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THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol V. No 168 REVELSTOKE B. C. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1902 $2 00 a Year in Advance.

1902 1902

Christmas Greetings

ANOTHER YEAR IS JUST ABOUT AT A CLOSE and it terminates one of the busiest years in the history of Our Firm. We can look back with marked appreciation—not on our own merits—but to our numerous customers, both far and near, for their past patronage, hoping to be able to merit the same for the coming year, 1903. We extend our heartiest wishes for

A Merry Christmas

AND A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

TO ONE AND ALL.

A Suggestion

We are particularly strong on the following lines:

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

CHINA DEPARTMENT

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

China Dinner Setts ... $12 00
China Tea setts ... $4 50 to $14 00
China Toilet Setts $3 00 to $10 00
China 5 o'clock Tea Setts with Tray ... $6 00
China 13-Piece Fruit Sett ... $2 00
China Porridge Sett ... 50c to 60c
China Plate, Cup and Saucer Setts ... 50c to 75c
China Cream and Sugar Setts ... 50c to 75c
Colored China Cups and Saucers ... 15c to 25c
Larger China Cups and Saucers ... 20 to 75c
Fancy Colored Shaving Cups ... 25c to 35c
Fancy Colored China Moustache Cups ... 40c up
Fancy Colored China Salad Bowls ... 60c to $2 00
Royal Crown Derby Cups and Saucers ... $3 00 each
Royal Crown Derby Plates ... $3 00 each
Limoges Tea Setts (40 pieces) ... $10 00
Limoges Assorted Pieces from ... $1.25 to $7 50
China Jardinieres ... 75c to 2 50
China Biscuit Jars ... $1 25
China Cocoa Jugs ... $1 00 to $3 00
China Bread and Butter Plates ... $2 00 to $3 50 per dozen
Japanese Fancy Vases ... 50c to $3 00
Japanese Trays ... 50c to $2 00
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 possible 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 Currants, 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

THE SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS

The Public School Closed for the Holidays on Friday Last—An Excellent Programme Rendered by the Children

The public school closed for the Christmas holidays on Friday last with an excellent programme rendered by the children. The examination of the pupils was concluded early and the closing exercises under the direction of Principal Wilson, commenced at 11 o'clock. There was a large turnout of parents and friends of the children which must have been very gratifying to the Principal and his staff. The programme rendered by the children was very interesting and instructive. The drills were particularly good and showed careful training. The HERALD will not particularize as the entire programme was most creditable in every respect, and consisted of the following numbers:

Song by School ... "A Song for All the Britons"
Recitation ... Ivan Sutherland
Stick Drill ... Boys of Miss Dent's room
The Snow Brigade ... Boys of Miss Grant's room
Song—"A Lament for Summer" ... enior Girls
Drill ... Girls of Miss Smith's room
S ng by School ... "Rallying Round the Flag"
Dumb Bells ... Girls of Miss Fraser's room
Mother Goose ... Boys and girls of Miss Grant's room
Song—"Beautiful River" ... Senior Girls
Dialogue ... Girls of Miss Dent's room
Dialogue ... Boys of Miss Robinson's room
Song by School ... "The Maple Leaf"
Drill ... Boys of Miss Smith's room
Dialogue ... Boys of Miss Fraser's room
"GOD SAVE THE KING"

During the rendering of the programme the children of Miss Robinson's division presented her with a handsome gift as a token of their appreciation of her work during the term, to which Miss Robinson suitably replied.

PROMOTIONS.

From Division III. to Division II.—Elsie Hooley, Edna Bruce, Tannis Patrick, Ethel Blackberg, Harry McNab, Nellie Robinson, Rosie Match, Harry Dunne.

Division III.—From Jr. Second to Sr. Second:—George Woolsey, George Blake, David McGuire, Albert Abrahamson, John Gallicano, Albert Anderson, Oliver Ainslie, Sandy McRae, Merle Calder, Lawrence Shaw, John McRury, Emma Allan, Zelia Braul, Mamie Fleming, Marjorie Bourne.

From Sr. Second to Third:—Mary Boulay, Doris Bennet, M. Dunne, Emma Morgan, Bruce Calder, Eric Coursier, Esther Floyd, Willie Gallicano, Ralph Bell, Kathleen Anderson, Ethel Beam, Rheta Johnson, Duncan Kennedy, Aubrey Doyle, Ernest McMahon, Frances Lawson.

No promotions in the other rooms. Division III. was too large in comparison with the others and had to be reclassified.

Instructions having been received by Principal Wilson from the Department of Education, not to rank pupils nor to publish any results except promotions, no class reports are given this month.

Christmas Tree Entertainment.

A large number of friends of the Methodist Sabbath School assembled at the church Monday evening, at the annual Christmas Tree entertainment. An excellent programme of choruses and recitations was rendered by the children and were much enjoyed by those present. After the programme the heavily laden Christmas trees were stripped and the hearts of the little ones gladdened by presents from the Sunday school and friends, including bags of fruit and candy. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

Plans of C. P. R. for 1903.

The plans of the C. P. R. for next year are most comprehensive. They include double tracking, the building of a number of new lines west of Winnipeg, and a scheme of irrigation which will reclaim two and a half million acres of land between Calgary and Medicine Hat, a scheme which has been thought out for some time past and which will be carried into effect just as soon as the plans are approved by the executive.

In the scheme of irrigation the water will be taken from the Bow river, and it is calculated that it will take three dollars per acre to turn this water upon the land, which is otherwise admirable in quality, and which needs this application to make it profitable.

The plans, which were submitted to the executive by William Whyte, assistant to the president, and J. G. Griffin, land commissioner, provide for new lines which will open up territory heretofore closed to settlers. That is to say, the C. P. R. is about to provide facilities in regions hitherto untouched with this object in view—to meet the demands of intending settlers.

There are vast stretches of country yet to be settled quite apart from the route which has been chosen by the Grand Trunk, and the object of the C. P. R. is to induce settlement by providing in advance just what the settlers need.

Curling.

In the semi-final of the green curlers competition Kincaid defeated Holten 13 to 8.

The opening game in the Equitable Life Cup competition was played Saturday evening between Brown and Pinkham, resulting in favor of the former. The following were the rinks:

Walker	Douglas
Jackson	Rose
Coghlan	Edwards
Brown, skip 17	Pinkham, skip 2

A match is being arranged for Christmas morning, Scotland vs. Canada. Scotland will be represented by H. A. Brown, Dr. Carruthers, W. M. Lawrence, D. M. Rae.

L. O. L.

At the last meeting of L. O. L. No. 1658, held on Friday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: E. Adair, W.M.; A. Johnson, P.M.; Jas. Smiley, D.M.; W. Johnson, Rec. Secy.; Rev. W. C. Calder, Chaplain; Thos. Steed, Fin. Secy. and Treas.; W. Brock, Lecturer; J. Shaw, Director of Ceremonies; H. Sashaw, I.G.; M. House, O.G. At the next regular meeting on Jan. 16th, 1903, the installation of officers will take place and a large attendance of members is requested.

A Good Gold Proposition

Messrs. Tayl Bros. & George claim to have the best gold proposition in the country. The claim is exhibited in one of their windows and consists of a locked box containg $20 in gold. With every $2 cash purchase is given a key with which the purchaser has the privilege of trying to unlock the box containing the gold. Only one key will open the box and the gold belongs to the person who holds the lucky key. On New Year's Eve those holding keys will have an opportunity of trying them.

—What is home without a Singer, H. Manning, agent.

WILL KEEP ARM OPEN

The Fred Robinson Lumber Company are Making Improvements to Their Steamers and Building an Ice Scow.

The Fred Robinson Lumber Co. are making extensive improvements to their steamers "Archer" and "Lardeau" for the purposes of winter traffic over the Arm. The Lardeau is now on the ways receiving a thorough overhauling, and when she is finished the Archer will undergo repairs and alterations. It is the intention of the company to keep the Arm open this season. They have just constructed a large ice scow that will be used to keep a channel through the ice. The travelling public into the Lardeau country can rest assured that they will be able to make the trip to Comaplix and Beaton by the steamers from Arrowhead every day on time. The manager, Mr. Robinson, has determined to give prompt service as evidenced by the action he has taken to provide for emergencies.

School for Goldfields

The citizens of Goldfields held a public meeting last week in connection with school matters. The meeting decided to go ahead with the construction of the school building, and a petition for a school teacher will be forwarded to the Education Department.

—This Christmas is going to be a lively one. See that you do not forget your order to the Revelstoke Wine & Spirit Co.

A Merry Christmas To One and All.

Once more as the second year of the twentieth century draws to a close it becomes the HERALD's pleasing task to express the best wishes of the season to all its patrons and readers who constitute so large a proportion of the total population of this city and district. The years pass by rapidly to be sure. It seems but yesterday since the Christmas of 1901 was being celebrated in Revelstoke with Christmas gifts and Christmas carols; since our children were dreaming of Santa Claus and all his treasures; since the old old story of Bethlehem was being told in thousands of churches and homes, since family gatherings without number hailed Christmas as the grandest day of all the year and since multitudes on the last eve of this great Christmas festival, raised their song of gladness, with which was mingled the hope that thus they would all meet in coming years. And so from east to west as the day is born the sound of praise will be caught up by people of every tongue, and all round the world the familiar Christmas hymns and carols will be heard in our own English speech, and men building up the great Empire, whether amid the snows of Canada, by the fever haunted rivers of South Africa, or among the broad pastures of Australia now withering in the midsummer heat, will think of the old home and the old Christmas ways, and keep the season as near as possible after the familiar fashion of the race. Here in Revelstoke, where men of the same indomitable stock, are building up, as they hope, a great centre of commerce in a land destined to be the greatest mining country in the Empire, we too shall set up out Christmas trees and decorate our houses with green boughs and holly and mistletoe, all emblems of the primitive nature worship of the race, and keep Christmas as well as our brethren the wide world over with joy and thankfulness, with confidence in the future based on progress in the past, rejoicing, as is the way of the race, to preserve our old customs among new surroundings. After a year of unexampled development and with the brightest prsspects for those to come, Revelstoke can with good heart take its Christmas holiday and it is with every feeling of congratulation that the HERALD wishes its subscribers and patrons "A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Reid & Young

Wish Their Many Patrons

At This Festive Season

-A Merry 'Xmas-

We Also Extend to all

Our Customers A Bright, Prosperous and

Happy New Year

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

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

The British cruiser Pallas, now at Halifax, has been ordered to Venezuela.

Former U. S. Senator Sabin died suddenly of heart failure yesterday morning at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago.

New York and Chicago capitalists have joined forces to launch in Chicago an underground railway to cost $55,000,000.

Butterish factory and warehouses of the Escanaba Woodenware Co. at Escanaba was burned last night, loss $150,000.

It is estimated that over 4000 lives were lost in the recent earthquake at Askabad, Turkestan. Already 800 bodies have been found.

Crown Princess of Saxony has been located at Geneva, Switzerland, under an assumed name. Her brother and Prof. Giron are at the same hotel.

Most Rev. Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England is dead. The funeral will take place on Saturday at noon from Canterbury Cathedral.

Jeffries' manager has posted $1000 which he will pay Monro if he can stay four rounds with Jeffries in a battle for a knock out. Munro is the man who nearly put Jeffries out in the fourth round at Butte, Mont., recently.

An important and lengthy communication, dealing with British views of arbitration of Venezuelan dispute, was made by Foreign Secretary Lansdowne to U. S. Charge d' Affairs, Mr. White, last evening, and transmitted immediately to Washington.

PATTERSON IS ELECTED

The Opposition Candidate Wins in North Victoria by Forty-Three of a Majority.

VICTORIA, B. C., Dec. 24.—The bye election in North Victoria yesterday resulted in the election of Patterson by 43 of a majority over Robertson the government candidate.

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.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail or carrier, $2 per annum; $1.25 for six months, strictly in advance.

OUR JOB DEPARTMENT.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

Address all communications to the Manager

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18. 1902.

C.P.R. Employes Get More Pay

Two thousand employes of the C. P. R. company, comprising all their conductors, trainmen and yardmen, east of Fort William, were granted an increase in wages. The advances reach well up to 15 per cent. The increases were granted by the company, after negotiations covering a period of over six weeks with a joint committee of the Order of Railway Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

Passenger conductors north of Lake Superior will receive $125 a month instead of $108. On lines east of the lake the increase is from $100 a month to $110 and $115. Passenger conductors on branch lines will be paid $90 instead of $80 a month. Through freight conductors, who were paid $2.75 per hundred miles, will receive $2 90. Through freight brakemen are increased eight cents per hundred miles, making the rate $1.05. The increase on way freight trains is about 10 per cent., all round.

Baggagemen receive an 8 per cent advance in their wages, which will range from $58 to $70 a month. Yardmen's wages are advanced about 15 per cent., making them the best paid in Eastern Canada. The men in large yards will receive 25 cents an hour and others 21 cents. In the smaller yards, the rates will be 23 and 19 cents. Roughly estimated the increases will aggregate a quarter of a million dollars.

Railway Pass Unavailable.

J. Armstrong, C. N. R. surveyor, who has been away with a party since Oct. 1, exploring the so-called Smoky River pass, shown on the map half way between Yellow Head and Pine River passes and almost in a straight line between Edmonton and Fort Simpson on the Pacific, finds that no such pass exists.

Smoky River really heads in the same glacier as the Grand Forks of the Fraser and runs northwest after leaving the mountains. Where no river is shown on the maps at all, a small river called the Porcupine comes out of the mountains by a very difficult pass, where the Smoky River pass is shown. The result of the exploration is that no pass available for railway construction exists between Yellow Head and Pine River passes for a railway to Fort Simpson from Edmonton. The Yellow Head is too far south and the Pine too far north. The Smoky River pass would be exactly right if it really existed where it is shown on the maps.

Some Startling Death Figures.

According to the statistical report of the Interstate Commerce commission, 21,847 people were killed on railroads in the United States during the three years ending June 30, 1900. In the same three years about 21,500 persons were murdered. No statistics are at hand, which show what number lost their lives by accidents in mines, mills, factories and other places of labor, but the number must have been very great. We are altogether too prodigal of human life in this country. In the matter of murders we seem to be improving. According to the figures of the Chicago Tribune, there were 10,652 in 1896, and only 6225 in 1899. But the number of deaths by railroad accidents increases annually. The figures for 1900 were 7865 killed, and 50,320 injured. The number of British soldiers who lost their lives in South Africa is almost exactly the same as the number of persons killed in the same space of time (three years) on our railroads. We are too careless, too indifferent, not only in the way we run railroads, but in most matters that involve the hazard of accident. Take the fireworks explosion on the night of election day. What a preposterous accident! Thirteen dead and fifty hurt because fireworks were carelessly handled.—Harper's Weekly.

Mrs. or Miss?

JUST as a sort of New Year's card, the Woman's Suffrage Society of Paris have issued a manifesto contending that, as woman in her maiden name accomplishes all the duties of a citizen, she does prejudice to her interests by sinking her identity and losing her individuality in adopting the name of her husband when she marries. Consequently, it seems on the tapis that in future, when Miss Smith marries Mr. Brown, she will still retain her maiden patronymic of Smith. Being married, she must of necessity be Mrs.; therefore, if she retains her maiden name of Smith, we shall have the weird anomaly of Mr. Brown and Mrs. Smith as man and wife. Now, supposing Mrs. Smith, otherwise Mrs. Brown, should, by any unforeseen event, meet with a Mr. Smith in the absence of her husband, and it should go forth to the world—in a hotel visitors' book, for instance—that they were actually Mr. and Mrs. Smith, where the dickens, in the event of trouble, would Mr. Brown come in? Mr. Brown might swear by all that was holy that Mrs. Smith was Mrs. Brown, but if Mr. Smith swore that she was Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Smith did not stoop to deny it, what jury outside a lunatic asylum could convict Mrs. Smith of playing fast and loose with Mr. Brown? It is a complex problem, to say the least of it; but if the Woman's Suffrage Society of gay Paree are not content to let well alone, I suppose they must put up with the consequences.

UNION
Cigar Factory
REVELSTOKE, B.C.
H. A. BROWN, PROP.
Brands:
OUR SPECIAL and THE UNION
ALL GOODS UNION MADE

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 Broaches, 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.

GO TO L. Schnider
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.

Oriental Hotel
Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.
BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS
Large, Light bedrooms.
Rates $1 a day.
Monthly Rate.
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Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Revelstoke, B. C.
J. M. Scott, B.A., LL.B. W. de V. le Maistre, M.A

HARVEY, McCARTER & 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. P. 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.

Cold Range Lodge, K. of P., No. 26, Revelstoke, B. C.,
MEETS EVERY WEDNESDAY in Oddfellows' Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting Knights are cordially invited.
B. 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., ma ias, Litany and sermon (Holy Eucharist first Sunday in the month); 2:30 Sunday school, or children's service; 7:30 Evensong (choral) and sermon. Holy Days—The Holy Eucharist is celebrated at 7 a.m. or 8 a.m., as announced. Holy Baptism after Sunday School at 3:15.
C. A. PROCUNIER, Rector.

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

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

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

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

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

J. A. KIRK.
Domini n 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

BELGIAN HARES
The quickest breeders and greatest money makers in the small stock line of the present day. Full bred stock of FASHODAS.
Price—$6 and $10 per pair, according to age.
THOS. SKINNER,—Revelstoke, B. C.

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, McCATRER & PINKHAM.

Canadian Pacific Railway
ROUND TRIP TICKETS
Christmas and New Year Excursions
DEC. 23, 24, 25
DEC. 30, 31
JAN. 1.
Good to return Jan. 3rd
Fare and One-Third
For full information call on or address
T. W. Bradshaw, Agent Revelstoke.
E. J. Coyle, Assist. Gen Passenger Agent Vancouver

WOOD
For Sale.
The undersigned having contracted for the whole of McMahon Bros. wood is prepared to supply Mill wood at
$2 Per Load
Cedar Cordwood—$3.00 delivered.
Hardwood at equally low rates.
..Thos. Lewis..
Orders left at C. B. Hume & Co., Morris & Steed's, or at mill will have prompt attention.

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

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

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.

KING EDWARD VII
EXTRA SPECIAL
SCOTCH WHISKY

The best results in Scotch Whisky are obtained by a blend of the best distilleries.
Messrs. Greenless Brothers, of Argyleshire, considered the greatest whisky experts in the world, have spent their life's experience in the Scotch whisky business, and the result is the world's Greatest Scotch,
King Edward VII. Scotch Whisky
Distilled on the Estate of the Duke of Argyle, Scotland.
Revelstoke Wine & Spirit Company, Limited, Agents

FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS.
FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION.
HEATED BY HOT AIR
REASONABLE RATES.
Hotel Victoria
Brown & Guerin, 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.

New System of Air Brakes.

Experiments now being made at the Rio Grande shops promise radical improvements in the present method of using air brakes. The new device is the Hurst automatic air brake, and the advantages over the Westinghouse system are so pronounced that its advantages cannot be ignored by manufacturers. The experiments have been so thorough that the success of the brake is no longer speculative. The striking advantage of the brake is apparent in mountain railroading, where its superiority over other systems is indisputable.

In descending steep grades its value becomes immediately apparent. The entire train is in control of the engineer, and with the Hurst system he is enabled to set the brakes gradually and apply any amount of power desired. This insures a uniform amount of resistance. With the present system the air is applied, and then released.

When the speed of train increases air is again applied and released. In other words the speed is reduced by a series of applications, which affect the momentum only temporarily. It is like bringing a descending sled to a stop, and then releasing it until the momentum again becomes too great.

Another advantage of the system is that the air cylinders can be recharged while the brakes are set, and by an automatic arrangement there is very little waste of air. The other systems waste the air when it is released from the brake. The advantage of recharging the Hurst cylinders while the brakes are at work is apparent in descending long grades where there is a heavy demand for air pressure. In the Hurst cylinders the air cannot be exhausted.

An automatic arrangement sets the brake if a train pulls apart in climbing a hill with the Hurst system of brakes. A train is more evenly managed at depots and can be brought to a stop at the precise point desired. This cannot be done with other systems. The brakes can be used with other systems, as the couplings are made like those of the Westinghouse pattern.—Salt Lake Herald.

Mr. Fielding's Generosity.

The Dominion Coal Company has entered into a contract to supply the New England Coke and Gas Company of Boston, with Canadian coal at $1.95 per ton. Today Canadians pay from $4 to $5 per ton for the same coal. Hon. W. S. Fielding, as Premier of Nova Scotia, refused to impose on the Dominion Coal Company any restriction that would guarantee to Canadians a reasonable protection from the demands of the coal barons. The selling of coal to Americans at less than half the price charged to Canadians resulted. This is hardly flattering to the Finance Minister.

When the Crow's Nest Coal company sought to market their fuel in the United States, Hon. J. Israel Tarte insisted on an agreement which would render the company liable to a penalty of $3 per ton for coal sold abroad at rates below those quoted to Canadians. That was a patriotic move. The Crow's Nest Coal company were checkmated and Canadians protected.

In Mr. Fielding's case it was different. He gave away our rights without a murmur. That is why we pay double prices for our own minerals.

And, by the way, Mr. Fielding has been chosen to succeed Sir Wilfrid Laurier as leader of the Liberal party. It looks bright for the Crow's Nest Coal company and the Western States.

Down in Dixie.

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

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

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, 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

C. H. Lawrence
PROPRIETOR.

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.

CITY RESTAURANT

Under the management of MRS. AND MISS COWIE

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
MEALS AT ALL HOURS

FRONT STREET
Two doors east of the Revelstoke Furniture Co.

FRESH OYSTERS AFTER THE 15TH.

NOTICE.

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

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

J. RINGER.

Dated this 20th day of September, 1902.

NOTICE

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

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

Dated this 25th day of September, 1902.

R. M. HUME.

NOTICE

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

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

Dated this 24th day of September, 1902.

C. B. HUME.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 24th day of September, 1902.

C. B. HUME.

NOTICE

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

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

Dated this 22nd day of September, 1902.

R. M. HUME.

NOTICE

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Columbia river, just above the mouth of Canoe river, and marked 'R. Davis' southwest corner post,' thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 22nd day of September, 1902

R. DAVIS.

NOTICE

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

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

PETER AGREN.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post marked "R. Steiss' 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.

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

Commencing at a post marked, A. Y. Anderson's 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.

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. Jlathews, A M C; B63111; J B Hall, B45992; J L Farwig, B72922; intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claims.

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

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

A. R. HEYLAND.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

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

A. R. HEYLAND.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 4th day of October, 1902.

J. P. HUME.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated this 9th day of October, 1902.

GEORGE KNAPP.

NOTICE.

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

Commencing at a post planted at the south east corner of Lot 80, G. 1., according to the official plan of the survey of the American Syndicate Lands in the Big Bend district, and at a point about 4¾ chains east of the Columbia river about two and a half miles below the mouth of Gold Stream and marked "J. P. Hume s north east corner post," thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated this 8th day of October, 1902.

J. P. HUME.

NOTICE

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

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

W. le MAISTRE.

NOTICE

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

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

J. A. KIRK.

NOTICE

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

Dated the 23rd day of October, 1902.

PETER AGREN.

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated t 27th day of September 1902.

B. A. LAWSON.

THE TOWNSITE OF

..CIRCLE CITY..

IS NOW ON THE MARKET.

2oo --Lots on Sale-- 2oo

BUY BEFORE YOU SLEEP.

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

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

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

Splendid Water Power

Which will be utilized next Season by Concentrating Plants.

SEND FOR PARTICULARS AT ONCE
TO THE GENERAL AGENT,

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

ASHNOLA!!

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

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

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

City of Wonder, Progress and Great Prosperity

Lots in Ashnola are safe investments. In Blocks 1 to 4 and 13 to 20 the price will be advanced 2½c. 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.

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

"The garden gate swung to and fro,
Then came a whisper soft and low;
And said the lily to the rose:
"That is her lover, I suppose."
Says rose: "He comes here every day,
I wonder what they have to say?"
"They don't see us!" the jasmine sighs.
"Eaon looks into the other's eyes!"

"He loves her so!" the rose replied,
"Oh!—here they come!" the violet cried.
"He holds her hand," the pansy said,
"And like the rose, she blushes red."
And rose remarked: "It is not right
For us to listen—nor polite—
To all their vows—and tender sighs—
Oh, dear!—he kissed her!—shut your eyes!"
—M. Imlay Taylor, in Godey's.

DR. FRESTON'S BROTHER.

I was sister in a large male surgical ward of a well-known hospital in the north of England at the time when the following incident occurred:

A few months previously one of those disastrous colliery explosions, only too common in our neighborhood, had taken place, and eight of the men, poor fellows, all badly injured, had been brought into the Martin ward. We all had a heavy time of it, and our house surgeon—never very strong—had completely broken down under the strain of his devoted attention to his patients.

He had the satisfaction of seeing all the cases (with one exception) fairly started on the road to convalescence before he, too, came on the sick list, and was ordered absolute rest for several months. No man ever deserved a rest more than he.

By his constant and unwearied labors of love he had earned the blessing pronounced on Abou Ben Adhem as, "One who loved his fellow-men." We all greatly missed his cheery presence in the wards, and felt small interest in the doctor who came as his "locum" feeling sure that no one could take his place.

Dr. Freston, the temporary house surgeon, however, made a favorable impression on his arrival, and soon showed that he thoroughly knew his work. He had a quiet, reserved manner, and we had worked together some days before I learned anything more about him. Then an accident, if there is such a thing, showed me the real man. One evening, on going his rounds I reported a new case, just come in, to him. It was a man who had been found lying in the road. He had evidently fallen against the curbstone and had received a scalp wound. That he was a stranger in the town was proved by some papers in his pocket, showing him to have been discharged from a sailing vessel at Hull a few days previously.

"I have not made out his history yet," I said; "he seems to be very poor, and apparently has no friends."

"No friends!" repeated Dr. Freston, with an expression I had not seen on his face before. "Very few of us realize what those words mean, sister. It means more than mere friendliness. It means a man's life without any influence for good upon it—no restraint to keep him from sinking to the lowest depths; no anchor to hold him back from suffering shipwreck on the rocks which surround us all; some seen, and some hidden ones more dangerous than all. No!"— He seemed to have forgotten he was speaking to me, and remembering checked himself.

"We see so many such lives in our work," I said.

