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THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol V. No 164 | REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 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—90c—$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

The Eva Flotation.

Mr. Hanchette, solicitor, of Houghton, Mich., who was out here last month with the Michigan party, on an investigation of the Eva. A recent issue of the Houghton Mining Gazette gives the following version of the affair which is practically the same as given by the HERALD in its report on their visit. The Kootenay Mail or, in other words, the Certainty Knocking Co. should read this and gather the true cause of all the trouble:

Mr. Hanchette in discussing the scheme to float the Eva proposition said:

"I cannot see how Rosenberger can have the assurance, to ask the Northwestern stockholders to assist him to float the Eva or even ask them to subscribe for stock in the Calumet and British Columbia after the way he has tried to down the Northwestern, and after the directors of the Northwestern have concluded not to take hold of it. Not because the property was not good—the engineer's report has not been made—but because the rake-off to the underwriters was too large and the control of the property remained with the western end, and because the terms of the bond are so strict that a little foolishness or trickery would lose to the stockholders all the money they paid for the stock. The stockholders are not purchasing a property, but are practically putting up money on an option that can easily be forfeited with all the money and machinery. We investigated and decided not to recommend the deal. Many have subscribed for stock under certain representations. Those representations not being effected or carried out we decided that the money should be returned to the subscribers, and then if they wish to take stock through Mr. Rosenberger at all, and let him handle their money, then can do so.

"I do not say that the Little Eva is no good. No one can say about that till the engineer's report has been received. It is possible that the Eva is a good mine, but I don't believe in taking hold of it on those terms. We were well pleased with the show of things at the Northwestern and I believe that will prove a valuable mine."

Wouldn't It Jar You.

Wouldn't it you! The editor of the Mail is fearful that there will be such a race for advertising space in his paper by the merchants of Revelstoke for the holiday season that his advertising space will be underwritten many times over. The Mail says: "Contracts for Christmas advertising should be made at once for our space is limited." Yet he has columns of stuff like "baby's first tooth," "does your food distress you," "have you pains in the back," "do you belch forth wind," and clubbing offers till further notice, not to mention advertising matters that conflict with the retail merchants of this city, for instance, Ryrie Bros., jewellers, Toronto, and Weiler Bros furniture dealers at Victoria. What is the matter Mr. Mail, with Guy Barber or E. M. Allum, for jewelry, or Revelstoke Furniture Co. and R. Howson for furniture.

Golden Gleanings.

Dr. Taylor returned from his holiday in the east on Friday accompanied by Mrs. Taylor and Master Gilbert. On Thursday Gilbert took sick and after their arrival here Dr. Lafferty of Calgary was wired for who on inspection pronounced the trouble scarlet fever. The attack proved a specially severe one and Gilbert died on Tuesday night. He was a bright little lad of 4 years of age and a general favorite. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of all the residents in their affliction.

The Golden public schools have been closed owing to there being a number of cases of scarlet fever in town. This disease has been present in Golden more or less all summer and a determined effort will be made to stamp it out.

The hospital ball will not be held this week, as arranged, owing to the death in Dr. Taylor's family.

The initial dance of the Golden Quadrille Club was a success, being attended by about 25 couples. Dancing was kept up until 2 a. m. and arrangements were made for a continuance of the dances throughout the season.

The Rink Company have a good sheet of ice now and will open the rink shortly to the public.

Skating has been indulged in by the younger members of the community on the slough, but the snow of the past few days has put an end to the sport.

Mrs. F. Whiting, of Armstrong, and daughters spent a few days in town on their return from an extended visit to eastern points, the guests of Mrs. Ullock.

COL. PRIOR NOW PREMIER

Another Shuffle in Provincial Politics—Tatlow and McBride Decline Portfolios—The New Premier's Policy.

The rivalry for the post of Premier of British Columbia, in succession to Hon. James Dunsmuir, is ended at last and Colonel Prior becomes the first minister of the province. He was sworn in at 6:30 Friday night by the Lieutenant-Governor as Premier and Minister of Mines.

The resignation of Mr. Dunsmuir was handed in to Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere early in the forenoon of Friday, but the fact was kept very secret, and when it was published in the evening was received almost with incredulity. The Premier has kept his pledge to Hon. Mr. Wells absolutely namely, that he would retain office until his return.

After Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir's interview with the governor Friday morning when he recommended the Minister of Mines as his successor, Col. Prior was sent for and was entrusted by His Honor with a task of forming a government. This he undertook to do, and at the hour mentioned Friday evening formally took over the reins of office.

Hon. J. D. Prentice, Finance Minister and acting Provincial Secretary, was sworn in to the former position at the same time.

Hon. W. C. Wells was sworn in Saturday morning as Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, and the same evening Mr. Denis Murphy of Yale, was sworn in as Provincial Secretary and Minister of Education.

The attitude of the Attorney-General to the Ministry is not yet defined. It is a fact that his portfolio is open for him in the reconstructed Cabinet if he so desires. He did not avail himself of that offer on Saturday, and he may decide to retire from the Ministry. Those who best understand the situation, however, believe that when his national disappointment has worn off he will loyally give his support to a Cabinet which will consist practically of those he has worked with for more than one session. In the event of Mr. Eberts' refusal to retain his portfolio, it is said that the Attorney Generalship will be offered to Mr. W. W. B. McInnes of Nanaimo.

The Presidency of the Council will likely be taken by Mr. H. Dallas Helmcken, who has played no small part in the negotiations which have resulted in Colonel Prior's selection.

The new Premier has not been sufficiently long in the saddle to outline his policy fully, but he goes the length of saying that it will be a strictly non party one, in spite of his own recent declarations for an issue on Federal lines. It will contain Liberals like Wells and Murphy, Conservatives like Prior and perhaps Eberts, and anti-party line men like Prentice and Helmcken. If the last accepts the Presidency of the Council, he will not require to be returned again, as the principle was established when Dr. McKechnie occupied the same post, that the position not being a salaried one its occupant need not consult his constituents when accepting it.

Colonel Prior's policy will be largely on that followed by the preceding Ministry, and the Canada Northern will be one of its main planks. It is believed that the resignation of Mr. Dunsmuir, coming on the heels of a trip made by him and Dan Mann over the Esquimault & Nanaimo Railway, indicates that McKenzie & Mann are going to purchase the Island road, and that Mr. Dunsmuir wished to be out of office before consummating the deal thus avoiding the charges which led up to the Curtis commission of last year.

His decision in Colonel Prior's favor is said to be due to representations made to him by Opposition members that they would support Col. Prior. The latter, it is said, will favor a land grant to the railway subject to taxation after a term of years.

Regarding his support in the House, Col. Prior said he was assured of a good majority of the members, otherwise he would not have accepted the premiership.

The stability of any cabinet which Premier Prior may be able to gather about him is questioned by the Opposition politicians, although it is conceded by them that if the gentlemen now holding portfolios do not resign the cabinet will hold together till the Legislature meets.

Capt. R. G. Tatlow, M.L.A., states that he and Mr. Richard McBride, M. L. A., have declined to become identified with Premier Prior's administration as members of his cabinet.

Mr. Joseph Martin's position in the arena of provincial politics is looked upon as a known quantity since his printed announcement over his own signature of his opinions concerning the government's probable recommendation regarding the transfer of the Fraser river bridge to a railroad corporation. Politicians assume that Mr. Martin siezed upon the opportunity to voice the position he will assume toward the government, and believe that Premier Prior need expect no support from him.

LATER.

D. M. Eberts has been sworn in as attorney general, and W. W. B. McInnes as president of the council.

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

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

HAVANA, Nov, 27.—With exception of cigarmakers there has been a general resumption of work here this morning.

PARIS, Nov. 27.—The funeral service of Mrs. Gore was held in the American church here today and was largely attended.

ESSEN, Prussia, Nov. 27.—The remains of Herr Krupp were buried today. Emperor William followed the hearse on foot.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—President Roosevelt received the British Labor Committee today and tendered them a very hearty greeting.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—John Dillon, the Irish leader, was taken to Moricey hospital today, through illness, the result of over-exertion.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—Mrs. Sylvia Doton, a well known and wealthy club woman, dropped dead today while saluting the American flag on the platform of her club.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 27.—Sixteen batteries, 96 guns in all, and 280,000 small calibre Mausers have been ordered by Turkey, as a commencement of the rearmament of her artillery.

PANAMA, Nov. 27.—Gov. Salazar, as soon as cruiser Bogota returns, will leave for the interior with several commissioners to receive the arms of the defeated insurgents. Schools and industries will be immediately reopened.

LONDON, Nov. 27.—So far Venzuela has resisted the demands of Britain and the diplomatic relations between the two countries is still very strained. Seizure of Venzuelan customs has been discussed as a means of obtaining satisfaction, nothing definite decided on as yet.

The Shamrock III will be launched the end of March.

The telephone system of Vancouver is tied up on account of strike.

A violent eruption of Mt. Soufriere took place yesterday.

Fire yesterday destroyed $26,000 worth of property at Bathurst, N. B.

Fire at Fusan Cana, Japan, Nov. 5th, destroyed 300 houses and rendered 1645 people homeless.

Jimmy Britt knocked out Frank Erne in the 7th round at San Francisco last night.

The Trades Assembly have raised the boycott against the Schenectady Railway Co., in an exciting meeting.

Mail advices from Yokohama report discovery of a Japanese Klondyke in a rich placer gold field at Konagawa, Ken.

The Home Office of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York, will insure the life of each employee for $10,000. This effects over 600.

One man from each military district in the Dominion will take a three months gymnastic course at Royal Military College to qualify as instructor for troops of his district.

The Cut-Rate Grocer.

The following is an address delivered by C. H. Hanson at a convention of the State of Washington Grocers at Seattle:

A good definition of grocer might be "a person selling food"; that is to say, supplying such articles as the public need for eating—the necessary staples as well as the luxuries of living, which, with perhaps the exception of fresh meet and fish, are supposed to be kept on sale by the modern grocer.

Society must be fed, and not only so, insists on being well fed. Nearly half of the laws on the statute books are for the regulation or protection of articles of food.

On the other hand, it is stated that nine-tenths of our diseases are caused by improper or impure food.

The business of the grocer, then, is quite an important factor in our industrial and economic system, as well as in our social well being and health, and should be conducted on careful principles with good judgment. On his capability, judgment and honesty depends, to a great extent, the physical welfare of society.

As just stated, capability, judgment and honesty are three of the necessary qualifications of a grocer. Capability is the outgrowth of practice, having learned and to some extent mastered the many details of the trade.

Judgment is founded on learning and knowing how; it seems to be inborn with some, while to others it seems unattainable.

But above capability and above good judgment is that last qualification—honesty, without which no grocer will or should succeed. Honest to his customers to give them full value, and honest enough with himself to make a fair profit without recourse to tricks.

The insane clamour of the public for bargains and cheap goods is met by the so-called cut-rate grocer.

The cut-rate grocer is usually a man who never learned the grocer's trade, who couldn't tell a Sanlos coffee from a Salvador, or a Ceylon tea from Young Hyson if the label were off, nor a piece of breakfast bacon from English belly—he has gone into the business to make money, and in order to attract the public to his store, usually sells some of the leading staples, well known and fully labelled, at, or a little below cost. The bargain hunter is attracted and not only buys but tells her neighbor how cheap flour, sugar and other articles are sold at the new grocery. They are nearly all new grocers. The neighbor doesn't gothere to buy. She wouldn't leave her old grocer, but tells him how queer it is he cannot sell goods as cheap as the new store. He tries to show that he cannot sell goods at cost and——— —What's the use of arguing. In nine cases out of ten she will stay right witn him, maybe kick a little, but she likes him, and that is the reason she stays.

Now, as to the Cut-Rate Grocer. He is usually a man who has tried several vocations and made a success of none. Or he may have been in some other business, and not getting rich quick enoug, tries his hand at groceries. He has a little money and thinks he can undersell anybody, why? he can buy canned goods for instance 50c. a dozen cheaper than others. He does not know that the canned goods he is buying are "do-overs," and if he does, he does not care. The same with his dried fruit—it has been steamed once or twice to kill the sugar weavil and grubs; what's the odds?

He makes a larger margin with his cut-rate price than the honest grocer can possibly do on straight goods. Well, he hurts trade some. The best trade, however, will stay with the grocer whose customers have learnt to trust him Some who leave will come back again. Those who stay with the cut rate grocer and trade,—well, what influence will he have on them. He may assist the physician, the health officer, and the undertaker in their line of business. As a rule, he doesn't last long, he doesn't get rich fast, and its but a passing wonder when his store changes hands. — Canadian Grocer.

AROUND THE RAILWAY YARD

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

Ed. Armstrong, C.P.R. brakeman, leaves for the east in a few days on a holiday trip.

J. Burnham, is relieving B. F. Gaymen who is on a holiday trip, at the C.P.R. commercial telegraph office.

Engineer W. Tomlinson, who has been working at Rogers Pass all summer, arrived in the city on Saturday, and will run freight east from this point in the future.

F. Crick, C.P.R. engineer at Kamloops passed through the city on Monday morning en route to Calgary, where he will run an engine out of Calgary for the next few months.

F. Corson C.P.R. engineer, at Rogers Pass, came in on Thursday evening last to attend the funeral of the late D. Robinson. Mr. Corson and Mr. Robinson have been firm friends for upwards of thirty years.

K. of P.

The following officers were elected at last night's meeting of Gold Range Lodge, No. 26, K. of P.

C. C., B. Van Horne.
V. C., J. B. Scott.
P., W. Farrell.
M. of W., B. Howe.
K. of R. & S., G. Brock.
M. of E., E. Burridge.
M. of F., H. Cook.
M. at Arms, A. Crowe.
I. G., P. Ainslie.
O. G., E. Paget.

MEDICAL OFFICER, DR. CROSS.

At the Camborne Group.

A. H. Floeter, the engineer on the Camborne group, who was in the city yesterday, reports the work on the construction of the aerial tramway and stamp mill at Goldfields as progressing most satisfactorily. Last week the last tower on the tramway was completed and in ten days the cables will be stretched. The stamp mill will then be rushed through to completion and in sixty days it is expected that the stamp will be in operation on the rich gold ore from the Goldfinch and adjoining claims.

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.

Trust in God And do the Right.

ANDREW HAGEMAN, Pastor the Collegiate Church, Fifth avenue and West Forty-eighth street, New York City.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.—John xiv., 12.

It is the glory of the Christian that he is enabled to serve in the redemption of a world for which Christ died. Every servant of Christ is a son of God. Each subject of the King is a prince, able to prevail with God and men.

Notice the positiveness of Christ's words of cheer. "Verily, verily;" truly, truly, as though it could not be contradicted. This double verily is peculiar to John's Gospel. It makes emphatic the utterances which follow. They cannot be changed by the lapse of years. Doubly certified, they stand firmly established. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also."

Here is the Christian's condition of success in service for his Master, Christ, viz., "faith in Him." "All things are possible to him that believeth." You shut off the current of your power the moment you doubt Him in the least. Your thought, your opinion, your faith in Him circumscribes your power in accomplishing the world's benefactions.

But with these conditions of faith in Him fulfilled, what are the results? Works equal to any which Christ ever did. Works greater than those which He accomplished. This is very strong and extreme language; but, coming from Christ's own lips, we must believe it, and has not history abundantly verified His words? Let us look for a moment.

"The works that I do shall ye do also."

Christ suffered for mankind; "gave himself for them."

Did you and I ever benefit humanity very much without a self-denial; without a giving of somewhat of ourselves in their behalf?

Christ was crucified for sinners.

Paul says: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live." The new Christ life in the man.

Christ healed the sick.

His followers do the same. In fact, the Gospel uproots the cause of so many evils and errors. Its precepts, obeyed, purify all life; regulate the expenditure of strength, restrain self-inflicted injuries, determine our best laws of wealth.

Christ cast out devils.

What else is done when the evil spirits of strong drink, profanity, hatred, envy and jealousy are uprooted by an applied Christianity, and in their places are cultivated the fruits of the spirit—love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, kindness?

Christ convinced men of sin and their need of a Saviour. He talked with the woman of Samaria until she saw herself a sinner and also saw Him her Saviour. He reasoned with Nicodemus until impossible things became clear and reasonable.

You and I do a similar service when we deepen the conviction of sin and reveal the Christ ready to save and heal.

Christ converted, turned the hearts and lives of men unto God.

This is our amazing life work, too, as Christians—to turn men round and cause them to live so differently afterward.

Even a little child can thus lead the strong man out of the very thicket of sin. A trembling, dependent wife may draw her whole family into loving subjection to God. A few faithful believers in town or city will change the whole moral tone of the place.

Christ drew multitudes unto Him. There was a magnetism about His pure and unselfish life which drew men irresistibly to Him. To-day you and I may do similar service. For the world admires just a little more than all others the upright, consistent Christian. There is a sweetness in the companionship of an aged saint which cannot be found elsewhere—for satan has no happy old men. There is a sacredness in the touch of that life which has walked all its way with God. Men love it and are inspired with greater courage therefrom. It is, therefore, no vain thing to say that Christians are doing the works to-day which Christ did and drawing multitudes to service!

Manifestly Christ has in view the wondrous development of Christianity throughout the coming years and centuries. In this He intends to work more and more through Christians. Not, therefore, separated from Him, but, as His active agents, are they to do these greater works. The work of salvation is to proceed upon an ever-enlarging line of service. Redeemed men and women are to behold their work expanding and they themselves developing into greater efficiency. Just as the daily toiler in the application of inventive genius does greater actual work than the inventor himself (but only because his genius makes it possible), so Christ in the redemption of this world plans to use with marvellous results men and women who will serve Him.

How delightful to exert our choicest strength for such a Master! How honorable is the calling which makes us collaborators with such a friend! Yes, we touch the hand of Him, who moves the worlds. We feel the throbbings of the heart of the Infinite in fullest sympathy with all our efforts to elevate mankind and to save this world.

Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God and do the right.

Destruction of Weeds.

There are two classes of weeds—those that come from seeds and those which are propagated principally by means of their roots. Weeds which spring up from seeds can be destroyed by successively bringing the seeds in the soil to the surface, where they germinate. The seeds of some weeds have great vitality and remain in the soil for years. Some are enclosed in clods and are retained for another season, but when the clods are broken and the weed seeds exposed to warmth near the surface, they are put out of existence by the harrow as soon as they germinate, for which reason it is impossible to clear a piece of land from weeds in a season unless every clod is pulverized. The oft-repeated inquiry: "From whence come the weeds?" may be answered: "From the clods." The weeds that spring from roots are cut up, checked and prevented from growing by frequent cultivation, because they cannot exist for a great length of time unless permitted to grow. If no leaves are allowed on such plants they perish from suffocation, because they breathe through the agency of the leaves. The advantages derived by the soil in the work of weed destruction reduce the cost of warfare on the weeds, for every time the harrow or cultivator is used the manure is more intimately mixed with the soil, more clods are broken, a greater proportion of plant food is offered to the roots, the loss of moisture is lessened and the capacity of the plants of the crop to secure more food is increased. The cost of the destruction of weeds should not be charged to the accounts of a single year only, as thorough work during a season may obliterate the weeds entirely, or so reduce their number as to make the cost of their destruction during succeeding years but a trifle.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Care and Handling of Milk.

Realizing this most liberal distribution of bacteria in nature, it is not difficult for the milk producer to understand how they may gain access to the milk.

But milk, even before it is drawn, has been found to contain variable and often large numbers of these microorganisms. The first source of bacteria in milk is the udder itself. If the animal is suffering from a specific infectious disease, such as tuberculosis, anthrax, foot and mouth disease, or other cattle diseases, the bacteria causing these diseases are able to find their way from the animal body through the tissues into the udder. While milk from such animals is utterly unfit for consumption, as it imperils the health and life of the consumer, its dangerous effects may be overcome in case of tuberculosis by properly pasteurizing the milk. In the case of anthrax, however, the germs are very resistant and heating the milk to the boiling point will not destroy them. Fortunately, the milk secretion in animals suffering from anthrax decreases rapidly and ceases completely after a few days; the milk takes on a yellow, viscid appearance. The foot and mouth disease, which is causing enormous loss of cattle in European countries, has, thanks to the rigid enforcement of our quarantine laws, so far successfully been kept from the herds of this country, hence an infection of milk from this source is much less liable to occur.

In healthy animals the only possible channel of bacterial invasion is the teat. The teat is a canal surrounded by muscular walls and closed at the extremity by an involuntary sphincter muscle, which varies much in contractility in different animals. Often it is so lax that the pressure of a small amount of milk in the canal is sufficient to open it and the animal leaks her milk. In other animals, it requires a strong effort on the part of the milker to draw the milk. This canal, with a temperature of the animal body, and containing always, even after the most complete milking, a small amount of milk, offers ideal conditions for bacterial growth. When the animal lies down, be it on the pasture or in the stable, the udder and teats come in contact with dust and dirt, which are teeming with bacteria. It seems, then, reasonable to conclude that in case of leaky udders the bacteria adhering to the exterior of the teat have easy access to the interior, where they meet most favorable conditions for rapid development. This assumption is borne out by the results of many investigations, which invariably show that cows with leaky udders harbor a very large number of bacteria in the milk. For this reason, such cows are discarded from the herd in some sanitary dairies. On the other hand, where the sphincter muscles close the teat firmly, the bacterial invasion is greatly checked.

