but now on the Sentinel staff, was agreeably surprised on Wednesday morning by receiving a solid gold set of cuff links, the gift of Court Mt. Begbie, I.O.F., Revelstoke. The gift was accompanied by a letter from the Court officers conveying to Mr. Campbell the good wishes of the Court in whose affairs he had taken so active a part and of which he is a Past Chief Ranger. The links are inscribed "P.C.R., Mt. Begbie."—Kamloops Sentinel.

"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

Steam Laundry Burned.

About 9 o'clock Sunday night fire was noticed in the Revelstoke Steam Laundry. The alarm was immediately given and No. 2 brigade lost no time in getting to the scene. The distance from the nearest hydrant to the building being so great a second trip to the fire hall for more hose was necessary, 800 feet in all being in use. It was evident from the first that the laundry was doomed and all that could be done was to prevent the fire from spreading. The cause of the fire is not known, but to all appearances it started upstairs in the back part of the building.

The plant, which has been lying idle for some time, was undergoing a thorough overhauling and a new boiler had just been moved in. The proprietor, W. Fleming, expected to have everything in shape to commence operations early next month. The loss is estimated at about $1800. The property was insured for $1000.

The following account of the fire appeared in the Vancouver Province:

Revelstoke, B. C., Aug. 25—(Special)—Fire started in one of the principal Chinese laundries here yesterday and made such rapid headway that before it could be got under control, the building was destroyed, entailing a loss of $3000. Some of the Chinese inmates of the laundry, who were sleeping in the upper portion of the building, had a close call for their lives and had to flee from the flames without waiting to dress.

The Molsons Bank

94th-DIVIDEND-94th

The Shareholders of The Molsons Bank are hereby notified that a dividend of Four and One Half Per Cent. (4½ per cent.) upon the capital stock has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the office of the Bank, in Montreal, and at the Branches, on and after the

FIRST DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to 30th September both days inclusive.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the Bank will be held at its banking house, in this city, on Monday, the 20th of October next, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

By Order of the Board,
JAMES ELLIOT,
General Manager.

Montreal, August 19th, 1902.

Young and Old

Grave and gay, come here to drink and enjoy

Delicious Soda Water

It's purity and the richness of the exquisite flavors used at Our Fountain has made us famous all over the city. Many walk blocks to enjoy a refreshing drink

at Bew's store

Orange Phosphate a Specialty.

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

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.

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Guardian Fire. Manchester Fire. Great West Life.
Ocean, Accident and Guarantee. Confederation Life
Canadian Accident Assurance Co. Connecticut Fire

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WE GUARANTEE TO GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

ONCE A CUSTOMER ALWAYS A CUSTOMER

WE DEFY COMPETITION IN QUALITY AND PRICE

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

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

Lib.-Conservative Convention

Will be held at Revelstoke on

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, SEPT. 12TH and 13TH

The Convention of the Liberal-Conservative Union of British Columbia will be held in the SELKIRK HALL, Revelstoke, on the 12th and 13th days of September, 1902, commencing at 9 o'clock in the evening.

All Liberal-Conservatives will be welcome. The right to vote is confined to delegates chosen by Liberal-Conservative Associations or District Meetings convened for this purpose. One delegate for every twenty members of such Association or District Meeting.

Proxies can only be used by Members of the Union.

J. R. SEYMOUR,
Chairman of the Executive L.C.U. of B. C.
C. J. SOUTH,
Secretary, Vancouver.

LIST OF SPEAKERS TO BE PRESENT.

Messrs. R. L. Borden, K.C., M.P., F. D. Monk, K.C., M.P., E. F. Clarke, M.P., H. A. Powell, K.C., A. C. Bell, M.P., and other prominent members from the East.

FRESH

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

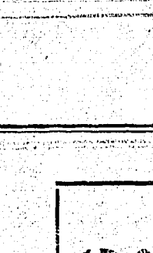
OUR STOCK OF GROCERIES IS complete in every detail, and by selling at a fair margin of profit we are able to turn over our goods, thus giving to our customers an opportunity to buy groceries that are fresh and reliable.

HARDWARE

IN THIS DEPARTMENT we are well to the front with the following lines: Tinware, Stoves, Lamps, Cutlery, Cooking Utensils, etc.

BOURNE BROS.

GENERAL MERCHANTS.
MACKENZIE AVENUE.



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.

Fall Goods In Your Hands

You want to get the goods in your hands to be able to judge their quality. It is impossible to do this when you buy ready-made clothing; so that's one distinct advantage in having us make your clothes. We will show you the largest stock of goods from Winnipeg to the Coast.

SEE OUR $17.00 SUITS MADE TO ORDER.

Ladies' High Class Tailoring

We have the latest and largest stock to select from. Now is the time to have your Suits made.

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

Real Estate Bargains

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Revelstoke Smelter Townsite

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

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