"Yes," he said, slowly and absently, as if his thoughts were far away. "it must always be a sad sight, even if those who suffer are utter strangers to us."

He paused, then turned round to face me, and spoke more quickly, as if he wished to force himself to say something.

"To me it is the most painful sight of all, because I am haunted by the feeling that somewhere in this world there may now be a man who is friendless and alone through my fault. Every fresh face I see I think may be his. Every morning I wake with the thought that I may see it before night."

I looked at him with intense interest. My woman's instinct, which so seldom errs, told me that he had never spoken of this to any one before, and that it was a great relief to him to do so now.

I longed to hear more. He seemed to read the sympathy expressed in my face and went on more quietly:

"I had a younger brother. There were only two of us. I was older by three years, and both in appearance and character we were totally unlike. He had been spoiled by my father, who always let him have his own way chiefly. I fancy, on account of the strong likeness he bore to our mother, who died when we were quite young. I was at Oxford reading for a degree previous to entering the hospital when my father died, and I—but do I bore you? I have no right to inflict all this on you, but somehow you always look as if you were used to hearing other people's troubles. I notice every one comes to you."

"Please go on." I could not say more.

"My father had had a nasty fall in the hunting field, and was almost at the last before I got to him. All his affairs were in perfect order, but he was anxious about Jack—always his first thought.

"'You'll look after him, Tom,' he said. 'Promise me you will look after him. If you promise I know you won't go back. A promise is a promise with you, Tom; I could always trust you.'

"I did promise, again and again, and God knows I meant to keep my word, and my old father died quite happy with my promise still sounding in his ears and his eyes resting to the last on his darling Jack. He never doubted me for a moment. How could he foresee? I am thankful he died happy. Do you think he knows now, sister, how I kept my word?"

I shook my head, but did not speak.

"I went back to Oxford, and Jack entered the same college. That was the mistake. At a distance—if I had only seen him now and then—we might have got on well enough; but at my elbow, always bursting into my room when I wanted to read, filling his room with friends as noisy and light-hearted as himself, spending money recklessly on all sides, and turning everything I said into a joke—all this was a daily annoyance to me. It grew intolerable. I had no sympathy at all with any of his pursuits, and I grew more cold and reserved, until one day, exasperated more than usual, I told him that if he wanted to go to the dogs he might go by himself. His temper was as quick as mine. His sharp answer drew a sharper one from me, which roused him to a fury. 'You won't see me again, so you need not trouble your head about it. I can work for myself,' and he was gone. Even then, sister, if I had gone after him, I might have stopped him, but I was mad with him, and was glad that he was gone. As glad then to hear that he was gone as I should be now to hear that once again, on this earth, I might hope to see his face. I live for that, and one day it may come."

"And you never heard of him again?"

"No sound from that day to this. He went without money, and he could draw none except through me."

"Perhaps," I suggested, utterly at a loss what to say, "he found some work or—"

"Work! Jack never did a day's work in his life; he was not made to work."

"Do you think that some of his friends——" I began, rather hopelessly.

"No," he replied, with a deep tone of sadness in his voice; "no; not one of his friends ever heard of him—that's four—no, five years ago. Five years—and night and day I think of those words, 'You will look after Jack, Tom.'"

There was a silence I did not know how to break.

"I think, sister," he added, looking up with eyes which long sorrow had filled with wonderful depth of expression, "I think I should have put an end to my life before now; but I knew father's first question would be, 'Have you looked after him, Tom?'"

The door opened to admit the stretcher with a new case from the surgery, and Dr. Freston was in a moment the professional man, absorbed in investigating the extent of the new arrival's injuries.

Before leaving the ward he turned to the bedside of the patient whose friendless condition had led to our conversation. He took down the head card to fill up the details.

"Name, sister?"

"George Thomas."

"Age?"

"I do not know; he looks about forty; but he is very weather-beaten.

The doctor glanced at the tanned, scarred face, nearly hidden by bandages, and stood hesitating, pen in hand.

"Occupation—do you know?"

"Sailor."

"No other particulars, sister?"

He laid the card on the table and wiped his pen carefully—a methodical and orderly man in every detail of his work.

"I only found a few coppers and these old papers in his pocket," I said, showing the contents of a pocket-book much the worse for wear. One crumpled piece of paper had the words, "15 Back Wells Court, Hull," written upon it; probably the address of his last lodging. I proceeded to unfold another piece, and found an old, plain gold locket, worn thin and bright; one side was smooth, on the other was a monogram still faintly legible, "J.F."

I felt it suddenly snatched from my hands.

Dr. Freston had seized it, and, carrying it quickly across the ward, turned the gas on full, and gazed on the locket with eyes that seemed to pierce it through.

"Look, sister!" he said, and his strong hand shook as he held it towards me, "there can be no mistake. I remember this locket so well. Jack gave it to my father with his photograph inside before he went to school, and after father died Jack kept it. It was an old joke of theirs to take each other's things, because they were marked with the same initials. I could swear to this anywhere and I see quite clearly how it came here. Jack met this man at Hull, perhaps he came off the same boat, and if he was hard up—but he must have been hard up before he would part with this, and then it's not much use to any one else. No one would give a shilling for an old thing like this, but here it is, and here's the address of where the man stayed. It's the first clue I have ever had, sister," and his face was bright with hope. "Jack may be still there; I must go without losing a minute. I may catch him before he goes on further. Is there anything else you want me for to-night?"

He was already near the door. "No, not to-night; the others are all very comfortable; but do you not think it would be worth while to ask this man where he got the locket? It may not have been in Hull at all, and you would have the journey for nothing. Give me the locket and I will ask him."

He handed it to me without appearing to follow what I had said.

The idea of his brother being within reach had taken such a hold of his mind that he could hardly endure a minute's delay before going off to seek him.

I bent over No. 7's bed.

"I found this among your things," I said. "Is it your own, or did some one sell it to you?"

He looked up quickly and suspiciously.

"What do you want to know for?" he muttered.

"I only want to know whether the man who owned this first was with you at this address in Hull."

He looked at me sharply, and did not answer for a minute.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "the man who owned that was there when I was," and he turned round, as if unwilling to say more.

"I had learned all I wished, and repeated the information to Dr. Freston.

"Thank you very much," he said, simply. "Good night, sister; I may not see you for a few days." He was already on the landing.

"Good night, Dr. Freston," but I doubt if he heard me. He was half-way downstairs.

Next day Dr. Freston's work was done by the junior surgeon, and the ward routine went on as usual.

I could find out nothing more of No. 7's history, except that his real age was twenty-eight. He looked at least ten years older. He was knocked about a good deal in the world, he told some of his fellow patients.

His injuries proved to be very slight and on the evening of the second day he was allowed to sit up for a short time.

On the day following, when it was growing dusk, the door of the ward opened, and Dr. Freston came quietly in.

I saw at a glance that he had not been successful in his search. There was nothing more to be learned at that address, he told me. The people there remembered quite well a man who gave the name of George Thomas sleeping there for one night a week ago, but they were sure they had no other lodger at the time. They knew nothing whatever about the man. He was evidently very poor, but had paid for what he had had.

"I ought not to have built so many hopes upon so slight a foundation," he replied, with a poor attempt at a smile, and a tone of weary sorrow in his voice. "I have waited so long that I ventured to think that perhaps at last he——" then, checking himself, and with an effort turning his thoughts elsewhere—"but I am late, sister. I must catch up my work. Have you anything for me to-night?"

"Will you sign No. 7's paper? The wound was very superficial, and Mr. Jones discharged him this morning. He is anxious to get on."

"I must speak to him first; he may be able to tell me something more," and he turned towards No. 7, sitting by the fire, and for the first time he looked him in the face—the first time for five years, rather; for I saw Dr. Freston pause as if transfixed, and the next moment he was at his brother's side.

"Jack!" he said, "Jack!" and could not say another word.

But that was all he had to say. Jack had been the thought of his life, night and day, for five years. And now Jack was there, and he held him fast, what should he say but repeat "Jack!" again and again, until he could realize that this was no dream, but rather the awakening to a better and happier life than he had known before. Jack said nothing at all. For one moment he had looked around as if wishing to escape; but if he would he could not. And where in the world that he had found so hard and merciless could he hope to meet the warm welcome which strove to find utterance in his brother's happy eyes, which gazed on the ragged figure before him as if he could never look enough?

That is all the tale. It gave the patients something to talk about for a day or two, and was then forgotten—in the ward, at least.

But there are three people from whose memories no word or act recorded here can ever be effaced. Need I name them? They are Dr. Freston, Jack, his brother, and myself, Tom Freston's wife.—Chicago Mail.

The Eccentricity of Law.

An action highly interesting to lovers of both sexes was not long ago heard before Judge Kay, of Boston. The plaintiff, a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman, became engaged to the defendant against her parents wish. When the engagement was broken off the defendant made demands for money, and to enforce his claims, threatened to publish the love letters that had passed between them.

An application for an injunction to restrain him from doing so was made, and not only granted, but the defendant had to pay the costs.

A peculiar action was recently heard at a country court. The defendant in the case possessed a piece of forest land, and on this land a thick crop of thistles sprang up. When the wind was high the seed from these was blown into the plaintiffs garden, took root, and did damage. He accordingly sued for compensation, and recovered $15 damages.

Damages to the extent of $5,000 for the omission of a single word in a newspaper report seems a heavy penalty for what might, after all, have been a mere printer's error. Such, however, was awarded not long since for the omission of the word "not" in an Irish newspaper.

A curious application was made not long ago before a justice of the peace. A baby, having been left by its mother with another woman to mind, she, on hearing that the mother had disappeared, tried, but without success, to get it into the workhouse. The lawyer who appeared for the woman told the justice that unless he admitted the baby into the workhouse at once he would leave it in his custody. He then directed the woman to place the baby on the court table and walk out, which she did, leaving the feeding-bottle with the unlucky infant. "The child is now destitute and neglected," said the lawyer, "and your honor can order its removal to the union." Needless to say, the baby was soon taken to the relieving officer and conveyed to the workhouse.

The action for slander brought by Mr. George Augustus Sala some years ago against Mr. Harry Furniss will be remembered. The slander complained of was uttered by Mr. Furniss in a speech, in the course of which he said that Mr. Sala, in submitting three drawings of a head, foot and hand to the Academy, unfortunately portrayed six toes instead of five upon the foot he drew, and so did not get into the schools. The jury gave Mr. Sala $25 damages.

Lions a Drug in the Market.

"I find there is a general impression," said Fred F. Sampson, an attache of the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, who was at the Laclede recently, "that lions are the most costly wild animals sought after by keepers of menageries and circuses. This is quite wrong. Lions have for some time been almost a drug on the market, and except when they are remarkably large they do not fetch a large price. The craze of late years has been after rare animals which are very difficult to capture.

"The white wildcat of Russia is worth almost a fortune, and one was sold quite recently for the apparently ridiculous sum of $12,000. These animals are only found on mountains of perpetual snow, and they are so perfectly white that it is difficult to distinguish them when they are crouching. For this reason also they are very hard to keep in captivity, a temperature of more than fifty degrees killing them off in a day or two. It costs a great deal more to keep one of these animals supplied with half-frozen air than to feed it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Acted Like Children.

The Cherokee Indians were recently paid the $6,740,000 due on the sale of Cherokee lands. The Indians acted like children, buying the simplest articles for the most exorbitant price, seemingly afflicted with a desire to get rid of their wealth as soon as possible.

It is reckoned that the household and personal refuse of all kinds and street sweepings of a town amount to about half a ton annually per head of the population.

Chicago has a bird hospital, the only one of its kind in the world, where sick and wounded birds are received and cared for.

The thirteen Atlantic cables now in use represent a total capital of about £17,000,000.

In Holland it is the custom for women to wash the china and silver used at breakfast and tea immediately after the meal and in the presence of

A MATRIMONIAL SHOT.

We rather prided ourselves upon being small, but select—small, that is, as a community. "Select!" old Miss Mayberry is reported to have observed. "They call themselves select, do they? Where were they selected from? That is what I want to know." Of course, no one satisfied her impertinent curiosity. We all knew where we came from, if she didn't, and some some of us held strange opinions as to Miss Mayberry's ultimate destination; but that is neither here nor there. Still, it was "rather a startler," when old Mr. Egglestons, of Bermondsey, came down to Willowtown to live. He was fabulously rich; he swallowed peas with his knife, and called them "marrerfats;" he was impatient, headstrong, choleric, apoplectic. Two important facts saved him from social ostracism—his aldermanic dinners and his daughter Sempronia.

It is not very easy to describe Sempronia. Her beauty had an elusive way of defying description. When she entered a room people were vaguely conscious that something pleasant had happened. If you were fortunate enough to take her in to dinner she confirmed that impression. Even mock turtle lost its mockery when she sat beside you. Not that old Eggleston often put people off with mock turtle; he was far too fond of dipping his white beard in the genuine thing to wish to impose imitations on his guests. Poor Harry Nichson's troubles, however, began the first time he dined at the Egglestons', owing to Mr. Eggleston's ambiguous speech. Mr. Eggleston was gobbling away at his soup, and only left off to observe that he "couldn't 'eat the 'ot 'ouse."

"But, my dear sir," observed Harry "nothing but an ostrich could eat your hothouse."

"Don't you be impertinent, young man," retorted Mr. Eggleston, "or you and me'll 'ave words. I will 'eat it if I like.

Sempronia threw oil on the troubled waters, but not before Mr. Eggleston had remarked to the remains of his soup that Harry was "a nordacious sparrer."

Sempronia was fond of her father. She didn't obtrude the fact, but skilfully contrived to throw her mantle over him at all the social functions of the neighborhood. It soon became an understood thing that any one who poked fun at Mr. Eggleston had no chance of winning the good graces of his beautiful daughter. Her mother had been a lady — a very feeble one, and married Eggleston on account of his strong-mindedness. Mrs. Eggleston's relatives were so astonished by the originality of such a reason that they cut her. It preyed on Mrs. Eggleston a good deal, but she lived very happily with her husband until Sempronia was born. Then, like Mrs. Dombey, "she couldn't make an effort—and died! People who saw poor Mr. Eggleston at that awful time said that he was as one distraught. He sat by the dead woman, holding her hand until she was taken away to the grave. Then he fell down in a fit. He was only prevented from following his wife into the silent land by hearing the doctors say that he hadn't a chance of living. In order to contradict them he recovered. If he couldn't "'eat the 'ot 'ouse" it wasn't for want of trying his jaws on everything else he came across.

Still, with all his faults, old Mr. Eggleston was much beloved in Willowtown. His speech when he first took the chair at the "Penny Readings" was a model of metaphorical research. "When I look round 'ere," he said, sticking his determined thumbs well into his white waistcoat, "I ask myself what brings me 'ere, and I says to myself, says I—Money! I've never been properly eddicated, but I've made—Money! I was born in the gutter, so to speak, but I've made—Money! I ain't the genuine come-over-William-the-Conqueror and other-fine-old-crusted-thieves lot (any one can tell I'm not real Dosset, and only oleomargarine), but I've made—Money! Nobody'd call me a new-laid Brahma; I'm only a sixteen-to-the-shillin'-and-take-me-back-if-'igh-French-egg, but I've made—Money! And now I've made money I mean to spend it on people I like, so I'll be very glad if you'll all come up to supper when the performance is over. Mr. Nicholson's going to sing 'The 'Eart Bowed Down.' I don't know what it's bowed down about, but I dessay it's very pretty." And Mr. Eggleston retired amid thunderous applause.

Harry Nicholson sang "The Heart Bowed Down" with great effect. "He's always up at the 'all," Mr. Eggleston informed the people. He liked Nicholson now, although he couldn't resist calling him "a confounded young puppy for sniggerin' because I got flummoxed and said 'Mr. Recitation will give a Smith' the other night. He's of a good family, Nicholson is. I should like my daughter to marry into a good fam'ly. I never was much of a fam'ly man myself, though I dessay I could buy a crest and a Latin mortar at the 'Erald's college. Still, it's a fine thing to have a picture gallery full of beautiful murderesses and ruffins in armor and Sir 'Ugos and Sir Lunchalots, and Lady Ediths of the white and, and stitchlike."

Sempronia did not object to Nicholson's picture gallery at all. She and Nicholson were always together. Of course, Nicholson was poor. Indeed, his picture gallery was his chief possession. He was expected to live up to it. People supposed that he did something for a living, but no one knew exactly what it was. One day, however, it occurred to him that he was in love.

"I'm going away," he said abruptly to Miss Eggleston.

They were sitting by the drawing room fire. It was only 6:30, but just after Christmas it is very dark at that time. Miss Eggleston was clad in black velvet, and what Mr. Eggleston called "the fam'ly diamons" sparkled on her white neck. Mr. Eggleston always insisted on her wearing jewels at dinner. He was mortally afraid of his suspicious-looking butler, as that stony-hearted functionary had threatened "to resign" if Mr. Eggleston dared to sit down to dinner in a shooting jacket. "If people don't respect themselves," he had observed, "I do. When I served my Lord of Ditchwater he always dressed for dinner, and I'm not agoin' to demean myself by waitling on a parvenoo who don't." That had settled it. Rather than be called by such an awful word, as "parvenoo" Mr. Eggleston apologized, and Porkins buried the hatchet.

When Nicholson said he was going away Sempronia didn't like it at all. Her blue eyes looked into the fire with a rather abstracted air. The firelight played upon her beautiful, if somewhat haughty, features. What right a butterman's daughter had to resemble the De Veres of romance it was difficult to discover, but she indubitably did so. Her features were neither faultly faultless nor splendidly null; they certainly were very beautiful.

"Going away?" she asked. "Surely, Mr. Nicholson, this is rather a sudden freak."

Nicholson rose from his chair and stood looking down on her. He was black as a crow, but with a prepossessing blackness. He had a very musical voice, his gayety was infectious, and people lingered to listen to his laughing witticisms. But he did not seem inclined to be funny to-night. For so mercurial a youth he was decidedly serious. His hand twisted the beautiful stud in his immaculate shirt front. Altogether he was very preoccupied. The rug wasn't big enough. He trod on the St. Bernard and was stricken by remorse.

"Such an owl is well out of the way," he said. "Miss Eggleston, I'll go."

"You forget that you dine with us."

"Oh, no; I don't forget. Perhaps you will let me off. I'm not fit for the giddy throng to-night."

"It isn't a giddy throng. There will be papa and Mr. Gubbins. True, Mr. Gubbins is volatile—away from Mrs. Gubbins—but you cannot call papa giddy."

"No. I'm off to-morrow. In fact, I've made a discovery."

"In the picture gallery? Or buried treasure in the paddock?"

"Don't scoff at my poverty," he said with repressed feeling. "Don't scoff at that. God knows I never felt it until to-night."

"And why to-night?"

"To-night?" with assumed indifference. "Well, even the lightest-hearted fellow finds Black Care perched on his shoulder sometimes. I—I was actually thinking this afternoon."

"No wonder you are tired." But she didn't look at him.

"Yes; funny wasn't it? Actually thinking. What do you think I thought about?"

"I don't know. Something interesting?"

"I can't say that. It seemed interesting—to me."

She smiled.

"I went up to the gun room, and flung myself into a chair."

"And lit a cigar."

"Well, yes. When a man thinks, he's bound to light up; can't help it."

"So you lit up?"

"Yes. I lit up. Then I sat down again; then I got up; then I sat down. Nearly wore out the chair before I'd finished."

"That was serious."

"It was. I wanted something. Didn't know what I wanted, so called myself names and pitched my cigar away. Which was rash. It was a good cigar," regretfully; "and I haven't many left. Must take to smoking shag like Old Ikey does. He enjoys it."

"Don't be horrid."

"I got tired of walking up and down, so I stopped short in the middle of the floor, and fixed my eye upon the carpet pattern. It's an awfully good plan that. The carpet spoke back to me. It said——"

"Yes?"

"Oh, it said, you bone-idle beggar, you've wasted your manhood, you have loitered in the vineyard (metaphorically, of course—you can't loiter in vineyards where there aren't any—stands to reason) while others toiled, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Yet all the time, some impossible dream—a dream of some great happiness—has haunted me. You have drifted, drifted, drifted, like a boat bottom up with this happiness quite close to you. You had but to go forth into the world, and—and win you spurs—and you didn't go. That's what the carpet said. Extraordinary bit of Brussels, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Didn't it say anything else?"

"Lots of things. It said I must lose this woman I loved because I was ruined."

"Ruined!"

"Yes, ruined; and all that sort of thing. I have been living on capital instead of interest. The only redeeming feature about the affair is that the gallery will have to go. You see it's hard lines on a fellow to have nothing but a gallery left to him; he can't live up to it; and yet he has to do so. None of those ruffianly old ancestors of mine ever did a day's work in their lives. I'm afraid I haven't done much. But why should I bore you with this?"

"You don't bore me, and you suffer!"

"It is a trifle unpleasant."

"You don't think it would be particularly pleasant?"

"I was horribly bored by that gallery. Lady Edith, of the White Hand, will fetch a good price from a soap man. I couldn't have stood that depressing female much longer. She had a way of sticking her hand out at one, as if a fellow couldn't live up to it. I'm thinking of joining the mounted police in the Northwest Territory. They're a splendid lot; and there's always the pleasurable excitement of being scalped by The-Man-Who-Rides-a-Mule With-His-Face-To-The-Tail, or some other equally long-named hero."

"The experience wouldn't be of much use to you because it could only happen once."

"Yes, I suppose so. There are worse things than being scalped."

"Possibly."

"And so good-by to the old times—and to—to Lady Edith. I wish some one would scalp her. When a man is on the brink of ruin it is best for him to forget everything."

"Yes," she said almost inaudibly. "It is best for him to forget, but not—everything. I—I am very sorry for you."

He pressed her hand lightly to his lips. She knew that this was his characteristic farewell to the hopes he had cherished. Womanlike, she was angry at his silence. And then his wretched pride. She had enough money for both. What did his poverty matter? Hadn't he that delightful gallery of ancestors, some of whom, if report spoke truly, were little better than the wicked. You couldn't buy family portraits like that. There were plenty of dubious old masters in the market, but few undoubtedly "old mississes," as Mr. Eggleston called them. And here was this irrational youth, who loved her, going off to be scalped by Pawnees or Comanches or Sioux, or Apaches, or any other outlandish tribe of Indians with whom fate might confront him. Why not stay at home and have his hair pulled only in the family circle? And it was such beautiful hair. Now, if the Rev. Mr. Gubbins were to be scalped by the heathen, it would not matter nearly so much. A fringe of dirty gray hair could easily be removed, but those hyacinthine locks! It made her sick to think of the scalping knife circling round their ebon glories. However, she dissembled after the manner of women, and lightly bade him good-by.

He disappeared in the darkness, feeling that desperate sorrow which only comes to a man once in a lifetime, for the simple reason that he couldn't possibly live through it twice. "By Jove," he muttered between his teeth, "it would go hard with any one who crossed me to-night."

"Har—Harry!" gurgled a choking voice from the shrubs. "'Elp—'Elp!"

The next moment Harry had jumped into the bushes. A bullet whizzed by his ear as he did so, and a cowardly ruffian, who had half strangled Mr. Eggleston, fled into the unknown.

"My wife's portrait," cried Mr. Eggleston. "They knocked me down as I was coming up the walk——"

Harry ran swiftly down the avenue, his pulses tingling with fierce joy, and all the savage within him revelling in the prospect of a fight.

Just as he reached the gate his foot tripped against a rope, which was stretched across the drive. There was another shot—a red-hot, searing, tearing dart in his shoulder—and he fell forward on his face, while the cracksmen made off across the fields, cursing their own stupidity in beginning operations so prematurely. Porkins disappeared with them.

Harry was carried into the house and laid on a couch. Doctors were telegraphed for right and left. For hours he remained with pallid features and closed eyes. The doctors shook their heads and looked wise. The wound was a serious one; the bullet hard to find; if certain things didn't happen the patient would recover; if they did happen, he wouldn't; that was all that could be extracted from them as they nodded with sphinxlike gravity, and returned to their patient.

Sempronia sat beside Harry through the long night. It was useless to dissimulate any more. She was quite tearless and as white as wax. Every now and then she moistened his lips or smoothed the pillow, but did not give way to her grief. It was only towards morning on the second day after the doctors had extracted the bullet that she betrayed any excitement. In the cold, gray dawn, a robin deluded into momentary cheerfulness by the thought that spring would surely come some day, began to twitter his cheery melody to the casement's glimmering square. The song of the bird smote Sempronia. She shivered, and bending over the wounded man, kissed him passionately. "Ah," she moaned, as she flung herself on her knees by the couch, "I was cold, and hard, and cruel to you, but I never meant to let you leave me. I would have followed you to the world's end for one word of love, but you were so proud—so proud—that I could never humble myself to tell you so. And now—now you will not know it."

She brushed back her hair and stared with wild, wan eyes into the gray dawn. Then a wonderful thing happened. The sleeping man opened his eyes and smiled. From that moment he grew better, "I seemed to hear your voice faintly, and afar off," he explained, when he was able to "sit up and take a little nourishment," as Mr. Eggleston put it. "I was crossing a gray river, accompanied by an old man, who was half clad in skins. As we drew near to the opposite shore, dimly discernible through the gloom, pale phantoms came down to meet us, and then—then I heard your voice, and all is well."

"Yes," she made answer softly, "all was well. God has been very good to us, and all is well."

"And if anybody's got to be scalped," said old Mr. Eggleston, fondly surveying the young couple, "let's 'ope as it'll be those ruffians as garroted me when that sanctimonious Porkins (the butler) helped 'em to get my watch. Anyhow, they'll have their hair cut short at Her Majesty's expense for some time, bless her. It's refreshing, after all these years of paying taxes to get something for it."—Detroit Free Press.

New Way to Catch a Man.

The Winchester girls have discarded the yellow garter and the pillow stuffed with love letters, and have discovered a new and sure scheme to ensnare the wily Clark county youths, as is evidenced by the following paragraph from the Democrat: "The latest superstition is that if a girl takes the small bow which fastens the lining of a man's hat, and wears it inside her shoe, she will have a proposal from the youth within a month. The success of the scheme may be open to question, but it is proving very destructive to hats."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Irritating.

"Well," said the philosopher to the man who was tired, "you know that nothing worth having can be got without hard work."

"That's what makes me so tired of you philosophers," was the reply; "you are always making that remark, and saying it as if it were something to be thankful for."