From what has been said above it may clearly be seen that, if cows are allowed to wade in swamps covered with stagnant water, or lie down on dirty, filthy stable floors which are covered with excreta, etc., the chances are that a comparatively large number of bacteria will be able to enter the udder through the teats, a fact which is especially true in the case of cows that leak their milk. It is obvious, therefore, that the discarding of animals which suffer from disease and of cows that have leaky udders, the use of drained pastures and of clean bedding on the stall floor, constitute the first step towards improving the hygienic and keeping quality of milk.—*Cornell University Experiment Station.*

Man and Horse.

There is a very general discussion going on in the European press regarding the unnecessary cruelty to horses attending the military ride from Brussels to Ostend, which recently brought together contestants from most of the European armies. The London Chronicle gives some remarkable cases of endurance on the part of both men and horses. Charles XII. of Sweden rode from Demstica in Turkey to Strelsun on the Baltic, a distance of 1,300 miles in a fortnight, during which he thus kept up the pace at the tremendous rate of 90 miles a day. Nearest akin, perhaps, to this relay riding by Charles Douze are the "pony express" performances of Captain Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," who once covered an "extra distance" of 322 miles in one continuous ride at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour; while from Fort McPherson to Fort Kearney—a distance of 95 miles—he rode in twelve hours one day, and did the return ride the next day in the same time on the same horse.

In the annals of English history there is the record of a fine performance. This was the feat of Sir Robert Cary—afterwards Earl of Monmouth—who had private reasons of his own for being the first to announce to James VI. of Scotland the death of Queen Elizabeth, to whose throne the "British Solomon" was called to succeed. From London to Edinburgh the distance is now 400 miles, and at that time it may be said to have been even more, by reason of the wretchedness of the roads. Starting from Charing Cross on a Thursday morning (March 24, 1603), Sir Robert reached Holyrood on the following Saturday night. The first day he rode to Doncaster, 155 miles (presumably on relay horses); next night he slept at a house of his own at Witherington, in Northumberland, about 130 miles further, and on the evening of the following day he reached Holyrood, covered with blood from a fall on his horse in the last section of his tremendous ride. Thus Sir Robert—who spent two nights in bed—had done an average of about 133 miles a day for three successive days—a splendid instance of personal endurance.

Captain Charles Townley, a Queen's foreign service messenger, in 1849, was sent to Constantinople by Lord Palmerston with despatches of momentous urgence and importance. The captain could get no further than Belgrade by rail, and thence it behooved him to spur across the Balkans to Stamboul—a distance of 820 miles. Every moment was precious. His orders were "not to spare himself nor others." He did neither. His way lay through mud, mountains and darkness. An old musket wound opened in his wild career, and drenched him with blood, and he repeatedly fainted in the saddle. Twice his horse fell with him. Thirty minutes to change horses was all the rest he took—apart from one "blessed sleep of six hours," and so, after five days and eleven hours in the saddle, he rode, or rather reeled, into the courtyard of the British Embassy at Pera, after having covered an average distance of 150 miles a day for five and a half days—a finer case of personal endurance even than that of Sir Robert Cary, who had done his average 133 miles per diem for three days. The "voice of honor and humanity had been vindicated," as Canning wrote—nor would anyone have protested if, in such a cause, a hundred horses had been killed, and Townley's great ride of 820 miles in 131 hours was recited in the House of Commons to the pride and wonder of all Englishmen.

The King's Kind Act.

An interesting incident in the visit of the King and Queen to Dunrobin forms the subject of an illustration on this page. During the swimming races five small boys stood upon the diving stage in readiness for the race for juniors, but when the word was given only four plunged in, the courage of the fifth having failed him at the last moment. Recognizing his disgrace, he burst into tears, and nothing would induce him to come up the steps from the water's edge. At last Mr. Austen Chamberlain descended and led him up, and once up the Queen patted his little naked back and the King gave him something to put in his pocket—only he hadn't one. The spectators were delighted with the kindness of the act and cheered their Majesties loudly. This sketch is taken from The London Daily Graphic.

Seventeen-year Locusts.

During a recent visit to Baltimore Dr. Oldright obtained some specimens of that noted species of the Cicada family, known as the seventeen-year locust. It is not a very formidable-looking insect, in spite of its hoary age, but its habits are singular. It belongs to the order Homopterae, and has a body about an inch and a quarter in length, and transparent, red-veined wings. In the adult state it lives about two months, and this period is spent above ground, and is occupied with propagating the species. The injury it does to vegetation is not by eating, for it is said to fast in this extra terrestrial existence, but by laying its eggs in the twigs of trees, which break off and fall to the ground. This duty accomplished, the insect dies. The larvae emerge from the eggs in about seven weeks, and at once penetrate the ground, where they feed on the juices of the roots of plants, at a depth of from six inches to two feet. There they remain, moulting a number of times, for seventeen years, when, in turn, they come forth, frequently in swarms, to fulfil their little destiny in the natural order. To this end the pupae work their way by some common impulse to the surface, climb the trees, and there the perfect insect breaks from the pupae case leaving the latter translucent, with a split along the back like the open door of a deserted dwelling.

Keep the Best Cows.

A difference of only one quart of milk a day for ten months between two cows amounts to 300 quarts, which will be worth from $10 to $20, according to the price obtained per quart. This fact should convince all who sell milk from the farm that it does not pay to keep any but the best cows to be obtained.

A Blurred Color Line.

"FIVE thousand dollars reward is offered for Miss Maddison," said the station sergeant, yawning over his last hour on duty, for it was two o'clock in the morning. "That's a queer disappearance as ever we tried to fathom. A young girl buys a ticket for Chicago, takes a Pullman car, gets to her destination, fees the porter, gets in a street car and is never heard of again. Her aunt telegraphs to know why she doesn't arrive. Her parents telegraph that she left, as arranged. The conductor remembers her, the Pullman porter remembers her. And, with all that, she drops out of sight like a falling star. She was one of the prettiest girls in Denver."

"And her luggage?"

"Was claimed by someone the same day and shipped east."

"So she must have left Chicago."

"Not at all. Her checks were presented, but anyone might have got hold of them. Strange, however, that they struck the right place for finding the trunks, unless they were on the train, too."

"And the luggage was claimed again?"

"No, not until the mother described the contents of a left trunk at Grand Rapids, which had the girl's initials on it. It was one of the trunks just as the mother had packed it. Five thousand dollars reward," and the station sergeant sighed. "I'd like to earn it."

I was going to Grand Rapids, and laughingly remarked: "Well, I'll look out for Miss Maddison, sergeant. What did she look like?" The sergeant opened a locked drawer. "Here's a photograph of her," he said. "She's a beauty—at least, she was. I doubt if she's alive." I saw a cabinet portrait of a lovely, fragile-looking, refined girl, with long, slender nose and thin, arched lips, a sensitive, high-strung spirituelle creature, but with nothing of weakness in her features. The great, serious eyes were deep and very beautiful, and half veiled by rather heavy lids. Anyone seeing that face wouldn't easily forget it. "May I have that picture?" I asked, impulsively. "I'll bring it back on my return trip."

The station sergeant laughed. "I got it from a reporter who made a drawing of it for the paper," he said. "But, as you say, I'd recognize Miss Maddison anywhere. She had the loveliest pale-gold hair, that curled in little rings all over her head, just like a boy."

"You've seen her?"

"Certainly. She has often visited her aunt here, and I used to have a beat on the North Side before I got promotion. Miss Maddison spent one whole summer in Chicago, the year of the World's Fair. She was only a slip of a girl then. She was nineteen the day before she disappeared."

"Strange story!" I said, carelessly, but I put the photo in my pocket, and presently strolled to the station to await my train for the East. It was not long before I was comfortably settled for the trip and had impressed my porter with the fact that I was a person of consequence. How it is possible to do this I shall not make public, but the porter, a tall and fine-looking negro, hovered about me with a solicitude which was most soothing.

"We change time at Chicago, porter; what is the right hour?" I asked, as he stooped before me to put in a cinder screen. He pulled out his watch, turning it away from me, and I caught its inner side reflected in the little mirror which was set between the seats, he holding the watch very close to it as he stooped. In the lid was set a woman's picture, at which I stared as if galvanized. It was a tiny replica of the large photo which at that very moment stretched my breast pocket. What was this son of Ham doing with the picture of the young Denver lady whose disappearance had raised such a commotion? Before I could draw breath, the porter snapped his watch shut, said in deferential tones, "Barely a quarter to three, sah," and straightened his tall form, as the cinder-screen slipped into its groove.

"Have you been long on this run, porter?" I asked, carelessly.

"Yes, sah; run from Chicago to Detroit for several years now."

"And never further?"

"No, sah. I don't know Canady at all."

"Nor west of Chicago, either?" I asked, carelessly still, with my eye on him, as he reached into an upper berth opposite. For just one moment he hesitated, then with a short laugh he answered:

"Well, not much, sah. I've run through to 'Frisco several times, and once or twice short trips. This is my regular route." Someone rang, and the porter hurried away, but presently he came back. "You goin' through to Canady, sah?" he asked.

"Perhaps so," I said. "If I don't find what I want first."

"Oh, you'll find it, sah," he said, with cheery conviction, and made himself busy over his bed-making again.

"I went through to Detroit, after all. I don't know why, except that I hate being routed out at night, and when one has privileges such as I enjoyed it's no matter how far one chooses to travel. At Detroit I gave my man a dollar. "Buy your sweetheart an ice cream," I said, as he profusely thanked me. "My good lady thanks you, sah," he said, merrily. "I'se a married man, sah."

"Then what the mischief," said I to myself, "does your wife think of your carrying a white girl's picture in your watch cover?"

As I selected a cigar in the nearest reliable shop, again I thought of the five thousand dollars awaiting an earner, and a solution arrived. "He's got the picture for the very same reason I've got mine," I said to myself. "I mustn't go on any bat with this photo in my possession and be searched by some officious bobby!" and I grinned at what my wife would say if she read in the papers that I was a suspected abductor of Denver womankind.

I had occasion to visit a man whose apartment was in rather an unpopular neighborhood that afternoon, and as we lounged in his sitting-room window I idly asked him what sort of neighbors he had. "Oh, all sorts," he said, cynically. "Poor clerks can't live in swell localities. "I have Jews to the right, and shady folks here and there. They're an inoffensive lot, white, brown and black." I looked across the road, where some very tidy windows stood open. A small shop occupied the ground floor, and "Room To Let" was the legend on a card in the window. Above were the tidy open windows, and just within one of them hung across a chair a blue coat, gold-buttoned, and a railway porter's cap.

"Very decent nigger and his wife live there," said my Bohemian. "I suppose he's a Pullman porter; he's always apparently in bed most of the day when he's home. Wife's a perfect little dandy, with the prettiest voice. Sings very nicely, and is a good-looker. Not a real nigger; more of white than black. One of Topsy's cream-colored niggers. Works somewhere. I often meet her going up-town of a morning. But what am I giving you, old chap? Excuse me. In my lonely life I become observant of any person not quite repulsive. Let's drop the neighbors. They're a sorry lot."

I stayed in Detroit for a week, and had business with this man which took me to his rooms again. While there I heard a beautiful soprano voice singing a rather difficult scrap of an opera some five years old. "That's my cream-colored Dinah," said the man, flippantly. "I wish she'd come and water her window-boxes. It's time she looked after them." Just as he spoke the curtains parted and a slim arm came out, holding a small shower watering-pot. The singing woman began to water her flowers, and I could see her small brown face peering down as she carefully showered her plants. Her dark hair lay in little curls upon her forehead, and her eyes looked handsome across the narrow street. When she caught sight of us watching her she became mute and drew partly back. "She's a nice little thing, and not bold, as you see," said my client, observing her. "Even these humble folk have the good of life. They took those rooms about three years ago, and I quite enjoy them. Just a tidy pair. He's a great big chap; very good-looking for a darkey. See! there he is, at the other window." There he was in his shirt-sleeves, my porter of the train from Chicago. We both drew back, as he leaned from the window and looked up and down the narrow street. The woman at the other window also leaned out, and called to him, pointing to a straggling strand of nasturtiums which trailed nobly independent from her flower-garden. She reached her arm very far out and tried to imprison the trailing flowers, and just then her sleeve caught in a nail protruding from the window-frame, and rip! went the dark cambric, laying bare a couple of inches of her upper arm. I started and exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" said my client, curiously, as the cry burst from my lips.

"Oh, nothing. She's torn her dress." I answered, as she disappeared, and the porter also withdrew into the seclusion of the room opposite.

But I have extra good eyes. I had seen her bare upper arm, and as sure as I was alive it was as white as the driven snow!

It was quite dark that night when I entered the small shop, wearing my worst coat and a newly-purchased cheap hat, in which I felt very much over-dressed.

"You've a room to rent?" I asked the old mother who sold wurst and other delectable edibles.

"Yah, mein herr; vater, komm!"

Vater came, and we soon struck a bargain. "I will pay you for a month," I said. "And when I get my trunk I will send it. My name is Jones. Put the trunk in for me."

"Yah," said vater. "It is a nice room, and mayve some goot essen is by the shop."

"You could send up my breakfast each day?" I enquired.

"Yah, for cin mark—twenty-fif cent."

"Very good. Send it to-morrow morning at eight o'clock," and I betook myself to my small hall bedroom, only separated from the porter's menage by a plastered wall. During the evening I journeyed out more than once, purchasing several things at the queer little shops and grinning as I saw across the way the head and shoulders of my client, propped up in an easy chair.

Presently a soft, clear soprano voice began to sing very sweetly next door, and a tinkling accompaniment on a rather fair piano was audible. The woman played and sang with evident culture and ability. And she was the wife of a colored porter! She sang so softly that I didn't catch the words at first, but presently I entrapped a line which was not English. My heart beat quicker. No one can imagine the strength of the impulse that guided me, as I gently set my door ajar and intently listened.

The old German frau was going to bed, and she paused before my door. "You dere, mister?" she asked. "You don'd light de gas?"

"No; I have bad eyes. I am resting them after working," I mendaciously explained.

"Dose singin' bees nice?" she asked. "You like dem?"

"Yes," I said. "Is it your daughter who sings German."

"Ach, no; das ist Frau Jackson. Ach! She is schmart singer, hein?" and the old woman glided away as my neighbor's door opened quickly and the girl came out.

"You want me?" she called to the retreating German.

"Nod ud all, my chilt; nod ad all. Only I wait to hear 'Du Bist wie Eine Blumchen.' That is nice singin'."

"Good-night," said the clear, sweet voice—the cultured, white voice!

"Guten-nacht, my chilt. Schlafen sie wohl," said the guttural German voice; and I stood in the dark, with many queer thoughts.

The girl paused before my open door. "Is anyone there?" she said, nervously.

"A blind man, young lady, who has rented this room to-day, and thanks you for your music."

She shrank into her room timidly. "Oh! I did not know the room was taken," she said, hesitating. "There is a box of mine in it. Shall I send down for the boy to take it out?"

"Don't trouble until to-morrow," I said. "It will be quite safe. I shall lock my door, madam." Then she very gently closed her own door, and the house was perfectly still.

And I waited until very late before I cautiously lit my gas and found under the sofa bed the box of the porter's wife. It was a very good box, indeed—expensive, and not much used—and on the end were three letters—E. G. M.—which certainly did not spell Jackson! Very early in the morning I arose and went out, and found a locksmith to open a locked trunk. He soon had the trunk open, sold me a key which fitted it, and took himself off before eight o'clock. Then I hesitated, but only for a moment. I had gone too far to resist further temptation. In a trice the tray of the trunk was on my bed, and I was looking at its contents. As a married man, I could appreciate the cost of the dainty things it contained, none of which I dared disturb. I gingerly opened the hat-box. There, tucked in one corner was a dainty gray cardcase, which I very carefully took out. Several cards were in it, and on each one was engraved "Emily Gordon Maddison!" I took one of them, hid it in my own pocketbook, and replaced the tray, locked the trunk, and carefully shoved it back under the sofa-bed. I had found what I wanted, and five thousand dollars lay in my inside pocket! After breakfast the boy came for the trunk, which he carried into the next room, and during the day I heard some more singing—such happy carols that I almost thought the whole business must be a weird dream, until I stealthily glanced into my pocketbook at the card. "What under the canopy could have led this sweet young lady to bestow herself upon a nigger?" I asked, furiously. "To leave home and family and associations, and live in a grubby city slum and yet be happy enough to sing in that wondrous way?" I am afraid when on the second or third morning I heard a deep mellow voice blending with her clear treble I had a murderous impulse to begin an assault upon a son of Ham!

Before I became solicitor for the railway I had taken five years of criminal practice, and had come across some queer cases. But here was I, by a curious fatality, mixed up in a complication at once weird and interesting to a degree. "I shall go to Denver," I said, suddenly, when I had received at my supposed hotel an imperious telegram from my wife, asking when I was coming home to arrange our holiday trip. So on the next evening I boarded a train, and as soon as I stepped into the sleeper I encountered the tall form and dollar smile of my friend the colored porter.

"Evening, sah. Yes, the parlor is vacant. I got a message from town 'bout an hour back," he said, politely. "You go clear through this time, sah?"

"Yes, to Chicago," I said.

He regarded me with reminiscent eye and smiled. "Got what you was lookin' for, sah?"

I started and stared, then answered thoughtfully, "I think so, John; I think so," for I remembered my words of a fortnight earlier.

"That's good, sah. Tole you you would, you know," and with a low chuckle the porter showed me to my state-room.

I fell asleep as comfortably as old travelers do, and neither dreamed of Jackson nor his white helpmeet. When I wakened hell was abroad. There was a hideous jolt and jar, loud calls and a crash of rending timbers. The door burst open, and the porter shot in, his arms outstretched as he plunged. Together we fell to the floor, to the roof—somewhere—he over me, and then there was a sickening interval of faintness, which lasted but a moment, and cool night air blowing upon me, and someone deeply groaning close by. I stretched up an arm and touched a warm face. "Oh, God! Is that you, sah?" said a deep bass. "We'se wrecked, sah, an' a beam is lying 'cross my back. It's close on good-bye time, I guess, for me!"

I put up my hand again. "I'm all right, porter, but a cut on the head," I said, weakly. "I shall call out for help," which I proceeded to do with my feeble might.

Then the deep voice went on. "I'se done, sah. This big beam's broke my back. I feel it coming. Oh, God! and Lady-bird's all alone!"

A sudden terror rang through his voice. I touched his face again. "See here, porter; is Lady-bird your wife," I asked, gently stroking his cheek. "Don't give in yet. Tell me what you want me to do, when we get out of this wreck."

"Do!" he screamed. "You can't do nothing, sah. She's all alone except for me. She left all of 'em for me," and his voice trembled. "She's an angel, sah, is my wife, sure enough. God help her!"

"Well, she shall never want, John," I said, solemnly. "I swear it, and if you—feel so badly—is there anything you'd like me to say to her from you?"

"Tell her I died worshipping her," he said, in almost fierce tones. "Tell her if it could be done over again I couldn't do different; but tell her to go back. She'll understand. Tell her if hell lasts forever and I'm in the midst of it, I've no complaint to make. I've had my heaven. Can you reach me again, sah?" I knew perfectly what was coming, and touched, not his face, but his body. "Can you get my watch, sah, and put it in your clothes? Will you take it to her? My address is written on it, on the chamois case. Will you just give it to her yourself, sah?"

"Indeed I will, if you don't get there first," I said, cheerily, feeling in the vest pocket and taking out the watch. "Looks like robbery, porter," I continued, stowing it away in my pocket. "See here, if my legs weren't pinned down, I'd try to help you. Now, I am going to call out again—a lantern is coming this way."

My shouts soon brought some scared rescuers, who succeeded in freeing my legs and dragging me from the wreck, when I promptly fainted and was carried to a shed near by. When I came to, my first words were, "Where's the porter?"

A man gasped out, "We can't loose him; he's pinned fast. Ain't groaning any more, so I guess he's passed in his checks. Did you know him, mister? Reckon he saved you from that big beam that's lying 'crost his spine now. He was a powerful nigger that, and as white inside as they make 'em."

The past tense was chilling. "Go and see if he is dead, and if not, tell him to hang on, and that I swear I'll not forget to do as I promised him, and more also."

"Well, don't excite yourself, mister, or you'll go off again. Here's the doctor was nearest," and away he went, grimy and weary, to take my message. Presently he came back. "Porter's passed out, mister," he said, tersely. "I went straight to him with your word, and as soon as I gave it, he just said, "Good-bye, Lady-bird!" and gin up."

When I had been put to bed in a wayside shack, and another man had gone with a telegram to my wife and yet another to "Lady-bird," and the day dawned on the wreck, the doctor came again. "They have freed the body of your porter, sir," he said. "What do you wish now?"

"Have it cared for in the best way possible. Forward it by special if you can to the nearest undertaker, and then look out for the answer to my telegram. And say, doctor, I have his watch and a message for his wife, which I am pledged to deliver." "Right," said the doctor, heartily. "For, by design or accident, he certainly saved your life, sir!" "Oh, he meant it all right," I said, with a catch in my voice. "He made straight for my state-room when we collided, and spread his arms above me. God have mercy on him!" Then I bethought me of my friend the clerk in Detroit, and the five thousand dollars reward offered by the parents of Miss Maddison for information as to her whereabouts. "I'll give him a chance to earn that some day!" I said. "For I don't want to have a hand in the matter till after I have just one talk with the Lady-bird!"

