THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol V: No 163 REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1902 $2.00 a Year in Advance.

The Opening of A Great Season

The FALL OF 1902 is likely to be numbered throughout Canada as the Greatest Business Season ever known. Never, in the history of Revelstoke, has the outlook been so bright, and the Early Fall Business fortells the rush that is coming. Everything indicates prosperity and we are well prepared to meet the demands of our ever increasing business with a large stock of reliable goods bought at the lowest possible prices for cash.

Gent's Furnishings

Men's Furnishings is one of our strong departments and in Underwear we buy direct from the makers, thus keeping the prices of reliable goods down to the level of ordinary kinds.

Men's Wool Shirts and drawers ..... $1.75—$2.00—$3.00 and up to $6.00 a Suit

Ask to see the Woolseley, Tiger and Britannia brands of Underwear.

A Full Range of W. G. & R. line of Shirts Collars and Cuffs.

A special line of White Dress Shirts at ..... $1.50 each

Turndown, High Turndown and Standup Collars, newest shapes and heights

100 pairs Men's Odd Pants from $2.75 to $5 50.

Men's Beaver Pea Jackets from $8.00 up.

Men's Sweaters from $1 00 up to $3 00.

Men's Fine Kid Gloves in Lined and Unlined in endless variety and at popular prices.

Boots and Shoes

The Slater Shoes combine every element of Store perfection in fit, style, service and comfort. They are seldom equalled and never surpassed.

Both Ladies and Gentlemen have sealed the approval of this make of shoes. We are sole agents for Revelstoke

Men's Slater Shoes—every pair stamped —$4.00 and $5 00 per pair.

Ladies' Slater Shoes—Price $3.50

TWO HUNDRED PAIRS Men's 20th Century Shoes have been added to our stock this week and for a medium priced Shoe there is nothing better in the market.

Men's 20th Century B Bals $2.75

Men's ditto Calf and Congress $3.50

Drygoods

Don't worry about the price of Coal —Blankets are Cheap and everybody can keep warm.

Fine Wool Blankets—$3 50—$4 50—$5.00.

Bath Towels from 50c to 75c per pair.

Linen Towels, Fancy Borders, 50c per pr.

Cotton Towels—20c. per pair and up.

Bleached Table Linen—50c—60c—70c-$1.25 per yard.

Unbleached and Cold Tabling—50c per yard.

Table Napkins—$1.75—$2.00—$2.50 up to $6 00.

Fresh Groceries

Ever since starting in business here we have always made an effort to please our customers and it is very gratifying to us to trace the steady increase season after season in our Grocery Trade. Our aim is, and always has been, to have regular and steady customers. We want your order every day. Everything is guaranteed. If anything is unsatisfactory we ask you to report it. We make it right. Now is the time to put in your winter supply of Potatoes, Apples, Butter, Eggs as the prices of these lines are sure to be higher as the Season advances.

Japanese Ware

The beautiful pieces to be found in our Japanese China for Christmas trade already to hand we will be pleased to show you, which for good value and artistic merit are not surpassed.

Goods delivered in all parts of the City.

'PHONE No. 81

C. B. Hume & Company

Golden Gleanings.

Dr. Taylor and family are expected home on Friday from their holiday in the east.

Mr. Peter Sebastian has sustained a severe loss in the death of his dog "Coal," who was shot on Monday by parties unknown.

The choir of the Methodist Church has been augmented by the addition of several instruments and promises to be the best in town.

Things will be busy in mining circles next spring, there being four companies ready to commence work as soon as the season opens.

The rink company took advantage of the cold snap to commence work on the rink and with a little more frost will have their ice ready for both curlers and skaters.

A runaway livened things up on Monday morning. Anderson's milk rig going up the street at a lively rate. The horse was captured without much damage being done.

Preparations are being made for the annual ball in aid of the hospital here, which will be held on the 28th. Everything points to there being a very successful gathering.

"Don," the well known spaniel belonging to G. B. McDermot was poisoned on Tuesday. It seems too bad that an example is not made of the fiends who lay out poison.

The heavy fall of snow last week was followed by several days' thaw, which has made excellent sleighing. One of our ranchers brought in three cords of wood in one load and it was easy work for the team, too.

GLEANER.

Hospital Acknowledgments.

Nurse McKinnon begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following donations to the hospital:—

Mrs. LeMaistre, one dozen towels.

Mrs. Phipps, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Buck, baby clothes.

Mrs. C. C. Brown, 16 bottles of fruit.

Miss Pearson, Albert Canyon, fruit.

Mrs. Risteen, fruit.

Mrs. Palmer, books.

Mrs. Cooke, home made bread.

Mrs. Forbes, flowers.

Ladies of Methodist Church, cake.

The first birth in the hospital took place on Sunday, Nov. 9th, the child has been christened Victoria in honor of the event.

Must Suffer Extreme Penalty.

It was Sheriff Tuck's painful duty yesterday morning to inform Henry Rose that the law would have to take its course in his case, the official word to that effect having been received late Friday night.

Rose received the information which destroyed all his hopes without a word of comment. He made no sign to indicate that he appreciated the momentous nature of the sheriff's communication. Ever since his conviction and sentence Rose has maintained the utmost composure. He has expressed confidence in being cleared of the crime of which he stands convicted, and has declared repeatedly that he would never be hanged. When the information had to be imparted to him that the minister of justice saw no reason to intervene in his behalf it was expected that his assumed indifference would break down. However, he heard the fatal message without a tremor, and is apparently prepared to meet his fate as coolly as he underwent the ordeal of the trial.

Radcliffe, the official executioner, will arrive in Nelson on Tuesday to prepare for the hanging, which will take place in the Nelson jailyard at 8 a. m. on Friday next. The scaffold which was last used for the hanging of Woods is now being placed in position. —Nelson News.

The Golden Smelter

Golden, in northeast Kootenay, is to have another smelter. The first smelter was built a long while ago, but was never blown in for some reason. Other parties have another smelter under way, and whether it will ever be blown in is a question. From reports, there is more of a town site speculation than a smelter operation in the deal. The smelter is to be of 30 tons' capacity and its promoters are to have a newspaper, an assortment of unsold town lots and a general merchandise store, and have options of purchase on a number of mineral claims. The money that is in the enterprise came from Wisconsin and most of it is proceeds realized from the sale of town lots in the promoters' townsite. It is to be hoped the venture will be a success, for Northeast Kootenay has had more than its share of visionary wildcat mining, deals and operations. So many, in fact, that it is a wonder that any outside money can be obtained to work properties there.—Nelson Tribune.

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

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

ROME, Nov. 20.—Queen Helena was accouched of a daughter this morning. The new princess will be named Mafalda.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 20.—Tommy Ryan and Jack Root, of Chicago, have been matched for a ten-round bout here on Dec. 16.

ODESSA, Russia, Nov 20.—Three million gallons of petroleum stored on the outskirts of this city has been destroyed by fire.

SCRANTON, Nov. 20.—After having been under a most trying cross-examination by more than half a dozen lawyers for the past 4½ days, the examination of Mr. Mitchell before the arbitration commission was concluded today.

SYDNEY, N. S., Nov. 20.—Signor Marconi communicated with Cornwall today by wireless telegraph and it is confirmed that he has been in communication with that station daily from the Italian cruiser Carlo Alberto, while en route here.

TRINIDAD, Col., Nov. 20.—Four masked robbers held up a train 12 miles from here. While they were endeavoring to start a fuse, the express messenger fired through a side door killing one of the robbers and surprising the others into flight.

SIMLA, Nov. 20.—While storming a tower occupied by six outlaws on the Afghan frontier, Col. Tonnochy, who was commanding the fourth column of the expedition, and Capt. White of the third Silahs, were killed. There were other officers and men injured. The outlaws were killed and the tower raised.

A Paris despatch says the Marquis de Chambrun is dead.

Efforts, of a far-reaching character, have been set on foot to fortify the London metropolis against a possible attack in case of war.

H.M.S. Shearwater leaves Esquimalt today on a cruise to the southern seas, a similar voyage to that undertaken last winter by the lost Condor.

The resignation of the Servian cabinet and King Alexander's mandate to Gen. Marovich to form a new ministry are taken to foreshadow a military dictatorship in Servia.

The British expedition in their attempt to put down the uprising of the Waziri tribesmen on the Afghan frontier, is meeting with determined opposition and reinforcements are being asked for. News of this check creates alarm in London and it is feared that the column is surrounded and that full details of the casualties are being withheld.

Death of G. R. Maxwell.

G. R. Maxwell, M. P. for Burrard Inlet, died at Vancouver early on Tuesday morning. He had been ill for some time with cancer of the liver, and on Saturday it was known that his death was only a matter of hours. For nearly a week he had been unconscious.

George Ritchie Maxwell was born at Stonehouse, South Lanarkshire, Scotland, on January 11, 1857. He was educated at the parish school and at Glasgow University. He took a theological course and was ordained in the Presbyterian ministry in 1880, his first charge being at Wishaw, Lanarkshire. Coming to Canada, he had pastoral charge at St. Sylvester, Lower Leeds, and at Three Rivers, P. Q., and in 1891 accepted a call to the First Presbyterian church at Vancouver. He continued to fill that pastorate until his election to the Dominion House of Commons in the general elections in June 1896, as a Liberal, defeating Mr. G. H. Cowan by 208 votes. He was re-elected at the general election in November, 1900.

Mr. Maxwell married in 1883, Mary the eldest daughter of Mr. R. Forrest, postmaster of Blanefield, Stirlingshire, Scotland, and leaves a large family.

The funeral takes place in Vancouver today and will be in charge of the Masonic Order.

W. J. Twiss, of Kaslo, agent for the Mutual Life of Canada, spent a couple of days in the city this week in the interests of his company.

A BOOM IN GOLDFIELDS

The Stamp Mill and Aerial Tramway Nearing Completion and Other News About the Gold Camp.

The work on the stamp mill at Goldfields is being pushed forward to completion with all possible speed. The aerial tramway from the big shewing on the Goldfinch to the stamp mill site is about completed.

The sawmill on the townsite is all boarded and roofed and the mill will run all winter to supply lumber to the company for a miners' building and for other buildings to be erected on the townsite.

Two families from Nelson went into Goldfields on Tuesday and will reside there for the future.

Hymen's Bonds.

An interetting ceremony was performed, on Friday evening last, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Bain, when Mr. R. A. Upper, provincial police officer for this district, and Miss Salina Turnross were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The bride and groom were assisted through the ordeal by Mr. and Mrs. Bain, Rev. C. A. Procunier, of St. Peter's Church, tying the knot. After the ceremony supper was served by Mrs. Bain to which full justice was done by those present.

The happy couple are two of Revelstoke's most popular young people and the HERALD joins their many friends in wishing them a long and happy wedded life. Mr. and Mrs. Upper have taken up their residence in the house formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. A. McRae on Front Street.

Serenaded.

In another column will be seen an announcement of the marriage of Mr. R. A. Upper to Miss Turnross of this city. This occasion was not to be overlooked by his bachelor friends and also some of the benedicts. Accordingly the clans gathered near Mr. Upper's residence about 10 o'clock Saturday evening, every man provided with an instrument of some kind. The band for an overture gave the celebrated piece "Banging Slash," composed by R. Atkins for the occasion. This brought Mr. Upper to the balcony, when caught sight of, the band opened out again in full force, being greatly strengthened by the addition of a tenor horn operated by W. A. Morris. No intermission in the music for a long time. Mr. Fraser gave a selection on a bottlephone. Mr. Steed also executed a beautiful solo on the sawlute, that instrument being kindly lent by the chief of the fire brigade for the occasion. After the boys had quietened down, refreshments were served, Mr. Upper doing the right-up-to date square thing. The instruments were then relegated to the band wagon. Three cheers were then given for Mr. Upper and the crowd sang with gusto "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." After wishing the happy couple the usual greetings for such occasions, the parties betook themselves to their respective homes.

Death of Dan Robinson.

THE HERALD regrets to have to chronicle this week the death by heart failure of Mr. Dan Robinson, one of Revelstoke's oldest and most respected citizens. Mr. Robinson had been ailing for some time and last winter was confined to his bed for several months, during the past summer and this fall however, he appeared to be much better and his sudden demise on Wednesday morning was a great shock to his friends.

The deceased was a native of Yorkshire, England, and came to Canada while a boy, living for a number of years in Ontario. He was one of the best known lumber men in the west, having been foreman of the Columbia River Lumber Company's mill at Beaver when it was first in operation. Moving from there to Revelstoke in the fall of 1889 he, in partnership with J. C. Steen, built a sawmill here and carried on business for a number of years as the Revelstoke Lumber Co. On Mr. Steen's death he bought out his late partner's interest. Some time later Fred Robinson, brother of deceased, acquired an interest in the business, the company was reorganized and the name changed to the Fred Robinson Lumber Co. The deceased afterwards disposed of his interests in this company, and on the formation of the Revelstoke Lumber Company, about two years ago, became manager for them at the Big Eddy mill.

Deceased had many friends in the district was respected and admired wherever he was known. He was 53 years of age and leaves a widow and nine children to mourn his loss, for whom much sympathy has been expressed in their deep bereavement.

The funeral will be under the direction of the Masonic Order, of which deceased was a valued member, and will take place tomorrow, Friday, afternoon, at 1:30 o'clock from the family residence, McKenzie Ave.

McCullough Creek Properties.

The Kootenay Mail has given some figures in connection with the flotation of the McCullough Creek Hydraulic Mining Co., which as usual, are far from correct. The Mail's object in giving incorrect figures is hard to conceive. The facts are these: The McCullough Creek Hydraulic Mining Company has a capitalization of $125,000, of 125,000 shares of the par value of $1 each. About one half of the stock, or over 65,000 shares are treasury shares. The purchase price of the properties—the Ophir, Columbia and Last Chance leases—was $6,666 cash and 58,333 fully paid up shares. The McCullough Creek Hydraulic Mining Co. have a very valuable placer gold property on McCullough Creek, and their returns this fall from a little better than two days work of nearly 7 ounces coarse gold should prove that the claims of the company as to the value of their properties is not in the least over estimated.

The Comstock Lode.

The Comstock, Nevada, lode was first discovered as a gold mine, although the subsequent discovery of sulphurets of silver among the gold eventually made it the first silver mine in the United States, says the Mining and Scientific Press. But it was not until after the fifth year that silver predominated over the gold, the yield for that year being: Gold, $4,940,000; silver, $7,460,000; total, $12,400,000. Its greatest product in any one year was during the bonanza days of 1877, which recorded a yield of: Gold, $14,520,614.68; silver, $21,780,922.02; total, $36,301,536.70. This is taken from the official government report, treasury department, Washington. Afterward gold again predominated, the yield for 1885 being: Gold, $1,729,531.25; silver, $1,415,171.04 total, $3,144,602.29. Gold has continued to predominate each year since. The total yield of the Comstock to date is officially given at about $370,000,000, over $200,000,000 being silver.

AROUND THE RAILWAY YARD

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

Sam Dean, left on this morning's No. 1 for Edmonton, where he may stay for the winter.

Robt. Trimble came in from Kamloops where he has been stationed for about six weeks past.

J. Graham left yesterday morning for Field, to take a position as car checker with the C. P. R.

T. Hughes, C. P. R. brakeman, fell off a freight train Sunday last, sustaining slight injuries to his shoulder and knee.

Jack Ladner leaves tonight for Calgary, where he will in the future have charge of an engine and run out of that city.

Jack McKaracher leaves today for the Kootenay country where he will take charge of an engine on the Nelson and Midway run. He will be replaced here by Archie Davies who is well known to all Kamloopians.—Sentinel.

James Gilmore, C. P. R. lineman, fell from a telegraph pole some 14 miles west of Kamloops on Friday afternoon last and sustained a broken leg in the fall. He is at present in the hospital where his injuries are receiving every attention.—Sentinel.

George Graham, at one time a C. P. R. conductor, on the main line and well known here, passed through Revelstoke on Friday last for Nelson. Mr. Graham has been in the employ of P. Burns & Co. at White Horse, for the past two years.

L. T. Solloway, Mrs. Solloway and family, and Miss Dunn, sister of Mrs. Solloway, left on Sunday evening for Vancouver, where they will in future reside. Mr. Solloway will run an engine between North Bend and Vancouver in future.

Notice.

A meeting of the Ladies Hospital Aid Society, will be held in Fire Hall No. 2, on Saturday afternoon next, Nov. 22nd at 3:30 o'clock. By order of the President (Mrs. Carruthers.)

M. K. Lawson, Secy.

A GREAT SALE OF

Men's Suits | Boys' Suits | Over-Coats

Dressy All-Wool Suits at $9.00.
Stylish Suits at $11.50.
Fall and Winter Overcoats at $8.00.

Great Values in Boy's School Suits and Overcoats

Boys' Two-Piece Suits, all wool, at $2.50
Boys' Three-Piece Knic Suits at $4.00.
Boys' Three-Piece Vestic Suits at $2.75
Boys' Reefer Coats $2.50
Youths' Reefer Coats ..... $3.00.

TWO OFFERINGS IN LADIES' FURS

We have a series of round, satisfying values in FURS this year, but here are two a trifle more sensational. It would please us if you would step in and see them to-morrow. Certainly if you are looking at Furs, you won't look further for a better chance to purchase :—

Sable Scarfs, good quality Fur, Chain Fastener and Six Tails **$8**

Elegant Caperines, of No. 1 Electric Seal **$10.50**

Is there a woman who won't be interested in this. Our great money-saving Sale of Seasonable Merchandise.

There is a commonwealth of interest in dealing at this Store and the superiority is not in words.

Drygoods Merchants **Reid & Young,** Mackenzie Avenue.

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 Sacred Arbutus.

A Tale of Pioneer Life in Upper Canada.

By PETER McARTHUR.

FROM the time that the shadows pointed northward at noon, Christy Douglas went to the door of the log house every few minutes to look eagerly down the road that lost itself in the woods a few rods beyond the little clearing. When she could safely leave the bread that was baking in the Dutch oven, she even went as far as the first turn to get a further view, for she was burning with impatience, and it was no wonder. Seventy years ago a dress of store cloth marked an era in the life of a young girl in the backwoods of Upper Canada, as the Province of Ontario was then called. That morning Christy's mother had taken a bag of maple sugar cakes and had gone to the village of Kemoka to buy the materials. They had talked of this dress for months before finding themselves in a position to buy it, for calico cost eight shillings a yard in those days, and even though it was to be made without fashionable frills and with a strict regard to the superficial area of the young person to be dressed, it meant an outlay that bordered on sinful extravagance, especially when there was half a web of unused homespun in the house. But the sap had run well, and after bartering many pounds of sugar for a few pounds of salt, tea, saleratus, tobacco and other necessaries, it was found that there was still enough left to enable them to pay the postage on the letters that had come for them during the winter and to buy a calico dress for Christy. So it was no wonder that her brown eyes glowed with eagerness as she did the housework and waited for her mother. She would have liked much to have gone to the store herself, but such a thing was not to be thought of. Her mother knew better what Christy needed, and the storekeeper could not overreach her in the bargaining.

The shadows had stretched across the clearing, and the last light of the sun was slanting across the treetops, when the attentive girl heard an ox lowing in the distance. A moment later the ox that had been left at home lowed in answer, and Christy knew that her mother and slow-footed Duke, who had been taken along to carry the sugar on his broad back, were nearing home. Hastily dragging the oven out of the coals and seeing that there was no danger of the meat or potatoes boiling dry as they hung on the crane over the back log in the clay-whitened fireplace, she ran along the road to meet her mother.

Barefooted and bareheaded, though she was a young woman of seventeen, Christy ran like a young fawn. Her brown ankles flashed under her skirt of beech gray homespun, and as she dodged between the hummocks of the new road her arms, with which she balanced herself, seemed to rise from time to time like the wings of a woodland sprite.

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed the mother, as the breathless girl met her and put her arm on the neck of the ox for support.

"Did you get it?" Christy panted.

"Get what?" asked the mother, as if she did not understand.

Being thoroughly Scotch and having seen service in the house of a nobleman before she had married and consented to bury herself in Canada, Mrs. Douglas disapproved of all show of feeling. As she strode along, using the ox-goad as a staff, she looked like a kindly Meg Merrilies.

"The dress! Oh, yes! Here it is!" Christy exclaimed, as she fumbled with the bag that hung across Duke's shoulders. "What color is it, and what kind of a flower has it?"

"All in good time. Wait till we get to the house. I dare say you have left everything burning in the fireplace while you came down the road here."

"No, I left everything all right. And did you get the letters? Who are they from?"

"I got only two of them," Mrs. Douglas answered, as a look of pain shadowed her face. "Your dress cost more than I thought, and sugar is worth only two shillings for three pounds now. The letters cost seven shillings apiece, for they were all from the Old Country, so I just got the two biggest ones, and perhaps we will find some way of getting the other before it is sent back. I think it must have been from my sister Betsy, and she would be telling me about the wedding of your cousin Sarah, or perhaps about the death of your grandmother, for she was getting frail. I thought it might have bad news, since it was small, for she might not have the heart to write a long letter, but I couldn't be sure. They were all addressed by your great-uncle John, the schoolmaster. I thought it would be wisest to take the big ones, for I would be getting the most for my money. But maybe I made a mistake."

The good woman sighed heavily, for while letters in those days were the chief source of pleasure to the exiles, they were the cause of many fierce heart-burnings. It not infrequently happened that when they came they could not be redeemed by those to whom they were addressed, though they could recognize the handwriting on them as they were exposed to view in the postoffice window.