THE WIDOW'S COW

He That Hath Pity on the Poor Lendeth to the Lord

"I HAVE been over to Widow Dilman's this afternoon and brought home that cow," said Farmer Merrion as he sat down to supper.

"Why, papa!" exclaimed Daisy, "what will the poor widow do now?"

"I had never thought of that," laughed the farmer.

"Well, I call that real mean," spoke up Joe. "We've got a whole barnyard full of cows, while that poor woman has but just one."

"The widow has been buying provisions of me all along. The bargain was that as soon as it amounted to $30 if she had not the money to pay me, I was to have the cow. So, you see, the cow is bought and paid for."

"Oh, papa, it's a shame, because she's half their living. Poor Mrs. Dilman has been sick so long, you know, and now that she is getting about again, I know she must feel almost lost without poor old Whitey." And there were tears in Eva's eyes.

At last, pushing back her food untasted, she sprang up and went around to her father, and pleaded with him to take back the cow.

"I would, father," said his wife. "You know what the Bible says about being good to the poor."

"Tut, tut!" said the farmer. "You can all be very free with other people's money. How many of you, I wonder, would give anything out of your own pockets?"

"Papa, dear, you shall have my bank and every dollar in it," said Eva.

"And you needn't buy me a new overcoat this winter, father. I'll wear my old one," said Joe.

"Please, papa, can't I sell my pet pig to help pay for the cow?" asked Daisy.

"Well, I declare,' laughed the farmer. "Tell me where you all learn so much generosity."

"I have tried to instill it into them, my dear," said Mrs. Merrion, "as Jesus has taught it to us through his word. 'He that hath pity on the poor, you know, 'lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.' God's word is sure."

The result was that the next morning the farmer sold the cow to his children; and what fun they had driving her home!

As they drew near the cottage they became so boisterous that the widow and one of her sons came out to the gate, and there stood old Whitey patiently by the fence with the children around.

"Good morning, Mrs. Dilman; we've brought back your cow," cried Joe.

"For the land's sake!" cried she, holding up both hands. "Don't you want her?"

"You want her worse," said Joe; "and so papa sold her to us children an we've brought her back a present to you."

"You blessed children!! God be praised!" exclaimed the widow, bursting into tears, and little Mark threw both arms around the cow's neck.

Farmer Merrion's children declared as they were returning home, "that they never felt so happy in their lives." They had learned that it is indeed "more blessed to give than to receive."—Our Young Folks.

A Funny Steed.

Every little boy and girl will be pleased to see the funny steed that a little boy in Ashford, Ill., has trained to drive for his own pleasure. That is why we print the accompanying picture. Now plenty of boys have the same opportunity to train a pig to drive and it must be great sport try-

ing to train one. Everybody knows, who has driven pigs, not harnessed to anything how sure they are to go the wrong way. Therefore to undertake to train one for driving like a horse, dog, or goat must be amusing indeed. Perhaps no pig will ever make a real fast racer, but the idea of our little Ashford friend may become very popular

A Cosy Bed for Dollie.

A pretty doll bed can be made from a grape basket. Remove the handle and replace one-third of the way from the end. Line the basket neatly with silkoline or cheese cloth, and wind the handle with a strip of the same, and again with narrow ribbon, ending in a bow at each end of the handle. Put a ruffle, edged with narrow lace around the outside of the basket. Inclose the short end by fastening a canopy of the material used to handle and edge the basket. Fasten lace-edged curtains to the top of the handle, drawing to either side, where they may be tied with ribbon. Cover a piece of pasteboard to fit the bottom of the basket, and the bed is ready for mattress, pillow, etc. It is fine enough for the queen of all the dolls.

Not Quite in Shape.

Mother—Why, children, what's all this noise about?

Little Freddy—We've had gran'pa and Uncle Henry locked in the cupboard for an hour, an' when they get a little angrier I'm going to play going into the lion's cage.

A Sure War.

Mamma—Bob, dearest, I entreated papa for a whole half hour to-day that he would buy you a pony, but I cannot move him.

Bob (indignant)—Why didn't you faint, then? Couldn't you do that much for me?

POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY.

KAUFMANN KOHLER, Rabbi Temple, Fifth Avenue-Seventy-second Street, New York City.

They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage.—Isaiah, xli., 6.

The favorite word of our age is power. We no longer dread the forces of nature; we have learned to subjugate the fiery steeds and hitch them to our chariot, to carry us triumphantly with lightning speed across earth and sea to do our bidding; we have turned the rays of the sun and all the things hidden in the soil into sources of human power, and we rate men and nations, the trades and the sciences, even knowledge and character, by the power they wield.

But there is something crude and selfish in that universal strife and struggle for power. For where there is victory on one side there is defeat on the other. Every success here implies failure there. Power can be no end to itself; it may be used well or misused; it may become the means of uplifting or of crushing others. Power is a trust. It emanates from a higher Power, which is benign and just. It is given to God's children for help, not for harm. It must, in order to be a gift of heaven, prove a source of strength for the feeble. It must not overawe and overwhelm, but protect and shield the powerless.

The greatness of our age consists not in the powerful machinery we have invented, in the mighty steam and electric forces which proclaim man's dominion over nature, nor in the great organizations of labor and capital that make the achievements of marvellous enterprises possible, nor even in those intellectual forces, such as science, literature and the press, which interlink the lands and the nations and unify the world. The deep spiritual current underlying and overruling all movements and aims of our century, "the still, small voice" heard in the recesses of all hearts today, is the word "responsibility." Every human woe that comes to our notice, every condition of wretchedness that we encounter, the fierce social struggles and the exasperating labor strikes which we watch with abated breath hold before our minds with even greater impressiveness the lesson of responsibility.

True, in everyday experience we are inclined to regard power as the means of controlling life for selfish purposes and each privilege as the opportunity of personal enjoyment and ease. The man who stands at the top of the social ladder is, as a rule, regarded by those beneath him as one who has great resources of pleasure and mighty advantages for personal aggrandizement open to him, and therefore made an object of envy and jealousy, if not of malice and hatred. Nor can it be denied that the great majority of men are so prompted by selfish aims and motives as to be ever eager to abuse power and privilege by indulgence in passion and greed. On the other hand, the less fortunate, no less guided by narrow, selfish feelings, behold in this inequality of life the favoritism of Providence and rebel against this cruelty of fate. This is an altogether erroneous view. There are no favors in God's world but involve also greater obligations. Each privilege we enjoy means another duty. Every power we obtain imposes upon us some new responsibility. There is no such thing as equality in life. Nature did not fashion all flowers and trees alike. Its beauty consists in its variety of form and color, in its contrasts of high and low, of strong and feeble. Neither are all men moulded alike, physically or intellectually; otherwise human existence would be bereft of all charm, of all ambition.

There is only one way of countenancing the contrasts of life. "Let not the wise glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty glory in his might, nor let the rich glory in his richness; but let him that glories glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord who exercise loving-kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord" (Jer. ix., 23, 24). Every distinction in rank and power must mean higher tasks, greater responsibilities; every privilege granted must rouse a keener sense of duty and assert a greater claim of helpful love and protection for the less privileged. Mutuality is the magic spell of happiness; it is the watchword, the message of the age. Life is assuming a new meaning for us. The upper classes dare no longer idle away their time in mere pleasure-seeking, shutting their eyes to the misery and woe of those huddled together in filthy quarters, and saying, with Cain, "Am I the keeper of my brother?" They are learning the lesson of responsibility. They can no longer in false conceit hold aloof from the child of the gutter, whose ignorance and shame are sure to become a source of peril to them.

Responsibility has become the rallying cry of the better classes throughout our land, throughout the world. The wide gulf yawning between the high and humble, between the enlightened and the ignorant, everywhere clamors for heroic actions to counteract the physical and moral corruption exhaling its deadly poison among the poverty-stricken and threatening the safety and the purity of every home and every life. Our churches and synagogues are more and more turning religion from a policy of life insurance for the world to come into a system of mutual responsibility for the life, the salvation, the joy and the happiness and purity of all. Charity and education are becoming ever broader, truly philanthropic, ever eager to study and to supply the needs of all, and even when dealing with crime we are less ready to condemn, but investigate the conditions that caused it and share in the blame cast upon society, of which we are members as well as transgressor.

And this principle of responsibility is at work also in bringing labor and capital ever closer together. Linked together by mutual interests, they cannot fail to make that higher union their aim which seeks the peace and welfare of all classes alike, of every home in the land, every soul as child of God. Unions or corporations that crush individual skill and enterprise are tyrannical powers void of soul, void of love. Let responsibility for all and each become the leading principle, and power becomes a tower of strength, a protection for all.

His Mother Knew He Was Out.

The Duke of Leeds, who has just celebrated his fortieth birthday, will chiefly be remembered as the youthful candidate for Parliament, who, when asked by a scoffer at one of his meetings whether his mother knew he was out, retorted, "Yes, and at 10 o'clock on the polling day she will know I'm in." He was in, sure enough, and for eight years, as Marquis of Carmarthen, sat in the House of Commons as member for Brixton. The Duke's connection with the city dates back to the sixteenth century, when one of his ancestors, following the custom of the time, married the daughter of the merchant to whom he was apprenticed, and afterwards became Lord Mayor. This was Sir Edward Osborne, who occupied the Mansion House in 1582.

Abandon the Saloon.

The way to prevent a complete extermination of the liquor traffic through prohibitory legislation is to abandon the saloon. This is the striking conclusion reached by Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular (New York), in a recent review of the trade situation. It says:—"The average saloon is out of line with public sentiment. The average saloon ought not to be defended by our trade, but it ought to be condemned. In small towns the average saloon is a nuisance. It is a resort for all tough characters, and in the south for all idle negroes. It is generally on a prominent street, and it is usually run by a sport who cares only for the almighty dollar. From this resort the drunken man starts reeling to his home; at this resort the local fights are indulged in. It is a stench in the nostrils of society and a disgrace to the wine and spirit trade. How, then, shall we defend the average saloon? We answer, Don't defend it, but condemn it. We must stand abreast of the most advanced public sentiment; we must oppose prohibition, but favor only decent trade; we must offer society a substitute for the average saloon; we must ask society to join with us in securing model license laws; we must demand character qualifications and get men in the retail liquor business who will conduct their places as drug stores, for instance, are conducted. We must help to clean the Augean stables; we must lift the business out of the rut into which it has run for so long a time; we must prove that we are the friends of law, order, decency, temperance."

Large Sum For Missions.

At New York on Sunday last pledges for $53,476 for missionary work were given on Sunday by the people who assembled at the Gospel Tabernacle, 693 Eighth avenue, and listened to the appeal of the Rev. Dr. A. B. Simpson. Over $6,100 in cash was given. The promises to pay have a year to run. Dr. Simpson says they always are paid—that is, less than 1 per cent. of the note givers default in payment, and this loss is made up by contributions from other sources.

The collection was the last for the year of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. From similar services at Old Orchard, Me., and other places Mr. Simpson has collected $100,000, so he has $150,000 pledged. He expects to get in $200,000. Last year he collected $186,000. The largest gift was a promise of $5,500. Three pledges of $5,000 each were found in the baskets, one of $4,000, one of $3,000, and of $2,500, two of $2,000, and one of $1,500."

Dr. Simpson will be remembered by many Torontonians who attended the conventions of the Christian and missionary alliance at Munro Park for the past two or three summers as a quiet, earnest and impressive speaker. His methods are utterly devoid of sensationalism and his appeals for funds are based on calm argumentative reasoning respecting the needs of the mission field, and the duty of all Christians in that connection.

Humor of the Hour.

Amateur—When I stand on the stage I see nothing and I am conscious of nothing but the role I am playing. The audience disappears entirely.

Friend—Well, I can't blame the audience much for that.—Exchange.

The Gate to Health

is a hale heart, and the better the blood pumps the more vigorous the vitality.

Some know they have weak hearts; others only knew that they're ill and don't suspect the heart.

But sure the heart cures every part. No heart is too sound; ninety-nine out of a hundred are disordered or diseased.

Doctors do not get to the head of the subject; to be effective — is what medicine must do.

Dr. AGNEW'S HEART CURE

enthrones health where disease reigned, in the great center of the system, the heart. Then good blood pumps in full measure, sends new life quivering through every organ and tissue of the body. It means new courage, new cheer, a new lease of life.

Dr. AGNEW'S PILLS

scavengers of the digestive system and healers of the disordered apparatus. Purely vegetable and mild; forty doses for ten cents. One-fifth the price of the next best competing pill. 13

Advice to Young Men.

In the last edition to hand of "Our Young Men," a clever little penny magazine, published in London, Eng., there appears the following short, decidedly interesting article by Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., bearing the title, "Unto You, Young Men":—

"It is very easy to give advice, and for my own part I have taken very little advice in the world, chiefly, I suppose, because I have asked so little; also, because, unless the matter on which advice is sought is one to which a general principle can be applied, it is as likely to do harm as good. I am speaking now more particularly of advice upon the matters connected with the business of life. I think we can all help each other a great deal by advice in personal and moral affairs. In the work of life, however, in the making of a career, I believe the root of the thing is in the man himself, and no advice is of much value unless the man feels in his bones it was the true counsel to receive. I have been asked sometimes by people very near and dear to me questions as to what course to pursue where the business or professional interests of life were concerned, and my reply invariably has been: 'What do you feel that you must do? I know what I should do if the circumstances were mine, but I do not think or feel or work quite in the same way that you do, and to suggest a course which would be my course might be to advise a path unsuitable to you.'

"I believe that the secret of success in life is what I may call a well-defined policy, a goal, an object in view—to make the most of yourself; to test yourself; not to be impelled by a wish for worldly honor or profit, but first to secure that competence which makes every man a better citizen of the State, because self-supporting, and then to use, as is his duty, every energy and every ability he possesses to its utmost. Nothing is sadder than wasted energy, misdirected force. On the other hand, nothing is so useful as conservation of energy. I believe that a great number of young men are continually working uselessly in order to be active, to be constantly hammering on the anvil; to keep things going seems to them the true way to succeed. It is well to strike when the iron is hot, but it is also well not to strike until the iron is hot. To act is good, but to choose wisely the time for action is what makes it good. To do things in season and out of season is an axiom which is followed much too often, I believe.

"Action, without the watchful eye, the careful and observant mind, which sees the moment to strike and then promptly delivers the blow, as often as not mars chance and fortune. The danger of our age is that we do too much and think too little. There is nothing more splendid than energy and force applied to an object with enthusiasm, with an ardent purpose. There is also nothing so good as seasons of passive thought, of apparent idleness, of meditation free from the imp of restless action constantly nudging the elbow.

"While being direct of purpose one should avoid being narrow. The main idea should be at the back of the head all the time, but the greatest elasticity of action in detail should be cultivated so long as it is not out of harmony with the general purpose of life. With all these things nothing is so valuable as self-reliance. I have seen this joined to extraordinary shyness and modesty. Shyness is not a bad fault. It is more to be desired than a personal aggressiveness. The chief thing is to know what you want, and then to move steadily towards it, remembering always to play the game fairly, and realizing that you never get safe foothold on the ladder of life by pulling another man down."

Col. Henderson of Iowa.

Some capital stories are told about Colonel David B. Henderson of Iowa, Speaker of the House or Congress, who has announced his intention of resigning. It is said that he does nothing half way. Often his political opponents at Washington had considerable fun with him because of the fight he showed in pushing certain measures, which to them did not seem to demand such a bellicose spirit. Such an opportunity for sport was offered to the Democrats when Colonel Henderson became the earnest champion of free seed distribution. It was a delight to him to send out seeds to his rural constituents, and one of the postal cards which he received in acknowledgment bore this message:

"John's influence can't be got with fifteen cents' worth of seeds, but if you will send me a box of hairpins, I will look after him. John's Wife."

His spirit of frolic was shown at the end of a Democratic Congress, which had been one of s[illegible] incapacity. An impulsive occupant of the press gallery had sprung to his feet, waved an imaginary baton, and began singing the Doxology. Instantly some members began to join in, but in a feeble way, when Mr. Henderson pushed his way to the front, turned his cane into a baton, and started to sing at the top of his lungs. The chorus grew louder and louder, until at the close every one who could sing was singing. A few thought the incident unseemly, but when Mr. Henderson heard of such criticism he said: "Those Democrats needed something to keep them from eternal punishment, so I tried to do all I could for them." Col. Henderson was born in Scotland. His family emigrated to the United States when the Speaker was only a boy. He was renowned for his strength and prowess at wrestling. One time a stranger, taller and more muscular than "Dave," came to the Iowan home and challenged him. Despite the unequal contest, "Dave" went into it with his characteristic impetuosity, and as a result the stranger threw him and broke his wrist and forearm. It was a long time before he could do manual work again, and in the interim David began to study. Finally he made up his mind to go to college. In speaking recently to a friend about his college days, he said:

"I wish I could find out who broke my arm in that wrestling match, and thank him. I don't believe I would have ever seen Washington if he hadn't licked me."

May—Oh, I hate these magazine serials!

Edith—Why?

May—You can never tell how a story ends until it is finished.—Town and Country.

As Enduring as Brass.

After three days spent in examining the antiquities of the home counties the members of the British Archaeological Association will have had their opinion strengthened that, of the various historic records—stained glass, stone monuments, and so forth—those writ by man in brass are the most reliable and satisfactory, because the most durable. Scotland and Ireland are almost devoid of such memorials of the past. Of the three to four thousand in England which have survived the Reformation, the Civil Wars and the Puritan iconoclasm most are to be found on the east coast. In this matter Kent and Norfolk are rivals. But the oldest, dated 1277, has its place in the Church of Stoke d'Abernon, a small village near Leatherhead. Like all other early brasses, it is life size, and gives a perfectly preserved impression of a figure in chain armor. Of smaller size and more plentiful are the brasses of the next three centuries, affording between them unmistakable fashion plates of the changing attire both of men and women in every class of life—not only the nobleman, who alone could afford the stone monument, but the merchant and tradesman. Always the date is attached, and it is invariably found that the oldest are the finest.

A Memorial Church.

The Greek church which was opened recently at the Shipka Pass was erected by the Russians as a memorial of the repulsion by combined Russian and Bulgarian forces of the Turks at that place twenty-five years ago. The church is of Greek pattern, the architect being Professor Vosnesenski. The double Russian cross is a feature of the minarets. Shipka is a pass in the Balkans, on the side nearest to Roumelia, about fifty miles northeast of Philippopolis, and eighty-seven miles southwest of Rustchuk, on the Danube. It was held stoutly by the Russians in the war of 1877 in an entrenched camp against the desperate assaults of the Turks, under Suleyman Pasha, from the 21st to the 20th of August, and later from September the 9th to the 17th. These battles were, in fact, the turning point of the war. The losses on both sides were enormous. The church was opened during a

The Shipka Pass Memorial.

six-days' celebration by the Russians and Bulgarians, in commemoration of the victory. Special postage stamps were also issued to mark the occasion. These were good only while the fetes lasted. They were of three denominations, equal in English money to 1-2d, 1d and 1 1-2d, and the design, on all, was a somewhat crude representation of Bulgarians hurling rocks and stones at the Turks attacking the pass. The illustration is from The Daily Graphic.

Stories of the Queen.

The Brown Book of Boston tells the following, among other anecdotes, in a little sketch of Britain's Queen:—"One afternoon, when the Queen was little Princess Alexandra Christina of Denmark, she, with her two sisters, Princess Dagma and Princess Thyra, were having tea in the woods of Bernstorff Castle. They fell to talking as children will of what they wanted to do in life. Princess Dagma wished to be very grand and have all the people obey her. Princess Thyra desired to be the most beautiful woman in the world. When it came Princess Alexandra's turn she said: 'I would like to be very good and have everybody love me very much.' The good fairy has granted Alexandra's wish for she has won the hearts of the British people and is the best beloved woman in the land." The article dwells upon her Majesty's goodness of heart and her passionate fondness for children, and continues:

"On day Alexandra came upon a tiny mite of a child crying bitterly. A comfortable, fat old lady who seemed to be in charge of him was entirely unmoved by his distress. The Queen, who is quickly touched by grief, especially that of a child, inquired of the woman what the trouble was, and if the little fellow was ill. 'Well, ma'am,' the old lady agreeably replied, 'he ain't exactly ill, but no stomach can't stand nine buns.' The country folk around Sandringham have many tales to tell about 'rylty.' One old woman tells with the utmost pride how she was struggling to get over a stile with a large head of cabbage under one arm and a bundle under the other. The Queen was on her way to aid and heal some poor laborer, when she saw the old woman. Her Majesty went to the rescue, and here the old woman's voice thrills with emotion. 'And, ma'am, the Queen held the cabbage in her beautiful arms while I climbed over the stile.'

"A most accomplished nurse, her Majesty personally visits the children's hospitals and ministers to them. Some little girls, inmates of different wards in the great Ormond Street Hospital, were having a spirited discussion one day as to which ward was the most favored by the royal lady. Finally one little girl triumphed over the others by saying, 'The Queen visits our ward and gives flowers—a bunch to everybody—and mine was tied with red ribbon—a ribbon she had worn, mind you.' With a nerve as true as steel, infinite womanliness, tenderness that is the essence of kindness and usefulness, and a divine sympathy, such are the attributes that make the United Kingdom rejoice that the crown of England is worn so worthily."

HAD MADE HIS WILL

Fully Expected to Die, Had Arranged all his Earthly Affairs.

How Death was Disappointed by the Happy Restoration to Health and Strength of Mr. Teeny.

Sumner, Assa., Oct. 20.—(Special.)—Mr. Louis Teeny of this place was so ill with Inflammation of the Bowels and Kidneys that no one ever expected him to recover. All hope had been abandoned and Mr. Teeny had made his will, fully expecting that he would die.

In this extremity Mr. Cosgrave, Postmaster, thought of Dodd's Kidney Pills and immediately gave Mr. Teeny a dose. This treatment was continued at intervals with the result that in a very short time the man who was thought to be dying, was on his feet and going around as if nothing had happened.

This remarkable cure of such an extreme case has created quite a sensasation in the neighborhood and many kind words are being said of Dodd's Kidney Pills for the wonderful work they did in Mr. Teeny's case.

This remedy has always been recognized among the people as a sure cure for Backache, Rheumatism and all Kidney Troubles, but this is the first case ever reported in this vicinity where they have been used with such quick results.

Mr. Teeny himself is very grateful to Dodd's Kidney Pills for his happy restoration.

People in and about Sumner have just about concluded that there is nothing in the way of sickness that Kidney Pills will not cure, and there is scarcely a home to be found in the neighborhood that does not contain a box of this wonderful medicine.

Men, women and children are findin out every day some new virtues in it and it is very interesting to hear them get together and compare notes as to what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done in their various homes.

Jews of Roumania.

In connection with the present action of the United States in the matter of the Jews of Roumania, it may be pointed out that it was mainly owing to the influence of the Earl of Beaconsfield that the treaty of Berlin was made to include stipulations in their favor, says The London Chronicle. At first the old Emperor William, who at heart was a decided anti-Semite, would not hear of anything so dreadful; but Beaconsfield "worked the oracle" with Bismarck, who, in turn "managed to talk over," as he said, "anew if he could not succeed in convincing his 'alter Herr.'" It was Beaconsfield's skilful diplomacy in favor of the Jews which was uppermost in the mind of Bismarck when, at one of his "Parliamentary soirees," he was asked by one of his guests whom he deemed to be the ablest plenipotentiary at the Congress of Berlin. "Well," replied the Chancellor, "I can't say who was the ablest, but I am quite certain that the second ablest was the Earl of Beaconsfield."

India's Population.

India's weal and woe are expressed in some astonishing figures in the Statistical Abstract for 1901. The vast population of the British Empire in the East contains 450,868 blind people, 196,861 deaf mutes, 74,270 insane, and 126,244 lepers. The religious statistics are interesting. The Hindus outnumber all others with a total of 207,731,727; next come Mohammedans, 57,321,164; aboriginals, 9,280,467; and so on down the list. Of Christians there are 2,664,313 natives, 89,251 Eurasians, and 169,677 Europeans. India possesses 6,807 newspapers printed in the vernacular. Last year the wild animals destroyed for the sake of the Government rewards were as follows:—17,250 beasts and 87,910 snakes. The numbers for the previous year were 16,518 beasts and 85,150 snakes. On the whole the animals got the best of the fighting. For we read that there were 25,833 human beings and 91,430 cattle killed by wild beasts and snakes last year.

HUSH! THESE MAIDS KNOW

that the long agony of female weaknesses, the torture of their more mature sisters, may be all avoided by the use of the great

South American Nervine Tonic

which gives impulse, power, vigor and vim to every vital organ, thus producing or preserving BEAUTY of FACE and FORM by feeding the nerves directly until they put the system in order.

Edward Purrey, of Sydney Centre, British Columbia, states: "My wife was taken down with nervous prostration which later developed into paralysis of one side. Three bottles of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE worked wonders for her. We cannot speak too highly of the remedy."

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets digest the food in the stomach without the aid of the stomach, giving the stomach a rest.—They heal the stomach by the best cure—the rest cure. Price, 35c. 21

For the Farmer.

When butter is gathered in the churn in granular form it is never overchurned. Pounding it after it is in a lump or large mass is what overchurns it.

The feeding of pumpkins, beets, carrots, turnips and potatoes to cattle should be done with a view more to adding variety to the food than to giving such articles as portions of the regular rations. Grain and hay are the best of all foods for cows in winter but the animals appreciate a change from the dry foods to ensilage or vegetables. Pumpkins, beets and carrots may be sliced and fed raw, while potatoes should be cooked and thickened with bran and corn meal by way of adding to the variety.

How Much Shall We Feed Poultry?

Can we feed hens too much? How shall we know when they have enough? These are questions every poultryman has asked more than once. Some would reply that the hen should be kept hungry, so that she will work harder, and so, by very reason of her exertion, produce more eggs. Not far away from my home lives a man who certainly is making poultry-keeping profitable. A friend passing through the yard of this man a few days ago reported that all about the yard on the ground could be seen grain which the hens had neither the ambition nor the apparent desire to pick up. They were walking about the yard happy and contented, stopping now and then to pick up a bit of corn or other toothsome morsel. This man has solved the problem of "how much," to his own satisfaction, at least. Enough means all the hens will eat. Less is not enough. Every few days this man ships away a nice crate of assorted eggs. The white ones bring him two or three cents above the market. The colored ones take their chances with those sent by men who do not care to take the trouble to sort them. The eggs of this man are not peddled out to the cartman who passes the door nor traded at the store. He expects cash for them and is ready to pay cash for what he buys at the store. In short, he has his poultry-keeping on a business foundation.—E. L. Vincent.