Very soon a man came in with a wire for me, two, three of them! My wife's first—only three words, "Thank God! Coming." My partner's—"Will be down by special this morning." The Lady-bird's—"Send body to Mrs. Jackson, —— Second street, Detroit. Wire when to meet it." Then, for all the horror and the sadness, I slept for hours.

My wife sat at my bedside when I awoke, pale but smiling. Only those who enjoy happy married life can guess how our first words and thoughts were intimately personal; but suddenly an idea struck me. Here was my natural helper in the case of the Lady-bird. So, while we sat hand in hand, I told her what you know from this tale; showed her the two pictures and enlisted her warm sympathy. "You must go to her," I said, decidedly. "Go to the Cadillac, send a carriage for her, and get that damn stuff off her face and hands. I suppose the hair-dye will take time." My wife put her hand over my mouth. "Don't swear over it, dearest," she reproved. "She shall be beautiful Miss Maddison once more if there's a face-doctor in Detroit worth her salt. She's my sister or yours, and has run away with a theatrical troupe. Could you stand the disgrace?" I kissed her emphatically. "Julia, you're a trump!" "Not an ace of spades, anyway," said my beaming wife. "I'd adopt a whole nigger family, I am so grateful for your escape—so grateful to that brave, good porter-man. Just leave it all to me, honey, and you'll see how I can manage."

A week after I was shown into a room at the Cadillac, where my wife sat with a slender woman in a crape gown. Her face was pale, and on her small head was a luxurious crop of golden curls, over which that most pathetic of the many crowns of womanhood, a widow's cap, was perched. To a mere man, ignorant of the barber's art and the mysterious toupee, the change was magical. My wife rose and took the slender woman's hand. "Mrs. Jackson, this is my husband, who has something to tell you. Be brave, my dear sister," she said, and kissing the pale cheek of the porter's wife—or Miss Maddison!—she left us alone.

I cannot report that interview, but it is one of the short times I don't desire to live through again. My brain, usually so alert and well-regulated, was simply at loose ends. I was now the blind lodger, now the Peeping Tom across the road, now the man of business, and, above all, the man for whom another man had faced death and been taken at his word. Mrs. Jackson, being quite unsuspicious, had decidedly the advantage of me. I gave her the watch and the message, the latter as well as I could. Then I dodged her tremulous thanks, her tremulous lips upon my hand, and bolted from her presence in a complete state of demoralization.

"We are going home soon, husband, are we not?" asked my wife, when she had somewhat calmed me.

I sent for my friend of Second street, and invited him to earn five thousand dollars. Needless to say, he left for the West on the next train with a bee in his bonnet and an address in Denver in his breast pocket. In due time a couple of notices appeared in the Denver papers to the effect that Miss Maddison had reached home a widow, having eloped three years before with a secret lover and on his death returned and been welcomed with enthusiasm. My wife and myself advised the Lady-bird to keep her own counsel, and she did so, her married life being amply vouched for by my wife and myself, and its details being unknown even to the clerk, who pocketed the five thousand dollars and made his fortune apparently through a chance recognition of the lost girl when in our company in Detroit. We love the Lady-bird dearly, and my wife looks with detective eyes at every porter on the line.

One day I visited once more the sergeant of police and returned him the photograph. "You should have had it sooner had I not been nearly killed in that railway collision," I said, with a wild desire to tell him of my series of surprising experiences.

"Ah well, sir, them that's born to be hanged, you know," said the sergeant, yawning. "Now, wasn't it queer, that just two months after you and I had that talk about Miss Maddison she should turn up? She saw life, if that's what she went away for, anyway!"

"Aye, and death, too," said I, softly.

"And to think how easy that Detroit chap spotted her at the Cadillac. But I suppose he got there just in time. They say she was on her way home to her people. Well, there won't be another five thousand dollars lying round for him to pick up as easy. There wasn't much about it in the papers," he asked, with professional curiosity.

"Very little," I assented. "It was just a runaway love match." But all the same, it remains to me a psychic mystery.

Humor in a Catalogue.

A specimen of humorous cataloguing, quoted by the "Critic" from a Wyoming auctioneer's list, is as follows:

Grand. "The Heavenly Twins." (Not to be had separate.)

Grey, Maxwell. "The Silence of Dean Maitland." (Broken.)

Haggard, H. R. "She." (Unique.)

Holmes, O. W. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. (Plates missing.)

"How to Be Happy Though Married." (Rare in this state.)

Phelps. "The Gates Ajar." (Unopened.)

To the World's End.

He (describing his journeyings)—Then, leaving Gibraltar, I made my way to Australia, and from there I went to the diamond mines in South Africa, where I made my fortune. Then—do you follow me, Miss Crynkle? She (with a vivid blush)—To the world's end, Mr. Rocksworthy.—Cape "Register."

The Moonstone Sphinx

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson,

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

"Yes, very cold," the girl assented, and then felt that further beating about the bush would be so intolerable that she must scream aloud instead of converse if she were forced to endure it. "You sent for me, Mr. Anderson," she said, "and here I am."

"Yes, I sent for you," he echoed. "The fact is, I've been thinking for several days since rehearsal began that—er—that the part of Celia is hardly suited to you. Your method is—er—rather too spirited."

Could it be possible, Winifred quickly asked herself, that he was about to tell her of Mrs. Peter Carlton's intended departure, and offer her the part of Rosalind, as Mr. Macaire had suggested, in spite of the thing that had happened last night?

"I always was a bad rehearser," she said. "I know that's an amateurish excuse, and I do try, but——"

"I'm afraid that you'll never play Celia in a way to—do yourself justice," Anderson continued. "It—really, you know, Miss Gray, you'd do yourself harm by playing it, after the hit you've made as Lady Kitty in 'The Green Sunbonnet.'"

Winifred's lips began to feel oddly dry. She strove to speak naturally, but her voice sounded strained as she answered—for she knew not what was coming—"I'm sorry that you think so, Mr. Anderson."

"I'm sorry, too—more sorry than I can tell you," he responded, emphatically. There was sincerity in his accents, and Winifred could see in the man's handsome face that he was actually unhappy and miserably ashamed of himself. She could read his mind well enough to be sure that he hated what he was doing, and that he was acting under strong compulsion. He must be in sad financial straits, she felt, to submit to such a humiliating yoke, for he had the reputation among theatrical folk of being an honorable man. Stunned as she was by the thought of the blow about to be dealt, the girl found a certain sympathy in her heart for the executioner.

"I'm sorry on your account, and sorry on my own," he finished.

"Do you want me to give up the part, Mr. Anderson?" she asked, bluntly.

"I think it would be better for all our sakes, much as I dislike saying so. Our contract stipulates for two weeks' notice on either side, you know, Miss Gray" (he gazed out of the window as he spoke), "but the present circumstances are—rather peculiar. If you—er—gave up the part it would be impossible for you to go on with the rehearsals. And so, if agreeable to you, you need not attend, though, of course, you would continue to draw your present salary for another fortnight."

CHAPTER IX.

Winifred's Dramatic Exit.

Now at last the murder was out. Winifred wondered at her own coolness, for this came near being a death-blow to her. She seemed to be numb, without feeling; suddenly she cared no more than if this were happening to a girl she hardly knew. Her impulse would have been to refuse the salary—to say that she would not take what she had not earned, and that she would consider her engagement terminated from this moment. But, with the pressing knowledge of her mother's needs, she could not afford to indulge her hurt pride.

"I—don't quite understand, Mr. Anderson," she said in a strained voice, which seemed to come from someone else. "Who's to play Lady Kitty if—I am discharged?"

"Don't talk about being discharged, my dear child!" exclaimed the actor-manager. "Of course, you can go on playing Lady Kitty, if you really prefer, but I thought, as there might be gossip in the theater about the part of Celia being rehearsed by someone else, it would be pleasanter for you to be out of it altogether. Your understudy, Miss Cotter, could get through Kitty very decently, I daresay. And she's quite good enough for Celia, poor girl."

Winifred sat still, thinking earnestly for a moment. Lionel Macaire had kept his word, and had lost not a moment in setting about it. There was no shadow of doubt that she owed this blow to him, though by what threats or what bribes he had made George Anderson his cat's-paw she could not tell. The millionaire had punished her, and if she took Mr. Anderson at his word and played Lady Kitty during the next fortnight he would surely cause her to regret it, either by forcing himself upon her at the theater or by some other method which she could not foresee.

Now that this terrible slight had been put upon her by the manager there would be nothing save humiliation for her at the Duke of Clarence's, where she had been so happy; there was nothing more for her in the engagement which had brought her such joy, except to take the remaining money that was due, and retire with what grace she could.

"Very well, Mr. Anderson," she said, dully. "I do think I am being hardly treated, but I know very well there's no object to be gained by saying so, except a little rather bitter satisfaction to myself, perhaps. I must accept the salary for the remaining fortnight, though I wish very much I need not——"

"Please—please don't make this any harder for me than it is already," pleaded Anderson, rising hastily, that the disagreeable interview might the sooner come to an end. "Celia's really not good enough for you, my dear Miss Gray. You can do better for yourself—much better."

Winifred took the hint, and rose from her chair also. "It will be difficult to do anything at all so late in the year," she said, with some bitterness; "especially when it is known that I've been discharged from the Duke of Clarence's."

"That word again!" ejaculated Anderson, beginning to be irritable in the midst of his remorse. "No such thing will be known. You have been taken suddenly ill—or family trouble has forced you to give up acting for the present—which you please. You've only to choose, and I'll have the same story for all reporters or anyone who applies to the theater for information."

"Family trouble!" The words stung Winifred like nettles. There was truth enough for such an excuse; nevertheless, she would not make it. "I think I should prefer," she said, looking him straight in the eyes, "that the real truth should be told."

He flushed under her look, and dropped the long lashes of which he was as proud as if he had been a professional beauty. "At least, Miss Gray," he retorted, sharply, "I have spared your feelings as much as possible. I have seen you myself, I have talked with you as one friend talks to another, and——"

A sudden knock at the door seemed to strike the next word from his mind. There was distress in his handsome face as he said: "Come in."

Something told Winifred that it was Macaire who stood outside the door, demanding admittance, so that when he entered he had not, at all events, the satisfaction of surprising her. He knew that George Anderson had sent for the girl, and the hour of the appointment; probably he had been with the actor-manager when the letter was written, and he had come purely for the pleasure of beholding the destruction he had wrought.

But at the sight of the hideous red face and the pale eyes which, though the sneering lips were silent, said to her: "I warned you what you had to expect, and I have kept my word," Winifred's spirit rose.

A bright color sprang to her cheeks. Her eyes were like stars. Never had she been so beautiful. She had faced the door as Lionel Macaire opened it, and she made the one glance she gave tell him it had been given merely because it was unavoidable.

"Good-morning and good-bye, Mr. Anderson," she said, her head held high, and a proud smile on her lips. Then, drawing her dress aside that it might not be desecrated by touching the millionaire, she swept by him without a look.

"By Jove!" she thought she heard George Anderson say, as the door closed behind her.

As she went down the stairs from the office, the blood throbbing in her forehead seemed to blind her eyes with a reddish mist. Hardly knowing what she did, she found her way through labyrinths of passages to the region of the dressing-rooms, and shut herself into her room. There she half-fell upon the little wicker sofa, where she had nestled so cosily many a time. She had loved the very smell of this theater—the queer, indefinable odor made up of gas and mustiness, which is like nothing in the world outside a theater, or even further in front than "behind the scenes;" and to her the Duke of Clarence's had seemed to have an individuality of its own. She would have known she was there, and nowhere else, if she had been led in blindfold; and she would carry away the remembrance with her, though after to-day she would never come into the place again.

Her big dress-basket stood against the wall, and presently she began putting things together, and packing them into it. Jameson could have been sent to do this work, but somehow she felt that she could leave it to no one else's hands. There was a separate memory in everything she touched, and she laid them in the basket now with a sad tenderness. It would be hard to look at them after this. She wondered what theater they would be carried into next, and so wondering her heart grew very cold. How should she tell her mother of what had happened—the poor little mother who ought to be petted and cheered and given all she wished for, instead of being buffeted by higher waves in the deep sea of trouble?

When everything was ready to be sent for, Winifred took one last look at the room and turned away. In going out she had to pass a door which led to the stage, and the voices of people rehearsing came to her ears. "Miss Cotter, down right, quick as you can, here!" she heard the stage-manager shout.

The blood rushed up to Winifred Gray's face, for Miss Cotter was her understudy—a pretty girl of no particular talent, recruited from "society." Winifred knew exactly what scene they were working at, and she hurried past the door, only anxious to meet no one.

She was fortunate in this, for everybody was on the stage, and she had only to face the doorkeeper in his little room.

"Off again, miss?" he remarked in his privileged way. "Hope you ain't ill? You're not looking quite yourself."

"A little headache," the girl answered, truthfully. "Good-bye, Hansey."

And then she hurried on, leaving him to suppose that she had been excused from rehearsing on account of indisposition. He and all the others, down to the supers and stage-hands, would know the real facts—or, at least, the facts as Mr. Anderson intended them to be represented—soon enough.

CHAPTER X.

Humiliation.

As Winifred left the theater she felt that her next thought must be to find another engagement as speedily as possible, for the need of money was too urgent to admit of an hour's delay in seeking for something to do. Her mother, who believed that she had gone to rehearsal, only starting a little earlier, would not expect her home again until four o'clock, for on days when there were rehearsals and matinees Winifred lunched near the theater at two or half-past, when the long business of rehearsing was over.

Now it was not yet twelve o'clock, and she would have plenty of time for visiting agents before she need go home. If only she could hear of an engagement the story which must be told to Mrs. Gray would not be quite so hopeless.

In Winifred's present circumstances it was a hard ordeal to go and interview dramatic agents. By this time her name and her face were very well known in London. She had made an immense "hit," for which she had her charming personality and her extreme girlishness to thank, even more than her talent, perhaps, and earlier in the season she would have had no difficulty in obtaining a "shop"—as theatrical slang has it. Many managers would have been only too glad to have such an addition to their companies, for Winifred had proved an actual attraction in herself at the Duke of Clarence's. But now almost everything worth taking would be gone, and there was scarcely a chance that she would have luck. Besides, she must not forget that she had made a powerful enemy.

However, Winifred had a great deal of moral courage, and, thinking of her mother, she screwed it to the sticking place, only hoping that she might not be childish enough to blush and look self-conscious when she was questioned as to why she had so suddenly left Mr. Anderson.

She had had two years of provincial experience, but she had begun in a school directed by an actor who took his most promising pupils out on tour, therefore she had never had to do with agents. She knew, nevertheless, where they were to be sought, and, turning into a street off the Strand, she soon found the name of the man most believed in by the profession.

There were superficially jaunty, anxious-eyed young men going up and down the staircase that led to the office, and there were preternaturally yellow-haired young women, who stared at Winifred as she passed with eager jealousy, wondering if the luck which had failed them was for her. Some of them recognized her face, and these were more jealous and eager than the others, though one and all painfully pretended indifference.

Mr. FitzJohn Doulton had an outer and inner office, and favored indeed were the applicants who ever reached the latter.

Everyone knew that there was a private exit from this sanctum sanctorum, and that Mr. Doulton had a way of disappearing while the outer room was crowded by those who had waited for hours in the hope of seeing him. This was the reason why so many men and maidens haunted the stairs, that—while appearing just to have come, or just to be going, stopping for a chat with an old friend, perhaps—they might be ready to dart upon their prey before he could manage to escape.

Winifred did not know these secrets of the prison-house, however, and she walked with shy slowness into the outside office, the dreaded blush coming as a broadside of stares was directed upon her.

The room was packed with actors and actresses who were "resting" and yearned to rest no more; and the walls were covered with photographs of other actors and actresses who hoped, no doubt, that their faces or figures might strike visiting managers as suitable to their requirements. Almost all the portraits were autographed, and it was a tribute to Mr. FitzJohn Doulton's benevolent talent that so many professional people were "his gratefully" and his with the "kindest remembrances."

The occupants of this room were not of the theatrical haut monde, with which Winifred had been associated since joining Mr. Anderson's company. They were more of the sort she had known on tour, but there were no familiar faces, and she was thankful for that, as she was in no mood for greetings or questionings from acquaintances.

At intervals a youth threw open the door which led to Mr. Doulton's inner office, calling a name; and then, with an air of importance which might almost have been a lever to move the world, a man or woman rose, moved across the room, followed by envious eyes, and was shut out of sight into the place where all fain would be.

Winifred thought it very likely that, if she chose to say "I am Miss Gray, from the Duke of Clarence's," the golden sceptre would be held forth to her without the tedious necessity of waiting for her turn; but she would not do this. It was not fair that she should be preferred before people who had waited for hours, perhaps. So she sat outwardly quiet, raging within, as she mentally reviewed her scene with George Anderson, until at last the self-sufficient youth announced that Mr. Doulton had been called away on business, and would not be back. "There was no good any ladies and gentlemen waitin' longer."

With grumblings the disappointed ones rose and made for the door. It was always like this, they complained. There was very little good coming unless you had an appointment, and even then you weren't always sure of Mr. Doulton—he was "so erratic."

Winifred went with the rest, and among them all there could scarcely have been a heavier heart than hers. It would be hopeless to call upon another agent until afternoon, for she had been here an hour, and it was now luncheon time for most business men.

Mrs. Gray was particular about the places where her pretty daughter lunched alone, and Winifred had frequented a daintily-decorated establishment in Bond street, where charming girls in purple frocks, with frothy muslin aprons, smiled upon customers against a background of dull green wall and old blue Delft china. But there were to be no more Bond street feasts for her at present. She gloomily ate a bath-bun at an A.B.C. shop, and went to another agent's. Here she was more fortunate. Mr. Brownwood was in, and only a few persons were before her. In half an hour she was with him, and had introduced herself. He was polite, had seen her act, and would be pleased to serve her; but there was nothing—"really nothing doing." If only she had come to him two months ago it would have been a different story. He feared that she would hear the same thing everywhere. Still, she might look in from time to time, and certainly he would keep her in mind.

"By the way, rather a queer thing" he remarked, as the girl rose to go. "I was—er—informed that you would come to me to-day."

Winifred opened her eyes very wide. "How very strange!" she exclaimed. "Will you tell me who informed you?"

Mr. Brownwood smiled. "That's exactly what I don't know. The fact is, it was an anonymous letter. I attached no importance to it, and had almost forgotten the thing until you came in."

Winifred was scarlet. "Please tell me what the letter said. I think I have a right to know that. I—should like to see it."

"I'm afraid it went into the waste-paper basket—the best place for such things," he replied. "But I can remember almost the exact words; there weren't many. Let me see. 'If Miss Winifred Gray calls upon you wishing for an engagement, ask her why she was discharged from the Duke of Clarence's.'"

"You haven't asked me!" broke in the girl.

"Of course not. I don't suppose for a moment you were discharged. Some jealous, malicious woman——"

"I was discharged," Winifred stammered. "Everyone will know it, and—I know who sent you the letter. But——" and she paused for a moment—"I can't tell anybody. It would only do me harm, and the person who wrote it counts upon that."

"I wouldn't think of it if I were you," said the agent. "I oughtn't to have mentioned it—but I spoke out impulsively. Well, good-day. Come and see me again."

Winifred scarcely knew how she got downstairs and into the street. She was as sure as if she had been told that the same letter which Mr. Brownwood had received or one like it had been sent to every respectable agent and every manager in London. So gossip would be born and grow apace. And then, when the question was going the rounds: "Why did Mr. Anderson discharge Miss Gray?" some horrible answer would be ready to meet and blend with it in a hateful marriage.

Still, she would not go home discouraged to bewail herself in idleness. She went to such other agents as might possibly help her, but, as Mr. Brownwood had said, there was "nothing doing." One asked her bluntly why she had left the Duke of Clarence's; another hinted at his desire to know. They had had the letters.

Now it occurred to her that she might call upon managers, telling them—if they still needed the information—that she was at liberty. So she went from theater to theater, but found no one. She must write and ask for an appointment if she wished to succeed, she was told.

At last there was nothing more to do but go home, tired out, and break the news to her mother.

As it happened, this was their "at home" day, and if all had been well Winifred would have hurried back after rehearsal and her late lunch to dress and help receive some of the friends they had made since coming to live in London. But now she had forgotten all about it, and did not remember until she was fitting her latch-key in the door that she could not expect to find her mother alone, for already it was close upon five o'clock.

As she stepped into the passage a buzz of feminine voices greeted her, with a deeper undertone which told that women were not the only visitors. For a moment the girl hesitated, for it seemed almost more than she could bear to meet people and smile and chat as if she had not a care in the world.

Winifred walked straight into the drawing-room without stopping even to take off her hat. Their Thursdays were quite popular, because non-theatrical people thought it rather nice to see the pretty young actress off the stage and in her own home, while the few professionals who came really liked the girl and her mother. But never had Winifred seen the room so crowded as it was to-day, and her heart gave a bound as she saw that several members of Mr. Anderson's company were there.

