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AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

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1903 1903

C. B. Hume

& COMPANY

NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS

OUR STORE IS FULL OF USEFUL AND Handsome Articles suitable for New Year Gifts. We have bought at right prices, and have made a choice selection of these goods. It will pay you to call in and make your purchases early before the best articles have been sold.

A Suggestion We are particularly strong on the following lines:

Ladies and Gents Silk Umbrellas from ..... $1.50 to $5.00	Children's Silk Handkerchiefs ..... 10c. up
Ladies' Silk Handkerchiefs ..... 25c to $1.00	Gents' Fancy Col'd Satin and Silk Braces (in boxes) 75c to $2.
Ladies' Fancy Embroidered Handkerchiefs ..... 15c to 50c	Gent's Soft Mocha and Kid Gloves, silk and wool lined from $1.50 to $2.50
Ladies' novelties in Silk Belts ..... $1.25 and $1.50	Gents' Silk Scarfs to wear under Overcoat and Gents' Silk Ties, Derbys, Flowing Ends from ..... 25c to $1.00
Alexandrian Belt and Sash Clasps ..... 50c each	Table Napkins from ..... $1.75 to $6.00
Ladies' Lined Kid Gloves from ..... $1.25 to $2.00	Bleached Table Linen ..... 50c to $1.35
Ladies' Silk Ties, up-to-date from ..... 35c to $1.00	Japanese Rugs $1.50
Ladies' Black and Cream Chiffon Ties ..... $1.00 each	Tapestry Rugs ..... 75c to $9.00
Children's Imitation Grey Lamb Gauntlets ..... 90c. up	

CHINA DEPARTMENT

OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF CHINAWARE far surpasses in extent, variety and completeness anything we have ever shown:

China Dinner Setts $12 00	Fancy Colored China Salad Bowls ..... 60c to $2 00
China Tea setts ..... $4 50 to $14 00	Royal Crown Derby Cups and Saucers ..... $3 00 each
China Toilet Setts $3 00 to $10 00	Royal Crown Derby Plates ..... $3 00 each
China 5 o'clock Tea Setts with Tray $6 00	Limoges Tea Setts (40 pieces) $10 00
China 13-Piece Fruit Sett $2 00	Limoges Assorted Pieces from ..... $1.25 to $7.50
China Porridge Sett ..... 50c to 60c	China Jardinieres ..... 75c to 2 50
China Plate, Cup and Saucer Setts ..... 50c to 75c	China Biscuit Jars $1.25
China Cream and Sugar Setts ..... 50c to 75c	China Cocoa Jugs. ..... $1 00 to $3 00
Colored China Cups and Saucers ..... 15c to 25c	China Bread and Butter Plates ..... $2 00 to $3 50 per dozen
Larger China Cups and Saucers ..... 20 to 75c	Japanese Fancy Vases ..... 50c to $3 00
Fancy Colored Shaving Cups ..... 25c to 35c	Japanese Trays, ... 50c to $2 00
Fancy Colored China Moustache Cups ..... 40c up	Nickel Plated Trays ..... 40c to $1 00

OUR GROCERY LIST

Away back—Ten years or more ago—we planted a Grocery Department in Our Store. Like many other things that are likely to grow big, it began to take root among the ideas of a big lot of Customers, and its been the greatest poesible pleasure to us to see that Department expand and grow. We are selling more GROCERIES, better GROCERIES, higher class GROCERIES now than ever before. People seem to think it is worth something to get everything they buy, guaranteed to be worth every cent we ask for them, and if not, to be fully recompensed.

Arrivals this week in Our Grocery Department suitable for Christmas Trade. Washed New Seed Raisins, New Carrants, Fancy Crystalized Orange, Lemon and Citron Peel, Japanese Oranges, California Oranges, Fancy Evaporated Apricots and Peaches, Cranberries, Fresh Figs and Dates, Spanish Grapes, London Layer Raisins, Sweet Sliced Mango Chutney, Biscuits, Fruit Cake, Iced Almond, Cake and Plum Pudding.

C. B. Hume

and Company.

Goods delivered to all parts of City. TELEPHONE No. 81

DISASTROUS SNOWSLIDE

At the Molly Gibson Mine, Near Nelson.—Eight Men Probably Killed and Several Others Injured.

One of the most destructive snowslides that have occurred in the Kootenays took place Christmas night resulting in the razing of the Molly Gibson bunkhouse, probably the death of eight men, and the maiming of several others. The slide was totally unexpected, as since the mine buildings have been erected no slide has even threatened them. The bunk house, which was a two-storied frame structure, stood on a small ridge, at the lower edge of a basin, sloping gradually up to the glacier that can be seen from Nelson; below the Kokanee peaks. The mine is above the timber line, and is about 10 miles from Kootenay lake.

The men who were in the bunkhouse have not been accounte dfor, although some of them are alive, are:

L. Broulee.
M. E. Hall, assayer, Nelson.
W. G. Murphy, Ainsworth.
T. Rouse, Silverton.
W. Collins, Nelson.
Two Italians (unknown).
Gee Chip, Chinese cook.

Those accounted for are:

J. A. Campbell, dead.
D. McLaughlin, shoulder dislocated and leg broken.
J. R. Dunlop, uninjured.
—McGinness, slightly hurt.
John A. Bell, foreman, one arm cut.
McCreath, safe.
Harris, safe.
Johnston, safe.
"Billy" ——, safe.
J. McDonald, safe.
Italian (unknown) safe.
Jules Labelle, safe.

The first information as to there being anything wrong at the mine was received at 1:30 Friday afternoon, when Jules Labelle staggered into the house of Robert McGuire, at the Molly Gibson landing.

According to Labelle's story, there were nineteen or twenty men in the bunkhouse at the time of the slide. Only one shift is worked, and as it was Christmas Day, they had quit work at noon and stayed in all afternoon. After supper an impromptu concert was held, which was kept up till after 10. Then all turned in but Labelle, and all lights were extinguished except a candle which he stuck up at the head of his bunk to read by. After reading for a short time he blew out his light and turned over to go to sleep. The weather was then very stormy, it was snowing hard, and a regular gale was blowing. As he was sinking off to sleep he heard a distant rumble which rapidly rew louder. He knew it was a slide, but never dreamed of it coming close till a very sudden crash came, and the building seemed to go to pieces.

The bunkhouse was about 30 by 40 feet in dimensions. On the ground floor was the kitchen, dining and sitting rooms, while the office was in a small, separate building, L shaped, between the bunkhouse and the mountain. Upstairs the bunks were arranged in two tiers, in some of which there were two men, and in others one. Strange to say, instead of striking the office first, the slide seemed to swing around and struck the other end of the building, sweeping it away. The only corner left of the upstairs, so far as Labelle could judge, was the upper corner next to the office. He was in a lower corner bunk, Johnston was in the next row in the upper bunk, and McGinness in the next one to Johnston.

The roof came right down on top of Labelle, but although the upper bunk was destroyed, he was unhurt, though there was not an inch to spare between the scantling and his body. He managed to crawl out, pulling out his clothes which had been rolled up for a pillow under his head, with him. Above the roar of the wind he could hear a dozen voices calling for help away down the hillside below. He helped Johnston and McGinness out, and John Bell, the foreman, also showed up. He and Bell then made their way down the hillside hoping to extricate some of the victims. There was from four to ten feet of snow along the trail, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that any progress was made. McLaughlin was found about 300 feet below the site of the bunkhouse. Despite his dislocated shoulder and broken leg he managed to partially crawl out, and then with the aid of Labelle and Bell, was finally got over to the blacksmith shop, which was in the mouth of No. 5 tunnel, a short distance away. Here they made a fire and went back to the office for some blankets to make as easy a bed for him as possible, and to warm him, as in common with all who had been carried down the hill he was practically without clothes, the snow having ripped the thin night clothes and underwear from the bodies. Campbell was found lying in the snow writhing in agony, without any covering. He could only moan, and had not strength enough to rise. They tried to move him towards the blacksmith shop, but in the loose snow could accomplish nothing. Bell then went for a blanket, but by the time he got back Campbell was dead, having died a few moments after he left.

Johnston and McGinness were working at the upper part of the hill, but Labelle did not come close enough to them to speak to, and so did not know what success they had. McCreath and Harris were next found. They were unhurt, although buried in snow and tangled up in their blankets. As well as they could they contrived rough moccasins and cloaks of the blankets and started down the hill to reach the half way camp, two miles below the foot of the tram. James Dunlop and "Billy" —— were then found. They were also unhurt, and being comfortably wrapped in their blankets decided to stay where they were, half buried in the loose snow, rather than risk the climb back through the deep snow in the face of the storm in their airy attire.

The other men mention as being safe were found near by. Collin was heard to cry for help a number of times but before they could reach the place the cries had ceased, and they could find no trace of him.

After attending to all whom they could find, Bell and Labelle started for the foot of the tramway, the first mentioned to get the tramway running so that when assistance came it could be used, and Labelle to make his way to the landing. It was daylight when they reached the foot of the tramway; and Labelle was so fatigued that it took him till afternoon to cover the nine miles of roadway to McGuire's house.

A rescue party was at once organised in the city and set out for the scene of the accident.—Nelson Daily News.

The Western Star.

Messrs, Clarence McDowell, H. Bodine and Darragh, who are spending the holidays in town, have the contract for 3,000 feet of tunnels on the Western Star property. This fall they have run in over 50 feet on the upper tunnel, following the rich surface shewings, and the vein still continues to hold its good values and has widened out to six feet. The lower tunnel has been driven in nearly 80 feet. J. A. Darragh, is the manager of the Western Star and his faith in the property is being realized as the work progresses. The Western Star is the makings of a splendid property, and is situated only a short distance from the Beatrice, Silver Dollar and Del Ray groups, on Mohawk creek, a tributary of Pool and Fish Creeks.

Curling.

A match between rinks representing Scotland and Canada was played at the rink Christmas morning, resulting in a win for the Scotchmen by seven points. The rinks were:

SCOTLAND	CANADA
Dr. Carruthers	C. B. Hume
W. M. Lawrence	A. E. Rose
D. M. Rae	G. H. Brock
H. A. Brown, sk. 18	A. McRae, skip 6.

A challenge has been issued to the Scotch rink by another bunch of Canadians and the match will take place tomorrow if the ice is in shape.

THE FAMOUS BEATRICE MINE

The Property Under Development is Showing up to Good Advantage—The Silver Dollar the Sister Property.

Frank Fulmer, manager of the Beatrice Mine, was in town for a few days last week, having just come down from the property where he has been engaged in looking over the work. Mr. Fulmer is well pleased with the work already accomplished on the property this fall. The tunnel is now in nearly 275 feet and the foot wall of the main ledge has been drifted on for over 100 feet. In addition to a rich galena vein which carries high values in gold, silver and lead, there is also a quartz vein carrying free gold. This vein is a true fissure and the average values from samples gave a return of $13.40 to the ton, while special samples will run very high in free gold. Mr. Fulmer is running two shifts on the property, and there are sufficient supplies to run the camp till July next.

Just below the Beatrice is situated the Silver Dollar group, now owned by a new company—The Fish River Mines Ltd. The Silver Dollar carries about the same ore bodies as the Beatrice and under development The Silver Dollar, with the Beatrice will no doubt make a name for the Fish River camp that will be known throughout the mining world on this continent.

The Band Ball.

Tonight, the first annual ball of the Revelstoke Independent Band, takes place in the Opera House. The committee of management have spared neither time nor expense in their efforts to make this the dance of the season. For several weeks the band boys have been busy preparing special music for the occasion, and can guarantee those who attend, the finest music they ever danced to in Revelstoke. A first class programme has been arranged, the Grand March taking place at 9 o'clock sharp. Tickets, $2.

Accident on Grand Trunk.

A serious accident occurred Friday night last at Wanstead station, near London, Ontario, on the Sarnia branch of the Grand Trunk railway. It was a headon collision between the Pacific Express and an Eastbound freight.

The express was proceeding West at its usual high rate of speed, while the freight was under slow headway, and was to have taken a switch at Wanstead to allow the passenger to pass. Apparently neither engineer saw the danger ahead in time to avoid the accident, for the two engines came together near the East switch with a frightful crash, overturning into the ditch.

The accident was caused by the negligence of the operator to inform the freight to take the siding. It is estimated that 23 people were killed and 30 injured.

The following list of killed is authentic:

Mr, and Mrs. Allen Stewart, Petrolia.
Mr. A. Ricketts, Sarnia Tunnel.
Mrs. Trotter, Petrolia.
Mr. Lawrence, Waterford, Ont.
Mr. S. Freeman, Oil Springs, or Hanshall.
Mr. Jeffry, London.
Mr. Glenn, Roaley, Port Huron, Mich.
Guy Depenier, ticketed to Lacrosse, Wis.
Dr. Penwarden, ticketed to Petrolia.
A lady supposed to be Dr. Penwarden's wife.]
J. H. Brock, Brucefield.
O. B. Beurwell, Port Huron, Mich.
Wilson Morton, Chicago.
Miss Geddes, Sarnia.
Mr. Cameron, Petrolia.
Several other bodies are still unidentified.

Copper Dollar Sold

The Copper Dollar and the Marten fraction, two free-gold claims adjoining the Eva, on Lexington mountain, have been sold to Elwood, Indiana, people, who are operating the Western Star here. The price at which the properties sold is withheld, but it is currently believed to be a good round figure. The manager for the company, Mr. J. A. Darragh, states that development work on the Copper Dollar and Marten fraction will be carried forward on a large scale early in the spring. The workings so far aggregate about 90 feet.—Camborne Miner.

The city council held a meeting on Saturday evening to make arrangements for the elections. Nominations will take place on Jan. 12th. and voting on Jan. 15th.

Reid & Young

Wish Their Many Patrons

At This Festive Season a

Happy New Year

Hoping that Our Past Efforts Have Been Satisfactory.

Thanking You for Last Year's Favors.

Yours Truly,

Reid & Young

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

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

LONDON, Dec. 30.—The British government is endeavoring to secure the service of Gen. Ben. Viljoen to lead a party of Boers against the Samolis.

PEKIN, Dec. 30.—Boxer Chief Tung Fuh Siang is on the warpath with 10,000 rebels, and missionaries in the district of Siang Fu have been notified to seek safety.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 31.—Train No. 1 westbound continental limited on the Wabash railroad, has made a run of 112 miles in 110 minutes, her record for one mile during the run was made in 38 seconds.

BEAUMONT, Texas, Dec. 31.—Fatus Sing Hpoo, the smallest adult in the world, being 22 years old, height 28 inches, and weighing only 15 pounds, was taken suddenly ill yesterday after an exhibition and died before aid could reach her.

Many Swedish towns have been severely damaged by recent storms and many persons drowned.

The jury in the Wanstead, Ont., railway accident returned a verdict of accident due to wrong orders being given to the express, but could not agree who was responsible.

Prohibitionists are to meet the Ontario government and demand that in view of the referendum vote the sale of intoxicating liquors in Ontario be abolished.

Fire damaged the McLaughlin building and contents at St. John, N. B., to the extent of $40,000. Seven firms had property damaged.

New Guinea advices state that natives have brutally murdered two European prospectors and many other persons. It is feared that the drouth caused the natives to resort to cannibalism. Thousands are starving or subsisting on roots. Two hundred and fifty natives were killed in a tribal fight.

President Loubet, of France, has sent $2,000 for the relief of the sufferers from the recent earthquake at Andijan, Russian Turkistan.

The British schooner Grace, from Oporto, reached St, Johns, Nfld., with one man dead from chicken pox, another dying and a third seriously ill from the disease.

The Review and Herald Publishing Co.'s building at Battle Creek, Mich., was burned last night. Loss, $350,000.

President Castro arrived at Caracas yesterday. Venezuela's answer to the arbitration proposal will be given today.

Bourne Bros.

Dealers in FIRST-CLASS **Groceries**

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

Stores at
Revelstoke
Nakusp
New Denver.

The Divine Ownership.

By Taliaferro P. Caskey, Rector Emeritus, St. John's Church, Dresden, Germany.

All souls are mine.—Ezekiel, xviii., 4.

In the old calendars November 2 is entitled All Souls' Day. It is the proper complement to the festival of All Saints, in that it announces a wider truth. Not all saints only, but all souls belong to God.

In a vague way this fact may be admitted, but the consciousness of belonging to God is so feeble in many men and their faith that God cares for them as dear children is so much feebler that All Souls' Day, notwithstanding its sweet hope and solemn significance, has been allowed to fall out of the Christian year. We may not be able to restore the lost day, but we can bring back the neglected truth and seriously admonish—

Each man to think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God—

In other words, to acknowledge the Divine ownership.

The evidence of God's claim is indisputable. We read in the Gospel history that the Master once looked upon a Roman penny and said, "Whose image and superscription is this?" The answer was, "Caesar's." Presumably the coin was genuine, but there was the possibility of a counterfeit. All coins were not Caesar's. But when one looks upon a human soul and says, "Whose image and superscription is this?" the unhesitating answer is, "God's." God is the sole Creator. The Divine image cannot be counterfeited, however much it may be corrupted.

It is true the purity of the image may soon be lost. The Divine lineaments may quickly be covered over with the foul accretions of sin. The soul may give itself up to work all uncleanness with greediness. It may misuse its faculties, corrupt its affections, deny its faith, but it continues God's soul, and because it is God's soul, and not the devil's, it will be held to an inexorable account. The Divine claim can never be outlawed; God's ownership lasts forever. This is the affirmation of Scripture; note now the human recognition of the Divine claim. First of all there is the testimony of historic religion. Every race has a creed, every people an altar. The instinct of worship builds, as it were, a great spiritual hearthstone about which the whole human family gathers and says, "Our Father." The language may be confused, but the faith is one. The symbols may vary, but the fatherhood of God is the common revelation. Thus universal religion utters the grand confession, "All souls are God's."

The testimony of religion is repeated in art. The creed of the Divine ownership is moulded in marble and painted on canvas. There is no atheistic art. Without faith in God it is impossible to express in form or color any conception of human life that the world will accept as eternally true. We have more to learn from Greece than her perfect technique. Her marbles are transcriptions of her faith. If artists of our day fail to paint pictures or mould statues that the world will make pilgrimages to see, is it not because the new pictures, the new images leave out the old creed? Art has become something to conjure with, something to confuse, not to illustrate truth. But when art returns to her old true story and tells something about God and our souls, as when Hofmann paints the child Jesus, among the Jewish doctors, taking upon His young heart His Father's business and utters all the old prophecies seem ringing again, those wise, sweet words through anew, then all the world will go to Dresden to see it, and all the world will feel the truth—to which a believing art has set its seal—that men are not their own, but are bought with the price of the blood which the young Christ-child will grow up to shed in the outskirts of Jerusalem.

But there is a further testimony to the Divine ownership—the testimony of literature. From the Greek poet who said, "For we are also His offspring," down to the latest singer of modern times the fatherhood of God has been reverently acknowledged. And not poets only, but philosophers, scientists, novelists and historians together say: God is; all souls are His. It is true literature depicts these children of God as living a very ungodly life, but on the worst character the superscription of the Divine ownership may be read through blots of crime and blisters of curses.

But while all literature testifies to the good and bad in man, to the struggle and the hope, only one literature—the Holy Word of God—can authoritatively reveal the transcendent truth of the Divine ownership of souls.

I have recalled a lost festival on this day once dedicated to All Souls, not simply to broaden our faith in God's universal love, but to lodge the solemn truth in our hearts that we all belong to God, that the Divine paternity is not a vague phrase, but a very exact truth, a something to be held with all the heart, soul and mind until it deepens into a personal experience which we may call the awakening of sonship.

The Coster's Moke.

The costers residing in the Borough of Wandsworth had an afternoon off recently, says The Daily Graphic, and spent the time in holding a donkey and pony show on Tooting Bec Common. One exhibit was "not for competition"—not being owned by a coster. That was the smart coach and four driven on to the ground by the Mayor of Wandsworth, Councillor W. J. Lancaster, who presented the prizes. There were three prizes for the smartest turned-out donkey and barrow, and three more for pony and barrow. In each case the coster driving had to be accompanied by a lady—a stipulation that appeared to

At the Costers' Donkey and Pony Show—Daily Graphic.

be most agreeable to all parties. A piebald pony attracted everyone, but even he had to submit to be passed over when the class for "the best jenny and foal" was being judged. If anyone wanted proof of the kind way in which the costers and their families look after their mokes and their families they could have had it while that class was being judged. Then there were three more prizes for the best-conditioned donkey, and to wind up with there was a donkey race, in which the jockeys—all sons of costers—were under sixteen years of age. No sticks or spurs were allowed, and yet the donkeys made a very good race of it. Good money prizes were given, and everyone enjoyed their afternoon.

Great Britain's Debt.

An official return issued by the British Government shows that the national debt on March 31 last was £768,443,386, of which £130,000,000 represented the cost of the South African war. Since 1836 war has added nearly £200,000,000 to Britain's debt. In 1836 the debt was £853,173,597, a far greater burden then, when the national wealth, population, etc., are taken into account, than it would be now. The debt reached its lowest point in the last sixty years in 1899, when it totalled £635,040,565. An interesting fact gleaned from the return is the multiplication of the value of the Suez Canal shares, that splendid investment of the late Earl of Beaconsfield. Purchased in 1876 for £3,532,040, they are now valued at £27,936,000.

More Leisure For Tommy A.

According to English papers, the War Office is about to promulgate a set of regulations which will give Tommy Atkins more leisure time and recreation. All roll calls, except reveille, will be abolished. This will permit the soldier to stay out of barracks as late as he likes. At present he must, unless on leave, be in the barrack-room by 9.30 p.m. Soldiers in uniform may at present smoke in the streets after 5 p.m. in winter and 6 p.m. in summer. Henceforth they may enjoy pipes or cigarettes in the streets at any time when not on duty. No soldiers will be employed in canteens or regimental institutes held on the tenant system. Coal-carrying fatigues, the most hated of a soldier's duties, will not be performed by recruits or trained soldiers. If defaulters are available it will be done by them. If not, arrangements will be made with the contractors and the consumers. As far as possible Sunday is to be the soldier's own. Barrack and stable inspections and any parades but church parades will cease. Kit inspections for trained soldiers and recruits are to be held but seldom. The most popular change will be that which directs that the soldier's time will be so apportioned that he has at his disposal a certain definite period of leisure. This period is not to be broken into for fatigues or working parties, except under circumstances of exceptional urgency. Mr. Brodrick desires to put down that prolific cause of discomfort and misery "marriage off the strength." He directs that no soldier will be placed on the married establishment without obtaining the sanction of his commanding officer before marriage.

Patsy Got a Job.

"No," said the lion tamer to Patsy Flannigan, "you can't have a job to look after the animals; but our pet lion died last week, and we've kept the skin, so I'll give you two pounds a week to dress up as the lion."

"Two pounds!" echoed Flannigan. "Good gracious, is there so much gold in the world? Right, sorr!"

So Patsy dressed up as the lion and lay down in the cage. The menagerie doors were opened and the performance commenced.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the keeper, "to show the wonderful docility of these animals, we will now place the lion in the cage with the tiger."

"Man, are ye mad?" cried Patsy. "Think of me wife and children!"

"Get in," replied the keeper, "or I'll run this pitchfork through you."

Patsy thought he might as well die one way as another, so he crawled into the tiger's cage, and when he saw the animal's big, ferocious eyes fixed on him, he uttered a doleful wail and commenced praying in Irish. The tiger walked over to him.

"What's the matter wid ye?" said he. "Shure, man, ye needn't be afraid. I'm Oirish meself!"—London Answers.

DISRESPECT FOR LAW

IS A CHARACTERISTIC OF U. S. CITIZENS.

Americans Never Took Kindly to Discipline—Liberty Runs to License—Mr. Fraser's Articles on Chicago.

The following from the editorial columns of The New York Tribune is in part a vindication of Mr. Fraser, the Scotch journalist whose articles on conditions in their city the Chicago newspapers so bitterly denounced. It is further quite in keeping with the views of other journals and journalists—not excepting those of Canada—which even New York papers have objected to:—

"Miss Jane Addams when asked a few days ago by William E. Curtis, 'What is the matter with Chicago?' replied promptly that the great fault of the people of that city was their disrespect of the law. She added: 'There is a sort of good natured, happy-go-lucky evasion on the one side, and toleration on the other, both among the more educated and intelligent citizens and among the poor and ignorant classes, when all of them ought to stand up for the laws, and not only obey them, but see that others obey them also.' We are by no means prepared to believe that this is the only thing that is the matter with Chicago, but without doubt it is one thing the matter with Chicago, as it is one thing the matter with the whole country. Miss Addams' specifications of the lax enforcement of unpopular laws, of neglected tenement house regulations, sanitary codes and various municipal ordinances sound strangely like a catalogue of New York's shortcomings. Lawlessness, we fear, is a characteristic American trait—not intentional warfare on society such as the burglar wages, but just good-natured contempt for laws which do not suit individual taste or convenience. Possibly this is one of the results of popular government. It may be that because the people as a whole make the laws, the people as individuals feel that they have a right to break them. England, however, has a popular government, yet its people have a reverence for their own laws and are scrupulous in obeying them. If the law there forbids driving on the wrong side of a street or stopping on a cross walk, the law is obeyed. Here everybody does more or less as he pleases; and the officials whose business is to enforce law are often as lax and good-natured as anybody else.

"The American never took well to discipline. In colonial times as a soldier he was restive under orders, and likely to do as he pleased about coming and going, regardless of regulations. The frontiersman's blood is still in the veins of our native stock, and the foreign elements coming from countries where laws are strict easily learn contempt for law which is not strict. Nor does this lawlessness stop at the indulgence of a moderate, well-meaning carelessness. It is carried to whatever point their passions impel, and a certain part of the population seem to think it is one of their rights in free America to riot and murder as they have been doing in the coal fields. Native Americans cannot wonder at it. They set the example. The lynchers of the south are largely pure American stock. As Miss Addams suggests, the educated and intelligent citizens feel the obligation to obey law because it is law as little as the ignorant. The people who in this city object to a policy of rigid law enforcement count themselves good citizens. There has been much discussion about the enforcement of the excise law here, but scarcely a person among those who have clamored for exceptional strictness in ferreting out violators of this law would fail to rebel against strict enforcement of the laws which more closely touched his own conduct. Suppose every good man who spits in violation of law were arrested, and every woman who violates the sanitary code in her housekeeping, and every merchant who illegally obstructs sidewalks, and every builder who sends his steel beams clanging through the streets! The whole city would be wild with clamor against oppressive and tyrannical officials. Yet we all want these laws enforced against somebody else when his offences annoy us. If as a nation we are ever going to cure whatever is the matter with us, we certainly must, along with Chicago, acquire more respect for the law. Lawlessness is an almost universal disease in city and country, and there is a disposition to resent the conduct of officials who are really active for enforcement. The schools fail to teach sufficient reverence for law, and the homes fail to inculcate it. We are in the main a peaceful, well-meaning, well-conducted people, but we certainly are not a law-abiding people."

The Bracelet Found.

The London Daily Mail says:—The mystery of the Duchess of Buccleuch's bracelet, lost during the coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey, has been cleared up. It will be remembered that the Duchess, who was in attendance upon Queen Alexandra in her official capacity as Mistress of the Robes, missed the bracelet—which was a prized souvenir of the late Queen Victoria—from her wrist shortly before the enthronement of the Queen. All efforts for the recovery proved futile, and the whereabouts of the missing trinket remained shrouded in mystery until a few days ago, when the bracelet was returned none the worse for its temporary absence from its owner's jewel-case. The Duchess and those who have acted for her in the matter maintain the strictest reticence as to the exact circumstances under which the interesting link with her late Majesty was recovered. Inquiries, however, make it apparent that the bracelet has lain for some weeks in the folds of the coronation robe of a well-known lady of rank, who went abroad immediately after the ceremony. It was only when, a day or two ago, the lady in question returned to town that she instructed her maid to look over the robe, and to the astonishment of mistress and maid, the missing bracelet dropped out. It was, of course, promptly returned to its owner with a note explaining the circumstances of its finding.

The Dr ll Instructor.