Selection of Breeds.

Any breed will lose its prestige if the selection of the best individuals is not strictly adhered to; and all breeders rely more upon the exploits of certain members of their herds or flocks than upon the whole, for, no matter how careful the breeder may be, or how judiciously he may mate his animals, he will have some that will fall below the standard of excellence. If the experienced breeder of pure-bred stock is compelled to continually select and breed from the best sires and dams it should be more important for the farmer not only to improve with pure-bred sires, but to use only the best to be obtained. But the majority of farmers are disposed to purchase the "culls" of the breeder for breeding purposes, and are disappointed if they do not secure good results. It is never profitable to use an inferior animal for any purpose, more especially when grading up a herd or flock, as the better the sire the greater his influence. Worthless sires should rather be avoided, as they entail loss of time, labor and money. The male is "half of the herd," for every young animal partakes of his characteristics, its value depending more upon the excellence of the sire and the advancement of the herd, and in exact ratio with the influence of that parent. Pedigree is a safeguard and protection, but pedigree alone is not to be relied upon. The form, disposition, health and other indications must assist in selection, but, as some sires can give no evidence of their value until tried, the pedigree should never be overlooked, as it points out the several families among breeds that have excelled, and also the best individuals among those families. Every farmer should endeavor to be a breeder, and also to breed to a standard of excellence, by selecting the best to be obtained of any breed.—Philadelphia Record.

Pig Pork.

The day of the four-year-old steer is past. No up-to-date stockman thinks in these days of rapid growth of feeding a steer after he has passed his 30th month. In the same way the big hog of 300 to 500 pounds weight has also disappeared. A young animal makes its most rapid growth during the first days of its existence. The rate of growth decreases gradually with age. The secret of success in swine raising, then, is to sell the animal as soon as it ceases to convert feed into flesh with profit. This means, of course, a quick-maturing type, and the result is "pig pork." The pig has been forced by a sort of hot-house process to make at 200 pounds a close imitation of a fully-matured hog, just as baby beef has, by special development and selection, been made to take the place of the ripened steer. Keep no pigs during the winter months, except for breeding purposes. Sows should farrow in March or April, and with their litters well protected against inclement weather they will get a good start, so that the husky little weanlings will go on summer pastures in fine order. Good pastures should be the piece de resistance of young porkers' diet, with middlings and skim milk on the side, garnished with charcoal, and don't forget that a pig takes water like a duck. A most successful pig feeder in St. Louis County has a clean pond, where pigs may swim and cool themselves, but they are always clean. Finish off Mr. Porker with a little corn and put the money he brings in your Christmas stocking. Then you will know what Mother Goose meant when she handed down the classic line, "This little pig went to market."

Most farmers will want to raise two litters a year, but if cost of production is carefully followed up the spring farrows will undoubtedly pay best if they are kept growing.—Rural World.

THE STRIX FAMILY

These Owls at Our Zoo Cause No End of Trouble to Their Neighbors

One of the most serious disturbances in the records of animal jurisprudence is that of "the New York Zoological Society, landlord, versus the Strix family, tenants."

The gentle fallow deer, whose range lies directly east of and next to the owls' roost, congratulated themselves when they heard that they were to have the Strixes for next door neighbors.

"Such nice, quiet, orderly people, and so intellectual too," they thought. "What if we had been obliged to live next door to Mr. and Mrs. Lion, or Mr. Rhinoceros, or disagreeable old Mr. Elephant? Well, we simply couldn't have stood it at all."

And then the Owls moved in. They were an enormous family, pretty nearly twenty altogether, "married and intermarried in rather promiscuous" fashion, thought wise and prudent Mrs. Deer, but nevertheless a learned and intellectual family, and as such deserving of due respect.

In the first place there was old dame, Nebulosa Strix, the great-grandmother of them all, whom people call the "Barred Owl," because of the great plaid patches on her wings.

Then there was a solitary white owl or barn owl, who called himself Mr. Flammea Strix, and who is reputed to be one of the wisest of his very wise family.

Mr. and Mrs. Virginian Strix and eight sons and daughters were the next important faction of the family, and are known to the neighbors as the great Horned Owls for obvious reasons.

And last, but not least by any means, were the Screech Owls—a whole aggregation of little brothers and sisters.

The Owls hadn't spent one night in their new home before the storks and the pelicans and other respectable birds over in the flying cage and the gentle fallow deer in the range were uttering all sorts of imprecations against the new tenants. Unsocial, reserved and exclusive in daylight, they made the night one long, hideous orgy, with their demoniacal hooting. "Waugh Hoo! Waugh, Hoo!" awoke the slumbering echoes in all the lonely wilderness from the Bronx river to Pelham bay.

This dismal and ominous hooting of the owls begins shortly after nightfall nor ceases until the first peep of dawn. And as a consequence the ultra-respectable storks and pelicans and the gentle and quiet loving fallow deer are giving their keepers no end of trouble. Instead of dozing in their comfortable quarters as all well fed and cared for birds and beasts of their species ordinarily do, they have grown nervous and restless. This can be readily understood by any one who will spend part of the night within hearing of the dismal "Waugh, Hoo! Waugh, Hoo!" of these wise birds. Such a person will readily sympathize with the long suffering storks and pelicans, but most of all with the gentle fallow deer.

The Pen Is a Girl at College.

Enumerating upward of fifty methods by which a girl can work her way through college, a Cornell graduate writes in the Ladies' Home Journal: "A college education is possible for any one who is determined to have it. It may happen that the prospective student is obliged to stay at home and work several years before entering, but intensified desire brings compensation. It is not advisable, however, to defer entering until every cent necessary for a four years' course has been earned. Many girls perhaps give up the idea of going at all because they cannot go soon after leaving the high school, but nowadays it is not unusual to find in attendance at universities, open during the summer quarter, teachers, well along in the fifties, who in their youth were denied a college education."

New Danger From Bottles.

It has been discovered that many of the prairie fires that have destroyed the grass on the ranges in Montana and in the western part of Dakota have been started by the concentrating of the rays of the sun upon broken beer bottles that are scattered freely along the cattle trails and wagon roads, which offers a new argument for the use of the temperance folk. Numerous fires have started far away from human haunts and habitations, miles beyond the reach of sparks from the smokestack of a locomotive, and the farmers and ranchmen have been so mystified as to their origin that several investigations have been made. When a fire has been traced to its source, in almost every instance a broken bottle has been found with evidences around it to convince the investigators that it was the cause of the mischief. The curved glass was found in such a position as to focus the rays of the sun upon a tuft of dry bunch grass and start a flame.—Bangor News.

The Squirrel's Arithmetic.

High on the branch of a walnut tree
A bright-eyed squirrel sat;
What was he thinking so earnestly?
And what was he looking at?

He was doing a problem o'er and o'er,
Busily thinking was he
How many nuts for his winter's store
Could he hide in the hollow tree?

He sat so still in the swaying bough
You might have thought him asleep;
O no; he was trying to reckon now
The nuts the babies could eat.

Then suddenly he frisked about,
And down the tree he ran;
"The best way to do, without a doubt,
Is to gather all I can."

—Normal Instructor.

Ought not the place where newspaper articles are killed to be called the decomposing room?

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 MAKING YOUR 'XMAS PURCHASES

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.

HURRAH! 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 Christmas Groceries

IS FRESH, CHOICE AND COMPLETE.

MORRIS & STEED,

Front Street.

BEAUTIFUL

'Xmas Cards

CALENDARS BOOKLETS

Something Entirely New

SOLD ONLY BY

Canada Drug & Book Co

MARRIED.

STRUTT—BECK—At Calgary, Dec. 9th, by Rev. F. Langford, William A. Strutt, of Beaton, B. C., to Annie Beck, of Calgary.

BURTON-DODD—At Calgary, Dec. 10th, by Rev. F. Langford, Wm. E. Burton, C. P. R. agent at Donald, B. C., to Etta Belle Dodd, of Calgary.

NOTES OF NEWS

Fresh Candies at Manning's.

Capt. Gore spent a few days in the city this week en route west.

—Lemons and Confectionery at Manning's.

Mrs. Christopherson and son of Goldfields were in the city last week for a few days.

—What is home without a Singer, H. Manning, agent.

The telephone strike at Vancouver has been settled to the satisfaction of the union.

—Christmas Confectionery at Manning's, McKenzie avenue.

The annual ball at the Halcyon Hot Springs Sanitarium will take place on New Year's Eve.

—Fresh Candied Peel at C. B. Hume & Co's.

Frank Holten was in town from Ferguson on Saturday collecting funds for the Ferguson Hospital.

—A sensible Christmas box—a Singer Sewing Machine, H. Manning, agent.

Miss Fraser, of the city schools, leaves tomorrow to spend the holidays at her home in New Westminster.

—Corn on the ear the latest fad in groceries to be found at C. B. Hume & Co's.

J. A. Kirk, P. L. S., who has been in the eastern and lower Kootenay districts for the past month, returned to town this week.

—Have you tried Force breakfast food, for breakfast; it is something new and nice at C. B. Hume & Co's.

Hon. W. W. McInnes was re-elected on Monday for the Nanaimo riding by 108 majority over the Socialist candidate Parker Williams.

—If you want anything in ladies' or gent's skating shoes, you will find just what you want at C. B. Hume & Co's.

The kindergarten school closes tomorrow afternoon for the holidays. Mrs. Wilkes is giving the children a party in view of the occasion.

—Don't forget that our currants, C. M. raisins, Valencia raisins and Sultana raisins, are this seasons fruit and are extra fine at C. B. Hume & Co's.

Thos. Cunningham, provincial fruit inspector, was in town for a few days the first of the week. Mr. Cunningham is making a tour of the Kootenays

The Presbyterian Church Sunday school entertainment will be held on Friday evening the 26th inst. A programme will be rendered by the children.

Ben Leaky, who is building the Reception Hotel at Camborne, was in the city last. Mr. Leaky is a first class hotel man and the Reception will be run up-to-date.

A French scientist is just adding jagless whiskey to wireless telegraphy.

When visiting Goldfields or Camborne, take Andy Craig's stage from Beaton.

The raffle for the silk quilt will be held in Selkirk hall tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Miss Thompson, of Beaton, who has been spending a few days in Revelstoke, left this morning for her home.

The C.P.R. will spend $10,000,000 west of Winnipeg next year in improvements and the construction of branch lines.

—This Christmas is going to be a lively one. See that you do not forget your order to the Revelstoke Wine & Spirit Co.

Mrs. Pettipiece left on Monday night for Vancouver, where she will spend a few weeks for the benefit of her health.

Fred Manning, Mrs. Manning and family left by No. 2 this morning on a three months' visit to relatives in Ontario.

W. Cowan returned on Wednesday evening from a visit to Trout Lake where he has been looking over his timber interests.

Jno. J. Young, M.L.A., of Calgary, passed through the city on Saturday en route home from attending the Ophir-Lade Syndicate meeting held at Ferguson on the 9th inst.

The Methodist Church Sunday school will hold their Christmas entertainment on Tuesday evening next, 23rd inst. A splendid programme by the children will be rendered during the evening.

B. E. Drew and Mrs. Drew, of Camborne, left by No. 2 on Friday last en route for England where they will spend the winter with relatives and friends, returning to Camborne in April next.

W. B. Pool, manager of the Ophir Lade Syndicate, spent a couple of days in town this week, returning to Ferguson on Wednesday morning. Mr. Pool reports the Oyster group as looking in fine shape.

The all-Canadian rugby football team which is touring the Old Country played their first match on Saturday last at Belfast, Ireland, defeating the Irishmen by a score of one goal and two touchdowns to one goal and one touchdown.

W. A. Strutt, one of the best known prospectors of the Fish River gold camp, returned to town on Friday last from Calgary, accompanied by his bride. Mr. and Mrs. Strutt left on Monday morning for Beaton where they will reside.

Mr. Grant Hall, late master mechanic of the Pacific division of the C.P.R., who has been promoted to the head offices of the company at Montreal, was tendered a complimentary banquet by a number of his friends at the Hotel Revelstoke on Monday night.

Mr. G. A. Knapp, who has resigned the leadership of the Methodist Church choir, was presented with a silver shaving mug and brush on Friday evening last by the members of the choir. Mr. Knapp will still continue to assist the choir, and Mr. James Taylor has been appointed leader.

A. M. Craig was in the City on Tuesday last on a business visit. Mr. Craig has inaugurated a daily stage line between Beaton, Camborne and Goldfields. The stage meets the boat at 12 noon every day and proceeds direct to the gold camps, reaching Goldfields in less than two hours from Beaton.

The C. P. R. are giving an excursion rate of fare and one-third for round trip to any point on their system during the holidays. Tickets may be purchased on the following dates: Dec. 21st to 25th inclusive, and Dec. 30, 31, and Jan. 1st., good to return up to Jan. 5th.

Chris Foley has resigned from the presidency of the labor party. Chris Foley like Ralph Smith found it impossible to hold the confidence of the working men of B. C., and the leaders of the Liberal party at one and the same time. There are no two men in British Columbia who have done more for the Liberal party than Messrs. Smith and Foley.

—For Revelstoke Souvenirs go to the Canada Drug & Book Co.'s store. They keep them. Very suitable for 'Xmas gifts.

R. A. Upper left yesterday morning to take the position of mining recorder at Trout Lake during the absence of F. C. Campbell on sick leave.

—Handsleds, Rocking Chairs for children and Morris chairs, rocking horses, toy horses, etc.—all prices at the Canada Drug & Book Co.

Arrangements are progressing satisfactorily for the band ball on New Year's Eve. The orchestra are practising regularly and will provide first class music for the occasion.

—The Revelstoke Wine & Spirit Co. request their friends to get their orders in early so as not to make too big a rush at the last moment.

The Empire Coronation Company gave two performances in the Opera House this week to fair audiences, presenting views of the coronation of King Edward, the eruption of Mount Pelee, etc.

The raffle for the silk quilt, by the Ladies Auxiliary of the B. of R. T., will be held in Selkirk Hall tomorrow (Friday) afternoon at 3 o'clock, instead of 8 o'clock in the evening as announced in the last issue of the HERALD.

—The Revelstoke Wine & Spirit Co. are prepared to fill Christmas orders of not less than two gallons, or one case, but, if so desired, several varieties of wines and spirits can be put into one package.

The second annual hospital ball under the auspices of the Ladies Hospital Aid Society, will be held in the opera house on Friday night, January 23rd. Tickets Ladies' $1.00 Gentlemen $2.00.

—Books—This year we have some of the choicest and daintiest bound books for 'Xmas gifts by far the best ever shewn in Revelstoke. Come and see the variety at the Canada Drug & Book Co.

One of the most successful social events of the season was the bachelors At Home in the Opera House last night. With good music and a good floor the large crowd present spent an enjoyable time. Dancing was kept up till 3:30 a.m.

—Perfumes—We keep the best and have them in fancy boxes, perfume atomizers, etc. Canada Drug & Book Co.

Yesterday afternoon Jim Hutchison was hauling a big load of logs, about 3,000 feet, with a 4-horse team, up the big hill from Sam Crowle's ranche, when the whole outfit took a slide over the hill. Luckily the horses escaped without a scratch. Jim went out this morning to pick up the logs.

Curling.

The season opened at the rink on Saturday afternoon when the president and vice president of the club met in a friendly game, which resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 16 to 8. The following were the rinks:

PRESIDENT	VICE PRESIDENT
LeMaistre	Hume
McRae	Carruthers
Flindt	Pinkham
Brown, skip—8	McDonell, skip 16

The following games in the green curlers competition which was unfinished last season, have been played this week:

Lewis 2, Foote 13; Baker 4, Holten 12; Lindmark 8, Foote 12; Jackson 11, Holten 12; Flindt 7, Phipps 13; Edwards 11, Kincaid 12; Foote 11, Phipps 13.

A meeting of the executive committee was held last Thursday evening when skips were elected for the season as follows:—H. A. Brown, A. J. McDonell, Dr. Carruthers, G. H. Brock, A. McRae, A. M. Pinkham, G. S. McCarter, D. M. Rae.

The Dell Rey Group.

Mr. J. A. Darragh, has an option on the Dell Rey group, situate near the Silver Dollar, and has shipped a large consignment of samples east. There is every prospect of the deal going through as good responsible parties are interested and the recent sale of the Silver Dollar which is adjoining, should materially aid the transfer of the Dell Rey group.—Camborne Miner.

REVELSTOKE SCHOOL BOARD.

NOTICE.

Parents and guardians will oblige by sending to the undersigned names of children eligible for High School.

H. FLOYD,
Secretary.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF REVELSTOKE

NOTICE.

THE attention of the public is called to the amendments made in the Municipal Election Act this year:

Persons qualified to vote for Mayor, Aldermen and School Trustees are:

Male or female British subjects being of full age of 21 years, and

1. Being owner of real estate assessed at $100;
2. Representatives of incorporated Companies who are assessed owners of lands or improvements;
3. Trade License holders paying not less than $5 per year;
4. Householders.

The two last must have paid all dues to the Municipality for the year (not chargeable on land and must each year in December make and deliver to the City Clerk the statutory declaration.

No person can be twice entered on the Voters' List even though owning property in more than one ward.

Copy of the Act can be seen at the City Clerk's office.

H. FLOYD,
City Clerk.

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.

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

SHERIFF'S SEIZURE AND SALE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a Warrant of Execution issued out of the County Court of Kootenay holden at Revelstoke and directed to the Sheriff of North Kootenay, against the goods and chattels of John Brennan, I have this day seized and taken in execution all the interest of the said John Brennan in the mineral claim "Daffodil," situated on Lexington Mountain, in the Lardeau Mining Division of West Kootenay. And I give notice that I will on

Tuesday, December 30th,

1902, at the hour of 2:30 in the afternoon, at the Court House, in the City of Revelstoke, offer for sale publicly all the interest of the said John Brennan, in the said mineral claim, or such part thereof as shall satisfy the said Execution.

Dated this 8th day of December, 1902.

JAMES TAYLOR,
Deputy to the Sheriff of North Kootenay.

BEWS'

HAS IN STOCK

Confectionery

Manufactured by { Harry Webb, Toronto; A. J. Stewart, Toronto; McCormick, London.

Maracaibo Chocolates—bulk or boxes

Maracaibo 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 pieces 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 things to tell you on the subject of How to Own a House of your Own.

LEWIS BROS,

Agents Smelter Townsite

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.

CRESSMAN'S

.... Built to Order Garments

.... For Ladies and Gentlemen

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

OUR COATS

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

Suits Suit from.....**$15 to $35**

Dress Suits we are offering at.....**25 to 50**

Trousers, all the way from.....**4 to 12**

Overcoats and Rain-proof coats.....**$15 to $35**

Ladies' Tailor-made Suits.....**16 to 75**

Ladies' Skirts Ladies' Skirts.....**6 to 25**

Ladies' Rainuroof Coatss.....$14 to $35

We Carry the Largest Stock British Columbia.

J. B. Cressman, Art Tailor

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.

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

A CARLOAD OF

FURNITURE

JUST ARRIVED.

R. HOWSON & CO.'S.

Call in and Examine This New Consignment of Furniture

Prov. Library
201

THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol V. No 168 REVELSTOKE B. C. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1902 $2 00 a Year in Advance.

1902 1902

Christmas Greetings

ANOTHER YEAR IS JUST ABOUT AT A CLOSE and it terminates one of the busiest years in the history of Our Firm. We can look back with marked appreciation—not on our own merits—but to our numerous customers, both far and near, for their past patronage, hoping to be able to merit the same for the coming year, 1903. We extend our heartiest wishes for

A Merry Christmas

AND A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO ONE AND ALL.

A Suggestion

We are particularly strong on the following lines:

Ladies' and Gents Silk Umbrellas from ... $1.50 to $5.00
Ladies' Silk Handkerchiefs ... 25c to $1.00
Ladies' Fancy Embroidered Handkerchiefs ... 15c to 50c
Ladies' novelties in Silk Belts ... $1.25 and $1.50
Alexandrian Belt and Sash Clasps ... 50c each
Ladies' Lined Kid Gloves from ... $1.25 to $2.00
Ladies' Silk Ties, up-to-date from ... 35c to $1.00
Ladies' Black and Cream Chiffon Ties ... $1.00 each
Children's Imitation Grey Lamb Gauntlets ... 90c up

Children's Silk Handkerchiefs ... 10c up
Gents' Fancy Col'd Satin and Silk Braces (in boxes) 75c to $2
Gent's Soft Mocha and Kid Gloves, silk and wool lined ... from $1.50 to $2.50
Gents' Silk Scarfs to wear under Overcoat and Gents' Silk Ties, Derbys, Flowing Ends from ... 25c to $1.00
Table Napkins from ... $1.75 to $6.00
Bleached Table Linen ... 50c to $1.35
Japanese Rugs ... $1.50
Tapestry Rugs ... 75c to $9.00

CHINA DEPARTMENT

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

China Dinner Setts ... $12 00
China Tea setts ... $4 50 to $14 00
China Toilet Setts $3 00 to $10 00
China 5 o'clock Tea Setts with Tray ... $6 00
China 13-Piece Fruit Sett ... $2 00
China Porridge Sett ... 50c to 60c
China Plate, Cup and Saucer Setts ... 50c to 75c
Chiaa Cream and Sugar Setts ... 50c to 75c
Colored China Cups and Saucers ... 15c to 25c
Larger China Cups and Saucers ... 20 to 75c
Fancy Colored Shaving Cups ... 25c to 35c
Fancy Colored China Moustache Cups ... 40c up

Fancy Colored China Salad Bowls ... 60c to $2 00
Royal Crown Derby Cups and Saucers ... $3 00 each
Royal Crown Derby Plates ... $3 00 each
Limoges Tea Setts (40 pieces) ... $10 00
Limoges Assorted Pieces from ... $1.25 to $7 50
China Jardinieres ... 75c t0 2 50
China Biscuit Jars ... $1 25
China Cocoa Jugs ... $1 00 to $3 00
China Bread and Butter Plates ... $2 00 to $3 50 per dozen
Japanese Fancy Vases ... 50c to $3 00
Japanese Trays ... 50c to $2 00
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 possible 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

THE SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS

The Public School Closed for the Holidays on Friday Last—An Excellent Programme Rendered by the Children

The public school closed for the Christmas holidays on Friday last with an excellent programme rendered by the children. The examination of the pupils was concluded early and the closing exercises under the direction of Principal Wilson, commenced at 11 o'clock. There was a large turnout of parents and friends of the children which must have been very gratifying to the Principal and his staff. The programme rendered by the children was very interesting and instructive. The drills were particularly good and showed careful training. The HERALD will not particularize as the entire programme was most creditable in every respect, and consisted of the following numbers:

Song by School ... "A Song for All the Britons"
Recitation ... Ivan Sutherland
Stick Drill ... Boys of Miss Dent's room
The Snow Brigade ... Boys of Miss Grant's room
Song—"A Lament for Summer" ... enior Girls
Drill ... Girls of Miss Smith's room
S ng by School ... "Rallying Round the Flag"
Dumb Bells ... Girls of Miss Fraser's room
Mother Goose ... Boys and girls of Miss Grant's room
Song—"Beautiful River" ... Senior Girls
Dialogue ... Girls of Miss Dent's room
Dialogue ... Boys of Miss Robinson's room
Song by School ... "The Maple Leaf"
Drill ... Boys of Miss Smith's room
Dialogue ... Boys of Miss Fraser's room
"GOD SAVE THE KING."

During the rendering of the programme the children of Miss Robinson's division present'd her with a handsome gift as a token of their appreciation of her work during the term, to which Miss Robinson suitably replied.

PROMOTIONS.

From Division III. to Division II.—Elsie Hooley, Edna Bruce, Tannis Patrick, Ethel Blackberg, Harry Mc Nab, Nellie Robinson, Rosie Match, Harry Dunne.

Division III.—From Jr. Second to Sr. Second:—George Woolsey, George Blake, David McGuire, Albert Abrahamson, John Gallicano, Albert Anderson, Oliver Ainslie, Sandy McRae, Merle Calder, Lawrence Shaw, John McRury, Emma Allan, Zelia Braul, Mamie Fleming, Marjorie Bourne.

From Sr. Second to Third:—Mary Boulay, Doris Bennet, M. Dunne, Emma Morgan, Bruce Calder, Eric Coursier, Esther Floyd, Willie Gallicano, Ralph Bell, Kathleen Anderson, Ethel Beam, Rheta Johnson, Duncan Kennedy, Aubrey Doyle, Ernest McMahon, Frances Lawson.

No promotions in the other rooms. Division III. was too large in comparison with the others and had to be reclassified.

Instructions having been received by Principal Wilson from the Department of Education not to rank pupils nor to publish any results except promotions, no class reports are given this month.

Christmas Tree Entertainment.

A large number of friends of the Methodist Sabbath School assembled at the church Monday evening, at the annual Christmas Tree entertainment. An excellent programme of choruses and recitations was rendered by the children and were much enjoyed by those present. After the programme the heavily laden Christmas trees were stripped and the hearts of the little ones gladdened by presents from the Sunday school and friends, including bags of fruit and candy. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

Plans of C. P. R. for 1903.

The plans of the C. P. R. for next year are most comprehensive. They include double tracking, the building of a number of new lines west of Winnipeg, and a scheme of irrigation which will reclaim two and a half million acres of land between Calgary and Medicine Hat, a scheme which has been thought out for some time past and which will be carried into effect just as soon as the plans are approved by the executive.

In the scheme of irrigation the water will be taken from the Bow river, and it is calculated that it will take three dollars per acre to turn this water upon the land, which is otherwise admirable in quality, and which needs this application to make it profitable.

The plans, which were submitted to the executive by William Whyte, assistant to the president, and J. G. Griffin, land commissioner, provide for new lines which will open up territory heretofore closed to settlers. That is to say, the C. P. R. is about to provide facilities in regions hitherto untouched with this object in view—to meet the demands of intending settlers.

There are vast stretches of country yet to be settled quite apart from the route which has been chosen by the Grand Trunk, and the object of the C. P. R. is to induce settlement by providing in advance just what the settlers need.

Curling.

