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THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol V. No 160 REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1902 $2 00 a Year in Advance.

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We are now unpacking a big range in Ladies', Children's, Men's and Boys' Hosiery in Wools, Cashmere and Silks.

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In this line our stock is complete and up-to-date. We can suit all tastes and fancies. Ladies—if you are wanting something nice and serviceable it will pay you to look over our goods.

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Berry Setts, Table Setts, Water Setts, Goblets, Tumblers, Glasses of all kinds now in stock.

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Our Stock is always the very best that can be procured.

We make a Specialty of
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Give Our O. O. Blend Coffee a Trial.

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THE FAIRVIEW HOLOCAUST

Further Particulars of the Terrible Event — No Evidence as to How the Fire Originated yet Obtained.

Frank French, manager at Fairview for Messrs. Shatford & Co. general storekeepers, gives the following version of what occurred at the fire which destroyed the Fairview hotel in the early hours of Wednesday, Oct. 22: He was sleeping in his room on the second floor of the hotel and was awakened between 2 and 3 by a sound like the crackling of fire, but thinking someone had lighted a fire in the open fireplace in the large public office on the ground floor of the hotel, did not take much notice of the matter. Presently, though, the sound appeared as if children were playing down stairs so he got up and opened his bedroom door, only to find flames coming in. He shut the door, put on part of his clothing and then rushed through the flames to the door of the room occupied by Miss Louise Smith, the school teacher, the flames not having got that far along the hall. He broke open the door, dragged Miss Smith from her bed, and carried her along the hall farther away from the flames. Bidding her to remain there until he returned to his own room to open or break the window from which they would be able to jump safely to the ground. He rushed back through the flames, broke the window down, and then returned through the fire once more for her. But she had meanwhile disappeared, so he turned to try to get out alone. By this time the fire nearly filled the hall and he thinks a gust of flame caught him and knocked him down, for he remembered no more until he found himself outside the burning building, lying on the ground, but not much barded.

Phillip H. Matthias, the manager of the hotel, although burned, got outside after having gone downstairs when he found the place was on fire. As by this time the staircase was in flames he clambered up to his room from outside seeking his wife and child, but they were not there. Here the fire caught him again and burned all the clothing of his body. He was rescued alive, but so badly burned that after lingering in unconsciousness about five hours death put an end to his sufferings. Mrs. Matthias jumped from her window with her child. Her back is injured but the child escaped unhurt.

John Love, druggist, of Fairview, was sleeping on the third floor. As soon as he found the place was burning he hastened to awaken Lizzie Hunt, the housekeeper, whose room was on the same floor. He got her from her room, but finding no other means of escape, dropped her from the window to the ground below and then jumped himself, but not until after one of his hands had been so badly burned that he will likely lose part of it, and his face had also been injured. Fortunately he landed on soft earth and escaped other serious injuries, but not so the unfortunate Miss Hunt, whose thigh bone was broken, back so injured that her body was paralyzed, and a blood vessel on the head broken. This young woman is being nursed by Miss Flesher at the home of Gold Commissioner Lambly, but her recovery is despaired of.

A man named Allen, employed as a fireman in the boiler house at the Stemwinder mine, will also likely die. He jumped from the top storey and broke his ankle bones and received othrr injuries that caused paralysis of the lower limbs. Another man, named McKinley, also broke his ankle in jumping, whilst Peter Twombley, who jumped from the second floor, had serious burns on his face. A butcher named Birch, only lately come from Kelowna to take charge of F. W. Swinburn's butcher business at Fairview, hurt his back as a result of a leap from the third floor. Edward Bullock-Webster, J. P., of Keremeos, who happened to be a guest at the hotel for the night, escaped with his face and one hand burned. Other persons were more or less burned or hurt in jumping from the burning building, but the above mentioned were all that could be remembered.

Miss Smith was only 18 years of age and the Fairview school was the first one she had had charge of. Her parents live near Armstrong or Enderby, in the Okanagan valley. Mr. Matthias was an Englishman, about 42 years of age, and was three or four years ago, so it is stated, in the real estate business in Vancouver, B. C.

SHARP FIGHT IN SOMALILAND

Heroic Charge of British—70 Men Killed and a Maxim Gun Lost on the British Side—Capt Angus Killed.

Aden, Arabia, Oct. 25.—Details of the fighting in Somaliland, on October 6th, between the British expeditionary force and the followers of the Mad Mullah, show that a more serious disaster was only averted by the splendid example of the few white officers. As it was the British force lost a maxim gun and 70 men killed, while 62 of their enemy dead, were counted close to the fighting line, shortly after the British expedition left their Zareba (fortified camp), for Mudug.

On October 6th the Mullah's forces were reported about a mile ahead and within half an hour, while the British force was advancing in single file through a dense jungle, the enemy charged the British right flank. But the Mullah's troops were met with such a severe fire, that they swung around towards the British centre and left. In the meanwhile the transport got mixed up with the fighting line, which was thrown into confusion, and a maxim was rushed and captured, as were many camels. Major Phillips was shot while gallantly attempting to rally his men, and Lieut. Everett was wounded while attending to Major Phillips.

The disorder spread to the gun teams, which were driven back. Capt. Angus was killed while serving a gun. Col. Cobbe, with a single Somali sergeant, continued serving a maxim and then Col. Swayne (the British Commissioner in Somaliland and Commander of the expedition), led a splendid charge, checked the Mullah's hordes, and recaptured some of the transport, but he was unable to recover the maxim.

The British then formed a Zareba and sent out parties to collect the scattered transport. The enemy later tried to get away with the captured camels, but Col. Swayne took out three camps of troops, and after a sharp fight, recovered the majority of them and picked up 70 rifles.

Carpenters Wanted.

Fifty carpenters wanted at once, six months work. Apply to J. Kernaghan, Revelstoke or Laggan.

V. V. & E. Crossing Granted.

At a meeting of the Railway Committee at Ottawa on Tuesday, the application of the Victoria, Vancouver and Eastern was heard for a crossing of the Grand Forks and Kettle River Railway, and also for building a branch from the main line to Columbia and Grand Forks, and also a branch line to the Granby smelter. Mr. A. H. McNeill, K. C., of Rossland, and Mr. Aulay Morrison, M. P. for New Westminster, appeared for the application, and there were opposed to it Mr. Aylesworth, K.C., and Mr. Boland, of Toronto, for Grand Forks.

The mayor of Columbia and a representative from Grand Forks were present and supported the interests of the Victoria, Vancouver and Eastern.

Mr. Morrison, M. P., spoke strongly in support of the application, and protested against its being blocked in the way he considered it is.

The ministers conferred a few minutes and unanimously decided in favor of the application for the crossing and branches.

All the applications were accordingly granted and an order will be made to that effect.

NOT GUILTY OF MURDER

Guissippi Donati Acquitted of Murder of Frank Gordon at Field—Verdict of Homicide by Misadventure.

Guissippi Donati appeared before Mr. Justice Irving at Golden on Monday charged with the murder of Frank Gordon, at Field, on September 10th, Donati was the only Italian in a mason's gang sent to Field to do work on the cut-off, and it appears had been the object of the others' pranks. Five witnesses for the prosecution testified that Donati shot Gordon from his bunk. Dr. Cross, the coroner, testified that he did not think it probable that the bullet could have taken the course it did if the prisoner had been in his bunk. The prisoner gave evidence in his own behalf, and swore that he took his revolver to frighten Gordon away, but that Gordon scuffled with him and the revolver was accidentally discharged. The jury was out for about two hours, and returned the verdict of homicide by misadventure. The prisoner was immediately acquitted. J. M. Scott prosecuted for the crown, and G. S. McCarter and W. A. Galliher appearrd for the defence.

AROUND THE RAILWAY YARD

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

T. Melville, of the C.P.R. shops, left Tuesday night for the Coast.

Jack Maxwell, C.P.R. operator at Revelstoke, is visting Kamloops and renewing old acquaintances—Sentinel.

W. Lynes, C. P. R. brakeman, is taking a well earned holiday, and has gone on a visit to his mother at the coast.

Howard Pratt, the old-time engineer at Field, where he has been stationed for several years with the C.P.R., has been transferred to Calgary.

The C. P. R. has ordered ten locomotives from Glasgow. These will be the first locomotives imported into Canada from Great Britain for over half a century.

W. H. Gardiner, chief clerk in the office of F. W. Peters, general freight agent of the C. P. R. at Vancouver, has been promoted to the position of general agent of the freight department of the C. P. R. on the Sound, with headquarters at Seattle.

W. Moore, who for the past three years has occupied the position of day checker at the C.P.R. station, has received word to proceed to Revelstoke, where he will receive well merited promotion. Last night at the regular meeting of the I. O.O.F., lodge he was presented by the Noble Grand on behalf of the Lodge, in a few choice words with an emblematic gold watch charm, as a token of the esteem in which he is held by the members.—Kamloops Sentinel.

At a meeting of the Brotherhood of the Railway Trackmen at Vancouver on Saturday, Brother Joseph Lennan was presented with a very handsome solid 14 karat gold watch and chain, with nugget charm, in appreciation of valuable and energetic services rendered the Brotherhood of Railway Trackmen while acting as Chairman of the Joint Protective Board for the Pacific Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

—FOUND—A Watch. The owner can have the same by identifying the watch and paying for this advertisement. Apply at the City Hotel.

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

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

A snowstorm visited the city of New York yesterday. It was the first of the season.

President Roosevelt has named Nov. 27th as Thanksgiving Day in the United States.

The United States gunboat Remblon which was built in Japan was launched there on October 16th.

Two hundred musicians of theatres in the city of Paris, went on strike today for higher wages.

Returning soldiers from the coal region were stoned as they passed through Pittsburg yesterday.

Doukobors started south from Yorkton yesterday, proceeding as missionaries, singing as they marched off.

Owing to an irregular system of collection Chicago has lost $5,610,000 in uncollected taxes for the past ten years.

Emperor William will send a representative to the opening of a new building of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

In Gardner, Illinois, five masked bandits gagged and bound the town marshall, then robbed the Exchange National Bank of $4,000.

It is probable that Colonial Secretary Chamberlain will extend his South African tour to Australia and return to England via Vancouver.

The Pope received Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal in a private audience today. Pope referred to Premier Laurier in flattering terms.

Two thousand dock laborers are on strike in Montreal completely tying up all business of that port. It will most likely be settled soon. The men ask for an increase in wages.

Mitchell Day, the anniversary of the termination of the last big coal strike, was celebrated yesterday throughout the entire Anthracite region. All operations were stopped.

Eighty pounds of opium which a Chinese steward attempted to smuggle into the United States from Victoria, B. C., has been siezed on the coast by a survey ship named Gedney.

The steamship Capital, of Olympia, as a result of a collision with the freighter Trader from Steveston, B.C., had a hole stove in her hull and had to be beached. The passengers escaped

Mr. Johnson, fire boss from Shamokin, Pa., passed through Toronto today en route for British Columbia. He says the Anthracite mines are mostly in a demoralized condition and full of water, and expects more trouble in the coming spring.

Mr. Borden's Return.

Mr. R. L. Borden, Conservative leader, was given a splendid reception on his arrival in Halifax last night. The railway station was crowded with people, who waited for two hours for the train, which was late. As Mr. and Mrs. Borden alighted from the train the band struck up, "See the Conquering Hero Comes." A magnificent bouquet with Liberal Conservative colors was presented to Mrs. Borden. They were escorted to a barouche, in which were harnessed four magnificent horses. Fire works were displayed and hundreds of roman candles were burned. A long procession of carriages then formed and the leader was escorted to his residence at Northwest Arm. Along the road there was continued cheering and colored lights were burned.

The new school building is progressing favorably. Mr. Oldershaw of Vancouver, agent for the Rutley Furnace Co., of Toronto, is here awaiting the arrival of the heating apparatus, which is expected daily.

Yukon Murder Trail.

Ed. Labelle, the Yukoner accused of murder, whose trail from Dawson through British Columbia, Washington and Utah was so patiently followed by Constable Welsh of the Northwest Mounted Police, is being tried in Dawson this week for the cold blooded killing of Leon Buthillette, Guy Beaudin and Alphonse Constantin. Advices from the Yukon capital say that the crown has a strong case, and that when the trial is concluded, his alleged accomplice, Leon Fournier, will be given a hearing. It is said the latter will make a full confession. Labelle is stated to have confessed his guilt while at Seattle on his way north to stand his trial.

The crimes for which these two men are being tried exceeded in brutality the O'Brien affair which was much commented on some years ago, because of the unceasing activity of the mounted police in following up their victim until he met his end by the hangman's rope. The three victims were lured to a lonely island in the Yukon and done to death. They were robbed of a few hundred dollars and their bodies were thrown into the river. But the Yukon gave up its dead. The full story of the tragedy was told in the World yesterday. The trial is being followed with a great deal of interest, not alone in Vancouver and the Yukon, but in French Canada, for the murdered men all came from the province of Quebec, as well as the alleged murderers.—Vancouver World.

Manitobans Buy Lumber Mill.

A Winnipeg despatch to the Vancouver Province says: "All surplus capital of Winnipeg business men will not go into real estate or farm lands in Manitoba, although there is somewhat of a boom on just now. It is reliably reported that prominent citizens have an option on a big mill property on the Arrow Lakes, for which they will pay $50,000 and will invest another $50,000 to develop the industry. They are securing 7000 acres of limits under timber license, on which it is estimated there are 150,000,000 feet of timber. The idea of securing the mill is to supply lumber to the new prairie towns, some of which are only 200 miles east of the mill property."

Canadian Politics in London.

A special cable from London to the Toronto Telegram on Tuesday says: "The Daily Chronicle this morning says Canada promises to be prolific in political complications in the near future. So far indications point only to a half hearted alliance between Mr. Tarte and Mr. Borden, but unfortunately for the cause of fiscal freedom, the Canadian free trade party is not strong nor courageous enough to put their principles into full practical force.

OCTOBER

Sale of Blankets

STILL GOING ON

OCTOBER, the month when prudent buyers make their Blanket Purchases, a season when Stocks are at their fullest and the most complete assortment of New Goods are here to choose from, offers unusual opportunities to all attending. For instance, a 7 lb. blanket that is regularly worth $4.25, can be bought for..... **$3.50**

THEN a Special High Grade Pure Wool, English Blanket which weighs 8 lbs., joins in at the specially low price of..... **$6.00**

Dress Goods for Saturday

Savings on the very cloths you need. You have already decided upon maybe the cloths most in demand this Fall. This Store is always alert for your interests. Months ago we saw that those fabrics would lead in the market for this Season and when Special Discounts came our way we gladly availed ourselves of them. Thus it is you have chances tomorrow like the following:

French Broad Cloth Suitings

54 inches wide, in Navy, Oxford, Cambridge, Blue, Grey Custor Fawns, etc. Nice Satin finish. Correct for Ladies' Tailoring. Regular value $1.50. Special..... **$1.25**

French Covert Suitings

54 inches wide, all Pure Wool, in all the latest Fall shades, including Navys, Greys, Browns, Fawns, etc. Good medium weight of Cloth suitable for Ladies' Tailoring. Regular value $1 25. Special..... **90c**

Black, English Broad Cloth Suitings

150 Yards, 54 inches wide, absolutely Fast, Black Skirts, may be made unlined a beautiful Satin finish specially manufactured for Ladies' Tailoring. Regular $1.25. Special..... **$1.00**

Have You Looked at Our Ladies' Coats

The Mantle Room is thronged these Bright Fall Days with Handsome Coats for those who are fond of Style and Good Workmanship at the modern and moderate prices ruling at this Store—cheapness is nothing—the woman of judgment cares not a wit for mere cheapness, but economy is another thing. In our Mantle Room all the qualities of first grade Ready to Wear Garments go hand in hand with the owest prices you will find anywhere. That is true Economy.

REID & YOUNG,

Bourne Bros.

Dealers in
FIRST-CLASS
Groceries

Flour, Feed
McClary's
Famous Stoves
Tinware, Graniteware
Heavy and
Shelf Hardware

Stores at
Revelstoke
Nakusp
New Denver.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF CHRIST.

BY ANDREW F. UNDERHILL,
St. John's Rectory, Yonkers, N. Y.

A friend of publicans and sinners.—Matt. xi., part of 19th verse.

Generally speaking, when a man is a friend of another, the assumption is that the two are somewhat alike, at least in their pursuits and ideas of life. So when the Pharisees spoke of Jesus as "a friend of publicans and sinners" they meant to include Him in the same category—to make Him out a man of similar motives and acts. But it is only necessary to search the Scriptures to see how absurd was their position. Criminals were never known to be anything but selfish; and where is the man, follower or opponent of Christ, who can point to one thought of self throughout the whole of that life of marvellous excellence? Criminals are proverbially cruel; but who can find, search he ever so minutely, the slightest trace of a nature that was hard through the gentleness of that Divine pity which gave Him of His own free will to suffer for our sins?

Was He, then, the friend of publicans and sinners? Yes; but he was not in the sense the Pharisees meant to include Him. He was the friend in the sense that He was the helper, not the boon companion, not the friend to please Himself, but for the good He could do them—a friend who neither shared their philosophy of life nor was contaminated by their vices; yet was He friend indeed! Yea, the friend of publicans and sinners—the friend of all mankind, even to the worst.

Behind the words of the text lies one of the fundamental ideas of the Christian religion—that of the universal brotherhood of man. There was no one precept Christ so often reiterated as the teaching that the weak, the lowest, the lost are to be befriended, raised up, regenerated and rejoiced over when saved; and it is at just this very point that our Christianity of to-day is the most unsatisfactory, for in our community, where the class and mass distinctions are becoming more marked, the tendency of our corporate Christianity has been to remember the classes and to forget the masses. The selfishness of the world has gotten in. The oligarchies in our churches survive and flourish. The more blessed in this world's favors continue to look down on those who have not had the fortune to possess equal opportunities, and practically ostracise them. They say: "We will do what we can for you, but you mustn't come too near to us. We will give you our money or our prayers, but you cannot expect us to give you any of our time or companionship." Thus the world, even in the organized church, whispers to us its hard cynicism, and we listen and give utterance to such sentiments after thinking such thoughts. We are willing to do good when it is of no special inconvenience to us, but when some one asks: "Are you a friend of publicans and sinners?" we become faint-hearted and weak-kneed, because we are afraid of what the Pharisees will say.

Was that the way Jesus Christ did? Was there ever any force of public opinion, was there ever any self-interest that could swerve Him for one moment from the labor of uplifting He had set Himself to do? What worldly distinction ever came between Him and the all-moving pity of His Divine love? The poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind were equally His care, and the wretched and forlorn of all classes came to Him for consolation. Christ's Christianity did not declare that all men were equal, but that all men should be entitled to equal consideration, and that each soul, strong and weak alike, ought to have an equal sympathy from man and God.

The danger that menaces our Christianity and our churches to-day is that we are allowing these churches to become merely the focal points in which the recognized social elements of the community meet, because the church is a sort of guarantee of respectability to any one who attends. We do not show sufficient interest in the souls of others. We simply look after ourselves and let the publicans and sinners drift. Many go to church because it looks well, because their neighbor goes, because they wish to see others there or because they like to be at the head of something. Some go to hear a good sermon and others to criticize a poor one. Some are interested in others and their best welfare and some are not. But what we all need is to be told and to realize what Christianity really is. And when we know this and practise it the great world that is without the church will be brought in, and only then.

The true church is not a holiday, sunny season pavilion. It was built for stormy weather and every-day use, and we who profess to be Christians need not fear to open wide the doors. All are brothers, equal in Christ; and let us not forget that in the day to come the last shall be first and the first last. If the great Son of God could stoop from His lofty height to the lowest and vilest sinner, should not we go forward in the bonds of broadest brotherhood, rejoicing to fulfil the Master's work? He was the friend of publican and sinner. He was and is the friend of all, and gave His life for all, and if we pretend to follow Him we must be truly inspired with the feeling His life has illustrated.

Every man and woman or child who reads these words, in addition to knowing of himself, knows of someone else to whom Christ's salvation may be brought. There are many who are not so very low in sin, but are simply careless and unconscious of the motives of the higher life which might be shown to them, could we who profess to be Christians illustrate to them the practical living of the precepts of the Master. There are many who have gone far astray and perhaps are persisting in their iniquity—and these are missing the blessedness of the friendship of Christ because they have not found some earthly friend to interest himself in their soul's welfare in a way that will influence them. The preaching of the pulpit and the appeal of the printed page reach some, but the love and kindness of the friendly human heart touch more. Let me ask, then, bearing this in mind, "Do you not know some publican or sinner, be he ever so respectable as the world goes, or ever so wretched and fallen, of whom you shall be able to say with Christ, 'I am his friend?'"

He Wanted Enough.

A correspondent of The London Post, who has witnessed a pilgrimage to Mecca, records the following prayer, which he heard delivered there by an Arab pilgrim:—

"O Almighty God!" he cried, "now I am sure You will not send me to hell. A place in paradise is surely reserved for me. You know I was not rich, being only a poor barber, but through my economy and perseverance I laid by some money. My first intention was to buy a wife with my savings, but being, as You know, a sensible man, I thought it more advisable to make use of them to come to Your house, first of all, to insure myself a houri in paradise, and remember, O my Lord, that I want a palace as well. I do not want to be a shaver in the next world. We read in the traditions that those who hold high positions here will be miserable hereafter, whereas the wretched in this life will be rich in heaven. So I implore You, in the name of Mahomet our Prophet, who was created before this world was made, and who will sit on your right hand on the day of judgment and plead on behalf of his people, to listen to my requests. When I return home I have nothing to live on. Therefore, I want a comfortable living to begin with. And, since it may be long before I meet the houri You are reserving for me in paradise, I want to have a nice little wife now. You know the kind of woman I like. Nothing is hidden from You. I am not greedy, and so I shall not ask you for many. But, O Lord, may I ask You for two? For, as You know full well, it is not in the nature of a man to be contented with one."

Saved Her Husband.

An English newspaper is responsible for the statement that a prominent business man of Vienna two years ago was on the brink of ruin. His wife, a young and beautiful woman of twenty-four, found a way out of the difficulty.