To a timid man—to an individual who has spent his days in the hush of peace, who has gone about not thirsting for the life-blood of his fellow-creature, whose dreams are not those of marching hosts, imperial conquests, deadly strife or the leading of forlorn hopes—there is something to shrink at and become pallid in beholding your typical infantry drill instructor engaged in the active pursuit of his profession. In your dense ignorance you are ready to wager that he is infuriated—at something. In the hopeless density of your perception you believe that when he roars at the men his rage is unappeasable and that his wrath is like unto that of a famished lion. In obedience to the briskly beseeching bugle the men tumble from their tents and, rapidly forming up, cover off and stand at ease. And now appears the drill instructor—he of imposing mien and commanding voice. "S'chun!" The crimson ranks stiffen and at the utterance of the next order you think that if he is not intensely angry at something, then he is wonderfully clever at imitation. His chest expands after the fashion of the pouter pigeon. His features become almost convulsed, and he hurls at the ranks—in a tone significant of undying hatred and ferocious revenge—an order. He shrieks "A-butt-t—Tr-r-e-e-n" and the ranks turn to the right about. Then in response to a look of malignant scorn and a burst of breath which twists into a repetition of the order, the men resume the original position. "R-r-rite—Tr-r-e-e-n (oh, the intensity and bitterness of it!) Mr-r-r-itch." "Left—right—left—right—left—right—left—right—left — right —" "Alt." "Fr-r-ent!" "Stauh—hat—lease!" The lines relax and the instructor is really quite affable. He is not cross—it's merely his way.—Camp Notes, in St. John, N.B., Telegraph.

What Papa Wished to Know.

The agitated young man began:—

"Mr. Brockman, you may have noticed that I have been a frequent caller at your house for the last year or more."

"Yes," replied the busy merchant. "I have seen you there now and then, I remember."

"You will not be surprised, therefore, when I tell you that I want to marry your daughter."

"But——"

"Let me anticipate any objections you might have, Mr. Brockman. I am of good family; I am not dissipated; I have a good business, and am abundantly able to support a wife. All I ask is——"

"But, young man——"

"I can bring testimonials to prove all I say. I have never wanted any other girl, and——"

"But——"

"And never shall want any other girl. From the first it has been a case of——"

"Look here, young man, let me get in a word. Which one of my daughters is it you want?"

Saved From the Birkenhead.

There died a few weeks ago, at Southampton, England, Lieut.-Col. John Francis Girardot, aged 73 years, one of the few survivors of the wreck of the Birkenhead troopship off Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, February 26th, 1852. In song, story and picture, the heroism of the soldiers on that occasion has been handed down, and will live so long as true courage and fortitude are deemed worthy of praise. Out of 638 persons on the vessel, most of them soldiers, only 184 were saved. In effect the records of the disaster show that the troops (officers and men), after assisting as far as possible the women, children and invalids to the boats, mustered on the deck, formed up as though on parade and went down with the ship. There was no panic; no unseemly action "no man played the coward," and all the boats got safely away with as many persons as they could hold. A few of the soldiers managed to keep afloat by means of pieces of wreckage, and were afterwards rescued. Lieut.-Col. Girardot was one of these, and he afterwards served throughout the Kaffir war of 1852-73. The Globe of April 22, 1852, contained an account of the disaster, in which is quoted the story told by Capt. Wright, one of the survivors. In part he said:—Every man did as he was directed. All received their orders and had them carried out as if the men were embarking, instead of going to the bottom. There was only this difference—that I never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise or confusion. . . . It is gratifying also to find that the women and children were all saved. They had been quietly collected under the poop awning, and were got over the ship's side and passed into the boats.

Kipling's New Book.

Mr. Kipling's new book goes straight to the juvenile heart. One of the witnesses to this fact is Mr. James Douglas, the English critic. "You may ask," he says, "how I can tell whether these 'Just So Stories' will please real children. Well, I tried them on a real child, a boy of eight. Bimbo is a fastidious critic, but these tales froze him into an agony of ecstasy. The repetitions made him chuckle. 'Don't Forget the Suspenders!' delighted him. He remarked that the story of 'How the Whale Got His Throat' reminded him of Jonah, and he suggested that the man who wrote about Mr. Bivveng, A.B., had read the Jonah story and copied it. Also, he wanted to know if these stories were really and truly true. I blush to confess that I said they were. That soothed his nascent incredulity. The funny words sent him into fits. That 'ooshy-skooshy' sea made him gurgle with joy. As to the Kipling pictures, he voted them jolly. He also liked the explanations. That bit of raft, for instance—how could he have found it without instructions? And the hard words pleased him best of all. Why? Because he liked the difficulty of finding out their meaning. The place names made him howl with happiness. Wouldn't I let him 'roll down to Rio' and see 'the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo River?'"

The Jury's Verdict.

Very broad views on the question of what constitutes moderate drinking appear to prevail in Camberwell, says The London Daily Express.

"Was he a heavy drinker?" asked Coroner Wyatt, at the inquest on a man named Catty.

"No, moderate," replied a witness who had worked with Catty. "He might have eight half-pints of beer a day."

A little later, when this witness was recalled, he admitted that perhaps Catty might have had as many as twenty half-pints a day, "as well as a drop of gin."

A doctor stated that he had come to the conclusion that death was due to apoplexy accelerated by excessive drinking.

The jury were up in arms at once in defence of a Briton's right to a moderate indulgence.

"I do not believe that death was accelerated by drink," declared one.

"I consider it a slur on the family," said another.

The Coroner—The doctor says that excessive drinking is the primary cause of death.

A Juror—We don't believe it.

The Coroner—You are not medical men.

The Juror—Never mind; it's our verdict, and we are going to stick to it.

He knew a man, remarked a juryman, who could drink twenty pints of beer a day; to which the coroner retorted that he was slowly poisoning himself.

Eventually the "good men and true" retired to talk it over. They came back with a unanimous verdict of "Natural death, accelerated by overwork."

"We have heard nothing of that," said the surprised coroner, and another animated discussion followed.

At last the foreman announced that the jury were all agreeable to return a verdict of death from apoplexy if the phrase about excessive drinking was left out.

The Coroner—That would be an incomplete verdict.

The foreman—Well, knock out the word "excessive," and say accelerated by drink.

And so with this compromise the inquiry terminated.

Masterstroke by Chamberlain.

The announcement that Hon. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is going to South Africa to study on the spot the conditions arising from the termination of the war and settlement negotiations is hailed by the British press as a masterstroke of statesmanship. With becoming deference to The Times and others who so regard the visit, here colonial might be permitted to wonder why such a very natural course had not been followed before in South Africa and other colonies. Why, for instance, Mr. Chamberlain found it impossible on his several visits to the United States to spend even one day on Canadian soil. To the average man it would seem the most natural thing in the world for Mr. Chamberlain, as the head of the Colonial Department, even at some little inconvenience, to make a point of visiting Canada on such occasions. In any event, it is to be hoped that his investigations in South Africa will be followed by beneficial results to that country. It may be that the Boers will renew their efforts to secure an additional grant to that already made by Britain for rebuilding and restocking the farms. The rebuff of their previous effort to secure an increase suggested to an artist on The Detroit Tribune the accompanying illustration.

How He Brought Her Home.

A Cleveland man who seems to think that home is the proper place for a wife and mother took heroic measures the other day for the purpose of putting his theory into practice, says The Chicago Record-Herald. After having written many urgent letters to his wife, who had been away visiting all summer and who showed no inclination to return and plunge into the almost riotous joys of domesticity—with an empty coal bin and no girl—at the place where she had left off early in the spring, he put a stamp upon a linen collar that he had worn until it was far from immaculate, addressed it to the lady and wrote upon it the following message:—

If you are not coming home, please wash this and return it at once.

She arrived at the earliest possible moment and began putting things in order around the house. The soiled collar may not be sufficient to bring some wives back, but it ought to be efficacious where the lady is capable of taking a hint. But a serious argument against it is the pain it may give cases where sensitiveness is very marked, hence it should be used only when all other plans fail.

Filled the Order.

The "well-known American writer" who is showing us "British Men of Letters Through American Glasses" in The Pall Mall Magazine is pleasantly anecdotal this month, says The London Star. Here is a good story which Mr. Labouchere tells about himself: He tells one of a bet that he would give Whiteley, who owns a great departmental store in London, and calls himself "the Universal Provider," an order he could not fill. The order was for a second-hand coffin, and the coffin was duly delivered. "I asked Whiteley," said Labouchere, gravely, "how he happened to have a second-hand coffin." "Sir!" he answered, "it was a misfit."

How the Scotch Fight.

Many stories have been told of General Dewet and the latest from The St. James' Gazette is as follows:—One of the leading officials in a refugee camp was a Scotchman, who, during the dinner, took occasion in offering the General a drink to say he must have got a fair amount of whiskey among his captured convoys. Dewet was much amused at this, and said that before attacking a convoy he made inquiries if it were guarded by Scotchmen. If this were so, he further inquired if it contained any whiskey. If the second condition accompanied the first, he always gave the convoy a wide berth, because he knew the beggars would fight to the last man.

DON'T SNUFFLE!
You make people sick—
You keep yourself sick.
Cure That Cold.
You can do it if you exercise common sense and use only Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.
It relieves colds and catarrh and cures headache in a few minutes.
If you have common sense and catarrh you will use it now.

Rev. L. C. McPherson, of Jefferson Street Church of Christ, Buffalo, N. Y., says:
"Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieved me in ten minutes and is a blessing to mankind."

The Ursuline Sisters of St. Bernard's Grand Forks, N. Dak., state:
"We have been using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder in our institution. We find it a very good remedy."

The Great South American Nervine Tonic
is first a nerve food and then a physician, searching out and strengthening every weak spot in the body of man, woman or child. It means nerve, health, vigor, hope, liveliness, lightheartedness and life. 28.

Humor of the Hour.

Bunker—I made a horrible break on the links yesterday. My caddie made me very angry and I yelled, "Get out!" at him.

B. Ginner—But surely that's excusable, isn't it?

Bunker—Oh, bless you, no! I should have said "Hoot awa'!"—Philadelphia Press.

Stella—I came near missing a proposal last night.

Bella—You did?

Stella—Yes. He got down on his knees, and I thought he was merely looking for a ping pong ball.—Harper's Bazar.

A Judge and a joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of the transmigration of the souls of men into animals. "Now," said the Judge, "suppose you and I were to be turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?" "Ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer. "Why?" rejoined the Judge. "Because," was the reply, "I have heard of an ass being a Judge, but of a horse, never."

"Do you think the train will get through on time?" asked the nervous passenger.

"I'm trying to think it," answered the conductor. "I've been trying to think it ever since I went to work. But mental science doesn't seem to do much good on this road."—Washington Star.

"Going up to Maine on your annual hunting trip?"

"No. Can't afford it."

"O, I see."

"See what?"

"You can't get the deer if you haven't the dough."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In a Restaurant.—He—Will you have a little lobster?

She—Oh, John, this is so sudden!—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Friend—But if there's no hope of saving him, doctor, what are you going to perform the operation for?

Doctor—$100.—Town and Country.

Molly—I was so mad at the party last night! Kate Greene had on a dress exactly like mine.

Polly—Yes, but how it must have disgusted her to see you with a dress like hers! That ought to make you happy, I should think.—Boston Transcript.

A Phillipsburg, Kan., girl wrote home from college that she had fallen in love with ping-pong, and got this reply from her father: "Give him up. They don't no Chinaman marry into this family."—Philadelphia Ledger.

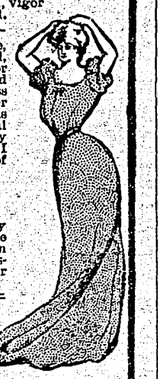
"They tell me you have cured yourself of chronic insomnia."

"Yes. I'm completely cured."

"It must be a great relief."

"Relief! I should say it was. Why, I lie awake half the night thinking how I used to suffer from it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHEN YOU'RE RUN DOWN
Just build up your system with the great South American Nervine, the health builder, blood maker and nerve food, that is quickest and most thorough in its action.
Will put every organ in the body in good working order speedily and permanently, through giving them a new nervous energy, and fills the system with health, vigor and rich, red blood.



J. W. Dinwoodie, of Campbellford, Ont., states: "For years I was troubled with nervousness and impaired liver and kidneys. I was treated by several doctors; tried every medicine. Last fall I procured a bottle of
SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE.
I took but a very few doses and the nervous depression left my entire system. I will never be without it."

DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS
allow the sufferer from indigestion to eat heartily and heavily of anything he likes while curing him, for the Pineapple actually digests the food, letting the stomach rest and get sound whilst you enjoy life.—Price, 35 cents. 9

STORY TELLER'S CLUB.

The Story of the Prize Bee—A Little of What Happened.

This is what happened, and it is a true story: One morning last May a bee set out among the flowers on a honey hunt. Perhaps it would be more true to say that the bee set out to hunt for the sweet stuff of which honey is made, for while this sweet stuff is still in the flower cup it is not honey any more than the wheat growing in the field is bread. The wheat becomes bread later, after it has been cut and gathered and threshed and ground and brought into the kitchen and there changed into bread, and the sweet stuff becomes honey only after the bees have carried it home and worked it.

As the bee left home this particular morning it made up its mind that it would devote itself to the apple blossoms, for did you know that when a bee goes flower visiting usually it gives all its attention to one kind of flower till it has finished that special round of visits?

So off the bee flew, and in a few moments it saw hundreds of little pink and white handkerchiefs waving at it from the apple orchard.

What do you suppose they were, these gay little handkerchiefs? They were the flower leaves of the apple blossoms. I call them handkerchiefs because, just as boys and girls sometimes wave their handkerchiefs when they wish to signal other boys and girls, so the apple tree uses its gay flower leaves to attract the attention of the bee and persuade it to visit the flowers.

Of course, really, they are not handkerchiefs at all. They would hardly be large enough for any but fairy noses, would they?

When the bee saw so many bright handkerchiefs waving it welcome, along it hurried, for it knew this was a signal that material for honey making was at hand in another minute, and it had settled upon a freshly opened flower and was eagerly stealing the precious sweet.

You children know that when you are given permission to go to the closet for a piece of candy or cake you are not apt to set about it very gently. You are in too much of a hurry for that. Often you come very near knocking everything over in your haste to get hold of what you want.

And bees are quite as greedy as any boy or girl could be. So our friend dived right into the pretty flower, brushing rudely against the little dust boxes. These being full to overflowing with golden dust, spilled their contents and powdered the bee quite yellow.

Having made sure that nothing more was to be found just there, off flew the dusty bee to the next blossom. Into this it pushed its way, and in so doing struck those pins which have no dust boxes, and upon their broad, flat tips fell some of the yellow dust grains with which its body was powdered.

Now there began to happen a strange thing. But before I tell you more I must stop one moment to remind you that these pins without dust boxes are joined below into one piece, and that this piece is set deep into the green cup which holds the rest of the flower, and I must tell you that if you should cut open this cup you would find a number of little round objects looking like tiny green eggs. The strange thing that began to happen was this: Soon after the yellow dust from the bee fell upon flat tips of the pins without dust boxes, the little green objects deep within the green cup became full of life and began to get larger. And not only this, the green cup also seemed to feel new life, for it, too, grew bigger and bigger and jucier and jucier, until it became the fine juicy apple we have before us this morning.

Nig and the Clock.

Nig is a fine large black cat owned by auntie, who often says he is more like a monkey than a cat he is so very mischievous. One day my uncle was repairing a clock. After he was through he started the clock striking the hours until he got the correct time. The cat sat on the table watching him. Lifting his paw, he raised the little hammer and made the clock strike one. We all thought it was very cute of him. Christmas he climbed the Christmas tree and knocked off a lot of the balls. He

would tap them with his paws till they would fall. Auntie could not think what it was till she went close to the tree and saw his little black head and eyes. He is very fond of oysters, and whenever they have them Nig has to be shut up in the cellar, as he does not give them any peace, but goes from one to the other and taps them with his paw as though he would say, "Why don't you give me some?" He hides everything he gets hold of. He hides corks up the rain-spout and spools of cotton and all such things under the sideboard. He is not afraid of anything but the ice-man, and he scampers off as fast as he can go when he hears him coming.

The Moonstone Sphinx

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson,

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

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The tale opens at the Duke of Clarence's Theater, by the stage-door of which a young man, powerful, and remarkably handsome, but looking as if he had just come from the Wild West, is waiting to see the manager. He is noticed by Winifred Gray, a rising young actress and also by Lionel Macaire, a millionaire and friend of the manager's, but of repulsive appearance and infamous character. The stranger, whose name is Hope Newcome, introduces himself as a friend of "F. E. Z.," and the initials strangely affect not only the manager, but also Macaire. Newcome, who announces that he has come to England for the purpose of "finding something," asks Anderson for an engagement, but the manager, prompted by his millionaire friend, finds an excuse for refusing. During the performance that evening Winifred Gray is sent for to the boudoir, where she sees Macaire. The millionaire informs her that he has now a controlling interest in the theatre and offers her an engagement as Rosalind. Winifred, who has been playing small parts, is at first dazzled by the offer, but on a declaration of love from Macaire she rejects the millionaire's advances with loathing. Macaire allows her to go for the moment, but declares that he will break her to his will. The same night Hope Newcome, still lounging at the stage door, sees a stranger of powerful physique mount the box of Winifred's cab beside the driver. Newcome orders him down and a struggle takes place. Newcome soon disposes of his opponent, and receives the thanks of the young actress, who, however, hardly realizes the danger she has escaped. Next day Winifred is sent for by Anderson, and evidently with great regret on the part of the manager, told that she is not suitable for the role she is to assume in a forthcoming production, and that if she prefers to leave the company at once she will receive salary for the next fortnight. Winifred sees she has no option but to go, and she knows also from what quarter the blow falls; for, as she leaves the manager's room, Macaire enters with an unmistakable expression on his face. She visits all the theatrical agents and managers in vain for weeks, and is aware that strong influences are working against her. Macaire makes another attempt to ensnare Winifred and uses his influence to make her appear in an objectionable role in Mazeppa. She makes her escape from the theatre and accidentally is thrown into Hope's company—and they become street singers.

The man whom he had seen at the theater, in the very act of doing personal injury to an employee of his, could not have been more than six or seven and twenty, therefore his relationship with F. E. Z. could hardly have been that of a lover, unless she had by some magical power carried the charms of her youth through the chill shadows of middle age. Macaire's marred eyes had studied the clear-cut face for traces of a likeness. He had not seen what he sought; still, the fancy had lurked in his mind that the man for whose sake F. E. Z. had spoken after all these years might have been near and dear to her through ties of blood.

He had not wished Anderson to do anything for the fellow. There had been a grim joy in thwarting a request of the woman he had loved and lost; feeling that through time and distance he could stand in the way of her desire. But he had not meant to lose sight of the young man, and he had regarded it as not impossible that he might patronize him in the future. Only, whatever was done he intended should be done himself and in his own way.

Anderson had unintentionally thwarted his last design by forgetting to enquire the address of Hope Newcome (an assumed name, no doubt); and in the quickly following events, which concerned Winifred Gray, Macaire had neglected to follow up a clue that might once have been easily obtained.

Rather curiously, he cherished no personal grudge against Hope Newcome for the fight with the man on the box-seat of Winifred's cab outside the stage-door on a certain night full of excitement. If a fool made a mess of his work he deserved to be ignored by his employer and punished by a stranger. Lionel Macaire had no use for fools, and was merciless to those who failed. But, maimed and physically handicapped himself in almost every way, he secretly adored and respected strength and courage above all other attributes of men.

He was jealous of them, too, because of rather than in spite of his admiration, and nothing on earth afforded him more subtle amusement than to make servants of strong men—great giants who could have crushed him with a blow of their fists, yet were forced to become the slaves of his money and the position which that money had won for him.

He did not hate Hope Newcome for thwarting him; but if all his soul had not been absorbed in the pursuit of Winifred he would have desired to have the young man as a pawn on his chess board, to be used, taken up, and thrown down as whim or occasion suggested.

Macaire regretted, to-day, as he thought of F. E. Z., and the man she had sent to her old friend, that he had allowed the latter to slip out of sight. Not that it mattered much. Still, the feeling in his mind was like the annoyance of having carelessly let the reins drop when they should have been firmly held.

As he walked on, noticed and recognized by many of the passers-by the sound of music came to his ears. A woman was singing to the accompaniment of a banjo, cleverly played.

Macaire lifted his head and saw a couple of masked minstrels; a girl poorly dressed, with long, curly red hair falling from under her hat over her shoulders, her face completely concealed by a mask; a tall man, with his face also hidden, and in his hands a banjo.

The couple played and sang better than the majority of seaside "buskers," and their masks gave them a certain piquancy; yet Macaire threw them but one glance, and pushed his way on through the small crowd which had collected for the music. He had not gone far, however, when a sudden cry of fear or pain in a woman's voice caused him to turn his head.

The group surrounding the masked minstrels had been partly made up of several swaggering young cockneys from the lower middle class, who had probably come to Brighton for a Saturday to Monday "lark" on their bicycles. One of their number, perhaps dared by his fellows, was in the act of attempting to pull off the red-haired singer's mask as Macaire turned, and it was her protest he had heard.

What he stopped to see was the new way in which her companion, despite the hampering banjo, sent the aggressor sprawling.

"Well done!" Macaire said to himself, hoping for more fun, as he dearly loved a fight, and was an enthusiastic patron of the ring.

He was not to be cheated of the desired sport, for the other members of the fallen man's party rallied round him, thirsting for revenge. Luckily for the millionaire's amusement, not a policeman was in sight. The various nursemaids and their little charges who had been listening to the music scattered like frightened rabbits, and the town men seemed likely to have it all their own way for a moment or two with the masked minstrels.

Macaire stood at a distance faintly grinning, a twinkle in his pale eyes. "That fellow's got his work cut out for him," he thought. "I hope to goodness no one will interfere."

Some of the man's intimates who knew that he had once had a bear-fight to the death in one of the cellars under his town house; that men had pommelled each other's bodies and faces into a blood-stained jelly in the same place to win an enormous purse and afford secret midnight amusement to a few choice spirits—these intimates of his would have understood the expression on his face now and the ugly glint in his yellow eyes.

He was near enough to hear the masked man say to his companion: "Run, as fast as you can go!" He saw the girl turn and try to obey, and he saw the spring that one of the cads made to do what his prostrate chum had failed in doing—tear off her mask. Up went the girl's hands to defend herself; but the defence was not needed. A smashing blow with the banjo, which brought the taut parchment down on the cockney's head and crushed his hat over a red, astonished face, finished him as a combatant. He retired with a bleeding nose to assist his fallen comrade, while the three others, still in fighting trim, attacked the minstrel, who now stood in front of the red-haired girl.

Two of the men seemed to have some technical knowledge of boxing, as Macaire's trained eye was quick to note, and the third, while his friends used their fists, raised a stick over the tall minstrel's head to avenge the late attack with the banjo.

But the masked man was not to be taken unawares. Keeping off the two boxers, who were sparring up to him, he sprang suddenly to one side, caught the thick stick which threatened him, broke it in two pieces as if it had been a reed, threw it in the owner's face, and turned his attention again to the principal attack, all without allowing the boxing contingent a chance worth having.

"By Jove, what a fellow!" thought Macaire. "Wonder what he plays the banjo for when he might be coining money with his fists? I'd like to match him against Joey the Kid."

At this instant a big policeman, informed of what was going on by one of the fleeing nurse-maids, appeared upon the scene.

The man who had gone down first was up now, and, seeing the policeman, gave the alarm to his companions.

Before the policeman could get near them they had turned tail and darted away round the first corner and out of sight, the masked minstrel not deigning to follow. He stood his ground, merely stooping to pick up the broken banjo, which he had flung aside for the fight, after smashing the frame too severely for the instrument still to be practicable as a weapon.

If Macaire had had eyes for anyone so insignificant he might have seen that in the melee somehow the little masked, red-haired girl had contrived to slip away. But he was watching the man, and approachingly slowly that he might, if necessary, win the young athlete's gratitude by bearing witness in his defence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Discovery.

Macaire was just in time, as it happened, to be of yeoman service, for the policeman, irritated that the other offenders had escaped, and not too kindly disposed towards a "busking" vagabond with a mask, had opened the vials of his wrath when the millionaire sauntered up.

"Look here, bobby," said he in an harsh voice which for some curious occult reason seemed to have great power over the lower classes, "my name is Lionel Macaire. Perhaps you know it, and I give you my word that this young man is in no way to blame for what has happened. I saw the affair from the beginning, though unfortunately I was unable to interfere. One of these ruffians insulted a girl who was with him, singing, and the man defended her. Then all the others set upon him—five to one. He is a brave fellow, and ought to be praised instead of reprimanded."

The policeman was a reader of newspapers, and had known for years that the name of Lionel Macaire was financially one to conjure with. The millionaire had been pointed out to him also since the sensational affair at the Thespian Theater, and once having seen that frightful face it would be impossible to mistake it for another's.

Why a millionaire's word should be accepted more readily than a pauper's ought to be hard to explain, but such is human nature—even among policemen.

"All right, sir; if you say it's all right I suppose it is," this member of the force responded promptly. "I must do my duty, sir, that's all."

"Well, you have done it, and now it's over," said Macaire. At the same time he produced from his sovereign pocket two gold pieces; and though the man in blue honestly scorns bribes—in silver—he was not able to resist an offer of more than a week's salary, "all in one go," merely for taking a gentleman's word.

"This is a little token that I appreciate your common sense and moderation," went on the millionaire; and then the two sovereigns changed hands. The policeman at that instant opportunely spying a motor-car which he thought might be going too fast, had the best of excuses for bestowing his presence where it was more needed; and with warning shouts of "Hi-hi!" to the oblivious motorist he went off at a run.

"Thank you, sir," said the masked minstrel, heartily, to Macaire. "You have saved me from a lot of bother, I'm sure." He spoke like a gentleman, but if he were English his accent suggested that he had lived for years out of his native country.

"On the contrary," returned the other in his most ingratiating manner, "it is for me to thank you for as pretty an exhibition of dash and skill as I've seen for some time. You can imagine that I don't refer entirely to your musical feats, though they were excellent, no doubt. But I'm no judge of music. I am, I flatter myself, a judge of most things in the athletic line, and if you'll allow me to say so, I wonder that you care to earn your living by your fingers when you might do it so much more effectively with your biceps and your fists."

The young man in the mask laughed frankly, and glanced down at his ruined banjo. "I did better work with this to-day than usual, perhaps," he said. "But it looks as if it had played its last tune. As for the talents you're good enough to think I possess, sir, I've tried to make use of them since I came to England, but the market for muscles is apparently overstocked. Indeed, I tried several things before I began making a professional use of my banjo, but I can't afford to despise it, as it's been the best friend in the money-making line I've found in this country."

"All the worse for the country, then," responded the millionaire. "I hope, though, you're not so discouraged as to want to leave it and go back to your own—wherever that may be."

"I shan't leave it till I've done what I came to do," the young man answered, with a nonchalance which perhaps cloaked a deeper feeling. "Not if it takes me ten years."

"Oh, so you came to England with an object, eh?" enquired Macaire, in the good-natured way he could affect when he had a motive.

His motive now was to get this young athlete under his patronage, and match him against a certain champion who had gone about in swaggering defiance of rivals long enough. It was something to have his thoughts taken off his galling failure with Winifred Gray, and he was pleased to find himself feeling so keen an interest in an alien subject.

"Don't most men travel with an object?" retorted the man with the mask. "There'd be no incentive to a lazy fellow, else. And for fear I go back to a condition of laziness I must be off, sir—thanking you again for what you did for me."

"Stop a bit," ejaculated Macaire. "I've something to suggest to you. As you say, few men—that is, few men of brains like yours and mine—do things without an object. Now, I had an object in interfering in your interest with our friend in blue. It wasn't entirely a selfish one, perhaps, though partially so, I admit, and I should like to have a talk with you about it if you're so inclined. It might turn out to be for our mutual advantage."

Again the young man laughed. "You can guess that I'm open to offers, sir, if it's anything of that sort you mean."

"That's precisely what I do mean," announced the millionaire. "Look here, it's getting on towards one's dinner hour. Come with me. I'll get a private room, and we'll have a chop and a bottle of Burgundy together if you can spare the time."

"I've got more time than anything else just now," responded the masked minstrel, lightly. "And I'm very much at your service."

They walked to the nearest good restaurant, forming a strange contrast; the tall young man with the black mask covering his face, the broken banjo in his hand; the stooped figure of the millionaire, with his hobbling limp and his scarred features.

There could hardly have been a more incongruous pair, and people they met turned to look after them. But Macaire either did not notice the attention he and his companion aroused, or was too independent of public opinion to care for it.

He was wondering whether the masked minstrel knew anything of him besides the name which he must have heard spoken when he had mentioned it to the policeman a few moments ago. He wondered whether the fellow was aware that he was walking beside one of the richest men in England—a man so rich that he could afford to do, say, look and wear exactly what he pleased.

Macaire hoped that the other did know all this, although, as he had apparently not long ago come to England, he might be in ignorance of his companion's importance. It would be awkward to call direct attention to it, especially as the millionaire was on his best behavior, endeavoring to appear a jolly, modest fellow, not too proud, despite his wealth and position, to hob-nob with a nobody to whom he had happened to take a fancy.

Wishing to impress the minstrel in some quiet and unobtrusive way he took the best private room he could have, and, though it was too early in the day for him to work up an appetite for dinner, instead of the chop and bottle of Burgundy he had suggested he ordered an elaborate feast, with plenty of champagne of his own favorite brand.