In the semi-final of the green curlers competition, Kincaid defeated Holten 13 to 8.

The opening game in the Equitable Life Cup competition was played Saturday evening between Brown and Pinkham, resulting in favor of the former. The following were the rinks:

Walker	Douglas
Jackson	Rose
Coghlan	Edwards
Brown, skip 17	Pinkham, skip 2

A match is being arranged for Christmas morning, Scotland vs. Canada. Scotland will be represented by H. A. Brown, Dr. Carruthers, W. M. Lawrence, D. M. Rae.

L. O. L.

At the last meeting of L. O. L. No. 1058, held on Friday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: E. Adair, W.M.; A. Johnson, P.M.; Jas. Smiley, D.M.; W. Johnson, Rec. Secy.; Rev. W. C. Calder, Chaplain; Thos. Steed, Fin. Secy. and Treas.; W. Brock, Lecturer; J. Shaw, Director of Ceremonies; H. Sashaw, I.G.; M. House, O.G. At the next regular meeting on Jan. 16th, 1903, the installation of officers will take place and a large attendance of members is requested.

A Good Gold Proposition.

Messrs. Taylor Bros. & George claim to have the best gold proposition in the country. The claim is exhibited in one of their windows and consists of a locked box containing $20 in gold. With every $2 cash purchase is given a key with which the purchaser has the privilege of trying to unlock the box containing the gold. Only one key will open the box and the gold belongs to the person who holds the lucky key. On New Year's Eve those holding keys will have an opportunity of trying them.

—What is home without a Singer. H. Manning, agent.

WILL KEEP ARM OPEN

The Fred Robinson Lumber Company are Making Improvements to Their Steamers and Building an Ice Scow.

The Fred Robinson Lumber Co. are making extensive improvements to their steamers "Archer" and "Lardeau" for the purposes of winter traffic over the Arm. The Lardeau is now on the ways receiving a thorough overhauling, and when she is finished the Archer will undergo repairs and alterations. It is the intention of the company to keep the Arm open this season. They have just constructed a large ice scow that will be used to keep a channel through the ice. The travelling public into the Lardeau country can rest assured that they will be able to make the trip to Comaplix and Beaton by the steamers from Arrowhead every day on time. The manager, Mr. Robinson, has determined to give prompt service as evidenced by the action he has taken to provide for emergencies.

School for Goldfields

The citizens of Goldfields held a public meeting last week in connection with school matters. The meeting decided to go ahead with the construction of the school building, and a petition for a school teacher will be forwarded to the Education Department.

—This Christmas is going to be a lively one. See that you do not forget your order to the Revelstoke Wine & Spirit Co.

A Merry Christmas To One and All.

Once more as the second year of the twentieth century draws to a close it becomes the HERALD'S pleasing task to express the best wishes of the season to all its patrons and readers who constitute so large a proportion of the total population of this city and district. The years pass by rapidly to be sure. It seems but yesterday since the Christmas of 1901 was being celebrated in Revelstoke with Christmas gifts and Christmas carols; since our children were dreaming of Santa Claus and all his treasures; since the old old story of Bethlehem was being told in thousands of churches and homes, since family gatherings without number hailed Christmas as the grandest day of all the year and since multitudes on the last eve of this great Christmas festival, raised their song of gladness, with which was mingled the hope that thus they would all meet in coming years. And so from east to west as the day is born the sound of praise will be caught up by people of every tongue, and all round the world the familiar Christmas hymns and carols will be heard in our own English speech, and men building up the great Empire, whether amid the snows of Canada, by the fever haunted rivers of South Africa, or among the broad pastures of Australia now withering in the midsummer heat, will think of the old home and the old Christmas ways, and keep the season as near as possible after the familiar fashion of the race. Here in Revelstoke, where men of the same indomitable stock, are building up, as they hope, a great centre of commerce in a land destined to be the greatest mining country in the Empire, we too shall set up our Christmas trees and decorate our houses with green boughs and holly and mistletoe, all emblems of the primitive nature worship of the race, and keep Christmas as well as our brethren the wide world over with joy and thankfulness, with confidence in the future based on progress in the past, rejoicing, as is the way of the race, to preserve our old customs among new surroundings. After a year of unexampled development and with the brightest prsspects for those to come, Revelstoke can with good heart take its Christmas holiday and it is with every feeling of congratulation that the HERALD wishes its subscribers and patrons "A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

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

The British cruiser Pallas, now at Halifax, has been ordered to Venezuela.

Former U. S. Senator Sabin died suddenly of heart failure yesterday morning at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago.

New York and Chicago capitalists have joined forces to launch in Chicago an underground railway to cost $55,000,000.

Butterish factory and warehouse of the Escanaba Woodenware Co. at Escanaba was burned last night, loss $150,000.

It is estimated that over 4000 lives were lost in the recent earthquake at Askabad, Turkestan. Already 200 bodies have been found.

Crown Princess of Saxony has been located at Geneva, Switzerland, under an assumed name. Her brother and Prof. Giron are at the same hotel.

Most Rev. Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England is dead. The funeral will take place on Saturday at noon from Canterbury Cathedral.

Jeffries' manager has posted $1000 which he will pay Monro if he can stay four rounds with Jeffries in a battle for a knock out. Munro is the man who nearly put Jeffries out in the fourth round at Butte, Mont., recently.

An important and lengthy communication, dealing with British views of arbitration of Venezuelan dispute, was made by Foreign Secretary Lansdowne to U. S. Charge d'Affaire, Mr. White, last evening, and transmitted immediately to Washington.

PATTERSON IS ELECTED

The Opposition Candidate Wins in North Victoria by Forty-Three of a Majority.

VICTORIA, B. C., Dec. 24.—The bye election in North Victoria yesterday resulted in the election of Patterson by 43 of a majority over Robertson the government candidate.

Reid & Young

Wish Their Many Patrons

At This Festive Season

-A Merry 'Xmas-

We Also Extend to all

Our Customers A Bright, Prosperous and

Happy New Year

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.

LITTLE LILLIPUTIAN CASTLE

Curiosity to Be Seen Among the Mountains of Virginia.

IN a recent number of St. Nicholas, Ellen Garnett tells of a miniature stone castle in the mountains of Virginia, and how it came to be built:

While spending the summer of 1897 at Earlehurst, Virginia, amid the wild rugged scenery of the Alleghany Mountains, two young ladies who were fond of exploring the beautiful country, were seated one afternoon at the base of a waterfall. Being deeply impressed by the beauty of the spot, one exclaimed: "How charmingly romantic! I can almost believe that Flora MacIvor will any instant appear seated on that moss-covered rock, discoursing sweet music on her harp."

Carried away by such romantic thoughts, they began to build an imaginary castle, peopled with baron and serf, besieged and defended, of a captive princess and valiant warrior knights.

"Let's make one!" they cried. Accordingly, the next day the undertaking was begun.

A large purplish boulder, overgrown with moses and lichen, on the lawn of Earlehurst, the summer home of the builders, was selected as the site on which to construct this miniature castle. Building material there were in plenty, but sand and mortar had to be carried for some distance. Tools were limited, and using a screwdriver in lieu of a chisel to enlarge the slight indentation in the foundation rock, which was designed to be the dungeon, proved but slow work.

This task accomplished, a square box was placed over the excavation, in which were cut openings for windows and a door. The windows—eighteen in all—were put together with greatest care, every stout wooden frame being crossed and recrossed with a heavy wire to imitate gratings, then built in the stone walls over the openings. They vary in style and size, from the large casements in the protected parts of the structure to the small windows in the watch-towers. After the box had been built over on all sides with rocks, held in place by mortar, another smaller box was placed on top of it, and covered in like manner. Both were first roofed with tin to prevent leaking; but this has been carefully concealed. There are also hidden drains both in the castle and causeway. The towers are built solid, except behind the windows, where spaces are left to give the effect of rooms. After four months of not uninterrupted labor the castle was finished. One of the architects carved little figures out of wood, and dressed them to represent the household of a baron. The knights are clothed in tinfoil armor, each carrying a lance and battle-ax; all the ladies are arrayed in brightly colored silks. An armed sentry stands on guard in each watertower, and a captive princess peeps through the bars of a lofty casement, imploring aid from every bravo knight-errant.

The castle's height is about two feet and a half, and the rock on which it stands measures ten feet in circumference, and is three feet high. The approach to the castle is by a causeway rising gradually from the ground at the rear, and forming a semi-circle of wall until it reaches the entrance gate, where it stops abruptly. Across the space between the castle walls and the causeway is thrown a drawbridge, which can be raised or lowered by its iron chains at a moment's notice.

On the platform of the causeway stands the handsomely caparisoned war-steed of a knight who has just dismounted to pay his respects to the lord and lady of the castle. They wait to receive him at the entrance gate, surrounded by their household retinue. A diminutive page, clad in silken doublet and hose, stands at the horse's bridle, while beyond the courtyard can be caught a glimpse of the fools motley. The banner which floats from the highest tower, has the armorial bearing, or, a lion rampant, gules, that is, a rampant red lion on a yellow field. The same standard waves proudly over the great gate.

Many-Bladed Knives.

This knife, known as the "Norfolk knife," made at Sheffield, and containing ninety-five blades and instruments, no two alike, has been shown at several English exhibitions.

On its large mother-of-pearl handles

are carved representations of a bear hunt and a stag hunt. The blades are all etched with pictures of some kind—Windsor Castle, Westminster, the Queen and so on.

A giant knife made by a Sheffield firm contains as many blades as there are years in the Christian era.

Pride as a beggar is the equal of want — and a great deal more saucy.

The Floating Hells of the Atlantic.

If the sensational charges made in a book recently published in London ("At the Closed Door," by Robert H. Sherrard) have any foundation, there are indescribably hellish scenes enacted in the strange cabins of many of the Atlantic liners. The book is reviewed and some extracts given in "Truth." In order to spy out the nakedness of the land, Mr. Sherrard took steerage passage in a French liner to find the ship a floating hell to those who were too poor to bribe the stewards:

"One of the most cruel weapons used by the steerage stewards to bring to reason persons who were unreasonable as to paying the fee they were ordered not to pay, was the privation of drinking water. The women and little children suffered dreadfully for want of it during the throes of sea-sickness. Yet water there was in plenty. On the night of the 14th a body of women, with children in their arms, went aft, surrounded the padlocked cistern, and clamored for water. They were driven off with abuse and violence."

Hence water for washing was, of course, unobtainable—if it was wanted; but such was the indescribable, inconceivable filth of many of Mr. Sherrard's fellow-passengers that they would not have washed at Elisha's bidding in Jordan itself. "Of all animals in creation," he says, speaking from the depths of this poignant experience, "man, when he is dirty, is the very dirtiest." But the unwashen Jews found their way to the front of this crowd and crush with their usual sinuous and pushing perseverance:

"The timid and diffident went to the wall; the others, and amongst these the Jews, were noticeably prominent, encroached, and widely extended their privileges. There were three hideous little Jewish boys, whom I saw during the whole of the voyage, laden with delicacies from first-class kitchens. I often noticed them walking about on the first-class deck."

The sufferings of this "middle passage," however, were as nothing to the sufferings which—according to Mr. Sherrard—the penniless emigrants had to endure on Ellis Island, where they are detained by the New York authorities for weeks and even months together, before being packed back, as destitutes, to Europe. "From Havre onwards we had been treated much as sheep, or, perhaps, as pigs; but on landing we might consider ourselves dangerous and maleficent animals." In truth, men, women and children were bludgeoned—their jailers were all armed with bludgeons—on little or no provocation. Here is one specimen scene:

"At five o'clock we were ordered upstairs for supper. A man with filthy hands filled our hats or handkerchiefs with mouldy prunes. Another thrust two lumps of bread into our hands. Supervising the distribution was a foul-mouthed Bowery rough in his shirt-sleeves, who danced upon one of the tables and poured forth upon us torrents of obscene and blasphemous abuse. Nor did he content himself with this demonstration of the contempt in which he held us, for I saw him drag one old man, a long-bearded Polish Jew in a gaberdine, past the barrel of prunes by the hair of the face, and I saw him kick another emigrant, a German, on the head with his heavy boot."

Perhaps it may be said that these penniless people had no business to give the States Government the trouble of reshipping them to their homes. But, in the first place, many of the telegrams entrusted to the jailers for forwarding to well-to-do relatives in New York were burked, and the money—often a gross overcharge—pocketed; and, in the second place, these hapless wretches on this Devil's Island were lured to New York by an unscrupulous emigration agent:

"In the many conversations I had that afternoon with various people of various nationalities, in almost every instance I heard the blame for all suffering laid on the agent who had sold the steamship ticket without troubling to explain the American emigration laws."

Surely it would save the United States Government much expense, and such wretches unimaginable misery, if the consuls at European ports were instructed to advertise the immigration laws in every necessary language and place.

Pumping a Sea Dry.

The pumping dry of Harlem Lake, in Holland, was pronounced by many engineers to be impossible; yet it was successfully performed. Zuider Zee is many times the area of Haarlem Lake, and presents from its depth and character many more difficulties, and yet the fiat of doom of the Zuider Zee has gone forth. In a very few years many thousands of acres of smiling Dutch pastures, of prosperous Dutch villages, of poplar-bordered roads will characterize what is now merely the bottom of the sea. Science in the twentieth century will have hardly any tale to tell more astonishing than this.

The Zuider Zee, celebrated in Dutch legend and history, occupies some fourteen hundred square miles, the area of a large European province. On its shores are the ancient towns of Medemblik, Hoorn, Harderwijk, Norden and Enkhuizen, once large cities in the halcyon days of Dutch commercial and naval supremacy. It encompasses the islands of Marken, Schokland and Urk.

The present plan consists of building a dam or embankment across the northern part of the sea from Wieringen, in North Holland, to Piaam, in Friesland. Then will follow the creation of two "polders," or areas of dry land reclaimed from the sea. The water will be pumped out by means of steam-pumps.

The entire work is to be completed in eighteen years. The enclosing dike from Wieringen to Piaam will be finished in the ninth year. In the eighth year will be commenced the work for diking the Wieringen Polder, which in the fourteenth year will be dry and ready for sale. In the eleventh year the similar works on the Hoorn Polder will be begun, and will be completed in the eighteenth year, making up to that date a total area of upwards of six hundred square miles of reclaimed and fertile soil.

It is as if Lake Ontario or Lake Erie were to be pumped dry, and the lake floor of each added to the area of Ontario.

"These teachers," growls the first man, "have no mercy on the young minds entrusted to their care." "What have they done now?" asks the second man. "Why, my boy came home yesterday in a state of collapse because his teacher insists upon his telling her how many times the Philippine war was ended in 1901."—Baltimore "American."

A Present Duty.

It is a mistake to postpone the pleasures and recreations of life until one has done his hard work; a mistake which a great many frugal and otherwise sensible people make. There are hosts of men and women working with might and main for the purpose of enjoying life when they have laid a solid foundation of fortune under their feet. They are acting upon the belief that it is possible to get the hard work of life done, to press it into a few years, and then to begin to live. This is a misleading belief, says "Outlook." In the first place, the work of life is never done, and ought never to be done; and, in the second place, he who postpones indefinitely the hour when he will begin to enjoy life, postpones entirely the possibility of enjoying it. No man can work with might and main for twenty years, committing all his strength to his task and permitting himself to be entirely absorbed by it, without suffering atrophy or deadening of the faculties of enjoyment. At the end of twenty years he will find nothing left of life for him, so far as occupation is concerned, except the things he has been doing. He will have so fashioned himself that he has become only a hand or a tool to do a specific thing; he will have lost the capacity of turning from one occupation to another, of taking up one interest after another, of giving himself out freely on many sides. He who would enjoy nature cannot begin too early. The first acquaintance with the outward world ought to be made at the time one begins to talk, so that one fits his words to trees and flowers and birds and clouds just as soon as he sees them, and sees them just as soon as he is able to fit words to them. The boy who grows up with access to the woods and fields and knows the habits of birds, because he learns them in the leisure hours of childhood, will acquire a knowledge of nature which the mature man can never obtain. It is impossible to shut oneself up for twenty years and then step out of the room and enjoy the sky and the landscape. It is impossible to work with might and main for twenty years with the expectation that, at the end of that time, one will take up music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and find delight in them. Delight in these things comes with education, with early and intimate contact; and when one comes out of a business which he has made a prison for twenty years, he can no more see what art has to reveal to him than can a blind man.

The power of enjoyment must be educated by use just as truly as any other power; it withers and dies by disuse. If one is to enjoy life he must enjoy it from day to day; if he postpones enjoyment, he loses the power of securing it at the end. There come brief moments in life, swift crises when everything is put by for the doing of a piece of work, the performing of a specific task, the facing of a great peril; but these are only moments. The lives are few in which there are not opportunities of enjoyment as one goes along which will minister to one's working power and not subtract from it. He makes the best living who keeps himself fresh by keeping his interests varied; and he only can make a life who lives in every part of his nature. Enjoyment is as much a necessity as work; to find pleasure in life is as much a duty as to find profit; and the only man who lives a wholesome, normal, successful life is he who combines pleasure and work, toil and recreation, from day to day, from the beginning to the end. Pleasure is a duty which cannot be postponed.

Jewish and Christian Intolerance.

I have known Jews, and, doubtless, you have, who, despite education and so-called culture, were so narrow, so bigoted, that they practiced a spirit of aloofness; who, though willing to buy from or sell to the Christian, and to receive from or render professional service to the non-Jew, were unwilling to eat or drink with him, to worship with or cultivate a feeling of fellowship for a Christian neighbor.

I have known Christians, and so have you, who, likewise, despite education and so-called culture, were the creatures of such narrowness of spirit, such littleness of soul, that they would draw the line of fellowship at the non-Christian.

Jews might be good enough to have given them their Bible, their Saviour; good enough to have given them their moral code, and their religious spirit; good enough to do their shares in the world's great economic, industrial and commercial work; but not good enough for fellowship, whatever might be their moral, mental or social excellences.

What, think you, would happen if the Galilean rabbi, Jesus, were to come back to life and appear before them as the meek and humble Jew that he was? His Jewish name and face and lineage would cause them to bar against him the doors of their homes, their hotels, and their club-houses, despite the fact that they would continue in their churches to bow down, worship and adore him as God's only anointed.

God have pity on such Jews and on such Christians. God have mercy on such petty, narrow and misguided souls. Such as these surely need your sympathies and mine, despite the fact that their conduct carries with it its own punishment—the punishment of depriving themselves of the benefit and blessings which come from contact with good men and women, whatever their race, or creed, or belief. How small would such souls seem to the broad and tolerant Nazarene! How he would lay the lash on the back of Jews and Christians, whose arrogance would lead them to look upon themselves as better than their neighbors, no matter how great the virtues of such neighbors!—From "Jesus the Jew," by Harris Weinstock.

Proper Dress For a Groom.

One of the largest ready-made clothing houses in the city received not long ago from a remote place a letter, the substance of which was, "What is the proper dress for a groom in the afternoon?" The clerk who opened the mail, naturally enough, referred the enquiry to the livery department. The head of that branch in turn dictated a brief reply, something like this: "Bottle-green coat, fawn-colored trousers with top boots, silk hat with cockade. We can make prices as follows, et cetera." A week elapsed, and the big store received a plaintive little note: "I always knew it was expensive to get married; but can't you suggest something a little less elaborate?"

Eating, Drinking and Table Conversation.

When Boswell complained to Dr. Johnson of having dined at a splendid table without hearing one sentence worthy of being remembered, Johnson said: "Sir, there is seldom any such conversation." "Why then meet at table?" Boswell asked. "Why, to eat and drink together, and to promote kindness; and, sir, this is better done where there is no solid conversation; for when there is, people differ in opinion, and get into bad humor, or some of the company, who are not capable of such conversation, are left out, and feel themselves uneasy. It was for this reason, Sir Robert Walpole said, he always talked bawdy at his table because in that all could join." The stout-hearted old doctor, by the way, was not of Sir Robert's opinion, for Boswell elsewhere relates that Dr. Johnson received the greatest compliment ever paid to a layman when a certain person apologized to him for having used profane words in a story which he had just told.

The man or woman who can be relied on to talk well at table or in a parlor will never lack invitations. Good conversation is the finest product of brains, breeding, society and civilization, but it is very rare, and one who is a master of it is welcome in every company and a friend in need to every host. How anxiously, in making up a dinner party, do people run over all their friends to find one or two who will help keep the table talk from flagging! No one, who has not sat at the head of a table heroically warding off the silence which threatens to fall at any moment, can appreciate duly the gratitude a host feels for the man or woman guest who catches and tosses back to him the ball of conversation and keeps it in the air, who helps him draw out the more taciturn members of the party by gentle banter and artful questions, and who lightens the talk, when it becomes heavy and serious, by throwing in some jest or frivolity. Such a jest, if hosts were judges, would do more to gain the sweets of heaven for the jester than a rosary of prayers.

Much is said and written of the duties of hosts, but have guests no reciprocal duties? Are they not bound, by some hospitable rule of honor, to prepare themselves to entertain the company and bandy conversation? Has a guest a right to sit silent, receiving much of the golden coin of table talk and giving nothing in exchange except, perhaps, a copper penny or two, a "yes" or a "no" in answer to a point blank query?

Except to a blessed few the gift of conversing does not come by nature. Many fine minds there are who, like a much-quoted college lad, are chock-full of an elegant vocabulary, but can't get it out. Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote so well, was dull in company, and even the great Dr. Johnson, who talked so wonderfully when he thawed, was ordinarily silent. How many hosts loved the crafty Boswell for drawing out the lion, as only he could do it? Boswell confesses that in order to start the doctor's tongue he used to utter some heresy in religion or politics which, he was aware, would rouse the great man to a fury of disputation in which poor Boswell would be crushed by the first sentence. But the Boswellian ruse never failed to set the doctor going, and we owe many delightful pages of the "Life" to the canny Scotchman's trick. Would there were more Boswells at our dinner-tables—and more Johnsons!

Conversation ought to be learned and cultivated, just as music or any other entertaining art is learned and cultivated. Young women will employ expensive masters to give them lessons on the piano or the violin or to train their voices, so that they may have "accomplishments" and appear well in company, but they totally neglect the greatest and finest of all accomplishments, the art of conversation. There ought to be masters of conversation to teach men and women how to talk well at a dinner table. The girl who can interest a table for five minutes at a time three or four times during a dinner has a more graceful and ingratiating accomplishment than she who cannot talk, but who can play all of Chopin beautifully and by heart. The tongue is a greater instrument than the pianoforte. Let a girl take conversation for her accomplishment; let her give to reading and thinking the time which the pianist gives to practice; let her go in seriously for conversation, though not entirely for serious conversation, and she will become the paragon of her circle and men will fight duels for her hand. And men, too, ought to study conversation as they study anything else, and practice, practice, practice. In France conversation is esteemed a fine art, and it is the conversation of France which proves it the most polished nation.

Eating and drinking seem to be necessary concomitants of conversation. If a man invited friends to his house just for conversation, and gave them nothing to eat or drink, he would soon be town talk. Doubtless some people could trace a subtle connection between dining, drinking and talking, dragging their audience through a psychological maze, but the vulgar truth seems to be that when a man—or, strange to say, a gentle woman, either—has a full stomach and feels the pleasant afterglow of wine, there is a tendency to sit at ease and unburden the mind of whatever lies upon it. However that may be, it is a fact that hungry people will not converse and that nothing so expands the mind and loosens the tongue as a good dinner does.

The Snail as Food.

The popularity of the snail as an article of food is not confined to Paris, but extends throughout Southern Europe and some parts of Africa. Dr. Edrard, a French writer, in a pamphlet says that ninety thousand pounds of snails are sent daily to Paris from the gardens at Poitou, Burgundy, Champagne, and Provence. Those reared in gardens are fed on aromatic herbs to improve their flavor. Their market price is from two to three francs a hundred, while those from the hedges, woods and forests bring somewhat less. The proprietor of one snailery in the vicinity of Dijon nets over seven thousand francs annually. The snail is reared and fattened with great care in some cantons of Switzerland as an article of luxury, and is exported in a pickled state. It is also eaten as a relish and nutritious article of food in Austria, Spain, Italy, and in some sections of the United States. The Ashantees and other African tribes smoke them and eat them as daily food all the year around. In Algeria, in the markets, large heaps of snails are sold by the bushel and the hundred as an article of food. Vendors hawk them in the streets of Cairo. In modern Rome fresh gathered snails are hawked by women from door to door.

Curious Courtship Clubs.

The city of New York boasts a club which has for its object the promotion of aimless courtship, in so far as matrimony is concerned. A number of young men there have banded themselves together to make love to damsels who, instead of looking for proposals, are content with what is called "a good time."

Their knights escort them to theaters, picnics, and other amusements, make them presents, and are generally attentive even to a greater degree than the ordinary enamored swain. Couples who break the rules of the club by marrying have to pay a fine of fifty dollars, and are forever banished from the club. One or two couples have already paid this fine and entered into the forbidden state, a dinner on each occasion being held by the club to console the members for their loss.

An equally curious club has for some time been in existence in Chicago. It is composed of young men, all of whom bear the Christian name of Joseph, and who have entered into a solemn compact to woo no girls except those bearing the Christian name of Mary. The club has a considerable membership, and it is a noteworthy fact that, so far, its rule has never been broken. From the names it might be thought that this novel organization was of Scriptural origin; but such is not the fact.

It originated in this manner: While out on an excursion one summer three couples chanced to meet whose names, by a strange coincidence, happened to be Joseph in the case of the males and Mary in the case of the damsels. It was thereupon decided to form a club of Josephs, who for sweethearts should only look amongst the Marys of Porkopolis, and thus the club was formed.

What may be termed a mutual protection courtship club exists at Arcola, in the State of Illinois. The object of this order is to keep young men who are not members from paying attentions to any lady friends of a member. One outsider who came poaching on the club's preserves was rather roughly handled.

In yet another town a lovers' club was started which its promoters were soon very glad to drop. Its object was to compel the courted damsels to pay their own expenses wherever they might be escorted, the members undertaking only to pay for themselves, either at the theater or elsewhere.

This put the girls of the town on their mettle, and they soon gave their stingy swains to understand that if they had to pay their way they would choose their own company. To show their independence, they took their pleasures without male escort for some time, but when due apology had been made the old relation were graciously permitted to be renewed. And, as one of them put it, the girls then had a "perfectly lovely time," the young men lavishing their money right and left upon them as evidence of repentance and reparation for the past.