She left a purposely overheated room one night and walked up and down a stone-floored passage barefooted and scantily clad till she caught a serious chill, which she aggravated by a series of reckless acts. Inflammation of the lungs set in; she died and her husband received the large sum for which her life was insured. This enabled him to pull through the crisis successfully, and within a very short time he was a rich man again. He married a second time within two months of his first wife's death. Now a servant in his employ at the time has informed the police of the facts of the case, stating that she overheard the conversation in which the heroic wife told her husband of her intention to die for his sake. The insurance company contends that it was a case of suicide, and demands the return of the money from the husband, who may also have to answer to the charge of having been an accessory to the crime.

An Irishman's Brother.

A correspondent of The Spectator quotes an account of the proceedings of an Achill islander on active service in the Connaught Rangers, as narrated by his brother, one of the Achill car-drivers at Achill Sound. The car-driver, Patrick Scanlon, said, following his own words as nearly as memory enables the correspondent to do:—

"Me brother wint through the whole of the Boer war, Colinso an' all, and was wid Gineral Hart whin he was at the takin' of Pretoria by Lord Roberts. Whin the army was near the town Lord Roberts called out to Gineral Hart, 'Hart,' says he, 'take five or six of yer boys on ahead and ax Mrs. Kruger for the kays of the town, and whither she knowa where her husband is.' So Hart kem back to the Rangers, and says he, 'Boys, I want a few of yez to go on in front wid me. You come for one, Scanlon,' says he to me brother, 'and bring four or five of yer comrades wid ye,' says he. So Hart and me brother and his comrades wint on in front till they kem to Mrs. Kruger's house, and thin Hart says, 'Scanlon,' says he, 'go knock at the dure an' ax her for the kays of the town and ax her whither she knows where her husband is.' So me brother wint to the dure, and through the windy near the dure he could see Mrs. Kruger lyin' on a sofa forenint the foire tarin' and cryin'. Whin he knocked at the dure a young woman opened it, and says me brother, 'Can ye spake English?' 'Why not?' says she, 'because I cum from Oireland,' says she. 'From what parts?' says me brother. 'From Waxford,' says she. 'from the Barny of Forth,' says she. 'Thin Mary, me dear,' says me brother, 'will ye go in to herself an' ax her for the kays of the town for Lord Roberts, an' tell her we want to know if she can tell Lord Roberts where her husband is.' So Mary wint in, and me brother cud see Mrs. Kruger tarin' and cryin' worse than ivir while Mary was spakin' to her. Well, whin Mary kem out me brother says, 'Well, Mary alannah, what does she say?' 'She says,' says she, 'that she nivir had the kays of the town, and that,' says she, 'she knows no more than Lord Roberts or Gineral Hart where her husband is, but that he was a mane scut to lave her the way he did without manes or money, but depindant on the ginerosity of his inimies.' 'Well, Mary me dear,' says me brother, 'let naythur you nor yer misthress be afeard that ye will want for anything as long as the Connaught Rangers is to the fore.' An' while they were in Pretoria he saw Mary ivery day, an' they got very thick. Whin they got marchin' orthers he thried if Mary wud be for goin' back to Oireland, but she said she would hould on to her misthress as long as she wanted her. Well, whin me brother heard tell of the death of the ould lady he thried to find out about Mary, but the divil a bit could he hear of where she wint or where she was."

A Story of Charles Frederic Goss.

RECENTLY a Chicago newspaper man paused before a bookstore window which was heaped high with copies of The Redemption of David Corson, and he said to his companion:

"There is one instance, at least, in which lightning struck in the right place. If the size of an author's heart determined the measure of his success every book written by Charles Frederic Goss would sell a million copies.

"When I struck Chicago I had neither job nor prospect of one. There was not a man in the whole big city who knew me, and it didn't take many days of knocking about from one newspaper office to another to convince me that not a human being here cared to know me. But that was where I made my mistake. One night I happened to step inside Mr. Moody's Chicago Avenue Church. Mr. Charles Frederic Goss was in charge of the work, and at the close of the services I met him. He passed over the conventional revivalistic questions regarding my spiritual condition, but quickly found out where I was stopping, and that I was looking for work and had met with disappointment in my applications. From that hour I felt that I certainly had one friend in Chicago—and he a very cheerful one.

"Week after week passed, and finally a month and a half, before I secured my first position. In the latter part of that probationary period I was in constant terror of the day of reckoning that was to come with my landlady, to whom I had not paid a dollar. Strangely enough, however, she never mentioned the matter or suggested that I find some other place. My credit appeared to be as firm as that of the bank cashier at my right, who paid his board every Saturday night, before the whole company, handing out crisp bills as he took his seat at the table.

"Finally, when I was able to pay her I spoke of the unaccountable forbearance she had shown me as a stranger.

"'Oh, I knew you were all right,' she replied. 'Mr. Goss came here to the house and talked with me about you. Any boarder who has him for a friend can let his bills run with me as long as he needs.'

"All this time the author of David Corson had been keeping my courage up by assuring me there was a place for every honest man who had a desire to work; but he had never so much as hinted that he had personally established my credit at the boarding-house where I was in arrears.

"He always gave away a large share of his salary, and was never so happy as when helping some person in desperate circumstances. In his college course he had a great battle to retain his grasp on the faith which had been taught him in boyhood. This struggle can be traced very distinctly in the pages of his novel."

A Heated Discussion.

"At this point," said the narrator, "she broke down and wept scalding tears." "My goodness!" exclaimed the listener, "she must have been boiling over with rage."—Chicago "News."

Not only the horses but the powers of the law, says the London "Chronicle," are swift at Ascot, for the course has a special tribunal for the punishment of evildoers. No sooner is the pickpocket, welsher, or ticket-snatcher arrested than he is standing before Sir Albert de Rutzen in a little room in the royal stand, where the evidence is heard and the verdict and sentence pronounced before the offender fully realizes that he is caught. Nowhere else does punishment so swiftly follow crime as at this court, which is decreed by clause 31 of the Indictable Offences Act of 1848. This race-course tribunal arose curiously in the eighteenth century from an assault upon a royal personage. In his indignation at the impossibility of instant punishment of the assailant, he ordered that in future a magistrate should always attend the royal race meeting. This has ever since been done, and by the above-mentioned act the chief magistrate of Bow street was constituted ex officio a justice of the peace of the County of Berks, in order to enable him to hold this court at Ascot.

A minister whose first parish was in the backwoods of the West was called upon to officiate at the wedding of a rather seedy-looking fellow and a blooming young woman. The ceremony was performed in the log-cabin home of the bride's parents. There were many guests present, and a pleasant informality prevailed. When the bridegroom repeated the words, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," a tall and lank guest innocently observed: "Thar goes Hank's houn' dawg, by gum!"

Some time ago a man got a curious present from a sea captain. It was a fine specimen of the bird which the sailors call the "laughing jackass," and he was not a little proud of it. As he was carrying it home he met a brawny Irish navvy, who stopped him and asked: "Phwat kind of burrd is that, sorr?" "That's a laughing jackass," explained the owner, genially. The Irishman, thinking he was being made fun of, was equal to the occasion, and responded, with a twinkle of the eye: "It's not yersilf, it's the burrd Oi mane, sorr!"

Rev. Mr. Greene, a preacher at Findley's Lake, Pa., took his congregation to task a few Sundays ago because the members were not, in his opinion, giving suitable support to church work. The reverend gentleman mentioned by name several of those whom he regarded as at fault, but was injudicious enough to include Editor Boerman among the lot. "Why," said the preacher, "Mr. Boerman only paid a dollar toward my support." The editor retorted: "It was dear at the price," and Mr. Greene thereupon learned that it is dangerous to monkey with a buzz-saw.

When David Graham Phillips, author of "Her Serene Highness," was a very young man he applied for work on a Cincinnati paper. "What can you do?" said the editor. "I can try anything," said the young man. Thinking to rid himself of further importunities for an assignment, the editor said, "well, write an article on bread." It was a trying moment for the ambitious youngster, but he never flinched. All that night he spent in collecting material, and the next day reported to the somewhat surprised editor with a bright and newsy article on "The Bakeries of Cincinnati." He was immediately engaged.

Some Allurements of the Carbolic Acid Route.

The soul has been aptly described as a life prisoner which seldom escapes without killing its jailer.

Whatever may be said in favor of the dispirited individual forestalling nature and letting the prisoner out by his own hand, there is one form of suicide—the most common form with young girls—whose allurements deserve special commendation.

People abnormally addicted to self-pity (and nobody else ever commits suicide), after deciding to kill the fleshly jailer and let the bruised soul go free, do perfectly right to cast about to find the most shocking and painful possible style of exit. The satisfaction involved in blowing his anaemic brains all over the clean wall and otherwise messing up a tidy room must be far greater to the self-centered and dejected young man than to compose himself decently on a couch and float into the sweet subsequently on an overdose of morphine or laudanum. It adds to the general horror and crack o' doom stage effect, this painful blood-letting, and besides it makes his friends feel, oh, so sorry for him—and that's what he commits suicide for. He wants somebody to feel sorry.

When the very young woman—and sometimes the woman who is not so very young—has been led down into the gloom and dolor of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and all for love, she hypnotizes herself into a belief that her life has been permanently frost-bitten, and at once sets about to find some means, not of punishing the faithless heart-breaker, but of punishing her own unoffending self. No woman, even as she enters the suicide's portal of doom, ever thinks for a moment of wreaking vengeance on the man. With her usual fine sense of logic and consistency, she hunts up the thorniest kind of a crown of thorns to wear all by herself.

Not content merely to die in an orderly and painless manner, she decides to combine the tortures of the rack, the thumbscrew, being boiled in oil, drinking molten lead and walking on red-hot plowshares, all in one; and she does it by swallowing a few spoonfuls of concentrated hades in the form of carbolic acid. Of course, she is well aware that there are painless and even alluring methods of climbing the golden stair, but she scorns them all. For example, there is cyanide of potassium, a piece of which as big as a shoe button touched to the tongue would stop the action of the heart and send the icy darts of death through the veins quicker than the swiftest bolt of lightning and with less pain than attends the chewing of sen-sen or an onion. Prussic acid, also, will pop the troubled soul out of the body with almost equal celerity and absence of torture. Then there is the overdose of morphine or of laudanum, which is not only painless but which wafts the suicide across the gloomy Styx in a fairy galleon, surrounded by gauzy iridescent dreams so enchanting that anyone once choosing that route out of trouble will never have any other.

Yet the morbid and lovelorn maiden will have none of these. All disappointed women crave the blistering flame of martyrdom. Not unlike the heroic red Indian, they rejoice in suffering. So we see a long procession of them depositing their fifteen cents on the drug store counter and hugging the liquid horror to their bosoms. We see them gulping down sizzling mouthfuls of carbolic acid, which bites and sears and eats its agonizing way through the tender tissues of the throat and oesophagus and stomach, and kills, finally, by eating ghastly holes through the internal organs and literally burning the victims alive. White-hot, molten iron, gulped down out of a ladle, would produce precisely the same effect. To a man the prospect would be most unpleasant, but the more the horror is piled up the more it pleases the woman bent on self-slaughter.

Men who set out to pre-empt a slab in the Morgue commonly choose the revolver way or the bay route. Woman is nervier than man. Tender and timorous in all things until her deeper feelings are roused, she will then not only endure, but invite the most agonizing torment. It is true that the woman with the suicidal mania might come nearer her ideal of "the toad under a harrow" by plunging under the fanged cylinder of a threshing machine, but threshing machines in operation are not numerously distributed throughout the city; besides, fifteen cents' worth of carbolic anguish is just about as excruciating and therefore as satisfactory as $2,000 worth of threshing machine.—Grant Wallace.

His Epitaph.

Mexicans are fond of epitaphs, they rejoice in eulogies, they like to honor their dead. Their attachment for relatives is great, and monuments and flower-strewn graves show that the departed are not forgotten. The deceased may have left a bad record, and his friends may be anxious that his conduct should be forgotten; still, this does not debar him from a neatly worded eulogy.

Just outside of the cemetery at Vera Cruz there stands a fine monument which marks the resting-place of a notorious outlaw, whose cruelty and violence made his name a constant menace to all peace and order. His wife, in spite of harsh treatment, was his faithful servant to the last, and after his death thought that she should show her respect for his memory.

She could not speak of his nobility and worth, and so, after much consideration, she caused the following inscription to be engraved upon the tomb: "Juan Fernandez has passed to his reward; he was an unerring shot and knew no fear; owing to circumstances over which he had no control his talents were perverted from their proper course, but the world should be grateful for his life, as his example stands as a timely warning to the rising generation."

ONE OF THOUSANDS

"I was a martyr to Sick and Nervous Headaches caused by Constipation, unfit for business on an average 2 days a week. Some pills helped me, but Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at 10 cts. a vial cured me. This is my own testimony and it's a fact. Now I never lose an hour or miss a meal."

This is the written testimony of a well known Toronto journalist—you can have his name if you want it. Agnew's are the best pills and 25% cheaper than any other. 40 pills 10 cts.; 100 pills 25 cts. 21

Pessimism of Educated Youth.

Almost any evening, at dinner time, there may be seen in a well-known down town restaurant a group of young men, who occupy always the same corner and spend a long time talking over their coffee and cigars. They are all college graduates of a recent date, occupied in the day in getting a start in life, or, as one of them, who is engaged in some sort of literary work, more picturesquely puts it, "bucking the metropolis with a stub pen." Few have heard their talk, for when a stranger falls among them they are decorously polite, but uncommunicative, in the spirit of their leader. A few, however, have been initiated, and describe the conversations as "a series of carefully cultivated cynicisms, led by a lecture." Thus do their guests become victims to phrase-making.

"It would be hard to diagnose their complaint," said one of these victims; "they are so cheerful in their woe. Nothing at present suits them, and they all pronounce their daily tasks a bore. But they are not bothered with reform notions and don't make a public fuss. I suspect they all cherish secret ambitions of winning commonplace successes, and swap their melancholy epigrams because they have no other way at present to maintain that academic seclusiveness your college graduate usually feels the lack of during the first years of his plunge into life. However, there's some truth and humor in their talk that needn't be summarily dismissed as downy faced cynicism."

And the speaker narrated as nearly as he could a speech of the leader on the subject of "How to Be Successful Though Educated." The young man knocked his cigarette ash into the dregs of his coffee and said: "I've thought this all out, as Devery does his brilliants. It's not impromptu. I was burdened with the conception by too much paternal advice on how to succeed. We get too much of that advice on all hands. The path from the log cabin to the White House has been exploited and explained; we have been taught how to be happy though married, and it only remains to put the teaching into practice—a minor detail; magazines conducted by underpaid editors have told us how to get from home to college with a cow for capital; the lives of our captains of industry have been laid bare from their always humble beginnings, but the really useful work is the one not done. Who will tell us how to be successful though educated?

"The worst that may be said of a college training (until the chair of success is founded) is that it gives a young man ambitions. After all, the youth whose capital is a cow in most instances prefers to keep his capital and milk it; the boy in the log cabin hopes some day to build a house with store shingles; the young worker in the steel mill thinks he may in time rise to be a foreman, and is content if he does. But the college graduate has ambitions. Nurtured in romance, fed on history, filled with the keen relish for intellectual excitement and the power of intellectual mastery, he is yearly turned by the thousand into the hard world, with ambitions, but no job.

"There are open for him the law and medicine; but each requires three or four more years of training, and then an additional period of unremunerative waiting. There is business, but already the high school graduate has a four years' start, which, when all is said, the classics and French literature do not help to overcome. He might write novels, but his taste is too good, while a knowledge of art bars him from the drama. To be sure, there is teaching; the world still puts up with a little education in its teachers. Yet, as women will teach cheaper, even that field is restricted. It is no wonder that there are so many men of culture in the mines of Mexico and Alaska, or that so few of us college men marry before we are thirty.

"Then someone asked this gloomy teacher of twenty-three, whose remarks were greeted with no applause, but quiet approval," said the outsider, "what he proposed to do about it. His answer was characteristic. 'To-morrow I play golf,' he said."—N. Y. "Tribune."

Subjects of Thought.

From "Waverley Magazine."

While we gladly accord honor to the courage of active heroism, let us not forget also to reverence the courage of patient endurance, the courage of absolute sincerity, the courage of devotion to principle. He who possesses these is indeed a brave man, though no one may recognize it and he himself be unconscious of it.

The hope that inspires effort is always a blessing. Not only does it strengthen the human faculties and improve the character; it also makes rapid advancement in its own line, even when failing to reach its far-off goal.

The heart is always hungry. No man lives happily alone. The wisest and the best is wiser and better for the friends he has.

Generosity, to deserve the name, comprises the desire and the effort to benefit others, without reference to self.

It is poor policy to take advantage of other people because you have never had any advantage of your own.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

It is a maxim that those to whom everybody allows the second place have an undoubted right to the first.

The world's greatest men and best reformers were light weight when weighed in the scales of bigotry.

Love's a virtue for heroes; and immortal as every great soul is that struggles, endures and fulfills.

Reading should teach us how to seek for truth, meditation how to find it.

The doorstep to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance.

Fixed to no spot is happiness; 'tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere.

Why Coughing is Weakening.

The amount of energy expended in coughing is very considerable; indeed, one of the patient statisticians for which Germany is renowned has calculated that a patient who coughs once every quarter of an hour for ten hours expends energy equivalent to two hundred and fifty units of heat, which may be translated as equivalent to the nourishment contained in three eggs or two glasses of milk. In normal respiration the air is expelled from the chest at the rate of four feet per second, whereas in violent coughing it may attain a velocity of three hundred feet.

A Cosmopolitan Crowd.

In the absence of the King, the attention of London has turned to the picturesque delegates of royalty from the far corners of the earth who are now in the metropolis. "Never have the streets of London presented so cosmopolitan an appearance," says a London correspondent; "the guests of the nation from the furthermost quarters of the earth have been exploring the empire's capital. Black, yellow and brown faces, surmounting gaudy, fantastic costumes, are met everywhere. Muffled gibbering and a soft, monotonous pattering of feet are heard, and one turns to see a big burly figure in a short, heavy blue coat, under which is suspended a kind of linen apron drawn close around the hips and reaching to the knee, while below are a pair of ebony legs and huge, bare feet. After him come some twenty more, all smiling and chattering, and all similarly attired, each of them carrying a small rattan cane tucked under the right arm in the fashion popular with Tommies. These picturesque men are merely the Fiji police, come to London to do honor to their emperor. Then there are splendid native Indian soldiers, in their picturesque turbans, or puggarees, and glittering buttons. With black, shifting eyes, they stride along like kings, and, to tell the truth, the average London man who walks near them seems ridiculously insignificant. These fighting men, devoid of much that civilization is supposed to bestow, are superb in their indifference to the gaping crowds. There are also little men from Japan in top-hats; frocked men with round button-like hats from China; skirted and coiffured men from Ceylon; spectacled and much-withered men from the remote Straits Settlement; mild-looking, tawny-complexioned Hindoos, in snowy white robes and pink or red turbans; stout, black-frocked Bengalese, with no head-covering at all; and men from every British colony or dependency, as well as almost every other nation in the world.

"The princes from India, however, have given London its greatest treat. Swathed in costly silks and satins, wearing beautiful turbans bedecked with priceless jewels, they have been the sensation for London's highest as well as its lowest society. Never has a more glittering body of men been seen on horseback than the group of princes who rode behind the Prince of Wales when he reviewed the military contingents from the Indian Empire, and rode through their stolid, impassive ranks. Only quick, stealthy glances betrayed the fact that they were alive and not automatons. These princes were seen to better advantage at the reception given in their honor by Earl and Countess Roberts. The scene was brilliant, the dresses and jewels worn by the princes far outshining the lovely dresses and tiaras of the ladies present. A most delightful air of friendliness prevailed, rajahs conversing most willingly when possible with guests, among them many Anglo-Indians renewing happy acquaintances and recalling pleasant associations. The most impressive figure, perhaps, was that of Colonel Sir Pertab Singh, in uniform of white, laced with gold cords, wearing a turquoise blue turban, with a fawn aigrette. The most impressive group certainly was that of the Maharajah of Jeypour and his followers, whose velvet robes were gold-trimmed, and from whose turbans hung bunches of jewels. Their dignified bearing suggested something distinctly biblical. The historic Maharajah Sindia of Givaliore wore a white frock narrowly edged with red. His quaintly-shaped turban was red. His necklaces of pearls were worth an emperor's ransom. There were four rows of big round pearls, then a row of long pear-shaped beauties, some more than an inch long and shaped in proportion. The Sultan of Perak wore a dark-blue cloth uniform, with the ribbons of the various orders. His black satin head-dress blazed with the finest diamonds set in most graceful design."

Art Photography.

The new art photography is very attractive and a boon to the homely girl for which she will be eternally grateful, but it has its disadvantages. A man discovered the latter fact about a month ago, when he received the photograph of a beautiful creature whom he did not in the least recognize. He examined the likeness that was not a likeness by daylight, by gaslight and by the ghastly glare of an arc light. He looked at the handwriting on the cover, and it conveyed not an idea to his stupid masculine head. Then he gave it up.

"Blest if I know who it is," said he to himself, "but if I ever meet her my bachelor days are over, sure, for she's the prettiest thing ever."

Just last week after he'd cherished the photo of his unknown admirer for a good fortnight, he met his second cousin on the street.

Now, his second cousin is a very amiable young woman, but she isn't in the way of being beautiful, and when she greeted him with—

"Well, Fritz, why haven't you acknowledged the photograph I was good enough to send you?" the man was staggered.

"I never received it, that's why," said he. "I'd love to have a likeness of you, Mab, but you've never sent me one."

"I have sent you one, nearly a month ago, taken in my bridesmaid's gown and with a big chiffon hat on. Now, don't tell me you never received it, for I'm sure you did, and have forgotten."

"Was that you?" exclaimed the man, and then he felt that this was among the things better left unsaid, and he weakly hedged.

"'Course I got it," said he. "I just wanted to jolly you a bit. Splendid of you, too."