One glance she gave round the room, and then her eyes turned to Mrs. Gray. The little woman's face was white and drawn, despite the smile it wore, and the gaze with which she met her daughter's was piteous as that of some trapped, dying creature of the woods. It was all that Winifred could do to restrain herself from running to her mother, oblivious of everyone, and begging her to say what had caused that look of agonized distress. For the girl knew the elder woman well enough to be sure that physical pain and fatigue alone would not account for it.

But there was an appeal in the great, soft eyes which seemed too large for the small pale face with its frame of whitening hair. They begged Winifred to act as if nothing were wrong, to go on to the end bravely, as her mother meant to do.

"We were just wondering what had become of you, dear," remarked Miss Duplessis, the lady who played queen-

Ella—Bella told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.

Stella—She's a mean thing— told her not to tell you I told her.

Ella—Well I I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did. —Brooklyn Life.

"Wasn't it a terrifying experience," asked his friend, "when you lost your foothold and went sliding down the mountain side?"

"It was exciting, but extremely interesting," said the college professor. "I could not help noticing, all the way down, with what absolute accuracy I was following along the line of least resistance."—Chicago Tribune.

Prof. William Archibald Spooner of Oxford University has become famous as a ludicrous word twister. Once at a special service, seeing some women standing at the back of the church waiting to be seated, he rushed down the aisle and addressed the ushers as follows:—"Gentlemen, gentlemen, sew these ladies into their sheets." Being asked at dinner what fruit he would have, he promptly replied:—"Pigs, fleas." This is the way in which Dr. Spooner proposed to his wife: Being one afternoon at the home of her father, Bishop Harvey Goodwin of Carlisle, Mrs. Goodwin said: "Mr. Spooner, will you please go out into the garden and ask Miss Goodwin if she will come in and make tea?" The professor, on finding the young lady, said: "Miss Goodwin, your mother told me to ask you if you would come in and take me."—Baltimore American.

(To be continued.)

A WELLAND MERCHANT

He says He is Now Feeling Better than he has for Many Years.

An Open Letter in which a Prominent Citizen gives a Strong Recommendation for Dodd's Kidney Pills, a Remedy which He says Restored Him to Good Health.

Welland, Ont., Sept. 29.—(Special).—Mr. J. J. Yokom, grocer and provision merchant of this place, has given for publication an open letter as follows:

"For a year or more I had been ailing with Kidney Trouble in all its worst forms. I had a very depressed feeling in my head and little or no appetite, a constant feeling of langour, and I became greatly reduced in weight.

"At times I was entirely incapacitated.

"I have spent considerable money in medicines of different kinds but did not get any good results. I also doctored with a physician of vast experience but got no benefit.

"At last I became discouraged and hopeless of ever being well again. One day by luck I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and began to use them.

"From the first they seemed to suit my case exactly, and when I had taken five boxes my old trouble had entirely disappeared, and I was feeling better than I had in many years.

"I am now in splendid health and able to stand great exertion, in fact my general health is better than it has been in a long time.

"Since my recovery I have told many others of Dodd's Kidney Pills and how they cured me to stay cured. Many of them say it seems impossible and yet they know it is true.

(Signed), J. J. YOKOM.

Mr. Yokom has been a resident of Welland for years and is known to every man, woman and child in the town. He was born in the neighboring township of Crowland, within three miles of his present home, and is known as a man of Christian principles who would not make a statement that would in any way be misleading.

William Slimson, jun.—Do you believe in being kind to the sick, mamma?

Mrs. W. Slimson—Certainly, Willie, and I hope you always will. Why do you ask?

William—Because, mamma, I heard the little boy on the next block had the measles, and I've been visiting him all the afternoon.—Harper's Bazaar.

"Ah," he sighed. "I was happier when I was poor."

"Well," they answered coldly, "it is always possible for a man to become poor again."

But somehow the idea did not seem to impress him favorably.—Chicago Post.

THAT AWFUL DEPRESSION

Which Mrs. Grenery experienced is but the story that thousands could tell of their sufferings from Dyspepsia. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets is the panacea.

"I have proved Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets to be the only effective remedy for my dyspepsia. I have used most everything I could hear of, but these tablets "touch the spot" and take away the awful depression and distress in almost quicker time than it takes to tell it. You may publish this that all sufferers from Indigestion and Dyspepsia may find the relief I did.

Mrs. M. Grenery, 51 Alice St., Toronto.

Sixty tablets, 35 cents. 48

Tess—He used to take me to the theatre every other evening or so, but one evening when we were sitting in the parlor I foolishly allowed him to kiss me.

Jess—What has that to do with the theatre?

Tess—Well, now he wants to sit in the parlor all the time.—Philadelphia Press.

A "DEMON" DISEASE

Doctors prescriptions and strongest Liniments had no effect on Mr. Humphreys' Rheumatism.

Two bottles South American Rheumatic Cure cured what he is pleased to call "this Demon from the Lower Regions."

Henry Humphrey, of London, Ont., expresses himself very strongly:—"I think Rheumatism is a demon from the lower regions, judging by my sufferings before I began using South American Rheumatic Cure. Doctors prescribed the strongest liniments with no more effect than water, but this great remedy had me up and about my work, and as well as ever, after taking only a couple of bottles." 44

"You are looking well," said the street dog to the goat. "Plenty of fodder for you now that the billboards are filled with theatrical posters, eh?"

"Yes," replied the goat, "but I have not begun on them. I've been devoting my attention to the new cereal foods."

"Those patent things? Why, I thought——"

"Not the foods; the boxes. More nutriment in them!"—Cincinnati Tribune.

HEROIC HEART "FOOD"

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart is heroic because in cases of heart disease seemingly beyond all human aid it goes to the very brink of the "Black River" and snatches from it the heart-sick victim.

In a trice it allays pain—in a twinkling it gives strength and vigor and it works a quick and permanent cure as by magic. It is the one great heart remedy which rightly bears the crown of supremacy and on which is inscribed the life words, "It never fails." Thirty minutes after taking the first dose, the sick heart forgets its pain. Try it. 43

Humor of the Hour.

The late Bessie Bonehill excelled in sailor songs, says M.A.P., and her hornpipes were fine exhibitions of that difficult dance. Her audiences usually demanded one by way of encore. A sailor in a south coast seaport was so carried away by enthusiasm that, in the frenzy of applauding, he fell from the gallery into the pit. A couple of attendants rushed to carry him out, expecting to find him seriously hurt, but Jack sat briskly up, feeling his ribs, and said:—"How much more are these seats? I don't mind paying the extra. I can see her hornpipe better from here!"

The London Daily Express is authority for the following:—

A good tale is being told about King Leopold II., whose unconventional behavior is dear to the heart of every Frenchman. Some weeks ago he was visiting a fashionable French watering-place, and one morning went down to the bathing ground to have a dip. When coming out of the water he by mistake collided with a portly gentleman, who in very plain language told his Majesty that he must be more careful in future.

"Do you know, sir," said the irate bather, "that I am a member of the Paris City Council?" "Oh, if that is the case," said Leopold II., "I must really beg you a thousand pardons, for I am only the King of the Belgians."

He—I never saw anything like this tide. Here I've been pulling steadily for ten minutes, and we don't seem to have moved a foot.

She (after a pause)—Oh, Mr. Stroker, I've just thought of something! The anchor fell overboard a short time ago, and I forgot to tell you. Do you suppose it could have caught on something? —Washington Times.

"I went with my wife to visit her relations this summer, and it was the first time most of them had ever seen me."

"What was the verdict?"

"They were too polite to tell me. All except Uncle Jethro. Jethro looked me up and down when he heard I was the feller who had married Lyddy Ann. Then he slowly turned away."

"Didn't he say something?"

"Yes. He summed me all up in one word."

"And that was?"

"Shucks!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If love were all it's cracked up to be
Why, I'd love Sally and Sally'd love me;
But love is milk any fool can skim,
So I love Sally and Sally loves Jim.

Recently a letter of introduction was handed by an actor to a Manager, which described the bearer as an actor of much merits, and concluded: "He plays Macbeth, Richelieu, Hamlet, Shylock and billiards. He plays billiards best." —Tit-Bits.

She Wanted to Know.

"This, madam," said the affable salesman to Mrs. Justgottit, "is a very attractive timepiece. It is a cuckoo clock, and makes a beautiful ornament. Listen to it sing the hour."

The top of the clock opened; the little bird fluttered forth and sang its little song.

Mrs. Justgottit was lost in admiration. At last she said:

"I'll take that one. My, my! think of the trouble they have been to to train that there bird to tell the time! And when I get it home what should I feed it—ordinary bird-seed, or let it have some bugs and things, like other birds like?"

The affable salesman assured her that the pretty creature could subsist well on what few ticks it was able to pick up from time to time and needed no further attention.—"Judge."

Antidotal Poisons.

Gus Walters, an ex-soldier, sought to shuffle off this mortal coil in a spectacular way in San Francisco the other day by swallowing a mixture of carbolic acid and whiskey. The would-be melodramatic suicide did not know that alcohol and carbolic acid are antidotes, and awoke some time after he had swallowed the dose to find himself in the emergency hospital. To add local color to his would-be departure from the world, Walters draped his farewell letter, which he pinned on the door, with United States flags.

Too Bad For Them.

"Great brimstone!" howled his Satanic Majesty.

"What is it?" and the minor demons trembled.

"Here comes Tracy with the ghost of his 30-30 Winchester!"

"——!!!!——!!!!——!!!!"

The ensuing scene beggars description. His Satanic Majesty crawled into a red-hot bomb-proof safe and the population of Sheol fled to the hills to wait for the dread apparition to pass by.—San Francisco "Bulletin."

One day, in the summer of 1857, Abraham Lincoln was sitting in his office when he was visited by one of his neighbors, an excellent farmer, but one inclined to increase the size of his crops even after harvesting. He had given, on this particular morning, a skilfully padded account of the hay he had put in. "I've been cutting hay, too," remarked Mr. Lincoln. "Why, Abe, are you farming?" "Yes." "What you raise?" "Just hay." "Good crop this year?" "Excellent." "How many tons?" "Well, I don't know just how many tons, Simpson, but my men stacked all they could outdoors, and then stored the rest in the barn."

Two jolly sons of Erin halted at a wayside inn.

"Phwat does the soign say, Pat?" asked one.

"'Accommodation for mon an' baste,' read the other.

"Thin lit's go in."

"Hoild on."

"Phwat for?"

"Which av us will be th' mon an' which th' baste?"—Chicago News.

Declares Himself the Messiah.

The London Daily Mail gives the following sketch of Mr. Piggot, whose declaration that he is the Messiah has been responsible for recent turbulent scenes in London:—He was at one time a sailor, but deserted the sea, disgusted at the excesses of crews when merry-making in such dens of wickedness as San Francisco and other ports provide. He became a Church of England curate, and for some time worked in a London parish; but the form of religion did not suit his strenuous nature, and he joined the Salvation Army. This religious body he deserted suddenly while he was "on duty" in Yorkshire. Finally, he joined the sect we know as the Agapemonites. He is a man of quiet demeanor, but with a fierce fire burning in his dark eyes. He would have been a crusader or a martyr in earlier days, for he is absolutely fearless and sincere in his strange beliefs. Over his congregations he has always possessed great power. There is a curious charm of manner about the man which is irresistible to those easily led, and on this point an example may be given. When the Church of the Agapemone was building at Clapton, he was very often on the scaffolding, moving quickly and surely, with the skill of a sailor. The men employed were a respectable lot, but here and there were black sheep who were foul-mouthed, and there was one who, in his cups, was very violent. Mr. Piggot's power over them was remarkable. When he was about the worst of them put on their best manners. Indeed, the foremen used to say that they never had directed so well-behaved a lot of workmen. His religion and that of his followers has been a simple one. They held that the Day of Grace was past and the Day of Judgment was at hand, together with the second coming of the Messiah. It was therefore a time for praise and not for prayer, for the Book of Judgment was shut, and the merits of men and women already weighed. Their hymn-book, which they termed the "Voice of the Bride," shows this belief. Some of the hymns are admirably written, and all speak in a note of praise and glory for the day that is at hand. His followers are kindly souls, drawn from the middle classes, including neither the rich nor the very poor. They dress as if in mourning, but with no distinctive costume. There is no marriage among them; nor is there a baptismal font in the church. With the coming of the Messiah so nigh, they had no time for such vanities as courtship and marriage. Those already married live as brother and sister. Mr. Piggot's own wife—a quiet lady of great goodness and sincerity—has always absolutely believed in her husband. Their church is a beautiful little structure on which much money has been spent. On the buttresses of the porch, and again on the four corners of the tower, are winged figures representing a man, a bull, an eagle, and a lion trampling men underfoot. The Agapemonites hold them to show the attributes of the Almighty in knowledge, patience, sight, and strength. For the execution of the work that well-known sculptor, Mr. A. G. Walker, was commissioned. His work was, as it has always been, worthy of great praise. The figure of the winged man bent in devotion is magnificent. The west window has as its centre the rising sun of righteousness, with the people grouped *in adoration before it. As the sun in its* setting pours through this window the effect is strangely beautiful. Beneath the window is a table of onyx, and from it broad steps lead down to the body of the church. In this atmosphere of mysticism Mr. Piggot has lived for several years. It has grown into his life. The waiting for the expected Advent has been too great a strain. And step by step he has come to believe that he is the very Messiah.

Swearing Over Telephones.

The Chicago Telephone Company threatens to prosecute persons who swear into the receiver of its telephones while the instruments are in use. According to The Inter Ocean of that city, the threat is intended to protect the telephone girls from the profanity of persons who do not think they are getting the worth of their money and "who are impelled by an irrepressible desire to make their dissatisfaction known." The editorial, the writer of which no doubt has also suffered, disclaims all intention on the part of his fellow-men to shock the moral sensibilities of the Chicago 'phone girls, and says that they do not stop to consider the fact that the girls may hear their ejaculations. Then the editorial waxes virtuously indignant; asks why the company places girls in a position where they are likely to be compelled to listen to profanity. Why not, it demands, employ men who do not mind profanity and can, if necessary, swear back. It concludes by suggesting that if the company really desires to suppress profanity over its telephones it can do so by a method less likely to cause acrimony than prosecution, namely, by improving the service. The latter suggestion has a familiar ring.

Killed by Lightning.

The United States Government recently issued a paper on the loss of life in that country by lightning. The period dealt with is eleven years, 1890-1900, during which time nearly 4,000 deaths occurred from this cause. The average number of deaths in each year is 377. In July the deaths in the eleven years numbered 1,060, and in the three months, June to August, the deaths were 2,829. From November to February the total deaths were only 22. During the year 1900 713 persons were killed or received fatal injuries. Of this number 291 persons were killed in the open, 158 in houses, 57 under trees and 56 in barns. The circumstances attending the death of the remaining 151 are not known. Nine hundred and seventy-three persons were more or less injured by lightning during the year. Of this number 327 persons received their injuries while in houses, 243 in the open, 57 in barns, and 29 under trees. The circumstances attending the injury of the remaining 317 cases are not known. Mention is made that it is not judicious to stand under or near trees during thunderstorms, in the doorway of a barn, close to cattle, near a chimney and fireplace, or near the end of a wire clothes line.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

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A. JOHNSON,
Editor and Manager.

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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 27, 1902.

A Man of His Word.

That Mr. R. L. Borden, the leader of the Conservative party, means just what he says is established by this statement of his made in a recent speech, in which he explained his attitude on the Chinese question:

"That, practically speaking, is the stand I took in British Columbia—and it is the stand I am prepared to take anywhere; and I recall at the moment that the Minister of Justice, the other day, was good enough to say that in advancing such a statement I was saying what I did not believe. I would thank my friend the Minister of Justice not to apply liberal methods to Conservatives. There seems to be a great doubt amongst the Liberals as to what their own leaders do mean. I mean exactly what I said to the people of British Columbia, and I made the statement to the people there after considering the subject fairly and carefully, and I said to the people of British Columbia that so far as the Conservative policy was concerned I was not going to tell them I would test the voice of the Conservatives of British Columbia but that it was a subject upon which the rest of Canada should consult the wishes of British Columbia, and when the wishes of the people there were once definitely stated the Conservative Government would be prepared to carry that out by every means in their power—carry out the wishes, not of the Conservatives of British Columbia or of the Liberals, but the wishes of the whole people."

Falsifying Public Records.

It really is too bad that Canadian ministers are unable to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," when they make announcements to the people to whom they are responsible. Only a few days ago Sir William Mulock claimed a surplus of $5,000 in his department, yet his annual report shows the following result on the business for 1902.

Expenditure	$4,000,891
Revenue	3,918,415
Deficit	$ 82,476

The postmaster general in his attempt to deceive, left the Yukon service out of consideration, and juggled his accounts to suit his own personal ends. The public must be tired of such misrepresentation. It serves no good purpose, and the spectacle of a minister of the Crown deliberately falsifying the public records is neither edifying nor useful.

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 te 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 CROSSING SITUATION

Judge Sproat Deals Wiht the Closing of the Big Bend Road. —The Provincial Government and City are Responsible.

Judge Sproat has addressed the following memorandum to the City Council, a copy of which Mr. Sproat accorded the HERALD for publication:

There are some things here, in Revelstoke, that require more attention than they receive.

1.—No useful communication exists with the farming and other industries on the opposite side of the Columbia River.

2.—The actual city is severed, for a mile, by a railway embankment without a legal crossing.

3.—The Big Bend road has no established base, but rambles into the city through Dominion and private lands.

4.—The large park, given to the city by the Dominion, is in a state of nature without approaches.

5.—The eight acre cemetery, donated by Mr. Farwell, has no passable road to it, except by committing trespass, which must cease.

6.—The city has built a large brick house on block No. 53, the relation of which to the Farwell estate is not yet determined.

7.—Streets and alleys have been shut, or proposed to be shut and appropriated, as if the area closed were not part of said estate.

These surely (not to mention other things) are singular facts in a centrally situated town, eighteen years old, which has been incorporated since 1899. They point to some default in time past, chiefly on the part of authorities concerned.

I shall not deal at present with all of the above matters, but only with the imminent closing of the Big Bend road and of the road thence to the cemetery, in consequence of the appropriation, to other uses, of Villa Lots Nos. 1, 2, and 39, which, in turn, brings to the front the question of railway crossings.

A simpler question than this question of crossings could not be substituted to any business mind, yet very few persons here seem to understand it.

The lands at Revelstoke are part of the lands granted for C.P.R. purposes to the Dominion, in pursuance of the Terms of Union by the B. C. Act of 1880, as amended in 1883 and 1884, the company being authorized to receive grants of the land from the Dominion in aid of construction. A reserve was placed by the province, upon the Belt, in 1883 for the purpose of conveying the lands to the Dominion.

The Railway Company, upon the location of its line, proceeded with construction. This was going on east and west of the Columbia river in 1885, when the town of Farwell was started.

(Continued on Page 5)

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

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Red Rose Degree meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month; White Rose Degree meets third Tuesday of each quarter, in Oddfellows Hall. Visiting brethren welcome
S. D. CROWLE, President. T. B. BAKER, Act. Secretary.

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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
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W. G. BIRNEY, Rec.-Sec.

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MEETS EVERY WEDNESDAY in Oddfellows' Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting Knights are cordially invited.
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W. WINSOR, K. of R. & S.

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Preaching services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m Class meeting at the close of the morning service. Sabbath School and Bible Class at 3:30 Weekly Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30. The public are cordially invited. Seats free.
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Eight a.m., Holy Eucharist; 11 a.m., ma ,ns, 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.
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Service every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. to which all are welcome. Prayer meeting at 8 p. m. every Wednesday.
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Mass at 10:30 a. m., on first, second and fourth Sundays in the month.
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Meeting every night in their Hall on Front Street.

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Of Clothes you promised yourself this FALL.
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TWO Residences on McKenzie Avenue, with modern improvements, $2500 each on easy terms.
TWO Residences on Third Street, east, very convenient for railway men, $1800 each, easy terms.
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Apply to,
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Canadian Pacific Railway
TRAINS LEAVE REVELSTOKE DAILY.

EASTBOUND	8:20
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P. BURNS & CO'Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers
PRIME BEEF. PORK. MUTTON. SAUSAGE.
FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

THE CROSSING SITUATION

(Continued from Page 4.)

and the need of a crossing was at that time the subject of correspondence between the Provincial government and the C. P. R.

In the registered plan of the town, such crossing was shown at the west end of Douglas street—the whole width of the street.

All this, however, owing to the course that events took, as the result of disputes and litigation, cuts no particular figure now, and the fact is only mentioned here to explain the tradition, in the minds of many, as to a Douglas street crossing, which really was never a suitable place, owing to the lowness of the emkankment there.

It was at a later time, following the surveys of the town by the Dominion, that the crossings were dealt with and the practical question of the hour, with respect to them, is only embarrassed by references to earlier history.

On the 18th of February, 1890, the Dominion, under its above powers, patented 15 60.100 acres known as "Parcel No. 1" to the C.P.R. Co. This is the right-of-way strip, 100 feet wide, running from the Columbia river to the east limit of the Farwell estate, lot 6, group 1, according to the B. C. government survey; (the Dominion local surveys, I presume, not having been then completed and approved). The usual power as to crossings that might be deemed expedient remained in the Crown.