"Now," he remarked, when the hors d'oeuvres appeared, "now is the time when you must cease to hide your light under a bushel, and throw off the mask—that is, unless you merely intend to look on while I eat my dinner."

"To a man who hasn't dined, but only eaten food, for some time, that would be too cruel an aggravation," returned the minstrel. "It is nothing more nor less than morbid self-consciousness—vanity, if you will, sir—that tempted me to pick my banjo from behind a screen. I don't intend to trouble you with my antecedents, but—people who were once dear to me would have been made unhappy if they could have known I was destined to get my living by 'busking' at the seaside; and I suppose I'm idiot enough to be ashamed, in a way, of what I've been doing—though I'm ashamed of myself, too, for being ashamed. But, anyhow, here goes the mask."

It had been tied behind his head, and as he talked he had been fumbling awkwardly—as men's unaccustomed fingers do fumble—with the knot. But the strings yielded at last and the mask suddenly fell, to show a dark, handsome, clear-cut face, with lips parted in a rather shy, boyish smile over a row of strong, perfect white teeth.

The minstrel's laughing brown eyes met those of the millionaire, and Lionel Macaire's boasted self-control came into play as he restrained a start of surprise.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" he asked, hiding all emotion.

As well as he knew his own strange antecedents did he know when and where he had seen that dark face before; but he did not wish the other to guess himself of enough importance to have been definitely remembered.

"Yes," the young man answered without an instant's hesitation. "At least I have seen you, sir, and I recollected it the moment you came up to me this afternoon, though I didn't suppose you'd noticed me particularly that other time."

"Where was it?" asked Macaire, "and when, if you can recall that?"

"I have some reason for recalling it, replied Hope Newcome. "I had a big disappointment that night. I'd been at the Duke of Clarence's Theater with an introduction from an old friend of Mr. Anderson's, to him. I wanted a short engagement till I could get something else to do—merely as Charles the Wrestler in the production of 'As You Like It,' which was coming on. But, though I'm nearly six feet, Mr. Anderson has an inch or two the advantage of me, and thought it wouldn't do. I saw you coming out of the theater with him afterwards."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Macaire, as though suddenly enlightened. "Of course. How stupid of me. You were engaged—ha, ha!—in much the same occupation as I found you at to-day. A queer coincidence."

CHAPTER XIX.

Macaire's Proposition.

"You'll think me a very pugnacious person, sir," Hope Newton said, flushing slightly under the clear, sunburnt olive of his skin—that kind of sunburn which does not wear away with years, unless in mortal illness. He did not use the word "sir" in addressing the millionaire as if he were kowtowing to a superior, but as though he, a young man, adopted it out of respect to one many years his senior. Though he had been seen fighting at stage-doors, and playing the banjo on Brighton beach, he had the air of simply—unconsciously almost—taking it for granted that he was Macaire's equal. And Macaire saw this, and was grimly amused by it, considering certain differences between them.

"The shortest road to my regard, as far as that's concerned," responded Macaire, "is by being a pugnacious person, as you call it. If I hadn't thought you one through our acquaintance to-day we shouldn't be dining together now. And what I've just learnt only raises you in my estimation. I believe now that I even heard you speak to my friend Anderson that night, and I am usually rather quick to recognize voices. But yours sounded differently when you spoke through your mask. By the way, as it happens, that was rather an eventful night for me, too."

He could not have told why he should volunteer the admission; but he let it come because he did not see that acting upon impulse could in this instance do any harm. And somehow he found himself oddly drawn towards the young fellow. There was a certain fascination about his strong, virile personality, which was augmented by the knowledge that this was he whom F. E. Z. had known, perhaps loved. Yet Macaire was far from sure whether the magnetic attraction he experienced was nearer to hate or affection. He only knew that he felt it, and desired to have a master hand over this young man's fate.

"I didn't know who you were that night, sir," Hope Newcome said. "But I remembered your face."

The corners of Macaire's mouth went down in a bitter sneer.

"That's because of my fatal beauty," he retorted, harshly. "I seldom find myself forgotten—even by a pretty woman. But I have more important things to talk of than personalities, and my ideas concerning you are in no way changed by the fact that we have met before. You tell me you wanted to play the wrestler on the stage. It has occurred to me that you might like to do so in good earnest, since that is your forte. Surely you haven't wasted those muscles of yours all your life? And as surely you've had training?"

"Oh, yes, I trained both as a wrestler and boxer," Newcome answered; "but I never intended to use the arts professionally. It was at a Western university in America where I met began to take a great interest in sport. I was in rather a sporting set, and I took the fancy of an old prize-fighter resting on his laurels, who lived in the town. He and a pal of his taught me everything I know, and they seemed to think me a decent sort of pupil.

"Then, a year before I finished my college course, family affairs took me away from home. I lived a very different sort of life after that, but I didn't forget what I'd learnt from Foxy O'Sullivan and his mate. I had a chance at a wrestling match with a big man among the amateurs—champion he was then, and I got the belt from him. Two or three matches I had afterwards, but I kept the belt."

"Are you any good with the gloves, or don't you go in for anything but wrestling?" asked Macaire, his eyes dwelling with a queer, jealous, grudging admiration on the other's splendid shoulders, his arms, his wrists—visible under shabby sleeves too short for him—his strong brown hands that had done damage to-day.

"Oh, wrestling's been my specialty, but I believe I'm not a bad boxer," Newcome answered, with modest confidence in his own powers. "I think I could hold my own with most amateurs, though I'm a bit out of training."

"How would you like to go into training again, if you stood to make your fortune, eh?"

Newcome's dark eyes flashed. "I'd do anything that would keep me in England, and among the sort of men I must be among, if I'm to do what I came a good many thousand miles to do. And as for a fortune—well, I've got more than one use for money just now."

As he finished his face changed. No longer open, it became reserved. Though at first sight he seemed to have been exceedingly outspoken, even confidential, about his past and his present circumstances, after all he had told practically nothing, and despite his boyish frankness at times he looked like a man who could keep his own counsel, a man who would be strong enough, dogged enough to die for the keeping of a secret if need arose.

Macaire, however, did not now make these reflections regarding his companion's character. He thought of him as a connecting link with the past, through F. E. Z. (concerning whom he meant cautiously to put questions in time to come), and as a magnificent young animal to be trained for his uses, rather than as a thinking, feeling man with ambitions and hopes of his own. The millionaire was accustomed to make puppets of others who were handicapped in life's race by the lack of what he possessed in abundance; and one of his most extravagantly eccentric ideas was taking form in his brain for the future of his present companion.

By this time dinner was well under way. Here and there they had paused in their conversation for one course to go and another to come, lest the subject should prove too interesting for a waiter's ears, and they had now passed by oysters, soup, and filleted sole.

(To be continued.)

Pat dropped everything and left for the Cow and Pail for his three-pennyworth of whiskey, when the following conversation ensued between the landlady and himself:

Pat—This be good whiskey, mum.

Lady—Yes, Pat. Can you guess the age of it?

Pat—No, mum.

Landlady—Well, it's thirty years old.

Pat (eying the threepennyworth)—Oim a thinkin' it be moighty small for its age, mum.—Spare Moments.

He—(tentatively)—What would you say, dear, if I should ask you to marry me?

She (thoughtfully)—What would I say?

He (hopefully)—Yes, dearest.

She—I would say—I would say—

He (eagerly)—Yes, dear. Go on. Go on.

She—I would say that Charlie Brown had asked me three weeks ago, and I had accepted him.—Detroit Journal.

"My dear," Mr. Finnicky said to his wife, "I don't think those pills I have been taking have done me much good."

"Why, you haven't been taking any for three weeks!"

"Yes, I have; I've swallowed one three times a day as directed."

"You have? Then why is it that there are as many left in the box as there were three weeks ago? What box have you been taking them from?"

"This one—marked for me."

"Dear me, John! That is my shoe button box!"

Indications.

A certain farmer living east of Osage City, and not noted for his resemblance to Apollo, has a son of seven years who possesses more wit than wisdom and reverence. One day last week a stranger came to the farm, and seeing the lad, asked:

"Sonny, where is your father?"

"In the pigpen," was the reply.

"In the pigpen? Thanks." And as the man moved in the direction indicated the boy shouted: "I say, you will know him 'cause he has a hat on!"—Kansas City Star.

Fate.

At the asylum, we were much depressed by what we saw.

"A terrible fate, indeed!" he exclaimed.

"Less terrible, however," interposed a tall, distinguished looking maniac, "than a fete champetre! Oh, by all odds!"

Upon inquiry we learned that this man had become mad through being the husband of one socially ambitious.—Detroit Journal.

Diagnosed.

A song with the title "There's a Sigh in the Heart," was sent by a young man to his sweetheart, but the paper fell into the hands of the girl's father, a very unsentimental physician, who exclaimed:

"What wretched, unscientific rubbish is this? Who ever heard of such a case?"

He wrote on the outside:

"Mistaken diagnosis; no sigh in the heart possible. Sighs relate almost entirely to the lungs and diaphragm!"

Anecdotal.

A Paris journal relates that Prince Metternich once asked Jules Janin for his autograph. Janin took a sheet of paper and wrote over his signature: "Good for a hundred bottles of Johannisberg, to be placed in my cellar." The prince sent them.

The Kaiser can not only speak English perfectly; but he can jest in our language. When he gave a special audience to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan he asked one of the ladies of the party what she thought of the German Ocean. She replied that the voyage on it had been very rough. "I am sorry," said the Kaiser, glancing at Mr. Morgan; "but the next time you visit us I shall pour oil on the waters—Standard oil!"

Thomas A. Edison has a keen sense of humor, and never fails to use it when an occasion presents itself. For instance, just before he went on a recent trip to Florida, he called his manager to his room and said: "I always notice that you look very well when you work hard." The manager looked up, wondering what Mr. Edison would say next. "Now, I am going away to Fort Myer. I hope you will enjoy good health while I am gone."

A popular captain's wife was more than usually anxious over the safety of her husband, and accordingly handed a parish clerk a slip one Sunday morning, bearing the words: "Captain Wilson, having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation on his behalf." Unfortunately, by the misplacement of the comma after the "sea," the congregation were told that "Captain Wilson having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of this congregation on his behalf."

During his exile at Elba, Napoleon related that one day his mother's mother was hobbling along the street in Ajaccio, Corsica, and that he and his sister, Pauline, followed the old lady, and mimicked her. Their grandmother, happening to turn, caught them in the act. She complained to Mme. Letitia. Pauline was at once "spanked" and disposed of; Napoleon, who was out in regimentals, could not be handled. His mother bided her time. Next day, when her son was off his guard, she cried: "Quick, Napoleon! You are invited to dine with the governor!" He ran up to his room to change his clothing. She quietly followed, and when she judged that the proper time had come, rushed into the room, seized her undressed hero before he guessed her purpose, laid him across the maternal knee, and belabored him earnestly with the flat of her hand.

One day David Col, the Flemish genre painter, was asked by a peasant to paint a portrait of his father. The young artist said that he would be delighted, and enquired when the father would be able to give him a sitting. The peasant replied, "Oh, he is dead." "How would you have me paint his portrait?" asked the artist, somewhat amused at the peasant's naivete. "Look here, sir," said the peasant, "this picture on the easel—whom does it represent?" "St. Anthony." "You are sure it is St. Anthony?" "Yes." "Did he come here to sit?" "Of course not." "Then, you see, you are quite able to make a dead man's portrait." Col, who asked no better than to earn money, yielded, and, after making enquiries concerning the old man, set about painting the portrait. The peasant, seeing it for the first time, fell on his knees and cried bitterly. "Why do you cry?" asked the painter. "Because my father has grown so ugly."

A good story on Sir William Mulock is being told in Toronto, and is circulating round his constituency of North York. The Postmaster-General has been busy in the Old Country booming Canada up hill and down dale, in season and, according to this story, out of it. Imbued with a desire to test the colonial knowledge of the ordinary Londoner Sir William took a friend along the Strand with him and cast about for three likely subjects. The friend, a distinguished London lawyer, was unwilling to believe that English people were as ignorant on matters Canadian as Sir William represented. The first person accosted had never heard of Canada, and said so shortly. The second was anxious to assist the befogged stranger, and ruminated, but finally had to admit that he was unable to give the locality of Canada. He was sure that it was nowhere near the Strand, as he had lived around those parts for nearly seventy years. This encouraged Sir William. Changing his question a little, he went up to a cockney flower-girl. He asked her if she was familiar with Ottawa. "Familiar with who?" she asked. "You go 'long or I'll smack your dirty face."

Minister Wu-Ting-fang promises to write two books on America when he returns to China, whither he has been called to take charge of the work of revising and codifying the laws of his country. His experiences in the United States have been many, and some of them unique. On one occasion he and Carl Schurz were both to make addresses before a university audience. Schurz had spoken to the students before, and when they saw him on the platform they called out, "Schurz!" "Schurz!" The Chinese Minister, conscious that his silken blouse, worn outside his trousers, might have awakened what he knew to be the easily provoked irreverence of undergraduates, mistook the salutation for "shirts." Whereupon he rose, bowed and smilingly adjusted his robes, displaying the evident comfort he enjoyed in wearing them. Now the students took up the cry in earnest, and "Schurz" readily became "shirts." The uproar of their merriment rang lustily throughout the auditorium. Even the bland and philosophic Minister Wu began to display embarrassment. "Don't pay any attention to them," whispered Mr. Schurz; "they mean me." "Oh, is that all!" exclaimed the Chinese Minister, and sank back into his chair, vastly relieved.

Dinner Invitations.

"I find with men it succeeds better to ask them personally to come to dinner," said a fashionable young matron the other day. "In the first place they are not so apt to refuse, and secondly, you get an answer at once, which saves a lot of worry." "But it is so awkward for a person to be asked point blank; he is obliged to accept whether he wants to or not," returned her companion. "That is just what I want," laughed the young matron; "it is the men I need, and if they come, I do not care if they feel it obligatory or not." Hostesses who do not desire to be considered bores, however, should avoid giving invitations in person. Many men complain of the use of the telephone in delivering invitations as giving them no time to make up their minds, or to concoct a plausible excuse should they not feel inclined to accept.

BOBBY-BRIGHT-EYES.

True Story of a Smart Little Squirrel That Lived in a Hotel.

PERHAPS one of the great big trees in Winona Lake park could tell just where Bobby-Bright-Eyes first came from; in what warm nest and in what particular tree he was born. Still, they kept the secret, though Alice had gone from tree to tree and asked them time and again.

One morning, after a heavy wind and rain-storm she found Bobby-Bright-Eyes on the steps that led up to the long, wide porch, where all the girls liked to play so well. What a tiny, helpless, wet little squirrel baby he was. Glad to be cuddled up, too, he seemed in Alice's warm, red jacket. So Alice ran in and showed him to her papa, who owned the hotel, and papa had a little box made for Bobby-Bright-Eyes, who took it all as a matter of course, and did not try, as many a squirrel would, to get away.

He seemed perfectly happy, and in a few days he was so tame he would go in and out of the cage, run over the baulstrades of the long porch and even come to the cook's ki chen door, where he was fed dainties that were rich enough to kill Sir Bobby-Bright-Eyes. Instead of getting sick, he grew fat and saucy. If strange children tried to catch him he would keep still until they could almost touch his pretty striped back; then away he would dash up to the top of the very highest tree then he would begin to chatter and scold, as much as to say, "You didn't catch me did you?"

Bobby-Bright-Eyes liked the sunny corners of the hotel porch, and once the captain of the steamer Welcome, who often brought Bobby nuts from town, found the squirrel in his pocket when he was steering the boat across the lake. He seemed to be frightened at the noise of the engine and kept very still.

Every one laughed when the captain found him and perched him up on his shoulder.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Grandmother Daisy.

"Let's make a daisy grandmamma,"
The children cried one day,
And to the meadow off they sped
To have a merry play.

They chose a daisy tall and fair,
And snipped and pressed, until
They shaped her snowy petals to
A dainty cap and frill.

Upon the velvet centre, next
They traced a kindly face
And draped a kerchief round the stem,
With sweet, old-fashioned grace.

When tired of play, they homeward ran,
What did that daisy do?
She nodded on her slender stalk
And made believe t'was true.

Then all the daisies laughed with glee,
"How human like we are!
And what a lovely thing it is
To have a grandmamma!"
—Jean Moulton, in the Brown Book of Boston.

The New Baby.

She is a very little girl, only five years old, but in the short period of her few years she has enjoyed a large experience of life with dolls of all kinds and descriptions, who, in the course of their existence under her loving but not always kind administrations, have undergone many vicissitudes, says the New York Times. So the little five-year-old, when there came a real live baby into the house, felt herself to be something of a connoisseur in children. When it was put into her arms, this real live baby, she regarded it with a critical air. "Isn't that a nice baby?" cried the nurse with the joyous pride with which a nurse always regards a new baby, in which she feels that she has a proprietary interest. "Yes," replied the little girl hesitatingly, "it's nice, but its head's loose."

What Hurt Him.

Little Frank was playing in the kitchen garden, when he was stung on the toe by a bee. He raised a perfect warwhoop as he ran to his mamma.

"Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! my toer my toe!"

"Why, what in the world is the matter with your toe, Frank."

"Oh, it's bit! It's stung!"

"Bitten! stung! How?" cried his mother. "What stung you?"

"A drate big fly wid a splinter in his tail!"—Exchange.

Literary Prescriptions.

For clearness read Macaulay.
For logic read Burke and Bacon.
For action read Homer and Scott.
For conciseness read Bacon and Pope.
For sublimity of conception read Milton.
For common sense read Benjamin Franklin.
For vivacity read Stevenson and Kipling.
For imagination read Shakespeare and Job.
For elegance read Virgil, Milton and Arnold.
For simplicity read Burns, Whittier and Bunyan.
For smoothness read Addison and Hawthorne.
For interest in common things read Jane Austen.
For humor read Chaucer, Cervantes and Mark Twain.
For choice of individual words read Keats, Tennyson and Emerson.
For the study of human nature read Shakespeare and George Eliot.
For loving and patient observation of nature read Thoreau and Walton.

Children's frocks are often discolored by grass stains. Wash the spots in alcohol. If there are still traces of the green left soak in alcohol for several hours, and rub again as in washing. Then put the article through the usual process of washing with soap and water.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1902.

The Same Old Story.

British Columbia has been given another dose of broken Liberal pledges. Sir Wilfrid Laurier long ago promised his assent to any bill dealing with Oriental immigration, which had the sanction of British Columbia Liberals. The legislature of the province passed a law on the lines of the Natal Act, already concurred in by the Imperial authorities. Sir Wilfrid's word proved ineffective, however, and like many previous pledges, this one was promptly forgotten. The people of British Columbia are up in arms at the coercion exercised at Ottawa, and strong resolutions condemning the disallowance of the Act have been passed by a Vancouver Liberal convention. The explanation of the government's course, as understood at Ottawa is that monied employers of cheap labor have forced the cabinet to turn down the people of the west. It is the same old story. If one has pull enough to make a deal, the people are not in the reckoning.

An Old Liberal's Opinion.

The Winnipeg Tribune, a staunch Liberal paper of the old school, throws some light on the recent Yukon election in the following:

"In the Yukon, the expected—one might almost say the inevitable—has happened. The district, both in its geographical and in its social composition, affords unlimited opportunities for the exercise of Siftonian election methods, and the need for exercising them was desperate. Exposure of the Yukon administration by a representative from the Yukon had to be averted at all costs, both by the minister and by the Yukon grafters. Polling booths far away on lonely creeks, a mining camp population, an opposition without funds or organization—these afforded ample scope for the work that was to be done. Few people who understand the influences at work, doubt that no matter what the vote might be, precious good care would be taken that the returns would be in favor of the government candidate."

"We think the Sifton Yukon election management has been most moderate. They at first took a majority of only 400. Finding, however, that there was no great public outcry, the majority has been increased to 800, with some places yet to hear from. If no surprise is expressed, the figures will be doubled, and the result heralded as a great victory for and sweeping vindication of Saint Clifford. By all means let the Yukon majority be as large as possible.

The Shepherd's Star.

As a painter of French peasants, Jules Breton holds a place nearer to his illustrious predecessor, Jean Francois Millet, than any other living artist. While the figures of peasants which he paints have not the grand elemental qualities of those of Millet, there are among them some superb types. The subject of the Free Press, Winnipeg. Christmas picture given to subscribers to the Weekly Free Press, is a variant of one which he has frequently painted, but the "Shepherd's Star" ranks with the best of the work of this celebrated painter.

Jules Adolphe Breton was born at Courrierer a small village of the Pas-de-Calais in the north of France. His early life and his artistic career, as well as his theories of art, recounted in an autobiography published a few years ago, is interesting reading to any one interested in art.

Every month to subscribers to their Weekly, the Free Press gives an admirable picture. The subjects are all good, being reproductions in colors of world famous paintings.

The White Metal.

The recent decline in the price of silver has caused considerable sinking of hearts amongst those who live in camps where it abounds. Many can see no hope in the future and swallow the statements sent out by the gold and plutocratic press without stirring the gray matter that nature planted in their upper stopes. We see only good signs in the rapid falling of silver prices. It is due to manipulation for the purpose of eventually pushing the price over 60 cents, where it will be within a year, and these are the reasons:

Men of money have taken advantage of a favorable opportunity to hammer the price so that they can load up with the white metal at easy rates. The famine in India drew such heavy contributions of silver that the government did not find it necessary to purchase any this year. This is something unusual, but just as soon as the coins are absorbed by the vast population of India the necessity for large purchases of silver will come again, as water jumps a dam. Rich men are aware of this fact and they are busy just now crying down silver on one side and buying silver mines on the other. The game is old as the hills, but still fools those who do not think. In addition to this the great amount of silver let loose in China will soon be out of sight and that country will be compelled to reach for the white stuff.

Silver will always be profitable to mine. The world cannot get along without it for currency and manufacturing purposes. Gold can never take its place with the millions who are too poor to get anything but copper and silver, and with whom the bank note of paper is unsought and practically unknown. America is not the only button on the pants when it comes to using silver.

So do not be afraid if you live in a silver camp and are shy of plums for your pudding, for the day is not far distant when the whitemetal will be as popular as a village belle at a country dance. The present depression is not caused by an excessive production. It is entirely due to manipulation and when the proper moment arrives the price will plunge towards the skies. If this is not the truth we will give our printing palace to those who never advertise, and with our bulldog by our side, hit the pike for some land that is full of honey, pancakes and real maple syrup.—New Denver Ledge.

Down in Dixie.

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

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

Oriental Hotel

Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.

BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

Large, Light bedrooms.
Rates $1 a day.
Monthly Rate.

J. Albert Stone · Prop.

THE CITY EXPRESS
E. W. B. Paget, Prop.

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

Any Kind of Transferring Undertaken

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

LEGAL

E MAISTRE & SCOTT.
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Revelstoke, B. C.
C. M. Scott, B.A., LL.B. W. de V. le Maistre, M.A

HARVEY, M'CARTER & PINKHAM
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Solicitors for Imperial Bank of Canada.
Company funds to loan at 8 per cent.
First Street, Revelstoke B. C.

SOCIETIES.

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

LOYAL ORANGE LODGE No. 1658.
Regular meetings are held in the Oddfellow's Hall on the Third Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. sharp. Visiting brethren cordially invited
A. JOHNSON, W. M.
W. JOHNSTON, Rec.-Sec.

Gold Range Lodge, K. of P., No. 28, Revelstoke, B. C.,
Meets every Wednesday in Oddfellows' Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting Knights are cordially invited.
S. VAN HORNE, C. C. G. H. BROCK, K. of R. & S.

CHURCHES

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

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

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

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

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

H EDWAR
TAXIDERMIST.
DEER HEADS, BIRDS, Etc. MOUNTED,
Furs Cleaned and Repaired.
JUST EAST OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Third Street.

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

J. A. KIRK.
Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

E. MOSCROP . . .
Sanitary Plumbing, Hot Water And Steam Heating, Gas Fitting
Second St., REVELSTOKE, B.C.

WOOD

Wood for sale including
Dry Cedar, Fir and Hemlock.

All orders left at W. M. Lawrence's will receive prompt attention.
W. FLEMING.

WHAT IS A HOME WITHOUT A
SINGER

Singer Sewing Machines are sold on easy monthly payments.

A full supply of machines needles and attachments are kept for any make of machine on earth.

H. MANNING, : MACKENZIE AVE.
Revelstoke, B. C.

GOLDFIELDS POSSIBILITIES..

If you are looking for possibilities in Estate Speculation that will double your capital, it will be to your interest to invest RIGHT NOW, before the best of the properties have been taken up.

REAL ESTATE

AT GROUND FLOOR PRICES

Are you looking for Business Lots, Residential Lots, or other Real Estate? Goldfields is the Payroll Centre and Resident Town of the Famous Fish River Free Milling Gold Camp, and has a Future unequalled by any other Town in the West.

For Terms and Particulars Write
ROGER F. PERRY, Manager, Goldfields, B. C.

A. N. Smith
Baker and Confectioner
A full and complete line of
GROCERIES
A. N. Smith
Cor. Mackenzie Ave. and Railway Street.

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

Canadian Pacific Railway

ROUND TRIP TICKETS
Christmas and New Year Excursions

DEC. 23, 24, 25
DEC. 30, 31
JAN. 1.

Good to return Jan. 5th

Fare and One-Third

For full information call on or address

T. W. Bradshaw, Agent Revelstoke.
E. J. Coyle, Assist. Gen. Passenger Agent Vancouver.

Daily Stage
TO CAMBORNE AND GOLDFIELDS FROM BEATON
Shortest and Most Direct Route to the Fish River Gold Camps.

Daily Stage leaves Beaton for Gold Camps on arrival of Boats at 12 o'clock noon, arriving at destination that same afternoon.

Stables supplied with Single, Double, Saddle and Pack Horses and Freight Teams for any part of the District.

ANDREW M. CRAIG, - Proprietor.

SIBBALD & FIELD,
AGENTS FOR
Real Estate — C. P. R. TOWNSITE, MARA TOWNSITE, GERRARD TOWNSITE, CAMBORNE TOWNSITE,
FINANCIAL— Canada Permanent & Western Canada Mortgage Corporation, Colonial Investment and Loan Company.
Insurance — Sun Fire, Caledonian Fire, Atlas Fire, Canadian Fire, Mercantile Fire, Northern Fire, Guardian Fire, Manchester Fire, Great West Life, Ocean, Accident and Guarantee, Confederation Life Canadian Accident Assurance Co. Connecticut Fire
COAL FOR SALE. HOUSES FOR SALE AND RENT. CONVEYANCING.
J. D. SIBBALD, Notary Public. CHAS. M. FIELD.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

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.

REVELSTOKE FURNITURE CO'Y.
THE SUPPLY HOUSE FOR NORTH KOOTENAY.

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

By Royal 1848 — Warrants 1901
JOHN BEGG'S
Royal Lochnagar
BALMORAL WHISKEY SCOTLAND
By appointment to His Majesty the King, 1901.
By appointment to Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria, 1848-1900.
Revelstoke Wine & Spirit Company, Limited, Agents.

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

Hotel Victoria

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

P. BURNS & CO'Y.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

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

A Ghostly Game of Chess.

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

Dispensing With Early Rising.

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

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

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

An "Infernal" Dinner.

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

Revelstoke Skating Rink

Skating every Evening from 8 to 10 o'clock.

BAND EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Admission—25c

Season Tickets

Ladies $3 00
Gentlemen 5 00

TICKETS FOR SALE AT
Canada Drug & Bookstore.
J. A. Miller & Co.
Roy Smythe's Tobacco Store.
Rink Company.

OUR NEW PHOTO STUDIO

Next to R. HOWSON'S Furniture Store, is making both Miniature Photos and the regular larger styles. Cabinet Photos in the popular platino tones at reasonable prices. Our Mantello Cabinet is $4.00 per dozen.

Some Pretty Mountings for our Photo Brooches, Watch Charms, Lever and Dumb Bell Cuff Links, Scarf Pins, &c. These are suggested as very acceptable Christmas Gifts. I also make different sizes of Plain Photo Buttons and I copy from any Picture. Bring small children for sittings either in the forenoon or not later than two o'clock in the afternoon. Sunshine is not necessary.

HOWARD KING, PHOTOGRAPHER, Revelstoke, B. C.

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FOR YOUR

Patent Rubber Heels and Rubber Soleing

in all sizes and colors.

Boot and Shoe Repairing a Specialty

PELLEW-HARVEY, BRYANT & GILMAN

Mining Engineers and Assayers,

VANCOUVER, B.C. Established 1890

ASSAY WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS UNDERTAKEN.

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

VANCOUVER, B. C.