"What did the man do to her?" he asked his sister half an hour later. "I declare to you I'd never recognize her in the world."

"Well, he drew a line down her nose to make it look less—er—well, less retrousse," replied that world-wise young lady, "and he curved her mouth with rouge, and made her eyes larger in the negative, and really I think it's a very creditable work of art. I'm going to him myself."

The man didn't say a word, but he made up his mind to something, and now when people show him a photograph of "my lovely niece down South," or "my sister, who's the beauty of Denver," he glances at it cursorily and then he says gently, "It's a very pretty picture, but I should like to see the original."

Georgie ate a watermelon
Which had grown beside the gorge;
With ten seeds in his appendix
George's parents planted George.

Humor of the Hour.

Aunt Frances said to her nephew one day:—

"What will you do when you are a man, Tommy?"

"I'll grow a beard," was the unexpected reply.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because then I won't have nearly so much face to wash," said Tommy.—Little Chronicle.

A recent visitor to Maine tells of an amusing experience in the "Prohibition State." Anticipating the difficulty of getting things to drink there, he took with him an ample supply of "makings" for gin rickeys, all except the limes, which he supposed he could procure anywhere.

The day after arriving at his destination, a small town near the Rangeley Lakes, he went to the only store and asked the clerk if he kept any limes. The clerk thought a moment, and replied, tentatively:—

"We've got chloride of lime and quicklime, if those'll do you."—New York Times.

Little we learn beyond our A B C—
Except D E F G H I it be,
Or J K L M N O P Q R
And then S T U V W X Y Z.
—The Dial.

"You're what?" asked the common or garden spook,
Of a stranger at midnight's hour.
And the shade replied, with a graceful glide,
"Why, I'm the ghost of a flower!"

"The ghost of a flower?" said the old-time spook.
"That's a brand new one on me;
I never supposed a flower had a ghost,
Though I've seen the shade of a tree."
—Life.

"Think he's better fitted for Congress than anyone else in your district, do you?"

"I should say; he's a natural born Congressman. Why, he can take any old anecdote, twist it around a little and tell it as if it had been an actual experience of his own."—Philadelphia Press.

Wife (during a quarrel)—Before we were married you called me an angel. I'll never be in that class again, I suppose?

Husband (calmly)—Oh, I don't know. I still have hopes.—Chicago News.

A GIFT OF 500 ACRES

Would be no temptation to Mr. Beemer in exchange for Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Itching Piles of seven years standing took to themselves wings after a few applications.

Mr. M. Beemer, of Knotmaul, Mich., says in a letter of recent date:—"I have had Itching Piles for seven years. I have tried most everything that was ever recommended as a cure but never got the least bit of relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Ointment, and I haven't words to express the thankfulness I feel for the great cure. I would rather have the wonderful cure than 500 acres of land. 35 cents. 23

"Education," said Farmer Jones, "is a mighty good thing, but sometimes it may do harm. I oncet knowed of a case where edication came purty nigh droundin' a pretty young lady."

"How was that?"

"Well, she fell into the pond, an' instead of hollering 'Help!' politely remarked, 'I am within measureable distance of extinction.'"

"An' the fool of a farm hand that heard her lost about five minutes makin' up his mind whether to pull her out or go home fur a dictionary."

Ingenious.

Employer (to clerk)—This is disgraceful, Jones; here am I at the office first!

Clerk (deferentially)—Yes, sir, I have always been taught to give precedence to my superiors!—"Pick-Me-Up."

SOLID FOOD MEANT AGONY

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets cured her Indigestion—made her Stomach strong and well. To-day she eats anything she wishes, enjoys it and suffers no pain.

Mrs. Ellen Butler, 37 Collahie Street, Toronto, suffered so from Indigestion that for years to put a bit of solid food in her stomach meant agony for hours. She had tried many remedies without any permanent relief, but when she commenced using Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets she immediately improved. After taking three boxes she was able to eat anything without the slightest distress. Sixty tablets, 35 cents. 24

Of the six-year-old son of Hans Roberts, a comedian better known in the west than in this part of the country, this story is told: Someone asked the boy what he would like to be when he grew up.

"A clown," promptly replied the youngster.

"Wouldn't you like to be an actor like your father?" asked the interrogator.

"Well, that's near enough to it," said the boy, without moving a muscle.—New York Times.

"What is your favorite sport?"

"I haven't any favorite sport," answered Farmer Corntossel. "Jedgin' from what I have seen among the summer boarders, sport consists in payin' fur the privilege of workin' like sixty."—Washington Star.

THIS VETERAN'S FIGHT

In the days of the Revolution he was on the side of victory, in later years surrendered to disease, but South American Kidney Cure gave him his liberty.

Mr. A. Williamson, of Kincardine, Ont., a veteran in the American war, and now customs officer, town clerk and a prominent citizen, says of South American Kidney Cure:—"I have found it a wonderful specific in my case. I suffered a great deal from Bladder and Kidney troubles, and one bottle entirely cured me. I think it a boon to mankind." Cures in all stages and gives relief in six hours. 22

The Moonstone Sphinx

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson,

Author of "A Girl of the People," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

The Initials.

IT was nearly half-past seven, and the actors and actresses engaged at the Duke of Clarence's Theater had begun to come in at the stage door. Those who played "character" parts and had a "heavy make-up" arrived first, some of them looking into the stage-doorkeeper's little box of a room to see if there were any letters for them in the rack, or else passing on with a nod and a "good evening" to the doorkeeper himself. Next came the youngest recruits, who had been amateurs more lately than they would have liked to admit. They were early, because they took the labor of making-up very seriously, and were longer about dressing than anybody else. But old stagers or newly-fledged "artists" all found time to throw a glance of curiosity at a man who stood, in the attitude of one who waited, near the doorkeeper's chair.

If a drama of the Wild West had been holding the boards he might have "walked on" and played a part, dressed exactly as he was now; for he wore a wide-brimmed, soft felt hat, a flannel shirt with a turn-over collar that showed a throat like a column of bronze, and his other clothes had certainly not been made by an English tailor. His dark hair, however, was cut far too short to carry out the cowboy idea, and his face, aquiline and clear-cut as a cameo, with an eagle keenness of eye, was clean-shaven.

He saw that he formed an object of interest for the actors, but it was his metier, evidently, to appear not to see.

The walls of the stage-doorkeeper's little room were adorned with old playbills, old and new portraits of theatrical celebrities—a few in cheap frames, but more cut from the illustrated papers—and on these, as the people went through to their dressing-rooms, the young man ostentatiously fixed his eyes.

"What time does Mr. Anderson usually come in?" he asked of Hansey, the doorkeeper, when a clock over the empty fireplace pointed to the quarter before eight.

"He ought to be along in about fifteen minutes now, for we ring up sharp at half-past," returned Hansey. "But he's a quick dresser, is Mr. Anderson."

Mr. Anderson was the manager of the Duke of Clarence's Theater, and the star actor as well.

"Good evening, Mr. Hansey. Any letters for me, I wonder?" suddenly spoke a sweet, bright voice at the open door, and a girl's head was thrust in—a pretty head, under a neat toque of dark straw.

Hansey jumped up from his chair, and hurried across the room, hoping to have the pleasure of handing the newcomer's letters to her before she could get them herself. But she was too quick for him.

"Oh, what a lot there are to-night!" she exclaimed. Then she looked at the stranger, who had taken off his wide-brimmed hat in her honor—a thing that he had failed to do for the two or three other ladies who had already passed in.

The look this girl gave him was different from theirs, and the man felt the difference, though it would have been hard to explain. She was saying to herself: "I wonder who that bronze statue is? Poor fellow, he's anxious or unhappy about something. Perhaps he's come to try for an engagement, though it would be a funny hour for that. He looks interesting, and I'm sorry for him if he wants something he can't get."

With these thoughts in her mind naturally there was an expression of sympathy on her face; and this time the young man did not stare at the pictures on the wall. Instead he glanced at the girl, and glanced away again reluctantly as most men did when their eyes had drunk the fascination of hers.

It was a very innocent, youthful sort of fascination, not in the least conscious or studied or "actressy," and perhaps in that fact lay part of its charm, for she was different from the others. One seemed to smell wallflowers and mignonette steeped in morning dew, and to think of dawn in the country as she passed and smiled, actress though she was.

"Yes, miss, a lot of letters," Hansey echoed. "They'll be 'mash' letters, miss, half of 'em, I'll bet," and he chuckled, for he was a privileged character at the Duke of Clarence's, and took advantage of his privileges.

"How horrid of you to say such a thing," the girl reproached him, and departed, closely followed by a rather elderly maid who had remained in the background while her mistress gathered up her correspondence.

"Who is that young lady?" enquired the "bronze statue" when she had disappeared along the passage which led to the stage and the dressing-rooms.

"That's Miss Winifred Gray, the most popular person in this theater," answered Hansey, with the air of a man conveying information worth having. "Have you never been in front, then?"

"No, I'm a stranger in England," said the young man. "I've never been to any theater in this country."

"Then what have you come after Mr. Anderson for?" was the question on the stage-doorkeeper's lips, but he did not ask it, partly because the matter was not his business, and partly because at that moment Mr. Anderson himself came into the theater.

He was not visible yet, but a deep voice, trained to the mellowest of accents, spoke in the passage just outside Hansey's room; and instantly Hansey's face changed. "There's the governor now," he half-whispered to his companion.

The young man had come in, saying that he wished to wait for Mr. Anderson, who had asked him to call at the theater that evening, but Hansey — while granting standing room in his little box—had hardly believed the assertion. He could do no less than take the stranger's word, for if he sent him away and there really had been an appointment, Mr. Anderson would be angry; and when Mr. Anderson was angry he was very disagreeable indeed. However, the stage-doorkeeper would be surprised if the gentleman in the flannel shirt and wide-brimmed hat were not sent away with a snub or passed by without any notice at all.

As the actor-manager slowly approached with some friend he was bringing in, Hansey threw a sharp, sidelong glance at his companion. But the handsome brown face showed no sign of trepidation at the coming of the great man.

Evidently George Anderson was in a bad temper to-night. "Do look out and not stumble, Macaire," he was saying. "This is the worst stage entrance in London. Beastly place!"

Then two men came in sight of the other two who stood in the doorkeeper's room. One was exceptionally tall, exceptionally good-looking, with wavy brown hair, worn rather long, dreamy dark eyes (they kept their dreaminess even in bad humor), and a Greek profile, unspoilt by beard or moustache. The second was so hideous that the stranger had to repress an exclamation of horror as his eyes first fell upon him.

He was short and stoutly built, and walked with a limp. There was something about his figure, too, which vaguely suggested deformity, though—perhaps because a clever tailor helped him keep the secret—it was impossible to fasten upon the exact cause of the startling impression.

But it was his face which sent a creeping chill through the veins of the man or woman who saw it for the first time, and drove children who looked at it shrieking to their mothers.

Some horrible accident must have happened to spoil the face in the past, and what it might have been before that time it was impossible to guess. For all that one could tell it might have been the most perfect face ever made; but it was now the most grotesque since Caliban's.

The accident which wrought such havoc had destroyed the skin from chin to forehead, leaving a deep, purplish redness, a peculiar glaze which gave the appearance of a thin coat of varnish over raw flesh. No hair was left in the eyebrows, which might otherwise have been prominent, and one of the eyes had been injured, having a queer, ragged lower lid, while the upper lid drooped, thus giving its fellow a peculiar, staring effect. The eyes were yellowish in color, very light, appearing lighter than they were in contrast to the dull red of the face with its marred and shapeless features.

"I thought you were goin' to speak to Mr. Anderson," said the doorkeeper, not without sarcasm, when both gentlemen had passed on, followed by the actor-manager's valet. "But you never made a move."

"It was the other man," answered the stranger. "His awful face took my wits away for a minute. I must ask you to send my name to Mr. Anderson instead."

"You may well say an awful face," Hansey rejoined, ignoring the request in his new interest, "and yet there ain't many women in England wouldn't be willin' to have it for their husband's face. That's as rich a man as there is in London. Where others have thousands, he's got millions. His name's Macaire—Lionel Macaire; but he's called another name behind his back—whether he knows it or not—'Nero the Second.' He's struck up a friendship with the governor just lately, and comes behind with him once in a while."

"He looks a monster," said the handsome, aquiline-faced stranger.

"So he does. And there's those who say he's as bad as he looks—as bad as his nickname, though it ain't only his evil ways have earned him that, I believe, but something else. If he's got enemies though, he's got friends as well—heaps of 'em."

"I don't think I should care to be one of them," said the young man; for he had no inkling of the surprises which Fate had hidden in her sleeve. "But look here, will you take or send my name to Mr. Anderson?"

"Not a bit of use doing that till Mr. Macaire's gone out again," pronounced Hansey, "for the governor never sees anyone, no matter how important, when Mr. Macaire's with him—I know that. Or perhaps Mr. Macaire may go in front, in which case he won't pass this way. When the curtain's rung up and the governor's on the stage I'll find out for you. Mr. Anderson's first scene isn't a long one, and he hasn't to change between that and the next. He often sees people then."

"Nevertheless, I should be very much obliged if you'd send the card now," said the other.

He had an agreeable voice—the voice of a gentleman—but it was not the voice of an English gentleman. Neither was it like that of any American whom Hansey had ever heard speak; and the doorkeeper's curiosity grew as the persistency and the personality of the stranger impressed themselves upon him. Who could this queer fellow be who dressed like a cowboy, had never been inside an English theater, who let the "governor" go by without an attempt to catch him, yet who appeared so calmly confident of the effect which his name scrawled on a card would create?

Shrugging his shoulders in his conviction that Mr. Anderson would not let himself be bothered by this unknown person, Hansey nevertheless went off himself with the card. The passage was dimly lighted; but when he had picked his way across the stage, through a confusion of scenery that was being set and carpets that were being rolled down [illegible] slippers, he came out into a more brilliant region. There, before knocking at the door of the actor-manager's outer room, Hansey held the card near his eyes, and read what its sender had written. "Hope Newcome, introduced by F. E. Z.," was scrawled upon it in pencil.

Hansey, little wiser than before, tapped on the panel. The door was flung open after an instant's delay, the figure of Mr. Anderson's valet blocking up the aperture. The card was received, and carried through the anteroom to the drawing-room, while the stage-doorkeeper waited outside for his answer.

George Anderson took the bit of pasteboard somewhat impatiently from the hand of his servant, and read the name and initials which followed aloud. But as he reached the initials his voice changed. "By Jove—'F. E. Z.!'" he exclaimed, and turned impulsively to his friend, who sat on a sofa looking quietly on at the process of making-up.

Never before had Anderson seen Lionel Macaire's face pale, but to his surprise the purplish flush had partly faded away. The man looked ghastly.

CHAPTER II.

In Winifred's Dressing-Room.

Mr. Anderson and the leading lady both dressed near the stage; but Winifred Gray was not the leading lady, and she and her maid Jameson had to go up a short flight of stairs.

Jameson opened the door and turned on the electric light, while her mistress followed slowly, with a friendly glance round the little room as if she loved it.

And she did love it dearly. It was still new to her to be acting in a great London theater, and every night when she came to her dressing-room she felt the same thrill of excitement that had tingled through her nerves when she first took possession.

She had a good salary, but there were many uses for it, and she had not much money to spend on beautifying her dressing-room with exquisite rugs and curtains and hangings as Mrs. Peter Carlton, the leading lady, did. Still, she had made it look very cosy, and in her eyes it was perfect.

A small basket lounge, with two or three ruffly silk cushions, stood against the rose "distempered" wall. Here Winifred sometimes lay down to rest between a matinee and an evening performance, having her dinner sent in from a restaurant near by, if the weather were bad and she did not care to go out. Above the lounge was a shelf with some of Winifred's favorite books, and there were a few framed photographs and a water-color painting or two by an admirer who was a "coming artist." In one corner stood a long Psyche mirror, provided by the "management," and another large mirror was tilted over the dressing-table which held materials for making up.

One side of the wall was covered with a great sheet, under which hung the various dresses which Winifred wore in the play, and another sheet was suspended underneath the frocks to keep them from contact with the wall. The upper sheet Jameson removed from the hooks to which it was fastened by rings, and from the collection of pretty garments it had protected took a Japanese dressing-gown which she laid over the back of a chair in front of the table.

It was early still, and Winifred curled up on the lounge to look through her letters, slowly drawing out hairpins and pulling off gloves as she read, while Jameson moved about the room preparing for the business of the evening. She folded up the big clean towel which had covered the neatly-arranged make-up things on the table, laid out other towels on the stationary wash-hand-stand, and lit the gas-jet surrounded by a wire cage, which was needed, despite the electric lighting, for heating the dark blue grease-paint which Winifred used on her eyelashes for stage effect.

Meantime the girl was laughing over her letters. The doorkeeper's vulgarly-worded prophecy had proved correct, for the budget largely consisted of declarations of admiration from silly youths, whose names she had never heard, and appeals for her portrait or autograph from girls who thought it must be "simply too lovely to be on the stage."

Presently all were finished and tossed aside, and Winifred gave herself into the hands of Jameson, who had the neat little tailor-made frock off and the Japanese dressing-gown on in a twinkling. The pretty blue enamel watch was pinned on the window curtain where Winifred could glance at it as she sat at the table to make up; and then down came the great coils of wavy yellow-brown hair, which the maid would arrange for the part her mistress played in the style of 1830.

Winifred would be quite beautiful by and by when, powdered and delicately painted, her lips pointed into a red Cupid's bow, her long dark lashes and the pencilled arch of her brows accentuated, her charming figure set off by a quaint gown of pink and green brocade, she made her first appearance of the evening. But she was far more bewitching now as she sat before the glass with her lovely hair gleaming and curling round her girlish shoulders, her white neck half exposed, and the roses and cream of her own charming, faintly sunburnt complexion untouched by stage make-up.

Perhaps some childish stirring of vanity had been roused by the adoring letters; at all events, as she looked in the mirror before dipping her fingers into the pot of cold cream, which smelt like violets, she told herself that she really was a very, very pretty girl, and she wondered if it had been only for her face, or because he believed she could act, that Mr. Anderson had summoned her to London, and his theater, from the provincial Shakespearian touring company in which she had made her debut.

"I do hope it was because I could act," she thought, "for anyone can be pretty." Then down went her fingers into the cold cream, and in another second it would have been on her face had not her bedaubed hand been arrested by a sharp tap at the door.

CHAPTER III.

The Champion.

Jameson answered the knock at once, and Winifred heard the voice of "the governor's" valet. "Mr. Anderson's compliments, and will Miss Gray go as soon as she is dressed to the 'boudoir?' It is something important."

"F. E. Z.!" repeated George Anderson. "What memories those initials bring back to me! When I hear them—when I see them, I am a boy again. I suppose, Macaire, as you have lived so much of your life out of England, they suggest nothing to you?"

He asked this question with his dreamy eyes fixed on his friend's face, for he was still wondering at the sudden ashy pallor which overspread it, and asking himself if it could possibly have a connection with the initials that had caused his own emotion.

Lionel Macaire sat forward with elbows on knees, and hands hanging listlessly; but a slight quiver went through the gloved fingers, though his marred features remained passive.

"I once knew an actress who made those initials rather celebrated," he answered in the thick, yet harsh voice which sounded as if he had some chronic affection of the throat. "It was a long time ago."

"For my sake don't count the years," laughed Anderson, who was nearly fifty and looked thirty-three at most. He turned to his valet. "Send word to Mr. Newcome that I'll see him——"

"One minute!" interrupted the millionaire. "Does this Mr. Newcome come from—the lady with those initials?"

"That's what I want to find out," Anderson replied. "I had a letter from him this morning saying that she had recommended him to see me when he came to England—he didn't mention from where—and asking for an appointment. I was in a great hurry—just had time to meet you for our business talk—and I sent a verbal message by the boy who brought the note telling Newcome to call to-night about half-past seven. Then our conversation of to-day and everything connected with it put the man's existence out of my head, though I was really curious to see and question him, or I wouldn't have said he might come."

"Didn't you think he'd prefer to talk with you alone?" asked Macaire.

"I don't see why he should. He probably wants an engagement—it can't be anything more private than that. If you ever knew her you must have wondered over the mystery of her disappearance, as we all did; and now that there seems a chance of its being cleared up wouldn't you like to be on the spot——?"

"It isn't a question of what I might like or dislike," broke in the millionaire. "I think it would be rather hard on the young man. I'll be gone in a few minutes if Miss Gray——"

"All right, old man; it's very considerate of you. Wallis"—to his valet—"say that I'll see Mr. Newcome during my first wait. Let him be brought to me at ten minutes to nine precisely."

"In the boudoir, or here, sir?"

Mr. Anderson frowned slightly. The "boudoir" was an exceedingly pretty room on the other side of the stage, fitted up luxuriously by him for his own use in receiving certain favored friends.

It was particularly engaged for the early part of this evening, and a great deal hung upon the scene which would take place there. "I will see the gentleman here," returned the actor-manager.

The faithful and discreet Wallis went out into the ante-room to pass on the information to Hansey, who stood patiently waiting outside the door. As soon as his back was turned Lionel Macaire spoke again, in a lowered voice.

"If this young man asks you for an engagement, don't give him one. I'll explain why afterwards—when you've told me what he has to say about the lady."

"It will be rather hard to refuse a favor to an applicant sent by her," murmured Anderson, regretfully. But there was no rebellion in his mind. On this night, and in this theater, Lionel Macaire's wishes must be law; he only hoped that a certain person whom his thoughts named would see this necessity, this duty, as clearly as he did.

"You can keep his address, and hint at something for him later on, perhaps," suggested the millionaire. "Have you sent word to Miss Gray yet that she will be wanted?"

"No. There's been no time. But Wallis shall go at once."

"It will be better to let the message come from you, and keep me out of it."

"Oh, certainly. I quite understand."

By this time Wallis had come back again. "Just put me into these riding-boots," commanded his master, "and then take a message from me to Miss Gray's dressing-room. She's wanted on a matter of great importance in the boudoir at the end of the first act."