"Your father will read the letters to us after supper," she added.

By this time they had reached the square log house, and Mrs. Douglas settled with a sigh of relief on a stool by the fireplace, for the evening was falling chill. She had walked twelve miles out and twelve miles back over rough roads and had a right to be weary. Christy brought in the bag with its precious contents. After hastily leading Duke to the manger that she had filled for him early in the day she came running in again.

"May I open it now?" she asked.

"Deary me, what a hurry you are in," exclaimed the mother, with more sternness than she felt.

But the impatient girl had already opened the bag and had taken out the little roll of calico. With a cry of pleasure, she unfolded it where the waning light showed its soft blue and the little white flower on it. And as she unfolded it a piece of pink ribbon fluttered from it unexpectedly and fell to the floor.

"And a ribbon!" Christy exclaimed.

She would certainly have kissed her mother for this unexpected present were it not for the unwritten and unspoken law of those Scotch settlements that all caresses are to be reserved for the helplessly young or for the unresponsive lips of the dead.

"Ah!" exclaimed the mother, with sudden interest, as she remembered something. "I didn't buy that ribbon, and will you tell me why you put that bundle of lily white flowers in the bag with the sugar?"

Christy laughed freely and joyously before she answered.

"Why, that was not a silly flower. It was the sacred arbutus. But what has that to do with the ribbon?"

"Nothing," replied the mother, with a smile of grim intelligence. "It was Mr. Preston, the storekeeper, that sent you the ribbon."

"I know," cried Christy, clapping her hands. "He sent me the ribbon because I sent him the arbutus."

"What's all this about sending arbutus?" asked a gruff voice from the doorway towards which both mother and daughter had turned at the sound of a heavy footstep.

"Why, Christy put some into the bag of sugar, and Mr. Preston thanked and sent her a ribbon."

"Then I guess it was you, my little lady, that put the posy in the bag of seed corn I took over to Will Harlaw this morning."

"And what did he send me?" asked the unabashed Christy, smiling into her father's bearded face, knowing well that there was an indulgent smile lurking behind that mask.

"Just this," he answered, as he reached out his hand and pinched her ear.

Christy made a great show of being hurt just as if she were a child of ten, as, indeed, she was in spirit. But this further light roused the fears of her mother.

"What put in your head to send the flowers?" she asked.

"Why, the arbutus is a sacred flower among the Indians, and it will bring me a true lover, and teach me to know him when he comes."

"Tut, tut! What nonsense is this about lovers?" asked the father, sternly. "What have you to do with them?"

"Well, when I have a new dress," and she tossed her head archly, "I may expect to have someone better than a little Indian boy come courting me."

The father and mother both smiled. They had often teased her about a little Indian boy to whom she used to give trinkets in return for the curious little baskets he weaved for her and brought every time the tribe came into the neighborhood to trade with the settlers.

"But," persisted the mother, anxiously, "how many more of these nosegays did you send away without telling me?"

"Only one," said Christy, with a slight pout.

"And who was that to?"

"To the new minister, Mr. Ross, when you sent him the two pairs of socks."

"You are sure that was all?"

"Yes."

"Well, never let me hear any more about such heathen folderols as sacred arbutus. Come, let us have supper now, and after we have cleaned away the dishes father will read us the letters I bought at the postoffice."

After the meal was finished they drew around the tallow "chrusie" that was placed on the table, and the father laboriously spelled out the news from a far country that was indeed like cold water to thirsty souls. Often the tears came to the eyes of the father and mother as familiar places and people were mentioned, with all the simple gossip that to them was so interesting. They talked late into the night and went over the same news again and again, adding to it by shrewd speculations and reading more between the lines than ever did the most discerning critic when annotating an ancient manuscript. But Christy, though she listened, knew nothing of the places they remembered so fondly, yet she had her own dreams about them. These letters were suggestive of all marvelous things, and were to her what romances are to the less imaginative young ladies of to-day, who like to have other people do even their dreaming for them.

* * *

One evening early in June the Douglases were sitting on the stoop that extended along the front of the house, resting after the day's work. The father was smoking, the mother was knitting, and Christy was indulging in the summer dreams of happy youth. The whippoorwills were calling from the forest on every side, the beetles were droning, and a robin was singing from a sunlit tree-top near the nest of its mate. The great log heaps in the slashing back of the stable were blazing high, for Douglas was adding another field to his clearing. The fires were already beginning to cast long shadows and to light up the smoky sky with the sombre light that glowed from these furnace flames of a new nation.

Presently the alert eye of Mrs. Douglas saw a man entering the clearing by the road. She immediately aroused the others to absorbed interest, for in those days a visitor was as unusual as welcome.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, as the figure approached under a heavy fire of guesses and comments, "if it isn't the minister coming to see us, and he will be spending the night, for there is no one else of his congregation nearer than four miles. Come in, Christy, and put on your new dress."

While she hastened into the house, followed by her daughter, the farmer waited without preparation to greet the visitor.

When Christy and her mother were ready to receive the guest, Mrs. Douglas lit a couple of candles that had been kept for just such occasions, and called to her husband and the visitor to come into the house.

"Well, well, if it isn't the minister himself. You do our house a great honor."

"What honor there is is not of me, but of my Master's work," said the young man, gravely, as he turned to Christy with extended hand.

To her new dress and the pink ribbon at her throat the embarrassment had added a couple of roses in her cheeks. A kind light shone in his earnest eyes, and a trace of color might have been seen in his face, had his hosts been a little more observant.

"I have noticed you in the church and you always answered well in the catechism."

Christy blushed even deeper at this compliment, and the eyes of the young minister followed her about the room with a regard that told that she had more than once intruded on his spiritual meditations.

Then followed a space of homely talk about the crops and the possibility of the rebellion that was even then fomenting in different parts of the colony, and at last the two letters were brought out so that the minister, a scholar, might read them aloud and make out all the difficult words. While he was reading, a horse neighed at the door, and Mr. Douglas hurried out to see who the new visitor might be. When he returned he had with him Mr. Preston, the storekeeper of the village of Kemoka.

"I was out for a ride in the cool of the evening," he explained, as he came in, "and the roads being dry in this direction, I just thought I would pay you an informal visit."

He was introduced to the minister, who, like himself, was a comparative stranger in the vicinity.

"And this, I take it, is the frolicsome Mistress Christy," he said, as he clasped her hand.

This compliment was different from that of the young minister, but Christy accepted it with a look of frank pleasure that did not belie the epithet.

The storekeeper brought with him all the news which naturally reached his central location and much from the outer world that he had gathered from travelers and the stage drivers that passed on the Longwoods road.

But this was to be a notable night at the farmhouse. Another guest presently made his appearance in the person of Will Harlaw, as fine looking a young specimen of workaday manhood as could well be found. Appearing suddenly in the light of the open door, he rapped on the door-post and said, with something of a bashful stammer:

"Good evening to you all!"

"Come in, man, come in, and make yourself at home," called Douglas, cheerily.

"No, thank you," said Harlaw; "I just brought back the bag you left with me when you brought the seed corn, and I thought I might help you to roll together the butts of the logs in your heaps before you go to bed."

"Well, I was thinking I would let the logs take care of themselves tonight. There is another day coming."

"Oh, you mustn't let us interfere with your work," Preston protested. "This is good burning weather, and the man who hopes for a clear farm must keep the heap burning both night and day."

"Then, if you and the minister will excuse us, Will and I will go out to the slashing for a while."

"Why," said the minister, "I would much like to go out and see you at your work. There is always something to be learned from honest labor, and if Mr. Preston would not mind strolling along with me, perhaps we could throw in an end ourselves at times."

Now, this was not what the shrewd young storekeeper wished by any means, but he accepted the situation with good grace. His first thought was that after the others went to work he could improve his acquaintance with the attractive but modest Christy, while the minister occupied himself with the mother. But the four walked out to the stumpy slashing together. Soon the shadows were dancing wildly among the trees that fenced in the little clearing, and sudden streams of sparks were momentarily borne up into the sky as the two farmers heaved the glowing logs together and made them blaze again. The scene appealed to the fervid imagination of the young clergyman, and as he gazed in silent awe the worldly Mr. Preston suggested that they lend a hand to the work, for he feared a discourse on his spiritual welfare was imminent. The ministers of those days labored in season and out, and the worldly man who associated with them without receiving a word of warning or reproof needed much ingenuity. As Mr. Preston had come on an altogether different mission, and as he had already been more than favorably impressed by the beauty of the young girl who wore his ribbon at her throat, he could hardly be considered in a proper condition for a homily. But surely the scene was one to rouse lofty thoughts as these humble priests heaped high the sacrifice of nature for the nation that was to be.

When the work was completed Douglas said:

"I see by the sparks coming from the chimney that the women folks have lit the fire to make a little snack for us before we separate, and we will go by the spring and wash the coal from our hands after handling the niggers."

They acted on his suggestion, and then walked to the house in the bright light of the huge log fires, following their shadows that loomed far and high before them. In the house there was a clean cloth on the table, and it was set with dainties fit for such honorable guests.

"It is not a meal, not at all," Mrs. Douglas assured them when they protested that she had gone to too much trouble. "It is only a little bite to keep the evening air from doing harm. Won't you be seated?"

After a blessing had been asked they fell to and did ample justice to the huge scones of bread that Christy had baked in the afternoon, and to the cold boiled pork that someone has said did more to clear and civilize America than all other forces combined. After the solid part of their "bite" had been disposed of, Christy helped them to the preserved wild strawberries and raspberries, with steaming cups of tea, and even the minister tasted and praised the bottle of elderberry wine that was passed. Mrs. Douglas was constantly up and down, alternately entertaining her guests and waiting on them, but the dutiful Christy served without partaking herself. And as she stood back in the shadows and looked on while they enjoyed themselves, she thought of the posies of arbutus and smiled.

"Perhaps it will bring me lovers," she thought to herself, "but will any of them read its lesson rightly?"

And each of the young men, not knowing the thought in the heart of his neighbor, remembered his particular posy and resolved to see more of the beautiful girl who was flowering into such perfect womanhood.

When the meal was finished a silence fell on all as if something were impending, and after a decent period for ridding the mind of worldly thoughts the minister said, solemnly:

"Being met together, it is not seemly that we should separate without a word of worship."

The others assented with bowed heads. Lifting up his voice, he prayed for a blessing on all there assembled. He then read a chapter from the Bible, expounding it as he read, and gave out a psalm to be sung. At a nod from her father, Christy took up the tune, as was her wont in their family worship, and the others joined in the giving of praise. And surely the music was worthy of that glorious June night as it floated out through the aisles of the forest and upwards to the silent stars. The simple service was closed with another prayer, and then all the guests except the minister departed. He was to remain until the following Sabbath, as was the custom of the missionaries that ministered to those who first made their homes in the wilderness. As Preston and Harlaw took their various ways they carried with them a very vivid recollection of a sweet young face. That night Christy buried her face in her pillow and laughed softly, for the joy of life was in her heart.

During the summer that followed the sending of the arbutus flowers by Christy the humble Douglas home had frequent visitors, and the cause of this unusual attention were her new dress oftener than was intended when it was bought. Mr. Preston seemed to be constantly finding the road in that direction better for riding than any other. Mr. Ross found that his Master's work called him frequently to that neighborhood and made it convenient for him to spend many nights in the log-house. Will Harlaw seemed to be forever borrowing something and bringing it back promptly. Altogether, the Douglases were not lonely. Christy still continued to grow in beauty, but she was too modest and perhaps too happy to question her own heart closely and decide between her lovers. When Mr. Preston used his favored moments to tell her about the "Old Country," which she had never seen, though it was so dear to her parents, and to tell her how he hoped soon to return to it to enjoy the fortune he was making by selling goods to the settlers, she sometimes felt a yearning to see that land and taste of its many pleasures. Yet the feeling seldom endured for longer than one night's dreams.

When she went to church with her parents and heard the eloquent young minister describe the greatness of his Master's work a strange enthusiasm welled up in her heart. That, too, served for a night of dreams.

But when she thought of Will Harlaw she was angry; for he never did anything to stir her heart, and yet he was reading the message of the arbutus aright. And because he was doing it unknowingly, it made him appear more worthy; but why could he not do something to show clearly that he cared for her? Both Mr. Preston and the minister made her feel that they loved her. Though she knew in her heart that the young farmer loved her, he always came as if to see her father, and if he worshipped her he did so from a distance. Before the summer was over he seemed to lose hope when he saw the fervor with which his rivals were paying their addresses. So he came less often and devoted himself to clearing his farm. When he was not busy in the couple of little fields in which he had sown spring wheat and had planted corn and potatoes, his axe could be heard early and late, felling the great trees or cutting them into proper lengths for the log heaps. A continual smoke rose from his land by day and the glare of fire by night. In this way they that marched into the new promised land had their guiding pillar as well as the Israelites of old. He was too humble to enter into the contest for the hand of Christy with one who represented the power of the church and one who represented wealth. He was but a farmer, and a farmer he would always be. He worked early and late to numb the pain at his heart; and his giant strength grew rather than became wearied with his incessant toil. But still he would go in spite of himself to borrow something from his neighbor Douglas so as to see Christy and perhaps get some hint of how his rivals were progressing.

One evening when the young minister was walking about the farm with Mr. Douglas, he asked him for his daughter's hand.

"To such a one as you," said the father, "I will say that her heart is in her own keeping. If you win her, I will give her to you proudly and gladly."

But when he sought Christy and told her his love she knew her own heart as do all who live near to Nature. The frankness of the flowers was in her eyes as she said to him that though she respected and admired him she did not love him. He told her of the work that was before him in his Master's vineyard, but she felt that she was not worthy to be his helpmate.

"You have been in my heart," he said, "ever since I got the little posy of flowers and guessed that they were from you. Had you no thought of me when you sent them?"

"I was but a foolish girl," said Christy, "and my head was full of a foolish thought that had been put into it by a tale I had heard from the Indians. With them the arbutus is a sacred flower."

"Then you sent it to me for a purpose?"

"Yes, but I had no thought of being cruel."

"Nay," he said, "it was the Lord's will and not because of any charm in the flowers."

And so the young minister left her. He had failed to learn the lesson, and Christy sorrowed for him, but she knew her own heart.

Presently the young storekeeper pleaded with her and strove to win her with alluring visions of pleasures in lands beyond the sea. But Christy was firm. She loved the new land, for she had known no other. Its marshaled forests that were going down before those who were to possess it were dear to her as were the flowers that grew in their shade. The storekeeper, too, told how her little gift of arbutus had roused his heart, but he had not learned the secret of the gift, and he also went his way.

But Harlaw, who had learned the secret, or rather knew it by nature, although he was unaware, continued his dogged fight with Nature and his own heart.

"If she will have none of the minister or the rich young storekeeper, what hope is there for me?" he asked of the trees that were his only companions, and then he slew them lest they should reveal his secret. But still he came to borrow needless things from her father, so that he might see her from time to time, until her father began to think ill of him.

"I have always liked Harlaw," he once said to his wife. "He is a quiet fellow and industrious, and I often hoped that he and Christy would make a match of it, for our farms join, and some day they might be made into one. But he is falling into an evil habit of borrowing that I like but little."

"But has he ever borrowed anything you were at all likely to need?" asked Mrs. Douglas, with a peculiar smile.

Douglas never attempted to fathom his wife's wisdom, so he let the matter drop without further comment.

In time the conviction grew upon Christy that if the arbutus was to bring her happiness she, too, must learn its lesson. However frank her communion with Nature had made her, her maidenly modesty caused her to shrink. But her humble lover still continued to borrow foolishly and to worship in silence.

One evening in May a year later, Harlaw was coming across the woods to borrow again when he saw Christy on her knees in the swale gathering arbutus blossoms.

"You are fond of those little white flowers," he said, as he stood beside her, having approached noiselessly over the mossy ground.

She looked up to him with a sudden blush. Perhaps it was a touch of spring in her veins that made her resolve to tell him the secret.

"Yes," she said, "the arbutus is a sacred flower and has a wonderful lesson for those who can learn it."

"What is the lesson? I want to learn it, for once you sent me a posy. Won't you give me one now?"

"No," she said. "I sent you one once, and there is plenty hereabouts if you want more. If you pick it yourself, you may learn the lesson."

Harlaw puzzled, but he kneeled to pick a spray.

"There," said Christy, "you are putting the lesson into practice. You cannot pick the arbutus without kneeling and humbling yourself, as you must for everything that you hold sacred."

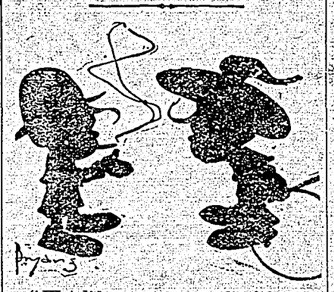
Slowly her meaning dawned on Harlaw, though he hardly dared to believe it. But as he looked up at her, she covered her face with her hands that still held the flowers, and he understood.

"Christy," he said, softly, "I have knelt and you are sacred to me. Is that the lesson of the arbutus?"

"Will you make me kneel, too, you stupid fellow? I have perhaps done more than a maiden should, already, but you were so slow to learn."

"Not to learn, but to speak. But I have long knelt to you in spirit," he said, as he sprang to his feet and clasped her in a moment's embrace.

They had both learned the lesson of the arbutus. With its shy humility, they had both conquered, and at their wedding it was worn instead of orange blossoms.—"Ainslee's" for July.



"Wot did yer get fer your birthday?"
"Oh! Pa skipped his regular lickin'."—"Harper's Weekly."

Channing's Symphony.

No nugget of wisdom circulated during recent years has been so widely repeated as Channing's Symphony. Editors and preachers are using it for texts, while artists and publishers have reproduced it in mottoes of a hundred different forms. It was not originally intended for publication, but was sent by Channing as part of a personal letter to his near friend, Margaret Fuller, in 1841. The symphony now in circulation is an unfortunate abridgment of the one Channing wrote, which is quoted entire by "Good Cheer."

"My scheme of life is so simple that it needs still sunshine, like a harvest field. To be a workingman, poor, humble; to perform without show or shunning menial services; to live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to have an oratory in my own heart and present spotless sacrifices of dignified kindness in the temple of humanity; to spread no opinions glaringly out like show-plants, and yet leave the garden gate ever open for the chosen friend and chance acquaintance; to make no pretenses to greatness; to seek no notoriety; to attempt no wide influence; to have no ambitious projects; to let my writings be the daily bubbling spring flowing through constancy, swelled by experiences, into the full, deep river of wisdom; to listen to stars and buds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony."

First Hotel-keeper—Yes; I am going to have the sea-serpent attraction again this year. Second Hotel-keeper—That is old. I am going to have a young woman wade out beyond her depth every hour. I have just ordered a few gross of medals, and each rescuer will be presented with one.—Philadelphia "Record."

Every public holiday adds to the conviction that man cannot be happy on compulsion.—"Life."

His Sister.

THOSE who contend that the evil influences of heredity may be changed to good in a new and more wholesome environment will find confirmation of their cheerful philosophy in a story which comes from a settlement house in one of the "slum" districts of New York.

A visitor to the school attached to the settlement was watching the children at play. She became deeply interested in the care and attention bestowed upon a little crippled girl by a boy some years older. He had evidently done his best to make himself presentable. Hands and face were clean, his patched and faded clothes had been carefully brushed, and his much-worn shoes had been polished even to the heels.

He followed the little girl as she limped excitedly around the outskirts of the noisy group in whose pastime she could not actively share. He restrained her impetuosity, and when harm seemed to threaten from the excited crowd, he interposed himself between her and the danger. When she grew tired, he carried rather than led her to a convenient resting-place, and seated himself beside her, apparently content to be a spectator with her, although his comrades were shouting to him to "come on out and have some fun."

"Is she his sister?" the visitor asked of the superintendent.

"Yes and no," was the answer. "She came as a sister, providentially, but she is really not a relative at all.

"He was one of my toughest boys at first—was incorrigible, in fact; and he tried my patience severely.

"'I wish I had a sister,' he said to me one day, after I had scolded him for something he had done. This I took to be the first awakening of a desire for better things, and I was both surprised and encouraged.

"'It would be very pleasant if you had,' I said.

"'You bet!' he replied, and then added confidentially, 'You see it's this way: There's me fader, he licks Louie; Louie licks Jakie and Jakie licks me; but I ain't got nobody to lick! If I had a sister, I wouldn't to a t'ing to her—oh no! See?'

"When this little girl came to the school he regarded her at first with scorn and indifference. 'A gimpy,' as he called her, was an object of curiosity rather than of sympathy. But one day, while standing near the other children at play, she was crowded and thrown down. Her cry—more of fright than pain, for she was not hurt—seemed to appeal to feelings that had never been touched before. He rushed forward almost savagely, pushed the other children aside, and taking her up in his arms, carried her to the same seat where they are now. He soothed and consoled her, scowling in a shamefaced way at the other boys, who laughed at him, of course; and ever since then, in school or out, going or coming, he has watched over her like a brother.

"He has found a sister, and more. He has found his better self. I have had no trouble with him since that day. He has been obedient, and in many ways helpful to me, and I shall do everything in my power to see that the good that is in him shall not be lost to himself or to society."

Humor of the Court Room.