UNION Cigar Factory

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

H. A. BROWN, Prop.

Brands:
OUR SPECIAL and THE UNION

ALL GOODS UNION MADE

WOOD For Sale.

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

$2 Per Load

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

Thos. Lewis..

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

BELGIAN HARES

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

Price—$6 and $1c per pair, according to age.

THOS. SKINNER,—Revelstoke, B. C.

HOW ABOUT THAT SUIT

Of Clothes you promised yourself this FALL.

Our Fall Stock is now the most complete in B. C.

Our Fancy Goods are all new with new colors and the latest stripes.

See them before leaving your order elsewhere.

R. S. WILSON,
Fashionable Tailor.
Next the McCarty Block.

For Sale

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

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

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

Apply to,
HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM.

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.

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.

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 28th 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.

TIME TABLE

S. S. ARCHER OR S. S. LARDEAU

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

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

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

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

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

The Fred Robinson Lumber Co., Limited

Your Winter Supply Of Vegetables . . . .

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

Potatoes, Cabbage, Carrots, Etc., Etc.

Also a large quantity of first class

Timothy and Clover Hay.

Write for prices and particulars to

S. Crowle, Revelstoke, B. C.

GO TO THE
REVELSTOKE DAIRY
FOR
Pure Milk

J. G. McCallum
PROPRIETOR.

UNION HOTEL

FIRST CLASS $2 PER DAY HOUSE

Choice Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

J. LAUGHTON, Prop. First Street.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

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

Patents procured through Marion & Marion receive special notice without charge in over 100 newspapers distributed throughout the Dominion.

Specialty:—Patent business of Manufacturers and Engineers.

MARION & MARION
Patent Experts and Solicitors.
Offices: { New York Life B'ld'g, Montreal / Atlantic Bldg, Washington D.C.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

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

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

Take notice that I, A. R. Heland, agent for J. R. Jamieson, F. M. C. B68013; T. Mathews, F. M. C. B63111; J B Hall, B45992; J L Farwig, B72922; intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a cerificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claims.

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

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

A. R. HEYLAND.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

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

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, A. R. Heyland, Agent for T. Mathews, F.M.C., B 63111, J. R. Jamieson, B 68013, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

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

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

A. R. HEYLAND.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I 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 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.

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, situated in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted at the south east corner of Kate Scott's timber claim and marked "A. Y. Anderson's south 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, situated in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post planted at the north west corner of A. Y. Anderson's timber claim and marked "R Steiss' south west corner post," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 25th day of November, 1902.

R. STEISS.

Notice to Creditors.

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In the matter of the estate of Daniel Robinson, late of Revelstoke, B.C., deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of the said Daniel Robinson who died on or about the 19th day of November, A. D., 1902, are required to send by post prepaid or to deliever to Harvey, McCarter & Pinkham, solicitors for the Executors, on or before the 18th day of February, A. D., 1903, 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 date the Executors 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 18th day of December, A.D., 1902.

HARVEY, McCARTER & PINKHAM,
Solicitors for the Executors

Notice.

If the party or parties who removed the cap from a field glass at Watchman William Mackie's Cabin at the Columbia bridge last summer, will return the same to A. McRae, Postmaster, they will receive $5 reward.

THE TOWNSITE OF

..CIRCLE CIT ..

IS NOW ON THE MARKET.

200 —Lots on Sale— 200

BUY BEFORE YOU SLEEP.

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

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

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

Splendid Water Power

Which will be utilized next Season by Concentrating Plants.

SEND FOR PARTICULARS AT ONCE
TO THE GENERAL AGENT,

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

ASHNOLA!!

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

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

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

City of Wonder, Progress and Great Prosperity

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

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

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

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

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

It Pays to Buy An Advertising Space in

The Revelstoke Herald and Railwaymen's Journal

IT HAS A LARGE CIRCULATION

IT COVERS THE FIELD IT GIVES ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE : $2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Our Job Printing Department

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

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

Revelstoke Herald Job Room

First Street.

COST SOMETHING TO SQUARE

The Next Time a Friend Wants an Accommodation He Gets It in Cool Cash.

A young bachelor met a friend—a married man—and poured out his tale of woe in something like this:

"I say, old chap, I'm up against it. Tomorrow is the birthday of my best girl, and, of course, I want to make her some sort of a present. To tell you the truth, I have promised her a gold belt buckle that she fancies, but the darned thing costs $25, and all the money I can rake and scrape just now is a beggarly $10. Now, if you'll let me have the other $15 I'll hand it back the next pay day."

The married man was not flush himself just then, but as he knew his friend was all right, and really wished to do him a favor, he said:

"I haven't the money about me, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I have an account at Blank's jewelry shop. Let's go down there and see the buckle. I'll buy it and have it charged to my account, and you can hand me the $25 any time before the first of the month, when the bill will be rendered."

The scheme worked to a charm. The young man with the "best girl" was delighted, and the buckle was carried off in triumph. That would have been the end of the episode doubtless, had not the wife of the lender got hold of the bill during the absence of her husband on a business trip. Judge of his consternation upon receiving a telegram in these words:

"Come home at once. I know all."

Taking the fast train he reached the city, took a cab to ride home, and, dashing upstairs three steps at a time, he entered his bedroom and found his wife in tears, while engaged in packing her trunk.

"You wicked, deceitful wretch!" she exclaimed, between sobs. "Who would have believed that you would deceive me in this way? I am going home to m—mo—mother! I wi—wi—wish I had ne—nev—never left her at all—boo-hoo-hoo!"

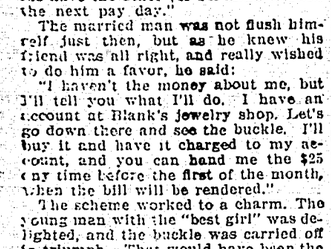
"Deceive you!" cried the frantic and bewildered husband, "what do you mean? Who, what—why, I never deceived you in my life."

"Oh, you needn't stand there and try to lie out of it! I know all! I know all about the hussy. Look, here is the bill for the gold belt you bought her! To think that it should ever come to th—this—boo-hoo-hoo!"

Then followed the copious tears and sobs. When the wife's grief had about spent itself in tears, the husband got an opportunity to explain, and it took remarkable eloquence and abundance of caresses to straighten matters out.

"But wasn't it a narrow escape?" said he, as he detailed the story. "Everything was against me. It had a suspicious look, certainly. After this, when a friend wants an accommodation he gets it in cool cash, if I have to go out and borrow it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Modest Request.



"Say, Wormy, can I have the core?"

He Was in a Cage.

He was a dissipated looking individual, though dressed in the latest style. He paid his fare and sat in the car quietly for a while. Then he opened his lips and suddenly carolled:

"I'm only a bird in a gilded cage,
A beautiful sight to see."

All the passengers turned and looked at him inquiringly. The dissipated individual paused and looked at the passengers and smiled.

"I beg par'on," he said, "I beg par'on. All ri. No sharm done. I ain't no bird. Bir's got wings. I hain't got no wings. I'm camel. Thash what I am."

He lifted his voice and sang again:

"I'm only a camel in a gishled cage."

He paused again. "No' I ain't no camel. Par'on me. I ain't no camel. Camel can go sheven days without drinkin'. I couldn't go sheven minutes wishout drinkin'. I'm hippopotamus. Thash what I am."

"I'm only hip'pot-mus in gishled cage,
A beautiful thing shee."

"No, ain't no hip'posh-mus. Hip'poshmus live in water. I couldn't live in water. Don't like water. Ish all rite to wash clothes in. Ain't no good to live in. I gesh I'm a bird after all. For if I'm bird, then I can fly to shloon. I'm goin' fly now." And he got off the car and disappeared, singing:

"I'm just an ostrich in a gishled
"He's a bird, all right," said the conductor.

She Understood It.

Mrs. Sparks—I do wish, John, that you would explain this Chinese question to me.

Mr. Sparks—It's very simple, Maria. You see, the Russians don't want an open door, but desire to keep a slice of China for themselves. Now, the Japanese want an open door and wish to keep Russia from keeping a slice of the country. On the other hand, Germany is trying to keep Japan from keeping Russia from closing the door, and also wants to keep her from keeping Russia's keeping a slice of China. Now, America only has a trade interest, but if she can keep Germany from keeping a slice of territory, the door can be kept open. See?

Mrs. Sparks—Oh! yes. Anyhow, the weather's so warm there that the Chinese will find it more comfortable to keep their doors open. Still, I can't see why the Powers are making such a fuss over a little thing like that—Philadelphia Enquirer.

"You remember that bank teller who made himself so solid with the officials by suggesting that the bank employes should wear clothes without pockets during banking hours?"

"Yes. What about him?"

"He got away with $60,000 by throwing it out of the window to a confederate."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOW TO LIVE WELL

FOR THE LEAST MONEY AT LAST TO BE SOLVED.

Professor Atwater, as Special Agent of the Department of Agriculture Is Conducting a Series of Food Investigations With That End in View.

Uncle Sam is looking into his housekeeping. He has a big and varied family, of many tastes and several colors, and he is at present engaged in spending $17,500 in finding out what this big family eats.

He is going about his investigation in a systematic way, looking into family larders, state by state and section by section, and jotting down in his notebook item by item what these people of these United States eat.

Not only what they eat, but what they waste; how much they pay for their food, how much nourishment they get from it, and how much energy; how much they overeat and how much they undereat; and all with the purpose of bettering the condition of the people.

Professor H. O. Atwater, as special agent of the department of agriculture is with this sum conducting a series of food investigations in this country.

He has already made studies of the dietaries of the people of nine states and one territory, and he has so far discovered, among other things that:

The people of the United States are the most abundantly fed and the most wasteful.

That they have the greatest variety of food.

That, as a rule, it is poorly cooked and worse served.

That palate and convenience are considered in the selection of food before wholesomeness, nourishment and economy.

That the dietary that most nearly approaches the scientific standard of a man's food requirements is the dietary of the most isolated, the most hated, the most barbarous foreigners in the United States—the Chinese.

That the smallest sum any man has been actually found living on in this country is three and one-half cents per day.

Professor Atwater's investigations have a range that swings from the dietaries of university students' clubs to the dietary of the cotton field negroes and the tortilla frying natives of New Mexico, from families who live on $100 a month to families who live on $100 a year.

Strangely enough he found families living on $100 a year better fed—from the scientific point of view—than families who have $100 a month.

A man, says science, requires so much of carbohydrates in order to live and work.

The protein, or nitrogenous portion of food, is the muscle-forming constituent and of it all the working machinery of the body is composed.

The fat and carbohydrates are necessary to supply the heat and energy, and a certain amount of fat is necessary for storage against the rainy day of illness or other overdraft.

The physical equilibrium depends upon the proper proportions of these food constituents taken into the system.

By investigation and comparison science has determined that the average nomal man requires these constituents in his daily food in these proportions:

Th man with little physical exercise requires 3.20 ounces of protein, the same amount of fat, and 10.50 ounces of carbohydrates, which together have a fuel value of 2,450 calorics.

The caloric is the unit of heat or energy.

The man with active work requires 5.28 ounces of protein, the same of fat, 17.60 ounces of carbohydrates, and receives 4,060 calorics in fuel value.

For improvidence and ignorance and uninvitingness of food the palm goes to the tenement districts of Chicago and New York.

The families in the congested districts of these cities live with a certain similarity. The same improvident feature is characteristic of both—that of buying food in small amounts, sending out just before a meal for only enough for a meal, and considering the taste and convenience only.

The Bohemians, who manage to live on an average of 11 cents per man per day, are conspicuous for their judicious marketing, buying food in which there is the least waste and which there is the least waste and most nourishment, and, until they get accustomed to the prodigality of the new country, squandering very little on such luxuries as green vegetables and fruits.

The Italians, Uncle Sam finds, are very conservative in their diet, sticking to the chestnuts cheese wine and macaroni of their own country, and even refusing to go to hospitals or other public institutions for fear of the strange foods. In spite of the prices they must pay for their imported foods, the Italians manage to live and find sufficient nourishment on a fraction of what the American mechanic or laborer can.

The happy-go-lucky darky of the Alabama cotton fields has perhaps the least variety and the meagrest supply of food of any human being in the United States.

The darky who lives in a little log cabin on a one-mule or two-mule or three-mule farm, who has nothing to cover him but a hickory shirt and a pair of blue jeans trousers, whose offspring gambol in the light and inexpensive attire afforded by a gunny-sack, can live contentedly on a dietary that includes not more than three or four articles of food and that costs per man per day but three cents.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true—God's fingerprint in flower and field and snowflake.—Boston Herald.

WITTY SAYINGS

as Heard By Justin McCarthy, Author and Statesman.

It has always been held to be rash to attempt to reproduce witty sayings one has heard, as so much of the wit depends on the manner of the person who says them and the circumstances under which they are uttered. In spite of this I venture to set down some of the sayings of some of the witty men and women I have known, and if my readers should not find every saying quite as witty as I thought it was at the time I heard it I hope they will put down the fault to the chronicler and not to the author of the witty saying.

I was traveling once with Dick Power and some other Irish members on a night journey on an Irish railway during the storm and stress of a general election. Suddenly the train came to a dead stand at a place where there was no station. Amazement and alarm filled the minds of some of us. "What could have happened?" we asked ourselves mentally. "Could the Tories have torn up the rails? Could the Orangemen have barricaded the line?"

It took a great deal to alarm Dick Power. He quietly rose from his seat and thrust his head out of the window in the hope of finding some explanation. "What are we stopping for?" he inquired of a railway official who happened to be passing just at the moment. "It's nothing, sir," was the reply, "only we have had to detach the engine;" "All right," said Dick Power, "only take care you don't go on without it!"

Dick Power once had a sharp contest for one of the Irish Constituencies. The contest was the more unpleasant to him because his opponent, who was formerly a political colleague had changed his principles and gone over to the other side. Dick fought the battle gallantly, according to his usual fashion, and won the seat.

On the night when the result of the election was made known Dick was sitting with some friends in the principal hotel of the place. Suddenly in came the defeated candidate, and, casting an indignant glance at Dick, he exclaimed: "All is lost but honor!" Dick cheerily said in reply: "All right. I have got the seat and you have got the honor, so we have both got what we most wanted."

Whistler—"The Master" as his followers delight to call him, "Jimmy" as most of his friends designate him—was once painting the portrait of a distinguished novelist who was extremely clever but also extremely ill-favored. When the portrait was finished the sitter did not seem satisfied with it. "You don't seem to like it," Whistler said. The sitter confessed that he did not and said in self-justification: "You must admit that it is a bad work of art." "Yes," said Whistler, "but you must own that you are a bad work of nature."

A great friend of mine, T. P. O'Connor, is known to everybody in England and in America as a brilliant parliamentary and platform orator and is known also to his friends in both countries as a most amusing talker with a wonderful power of expressive phrase-making. Some of us were talking once about a friend of ours, a member of the House of Commons. A lady who was one of the company said it was a pity for the sake of his personal appearance that he had such very large ears. "Yes," said T. P., "and the worst of it is that while they are too large for ears they are too small for wings."

At another time we were talking of an absent friend who fancied that he had a great gift for music and likewise a faculty for regenerating the world. Some one asked: "Is he always playing the fiddle?" "Well," replied T. P., "I do not know that he is always playing the fiddle, but he certainly is always playing the fiddle or the fool."

Lady Dorothy Neville, one of the wittiest women in London society, is well known to most Americans who visit London during the season.

I was talking with Lady Dorothy one day about a lady to whom I was giving high praise and Lady Dorothy seemed inclined to disparage her. "She is very clever," I said. Lady Dorothy shook her head scornfully. "But," I pleaded, "she is so very well read." "Come, come, replied Lady Dorothy with a smile, "she is evidently much cleverer than I thought, since she has been able to make you believe that she ever read anything."

One night a group of members were talking in the smoking-room of the House of Commons about a measure which it was proposed to recommend to the consideration of the Government and on which we were all understood to be in complete agreement. Suddenly a member who had up to this time offered no objection and had, indeed, sat in absolute silence—though he was well known for an extraordinary aptitude in spinning out talk on the most trivial subject—broke in with the words: "I suppose there is something to be said on the other side."

"I dare say there is," Thomas Sexton observed, "and if we had a couple of months to spare you are just the very man to say it; but then, you see, the matter is coming up on the day after to-morrow and there really is no time." So the little group broke up.—Chamber's Journal.

Tess—Oh, I like him well enough, but it's so hard to make him understand anything. Last night he asked me several times for a kiss, and I said "No! No!" each time.

Jess—My goodness! I should think that was emphatic enough for any man.

Tess—It certainly should be for any one who knows that two negatives make a positive.—Philadelphia Press.

"You call your parrot 'Money,' I see Money talks."

"Not at all. Don't tell any one, but I call him that because nobody about the house can make him fly as well as my wife can."—Chicago Tribune.

AT THE BANK COUNTER

Very Many Amusing Incidents Take Place Owing to Misconception of Simple Forms.

An authority on banking in a recent publication tells us that "even among educated people, some are to be found to whom the simplest forms of banking are still subjects of secret wonder and curious misconception." This curious misconception accounts for very many of the amusing incidents which take place at the bank counter. Every one has heard the story of the old lady, who, presenting a cheque at the bank, and asked "how she would have it, replied:

"Oh, I'd like it hot, thank you, with just a little lemon in it."

The misconception of this ordinary enquiry as to what description of money should be given in exchange for a cheque is the cause of many amusing answers being given.

In one instance a farmer presented his "little cheque" at the counter of a provincial bank, and, to the cashier's "How will you take this, sir?" replied as he fumbled in an inner pocket of his waistcoat, "Oh, I've a little bag here I'll take it in!"

He wondered, no doubt, if the cashier thought he'd brought a wheelbarrow for it.

On another occasion, at the same office, a cheque for a large amount was presented by "a client from the country." The teller, thinking the most convenient method of payment for his customer would be large notes, said:

"I suppose you'll take it short?"

Not understanding the meaning of the term "short," and evidently thinking the cashier was having a bit of a joke at his expense, he replied, shaking his head and smiling:

"Na, na, I'll tak' it a'."

Old ladies, unaccustomed to banking, often show signs of distress when Mr. Coigne inquires how they would like their cheque paid. In the embarrassment of the moment they usually say:

"They're not at all particular—anyhow will do." After being paid, they seem to feel more composed and begin to think calmly, and the result is that Mr. Coigne has to change the gold he has given for a note which "will be more convenient, and just a little change, say ten shillings in silver, it'll be so handy."

A good lady from a country village where a bank is unknown, and consequently looked upon with a certain amount of wonder and awe, had occasion to go to a neighboring town to get a cheque, which had been paid to her, cashed. Arriving at the bank and presenting the document, the cashier politely asked, "What would you like for this?"

Whatever did he mean? What would she like? Why, money of course. Had he mistaken her cheque for a charity ticket for which you can get literally what you like from a tradesman, to the amount named thereon?

Perceiving that she was a little "at sea" over his question, the cashier varied it to "What kind of money shall I give you for it?" A ray of light now seemed to accompany the question put in that way, and she hastened to say:

"Oh, English money, please!"

On one occasion a little girl, standing on her toes and presenting a cheque for £2, said she would take two half sovereigns "if you have them."

Crossed cheques often afford amusement to the bank cashiers and clerks by the anxiety and concern displayed by the holders when told they are not payable in cash. One old farmer, being told that the cheque he tendered was crossed and could not be paid over the counter, exclaimed: "Can't pay me the money over the counter. Oh, then I'll come round for it!"

Twenty-two Big Californians.

For height, broad shoulders and herculean build, the party of twenty-two Californian cattle raisers who registered at the Stevens House on Thursday night, could hardly be surpassed. They were on their way from Los Angeles to the Argentine Republic, where they intend to raise cattle on a much more extensive scale than they could in California.

The party consisted of the three Pallett brothers and their families, with five cowboys who had thrown in their lot with the company in the hope of making a fortune in the fertile valley of the Platte river.

The three Pallett brothers are each fully six feet in height, have broad, muscular shoulders, and tip the scales at 200 pounds. Their wives are nearly as tall and muscular. Two of the brothers have each four daughters, and the third brother has three. These eleven girls range in ages from 18 to 22 years, and take after their parents in build.

"Never before," said the night clerk at the hotel, "have we had guests who attracted so much attention, and we frequently have some peculiar people stopping here. The other guests in the house seemed like dwarfs as compared with this western party."

W. A. Pallett, the oldest brother, when asked for his reason for leaving America said: "We are all sorry to leave the United States, but all the grazing land is rapidly being settled, and, with the increase of the population, the cattle raisers are being driven further West. My family was interested in the business, and first had extensive ranches in Ohio. From there we followed the frontier clear to the Pacific coast. We go now to Rosario, and thence up in the mountains, about fifty miles to the broad valley of the Platte river. Great inducements exist there for profitable cattle raising. We have the European markets to sell to, where prices are much higher than in this country, and the cost of raising cattle is not half as much as it is in Texas, Mexico or Lower California. We have a cash capital of $15,000, and expect to be joined in Argentina by another shareholder to the extent of $5,000. The ranch will be managed on a cooperative basis."

After looking at a few sights of the city the party sailed for the Argentine Republic Friday. The regular guests at the Stevens House have not yet stopped talking about the queer arrivals Thursday, and they are now wondering what fate awaits the eleven young, handsome daughters in the wilds of South America.

Victim—Say, hurry up and get through shaving me as quick as you can.

Barber—Why, you said you had plenty of time when you got into the chair.

Victim—I know, but that was before you tried that razor on me.

ADVICE TO THE LOVER.

The Way to Conduct a Courtship With a Happy Ending.

Don't be too sudden about it. Many a girl has said "no" when she meant "yes" simply because her lover didn't choose the right time and pop the question gently.

Take a dark night for it. Have the blinds closed, the curtains down, and the lamp turned most on. Sit near enough to her so that you can hook your little finger into hers.

Wait until conversation begins to flag, and then quietly remark:

"Susie, I want to ask you something."

She will fidget about a little, and probably reply:

"Yes?"

After a pause, you can add:

"Susie, my actions must have shown—that is, you must have seen—I mean you must be aware that——"

Pause here for a while, but keep your little finger firmly locked. She may cough and try to turn the subject off by asking how you liked the sermon, but she only does it to encourage you. After a pause you can continue:

"I was thinking as I was coming up the street to-night, that before I went away I would ask you—that is, I would broach the subject nearest my—I mean I would know my——"

Stop again, and give her hand a gentle squeeze. She may make a move to get away, or she may not. In either case it augurs well for you. Wait Wait five minutes, and then go on:

"The past year has been a very happy one to me, but I hope that future years will be still happier. However, that depends entirely on you. I am here to-night to know—that is, to ask you—I am here to-night to hear from your own lips the one sweet——"

Wait again. It isn't best to be too rash about such things. Give her plenty of time to recover her composure, and then put your hand on your heart and continue:

"Yes, I thought as I was coming here to-night how happy I had been, and I said to myself that if I only knew—if I was only certain that my heart had not deceived me, and you were ready to share——"

Hold on—there's no hurry about it. Give the wind a chance to sob and moan outside amongst the trees. This will make her lonesome, and call up all the love in her heart. When she begins to cough and grow restless, you can go on:

"Before I met you, this world was a desert to me. I didn't take any pleasure in life, and it didn't matter whether the sun shone or not. But what a change in one short year! It is for you to say whether my future shall be a prairie of happiness or one long and never-ending pathway of thistles. Speak, dearest Susie, and say—and say that——"

Give her five minutes more by the clock, and then add:

"That you—you will be—that is that you will—be mine!"

She will heave a sigh, look up at the clock and round the room, and then, as she slides her head over your vest pocket, she will whisper:

"Henry—I will."

"Kin I have the pleasure of teachin' you to skate, Miss Nellie?"

"No, I'll learn by myself. The last two men that started to teach me was makin' love inside o' five minutes!"

The Gravediggers Grave Doubt.

This is a story told by the publisher of a big religious weekly of his personal experience. It is a queer story, but true as preaching. He says:

"You know I live over in the old Greenwich village section, and the best established families there, those who have occupied the same houses for half a century, hold that one might almost as well be dead as not to have your death notice in a paper. A few days ago my brother-in-law died, and though I had promised to have a death notice inserted the next morning, I neglected it. The following day I arranged for the notice, and went over to Hackensack to have a grave opened. Several of the Ninth ward families have lots in the same cemetery.

"I entered the office of the cemetery and stated to the superintendent, a sober faced German, that Mr. —— was dead and a grave must be dug in mediately in the family lot.

"'Mr. —— dead!' the head gravedigger exclaimed; 'why when did he die?'

"'He died day before yesterday.'

"'But aren't you mistaken? All those families have their death notices in the paper. I read the paper carefully this morning and yesterday morning, and his name was not in the list. Why, when there is a notice you don't have to make any other arrangement or give me any funeral notification. I always have the grave opened at once.'

"And, grotesque as it apperas, I had all that I could do to persuade the faithful old man that Mr. —— was really dead and that the grave must be dug, notice or no notice. But I honestly believe that he would have turned me out as an impostor if I had not explained how the slip occurred, apologized abjectly and promised solemnly that the paper of the next morning should contain the notice."—New York Herald.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Played by a Scientist on a Professional Photographer.

A professional photographer tells a tale of a practical joke.

One day a young man came to sit for his likeness. To the ordinary eye he looked like any other young man. A couple of plates were exposed, and then the assistant who was operating went into the dark room to develop the negatives.

He was gone much longer than usual, and was heard berating the junior assistant pretty soundly for playing pranks with the apparatus. When he returned to the studio he asked for another sitting, and apologized for having before used spoiled plates.

This time when he went away to develop he was heard to utter a slight scream, but he reappeared and said there was a peculiar effect in the negative which he couldn't account for, and would the sitter oblige him again.

Once more he went to develop; then the bell rang violently for the master, and the two held a long confabulation in the dark room together. This time the master tried his hand, and went away to develop. It was not long before he returned and said he was sorry not to be able to get a satisfactory likeness, but a skull and crossbones appeared defined on the young man's forehead.

"Rubbish!" said the sitter. "My forehead's all right. Can you see anything the matter with my forehead?" and he peered into a mirror as he spoke.

"No, there's nothing that I can see," answered the photographer. "But I should be obliged if you will please go away and not come here again; this sort of thing is just a wee bit creepy."

Upon this there was a dreadful scene; but the upshot was that the young man had to go, and up to the present has not returned.

The explanation of the matter is that the young man was a bit of a scientist, and had been playing a joke on the photographer. Bisulphate of quinine is a chemical which is white in the naked eye, but, seen black by the camera. Anything that is painted on the skin, therefore, with the chemical will be ordinarily invisible, but will come out prominently in a photograph.—London Tit-Bits.

Why Mountain Air Is Healthful.

It is well known that the chemical condition of the atmosphere differs but little, if any at all, wherever the sample is taken; whether it be in the high Alps or at the surface of the sea, the relations of oxygen to nitrogen and other constituents is the same. The favorable effects, therefore, of a change of air are not to be explained by any difference in the proportion of its gaseous constituents. One important difference, however, is the bacteriological one.

The air of high altitudes contains no microbes, and is, in fact, sterile, while near the ground, and some 100 feet above it, microbes are abundant. In the air of towns and crowded places, not only does the microbic impurity increase, but other impurities, such as the products of combustion of coal, accrue also. Several investigators have found that traces of hydrogen and certain hydrocarbons in the air, and especially in the air of the pine, oak and birch forests. It is to these bodies, doubtless consisting of traces of essential oils, to which the curative effects of certain health resorts are ascribed.

Thus the locality of a fir forest is said to give relief in diseases of the respiratory tract. But all the same, these traces of essential oils and aromatic products must be counted, strictly speaking, as impurities, since they are not apparently necessary constituents of the air. As recent analyses have shown, these bodies tend to disappear in the air as a higher altitude is reached, until they disappear altogether. It would seem, therefore, that microbes, hydrocarbons and entities other than oxygen and nytrogen, and perhaps we should add argon, are only incidental to the neighborhood of human industry, animal life, damp and vegetation.

Years of Revolt.

It has been asked which is the best historical illustration of the saying, "It never rains but it pours!" The revolutions and emeutes all over Europe in the annus mirabilis 1848 best illustrate this proverb, says Pearson's Weekly. Commencing with the February Revolution of Paris, the popular insurrections, successful and unsuccessful, of this memorable year form an amazing chapter of European history. In Italy there was revolt in Sicily and Milan, Venice shook off the Austrian yoke, and Sardinia definitely headed the great movement which, after many vicissitudes, ended in emancipating all Italy. In Germany there was a perfect epidemic of insurrection, almost every state being affected. Similar uprisings took place in Austria, and the Emperor was compelled to leave his capital and ultimately to abdicate. In Ireland, terribly devastated by the famine, a trivial rebellion took place, and even in Great Britain there was an unrest, which happily subsided without any serious consequences. There can be no doubt that there was a subtle connection between these events, and that a successful revolt in one country suggests similar attempts wherever discontent is strong.