This power was exercised in the Dominion official plans of Revelstoke dated respectively, 31st Oct. 1890, and 22nd June, 1892, by the indication thereon, of the places of two crossings, to connect the town north of the track.

One of these crossings (which may be called "No. 1") is where the wide street that runs along the east limit of Villa Lot No. 3 (Louis Beroit's) strikes the C. P. R. track. Obviously this crossing is in relation to the Big Bend wagon road along said street.

The other crossing (which may be called No. 2) is near the bridge where the street that runs along the south limits of Villa Lots No. 10, (Levesque) and No. 12 (Allen) strikes the said track. This crossing No. 2, without doubt, is in relation to the Villa Lot settlement, which already is becoming important.

The embankment at both these places permits of overhead crossings. The above, is in short, how the crossing question stands, and consequently in dealing with it now the Dominion Government need not be approached, unless in the very improbable event of recalcitrancy or of a proposal to substitute other crossings. The latter is hardly practicable as the official plans are of record, and have been referred to in all transfers of property, the indicated crossing being presumed to exist. So much as to the Dominion Government.

Now as to the Provincial Government I have to say that its position in relation to crossing No. 1 is stated in a letter from me of the 27th August, 1901, to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works.

The wide street above referred to which runs from J. Maley's to the town, on the Dominion official map, has been roughly opened but the road, as made, severs at least two four acre villa lots, and it has not been finished to the railway crossings but has been deviated easterly through a portion of the Farwell Estate and through a 15 acre C. P. R. parcel, as explained in the above letter, which deviation must now be forthwith corrected.

I may remark here that the description of the west limit of the city is not clearly worded in the Incoporation Act, and whether the city or the Province is entitled to collect taxes on some of the lands in that quarter may be a question, but it is said that the city line is 800 feet from the right of way.

Be this as it may, the obligation to open these 800 feet can hardly be upon the city, as the continuous default from 1892 and the particular deviation from the official Dominion plan, on the part of the Provincial Government, took place before the corporation existed. It is not expected that the Provincial Government will raise any question as to this work.

Without its completion and a crossing the costly Big Bend road will be useless.

The above default of the Provincial Government many years ago, which probably arose from inadvertence does not absolve the corporation from responsibility in the premises. There has been no change in the main fact of the situation since the city was incorporated in 1899, and the obligation of dealing with those facts as to the crossings and of subserving the public interests generally, as to all matters I have mentioned, has been upon the successive councils. I cannot as a non resident pretend to know what precisely, has been done or attempted to be done, but the general impression in the pubic mind is that the action of the corporation has been inadequate. Its duty to act, now, is imperative to avoid a deadlock, in the circumstances above described.

In conclusion so far as appears, blame does not attach to the C. P. R. Company in connection with the present situation The company is not responsible to the public in the sense in which the Provincial Government and the corporation are responsible in their respective spheres. It is no part of the Company's duty to initiate action as to crossings when the parties, responsibly concerned, remain inert.

The Company has not yet closed, as it might have done, and must now do, the passage of the deviated road through its valuable parcel No. 3, and it stood the risk for years of a dangerous level crossing where, as travel increases, serious accidents may occur.

Advertising has great value but the the man who does advertising must do the right kind in order to appreciate to the fullest the worth of the publicity and the possibilities it may have for him.

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

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

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

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

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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.

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ertificate 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 Londonderry, 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 4⅔ chains east of the Columbia river about two and a half miles below the mouth of Gold Stream and marked "J. P. Hume's north east corner post," thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 8th day of October, 1902.
J. P. HUME.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 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 the 27th day of Septem ber 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.

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

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Which will be utilized next Season by Concentrating Plants.

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ASHNOLA!!

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

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

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

City of Wonder, Progress and Great Prosperity

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

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

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

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

Do You Want to Make Your Business Pay? We Can Show The Road to Success
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IT HAS A LARGE CIRCULATION

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Revelstoke Herald Job Room

First Street.

The "Fake" Element In Success.

IT is well enough to prate about the beauties of absolute truth and sincerity, but there is no successful merit without a little "faking" to set it off; and "faking" without merit will prosper where merit without "faking" would starve. Barnum's declaration that the public loves to be humbugged is not flippancy, but a serious criticism of human nature. Apropos, an exchange relates the following:

"Here, Willie," said one of the foremost members of the bar, the other day, to his office boy, "spill a little red ink on this will." The boy took the document, which had been neatly typewritten and backed, and proceeded to rule red lines about the margin and across the indentations and spaces; underscored initial words in paragraphs and doubly underscored divers names and phrases; and then returned the paper to his employer.

"This red ink is a little bit of 'faking' one must do to *please people*," remarked the lawyer to a newspaper-man who happened to be present. "Most clients won't believe that a will, bareded or a contract is valid unless there is red ink on it. Once I drew a will for a rich old man. I gave the matter much care and study and drafted the instrument briefly and in very simple language. I had it typewritten, but neglected to enliven the document with fancy designs in red. Really, I was proud of the simplicity and at the same time of the clearness of the draft. About a fortnight later another lawyer, a friend of mine, con. Pierre-Marie, who was older than his companion and had been wrecked once before, was the first to come to himself again; he *looked out upon the sea* and I heard him mumble a saving oath. Then, as he took off his wet woollen jacket he caught sight of the unlard of his watch; this he drew from under his belt and held to his ear.

"'If'm!" he exclaimed in surprise, "it ans not stopped! That—" and he ropped it lightly with his finger—"that is a good watch!"

As soon as they were dressed in dry clothes and cheered a little by the hot wine, they were eager to know what had become of the boat. Pierre-Marie turned purple when he heard that the Elise Alexandre had hastened to the place of the accident and had righted her.

With their knees still trembling, their hair stuck to their foreheads by the salt water and the sweat of their agony, their bodies shaken with suppressed sobs at the thought of the young companion they had lost, they clambered into the boat again and sailed away. They turned the Pointe des Poulains, passed the gay little port of Denbarck on their way to the pretty little port of Bordery. The Gouenaux girl had to be notified. I kept to the land and arrived at the same time as the others. It was the fateful murmur of the crowd that warned the child.

She came out on the threshold of her door, upright in her black costume, her anxious little face flanked by the white wings of her coif. From far she saw the peasants and the fishermen who were gathering together. They were praying for her. She could see it in their looks; she could hear it in their sorrowful words and the "Alas! alas!" that the wind brought her.

Driven by some unknown force, she ran towards the slope of the road that rose between her and those who were approaching. The child's face was pale and her eyes were wide with terror. When she saw the two fishermen returning alone, she understood at once what had happened. With a cry of anguish she ran back to the house calling out, "He is dead! he is dead!" to those within.

"He is dead! he is dead!" she cried to the pictures of the two departed parents. "He is dead! he is dead!"—and she threw herself down at the foot of the black cross fastened to the white wall. "He is dead! he is dead!" she murmured, choked with sobbing as she crouched down, her head pressed against the wall and her arms stretched up to the image of Christ.

The fishermen and peasants, their hats in their hands, stood in silence outside the threshold, unable to find any words of consolation. I was among them, and, like them, was speechless.

Said to me as a joke that the man for whom I drew the will had gone to him with the document, expressed doubt whether so simple a will could be valid and when assured that it was valid, had gone away unsatisfied. When the old man died a will was filed, bearing date a few weeks after that which I had drawn. The document was gorgeous in red embroidery and heavy with unnecessary technical phrases. Evidently the old man had had another will drafted that pleased his eye. It is some satisfaction to me to know that the court construed the ornamental will to mean what I knew to be the very contrary of the testator's intention. Since then I have not spared the red ink."

A Touch of Doggerel.

In the "North American Review" we find an interesting article by Dr. A. W. P. Martin on the poetry of the Chinese. The Celestial poets, like our own, are mainly minor. One of them addresses his lady-love in this wise:

Twin trees whose boughs together twine,
Two birds that guard one nest,
We'll soon be far asunder torn,
As sunrise from the West.

Hearts knit in childhood's innocence,
Long bound in Hymen's ties,
One goes to distant battlefields,
One sits at home and sighs.

Like carrier dove, though seas divide,
I'll seek my lonely mate;
But if afar I find a grave,
You'll mourn my hapless fate.

The flavor seems quite familiar. In fact, adds the "Outlook," one touch of doggerel makes the whole world kin.

Some people are so anxious to keep their left hand in ignorance of the deeds of their right that they keep it in perpetual idleness.—Ex.

A Queer Conventionality.

THE royal English family is exceedingly domestic and affectionate; but there had developed among its members and the people connected with the court a strange surface dread of meeting the Queen, which was perfectly incomprehensible to outsiders. It was quite real on the part of her children, and was probably a remnant of their rather stern bringing up. The efforts they made to vanish into thin air when the Queen came upon them unawares were most ludicrous. From them the entourage caught the same spirit, which led to many amusing incidents. Says a writer in the "Century Magazine:" We were coming home from Whippingham Church, designed and built by Prince Albert, and where Princess Beatrice had been married the year before, when we suddenly came upon a royal group walking leisurely ahead toward Osborne Cottage. Naturally we slackened our pace, when, to our dismay, we saw looming up in the opposite direction certain white ponies and outriders. Caught between two fires, we paused a moment, took in the situation, and decided quickly that we had just time to scramble in safely before the Queen's carriage could draw up at the door. Seeing that the advance party had already turned into the vine-covered porch, we gave wings to our heels and bolted in, too, and there suddenly came upon the whole company saying good-bye to one another, nearly knocking them over in our mad haste. Prince —— and H.R.H. the ——of ——, seeing our breathless condition, and at the same time hearing horses' hoofs approaching, quickly guessed what the frightful danger was and left their conversation unfinished, having in common with us only one idea, that of getting out of the Queen's sight at once." Poor people or perfect strangers the Queen never minded seeing at all. It was only those whom she knew about that she did not care to encounter, as it would put her in the awkward position of being discourteous and passing them by, or else force her to stop and talk with them, when she felt disinclined to do so. Hence, out of deference to the Queen's supposed feelings, arose the etiquette prescribing that one must never be seen in her path. This grew into a stereotyped rule.

Wisdom From the Orient.

TAKING Chinese proverbs as they are found in the literature of that nation, they contain many gems of wisdom that cannot be claimed by any Western people.

A peculiar proverb exposing the works of Chinese idolatry runs as follows: "A maker of graven images does not worship the gods; he knows what they are made of." Speaking thus in regard to his make-believe gods, the Chinaman disposes of his real divinities in a manner equally quaint. The saying is attributed to Confucius: "Respect the gods, but keep them at a distance." Some of the proverbs of Cathay are remarkable for their insight. For instance, the following is by no means shallow: "The man of first-rate excellence is virtuous independent of instruction; he of the middling class becomes so after instruction. The lowest order of man is vicious in spite of instruction." Here, too, is a truth which carries far in a work-a-day world: "A single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years' mere study of books." Again, the following is an example of much that might almost have been made to Socrates' order: "When the work of merit is done and reputation is coming, to get out of the way is the high road to Heaven." And, setting aside the wisdom of the wise, we find the last commentary of the pessimistic Chinaman on things in general in the following concise form: "For every soul that Heaven creates Earth provides a grave."

"L'Ouvrage."

The god of heart's desire, ignored, doth wait,
Whilst sated Wealth within the palace gate
Lures dreamless sleep in vain, and 'wails his fate.

Whilst he (to whom this god's an unloved guest),
His brawn would barter, and his hungry zest,
For Wealth's soft, silken pillows of unrest.

"Splendid and terrible, the wage I deal;
To some, a curse, for others, balm to heal:
To-day, I hide; to-morrow, I reveal."
—Richard Scrace.

A Novel Enterprise.

"Harper's Bazar" states that a young woman in a Western city is adding very appreciably to an otherwise moderate income by making sandwiches. As usual with these nondescript businesses, the occupation came by chance. It fell to her lot once or twice to furnish sandwiches as her contribution to one or two fairs and festivals; and their excellence aroused comment. Then friends coaxed her into sandwich service now and then, till at last she took advantage of her evident specialty and became a professional at it. Many of her combinations are original, one of the moment being chopped pineapple mixed with a delicate cream cheese, the variety that is made from whipped cream. She does all the work herself, even to the designing of attractive little cards decorated with a seasonable flower upon which she prints in dainty script her assortment with prices. The success of her work undoubtedly lies in the limitation which she puts upon it—she will take no more orders than she can fill herself, and each sandwich which leaves her hand is as perfect as if it were the only one. She finds a demand for her products throughout the year, picnic sandwiches being one of her most frequent orders.

Mrs. Pretty—Isn't it strange? Mrs. Beauti has not put on mourning for her husband. Mr. Pretty—I understand that her late husband particularly requested that she should not. Mrs. Pretty—The brute! I s'pose he knew how lovely she would look in it.—"Pick-Me-Up."

Anecdotal.

Some years ago when Bishop Potter, of New York, was traveling in Minnesota, a man approached him on the railway platform and scanned his features closely. "Excuse me," he said, finally, "but haven't I seen your picture in the papers?" He was compelled to confess that he had. "I thought so," continued the inquisitive one; "may I ask what you were cured of?"

Here is a new story of Paderewski. He recently lost his only son, and the effect on him has been to soften down the little eccentricities which used to charm his less artistic followers. He went to Dresden for the first performance of his own opera. Amid the enthusiastic demonstrations which greeted its success, he observed in Russian to a friend, "All this might be dust if I could have one smile from my child!"

At a seaside hotel the other day a new arrival, having made terms with the proprietor, proceeded to write his name in the hotel book. While he was so engaged a rather large flea hopped across the open page before him. "Well," he remarked, throwing down the pen, "I have been in hotels where there were fleas, but never before have I been in an hotel where the fleas search the register for the number of their rooms."

When the Transvaal war was at its height, Paul Kruger sent a commissioner to England to find out if there were any more men left there. The commissioner wired from London to say that there were four million men and women "knocking about the town," that there was no excitement, and that men were begging to be sent to fight the Boers. Kruger wired back, "Go north." The commissioner found himself in Newcastle eventually, and wired to Kruger: "For God's sake, stop that war! England is bringing up men from hell, eight at a time, in cages!" He had seen a coal mine.

A quotable story is told of a missionary who was spending a short holiday in Texas. After he had been at his hotel for some days he met with a very fierce-looking man of the cowboy type, who, he noticed, had anything but a sweet temper. "Do you know," he said to him one day, "that you should love your enemies?" "That's a thing I can't do, sir." "What! I am sure a man like you could do anything if you tried." "Anything but that, parson; it's impossible." "Impossible!" said the missionary, surprised and hurt. "How?" "I ain't got one to love. I shot the last this morning."

Julian Corbett may be said to have established himself as an authority on the history of the British navy. A while ago Mr. Corbett wrote to the admiralty to suggest that a new first-class battleship then building be christened "Drake." A formal intimation that his letter had been received and should have due attention was followed, after a decent interval, by a dignified reply from my lords, in which they expressed their regret at not being able to carry out Mr. Corbett's suggestion, and explained that it would be contrary to precedent to name a first-class battleship after a bird.

A Sunday School teacher who has a class of little girls makes it her custom to tell them each Sunday of some little incident that has happened during the week, and request the children to quote a verse of Scripture to illustrate the story. In this way she hopes to impress the usefulness of Biblical knowledge upon the little ones. Last Sunday she told her class of a cruel boy who would catch cats and cut their tails off. "Now, can any little girl tell me of an appropriate verse?" she asked. There was a pause for a few moments, when one little girl arose, and in a solemn voice said: "Whatsoever God has joined together let no man put asunder."

Sir Harry Poland, a British magistrate noted for his brilliancy, is careless in his dress. Once his family persuaded him to go to Poole and order a fashionably cut suit. To the chagrin of the household, Sir Harry looked more outlandish in the new clothes than in his old ones. His brother-in-law went to see Poole about it. "It is not my fault, sir," the tailor assured him. "Every care was taken, but how could we fit a gentleman who would insist upon being measured sitting down?" And the only satisfaction that could be obtained from Sir Harry Poland himself later on was the dry comment: "Well, it's my business, and not yours. I like to be comfortable. I spend three parts of my life sitting down, and I prefer to be measured so."

A Philadelphia paper tells of a bride and bridegroom who recently went to housekeeping and are blessed with a maid of all work who is fresh from the Emerald Isle. This is her first "place," and her ignorance of domestic affairs is only equalled by her adaptability and her cheerful willingness to learn. At first she didn't know the names of the ordinary household utensils, even mistaking on one occasion, when there was company at dinner, the ice pick for the carving steel. One day last week the bride had been doing some shopping, and among other things she bought an umbrella stand for the vestibule. It was late when she reached home. "Did any packages come?" she asked. "Yis, mum," was the reply. "The wagon cum wid th' cuspidore fer th' umbrellies."

A certain Scotch minister was very anxious that an old couple in his parish should become teetotalers, an anxiety they in no wise shared. After much pressing, however, they consented, laying down as a condition that they should be allowed to keep a bottle of "Auld Kirk" for medicinal purposes. About a fortnight after, John began to feel his resolution weakening; but he was determined not to be the first to give way. In another week, however, he collapsed entirely. "Jenny, woman," he said, "I've an awfu' pain in my heid; ye micht gie me a wee drapple, an' see gin it'll dae me ony guid." "Weel, gudeman," she replied, "ye're owre late o' askin', for ever sin' that bottle cam' into the hoose, I've been bothered sae wi' pains i' my heid, t' a' dune, an' there's nae drapple left."

"Labor-Saving" but Oath-Producing.

SPEAKING of the introduction in Eastern telephone exchanges of the "line-busy" phonograph attachments, the "Argonaut" remarks that in the effete East these innovations may possibly be tamely received, but they had a short life in San Francisco. When some bright telephone clerk conceived the plan of saving another clerk's wages by putting on a phonograph to say, "Line is busy," it was received with rejoicing by the telephone stockholders in San Francisco. But the telephone subscribers did not like it at all, and did not hesitate to say so. On the first day of the innovation the startled telephone subscribers listened in wonder to the mechanical moaning, squeaking and buzzing of the phonograph droning out: "We —will—call—you—line—is—busy — line—is—busy— we — will —call—you." The machine, naturally, was deaf to expostulation or enquiry. To polite dissent and to fiery oaths it returned the same monotonous groan: "We—will—call—you—line—is—busy." Goaded by this automatic barking, the most mild-mannered men became temporarily maddened. On that famous first day the telephone scenes in the various clubs were peculiar. From the telephone closets there would come at intervals wild bursts of oaths and sometimes maniac laughter. The attendants would hasten to the telephone temple, and assist forth congested millionaires, purple-faced, pop-eyed, apoplectic. They were speechless—all they could do was to shake their fists at the telephone. When a mining millionaire from Mexico, newly arrived that day, suddenly burst out of the telephone closet clamoring for an axe with which to attack the instrument, the club manager grew apprehensive. When, later in the day, an alcoholic millionaire could not wait for an axe, but demolished the telephone with a heavy, silver-headed cane, the manager concluded to take prudential measures and ask the telephone company to switch off the phonograph. Which was done. This was the end of the telephone-phonograph in the San Francisco clubs, and not long after it was disused throughout the city generally. This experience is respectfully submitted by the "Argonaut" for the consideration of Eastern cities.

Suicide Contagious.

Mayor Morse, of Emporia, Kan., asked the editors of Emporia papers recently to refrain from publishing details of suicides. He said that the publication of such details had caused an epidemic of suicides in that community in the last two years. He had consulted with the Board of Health, and thought that if the papers would not comply with his request he had a right to stop summarily the publication of suicide details under a law providing for the suppression of epidemics.

"If the paper," he said, "on which these local papers are printed had been kept in a place infected with smallpox I could demand that the papers quit using that paper or stop publication. If they spread another contagion, the contagious suggestion of suicide, I believe the liberty of the press is not to be considered before the public welfare, and that the courts would sustain me in using force to prevent the publication of papers containing matter clearly deleterious to the public health.

"However, no such steps need be taken. Mr. White, of the 'Gazette;' Mr. Strong, of the 'Republican,' and Mr. Yearout, of the 'Times,' are in sympathy with me in this movement and will suppress the details of suicides until the epidemic subsides."

Sunshine.

After a morn of dreary rain
The sullen clouds withdrew,
The summer sun shone forth again
From skies of dazzling blue:

Sorrow and suffering was my dole,
But you have banished pain—
Your love shone through my lonely soul
Like sunshine after rain!
—Eileen Benson.

Where There Is No Degeneracy.

A delightful article by Mr. Frank Beddard, of the London Zoological Gardens, in the "Pall Mall Magazine," makes one suspect that the only spot in civilization where degeneracy has not begun is the "Zoo." Mr. Beddard takes us through the great menagerie which is under his supervision, and shows us many distinguished inmates at dinner. The hippopotamus is an enviable gourmet. He has been thirty-seven years at the "Zoo," and has had only one attack of indigestion. On that grave occasion he was cured with forty (or eighty) drops of croton oil, administered in a bun. Happy beast! No visits to specialists at a guinea a visit! No anxious trials of patent medicines, advertised in the evening papers with portraits of the cures! Down went the bun, and Hippo was himself again! The Australian cassowary consumes everything (except the *missionary and his hymn-book*), and never knows what indigestion means. Excellent living (Mr. Beddard's statistics of the food are staggering) and leisured ease make astonishing longevity at the "Zoo." There was a Madagascar parrot who flourished in captivity for fifty-four years, and goodness knows how old he was when he retired to Regent's Park. Possibly he became a centenarian. The official records apparently neglect to state his views of life.