In the early days of the railroad in Michigan there was a farmer who owned two well-bred and useful dogs, named Major and Tige. On a certain morning the dogs chased a stray hog down the main road, and on the return trip stopped to play at the railroad crossing. Heedless of the conspicuous warning to look out for the locomotive, Tige was struck by that engine of destruction and killed, Major escaping by sheer dog luck. Damage suits were a new thing at the time, so when the owner of the dogs commenced an action before a rural justice of the peace there was an immense crowd of neighbors and sympathizers present at the hearing. The engineer swore that he gave one sharp blast of the whistle as he approached the crossing. It looked as though the railroad company was to go scot free, but the attorney for the farmer knew his business—and also the justice. "Your honor," he said, "it is required by your statutes in such cases made and provided, that when any person or domestic animal is upon a railroad and seen by the engineer, he must sound his whistle. In this instance, your honor, there were two domestic animals innocently playing on the track, and the whistle was sounded but once, when it is a positive legal requirement that it should have been blown twice—once for each dog." So convincing was this argument that the country justice would not even give the railroad attorney a hearing, and awarded the plaintiff the full amount of damages sued for.

His Cause For Tears.

At a seance the other day, when the lights had been turned low, the medium was describing a tall, dark-eyed, handsome spirit, with long moustaches, and hair parted carefully down the center, that was hovering round a middle-aged but elderly looking man, when he burst suddenly into tears; heartrending sobs shook his thin frame.

"George, George," he cried; "why, oh, why, did you leave me to the misery of these past years?"

"Then you knew him?" asked the medium.

"Knew him?" murmured the downhearted man. "I saw him daily for months and months. Oh, George," he continued, "why did you die?"

"My good man," pleaded the medium, "you must pull yourself together. Though his loss to you must have been a great one, you may yet meet another friend who will fill his place."

"No, no," he cried; "his place is filled."

"Filled! Why, what do you mean?" asked the medium, astonished.

"He was my wife's first husband!"—"Tit-Bits."

Not Anxious to Show It.

Madge—How did you know I wore my old hat to the theater last night?

Marjorie—I was told you took it off.—"Judge."

Curious Bits of News.

A man in Tennessee got four cords of wood, three gallons or honey and five coons from a single tree. "Take care of the forests if you want to get rich," comments the local paper which announces the man's good luck.

A Yankee country weekly prints an advertisement, according to the New York "Press," that deserves a response. It reads: "If John Smith, who twenty years ago deserted his poor wife and babe, will return, said babe will knock the stuffing out of him."

Matthew J. Steffens, a Chicago photographer, has invented and patented an automatic "nickel-in-the-slot" photographing machine which will make a complete picture in twenty seconds. The machine is called the "photographist," and is as simple as it is remarkable. It is the first automatic picture-making machine which has been perfected in the world, and Mr. Steffens looks for large results from the invention. He will not manufacture and sell the machines himself, but will sell the right or franchise for the different States and cities to individual companies which will place them on the market. He has already sold several "rights" in New York and elsewhere.

It is hard to realize that the bootblack is an invention of the last half-century, yet he is now celebrating, in London, the fiftieth anniversary of his appearance. He came upon the scene in 1851, the year of the great exhibition in London, the first of the "world's fairs." The city was full of visitors from all parts of the world, and the problem of the street arab was a serious one. Mr. Macgregor of the famous Rob Roy canoe, suggested that the boys be organized into a great boot-blacking brigade, and he himself made the first box for holding the "kit," the model of those still in use. Idlers jeered the boys at first, and sometimes stoned them, but the public found their services so convenient that the trade soon became profitable.

An annual increase of income, in three Western States alone of over $22,000,000 from improvement of the wheat crop—this is what is being accomplished by the work of experimental wheat-breeding now carried on at the Minnesota Agricultural Station. This work and its results are described in the "World's Work" (May) by W. S. Harwood. The work of wheat-breeding, he says, was begun in France many years ago by M. Henri Vilmorin, more than a thousand new wheats having been tested by him. Ten years ago similar work was begun at the State institution in Minnesota. Mr. Harwood writes: "To create a new wheat, the pollen from the flower of one wheat must be artificially transferred to the stigma of the flower of another wheat. Wheat is a self-fertilizing plant. Left to itself, it will reproduce itself throughout endless centuries. Great care is necessary in the work, and trained men are essential. As soon as the pollen is transferred—which is done about four o'clock in the morning, at the hour when the wheat florets open—the head of wheat is encased in a tissue sack so that the work may not be interfered with by any pilfering insect or bird. Two of the best-known varieties are selected, one for the father, the other for the mother of the new race. When the harvest comes it may be that the new wheat has some of the poor and few of the good characteristics of the parents; or the reverse may be the case. It is impossible to say in advance what the new wheat will be. From the single head which results as the first harvest, only a handful of kernels is threshed out. This handful is of immense importance, for these kernels may become the source of a mighty race, destined not only to supplant the old wheats, but to add enormously to the wealth o the world."

Bought Medicine Himself.

"I've just been drugged and robbed," said he. "I think it is a shame!"

The officer just yawned, and said, "What was the druggist's name?"—N.Y. "Life."

Practical Joking at Washington.

A few weeks ago a wild excitement was caused in the War Department at Washington, D.C., when a rumor spread around that the Civil Service rules had been disregarded in the case of an old soldier, who, after being in the department for many years, had had his head taken off without warning. It was also hinted that if the old soldier's case were reopened reinstatement would surely follow. Interested parties were directed to a certain place on the second floor for particulars. Imagine their feelings when they saw two men at a large table in the corridor at work on the lay figure taken from one of the glass cases in which the uniforms of the United States army at various periods are displayed to an admiring public. The moths had got into the stuffing of a very old soldier indeed, wearing a Confederate uniform, and the ghastly spectacle presented itself of his wooden head standing on the table, entirely apart from his trunk. The reopening of his case occurred later in the day, when the moths having been killed and a fresh instalment of camphor mixed with the stuffing, the figure was returned to its place under glass.

His Able Proxy.

"My wife makes me stand round—I can't deny that." "Doesn't it humiliate you?" "No; our baby is the living image of me—and he makes her stand round."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

The Moonstone Sphinx

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson,

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

Repeated from last week, on account of a slight mix-up.

When it was over one could hardly have told what it was all about; but one thing he was sure of. Miss Gray was the prettiest and the sweetest girl he had ever seen in his life. He would have liked to do some great service for her, not to win her notice, but because of the warmth there would be in his heart only to feel that he had done it. Something about her—perhaps the expression of her eyes, or the way that her bright hair waved back from her forehead—reminded him of a woman who had once been supreme in beauty; a dead woman whose words had sent him tramping, almost penniless and through bitter hardships, hundreds of miles on the way to England.

A girl and a man sitting directly in front of him were talking of Winifred Gray, and Hope Newcome listened with interest. If they had spoken evil of her he would certainly have inflicted summary punishment upon the man, but they had only good things to say. The girl told the man what a surprising "hit" Miss Gray had made last spring, and how she had been "made" after her first night at the Duke of Clarence's by the extravagant praise of one famous dramatic critic. She had only been in London a few months, but already her photographs were in greater demand than those of any other actress (Hope resolved at once to get one), while there was a new style of shoe and a new rose named after her.

Newcome went out with the crowd when it was all over, but almost involuntarily he turned towards the stage entrance for one more look at his divinity, whom perhaps he should never have a chance to see again.

The "johnnies" stared superciliously at him, and looked at each other with raised, questioning eyebrows. Perhaps they would have laughed; but Hope Newcome was not exactly the sort of man one laughed at unless one were over six feet in height and broad in proportion. Still, he was ashamed of himself for forming one of such a group, and was half inclined to go away again without waiting for a glimpse of Miss Gray, when a smart brougham drove up, and close behind it a four-wheeled cab.

"That's Mrs. Peter Carlton's little turn-out," one youth said to another, nodding at the brougham; and at the same moment a big man, who appeared to be without companions, stepped to the kerbstone and spoke in a low voice to the driver of the cab.

"That's our Winnie's chariot. Comes for her every night. Not quite so grand as the other, eh?" remarked the youth.

"Give her time," said his friend, and they both laughed.

Hope Newcome clenched his hands and breathed hard. He would have liked nothing better than to teach the pair a lesson in discretion, but he realized that for Miss Gray's sake he had better let them alone. He looked with great interest at the plain vehicle which had the honor of taking Winifred Gray home, and he wondered what the well-dressed man on the pavement was saying in such a low, earnest tone to the cabman. He could not hear the words, but, as he listened, he caught the driver's answer: "That's all right, sir, but I couldn't do it. It's as much as my place would be worth."

Newcome's ears seemed suddenly to be sharpened. "But look here," the other urged, "there's no reason——" Again his voice dropped so low that the rest was lost.

For three or four minutes the conversation went on, Newcome the only one in the crowd who continued to give it attention, for meanwhile Mrs. Peter Carlton and her maid had come out from the stage door, the actress in a magnificent evening wrap over a ball gown. She was evidently "going on" somewhere. Then appeared two or three pretty girls, whose small parts and salaries to match did not prevent their being beautifully dressed.

But Newcome did not even see them. The man who had been talking with the cab-driver had now climbed up on the seat beside him, where, having turned up the collar of his light overcoat and pulled his round black hat somewhat down over his eyes, he sat silently with arms folded.

At any moment now Miss Gray was likely to come out. The blood was beating in Hope Newcome's temples. He had only landed in Liverpool a week ago from the ship in which he had been a steerage passenger. From Liverpool he had walked much of the way to London, to economize the little money he had left.

In that part of America whence he came, men did not take very long to make up their minds or to act after they were made up, and Newcome had not spent time enough in a slower country to change his ways.

For a moment he hesitated, because he hated making himself more conspicuous than he was already, and prudence whispered that he might be stumbling into a mare's nest. But it was only for a moment. Then he took one stride across the pavement and addressed the driver of Miss Gray's cab.

"If I were you," said he, "I wouldn't have anyone with me on that box seat."

Cabby stared, flushed and frowned, each phase of his emotion being visible in the light over the stage door.

"Of all the cheek I ever 'eard," he observed in return, "if that ain't about the wust! Wot business is it o' yours, anyhow, Mr. Buffalo Bill?"

Hope Newcome's handsome face was red, and his eyes flashed; but he was not going to spoil everything by a vulgar brawl with a cabman. He had spoken in a low voice, but cabby had purposely replied in a loud, clear tone, to be that everyone near turned to see what might be going on.

"I overheard your conversation a few minutes ago with the man you've got beside you," Newcome answered, as quietly as before. This was an exaggeration of the truth; but it had the effect he intended. The driver wriggled on his seat and flashed a look at his companion, as if demanding to be got out of the difficulty.

"I'm a friend of his," said the other quickly. "If you heard anything, you must have heard that. I'd like to know what affair it is of yours, though?"

"Well, I just thought I'd mention it, that's all," drawled Newcome, speaking for the first time, with a pronounced Yankee accent. "And see here, I haven't got much time to spare for you. How long are you going to take about getting down?"

"Do you want me to call the police and recommend them to pack you off to Bedlam?" demanded the man by the driver.

"You can do as you like about that," said Newcome, through his nose, "after you've come down off your perch."

Mrs. Peter Carlton had driven away, and the pretty girls had gone, and the crowd that was left threw itself heart and soul into the scene. Nobody had interfered as yet; for it appeared to all that under the badinage there was more than met the eye or ear.

"Come now, you clear out of this," advised the driver's companion, "or you'll get something you won't like."

"I'll go when you've got down."

The man, who had kept his temper, and kept his voice under control as well, grew suddenly reckless. It was twenty minutes past eleven, and he was anxious to be rid of this persistent Paul Pry, whose interference was likely to prove inconvenient. He had been employed to do a certain thing, and though his bargain with cabby was far from complete, he had found the man amenable to reason, and was morally sure he would be open to further, more dazzling offers. Already he had paid five pounds down for the mere privilege of sitting on the box-seat of Miss Gray's cab, the driver so far suspecting nothing more serious than love-sick romance; and there were other instructions which must be carried out.

He leant across the cabman and snatched the whip from its socket. "Now," he exclaimed, "Will you stop this drunken game?"

He glared down at the young man on the pavement, chuckling over the secret of his own great strength — the strength by which he partly got his living.

Hope Newcome gave him back stare for stare. With a quick movement he caught the threatening whip in the middle, a few inches higher up than the spot where the other grasped it. The man on the box gave a wrench. Newcome twisted the other way, and the whip broke off short with a snap.

It was at this instant that Winifred Gray appeared in the doorway.

The snap of the breaking whip was sharp in the girl's ears. She did not know what to make of the thing that she saw, though it was clear that something extraordinary was happening—something in which her own cab and cabman were intimately concerned.

What she saw was a strange, silent struggle between a man on the box-seat beside the driver and a man below, who had pressed himself close to the wheel. That man she had seen before. It was the "bronze statue" she had wondered about, and pitied and admired all in a breath as she went into the theater a few hours—or was it years?—ago.

She saw the man on the seat raise the broken stock of the whip as if to strike. She saw the other seize his arm, and she saw the struggle that followed; the big fellow on the box, whose right arm was held fast, getting in one fierce, sudden blow with his clenched fist, but no more. The man on the pavement dodged his head like a practised boxer, and the vicious blow glanced along his forehead. Winifred's lips had parted to cry out, "What has happened?", and the words were not uttered. Nobody spoke; but the crowd of idlers and loafers surged forward towards the combatants.

CHAPTER VI.

The Granting of a Wish.

The driver would have started his horse and got away if he could; but in the fraction of a second the tall, lithe fellow on the pavement realized his intention, snatched the reins and twisted them round his own wrist. Next instant the big man on the box gave a yelp of agony. The hand that clutched the whip-stock dropped limply; the left was thrown out blindly again in a mechanical attempt at retaliation that missed its mark, and, seeing his opportunity, the "bronze statue's" tactics changed. In a flash the hand that had grasped the other's limp right arm sprang to his neck, and, twisting in his coat-collar, wrenched the stout figure from its high seat, bringing it in a heap to the ground. Then it was jerked up again, tottering and staggering, pale lips cursing.

"You shall pay for this—I'll have you up for assault!" the man sputtered, his face yellow-white. "Confound you! You've broken my arm."

"Have me up, by all means," returned Newcome, politely, though his breath was coming and going quickly. "If you don't mind the circumstances getting out, I'm sure I don't. I've nothing to conceal."

"What's up here?" demanded George Anderson's voice; and, turning with a start, Winifred saw not only the manager, but his friend, Lionel Macaire.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Newcome!" the actor went on. "Have you been getting into a row?"

Hope Newcome faced him frankly. If he had glanced at the millionaire instead, he would have seen a thing which Winifred saw—or thought that she saw—with surprise and bewilderment.

Lionel Macaire's eyes were not even for her. They had darted straight as a hawk darts upon its prey, to the face of the man whom Newcome had so forcibly unseated. The look was brief as a lightning flash, but full of concentrated passion.

Then the eyes traveled to the man with the wide-brimmed hat, resting upon him for an instant with an extraordinary, an unreadable expression. And both looks passed so quickly that a second later Winifred was hardly sure she had not magnified or altogether imagined their meaning.

"I think, Mr. Anderson, it won't amount to a 'row,'" Hope Newcome answered, wiping a trickle of blood from his forehead, where a sledge-hammer fist had struck, aiming for his temple. "I merely objected, on principle, to persons getting a drive on other people's cabs, that's all."

"The gent was a friend of mine," grumbled the frightened cabman, flinging his crumb of explanation to Winifred Gray, who was his employer. "I guv 'im permission to get up beside me, not thinkin' the lydy would object, when blow me if this 'ere bloke didn't come interferin'."

"The 'gent,' as you call him, paid for your friendship. I saw that—for it was clumsily done," said Newcome. "And if I might presume to advise the lady who has hired you, I would suggest that she asks for another driver to-morrow night."

Once the man who had stood nursing his broken arm looked at Mr. Macaire. In his bloodshot eyes was a question or an appeal, but it was unanswered. The millionaire stared through the great lumbering form as if it had been of thinnest air, his discolored face expressionless now as a mask.

With a mien of one ashamed and defeated, yet defiant still, the big fellow went lumbering off, muttering to himself as he walked. And with him the crowd of onlookers began melting away. The fun was over for them, though it had been prime while it lasted. They had seen what they came for, and a good deal more besides. Of the principal actors in the scene, only Winifred looked after the departing one, noting with a glance of shuddering fascination the bull-neck and the formidable though slouching shoulders. Then her eyes came back to the "bronze statue."

"Thank you for your advice," she said, quite simply. "I shall take it. And thank you for what you have done—though I scarcely understand even now what it was."

"There is nothing to thank me for," answered Hope Newcome. "But—may I call you another cab?"

"It is not necessary to trouble you further," said Mr. Macaire, speaking for the first time since his appearance. "Mr. Anderson and I will see that Miss Gray is taken care of."

To save her life, Winifred could not help looking straight into Hope Newcome's eyes. Perhaps she was not wholly responsible for the message they conveyed, but to him they seemed to say: "I don't want them to do anything for me. I want you to do it."

Accepting the message, his hat in his hand, the young pauper replied to the millionaire like an equal. "I assure you it is no trouble, but a pleasure. If the lady will allow me, I should like to get her a cab."

Near by a footman was touching his tall hat. Mr. Macaire's carriage had arrived.

"Come along, Anderson," he said, shrugging his shoulders. Both men bowed low to Winifred; Anderson nodded to Newcome, Macaire gave him another curiously contemplative look, and then the two were shut up by the footman in the millionaire's carriage.

"Ain't you goin' to have me, miss?" whined the driver. "None of this business ain't my fault."

"You can send in your bill to-morrow morning, and I'll pay you what is due," said Winifred. "But—— I sha'n't want you again. I'm afraid I can't trust you after this."

Mumbling, he drove away, the five pounds he had earned so easily partially consoling him for the business he had lost.

Not far away was the corner of the street, crossed by a wider thoroughfare; and there cabs plied for hire. As the vehicle just discharged vanished in one direction a wave of Hope Newcome's hand—he standing in the middle of the street—brought a hansom round the corner and up to the stage-door.

"Do you mind its not being a four-wheeled one?" he asked.

"No," replied Winifred. "I like it better—for to-night; it's quicker. But won't you tell me, now the other cabman's gone, exactly what he did that was wrong, and—how you happened to notice it at all?"

"I overheard that big fellow trying to bribe him, and though I couldn't catch much that they said, it was easy after the first to put two and two together," answered Newcome. "For some reason the man wanted to drive on your cab, and—well, I thought you wouldn't wish him to if you understood. So I suggested that he should get off, and when he wouldn't I took him off, that's all."

"I should think you did!" Winifred's mood was far enough from merriment, but she broke into a little laugh over his quiet way of explaining the thing that he had done—also at the expression of mingled bewilderment and alarm on the withered-apple face of her maid.

She let Newcome help her into the hansom, but it was the maid who told the new cabman where to drive. Then, with a smile and a last murmur of thanks, she was gone out of his sight.

"I'd give a good deal to know what that brute's real object was," the young man said to himself, as wistfully he watched the hansom drive round the corner and disappear. "Did he only want to find out where she lived, or was there something more? Was he doing it on 'his own,' or was there someone else behind him? Well, anyhow, whatever it was, it didn't come off. And he'll give a job to a surgeon before he gets into any more mischief. I was in luck to have done it, out of training as I am; but I felt the 'small' bone of his arm snap—and serve him right."

Hope Newcome walked away, turning his face southward, for his lodgings were beyond the bounds of polite civilization, on the wrong side of the river. As he crossed Waterloo Bridge, the moon—honey-yellow in a hyacinth sky—hung over the water, its broken reflection like a fallen cup of gold that drifted down the river with the tide.

The young man stood still, and looked back with a strange, new ache in his heart, at the London that he had left. Its buildings stately, almost repellently splendid, silhouetted against the sky in the moon-paled darkness. He was thrust out of that splendor, not wanted. He was poor, and alone, and the mission on which he had come seemed as far from him in its accomplishment as the moon was from the black water. Yet the water was swift, and it caught and held the moon's image.

He was young, and poverty—even a knowledge of hunger unsatisfied—had not silenced the high song of his blood, or chilled its warmth. He did not despair. And though he had met disappointment to-night, in seeking the first round of the ladder, still, he had seen a face fair enough to brighten darkness, and he had had his wish. He had asked of Fate that he might serve Winifred Gray; and he had served her. Though they never met again, she would not quite forget.

* * * * * *

The thought of home was like balm on a wound to Winifred that night. She and her mother had taken a small flat near Bryanston Square, and when the hansom stopped before the door of Bryancourt Mansions, the girl looked up to the lighted windows as she might have looked for a star.

Her mother knew the time when she was to be expected back from the theater to the moment, and never missed hearing the roll of the cab-wheels, the clatter of the horse's feet in stopping at the pavement. By the time that Winifred was half-way up the third and last flight of stairs, the door of the flat was open, and the little mother smiling in the light that streamed out to gladden "Winnie's" eyes.

To-night, it seemed a bad omen to the girl that the drawing-room windows with their red silk shades should glow but faintly, and the door be shut. The maid had the latchkey in the tiny black bag which contained her mistress's few bits of jewelry, and used it for almost the first time since the flat had been home to the young actress.

CHAPTER VII.

In Twos and Threes.

Winifred ran quickly in, leaving her maid to fasten the door of the flat, and it was a great relief to see her mother's small, thin figure appear at the drawing-room door.

"Winnie, darling, I didn't know you'd come. I'm so sorry," cried the voice that had always been to Winifred the sweetest in the world. "I heard a cab, but it was like a jingling hansom. I was sure it wasn't yours."