To Avoid Sleepless Nights.

Sleeplessness is generally due not to physical strain but to mental overwork and worry.

The best cure for insomnia is exercise in the open air. When you find that you can't sleep get up at once, dress and go for a long walk. It will be much better than to lie in bed and keep tossing about.

When you get back from your tramp the bed will feel good and sleep will come quickly to the tired body and brain.

Don't walk along, however, in a lazy, half-hearted fashion. Go at a brisk, half trot. Expand your chest, stretch your legs, breathe steadily and get your blood purified by the exercise of your whole body.

And don't think about the things that have worried you during the day.

Sad and Jay.

McJigger—I saw Roller out for a good time the other night.

Thingumbob—Yes; he's a gay old boy, isn't he?

McJigger—That's what he is, and his son is a chip off the old block. He's a rounder, too.

Thingumbob—Ah! yes; he's a sad young dog.—Philadelphia Press.

A COLONIAL SHREW.

Humorous Story of How One Termagant Was Effectively Tamed.

In colonial days, it was customary for betrothed young women to ride to the nearest town, mounted on a pillion behind father or lover, for the purpose of purchasing their wedding outfit, says the Youth's Companion. One such prospective bride, the fair, but quick-tempered Nancy, went up to Boston with Eben, whom she was soon to marry, and the pair achieved an exhausting but satisfactory day's shopping. When, in the cool of the early evening, they started on their twenty-mile journey home, they carried, stowed snugly about pocket and saddle, some dozen of their precious purchases.

About halfway, Nancy missed a package, and wished to turn back and look for it—she was sure it had been dropped. But Eben reminded her that at the moment of leaving, two parcels had been hastily combined into one, and assured her that nothing was lost; she had merely miscounted. But she was not convinced.

"There should be thirteen!" she declared; "a baker's dozen."

"Twelve only—a dozen, but not a baker's dozen," Eben maintained stoutly.

Then Nancy lost her temper. She vowed she was right, and that she meant to recover the missing parcel. Would he ride back at once? Amiably, but decidedly, he would not; it was getting too late to waste time. Very well, then, would he stop and allow her to dismount? He could do as he pleased himself; but she was going back to look for her parcel, if she went alone and on foot! But he declined to stop. Then Nancy tempestuously flung down one of her bundles on the highway, and sarcastically telling him that this time something was missing beyond question, imperatively demanded that he should stop the horse.

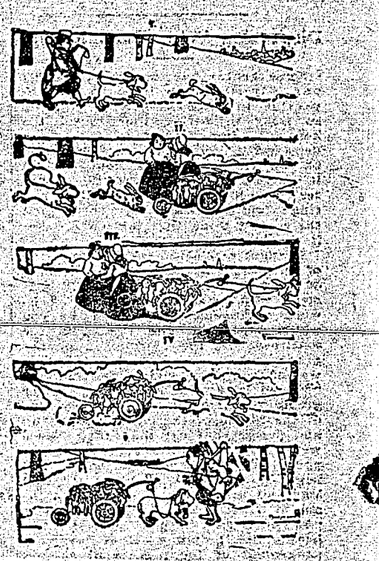
But Eben, big, lazy, and good-tempered, was not without spirit when aroused, and? he replied that if she chose to throw things away in a tantrum, he could not stop her, but neither would he stop for her. In a fury she tossed away a second parcel, and continued to do so—one at each milestone—until her journey ended. When at length he set her down on her own door-stone, she was sobbing and storming in her wrath, while he was still to outward appearance placid and serene.

On that same door-stone the next morning she found her twelve parcels lying in a row, each neatly numbered. He had ridden back alone and collected them, and their contents proved that he had been right, for nothing was missing.

As a very old lady, Nancy used to tell this tale against herself to her great-grandchildren, always concluding with: "And served me right. If anybody but your gran'ther had married me, I've doubts he might have married a shrew."

To Eben, however, local tradition attested that the hot-tempered lady had proved an affectionate and excellent wife.

Hunting With Good Results.



Where Could He Have Learned It?

Just to show how the serenity of the most flawless temper may give way under sufficiently exasperating circumstances, the following instance is related: A prominent business man residing in Jennings avenue is known for his very precise use of the English language, as well as for his suave and exceedingly correct deportment at all times. So particular is this gentleman that he frequently has notified his family to be extremely careful as to what they say before a three-year-old grandson residing in the house, as children are so ready to pick up improper expressions.

This youngster is a great favorite with the old gentleman, so much so that in the absence of the nurse girl on a recent morning he offered to assist the little fellow at his toilet. All went well till it came to a shoe that was so peculiar in its fit as to need a shoehorn to bring it to place. The horn didn't happen to be at hand, but grandpa wasn't one of the kind to give it up.

Still ie was pretty late, when the pair appeared at breakfast, and some one remarked: "Well, it took a long time to dress. What was the matter??"

The youngster promptly replied: "Why, we got along all right till we came to that damned shoe!"

And, shocked as they were, not one of the family asked the little fellow where he hda heard such bad, bad language.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stories of the Czar of Russia.

Talk of the Czar's abdication is renewed by the unfortunate occurrence in the Russian imperial household which has now again dashed the wish of Nicholas for an heir. The young ruler of all the Russias is a perennially interesting personality.

He is a curious contrast to his father. In disposition, as well as in bodily presence, he differs strangely from his parent. Alexander was not a highly educated man. His elder brother Nicholas had been carefully taught and trained for the responsibilities he was to bear, but his death, at the age of twenty-two, placed Alexander in the position of heir to the throne, and he was then too old to learn, or could he afford the necessary time. Before he succeeded to the throne, a very unfortunate incident occurred which showed how cruel he could be. An officer of Swedish origin had been sent to the United States to order rifles for the Russian army. On his return he had to report to the Czarewitch, who was appointed to superintend the re-arming of the troops. During the interview the Prince lost his temper and began to storm angrily. The officer replied with dignity, whereupon Alexander fell into a fit of fury, and loaded the man with insult. The man bowed himself out of the royal presence, went home and wrote a letter to the heir-apparent, asking him to apologize within twenty-four hours, adding that if the apology did not come he would shoot himself. The Czarewitch took no notice, sending neither excuse nor apology, and the officer kept his word. The Czar heard the story and was very angry with his son, and ordered him to follow the hearse of the officer to the grave. But even this terrible lesson failed to cure Alexander of his haughtiness. The gentle ways of the present Czar, and his unwillingness to hurt the feelings of anyone, are in sharp contrast to the cruelty of the father.

Unlike his father, he makes a point whenever it is possible, of driving out alone with the Empress and with a small attendance. He does not give notice of drives and walks abroad, and is often quite unnoticed. The late Czar, when he drove out, had the streets lined with troops, and always drove in a splendid equipage surrounded by his guards and attendants, while the police now seldom know in what direction their Emperor means to drive. The etiquette of the Russian court also has become much less strict since the accession of Nicholas II., and all his subjects are allowed admission to his presence. The peasants will travel hundreds of miles to bring their petitions to him, for they know that the Czar will personally receive them and see himself read what they have written.

He is grave in public, but in private is full of fun, and very fond of chaff in the members of his intimate circle. The Czarina exactly suits her husband and a happier family life cannot be imagined. Her Majesty is almost always with the Czar, even when he is at work. More than one good story is told of the Czar's sarcasms and repartee. On one notable occasion he reduced a Russian general to a frightful state of consternation. It happened soon after his accession, and before his coronation, that the Czar was cycling in the park at Gatschina, as was his wont, the uniform being colonel. Something having gone wrong with his chain he got off to adjust it, and, just at that moment, a famous general from a distant province arrived. Not receiving the salute due to the officer stepped up to the supposed colonel and peremptorily request an explanation of the seeming disrespect. "I am so sorry," said the Czar, "I have not yet had the honor of being acquainted with you, owing to the shortness of my reign, or I should, of course, have done so."

A prominent Russian statesman is the perfect double of the Czar that he is often taken for his imperial ruler. "——," said the considerate ruler to the Russian, to his double, "why don't you alter your appearance somewhat—shave off your beard, for instance? You are mocking about as you do, and so recklessly gambling your unfortunate Emperor, run terrible risks—frightful risks." "What!" exclaimed the faithful count. "What! I gambling Your Imperial Majesty as I alter my face? Never, sir, never!" "Ah, well, Count ——," replied the Czar, smiling and shrugging his shoulders, "as you will not alter your face yourself, some of my Nihilist subjects will alter it for you, I fear."

A characteristic story of the Czar's love of simplicity has been going the rounds of St. Petersburg lately. A certain lieutenant who was in a perpetual state of impecuniosity was one day seen riding in a street car. The other officers of the regiment were furious at what they called an insult to the uniform and estimated to the culprit that he had the option of sending in his papers or being cashiered, and the unlucky subaltern took the former alternative. Before he had time to do so, however, the Czar heard of the affair, and without a moment's delay donned a colonel's uniform of the regiment in question, and sauntering out of his palace hailed a car, entered it and sat calmly down until it stopped in front of the barracks. He then dismissed the officers to be called, and addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, I have just ridden from the palace in a street car, and I wish to know if you desire me to send in my papers? I presume I have disgraced my uniform." "Sire," replied the major, nervously, "Your Majesty could never do that." "Then," replied the Czar with an amused smile, "as I have not degraded the uniform, Lieutenant D. cannot have done so, and will thus retain his commission in this regiment, even if he, like me, dares to ride in a public conveyance."

The Czarina is as fond of a joke and a prank as is her lord. During last summer's visit to Kiel she and her sister, Princess Heinrich, were paying a visit on Sunday morning to an art shop in the Dänische Strasse. A crowd of inquisitive citizens waited outside to see the ladies come out, and it was a crowd which increased every minute. Half an hour, and an hour went by, and still the expectant ones waited in vain, until a whisper went round that the Czarina and the Princess were back at the palace. On perceiving the denseness of the crowd Her Imperial Majesty asked the manager if he had not a back exit from his house. She was told the way was barred by a low wooden fence. "Oh, I can manage that," laughed the Russian Empress, "if you can lend us a ladder." That useful article was found and placed against the boarding, and over sprang the royal ladies, thoroughly enjoying the fun. They went through the court, reached the street on the other side, and regained the Schloss, not far away, in a few minutes.

A little philanthropy covers a multitude of fraud.

Curious Bits of News.

General Booth has recently acquired thirty thousand acres of land in Western Australia, where he will establish a great Salvation Army agricultural and industrial colony, which he will populate from the London slums.

M. Berthelot expresses the opinion, in the Paris "Temps," that the time will come when chemists will be able to prepare more digestible and nutritious foods than we now derive from the animal and vegetable world directly; but he does not believe that it will be possible, as some suppose, to concentrate nutriment enough for a meal into a few capsules.

Over one-half of the total length of the Cape to Cairo railroad has already been built. Rails have been laid from Cape Town to a point within 200 miles of the banks of the Zambesi, a distance of 1,500 miles, and from Cairo to the junction of the Blue and White Nile, 1,400 miles from that city. The gap between the two terminals yet to be filled is 2,800 miles. The Bulawayo-Beira Railway, 500 miles in length, joins the system with the port of Mombasa on the eastern seaboard.

A woman of Elizabeth, N.J., has a poodle with a diamond set in one of its front teeth, and all over the country there are dogs and cats whose open mouths reveal bridge work, gold crowns and other examples of good dentistry. But the filling of the teeth of horses is comparatively new. Yet, new as it is, already a number of thoroughbreds have undergone it, and in the winter stables of New York, Philadelphia and Chicago many horses can show glittering gold teeth. It is said that a horse in W. C. Whitney's stables was the first in the world to have a tooth filled.

A London physician of large practice asserts that, owing to his extremely sensitive sense of smell, he can foretell the coming of death forty-eight hours. He says that when a patient comes within two days of death a peculiar earthy smell is emitted from the body. When the fatal disease is slow in its progress the odor makes its appearance as much as three days beforehand; but when the disease is of the galloping kind the doctor says he receives much shorter warning. He attributes the smell to mortification, which begins within the body before life is extinct. Dogs are thought to have this sense, for hunting hounds have been observed to begin a mournful baying a day or two before their masters died.

A "sweethearts' trust" has been organized by the young women of Fremont, Neb., and as a result there is consternation among the men. The new "trust" is known as the Young Women's Reform Union, and Miss Elizabeth Mackenzie is at its head. Hereafter, if a man who is known to them is seen entering a saloon or is caught doing anything against the moral code of the trust, he will be immediately blacklisted by his fair associates; that is, his best girl will refuse to have anything to do with him unless he immediately mends his ways. He will also be barred from parties, and will be snubbed if he meets any of the members of the union on the street. Thus far the union has been getting along with remarkable success. It has been in existence only a few weeks, yet in that time a dozen men classed as moral delinquents have been outdoing themselves in their efforts to have the blacklist against them removed. The club was formed as the result of a revival meeting held there recently by the Rev. Mr. Williams, who hurled his entire vocabulary at saloons and drinking men.

Only Knew One Side of the Question.

"Is life worth living?"

"Never having died, I cannot say."

Caught on the Fly.

Brevity may be the soul of wit, but a story published in the New York "Tribune" shows that some men can be both long-winded and witty. The story has to do with a minister of the old school, and with the poet and banker, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and two New York millionaires, who were his companions on a fishing trip in Northern Maine.

The New Yorkers entered the little backwoods meeting-house just as the preacher began his sermon. He continued speaking for two hours, and finally, when it got late in the afternoon, and he showed no sign of stopping, the vacationists began to get uneasy and wonder if they would get out of the woods before dark. At last they felt that they could stay no longer, so they rose, and started to file out.

The thread of the parson's discourse snapped off short.

"Under the circumstances," he said, grimly, "we will interrupt our sermon and take up the collection at this point."

Inflected English.

While he was being shown about Chicago by the mayor of the city, the French ambassador, Monsieur Cambon, expressed his thanks, says the New York "Times," and added:

"But I am sorry so to cockroach on your time."

"Oh," answered the mayor, "don't think of that. But you don't mean cockroach, Monsieur Cambon; it's encroach you mean."

"Oh, is it? I see—a difference in gender."

What Part Should Reason Play?

A Philosophic Western writer speaks thus of the part reason should play in love affairs:

Reason, unfortunately, is not consulted very often by lovers. The marriage of reason is held in contempt by the young and romantic of both sexes, especially in this country, where children make their own matches and parents are not asked for their consent. When a pair of penniless young fools run away from home and marry because their parents bade them separate or wait, the newspapers, instead of ridiculing or reproving them, make much of the affair, call it a romantic flight, print photographs of the couple and encourage other couples to imitate their madness.

Love is a strange and sometimes a fleeting emotion, and it behooves all who feel it stirring in their blood to go slowly and to follow the guidance of their reason rather than their passion. There are so many cases of passing infatuation mistaken for love that a man or woman, perceiving the symptoms within, should carefully analyze the case and by many tests determine whether it be the genuine article or one of the many counterfeits. A man should project his reason, as it were, out of himself and study himself and the girl impartially as though they were strangers. He should ask himself whether they are of equal mental ability and equal education, whether their tastes are similar, whether they are well matched physically, whether she interests him merely because of her pretty face and figure, whether he could agree with his people-in-law in the event of his marrying the girl, and whether he could support her in the degree of comfort or luxury to which she has been accustomed. He should consider, too, the probability of the girl's being happy or unhappy with him. He should weigh his own faults and even tell the girl about them so that she may be warned. She will not believe his confession, however, and the only benefit in making it is the feeling of having done his duty and hidden nothing.

Lovers, contemplating matrimony should bear in mind that living together all a couple's lifetime is something vastly different from holding hands in the parlor on two or three evenings a week. It is easy to be good-humored and agreeable to each other at occasional dinners, but a man and woman, going into matrimony, should be good-humored and agreeable to each other at breakfast as well as at dinner, and at breakfast every day in the year. He who raves about the curls in her hair, when he sees the girl in her best gowns, must remember that after marriage he will see her sometimes with hair uncurled and costume none too neat. Any girl can be attractive in a pretty silk waist with ribbons and bows and all the helps to loveliness that women know; but the girl a man marries ought to be attractive to him at all times, bending over the kitchen stove as well as bending over the piano, getting up in the morning as well as dancing in a ballroom. Similarly, the man a girl marries ought to please her when his beard is two days old as well as when it has been lately shaven, in his business clothes as well as in his handsomer evening suit.

Courtship is one thing and matrimony quite another. Matrimony is life, and life is full of dullness and routine. Courtship is a round of dances, dinners, moonlight conversations, romantic walks, perfervid protestations of love, sentiment, vows, sighs, hand-clasps and ecstasies. Matrimony is the constant companionship of two people in their right senses, and the question which reason should answer for the lover is that of his suitability for a certain woman on the lower, less aerial plane of matrimony. Marrying is something like betting one's whole fortune on a horse race. One may go it blind, as many do, and lay one's money on a certain horse because it is pretty and steps high, or one may carefully estimate the form and record of the entries and base one's choice on what the horse is and has done and what its ancestors are and have done. In neither case is one certain of winning, but the man who bets on form is more likely to win than he who bets on the mere beauty of a horse. There are some who advise people to refrain from going into the matrimonial gamble, but these are the timid who would not go seeking heaven for fear of stumbling into hell. One must venture something to win the prizes of life, and the man and woman who are happy in their marriage have won the greatest of all prizes.

Workmen's Daredeviltries.

"I remember," said a bridge contractor some time ago while on the subject of workmen's daredeviltries, "when working at the big bridge across the Niagara, when the two cantilever arms had approached within fifty feet of each other, a keen rivalry as to who should be the first to cross sprang up among the men. A long plank connected the two arms, leaving about two and a half feet of support at each end. Strict orders were issued that no one should attempt to cross the plank upon penalty of instant dismissal. At the noon hour I suddenly heard a great shout from the men, who were all starting up. Raising my eyes, I saw a man step on the end of that plank, stop a minute, and look down into the whirlpool below. I knew he was going to cross, and I shouted to him, but he was too high up to hear. Deliberately he walked out until he reached the middle of the plank. It sagged far down with his weight until I could see light between the two short supporting ends and the cantilevers on which they rested. He saw the end in front of him do this, hesitated, and looked back to see how the other end was. I thought he was going to turn. He stopped, grasped both edges of the plank with his hands, and, throwing his feet up, stood on his head, kicking his legs in the air, cracking his heels together, and yelling to the terrified onlookers. This he did for about a minute—it seemed to me like forty. Then he let his feet drop down, stood up, waved his hat, and trotted along the plank to the other side, slid down one of the braces hand over hand, and regained the ground. We discharged him, of course, but what did he care? He got all the glory his fellows envied him, and he could command work anywhere."

New arrival—Well! Well! I had an idea that heaven was paved with gold. St. Peter—No—anthracite.

"So Smith declined to prosecute those burglars he found in his house the other night." "Yes. I understand Smith didn't have on his pajamas that night, and he fears the disclosures of a public trial might imperil his social status."—Detroit "Journal."

The "Wrong" Receipt.

Mrs. Duzzit has at last discovered the difference between a "receipt" and a "recipe," through the ministrations of an obedient cook and a careless husband. At least, she blames it on her husband's carelessness, although he pleads innocence in that respect, but if feminine logic counts for anything, he merits the accusation.

Mrs. Duzzit clipped a recipe for a new pudding from her magazine the other day and placed it under a book on the library table. Then she paid the grocer's bill and threw it with some other settled accounts in the drawer of the same table. Concluding one day to try the pudding, she said to Lucinda, the cook, as she was mapping out the dinner:

"You go up to the library and tell Mr. Duzzit to give you that new receipt I left about the library table. I am going shopping and may not get back until dinner is ready, but all you need to do is to use just the proportion of ingredients given in the receipt, and then we'll see whether that new pudding is as good as the magazine promised it would be."

"Yassum," said the obedient Lucinda.

Mrs. Duzzit left and Lucinda went to the library.

"Please, suh," she remarked, "I des wants dat receipt Missus Duzzit done lef' hyah."

"What receipt?" asked Mr. Duzzit.

"De one whut tell 'bout all dem t'ings I's got ter put in dat new puddin'. She say she put hit on de lib'ry table."

Mr. Duzzit tossed the papers about, peered into the drawers, and finally handed Lucinda a slip which seemed to be what she wanted.

About half an hour later Lucinda rapped softly on the door of the library and apologetically said:

"'Scuse me, suh, but mus' I use all dese hyuh t'ings whut dishyere papuh sez ter use?"

"Sure thing," answered Mr. Duzzit. "Do just as Mrs. Duzzit said you should."

Lucinda returned to her kingdom mumbling about the peculiarities of the white folks, and for the next two hours she was busy hunting all over the kitchen and pantry for the necessary articles for the pudding.

At dinner she carried the pudding in on the largest tray in the house and deposited it on the serving table with an air which said that she washed her hands of all consequences.

"What is that, Lucinda?" asked her mistress.

"De puddin'."

"The pudding? Goodness gracious! I never dreamed it would be that big. You may help us to some of it, though."

When Mr. Duzzit's portion was placed before him he scanned it critically, sniffed suspiciously, and turned it gingerly over with his spoon.

Mrs. Duzzit, however, had the courage which comes from an implicit faith in the culinary page, and she tried a spoonful.

"Mercy!" she cried. "Why, Lucinda, what in the world have you put in this?"

"Nuffin' 'cept whut de receipt said ter use," avowed Lucinda.

"Hum," mused Mr. Duzzit. "It must be a funny recipe."

"Well," asserted Mrs. Duzzit, "I never saw such a looking affair before in all my life. Lucinda, you surely have made a mistake in mixing it."

"'Deed, I hasn't," stoutly answered the cook. "I done use eve'y-t'ing des lak de papch said."

"Did they offer a cash prize to anyone who would eat the pudding?" enquired Mr. Duzzit. "Because, if they did, I am about to miss an opportunity to enrich myself, for I must deprive myself of the extreme pleasure of tackling this compound."

"I des gib mah two weeks' notice raight now," announced Lucinda. "Yo' all do fust white folks whut say dey won't eat mah cookin', en I know whah dey plenty er quality folks dat glad ter hab me in dey kitchen. En I gwine right out en fotch in dat receipt, en yo' see fo' yo'se'fs dat I des use whut hit say ter use."

Lucinda retreated to the kitchen in sable dignity, and returned solemnly, bearing the "receipt," which read:

"H. E. Duzzit to L. Feedam, Dr.

"One can corn, 10 cents; one box shoe polish, 5 cents; six candles, 15 cents; two pounds rice, 10 cents; two bars washing soap, 9 cents; one cake yeast, 1 cent; bottle olive oil, 25 cents; one-half peck potatoes, 20 cents; one mackerel, 18 cents; three pounds prunes, 45 cents; ten pounds salt, 10 cents; six packages flower seed, 30 cents; one feather duster, 35 cents. Paid."

"Dah 't is," said Lucinda. "'Dah 't is. An' dey all in dat ole puddin' 'ceptin' de han'le er dat feüther dusteh, en' blame' if I knows how ter wuk hit in whenst I's stirrin' up all dat othch trash. An' ef yo' all lak dat kin' er puddin', den yo' bettch git some othch lady ter ten' ter de cookin' foh you,' 'case I ain' use' ter hit."

But Mr. Duzzit soberly took his wife by the arm, led her to the library, took down the big dictionary, and pointed out the words "receipt" and "recipe" and their definitions.—W. D. Nesbit in "Judge."

Inappropriate.

"Funny names things do get," murmured Benson, as he looked into the window of a fur shop. "How do you mean?" asked Henson. "Why, see that thing over there on the stand? Meant for a chin-warmer, and they call it a chinchilla." But when Henson turned to rebuke him, Benson had moved on.

His Night Out.

Tired Towser—The striking coal miners want an eight-hour day.

Tough Tom—Well, I've got no kick comin' on a sixteen-hour night.

Don't Be Too Modest.

Here is some advice for those who would succeed and yet are in doubt as to the wisdom of being too aggressive:

Advertise yourself. Life is a keen competition and it behooves every man to put his best foot forward and to flaunt his merits in the public eye. The modesty of greatness is all trash. There is no such thing. Greatness knows the necessity of holding the center of the stage as much as possible and seldom overlooks an opportunity to do so. The man who has in him all the elements that make success asserts himself on every occasion. In every company he does something to focus attention on himself for a while. He strives to make an impression so that he will be noticed and talked about. He is aware that the public memory is short and that the world must be reminded continually of the existence of its celebrities.

A young lawyer, by nature modest and retiring, made up his mind six months ago that modesty did not pay. He was conscious of his ability, but his light was hidden. He saw men of less mind and learning making their way better than he, and he resolved to imitate them and push himself forward. He joined half a dozen organizations, including two fraternal orders, a church society, a social club, a camera club and a political club. He attended every meeting and spoke on every question. Having thrown off his natural diffidence he expressed very positive opinions in a very loud voice. He had been in the habit of using an ordinary conversational tone in speaking, but at the birth of his great resolve he pitched his voice several tones higher and kept it at that pitch. He became disputatious and intolerant in debate. He took a front seat always and ceased to feel humiliated when rebuked for going too far and not minding his own business. He rather relished a quarrel, for it caused talk and spread his name among the people. He developed a marvelous ingenuity for getting his name into print. Whenever he commenced an action at law he went after the reporters and told them all about it. Whenever he made a speech he sent a copy of it to all the newspapers. He counted that week lost in which he was not mentioned once or twice by the press.

This work has told. While a few sneer at him the great majority take him at his own valuation. The front seat, to get which he used to go early to meetings, is now reserved for him, and he may go late. He who had trouble catching the chairman's eye when he wished to break into a debate is now called on to address those present. He is consulted on all measures for fear he would oppose them in the assembly. The prominence which he formerly seized as though he were stealing it is now freely given as his due. His practice improves because he is talked about. People go to a lawyer whose name is in the papers every day just as they buy a soap whose name is on every dead wall. They may know nothing about the lawyer as they may know nothing about the soap, except the name, but they employ the lawyer as they buy the soap. Why? One must probe deep into the human mind to find the answer, but no matter what the answer the fact stands.

Sorrow or Self-Pity.

A man seldom feels less confident of his ability to say the right thing neatly than when he sits down to compose a letter of condolence. One can scribble off the usual friendly letter without much care or premeditation. A business letter may be modeled on set forms and requires little brain energy. A letter of congratulation may trip along gaily, saying nothing in particular. A letter accepting or declining an invitation sometimes exercises the invention, but never taxes the mind very heavily. A love letter is usually written with amorous spontaneity and, like other kinds of folly, is easy to the true lover. When it is labored it rings false. A letter proposing marriage demands more thought and courage in the sending than in the writing. But a letter of condolence must appeal at once to the mind and to the emotions. It must not be too familiar nor yet too formal. It must sound sincere and yet it cannot be sincere, for the arguments one makes in a letter of condolence are the trite reasoning which is always brought out in the time of bereavement and which neither consoles nor comforts those who are genuinely mourning. Putting these consolatory arguments on paper, one is aware that they are dictated rather by custom than by his own opinion, and that they will have as little effect on the bereaved family as they would have on him if he were sorrowing over the dead body of one he loved.

The hackneyed arguments of consolation are levelled at the wrong point. They deal with the state of the dead one and bid the mourners mitigate grief with the thought that the lamented one has gone to a world that is fairer than this, and is in a condition of beatitude. But the root of grief is not anxiety for the state of the dead. It is rather self-pity. Tears are shed because one whose company gave the mourner pleasure has departed and will not come back. Religion and philosophy both hold that the state of the dead, in most cases, is better than that of the living. The dead do not need pity. They have no regrets at leaving this world. If death ends all, then the dead rest sweetly in oblivion and are as little affected by care or sorrow as they were ten thousand years before they were born. If there is heaven hereafter, as all creeds hold there is, then the dead man, if he lived honestly and well, is better off than he was here below. The only logical ground of pity for the dead, therefore, is fear that the soul may have gone to hell; and what sorrowing survivor will admit that his grief is based on that fear? Do not the friends of saints mourn as loudly as those of sinners?

There is no shame in acknowledging that the so-called sorrow for the dead is only pity for the living. Love bereft of its object will mourn its loss and its grief will be commensurate with the strength of the attachment. When the mourner becomes used to the loss his grief abates according to the rule of kindly Nature. But who is bold enough to make this argument in a letter of condolence?

"What did you get out of your garden this year?" "Not a day went by that I didn't have one of my neighbor's chickens for dinner."

"How is Ann Matilda making out as postmistress at Elm Crossroads?" "Getting along fine. To-day she read twenty postals, held nine letters up to the light, and opened four newspapers."—Chicago "News."

AN AWFUL MISTAKE.

Physician Prescribes Nuxvomica for a Kingston Lady with the Result that she is Paralyzed.