Incident at Pekin.

Probably the most amusing incident of the siege of Pekin, says Henry Savage Landor, occurred on July 22, 1900, when the Dowager-Empress sent a hundred melons, some cucumbers and egg-plant as a present to the Chinese soldiers at the barricades. The servants who brought them misunderstood the order, and handed over the whole lot to the foreign soldiers, also at their barricade. The vegetables were hauled in with due haste, as soon as the guards got over their first astonishment at the handsome gift; but no doubt the person most astonished of all was the messenger on his return to the Dowager-Empress. It is not improbable that the misplaced melons cost him his life.

Curious Bits of News.

The number of retail liquor dealers in the United States at the close of last year was 206,000. The total vote of the Prohibition party in the election of the same year was 209,000.

In the bottom of a strawberry-box opened at Hutchinson, Kan., the other day, the following note was found written on the smooth wood: "I am Cora Marsh, aged sixteen, of Logan, Mo. Never been kissed."

A man in Ray County, Mo., became convinced recently that he had incipient consumption. Every time he drew a full breath he heard a crackling sound. A doctor discovered that the crackling sound was made by a small buckle on his suspender.

A curious old custom was recently revived at Great Oakley, England, where parish lands were let by "pin in candle." The local clergyman presided. A pin is inserted in a burning candle, and so long as it remains in its tallow resting-place bids are taken. The last bidder before the pin drops is declared the tenant for the year.

A Paris schoolmaster has petitioned the French Chamber against kings still reigning on French playing cards. He suggests kings should be replaced by pictures of Thiers, MacMahon, Grevy, and Carnot; and queens by equally prominent women Republicans. The Parliamentary Commission sitting on the petition has replied that the change is impossible, since it would ruin quite a number of playing-card factories.

What is probably the most extraordinary plant ever discovered has now been found by E. A. Suverkrop, of Philadelphia, who, during trips to South America, has for some years been contributing to the collection of his friend, Professor N. E. Brown, of the Herbarium, Kew Gardens, London. The amazing plant which Mr. Suverkrop has now found is an orchid that takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty by letting down a tube into the water, the tube, when not in use, being coiled up on top of the plant.

Baltimore, Md., had a bulldog until recently, that made a practice of milking cows in the fields. Just how the dog formed the habit is not known, but it is thought he acquired it by following the example of calves. He had often been seen with the many cows in pasture about Mount Washington cross a cow's back while she was lying down. His appetite for milk grew so strong that he was not satisfied with part of the supply, but wanted it all, and attacked a dairymaid who went into her barnyard to milk. He was despatched by a policeman with a revolver.

The capital invested in electrical enterprises in the United States is estimated by "American Trade" at four billion dollars. We have the same authority for the assertion that those industries employ more than half a million persons. Almost half of the aggregate capital is represented by the electric railways, which, it would be safe to assume, employ a majority of the half-million persons. There were dismal predictions current ten or fifteen years ago of things that would befall certain classes of labor when electric cars came in; but the abolishment of the horse-car has probably thrown no one out of work—except the horse.

Coats of mail are now being manufactured from papier-mache that cannot be distinguished from real antique armor. According to the wishes of the customer, the armor can be turned out bright steel, silver and gold inlay, hammered brass, rusty iron or malachite. As described by the New York "Evening Post," the new goods are calculated to deceive the best critics, and to give all the satisfaction of the genuine coat of mail. They are warranted not to break easily or to cut any unfortunate guest upon whom they may happen to fall. All descriptions of armor can be had. The new invention has aroused the anger of the dealers in antique armor, who declare that it is intended to ruin their trade.

A well-known English firm of tobacconists are giving away in their packets of cigarettes a small map of the Klondike district. It is colored red, and the words "British Territory" are printed upon it in large letters. On the back is found the following little history of the gold fields: 'There is no doubt that the Klondike district is the richest gold field yet discovered. It comprises some 192,000 square miles, mostly in British territory, and although mining has been going on steadily for the past ten years, it was only in August, 1896, that the extraordinary richness of the diggings was discovered." We have been accustomed to portraits of fat women and popular heroes for so long that the novelty is as pleasant as it is instructive.

Where He Failed.

The young man drew himself up to his full height.

"I have," he cried, "an unsullied character, an ardent heart, a versatile mind and strenuous biceps."

The young girl yawned and seemed interested. He was quick to push his advantage.

"I am the possessor of a town and country house, a yacht, a stable of thoroughbreds and a box at the opera."

She hesitated, and a slight flush betrayed that she was listening.

"I have got," he continued with a certain fierceness, "thirty servants, forty pairs of trousers, fifty ancestors, three automobiles, six prize bull pups and an army commission."

Ah! she had found her tongue at last.

"And how many golf medals?" she lisped.

The young man shuddered.

He felt that he had lost. He had played nervily and high, but she was above his limit.—"Waverley Magazine."

Mrs. Fitz-Caudle—Ah, me! There was a time when you always called me 'Daisy;' now it's "Mrs. Fitz-Caudle," as if I were the merest stranger to you. Fitz-Caudle—Found out my mistake, my dear. Daisies shut up at night. You don't.—"Pick-Me-Up."

Anecdotal.

In "War's Brighter Side," Mr. Julian Ralph tells the following story of sentry humor: A French-Canadian member of the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry was doing sentry-go one night at Enslin (Graspan). The countersign for the night was "Halifax." Presently there came a strolling soldier, whom our gallant Canadian promptly challenged: "Who go dare?" "Friend." "Advance, fren, and pass on—and say 'Haversack'—all is vale."

The burial service of the Church of England is not very well known in Scotland. An English parson touring in the North was hurriedly called upon to read the service over the mortal remains of an old resident of the Episcopal faith. Reaching that part of the burial service referring to "the soul of our dear brother (or sister) departed," he paused momentarily to ask the nearest mourner in a stage aside, "Brother or sister?" The mourner addressed at once answered, "Nae relation at all, sir; just the auld landlady from the inn."

Lord Cardwell was in the habit of using the church prayers at family prayers. One day his valet came to him and said: "I must leave your lordship's service at once." "Why, what have you to complain of?" "Nothing personally, but your lordship will repeat every morning: 'We have done those things which we ought not to have done, and have left undone those things which we ought to have done.' Now I freely admit that I have often done things I ought not, but that I have left undone things that I ought to have done, I utterly deny; and I will not stay here to hear it said."

In one of the later settlements of New South Wales a man was put on trial for stealing a watch. The evidence had been very conflicting, and as the jury retired the judge remarked kindly that if he could give any assistance in the way of smoothing out possible difficulties he should be happy to do so. Eleven of the jury had filed out of the box, but the twelfth remained, and the expression on his face showed that he was in deep trouble. "Well, sir," remarked the judge, "is there any question you would like to ask me before you retire?" The juror's face brightened, and he replied eagerly: "I would like to know, my lord, if you could tell us whether the prisoner stole the watch."

An English lord of the manor was returning home one night, when he found a country bumpkin standing by the kitchen door with a lantern in his hand. "What are you doing here?" the lord asked, roughly. "I've come a-courtin', sir," was the reply. "A-courting? What do you mean by that?" "I'm a follower o' Mary, the kitchen maid." "Is it your habit to carry a lantern when you are on such errands?" "Yes, sir." "Nonsense!" retorted the master, angrily. "Don't talk such stuff to me! Be off with yourself! Courting with a lantern! When I was young I never used such a thing." "No, sir," said the yokel, moving rapidly away. "Judgin' by the missus, I shouldn't think ye did."

A new book about the Sultan describes that sovereign as the possessor of an overmastering hobby—the collection of animals. It is said that on one occasion, in 1882, Musurus Pacha, the Turkish Ambassador, waited three days in great anxiety for a reply to a communication to the Sultan, at the instance of Mr. Gladstone, on the subject of Egypt. At length a long despatch arrived; it was an order for some wild sheep which Abdul Hamid wanted for his park. The Sultan is very fond of parrots. But once a favorite bird called out the name of a eunuch, Djafer, who came in obedience, as he thought, to the voice of his master. Abdul wrung the bird's neck with his own hands, saying, "In this palace there must be only one voice to command."

Lord Justice Clark Braxfield of Scotland was a man of few words and strong business habits. In courting his second wife his procedure was entirely illustrative of the peculiarities of his character. Calling on the lady, he said to her, without preliminary remark: "Lizzie, I am looking out for a wife, and I thought you just the person that would suit me. Let me have your answer, 'Yes' or 'No,' the morn, and nae mair about it." The lady, the next day, replied in the affirmative. Perhaps he repented his precipitancy, for when a butler gave warning, on account of Mrs. Braxfield's scolding propensities, the judge replied: "Lord, mon, ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankful ye're no married to her."

A waist of raw material.—N.Y. "Life."

In the Days of Less.

The coatless man puts a careless arm
Round the waist of the hatless girl,
As over the dustless and mudless roads
In a horseless carriage they whirl.
Like a leadless bullet from hammerless gun,
By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joy
By endless union given.
Though the only lunch his coinless purse
Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod
With a "side" of stringless beans,
He puffs a tobacconless cigarette
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph. —Ex.

Anecdotal.

Two little girls visited a certain Anglican church not a hundred miles from Ottawa, which is noted for its extreme ritualism, says the "Citizen." After the sermon had proceeded for some time, one little girl leaned over and asked the other in a stage whisper: "When does he burn the bugs?" "He doesn't burn bugs," retorted the other, indignantly. "Oh," said the other, evidently disappointed, "my father said they burned insects in this church."

At Arundel, relates Augustus Hare, the guests were astonished by the butler coming in one day abruptly and saying to the Duke: "May it please Your Grace, Lord Thurlow has laid an egg." It was one of the owls which existed at Arundel till the time of the present owner. Lord Thurlow's daughter, going round their cages in the wall, had stopped opposite one of them, and, looking at the blinking bird, said: 'Why, he's just like papa." The bird was ever after called Lord Thurlow.

George IV., as Prince Regent, was very charming when he was not drunk, but he generally was. He asked Curran to dinner one day to amuse him. Curran was up to it, and sat silent all through dinner. This irritated the Prince, and at last, after dinner, when he had had a good deal too much, he filled a glass with wine and threw it in Curran's face, with: "Say something funny, can't you!" Curran, without moving a muscle, threw his own glass of wine in his neighbor's face, saying: "Pass His Royal Highness's joke."

It is related that a Yankee once came to Windsor Castle and insisted on seeing Queen Victoria. They told him it was quite impossible; but he persisted. They tried to explain court etiquette; but he said his business was important. They said no one saw Her Majesty except by appointment; but he only replied that the Queen would be the loser if she declined to see him. Then they told him flat-footed that, before seeing the Queen, he must state the object of his visit. He said he wanted to show her a new piece of furniture—a throne-bed—a perfect throne by day and a perfect bed by night.

At a political meeting held near Sheffield in the last British elections the candidate was late, so to keep the audience in a good humor the chairman recited, as a personal experience, a yarn he had heard at a meeting held more than a hundred miles from Sheffield. The candidate arrived, and, after making the usual apologies, said that he just had a most comical personal experience. He recounted it. The audience guffawed tremendously. "I have never known that yarn go down so well," said the candidate to the chairman. "It happens to be the same yarn," replied the chairman, "that I have just trotted out myself."

A contributor to "Current Literature" relates the following: "My little nephew John has a great head. His mother, who is an enthusiastic Sunday school worker, often invites her class to her home for an afternoon of recreation and refreshment. On one occasion she thought best to coach John a little in regard to three little fellows, children of poor parents. She told him he must be careful not to hurt their feelings in any way, as they were very proud. During the process of the afternoon play John was heard to remark (apropos of their stiff unsociability), 'You needn't be so stuck-up, he said, 'I know some people lots poorer than you are.'"

When Booker T. Washington began his early attempts to arouse the colored men of the South to work regularly, save their money, stop stealing chickens, lead good lives, etc., one of his agencies was the establishment of schools. Money was scarce, and it was a day of small beginnings. The first class was held on the porch of a house, but it rapidly outgrew the accommodation, and in casting about for ampler facilities, he found an old, abandoned hen-house. Finding a venerable darkey idle, he said to him: "Sam, you go up to-morrow morning and clean out that old hen-house back of Mr. ——'s house." "Sho'ly, Mr. Washington," was the reply, "you won't clean out a hen-house in de day-time?"

The Annihilation of Solitude.

"WONDERFUL and yet more wonderful is the progress made with wireless telegraphy," remarks the London "Outlook," "but wonderful only for a day. The day after sees it become commercial at the rate of sixpence-halfpenny per word." That was the charge on board the Cunard steamer "Lucania," which has been fitted with the Marconi apparatus, and gave it a practical and successful trial on a recent Sunday. Far out on the open sea, cut off from all visible connection with land, those on board were able to transmit messages to lightships, passing vessels, and to the shore by the mysterious electric waves, and receive answers by the same means. Electricity, in fact, is transforming the whole conditions of human existence. There is nothing it cannot assist us to do; by and by it may even be made to think for us. Perhaps it will turn out to be life and thought itself. In the form of the Roentgen rays it makes our bodies transparent; a short time and it may lay bare our thoughts. The man who looks upon the solitude and quiet of the ocean as tedious need no longer be unoccupied; he shall have the doings of dry land brought to him each moment by electric currents. In a little time, we may be sure, the hour's news will follow the railway traveler along the line and be reproduced by some clicking apparatus in the train. We shall all have sixpenny pocket transmitters and keep ourselves in touch with business and our families during the holidays; the tops of mountains shall no longer be seclusion, and it shall go well with us if we are allowed to lie still in our graves. Thought transmission will be perfected soon, and by means of electric waves we shall all think the same thing at the same time without the trouble of reading, reckoning or writing. Instead of "three R's" there will be one "Is;" everybody will be the same and nobody anybody. Then we shall wish we had never been born. Meantime a new word is wanted for these mid-Atlantic communications. "Wire" is now nonsense, "telegraph" also. What is the word to be?

How Nihilists Work

A Recital of Actual Occurrances, by an Expatriated Russian.

CHAPTER I.

In the year 189— I was attending the Medical Department of the Imperial University at St. Petersburg. A mighty, restless wave had at that time swept over the whole student body and the majority of them were either active Nihilists or, at least, in hearty sympathy with the tenets for which "Nihilism" stands, viz.: free speech, free press and a representative form of government. The Russian Government, which considers such demands as "pernicious principles," tried hard to cure the "obnoxious students," with adequate doses of imprisonment, deportation and Siberia. but "the malady" spread all the further and took root all the deeper.

Personally, I was thickly mixed up with the movement, and was at the time holding the responsible, but risky, position of secretary to the executive committee of "The Revolutionary Movement." Such was the activity of the executive committee, and so numerous were the new recruits who daily joined our ranks, that the Government became truly alarmed. Exasperated at the state of affairs, the Czar at last appointed the ambitious, crafty old German, General Gresser, to be chief of the "Third Division," which is, indisputably, the mightiest and most efficiently organized "secret service" on the continent of Europe. The new chief, anxious to please the Czar, concentrated all his cunning devices and set in motion the vast machinery at his command for the purpose of extirpating all show of opposition to the Autocrat of all the Russians."

With a zeal that merited a better cause, and with a grim determination which was phenomenal even among his class, he went to work and scoured the capital from all points of the compass, fully decided to eradicate, or stifle, any manifestation of nihilism. Men and women were arbitrarily torn from their families and thrown into jail without any explanation being vouchsafed to the dismayed relatives left behind. Indeed, such a vigilant espionage was instituted to run down all suspects; so sudden and fierce was the onslaught of the police, and so numerous were the arrests, that the very name of Gresser struck terror into the hearts of all liberal-minded people in the capital; for no one was at all sure that the next night should not find him in that horrible dungeon which the Russian Government is pleased to call the Schlusselberg "Fortress."

On a fine afternoon, as I was walking down the Nevski Prospect—the principal thoroughfare of St. Petersburg—an old man dressed as a moujik (peasant) stepped in front of me, and, holding out his hand, exclaimed in astonishment: "Why, is that you, Matvey? How glad I am to see you! How are you keeping!" And the peasant rattled away as if we were old friends.

I was about to remonstrate with the stranger, telling him that he was mistaking his man, when a significant wink of his eye arrested my first impulse, and, with the instinct of a Nihilist, I ejaculated, familiarly:

"By Jupiter, old boy! I never expected to see you in the capital. When did you arrive?"

"I arrived yesterday," replied the peasant, looking intently at me.

"And how are all the folk at home?" I asked eagerly. "How is Masha?"

"Slava Bogool (Thank God)" exclaimed the man, with the quaint accent peculiar to the peasants, "we are all well, and Masha is growing uncommon fine. But I must hurry on just now. Let me have your address and I will see you again to-morrow. Good-day."

So saying he shook hands with me and dexterously deposited in my hand a slip of paper, all crinkled up.

As the peasant moved awkwardly away I watched him anxiously. Who could he be? Of course I surmised that he was a Nihilist, and was disguised as an old peasant in order to throw the police off the scent, but then, why did I not recognize him? My very best was done to make a guess, but so faultless was the disguise and so perfect the alteration of the voice that I was baffled in my conjectures, and felt annoyed at my inability to disclose the peasant's identity.

Arriving at my room I unrolled the paper and at once recognized the writing to be Ivan Dabroff's—the president of the Revolutionary Movement" at St. Petersburg. It ran:

"To-night at eight, at the ink-shop on Alexandrovska. Watchword: 'Do you keep red ink?' Fail not!"

I felt that something important must have turned up, since I had not expected a meeting of the executive committee for at least ten days. Therefore, promptly at eight, I entered the unostentatious ink-store, which was dimly lighted by a single kerosene lamp, and where, behind a small counter, I discovered a fat, red-haired, middle-aged Russian, who was apparently engrossed in the perusal of the last "Novoe Vremya."

"Good evening, sir," I said, eying him, and wondering if this rendezvous was now destined to supplant our old meeting-place since the police had become suspicious of the ground.

"How do you do, sir," nodded the man, laying down the paper unconcernedly. "With what may I serve you?"

"Do you keep red ink?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the store-keeper cheerfully, and carelessly making the Nihilistic secret sign, which I returned. "Step this way, brother."

He led the way to the storehouse. Here he removed a large empty box which stood against the wall, touched a certain spot, and immediately a small door sprung open, disclosing a narrow, dark stairway leading downward.

"Gresser is the word," said the man, as he closed the secret door, leaving me in the dark alone.

I began to grope my way cautiously, and succeeded in reaching the bare ground below, when a voice challenged me:

"Who goes there?"

"Gresser," was my reply.

Immediately a hand took hold of my arm and led me through the low, cramped, underground passage until we reached what seemed to me a small cellar, which was utterly dark, and, judging from the unruffled stillness that pervaded, quite empty.

"All are here," whispered the man into my ear. "Sit down on the bench to your right. The meeting will open at once."

Silence reigned for the next few minutes—a stillness that was intense and awe-inspiring. Everyone present was doubtless occupied with serious meditations, earnestly preparing for any emergency that might arise. The cause for which these few, but brave, individuals stood was a great and glorious one—the liberation of a great nation which was being oppressed, robbed, murdered and exiled on all hands—and for the flimsiest pretense. Against this intrepid little band stood arrayed a colossal, bureaucratic, imperious administration; an oligarchy which cared nothing for the masses, either from a social, economic, educational, political or any other standpoint; a government which treats her vast, teeming population as children who have no will of their own and must be told what they shall eat and drink, what they shall speak and believe; a government which considers every person as a bad citizen until proven to be a good one, and freely uses the cane, the knout, the dungeon and Siberia for those unfortunate citizens who are not considered good and loyal subjects—those with "pernicious tendencies." Against such a tyrannical, high-handed, herculean administration these few valorous sons have, voluntarily, pitted themselves, hoping to set the captives free; to create light out of darkness and bring order out of chaos and inversion. This was their stupendous task, and there was indeed much to think about.

Suddenly, through the inspissated darkness, a voice, musical and laden with emotion, rang out in the stillness—a voice which instantly electrified every heart. It was the commanding voice of Ivan Dabroff. He said:

"Brothers, I must apologize to you for not having this place lighted—it is essential that it be so to-night. We have with us now a brother from Moscow who has brought us valuable information, and also papers from Berne, Brussels and elsewhere. He is here to help us through with an important undertaking, and we have an excellent reason for desiring his invisibility. Now, the foremost thing demanding the committee's immediate action is the riddance of that old hound—Gresser. You are all aware that since he has become chief of that nefarious 'Inquisition' many of our brothers have fallen into his hands; he is even now torturing them in order to wring our secrets from them. He has broken up our meetings so that we can no longer perform our sacred task; he has discovered our printing office and is determined—if the Little Father (Czar) keeps him in his present office—to effect, not only the disruption of our organization, but also the extermination of all the members thereof. He has gone far enough! His time has come!"

"Is it known to any of the brethren," asked a voice, "how this hound discovered our printing office?"