The Man Behind the Mask.

A sympathetic picture of the Chinese laundryman is painted by a writer in the New Orleans "Times." "John" lives among us, patient, industrious, and often despised by those who know too little of him even to regard him as a fellow-being. Yet if we knew the human history that lies behind that yellow mask we should not doubt that here also dwells a soul of like dignity with our own. Says the writer:

Next door to my lodging is one of those squat little houses which now and then you find next to a big mansion. On the lower floor of the small house was a Chinese laundry. In it was a Chinaman about twenty-five years of age. His face was as imperturbable as the sky. He went about his business with the undeviating regularity of the solar system. At first he was an ordinary Chinese laundryman to me, but my attention became riveted upon him and my curiosity was awakened.

The man seemed to live merely for his work. When I came in at two o'clock in the morning I found him with the lights turned high, patiently working at his calling. If I rose early in the morning, that prodigy of industry was up before me. I gradually became filled with wonder at the untiring persistency of the man. Because of his neatness and politeness and exquisite care to please, the neighborhood never thought of sending its laundry anywhere else.

I began to carry my things in person to the Chinaman, urged on by the desire of finding out something about him. I reasoned that no man, white or yellow, could work as he did without being dominated by an all-absorbing purpose. I found him intelligent. He could speak English well. Finally I won his confidence.

The young Chinaman was in love. A girl in China was waiting for him, and he was patiently and bravely undergoing the hardest kind of toil in order to go back to his native country and marry her.

When he told me the story I forgot that he was a Chinaman; I remembered only that he was a man, working like a man to earn a wife, and withal, despite these meagre, unpoetical surroundings, cherishing all the dreams of a young man whose sweetheart is far away.

All in the Point of View.

"What an immense undertaking some people seem to make out of nothing at all," said a matron. "To those who really bear the burdens and heat of the day the strenuous efforts of the self-indulgent woman would be amusing, if it was not so provoking to hear her complaints when they consider the why and the wherefore. In a month or two from now, fortune's favorite will have to open her house in town, and she will undoubtedly be perfectly worn out with the effort of having the rooms cleaned and more or less reorganizing her household. To be sure, she will not personally have to exert herself in the very least; neither will she have to pay the bills. Nevertheless, she will feel the task to be herculean, and will talk to all who will listen to her as if she could not stand the strain." "Such a rush and a worry! I am nearly dead!" said one of these heroines, speaking of her great obligations. "The amount of work I have done and still have to do is appalling. Just as soon as I have a breathing spell I shall have to go to the Hot Springs to recuperate."

"Now, what do you suppose she has really done?" said one of the group to whom the overworked woman had been speaking, as the latter rustled languidly away. "Done!" echoed another; "why, she has probably told one woman to scrub the paint, and another to put up the curtains." And they all laughed unsympathetically.

Animal Emotions.

It is told of a certain Lord Holland, who was very eccentric, that he used to give his horses weekly concerts in a gallery specially erected for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their hearts, and improved their temper, and a witness says that they seemed to be delighted with the performance. Much has been written of the effect of music upon animals. The "American Naturalist" gives some of the results of experiments made in Lincoln Park, Chicago, to determine the effect of violin-playing on different animals.

Music which was slow and sweet, like "Home, Sweet Home," or "Annie Laurie," pleased the panthers, a jaguar and a lioness and her cubs. The panthers became nervous, and twitched their tails when a lively jig, "The Irish Washerwoman," was played to them, but relapsed into their former quiet when the music again became soothing.

The jaguar was so nervous during the jig music that he jumped from a shelf to the floor of his cage and back again. When the player ceased and walked away, the jaguar reached out his paw to him as far as he could, with claws retracted.

The lioness and her cubs were interested from the first, although when the violinist approached the cage the mother gave him a hiss and the cubs hid behind her. At the playing of a lively jig the cubs stood up on their hind legs and peeped over at the player. When the musician retreated from the cage the animals came to the front of it, and did not move back when he gradually drew so near as almost to touch the great paws that were thrust through the bars. When the musician was playing "Home, Sweet Home," the entire family were very attentive, and remained motionless except that the cubs turned their heads from side to side. Then another jig was played, and the cubs danced about.

The coyotes, in a den, squatted in a semicircle and sat in silence while the music continued. When it ceased they ran up and pawed at the player through the bars. He began afresh, and again they formed in a silent semicircle. This experiment was made several times, always with the same result.

Proof Positive.

This year's Summer Girl is, more than ever alert. As witness the following incident: First, know that the young man meant only to revive that good old custom of "a pair of gloves" as a forfeit. When he found her curled up in the hammock, a magazine slipped from her listless fingers, he—well, who wouldn't! Of a sudden she opened her blue eyes on him, and remarked accusingly, a tremble in her voice: "You kissed me!"

He lost nerve, and stammered a denial.

"I know it was you," she insisted.

"I am not the only person about," he ventured. "There's Wilcox going over the links now. He had to pass here. And doubtless Dandy Williams—"

"No," she interrupted, "it was you, I know it."

Her look froze him, but he gathered desperate courage. "How do you know?" he demanded triumphantly. A flush spread to her pompadour. "Did I ever kiss you before?" he asked. "Granting I did kiss you just now—" he was pushing his advantage hard, and she squirmed—"I think I ought to be cleared!" He was getting indignant now. "There is only one way," he went on, "to put the matter to a fair test, and I propose to have that way adopted." He paused, and she looked troubled, but did not interrupt. "If I kiss you now, you can decide whether or no I was guilty before."

It was an awful risk, but he hoped a second time might soften her. She went quite pale, then replied firmly:

"I feel you have a right to vindication, Mr. S., and to show that I am perfectly fair-minded, I will submit to the test."

At this he almost shrank from continuing. But a second kiss! Delicious! And would she not relent? Would not all opposition be drowned, that is amalgamated in a mutual third? Great as the risk was, it was worth taking.

"I wish to be perfectly fair," he said, briskly, "and I suggest that you close your eyes that you may give undivided attention to the character and quality."

"But I was asleep before," she urged.

He almost said, "Really," but stopped in time, and substituted: "Simulation of sleep must do now."

"You will hurry, won't you?" she asked, her voice trembling.

But he was judicial. "It should be done properly," was all he would reply. She closed her eyes and doubled her fists, the color wavering from carnation to white rose in her cheeks. He drew a long breath, bent lingeringly, swept her trembling mouth with the tips of his moustache; softly fitted his lips to hers, gently pressed their yielding ripeness till almost the little white teeth were felt, lifted the lingering pressure till the tips of his moustache swept her trembling lips, and—it was over!

She lay quite still then, her eyelids fluttered. Presently they lifted over the blue, which was all dreamy and soft. She sighed, clasped her hands, spoke:

"I don't think the other was you!" she murmured with deep conviction.

Then he fainted.

The Only Way.

Mistress — Bridget, the clock has stopped at twelve. Maid—Yis, mum. Ye told me not to let it run down, so Oi shtopped it at twilve.

Pro Bono Publico.

Discontented Artist—I wish I had a fortune. I would never paint again.

Generous "Brother Brush"—By Jove! old man, I wish I had one! I'd give it to you!

Seized For Rent.

A Philadelphian who spent many years in the sunny South, who, in fact, was born and brought up there, tells an amusing story of darky wit, and one well worth repeating. It was some years ago, when he lived not more than 100 miles from New Orleans. One day he returned from many hours of driving, and was agreeably surprised to see a fine plump turkey served up for dinner. Wondering where it came from, he called Rastus and enquired by what means the beautiful bird had reached his dining-table. "Why, sah," replied Rastus, "dat turkey done bin roosting on our fence dis tree nights, so dis morning I seize him for de rent ob de fence."

SHE WAS GIVEN UP

Doctors Held out no Hope to Mrs. Huffman of Napanee

A Wonderful Case and One which goes to Show the Wonderful Advancement Recently made in the Science of Medicine

Napanee, Ont., Oct. 27.—(Special.)—This town has furnished a case which has caused considerable talk in the county.

Mrs. John C. Huffman had been troubled for over six years with female weakness and kidney trouble. The pain was so great that she could not bear it and her kidneys gave her so much bother that she could not entertain any company in her home or take any social pleasures whatever. Her urine was very much discolored and gave her great trouble in passing.

In additions to these symptoms she had all the pains, headaches, and weakness of Female Trouble.

Mrs. Huffman tried physician's treatment and many other medicines, but instead of getting better she was gradually growing worse and was very much discouraged.

Many of her friends thought she would never get better, but one day she picked up a newspaper and read an advertisement which said that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure Female Trouble.

As she had tried so many other things without being able to get any help, she was very doubtful, but concluded to try this remedy.

She used six boxes and was completely cured. She is to-day sound and well, without a single symptom of her old trouble left.

She was cured nearly five years ago and is to-day as sound and well a woman as there is in Napanee. She says:

"I can confidently recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to every woman in Canada for they cured me completely and mine was a very bad case.

"They are certainly a great medicine and I will always recommend them to women who may be suffering as I was with Female Weakness and Kidney Trouble."

A Balky Horse.

A balky horse is much like a stubborn boy, when he gets his mind set on not pulling—the more you whip him the more he determines he will not go—so the best way is to use kindness and a little strategy to divert his attention, and he forgets all about it and goes along all right. The Humane Journal, Chicago, says:—One who knows says that the vice of balking in horses is almost invariably caused by improper breaking and handling the animals while young. It is only high-strung and sensitive horses that balk, and these are handled far more successfully by humoring and patience than by severe measures, which usually only make matters worse. "Horse sense" in these cases is quite as essential for the animal that drives as the animal to be driven. No two cases can be treated exactly in the same way—either in respect to refractory animals or children—therefore there should be no ironclad rule. Anticipation and careful watchfulness are the first essentials. Observe the animal closely, in places where it would be likely to balk, and with the first sign of stopping get off your waggon, makes some renewal or pretended change in the harness, then raise a foot and tap the shoe with a stone. A few moments spent in this way will cause the animal to forget his wayward inclination, and he will be ready to move onward at the first word. A kindly pat, a few gentle words, a lump of sugar, or a bit of apple will do far more towards breaking your horse of this trick than all the oaths, blows, and kicks you can administer. Honey, not vinegar, for catching flies, remember—you know how it is yourself!

Jennings—Have you heard the story about the coal bin?

Mitchell—No, what is it?

Jennings—There's nothing in it.

Mitchell—That's nothing; every time I look at mine I get a lump in my throat.

Three Stomachs on a Week's Vacation.

Eat, drink and be merry while giving the digestive apparatus a healing, wholesome rest!

It can be done by the use of

DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS.

Pineapple will digest meat in a dish at 160°. The rest cure is the best cure, the only cure for dyspepsia. That's the whole story except that the large tablets digest food, the small ones tone up the digestive apparatus.—Price 35 cents.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

opens a new channel in a choked up nostril and lines it with a new membrane. In ten minutes will relieve cold or catarrh or cure the most obstinate headache. A quick cure—a safe cure—not a slow remedy. 17.

The Moonstone Sphinx

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson,

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

She was not there now. The place offered little or no chance of concealment; yet he could see the girl nowhere.

His face fell into utter blankness, then darkened into fury.

"What's this mean?" he ejaculated. "Where's Miss Gray?"

The old woman turned and gave back his look coolly, her eyebrows rounded in surprise.

"Don't get in a wax, sir," she responded. "The poor young lady came to herself just as we were finishing, had a drop out of that very brandy bottle as ever was" (indicating with a motion of her head a black bottle standing among scattered "make-up" on the dressing-table) "and felt quite well and sensible. Says she: 'I can go out by myself. Just you pick up my bits of things,' and out she goes. I wonder you didn't meet her, sir."

"Good gracious!" was Jeffrey's only answer.

He darted away, almost pushing down the big screen which had been put in front of Selim, that the process of strapping Mazeppa on the horse's back need not be stared at by every passing stage-hand.

It was possible that Winifred might have gone straight to this corner, which had always been put to the same use during her rehearsals with Selim, though, if so, it was strange indeed that he (Jeffrey) had missed seeing her. But there stood the groom and the horse, in the semi-dusk; and there was no one besides.

"Cutting it rather fine, ain't she, sir?" asked Selim's attendant, who knew all the cues by this time as well as did the actors.

"Cutting it fine, I should think so!" groaned the stage-manager. What a fool he had been to go out of sight of Winifred Gray's door for an instant! How idiotic to have trusted to the common sense of a drunken old woman. (This aspersion was a grave injustice to the respectable Mrs. Purdy; but it was a necessity to revile someone, and she answered as well as another for a scapegoat.)

Jeffrey tore back to the dressing-room, for there was time even yet, if that fiend of a girl could be found and dragged to her duty.

"For Heaven's sake, which way did she go?" he adjured the dresser, who was still calmly putting the room to rights; brushing, shaking, folding, hanging.

"I don't know," retorted the old woman. "I'd done all you told me to. When she went out by this door, sir, she was off my hands."

With an oath Jeffrey flung away. He had no time to bandy words with this stupid old creature. The girl might still be somewhere about the stage.

Half mad with impatience, he hurried this way and that. Every nook, every corner, was searched; not an empty dressing-room was forgotten. But Winifred was not to be found, and the moments were flying. Already it was close upon the cue for Mazeppa's sensational entrance. Wantage, who had been in the box with Macaire, was behind the scenes again now, in a passion of rage, blaming the stage-manager, swearing at everyone.

When there could be no longer waiting, Jeffrey desperately played the card which, all this time, he had been keeping up his sleeve.

From the moment, weeks ago, that he had been warned not to mention to Miss Gray the kind of attire she would be required to wear in her "great" scene, he had feared a hitch at the last moment. Of course it was vital to the success of the play that she herself should appear strapped upon the horse; but from the stage-manager's point of view, at least, anything was better than that a scene should be left out, or the curtain rung down in the midst of an act on flat failure.

That this might not happen, if the worst came to the worst, Jeffrey had secretly prepared an understudy, of whose readiness he had not chosen to speak even to Wantage, lest it should seem a confession of weakness—a fear that his authority as stage-manager might not be enough to dominate a rebellious actress.

If Winifred herself had known the truth, of course it would have been fatal; she would have said: "Let the understudy do it." But, as a matter of fact, one of the ladies in the ballet to whom he had taken rather a fancy, and whose figure somewhat resembled Winifred Gray's, was at this moment dressed for the scene in fleshings from neck to foot, and with a wig like Mazeppa's. She was called, flung upon the horse, strapped on, and just in time not to be late for the cue, Selim galloped upon the stage with his living burden.

Lionel Macaire sat in his box, half hidden by the curtains, yet leaning eagerly forward. He, too, knew the cue for the great entrance, and—ignorant of the latest developments since Wantage had left him—his eyes had not for some moments strayed from the stage.

He heard the galloping hoofs in the wings; then the noble black horse with a pearly-pink, slim body thrown across his back, sprang into sight.

Macaire's lips were apart. He uttered a faint, hissing breath, which gave a vent to strong emotion long pent up.

"They've made her do it!" he said between his teeth.

Then he looked closer, bending out of the box, deaf to the murmurs that went round the audience below. In the rage of disappointment at realizing his mistake, he could have shouted oaths aloud. But he had succeeded in doing many things in his eventful life by sheer self-control, and he had seldom lost it unless he had chosen deliberately to let himself go. He did not lose it, or let himself go now.

So quickly did the scene pass by that few in the audience were certain that the figure on the horse was a mere understudy for Mazeppa. Some said It was Miss Gray herself; others vowed that it was another girl in her place.

From the stage-manager's standpoint the act was saved, whatever might have to happen later; but to Lionel Macaire the substitution of an understudy for the girl whom he had meant to shame and humiliate was only an aggravation. He cared nothing whether the play went on or was stopped in the midst on the first night. It was only Winifred he had thought of from the first.

No answer had come to the note he had sent behind the scenes, and in this case he knew well enough that silence did not mean consent. If Winifred had intended to fling herself upon his mercy she would have replied with a written line or verbal message. And no word having been deigned he had believed Wantage's assurance that the girl would go through the scene on the horse, even if she had to be forced to it.

The instant he saw that the slight, apparently nude figure bound to Selim's back was not Winifred Gray's, he rose from his seat without showing signs of haste and left the box.

Behind it was a door which led through a short passage to the stage, and the first person he met there was Jeffrey.

"Why did not Miss Gray play that scene?" Macaire questioned, sternly. Grotesquely ugly at all times, he was appallingly hideous when in a passion, and, though his voice was merely cold, Jeffrey saw by the purple face and the jelly-like quivering of the marred features that the millionaire's wrath was held in check by an effort.

"Miss Gray can't be found; she's disappeared," the stage-manager stammered; his castles in the air rocking on their foundation, built above this rich man's money and favor.

Then Lionel Macaire muttered an oath between his teeth. "What do you mean?" he said. "Wantage came out and told me that the girl had fainted, but was being dressed for the scene, and would be put through it somehow, without fail. He had your word for it—as stage-manager. What do you mean, then, by saying she has disappeared?"

Jeffrey did not dare to lose his temper, though he had a hot one, quickly fired. "It is a most mysterious affair," he answered. "I don't know what to think of it. But certainly I am not to blame. And, if Miss Gray isn't found, her understudy can get through somehow, though it will be a great misfortune—on the first night of all nights. The only thing will be to go out before the curtain and make a careful announcement, working up some sensation that will fetch the newspapers and rouse the public's curiosity. It may even create a certain boom."

"Boom be hanged!" ejaculated Macaire. "The girl's played you false, then? But what a fool you were to let it happen! Do you remember it is my money you've been letting her make ducks and drakes of?"

"She's certain to be found," faltered Jeffrey, drooping under the millionaire's anger. "She can't possibly have left the theater. If you'll come with me, Mr. Macaire, to her dressing-room door, where Mr. Wantage is catechizing the woman who had charge of her after she fainted, you'll understand that it must be so."

"Very well," said the other, and together they walked across the stage, behind the setting which was going up for the next act.

CHAPTER XVI.

Escaped.

Mr. Wantage, afraid to go out and face his patron after what had happened, was standing in the open doorway of Winifred Gray's dressing-room, talking excitedly to Mrs. Purdy. At sight of Macaire advancing upon him he flushed darkly, then grew pale.

"This is a mystery, Mr. Macaire!" he exclaimed, with a shaking voice. "Miss Gray has disappeared. A most obstinate girl. I knew that she objected to go through the scene in the only suitable way, and Jeffrey knew it. But we—"

"Be kind enough to state exactly what occurred after Miss Gray fainted," Macaire broke in, addressing the woman, without a glance at Wantage. "She was then brought into this room, was she not, and placed in your charge?"

"Yes, sir, she was, sir," returned the dresser, staring at the hideous face of the man with undisguised astonishment, even repulsion. "She did not know that, though so villainously ugly to look upon, he was worth many times his weight in solid gold. Macaire was not so uncommon a name that she should associate him with millionaire Lionel of that ilk, even if she heard him addressed by Wantage or Jeffrey, and it did not occur to her that he was to be fawned upon. "Ugly beast! I wonder what the dickens he means by poking his nose into it?" she was probably asking herself. "Who's he, anyhow?" And, aloud, she enquired: "Are you Miss Gray's father or—or anything, sir?"

"I am—a friend of her family. And I am, unfortunately, financially interested in this company," the great man condescended to explain. "It is not pleasant hearing that the star has run away on the first night."

"She can't have run far," cut in Jeffrey. "This woman here will tell you that."

Lionel Macaire looked at Mrs. Purdy, and she accepted the look as her cue to speak. "I managed to get the young lady into the things she was to ride the horse in, sir, when she was fainting. And a rare job it was, too."

"What happened then?" questioned Macaire.

"Why, this gentleman, the stage-manager, sir, he kept comin' to the door and worritin' me, till I thought I should have gone off my head. But, mainly, I did have the young lady ready, and at the last moment, as I was tellin' him, she popped open those great eyes of hers. She'd been wild about the fleshin's before, sir, sayin' nothin' on earth would induce 'er to put 'em on. But she seemed wonderful calmed down like, after her faintin' spell, and, says she—let me see, what was it she says first?—oh! 'If you've got a drop of spirit handy I think I could go on all right and do the scene.' Those were her very words."

"And then?"

"Well, and then, sir, I gave her the spirit. There's the very bottle on the 'make-up' table. 'Twas my own; I'd brought it on purpose, thinkin' it might be needed—which it was. When my daughter faints away, sir, which she does sometimes, without no warnin' at all—"

"Never mind about your daughter at present," interrupted Macaire, his curious, pale eyes fixed keenly on the woman's commonplace little face. "You gave Miss Gray the spirit, and—"

"And up she jumped, most as soon as 'twas down. 'I believe I've been silly,' she says to me. 'I don't like this, but I've got to do it.' You see, I'd been tellin' her how she'd be sued for breach of contract, and if she'd no money, she'd be put in prison, maybe—"

"When did you tell her that?" quickly broke in the millionaire.

The old woman looked somewhat nonplussed for an instant, but then appeared suddenly to recollect. "Oh, it must have been before she went off in the faint. You see, I was helpin' her early in the evenin'. And then, anyhow, the young lady seemed all right and as sensible as could be. I was goin' out of the room with her, but she wouldn't have it. She was quite strong enough to go alone, she says, and I'd better stop where I was and pick up the nice new costume which I'd pitched on the floor piece by piece as I dragged it off of her. So thinkin' no harm, and havin' had no instructions what to do after I'd got the lady ready, I let her go. I thinks no more about it till a minute or two later along comes Mr. Jeffrey again, askin' 'Where's Miss Gray?'"

"You haven't told me yet why you are all so sure she's in the theater," said Macaire.

Mrs. Purdy pointed to the walls of the dressing-room. "There hangs her clothes, sir," she announced. "There was some talk of takin' 'em away, when she was so obstinate, but that was before she fainted. There they hangs. And as these are modern times, and Miss Gray ain't the Lady Godiva the poetry's about, it stands to reason she can't have got far."

"I've sent for the door-keeper, who swears that he hasn't left his post tonight, and that Miss Gray didn't go by," added Jeffrey. "Yet the theater's been searched from below the stage up to the flies. The girl's nowhere. She's vanished into air."

Winifred Gray had disappeared as mysteriously as the bride in the ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough." No trace of her could be found at the theater or elsewhere, either on the night when mystery had swallowed her up or during the days to come.

Macaire had neither expected nor greatly desired the play produced with his money to be a success; but, strangely enough, the very event which caused his keen discomfiture created an artificial vogue for the revival of "Mazeppa."

The scenery was magnificent if the company (save for the vanished star) was poor. Most of the best people had been engaged when Mr. Wantage had first begun his quest for actors, and he had been given to understand that if Miss Gray were secured the rest of the cast mattered little to the backer; therefore he had been easily suited for most of the parts. But scenery alone and the disproportionately large amount of pictorial advertising which had been done could not have saved "Mazeppa" from failure. The length of its continuance on the boards would have depended upon the sum of money Mr. Macaire was willing to throw away. But the sudden disappearance of the star gave a fillip which perhaps nothing else could have given.

A story had been circulated that the well-known millionaire had been induced to "back" the production because of his infatuation for the Miss Gray who had lately been discharged from the Duke of Clarence's Theater for extraordinary and mysterious reasons. People, even in London, talked a good deal about it, and harsh things were said of Winifred, who was represented as a bold young woman trading upon her charms to handle Lionel Macaire's money, and her "brazen front of impudence" was proved without shadow of doubt by the startling posters she had allowed to be exhibited, representing herself as Mazeppa bound to the horse. She would certainly not have undertaken to play the part and dress it as it had once been dressed by the actress who had made the play famous, if, it was argued, had she really been the simple, modest girl she had hypocritically tried to appear during her brief months of popularity at the Duke of Clarence's.

Then, on the top of this gossip which associated her name with that of a man notoriously connected with other scandals, more or less of the same sort (though he was not too notorious to be a target for match-making mothers), came the actress's disappearance.

Among all the things which had been said about her, no one had dreamt of starting the theory that she had been deceived as to the part of Mazeppa and its requirements. She was an actress, and actresses went through life with their eyes open. And the old story of the thwarted elopement which had, in some inexplicable way, cost the girl her position in Mr. Anderson's company, was revived. It had been freely said before that the man in the case had been Lionel Macaire himself, and, though he posed as a bachelor, there had been many rumors that he had a wife from whom he was separated. But now it was thought that the scandal had been connected with a married man well known in London society, and that the plan which had failed before had been successfully brought off in Brighton. Miss Gray was supposed to have thrown up her engagement and left her manager in the lurch, to run away with a man, differently identified by almost every person who helped to keep the tale in circulation. All agreed in one particular alone. The man had a lovely wife, who was heartbroken at her husband's treachery, and by and by, a divorce case would come on which would make a tremendous sensation in the "highest circles."

Brighton people flocked to the new Thespian Theater, where Miss Gray's understudy, a pretty girl with a good figure and no absurd scruples of squeamishness, made the most of her "great chance." Others even ran down from town to the seaside, ostensibly because "Brighton was so jolly in November, you know," but really to see for themselves the scene in which they might have been shocked at Winifred Gray's boldness, if she had not run off the first night of the piece with Lord So-and-so.

As if the fates were tireless in agitating the "boom" which had saved "Mazeppa" for the benefit of its needy manager and its company of actors, Brighton was favored with another sensation on the very morning after the girl's disappearance.

The startling posters which had been put up only on the afternoon of the first performance were all either torn down from their hoardings or destroyed beyond recognition, the name of Winifred Gray being stripped away from underneath the picture in every case.

Other posters of the same design were ordered and put up to replace the damaged ones after a day or two's delay (for Lionel Macaire still had it in his power to take this mean revenge); but on the following morning they were seen to have gone the way of their predecessors, even though a reward had been advertised for the detection of the guilty person.

Meanwhile Lionel Macaire remained in Brighton, having sent for a detective from a certain well-known private agency, not to be on the watch, save incidentally, for the destroyer of the posters, but to take up the scent from the start and track down Winifred Gray.

He did not move openly in the matter, Wantage, as business manager of the company, acting for him. But even if the interest which he took in finding the girl leaked out, it could not damage his reputation. He it was who had given the first kick to the football of scandal which at the time of the Duke of Clarence's Theater incident had linked their two names together. Now he was to be pitied, both as the financial backer of a company treacherously deserted by its principal member and as a lover deceived by her upon whom he had heaped benefits.