A Thrilling Experience Resulting from a Doctors's Blunder—Fortunately She Recovered and tells the Story of the whole Incident

Kingston, Ont., Nov. 3.—(Special).—That Mrs. E. Lake, of 112 Clarence street, this city, is alive to-day, is a matter for wonder. She says:

"My sickness was brought about by overdose of Strychnine prescribed by a physician. It brought on Paralysis affecting my left side, brain arm and limbs.

"I was perfectly helpless and it was impossible for me to raise my left limb or open my fingers. I got no sleep and often when I dosed my eyes remained open. I had not the power to close my eyelids.

"I suffered almost continually with headache.

"My brain felt as though it was too large for the skull. My appetite failed and I became very emaciated, indeed, I was nothing but skin and bones.

"I was three years under treatment, many physicians having me under their care, but without avail. At last I became discouraged and gave up all treatment.

"While reading a paper one day I noticed a testimony of one who was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My sister procured me a box of the pills and I started on three pills three times a day. I soon began to experience a change for the better which continued until I regained the use of my arm, hand and limb. My headache also ceased and my appetite returned.

"From this I soon picked up flesh and strength until I was as well as ever.

"I thank God and Dodd's Kidney Pills for my health for by prayer and this wonderful remedy, I was cured and have remained in good health ever since, although this was over five years ago."

Miss Kamra Feend—I'd like to take a "photo" of your farmhand at work.

Farmer Brown—All right—ef yew kin spare the time.

Miss Kamra Feend—Oh, this camera will catch him in just one-twentieth of a second.

Farmer Brown—Yes; but it'll take ye two hours tew ketch him workin'.—Judge.

Bill—I see, he's a very close friend.

Jill—Well, I don't know about his being a close friend.

"Oh, yes, he is. If he wasn't close you'd have borrowed money of him, and if you'd borrowed of him he wouldn't have been a friend."—Yonkers Statesman.

A clerical correspondent of The London Express tells of a wedding ceremony in which he officiated, and in his zeal for rubrical observances laid himself open to a comical and crushing retort.

"All went well until the moment came when it is directed by the rubric that the man shall place the ring upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, but then trouble began. The yokel apparently from nervousness or ignorance, laid hold of the right hand of the expectant bride, and placed the ring there resolutely.

"'No,' I said, with quiet firmness, 'you must put the ring onto her left hand.' To this his only reply was a stolid stare. Thinking he had not understood me, I repeated my words, but with no better effect.

"With as much warmth and insistence as was justified by the occasion, I now took the firmer ground and said, 'If you do not put the ring onto her left hand I must stop the service.'

"And then the climax came. With a complacent smile, that seemed to show his satisfaction at having for the moment bested the parson, the bridegroom settled the point for all time with the words, 'Please, sir, she ain't got none!'"

WEARY, ACHING JOINTS.

The Awful Twinges of Rheumatism Mean Old Age in Youth.

Relief in Six Hours.

Ointments, Salves and Lotions are positively worthless for Rheumatism. Get at the cause—the blood—and by purifying that, restore the system to a clean, healthful condition. **The Great South American Rheumatic Cure** relieves in six hours and cures in one to three days Muscular and Articular Rheumatism, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, and any affections of the joints and muscles arising from impure blood. Mr. F. E. Wright of Toronto, Canada, writes: "I suffered almost constantly with Neuralgia and Rheumatism. I used several remedies, but nothing seemed to relieve the pain until I tried **South American Rheumatic Cure.** After using a few bottles of 'Rheumatic Cure' and also 'Nervine Tonic,' I was wholly cured."

Pain in the Region of the Kidneys.

Pain anywhere is a danger signal. Pain in the region of the kidneys, means that they are not working properly. **The Great South American Kidney Cure** restores these organs to a healthy working state. No. 32

THE HIRED MOTHER-IN-LAW

Will Be the Honored Guest at the Wedding Soon to Take Place.

That ugly old women might prevent the institution of suits for damages for breach of promise is suggested, though not proven, by the following serio-comic true story just reported from Vienna, Austria:

A poor workingman sitting one evening with some cronies in a tavern, drinking cheap wine, confessed himself in great trouble. His sweetheart, a poor cook, neither young nor beautiful, threatened him with court proceedings if he refused to make good his promise of marrying her. He shook his head at every suggestion made by his friends. "I know of only one thing," he sighed, "that might induce the girl to relinquish her hold on me, and that is if I can show her that her prospective mother-in-law has hair on her teeth and is possessed of an evil eye."

"Whoop!" cried one of his sympathizers, "my own mother-in-law would suit exactly! If you ain't afraid of her, and will pay me for it, I will loan her to you. The girl will be sure to run away as soon as she sees her."

Pepi, the betrothed, went at once to look at the old woman, and found her as repulsive looking as described. On condition that he pay her $2 she agreed to play the role of his mother at a meeting soon to take place between herself, her "son" and the girl. Then the faithless lover informed his affianced that on a given day his mother would come to Vienna for a meeting at a certain hotel.

At the appointed day and hour the trio met, and Mary, the poor girl, nearly fainted when Pepi introduced the ugly old woman as his mother. But she soon composed herself and tried to get on friendly terms with this supposed mother-in-law. Pepi grew impatient, and slyly reminded his "mamma" that according to contract she must make herself as disagreeable as possible. She did. She began by consuming an astonishing quantity of wine, and would not leave off kissing and embracing her "dear boy" until the latter, in desperation, trod viciously on her corns to show her his disapproval of her tactics.

"Miss Mary," she said, "I have made inquiries about you, and find you deserving of a happy future. I will not lend a hand to parting those belonging together. I have entered into this joke understanding the real intention of your betrothed; he only wanted to find out if you would marry him, even if his mother was such a hag as I am. Isn't it so, Pepi?" What else could Pepi do but murmur "Aye?" Mary was touched, and embraced the ugly, but good natured old woman. Then came full pardon, complete reconciliation, and at the wedding soon to take place the hired mother-in-law will be the most honored guest.

Moody's Vote of Thanks.

Possibly the most novel response ever made to a request to return a vote of thanks to a chairman was made by Mr. Moody during his first visit to England.

He had attended a meeting at which the Earl of Shaftesbury was chairman. The duty of proposing a vote of thanks was assigned to him, and the announcement made.

"Our American cousin, the Rev. Mr. Moody, of Chicago, will now move a vote of thanks to the noble earl who has presided on this occasion."

The whole thing was quite out of Mr. Moody's line. English formalities might or might not have come gracefully from his lips had he attempted them, but he did not. With an utter disregard of conventionality he burst upon the audience with the bold announcement:

"The speaker has made two mistakes. To begin with, I'm not the Rev. Mr. Moody at all. I'm plain Dwight L. Moody, a Sunday school worker. And then I'm not your American cousin, by the grace of God, I'm your brother, interested with you in our Father's work for His children.

"And now about this vote of thanks to the 'noble earl for being our chairman this evening.' I don't see why we should thank him any more than he should thank us. When at one time they offered to thank our Mr. Lincoln for presiding over a meeting in Illinois he stopped it. He said he'd tried to do his duty, and they'd tried to do theirs. He thought it was about an even thing all around."

That opening fairly took the breath away from Mr. Moody's hearers. Such a talk could not be gauged by any known standard. Mr. Moody carried his English audience with him from that beginning to his latest labors.

Why Willie Walks With a Direct Swallow.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo," rang through the house at 2 a. m.

"Great Governor! What is that?" and the head of the house sat up in bed and blinked at an electric light shining through the window.

"John, stay right where you are; I'll not let you go down stairs to be killed. Did you ever hear such a noise?"

"Mama, what is it?" came in an agitated whisper from the next room, and then the daughter rushed wildly into the parental bedchamber.

"Keep cool, now. Don't go into nor highstrikes. I'm going down to see what that is," and he dug up an old muzzle-loading pistol he had carried in the civil war and that had been loaded since 1873. "I'll show 'em. Every man's house is his own cast—"

"Hoo, hoo, hoo."

The father dropped the gun and it blew a whole corner off the bureau. The daughter dived under the bed and the mother yelled "Murder!" at the top of her lungs.

"Shut up!" ordered the veteran, as he reached for his artillery. "Stay right where you are. I'll fight my way to the telephone and get the police. If they get to shooting down there don't show a light. I know the house and they don't."

"Hoo, hoo, hoo," just as the old gentleman reached the top of the stairs. He went down like a cartwheel and shot a hole in the ceiling as big as the bottom of a tub.

"Did you hear my owl?" shouted Willie, as he dashed from the third story. "Got him in the country yesterday and hung him in the dining room when I got home last night. Hain't he a dandy?"

Poor Willie! He walks like a boy with inflammatory rheumatism, and the last he saw of his owl it was flying over the barn toward Redfield.—Detroit Free Press.

COST SOMETHING TO SQUARE

The Next Time a Friend Wants an Accomodation He Gets It in Cool Cash.

A young bachelor met a friend—a married man—and poured out his tale of woe in something like this:

"I say, old chap, I'm up against it. Tomorrow is the birthday of my best girl, and, of course, I want to make her some sort of a present. To tell you the truth, I have promised her a gold belt buckle that she fancies, but the darned thing costs $25, and all the money I can rake and scrape just now is a beggarly $16. Now, if you'll let me have the other $15 I'll hand it back the next pay day."

The married man was not flush himself just then, but as he knew his friend was all right, and really wished to do him a favor, he said:

"I haven't the money about me, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I have an account at Blank's jewelry shop. Let's go down there and see the buckle. I'll buy it and have it charged to my account, and you can hand me the $25 any time before the first of the month, when the bill will be rendered."

The scheme worked to a charm. The young man with the "best girl" was delighted, and the buckle was carried off in triumph. That would have been the end of the episode doubtless, had not the wife of the lender got hold of the bill during the absence of her husband on a business trip. Judge of his consternation upon receiving a telegram in these words:

"Come home at once. I know all."

Taking the fast train he reached the city, took a cab to ride home, and, dashing upstairs three steps at a time, he entered his bedroom and found his wife in tears, while engaged in packing her trunk.

"You wicked, deceitful wretch!" she exclaimed, between sobs. "Who would have believed that you would deceive me in this way? I am going home to ma—ma—mother! I wi—wi—wish I had ne—nev—never left her at all—boo-hoo-hoo!"

"Deceive you!" cried the frantic and bewildered husband, "what do you mean? Who, what—why, I never deceived you in my life."

"Oh, you needn't stand there and try to lie out of it! I know all! I know all about the hussy. Look, here is the bill for the gold belt you bought her! To think that it should ever come to th—this—boo-hoo-hoo!"

Then followed the copious tears and sobs. When the wife's grief had about spent itself in tears, the husband got an opportunity to explain, and it took remarkable eloquence and abundance of carresses to straighten matters out.

"But wasn't it a narrow escape?" said he, as he detailed the story. "Everything was against me. It had a suspicious look, certainly. After this, when a friend wants an accommodation he gets it in cool cash, if I have to go out and borrow it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Modest Request.

"Say, Wormy, can I have the core?"

He Was in a Cage.

He was a dissipated looking individual, though dressed in the latest style. He paid his fare and sat in the car quietly for a while. Then he opened his lips and suddenly carolled:

"I'm only a bird in a gilded cage,
A beautiful sight to see."

All the passengers turned and looked at him inquiringly. The dissipated individual paused and looked at the passengers and smiled.

"I beg par'on," he said, "I beg par'on. All ri. No sharm done. I ain't no bird. Bir's got wings. I hain't got no wings. I'm camel. Thash what I am."

He lifted his voice and sang again:

"I'm only a camel in a gishled cage."

He paused again. "No' I ain't no camel. Par'on me ladies, pleash par'on me. I ain't no camel. Camel can go sheven days without drinkin'. I couldn't go sheven minutes wishout drinkin'. I'm hippopotamus. Thash what I am."

"I'm only hip'pot-mus in gishled cage,
A beautiful thing shee."

"No, ain't no hip'posh-mus. Hip'poshmus lives in water. I couldn't live in water. Don't like water. Ish all rite to wash clothes in. Ain't no good to live in. I gesh I'm a bird after all. For if I'm bird, then I can fly to shloon. I'm goin' fly now." And he got off the car and disappeared, singing:

"I'm just an ostrich in a gishled
"He's a bird, all right," said the conductor.

She Understood It.

Mrs. Sparks—I do wish, John, that you would explain this Chinese question to me.

Mr. Sparks—It's very simple, Maria. You see, the Russians don't want an open door, but desire to keep a slice of China for themselves. Now, the Japanese want an open door and wish to keep Russia from keeping a slice of the country. On the other hand, Germany is trying to keep Japan from keeping Russia from closing the door, and also wants to keep her from keeping Russia's keeping a slice of China. Now, America only has a trade interest, but if she can keep Germany from keeping a slice of territory, the door can be kept open. See?

Mrs. Sparks—Oh! yes. Anyhow, the weather's so warm there that the Chinese will find it more comfortable to keep their doors open. Still, I can't see why the Powers are making such a fuss over a little thing like that—Philadelphia Enquirer.

"You remember that bank teller who made himself so solid with the officials by suggesting that the bank employes should wear clothes without pockets during banking hours?"

"Yes. What about him?"

"He got away with $60,000 by throwing it out of the window to a confederate."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOW TO LIVE WELL

FOR THE LEAST MONEY AT LAST TO BE SOLVED.

Professor Atwater, as Special Agent of the Department of Agriculture Is Conducting a Series of Food Investigations With That End in View.

Uncle Sam is looking into his housekeeping. He has a big and varied family, of many tastes and several colors, and he is at present engaged in spending $17,500 in finding out what this big family eats.

He is going about his investigation in a systematic way, looking into family larders, state by state and section by section, and jotting down in his notebook item by item what these people of these United States eat.

Not only what they eat, but what they waste; how much they pay for their food, how much nourishment they get from it, and how much energy; how much they overeat and how much they undereat; and all with the purpose of bettering the condition of the people.

Professor H. O. Atwater, as special agent of the department of agriculture is with this sum conducting a series of food investigations in this country.

He has already made studies of the dietaries of the people of nine states and one territory, and he has so far discovered, among other things that:

The people of the United States are the most abundantly fed and the most wasteful.

That they have the greatest variety of food.

That, as a rule, it is poorly cooked and worse served.

That palate and convenience are considered in the selection of food before wholesomeness, nourishment and economy.

That the dietary that most nearly approaches the scientific standard of a man's food requirements is the dietary of the most isolated, the most hated, the most barbarous foreigners in the United States—the Chinese.

That the smallest sum any man has been actually found living on in this country is three and one-half cents per day.

Professor Atwater's investigations have a range that swings from the dietaries of university students' clubs to the dietary of the cotton field negroes and the tortilla frying natives of New Mexico, from families who live on $100 a month to families who live on $100 a year.

Strangely enough he found families living on $100 a year better fed—from the scientific point of view—than families who have $100 a month.

A man, says science, requires so much of carbohydrates in order to live and work.

The protein, or nitrogenous portion of food, is the muscle-forming constituent and of it all the working machinery of the body is composed.

The fat and carbohydrates are necessary to supply the heat and energy, and a certain amount of fat is necessary for storage against the rainy day of illness or other overdraft.

The physical equilibrium depends upon the proper proportions of these food constituents taken into the system.

By investigation and comparison science has determined that the average nomal man requires these constituents in his daily food in these proportions:

Th man with little physical exercise requires 3.20 ounces of protein, the same amount of fat, and 10.50 ounces of carbohydrates, which together have a fuel value of 2,450 calorics.

The calorie is the unit of heat or energy.

The man with active work requires 5.28 ounces of protein, the same of fat, 17.60 ounces of carbohydrates, and receives 4,060 calorics in fuel value.

For improvidence and ignorance and uninvitingness of food the palm goes to the tenement districts of Chicago and New York.

The families in the congested districts of these cities live with a certain similarity. The same improvident feature is characteristic of both—that of buying food in small amounts, sending out just before a meal for only enough for a meal, and considering the taste and convenience only.

The Bohemians, who manage to live on an average of 11 cents per man per day, are conspicuous for their judicious marketing, buying food in which there is the least waste and which there is the least waste and most nourishment, and, until they get accustomed to the prodigality of the new country, squandering very little on such luxuries as green vegetables and fruits.

The Italians, Uncle Sam finds, are very conservative in their diet, sticking to the chestnuts cheese wine and macaroni of their own country, and even refusing to go to hospitals or other public institutions for fear of the strange foods. In spite of the prices they must pay for their imported foods, the Italians manage to live and find sufficient nourishment on a fraction of what the American mechanic or laborer can.

The happy-go-lucky darky of the Alabama cotton fields has perhaps the least variety and the meagrest supply of food of any human being in the United States.

The darky who lives in a little log cabin on a one-mule or two-mule or three-mule farm, who has nothing to cover him but a hickory shirt and a pair of blue jeans trousers, whose offspring gambol in the light and inexpensive attire afforded by a gunnysack, can live contentedly on a diet that includes not more than three or four articles of food and that costs per man per day but three cents.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true—God's fingerprint in flower and field and snowflake.—Boston Herald.

WITTY SAYINGS

As Heard By Justin McCarthy, Author and Statesman.

It has always been held to be rash to attempt to reproduce witty sayings one has heard, as so much of the wit depends on the manner of the person who says them and the circumstances under which they are uttered. In spite of this I venture to set down some of the sayings of some of the witty men and women I have known, and if my readers should not find every saying quite as witty as I thought it was at the time I heard it I hope they will put down the fault to the chronicler and not to the author of the witty saying.

I was traveling once with Dick Power and some other Irish members on a night journey on an Irish railway during the storm and stress of a general election. Suddenly the train came to a dead stand at a place where there was no station. Amazement and alarm filled the minds of some of us. "What could have happened?" we asked ourselves mentally. "Could the Tories have torn up the rails? Could the Orangemen have barricaded the line?"

It took a great deal to alarm Dick Power. He quietly rose from his seat and thrust his head out of the window in the hope of finding some explanation. "What are we stopping for?" he inquired of a railway official who happened to be passing just at the moment. "It's nothing, sir," was the reply, "only we have had to detach the engine;" "All right," said Dick Power, "only take care you don't go on without it!"

Dick Power once had a sharp contest for one of the Irish Constituencies. The contest was the more unpleasant to him because his opponent, who was formerly a political colleague had changed his principles and gone over to the other side. Dick fought the battle gallantly, according to his usual fashion, and won the seat.

On the night when the result of the election was made known Dick was sitting with some friends in the principal hotel of the place. Suddenly in came the defeated candidate, and, casting an indignant glance at Dick, he exclaimed: "All is lost but honor!" Dick cheerily said in reply: "All right. I have got the seat and you have got the honor, so we have both got what we most wanted."

Whistler—"The Master" as his followers delight to call him, "Jimmy" as most of his friends designate him—was once painting the portrait of a distinguished novelist who was extremely clever but also extremely ill-favored. When the portrait was finished the sitter did not seem satisfied with it. "You don't seem to like it," Whistler said. The sitter confessed that he did not and said in self-justification: "You must admit that it is a bad work of art." "Yes," said Whistler, "but you must own that you are a bad work of nature."

A great friend of mine, T. P. O'Connor, is known to everybody in England and in America as a brilliant parliamentary and platform orator and is known also to his friends in both countries as a most amusing talker with a wonderful power of expressive phrase-making. Some of us were talking once about a friend of ours, a member of the House of Commons. A lady who was one of the company said it was a pity for the sake of his personal appearance that he had such very large ears. "Yes," said T. P., "and the worst of it is that while they are too large for ears they are too small for wings."

At another time we were talking of an absent friend who fancied that he had a great gift for music and likewise a faculty for regenerating the world. Some one asked: "Is he always playing the fiddle?" "Well," replied T. P., "I do not know that he is always playing the fiddle, but he certainly is always playing the fiddle or the fool."

Lady Dorothy Neville, one of the wittiest women in London society, is well known to most Americans who visit London during the season.

I was talking with Lady Dorothy one day about a lady to whom I was giving high praise and Lady Dorothy seemed inclined to disparage her. "She is very clever," I said. Lady Dorothy shook her head scornfully. "But," I pleaded, "she is so very well read." "Come, come, replied Lady Dorothy with a smile, "she is evidently much cleverer than I thought, since she has been able to make you believe that she ever read anything."

One night a group of members were talking in the smoking-room of the House of Commons about a measure which it was proposed to recommend to the consideration of the Government and on which we were all understood to be in complete agreement. Suddenly a member who had up to this time offered no objection and had, indeed, sat in absolute silence—though he was well known for an extraordinary aptitude in spinning out talk on the most trivial subject—broke in with the words: "I suppose there is something to be said on the other side."

"I dare say there is," Thomas Sexton observed, "and if we had a couple of months to spare you are just the very man to say it; but then, you see, the matter is coming up on the day after to-morrow and there really is no time." So the little group broke up.—Chamber's Journal.

Tess—Oh, I like him well enough, but it's so hard to make him understand anything. Last night he asked me several times for a kiss, and I said "No! No!" each time.

Jess—My goodness! I should think that was emphatic enough for any man.

Tess—It certainly should be for any one who knows that two negatives make a positive.—Philadelphia Press.

"You call your parrot 'Money,' I see Money talks."

"Not at all. Don't tell any one, but I call him that because nobody about the house can make him fly as well as my wife can."—Chicago Tribune.

AT THE BANK COUNTER

Very Many Amusing Incidents Take Place Owing to Misconception of Simple Forms.

An authority on banking in a recent publication tells us that "even among educated people, some are to be found to whom the simplest forms of banking are still subjects of secret wonder and curious misconception." This curious misconception accounts for very many of the amusing incidents which take place at the bank counter. Every one has heard the story of the old lady, who, presenting a cheque at the bank, and asked "how she would have it, replied:

"Oh, I'd like it hot, thank you, with just a little lemon in it."

The misconception of this ordinary inquiry as to what description of money should be given in exchange for a cheque is the cause of many amusing answers being given.

In one instance a farmer presented his "little cheque" at the counter of a provincial bank, and, to the cashier's "How will you take this, sir?" replied as he fumbled in an inner pocket of his waistcoat, "Oh, I've a little bag here I'll take it in!"

He wondered, no doubt, if the cashier thought he'd brought a wheelbarrow for it.

On another occasion, at the same office, a cheque for a large amount was presented by "a client from the country." The teller, thinking the most convenient method of payment for his customer would be large notes, said:

"I suppose you'll take it short?"

Not understanding the meaning of the term "short," and evidently thinking the cashier was having a bit of a joke at his expense, he replied, shaking his head and smiling:

"Na, na, I'll tak' it a'."

Old ladies, unaccustomed to banking, often show signs of distress when Mr. Coigne inquires how they would like their cheque paid. In the embarrassment of the moment they usually say:

"They're not at all particular—anyhow will do." After being paid, they seem to feel more composed and begin to think calmly, and the result is that Mr. Coigne has to change the gold he has given for a note which "will be more convenient, and just a little change, say ten shillings in silver, it'll be so handy."

A good lady from a country village where a bank is unknown, and consequently looked upon with a certain amount of wonder and awe, had occasion to go to a neighboring town to get a cheque, which had been paid to her, cashed. Arriving at the bank and presenting the document, the cashier politely asked, "What would you like for this?"

Whatever did he mean? What would she like? Why, money of course. Had he mistaken her cheque for a charity ticket for which you can get literally what you like from a tradesman, to the amount named thereon?

Perceiving that she was a little "at sea" over his question, the cashier varied it to "What kind of money shall I give you for it?" A ray of light now seemed to accompany the question put in that way, and she hastened to say:

"Oh, English money, please!"

On one occasion a little girl, standing on her toes and presenting a cheque for £2, said she would take two half sovereigns "if you have them."

Crossed cheques often afford amusement to the bank cashiers and clerks by the anxiety and concern displayed by the holders when told they are not payable in cash. One old farmer, being told that the cheque he tendered was crossed and could not be paid over the counter, exclaimed: "Can't pay me the money over the counter. Oh, then I'll come round for it!"

Twenty-two Big Californians.

For height, broad shoulders and herculean build, the party of twenty-two Californian cattle raisers who registered at the Stevens House on Thursday night, could hardly be surpassed. They were on their way from Los Angeles to the Argentine Republic, where they intend to raise cattle on a much more extensive scale than they could in California.

The party consisted of the three Pallett brothers and their families, with five cowboys who had thrown in their lot with the company in the hope of making a fortune in the fertile valley of the Platte river.

The three Pallett brothers are each fully six feet in height, have broad, muscular shoulders, and tip the scales at 200 pounds. Their wives are nearly as tall and muscular. Two of the brothers have each four daughters, and the third brother has three. These eleven girls range in ages from 18 to 23 years, and take after their parents in build.

"Never before," said the night clerk at the hotel, "have we had guests who attracted so much attention, and we frequently have some peculiar people stopping here. The other guests in the house seemed like dwarfs as compared with this western party."

W. A. Pallett, the oldest brother, when asked for his reason for leaving America said: "We are all sorry to leave the United States, but all the grazing land is rapidly being settled, and, with the increase of the population, the cattle raisers are being driven further West. My family was interested in the business, and first had extensive ranches in Ohio. From there we followed the frontier clear to the Pacific coast. We go now to Rosario, and thence up in the mountains, about fifty miles to the broad valley of the Platte river. Great inducements exist there for profitable cattle raising. We have the European markets to sell to, where prices are much higher than in this country, and the cost of raising cattle is not half as much as it is in Texas, Mexico or Lower California. We have a cash capital of $45,000, and expect to be joined in Argentina by another shareholder to the extent of $5,000. The ranch will be managed on a cooperative basis."

After looking at a few sights of the city the party sailed for the Argentine Republic Friday. The regular guests at the Stevens House have not yet stopped talking about the queer arrivals Thursday, and they are now wondering what fate awaits the eleven young, handsome daughters in the wilds of South America.

Victim—Say, hurry up and get through shaving me as quick as you can.

Barber—Why, you said you had plenty of time when you got into the chair.

Victim—I know, but that was before you tried that razor on me.

ADVICE TO THE LOVER.

The Way to Conduct a Courtship With a Happy Ending.

Don't be too sudden about it. Many a girl has said "no" when she meant "yes" simply because her lover didn't choose the right time and pop the question gently.

Take a dark night for it. Have the blinds closed, the curtains down, and the lamp turned most on. Sit near enough to her so that you can hook your little finger into hers.

Wait until conversation begins to flag, and then quietly remark:

"Susie, I want to ask you something."

She will fidget about a little, and probably reply:

"Yes?"

After a pause, you can add:

"Susie, my actions must have shown—that is, you must have seen—I mean you must be aware that——"

Pause here for a while, but keep your little finger firmly locked. She may cough and try to turn the subject off by asking how you liked the sermon, but she only does it to encourage you. After a pause you can continue:

"I was thinking as I was coming up the street to-night, that before I went away I would ask you—that is, I would broach the subject nearest my—I mean I would know my——".

Stop again, and give her hand a gentle squeeze. She may make a move to get away, or she may not. In either case it augurs well for you. Wait Wait five minutes, and then go on:

"The past year has been a very happy one to me, but I hope that future years will be still happier. However, that depends entirely on you. I am here to-night to know—that is, to ask you—I am here to-night to hear from your own lips the one sweet——".

Wait again. It isn't best to be too rash about such things. Give her plenty of time to recover her composure, and then put your hand on your heart and continue:

"Yes, I thought as I was coming here to-night how happy I had been, and I said to myself that if I only knew—if I was only certain that my heart had not deceived me, and you were ready to share——".

Hold on—there's no hurry about it. Give the wind a chance to sob and moan outside amongst the trees. This will make her lonesome, and call up all the love in her heart. When she begins to cough and grow restless, you can go on:

"Before I met you, this world was a desert to me. I didn't take any pleasure in life, and it didn't matter whether the sun shone or not. But what a change in one short year! It is for you to say whether my future shall be a prairie of happiness or one long and never-ending pathway of thistles. Speak, dearest Susie, and say—and say that——".

Give her five minutes more by the clock, and then add:

"That you—you will be—that is that you will—be mine!"

She will heave a sigh, look up at the clock and round the room, and then, as she slides her head over your vest pocket, she will whisper:

"Henry—I will."

"Kin I have the pleasure of teachin' you to skate, Miss Nellie?"

"No, I'll learn by myself. The last two men that started to teach me was makin' love inside o' five minutes!"

The Gravediggers Grave Doubt.

This is a story told by the publisher of a big religious weekly of his personal experience. It is a queer story, but true as preaching. He says:

"You know I live over in the old Greenwich village section, and the best established families there, those who have occupied the same houses for half a century, hold that one might almost as well be dead as not to have your death notice in a paper. A few days ago my brother-in-law died, and though I had promised to have a death notice inserted the next morning, I neglected it. The following day I arranged for the notice, and went over to Hackensack to have a grave opened. Several of the Ninth ward families have lots in the camp cemetery.