But Mr. Macaire, though he had caused Mr. Anderson's unknown visitor to be delayed, did not intend to take up any more of Mr. Anderson's time for the present. He rose and limped to the portiere which divided the dressing-room from the ante-room. His left foot was an artificial one, and though he never helped himself even by a stick, and very few people knew the cause of his lameness, he had a peculiar hobbling walk which added to the grotesqueness of his appearance.

"Well, I think I'll stroll out in front till the first act's off," he remarked. "See you later. Ta-ta!"

And so he was off. He had stopped just long enough to prevent the young man waiting in the doorkeeper's room from seeing the "governor" before the curtain went up, for already the orchestra was "rung in," and Mr. Anderson's first entrance as the hero was "worked up to" a few moments after the beginning of the act.

Anderson had many things to worry about that night, but despite the crowding anxieties he thought a great deal about "F.E.Z.," and wondered, not so much what sort of man she had sent him, as what that man would have to tell about her. He generally spent his "wait" during the first act either in the green-room or the boudoir, but this evening he did not delay a moment in getting back to his dressing-room. He had left word that Mr. Hope Newcome should be there at precisely ten minutes to nine, and as it was now almost on the hour the young man was already in the ante-room, observed somewhat suspiciously by Wallis, when the actor-manager arrived.

For the fraction of a second the two men looked at each other without speaking. "An extraordinarily handsome fellow, but where on earth did he spring from with that get-up?" Anderson was saying to himself.

"He's as handsome as she said," the younger man was thinking.

Then the manager smiled agreeably and held out his hand, for he wished to be conciliatory. "Mr. Newcome," he said, in his deep, rich voice. "you

At Summer Resorts.

Glittering rays, hot from the sun's gridiron, are shooting down on beach and caravanserai.

Board walks are groaning, and the white sand is all flustered with a myriad attentions. The blue water, never ceasing in its murmurs, laps the feet of millionaire and underling, and touches vanity and vicissitude, swelling front and peaked form, emersing all in a countless array of crystalline drops. Fat women and lean men linger in the damp sand with tender looks. Plump maids and college athletes wanton ingenuously in the eternal blue. Hollow hearts look out at distant sails, and other hearts, teeming with joy, beat in unison to the cadence of the waters.

Flies are busy in hotel rooms. Fish are making fatal errors.

In the dark, cavernous depths of many a hotel piazza hands meet hands, hearts beat in moon time, and soul yearnings are being satisfied.

Bills are running up. Bartenders are busy, and good old church deacons, made mad by too sudden freedom, lose their balance in other foam than the sea.

Many a lonely rock is a party to strange oaths and sundry chirpings that it never heard before.

Cupid is working overtime.

Red coats flutter in the gentle wind. "Ping pong" is heard from the hotel corridor. Rainy-day poker parties hold afternoon sessions in back rooms. Wives are writing for more money. Husbands are hurrying back and forth, wishing it were all over with.

Hotel safes are complacent with riches. Clerks are smiling and registers are lined with heterogenity.

While in the dim distance the soul of old Ocean stirs and rhythmically murmurs:

"How fickle they are! To-morrow, and they will be gone!"—Tom Masson in "Life."

A Bathing Costume.

Montrose considered the summer plans of his family settled and that bother away behind him once and for all, when his spouse suddenly jarred him by announcing: "George, I must have a new bathing costume this year." It is hardly worth recording that he grunted and replied to the effect that she'd better have it, then:

"What color do you think would be nice?" asked Mrs. M. Again he grunted, and advised her to have anything she liked. "I was thinking of white," she said, and when he laid down his paper she added, "There is a new material, a kind of sacking with a very coarse mesh. It's very pretty, and lets the water right through without clinging at all. A bathing costume that clings is so uncomfortable. Heavy awning cloth is nice, too. That comes a pretty little red stripe on white. Would you like that?"

His voice was awestruck as he returned: "What on earth do you want to get yourself into a white bathing dress for?"

"I want to get into it 'on earth,' to go into the water!" Somehow the idea of a new bathing dress made her feel gay and clever.

"Yes," said he, scornfully, "one with big meshes that lets the water through, but not big enough to let you through! My dear Marian, this is all nonsense! Why have a bathing costume at all?"

She hates him when he calls her Marian, and she answered with energy: "I would have a bathing costume because it would be indecent to bathe without one."

"Well, why bathe?"

"George!"

"There is the tub."

"I am not talking about the tub. I am talking about the seashore."

"No, you are talking of white bathing dresses with big meshes. Are you losing your mind, Marian?"

"I must be to discuss any matter of taste with you! What is your idea of a bathing dress?"

"For a person like you, something suitable, modest and useful."

"My dear George, you first saw me in a white silk bathing dress with lace on the edge and gold buttons."

"One reason I married you was to exercise some control over your wardrobe, and I shall not have my wife appear in —"

"Didn't I look well?"

"That has nothing to do with the matter—now."

His emphasis on the "now" was bloodcurdling, but she was not warned, and began:

"Do you mean to say that I—"

"You weighed 135 then and were five years younger than you are now."

That was too much! "George Montrose," said she, "I shall have a white bathing dress, the biggest mesh I can find, and—and—I shall not go bathing without it. There!"

And George does not know whether she will or will not, but abundant precedent makes him uneasy.

It Couldn't be Worse.

Mrs. Mellem is one of those inoffensive persons who are continually dreading that they may, by some mischance, hurt the feelings of others. Added to this, she has had considerable trouble in getting a suitable cook, and does not wish to offend her.

"John," she said to the man-servant, on the morning following the party, "do you happen to know whether—that is—I mean, can you find out, without asking the cook, whether the tinned salmon was all eaten last night? You see, I don't wish to ask her because she may have eaten it, and then she would feel uncomfortable," added the good soul.

"If you please, ma'am," replied the man, "the new cook has eaten the tinned salmon; and if you was to say anything to her you couldn't make her more uncomfortable than she is."

"Poor man!" said the lady visitor, addressing one of the inmates of the insane asylum, "don't you often feel very sad to be shut up here?"

"Oh, no," the patient answered. "The lunatics who come to look at us are generally very amusing."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

It is hard to decide which feels the most elated—the distinguished man who manages to palm himself off as an ordinary citizen for a few hours, or the ordinary man who happens to be mistaken for somebody in particular.

"What is your city noted for?"

"Well, we have the tallest building in the country, the cleanest streets of any city in the world, the best street car service, the most——"

"Oh, yes! But what have you that the other cities haven't got?"

BY-AND-BY.

At last, somewhere, some happy days
The bliss will round us lie;
For all a joyous way
To follow, by-and-by.

'Tis promised by the bird, the brook,
The wide, unsyllabled air;
Where'er I chance to look,
I see it written there.

I learn it from each star that wheels,
From every flower that blows,
From all a young heart feels,
And for all an old heart know

COLLABORATION

It was an ideal collaboration. Everybody said so, and, in theatrical affairs, everybody always knows. At the end of the third act it was so evident that the play was to be a success that the men left off asking each other what the author could know about the stage, and the women decided that, after all, the color of the authoress' hair was much more nearly auburn than red.

The members of the profession in the circle determined to make the acquaintance of the lucky young couple without delay; the critics in the stalls felt a sense of relief at being able to say something really nice, for a change without wounding their all-too-tender consciences, and the friends of the management in the boxes immediately hurried round to congratulate anybody and everybody, from the leading lady to the barkers.

"And now," said the audience, "they'll be able to get married and live happily ever afterwards." For it was an open secret—as open as most theatrical secrets—that these clever collaborators were engaged to each other, and needed only the money that a success would bring them to set off at once for their honeymoon.

It was rather a nervous business for them, getting into that hansom, but they managed it without any sacrifice of dignity, and the crowd had the satisfaction of hearing the author give the cab an address in the direction of West Kensington.

"It's really awful good of you," said the authoress, as soon as they had turned the first corner, "to see me such a long way home! Are you sure you don't mind, Dick?"

"Of course not," said the author. "Feel tired?"

"Yes, I do now, but wasn't it splendid the way our big scene caught on?"

"Ripping! Fairly knocked 'em! But I always knew it would. The difficulty was to make any manager believe it."

"Oh, they're so stupid!—all the ones who refused it, I mean. I should think they'll be rather sorry now."

"You bet! I had three offers for our next piece before I left the theatre."

"And I had two. That makes five altogether. We shall have a monopoly of the comedy houses," and the clever little woman leaned back in the corner of the cab and laughed happily.

"Well," said the little man, "now it has come, we'll make 'em pay, eh? I feel that I've got a lot to get back on this sordid old city."

"Never mind," she said, gripping his hand, "you've got your reward at last. You can have everything you want now."

"Er—yes," he replied, glancing at her for a moment, and then staring straight in front of him over the horse's head.

There was a pause, until "May I light a cigarette?" he asked, rather nervously.

"Of course!"

"Won't it——?" He indicated her frippery by a sweep of the hand.

"Not a bit! And, besides, it wouldn't matter now, would it? Do you know," she leaned forward and slipped her arm into his, "things seem unreal to-night, unsubstantial. Nothing seems quite the same as it did yesterday—except——"

"Yes?"

"I was going to say except you, but even you don't seem quite the same to-night. I didn't think I was so easily thrown off my balance."

"Perhaps," he said, flickering at his cigarette ash so clumsily that he burnt his finger, "perhaps I am not the same."

"What do you mean?" There was the slightest trace of suspicion in her tone. "I suppose you are."

"It's all through that rotten play!"

"Don't say that. It's a good play."

"Yes, I know. But it's muddled things up frightfully. Do you remember the little tiff we had after one of the rehearsals?"

"Do you mean about—about Mr. Turner?"

"No, no! I ought never to have said anything about that. Of course, you had to be polite to a man playing such an important part."

"Yes, but—I did flirt with him—a little."

Oh, that's nothing. I mean about—about Miss Sewell."

My dear boy, we've finished with that long ago!"

Well, I thought we had, too; but——"

"Haven't we?"

"I'm afraid not—quite. The fact is——"

"Oh, dear, don't let's have any confessions to-night! We're both rather tired. Do you think it wise?"

"I'd rather tell you to-night, if I may. The fact is, I—well I've flirted with her more than you think.'

"After our—tiff?"

"Yes."

"That wasn't quite nice of you. Dick was it?"

There was yet another pause. This time, in his agitation, he lit a cigarette without asking permission.

"You know," she said at last ::you're quite spoiling my evening. Men are so tactless!"

"Beastly sorry! he replied, stubbornly. "But I hate putting things off."

The cab pulled up in front of some rather new-looking mansions. The author opened the door, helped her out, and paid the cabby.

"Aren't you going back to the Temple with him?" asked the authoress.

"No, I'll get another. I want to speak to you first."

The man drove away, and they began to climb the stairs, slowly.

"I'm afraid I can't ask you in," said the lady. "Mother's away."

She paused on the landing below her own, and held out her hand.

"But I thought I saw her in the theatre," he said, surprised.

"Oh, yes!" she replied, slightly confused. "Very likely you did. But she's staying with some friends in another part of town. What was it you wanted to tell me?"

"I wanted to tell you that—that I care for Miss Sewell more than you think."

"Oh, Dick!"

There was a world of reproach in her voice, and she looked up at him with wide, enquiring eyes.

"That isn't all," he went on looking out of the staircase window into the dark street. "I—I proposed to her tonight after the third act."

"Well?"

The question came sharply through her set teeth.

"She accepted me. He waited a moment, not daring to look at her. Then he went on, "I feel an awful brute. I ought to have told you before, when I found I was falling in love with her. But I didn't want to spoil the rehearsals, and—oh, for heaven's sake, say something!"

He turned quickly, wondering at her silence. She was leaning against the banisters, and her head was bent so that he could not see her face.

"I won't ask you to forgive me now," he said, in a low voice; "but, perhaps——"

"Listen!"

She laid her hand heavily on his sleeve, but kept her face turned away. He waited for her to speak, and in the stillness that followed he heard a hansom pull up at the entrance below. There was the quick step of a man's foot on the stairs, and then——

"Turner!" gasped the author.

"Hallo!" said Turner; "brought the wife home for me? Good man!"

And he escorted his beaming bride up the remaining flight of stairs.

Tiny Mistress Tumblebug.

A little boy and a little bug. The boy was Dicky. The bug was little Misress Tumblebug, and she was slowly and carefully crawling up a sloping mound of earth, carrying home a bit of something good for her babies' breakfast, says the Youth's Companion. But every time she reached the top of the little mound Dickey would tip her over on her back, when she would roll helplessly down to the bottom again, while Dickey shouted with laughter. It was such fun—so Dicky thought.

The litle bug was a curious and persevering little creature, however. No sooner would she land all in a heap on the bottom than another brave effort to reach the top would be begun. She would wiggle slowly over her feet and begin to crawl up again, only to be tipped over on reaching the top, and to roll down the little hill again. Dicky laughed till the tears stood in his eyes—the little tumblebug did look so funny, rolling heels over head down hill! The little bug did not laugh, although I'm not sure but that tears were in her eyes.

She was crawling bravely up the hill for the eleventh time, when Dicky heard a whistle close behind him, and turned in terror to find Ben Walden reaching for the silky curls that clustered under Dick's plaid Tam o' Shanter.

Ben was the horror of Dick's life just now; for he had a way of reaching for those silky curls, taking out his knife, sharpening it carefully on his boot, and pretending to cut the curls off, one by one, counting them carefully as he pretended to lay them down upon the ground behind Dicky.

It was all so real that the little boy would tremble all over, and cry as if his heart would break. But Ben would laugh, and, snatching off Dick's cap, which was the joy of his heart, would promise to rub it in the dirt, or to cut the top out with his knife.

He finished his "fun"—as he called it—this morning by standing Dicky on his head in the dirt; then went off laughing, with Dicky screaming after him, through his sobs: "It's mean, mean, mean for a great big fellow to plague a little fellow so!"

Then Dicky rubbed the tears out of his eyes, brushed the dirt off his clothes, and finished just in time to find the little tumblebug triumphantly reaching the top of the little mound of earth.

Dicky put his finger out quick to tip her over again, but what do you suppose he thought he heard? "It's mean, mean, mean for a great big fellow to plague a little fellow so!" Do you suppose it was the squeaky-voiced little tumblebug that said it, or something inside of Dicky that begins with a c-o-n?

Whichever it was, Dicky drew his hand back, stood still a minute, then walked away with a very thoughtful look on the little face under the plaid Tam o' Shanter.

Chinese Names.

Fu, a prefecture.

Futai, the governor of a province.

Godown, a place for storing goods.

Haikwan, Chinese maritime customs.

Li, a Chinese mile, one-third of a British mile.

Yamen, an official residence.

Tael, a coin of silver, worth from 64.4 cents to 71.8 cents, according to province.

Squeeze, general term of extortion.

Kiang, or ho, a river; hu, a lake.

Pei, north; nan, south; tung, east; si, west.

Shan, a mountain; sheng, a province; cheng, a town; hsiang, a village; hsien, a district; ling, a hill, peak or pass.

It is easy to find a lover and retain a friend; what is difficult is to find the friend and retain the lover.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

Published By
The Revelstoke Herald Publishing Co
Limited Liability.
A. JOHNSON,
Editor and Manager.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

Address all communications to the Manager

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1902.

INCURABLE.

THE HERALD, with very genuine regret, must pass Mr. Kellie up as incurable. Bill Galliher and Mr. Kellie's friends in this city are responsible for his condition. Two government grafts with pay at both ends were too much for our old friend. His warped and narrow ideas of consistency, which developed so severe an attack of dry rot have had a bad turn. To his friends the HERALD commits him in all sincerity, and trusts they will keep a fatherly watch over him at least for some time to come.

The Tarte Episode.

The Nelson Tribune in commenting on Tarte's retirement from the Laurier Government says: "The Liberal party in Geeat Britain split on the question of home rule for Ireland, and the Liberal Unionists, under the lead of Joseph Chamberlain, joined forces with the Conservatives, and that party is in power today. The Liberal party in Canada is divided on the question of a revision of the tariff, and one of the ablest and most progressive men in the party, J. Israel Tarte, has resigned from the government, giving as a reason for doing so that the interests of the Canadian people can best be served by a revision without delay of the tariff of 1897, with the view of giving more adequate protection to our industries, to our farming community, and to our working men, and that under the circumstances he preferred freedom of action and speech to a seat in the government. What effect Mr. Tarte's resignation will have on the politics of the country is, at the present time, mere conjecture. Liberals will say that it will have little effect. While admitting his ability as a minister, they say he was a disturbing element, and that his supposed great influence in Quebec will be offset by Laurier's prestige and personality. Conservatives will agree that a party cannot afford to lose one of its strongest men at a time when there is more or less uncertainty as to the health of the leader of the party, as well as a good deal of friction within the party over questions that concern the people. The Tribune is of opinion that when an appeal is made to the country, the Liberal party will be defeated. Tarte's ability as an organizer carried Quebec in two elections, and it is Quebec that is keeping the Liberal party in power today. Outside of Quebec, the country is Conservative, as is clearly shown by recent provincial elections. The Conservatives made a mistake when they drove Tarte out of the party in order to cover up some shortcomings of Sir Hector Langevin. The Liberals have blundered in forcing him to leave the Laurier government in order to placate Clifford Sifton. Tarte was trying to force the Liberal party into accepting a policy that would develop Canada for the benefit of Canadians. His opponents in the Laurier government have no policy, other than holding on to what they have got—the offices.

GO TO THE
REVELSTOKE AIRY
FOR
Pure Milk
C. H. Lawrence
PROPRIETOR.

Your Winter Supply Of Vegetables . . . .

Should be your first consideration at this time of the year. I have a large stock, all home grown, including

Potatoes, Cabbage, Carrots, Etc., Etc.

Also a large quantity of first class

Timothy and Clover Hay.

Write for prices and particulars to

S. Crowle, Revelstoke, B. C.

PELLEW-HARVEY, BRYANT & GILMAN
Mining Engineers and Assayers,
VANCOUVER, B.C. Established 1899

ASSAY WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS UNDERTAKEN.

Tests made up to 2,000 lbs.
A specialty made of checking Smelter Pulps.
Samples from the Interior by mail or express promptly attended to.
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FOR YOUR
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I beg to notify the Public that I carry all the necessary attachments and accessories for every make of machine

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Company funds to loan at 8 per cent.
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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
S. D. CROWLE, President. T. B BAKER, Act. 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.
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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.
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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.
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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, ector.

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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.

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Mass at 10:30 a. m., on first, second and fourth Sundays in the month.
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Meeting every night in their Hall on Front Street.

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TAXIDERMIST.
DEER HEADS, BIRDS, Etc. MOUNTED,
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TWO Residences on McKenzie Avenue, with modern improvements, $2500 each on easy terms.
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Apply to,
HARVEY, McCATRER & PINKHAM.

WOOD
Wood for sale including
Dry Cedar, Fir and Hemlock.
All orders left at W. M. Lawrence's will receive prompt attention.
W. FLEMING.

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.

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Fish and Game in Season....
All orders promptly filled.
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The quickest breeders and greatest money makers in the small stock line of the present day. Full bred stock of FASHODAS.
Price—$6 and $1c per pair, according to age.
THOS. SKINNER,—Revelstoke, B. C.

HOW ABOUT THAT SUIT
Of Clothes you promised yourself this FALL.
Our Fall Stock is now the most complete in B. C.
Our Fancy Goods are all new with new colors and the latest stripes.
See them before leaving your order elsewhere.
R. S. WILSON,
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Next the McCarty Block.

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On Second Street, plastered throughout, containing Five rooms and Bathroom, good location, apply to
SIBBALD & FIELD, Revelstoke.
Or to WILLIAM WILLIAMSON, Bear Creek.

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WESTBOUND..... 17:30
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T. W. Bradshaw, Agent Revelstoke.
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WOOD
For Sale.
The undersigned having contracted for the whole of McMahon Bros. wood is prepared to supply Mill wood at
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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.

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E. W. B. Paget, Prop.
Prompt delivery of parcels, baggage, etc. to any part of the city
Any Kind of Transferring Undertaken
All orders left at R. M. Smythe's Tobacco store, or by Telephone No. 7 will receive prompt attention.

—FOUND—A Watch. The owner can have the same by identifying the watch and paying for this advertisement. Apply at the City Hotel.

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THE SUPPLY HOUSE FOR NORTH KOOTENAY.
WE keep a larger and better stock than any house between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Quartered Oak Tables, Rockers, Bedroom Suites, A splendid line of Couches, Morris Chairs, and everything a First Class House carries.
Cabinet Making, Upholstering, Picture Framing, etc.

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SCOTCH WHISKY
The best results in Scotch Whisky are obtained by a blend of the best distilleries.
Messrs. Greenless Brothers, of Argyleshire, considered the greatest whisky experts in the world, have spent their life's experience in the Scotch whisky business, and the result is the world's Greatest Scotch,
King Edward VII. Scotch Whisky
Distilled on the Estate of the Duke of Argyle, Scotland.
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FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS. HEATED BY HOT AIR
FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION. REASONABLE RATES.
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ELECTRIC BELLS AND LIGHT IN EVERY ROOM.
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P. BURNS & CO'Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers
PRIME BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, SAUSAGE.
FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

Amateur Boxing Tournament.

The Victoria Athletic Club proposes to hold a tournament of boxing to decide the championships at the various weights in the month of November at the V. A. C. gymnasium. The dates as fixed are Wednesday and Thursday, 19th and 20th. The first night will be occupied with the preliminary heats, the finals taking place on the succeeding night.

There are six championships to be competed for viz:—Bantam, Feather, Light, Welter, Middle and Heavy. The winner of such will be presented with a Gold Medal and in addition will hold for one year a handsome challenge cup.

Forms of entry can be had upon application to the Hon. Secretary of the Victoria Athletic Club, Mr. J. Walter Lorimer, care of Turner, Beeton & Co., Wharf street, Victoria. In order that none but amateurs shall compete, the club is taking every precaution, and therefore requires that in case of anyone desirous of competing not being a member of an Athletic Association must furnish two references from reliable parties as to his standing as an amateur. The committee in charge of arrangements reserves the right to refuse any entry unless they are fully satisfied that the requirements are fulfilled. There are doubtless many individuals throughout British Columbia who are fond of boxing and believe that they can hold their own in their class, who yet are not in the way of belonging to an athletic club. These are the men that the V. A. C. particularly wishes to invite to come from wheresoever they may be and meet other followers of the manly art. Special rates for hotel accommodation and also for transportation are being arranged for competitors.