This was explanation enough; but the girl's sensitive ears detected something unusual in the tone—a kind of deadness, as if all the joy notes had been struck out of it.

"I came in a hansom to-night." If Winifred's heart had not been heavy she would have added a curiosity-piquing word about her adventure, but (except for her knight-errant, whose dark face she had not been able to put out of her mind all the way home) the affair appeared pitifully trivial beside the other overwhelming occurrence of the evening. Of this she had meant to speak, telling her mother all that Macaire had said and all that she had said in answer; but the change in the dear voice frightened her. First, know what had been happening at home.

She put her arm round the little woman's frail shoulders and drew her into the drawing-room. "Are you feeling worse, dearest?" she asked, tenderly, her eyes on the face, which was of so pure and transparent a pallor that it often reminded the girl of alabaster, through which light shone clearly.

"Not quite so well as sometimes, perhaps, but nothing for you to worry about," the answer came soothingly. "What do you think is in that chafing-dish for you to-night, pet? Only guess!"

Winifred's eyes turned to the wide doorway which opened between the small drawing-room and still smaller dining-room. There, on the table, stood the smart silver chafing-dish in which some dainty was always prepared by her mother's own hands for her home-coming. The one servant was sent to bed early, and it was Mrs. Gray's pride and pleasure to devise something which might tempt the appetite of the tired little actress after the theater.

The lace-edged tray-cloth, spread with a few pretty plates and bits of glass and silver, looked oddly pathetic to Winifred to-night, and a sensation of choking contracted her throat.

"I can't guess, and I can't eat, mother-kin," she said, "until you tell me what is wrong. There's something, I know."

"I—couldn't you wait for all that until you've had your supper, dear?" pleaded Mrs. Gray. "I've taken such pains with it. It's sweetbreads, done in a new way. And there's a steaming hot cup of chocolate—for the night seemed so chilly."

Winifred shivered slightly, but not with cold. Lionel Macaire had made her drink chocolate. She thought that she could never bear to touch it again, but still less could she grieve her mother. So she took off her hat and gloves and sat down at the table, trying to smile, praising the sweetbreads, and reluctantly sipping the chocolate, while the weight of presentiment was coldly heavy on her breast. The worst of this night was not over yet, something seemed to whisper in her ear. She must at least make a pretense of eating now, if she would show appreciation of the little mother's thought for her. By-and-by even that pretense would be impossible.

The lump in her throat made it hard to swallow, and a mist of tears dimmed her eyes, but she would not let them fall. She and her best loved one had been so happy, so merry, in this little place. Why need she feel that it was all going to end to-night? It was stupid to feel that—yet the impression would not pass.

When she could make an end of the feast without seeming ungrateful she sprang up and pushed away her chair. Mrs. Gray had sat watching the girl with great love and a tireless, yearning admiration in her eyes as her frail body leant against the cushions in a grandfather chair by the fireplace. Though October had not come yet, there was a glow of dying fire in the grate—just enough to give an excuse for drawing near it, and Winifred knelt down on the rug, with her arms across her mother's knees.

"Now, what is it, dear?" she asked, bravely.

"I wish I needn't tell you," the elder woman answered, a quiver in her voice.

"You and I have always borne everything together, haven't we? And so we always will."

"Oh, darling, there've been troubles enough in your young life. I did hope they were over. But Heaven knows best."

"Aren't you going to tell me?"

"Since I must—yes. It couldn't be kept from you. Strange, isn't it, love, how troubles come so often in twos and threes, not singly?"

Winifred looked up into her mother's eyes. On the surface of her thoughts swam the consciousness of what had happened at the theater, and the vague fear of what it might mean in the future. This was to be a night to remember. She longed, yet dreaded to have the knowledge that lay behind those loving eyes.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Letter from Sloane Street.

"'Irish Life' has stopped," said Mrs. Gray, "and all the money you put late it for poor Dick is lost. Nearly two hundred pounds, dear."

"Dick" was Winifred's only brother, a year older than she; and "Irish Life" was a paper started in Dublin early in the summer, of which Dick Gray had been made sub-editor because of the money his sister had optimistically lent him for the purchase of certain shares. It had been put in by degrees, as it could be spared from her salary of twelve pounds a week, which had begun about the first of March, and the full amount required had been sent off only a month ago. Meanwhile, for Dick's sake, the girl and her mother had been living with the utmost economy, and making sacrifices with unflagging cheerfulness, for the prospects of the new paper had been represented as marvelously bright, and it had certainly seemed a wonderful chance for Dick, whose gifts, if any, were for a journalistic career.

Now the money was gone, and poor Dick would be "out of a berth," as he had dolefully reminded his mother in the letter which told the bad news. There had been trickery somewhere, for if the paper was in danger of dissolution the last payments should not have been accepted; but the excuses were very plausible, and Dick did not think that he would be able to get a penny back again.

On any other night this blow would have fallen with comparative lightness upon Winifred, who had all the buoyant hopefulness of her twenty years; but bravely as she had flung back Lionel Macaire's insults, his threats had frightened her. His money and his well-known interest in theatrical affairs gave him infinite power in the world in which she moved, and though she did not exactly see how he could use it to hurt her, at all events in the present, there might be ways; and the solid foundation which a good engagement gave her seemed trembling under her feet as she reassured her mother. "What's two hundred pounds, after all?" she laughed brightly. "With twelve pounds coming in every week, money soon counts up; and I'm getting to know a lot of newspaper men now, who are all very kind to me; and perhaps through them something will be found for Dick in London, which would be better than Ireland. And even though this money's gone, it's not all wasted, for Dick bought his experience. Oh, while there's nothing worse than this, dear, you mustn't look so pale and heart-broken!"

"There is—something else, Winnie," faltered Mrs. Gray. "Not worse—oh not worse! Still, I'm afraid it will grieve you to hear it."

For a moment Winifred had forgotten her mother's hint that "troubles came in twos and threes." Her heart grew cold again.

"It's only about me," went on the elder woman, almost apologetically. "You know you made me promise that I'd see a doctor about myself, and I said that I would when I could screw up my courage. I wrote to Sir Digby Field asking for an appointment, and it came for to-day at three o'clock. I was glad that it was Wednesday, and matinee day, for then you need not know anything about it till it was over. You were not coming home to dinner, and I hoped that when I saw you at night after the theater I should have something reassuring to tell you. But, darling—I haven't. It's the other way."

"Mother!" cried Winifred, her face stricken white, her voice sharp with fear. She wound her arms tightly round the slender waist, holding the frail little figure as if with her own young body she would defend it against all harm.

"Don't look like that, darling!" her mother implored. "Sir Digby didn't say I must—die. He only told me that I was in danger, and that, if my life were to be saved, I must undergo a serious operation. Not at once, but I should not wait longer than two or three months. After that, it might be—too late!"

"Would it be a dangerous operation?" the girl asked, breathlessly.

"A little. It must always be so with such things, I fancy. But it is the expense I am thinking of, Winnie. I didn't know when I saw Sir Digby about 'Irish Life' and poor Dick. But when I came home, feeling somewhat upset, there was the letter waiting for me. It seemed almost too much."

Winifred pressed her lips tightly together over her own secret, as if to hide it under lock and key lest it should betray itself. She had quite resolved now that she would say nothing to make her mother's burden heavier, unless circumstances force her later on to speak.

"Don't worry about the money, mother-kin. It will be all right, you'll see," she said. "And when you're well again—as you will be soon—how happy we shall feel."

"I asked Sir Digby how much it would all cost," sighed the little woman, "and he said it wouldn't be safe to calculate upon less than two hundred pounds. For I shall have to be long time at a nursing home. I don't see how we can manage it."

"Nonsense!" cried Winifred. "Nothing easier. Money isn't what it used to be to us when I, poor little wretch, thought I was lucky to get three pounds a week on tour."

"And you lived on one, and sent two to Dick and me!"

"I never wanted more, dear. You've no idea how passing rich a girl can be on twenty shillings a week touring in the country, if she chums with another girl, as I did. Oh, there was plenty of fun in those days. I like to look back on them!"

As she looked back now, they seemed delightfully free from care. There had been no horrible millionaires then, offering her champagne and many other things which she could not take.

Somehow she comforted her mother, undressing her and putting her to bed as if she had been a child—for Jameson was never permitted to sit up for any ministrations after the theater. Mother and daughter preferred then to help each other, and have their two small connecting bedrooms to themselves.

But Winifred herself did not sleep. All the pent-up grief which she had not allowed to be seen, at thought of the suffering and danger from which, at best, she could not save her adored mother, broke over her in a wave. She buried her burning face in the pillow, quivering as if under the strokes of a lash, though no tears came. Whatever happened, she must have money. There must be something for poor Dick, who seemed always so unlucky, even when hopes had been highest; and, above all, the little mother must be cared for as if she were a queen. Nothing must be lacking—nothing.

Usually, when Winifred went to bed, she had only to close her eyelids to fall asleep, not to wake until Jameson knocked in the morning and threw back the heavily-lined blue curtains that kept the early light from pouring in at the open window. But to-night she lay listening feverishly to the quarter-hours as they were solemnly struck by St. Mary's Church clock, wondering if she would still be awake to hear the next.

She invariably did hear the next, and the next. And so morning came. Her habit was not to rise till nine, as it was well, her mother said, for young people who worked hard to have plenty of sleep. When it was half-past seven, however, she could bear to lie in bed no longer, and she had bathed and dressed without waking her mother in the next room, before it was time for the maid to come to her door.

Already the letters had arrived and were waiting on a table in the drawing-room until it should be time for Jameson to carry them to Mrs. Gray and her daughter. On top was an envelope addressed in Mr. Anderson's handwriting, and the girl's heart gave a leap as she caught sight of it.

He had written to her on several occasions, about the time when her engagement in his company was pending, but never since.

She took up the letter with a hand that was not quite steady, and saw from the smart crest and monogram on the envelope that it was the paper which he used at home. He must have written to her immediately on arriving at his house in Sloane street, after the theater last night.

A vision of him leaving the stage entrance with Lionel Macaire, and driving away in the latter's carriage, when both had bowed with elaborate formality to her, flashed into her head. Had the millionaire's revenge already begun by prejudicing the manager's mind against her? Surely Mr. Anderson would not be so unfair to—— But she would not wait to finish the question. She tore open the envelope.

"Dear Miss Gray," said the actor-manager, "will you come to the theater to-morrow (Thursday) morning, and ask for me half-an-hour before the time for rehearsal? Yours truly, George Anderson."

There was nothing very alarming on the surface of this brief note, with the request which might have been made for one out of a dozen harmless reasons. But instinct that had brought the dark cloud of brooding presentiment last night, spoke again gloomily.

The rehearsals for "As You Like It," which had begun about a week ago, were called for "eleven sharp" every day. Therefore the appointment which Mr. Anderson wished Winifred to keep was at half-past ten.

They had sat talking together, the girl and her mother, later than usual, and Mrs. Gray, who often suffered at night, and was a restless sleeper, was making up this morning for the hours she had lost. Winifred never allowed her to be called until she awoke of her own accord, and though this was generally early, to-day Winifred had her breakfast and went away without seeing her mother. She left a short note full of love, saying only that she was obliged to go down to the theater half an hour earlier than she had expected.

When the girl had first called upon Mr. Anderson at his request, a little unknown actress from the provinces, she had felt almost sick with excitement lest something should go wrong at the last, and she should lose the glorious chance she had been led to expect. She remembered that day and its sensations with painful distinctness this morning, but now her emotion was even more keen than it had been then.

The actor-manager had an "office" at the theater, where he imagined that he transacted a great deal of business, and did indeed spend some hours of most days in the week. Winifred knew that she would be received there; and, when she had sent up word that she had arrived and would wait Mr. Anderson's convenience, she furtively pinched her cheeks to counteract the pallor she had seen in passing a mirror. Whatever might be in store for her, she did not wish to betray the fact that she was frightened.

In five or ten minutes Mr. Anderson's young secretary came to fetch Miss Gray to the office, and at the door of that room he disappeared. The interview was to be a strictly private one.

The actor-manager sat at his desk, glancing over the correspondence which his secretary had placed ready for him. As Winifred was announced, he rose slowly, looking formidably large and impressive. His eyes were as dreamy as ever, but it seemed to the girl—or she imagined it— that they were slightly restless, not willing to meet and dwell upon hers with the caressing, lingering gaze which was a characteristic of his in greeting a pretty woman. For once he appeared ill at ease; his voice betrayed a certain agitation, as the voice of a sensitive or cowardly person will when something disagreeable has to be done.

He gave Winifred a chair, and sat down again himself, looking at a curious ring he wore, and talking about the weather.

(To be continued.)

Morality in Fiction.

Trials of novelists in criminal courts on the charge of corrupting the public and indermining morality and religion are not common occurrences. Flaubert was thus arraigned and tried by a jury for his "Madame Bovary," and that trial (which ended in an acquittal) is one of the most interesting events in the history of literary sensations. The critics now regard "Madame Bovary" as a highly moral book, while as literature it has become a classic.

Some years ago Belgium had a literary "affair" which attracted attention in all artistic circles, even beyond the border. Two leading novelists, Camille Lemonnier and Georges Ekhud, were invited and tried at Bruges, a quiet ancient, conservative, and even puritanical town, for writing immoral, licentious, and pernicious fiction. The novels which had furnished the basis of the prosecution were "L'Homme en Amour" and "Escal-Vigor." Lemonnier made an eloquent and extraordinary speech to the jury, and he was ably defended. Both authors were acquitted.

Now Lemonnier has told the whole story, in disguised and changed form naturally, in a "novel with a purpose," a work whose hero represents the author himself. Most of Lemonnier's personal troubles and experiences connected with his literary tendency and artistic creed are made to befall the hero, a man of letters named Wildman, but certain domestic details and the final catastrophe of the novel, which is entitled "Les Deux Consciences" (The Two Consciences), are invented.

The novel is a plea and an apology—a plea for freedom in art, for toleration, for candid criticism of the existing social creeds (religious, social, and artistic), for honest treatment of nature; an apology for the author's own philosophy of life, which is a sort of neo-paganism. The plot of the novel may be briefly summarized as follows:

Wildman, a novelist residing in Portmonde, an unprogressive Belgian city, has excited the hostility of his townsmen by the ideas and methods of his literary work. He is a neo-Hellenist; he shares the ancient Greek conception of harmonious development of body and mind; he believes in the purity of nature and the essential chastity of passion. He does not believe that the flesh is at war with the spirit and needs mortification and resistance. He holds this doctrine of the sinfulness of the body to be unnatural, blasphemous and superstitious, and he delights in the simple, natural, rude, but healthy, life of the plain people, attached to the soil and unconsciously realizing their oneness with universal life.

Wildman is engaged in writing a novel describing the gradual evolution of human ideals, the decline of the present conception of duty and morality, and the return, in a modified form, to the religion of nature. He pictures the passing of mankind into terra libra where the will to live and the joy of life are the ruling principles of conduct, and self-abnegation has ceased to be a virtue. Wildman's open assault on the Christian religion and its moral code are resented by his fellow-citizens, and he finds himself isolated, socially ostracized. His domestic life, at first thoroughly happy, becomes clouded and, finally, intolerable. His wife is a devout Roman Catholic, and as such wholly out of sympathy with his notions. Her affection for him slowly fades away, and she grows to regard him as a lost and depraved man. They have a child, a boy, and the mother succeeds in completely estranging him from the father. The boy is sent to a convent school, and is never left alone with Wildman, who is ardently devoted to his family and suffers keenly from this separation.

At this time, a novel of his called "Terre Libre" is published, and the hostility of the conservative town becomes so acute that the authorities bring criminal proceedings against him as a corrupter of youth and advocate of vice and license. He is wounded to the quick by this charge, for he protests that not a line or word of his book is open to the charge of immorality. He becomes despondent and discouraged, though the authors of Belgium and France send him messages of sympathy and appreciation. He determines to defend himself before the jury of his townsmen, not for his own sake, but for the sake of his ideas and of the truth which is dear to him.

A preliminary investigation takes place and Wildman finds the examining magistrate stern, strenuous, resolute, though intelligent enough to comprehend that he is dealing, not with a wanton or mercenary offender, but with a sincere representative of another philosophy, another conscience. The prosecution is vigorous, prompted by a sense of duty, but the jury nevertheless acquits Wildman.

But while the jury is deliberating Wildman learns that his wife has resolved to educate their son for the priesthood. He commits suicide in a fit of despair, no longer caring about the outcome of the trial.

"The old society has just committed another crime," says Wildman's attorney to the court and jury when the verdict of not guilty is brought in. "The man whom you have acquitted of wrong-doing has been driven by persecution and bigotry to suicide."

The novel, "realistic" in a peculiar sense and even autobiographical and controversial, is declared by critics in the French press to be artistic and original, besides claiming attention as an impassioned appeal for "freedom of teaching" in fiction and for a wider view of morality than the conventional one.

He Got the Promotion.

An incident in connection with Sir John Macdonald, which has never appeared in print, is related by Ottawa "Events," which vouches for its truth.

The Prime Minister had gone into the Kingston post-office to see his old friend and supporter, then postmaster, Mr. Robert Shannon. On coming out, the caretaker, a man named Dunbar, stood ready to open the outside door. Stopping in the lobby just within, the Premier put his hand on his forehead and said to himself aloud:

"There's something I've forgotten."

"Yes, sir, you've forgotten to raise my pay!"

Now Dunbar had been petitioning the member and minister (for Sir John was both) during several months for an increase of pay, but without realizing his desire. No one could better appreciate the ready wit of the answer that flew out on the heels of his own remark than Sir John Macdonald, who, with a merry twinkle in his eye, smiled and said:

"Dunbar, you shall get it."

And he did get it a few weeks after he had, in this way if in no other, earned it.

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.

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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, NOVEMBER 20, 1902.

Liberal Tribute to Mr. Borden.

The Winnipeg Tribune, one of the Liberal journals in Canada to remember and support the best traditions of the party, pays Mr. R. L. Borden, the Conservative leader, a high tribute, and incidentally denounces Hon. Clifford Sifton as a political traitor. In a recent issue it said, editorially:

"Asked at Morden whether he was in favor of increasing the tariff on agricultural implements, Mr. Borden replied that he believed the duty was high enough now. We should say it was. The incident, however, is instructive, because it has led Mr. Sifton's organ to repeat on behalf of the Liberal party, that the present tariff on these articles 'is all right as it is.' The Manitoba farmer is now in a position to see exactly what the difference is, so far as regards that portion of the tariff which most concerns his pocket, between the high protection of the Conservatives and what Mr. Sifton, in his efforts to humbug the electors, terms a revenue tariff. The Conservatives believe the duty is high enough; and the Liberals hold that the present tariff on these articles is all right as it is."

"So far at least as agricultural implements are concerned, it appears that the Liberal policy is at least as protectionist as that of the Conservatives. The chief difference appears to be that Mr. Borden is frank and honest enough to describe himself as the supporter and advocate of protectionist duties, while Mr. Sifton dishonestly attempts to humbug the people by telling them that protectionist duties are revenue tariff duties. The one is the frank opponent of a revenue tariff, the other, while equally the enemy of a revenue tariff treacherously professes friendship and essays to make the western farmer, whom he has betrayed, not only his victim, but his dupe and fool."

Decline of Provincial Credit.

Yesterday the Dunsmuir government added to its other glories the distinction of increasing at one attempt, the debt of the province by fifty per cent. The news was received from London that a British Columbia loan had been underwritten. The amount was $3,500,000, and the price but 92. The net sum that the province will receive will be about $3,165,000.

The government organs are claiming that this rate of 92 is phenomenal. It is—but not in the way they mean. Dunsmuirism seems to have had its effect on the credit of the province to such an alarming extent that a loan at a reasonable rate cannot be got in London. The Semlin government—which is now scattered to the four winds because of its sins—was able to get 96 for its loan in 1889, but the "Business Government" could only reach 92. How are the mighty fallen—and the loan prices. The taxpayers will have the pleasure of paying $140,000 yearly to meet the debt.—Vancouver World.

The Empire's Sons.

(BY A BANKER.)

Perhaps the most impressive military display—though not from the point of view of numbers, for there were scarce four thousand in all—which has ever taken place in the entire history of the world, has been the review, on two successive days, of representatives of the Colonial and Indian forces of the British Empire. From almost every appanage of the Empire came the brave men, to do honor to the King Emperor, but who, alas! from his sickroom could only hear the enthusiastic shouts of his people's welcome to them.

Here were gallant, undaunted Canadians, recalling vivid memories of Paardeberg, and many another hard fought conflict; heroic Australians, New Zealanders, Natalians, and Cape Colonists, the recital of whose intrepid valour has thrilled the great heart of the Empire with a throb of pride that she possesses such lion hearted sons. Here were courageous jet black troops from various Colonies of West Africa, who have oft times shewn their prowess against their savage foes; brown Fijians, in quaint uniform; dark skinned Malayan soldiers from Singapore; yellow, almond eyed British troops from Hong Kong and Wei-Hai-Wei, who also well bore their baptism of fire; with representatives of many other Colonies and Dependencies of the Empire, in varied uniform, and of still more varied sun tanned hue.