"No, it is not known," replied Ivan promptly. "We are loth to think that there is treachery in our camp, neither do we believe that any of our comrades will divulge our secrets under torture, or through tempting bribes. Our brothers, we are convinced, would rather endure untold agonies, yea, even death itself, than betray our sacred cause and deliver us all into the jaws of those rapacious wolves. Nevertheless, the committee shall spare no pains, nor shrink from any risk, in order to find out how our printing office was unearthed. Just now, brothers, we must deal with several matters related to our foreign work."

"Should we not first concentrate all our energies to bring about Gresser's destruction?" asked the same voice from the audience.

"I am sorry to say," replied Ivan, lowering his voice, "that this subject cannot be discussed now. We shall ask our brother to believe that the best is being done in that direction, and the results, we hope, will be all that could be desired."

"We have implicit confidence in our leader," replied the voice, heartily.

Several important items were discussed and dealt with within the next two hours. Then the meeting was closed by the president requesting the guides to lead the members out of the room—by a different passage from the one they entered.

A hand was gently laid on my shoulder and Ivan's voice whispered: "You remain here, Matvey."

Soon after all were gone a match was struck by Ivan and a paraffin candle was lighted, thus dispelling the darkness which surrounded us all evening. I could see that there was no one in the room except Ivan, myself, and a stranger whom I judged to be the "brother from Moscow."

"We tripped old Gresser to-day all right enough," remarked Ivan with a smile, as he stuck the candle into the neck of a bottle.

"How do you mean?" I enquired.

"First," said Ivan, "let me introduce you to our brother, Dmitri Stanislav."

I advanced and shook hands with the stranger, who impressed me favorably.

"Well," continued Ivan, "our brother Dmitri has just arrived from Belgium with important papers. The police must have had an inkling of the fact, for they were extraordinarily vigilant. I was to meet Dmitri this afternoon on the Nevski, both being disguised as peasants. But, to my surprise, the old hound Gresser was on the Nevski, too. He was admirably disguised as a Greek merchant, but I recognized him at once—his sly look betrayed him. I was afraid he might suspect me, and was therefore elated to see you coming down the street. I approached you the way I did, and you, with your presence of mind, replied admirably. The spy heard us and his suspicions vanished like smoke; he at once left the Nevski and sauntered down to the bridge. Had you said anything about not knowing me, both Dmitri and myself would have been arrested as soon as we met—not many minutes after."

"Very glad to think that I was of some help to the cause," I said, simply.

"Now, look here, Matvey," said Ivan, laying his hand on my shoulder, "I believe you to be the man we need to carry out a daring plan for the destruction of Gresser. Are you willing to do as you are told without asking any questions?"

"I have perfect confidence in your ability and am ready to risk everything," I replied fervently.

"Good! Then listen"—and Ivan's eyes irradiated with a strange light—"in a few days Gresser will come to see you—"

"Gresser? To see me?" I cried in astonishment.

"Yes. Gresser will come and offer you a certain sum of money that you should throw into my room papers furnished by himself. Be wise in dealing with him—be self-collected—but finally accept his offer."

"And shall I consent to throw those dreadful papers in your room?" I queried, incredulously.

"Precisely."

"But you will be hanged!" I gasped in stupefication.

"Oh, I don't think so," replied Ivan, coolly. "You see we are dealing with a dangerous adversary, and the means for his destruction must necessarily be in keeping with the subject. Here is one of Gresser's latest photos; study his features carefully, so that, no matter how cleverly he disguises himself, you will be able to recognize him when he pays you a visit."

My countenance must have betrayed my inward dubiousness as to the success of the venture, for Dmitri, who was watching me intently, now interposed for the first time:

"Have no fear, brother. Our plan shall hardly miscarry. In this particular undertaking we have a powerful ally to assist us at the proper time, and, by using a little tact, the outcome cannot be doubted. At any rate, we must put this old hound out of his office at once, else our great cause will be irremediably shattered—and that shall never be!"

"Never!" cried Ivan, hotly. "As long as we have life we shall struggle on—and we shall win in the end!"

"You may expect me to do my utmost," I assured them as we parted in silence, each being occupied with a variety of fearful and hazardous anticipations

CHAPTER II.

For the next week I lived in a state of mental abstraction. The fact that the chief of the dreaded "Third Division" was coming to bribe me and use me as his tool so excited and mystified me that I could think of nothing else. could do nothing else but meditate and speculate as to the outcome of all this. Every stranger that approached me I suspected of being that arch fiend himself, and put myself on guard at once. My sleep, appetite and work went to the winds. It proved an enormous strain upon my nervous system, and made me wish that he would come at once and be done with that excruciating, fearsome feeling of uncertainty. But as the days went slowly by and Gresser did not appear, I began to question whether Ivan's plan was not forestalled by that ubiquitous, crafty Machiavellian spy; and as this supposition gained headway I became terribly apprehensive of the consequences momentarily expecting to be arrested along with Ivan and Dmitri. The punishment which awaited captured Nihilists was well known to me. There are three to choose from: To be drowned in the dark waters of the Neva; to rot in some pestiferous dungeon until death shall come as a happy relief, or to be exiled to Siberia for life. None of these prospects inspired me with cheerfulness.

However, on the eleventh evening after our meeting the landlady announced that a man wished to see me.

"Show him in!" I said impatiently; and a minute later the door was quietly pushed back and a man entered. He was a short, chubby, clean-shaven individual in a blue suit and a merchant's cap. He wore blue glasses, and I could just detect that he was adorned with a wig. But though the man was excellently disguised, yet I recognized in him the chief of the "Third Division."

"Good evening, sir," he began affably. "I presume you are Mr. G———. My name is Gregory Lusinski."

"It gives me pleasure to meet you, Mr. Lusinski," I said, extending my hand and trying to keep as cool as possible. "What may I do for you?"

"Well," said Lusinski, casting a furtive all-comprehensive glance around the room, "I am a business man, and, like all men of my class, like to get at the point at once. I live in Kiev, and for the last three years was a staunch member of the Revolutionary Movement—"

"The what?" I asked in assumed amazement.

"Now, Mr. G———," said Lusinski, with a knowing smile, "there is no need of your asking such a question at all; you understand me perfectly well, and it's no use pretending, and all that sort of thing. I wish to be perfectly frank with you, and hope you will be the same—to our mutual advantage."

"As you will, Mr. Lusinski," I said, submissively.

"That's right!" exclaimed Lusinski, with some animation. "I always like to deal with an open, candid individual, and I rejoice to find in you the man after my own heart. Shake!"—and we shook hands heartily. "Well, to come back to my story. I was as good a member and as zealous for the cause as any Nihilist in the empire, but imagine my chagrin and indignation when, two weeks ago, I was expelled—"

"Expelled?" I broke in, quite surprised.

"For what reason?"

"For no reason that I know of," said Lusinski, with such a marvelous exhibition of innocuousness as would have convinced Torquemada himself. "Nor was any reason offered to me. I found out, however, that the cause of my extrusion was the president of the Movement here in St. Petersburg—Ivan Dabroff."

"What has he against you?"

"Some years ago we had a personal disagreement about a certain private matter. Ivan never forgot the injury which—according to his notion—I did him. So when he learned of my connection with the Movement he at once wrote that I be expelled, alleging that I was utterly untrustworthy—the coward!"

"That was the action of a poltroon," I assented, sympathetically.

"It was a dastardly act!" cried Lusinski, warmly. "And, by Jupiter! I shall avenge the wrong yet! But I believe this is not the only case in which Ivan acted so cowardly. I am told he played the same trick on you!"

"How do you know that?" I asked, eagerly, and I began to see the commencement of Ivan's plan.

"Oh, never mind how I know it," laughed Lusinski good-naturedly, "so long as I am aware of the whole thing. And it is this fact that brought me here to-night."

"What would you suggest?"

"Since this man wronged us both so grievously," began Lusinski glibly, "it is only right that we should retaliate with the same coin; let us mete out to him what he measured out to us—isn't that fair?"

"Quite. What is your proposal?"

"I am informed," said Lusinski, lowering his voice and taking on a confidential air, "that you and Ivan were great friends before he played you false, and that you used to spend a good deal of time in his rooms. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"And does his landlady know you pretty well?"

"Perfectly."

"You may, then, enter his rooms unchallenged at any time you please?"

"Certainly."

"Now, what I propose is this: I have here a few papers purporting to be communications from the police to Ivan, offering him a large sum of money if he would give up certain Nihilistic secrets—and also, incidentally, alluding to his past services in the same direction. These papers you could easily hide in Ivan's study. Then, I will so arrange it that the other Nihilists in the city shall find these papers. This will lead to his immediate expulsion from the Movement—no more than he deserves."

"This is quite an ingenious contrivance," I remarked, appreciatively, "and it would only serve him right. Nevertheless, I could not honorably consent to the scheme."

"Oh, hang your scruples!" cried Lusinski, reproachfully. "Be a man, now, and, if agreeable to you, I shall reward you with one hundred roubles. I am well off and the revenge is worth that much to me any day."

After a good deal of talking and arguing I finally consented to do as Lusinski suggested—for the consideration of two hundred roubles.

Next evening Lusinski himself brought a well-filled envelope—stamped and registered, with the postmark of St. Petersburg on it—and, handing me the two hundred roubles, cautioned me not to read the papers. He also informed me that Ivan was not at home just then, and therefore it would be the best time to act. We both went over to Ivan's house, and, leaving Lusinski outside, I ran upstairs and hastily concealed the papers in Ivan's study.

"Is it all right?" enquired Lusinski, excitedly, as I emerged from the house.

"Yes; I stuck it under his carpet in a corner of the room," I replied, hastily, and hurried away to my lodging-place.

CHAPTER III.

I tried to go to sleep that night, hardly expecting to succeed in the attempt. Countless thoughts and ideas rushed and gyrated through my mind like so many whirlwinds and left chaos and inversion behind them. I fully understood the nature of the papers which I left in Ivan's room, and could foresee nothing but death, exile and imprisonment for all of us. "What is Ivan's plan, anyway?" I asked myself distractedly. "Why so dangerous an undertaking? What if Gresser saw into the plan and calmly frustrated it?" To these and many other maddening interrogations I could frame no adequate answer. I tossed myself restlessly from one side to the other till the early hours of the morning, when sleep mercifully overcame me.

It was fully nine o'clock when I awoke and hastily began to dress. Suddenly the door flew open and the treasurer of the "Movement," Sergei Goloshoff, rushed in and exclaimed:

"Matvey, brother, we are lost! Ivan and many others were arrested last night and they found incriminating papers in Ivan's room. The capital is ablaze with the news. I was anxious to know whether you are among the arrested—and here I find you in bed!"

"Calm yourself, Sergei," I said, with a smile, "this is part of our own doings."

"What do you mean?" cried Sergei.

I told him of the plot, as much as I knew, at which he shook his head mournfully, as if he felt sure of a disaster.

"Tell me all the news you heard about the arrest," I urged, impatiently.

"Well, I just met Yusoff"—Yusoff is the son of a high official in the Ministry of the Interior—said Sergei, settling down again, "and Yusoff told me what he overheard his father tell his mother: that Ivan Dabroff, along with fifty other Nihilists, was arrested last night by General Gresser. In Ivan's room were found papers and plans which disclose a scheme for blowing up the Winter Palace with dynamite and thus killing the Czar and all his family with one stroke. A list of names was also found and the whole outfit is now believed to be in the hands of the Czar."

"I knew Gresser was in for something desperate," I said, thoughtfully, "but I cannot see why Ivan should bring down so many others with him. However, let us go down town and find out who are the arrested."

"Aren't you afraid to show yourself just now?"

"Gresser will hardly dare to arrest me," I said. "Let's go."

The excitement throughout the city was more than I anticipated. Everywhere one could see small groups of people gesticulating as they discussed the great event. Amplifications and speculations ran high and wild; the turmoil was momentarily growing and the crowds increasing at the same ratio. Indeed, the perturbation reached such a high pitch, and so powerless were the police to disperse the ever-agglomerating multitudes, that during the afternoon several sotnias (companies) of mounted Cossacks were hastily despatched to perform the work the police had failed to accomplish. These daring, hardy equestrians, armed with their famous knouts, charged mercilessly into the crowds right and left—killing and wounding many people. In that way the masses were scattered to the four winds, and by six o'clock the city assumed its normal aspect. But though the crowds were brutally dispersed, there remained an invisible current of agitation which no soldiers could subdue.

The Russian papers said nothing at all about the affair—their mouths were at once gagged by the omnipotent censor. The only intelligence furnished by the Russian papers—and copied extensively by the American press—was that the Czar had awarded General Gresser with one hundred thousand roubles in gold, and also decorated him with the Order of St. George.

Four days passed without any change in the programme, except that we learned that not one of the real Nihilists was arrested along with Ivan. Those taken into custody were mostly simple, innocent people who knew no more about Nihilism than a common Cossack knows about paleontology. This mystified us not a little, but as no rational solution offered itself, we resigned ourselves to the inevitable and hoped for the best.

On the fifth day after the arrest I met Dmitri on the street. He shook hands with me, and, slipping a piece of paper into my hand, said something about the weather and hurriedly departed. The slip contained the following:

"Be sure and remain at home to-morrow. Of tremendous importance."

What could it mean? I worried about it all day, but could not solve the riddle, and gave it up in despair.

Promptly at ten next morning a magnificent carriage drew up at the door and a smart young officer enquired for me.

"You are Mr. G———?" said the officer, as he was shown into my room. "I beg that you accompany me at once."

"Where to?"

"To the office of the Minister of the Interior."

In Russia an officer who is simply carrying out the order of his superior is not allowed to vouchsafe any information whatsoever with regard to his mission. Knowing this, I did not attempt to question him any more. I followed him into the carriage, and in twenty minutes found myself in the presence of the Minister of the Interior.

He was a tall, well-built man, rather above middle age, with a fine, intellectual face and deep blue eyes.

"Oh, you are Mr. G———?" he said, after the officer had withdrawn.

"That is my name, your honor."

"You received certain papers from General Gresser, and, at his order, put them into the room of Ivan Dabroff."

"I did."

"Very well. His Majesty the Czar is determined to find out all about this affair, and you shall be presented to His Majesty at 11.20. Hold yourself in readiness!"

I nearly fainted.

"Do not be afraid," remarked the Minister, encouragingly. "His Majesty is good and generous, and those of his subjects who are loyal and speak the truth need have no fear whatever. You will now go into the reception-room and wait till an officer comes to escort you to the palace."

The Russians have a proverb: "God is high and the Czar is far," conveying the impression that, as it is quite impossible to see God, so is it equally hard to see or speak with the Czar—the Lord's anointed and vicegerent. To the average Russian, to see the Czar is synonymous with attaining the apex of distinction and happiness; to speak with the Czar is a prerogative held only by the very highest officials in the empire. The peasants will even walk several miles to see a man who spoke with the Czar. Distinguished foreigners, however, have a better chance of being presented to His Majesty than distinguished Russians have.

It may therefore be easily imagined how I felt at the time, realizing that within one short hour I should be ushered into the presence of his august serene majesty, "the folder of the whole Russian empire in the hollow of his hand; the Father, Dictator and Judge of all the Russians"—Czar Nicholas II. But I tried my best to muster up enough courage for the emergency. I recited and reiterated all the titles and appellations of the Czar so as to make no possible mistake in addressing him.

About eleven o'clock the same young officer escorted me to a carriage and we drove rapidly to the imperial residence, where two splendidly dressed officials met us at the main entrance. Silently they took charge of me, and led the way through many lofty, spacious and beautifully furnished apartments. On we went, passing many sentries who stood motionless at every door, until we arrived in a large, elegantly furnished room, where I was bidden to sit down and wait.

Ten minutes after an officer from the Emperor's body-guard, faultlessly dressed in a dark blue uniform with huge gold epaulets on his broad shoulders, came in, and, motioning me to follow him, led the way upstairs, where sentries with drawn swords, mute and immovable stood at the doors, ready for any emergency. We passed on in silence till we came to the end of a corridor, where at a sign from the officer the soldier stepped aside; the officer pushed back the door gently and, nodding me to enter, stepped back and closed the door behind me.

The room in which I found myself was about thirty feet square. The floor was covered with dark-red plush carpet. Magnificent paintings of former Czars adorned the walls. Several telephones were to be seen in the various corners, but the singular thing which arrested my attention was the fact that the walls were simply studded with electric buttons, so that wherever one stood a button could be touched instantaneously. There were also four small, gilt-edged bookcases, and scattered through the room stood three massive desks.

At the middle desk sat the Czar himself, his right elbow on the desk, while his outstretched palm was shading his right eye. In this position he was gazing vacantly across the room through the large window, apparently in a deep reverie. To his left stood the Minister of the Interior, motionless.

For a while the stillness was intense, then the Czar let fall his right hand and turned significantly to the Minister.

"Your Majesty," began the Minister, with a profound bow, "this is Mr. G———."

The Czar surveyed me with a keen, penetrating glance; then, addressing me, said:

"Your name?"

My heart jumped and fluttered as if filled with a ton of quicksilver, but I managed to stammer out:

"Your high, august and sublime majesty, my name is Matvey Jaroslav G———"

"Your occupation?"

"Your high, august and sublime majesty, I am a medical student of the Imperial University."

"Did General Gresser give you certain papers to hide in the room of Ivan Dabroff? How much did he give you for doing so?"

"Your high, august and sublime majesty," I faltered, "General Gresser himself gave me the papers mentioned and paid me two hundred roubles for doing so."

A cloud spread over the Czar's face; he touched a button and immediately General Gresser was ushered in.

The Czar turned to him at once. "General Gresser, do you know this man?"

Confusion was written on the general's face, which the Czar did not fail to notice. But he plucked up courage instantly, and firmly replied: "No, your majesty, I never saw the man."

Another button was touched by the Czar and Dmitri made his appearance.

Gresser's face fell.

"Dmitri Stanislav," said the Czar, sternly, "tell me what you know about the papers found in Ivan Dabroff's room."

"Your high, august and sublime majesty," replied Dmitri, in a clear, ringing voice, "the papers found in Ivan Dabroff's room were prepared, one and all, by General Gresser himself, and I, as his private secretary, copied them faithfully, to the best of my ability. I knew the whole plan, but I was forced to keep silence. My own handwriting will amply prove the correctness of my statement."

"Gresser!" thundered the Czar, with manifest indignation, "what have you to say for yourself now?"

Gresser, as white as a sheet, hesitated in confusion.

"Confess!" roared the Czar, stamping with his foot on the floor.

Gresser, realizing that any attempt at lying would be fatal, threw himself on his knees and wailed:

"Mercy, your majesty!"

Again the Czar touched a button and two gendarmes entered.

"Take this man away," commanded the Czar, pointing to Gresser—and the three left the apartment.

"And so I am betrayed and cheated by the very servants in whom I had the most confidence," expostulated the Czar, mournfully, addressing the Minister.

"Your Majesty has many true and faithful servants in the—"

"Enough!" and the Czar waved his hand. "You will see that Ivan Dabroff and those who were arrested with him be liberated at once; you will also see that Dabroff receives 5,000 roubles from the Imperial Treasury."

"It shall be as your majesty commands," bowed the Minister, deferentially.

"These may go," added the Czar, looking in our direction, and Dmitri and myself left the room, walking backwards.

That same night Ivan and Dmitri came to my room and were in the best of spirits—they had "money to burn." To my question as to how they accomplished the downfall of Gresser, Ivan smilingly replied: "It is very simple. Gresser was looking for a private secretary. A friend of ours who is in high quarters recommended Dmitri to him. Dmitri confided to him that he was an ejected Nihilist and that he was anxious to wreak vengeance on the movement. He put the plan into Gresser's head and the old chap took the bait. We knew that the Minister of the Interior hated the sight of Gresser, and we brought it about that the Minister should get to know the facts—which he hastily communicated to the Czar. The rest is easy."

"You are a daring plotter, Ivan," I said, with admiration.

"Nothing risked nothing gained," declared Ivan axiomatically.

The newspapers never mentioned the downfall of Gresser, and for a long while no one knew what became of him. But we learned, later on, that he was transferred to Eastern Siberia, where he was given the office of Ispravnik (Mayor) in a small town on the Amur.

NEVER WORRY

Take them and go about your business—they do their work while you are doing yours.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are purely vegetable and act upon the Liver without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. 10 cents a vial.

They are system renovators, blood purifiers, and builders. Every gland and tissue in the whole anatomy is benefited and stimulated in the use of them. 100 pills in a vial, 25c. 45

Eating as a Profession.

Cheer up! Competition may be close and occupation overcrowded, but a new field is opening to indigent and ambitious young men. The duties of those who enter this field will consist in eating food furnished by the government and telling how they feel afterward. The salary has not been named, but it will undoubtedly be handsome, and of course practice and experience will bring a suitable increase. The work will be under cover, too, with no heavy lifting, and will realize the hired man's dream of nothing to do between meals.

This, says the "Youth's Companion," if the United States Agricultural Department carries out its plans, is to be the new industry developed by the investigation of food adulterants and preservatives. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, says the department, the best way to find out whether boric or salicylic acid in injurious to health is to get someone to eat food preserved with them.