The detective was certain that by some method, which it was his duty to discover, the girl had contrived to get away not only from the theater but from Brighton. Everybody else believed this, of course; but then only two or three persons knew the real reason why it would have been especially difficult for the actress to escape. Only Wantage, Jeffrey, Mrs. Purdy, Lionel Macaire, and now the detective, were aware that Winifred had been prepared for the "great scene" while fainting, and that, so far as could be ascertained, she had had no possible opportunity or even time for changing. In spite of this fact, however, the man from Sleigh's agency persisted in his theory. The girl must have hidden herself somewhere in the theater for hours, and then received assistance from outside. Once away, she would naturally have taken steps to leave Brighton as soon as possible. Her brother, who had just returned to London, was shadowed, but in vain. It was discovered that Mrs. Gray was ill in a nursing-home in Welbeck street, and that she had within the last few days suffered a relapse; but nothing could be learnt there about her daughter.

Lionel Macaire, however, could not be brought to share the detective's theory. He was utterly without religion, yet his was a superstitious mind. He believed in the warning power of dreams, or curious coincidences which had sometimes ruled his conduct on the Stock Exchange or in racing. He had a conviction that Winifred Gray was not far from him, and while it kept its grasp upon him he wished to linger in Brighton.

So a week passed on, and still "Mazeppa" flourished at the Thespian Theater; and still the detective had been able to learn nothing of importance about Winifred.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Masked Minstrels.

On the eighth day after Winifred's disappearance Lionel Macaire went out late in the afternoon from the Hotel Metropole, where he was staying, and walked slowly along the King's road. He was thinking of Winifred, as he almost always was now, not sure whether he most loved or hated her; and with thoughts of the girl came up memories of his strange past. Before the eyes of his mind rose the image of a woman far more beautiful than Winifred, of whom the girl reminded him in some of her moods. If that chapter of his life could have ended differently, perhaps he would have been a different man.

"F. E. Z." Though the woman's fair face was only a memory—distant though never dim—and her place in what he called his heart had been usurped by a girl thirty years younger than she—those initials had the power to call up a thrill even now, half delicious, half painful. Oddly enough, just as he hated and loved Winifred Gray at the same time, so he had loved and hated that other woman. Since he could not have her, he would kill her if he could; if she had had a son he believed that it would have given him a subtle pleasure to be revenged for the past, through him.

Suddenly he remembered the dark young man who had called at the Duke of Clarence's Theater, with an introduction to George Anderson from F. E. Z.

It had been in Macaire's thoughts at the time that the good-looking young fellow in the odd clothes might have been more than a mere friend to the beautiful woman whom so many had adored. When F. E. Z. had vanished from the world where she had scintillated as a bright, particular star—vanished as mysteriously as Winifred Gray—she had been older than Winifred was now; twenty-three or twenty-four perhaps.

That was now twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago. He had been a young man then, poor and obscure, though he had already secretly sown the seeds of his great future. Now he was rich almost beyond his own knowledge; and he was fifty-six years old, past middle age, though his heart was hot as it had been in his youth.

(To be continued.)

Mainly About People.

Scotch piety is generally tempered with common sense. A boating party on the Clyde were caught in a storm. "Let us pray," suggested someone. "Ay," said the boatman, "let the little man over there pray, but let all the strong ones take an oar, or we shall be drooned."

The Greek philosopher Zeno believed in predestination. One day he caught his servant robbing him, and he gave him a good hiding. "Was I not destined to rob?" pleaded the servant. "Why, then, do you beat me?" "Certainly," replied Zeno, "you were destined to rob, and you were also destined to be caned."

When the fretful critic, Cumberland, said of a performance of "The School for Scandal" that he was surprised that it provoked such immoderate laughter, as it did not make him even smile, Sheridan, the wit, orator and playwright, is said to have remarked: "Cumberland is truly ungrateful, for I saw a tragedy of his played a fortnight before at Covent Garden, and I laughed from beginning to end."

A young doctor, wishing to make a good impression upon a German farmer, mentioned the fact that he had received a double education, as it were. He had studied homeopathy, and was also graduate of a "regular" medical school. "Oh! dot was noding," said the farmer. "I had vonce a calf vot sucked two cows and he make noding but a common schteer after all."

An old London omnibus driver was standing beside his bus one day, when he was approached by a very comely young woman, who evidently wished to ascend to the outside seats on top, but hesitated for fear she could not make the difficult ascent with becoming modesty. The driver, evidently understanding her dilemma, shook his head and said: "Climb up, miss; don't mind me legs ain't no treat to me."

Oliver Wendell Holmes was one day seated near the refreshment table, at an entertainment, and observed a little girl looking with longing eyes at the good things. He said kindly, "Are you hungry, little girl?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then why don't you take a sandwich?" "Because I haven't any fork." "Fingers were made before forks," said the doctor, smilingly. The little girl looked up at him and replied, to his delight: "Not my fingers."

Down in Georgia, the other day, in the good city of Macon, they were telling of experiences during the earthquake disturbances of 1886. This was given by an old town official: "The council was in session that night, and when the quake shook the city hall from basement to attic the councilmen ran out, thinking the house would topple over. The minutes of the meeting, as can be seen by the records, conclude with the following sentence: 'On motion of the city hall, the council adjourned.'"

A good story is related of Henry Clay Dean, an orator famous in the United States a generation or so ago. Mr. Dean was generally referred to as "Henry Clay Dean of Iowa," even long after he had established a home in Missouri. He explained his change of habitation in this way: "You see, they passed a nefarious prohibition law in Iowa, and there's your whiskey gone. Then they abolished capital punishment, and there's your hanging gone. And now the whole population seems to be drifting toward universalism, and there's your hell gone. I can't live in a State that has neither hell, hanging, nor whiskey."

To illustrate the unfairness of judging from appearances, Daniel Webster used to tell how, once upon a time, on his way to Washington, he was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no traveling companion, and the driver had a sort of felon look which produced no inconsiderable alarm in the Senator. "I endeavored to tranquilize myself," said Webster, "and had partly succeeded, when we reached the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington, a proper scene for murder or outrage; and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned to me and, with a gruff voice, enquired my name. I gave it to him. 'Where are you going?' said he. The reply was, 'To Washington. I am a Senator.' Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand, and exclaimed, 'How glad I am! I took you for a highwayman.'"

Drumming up Business.

Explorers and scientists who have returned from Martinique and St. Vincent tell many interesting stories of their experiences. One amusing incident has to do with a visit to Kingstown. One of the explorers was walking about the town when he was accosted by a colored man. "You have got to have your hair cut!" declared the negro.

"Got to have my hair cut? Why is that?" asked the scientist.

"Order of the board of health. If you don't, I shall have to put you off the island."

The negro seized the explorer by the shoulder and started him toward the wharf.

"Hold on there!" said the now excited visitor. "Who are you anyway?"

"I am the officer of the board of health," was the reply. Just at this juncture another of the party came up.

"I guess we shall have to have our hair cut," said the first. "This man says so, and says that he is an officer of the board of health."

"You'll have to get it cut quick if you want to stay on the island," broke in the negro.

The other scientist still had a little fight in him.

"Why, you black scoundrel," he shouted at the negro, "I have traveled all over the world, and I never heard of such a health-office regulation anywhere!"

By this time a policeman had appeared. The negro edged away, and was soon quite a distance down the street.

"Officer, do you know that man there?" asked one of the strangers.

"Yes," replied the policeman.

"Who is he?"

"He is the barber who has the shop around the corner."

A Foreigner's Dilemma.

An intelligent foreigner recently expressed himself thus as to what struck him as the absurdities of the English language: "When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast, if I stood firm I was fast; if I spent too freely I was fast; and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged; and when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won a one dollar prize,' I was tempted to give up English and try some other language."

Interference.

"Yes," said my friend, sadly, "you may play poker with a stranger and an unlimited raise, and may come out all right; you may shoot lions and tigers and the Falls of Niagara, and never suffer in your health; you may play with fire, and take no harm. But never meddle in the least degree with anyone else's love affair. For you will come out of it with the reputation of a fool, with fool stamped all over you back and front, and you will deserve it. A helpless, unendurable fool for all time—that is what you will be. If you see a pure-minded, refined girl on the verge of marrying a coarse, vulgar brute, let her; don't stand in the way. Probably the brute will never forgive you, and it's absolutely certain the girl never will."

"You speak with some warmth and bitterness. You have some personal experience in your mind?"

"I have. As you know, I am not a married man. But at one time I was engaged. It was years and years ago, and I was never one of those men who are—well, silly about the girls they are going to marry. But, speaking in sober fairness, I must say that Jessica was a really remarkable girl."

"Yes; engaged girls always are."

"Her hair was a——"

"I know. It would be. Pass that."

"Don't be an idiot. There was a look in that girl's eyes——"

"I know it by heart. Skip it."

"And her mental powers were equally out of the common."

"The mental powers of every engaged girl are quite out of the common. Just say that you loved Jessica and Jessica loved you, and leave the rest to the fertile imagination of a thoroughly practiced journalist."

"Now that just shows where you are too hasty; for I'm by no means sure that Jessica did love me. I can't help thinking that if she had really loved me, things would have happened differently. Mind, I admit that I was wrong in interfering in any way with Ernest Budd."

"And who was Ernest Budd?"

"I think he was the most nauseous beast I ever met in my life. He was short, thick and ugly enough to stop the clocks. He was also a vain sentimentalist. He talked about women by the hour. He believed himself a woman-killer. To listen to him made you feel sick and tired. I've heard him say that the beauty of women was practically the only thing he lived for—just that—in those words; and the other man to whom he said it died a week later. Well, at this time Budd had come to an understanding—he said it was not actually an engagement, but was to come to that—with a washed-out puss from Wimbledon, called Emily Chater. I saw the girl, and I was sorry for her; she was a weak and playful little thing, and there was no harm in her. I was very happy myself, and I wanted to save her from Ernest Budd and infinite sorrow in her after-life. Knowing the rapid, miscellaneous and volcanic temperament of Ernest Budd, my task was easy; I had but to introduce him to a more attractive girl than Emily, and I introduced him to Jessica."

"Seems rough on Jessica."

"I'd talked it over with her, and she'd agreed to it. She was so happy herself—we were both very happy, in those days—that though she had never met Emily, she wanted to save her. Jessica had implicit trust in my judgment then."

"But after she'd met Budd?"

"I own, she didn't like it. She said I might at least have told her what an appalling bounder Ernest Budd was. Well, I'd told her what I told you, and I think that ought to have been enough. As I pointed out to her, within a very short time of Budd meeting her he would throw over Emily Chater."

"And you were wrong?"

"I was absolutely right. And when Emily was saved by our intervention, then, so I told Jessica, she was perfectly free to drop Budd. In fact, I hoped she would. And Jessica knew how to drop people, too. She never seemed to say anything in particular, and they just knew that it was no good to go on and that she had no further use for them. She was a girl of wonderful tact, always perfectly polite, but——"

"Leave out the descriptions, I know them."

"Well, as I say, I pointed all this out to her, but she still was rather averse to it. She said the man's attentions were becoming perfectly insufferable, and that—knowing as he did that she was already engaged—he ought to be ashamed of himself. However, she kept on meeting him, and in a week he broke off his understanding with Emily Chater."

"Well?" I asked. "What then? Did Emily commit suicide?"

"Not a bit of it. She must have known that Ernest Budd was no fit husband for a decent girl. No, she married a solicitor, and is very happy, they tell me."

"But you started this story to show me the dangers of interference."

"Exactly."

"Apparently everything went right—just precisely as you wished and intended."

"Well, it didn't then."

"What was the matter? Did Jessica lose her exquisite tact, her ability for letting people see that she did not require them?"

"No, not that either. She was as good in that respect as ever she was. The trouble was—put in a few words—that it was me she chucked, and Ernest Budd whom she married."

He paused and added vindictively: "And I'm glad to say that they're both beastly unhappy."

Paddy's Letter.

Those fond of Irish bulls may find some amusement in the following letter, which was written by an amorous swain of the Emerald Isle to his lady fair.

"My Darlin' Peggy—I met you last night and you never came! I'll meet you again to-night, whether you come or whether you stop away. If I'm there first, sure I'll write my name on the gate to tell you of it, and if it's you that's first, why rub it out, darlin', and no one will be the wiser. I'll never fail to be at the trystin' place, Peggy, for, faith! I can't keep away from the spot where you are, whether you're there or whether you're not.

"Your own Paddy."

"It's wonderful," said the meditative man, "how one small word, insignificant in itself, may induce an endless train of thought, speaking volumes in fact." "Yes," replied the caustic man. "Take the word 'but,' for instance, when a woman says: 'Of course, it's none of my business, but.'"—Philadelphia "Press."

KITCHEN CHATS

Some Delicious Recipes Which are New to Our Readers

CHILDREN are always fond of ices. I once heard a very pathetic story on this point, which will bear repeating.

The mother of two bright boys said to them one morning: "We are going to have ice cream for dinner to-night, when the minister and his wife will be here. Now please don't act as though this were an unusual thing, but as though you had it every day." Accordingly, when the ice cream was served, the children, being specially anxious to please their mamma, shouted out at the top of their lungs, "We have it every day! we have it every day!"

At a luncheon not long ago, the dessert was frozen pudding, and it was served in cantaloupe, which was a new idea to some of the guests. Small nutmeg cantaloupes were used, one-half served to each guest, on a doily-covered plate, and the centre was filled with the frozen cream, making a delicious combination and very attractive one—easy to serve and easy to eat.

At this season of the year ice-cold desserts of all kinds appeal to the palate; hygienically speaking, it cannot be recommended for an course of a dinner, as they raise the temperature of the stomach and retard digestion; but how good they are, and, when eaten sliced

Ice Served in Cantaloupe.

are also nourishing. The different kinds of frozen dishes are called Water Ice—which is fruit juice, sweetened, diluted with water and frozen; Sherbert, which is water ice to which is added some dissolved gelatine, the beaten whites of eggs. Frappe, which is water ice frozen to the consistency of mush. Punch, which water ice to which has been added a spirit and spice. Sorbet, which strictly speaking, frozen punch—name usually given to a water ice where several kinds of fruit have been used. Ice cream, of two kinds—the first which is thin cream, sweetened, flavored and frozen, and the other which is a custard foundation, flavored and frozen. Mousse—which is heavy cream, beaten until stiff, sweetened, flavored, placed in a mould, packed in equal parts of salt and ice and allowed to stand for three hours.

We have some delicious recipes which we hope will be new to at least some of our readers.

CURRANT ICE.

Four cups water, one and one-half cups sugar, two cups currant juice. Make a syrup by boiling the water and sugar twenty minutes, cool, add currants mashed and squeezed through double cheese cloth, and lemon juice. Strain and freeze.

MILK SHERBET.

Four cups milk, one and one-half cups sugar, juice of three lemons. Mix the juice and the sugar, stirring constantly while slowly adding the milk; freeze.

PINEAPPLE FRAPPE.

Two cups water, one cup sugar, juice of three lemons, four cups ice water, one can grated pineapple, or one pineapple shredded. Make a syrup by boiling water and sugar fifteen minutes; add pineapple and lemon juice, cool, strain, add icewater and freeze to a mush, using equal parts of salt and ice. If fresh fruit is used, more sugar will be needed.

ROMAN PUNCH.

Four cups water, two cups sugar, one-half cup lemon juice, one-half cup orange juice, one-half cup tea infusion, one-half cup rum. Make a syrup

Roman Punch.

by boiling water and sugar twenty minutes, add fruit juice and tea, and freeze to a mush; then add the rum, and continue the freezing.

SORBET.

Two cups water, two cups sugar, one grated pineapple, one and one-third cups orange juice, one-half cup lemon juice, one quart Apollinaris. Prepare and freeze same as pineapple frappe.

COFFEE ICE CREAM.

One quart cream, one and one-half cups milk, one-third cup coffee, one and one-fourth cups sugar, one-fourth teaspoon salt, yolks of four eggs. Scald the milk with the coffee, add one cup sugar; mix yolks of eggs with one-fourth cup sugar and salt; combine mixtures, cook over hot water until thickened, add one cup cream and let stand on back of range twenty-five minutes; cool, add remaining cream and strain through double cheese cloth; freeze.

BROWN BREAD ICE CREAM.

Three pints cream, one and one-fourth cups dried brown bread crumbs, seven-eighths cup sugar, one-fourth teaspoon salt. Soak the crumps in one quart cream, let stand fifteen minutes, rub through sieve, add sugar, salt and remaining cream and freeze.

LITTLE LILLIPUTIAN CASTLE

Curiosity to Be Seen Among the Mountains of Virginia.

IN a recent number of St. Nicholas, Ellen Garnett tells of a miniature stone castle in the mountains of Virginia, and how it came to be built:

While spending the summer of 1897 at Earlehurst, Virginia, amid the wild rugged scenery of the Alleghany Mountains, two young ladies who were fond of exploring the beautiful country, were seated one afternoon at the base of a waterfall. Being deeply impressed by the beauty of the spot, one exclaimed: "How charmingly romantic! I can almost believe that Flora MacIvor will any instant appear seated on that moss-covered rock, discoursing sweet music on her harp."

Carried away by such romantic thoughts, they began to build an imaginary castle, peopled with baron and serf, besieged and defended, of a captive princess and valiant warrior knights.

"Let's make one!" they cried. Accordingly, the next day the undertaking was begun.

A large purplish boulder, overgrown with moses and lichen, on the lawn of Earlehurst, the summer home of the builders, was selected as the site on which to construct this miniature castle. Building material there were in plenty, but sand and mortar had to be carried for some distance. Tools were limited, and using a screwdriver in lieu of a chisel to enlarge the slight indentation in the foundation rock, which was designed to be the dungeon, proved but slow work.

This task accomplished, a square box was placed over the excavation, in which were cut openings for windows and a door. The windows—eighteen in all—were put together with greatest care, every stout wooden frame being crossed and recrossed with a heavy wire to imitate gratings, then built in the stone walls over the openings. They vary in style and size, from the large casements in the protected parts of the structure to the small windows in the watch-towers. After the box had been built over on all sides with rocks, held in place by mortar, another smaller box was placed on top of it, and covered in like manner. Both were first roofed with tin to prevent leaking; but this has been carefully concealed. There are also hidden drains both in the castle and causeway. The towers are built solid, except behind the windows, where spaces are left to give the effect of rooms. After four months of not uninterrupted labor the castle was finished. One of the architects carved little figures out of wood, and dressed them to represent the household of a baron. The knights are clothed in tinfoil armor, each carrying a lance and battle-ax; all the ladies are arrayed in brightly colored silks. An armed sentry stands on guard in each watertower, and a captive princess peeps through the bars of a lofty casement, imploring aid from every bravo knight-errant.

The castle's height is about two feet and a half, and the rock on which it stands measures ten feet in circumference, and is three feet high. The approach to the castle is by a causeway rising gradually from the ground at the rear, and forming a semi-circle of wall until it reaches the entrance gate, where it stops abruptly. Across the space between the castle walls and the causeway is thrown a drawbridge, which can be raised or lowered by its iron chains at a moment's notice.

On the platform of the causeway stands the handsomely caparisoned war-steed of a knight who has just dismounted to pay his respects to the lord and lady of the castle. They wait to receive him at the entrance gate, surrounded by their household retinue. A diminutive page, clad in silken doublet and hose, stands at the horse's bridle, while beyond the courtyard can be caught a glimpse of the fools motley. The banner which floats from the highest tower, has the armorial bearing, or, a lion rampant, gules, that is, a rampant red lion on a yellow field. The same standard waves proudly over the great gate.

Many-Bladed Knives.

This knife, known as the "Norfolk knife," made at Sheffield, and containing ninety-five blades and instruments, no two alike, has been shown at several English exhibitions.

On its large mother-of-pearl handles

are carved representations of a bear hunt and a stag hunt. The blades are all etched with pictures of some kind—Windsor Castle, Westminster, the Queen and so on.

A giant knife made by a Sheffield firm contains as many blades as there are years in the Christian era.

Pride as a beggar is the equal of want—and a great deal more saucy.

The Floating Hells of the Atlantic.

If the sensational charges made in a book recently published in London ("At the Closed Door," by Robert H. Sherrard) have any foundation, there are indescribably hellish scenes enacted in the strange cabins of many of the Atlantic liners. The book is reviewed and some extracts given in "Truth." In order to spy out the nakedness of the land, Mr. Sherrard took steerage passage in a French liner to find the ship a floating hell to those who were too poor to bribe the stewards:

"One of the most cruel weapons used by the steerage stewards to bring to reason persons who were unreasonable as to paying the fee they were ordered not to pay, was the privation of drinking water. The women and little children suffered dreadfully for want of it during the throes of sea-sickness. Yet water there was in plenty. On the night of the 14th a body of women, with children in their arms, went aft, surrounded the padlocked cistern, and clamored for water. They were driven off with abuse and violence."

Hence water for washing was, of course, unobtainable—if it was wanted; but such was the indescribable, inconceivable filth of many of Mr. Sherrard's fellow-passengers that they would not have washed at Elisha's bidding in Jordan itself. "Of all animals in creation," he says, speaking from the depths of this poignant experience, "man, when he is dirty, is the very dirtiest." But the unwashen Jews found their way to the front of this crowd and crush with their usual sinuous and pushing perseverance:

"The timid and diffident went to the wall; the others, and amongst these the Jews, were noticeably prominent, encroached, and widely extended their privileges. There were three hideous little Jewish boys, whom I saw during the whole of the voyage, laden with delicacies from first-class kitchens. I often noticed them walking about on the first-class deck."

The sufferings of this "middle passage," however, were as nothing to the sufferings which—according to Mr. Sherrard—the penniless emigrants had to endure on Ellis Island, where they are detained by the New York authorities for weeks and even months together, before being packed back, as destitutes, to Europe. "From Havre onwards we had been treated much as sheep, or, perhaps, as pigs; but on landing we might consider ourselves dangerous and maleficent animals." In truth, men, women and children were bludgeoned—their jailers were all armed with bludgeons—on little or no provocation. Here is one specimen scene:

"At five o'clock we were ordered upstairs for supper. A man with filthy hands filled our hats or handkerchiefs with mouldy prunes. Another thrust two lumps of bread into our hands. Supervising the distribution was a foul-mouthed Bowery rough in his shirt-sleeves, who danced upon one of the tables and poured forth upon us torrents of obscene and blasphemous abuse. Nor did he content himself with this demonstration of the contempt in which he held us, for I saw him drag one old man, a long-bearded Polish Jew in a gaberdine, past the barrel of prunes by the hair of the face, and I saw him kick another emigrant, a German, on the head with his heavy boot."

Perhaps it may be said that these penniless people had no business to give the States Government the trouble of reshipping them to their homes. But, in the first place, many of the telegrams entrusted to the jailers for forwarding to well-to-do relatives in New York were burked, and the money—often a gross overcharge—pocketed; and, in the second place, these hapless wretches on this Devil's Island were lured to New York by an unscrupulous emigration agent:

"In the many conversations I had that afternoon with various people of various nationalities, in almost every instance I heard the blame for all suffering laid on the agent who had sold the steamship ticket without troubling to explain the American emigration laws."

Surely it would save the United States Government much expense, and such wretches unimaginable misery, if the consuls at European ports were instructed to advertise the immigration laws in every necessary language and place.

Pumping a Sea Dry.

The pumping dry of Harlem Lake, in Holland, was pronounced by many engineers to be impossible; yet it was successfully performed. Zuider Zee is many times the area of Haarlem Lake, and presents from its depth and character many more difficulties, and yet the fiat of doom of the Zuider Zee has gone forth. In a very few years many thousands of acres of smiling Dutch pastures, of prosperous Dutch villages, of poplar-bordered roads will characterize what is now merely the bottom of the sea. Science in the twentieth century will have hardly any tale to tell more astonishing than this.

The Zuider Zee, celebrated in Dutch legend and history, occupies some fourteen hundred square miles, the area of a large European province. On its shores are the ancient towns of Medemblik, Hoorn, Harderwijk, Norden and Enkhuizen, once large cities in the halcyon days of Dutch commercial and naval supremacy. It encompasses the islands of Marken, Schokland and Urk.

The present plan consists of building a dam or embankment across the northern part of the sea from Wieringen, in North Holland, to Piaam, in Friesland. Then will follow the creation of two "polders," or areas of dry land reclaimed from the sea. The water will be pumped out by means of steam-pumps.

The entire work is to be completed in eighteen years. The enclosing dike from Wieringen to Piaam will be finished in the ninth year. In the eighth year will be commenced the work for diking the Wieringen Polder, which in the fourteenth year will be dry and ready for sale. In the eleventh year the similar works on the Hoorn Polder will be begun, and will be completed in the eighteenth year, making up to that date a total area of upwards of six hundred square miles of reclaimed and fertile soil.

It is as if Lake Ontario or Lake Erie were to be pumped dry, and the lake floor of each added to the area of Ontario.

"These teachers," growls the first man, "have no mercy on the young minds entrusted to their care." "What have they done now?" asks the second man. "Why, my boy came home yesterday in a state of collapse because his teacher insists upon his telling her how many times the Philippine war was ended in 1901."—Baltimore "American."

A Present Duty.

It is a mistake to postpone the pleasures and recreations of life until one has done his hard work; a mistake which a great many frugal and otherwise sensible people make. There are hosts of men and women working with might and main for the purpose of enjoying life when they have laid a solid foundation of fortune under their feet. They are acting upon the belief that it is possible to get the hard work of life done, to press it into a few years, and then to begin to live. This is a misleading belief, says "Outlook." In the first place, the work of life is never done, and ought never to be done; and, in the second place, he who postpones indefinitely the hour when he will begin to enjoy life, postpones entirely the possibility of enjoying it. No man can work with might and main for twenty years, committing all his strength to his task and permitting himself to be entirely absorbed by it, without suffering atrophy or deadening of the faculties of enjoyment. At the end of twenty years he will find nothing left of life for him, so far as occupation is concerned, except the things he has been doing. He will have so fashioned himself that he has become only a hand or a tool to do a specific thing; he will have lost the capacity of turning from one occupation to another, of taking up one interest after another, of giving himself out freely on many sides. He who would enjoy nature cannot begin too early. The first acquaintance with the outward world ought to be made at the time one begins to talk, so that one fits his words to trees and flowers and birds and clouds just as soon as he sees them, and sees them just as soon as he is able to fit words to them. The boy who grows up with access to the woods and fields and knows the habits of birds, because he learns them in the leisure hours of childhood, will acquire a knowledge of nature which the mature man can never obtain. It is impossible to shut oneself up for twenty years and then step out of the room and enjoy the sky and the landscape. It is impossible to work with might and main for twenty years with the expectation that, at the end of that time, one will take up music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and find delight in them. Delight in these things comes with education, with early and intimate contact; and when one comes out of a business which he has made a prison for twenty years, he can no more see what art has to reveal to him than can a blind man.