But still more gorgeous and resplendent, as a spectacle, was the assemblage of our magnificent Indian troops. Even the splendour of the Household Cavalry, in their scarlet and their blue, with their mirrored steel cuirasses and beplumed helmets, waned in the presence of these yet more gloriously apparelled dusky warriors: some in vermillion and gold; or green and purple; or snow white and bullion; or scarlet and sapphire hued; or orange red and emerald green; a very blaze of glowing brilliancy of transplendent colouring. Splendid men, not a few covered with medals, heroes of many a hard fought battle in Uganda, in China, in Afghanistan, in the Soudan, in Burma. Heroes of the great march to Kandahar; the sanguinary fight at Dargai, where Britain and Indian so vied with each other in dauntless bravery, dismaying their redoubtable foes with their desperate heroism; the fierce struggles at Malakand and Wano, and many another blood bought fight.

And as, side by side with their British officers, they marched, head erect in air, as if they cared nought for any man on this earth, the flaming pennons of their glittering lances fluttering in the breeze, their unsheathed broad swords, which have struck such terror, as, swift as lightning they have been launched against the foe, the heart beat quicker at the thought that, if necessary, hundreds of thousands of these brave Sikhs and Mahrattas and Gurkhas, would respond with our wild acclaim to our call to arms, ready to fight for the honor of the Empire in any part of the whole round world, and ready to share with our ever fighting, ever victorious home-troops in all the dangers and in all the hardships of warfare.

But though there may be glory in war, yet after all it is but a cruel, grim diversion. But there is one Great Realm where eternal peace ever reigns, where no discord ever penetrates, where no quarrels ever disturb. And the gates of that Kingdom of amity and concord will be opened to all who live a godly life, and whose misdeeds have been atoned for in the Redeemer's blood.

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FOR YOUR
Patent Rubber Heels and Rubber Soleing
in all sizes and colors.
Boot and Shoe Repairing a Specialty

PELLEW-HARVEY, BRYANT & GILMAN
Mining Engineers and Assayers,
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ASSAY WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS UNDERTAKEN.
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Company funds to loan at 8 per cent.
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SOCIETIES.

FIDELITY S·O·E
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. J. HNSON, W. M
W. G. BIRNEY, Rec.-Sec.

Cold Range Lodge, K. of P., No. 26, Revelstoke, B. C.,
MEETS EVERY WEDNESDAY in Oddfellows' Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting Knights are cordially invited.
H. A. BROWN, C. C.
W. WINSOR, K. of R. & S.

CHURCHES

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

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

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

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

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Meeting every night in their Hall on Front Street.

H EDWARD
TAXIDERMIST,
DEER HEADS, BIRDS, Etc. MOUNTED,
Furs Cleaned and Repaired.
JUST EAST OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
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ANALYTICAL CHEMIST AND ASSAYER.
Royal School of Mines, London. Seven years at Morfa Works, Swansea. 17 years Chief Chemist to Wigan Coal and Iron Co., Eng. Late Chemist and Assayer, Hall Mines, Ltd. Claims examined and reported upon.
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Wood for sale including
Dry Cedar, Fir and Hemlock.
All orders left at W. M. Lawrence's will receive prompt attention.
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Sewing Machine Supplies
I beg to notify the Public that I carry all the necessary attachments and accessories for every make of machine
Agent for the
SINGER SEWING MACHINES
The Best Machine Made.
H. MANNING, : MACKENZIE AVE.
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It will pay you to investigate
THE PAYROLL TOWN FOR THE BIG FREE MILLING GOLD ORE PROPERTIES IN FISH RIVER DISTRICT.
WATCH THIS SPACE

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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 $10 per pair, according to age.
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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,
Fashionable Tailor.
Next the McCarty Block.

For Sale
TWO Residences on McKenzie Avenue, with modern improvements, $1500 each on easy terms.
TWO Residences on Third Street, east, very convenient for railway men, $1800 each, easy terms.
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Hardwood at equally low rates.
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Orders left at C. B. Hume & Co., Morris & Steed's, or at mill will have prompt attention.

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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.

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

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Good Agents Wanted—Address,
J. W. W. STEWART, Provincial Man., Vancouver.

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

P. BURNS & CO'Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers
PRIME BEEF. PORK. MUTTON. SAUSAGE.
FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

THREW OUT A GENTLE HINT

Chief North Suggested to An Up-Town Science Healer That Her Treatment Was Not Wanted in Vancouver.

Miss Alva Davenport left Vancouver as a result of a promise she gave to police detectives, who called upon her to convey the wishes of Chief North regarding the length of her stay in Vancouver.

Miss Davenport represented herself as a healer and was doing a big business in a practice in the art of recovering health for other people, with her headquarters at the Leland Hotel.

The chief decided that the evidence he had in hand regarding the conduct of her business by Miss Davenport warranted his interference. He accordingly sent detectives to urge her to leave the city if she wished to avoid a charge which he proposed laying against her.

"Miss Davenport has left the city for a few days," was the reply given to a query at the Leland this morning, and it was impossible to obtain any information of whether she contemplated to return or not.

"I decided that we had no use for this kind of a healing business in Vancouver," said the chief. "We have sufficient evidence to bring a charge of fraud against her, and if she does not carry out her promise to quit that business and leave the city, we will certainly have her in court.

"Her own advertisement shows that her system was a fraud. She gives no treatment, gives preliminary advice for nothing, and if a person becomes her patient she charges him $10 in advance.

"We sent a woman there to become her patient and secure the evidence we required. The woman told Miss Davenport that she suffered from a certain complaint, which, by the way, was exactly the reverse of the fact; and the woman healer immediately replied. 'Why, certainly, I knew the moment I saw you that that was what was the matter.' They talked about the course of treatment, which consisted in the healer passing her hands over the woman and praying for her. She gave no medicine, but said she wanted $10 before doing anything. She told our patient that it would take sixty days to cure her; that she, the healer, would pray for her after she left the city, and that would be just as good as if she remained in Vancouver all the time.

"Besides this information which showed the real character of the proposition, we had other information that the lady would have had a hard time to get over. She advertised that a large number of people had been cured in Victoria by her and gave a long list of twenty or thirty names. We learned from the Chief of Police in Victoria that none of these people were resident there.

"I also received information about her visit to Nelson, and the same names as are quoted as being of those persons cured in Victoria, were given in the Interior City, I am told, as the names of persons who had been cured in Vancouver."

It is said that Miss Davenport did an immense business in Vancouver." Her rooms at the hotel were crowded every afternoon, and scores of people paid their ten spots and went away on the road to cure.

Miss Davenport is rather a prepossessing woman of 28 or 30 years of age, and was accompanied here by her brother, who appeared to act in a sort of managerial capacity. He is said to be still in the city.—Vancouver Province.

Miss Davenport spent a few days in Revelstoke two weeks ago and did a flourishing business.

Down in Dixie.

Just now a number of our readers are planning where they will go for the winter and no doubt the majority of them will do as they have done in the past, buy round trip excursion tickets, good for six months, to Southern Pines, N. C., and those who want to make side trips of a few weeks to Florida, Louisiana or Texas can get round trip tickets from Southern Pines to the points they desire to visit at the most favorable rates and thus save unnecessary expenses. Southern Pines is the head quarters for northern tourist. It is located in the high sand hills among the Long Leaf Pines on the Seaboard Air Line Railway, which is the most direct route between New York, Washington and Jacksonville, Florida.

We advise our readers who are expecting to make a Southern trip to write to Mr. John T. Patrick, Pinebluff, N. C., and he will send them free of charge, printed matter that will be of much interest.

The I. O. F.

The Independent Order of Foresters are inaugurating a vigorous winter campaign, and for the months of November, December and January are remitting to new members the registration and certificate fees, which applicants usually have to pay upon joining. The order has made wonderful strides during the year, and will add to its membership many thousands during the next three months.

Its membership roll now contains a good deal over 200,000 of insured or beneficiary members. Its accumulated funds reach to $6,000,000; and these funds are increasing at the rate of three-quarters of a million dollars a year, notwithstanding that the order pays out $500 every working hour in the year to widows and orphans. A record of over $12,000,000 already paid promptly on death claims stands to its credit. The I. O. F. is undoubtedly a great and progressive institution. The report upon its investments made by a committee composed of able and independent brethren at the Supreme Court meeting in Los Angeles, stated that in all investments of its funds the Executive had never lost a dollar. This is certainly a unique experience. C. H. E. Rea, A. I. A., F.R.A.S., the actuary of the Order, recently stated in regard to it: "After exhaustive tests I have failed to find a weak spot in its structure."

We congratulate the Order and its Supreme Chief Ranger upon their work.—Toronto Daily Star.

Oriental Hotel

Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.

BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

Large, Light bedrooms.
Rates $1 a day.
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TIME TABLE

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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.

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OUR SPECIAL and THE UNION

ALL GOODS UNION MADE

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.

GO TO THE
REVELSTOKE AIRY
FOR
Pure Milk

C. H. Lawrence
PROPRIETOR.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post on the East bank of the Columbia River, about two miles above the mouth of Wood River and marked "J. Ringer's south west corner post," thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to the point of commencement.

J. RINGER.

Dated this 20th day of September, 1902.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands 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 southwest of the upper trail crossing of Wood river and marked "R. M. Hume's southwest 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 northwest 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 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:—

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia river, just above the mouth of Canoe river, and marked "R. 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 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:—

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia river, just above the mouth of Canoe river, and marked 'R. Davis' southwest 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 22nd day of September, 1902
R. DAVIS.

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.

PATENTS
PROMPTLY SECURED

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

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Patent Experts and Solicitors.
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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 certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claims.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

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

A. R. HEYLAND.

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 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 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.

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 4¾ 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 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 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 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 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 Inbasket 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.

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

It Pays to Buy An Advertising Space in

The Revelstoke Herald and Railwaymen's Journal

IT HAS A LARGE CIRCULATION

IT COVERS THE FIELD IT GIVES ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Our Job Printing Department

Is equipped with the Latest Faces of Type, the Best of Presses and Inks, and we guarantee Clean, Neat and Attractive Work. No Job too Large or too Small.

We Print . . .	We Print . . .
Dodgers, Posters,	Envelopes Circulars
Streamers, Dates	Note Heads Pamphlets
Bill Heads Letter Heads	Books. Visiting Cards
Business Cards.	Stationery of all kinds.

Revelstoke Herald Job Room

First Street.

The Chiming Clock.

By C. Langton Clarke.

IT was on board a Cunarder, bound from New York to Liverpool, that I first met the man who was responsible for what has certainly been the most remarkable incident in my experience.

I was returning from a holiday in the United States to resume my duties about the person of a certain royal personage, and as the New York papers had given a good deal of prominence to my goings and comings, my identity was pretty generally known to my fellow-passengers. Among them was a tall, thin man, who on the third day out introduced himself as Mr. Amos Hanchard of Thomasville, Illinois.

"A citizen of the United States, sir," he said, as he shook me warmly by the hand, "but of good old British stock, sir, and maybe, if the truth were known, more of a Britisher at heart than yourself, as you might think, sir, if you knew my errand across this little pond."

I evinced a polite interest, but did not seek to prolong the interview, and it is probable that our acquaintance would have remained on the same distant footing but for an incident which occurred late that night. I was pacing the deck, preparatory to turning in, when I met Mr. Hanchard staggering towards the companion. He was evidently suffering extreme agony, and I could do no less than offer him my arm.

"Neuralgia of the optic nerve," he gasped, as I assisted him to his cabin. "It's hell upon earth, sir, till I can get at my medicine."

I would have hastened for the doctor, but he assured me it was unnecessary, as he never traveled without an opiate, and at his express desire I left him to prepare his own remedy.

He was late in putting in an appearance next day, and his eyes were heavy with the effects of the drug which he had taken. He thanked me heartily for the assistance which I had rendered him, and informed me that he was subject to neuralgic attacks of such extreme severity that he was at times hardly responsible for his actions. We became fairly intimate, and I found him an agreeable conversationalist, a shrewd judge of human nature, and insatiable in his thirst for information. He was particularly interested in English court life, and catechised me thoroughly as to the customs and appearance of princes and princesses, and my own duties about the person of my royal master.

"Will you step into my stateroom. I've got something there that I'd like real well to show you," he said on the evening of the fifth day. "I think you might be able to do me a good turn."

I followed him into his cabin, and the first thing he did was to produce a newspaper from his trunk. It was a copy of the Thomasville "Courier" of a comparatively recent date, and Mr. Hanchard, standing with one hand on my shoulder, smilingly indicated a paragraph which he desired me to read. It was headed, "A Gift to Royalty," and described a meeting of the "Prince of Scotland Club," at which it had been decided to present a suitable gift to my royal master on the occasion of his birthday.

The paragraph concluded by stating that "Mr. Amos Hanchard, president of the club, who is shortly leaving for the Old Country on private business, was deputed to make the presentation in person."

"Most of our club are Britishers," said Mr. Hanchard, in explanation "but they thought the thing would have more Anglo-Saxon-Alliance frills on it if a native-born American did the presenting. See?"

"The Prince will be deeply gratified," I said, as Mr. Hanchard stood beaming.

"Hold on a moment," he said. "I haven't shown you the thing I'm taking. I guess you'll admit it's a hummer."

He dived to the bottom of his trunk and produced an oblong case of dark green morocco leather, embossed with my master's crest. Opening this he extracted a small gold traveling clock of exquisite beauty in workmanship and design. The crest was outlined in brilliants on both sides, and on the back was the following inscription:

Presented to
THE PRINCE OF SCOTLAND
On the Occasion of his 50th Birthday,
By the
Prince of Scotland Club of Thomasville, Ill.

I examined it with an admiration which I freely expressed. "Ain't she a beauty?" asked Mr. Hanchard, rapturously. "But you haven't seen the best of her yet. The Prince was born at eleven o'clock, wasn't he? Well, look here." He turned a couple of keys and set the hands at the hour he had named. Immediately, from a tiny set of bells, concealed within the works, the British National Anthem chimed forth, followed by the whirring of wheels and a little click.

"That's what I call a neat compliment," he said, "and all my own idea. I tell you it's made me solid for the presidency next year. They were tickled to death with it."

"And now," he continued, taking the clock from my hands and putting it away again, "I want you to do me a favor. The Prince's birthday is the day after to-morrow. Do you think you can work me an interview with His Royal Highness?"

"I think that under the peculiar circumstances it might be easily managed," I replied.

"If there should be any difficulty," he suggested, "maybe you wouldn't mind taking charge of the thing yourself, and seeing that His Royal Highness receives it at the right time. I'm pledged to get it into his hands on his birthday, and cable the club at its anniversary meeting that night. It'd kind of be a disappointment all round if the Prince and the timepiece failed to connect on the right day and at the right time."

"I may safely promise you that he shall receive it either from your hands or mine," I replied, and Mr. Hanchard was profuse in his expressions of gratitude.

* * *

From Liverpool to London Mr. Hanchard and I traveled together, and at his earnest request I consented to postpone my return to my own quarters at the Palace until the following morning, and remain as his guest at a small hotel, which he assured me was a favorite stopping-place with tourists from Thomasville.

During the evening my companion evinced symptoms of nervousness, and several times expressed a doubt as to whether he would be able to summon sufficient courage to face royalty. "I'll make a mess of it sure," he said. "I guess I'll have to let you do the presenting after all."

I did by best to reassure him, but the question was eventually settled in a manner neither of us had foreseen. While ascending the stairs to his bedroom Mr. Hanchard slipped, and gave his ankle a wrench so severe as seemed to preclude the possibility of his putting his foot to the ground for several days.

He accepted the misfortune with philosophical composure, and I assured him that he need be under no apprehension with regard to the timely delivery of his chiming clock, as I would willingly undertake it, the more so as he was now physically incapacitated from making the presentation in person.

"I guess it's not going to make a deal of difference after all, then," he said. "And now," he added, "if you'll be so kind as to give me the black handbag you'll find in the top of that trunk, I'll just get her fixed up, so that she'll reel off her tune all right at eleven o'clock to-morrow, when you hand her over."

I obeyed his instructions, and then, at his request, went to my own room for a silk handkerchief, with which he wished to put a final polish on the case. When I returned he was sitting up in bed, regarding the clock with a look of affection.

"I hate to part with her, and that's the plumb truth," he said. "It's too bad as I can't be somewhere around to hear her say her little piece." He took the handkerchief I had brought, and carefully wiped the crystal and the inscription.

"She's all ready for business now," he said, handing the clock to me. "Put her back in the bag and take her with you, and be mighty careful you don't jar her, for them works is easy put out of gear."

"I think I'll let you take the responsibility until to-morrow," I replied. "I'll leave this bag in some safe place in your room for the night, and get it in the morning." I picked up Mr. Hanchard's walking-stick and with it pushed the bag with its precious contents well underneath his bed, and after again pledging my word that the Prince should receive the gift in time to judge of its musical capabilities, bade my companion good-night and departed.

When I entered Mr. Hanchard's room in the morning I found him sleeping heavily. A small bottle, labeled "chloral," stood on the table at his bedside, and I came to the conclusion that he had been seized during the night with one of his neuralgic attacks. On the floor at the head of the bed was the black bag. I picked it up without awakening the sleeper, and a few minutes later was driving to the palace.

My time was fully taken up with receiving greetings and replying to the enquiries of my friends, and it was not till half-past ten that I remembered my promise to Mr. Hanchard. I went at once to my room, where I had left the precious bag, but to my consternation, when I opened it I discovered that I had brought away the wrong one. The error was easily explained. The bag which I held in my hand was almost an exact counterpart of that which contained the presentation clock. It was fitted up as a portable medicine chest, and one vacant pocket was evidently intended for the chloral bottle, which I had seen on the table at Mr. Hanchard's bedside. There was nothing for it but to rush back to the hotel and rectify the mistake as soon as possible.

An accident to the hansom which conveyed me delayed my journey somewhat, and it was almost on the stroke of eleven when I entered Mr. Hanchard's bedroom. He was sitting up in bed, watch in hand. He had evidently just awakened, and seemed still drowsy from the effects of the drug.

"Hell," he exclaimed, in a startled tone, "what's brought you back? I reckoned you'd be making that presentation about this time."

"I am deeply grieved at the stupid mistake I have made," I replied, "but I took the wrong bag this morning, and I have come back for the right one."

"My God!" cried Mr. Hanchard, his face the color of the sheet. "Where is the clock?"

"Where I left it last night," I said, "under your bed. Listen!—there it goes!"

As I spoke the muffled notes of the clock, chiming the National Anthem, came to our ears.

I pray that I may never again see such an agony of terror depicted on any human countenance.

Mr. Hanchard uttered a frightful yell and rose up in bed. Unutterably astonished, I started back and, tripping over a low footstool, fell heavily.

The fall probably saved my life. As I went down a glare of blinding light filled the room, there came a deafening roar, the side of the room next the bed was swept away like paper, and then everything grew black before me and I sank into unconsciousness.

Several days elapsed before I regained my senses and was able to realize how narrow had been my escape, not only from losing my life, but from becoming the successful tool of a devilish conspiracy. The inner story of the chiming clock was not at the time revealed to the public, but was kept a profound secret as between my royal master, one or two Scotland Yard detectives and myself.

Enquiries discreetly made on the other side of the Atlantic showed that there was no such organization as a Prince of Scotland Club in Thomasville, and that the copy of the paper by which I had been first misled was entirely spurious.

The identity of the man who called himself Amos Hanchard was never discovered. The force of the explosion had mutilated him beyond all recognition, and in his steamer trunk, which was only partially destroyed, nothing was found that offered any clue. Whether he was an anarchist crank, working for his own hand, or the emissary of some "physical force" organization, is still a mystery.

There was little doubt that he had selected me from the first as a tool especially adapted to his purpose, and that the sprained ankle was merely a pretense to ensure the delivery of his infernal clock by my hands. Had it not been for the unforeseen neuralgic attack, which had driven him in his agony to the use of the chloral bottle, he would doubtless have been in safe hiding before the hour for which he had timed the explosion.

My royal master was kindness itself, and my friends did their best to make me forget my terrible experience; but to this day I carry on my face and body scars which serve as unpleasant reminders of the time when I was made the dupe of Mr. Amos Hanchard, and so nearly fell a victim to his chiming clock.

Boomerang Vengeance.

She was very, very fat,
And she sat upon his hat;
Think of that!
Seven dollars gone to smash,
With the quickness of a flash—
Think of that!
But she sitted down demurely
With a sigh of sweet content
At the added sense of comfort
That the silken headgear lent;
Think of that,
Gentle reader,
Think of that!

Oh, the man was raving mad!
('Twas the only hat he had—
Think of that!)
But he didn't dare to swear,
He could only sit and stare—
Think of that!
So he waited for the curtain,
Then went out to get a bowl,
While the longing for revenge
Was throbbing madly in his soul—
Think of that—
Gentle reader,
Think of that!

When the angry man came back,
With a visage thunder-black,
Maiden's hat,
Covered o'er with feathers sweet,
Rested on the poor man's seat—
Think of that!
"Vengeance!" hissed he in his whiskers;
While exultant leaped his blood;
And he sat upon the bonnet
With a horrifying thud!—
Think of that!
Gentle reader,
Think of that!

No; she did not go insane,
But she never smiled again!
Think of that!
And they buried him next day,
In the sticky, yellow clay—
Think of that!
Oh, he did not swallow poison,
And it was not suicide;
He had overlooked the hatpin
In his anger, so he died—
For a hat,
Gentle reader,
Think of that!
—San Francisco "Bulletin."

A Warm Welcome.