The department purposes, therefore, to establish a "training table," the patrons of which shall be volunteers, and if possible healthy young men from some educational institution in or near Washington. During the time they are under observation they will eat nothing but the food furnished by the government. Memoranda will be made of their physical condition at the beginning of the experiments, and records kept of any changes which take place. In this way it is hoped that much may be learned about the hygienic characteristics of canned goods and other preserved foods.

In spite of its attractions this office of eater in ordinary to the United States Government will have its drawbacks. The days will bring a comfortable sense of repletion, but the nights may be filled with sadness and colic. There should be added the inducement of a generous pension, and in the event of a fatal outcome, the honor of a burial at Arlington and an epitaph:

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to glory hitherto unknown.
Fair science proved his patriotic worth,
But grim dyspepsia claimed him for her own.

"DAY and NIGHT" ACHES

The incessant grind of the Kidney Back-ache soothed and cured by South American Kidney Cure—it never fails.

"Kidney Disease affected my back so that I couldn't work at all, and could not sleep for the pain. I used three bottles of South American Kidney Cure, and I can positively add another to the long list of cures that this great remedy claims, for I can work fourteen hours a day now and not feel tired. I had tried other treatments but got no help from them."

James Sullivan, Chatham.

It relieves in six hours. 46

Her Father — You quite understand that my daughter won't have a penny until I am dead?

Suitor—Oh, yes, sir. (A pause.) By the by, sir, a friend of mine is going to make a balloon ascent to-morrow. Would you like to accompany him, sir?

A THOUSAND PITIES

That everybody whose skin is on fire with some one form or another of Skin Eruptions, should not know of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. One application controls the flame—a few applications cure.

Its a wonderful treatment in cases of blind bleeding, itching and ulcerating Piles, Tetter Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ring-worm, Eczema Itch, Skin Blotches, Pimples, Chronic Erysipelas Liver Spots. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is specially efficacious as a Pile cure. Apply it before retiring for from 3 to 5 nights and a cure is assured 47

India's Prosperity.

So much is published and read regarding India's poverty and misery, especially during famine periods, that it is quite refreshing to learn that country is enjoying a period of prosperity. The blue book on the trade of British India for the official year ending March 31 amply proves the statement and supplementary unofficial reports say that the prosperity continues. The blue book referred to shows that the total imports reached the sum of £67,33[illegible] an increase of six millions sterling over the preceding year, while the exports amounted to a total of £88,000,000, an increase of twelve millions. The increase was general in all classes of merchandise, particularly in cotton goods and there was a marked revival of activity in the imports of machinery and mill work, metals, mineral oils, railway material, coal, chemicals and dyes, but the shipment of tea declined materially in value by reason of the continued low ruling of prices, while the quantity exported also showed a considerable decline. With regard to sugar, the report states that beet sugar made very rapid progress in recent years. Six years ago the quantity of cane sugar imported was more than double that of beet, but during last year the imports of beet greatly surpassed those of cane sugar. While the latter declined from all sources of supply except Java, the former increased greatly, the increase from Austria-Hungary being exceptionally large—so large as to induce sugar refiners in India to persuade themselves that the countervailing duties did not cover the whole bounty received by beet sugar. The statements with regard to the import of iron and steel are particularly interesting. They show that Belgium sends the greater part of the steel and iron bars and sheets. The cause of this is that Belgium supplies iron and steel of inferior quality to that sent from the United Kingdom, but much cheaper, and, therefore, commanding a market which considers cheapness first and quality afterwards. In other kinds of iron and steel work the United Kingdom holds its own, the total figures showing that while Belgium sent 1,3,758 tons to India, the United Kingdom sent 166,146. Throughout the year the course of exchange for the rupee was perfectly steady, ranging from 1 3-8d to 1s 4 1-8d, and, adds the report, it may be said now that importers and exporters alike have ceased to concern themselves about the course of exchange or to trouble about its fluctuation.

"One Eyed" Connolly Dead.

"One-eyed" Connolly, for years famous as the champion "deadhead" of the United States, died in New York last week. An Englishman by birth, he retained to the end of life a rich Cockney accent and a cool nerve. For years past he attended the great ring fights, always beating his way in, and no account of a big fistic encounter was complete unless it included the story of the manner in which "One-eyed" found his way into the arena. He lost his left eye early in life in a bar-room fight, and ever after wore a glass eye, of which he took great care and was inordinately proud. It is related of him that when "Honest John" Kelly kept a place at the corner of Sixth avenue and Thirty-first street Mr. Connolly made it his headquarters. One night a member of the New York Athletic club, who was a skilled boxer, was in kindly "buying wine." Mr. Connolly lost no time in "butting in," for which he was quickly knocked down with a smash on the nose. "One-eyed" bobbed up like a rubber ball. Again the club man flattened him out upon the floor.

Quick as a flash Mr. Connolly took out his glass eye and put it in his pocket. Twice more in quick succession he was sent sprawling. His nose was bleeding and his eyes were both blackened. It was time to retreat, and Mr. Connolly retired in disorder. He could not see out of his own eye, and fell down the steps into the street. As he landed on the pavement he was so completely mixed up as to the incidents of the previous five minutes that he was heard to moan:

Great Scott, maybe I took out the wrong eye!"

He was arrested that night and stayed in a cell until they took him to Jefferson Market in the morning. Judge Duffy was on the bench, and as soon as "One-eyed" saw him he knew he was safe.

"Yer honor!" exclaimed "One-eyed" as he was brought to the bar, "it was a wine party, and they wouldn't let me in! Ain't that enough punishment?"

"Discharged!" the little Judge remarked. "It must have been tough!" The following characteristic story is told of the tricks he resorted to in order to witness pugilistic battles. On one occasion Parson Davis was managing a big fight at Chicago, and Connolly appeared at the door.

But Davies was determined that the "champion deadhead" should not get in, and the doortenders would not even look at him. Davies later got into the ring to make the announcements. He was asked if "One-eyed" Conolly was in the house, and he answered that he was proud to say that the "deadhead" was absent.

"He is a nuisance," explained the Parson, "and will be kept out of here in future." Just then, as Davies was leaving the ring, a heavy brick landed on the board floor at his feet. Davies turned pale, and then looked up at the open skylight. A grinning face appeared up there, and a voice that the crowd below knew belonged to Connolly roared:

"That's me card, Parson! Now do I get in?"

It is needless to say that Mr. Connolly was in one of the best seats at the ringside in less time than it takes to tell it, and was yelling and cheering like a madman along with those who gave up.

Hog Cholera Outbreak.

The outbreak of hog cholera in Chatham district has not yet been subdued. Dr. J. H. Tennant returned from that section to-day and reports having had 350 more hogs killed.

Chapped Hands

Everybody can be cured
If they Get a Bottle of

Elderflower and Witch Hazel Cream

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

SOLD ONLY BY

Canada Drug & Book Co

MARRIED.

SIEGFRIED-GRISEL—On Monday evening the 17th inst., at the residence of Alderman McLeod, Second St., by the Rev. W. C. Calder, Harry Siegfried, of the C. P. R. works, to Clara Grisel, of Breslau, Germany.

DIED

TAYLOR—At Golden, on Tuesday the 25th inst., Gilbert, only son of Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Taylor, aged 4 years

NOTES OF NEWS

Today is Thanksgiving Day in the United States.

—Men's Mackinaw coats and pants at Reid & Young's.

The girls of Nelson have organized a basket ball club.

—Flannelette Blankets $1 per pair at Reid & Young's.

The Winnipeg curling bonspiel will commence on February 5th.

—Did you see those lace curtains at 90c. per pair, at Reid & Young's.

W. Bews, the druggist, has removed into his new business block on Mackenzie avenue.

—FOR SALE—A large cook stove. Apply to Mrs. Peachy, in Tapping's Old Theatre.

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

LOST—A Stick Pin in Selkirk Hall on Friday evening. The finder will please return to the HERALD Office.

C. R. Skene and J. Ringer left on Saturday for Kamloops to purchase some horses for the Fred Robinson Lumber Co.

Hon. Joseph Martin who has been laid up for the past few weeks through illness at Vancouver, has sufficiently recovered to be around again.

—An elegant line of ladies' and girls' silk umbrellas suitable for Christmas presents, just passed into stock at C. B. Hume & Co.'s.

Removed—W. Bews, the druggist, into new premises in the Lougheed block, next to C. B. Hume & Co.'s new store on Mackenzie avenue.

Thos. Steed, of the firm of Morris & Steed, leaves in a few days on a two month's visit to his father's home in Ontario.

—The finest assortment of the New Season's Crop of Apricots, Peaches, Prunes, Raisins, Currants, etc., are now open for inspection at C. B. Hume & Co.

D. R. Young, managing director of the Ashnola Smelter Co., passed through last evening with his family for Vernon, where they will in future reside.

Mrs. W. A. Morris, who has been ill at the Jubilee hospital in Victoria, B. C., has, the HERALD is pleased to state, sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital.

An At Home will be given at the Rectory, under the auspices of St. Peter's Altar Guild, on Tuesday evening Dec. 2nd, at 8 o'clock. All cordially welcome, admission 25c.

—C. B. Hume & Co. have imported direct from England a large consignment of the celebrated Huntley & Palmer's fancy biscuits and are the only firm in this city handling those goods.

E. A. Bradley, manager of the Duquesne Mining Co. came down on Monday from the company's property on Smith Creek. Mr. Bradley reports the property as looking first class.

—Now is the Glove Season. We are showing the correct thing in Men's Fur lined and unlined gloves. Our special this week is an American Union Made Railroadman's Glove, riveted seams and will not rip or burn. Price $1.50 and $1.75 a pair.

RANCH FOR SALE.

The administrators of the estate of John D. Boyd deceased, offer for sale by tender the property in the Big Bend District, known as "Boyd's Ranch," also the chattel property thereon, a list of which may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

Tenders will be received up to Feb. 1st, 1903. The administrators will not be bound to accept the highest or any tender.

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Solicitors for Administrators.

Revelstoke, B. C., Nov. 27th, 1902.

—Christy & Brown's Fancy Biscuits, Fruit Cakes, Pound Cake in endless variety at C. B. Hume & Co.'s.

F. W. Rolt the well known Rossland mining man was in town at the beginning of the week.

Herr Krupp, the great gun maker and the richest man in Germany, died at Berlin on Saturday.

—See those all wool serges in navy and black, 56 inch wide, at 90c. per yard at Reid & Young's.

The Christmas entertainment of the Methodist Sabbath School will be held on Tuesday December 23rd.

Ed. Corning left last Monday for North Carolina, where he will spend the winter.

Mrs. Scott, wife of Mining Recorder Scott, of Nakusp, is ill at the hospital here. Mrs. Scott, however, is progressing most favorably.

Arrangements are being made by the local Scotchmen to celebrate St. Andrew's Day by a dinner at the Union Hotel on Monday evening.

Goldfields is applying to the Postal authorities for a post office. There are at present seven families in the new town besides over 60 men employed in the camp.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the B. of R. T., are raffling a handsome silk quilt, on December 19th next. The quilt is on exhibition in Taylor Bros. & George's window.

Twelve men started to work this week on the Eva near Goldfields under Manager Beck. The Calumet & B. C. Goldfields paid $10,000 on the Eva bond last week.

J. Guy Barber has recently imported from Chicago a Webster Gasoline Blow-pipe, which is worked by a foot pump and can be regulated to any degree of heat required.

The social dance given by the ladies in Selkirk Hall last Friday evening was well attended, about 50 couple being present. The bachelors are making arrangements to return the compliment.

Messrs. Ramsay & McKenzie have the contract for the painting of C. B. Hume & Co's new block. The same firm have the contract for the painting of the public school building and the Loughead block.

W. Fleming has relieved the stringency in the wood market. This week he received three carloads of dry fir and hemlock and expects to be able to supply the market continually with first class dry wood.

The Kamloops Conservatives opened their club rooms on Monday evening last. There was a very large attendance and many prominent Conservatives attended from different parts of the province.

A. H. Floeter, engineer on the Camborne group for the Northwestern Development Syndicate, and F. G. Martin, manager of the Hotel Northwestern, Goldfields, were in town yesterday and returned south this morning.

A public temperance meeting will be held this evening at 8 o'clock in Selkirk hall. There will be an interesting programme rendered, musical and literary. Object lessons shewing the effects of alcohol on the human system will be delivered during the evening.

C. J. Rumens came down from the Standard Basin on Saturday. Mr. Rumens reports the Prince Mining Co.'s property as looking first class. The company has a force of men pushing development and by next spring will have a property second to none in British Columbia.

At a meeting of the Ladies' Hospital Aid Society held last Friday, eight ladies were elected as an executive board to work in conjunction with the trustee board of the hospital society. Bylaws and a constitution for the direction of the ladies were drawn up by the hospital board and will come up for discussion by the ladies at a future meeting.

The funeral of the late Dan Robinson took place on Friday afternoon last, under the direction of the local Masonic lodge, in which deceased took an active interest. The funeral took place from the family residence to the Methodist Church, where Rev. Mr. Ladner conducted a brief service, and from there to the cemetery where the Masonic burial service was read. The funeral was one of the largest ever witnessed in Revelstoke and was a fitting tribute of the respect and esteem in which deceased was held.

Goldfields Notes.

R. F. Perry is building a schoolhouse at Goldfields. There are sufficient number of children now residing in town of school age to warrant the erection of a school building, and the government will be asked to supply a teacher.

A largely signed petition is being forwarded to the postoffice authorities from the citizens of Goldfields asking the government to establish a post office at that town. Mr. Galliher, M. P., is being asked to assist in the weather.

The Hotel Northwestern is now nearly completed and will be opened for business this week.

There is a brisk demand for lots in the new town and next spring will see a big building boom here.

Paid the Full Penalty.

Henry Rose was hanged in the jail yard at Nelson Friday morning at three minutes past 8 o'clock. The execution was witnessed by 30 people, including the sheriff and jail officials. Rose maintained that he was innocent of the crime for which he paid the extreme penalty of the law, and some of the jail officials seem to be of the same opinion; but if Rose did not kill Cole, who did?

There was no hitch in the proceedings, Radcliffe, the professional hangman of Canada, being the executioner. Rose left his cell at 7:57 and was accompanied to the scaffold by Rev. Father Althoff of the Catholic church, and by no outward sign did he show fear. The following statement, signed by Rose was read on the scaffold by the reverend father:

"I die willingly, because it is God's will. I have made my peace with Him. My innocence may be, I pray God, proved some day. For all that, I forgive those who are the cause of my being here. If I have offended anyone, I beg forgiveness. I bid good bye to all. I would like to say more, but make it short, because it is hard to me to stand here longer. I thank all who have been kind to me in my last days."

This statement had been signed by Rose in the presence of warden Lemon and Rev. Father Althoff.

Besides Rose and the reverend father, Sheriff Tuck, Hangman Radcliffe and two jail guards were on the scaffold, but all below the platform was hid from view by canvas. Underneath the scaffold was a pit four feet deep. The drop was 7½ feet, and there was not a twitch on the rope after the body dropped.

Twenty minutes after the trap was sprung the jail surgeon, Dr. G. A. B. Hall, pronounced life extinct, and the black flag was run up from the staff on the main portion of the jail building, and remained flying for an hour.

The jurors who viewed the body after it had been cut down, were W. F. Haniford, Fred Bosquet, Arthur Poole, A. Tregillus, A. J. Marks and H. H. Avery. They returned the usual verdict in such cases, and the certificate for the burial of the body was delivered to the sheriff and by him handed over to the warden of the jail.

The burial, which took place within the jail enclosure, was conducted with the rites of the Roman Catholic church, and when the body had been lowered into the grave, the lid of the box containing it was removed, and 500 pounds of lime were packed around the remains and the work of destruction was commenced. By 10:36 o'clock the grave had been filled up and everything pertaining to the execution had been cleared away.—Nelson Tribune.

Koughan-Harling.

Thursday afternoon at three o'clock, at the residence of the bride's mother, the wedding took place of Pauline May, only daughter of Mrs. W. J. Harling of this city and one of Kamloop's most beautiful daughters, to Daniel Blake Koughan, formerly of Pictou, Nova Scotia, but now of Kamloops. The Rev. H. S. Akehurst performed the pleasing ceremony. The bride, who was given away by H. G. Ashby, looked exceedingly handsome in a very becoming gown of mousseline de soie, of a delicate cream shade, trimmed with applique, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations and smilax, which, along with a gold watch and chain were the gifts of the groom. Mrs. M. E. Watson attended the bride and was handsomely gowned in black over white and wore a gold ring, the gift of the groom. The bride's mother was also attired in black silk. The groom was ably assisted by Geo. A. Borthwick. After the ceremony the party, composed only of those most concerned, sat down to a tastefully served luncheon which was followed by a musicale. The contracting parties were the recipients of a large number of handsome presents, notwithstanding the fact that the event was only known to a few friends. The happy couple left on last night's train for Vancouver, Victoria and the Sound cities for two weeks, after which they will return to Kamloops to take up permanent residence.—Kamloops Sentinel.

Senega Cough Syrup

Has won with every person who has used it a reputation for instant relief.

Small Bottles, 25c
Medium " 50c
Large " $1.00

WALTER BEWS, Phm. B.
Druggist and Stationer,

Notice to Creditors

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF Kootenay holden at Revelstoke. In the matter of the estate of Charles G. Donnelly, late of Albert Canyon, B. C., deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that all persons having claims against the estate of the said Charles G. Donnelly, who died on or about the 21st day of September, A. D., 1902, are required to send by post prepaid or to deliver to Harvey, McCarter and Pinkham, solicitors for the administrators, on or before the 27th day of December, 1902, their names, addresses and descriptions and a full statement of particulars of their claims and the nature of the security (if any) held by them duly certified, and that after the said day the administrators will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice.

Dated this 27th day of November, 1902.

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Solicitors for George A. Donnelly, and Geo. S. McCarter, Administrators of the said estate.

OUR MOTTO :—Small Profits and Quick Returns.

Are You Ready for Winter? **How About Those Rubbers and Overshoes?**

If you want them, do you know where to get them?

Do you want anything in the
DRYGOODS,
MEN'S FURNISHINGS,
HOUSE FURNISHINGS
Or BOOTS AND SHOES Lines

You certainly want
Good Groceries
Come to Taylor Bros. & George Limited

WHY?
Because not only is their Merchandise of the very best, but their prices are by far the most reasonable.

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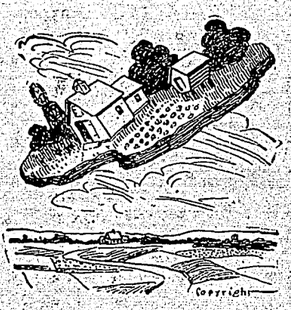

5-Acre Garden Lots

On good terms, to genuine settlers.

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

SMELTER TOWNSITE
LEWIS BROS. : : Agents.

Going South for Winter?

If you are contemplating going South during the winter of 1902 or 1903 you can get valuable information free of charge.

Write to
John T. Patrick
Pinebluff, N. C.

He can save you money in hotel rates.
He can direct you which is the best railroad route to travel.
He can direct you where to rent neatly furnished cottages or single rooms.

Land Registry Act.

Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, in Block 48, in Town of Revelstoke, B. C., Map 636 B.

A CERTIFICATE of Indefeasible Title to the above property will be issued to Frank Bernard Lewis on the 8th day of February, A. D., 1903, unless in the meantime a valid objection thereto be made to me in writing by a person claiming an estate or interest therein or in any part thereof.

H. F. MACLEOD,
District Registrar.

Land Registry Office, Nelson, B. C., 17th November, 1902.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post marked, A. Y. Anderson's north west corner post," thence north 120 chains, thence east to the west bank of Fish river, thence south following the bank of Fish river to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of November, 1902.

A. Y. ANDERSON.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post marked "R Steiss' north west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of November, 1902.

R. STEISS.

CITY RESTAURANT
Under the management of
MRS. AND MISS COWIE

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
MEALS AT ALL HOURS

FRONT STREET
Two doors east of the Revelstoke Furniture Co.

FRESH OYSTERS AFTER THE 15TH.

NEW PHOTO STUDIO
Next to R. HOWSON'S Furniture Store.

STAMP PHOTOS
35c—Per Dozen—35c

I make Photo Buttons in different sizes. also photo Cuff Buttons, Scarf Pins, Watch Charms and Broaches. I copy from any picture.

HOWARD KING,
PHOTOGRAPHER.

CRESSMAN'S

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

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

OUR COATS

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

Suits Suit from	$15 to $35	Overcoats and Rain-proof coats	$15 to $35
Dress Suits we are offering at	25 to 50	Ladies' Tailor-made Suits	16 to 75
Trousers, all the way from	4 to 12	Ladies' Skirts	6 to 25
		Ladies' Skirts	
		Ladies' Rainuroof Coats	$14 to $35

We Carry the Largest Stock British Columbia.

J. B. Cressman, Art Tailor

Edward J. Bourne

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

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

Revelstoke Station. Bourne Bros.' Old Stand.

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

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JUST ARRIVED.

R. HOWSON & CO.'S.

Call in and Examine This New Consignment of Furniture

S. McMAHON,

General Blacksmith. Wagon Maker, Etc.

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

Douglas Street, - - REVELSTOKE, B. C.

I HAVE IT!

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

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WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.