The officers of the V. A. C. are:—Honorary President, The Lieutenant Governor, Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere; President, Rev. W. W. Bolton; Vice president, Hon. Col. E. G. Prior. These are assisted by a strong executive and various sub committees. The well known "Bob Foster" is the club's professional and trainer.

Mr. Tarte's Campaign.

You are little as to bulk,
Petit Tarte;
But you make the big ones skulk,
When you start
On your pilgrimage of grace,
With a shining, morning face,
And your Sifton process place,
In your cart.

'Tis a patent process quite,
So it is—
Often swings with left to right,
With a whiz:
Then the dust begins to fly,
When the speed is running high,
And there's someone minds the eye
Which is his.

There'll be dust to fill the whole,
Lorry, ave,
And some more in clouds to roll,
Far away;
Till the Globe itself looks dim,
As when fiery Frank and Him
With their warclouds shut the sun
From the day.

And the Sifton's will be made
Into dust;
And some gilded clothes will fade,
As with rust;
But the patent process sure,
Will abate the din and doure,
When it fills the air with stoure—
Sure it must!

You're a busy little man,
Mister Tarte;
And you've made foes look wan,
From the start;
Could they bury you as deep,
As where ocean mermaids sleep,
Not a one of them would weep,
Saucy Tarte!

To Manufacture Leather Ties.

The local capitalists who are behind the F. W. Dunnell composite leather company, of Springfield, Mass., which has just been incorporated for the manufacture of leather railroad ties and paving blocks, are receiving many requests for information from railroad officials whose interest has been awakened by the announcement of the company's plans. If the invention is what is claimed for it by the company it promises to solve the question of the future supply of ties, which for years has been worrying the railroads. It is claimed that the leather tie will hold a spike better than any other material, that it is impervious to the weather, is free from knots, checks and decayed spots, that all ties are uniform in size and quality, that neither the rail nor the fish plate will cut into it, that it is as nearly noiseless as a tie can be, and that it will outwear six of eight wood ties. Its elasticity, it is further claimed makes it far superior to any metal tie that could be made. It is said that the railroads will save from $5,000 to $7000 a mile after the ties are once laid in a well made roadbed. It is also claimed that the tie can be adjusted as easily as wood, and that it will make a firmer roadbed around a curve.

The tie is made of waste leather and chemicals, both of which can be obtained in almost unlimited quantities. The process of manufacture is a simple one, and six ties will be made at each drop of the press, which will be under hydraulic pressure.

Tarte Writes a Letter.

After Mr. Tarte got down to La Patrie office, he immediately set to work on a letter to the public, which is headed, "A Word to the Country," and reads as follows:

"The incident is closed to the satisfaction of many people. The Conservatives rejoice at my resignation; that is legitimate. They think it will increase their chances of success. What, then, would an opposition exist on if they did not have hopes? Some of our political friends hail my retirement with content; others, and I thank them with all my heart, have shown me the warmest sympathy. I am decidedly one of the most interested parties in the matter. I declare myself content to leave the cabinet without regret, without pain, and without bitterness against anybody. I have tried to do my duty."

The article continues to deal with the questions of the day to the extent of two columns, in which Mr. Tarte says that the constitutional pretext was a mere shadow of the argument. He says he does not wish his bitterest enemy should have to pass by the road he has travelled, and points out that everything was blamed on him because he was a Conservative. He states that he bears no ill will to no one, and closes by reiterating his fiscal policy.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted at the south east corner of Lot 80 G. 1.; according to the official plan of the survey of the American Syndicate Lands in the Big Bend district, and at a point about 4⅔ chains east of the Columbia river about two and a half miles below the mouth of Gold Stream and marked "J. P. Hume s north east corner post," thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 8th day of October, 1902.

J. P. HUME.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in North East Kootenay district:—

Commencing at a post planted alongside the Wood River trail about 60 chains north of the head of navigation landing on the Columbia river and about 2½ miles south west of the upper trail crossing of Wood river and marked "R. M. Hume's south west corner post," thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of September, 1902.

R. M. HUME.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated in North East Kootenay district:—

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of the Big Marsh about 30 chains south east of Wood river and at a point about one mile south of the upper trail crossing of Wood river and marked "C. B. Hume's south west corner post," thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of September, 1902.

C. B. HUME.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated in North East Kootenay district:—

Commencing at a post planted on the east side of the Big Marsh about 30 chains south east of Wood river and at a point about one mile south of the upper trail crossing of Wood river and marked "C. B. Hume's north west corner post," thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 24th day of September, 1902.

C. B. HUME.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated in North East Kootenay district:—

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia River at the outlet of Kinbasket Lake and marked "B. A. Lawson's south east corner post," thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 27th day of September 1902.

B. A. LAWSON.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "A. M. Pinkham's north-east corner post" situated on the south bank of the Columbia river about 100 yards below Gold creek; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 30th day of August, 1902.

A. M. PINKHAM.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a point marked "M. J. O'Brien's south-east corner post" and situated on the north side of the Columbia river about ½ mile below Bush river; thence west along the Columbia river 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 26th day of August, 1902.

M. J. O'BRIEN.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "M. J. O'Brien's south-east corner post" and situated 2 miles below Bush river, on the north bank of the Columbia river; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to the point of commeneement.

Dated this 27th day of August, 1902.

M. J. O'BRIEN.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "G. S. McCarter's north-east corner post" and situated on the north side of the Columbia river, about a quarter of a mile from the head of creek emptying out of a lake near the confluence of Bush river and Columbia river; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 29th day of August, 1902.

G. S. McCARTER.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "G. S. McCarter's north-west corner post" and situated on the north side of the Columbia river due north from the head of Surprise Rapids about 1½ miles in on the trail; thence east 160 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence west 160 chains; thence north 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 28th August, 1902.

G. S. McCARTER.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "A. E. Kincaid's south-west corner post" and situated on the north bank of the Columbia river, about one-half mile below Bush river; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to the point of commencemrnt.

Dated this 26th August, 1902.

A. E. KINCAID.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay:—Commencing at a post marked "A. E. Kincaid's north-west corner post" situated on the south bank of the Columbia river, about 1¼ miles below Gold Creek; thence east 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence north 160 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 27th August, 1902.

A. E. KINCAID.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in North West Kootenay District:—

Commencing at a post planted on the west bank of the Columbia river about five miles below the mouth of Gold Stream and marked "George Knapp's south east corner post," thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 9th day of October, 1902.

GEORGE KNAPP.

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

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 ch ins; 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 18 Mile, thence running west 40 chains; thence north 160 chains; thence east 40 chains; th nce south 160 chains to the point of commencement, following Fish River.

Dated this 20th day of August, 1902.

H. WRIGHT.

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.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Halifax and Gibraltar No. 2 mineral claims situate in the Arrow Lake mining division of West Kootenay District.

Where located—Two miles from the head of Canyon Creek.

Take notice that I, A. R. Heland, agent for J. R. Jamieson, F. M. C. B68013; T. Mathews, F M C B63111; J B Hall, B45992; J. L Farwig, B72922; intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a cerificate 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 3rd day of Sept, 1902, A. D.

A. R. HEYLAND.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

GOLDEN EAGLE 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, 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 Impr vements, f r 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.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Londonderry, Golden Rod No. 2, Hailstorm mineral claims, situate in the Arrow Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located—On Canyon Creek, joining the Londondery, M. C.

TAKE NOTICE that I, A. R. Heyland, Agent for T. Mathews, F.M.C., B 63111, J. R. Jamieson. B 68013, 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 that notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 3rd day of Sept., 1902, A. D.

A. R. HEYLAND.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Comissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay, commencing at a post marked "W. J. Cumming's north-east corner post," situated on the west bank of the Columbia River opposite James McMahon's camps, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 160 chains along the bank of the Columbia river to the initial post, the place of commencement.

Dated the 30th day of August, 1902.

W. J. CUMMING.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in East Kootenay, commencing at a post marked "D. Morgan's south-east corner post," situated on the west bank of the Columbia river, about 1¼ miles north from W J. Cummings north east post and running west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains along the bank of the Columbia river to the initial point of commencement.

Dated the 30th day of August, 1902.

D. MORGAN.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the columbia river just above the mouth of canoe river and marked "R. Davis' south west corner post," thence north 80 chains: thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to the point of commencemen t.

Dated this 22nd day of September, 1902.

R. DAVIS.

NOTICE.

NOTICE in hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in North West Kootenay district:—

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of the Columbia river at a point about six miles northerly from Big Mouth creek and adjoining the northern boundary of the lands owned by the American Syndicate, and marked "J. P. Hume's south west corner post;" thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 4th day of October, 1902.

J. P. HUME.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia river just above the mouth of Canoe river and marked "E. M. Hume's north west corner post," thence south 160 chains; thence east 40 chains: thence north 160 chains: thence west 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 22nd day of Sep ember 1902.

E. M HU ME.

THE TOWNSITE OF

..CIRCLE CITY..

IS NOW ON THE MARKET.

2oo --Lots on Sale-- 2oo

BUY BEFORE YOU SLEEP.

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

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

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

Splendid Water Power

Which will be utilized next Season by Concentrating Plants.

SEND FOR PARTICULARS AT ONCE
TO THE GENERAL AGENT,

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

ASHNOLA!!

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

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

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

City of Wonder, Progress and Great Prosperity

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

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

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

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS APPLY TO
SIMILKAMEEN VALLEY COAL CO., LIMITED.
—NELSON, B. C.—

Do You Want to Make Your Business Pay? **We Can Show The Road to Success**

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Revelstoke Herald Job Room

First Street.

LIFE.

The dance and the whirl go on,
And the jealousy and the strife;
And the Summer comes and the Summer wanes,
And the sum of it all is Life.

And some would give their kingdom for love,
And some their kingdom for gain;
And some would give their earthly all
Just to be young again.

The Ghost of Davenport Hall.

A wonderful circumstance had happened at the old rectory. The old ballroom which had been disused for ages, ever since the gloomy old building had been the family seat of the Davenports, had been aired, warmed, decorated and arranged for a grand banquet, because the present rector's beautiful daughter had been that day married to the son of the richest man in the parish.

Long ages ago Davenport Hall had been a magnificent baronial residence, but the estate had been squandered by a dead and gone Sir Wilfred Davenport who had died in difficulties, a lonely, bachelor, and the house had remained untenanted for over a century and amply kept in repair by a wealthy relative who had inherited the place, but had never cared to reside there. His descendants had followed his example by shunning the place, but had never allowed it to fall into decay, till at the beginning of the last century a church had been built in the neighborhood, now growing populous, and the old manor house was turned into a rectory.

Dark stories had at first been whispered that the house was haunted, but as four or five gentlemen had quietly lived and died there the stories had died away.

A queer old-world place it was, standing on what was once a tree-clad eminence, now all paved and built upon by cottages and mills of the toilers therein.

Where the wild Sir Wilfred had hunted and fished was now a rough, populous district, and the once pellucid river now turned into a small stream, is offensive alike to sight and smell.

And yet, to-night, all was light and gaiety within the gloomy rectory; the old ballroom, which was never altered or occupied, presented a very gay scene. Smartly dressed ladies and their attendant cavaliers chatted, laughed and flirted just as merrily as their predecessors had done in the reign of the virgin queen.

On the panelled corridor leading to the antique room, stood an ancient suit of armor, with helmet all complete, and in order that no accident might befal it this had been removed for the night on to the staircase in the occupied part of the house close to the rector's study. But to-night this place was deserted as everybody, servants included, were at the festival. Never before had there been a wedding celebrated in the hall within the memory of living man, and every one was alive with excited anticipation. It was even whispered that an impromptu dance might be expected and the ladies all wore full evening dress.

At last the rector's youngest daughter, a well grown young lady of fifteen, growing somewhat tired of waiting, spoke to one of her companions:

"Come into papa's study Lucy and I will show you the lovely grand piano which Mr. Eycourt, the patron of the living, has sent as a wedding present to Louise."

The two girls left the room together and went along the corridor, when suddenly Lucy Allison stopped and exclaimed: "Oh, what a splendid suit of armor!"

"Yes," replied Frankie Elliott, the rector's daughter, "I suppose it is considered very fine, but I don't like it. However I'll just throw my opera cloak over it and I shall find it when we come back, for father always keeps the study so hot. How terribly stormy it is outside. Do you hear the wind howl?"

"Yes, and the window is open on the corridor and you'll catch cold without the cloak."

"Never fear; I don't take cold so easily now," and she entered the room and opened the piano, saying:

"What do you think of that as a present, isn't Louise lucky?"

"I just believe she is. A splendid Broadwood grand, too. Oh! may I try it?"

"Certainly, I want you to do so. Here, try the 'Moonlight Sonata.'"

Lucy Allison was a pianist of no mean order and played piece after piece with that enjoyment which a musician feels in playing on a fine instrument.

"Now, Frankie, had we not better get back? you will be missed, for, in your sister's absence, you are the 'star of the evening.'

"Yes, we'll go after just one 'Nocturne of Chopin's.'"

Lucy sat at the piano again and played a few dreamy bars when a wild shriek echoed through the house.

Frankie clutched her friend convulsively, and exclaimed in a frightened voice: "Oh what can be the matter!"

"Sir Wilfred's ghost! Sir Wilfred's ghost! Oh, Miss Frankie!" cried the housemaid, opening the door and entering 'sans ceremonie' just at that moment. "As true as I live, Sir Wilfred is walking in the corridor in his shrowd with an awful gash in his throat and the blood streaming down him. He does look so awful!"

The two girls took up the chorus and shriek after shriek rang through the deserted rooms, each being too afraid to venture forth.

A heavy step came up the old cakea staircase, then stopped, and a deep male voice said:

"Who turned out the gas, and what on earth——"

The voice stopped suddenly and Frankie, reassured, opened the door.

"Here's father," she said, stepping into the long dark corridor where the rector, in deep astonishment, not unmixed with fear, stood confronting a tall white figure which in the moonlight looked exactly as described by the housemaid, while from the ballroom the frightened guests were hurrying about, attracted by the screams.

For a moment the girls stood as if petrified, then burst into a ringing laugh.

"The armor! the armor!" they exclaimed, simultaneously, as the rector felt the gas which had been blown out by the rising wind, and Frankie, still laughing, took from the ghostly figure her cloak, whose scarlet ribbon bow at the throat and long streaming ribbons had looked in the moonlight like the tragic vision described by Mary.

"How came you to play such a trick?" asked Mr. Elliott, rather sternly. "You might have caused serious mischief, had Mary——"

"Oh, father, I never intended either to scare any one or even to joke. I came with Lucy into the study, and feeling warm, threw my burnous over the armor. The wind, the moon and the old ghost story did the rest."

The guests one and all joined in a hearty laugh, and the rector's sternness evaporated like dew in the sunlight, as he declared they had forever laid to rest the ghost of Davenport Hall.

The good old rector has long been laid to rest; the fair young bride is now an old widow, and the two girls are middle aged matrons, with sons and daughters who laugh heartily at the oft repeated story of how, on that night long ago, they laid forver the ghost of Davenport Hall.—H. A. Collins.

CURIOUS INFORMATION.

The bull fight is the national sport of Spain, the bull having been the emblem of Spain from the ante-historic days of Hercules "lured by the lowing of the cattle of Geryon." The bull-fight was held in Spain long before Caesar fought the battle of Munda, 45 B. C. The first cavalier to descend into the arena and kill the bull was the great hero, Roderigo, who lived in the eleventh century. From that time only nobility were given the privilege of fighting in the arena. It was called the royal game, and many of the monarchs of Spain were famous for their victories, among them Charles V. and Philip V. In the middle of the last century the sport descended to the common people and actors on foot entered the arena. The "season" begins on the first Sunday after Lent and continues every Sunday until the hot weather prevents, beginning the last of August and continuing until October. At first-class festas from six to eight bulls are killed and from twenty to forty horses.

The great fifteen American inventions are: The cotton gin, Eli Whitney, 1793; the steamboat, Robert Fulton, 1807; the sewing machine, Elias Howe, 1841; the telegraph, Samuel Morse, 1832; vulcanized rubber, Charles Goodyear, 1843; the reaper, Cyrus McCormick, 1834; the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell, 1875; the phonograph, Thomas Edison, 1877; incandescent and modern electric light, Thomas A. Edison, 1880; electric motor, Jacobi, 1838, and first electric railway built by Thomas Davenport, 1835; perfecting press, William Bullock, 1865 (developed by R. Hoe & Co.); the typewriter, William Austin Burt, 1829; the power threshing machine, Ephraim Alfred and Charles Howland, 1891; and fifteenth, the process of making liquid air, Charles E. Tripler, 1891.

The Japanese bride, dressed in a long white silk kimno and white veil, sits upon the floor facing her future husband. Two tables stand near, and upon one are two cups, a bottle of saki and a kettle with two spouts. Upon the other side a miniature plum tree, typifying the beauty of the bride; a miniature fir tree, which signifies the strength of the bridegroom, and a stork upon a tortoise, representing long life and happiness. The two-spouted kettle is put to the mouths of the bride and bridegroom alternately, signifying that they are to share each other's joys and sorrows. The bride keeps her veil, and it is used as her shroud when she dies.

The original of Scott's heroine, "Jeanie Deans," lies buried at Iron Gray, six miles from Dumfries, Scotland. Her name was Helen Walker, and she was left with a sister very much younger than herself. This sister was tried for child-murder, and Helen, who lo[illegible] went to London, and the principal witness against her, not being able to swear to a lie. She, however, walked to London and obtained from the Duke of Argyle the remission of the sentence. Scott was asked to write the epitaph at the request of his friend, Mrs. Goldie, and was so impressed with the story that he chose to put it into one of his novels.

Momus in the Greek fable was the god of mockery and censure. He was chosen the most skillful artist. Neptune, who had made a bull; Minerva, who had constructed a house, or Vulcan, who had fashioned a man. The bull, he declared, should have had its horns nearer the front; Minerva's house should have been movable, and the man of Vulcan should have had a window in his breast in order that his thoughts could be seen. The contestants were so disgusted that they turned him out of heaven and he died of grief because he could find no imperfection in Venus. So a chronic grumbler is called "a Momus."

The great magnitude of the Escurial, the great Spanish palace, may be inferred from the fact that it would take four days to go through all the rooms and appartments the length of the way being reckoned at twenty-three Spanish leagues, which is about one hundred and twenty English miles.

A Bank on Wheels.

ONE of the most brilliant ideas of modern times has just occurred to the local authorities which administer the public moneys of the town of Mezieres, in the Ardennes. The new scheme consists in an "automobile savings bank." The term requires some explanation.

The inventors apply it to a new sort of motor car which they are having built. The vehicle is propelled by electricity and contains four seats, one in front and apart from the others, for the driver. The three places behind are arranged round a revolving table in the middle of the car, one at each side and one at the rear of the vehicle. Writing desks are fitted over each of the three seats and devised in such a way that they can be either folded flat against the sides of the carriage inwardly or opened outwardly. The central table also contains desks, besides bookshelves and a small metallic strong-box. Such is the new automobile. The use to which the authorities of Mezieres intend to put their invention is as follows:

The car will travel round the country, making stoppages of an hour or so on prearranged days in the different localities of the department. The passengers will be two clerks of the local treasury administration and a cashier. They will carry with them a complete collection of savings bank books, registers and forms, and the third of the above-mentioned officials will be empowered to receive moneys. Your readers will have now divined the purpose of the financial authorities of Mezieres. It seems that these gentlemen, assembled in council lately, came to the conclusion that something should be done to encourage thrift among the peasantry of the Ardennes. On the other hand, it was recognized that the saving propensity was already very marked among the country folk. What was needed was that the administration should meet their wants halfway. The peasants put by their earnings thriftily enough, but frequently fail to invest them in savings banks because, especially in the busy summer months, they have little time for journeying to the few principal towns where the offices are situated. So the authorities determined upon sending the savings bank to the country folk instead of waiting any longer for the latter to find time to come to the office.

The description of the vehicle which the authorities have had built, according to their own designs, requires no further explanation except to say that the movable desks are intended for use by the public, hence the arrangement by which they can be opened outward over the road. It is reported that the scheme meets with the unqualified approval of the savings bank clerks, whose days hitherto throughout the fine season have been spent in musty offices. But, contrary to what might have been expected, the public does not look upon the innovation with unalloyed delight. Some suspicious persons have spread a rumor that the administrative motor car will not always convey savings bank clerks, but will occasionally bring—more often, perhaps, than would be desirable—that unwelcome visitor, the tax collector.

The Phraseology of Sport.

THE London "Outlook," in a recent number, while conceding that every sport and pastime should, naturally, have an especial phraseology, deplored the fact that this phraseology is becoming mere jargon. In its "palmy days" the P.R. could boast a language of its own; and one regrets to notice that the picturesque reporter is now doing the same disservice to cricket. When an eleven makes a bad start it is suffering from "rot and rout." One batsman is "breezy," another plays with "graceful assurance," a third is "cheaply dismissed." A score that progresses unevenly is "streaky," and a very favorite formula runs that So-and-So "played excellent cricket." This might reasonably be expected on a cricket field, where Bridge or Pingpong would be somewhat out of place. After all, however, it is the billiard reporter who most savagely dislocates the vertebrae of the King's English. Not long ago one of the brotherhood varied the monotony of life by describing the red ball as a "pinky round."

After all, the most glaring examples of idiotic phraseology in the English papers are exceedingly tame beside those of our own, says the "Bookman." For instance, let us take the American equivalent for the English game of cricket. The knowing reporter writing a description of a game of baseball never makes the mistake of calling the ball "the ball." To him, of course, it is the "sphere," the "pellet," the "pea" or the "leather." A batsman never makes his base on balls; "he strolls" or he gets "a free pass to the first corner." He does not make a base hit, but "he singles" or he "slams the pea to the center garden." He does not [illegible] out, but "he fans" or "he pounds the air." The pitcher does not pitch; he does "slab duty" or he "bends them" or he "passes them up." We might continue in this strain indefinitely.