Skagway heralded the arrival of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's steamship Islander in its port on her first trip by the following glowing report, which appeared on the front page of the "Daily Alaskan:"

"Sunday afternoon half of the population of Skagway accepted the cordial invitation of Captain Foot to inspect the steamship Islander. Captain Foot was personally in charge, and he was very solicitous to see that everybody had a chance to see the fine ship and partake of the good things. He was most ably assisted by Agent Dunn, Mr. Pumphrey and every member of the crew. They were all just as polite and attentive as though those aboard had paid their hard cash to be taken care of.

It would be difficult to give an accurate description of the vessel and her appointments without going into the minutest details. The ship's exterior is well remembered by many Skagwayans, but the interior has been so completely changed that it was absolutely unrecognizable yesterday. The fittings are most elaborate and the decorations are all of artistic merit and present a harmony of view which is indescribably grand.

The dining saloon is exceptionally large for a ship of the proportions of the Islander. Its finish could scarcely be finer it would seem. The furnishings of the ladies' cabin, the lounging room and other parts are of the finest. One of the attractions which is always looked for by the sea traveler is a chance to promenade. The Islander's cabin is so located that a splendid walk can be had around it.

But it is in the staterooms where the well-being of the passenger has been zealously guarded. Every arrangement and detail which could possibly contribute to the comfort has been provided. From main truck to kielson, from stem to stern, the ship is kept scrupulously clean. As many wended their way up town after viewing the vessel and enjoying the hospitality of Captain Foot, they were constrained to say she was the finest vessel with the most popular skipper on the run.

On the way up there were many musicians on board, and the last night out a concert was given, at which T. R. Pumphrey presided.

Too Mercenary.

"Here's more strange talk in this magazine," said Mrs. Ransom, with an expression of scorn on her sharp features. "I guess it's just as well, Hiram Ransom, that we never were blessed with money so's we could immigrate down below, as you've always wanted to."

"What's the matter now?" inquired Mr. Ransom, patiently, although his wife's snort of contempt had waked him from an agreeable slumber on the haircloth lounge.

"Matter!" echoed Mrs. Ransom; "matter enough, I should say! Here's a column of questions asked by a parcel of young folks, and what does one of the young men want to know?"

Mr. Ransom feebly shook his head.

"He wants to know," said his wife, rattling the magazine, "'what salary ought a young man to have to marry?' That's the way these city folks marry off their daughters so easy! But I guess Sarah and Ellen and Jane will stay with us till they're sixty before I'd bemean myself, or let you, Hiram Ransom, by offering a young man a salary to marry one of 'em!"—"Youth's Companion."

Interesting Items.

Captain F. C. Ishoy, a Dane, has invented a steamship which he thinks will be both speedier and steadier than the existing type. He makes the hull considerably more flat than in the ordinary model, thus decreasing the draft. But his most novel device is placing the screw under the bottom of the vessel instead of at the stern. Not only will such a ship be particularly seaworthy, says the inventor, but, with the same speed, it will save 20 per cent. in consumption of coal.

A new form of litter for carrying the wounded has been devised by Mrs. Chadwick, wife of the captain who commanded the flagship "New York" in the Spanish war. It is a simple arrangement of straps and slings supporting a broad canvas seat, and weighs only three and a half pounds. The New York "Sun" says of this invention: "It is no small thing for a woman to have solved the problem which has puzzled army officers and surgeons the world over. The litter for carrying the wounded which Mrs. Chadwick has devised is being praised as the simplest, lightest and most easily carried device of the kind yet invented."

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company are sending an electro-gasolene motor car to Banff, where it will be at the disposal of tourists who wish to examine minutely the grand scenery of the Canadian Rockies. Formerly visitors had to occupy observation cars attached as "trailers" to the regular express trains. The car will be able to make little trips to Field, etc., and a new pleasure is thus opened up by the enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. There is accommodation for 14 people on the car, and five gallons of the gasolene enables it to run about 100 miles.

The state railway administration in Prussia has just settled upon a system of electric lighting for trains which is attracting much attention in Germany. The axle-driven dynamo having been found objectionable because it borrows too much power from the locomotive, and the system of storage-batteries being undesirable for other reasons, the plan adopted is to place on the locomotive a steam-driven dynamo, which supplies a current to a small regulating battery in each car. Thus every car in a vestibuled train has a separate lighting system fed from its own accumulator, although the general supply comes from the generator on the locomotive. Each car is provided with ceiling lamps and reading lamps.

The recent outbreak of volcanoes in the Antilles gives peculiar interest to a novel and rather startling theory propounded by the German geologists Paul and Fritz Sarasin. Says the Berlin "Gartenlaube" (newspaper): "Many theories have been proposed to account for the glacial epoch—or, rather, epochs—but none seems quite satisfactory. Now the Sarasins have calculated that a reduction of the average annual temperature by 7 degrees or 8 degrees F. would suffice to produce all the phenomena of glaciation. Such a reduction, they hold, may very well have been caused by volcanic eruptions. In the unparalleled eruption of Krakatoa in 1884 immense quantities of dust were lifted to a great height in the air. This dust remained suspended in the atmosphere for years, during which it was the cause of singular sunset effects and nocturnal 'silver clouds' observed in various parts of the world. Now, if we imagine the simultaneous eruption of a great many volcanoes, it is evident that the dust and smoke might impede the sun's rays sufficiently to bring about the small variation of annual temperature mentioned. A pleasing corollary of this ingenious theory is that, if we accept it, we must also accept the possibility of a new ice-age at any time."

Jones—Yes, Smith, old man, I'm going to economize on car fares, and walk home from the office every day. By the way, let's go and have something. It's a long way home.

An Unfortunate Figure.

"Dearie, I didn't know that wheat could be harvested in the winter time, and yet I see in this newspaper something about the price of January wheat. When I was a girl on the farm the wheat always ripened in July or August," and her face wore a troubled look as she laid down the paper in which she had happened to glance at the market reports while looking for the society gossip.

"Wheat doesn't ripen in January now any more than it did when we were young, my love," replied her husband. "The terms you refer to do not mean that the wheat ripened in January, but that it was sold for delivery in that month. It was harvested in July, just as it used to be, stored in elevators, and kept for use at some future time. The supply thus accumulated is then sold to various buyers, some of whom want it delivered in one month and others in other months. Sales thus made are called 'futures,' and form the basis of much of the gambling that takes place on 'Change."

"How interesting! Now tell me what 'squeezing the shorts' means."

He mused a moment, and then realizing the impossibility of properly explaining the term in his limited time, said:

"You are much shorter than I, you know. Well, when I put my arms around you I 'squeeze a short,' see?"

"Oh, indeed. Well, if that's what you men do on 'Change, it accounts for your devotion to business."

And he realized that he had made a mistake.

Well Insured. D'ye See?

A wealthy Riverina squatter, now departed, as he used to phrase it, "to the great Muster," was noted almost as much for his Attic wit as for his parsimony. He also stuttered very badly and helped along his halting utterance with a frequent ejaculation of "D'ye see? D'ye see?" His niggardly traits gained him widespread local unpopularity and the bitter enmity of sundowners, who were always rigorously refused rations at his stations.

Smarting under this unusual inhospitality, some disappointed swaggies on occasion set fire to one of the squatter's wool sheds and then wrote upon a gate, "We've well burnt down your wool shed. D'ye see? D'ye see?"

Of course, it caught the big man's eye when next he passed through. For a moment he contemplated the announcement, and then with a sardonic grin took the stump of a blue pencil from his pocket and scribbled underneath: "It was well insured. D'ye see? D'ye see?"—Household Words.

Beware of the Snag.

In the midst of life a snag frequently looms up in our pathway and all unconsciously we butt into it. A man who is known to support and uphold law may make a misstep and violate a city by-law before he recovers his equilibrium. Result the schedule price and costs.

Theodore Snow is a Front street merchant and a young man in whom the public reposes respect and confidence. Last night a bicycle chanced to be standing on the sidewalk in front of his place of business, and in the exuberance of youth he said "Whoa, Bill;" and mounted it, taking a short turn on the sidewalk aforesaid. Fatal error! A policeman was in sight and saw the merchant's escapade. He appeared before Magistrate Wroughton this morning and paid $2 and costs with the air of a Chesterfield.—Klondike Nugget.

Farm Horses.

This class of horses is the most important branch of the equine family, because it is used by the largest number of people, and the farm horse is employed in the production of that which sustains the life of man as well as of most animals. Horses of this class must be of good size, style and action in order to be valuable. The majority of farm horses are too small to be of the most value to their owners. It always pays to raise the best grade of horses. The market is never overstocked with such horses. It takes no more grain to keep a good horse than a poor one of the same size. Many farmers lose a good deal of money by allowing their horses to run down or by not keeping them strong and vigorous. Any farm team will do more work on less feed if fed regularly three times a day.

It is not what a horse eats but what is thoroughly digested that gives vigorous life or increased flesh. Progessive and intelligent horse owners ought to give the horse the main attention. Never buy a horse while in motion. Watch him stand still. If sound, he will stand firmly and squarely on his limbs without moving, unless he is very high-lifed. Very few horses have sufficient care given to the legs and feet. This is especially the case with farm horses. Hours are spent in brushing the hair, mane, and tail, but the legs and feet are neglected.

The raising of horses requires study and the very best of practical judgment, combined with common sense experience. If you have not the required experience you must absorb the best parts from the experience of others and make a careful personal application to your own animal and the object you have in view. A few make money by breeding trotters, but the surest plan is to breed for large, active, heavy draft horses.—Ex.

Soldiers as Laborers.

The action of Sir George White in employing soldiers to take the place of the Gibraltar coal-porters who were locked out by the Shipping Federation last April and the dockers and takers who struck in sympathy with them is looked upon by the trade unionists of England as a menace to their organizations, hardly second in importance to that of the Taff Vale decision, says a London daily.

A leading Midland representative of the Miners' Federation is quoted as saying: "If the Government persists in its war against the trade unions it means revolution. Sir George White has used the soldiers to take the place of men on strike in Gibraltar. Lord Roberts has sent time-served men to take the place of strikers in the Fletton brickfields. Mr. Brodrick has refused to recognize the men's union at Woolwich. We are compelled to ask ourselves what this means." The answer which the trade unionists propose to make to the military authorities will be nothing less than an attempt to stop the export of coal from this country to Gibraltar. Can this be done? Mr. Fernandez, the delegate to the Trades Congress from the Gibraltar strikers, believes that it can and will be done. One of the leading organizers in England is prepared to go to Gibraltar and form the strikers, who are all British subjects, into a branch of an English union. They will then demand reinstatement, and if this is not done they will call upon the dockers of Cardiff to stop loading vessels with steam coal for the Gibraltar depot. Should the Government meet a strike of dockers at Cardiff by the employment of military or other free labor the next step would be to call upon the Miners' Federation for help, and a strike would be declared which would paralyze the coal trade of Wales, and effectually accomplish the desired boycott of Gibraltar, one of the most important coaling stations in the world, and the key of the Mediterranean. This startling programme is, of course, dependent upon the sympathy of the English unions, but in their present temper the latter are quite equal to it. They would look upon such a strike as an answer to the attitude which they conceive has been adopted by the civil and military authorities of late towards trade unionism.

Milk as a Means of Suicide.

It is remarkable that so mild and intrinsically harmless a beverage as milk should be so frequently chosen as a means of exit into the other world. Yet at this summer season the lethal effects of milk seem to be much underrated. For example, we read in the despatches from California that "a prominent young man of Calaveras County died here to-day as a result of eating cherries and drinking milk." This is a slight variant from the usual combination. Probably the most deadly is pickles and milk. Strawberries and milk are only mildly toxic; with young and hardy stomachs, they are often partially digested; with older ones they frequently cause nothing more than eructative dyspepsia, or, at worst, hives, nettle-rash, urticaria, or summer complaint, therefore those who are fond of this combination rarely abstain in the face of these comparatively trifling ailments.

Next to pickles and milk, probably the most deadly form in which the innocent fluid can be made to figure is the cheap ice cream combination. Despite the toughness of juvenile viscera, milk in the ice cream form, if judiciously administered, has been known to lay out intestinal kinks many scores of children on Sunday school picnics. With their elders, the combination is not infrequently fatal. Of course it requires much care to make milk so deadly. In fact, with careless mixing this kind of ice cream may be taken with comparative impunity, or only a slight illness. When it is prepared with attention to the proper septic and toxic conditions, however, milk in this form may be looked upon as practically certain death; it would be invaluable as an apparently innocent means of hurrying off rich uncles, tardy spinster aunts, and other rich persons who linger superfluous on life's stage. In its most potent form, when the innocent milk has become merely a culture-bed for billions of ice cream ptomaines, the doctors call the mixture "tyro-toxicon." This name is imposing and scientific sounding, and doubtless gives a certain chastened satisfaction to the mourners—much more than would plain milk.

To return to our original remark—it is extraordinary what pains people take to render deadly this harmless beverage. Even if the cow be sound, they will expose the milk to all manner of impurities—including typhoid germs—before they put it inside of them. Even if it be perfectly pure they take it at temperatures and under conditions that are unwise, if not dangerous. To take a glass of milk by itself is a sensible proceeding; to take it on top of a hearty meal composed of proteids, carbo-hydrates, and hydro-carbons, is most unwise; to take it with acids is to woo dyspepsia. Yet the latter method is the one most preferred, for cream is used as a mechanical lubricant with all manner of acid fruits.

As to temperature.—In the summer season people prefer it ice cold, and some lunatics even put ice into it. If they take it at the temperature of the air, without accompanying solid food, it is probably speedily absorbed without going through the complex processes of gastric and hepatic digestion. If, on the other hand, it be taken ice cold, it at once congulates and the stubborn casein in it sometimes requires hours for digestion; this latter is invariably the case when it is accompanied with solid food.

Many a man and woman has died through drinking freely of iced milk on a hot summer's day. Adelaide Nielson, the beautiful actress, went into a Paris restaurant on the way to the Bois de Boulogne one summer day—one of those broiling, blistering, steaming days of which in Paris they have so many, and of which we hear so little. She ordered a glass of iced milk; she did not sip it—against the advice of her companion, she drank it rapidly, and followed it with another. In a few moments she was dead.

Eheu! She was a fine actress and a very beautiful woman. They show you the room in which she died. They even point out to you the lounge on which she yielded up her last breath. "Yes, monsieur. Yes, madame. Voila!—that is the place where the beautiful actress Anglais have die. She was very beautiful, very gentile. Oh, yes. It was a grand pity. Oh, yes. She drink a glass of the milk—cold, very cold. Thank you, monsieur. Thank you, a thousand times. Good day, madame; good-day, monsieur."

No Better off Than Before.

A small town in Posen near the Silesian frontier still keeps that relic of other centuries, the night-watchman who calls the hours. One night—the London "Telegraph" tells this remarkable story—one of these watchmen, an old worthy long in service, failed to blow his whistle when the clock struck the hour.

The burgomaster summoned the delinquent to account for his negligence. After some hesitation he declared that his last tooth had dropped out, and that he could not hold in his mouth the official flat tin whistle.

A council was called, and the subject was gravely discussed. Finally one of the members said that he had heard of a dentist at Breslau who supplied artificial teeth. After long debate the council appropriated money to send the aged watchman to Breslau to get a set of new teeth.

In due time the watchman reported that his teeth had arrived. That night the burgomaster sat up to hear the result. To his astonishment there was no whistle at ten, at eleven, or at midnight. The next morning he summoned the watchman.

"You have got your teeth," he said, indignantly. "Why do you not whistle as before?"

"Yes, I've got a new set of teeth," replied the old man, "but the doctor told me to put them in water at night."

Gives Him Pain in the Purse.

"I'm really worried about Charlie," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"What's the trouble?" asked her mother.

"All my care seems to have been in vain. I wouldn't let him play golf for fear he'd get the golf elbow, nor ping-pong for fear he'd get ping-pong ankle."

"Well, he has escaped so far!"

"Yes. But I haven't the heart to ask him to stop playing cards, even if it does lead to his becoming deformed."

"What do you mean?"

"He admitted to me that the poker hands he is getting are extremely painful."

No-Pay Hotel Guests.

"I wish you would have some new pens put on the writing-table," said a well-dressed man to the clerk of an uptown hotel.

"Certainly. Front!" and a boy was called and instructed to attend to the matter.

"Now, wouldn't you think that he was our star guest?" asked the clerk. "If you did think so you would be wrong, for he never spent a cent in this house. He lives quite a distance from here, but comes in as regularly as the day, reads his papers here, writes his letters at our desks and receives his callers in our reception rooms. He is not alone in his class. There are hundreds of men just like him. They are respectable, and in no way offensive, but they enjoy a lot of hotel privileges for nothing so long that they finally look upon them as vested rights."

The clerk told about the various kinds of "no-pay guests" to be seen in all New York hotels, and said that they were a source of expense to the hotels, but that they helped to distribute the hotel stationery, and occasionally some of their friends left a dollar there.

"The man with the long hair over there," said the clerk, pointing to a distinguished looking man who lolled in an easy chair with an air of proprietorship, "is one of our 'regular' guests. His specialty is newspapers. He has his breakfast at a coffee and cakes place near by, and comes early every morning. He sits about with his eyes half closed, apparently oblivious to all around him, until someone lays down a paper and walks away. Then he will jump for the paper quick as a flash, and begin to read. While he is reading he keeps an eye on the others in the room, and as papers are cast aside he adds to his store, but when he has finished reading he leaves the papers in the reading-room, and some of his fellow 'regulars' carry them away. At the writing-desks our expense for stationery is looked upon as legitimate, but there is one feature that goes a little beyond the limit, and is rather exasperating. That is the pilfering.

"Penholders, with pens and without pens, pens new and old and blotters in all stages, are carried away in great quantities. A man who is known as 'the professor' in the hotels in this neighborhood, probably because he was once a school teacher, used to sit around a writing-table for a long time every day, pretending to read, but he really watched for an opportunity to conceal a new blotter in the folds of his paper. When this had been accomplished he folded up the paper and walked out. What he wanted the paper for I don't know, because he did all his writing here. One day I called him aside and told him that he must stay away. He asked no questions, but he understood why. I am sure, however, that his place as a blotter pilferer has been filled."

In the winter these hotel loungers make the public rooms their club, and in warm weather they cannot be distinguished from the real guests in the fresh air parts of the hotels.

"Of course," said the clerk, "if we would allow everyone to make our house his headquarters we would soon have no room for our guests, but we do not. Our 'sitters' are reputable people, who have no business to occupy their time; old men whose day has passed or men who are waiting for something to turn up, and I am sure that they are all honest people, even if they do occasionally take a few pens and other articles of stationery or the daily papers.

"This class belongs to a New York hotel as much as that other class which consists of men who stand around the ticker all day figuring how much money could have been made if a certain amount had been invested on a certain stock. These people never speculate, because they have no money, but they haunt the hotel ticker, and live in hopes some day to play the game again which they understand so much better now than they did when they played it before."

Averse to Toil.

The life of the tramp in the West is full of horrible possibilities. One was about to receive sentence for drunkenness the other day when the farmer who had him arrested said, "Don't send him to jail, judge; let me have him." "All right," said the judge; "I will sentence him to you for thirty days." The farmer had to sit on his prisoner all the way home to keep him in the wagon, but his neighbors envied him because he had secured a harvest hand. On a freight train which was wrecked in Kansas fifty or sixty tramps were making their way to Colorado "for their health." The farmers promptly offered them two dollars a day and good food and lodging, but they declined, thinking to "bum" their living. The farmers thought otherwise. They "rounded up" the hoboes with shotguns and set them at work in the fields, where the women, armed with guns, guarded them. Some amateur photographers who thought the chance too good to miss are said to have had difficulty in getting their subjects to look pleasant.

The Wrong Bottle.

During the run of "A Celebrated Case" in New York, in the spring of 1878, J. H. Stoddart played the role of Sergeant O'Rourke. He says he has reason to remember this character, and adds: "In the prologue I had a scene with Mrs. Booth, who played the wife of Jean Renaud, the hero, in the course of which she was supposed to give me, as the sergeant, a cup of wine, which I had to swallow. It so happened that the property-man had been using kerosene on the stage during the day, and had left the bottle containing that liquid upon the dresser, where Mrs. Booth was in the habit of finding the drink for the sergeant. During the business she poured a full cup from this bottle, handed it to me, and I swallowed the contents at a gulp. 'O Lord!' I said, as I received the potion. 'What have I done?' said Mrs. Booth, under her breath. I could only gasp out: 'Kerosene!' and made a hasty exit. For almost a week everyone avoided me, owing to the presence of the noxious fluid. I drank such a quantity that the odor and taste remained with me until I thought I should never be rid of it. Otherwise it did me no injury, and my physician even said that it did me good."

Wife—You do not speak to me as affectionately as you used to, George. I think you have ceased to love me.

Husband—There you are again! Ceased to love you! Why, I love you better than my life. Now shut up and let me read my paper.—Boston "Courier."

REACHING OUT - - GODWARD.

II. PEREIRA MENDES,
Minister of the Spanish and Portuguese Jewish Congregation; President of the New York Board of Jewish Ministers, etc.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.—Psalms, li, 10.

There is a pathos in these words which touches every heart. For they are eloquent of sorrow and sin, and tell of the penitence of a stained soul reaching out Godward.

Sorrow and sin! They spell the same human story of yesterday, of to-day and to-morrow. Penitence, reaching out Godward! They are attributes of our divine sonship; they are powers of the soul which give us strength to endure, courage to attempt and hope for a future.