"I entered the office of the cemetery and stated to the superintendent, a sober faced German, that Mr. —— was dead and a grave must be dug immediately in the family lot.

"'Mr. —— dead!' the head gravedigger exclaimed; 'why when did he die?'

"'He died day before yesterday.'

"'But aren't you mistaken? All those families have their death notices in the paper. I read the paper carefully this morning and yesterday morning, and his name was not in the list. Why, when there is a notice you don't have to make any other arrangement or give me any funeral notification. I always have the grave opened at once.'

"And, grotesque as it appeas, I had all that I could do to persuade the faithful old man that Mr. —— was really dead and that the grave must be dug, notice or no notice. But I honestly believe that he would have turned me out as an impostor if I had not explained how the slip occurred, apologized abjectly and promised solemnly that the paper of the next morning should contain the notice."—New York Herald.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Played by a Scientist on a Professional Photographer.

A professional photographer tells a tale of a practical joke.

One day a young man came to sit for his likeness. To the ordinary eye he looked like any other young man. A couple of plates were exposed, and then the assistant who was operating went into the dark room to develop the negatives.

He was gone much longer than usual, and was heard berating the junior assistant pretty soundly for playing pranks with the apparatus. When he returned to the studio he asked for another sitting, and apologized for having before used spoiled plates.

This time when he went away to develop he was heard to utter a slight scream, but he reappeared and said there was a peculiar effect in the negative which he couldn't account for, and would the sitter oblige him again.

Once more he went to develop; then the bell rang violently for the master, and the two held a long confabulation in the dark room together. This time the master tried his hand, and went away to develop. It was not long before he returned and said he was sorry not to be able to get a satisfactory likeness, but a skull and crossbones appeared defined on the young man's forehead.

"Rubbish!" said the sitter. "My forehead's all right. Can you see anything the matter with my forehead?" and he peered into a mirror as he spoke.

"No, there's nothing that I can see," answered the photographer. "But I should be obliged if you will please go away and not come here again; this sort of thing is just a wee bit creepy."

Upon this there was a dreadful scene; but the upshot was that the young man had to go, and up to the present has not returned.

The explanation of the matter is that the young man was a bit of a scientist, and had been playing a joke on the photographer. Bisulphate of quinine is a chemical which is white in the naked eye, but seen black by the camera. Anything that is painted on the skin, therefore, with the chemical will be ordinarily invisible, but will come out prominently in a photograph.—London Tit-Bits.

Why Mountain Air is Healthful.

It is well known that the chemical condition of the atmosphere differs but little, if any at all, wherever the sample is taken, whether it be in the high Alps or at the surface of the sea, the relations of oxygen to nitrogen and other constituents is the same. The favorable effects, therefore, of a change of air are not to be explained by any difference in the proportion of its gaseous constituents. One important difference, however, is the bacteriological one.

The air of high altitudes contains no microbes, and is, in fact, sterile, while near the ground, and some 100 feet above it, microbes are abundant. In the air of towns and crowded places, not only does the microbic impurity increase, but other impurities, such as the products of combustion of coal, accrue also. Several investigators have found that traces of hydrogen and certain hydrocarbons in the air, and especially in the air of the pine, oak and birch forests. It is to these bodies, doubtless consisting of traces of essential oils, to which the curative effects of certain health resorts are ascribed.

Thus the locality of a fir forest is said to give relief in diseases of the respiratory tract. But all the same, these traces of essential oils and aromatic products must be counted, strictly speaking, as impurities, since they are not apparently necessary constituents of the air. As recent analyses have shown, these bodies tend to disappear in the air as a higher altitude is reached, until they disappear altogether. It would seem, therefore, that microbes, hydrocarbons and entities other than oxygen and nytrogen, and perhaps we should add argon, are only incidental to the neighborhood of human industry, animal life, damp and vegetation.

Years of Revolt.

It has been asked which is the best historical illustration of the saying, "It never rains but it pours!" The revolutions and emeutes all over Europe in the annus mirabilis 1848 best illustrate this proverb, says Pearson's Weekly. Commencing with the February Revolution of Paris, the popular insurrections, successful and unsuccessful, of this memorable year form an amazing chapter of European history. In Italy there was revolt in Sicily and Milan, Venice shook off the Austrian yoke, and Sardinia definitely headed the great movement which, after many vicissitudes, ended in emancipating all Italy. In Germany there was a perfect epidemic of insurrection, almost every state being affected. Similar uprisings took place in Austria, and the Emperor was compelled to leave his capital and ultimately to abdicate. In Ireland, terribly devastated by the famine, a trivial rebellion took place, and even in Great Britain there was an unrest, which happily subsided without any serious consequences. There can be no doubt that there was a subtle connection between these events, and that a successful revolt in one country suggests similar attempts wherever discontent is strong.

To Avoid a Sleepless Night.

Sleeplessness is generally due not to physical strain but to mental overwork and worry.

The best cure for insomnia is exercise in the open air. When you find that you can't sleep get up at once, dress and go for a long walk. It will be much better than to lie in bed and keep tossing about.

When you get back from your tramp the bed will feel good and sleep will come quickly to the tired body and brain.

Don't walk along, however, in a lazy, half-hearted fashion. Go at a brisk, half trot. Expand your chest, stretch your legs, breathe steadily and get your blood purified by the exercise of your whole body.

And don't think about the things that have worried you during the day.

Sad and Jay.

McJigger—I saw Roller out for a good time the other night.

Thingumbob—Yes; he's a gay old boy, isn't he?

McJigger—That's what he is, and his son is a chip off the old block. He's a rounder, too.

Thingumbob—Ah! yes; he's a sad young dog.—Philadelphia Press.

A COLONIAL SHREW.

Humorous Story of How One Termagant Was Effectively Tamed.

In colonial days, it was customary for betrothed young women to ride to the nearest town, mounted on a pillion behind father or lover, for the purpose of purchasing their wedding outfit, says the Youth's Companion. One such prospective bride, the fair, but quick-tempered Nancy, went up to Boston with Eben, whom she was soon to marry, and the pair achieved an exhausting but satisfactory day's shopping. When, in the cool of the early evening, they started on their twenty-mile journey home, they carried, stowed snugly about pocket and saddle, some dozen of their precious purchases.

About halfway, Nancy missed a package, and wished to turn back and look for it—she was sure it had been dropped. But Eben reminded her that at the moment of leaving, two parcels had been hastily combined into one, and assured her that nothing was lost; she had merely miscounted. But she was not convinced.

"There should be thirteen!" she declared; "a baker's dozen."

"Twelve only—a dozen, but not a baker's dozen," Eben maintained stoutly.

Then Nancy lost her temper. She vowed she was right, and that she meant to recover the missing parcel. Would he ride back at once? Amiably, but decidedly, he would not; it was getting too late to waste time. Very well, then, would he stop and allow her to dismount? He could do as he pleased himself; but she was going back to look for her parcel, if she went alone and on foot. But he declined to stop. Then Nancy tempestuously flung down one of her bundles on the highway, and sarcastically telling him that this time something was missing beyond question, imperatively demanded that he should stop the horse.

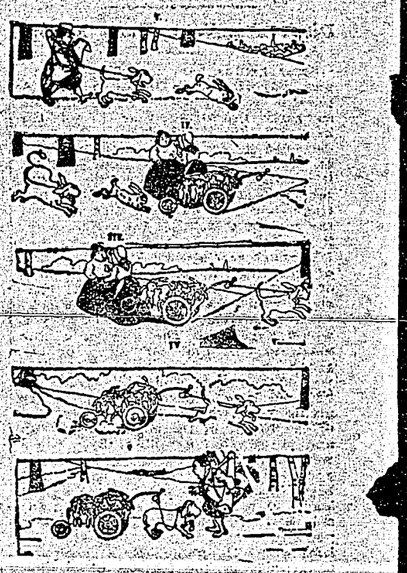
But Eben, big, lazy, and good-tempered, was not without spirit when aroused, and? he replied that if she chose to throw things away in a tantrum, he could not stop her, but neither would he stop for her. In a fury, she tossed away a second parcel, and continued to do so—one at each milestone—until her journey ended. When at length he set her down on her own door-stone, she was sobbing and storming in her wrath, while he was still to outward appearance placid and serene.

On that same door-stone the next morning she found her twelve parcels lying in a row, each neatly numbered. He had ridden back alone and collected them, and their contents proved that he had been right, for nothing was missing.

As a very old lady, Nancy used to tell this tale against herself to her great-grandchildren, always concluding with: "And served me right. If anybody but your gran'ther had married me, I've doubts he might have married a shrew."

To Eben, however, local tradition attested that the hot-tempered lady had proved an affectionate and excellent wife.

Hunting With Good Results.



Where Could He Have Learned It?

Just to show how the serenity of the most flawless temper may give way under sufficiently exasperating circumstances, the following instance is related: A prominent business man residing in Jennings avenue is known for his very precise use of the English language, as well as for his suave and exceedingly correct deportment at all times. So particular is this gentleman that he frequently has notified his family to be extremely careful as to what they say before a three-year-old grandson residing in the house, as children are so ready to pick up improper expressions.

This youngster is a great favorite with the old gentleman, so much so that in the absence of the nurse girl on a recent morning he offered to assist the little fellow at his toilet. All went well till it came to a shoe that was so peculiar in its fit as to need a shoehorn to bring it to place. The horn didn't happen to be at hand, but grandpa wasn't one of the kind to give it up.

Still it was pretty late, when the pair appeared at breakfast, and some one remarked: "Well, it took a long time to dress. What was the matter??"

The youngster promptly replied: "Why, we got along all right till we came to that damned shoe!"

And, shocked as they were, not one of the family asked the little fellow where he had heard such bad, bad language.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stories of the Czar of Russia.

Talk of the Czar's abdication is renewed by the unfortunate occurrence in the Russian imperial household which has now again dashed the wish of Nicholas for an heir. The young ruler of all the Russias is a perennially interesting personality. He is a curious contrast to his father. In disposition, as well as in bodily presence, he differs strangely from his parent. Alexander was not a highly educated man. His elder brother Nicholas had been carefully taught and trained for the responsibilities he was to bear, but his death, at the age of twenty-two, placed Alexander in the position of heir to the throne, and he was then too old to learn, or could he afford the necessary time. Before he succeeded to the throne, a very unfortunate incident occurred which proved how cruel he could be. An officer of Swedish origin had been sent to the United States to order rifles for the Russian army. On his return he had to report to the tsarewitch, who was appointed superintend the re-arming of the [illegible]. During the interview the Prince lost his temper and began to speak harshly. The officer replied with dignity, whereupon Alexander fell into a fit of fury, and loaded the man with insult. The man bowed himself out of the royal presence, went home and wrote a letter to the heir-apparent, asking him to apologize within twenty-four hours, adding that if the apology did not come he would shoot himself. The Czarewitch took no notice, sending neither excuse nor apology, and the officer kept his word. The Czar heard the story and was very angry with his son, and ordered him to follow the hearse of the officer to the grave. But even this terrible lesson failed to cure Alexander of his haughtiness. The gentle ways of the present Czar, and his unwillingness to hurt the feelings of anyone, are in sharp contrast to the cruelty of the father.

Unlike his father, he makes a point whenever it is possible, of driving out one with the Empress and with a small attendance. He does not give notice of it drives and walks abroad, and is often quite unnoticed. The late Czar, when he drove out, had the streets lined with troops, and always drove in a splendid equipage surrounded by his guards and attendants, while the police now seldom know in what direction their Emperor means to drive. The etiquette of the Russian court also has become much less strict since the accession of Nicholas II. and all his subjects are allowed admission to his presence. The peasants will travel hundreds of miles to bring their petitions to him, for they know that the Czar will personally receive them and himself read what they have written.

He is grave in public, but in private is full of fun, and very fond of children, the members of his intimate circle the Czarina exactly suits her husband and a happier family life cannot be imagined. Her Majesty is almost always with the Czar, even when he is at work. More than one good story is told of the Czar's sarcasms and repartee. On one notable occasion he reduced a Russian general to a frightful state of consternation. It happened soon after his accession, and before his coronation, that he was cycling in the park at Gatschina, a thing, as was his wont, the uniform colonel. Something having gone wrong with his chain he got off to adjust it, and, just at that moment, a famous general from a distant province arrived. Not receiving the salute due to the officer stepped up to the supposed colonel and peremptorily request an explanation of the seeming disrespect. "I am so sorry," said the Czar, "I have not yet had the honor of being acquainted with you, owing to the shortness of my reign, or I should, of course, have done so."

An eminent Russian statesman is the perfect double of the Czar, and has often been taken for his imperial ruler himself. "Now," said the considerate ruler of Russia, to his double, "why don't you alter your appearance somewhat—have off your beard, for instance? You are mocking about as you do, and so recklessly gambling your unfortunate Emperor, run terrible risks—frightful risks." "What!" exclaimed the faithful count. "What, risk gambling Your Imperial Majesty as I alter my face? Never, sir, never!" "Ah, well, Count ——," replied the Czar, smiling and shrugging his shoulders, "as you will not alter your face yourself, some of my Nihilist subjects will alter it for you, I fear."

A characteristic story of the Czar's love of simplicity has been going the rounds of St. Petersburg lately. A certain lieutenant who was in a perpetual state of impecuniosity was one day seen riding in a street car. The other officers of the regiment were furious at what they called an insult to the uniform and intimated to the culprit that he had the option of sending in his papers or being cashiered, and the unlucky subaltern took the former alternative. Before he had time to do so, however, the Czar heard of the affair, and without a moment's delay donned a colonel's uniform of the regiment in question, and encountering out of his palace hailed a car, entered it and sat calmly down until it stopped in front of the barracks. He then addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, I have just ridden from the palace in a street car, and I wish to know if you desire me to send in my papers? I presume I have disgraced my uniform." "Sire," replied the major, nervously, "Your Majesty would never do that." "Then," replied the Czar with an amused smile, "as I have not degraded the uniform, Lieutenant D. cannot have done so, and will thus retain his commission in this regiment, even if he, like me, dares to ride in a public conveyance."

The Czarina is as fond of a joke and a prank as is her lord. During last summer's visit to Kiel she and her sister, Princess Heinrich, were paying a visit on Sunday morning to an art shop in the Danische Strasse. A crowd of inquisitive citizens waited outside to see the ladies come out, and it was a crowd which increased every minute. Half an hour, and an hour went by, and still the expectant ones waited in vain, until a whisper went round that the Czarina and the Princess were back at the palace. On perceiving the denseness of the crowd Her Imperial Majesty asked the manager if he had not a back exit to his house. She was told the way was barred by a low wooden fence. "Oh, I can manage that," laughed the Russian Empress, "if you can lend us a ladder." That useful article was found and placed against the boarding, and over clambered the royal ladies, thoroughly enjoying the fun. They went through the court, reached the street on the other side, and regained the Schloss, not far away, in a few minutes.

A litle philanthropy covers a multitude of fraud.

Curious Bits of News.

General Booth has recently acquired thirty thousand acres of land in Western Australia, where he will establish a great Salvation Army agricultural and industrial colony, which he will populate from the London slums.

M. Berthelot expresses the opinion, in the Paris "Temps," that the time will come when chemists will be able to prepare more digestible and nutritious foods than we now derive from the animal and vegetable world directly; but he does not believe that it will be possible, as some suppose, to concentrate nutriment enough for a meal into a few capsules.

Over one-half of the total length of the Cape to Cairo railroad has already been built. Rails have been laid from Cape Town to a point within 200 miles of the banks of the Zambesi, a distance of 1,500 miles, and from Cairo to the junction of the Blue and White Nile, 1,400 miles from that city. The gap between the two terminals yet to be filled is 2,800 miles. The Bulawayo-Beira Railway, 500 miles in length, joins the system with the port of Mombasa on the eastern seaboard.

A woman of Elizabeth, N.J., has a poodle with a diamond set in one of its front teeth, and all over the country there are dogs and cats whose open mouths reveal bridge work, gold crowns and other examples of good dentistry. But the filling of the teeth of horses is comparatively new. Yet, new as it is, already a number of thoroughbreds have undergone it, and in the finer stables of New York, Philadelphia and Chicago many horses car show glittering gold teeth. It is said that a horse in W. C. Whitney's stables was the first in the world to have a tooth filled.

A London physician of large practice asserts that, owing to his extremely sensitive sense of smell, he can foretell the coming of death forty-eight hours. He says that when a patient comes within two days of death a peculiar earthy smell is emitted from the body. When the fatal disease is slow in its progress the odor makes its appearance as much as three days beforehand; but when the disease is of the galloping kind the doctor says he receives much shorter warning. He attributes the smell to mortification, which begins within the body before life is extinct. Dogs are thought to have this sense, for hunting hounds have been observed to begin a mournful baying a day or two before their masters died.

A "sweethearts' trust" has been organized by the young women of Fremont, Neb., and as a result there is consternation among the men. The new "trust" is known as the Young Women's Reform Union, and Miss Elizabeth Mackenzie is at its head. Hereafter, if a man who is known to them is seen entering a saloon or is caught doing anything against the moral code of the trust, he will be immediately blacklisted by his fair associates; that is, his best girl will refuse to have anything to do with him unless he immediately mends his ways. He will also be barred from parties, and will be snubbed if he meets any of the members of the union on the street. Thus far the union has been getting along with remarkable success. It has been in existence only a few weeks, yet in that time a dozen men classed as moral delinquents have been outdoing themselves in their efforts to have the blacklist against them removed. The club was formed as the result of a revival meeting held there recently by the Rev. Mr. Williams, who hurled his entire vocabulary at saloons and drinking men.

Only Knew One Side of the Question.

"Is life worth living?"
"Never having died, I cannot say."

Caught on the Fly.

Brevity may be the soul of wit, but a story published in the New York "Tribune" shows that some men can be both long-winded and witty. The story has to do with a minister of the old school, and with the poet and banker, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and two New York millionaires, who were his companions on a fishing trip in Northern Maine.

The New Yorkers entered the little backwoods meeting-house just as the preacher began his sermon. He continued speaking for two hours, and finally, when it got late in the afternoon, and he showed no sign of stopping, the vacationists began to get uneasy and wonder if they would get out of the woods before dark. At last they felt that they could stay no longer, so they rose, and started to file out.

The thread of the parson's discourse snapped off short.

"Under the circumstances," he said, grimly, "we will interrupt our sermon and take up the collection at this point."

Inflected English.

While he was being shown about Chicago by the mayor of the city, the French ambassador, Monsieur Cambon, expressed his thanks, says the New York "Times," and added:

"But I am sorry so to cockroach on your time."

"Oh," answered the mayor, "don't think of that. But you don't mean cockroach, Monsieur Cambon; it's encroach you mean."

"Oh, is it? I see—a difference in gen'ler."

What Part Should Reason Play?

A Philosophic Western writer speaks thus of the part reason should play in love affairs:

Reason, unfortunately, is not consulted very often by lovers. The marriage of reason is held in contempt by the young and romantic of both sexes, especially in this country, whore children make their own matches and parents are not asked for their consent. When a pair of penniless young fools run away from home and marry because their parents bade them separate or wait, the newspapers, instead of ridiculing or reproving them, make much of the affair, call it a romantic flight, print photographs of the couple and encourage other couples to imitate their madness.

Love is a strange and sometimes a fleeting emotion, and it behooves all who feel it stirring in their blood to go slowly and to follow the guidance of their reason rather than their passion. There are so many cases of passing infatuation mistaken for love that a man or woman, perceiving the symptoms within, should carefully analyze the case and by many tests determine whether it be the genuine article or one of the many counterfeits. A man should project his reason, as it were, out of himself and study himself and the girl impartially as though they were strangers. He should ask himself whether they are of equal mental ability and equal education, whether their tastes are similar, whether they are well matched physically, whether she interests him merely because of her pretty face and figure, whether he could agree with his people-in-law in the event of his marrying the girl, and whether he could support her in the degree of comfort or luxury to which she has been accustomed. He should consider, too, the probability of the girl's being happy or unhappy with him. He should weigh his own faults and even tell the girl about them so that she may be warned. She will not believe his confession, however, and the only benefit in making it is the feeling of having done his duty and hidden nothing.

Lovers, contemplating matrimony should bear in mind that living together all a couple's lifetime is something vastly different from holding hands in the parlor on two or three evenings a week. It is easy to be good-humored and agreeable to each other at occasional dinners, but a man and woman, going into matrimony, should be good-humored and agreeable to each other at breakfast as well as at dinner, and at breakfast every day in the year. He who raves about the curls in her hair, when he sees the girl in her best gowns, must remember that after marriage he will see her sometimes with hair uncurled and costume none too neat. Any girl can be attractive in a pretty silk waist with ribbons and bows and all the helps to loveliness that women know; but the girl a man marries ought to be attractive to him at all times, bending over the kitchen stove as well as bending over the piano, getting up in the morning as well as dancing in a ballroom. Similarly the man a girl marries ought to please her when his beard is two days old as well as when it has been lately shaven, in his business clothes as well as in his handsomer evening suit.

Courtship is one thing and matrimony quite another. Matrimony is life, and life is full of dullness and routine. Courtship is a round of dances, dinners, moonlight conversations, romantic walks, perfervid protestations of love, sentiment, vows, sighs, hand-clasps and ecstasies. Matrimony is the constant companionship of two people in their right senses, and the question which reason should answer for the lover is that of his suitability for a certain woman on the lower, less aerial plane of matrimony. Marrying is something like betting one's whole fortune on a horse race. One may go it blind, as many do, and lay one's money on a certain horse because it is pretty and steps high, or one may carefully estimate the form and record of the entries and base one's choice on what the horse is and has done and what its ancestors are and have done. In neither case is one certain of winning, but the man who bets on form is more likely to win than he who bets on the mere beauty of a horse. There are some who advise people to refrain from going into the matrimonial gamble, but these are the timid who would not go seeking heaven for fear of stumbling into hell. One must venture something to win the prizes of life, and the man and woman who are happy in their marriage have won the greatest of all prizes.

Workmen's Daredeviltries.

"I remember," said a bridge contractor some time ago while on the subject of workmen's daredeviltries, "when working at the big bridge across the Niagara, when the two cantilever arms had approached within fifty feet of each other, a keen rivalry as to who should be the first to cross sprang up among the men. A long plank connected the two arms, leaving about two and a half feet of support at each end. Strict orders were issued that no one should attempt to cross the plank upon penalty of instant dismissal. At the noon hour I suddenly heard a great shout from the men, who were all starting up. Raising my eyes, I saw a man step on the end of that plank, stop a minute, and look down into the whirlpool below. I knew he was going to cross, and I shouted to him, but he was too high up to hear. Deliberately he walked out until he reached the middle of the plank. It sagged far down with his weight until I could see light between the two short supporting ends and the cantilevers on which they rested. He saw the end in front of him do this, hesitated, and looked back to see how the other end was. I thought he was going to turn. He stopped, grasped both edges of the plank with his hands, and, throwing his feet up, stood on his head, kicking his legs in the air, cracking his heels together, and yelling to the terrified onlookers. This he did for about a minute—it seemed to me like forty. Then he let his feet drop down, stood up, waved his hat, and trotted along the plank to the other side, slid down one of the braces hand over hand, and regained the ground. We discharged him, of course, but what did he care? He got all the glory his fellows envied him, and he could command work anywhere."

New arrival—Well! Well! I had an idea that heaven was paved with gold. St. Peter—No—anthracite.

"So Smith declined to prosecute those burglars he found in his house the other night." "Yes. I understand Smith didn't have on his pajamas that night, and he fears the disclosures of a public trial might imperil his social status."—Detroit "Journal."

The Wrong "Receipt."

Mrs. Duzzit has at last discovered the difference between a "receipt" and a "recipe," through the ministrations of an obedient cook and a careless husband. At least, she blames it on her husband's carelessness, although he pleads innocence in that respect, but if feminine logic counts for anything, he merits the accusation.

Mrs. Duzzit clipped a recipe for a new pudding from her magazine the other day and placed it under a book on the library table. Then she paid the grocer's bill and threw it with some other settled accounts in the drawer of the same table. Concluding one day to try the pudding, she said to Lucinda, the cook, as she was mapping out the dinner:

"You go up to the library and tell Mr. Duzzit to give you that new receipt I left about the library table. I am going shopping and may not get back until dinner is ready, but all you need to do is to use just the proportion of ingredients given in the receipt, and then we'll see whether that new pudding is as good as the magazine promised it would be."

"Yassum," said the obedient Lucinda.

Mrs. Duzzit left and Lucinda went to the library.

"Please, suh," she remarked, "I des wants dat receipt Missus Duzzit done lef' hyah."

"What receipt?" asked Mr. Duzzit.

"De one whut tell 'bout all dem t'ings I's got ter put in dat new puddin'. She say she put hit on de lib'ry table."

Mr. Duzzit tossed the papers about, peered into the drawers, and finally handed Lucinda a slip which seemed to be what she wanted.

About half an hour later Lucinda rapped softly on the door of the library and apologetically said:

"'Scuse me, suh, but mus' I use all dese hyuh t'ings whut dishyere papuh sez ter use?"

"Sure thing," answered Mr. Duzzit. "Do just as Mrs. Duzzit said you should."

Lucinda returned to her kingdom mumbling about the peculiarities of the white folks, and for the next two hours she was busy hunting all over the kitchen and pantry for the necessary articles for the pudding.

At dinner she carried the pudding in on the largest tray in the house and deposited it on the serving table with an air which said that she washed her hands of all consequences.

"What is that, Lucinda?" asked her mistress.

"De puddin'."

"The pudding? Goodness gracious! I never dreamed it would be that big. You may help us to some of it, though."

When Mr. Duzzit's portion was placed before him he scanned it critically, sniffed suspiciously, and turned it gingerly over with his spoon.

Mrs. Duzzit, however, had the courage which comes from an implicit faith in the culinary page, and she tried a spoonful.

"Mercy!" she cried. "Why, Lucinda, what in the world have you put in this?"

"Nuffin' 'cept whut de receipt said ter use," avowed Lucinda.

"Hum," mused Mr. Duzzit. "It must be a funny recipe."

"Well," asserted Mrs. Duzzit, "I never saw such a looking affair before in all my life. Lucinda, you surely have made a mistake in mixing it."

"'Dead, I hasn't," stoutly answered the cook. "I done use eve'y-t'ing des lak de papeh said."

"Did they offer a cash prize to anyone who would eat the pudding?" enquired Mr. Duzzit. "Because, if they did, I am about to miss an opportunity to enrich myself, for I must deprive myself of the extreme pleasure of tackling this compound."

"I des gib mah two weeks' notice raight now," announced Lucinda. "Yo' all de fust white folks whut say dey won't eat mah cookin', en I know whah dey plenty er quality folks dat glad ter hab me in dey kitchen. En I gwine right out en fotch in dat receipt, en yo' see fo' yo'se'fs dat I des use whut hit say ter use."

Lucinda retreated to the kitchen in sable dignity, and returned solemnly, bearing the "receipt," which read:

"H. E. Duzzit to I. Feedam, Dr.

"One can corn, 10 cents; one box shoe polish, 5 cents; six candles, 15 cents; two pounds rice, 10 cents; two bars washing soap, 9 cents; one cake yeast, 1 cent; bottle olive oil, 25 cents; one-half peck potatoes, 20 cents; one mackerel, 18 cents; three pounds prunes, 45 cents; ten pounds salt, 10 cents; six packages flower seed, 30 cents; one feather duster, 35 cents. Paid."

"'Dah 't is," said Lucinda. "'Dah 't is An' dey all in dat ole puddin' 'ceptin' de han'le er dat feather dusteh, en' blame' 'f I knows how ter wuk hit in whenst I's stirrin' up all dat otheh trash. An' ef yo' all lak dat kin' er puddin', den yo' betteh git some otheh lady ter ten' ter de cookin' foh you, 'case I ain' use' ter hit."

But Mr. Duzzit soberly took his wife by the arm, led her to the library, took down the big dictionary, and pointed out the words "receipt" and "recipe" and their definitions.—W. D. Nesbit in "Judge."

Inappropriate.

"Funny names things do get," murmured Benson, as he looked into the window of a fur shop. "How do you mean?" asked Henson. "Why, see that thing over there on the stand? Meant for a chin-warmer, and they call it a chinchilla." But when Henson turned to rebuke him, Benson had moved on.

His Night Out.

Tired Towser—The striking coal miners want an eight-hour day.
Tough Tom—Well, I've got no kick comin' on a sixteen-hour night.

Don't Be Too Modest.

Here is some advice for those who would succeed and yet are in doubt as to the wisdom of being too aggressive:

Advertise yourself. Life is a keen competition and it behooves every man to put his best foot forward and to flaunt his merits in the public eye. The modesty of greatness is all trash. There is no such thing. Greatness knows the necessity of holding the center of the stage as much as possible and seldom overlooks an opportunity to do so. The man who has in him all the elements that make success asserts himself on every occasion. In every company he does something to focus attention on himself for a while. He strives to make an impression so that he will be noticed and talked about. He is aware that the public memory is short and that the world must be reminded continually of the existence of its celebrities.