To refer to a baseball team representing a certain city by its proper name would be to betray a woeful lack of knowledge and experience. A few years ago, after the veteran ballplayer Anson relinquished his leadership of the Chicago team, that team was, for a short time at the beginning of the season, without any nickname whatever. Sporting writers all over the country were in a state of chaos. The Chicago newspapers opened their columns to suggestions for a suitable sobriquet, and matters generally were unsettled and unsatisfactory until the significance of the desertion of Anson dawned upon one ingenious scribe, and the Chicagos immediately became "the Orphans." During the first two years of its career in the National League the New York team was known as the "Maroons." In 1885 this title was dropped for that of "the Giants," a term which at a period when the team was unpopular was modified to "the Joints." The Bostons are, of course, "the Beaneaters;" the Washingtons, "the Senators;" the Baltimores, "the Orioles," or "the Birds;" the Brooklyns are "the Trolley Dodgers."

She (scornfully)—I despise you from the bottom of my heart! He (cheerily)—Oh, well, there is always room at the top.

Anecdotal.

George Ade, the Chicago man who writes the "Fables in Slang," hails from Indiana, which he has said is a State which a man "should never go back on—or to." The other night he met an Indiana woman who asked him if he had ever noticed how many bright people come from Indiana. "Yes," he replied, "and the brighter they are the quicker they come."

A lunacy commissioner was making his customary rounds. An inmate whose particular fancy it was to pose as a much-married man approached with the announcement that he had once again taken to himself a wife. "And who is the fortunate lady?" said the commissioner. "Ah," said the lunatic, smiling sweetly, "she's the daughter of the devil." "Indeed; and how do you get on together?" "Get on? Oh, well, I get on right enough with the wife; but it's the old people I can't put up with."

An English mining engineer who has come out from the Yukon brings among other interesting things evidence that the higher the latitude the greater the latitude. Watching a poker game in which the stakes were heavy, he saw a player give himself four aces from the bottom of the pack. Burning with indignation at such shameless cheating, he turned to a bystander and whispered, "Did you see that?". "See what?" "Why, that fellow dealt himself four aces!" "Well, wasn't it his deal?"

When Miss Delavelle Barrington was playing Miami in The Green Bushes at the old Mary Street Theater, Cork, a ludicrous incident occurred. Miami has to jump into the Mississippi, but when Miss Barrington reached the rocky eminence from which she had to leap she saw there was no mattress below to receive her; also the ledge of rock in front of the supposed river was too low to conceal the actress after her leap. Miss Barrington, however, nothing daunted, took her leap, and came down with a thud on the bare stage. The situation struck a member of the "gods," for a stentorian voice called out: "Oh, be jabers, 'tis frozen!"

A salutation of respect in China is to comment on the mature and even venerable appearance of one's guest. When the United States Minister to Siam (Mr. Barrett) called officially on Li Hung Chang he was accompanied by a prominent missionary, a man eighty years of age, with white hair and beard, who was to serve as interpreter. Unknown to Mr. Barrett, the missionary and the Chinaman had had a falling out some years before. Li came into the reception room, saluted Mr. Barrett cordially, and bowed stiffly to the patriarchal interpreter. To the youthful Minister the Premier said: "I congratulate you, sir, on your venerable mien;" and then, nodding toward the octogenarian, he asked: "And is this your son?"

A Highland laird who could not afford to keep his own piper was accustomed to employ the village piper when he had company. On one occasion, through some oversight, Donald had not been given his preliminary glass of whiskey before he began his performance. Accordingly, he found his bagpipe in a most refractory temper. The laird asked him what was the matter with it, and Donald replied that the leather was so hard that he could do nothing with it. "What will soften it?" asked the anxious laird. "Och! just whuskey," said Donald. A tumbler of whiskey was at once brought, which Donald immediately drank. "You rascal!" said the laird; "did you not say it was for the bagpipes?" "Och, yess, yess," said Donald, "but she will be a ferry peculiar pipes this. She aye likes it blawed in."

Gladstone was fond of loitering around the second-hand book-shop windows, and fingering the volumes which were there displayed. If he picked up a book that interested him, he frequently became quite oblivious to his surroundings. On one of these occasions, a loafer, who must have carefully studied Mr. Gladstone's habits, whispered quietly: "Half a crown, please, sir." Without raising his eyes from the book, Mr. Gladstone put his hand in his pocket, and handed over the half-crown. A few minutes later he was going off with his prize, when the bookseller, who knew him well by sight, stopped him with a demand for one shilling, the price of the book. "But I have already given you half a crown," said Mr. Gladstone, and explanations followed.

In the heyday of the glory and power of the late Ward McAllister, the leader of New York society, he was a slave to conventions. Like most young conservatives, he grew liberal with years. When his brother, the late Hall McAllister, came to visit him from San Francisco, he looked upon it as an affliction of a country relative. Hall was developed here, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat, and had something of the Western breeziness in his manner that distressed his brother, the New York society leader. Ward asked Hall if he would please wear a silk hat, frock coat and gloves. "No," said Hall, "you attend to all that nonsense for me. I am too old to change. Let me go my own way." Hall had the habit of shaking hands with ladies upon making new acquaintances. This especially distressed his brother. "It is very bad taste to offer your hand to a lady," explained Ward. "Don't do it, Hall." Finally Ward introduced Hall to Mrs. Astor, and she cordially offered him her hand. "No, madam," said Hall. "I should like very much to shake hands with you, but I can't. My brother Ward says I mustn't."

A Large Covey.

Two old hunters were swapping yarns and had got to quail.

"Why," said one, "I remember a year when quail were so thick that you could get eight or ten at a shot with a rifle."

The other one sighed.

"What's the matter?" said the first.

"I was thinking of my quail hunts. I had a fine black horse that I rode everywhere, and one day out hunting quail I saw a big covey on a low branch of a tree. I threw the bridle rein over the end of the limb and took a shot.

"Several birds fell and the rest flew away.

"Well, sir, there were so many quail on that limb that when they flew off it sprang back into place and hung my horse!"—Los Angeles "Times."

Curious Bits of News

Of the 12,000,000,000 letters annually distributed by the postoffices of the world 8,000,000,000 are addressed in English, 1,200,000,000 in German and 1,000,000,000 in French. All the other languages have less than 2,000,000,000 between them.

By employing compressed air, a Dresden manufacturer has lately succeeded in producing glass vessels of extraordinary size. Heretofore, it is said, concave glass could be blown into vessels having a capacity not exceeding about 26 gallons, but by the new process glass bath-tubs and large glass kettles can be blown.

The highest tunnel in the world is now in course of construction by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at Crow's Nest Pass. It is at an altitude of 4,500 feet above sea level. The Loop Tunnel, as the work is called, will be 840 feet long, of which over 360 feet are completed. A force of 200 men is working day and night, and it is anticipated it will be finished by December next. This tunnel will shorten the route by fourteen miles, and will greatly reduce grades and curvatures.

A sporting friend of the editor of "Sporting and Dramatic News" keeps some green tree frogs in a glass globe, and the children feed them on flies and other insects. "In their bowl stands a miniature flight of steps, and when the frogs climb up and perch on these steps my friend leaves his mackintosh at home, being assured of fine weather. When the frogs huddle together at the bottom of the globe, then he says it is a safe sign of coming rain."

For soldiers' use, and for employment under circumstances where fresh milk, coffee and chocolate are not easily obtainable, a dried preparation is now being manufactured which serves excellently as a substitute. Skimmed milk is evaporated by the help of an air blast to the condition of a paste, and, after being dried, is reduced to powder by grinding. Then it is mixed with powdered chocolate, half and half, and is either put up as dust or compressed into cakes. When wanted, water is added, the resulting fluid is boiled, and all that is needed is a little sugar.

A system of teaching the French language by phonograph is to be tried in England. Several prominent French professors are devoting their energies to preparing phonograph cylinders carrying French lessons upon them. The phonographic records are accompanied by a book, which contains thirty lessons, each of which corresponds to a phonographic cylinder, and each lesson is ingeniously illustrated. All that the student has to do is to set the phonograph in motion, and the book will explain what the instrument is saying.

The following advertisement is from the Tokio "Nippon" (newspaper): "I am a beautiful woman. My abundant undulating hair envelops me as a cloud. Supple as a willow is my waist. Soft and brilliant is my visage as the satin of the flowers. I am endowed with wealth sufficient to saunter through life hand in hand with my beloved. Were I to meet a gracious lord, kindly, intelligent, well educated, and of good taste, I would unite myself with him for life, and later share with him the pleasure of being laid to rest eternal in a tomb of pink marble."

One of the oddest of recent inventions is a refrigerating egg, as it might be called. It is an ovoid capsule of nickel-plated copper, about the size and shape of a hen's egg, hollow and nearly filled with ice. If you have a glass of milk that is not cold enough, you do not like to put ice into it, because dilution with water spoils the beverage. But, if you have one of these eggs handy, you may drop it into the glass, and in a few moments the liquid is reduced to the desired temperature. In the same way you may cool your cup of coffee, if it is too hot, and the idea is equally applicable to any other drink.

The newest floral wonder is the "Shasta daisy," originated by a flower-grower of California. It measures a foot in circumference, and, when one was exhibited recently in a florist's window in San Francisco, people literally flocked to see it. It is really a new kind of flower, and has been produced by several years of crossing and selection, three different kinds of daisies being used—the common American species, the larger and coarser European sort, and the Japanese daisy. There are three rows of petals of the purest white, and each blossom is upheld by a single strong and wiry stem which is nearly two feet long.

The Origin of Whist.

THE following statement, culled from the current number of a magazine, is an egregious blunder:

"The originator of the game of whist is (sic) Edmond Hoyle (1672-1769)." Cotton writing in 1674 tells us that Whist was so well known at that time that "every Child almost of Eight Years old, hath a Competent Knowledge of the recreation." Hoyle was then not two years of age. But we must go a great deal farther back for the origin of the game, which is indeed lost in the obscurity of the centuries. Previous to 1526 the game of Triumph (whence trump), which embraced the essential features of Whist, had considerable vogue in England. It furnished Bishop Latimer with an illustration for a sermon preached at Christmas, 1529. Shakespeare's familiarity with the game is evident from Antony's address to Eros ("Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV., Scene XIV.)

The game acquired the name of Whist, or Whisk, in the forepart of the seventeenth century. Butler uses the present appellation in Hudibras (1663).

About 1728 a little circle of players, presided over by the then Lord Folkestone, was wont to meet in the Crown Coffee House. This was the inception of scientific Whist. Hoyle was probably a member of the coterie in question.

The publication of his treatise (1742-2) and his efforts as a professional teacher did much to establish the game in the favor of the upper classes of English society.

"What do you think of the movement for shorter honeymoons?" I asked my fellow-traveler, an experienced gentleman from Chicago. "That's right," he declared, without a pause. "Short honeymoons and more of them. That's my platform."—Ex.

THE HAUNTED CELLAR

There are few people who have not heard of the MacCarthies—one of the real old Irish families, with the true Milesian blood running in their veins as thick as buttermilk. Many were the clans of this family in the south; as the MacCarthy-more-and they MacCarthy-reagh-and the McCarthy of Muskerry; and all of them were noted for their hospitality to strangers, gentle and simple.

But not one of that name, or of any other, exceeded Justin MacCarthy, of Ballinacarthy, at putting plenty to eat and drink upon his table; and there was a right hearty welcome for every one who should share it with him. Many a wine-cellar would be ashamed of the name if that at Ballinacarthy was the proper pattern for one. Large as that cellar was, it was crowded with bins and wine, and long rows of pipes, and hogsheads, and casks, that it would take more time to count than any sober man could spare in such a place, with plenty to drink about him, and a hearty welcome to do so.

There are many, no doubt, who will think that the butler would have little to complain of in such a house; and the whole country round would have agreed with them, if a man could be found to remain as Mr. McCarthy's butler for any length of time worth speaking of; yet not one who had been in his service gave him a bad word.

"We have no fault," they would say, "to find with the master, and if he could but get anyone to fetch his wine from his cellar, we might every one of us have grown gray in the house, and have lived quiet and contented enough in his service until the end of our days."

"'Tis a queer thing that, surely," thought young Jack Leary, a lad who had been brought up from a mere child in the stables of Ballinacarthy to assist in taking care of the horses, and had occasionally lent a hand in the butler's pantry;—"'Tis a mighty queer thing, surely, that one man after another cannot content himself with the best place in the house of a good master, but that every one of them must quit, all through the means, as they say, of the wine-cellar. If the master, long life to him! would but make me his butler, I warrant never the word more would be heard of grumbling at his bidding to go to the wine cellar."

Young Leary, accordingly, watched for what he conceived to be a favorable opportunity of presenting himself to the notice of his master.

A few mornings after, Mr. MacCarthy went into his stable-yard rather earlier than usual, and called loudly for the groom to saddle his horse, as he intended going out with the hounds. But there was no groom to answer, and young Jack Leary led Rainbow out of the stable.

"Where is William?" inquired Mr. MacCarthy.

"Sir?" said Jack; and Mr. MacCarthy repeated the question.

"It is William, please your honor?" returned Jack; "why, then, to tell the truth, he had just one drop too much last night."

"Where did he get it?" said Mr. MacCarthy; "for since Thomas went away the key of the wine-cellar has been in my pocket, and I have been obliged to fetch what was drunk myself."

"Sorrow a know I know," said Leary, "unless the cook might have given him the least taste in life of whiskey. But," continued he, performing a low bow by seizing with his right hand a lock of hair, and pulling down his head by it, whilst his left leg, which had been put forward, was scraped back against the ground, "may I make so bold as just to ask you our honor one question?"

"Speak out, Jack," said Mr. McCarthy.

"Why, then, does your honor want a butler?"

"Can you recommend me one?" returned his master, with a smile of good humor upon his countenance, "and one who will not be afraid of going to my wine-cellar?"

"Is the wine-cellar all the matter?" said young Leary; "devil a doubt I have of myself then for that."

"So you mean to offer me your services in the capacity of butler?" said Mr. MacCarthy, with some surprise.

"Exactly so," answered Leary, now for the first time looking up from the ground.

"Well, I believe you to be a good lad, and have no objection to give you a trial.

"Long may your honor reign over us, may the lord spare you to us!" ejaculated Leary, with another national bow, as his master rode off; and he continued for some time to gaze after him with a vacant stare, which slowly and gradually assumed a look of importance.

"Jack Leary," said he, at length, "Jack—is it Jack?" in a tone of wonder "faith 'tis not Jack now, but Mr. John, the butler;" and with an air of becoming consequence he strided out of the stable-yard toward the kitchen.

It is of little purport to my story, although it may afford an instructive lesson to the reader, to depict the sudden transition of nobody into somebody. Jack's former stable-companion, a poor superannuated hound named Bran, who had been accustomed to receive many affectionate pats on the head, was spurred from him with a kick and an "Out of the way, sirrah." Indeed, poor Jack's memory seemed sadly affected by his sudden change of situation. What established the point beyond all doubt was his almost forgetting the pretty face of Peggy, the kitchen wench, whose heart he had assailed but the preceeding week by the offer of purchasing a gold ring for the fourth finger of her right hand, and a lusty imprint of good-will upon her lips.

When Mr. MacCarthy returned from hunting he sent for Jack Leary—so he still continued to call his new butler. "Jack", said he, "I believe you are a trust-worthy lad, and here are the keys of my cellar. I have asked the gentlemen with whom I hunted to-day to dine with me, and I hope they may be satisfied at the way in which you will wait on them at the table; but, above all, let there be no want of wine after dinner."

Mr. John, having a tolerable quick eye for such things, and being naturally a handy lad, spread his cloth accordingly, laid his plates and knives and forks in the same manner as he had seen his predecessors in office perform these mysteries, and, really, for the first time, got through attendance on dinner very well.

It must not be forgotten, however, that it was at the house of an Irish country squire, who was entertaining a company of booted and spurred fox-hunters, not very particular about what are considered matters of infinite importance under other circumstances and in other societies.

For instance, few of Mr. MacCarthy's guests (though all excellent and worthy men in their way) cared much whether the punch produced after soup was made of Jamaica or Antigua rum; some even would not have been inclined to question the correctness of good old Irish whiskey; and, with the exception of their liberal host himself, every one in the company preferred the port which Mr. MacCarthy put on his table to the less ardent flavor of claret—a choice rather at variance with modern sentiment.

It was waxing near midnight, when Mr. MacCarthy rung the bell three times. This was a signal for more wine; and Jack proceeded to the cellar to procure a fresh supply, but it must be confessed not without some little hesitation.

The luxury of ice was then unknown in the south of Ireland; but the superiority of cool wine had been acknowledged by all men of sound judgement and true taste.

The grandfather of MacCarthy, who had built the mansion of Ballinacarthy upon the site of an old castle which had belonged to his ancestors, was fully aware of this important fact; and in construction of his magnificent wine-cellar had availed himself of a deep vault, excavated out of solid rock, in former times, as a place of retreat and security. The descent to this vault was by a flight of steep stone stairs, and here and there in the wall were narrow passages—I ought rather to call them crevices—and also certain projections, which cast deep shadows, and looked very frightful when any one went down the cellar-stairs, with a single light; indeed two lights did much improve the matter; for, though the breadth of the shadows became less, the narrow crevices remained in dark and darker than ever.

Summoning up all his resolution, down went the new butler, bearing in his right hand a lantern and the key of the cellar in his left a basket, which he considered sufficiently capacious to contain an adequate stock for the remainder of the evening; he arrived at the door without any interruption whatever; but when he put the key, which was of an ancient and clumsy kind—for it was before the days of Bramah's patent—and turned it in the lock, he thought he heard a strange kind of laughing within the cellar, to which some empty bottles that stood upon the floor outside vibrated so violently that they struck each other; in this he could not be mistaken, although he may have been deceived in the laugh, for the bottles were just at his feet, and he saw them in motion.

Leary paused for a moment, and looked about him with becoming caution. He then boldly seized the handle of the key, and turned it with all his strength in the lock, as if he doubted his own power of doing so; and then the door flew open with a most tremendous crash.

When Leary recovered he made his way back as well as he could to the dining room, where he found his master and the company very impatient for his return.

"What kept you?" said Mr. MacCarthy, in an angry voice; "and where is the wine? I rang for it half an hour since."

"The wine is in the cellar, I hope, sir," said Jack, trembling violently.

"What do you mean, fool?" exclaimed Mr. McCarthy. "Why did you not fetch some with you?"

Jack looked wildly about and only uttered a deep groan.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. MacCarthy to his guests, this is too much, when I next see you to dinner it will be in another house, for it is impossible that I can remain longer in this, where a man has no command over his own wine-cellar, and cannot get a butler to do his duty. I have long thought of moving from Ballinacarthy; and I am now determined to leave to-morrow. But wine shall you have were I to go myself to the cellar for it."

So saying, he rose from the table, took the key and lantern from his half-stupified servant and descended the narrow stairs.

When he arrived at the door he thought he heard a noise as of rats or mice scrambling over the casks, and on advancing perceived a little figure about six inches in height, seated astride upon the pipe of the oldest port in the place, and bearing a spigot upon his shoulder.

"Ha, scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. MacCarthy, "have I found you at last? disturber of my cellar—what are you doing there?"

"Sure, and master, ain't we going to move to-morrow? and sure you would not leave your own little Clurricaune Naggeneen behind you?"

"Oh," thought Mr. MacCarthy, "If you are to follow me master Naggeneen, I don't see much use in quitting Ballinacarthy." So filling with wine the basket he rejoined his guests. For some years after Mr. MacCarthy had always to fetch the wine for his table himself, as the little Clericaune Naggeneen seemed to feel a personal respect toward him notwithstanding the labor of these journeys, the worthy lord of Ballinacarthy lived in his paternal mansion to a good round age, and was famous to the last for the excellence of his wine, and the conviviality of his company.

COMMERCE AS A SCIENCE.

WHAT THE UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM WILL DO.

Young Men About Eighteen, Who Have an Idea of What They Intend to do, Preferred — "Bachelors of Commerce."

"The University of Birmingham is going to undertake what has never before been undertaken in England—the teaching of commercial methods as a science. I advise parents to watch very carefully the proposals of the university with a view to considering whether it would pay them to place their sons in the university previous to starting on a business career. I am perfectly certain that if a course of commerce is taught as it ought to be taught, and as it might be taught, three years at a university would be of the utmost value to a business man."

Thus spoke Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, one of the ablest and most successful men of the Midlands, recently, addressing the shareholders of one of his many companies, writes Mr. N. Murrell Marris in a recent London newspaper.

On Saturday at the degree convocation of Birmingham University, Prof. Ashley, Dean of the commercial faculty of Birmingham University, who has had a wide experience of the methods of commercial education instituted by our two great competitors, America and Germany, was created first master of commerce—M. Co. He has now organized the commercial work of the university, and work begins in October. In view of the pessimistic prophecies of the decay of our supremacy which have been constantly made of late, it seemed worth while to ascertain Prof. Ashley's opinion as to the practical results to be looked for if our business men receive thorough training in commerce.

"What are the uninitiated to understand by a faculty of commerce, Prof. Ashley?"

"Well, we think the education of the man meant for business life has never yet been sufficiently provided for, and just as there is a faculty of medicine for the doctor, and of law for the lawyer, so there ought to be a faculty of commerce for the commercial man."

"For whom do you intend this education?"

"I am glad you ask me that question. There has been far too much talk of commercial education, as if it concerned only clerks and subordinates. We want to train people who will ultimately be in positions of command and responsibility, directing in one way or the other the industry of the country, either in business for themselves, or as the directors, secretaries or managers of companies."

"You don't want schoolboys, then?"

"Certainly not. We want young men who are beginning to have some notion as to what they are to do in the world. Eighteen is the age we want; seventeen, if unusually mature and sensible."

"What class of student do you expect to get?"