All sorrow can help to create in us a clean heart and to renew a right spirit within us. Sorrow born of adversity may cleanse the heart of much that mars character, and through it a right spirit of sympathy, love and charity may be reborn within us.

The sorrow that tears the heart when loved ones depart oft cleanses the heart from wordliness. Our thoughts follow them Godward, and thus within us is reborn a right spirit of faith in Him who is with us when we pass through the valley of the shadow of death.

But sorrow for sin committed opens to us yet wider thoughts.

We are responsible beings, endowed with free will. "See, I set before thee this day the life and the good, the death and the evil. . . . Life and death, blessing and blighting, but choose thou the life, that thou mayest live." Therefore God "gives to every man according to his ways and according to the fruit of his deeds." Further, we are taught of God that "His work is perfect, all His ways are judgment, a God of faithfulness and without iniquity, just and upright as He. . . . Is He not thy Father, who hath acquired thee? He hath made thee, He hath established thee."

If we are the work of His hands and His work is perfect, must we not believe that we will become perfect? If all His ways are judgment, and He is a God of faithfulness, without iniquity, just and upright, will He not in faithfulness, justice and righteousness make us somewhen, somewhere and somehow worthy children of Him, our loving Father, worthy possessions of Him to whom we belong, worthy creations of Him in whose spiritual likeness we are made, worthy of being established by Him who is "the God of the spirits of all flesh," and "in whose hand is the soul of every living creature?"

When Moses asked of God, "Oh, show me, I pray thee, thy ways, that I may find grace in thy sight! Show me, I pray thee, thy glory," the answer came, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee; I will proclaim the nature of the Lord before thee. . . . No mortal can see me and live. . . . But thou shalt see my aftermath." Prostrate in reverence, the prophet then heard the nature of the Lord proclaimed as the Eternal, Almighty Power, compassionate and gracious, long forbearing, abundant in loving kindness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin; but by no means clearing the guilty. This much was Moses allowed to see of the ways of God with man, of the glory and goodness of God. Thus was he made to learn that the poison growths of sin are followed by the aftermath of God, the manifestation of divine mercy and pardon, crowned with love, but throned on justice.

It is God's way to be merciful; it is His glory to forgive; His goodness makes Him love us, but it is His nature to be just. True, we know not where His mercy ends and His justice begins. We cannot know everything. No cult, no sect can say it knows God's mysteries. "The hidden things belong unto the Lord our God." We know not how this spiritual evolution shall be, any more than we know how out of the foul mud springs the pure lily, how out of the rotting seed grows the fragrant blossom glowing with gorgeous beauty. Nor know we how long this spiritual change shall take. The darkness of sin may change to spiritual light as swiftly as dawn melts the blackest night into radiant day, or it may take an age. But it will not take eternity. God's mercy and forgiveness, His power and His glory, will bring to pass this renewing, this re-birth of a right spirit within us, somewhen, somewhere and somehow. "For I will not contend forever, neither will I be always wroth; for the spirit would fail before me and the souls which I have made," declares God. Yea, "He retaineth not his anger forever, because he delighteth in mercy."

Our own experience teaches us that if a child is faulty, a good father, impelled by his very love and in justice to himself and his offspring, fashions out of the faulty child a strong and moral man, builds up his character by strengthening it where it is weak, straightening it where it is crooked, making it sound where it is rotten. Shall not our Heavenly Father do as much? "As one correcteth his son, so the Lord thy God correcteth thee." Thus God's justice completes His love. Therefore all men and women—the sons and daughters of God—may each exclaim:—"I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him, until He plead my cause and execute judgment for me. He will bring me forth to the light and I shall behold His righteousness."

From such thoughts will be born a mighty desire to become worthy of beholding this aftermath of God, which shall conquer the tangled growths of sin, and our daily life will be a strong and ceaseless effort to make and keep our hearts clean. Thus will there be a re-birth of the right spirit within us. This mighty desire, this strong and ceaseless effort, is reaching out Godward.

And this is religion.

French Law is Slow

The slowness of the law in England is proverbial, but France must take the record for long lawsuits. Three such cases have just been brought to the notice of the judicial authorities.

In 1254 the commune, or parish, of Campan started a lawsuit over some disputed land with the community of Quatre Veziaux d'Ame, which consists of four villages. The suit went on through several centuries before various courts in the southwest of France, was temporarily suspended during the Revolution, and afterwards taken up again. It has been going on ever since, and is not yet ended.

This same borough of Campan, which is in the Department of the Hautes Pyrenees, had another lawsuit, started in 1254, with the town of Bagneres de Bigorre, which only came to an end in 1882.

The third case mentioned is a lawsuit started in 1210 between the Counts of Nevers and the inhabitants of Donzy, in the Nievre. The case was settled definitely in 1848, and the town of Donzy paid the last instalment of its costs in January, 1901.

Girls Like Twosing.

The girls of Pennsylvania have a pastime that to be popular needs only to be known. A young woman, just back from an outing at Kennebunkport, Me., complained that the place was lonely. She said: "We had moonlight buckboard rides, sails and picnics, but not a girl there did any twosing." "Twosing?" some one asked. "What on earth is twosing? Is it a new game?" "It's old as the hills," she made answer. "Twosing is—well, twosing is anything which has just two people in it. You can twose on a hotel verandah, or at a picnic, if the chaperon isn't too wretchedly eagle-eyed. You can twose almost anywhere, except up in Maine, for a girl can't twose without a man. I suppose you might call it just pairing off, but in Pennsylvania we call it twosing, and the word fits so much better than any other expression for it."—New York Tribune.

"Hooligan" Come to Stay.

A very few years have sufficed to incorporate "hooligan" into the English language, remarks The London Daily Chronicle. Its use without a capital "H" is the seal of its fit and proper worth and a sign that the word has come to stay. But it is to be hoped that the pests so named will be speedily eradicated, even as the kindred word hoodlum in the American vocabulary has survived the ruffian who gave it birth. Thirty years ago the Californian cities were infested by gangs of roughs, as London is to-day. The leader of the 'Frisco ruffians was one Muldoon, and an inventive reporter, casting round for a word to describe them, hit upon the idea of inverting the name, and dubbed them noodlums. The compositor mistook the "n" for "h," and set up the word "hoodlum," which henceforth passed into current use, and so into the dictionary.

Humor of the Hour.

The Rev. Dr. Henson, formerly a well-known Baptist clergyman of Philadelphia and now of Chicago, several years ago engaged a new cook. He told her the size of his family, and said also that he was a preacher. Several days after the new cook arrived she noticed Dr. Benson amusing his children by turning somersaults on the lawn. Full of indignation, she hurried to Mrs. Henson. "I'll have to be afther lavin'," she said. "I have always lived with the foinest people, and that man told me a lie. He said he was a minister, and he's nothin' but one of them circus men."—Philadelphia Times.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—One swallow does not make a spring.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—That's ridiculous.

Mrs. C.—Why is it ridiculous?

Mr. C.—Because one swallow does make a spring. I've seen it spring from one twig to another.—Ohio State Journal.

He bears a life that has a charm!
He never seems to come to harm!
In midst of murders, suicides,
Explosions, wrecks and homicides,
He's always there—and so he ought—er!
Same old ubiquitous reporter!

"The bow of a ship," says a humorous handbook of nautical terms, "is not evidence of politeness." It reminds us of a line in "Flotsam from the Isis":—

'And the hands went up to the nose of the boat, displaying a lack of good taste,
And first began to pull at her stays, and then to scrub at her waist."

This, it may be remembered, occurred off the Isle of Rudeness, where—

A spit ran down to the bay,
And a tongue of land projected in a most unmannerly way.

—London Globe.

A Fifth avenue art dealer tells with keen relish a new story of J. Pierpont Morgan. The financier was viewing a new painting which had just been hung in the gallery, when a woman who bore the hall-mark of newly acquired wealth swept in and was soon questioning Mr. Morgan about the merits of the painting. Mr. Morgan was soon giving an accurate and somewhat technical estimate of the work.

When Mr. Morgan had gone Mrs. Newly Rich said to the art dealer:

"That gentleman is an art critic, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," said the dealer, "he is a very good judge of art."

"But it must be a poor way of making a living," commented the woman. 'Couldn't you send him a check for his courteous services to me in explaining those paintings?"

"Oh, dear, no," said the dealer, in horror; "that was J. Pierpont Morgan."—New York Times.

At a country fete a short time ago a conjuror was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a pocket handkerchief when he remarked to a yokel in front who stood grinning at his performance, "I say, sonny, your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?"

"Well, then, I guess my mother can get eggs without hens."

Conjuror—Why, how's that?

"'Cause she keeps ducks and gooses," replied the boy amid roars of laughter.

First-born Live Longest.

The first-born of parents have a much longer average of life than their brothers and sisters who come after them. This fact is demonstrated by statistics gathered by life insurance companies. Longevity is also said to be hereditary. Said an English insurance man the other day:—

"Some persons have hardier constitutions than others, and they are apt to transmit them to their children. A man, both of whose parents were long lived, has a promise of a good old age himself. This, of course, is an old story. A much less familiar principle affecting the duration of life has been presented by Miss Mary Beeton of Cambridge and Professor Karl Pearson of London.

"A comparison was made between the lengths of the lives of two adult brothers or two adult sisters to ascertain if there was a perceptible difference between the older and the younger members of the pair. The figures here given represent the average of over one thousand cases, and hence would seem to point to a general law. It may be added that the particular persons under investigation belonged to the Society of Friends. That organization placed its record at the disposal of Miss Beeton and Professor Pearson.

It thus appears that the average of the elder brother was 58.56 years, the younger brother 54.575, the elder sister 59.924, and the younger sister, 55.667. There is a difference of over four years in favor of the older brother or sister. This does not signify that the older brother or sister will survive the younger. The mean interval between the births of all the pairs under consideration was about six and a half years. Hence the older brother or sister would ordinarily die first, though attaining a greater age.

"The first inquiry here mentioned was limited to pairs, the younger members of which had attained the age of 21. A second comparison was made that included minors with adults. It gave results closely resembling the other. The mean excess of life in 3,855 pairs was 4.6 years. But the intervals between the birth appear to exert some influence. Miss Beeton and Professor Pearson furnish a formula by which one's expectations can be computed, and add: "Thus a brother born ten years before another has probably seven years' greater duration of life. A sister born ten years before another has probably about six years' greater duration of life."

"Cure-Alls" Didn't Cure

Only a Kidney Specific of the genuine merit of South American Kidney Cure can ever hope to cope with insidious kidney diseases in all its forms.

"For two years I was greatly troubled with an affection of the kidneys—frequently unfitting me for work. I tried many patent medicines and "cure-alls," without getting any relief, for I had intense pain almost constantly. South American Kidney Cure was recommended to me. A few hours after commencing its use I got great relief. Four bottles cured. It is worth its weight in gold."—Frank S. Emerick, Alvinston, Ont. 38

When William Jennings Bryan visited Milwaukee during his stumping tour of 1896, the omnipresent Andrew Jackson voter was introduced to him. "Mr. Bryan," said the chairman of the committee, "we desire to introduce, sir, Mr. Amos Jones of our city, who cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson, has voted the Democratic ticket at every national election since then, and intends to vote for you, sir, on the third day of November next. Mr. Bryan, Mr. Jones; Mr. Jones, Mr. Bryan." "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Jones," said the candidate. "Glad to meet you," responded Mr. Jones; and then, with his hand behind his ear: "What name, please?" It is said that Bryan saw the humor of the situation, while the committeemen were thrown into a state of consternation.

40 RED-COATS

PUT TO ROUT AN ARMY OF FORMIDABLE TRESPASSERS.

Constipation, Dizziness, Pain under the Shoulder Blades, Sick Headache, Depressed Feeling, Bloating after Eating, Debility and Insomnia, result from an Inactive Liver.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, 40 little Red Coats, at a cost of 10 cents will set you right in short order. Piles of testimony to prove it. Vials containing 100 pills 25 cents. 37

Commenting on the tipping habit abroad, a traveler says: "From Americans the cabmen expect much liberality, and in case of disappointment are prepared to be sarcastic and otherwise disagreeable. On one occasion I took a hansom in London for a distance well within the four-mile limit. I gave the cabman half a crown. He looked at me with much impudence, and said: 'You have made a mistake, sir.' I reached for the coin, and, putting it in my pocket, said: 'So I have. Much obliged to you.' Then I handed him one shilling, his exact fare. He was as angry as a cabman permits himself to be in a country where the police will take the word of him who seems to be a gentleman against that of a cabman every time."

AWAY WITH CATARRH!

It's Loathsome, It's Disgusting.

Instant Relief and Permanent Cure Secured by the use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Here's strong evidence of the quickness and sureness of that wonderful remedy. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: "For years I was a victim of Chronic Catarrh—tried many remedies but no cure was effected until I had procured and used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. First application gave me instant relief, and in an incredibly short while I was absolutely cured."—James Headley, Dundee, N.Y. 41

FROM DEATH'S DOOR

An Ottawa Man's Wonderfully Narrow Escape

He Was in Convulsions and the Doctors Told His Wife He Could Not Live Till Morning, But He Recovered.

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 29.—(Special.)—At 309 Gilmore street, this city, there resides a man who has been nearer the hour and article of death than anyone who has been privileged to live to tell the story.

He is Mr. George E. Kent, a printer in the employ of the Bank Note Company of Wellington street.

Some seven or eight years ago Mr. Kent was seized with Bright's Disease which gradually grew worse till he had to quit work and was confined to his bed, where he remained for some months.

Physicians were in constant attendance upon him, but instead of improving he gradually grew worse and worse.

At last he got so low that his body became terribly bloated and his

One night after a particularly bad spell the physicians told his wife that he could not live till morning.

A messenger was despatched for a skin like tanned leather. He had convulsions which increased in frequency and the intervals between these spasms found him so weak that he was barely conscious.

box of Dodd's Kidney Pills which were immediately brought to the dying man.

Mr. Kent did not die. On the contrary in about two months he was at work again in the shop and has not since been off work for a single day.

Mr. and Mrs. Kent are naturally very grateful and as a mark of their gratitude have called a sweet little girl born to them some two years after Mr. Kent's remarkable recovery by the name of "Edna Dodds" Kent.

Mr. Kent has made a sworn statement reciting the details of his case and his cure.

The Palma Trophy.

The New York Sun, in a philosophical editorial on the Palma trophy contest, says:—The British victory, and the consequent removal of the trophy across the ocean, make it obligatory on the National Rifle Association of America to enter a team at Bisley next year. This will require a special fund, which must be raised by public subscription, for the association has little enough money now, and will call for special training of the men from whom the team will be chosen. The matches at Bisley are shot rather earlier in the year than our Sea Girt matches, so that the latter cannot be depended upon to supply eligible men for the team. The matter undoubtedly will be considered by the association at an early date, and it is to be hoped that arrangements, financial and otherwise, may be made for putting in a team that shall recall the glories of earlier American teams, both here and in England and Ireland. We congratulate the British on their victory, and hope for better luck ourselves next time.

Max Pemberton on Football.

In a letter to The London Daily Mail Max Pemberton, an author whose stories are full of action, to say the least, thus relieves his feelings:—

As a lover of football may I protest at the beginning of the autumn season against the new phase presented to us by one of the national games? Those who know and love "Tom Brown" must often ask themselves what the great football players of a past day would think of the "hired ruffians" who delight great multitudes nowadays and of the waste of time engendered by their efforts. We are told that the spectacle of a great football crowd is one of the finest this country can show. Well, sir, if that be the case the country is in a sad way indeed, and the national energies are finding a grotesque outlet. That crowds of fifty or even sixty thousand people should gather about a ring to watch twenty-two trained footpads worrying a leather ball at so many guineas an hour is truly a humiliating exhibition. We are told that on such fields Waterloo was won. It seems to me that it would be truer to say that on such Spion Kop was lost. For real sport no one has a greater admiration than myself, nor a greater belief in its value. But are we not losing all sense of proportion, and is it not a lamentable reflection upon our national faith in athletics, that unathletic Germany is turning out such splendid specimens of manhood as we saw at her recent manoeuvres, while both France and Germany are beginning to neglect us as commercial opponents of the first grade? If one-tenth the time now given to football played by professionals were devoted to technical training the pessimists would find less justification.

Apropos of Mr. Pemberton's letter the following were the attendances at some of the important matches on the opening day of the British football season:—At Sunderland v. Notts Forest, 15,000 people; Wolverhampton v. Derby County, 8,000; Blackburn Rovers v. Middlesex, 3,000; West Bromwick Albion v. Everton, 15,000; Sheffield United v. Sheffield Wednesday, 16,000; Southampton v. Portsmouth, 7,000; Tottenham Hotspur v. Cray's United 4,000; West Ham v. Woolwich Arsenal 4,000; New Brompton v. Stoke, 2,000; Northampton v. Notts County, 2,000; Liverpool v. Celtic, 8,000; Aston Villa v. Small Heath, 5,000; Newcastle United v. Glasgow Rangers, 3,000. These attendances are, comparatively speaking, quite small to what will be the rule as the season progresses and the various league and cup contests are in full wing.

A Natural Barometer.

"It is going to rain within six hours," said the man, with provoking deliberation. The sun was shining brightly, and only a few floating clouds broke the clear blue of the broad sky. "Rain," said the other, derisively, "and out of that sky? You're a pessimist. You always carry an umbrella."

"I'll bet you a good dinner that it will rain within six hours," the first speaker replied, with imperturbable good nature and gravity. The bet was made, and the dinner was paid for by the man who doubted. It rained in less than four hours.

"Now, if you will come around to my rooms I will show you how I knew it was going to rain," said the prophet, who was with honor in his own country. So there they went. Now, the prophet was an original sort of chap, and had fastened upon the walls of his room many strange things of the sea and forest and field. On the floor were flung skins of bear and deer and mountain lion, and on the wall near a window, stretched from the top of the high wainscoting to within half a foot of the floor, was the grewsome skin of a giant diamond back rattlesnake. The prophet pointed to it and said: "There's my secret."

The skin was dripping wet. The sweat, so to speak, stood out upon its scaly back in huge drops, which would swell and swell and silently run together in little streamlets, which in turn would rush down in an avalanche of other drops and reach the floor with a splash like a great tear. Everything else in the room was dry as the humid atmosphere of a city after a thunderstorm would allow.

"That's my barometer," said the prophet. "I killed the snake myself in Florida and had it stripped. The skin is not tanned, but just preserved, like rawhide. I had noticed in some of the coasting boats along the Gulf shore little strips of snake skin hung up in the cabin. The captains had told me that they could always tell when a squall was coming by watching this skin. I have had that for three years now, and it has been far more accurate than the weather observer. No matter when the first indications of a storm make themselves felt in the atmosphere, whether it be night or day, summer or winter, the faithful skin shows it by beginning to sweat. If the storm passes off the drops dry up and the skin crisps and shrivels until it is more like sandpaper than anything else. In the winter, of course, the sweat is not so profuse, because the air is drier than in summer.

"Why the snake skin should be so sensitive to changes in atmospheric conditions I do not know. I have asked expert snake handlers and students of reptile life, but they were as much at a loss as I was. I do not know, either, whether any skin but that of the rattler will yield to humidity or not. I know that the Florida boatmen use the rattler's skin exclusively for their cabin barometers. There's something grewsome and mysterious about it, I'll admit, but it tells the truth as accurately as the most expensive glass that was ever constructed; and all it cost me was a bullet from a rifle."

The Joys of Golf.

Sarah Bartle commended whist above all other games of cards, because it was such a "solid game," writes D. C. Campbell in "Scottish American." Had she known anything about golf she might have placed it above all other outdoor sports, for the selfsame reason. So solid indeed are the joys of golf that they partake more of the nature of substantial and enduring benefits. The old alchemists wasted a great deal of time and money in vain experiments to discover the elixir of life. A number of Spanish gentlemen, headed by Ponce de Leon, went on a fruitless quest through Florida in the hope of finding a fountain whose waters would repair the ravages of time, and rejuvenate the human frame. They might have saved themselves a great deal of trouble. The only true elixir of life is golf. It lengthens the span of human life, and preserves, as far as is possible, one's health and strength undiminished; nay, it not only preserves health but is pretty certain to restore it. If you are weakly, "throw physic to the dogs" and try golf. If it doesn't cure you your case is a desperate one, and you might as well set about making your will. It is the greatest antidote to the inroads of time known to mankind.

The ingredients of this elixir are these: Sunshine, pure air, rational exercise devoid of fatigue, rest of mind and freedom from care, and very generally fine scenery, to say nothing of the extraordinary fascination of the game. If you can beat these I should be very much obliged to you for the prescription. A friend of mine, who keeps some Turkish baths, told me that he could always tell the regular bathers. "They look," he said, "as if they had struck more sunshine than the average individual." I was very much struck with the phrase, and although not in a position to give an opinion as to its truth when applied to Turkish bathers, I do know that it is absolutely true of golfers. They look as if they had struck more sunshine than other men, because, as a matter of fact, they have struck more.

Modern Proverbs.

The good may die young, but the bad yearly always outlive their usefulness.

Don't cast your bread on the waters when you might just as well hand it to some hungry one.

Everyone is supposed to know his own business, but it is often hard to convince his friends that he does.

Many a man looks upon marriage as an institution that enables him to put his property in his wife's name.

Nine times out of ten the woman who is worth her weight in gold marries a man who is not worth his weight in scrap iron.

Every time a man runs across a lot of old clothes around the house he searches them, although he never finds anything.

Stubbs's Tip.