A young lawyer, by nature modest and retiring, made up his mind six months ago that modesty did not pay. He was conscious of his ability, but his light was hidden. He saw men of less mind and learning making their way better than he, and he resolved to imitate them and push himself forward. He joined half a dozen organizations, including two fraternal orders, a church society, a social club, a camera club and a political club. He attended every meeting and spoke on every question. Having thrown off his natural diffidence he expressed very positive opinions in a very loud voice. He had been in the habit of using an ordinary conversational tone in speaking, but at the birth of his great resolve he pitched his voice several tones higher and kept it at that pitch. He became disputatious and intolerant in debate. He took a front seat always and ceased to feel humiliated when rebuked for going too far and not minding his own business. He rather relished a quarrel, for it caused talk and spread his name among the people. He developed a marvelous ingenuity for getting his name into print. Whenever he commenced an action at law he went after the reporters and told them all about it. Whenever he made a speech he sent a copy of it to all the newspapers. He counted that week lost in which he was not mentioned once or twice by the press.

This work has told. While a few sneer at him the great majority take him at his own valuation. The front seat, to get which he used to go early to meetings, is now reserved for him, and he may go late. He who had trouble catching the chairman's eye when he wished to break into a debate is now called on to address those present. He is consulted on all measures for fear he would oppose them in the assembly. The prominence which he formerly seized as though he were stealing it is now freely given as his due. His practice improves because he is talked about. People go to a lawyer whose name is in the papers every day just as they buy a soap whose name is on every dead wall. They may know nothing about the lawyer as they may know nothing about the soap, except the name, but they employ the lawyer as they buy the soap. Why? One must probe deep into the human mind to find the answer, but no matter what the answer the fact stands.

Sorrow or Self-Pity.

A man seldom feels less confident of his ability to say the right thing neatly than when he sits down to compose a letter of condolence. One can scribble off the usual friendly letter without much care or premeditation. A business letter may be modeled on set forms and requires little brain energy. A letter of congratulation may trip along gaily, saying nothing in particular. A letter accepting or declining an invitation sometimes exercises the invention, but never taxes the mind very heavily. A love letter is usually written with amorous spontaneity and, like other kinds of folly, is easy to the true lover. When it is labored it rings false. A letter proposing marriage demands more thought and courage in the sending than in the writing. But a letter of condolence must appeal at once to the mind and to the emotions. It must not be too familiar nor yet too formal. It must sound sincere and yet it cannot be sincere, for the arguments one makes in a letter of condolence are the trite reasoning which is always brought out in the time of bereavement and which neither consoles nor comforts those who are genuinely mourning. Putting these consolatory arguments on paper, one is aware that they are dictated rather by custom than by his own opinion, and that they will have as little effect on the bereaved family as they would have on him if he were sorrowing over the dead body of one he loved.

The hackneyed arguments of consolation are levelled at the wrong point. They deal with the state of the dead one and bid the mourners mitigate grief with the thought that the lamented one has gone to a world that is fairer than this, and is in a condition of beatitude. But the root of grief is not anxiety for the state of the dead. It is rather self-pity. Tears are shed because one whose company gave the mourner pleasure has departed and will not come back. Religion and philosophy both hold that the state of the dead, in most cases, is better than that of the living. The dead do not need pity. They have no regrets at leaving this world. If death ends all, then the dead rest sweetly in oblivion and are as little affected by care or sorrow as they were ten thousand years before they were born. If there is heaven hereafter, as all creeds hold there is, then the dead man, if he lived honestly and well, is better off than he was here below. The only logical ground of pity for the dead, therefore, is fear that the soul may have gone to hell; and what sorrowing survivor will admit that his grief is based on that fear? Do not the friends of saints mourn as loudly as those of sinners?

There is no shame in acknowledging that the so-called sorrow for the dead is only pity for the living. Love bereft of its object will mourn its loss and its grief will be commensurate with the strength of the attachment. When the mourner becomes used to the loss his grief abates according to the rule of kindly Nature. But who is bold enough to make this argument in a letter of condolence?

"What did you get out of your garden this year?" "Not a day went by that I didn't have one of my neighbor's chickens for dinner."

"How is Ann Matilda making out as postmistress at Elm Crossroads?" "Getting along fine. To-day she read twenty postals, held nine letters up to the light, and opened four newspapers."—Chicago "News."

AN AWFUL MISTAKE.

Physician Prescribes Nuxvomica for a Kingston Lady with the Result that she is Paralyzed.

A Thrilling Experience Resulting from a Doctors's Blunder—Fortunately She Recovered and tells the Story of the whole Incident

Kingston, Ont., Nov. 3.—(Special).—That Mrs. E. Lake, of 112 Clarence street, this city, is alive to-day, is a matter for wonder. She says:

"My sickness was brought about by overdose of Strychnine prescribed by a physician. It brought on Paralysis affecting my left side, brain arm and limbs.

"I was perfectly helpless and it was impossible for me to raise my left limb or open my fingers. I got no sleep and often when I dosed my eyes remained open. I had not the power to close my eyelids.

"I suffered almost continually with headache.

"My brain felt as though it was too large for the skull. My appetite failed and I became very emaciated, indeed, I was nothing but skin and bones.

"I was three years under treatment, many physicians having me under their care, but without avail. At last I became discouraged and gave up all treatment.

"While reading a paper one day I noticed a testimony of one who was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My sister procured me a box of the pills and I started on three pills three times a day. I soon began to experience a change for the better which continued until I regained the use of my arm, hand and limb. My headache also ceased and my appetite returned.

"From this I soon picked up flesh and strength until I was as well as ever.

"I thank God and Dodd's Kidney Pills for my health for by prayer and this wonderful remedy, I was cured and have remained in good health ever since, although this was over five years ago."

Miss Kamra Feend—I'd like to take a "photo" of your farmhand at work.

Farmer Brown—All right—ef yew kin spare the time.

Miss Kamra Feend—Oh, this camera will catch him in just one-twentieth of a second.

Farmer Brown—Yes; but it'll take ye two hours tew ketch him workin'.—Judge.

Bill—I see, he's a very close friend.

Jill—Well, I don't know about his being a close friend.

"Oh, yes, he is. If he wasn't close you'd have borrowed money of him, and if you'd borrowed of him he wouldn't have been a friend."—Yonkers Statesman.

A clerical correspondent of The London Express tells of a wedding ceremony in which he officiated, and in his zeal for rubrical observances laid himself open to a comical and crushing retort.

"All went well until the moment came when it is directed by the rubric that the man shall place the ring upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, but then trouble began. The yokel, apparently from nervousness or ignorance, laid hold of the right hand of the expectant bride, and placed the ring there resolutely.

"'No,' I said, with quiet firmness, 'you must put the ring onto her left hand.' To this his only reply was a stolid stare. Thinking he had not understood me, I repeated my words, but with no better effect.

"With as much warmth and insistence as was justified by the occasion, I now took the firmer ground and said, 'If you do not put the ring onto her left hand I must stop the service.'

"And then the climax came. With a complacent smile, that seemed to show his satisfaction at having for the moment bested the parson, the bridegroom settled the point for all time with the words, 'Please, sir, she ain't got none!'"

WEARY, ACHING JOINTS.

The Awful Twinges of Rheumatism Mean Old Age in Youth.

Relief in Six Hours.

Ointments, Salves and Lotions are positively worthless for Rheumatism. Get at the cause—the blood—and by purifying that, restore the system to a clean, healthful condition. **The Great South American Rheumatic Cure** relieves in six hours and cures in one to three days Muscular and Articular Rheumatism, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, and any affections of the joints and muscles arising from impure blood. Mr. F. E. Wright of Toronto, Canada, writes: "I suffered almost constantly with Neuralgia and Rheumatism. I used several remedies, but nothing seemed to relieve the pain until I tried **South American Rheumatic Cure.** After using a few bottles of 'Rheumatic Cure' and also 'Nervine Tonic,' I was wholly cured."

Pain in the Region of the Kidneys.

Pain anywhere is a danger signal. Pain in the region of the kidneys, means that they are not working properly. **The Great South American Kidney Cure** restores these organs to a healthy working state. No. 3

THE HIRED MOTHER-IN-LAW

Will He be the Honored Guest at the Wedding Soon to Take Place.

That ugly old women might prevent the institution of suits for damages for breach of promise is suggested, though not proven, by the following serio-comic true story just reported from Vienna, Austria:

A poor workingman sitting one evening with some cronies in a tavern, drinking cheap wine, confessed himself in great trouble. His sweetheart, a poor cook, neither young nor beautiful, threatened him with court proceedings if he refused to make good his promise of marrying her. He shook his head at every question made by his friends. "I know of only one thing," he sighed, "that might induce the girl to relinquish her hold on me, and that is if I can show her that her prospective mother-in-law has hair on her teeth and is possessed of an evil eye."

"Whoop!" cried one of his sympathizers, "my own mother-in-law would suit exactly! If you ain't afraid of her, and will pay me for it, I will loan her to you. The girl will be sure to run away as soon as she sees her."

Pepi, the betrothed, went at once to look at the old woman, and found her as repulsive looking as described. On condition that he pay her $2 she agreed to play the role of his mother at a meeting soon to take place between herself, her "son" and the girl. Then the faithless lover informed his affianced that on a given day his mother would come to Vienna for a meeting at a certain hotel.

At the appointed day and hour the trio met, and Mary, the poor girl, nearly fainted when Pepi introduced the ugly old woman as his mother. But she soon composed herself and tried to get on friendly terms with this supposed mother-in-law. Pepi grew impatient, and slyly reminded his "mamma" that according to contract she must make herself as disagreeable as possible. She did. She began by consuming an astonishing quantity of wine, and would not leave off kissing and embracing her "dear boy" until the latter, in desperation, trod viciously on her corns to show her his disapproval of her tactics.

"Miss Mary," she said, "I have made inquiries about you, and find you deserving of a happy future. I will not lend a hand to parting those belonging together. I have entered into this joke understanding the real intention of your betrothed; he only wanted to find out if you would marry him, even if his mother was such a hag as I am. Isn't it so, Pepi?" What else could Pepi do but murmur "Aye?" Mary was touched, and embraced the ugly, but good natured old woman. Then came full pardon, complete reconciliation, and at the wedding soon to take place the hired mother-in-law will be the most honored guest.

Moody's Vote of Thanks.

Possibly the most novel response ever made to a request to return a vote of thanks to a chairman was made by Mr. Moody during his first visit to England.

He had attended a meeting at which the Earl of Shaftesbury was chairman. The duty of proposing a vote of thanks was assigned to him, and the announcement made.

"Our American cousin, the Rev. Mr. Moody, of Chicago, will now move a vote of thanks to the noble earl, who has presided on this occasion."

The whole thing was quite out of Mr. Moody's line. English formalities might or might not have come gracefully from his lips had he attempted them, but he did not. With an utter disregard of conventionality he burst upon the audience with the bold announcement:

"The speaker has made two mistakes. To begin with, I'm not the Rev. Mr. Moody at all. I'm plain Dwight L. Moody, a Sunday school worker. And then I'm not your American cousin, by the grace of God, I'm your brother, interested with you in our Father's work for His children.

"And now about this vote of thanks to the noble earl for being our chairman this evening. I don't see why we should thank him any more than he should thank us. When at one time they offered to thank our Mr. Lincoln for presiding over a meeting in Illinois he stopped it. He said he'd tried to do his duty, and they'd tried to do theirs. He thought it was about an even thing all around."

That opening fairly took the breath away from Mr. Moody's hearers. Such a talk could not be gauged by any known standard. Mr. Moody carried his English audience with him from that beginning to his latest labors.

Why Willie Walks With a Tired Feeling.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo," rang through the house at 2 a. m.

"Great Governor! What is that?" and the head of the house sat up in bed and blinked at an electric light shining through the window.

"John, stay right where you are; I'll not let you go down stairs to be killed. Did you ever hear such a noise?"

"Mama, what is it?" came in an agitated whisper from the next room, and then the daughter rushed wildly into the parental bedchamber.

"Keep cool, now. Don't go into no highstrikes. I'm going down to see what that is," and he dug up an old muzzle-loading pistol he had carried in the civil war and that had been loaded since 1873. "I'll show 'em. Every man's house is his own cast—"

"Hoo, hoo, hoo."

The father dropped the gun and it blew a whole corner off the bureau. The daughter dived under the bed and the mother yelled "Murder!" at the top of her lungs.

"Shut up!" ordered the veteran, as he reached for his artillery. "Stay right where you are. I'll fight my way to the telephone and get the police. If they get to shooting down there don't show a light. I know the house and they don't."

"Hoo, hoo, hoo," just as the old gentleman reached the top of the stairs. He went down like a cartwheel and shot a hole in the ceiling as big as the bottom of a tub.

"Did you hear my owl?" shouted Willie, as he dashed from the third story. "Got him in the country yesterday and hung him in the dining room when I got home last night. Hain't he a dandy?"

Poor Willie! He walks like a boy with inflammatory rheumatism, and the last he saw of his owl it was flying over the barn toward Redfield.—Detroit Free Press.

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Compliments of the Season

In wishing all our present and prospective Customers the "Compliments of the Season," we would like to point out that with the passing of the year a new order of affairs takes place in our Business.

Our Premises are doubled.
We have established a first-class Grocery Department.
Our Stock has been made more select.
We have patronized Union Labor as much as possible and have brought prices down.

BEFORE PURCHASING FOR THE NEW YEAR

We invite you to call and inspect our stock. It is Complete, Well Selected and Well Bought in all Lines **Groceries, Dry Goods, House Furnishings and Boots and Shoes,** all of which are suitable to select Christmas Presents from.

TAYLOR BROS. & GEORGE

LIMITED.

Mail Orders Solicited and Promptly Attended to.

WE EXTEND OUR BEST WISHES FOR

A Happy New Year

TO ONE AND ALL.

Canada Drug & Book Co

BORN.

BRUHN—On the 20th Dec., to Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Bruhn of Craigellachie, a son.

LEMAISTRE—At Revelstoke, B.C., on Wednesday, Dec. 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. de V. LeMaistre, a son.

HORNE—On the 24th Dec. the widow of the late T. E. Horne, of a daughter (posthumous).

FLEMING—On the 28th Dec. to Mr. and Mrs. W. Fleming, a daughter.

BIRNEY—At Calgary, on Saturday, Dec. 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Birney, a son.

Died

MCMAHON—At Revelstoke, Monday, Dec. 29th, James McMahon, Sr., of Stonewall, Man., aged 78 years.

NOTES OF NEWS

Write it 1903 tomorrow.

Band at the rink tomorrow night.

About 8 feet of snow has fallen here already this winter.

Don't forget the Band Boys Ball in the Opera House to-night.

A. M. Pinkham spent Christmas with his parents at Calgary.

T. Carey left for Field this morning spend New Year's.

Grand Masquerade Ball on Feb. 23 1903. Don't forget.

If you miss the Band Ball, you miss the most sociable dance of the season.

The HERALD wishes its friends and patrons a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Watch night service will be held in the Methodist church tonight commencing at 8 o'clock.

The soft weather of the past few days has interfered considerably with skating and curling.

Campbell Bros. furniture store at Vernon, B. C., was destroyed by fire early on Sunday morning.

C. C. Canon, formerly of the Imperial bank staff here, is very ill with pneumonia at Vancouver.

Mark Hyatt took up a gang of six men to work on his timber limits on the Big Bend on Monday.

J. Graham, C. P. R. checker at Field, spent a few days in the city last week renewing acquaintances.

J. M. Doyle returned on Saturday evening from a visit to the Lower Kootenay and Boundary district.

The annual Christmas tree entertainment of the Presbyterian church Sunday school was held on Friday evening last, with a good crowd of children, also parents and friends in attendance. The hearts of the little ones were made glad with handsome presents and some of the older ones were not forgottten in the distribution of gifts. A splendid programe was rendered during the evening by the children.

Walter Scott, mining recorder, Nakusp, was a visitor in the city on Morday.

P. Burns & Co. are fixing up new offices in the store adjoining the butcher shop.

B. R. Campbell came in from Kamloops this morning and will spend New Year's in the city.

The Vancouver Ledger is now being issued as a daily and will be published every day at noon, Sundays excepted.

Geo. Ward, of the C. P. R. stores, has taken a position in the grocery department of Taylor Bros. & George.

J. E. Griffiths, of Golden, gold commissioner for North East Kootenay, and Mrs. Griffiths spent a couple of days in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Douglas, of Banff, spent Christmas in the city with their daughter, Mrs. G. S. McCarter.

Miss Bell, formerly of Revelstoke, came up from Grand Forks Saturday evening, and is spending a few days in the city.

E. J. Whitnell, of the C.P.R. engineering department, spent the holidays at Vancouver, returning to town on Monday morning.

Mrs. Walley, of Nelson, who has been visiting her sister-in-law Mrs. G. M. Clark, Second street, returned south Tuesday morning.

An appropriate way to celebrate the ushering in of the New Year is to attend the Band Boy's Ball in the Opera House to-night.

Subject of the sermon in the Methodist church on Sunday evening will be: "Our passing years, what they take and what they bring."

F. E. Ward, manager of the Molsons bank, and Mrs. Ward, spent Xmas holidays at Nelson with Mr. Ward's brother, returning on Sunday evening.

The Independent Band held their annual blow out in the bandroom on Christmas night. Song and story, coffee, cake, etc., were the principal items on the menu card.

A surprise party went out to Williamson's ranch last night where an enjoyable time was spent. Dancing was kept up till daylight, when the party returned to town.

Carload of Eastern Apples;
Carload of Coal Oil;
Carload of Feed;
Carload of Smoked Meats; now unloading at C. E. Hume & Co's.

Clarence Hart, of the Rocky Mountain Rifles, who has been stationed for the past two years at Halifax and Esquimault, returned to town this week and has taken his old position in the C. P. R. stores.

The death occurred early Monday morning of Mr. McMahon, father of James and Sam McMahon of this city. Deceased was 78 years of age. James McMahon took the remains east this morning for interment at Stonewall, Manitoba.

Christmas day was generally although quietly observed in Revelstoke. The weather was not altogether the best. There was a good attendance at the morning services in the churches. The skating rink in the evening was well patronized. A spirit of cheerfulness and good will seemed to prevade the air. "A Merry Christmas to You" and "The Same to You and Many of Them," was to be heard everywhere, in the houses on the streets and other places, where people had an opportunity of meeting.

Ham Donelly, foreman for the Revelstoke Lumber Co., returned to town on Monday from Salmon Arm, where he had been spending Christmas with his family. Mr. Donelly left for the company's camps in the Big Bend on Tuesday morning.

W. E. McLaughlin, mining recorder, has been gazetted deputy district registrar of the Supreme County Court, deputy registrar of the Kootenay County Court, registrar under the Marriage Act, and deputy registrar of vital statistics for Revelstoke division of West Kootenay.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the B. of R. T., were "at home" to their friends on Monday evening in Selkirk Hall. There was a large attendance and dancing was kept up till the early hours of Tuesday morning. Messrs. Humphreys and Taylor supplied the music and a most sociable time was spent by all.

Mr. E. Wilson has resigned the principalship of the public school. The school trustees have offered the position to Mr. Miller, of Dawson school, Vancouver, who has been highly recommended by the education department. Mr. Alex Smith, has taken his sister's place on the teaching staff until she returns from her holidays. When school reopens it will be in the new building, which will probably be on Monday.

Timothy Tackhammer's Toyshop

St. Peter's church Sunday school held their annual Christmas tree in the opera house last night, which had been daily decorated for the occasion with flags, bunting and evergreen. The entertainment took the form of a play entitled "Timothy Tackhammer's Toyshop," in which the children of the Sunday school represented different kinds of dolls, the girls being talking and dancing dells, while the boys were dressed as tin soldiers, clowns, etc., one of them representing Jack-in-the-Box, was particularly good. E. Taylor took the part of Timothy Tackhammer, proprietor of the toyshop. The singing and dancing of the children was splendid and reflected great credit on the ladies who trained them. After the entertainment the hearts of the little ones were made glad by the distribution of handsome presents with which the Christmas tree was igruled. There was a large turnout of the public, who applauded frequently at the excellence of the entertainment.

A. F. & A. M.

The officers of Kootenay Lodge, No. 15, A. F. & A. M., for the ensuing year, were installed on St. John's Night, Dec. 27th, by Installing Master Wor. Bro. E. Teimble as follows:—

J. P. M., Wor. Bro. G. Holten.
W. M., Wor. Bro. C. A. Procunier.
S. W., Bro. H. N. Coursier.
J. W., " A. McRae.
Treas., " T. E. L. Taylor.
Secy., " Robt. Gordon.
S. D., " S. McDonald.
J. D., " W. Morris.
S. S., " C. J. Aman.
J. S., " T. B. Baker.
D. of C. " R. A. Upper.
S. G. " R. Steiss.
Tyler " A. E. Bennison.

After installation Right W. Bro. Fred Fraser was presented by the W. M. on behalf of the members with a very handsome P. M. jewel. After the lodge closed the brethren adjourned to the banqueting hall and partook of a bounteous repast, after which the brethren were addressed by a number of Wor. Past Masters and visiting brethren, all of whom congratulated Kootenay Lodge on its present prosperous condition.

New Year Resolutions.

With the coming of another year it is a time honored custom to make new resolutions. Unfortunately, it is also a fact that many of these are more honored in the breach than in the observance. Nevertheless, this should not deter anyone who can keep a good resolution from making it. Your town and section and the world at large will be better for it. The HERALD here makes a few suggestions along this line that it believes would be productive of good if a fair proportion of the people would take them in hand. A little leaven of this kind will do a world of benefit.

1. Speak a good word for your neighbor or your business opponent if you can. It will do you and him good in the long run, and he will appreciate it and reciprocate when you least expect it.

2. Keep up a cheerful heart, and talk and act that way. It may not be all sunshine and roses just now, but it is a long lane that has no turn, and your turn is sure to come in due time.

3. Be willing to help your brother, whether he belong to your church or lodge or not. Remember there are others.

4. Do not think your way is the only one worth adopting. Several people have lived before you, and most of them have changed their minds several times in their lifetime.

5. Act and talk as though your town or city was the best one in your section. If you did not think so when you came to it, why did you come? If you've changed your mind, go, and go quickly—to the one you think better. Ten to one you will be fooled, though.

6. If you are a business man, go to your local paper and do business with the editor, not on the charity proposition, but on a purely business basis. It will be money in your pocket if you do it in the right way, and attend to your advertising. It is the best investment you can make on a small scale.

7. Buy in your town everything you can get there that you need. The local merchant is entitled to a fair profit, and you will never build up your town by sending all your orders to T. Eaton & Co., or any other like concern. Patronize home industry. It is well worth while.

8. Be considerate of others, even if they don't see things exactly the same as yourself. No man has a monopoly on the knowledge of the universe, and we all make errors.

9. Last, but not by any means least, pay your printer, if you owe him for a subscription or anything else. It should have been paid before, perhaps, but he'll appreciate it as a delicate New Year's compliment. Try it and see.

Corporation of the City of Revelstoke.

NOTICE.

The City Council is prepared to receive tenders for the supply of Fifty (50) cedar poles for street lighting purposes—Length 30 feet, diameter, 12 inches at butt, and 8 inches at top. Place of delivery on application to the undersigned. Tenders to reach this office by noon on January 2nd, 1903.

H. FLOYD,
City Clerk

December 24th, 1902.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Make the Children, Old and Young, Happy

This can easily and cheaply be done by selecting HOLIDAY PRESENTS from the Large Assortment just opened up, consisting of Pretty Presents and Toys of all kinds.

LARGE AND HANDSOME RANGE OF

Japanese and English Crockery

IN CHOCOLATE, COCOA, AND TEA SETTS, &c.

Our Stock of Staple Groceries

IS FRESH, CHOICE AND COMPLETE.

MORRIS & STEED,

Front Street.

FIRST ANNUAL

DANCE

Under auspices of the REVELSTOKE INDEPENDENT BAND

New Year's Eve

BY

THE MANAGEMENT

Have spared neither time nor expense to make this Dance the event of the Season.

SPECIAL MUSIC

FOR THE OCCASION

GRAND MARCH AT 9 O'CLOCK

SUPPER WILL BE SERVED

Lots of Dancing. TICKETS $2.00

Corporation of the City of Revelstoke.

PROCLAMATION.

Public notice is hereby given to the electors of the Municipality of Revelstoke that I require the presence of the said electors at my office in Fire Hall No. 2, in the said city, on the 12th day of January, 1903, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of electing persons to represent them in the municipal council as Mayor and Aldermen, and also for the purpose of electing a School Trustee.

The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows:

The candidates shall be nominated in writing, the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the returning officer at any time between the date of this notice and 2 p.m. of the day of the nomination; and in the event of a poll being necessary such poll will be opened on Thursday the 15th day of January, 1903, in the City of Revelstoke, and kept open between the hour of nine in the forenoon and the hour of half past seven in the afternoon, for taking and recording the votes of the electors of the said City, of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

The persons qualified to be nominated for and elected as mayor shall be such persons as are male British subjects of the full age of twenty-one years and are not disqualified under any law, and have been for the six months next preceding the day of nomination the registered owners of the Land Registry Office of land or real property in the City of the assessed value on the last municipal Assessment Roll of One Thousand Dollars or more over and above any registered incumbrance or charge, and who are otherwise duly qualified as municipal voters.

The persons qualified to be nominated and elected as aldermen shall be such persons as are male British subjects of the full age of twenty-one years and are not disqualified under any law, and have been for the six months next preceding the day of nomination the registered owner, in the Land Registry Office, of land or real property in the city of the assessed value, on the last municipal Assessment Roll, of Five Hundred Dollars or more over and above any registered incumbrance or charge, and who are otherwise qualified as municipal voters.

The persons qualified to be nominated for and elected as School Trustee shall be such persons as are householders and being British subjects of the full age of 21 years and otherwise qualified to vote at an election of School Trustees.

Every candidate nominated shall signify by a writing accompanying the nomination paper, his consent to such nomination, except in case such person be absent from the municipality when such absence shall be stated in the nomination paper.

Every candidate nominated shall, on or before the hour of two p. m. of the day of nomination furnish the Returning Officer with a statement in writing, specifying the land or real property upon which he qualifies.

Given under my hand at Revelstoke this 31st day of Decembe, 1902.

HENRY FLOYD,
Returning Officer.

I HAVE IT!

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

J. GUY BARBER.
WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SUITS FOR BOYS AT HALF PRICE

$7 Suits for $3.50. $5 Suits for $2.50.
$3.50 Suits for $1.75. $2.50 Suits for $1.25

$4 50 Frieze Overcoats for $2 25

EDWARD J. BOURNE

Revelstoke Station. Bourne Bros.' Old Stand.

R. Howson & Co. Furniture Dealers, Etc

Before entering upon another year we take this opportunity of expressing our heartiest wish to one and all of our many patrons for

A Prosperous New Year

And we feel gratified to state that our business for last year has far exceeded that of years past—due to an unstinted and liberal patronage, for which we are truly thankful, hoping to retain same for 1903.

R. Howson & Co. Mackenzie Avenue.

BEWS'

HAS IN STOCK

Confectionery

Manufactured by { Harry Webb, Toronto / A. J. Stewart, Toronto / McCormick, London.

Maracaibo Chocolates—bulk or boxes
Marcaibo Chocolate Biscuits—
40c per lb

Webb's Fruit—**35c, 50c, $1, $1.40**
" Chocolates
" Marshmallows
Peanut, Walnut, Cocoanut } **Taffy**
35c per lb

Fresh Butter Cups.....40c per lb
Gold Nuggets.....30c per lb
Maple Pudding.....40c per lb
and many other lines.

ALSO—
Large Line of Souvenir Cups and Saucers bearing view of Revelstoke.
Limoge's China and many other piedes of China.

ALSO—
Prayer Books, Hymn Books, etc.
Xmas Cards in abundance.
Girls' and Boys' Own Annuals.
Sunday at Home.
Leisure Hour.
Chatter Box, etc.

WALTER BEWS Phm. B
Druggist and Stationer.
PHONE 48.
New Stand Next to the Hume Block.

Permit us to draw your attention to the wisdom of presenting your family with

Choice Lot

AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

The first step toward providing for them a home of their own.
A part only of the amount usually spent on pretty but useless presents will make the first payment.

REAL ESTATE

Is the basis of all wealth, and you can now lay the foundation of your own prosperity while making someone else happy.
Call and investigate, we have other thiugs to tell you on the subject of How to Own a House of your Own.

LEWIS BROS,
Agents Smelter Townsite