"The well-educated middle-class; sons of business men, destined for a business career. But we also offer what has never been presented to the sons of professional men. We furnish them with an opening into the upper ranks of business life."

"How long will this training take, and what will be the total cost to the man who equips his son as a Bachelor of Commerce?"

"The complete course will last three years. The fee for instruction is £21 a year. To this must, of course, be added board and lodging for about 30 weeks each year for those students not living at home, with, perhaps, £2 a year for books and £1 or so for extras. Expenditure will naturally depend upon the standard of comfort to which the young man is accustomed, and the amount he is ready to pay for board and lodging. We reserve the right t postpone the admission of students who appear insufficiently mature, and boys who reach the matriculation standard by the age of sixteen or seventeen may be advised to go into a workshop for a year or eighteen months to get some practical experience before coming to the university. This course might be recommended when the boy is destined for some particular business in which the sort of manual dexterity is desirable which is most easily acquired in youth. On the other hand, in some cases, it may be wiser to put a year of this workshop practice between the first and second or the second and third year of the course.

"What subjects do you propose to teach?"

"First of all, accounting—not accountancy. By this we mean a great deal more than bookkeeping. Sensible bookkeeping is, of course, the foundation, but our main purpose is to enable men to interpret accounts so as to gauge the earning capacities of a business, and to put their fingers on those points in its management which are open to criticism.

"Then, next, we place business policy, which is even more important for men who have it in them to be leaders. We recognize that there is at present no text-book on this subject, but we believe that a good deal of material has been recorded, and a good deal more could be recorded, if people would take the trouble, which ought to be brought together and presented in an interesting fashion."

"To what kind of material do you allude, and where should it be looked for at the present time?"

"Well, there are all sorts of subjects For example, capitalization, reserv funds, policy as to payment of dividends, circumstances in which apparently unprofitable orders might wisely b accepted, or the extent to which different industries or branches of industry may profitably be combined under one management. We do not want to give the student a set of definite rules, but to induce him to think about things in a certain way. Many business men don't see that at one time in their career they ought to have weighed certain circumstances and have taken certain considerations into account before coming to a decision.

"A man wants to know the experience of others who have found themselves in similar circumstances. It is not students only who want this information. Recently the head of a great company said to me: 'I am very much interested in the question of hours of labor; I don't want sentiment, I simply want to know whether as a business man it will pay me to reduce them in my works. I should like to have a brief account of the chief leading experiments in the reduction of hours of labor—the apparent conclusion to which they led and the chief arguments based upon those experiments. Not that I suppose them to afford a definite and immediate answer, but they would give me the material upon which to exercise my own judgment.'"

"And you think this can be done?"

"Certainly. The modern economist ought to do this kind of work. These matters and many more will be treated of in the third year course, and it is this teaching of business policy in its main principles, as indicated by industrial and commercial experience, to which I attach the greatest importance."

"You expect to do a good deal with modern languages?"

"We do. But you must remember, as someone has tersely put it, 'business men have no more use for a man who makes bad bargains in three languages than for the man who makes bad bargains in one.' However, we fully recognize the necessity for a sound knowledge of those languages in which the rest of the world is trading."

"Is anything on these lines being done for commercial education by any other country?"

"Yes. Most remarkable experiments are being made both in America and in Germany in this direction, on a scale of which we English have no conception. In America the universities are in much closer touch with the great body of the business community than here. In the New England States you will hardly find a thriving manufacturer or even a shopkeeper who did not send one or more of his sons to the university. And that is coming to be the case throughout the Union.

"One cause of this is that for years the universities have directed attention to concrete problems of modern commercial life, such as questions of transport, railway organization and rates, which have never been tackled in any English university. But even this does not exhaust the practical genius of the American people. For three or four years they have been creating departments of commerce in their great universities.

"This is especially true of the great State universities of the middle States—Wisconsin and Michigan—where thousands of students are in residence, and where hundreds are already at work in these special departments.

"In Germany the movement has largely taken the form of the establishment of separate institutions of university rank. Of these the most interesting is at Cologne, which already, in the first year of its existence, has 150 regular day students, giving their whole time to commercial studies, besides hundreds of persons who attend for single courses and for the evening lectures. The magnitude of the scale upon which these new German colleges are started is very striking. Take Cologne, for example; they have begun with eight professors permanently engaged; while we in England should plume ourselves on establishing one professorship and two or three beggarly lectureships. Why, this Cologne Commercial School starts with an income from endowment, irrespective of fees, of £3,500 per annum; while we in Birmingham have a poor £1,400 for salaries, equipment and working expenses in this department."

"But you are appointing a professor of accounting?"

"We are; we have now thirty candidates from the whole of England, and the appointment will be announced shortly. We have also secured supplementary lectures from outside experts on leading industries of the country. And, judging from the correspondence I have had, we have most encouraging prospects concerning the number of students we start work with next October. Scholarships will be offered by various Chambers of Commerce, and Dudley has already come forward in this direction.

"It may interest intending students to hear that the degrees will be M. Co. and B. Co. Our hood will be bronze—a useful color."

Mr. MacAdam's Story.

Mr. MacAdams is safe again in his own Sandon and has improved his liberty to insert the following in his great blue journal:—"Owing to a railroad smashup I got left in a little Nebraska town one night a year ago," said the drummer, "and the way I came in contact with a trust made my hair stand up. It was a wretched town and a still worse hotel. My room was small and the bed was as hard as a board. I got up feeling mad, and after a miserable breakfast I was ready to boil over. The boiling came when the landlord presented me with a bill of $4. 'Is this correct?' I asked as I looked at the figures. 'Entirely so,' he replied. 'Then you are a darned old highway robber.' The landlord had three sons, and when they began to mix in I turned on them and gave 'em some red-hot talk. When I stopped for breath the old man, who turned out to be a Justice of the Peace, sat down in a chair and calmly announced: 'Hear ye! hear ye! I now declare this court duly opened. James, have you any business?' 'I have,' replied his eldest son, who announced to me that he was a constable and that I was under arrest. He then made a charge against me, one of the other brothers testified as to my language, and his Honor fined me $10. As the third brother hadn't taken any part, I turned to him and sarcastically asked: 'Where do you come?' 'Me?' he replied. 'Oh, I'm the town marshal, and as you are evidently a desperate character, I shall lock you up for a couple of days and then run you out of town.' It was a nice little family trust, you see, and I couldn't beat it. I was locked up for 48 hours, but I had to pay the hotel bill and the fine, and when I was set at liberty and got my mouth open to say something else the jailer laid a hand on my arm and said: 'Don't do it. I am the old man's son-in-law, and if you kick against my jail he'll make your next stop twenty days.'"

Sloven[illegible] Conversation.

Have you ever considered how a shorthand report of your conversation would look if printed in a newspaper? Most of us would blush redly and be much ashamed of it, and would call the paper an impudent sheet without respect for the decencies of life.

Conversation formerly was something of a fine art—like letter-writing—and people of any pretensions edited their talk before it passed their lips. Nowadays we all converse as though we had never been at school, and the same topics are discussed in the barroom, the stable, and the polite drawing-room. Current slang is preferred to pure English, even by young women, and the cant of the turf and the ring is familiar to the loveliest of our girls. It has become a fad to be careless of one's English, and Lindley Murray or Goold Brown would swoon away if, from their couches in the elysian fields, they could overhear the conversation going on in the homes of educated people.

But it is not the grammatical so much as the literary quality of our conversation which has deteriorated. We talk about commonplace and vulgar things, and, what is worse, we talk about them in a commonplace and vulgar way. We have none of the salons of a century or two ago in which conversation was cultivated and reverenced. Our women do not discuss philosophy and high politics as the women did in Paris when Napoleon lost his temper at Madame de Stael. Polite conversation is preserved to-day by small coteries, scattered here and there and unknown to each other.

Perhaps brilliant conversation, the sort that begets epigrams and makes memoirs worth reading, never did flourish except in small coteries. May one suspect that much of the political conversation of the salons was mere nonsense? After all, brilliant conversation presupposes brains, and brains were never very common either in Paris or elsewhere.

The quality of conversation depends more on what is said than on the subject. One can fancy some men—Arthur McEwen, for instance, or Charles Dickens—talking very well indeed about prize-fighting. Thackeray wrote an entertaining paper, having a delicious literary flavor, about the famous match between John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, and Tom Sayers. Other people have written flat and stupid things about the most intellectual subjects. One cannot talk well or brilliantly unless one can think well or brilliantly, but one can put a little thought into his conversation, and can avoid that slovenliness of speech which is so common in this day.

The Bills Just Balanced.

Many a man—in print—has paid for Christian Science treatment with imaginary checks, but it has remained for a Christian Science healer to put a similar device into actual practice. Of course, it happened in New York. The first of anything always does happen in New York. A Christian Science healer, gender feminine, age not polite to ask, came into the office of a prominent New York dentist recently and announced that she wanted her teeth "fixed up."

"There's nothing the matter with your teeth," said the dentist. "You only think there is."

But the healer, ignoring the remark, sat down in the chair and winced and moaned, "even as you and I." There was a good deal the matter, so that before her series of appointments was over a bill of $80 had mounted up against her. At the first of the month the dentist sent around his bill.

But he was not a sharp man in some ways. He had told her, while operating, that he was troubled with rheumatism, and in a day or two he received in reply to the bill a little note.

"My dear doctor," it read, "I have been giving you a series of absent treatments for your so-called rheumatism, and I find that our two bills just balance."

Then the doctor grew wise and let the matter drop. But he does not operate on Christian Scientists any more.

Why Is It?

There are a few regular occasions on which every pretty girl feels inclined to give vent to her feelings by a "good cry." One is when her plain sister enters into the bonds of matrimony with an exceedingly good-looking man. It is very mortifying, if you happen to be pretty, to be left out in the cold, and the pretty girl never has understood, and never will understand, how it is. And perhaps it is really a good thing for the beauty of the family that she is so ignorant on this matter. If she fully comprehended the brain workings of that strange creature Man, matrimony would lose its dearest charm. The handsome man marries the plain girl. Cry as we will, this is a fact, and one that we may test the actuality of every day if we will.

To take up the question of forlorn beauty. Why is it? A man who is good-looking must admire beauty. He does admire it; he cannot help himself. Then why, the pretty girl enquires, does he marry her plainer sister?

The answer may best be found in the letters of twelve intelligent men on the *subject of choosing a wife*. Each one stated seriously what qualities he would look for in a possible partner, and set them down in order, the most important first, the less important following. Taking an average, their ideal was to be as follows: (1) Kind-hearted, true and sympathetic; (2) lively and fond of children; (3) proud of herself for the sake of her friends; (4) a good housekeeper and a busy bee; (5) a graceful figure and beautiful; (6) wealthy and clever.

The plain girl scores at once with her sympathy; it is her chief and most powerful weapon against a man. The girl with good looks has no need to find friends by being sympathetic, and it is doubtful if people would believe her sympathy to be genuine. At all social gatherings the plain girl is so much alone that her manner appears at once modest and retiring. Let a handsome man give her half an hour of his company, and her whole mind is bent on being agreeable. But the pretty girl has a score of men to talk to, and falls into a habit of inattention. The pretty girl really has a harder time than the plain girl.

Courage!

Palter no question of the dim Beyond,
Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest.
—Brownlee Brown.

The Man With a $1,000 Bill.

Of a man with a one-thousand-dollar bill in his pocket and no smaller amount of money, a story has been written that traced him through many experiences and took him to the verge of starvation. But, as a matter of fact, one man who had nothing smaller than a one-thousand-dollar bill got through his difficulty very easily in this city a few nights ago.

Ten of these coveted promissory notes of the United States had been paid to him in the afternoon. In the pursuit of business and a modicum of pleasure he had, after the receipt of his $10,000, spent the last dime he possessed other than the big bills. He was with some friends, any one of whom could and would have accommodated him with sufficient money for his needs, but a discussion arose about what he would do if he were a stranger in the city and had no money other than that which was in his pocket.

"I wouldn't care if I were dressed as a beggar," he said. "I can get all I want so long as I have a one-thousand-dollar bill in my pocket."

"You would be arrested or turned down if you tried to use it," said one. "There are not many places where $1,000 in change is kept handy. Besides, most people would be shy of taking such a bill from any of us. We don't look as though we carried one-thousand-dollar bills around in our pockets."

"Well," said the man with the $10,000, "I'll bet a basket of champagne with the bunch that I can spend my money as freely as though these were five-dollar bills instead of what they are, and I won't have any trouble about it, either. I'll get change the first time I try, too, or lose the bet. And I won't go to any man who knows me."

The wager was accepted, and the man with $10,000, taking one friend with him, walked out to a pawn shop. He said to the clerk only this:

"I have received $10,000 in ten bills. They are mine and were come by honestly. It is difficult for me, a stranger, to get a one-thousand-dollar bill changed. Here are the ten bills. Look at them. I need some money, and I want to pawn one of these bills for $25. If you are afraid of me, call up police headquarters and I will satisfy the people there by papers that I can show that I am honest. Or, if you like, call up Mr. ——, who paid the money to me, and he will tell you if I am all right."

The pawnbroker looked at him keenly for a second and then said:

"I never took money as a pledge, but you are sober and seem all right, and you can have the $25. Give me the one-thousand-dollar bill."

The pawnbroker examined the bill carefully and then, to the astonishment of the others, took another one-thousand-dollar bill out of his safe and compared them. Then, just as he would make out a ticket for a ring or a watch, he issued a ticket for a "one-thousand-dollar bill," turned over the $25 and closed the transaction.—N. Y. "Tribune."

Mr. Lang is Prepared.

Mr. Andrew Lang, always deft and generally victorious in controversy, has shown a new resource to the practitioner of that amusing art. He has been apprised of the fact that when Mr. Swinburne publishes his essay on Dickens in the "Quarterly Review" he will incidentally "speak his mind liberally about a recent editor of Dickens," Mr. Lang is "a recent editor of Dickens," and he reads with a chuckle the warning in a literary journal that Mr. Swinburne has the gift of "incisive language," and that the "recent editor" may "look sharply to his eye." Whereupon Mr. Lang playfully anticipates things in the "London Morning Post." He points out that he did no editing of his author, leaving the text inviolate, but merely spoke his mind about the books, "with the frankness of an old and enthusiastic admirer and the candor of an elegant and liberal mind." He goes on to eulogize Dickens again, but the gem of his delightful paper must be given intact:

If I am the unhappy "editor" on whom Mr. Swinburne is going to exercise his gift of "incisive language," why, I don't care! A good deal of language has been expended on me already as the critic of Dickens, just as considerable quantities have been poured forth on Mr. Henley, editor of Burns. Indeed, Mr. Henley himself expended, I was told, the vials of his Dickensian wrath on this head of mine, which remains "bloody but unbowed." I did not read the criticism; for I could not alter what I had written, and my feelings might have been hurt. It was not that the blessing was too great, but that the blessing came too late, for practical purposes of correction. And, even if I am the recipient of Mr. Swinburne's blessing, and of his "incisive language," that language also I shall deny myself: the tonic tribulation of reading.

It is clever of Mr. Lang, and it is good of him to indicate in this happy manner a perfect way in which to discount the onslaught of the foe.

The World's Best Age.

Most people have no doubt asked themselves at some time or other what part of the world's history would have been best worth living in; it is a favorite topic, on which the superlative degree is often exercised. Mr. Justin McCarthy, the eminent Irish historian, has been heard to vote for the period of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Theale. Years ago, when Mr. Gladstone was alive, the Grand Old Man and a group of friends were discussing this same question at Hawarden Castle. Mr. Gladstone, without any hesitation, decided from the intellectual point of view, and expressed the opinion that he would describe as the greatest day in the world's history a day in ancient Greece, when Athens was at the summit of its glory. Another member of the group chose the day of Pentecost. The effect on Mr. Gladstone is still remembered vividly by those who were present. The intellectual gave way at once to the spiritual, and the aged statesman, "seeming rather ashamed of himself," according to one who was present, asked leave to withdraw his former choice, and to say, "A day with the Lord."—"Leslie's Weekly."

Two Irishmen were arguing who was the cleverer. "Well," said Pat, "I'll bet you can't tell me what keeps bricks together." "Shure," said Mike, "it's mortar." "No," said Pat, "you are wrong; that keeps them apart."

Mary Stuart's Rehabilitation.

MARY STUART'S champions have been well to the front lately, and quite a library might now be formed of histories of her reign, volumes written to defend her character, and novels founded on her life. In the eighteenth century John Wesley, a man of just judgment, investigated her case in one of his rare intervals of leisure, and declared his belief that most of the charges brought against her were false, and only supported by forged documents. As the years have rolled on many men have become of the same opinion as the great preacher, and have refused to take the Elizabethan view of Mary Stuart's conduct.

In a work recently issued by Mr. Samuel Cowan there is a fresh interest for admirers of the Queen of Scots, by reason of the portraits of Mary (no less than sixteen) given with the two volumes. Some of these have never been published before, and in more than one she appears as a really beautiful woman who might well charm all beholders. In fact, these portraits quite justify the price asked for "Mary Queen of Scots, and who wrote the Casket Letter?"

Many portraits supposed to represent Mary Stuart differ so remarkably that doubt is often expressed as to her having been so beautiful as her contemporaries alleged she was; yet out of twenty-four a good dozen will give the idea that this famous Queen was indeed a handsome woman, and as for the remaining twelve likenesses, as contradictory as they are unflattering, allowance must be made for incompetent artists and for the possibility that these dissimilar portraits represent other women.

Catherine de Medicis had three daughters, Claude, Duchess of Lorraine; Elizabeth, Queen of Spain, and Margaret, Queen of Navarre; and three daughters-in-law, Mary Stuart, wife of Francis II.; Elizabeth of Austria, wife of Charles IX., and Louise of Lorraine, wife of Henry III. The queen-mother had a passion for portraits, especially for those of her own relatives, and occupied artists constantly. Besides her own collection—in the contemplation of which she passed many an hour—she kept a stock for presents to royal kindred and great people. Catherine was a generous giver, from motives of policy, even when dealing with persons she distrusted or disliked.

It is quite possible that the portraits of these Valois queens and princesses have become rather mixed in course of time, and some without names have been passed off as likenesses of Mary Stuart, when really representing the odd-looking Claude, Duchess of Lorraine, who had a curiously long nose, or her better-featured sisters, Elizabeth and Margaret. They would al appear richly dressed, some wearing crowns as queens, and this would help considerably in the mistake. Mary Stuart used to be sumptuously attired when Dauphiness and Queen of France, and when, as Queen of Scotland, she was Darnley's wife. Her later portraits, of course, represent her in widow's dress.

Redmond and Parnell.

THOSE who have sought to trace a parliamentary likeness between Mr. John Redmond and Mr. Parnell have surely insisted overmuch on the "Saxon" side of their characters, says the London "Outlook." Many opportunities of carefully observing the Uncrowned King's" House of Commons career failed to discover in him a single one of those attributes which by common consent are assigned to Irishmen, either on or off the stage. This is not so in the case of Mr. Redmond. Mr. Parnell, admittedly, was a consummate master of strategy, a man of unflinching will, and one who kept his unruly pack in order by the sheer force, as it seemed, of a superior mind dominating an inferior. He may have been respected, unquestionably he was feared, but no one can make even a pretense of saying that he was liked. His was the Anglo-Saxon nature in its ciest and least alluring form; and in him there was also a considerable dash of the mystic. Mr. Redmond is not a conscious plagiarist; but it can hardly be doubted that he has modeled himself—largely, perhaps, by force of long association — upon that remarkable man, his former chief. At the same time, and looking a little below the surface, there are sharp points of contrast between the two. Mr. Redmond, though an Anglicized Irishman, remains an Irishman still; Mr. Parnell never was an Irishman at all, save in regard to his national aspirations.

Mr. Redmond's "mysticism," too, is rather the natural shield of a cautious politician who has learnt reticence by long practice of the game than an endowment of Nature. He has taught himself how to school and keep curbed the impulses of an essentially Irish temperament; and that he generally succeeds says much for his self-restraint. But when he does burst out—which is seldom—you know that in scratching the Parliamentarian you have found the Milesian. Mr. Parnell, on the other hand, never generated aught but white heat. In his latest platform speech Mr. Redmond has allowed himself a license which he studiously eschews when addressing the House. Nevertheless, even before an Irish audience he never entirely forgets that he is playing a "costume part," while the rougher, though equally congenial, role of "principal villain" is left to Mr. Dillon, and no attempt is made to interfere with the masterly stage-management of Mr. O'Brien. There is a good deal to be said for this sort of division of labor, since it leaves Mr. Redmond free to accept, without any sense of incongruity, the compliments which Mr. Balfour and other Front Bench leaders are wont from time to time to pay to his statesmanlike qualities. It would also—but this possibly is *trenching too nearly on* prophecy—make easier at some dim and distant date a "deal" between Mr. Redmond, on behalf of his compatriots, and a "Saxon" Government for the settlement of the Irish question, because you can always negotiate better with one with whom you are on terms of outward and ceremonial politeness.

Ephraim—He dun held foh aces, Rastus—Wot did you hold? Ephraim—Mah breff!—Baltimore "World."

COMPLETELY LAID UP

A Contractor Confined to His Bed With Kidney Trouble.

He is Better Now and Writes an Interesting Letter Telling of His Recovery and How it Came About.

Toronto, Ont., Sept. 7.—(Special)—There are few men in the west end of this city who are more widely and more favorably known than Mr. W. J. Keane, 86 Lippincott street, who for years has conducted a business as builder and contractor.

Some five or six years ago Mr. Keane was a very sick man. He had Kidney Trouble which developed until he was absolutely unable to leave his bed.

Mr. Keane found a cure where so many sick and suffering ones have found it, in Dodd's Kidney Pills, and has given for publication the following written statement:

"I deem it a great pleasure to give my experience of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the good they have done me. I was a great sufferer with pains in m back and used to be often so laid up as to be unable to do my work.

"A friend advised Dodd's Kidney Pills, but as I had used so many other medicines without any good results, I had little faith in anything. However, I got some of the pills and commenced the treatment. I had only used part of the first box when I was able to resume my work.