The chafing-dish supper was over, says the Chicago "News," and Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs were wending their way homeward.

"But, John," said Mrs. Stubbs, who was feeling perfectly well, and consequently was sure that everybody should make an effort to be above indigestion, "how do you know that Welsh rabbit is going to disagree with you?"

"I—I have inside information," Stubbs returned, promptly but sadly.

Bachelors of Commerce.

The University of London talks of the establishment of a new university degree—that of Bachelor of Commerce. Such a degree has, it is said, already been established at Leipzig, Germany, in the technical schools there, but in England the proposition has only been discussed by various educational bodies. The idea is that commercial matters have of late assumed such a prominent part in all the great accomplishments of the past decade, that young men should be especially educated to take their places by the side of the great "Captains of Industry." The candidate for such a degree would give especial attention to economics, to banking, exchanges, insurance, and the general machinery of business, to commercial, industrial and international law, to transport and communications, to trusts, trades unions, commercial and social ethics, and so on. There would naturally be in his course of study a larger share of modern languages, since they are the instruments of international trade; while mathematics and science would also be very essential to the completion of such a course. In these days when practical matters are of so much more moment than theoretical, the suggestion of a degree of commerce is not surprising. Commerce interests fully nine-tenths of all the male population of a civilized country, and the policy of preparing young men for life by holding from them any but the nearest details of commercial matters seems a little like a farce. It may be open to question whether a degree of Bachelor of Commerce is desirable, but there can be little doubt of one thing, that the ordinary college or university course would be broader and better if a rudimentary knowledge of business matters were crowded into it.

CURED TOTAL PARALYSIS!

It puzzles the Doctors and astonishes his patients how South American Nervine cures so many who are "given up to die"—it never fails.

"My wife was stricken with nervous prostration, which developed into total paralysis. We had hardly any hope of her recovery, but had heard of the great cures made by South American Nervine in cases of nervous troubles. We decided to try the treatment, and it was astonishing the results that followed the taking of three bottles—it worked wonders indeed. I feel I cannot speak too highly of this great remedy."—Edward Parr, Surrey Centre, B.C. 42

Mainly About People.

A good story is told of twin brothers, one of whom was a clergyman and the other a doctor. A short-sighted woman congratulated the latter on his admirable sermon. "Excuse me, madam," was his reply, "over there is my brother, who preaches; I only practice."

A friend tells me, says "M. A. P.," that he met Mr. Balfour one evening at a dinner party, when the conversation turned on the importance in life of self-confidence. My friend repeated the saying, "God gie us a guid conceit o' oorsels." Mr. Balfour heard it, and, bending across, added: "And that, sir, is the only prayer the gods always answer!"

A little girl had listened during the last few weeks while her parents discussed the high price of meats and vegetables. It had been the customary topic at the table, and the child had been heard to speak about the high price to her playmates while "playing house" with them. Recently the mother presented the family with a bouncing baby boy, and the other child was well pleased. In telling about her new brother to a neighbor one night she exclaimed: "The doctor brought him this morning. He's awful big. Wasn't mamma good to buy such a big baby when meat is so high?"

In Pickaway County, Ohio, there is a certain crossroads, where a patient teacher struggles daily with the development of the young idea. One morning she was giving the school a lesson in geography. "What is a cataract?" she asked. There was absolute silence in response, and she explained the meaning of the word. "What is a cape?" This was better. One of the children knew it was a point of land jutting out into the water. "What is a strait?" Over in the corner a hand went up. "I know, teacher," said a small boy. "Well, what is it?" "It beats three of a kind," was the triumphant answer.

"SCARRED FOR LIFE"

Skin diseases in many cases may need the "inward" application to remove the taint from the blood.

But many a once handsome countenance is "scarred for life" for lack of using such a healing agent as Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Only needs a few applications of this magic healer to any skin disease to clear away all signs of outward disorder and leave the affected part as smooth and soft as an infant's cheek. 39

A certain Yankee naval officer, noted among his friends and colleagues for his bumptious egotism, has an old mammy cook, who was brought up in her master's family and understands all of his idiosyncrasies. Lately the ice left at his house has not been up to the standard, and Mammy Jane complained to the man who delivered it, saying that "Mar's George" would not have such ice, and there must be an improvement. "Well, mammy," replied the iceman, "I don't know what to do about it. God Almighty made this ice, and the ice God Almighty makes ought to be good enough for anybody." "Yes, honey," replied the old negress; "yes, honey. De ice de Lord makes is good 'nuf fur anybody. Leastwise it's good 'nuf fur me, an' it's good 'nuff fur you, an' it's good 'nuf fur Miss Sallie an' de child'un, but Mar's George he won't think it's good 'nuf fur Mar's George."

TEST THE PINE-APPLE CURE

In the Storehouse of Providence there's an Antidote for every bodily ill. Medical Science has found Nature's Stomach Panacea in that most delicious of fruits—the Pineapple.

And medical science has given to mankind that pure and pleasant formula Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets, to be an everlasting and never-failing healer to suffering humanity—a treatment quick and effective, and so inexpensive that the poorest sufferer in the land may use it almost as "free as water." One dose gives relief to stomach distresses in any form.

Sixty Tablets, 35 cents. 40

A Difficult Feat.

A little while ago Canadians were referring with pardonable pride to the splendid work accomplished by one of their fellow-countrymen, Col. Girouard, as Director of South African Railways. The following from The New York Post is another evidence that, wherever they go, Canadians are usually equal to their opportunities and to the tasks, whatever their magnitude, entrusted to them:—

"The biggest electrical power transmission works in Britain's Indian Empire have just been opened in southern India. The plant was constructed at Cauvery Falls, on the borders of the Mysore State, and is one of the great sights of the country. The natural difficulties which had to be overcome before the 4,500 horsepower could be conveyed over ninety miles, to supply the force for ten gold mines, were enormous. Hilly jungles infested by tiger, panther and bear had to be spanned, and herds of wild elephants to be combated, before the telegraph posts, carrying six strands of copper wire, could be set up. The machinery had to be dragged thirty miles from the railway station to the works by elephants and the long-horned white draft bullocks for which Mysore has long been famous. Another and even greater enemy fought by Capt. Joly de Lotbiniere, the Canadian officer who initiated and executed the enterprise, was the widespread superstition that the god of the sacred Cauvery would annihilate all who tampered with the stream. Labor was consequently most difficult to obtain, and it was only by the greatest tact and ingenious explanation that the work was enabled to proceed. Cholera and malaria, always deadly in the river beds, particularly when freshly dug, also proved an obstacle. The Cauvery, one of India's sacred rivers, sometimes called the Ganges of the South, rises in a rugged valley on the western borders of Coorg, and flows through Mysore and Madras, forming on the borders of the two States the falls and rapids which enclose the Island of Sivasamudram, where stands a wonderful bridge, three-quarters of a mile long, built on piers of monoliths. The falls are two in number—Bur Chooki and Gunga Chooki—and are somewhat under 200 feet in height. The former is particularly beautiful; the spray of the latter, at the foot of which stands the generating station, can be seen for miles."

Battles at Night.

Owing to the state of perfection to which firearms have been brought, and the universal use of smokeless gun powder, the German military experts are mostly of opinion that the great wars of the future will be fought entirely at night, as only under cover of the darkness will it be possible to get to close quarters with the enemy. Consequently, in the German army the manoeuvres now take place almost entirely at night. The captive balloons, an illustration of which appears on this page, play a very important part on these occasions, for in the cage of each balloon is a powerful searchlight which sweeps the country for miles around, and makes the enemy visible at a distance of four miles, while the occupants of the balloon are in telegraphic communication with their army, and keep them advised as to the movements of the enemy.

Condemns the Police.

On July 30 there was fierce rioting on New York's east side, on the occasion of the funeral of Rabbi Joseph. The police used their batons with freedom, and it was claimed then that they signalled out leading Jews, and beat them severely because they had complained of previous incivility and harshness on the part of policemen. It was also asserted that the rioting on the day in question arose out of the insulting epithets directed against and the missiles hurled at the mourners by employees of the Hoe factory near the late Rabbi's house. Mayor Low appointed a committee of five reputable New Yorkers to investigate, and their report, just handed in, is a severe indictment of both the police department and the Hoe Company employees. The latter, the report says, have constantly insulted and attacked Jewish residents of the neighborhood, and "the police for a long time past have been insulting and cruel in their treatment of the Hebrews in the lower part of the city." Even where specific charges of unprovoked and brutal clubbing are proven against certain officers, the practice of their superior is to simply reprimand or to impose a small fine, but in no case to suspend or dismiss an officer. The attitude of several city Magistrates in dealing with cases in which Jews were the complainants is condemned by the committee as tending to encourage the police in their attitude. The committee condemns the negligence displayed at police headquarters, and demands that steps be taken by the proper authorities to hear specific charges against a number of officers and policemen, and to decide on the punishment of those found guilty.

Monroeism as It is Known.

The London Daily Express says:—President Roosevelt has been making important reference to the Monroe doctrine within the last few days. A representative of The Express discovered yesterday that a considerable number of Englishmen have no conception of what that doctrine is. A legal gentleman, interrogated on the subject, observed, with a superior smile:—"My dear sir, I have not the time to offer a long explanation to a layman of the jurisprudence of the United States as expounded by Mr. Justice Monroe," and waved his interrogator away.

A city man, on being questioned, averred that he had but a poor opinion of "these confounded American quack medicines," while another remarked, with an air of profound wisdom, that it was one of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's little games. He couldn't remember the exact details, though he had seen them in a newspaper.

A fourth gentleman believed that Monroe was the commander of a United States warship, whose favorite motto was, "Shoot first, and explain afterwards."

Chapped Hands

Everybody can be cured
If they Get a Bottle of

Elderflower and Witch Hazel Cream

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

SOLD ONLY BY

Canada Drug & Book Co

BORN.

CHAMBERLAIN—At Calgary, on Sunday, November 16th, the wife of Conductor J. J. Chamberlain, of a son.

LEE—At Revelstoke, B.C., on Sunday, Nov. 16th, Mrs. W. J. Lee of a son. (posthumous.)

MURRAY—At Revelstoke, B. C., on Saturday, Nov. 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murray, of Nelson, B.C., a daughter.

MOTTE—At the Queen Victoria Hospital, Revelstoke, B. C., Sunday, Nov. 9th, Mrs. Motte, of a daughter

MARRIED.

UPPER-TURNROSS—At Revelstoke, B. C., Friday, Nov. 14th, by Rev. C. A. Procunier, Reginald A. Upper to Salma Turnross, both of Revelstoke.

DIED

ROBINSON—At Revelstoke, B. C., on Wednesday, Nov. 19th, Daniel Robinson, aged 53 years.

NOTES OF NEWS

St. Andrew's day this year comes on a Sunday.

E. C. Fromey went up to Golden on Tuesday morning.

The ore shipments from the Rossland mines for last week were 7,305 tons.

—Boots and shoes for fall and winter wear at Reid & Young's.

$25,000 was paid last week for a seat on the Montreal stock exchange.

Mrs. Wm. Price and daughter are in town from Comaplix for a few days.

—Great values in Boys' school suits and overcoats at Reid & Young's.

Wood is the burning question now agitating the minds of the citizens.

M. M. Buchannan and B. Gainer came in last night from Camborne.

Mining recorder Scott, of Nakusp, spent Sunday in the city with friends.

The B. C. mineral exhibit of the Glasgow exposition is to remain in Great Britain.

—Lost, a hammer, on McKenzie Ave. The finder will confer a favor by leaving it at R. Howson's.

A movement is on foot for the holding of a Ping Pong tournament in the near future.

A number of the ladies of the city are giving a dance in Selkirk Hall tomorrow night.

—Punching Bags. Boxing Gloves, Whitely Exercisers, Indian Clubs, all sold at the Canada Drug & Book Co's.

The Independent Band are making arrangements to give a dance on New Year's Eve.

D. Orr, proprietor of the Eva hotel, Camborne, was in town for a few days this week.

—Ladies Jackets, finest quality goods and in makings the best, see them at Reid & Young's.

A verandah is being constructed by D. McCarthy on the east end of the Imperial Bank.

A wood yard that could supply the demands of the market, would be a paying institution in Revelstoke.

F. W. McGregor, who has been employed by J. Kernaghan on the drill shed, left last evening for his home at Salmon Arm.

—To be ready for the Tournament go to the Canada Drug & Book Co. and get a Ping Pong set, they have them all kinds and prices.

J. H. Ross, former governor of the Yukon has returned from California, having fully recovered from his recent severe illness.

Mrs. C. G. Rutter, of Detroit, Mich., came in on No. 1 last evening and will reside for a few months in Revelstoke with her sister Mrs. F. Somes.

The members of the Ladies Hospital Aid Society are kindly requested to hand in their membership fees to the secretary as soon as possible.

Norman Ashley, a carpenter, had two ribs broken as the result of the giving way of a scaffold in the interior of the Hume Block Saturday morning.

—Get your drugs and medicines from the Canada Drug & Book Co. they have a large stock and keep turning it over all the time so you always can rely on pure and fresh drugs.

The Sunday school children of the Methodist Church are preparing a programme for the Christmas Tree entertainment to be given in the church on Christmas eve.

The profits from the Nelson ping pong tournament held in that city last week was $140. The money was handed over to the public library committee.

A Canadian twelve penny, 1851, black, lightly cancelled postage stamp sold in London on Saturday for £75, and a New Brunswick, mauve, of the same year brought £14.

Henry Rose, who was found guilty at the assizes recently held in Nelson of the murder of John Cole, near Nakusp, will be hanged in the jail yard at Nelson tomorrow morning.

J. Kernaghan, who has the contract for the erection of the big C. P. R. hotel at Lake Louise near Laggen, spent a few days in town with his family, returning to Laggan Tuesday morning.

The Ladies Hospital Aid Society are calling a meeting for Saturday afternoon at 3:30 in No. 2 fire hall. All ladies wishing to join are requested to attend. The annual fee is $1.00.

Mr. and Mrs. Girling, of Wawanesa, Man., were in the city at the Victoria hotel for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Girling are on a honeymoon trip through B. C.

Ed. Corning leaves on Monday for a couple of months trip to North Carolina. Mr. Corning will visit the health resorts of Pine Bluff and Southern Pines, North Carolina.

A special general meeting of the curling club will be held in No. 2 fire hall this evening at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of endeavoring to come to some understanding with the Rink Co. A full attendance of members is requested.

Mr. King, a photographer, who was here about a year ago has opened a photo studio in the premises formerly occupied by the Kootenay Mail. A specialty will be made of small pictures and photo ornaments. See advertisement in this issue.

J. B. Scott, who has been in charge of the Trout Lake branch of the Revelstoke Wine & Spirit Company, came up from the south Saturday evening. The branch at Trout Lake City has been closed for the season and J. B. will take a position in the factory here for the winter.

J. A. Darragh, manager of the Western Star and Wide West groups, two prominent and valuable mining properties on Pool creek, was in town on business on Friday and Saturday. These properties are situated near the famous Beatrice and Silver Dollar groups.

At a meeting of the Calumet and B. C. Goldfields, Limited, who have under bond the Eva property near Goldfields, the following officers were elected: P. Lamont, president; W. W. Beer, vice president; E. A. Crease, 2nd vice president; W. C. Bailey, secretary; J. Laing Stocks, treasurer; J. F. Musselman, managing director.

Mr. Tarte, in La Patrie, says: "We believe for our part that the passage of Mr. Sutherland to the department of public works will be short in duration. He is undoubtedly destined for the department of railways and canals. The health of Mr. Blair leaves much to be desired and he will not be the last to abandon the political arena."

On Friday last the members and adherents of the Presbyterian Church presented Miss Dunn with a handsome sterling silver manicure set. In making the presentation Mr. Cooke made a few complimentary remarks thanking Miss Dunn for the valuable assistance rendered by her to the choir during the past three years. Mr. R. N. Doyle replied suitably for Miss Dunn.

The Toronto Telegram's London cable says: "The Morning Post in regard to the complaint that the Canadian Northwest is becoming Americanized, says but little attention will be paid in England to these complaints, until Canada establishes western immigration for her own benefit, instead of systematically exporting her young men to the United States."

The first report of the Canadian Patriotic Fund association has been issued. The report shows that up to March 31st, 1902, the receipts were $338,408, made up of the following subscriptions: Canada, $312,420; Great Britain, $22,539; United States, $2 999; other countries, $530. The disbursements total $195.546. Balance of subscriptions unexpended, $143,951, to which interest on deposit added, brings the total in bank to $157,422.

James Taylor, of the Arrowhead saw mills, received a telegram yesterday announcing the death of Angus McLeod, M. P., for one of the Ontario constituencies in the Dominion House, at the Victoria hospital in Victoria. Mr. McLeod was a visitor to Revelstoke about three weeks ago, when plans were being prepared for the erection of a large sawmill at Arrowhead, and while here was taken ill and went to the coast where he went to the hospital. Mrs. McLeod was with him when he died and will pass through Revelstoke tomorrow morning with the remains en route to her home in Ontario where the interment will take place.

How Editors Get Rich.

After a great deal of study and worry we have at last "figgured" out how so many country editors get rich. Here is the secret of their success. A child is born in the neighborhood; the attending physician gets $10, the editor gives the loud lung youngster and the happy parents a send off and gets $0. It is christened and the minister gets $5 and the editor gets $00. It grows up and marries; the editor publishes another long winded flowery article and tells a dozen lies about 'the beautiful and accomplished bride.' The minister gets $10 and a piece of cake, and the editor gets $000. In the course of time it dies and the doctor gets from $5 to $100, the minister perhaps gets another five, the undertaker gets from $50 to $100, the editor publishes notice of death and an obituary two colums long, lodge and society relations a lot of poetry and a free card of thanks and gets $0000. No wonder so many country editors get rich.—Exchange.

The Douks.

(Mr. Speer's Men have successfully vanquished the Doukhobors.)

Forward the Speer's Brigade,
Forward the great brigade,
Was there a man dismayed
Men of the skin type?
Honor the charge they made
Into the Douks they'd wade
Was there a man afraid?
Not on your tin type!

Douks to the right of them,
Douks to the left of them,
Douks right in front of them,
Then as the jay-lights,
On the small festive worm,
Did they in manner stern,
Out of each Douk so firm,
Hammer the day-lights!

Back fell the whiskered men,
Back fell the Douks again,
Back fell they to their pen,
Back fell they fighting.
Jabbed in the bloomin' necks,
Jabbed in the solar plex—
Thus, they were reg'lar wrecks,
They're hopes went kiting.

Then Mister Zummokoff,
Then Mister Turomodoff,
Then Mister Drumtoostoff,
Stopped in their pilrige.
Mister Demenskiment,
Also Romenskivent,
And all the "ski's" they went
Back to the village.

—Montreal Herald.

Human Fleas.

There is a class of human beings, including both men and women, who meddle in other people's business and cause a great deal of trouble by whispering malicious lies about their friends. Generally failures and incompetents themselves, these people take personal offense at any of their acquaintances who presume to do well in the world or who achieve any honor or distinction.

Nearly everyone has suffered at the tongues of these meddlers and whisperers. They never permit any positive action to go without a few spiteful criticisms. To this class belong the men who sit in a club window and find fault with fellow members of the management and tell derogatory stories of their intimates. To the same class belong the gentle maidens who circulate mean little remarks about other girls. Along with these must go the men who sneer at the ambitions and failures of the men about them. In short, the class takes in everybody who gives way to envy or spread lying stories, or meddles in other people's business, or displays an uncharitable dog-in-the-manger spirit.

There is no use arguing with people of this class. They cannot help their meanness. They were born with little brains and tattling tongues, and they will go on meddling and whispering until the end of their lives. They are human fleas or mosquitoes, and their business is to sting and bite like vermin. But it may be of some use to tell men and women, tortured by these pests, that they are suffering only what most persons suffer at some time in life.

Every man or woman that does any positive act or gains any eminence must take calumny as an ordinary consequence. As soon as a man raises his head before the crowd the pigmy slanderers proceed to rain blows upon it, and as long as his head is up these blows will fall. Most of them will do him no harm, but once in a while one will sting him and stir his anger. If he gives way to wrath he makes a mistakes. It is better to ignore these small meddlers and whisperers, for they thrive on the attention that they obtain, and to turn on them is merely to advertise them. Unless notice be taken of it, slander soon dies a natural death.

For the protection of one another from lying tales and mean criticisms let us all resolve never to believe a defamatory story except when it comes on very good authority, and let us all make a point of rebuking meddlers and whisperers whenever we catch them. If decent people did not give ear so readily to slander there would be less of it.—Nelson Tribune.

An exchange hits up the lucky farmer in this style: "The man who wrestles with the cow, and learns the calf to suck, who casts the corn before the swine is now in greatest luck; for butter's on the upward grade, veal's higher than a kite, pork is climbing up the scale, and beef is out of sight; the eggs he gathers every day from his Poland chicken coop, are almost worth their weight in gold and we are in the soup. His corn brings him a fancy price, it is raising every day and he rakes in a bag of cash for half a load of hay. The farmer's in the saddle and when he comes to town, the rest of us by right should go way back and sit down."

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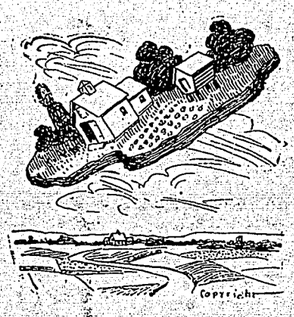

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