"I used altogether seven boxes, and I can say that I was completely cured, and as this was over four years ago, and the trouble has not returned in any form, I feel safe in saying that my cure was perfect and permanent.

"I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills saved me from death. They are certainly worth their weight in gold to a sick man."

What has done so much for Mr. Keane and many others is certainly worth a trial by those who may be suffering from Kidney Disease or any of its consequences.

Towne—I guess we'll have to take back all the sneering things we said about D'Auber.

Browne—Why?

Towne—He told me yesterday he had just completed a five-thousand-dollar painting for Mr. Riel S. Tate.

Browne—Yes, it was a large sign: "This corner lot, 60x140, for sale, $5,000."—Philadelphia Press.

Angry mother—Now, Bobby, don't let me speak to you again!

Bobby (helplessly)—How can I prevent you, mamma?—Boston Globe.

"Can you refer me to some of your former employers?" asked the lady of the girl who had applied for a position.

"I cud, Mum," replied the girl, "but faith I won't, fer if Oi did yez wouldn't hire me an' what yez don't know won't hurt ye, at all, at all."—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

"Say, Pat, why don't you go on a strike for more wages?" asked the inquisitive man of an Irish laborer.

"Faith," replied the son of Erin, "an' ef iver Oi go on a stroike 'twill be whin Oi'm out av a job an' hove nothin' ilse ter do."—Chicago News.

FAITH NO FACTOR

IN THIS MAN'S CURE.

Persuaded to try South American Rheumatic Cure it proved its potency. Seven years pains dispelled forever in twelve hours.

I was Rheumatisms victim for seven years, being confined to my bed for months at a time. I had no faith in rheumatic cures, I saw advertised, but I was persuaded to try South American Rheumatic Cure and inside of twelve hours after taking the first dose I was free from pain—three bottles cured me."—J. D. McLeod, Leith, Ont. 20

An old gentleman was walking down one of the streets in Manchester, when he saw a boy crying outside a house, and, thinking he might comfort him, he asked him what was the matter.

"Father's laying the c-carpet down."

"Well, and does that unpleasant task make you cry?"

"No—no; h-he h-hit his thumb?"

"Oh! You are sorry for your father, I suppose?"

"No—no, I l-laughed!"—London Answers.

"Is it true that men of genius do not know the value of money?"

"I'm afraid it is," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Most men of genius see so little of it that they never have a chance to form any definite ideas on the subject."—Washington Star.

"What do you know about this man's reputation for truth and veracity?" asked the lawyer of the witness on the stand.

"Well," replied the witness, slowly, with the air of a man who hesitates about speaking ill of a neighbor, "if this party you refer to should ever tell me I was looking well I would send for a hospital ambulance immediately."—Syracuse Herald.

A DEATH "DODGER"

Chronicle all the escapes from death and put them in letters that all the world can see, and you'll find if history were written faithfully, Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will hold the record for having "baulked death's rampage."

It goes to the very brink and snatches from the death Angel's grip. Gives relief in thirty minutes. It is a heart specific. A few doses relieve the most stubborn of cases, and a few bottles will turn the scale of health. It never fails to cure. 19

For the Farmer.

Disease in the Farm Well.

The farm well has more to do with the health of the family than any other one thing, not even excepting the cellar, although an unclean cellar is a constant menace. For some time we have been using distilled water for table use. Our well is a good one, about twenty feet deep, and free from all surface water. No drainage is permitted to enter the well, and yet, after the little still we use for distilling water has been in use a few days the quantity of impure matter collected in the lower part of the cut is wonderful to behold. Thick, slimy, and wholly unfit for use, we can clearly see and understand what we may have escaped by not drinking the water right from the well. It cannot be doubted that impure water leads to much disease. I have known of a number of instances in which persons troubled with rheumatism have been greatly benefited by using absolutely pure water. It is not a great expense to distil water enough for drinking purposes, but where one has not the necessary equipment every possible precaution should be taken to keep the well clean. When the water is low in the fall of the year it is a good time to have all foul stuff cleared from the bottom of the well. Then the stones should be carefully washed down with clean water and the drippings dipped up. This will not suffice. The house drains must be laid so that no impurity can ooze back into the well. The outhouses on most farms are terrible sources of impurity, and should not be tolerated. A little care on this subject may save serious results.—E. L. Vincent, in N. Y. Tribune Farmer.

Purity of Eggs.

Merchants and egg buyers complain that they receive more eggs in a filthy condition than otherwise. Daubed with manure, bloody or besmeared with dirt of another sort, they indicate extreme carelessness on the part of the producers. Those who sell such eggs would not like to receive goods in return in like condition, and yet they will banter the merchant on his prices, and offer in return for goods a product that is in no condition for market. The eggshell is porous, and a filthy outside indicates deteriorated contents; and, moreover, a soiled egg is hard to restore to its original purity of appearance.

Eggs should be laid in clean nests, and, as far as may be, the hens' feet should be free from filth. Much can also be done by frequent gathering—several times a day. If nest boxes are so arranged that the hens perch on them they should be cleaned every morning and fresh straw put in. If unavoidably they become dirty the filth can most readily be taken off as soon as the eggs are gathered and the stain will be less. A dilute acid will act on the lime of the shell, and the stain can be quite thoroughly removed. The sooner all filth is taken from the outside the less will the contents be contaminated thereby.

Eggs that promote the health of the consumers cannot be produced from impure food. Meat that has reached the stage of decay ought not to be fed to hens that are laying. I have seen meat meal offered for sale in the stores that was malodorous. Think of trying to turn such stuff into wholesome eggs! In earth's laboratory pure products may be obtained from the use of impure fertilizers, but in the hens' laboratory the case is different. Milk produced in the country and consumed in the cities is closely guarded from all contaminating influences, but an egg, if only fresh, is all right. It is true that the cow is cleanly in her choice of food, but because the hen will consume filth when she can reach it we should not say she will get it anyway, and so throw it indiscriminately about.

If to the word "fresh" could be added the word "pure" and the branding be honestly done, the kind labelled "fresh and pure" would meet with a ready sale at advanced prices.—Clarke M. Drake, Prattsburg, N.Y.

Yarding Poultry.

While it is desirable to keep young chicks in free range as long as possible, owing to the fact that they are healthier and grow better from the exercise they take, as well as from the greater variety of food, in bugs and insects, thus obtained, yet there comes a time in their growth when it will be found more advantageous to place them in yards.

When the mating instinct begins to manifest itself the sexes should be separated and the females placed in one yard and the males in another. They will then be found to grow much more rapidly until the time comes to make a final disposition of them either for market, the table or the selection of stock to be kept for the ensuing year.

If they are thus confined in yards for a few days until they become accustomed to their surroundings, they can be given free range alternately, one yard one day and the other the next, and they will then return to their own yard and house at night.

If this plan is followed it will be found to avoid the trouble caused by the chickens selecting poor roosting places, such as those in trees, under sheds and on waggons. If left to themselves they become attached to these places and will return to them in all kinds of weather, thus making themselves liable to disease, through exposure, as well as causing inconvenience in some places by the litter they leave.

After having become attached to these roosts it is hard to get them to stay in a house, and a good deal of trouble to their owner is the result.

If a little care is taken of their management in this regard in the beginning, it usually saves a good deal of trouble in the end, unless the method is followed of letting the chickens shift almost entirely for themselves, in which case they deteriorate into veritable jungle fowls, with more tendency to disease than to the laying of eggs.—H. E. Haydock, Locust Valley, N. Y., in Tribune Farmer.

Chapped Hands

Everybody can be cured
If they Get a Bottle of

Elderflower and Witch Hazel Cream

It is not Sticky,
But Dries Right In.
Don't take any other.

SOLD ONLY BY

Canada Drug & Book Co

DIED

MORAN—At Calgary, on Friday, Oct. 24th, Frank Moran, of Belfast, Ireland, aged 31 years.

NOTES OF NEWS

Geo. Bell is having a residence erected for himself on Third Street.

—Ping Pong balls 5c. each at Canada Drug & Book Co's.

Mrs. A. Craig and Miss Lilly Valentine came up from Beaton on Sunday evening.

—For cold cures and cough mixtures go to the Canada Drug & Book Co., they have the very best.

J. Laughton, of the Union Hotel, went into Ferguson yesterday and will return on Saturday.

The Union Hotel is just about completed and will be opened for business on Monday.

—Wall paper—you can get a good selection and all prices at Canada Drug & Book Store, City.

The new restuarant just east of the Molsons Bank will open Monday with a chicken supper.

W. Morris returned this morning from Victoria, where Mrs. Morris has undergone a successful operation.

A. M. Grogan, of Calgary, and his bride, spent a day in the city last week on their honeymoon tour.

W. Cowan has been on a visit to the Fish River camp this week. Mr. Cowan extended the telephone line into Goldfields.

—If you are looking for fair prices in the furniture line come in and let us show you our goods. They are all new —R. Howson.

A meeting of those interested in the formation of a night school is called for tonight at 8 o'clock in No. 2 fire hall.

Geo. R. Maxwell, the member in the Dominion House for Burrard, is lying seriously ill at his residence in Vancouver.

E. A. Bradley, manager of the Duquesne Mining Co. returned on Friday from the company's property on Smith Creek.

The body of the late J. T. Guerin was exhumed on Tuesday and taken to Vancouver on Wednesday for interment.

The Caledonian restaurant, east of the Molson's Bank is just about completed and will be opened on Monday evening by the proprietress Mrs. Blake.

Wm. Mathers, formerly machinist in the C.P.R. shops here, but now of Eholt, Boundary district, passed through the city on Sunday, en route to Vancouver.

On the 9th of November there will be a meeting of the Press Association of British Columbia held at Halcyon Hot Springs. Some twenty five newspaper men have signified their intention of being present.

The American capitalists and mining men from the Michigan copper country, who have been visiting the Fish River camps this week, returned to Nelson this morning, where the annual meeting of the Northwestern Development will take place tomorrow. The HERALD will give a report of their visit in its next issue.

The city council meeting last Friday evening was chiefly taken up with a discussion on the water and light service. An amendment was introduced to the Trades License Bylaw, whereby insurance companies doing business in town will be compelled to pay a tax of $50 every six months.

The following gentlemen, representing the Michigan capitalists who are interested in the Fish River district, visited the city yesterday and registered at the Hotel Revelstoke: Dr. W. H. Dodge, M. C. Getchell, A. J. Scott, Wm. Carr, Hancock, Mich.; A. L. Carnahan, G. W. Taylor, Houghton, Mich., Dr. A. J. Stowe, Rush City, Minn., C. S. Mackenzie, Calumet, Mich.

Don't forget that Prof. Zamloch —greatest of all comedians—commences his entertainments at the Opera House to-night. He will introduce new and special features, and with a reputation as a master in his profession, all who may attend can be assured of witnessing a performance equal to anything in the same line to be seen at any time in the large cities of the world. Prices 35 and 50 cents. Children 25c.

—A carload of Furniture has just arrived at R. Howson's.

H. Perry-Leake came in from the coast yesterday morning.

Tomorrow night is Hallowe'en—beware of the small boy.

H. B. Gilmour, M. P. P., Vancouver was in the city on Monday.

John A. Teague, a pioneer resident and twice mayor of Victoria, is dead.

The Inland Sentinel, Kamloops, has been enlarged to a seven column sheet.

The first big fall drive of logs for the Big Eddy mill was brought down last week.

Mr. T. E. L. Taylor returned from a trip to the coast yesterday morning.

The Revelstoke Lumber Company are installing an electric plant at the Big Eddy mill.

The next meeting of the Quadrille Club takes place in Selkirk Hall tomorrow evening.

P. J. Moran received the sad intelligence this week of the death of his brother Frank at Calgary.

J. T. Robinson, of Kamloops, has been appointed organizer of the Liberal Conservative party for the Province.

Mr. George Denny, city editor of the Victoria Colonist, has been appointed associate editor of the Associated Press in New York City.

The brick work on the Hume Block is now completed, but it will be five weeks or more before the store is ready for occupation.

Hon. Jos. Chamberlain will visit South Africa next month for the purpose of personally examining the condition of affairs there.

J. Kernaghan, the contractor for the new C.P.R. hotel at Laggan, will leave the first of the week for Laggan with a gang of men to commence operations.

Tory papers claim that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is in need of quiet and rest, and if Mr. Tarte will furnish the quiet the Globe will probably do the rest.—Toronto Telegram.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Lawrence returned yesterday morning from their honeymoon trip to the coast. They have taken up their residence in W. Williamson's house, on Second street.

Rev. W. L. Parr, Presbyterian missionary, whose headquarters have been at Revelstoke during the past summer, is temporarily supplying the pulpit of St. Andrew's church at Nanaimo.

Supt. Marpole has granted Jack Purvis three months leave of absence and a free pass to Montreal in order that he may accompany the all Canadian rugby football team on their tour through Great Britain this winter.

Mr. R. Caley purposes making extensive improvements to the City Hotel in the near future, which will include the erection of a large addition to the house and the installation of handsome new fixtures in the bar.

Old timers in Revelstoke will regret to learn that Mr. P. F. Mathias, manager of the Fairview Hotel which was burned last week, died from the burns and other injuries he received in the fire. Mr. Mathias was at one time on the staff of the Central Hotel in this city. The body was taken to Vancouver for interment.

Hon. J. D. Prentice has received notice from Ottawa that a party of representative Boer farmers touring Canada will arrive at Revelstoke about November 8th. They will be met here by R. M. Palmer, who will conduct them through the agricultural, ranching and fruit districts of the province.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church are holding a Boston Bean Social in the church this evening. Supper will be served from 6 to 8.30 o'clock, after which a concert will be given. A first class musical and literary programme has been prepared for the occasion. Admission 25c.

The Vancouver Province says: "The football players to make up British Columbia's contingent for the All-Canadian Football team to visit the Old Country are beginning to gather in Vancouver. By the Pacific express today Mr. T. L. Taylor, "Tom" Taylor, came down from Revelstoke and immediately started uptown for the Rugby headquarters. Mr. Taylor is Alderman Taylor when at home in the mountains, but otherwise is about the same as when he captained Vancouver to victory several years ago. Mr. Taylor is a good forward and knows the game thoroughly and is an enthusiast in football. After acting as captain here one season he went to the Hawaiian Islands where he taught a Government school in some outlandish place on a coral island, where the nearest approach to a football was a big cocoanut that a monkey threw at him from the top of a tree. After taking a kick or two at the cocoanut Tom gave up in disgust and made up his mind to come back to British Columbia. He did so. Came to Vancouver, got married and moved to Revelstoke."

A. W. Vowell, Indian superintendent passed through the city Friday last en route for Victoria, from an official visit to the Indian reserves in southern Kootenay. He reports a gratifying improvement in the conditions of many of the bands, who are going quite extensively into farming and stock raising. One object of his trip was the location of a small band of Indians on a reserve at Arrow lake, near Burton City.

The evidence in the case of rex vs. Rose has been transcribed, and makes a very bulky volume of about 500 pages The counsel for Rose, the convicted murderer, will not seek to secure a new trial, as was first announced, but will endeavor to have the minister of justice reduce the sentence imposed to life imprisonment. Rose has every hope that this effort will be successful, and as yet he shows very little concern over the position in which he has been placed.—Nelson News.

Rifle Association

The following are the scores made at the range on Saturday:—

	200	500	600	Total
Dr. Carruthers	31	31	24	86
T. W. Bain	25	29	22	76
H. A. Brown	30	24	22	76
C. Holten	25	22	14	61
B. Lawson	23	25	12	60
A. M. Pinkham	24	12	20	56
W. Bailey	18	16	9	43
J. H. Jackson	15	12	13	40
A. E. Phipps	—	31	24	—

Max O'Rell on "Discontent."

MAX O'RELL never neglects to say a good word for the ladies whenever opportunity serves. At the same time, he does not shut his eyes to their faults, but is only "a little blind," as witness what he says about "The Discontented Woman":

"We all know that woman, not unkind, not exactly sour, but sad, depressed and depressing, who is well off and might enjoy life, but who looks as if there was not one pleasure left in the world to make it worth living in.

"She may feel ever so well, she will never confess it. She hates to be told that she looks well. She thinks you are wanting in sympathy. She loves to be pitied, and has no objection to being called 'Poor Mrs. A.!' Yet she is very susceptible, and resents any attentions that are paid to other people in her presence. She was jealous of her sisters when a girl; now she is jealous of her children, jealous of the ladies who call, jealous of her husband's secretary or typewriter. She has no reason for being jealous, she knows it, but it is a habit, and she likes to keep her hand at it.

"She is fond of calling on sick people, and, as she has had every mortal disease or indisposition you care to name, she gives the people whom she visits her own experience of their disease, and they have to listen to all the minute details of the sufferings she had to go through. She hopes that you will get better.

"Meanwhile she tells you of all the people she knows who have died of the disease with which you are afflicted, but reassures you by stating that some people have been known to recover.

"She is the town-crier of bad news. If there is a sad event of which she hears early, she immediately orders a carriage and goes on a round of visits to announce it. When her friends see her arrive unexpectedly they look at each other and say, 'We shall hear some bad news.'

"She is a prophet of ill-omen. She loves the sad, and revels in it. It is her life. She has not a cheerful feature about her. She is a hair in your soup, a crumb in your bed, an unmitigated bore.

"She never enjoys what she has, but spends her life regretting what she does not or cannot have. If she lose a £4 bill and her husband says to her, 'Never mind; here's another,' she goes on sighing and whining, for she thinks that if she had not lost that £4 she would now have £8.

"There is no cheering her up, and when a real misfortune befalls her you feel inclined to exclaim: 'Good, serves her right, now she has something worth crying over.' But this seldom happens, if ever, for it is a remarkable fact that this kind of woman is the very one who never has real troubles—except those of her own manufacture."

WE HAVE NOT THROWN UP THE SPONGE

because we have to move, but still cater to your patronage and will give timely notice through these columns when that event is about to take place. We have a large stock of Sponges to meet every requirement and to suit every price.

Chamois Vests for women and men.

Chamois Skins and Chest Protectors

Souvenir Novelties in large and varied assortment.

WALTER BEWS,
Druggist and Stationer,
BROWN BLOCK.

OUR COMPLETE STOCK OF

FRESH GROCERIES

IS NOW OPENED UP.

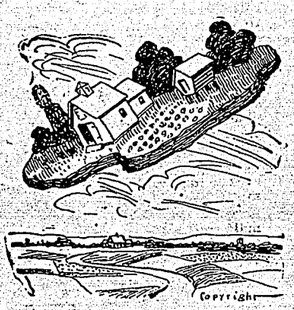
Everything Bought by the Carload

In order to give you every advantage in Prices.

We respectfully solicit your Custom and Support, assuring you of Our Best Services at all times. . . . . .

Respectfully Yours.

Taylor Bros. & George
Limited.



5-Acre Garden Lots

On good terms, to genuine settlers.

CALL EARLY! Only a limited number, and they are being rapidly taken up.

SMELTER TOWNSITE

LEWIS BROS. : : Agents.

A Matter of Color.

Chromatopseudopsis is the medical term for color-blindness, and statistics show that men are much more chromatopseudopsically inclined than women. The man invariably succumbs to chromatopseudoptitude when he tries to match a ribbon.—"Judge."

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—Commencing at Peter Agren's south west corner post near Boyd's ranch on the Columbia river, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

PETER AGREN.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—Commencing at J. A. Kirk's north west corner post thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

J. A. KIRK.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—Commencing at W. le Maistre's north west corner post near Boyd's ranch about half a mile from the Columbia river, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

W. le MAISTRE.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in West Kootenay:—Commencing at Peter Agren's south west corner post near Boyd's ranch about half a mile from the Columbia river, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

PETER AGREN.

MEN WANTED.

Shingle Bolt Cutters
Fair Wages and Permanent Employment.

Blacksmith for logging camp, must be willing to make himself generally useful. Several carpenters to work at mill, 4 miles west of Sicamous. Apply in person or by letter.

Shuswap Shingle & Lumber Co
SICAMOUS, B. C.

Corporation of the City of Revelstoke.

WATER AND LIGHT DEPARTMENT.

NOTICE.

The following rates to users of Electric Light by meter were adopted by the City Council at their meeting October 24th, 1902:

For the first 40 Kilowatts, 17c. per K. W. nett.
" " next 60 " 12c. " "
" " over 100 " 10c. " "

H. FLOYD,
City Clerk.

Neat, Clean and Attractive Work Guaranteed.

Job Printing

All the latest faces in type At the HERALD Office

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 16k.

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

CRESSMAN'S

.... Built to Order Garments
.... For Ladies and Gentlemen

Are cut to individual measures and constructed by the most expert Tailors. Only hand labor of the very best can produce a well-shaped collar and give to the shoulders and chest the proper moulding. On this depends the fit and shape of the garment and the permanence of that shape.

OUR COATS

Will not develop those unsightly draws and wrinkles all along the shoulders and down the front which so beautifully and unmistakably adorn all the ready-made store clothes you can buy at one half the tailor's price.

Suits ..... Suit from	$15 to $35	Overcoats and Rain-proof coats	$15 to $35
Dress Suits we are offering at...	25 to 50	Ladies' Tailor-made Suits	16 to 75
Trousers, all the way from	4 to 12	Ladies' Skirts..... Ladies' Skirts.....	6 to 25

Ladies' Rainproof Coats.....$14 to $35

We Carry the Largest Stock British Columbia. **J. B. Cressman, Art Tailor**

Edward J. Bourne

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

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

Revelstoke Station. Bourne Bros.' Old Stand.

SIBBALD & FIELD,

AGENTS FOR

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

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

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

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

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

Cheap Bedroom Suites, Dresser Stands, Tables, Chairs, Etc.

A CARLOAD OF

FURNITURE

JUST ARRIVED.

R. HOWSON & CO.'S.

Call In and Examine This New Consignment of Furniture

S. McMAHON,

General Blacksmith. Wagon Maker, Etc.

Dealer in
CHATHAM WAGONS, WM. GRAY & SONS PLOWS, COPP BROS., PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, SEEDERS, &c.

Douglas Street, - - REVELSTOKE, B. C.

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.