The power of enjoyment must be educated by use just as truly as any other power; it withers and dies by disuse. If one is to enjoy life he must enjoy it from day to day; if he postpones enjoyment, he loses the power of securing it at the end. There come brief moments in life, swift crises when everything is put by for the doing of a piece of work, the performing of a specific task, the facing of a great peril; but these are only moments. The lives are few in which there are not opportunities of enjoyment as one goes along which will minister to one's working power and not subtract from it. He makes the best living who keeps himself fresh by keeping his interests varied; and he only can make a life who lives in every part of his nature. Enjoyment is as much a necessity as work; to find pleasure in life is as much a duty as to find profit; and the only man who lives a wholesome, normal, successful life is he who combines pleasure and work, toil and recreation, from day to day, from the beginning to the end. Pleasure is a duty which cannot be postponed.

Jewish and Christian Intolerance.

I have known Jews, and, doubtless, you have, who, despite education and, so-called culture, were so narrow, so bigoted, that they practiced a spirit of aloofness; who, though willing to buy from or sell to the Christian, and to receive from or render professional service to the non-Jew, were unwilling to eat or drink with him, to worship with or cultivate a feeling of fellowship for a Christian neighbor.

I have known Christians, and so have you, who, likewise, despite education and so-called culture, were the creatures of such narrowness of spirit, such littleness of soul, that they would draw the line of fellowship at the non-Christian.

Jews might be good enough to have given them their Bible, their Saviour; good enough to have given them their moral code, and their religious spirit; good enough to do their shares in the world's great economic, industrial and commercial work; but not good enough for fellowship, whatever might be their moral, mental or social excellences.

What, think you, would happen if the Galilean rabbi, Jesus, were to come back to life and appear before them as the meek and humble Jew that he was? His Jewish name and face and lineage would cause them to bar against him the doors of their homes, their hotels, and their club-houses, despite the fact that they would continue in their churches to bow down, worship and adore him as God's only anointed.

God have pity on such Jews and on such Christians. God have mercy on such petty, narrow and misguided souls. Such as these surely need your sympathies and mine, despite the fact that their conduct carries with it its own punishment—the punishment of depriving themselves of the benefit and blessings which come from contact with good men and women, whatever their race, or creed, or belief. How small would such souls seem to the broad and tolerant Nazarene! How he would lay the lash on the back of Jews and Christians, whose arrogance would lead them to look upon themselves as better than their neighbors, no matter how great the virtues of such neighbors!—From "Jesus the Jew," by Harris Weinstock.

Proper Dress For a Groom.

One of the largest ready-made clothing houses in the city received not long ago from a remote place a letter, the substance of which was, "What is the proper dress for a groom in the afternoon?" The clerk who opened the mail, naturally enough, referred the enquiry to the livery department. The head of that branch in turn dictated a brief reply, something like this: "Bottle-green coat, fawn-colored trousers with top boots, silk hat with cockade. We can make prices as follows, et cetera." A week elapsed, and the big store received a plaintive little note: "I always hawk them in the streets of Cairo. In modern Rome fresh gathered snails are hawked by women from door to door.

Eating, Drinking and Table Conversation.

When Boswell complained to Dr. Johnson of having dined at a splendid table without hearing one sentence worthy of being remembered, Johnson said: "Sir, there is seldom any such conversation." "Why then meet at table?" Boswell asked. "Why, to eat and drink together, and to promote kindness; and, sir, this is better done where there is no solid conversation; for when there is, people differ in opinion, and get into bad humor, or some of the company, who are not capable of such conversation, are left out, and feel themselves uneasy. It was for this reason, Sir Robert Walpole said, he always talked bawdy at his table because in that all could join." The stout-hearted old doctor, by the way, was not of Sir Robert's opinion, for Boswell elsewhere relates that Dr. Johnson received the greatest compliment ever paid to a layman when a certain person apologized to him for having used profane words in a story which he had just told.

The man or woman who can be relied on to talk well at table or in a parlor will never lack invitations. Good conversation is the finest product of brains, breeding, society and civilization, but it is very rare, and one who is a master of it is welcome in every company and a friend in need to every host. How anxiously, in making up a dinner party, do people run over all their friends to find one or two who will help keep the table talk from flagging! No one, who has not sat at the head of a table heroically warding off the silence which threatens to fall at any moment, can appreciate duly the gratitude a host feels for the man or woman guest who catches and tosses back to him the ball of conversation and keeps it in the air, who helps him draw out the more taciturn members of the party by gentle banter and artful questions, and who lightens the talk, when it becomes heavy and serious, by throwing in some jest or frivolity. Such a jest, if hosts were judges, would do more to gain the sweets of heaven for the jester than a rosary of prayers.

Much is said and written of the duties of hosts, but have guests no reciprocal duties? Are they not bound, by some hospitable rule of honor, to prepare themselves to entertain the company and bandy conversation? Has a guest a right to sit silent, receiving much of the golden coin of table talk and giving nothing in exchange except, perhaps, a copper penny or two, a "yes" or a "no" in answer to a point blank query?

Except to a blessed few the gift of conversing does not come by nature. Many fine minds there are who, like a much-quoted college lad, are chock-full of an elegant vocabulary, but can't get it out. Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote so well, was dull in company, and even the great Dr. Johnson, who talked so wonderfully when he thawed, was ordinarily silent. How many hosts loved the crafty Boswell for drawing out the lion, as only he could do it! Boswell confesses that in order to start the doctor's tongue he used to utter some heresy in religion or politics which, he was aware, would rouse the great man to a fury of disputation in which poor Boswell would be crushed by the first sentence. But the Boswellian ruse never failed to set the doctor going, and we owe many delightful pages of the "Life" to the canny Scotchman's trick. Would there were more Boswells at our dinner-tables—and more Johnsons!

Conversation ought to be learned and cultivated, just as music or any other entertaining art is learned and cultivated. Young women will employ expensive masters to give them lessons on the piano or the violin or to train their voices, so that they may have "accomplishments" and appear well in company, but they totally neglect the greatest and finest of all accomplishments, the art of conversation. There ought to be masters of conversation to teach men and women how to talk well at a dinner table. The girl who can interest a table for five minutes at a time three or four times during a dinner has a more graceful and ingratiating accomplishment than she who cannot talk, but who can play all of Chopin beautifully and by heart. The tongue is a greater instrument than the pianoforte. Let a girl take conversation for her accomplishment; let her give to reading and thinking the time which the pianist gives to practice; let her go in seriously for conversation, though not entirely for serious conversation, and she will become the paragon of her circle and men will fight duels for her hand. And men, too, ought to study conversation as they study anything else, and practice, practice, practice. In France conversation is esteemed a fine art, and it is the conversation of France which proves it the most polished nation.

Eating and drinking seem to be necessary concomitants of conversation. If a man invited friends to his house just for conversation, and gave them nothing to eat or drink, he would soon be town talk. Doubtless some people could trace a subtle connection between dining, drinking and talking, dragging their audience through a psychological maze, but the vulgar truth seems to be that when a man—or, strange to say, a gentle woman, either—has a full stomach and feels the pleasant afterglow of wine, there is a tendency to sit at ease and unburden the mind of whatever lies upon it. However that may be, it is a fact that hungry people will not converse and that nothing so expands the mind and loosens the tongue as a good dinner does.

The Snail as Food.

The popularity of the snail as an article of food is not confined to Paris, but extends throughout Southern Europe and some parts of Africa. Dr. Edrard, a French writer, in a pamphlet says that ninety thousand pounds of snails are sent daily to Paris from the gardens at Poitou, Burgundy, Champagne, and Provence. Those reared in gardens are fed on aromatic herbs to improve their flavor. Their market price is from two to three francs a hundred, while those from the hedges, woods and forests bring somewhat less. The proprietor of one snailery in the vicinity of Dijon nets over seven thousand francs annually. The snail is reared and fattened with great care in some cantons of Switzerland as an article of luxury, and is exported in a pickled state. It is also eaten as a relish and nutritious article of food in Austria, Spain, Italy, and in some sections of the United States. The Ashantees and other African tribes smoke them and eat them as daily food all the year around. In Algeria, in the markets, large heaps of snails are sold by the bushel and the hundred as an article of food. Vendors hawk them in

Curious Courtship Clubs.

The city of New York boasts a club which has for its object the promotion of aimless courtship, in so far as matrimony is concerned. A number of young men there have banded themselves together to make love to damsels who, instead of looking for proposals, are content with what is called "a good time."

Their knights escort them to theaters, picnics, and other amusements, make them presents, and are generally attentive even to a greater degree than the ordinary enamored swain. Couples who break the rules of the club by marrying have to pay a fine of fifty dollars, and are forever banished from the club. One or two couples have already paid this fine and entered into the forbidden state, a dinner on each occasion being held by the club to console the members for their loss.

An equally curious club has for some time been in existence in Chicago. It is composed of young men, all of whom bear the Christian name of Joseph, and who have entered into a solemn compact to woo no girls except those bearing the Christian name of Mary. The club has a considerable membership, and it is a noteworthy fact that, so far, its rule has never been broken. From the names it might be thought that this novel organization was of Scriptural origin; but such is not the fact.

It originated in this manner: While out on an excursion one summer three couples chanced to meet whose names, by a strange coincidence, happened to be Joseph in the case of the males and Mary in the case of the damsels. It was thereupon decided to form a club of Josephs, who for sweethearts should only look amongst the Marys of Porkopolis, and thus the club was formed.

What may be termed a mutual protection courtship club exists at Arcola, in the State of Illinois. The object of this order is to keep young men who are not members from paying attentions to any lady friends of a member. One outsider who came poaching on the club's preserves was rather roughly handled.

In yet another town a lovers' club was started which its promoters were soon very glad to drop. Its object was to compel the courted damsels to pay their own expenses wherever they might be escorted, the members undertaking only to pay for themselves, either at the theater or elsewhere.

This put the girls of the town on their mettle, and they soon gave their stingy swains to understand that if they had to pay their way they would choose their own company. To show their independence, they took their pleasures without male escort for some time, but when due apology had been made the old relations were graciously permitted to be renewed. And, as one of them put it, the girls then had a "perfectly lovely time," the young men lavishing their money right and left upon them as evidence of repentance and reparation for the past.

The Man Behind the Mask.

A sympathetic picture of the Chinese laundryman is painted by a writer in the New Orleans "Times." "John" lives among us, patient, industrious, and often despised by those who know too little of him even to regard him as a fellow-being. Yet if we knew the human history that lies behind that yellow mask we should not doubt that here also dwells a soul of like dignity with our own. Says the writer:

Next door to my lodging is one of those squat little houses which now and then you find next to a big mansion. On the lower floor of the small house was a Chinese laundry. In it was a Chinaman about twenty-five years of age. His face was as imperturbable as the sky. He went about his business with the undeviating regularity of the solar system. At first he was an ordinary Chinese laundryman to me, but my attention became riveted upon him and my curiosity was awakened.

The man seemed to live merely for his work. When I came in at two o'clock in the morning I found him with the lights turned high, patiently working at his calling. If I rose early in the morning, that prodigy of industry was up before me. I gradually became filled with wonder at the untiring persistency of the man. Because of his neatness and politeness and exquisite care to please, the neighborhood never thought of sending its laundry anywhere else.

I began to carry my things in person to the Chinaman, urged on by the desire of finding out something about him. I reasoned that no man, white or yellow, could work as he did without being dominated by an all-absorbing purpose. I found him intelligent. He could speak English well. Finally I won his confidence.

The young Chinaman was in love. A girl in China was waiting for him, and he was patiently and bravely undergoing the hardest kind of toil in order to go back to his native country and marry her.

When he told me the story I forgot that he was a Chinaman; I remembered only that he was a man, working like a man to earn a wife, and withal, despite these meagre, unpoetical surroundings, cherishing all the dreams of a young man whose sweetheart is far away.

All in the Point of View.

"What an immense undertaking some people seem to make out of nothing at all," said a matron. "To those who really bear the burdens and heat of the day the strenuous efforts of the self-indulgent woman would be amusing, if it was not so provoking to hear her complaints when they consider the why and the wherefore. In a month or two from now, fortune's favorite will have to open her house in town, and she will undoubtedly be perfectly worn out with the effort of having the rooms cleaned and more or less reorganizing her household. To be sure, she will not personally have to exert herself in the very least; neither will she have to pay the bills. Nevertheless, she will feel the task to be herculean, and will talk to all who will listen to her as if she could not stand the strain." "Such a rush and a worry! I am nearly dead!" said one of these heroines, speaking of her great obligations. "The amount of work I have done and still have to do is appalling. Just as soon as I have a breathing spell I shall have to go to the Hot Springs to recuperate."

"Now, what do you suppose she has really done?" said one of the group to whom the overworked woman had been speaking, as the latter rustled languidly away. "Done!" echoed another; "why, she has probably told one woman to scrub the paint, and another to put up the curtains." And they all laughed unsympathetically.

Animal Emotions.

It is told of a certain Lord Holland, who was very eccentric, that he used to give his horses weekly concerts in a gallery specially erected for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their hearts, and improved their temper, and a witness says that they seemed to be delighted with the performance. Much has been written of the effect of music upon animals. The "American Naturalist" gives some of the results of experiments made in Lincoln Park, Chicago, to determine the effect of violin-playing on different animals.

Music which was slow and sweet, like "Home, Sweet Home," or "Annie Laurie," pleased the panthers, a jaguar and a lioness and her cubs. The panthers became nervous, and twitched their tails when a lively jig, "The Irish Washerwoman," was played to them, but relapsed into their former quiet when the music again became soothing.

The jaguar was so nervous during the jig music that he jumped from a shelf to the floor of his cage and back again. When the player ceased and walked away, the jaguar reached out his paw to him as far as he could, with claws retracted.

The lioness and her cubs were interested from the first, although when the violinist approached the cage the mother gave him a hiss and the cubs hid behind her. At the playing of a lively jig the cubs stood up on their hind legs and peeped over at the player. When the musician retreated from the cage the animals came to the front of it, and did not move back when he gradually drew so near as almost to touch the great paws that were thrust through the bars. When the musician was playing "Home, Sweet Home," the entire family were very attentive, and remained motionless except that the cubs turned their heads from side to side. Then another jig was played, and the cubs danced about.

The coyotes, in a den, squatted in a semicircle and sat in silence while the music continued. When it ceased they ran up and pawed at the player through the bars. He began afresh, and again they formed in a silent semicircle. This experiment was made several times, always with the same result.

Proof Positive.

This year's Summer Girl is, more than ever alert. As witness the following incident: First, know that the young man meant only to revive that good old custom of "a pair of gloves" as a forfeit. When he found her curled up in the hammock, a magazine slipped from her listless fingers, he—well, who wouldn't! Of a sudden she opened her blue eyes on him, and remarked accusingly, a tremble in her voice: "You kissed me!"

He lost nerve, and stammered a denial.

"I know it was you," she insisted.

"I am not the only person about," he ventured. "There's Wilcox going over the links now. He had to pass here. And doubtless Dandy Williams—"

"No," she interrupted, "it was you, I know it."

Her look froze him, but he gathered desperate courage. "How do you know?" he demanded triumphantly. A flush spread to her pompadour. "Did I ever kiss you before?" he asked. "Granting I did kiss you just now—" he was pushing his advantage hard, and she squirmed—"I think I ought to be cleared!" He was getting indignant now. "There is only one way," he went on, "to put the matter to a fair test, and I propose to have that way adopted." He paused, and she looked troubled, but did not interrupt. "If I kiss you now, you can decide whether or no I was guilty before."

It was an awful risk, but he hoped a second time might soften her. She went quite pale, then replied firmly:

"I feel you have a right to vindication, Mr. S., and to show that I am perfectly fair-minded, I will submit to the test."

At this he almost shrank from continuing. But a second kiss! Delicious! And would she not relent? Would not all opposition be drowned, that is, amalgamated in a mutual third? Great as the risk was, it was worth taking.

"I wish to be perfectly fair," he said, briskly, "and I suggest that you close your eyes that you may give undivided attention to the character and quality."

"But I was asleep before," she urged.

He almost said, "Really," but stopped in time, and substituted: "Simulation of sleep must do now."

"You will hurry, won't you?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"But he was judicial. "It should be done properly," was all he would reply. She closed her eyes and doubled her fists, the color wavering from carnation to white rose in her cheeks. He drew a long breath, bent lingeringly, swept her trembling mouth with the tips of his moustache; softly fitted his lips to hers, gently pressed their yielding ripeness till almost the little white teeth were felt, lifted the lingering pressure till the tips of his moustache swept her trembling lips, and—it was over!

She lay quite still then, her eyelids fluttered. Presently they lifted over the blue, which was all dreamy and soft. She sighed, clasped her hands, spoke:

"I don't think the other was you!" she murmured with deep conviction.

Then he fainted.

The Only Way.

Mistress — Bridget, the clock has stopped at twelve. Maid—Yis, mum. Ye told me not to let it run down, so Oi shtopped it at twilve.

Pro Bono Publico.

Discontented Artist—I wish I had a fortune. I would never paint again.

Generous "Brother Brush"—By Jove! old man, I wish I had one! I'd give it to you!

Seised For Rent.

A Philadelphian who spent many years in the sunny South, who, in fact, was born and brought up there, tells an amusing story of darky wit, and one well worth repeating. It was some years ago, when he lived not more than 100 miles from New Orleans. One day he returned from many hours of driving, and was agreeably surprised to see a fine plump turkey served up for dinner. Wondering where it came from, he called Rastus and enquired by what means the beautiful bird had reached his dining-table. "Why, sah," replied Rastus, "dat turkey done bin roosting on our fence dis tree nights, so dis morning I seize him for de rent ob de fence."

SHE WAS GIVEN UP

Doctors Held out no Hope to Mrs. Huffman of Napanee

A Wonderful Case and One which goes to Show the Wonderful Advancement Recently made in the Science of Medicine

Napanee, Ont., Oct. 27.—(Special.)—This town has furnished a case which has caused considerable talk in the county.

Mrs. John C. Huffman had been troubled for over six years with female weakness and kidney trouble. The pain was so great that she could not bear it and her kidneys gave her so much bother that she could not entertain any company in her home or take any social pleasures whatever. Her urine was very much discolored and gave her great trouble in passing.

In additions to these symptoms she had all the pains, headaches, and weakness of Female Trouble.

Mrs. Huffman tried physician's treatment and many other medicines, but instead of getting better she was gradually growing worse and was very much discouraged.

Many of her friends thought she would never get better, but one day she picked up a newspaper and read an advertisement which said that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure Female Trouble.

As she had tried so many other things without being able to get any help, she was very doubtful, but concluded to try this remedy.

She used six boxes and was completely cured. She is to-day sound and well, without a single symptom of her old trouble left.

She was cured nearly five years ago and is to-day as sound and well a woman as there is in Napanee. She says:

"I can confidently recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to every woman in Canada for they cured me completely and mine was a very bad case.

"They are certainly a great medicine and I will always recommend them to women who may be suffering as I was with Femalc Weakness and Kidney Trouble."

A Balky Horse.

A balky horse is much like a stubborn boy when he gets his mind set on not pulling—the more you whip him the more he determines he will not go—so the best way is to use kindness and a little strategy to divert his attention, and he forgets all about it and goes along all right. The Humane Journal, Chicago, says:—One who knows says that the vice of balking in horses is almost invariably caused by improper breaking and handling the animals while young. It is only high-strung and sensitive horses that balk, and these are handled far more successfully by humoring and patience than by severe measures, which usually only make matters worse. "Horse sense" in these cases is quite as essential for the animal that drives as the animal to be driven. No two cases can be treated exactly in the same way—either in respect to refractory animals or children—therefore there should be no ironclad rule. Anticipation and careful watchfulness are the first essentials. Observe the animal closely in places where it would be likely to balk, and with the first sign of stopping get off your waggon, makes some renewal or pretended change in the harness, then raise a foot and tap the shoe with a stone. A few moments spent in this way will cause the animal to forget his wayward inclination, and he will be ready to move onward at the first word. A kindly pat, a few gentle words, a lump of sugar, or a bit of apple will do far more towards breaking your horse of this trick than all the oaths, blows, and kicks you can administer. Honey, not vinegar, for catching flies, remember—you know how it is yourself!

Jennings—Have you heard the story about the coal bin?

Mitchell—No, what is it?

Jennings—There's nothing in it.

Mitchell—That's nothing; every time I look at mine I get a lump in my throat.

Three Stomachs on a Week's Vacation.

Eat, drink and be merry while giving the digestive apparatus a healing, wholesome rest! It can be done by the use of DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS. Pineapple will digest meat in a dish at 120°. The best cure is the best cure, the only cure for dyspepsia. That's the whole story except that the large tablets digest food, the small ones tone up the digestive apparatus.—Price 35 cents.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder opens a new tunnel in a choked up nostril and lines it with a new membrane. In ten minutes will relieve cold or catarrh or cure the most obstinate headache. A quick cure—a safe cure—not a slow remedy. 17.

The Moonstone Sphinx

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson,

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

she was not there now. The place offered little or no chance of concealment; yet he could see the girl nowhere.

His face fell into utter blankness, then darkened into fury.

"What's this mean?" he ejaculated. "Where's Miss Gray?"

The old woman turned and gave back his look coolly, her eyebrows rounded in surprise.

"Don't get in a wax, sir," she responded. "The poor young lady came to herself just as we were finishing, had a drop out of that very brandy bottle as ever was" (indicating with a motion of her head a black bottle standing among scattered "make-up" on the dressing-table) "and felt quite well and sensible. Says she: 'I can go out by myself. Just you pick up my bits of things,' and out she goes. I wonder you didn't meet her, sir."

"Good gracious!" was Jeffrey's only answer.

He darted away, almost pushing down the big screen which had been put in front of Selim, that the process of strapping Mazeppa on the horse's back need not be stared at by every passing stage-hand.

It was possible that Winifred might have gone straight to this corner, which had always been put to the same use during her rehearsals with Selim, though, if so, it was strange indeed that he (Jeffrey) had missed seeing her. But there stood the groom and the horse, in the semi-dusk; and there was no one besides.

"Cutting it rather fine, ain't she, sir?" asked Selim's attendant, who knew all the cues by this time as well as did the actors.

"Cutting it fine, I should think so!" groaned the stage-manager. "What a fool he had been to go out of sight of Winifred Gray's door for an instant! How idiotic to have trusted to the common sense of a drunken old woman. (This aspersion was a grave injustice to the respectable Mrs. Purdy; but it was a necessity to revile someone, and she answered as well as another for a scapegoat.)

Jeffrey tore back to the dressing-room, for there was time even yet, if that fiend of a girl could be found and dragged to her duty.

"For Heaven's sake, which way did she go?" he adjured the dresser, who was still calmly putting the room to rights; brushing, shaking, folding, hanging.

"I don't know," retorted the old woman. "I'd done all you told me to. When she went out by this door, sir, she was off my hands."

With an oath Jeffrey flung away. He had no time to bandy words with this stupid old creature. The girl might still be somewhere about the stage.

Half mad with impatience, he hurried this way and that. Every nook, every corner was searched; not an empty dressing-room was forgotten. But Winifred was not to be found, and the moments were flying. Already it was close upon the cue for Mazeppa's sensational entrance. Wantage, who had been in the box with Macaire, was behind the scenes again now, in a passion of rage, blaming the stage-manager, swearing at everyone.

When there could be no longer waiting, Jeffrey desperately played the card which, all this time, he had been keeping up his sleeve.

From the moment, weeks ago, that he had been warned not to mention to Miss Gray the kind of attire she would be required to wear in her "great" scene, he had feared a hitch at the last moment. Of course it was vital to the success of the play that she herself should appear strapped upon the horse; but from the stage-manager's point of view, at least, anything was better than that a scene should be left out, or the curtain rung down in the midst of an act on flat failure.

That this might not happen, if the worst came to the worst, Jeffrey had secretly prepared an understudy, of whose readiness he had not chosen to speak even to Wantage, lest it should seem a confession of weakness—a fear that his authority as stage-manager might not be enough to dominate a rebellious actress.

If Winifred herself had known the truth, of course it would have been fatal; she would have said: "Let the understudy do it." But, as a matter of fact, one of the ladies in the ballet to whom he had taken rather a fancy, and whose figure somewhat resembled Winifred Gray's, was at this moment dressed for the scene in fleshings from neck to foot, and with a wig like Mazeppa's. She was called, flung upon the horse, strapped on, and just in time not to be late for the cue, Selim galloped upon the stage with his living burden.

Lionel Macaire sat in his box, half hidden by the curtains, yet leaning eagerly forward. He, too, knew the cue for the great entrance, and—ignorant of the latest developments since Wantage had left him—his eyes had not for some moments strayed from the stage.

He heard the galloping hoofs in the wings; then the noble black horse with a pearly-pink, slim body thrown across his back, sprang into sight.

Macaire's lips were apart. He uttered a faint, hissing breath, which gave a vent to strong emotion long pent up.

"They've made her do it!" he said between his teeth.

Then he looked closer, bending out of the box, deaf to the murmurs that went round the audience below. In the rage of disappointment at realizing his mistake, he could have shouted oaths aloud. But he had succeeded in doing many things in his eventful life by sheer self-control, and he had seldom lost it unless he had chosen deliberately to let himself go. He did not lose it, or let himself go now.

So quickly did the scene pass by that few in the audience were certain that the figure on the horse was a mere understudy for Mazeppa. Some said it was Miss Gray herself; others vowed that it was another girl in her place.

From the stage-manager's standpoint the act was saved, whatever might have to happen later; but to Lionel Macaire the substitution of an understudy for the girl whom he had meant to shame and humiliate was only an aggravation. He cared nothing whether the play went on or was stopped in the midst on the first night. It was only Winifred he had thought of from the first.

No answer had come to the note he had sent behind the scenes, and in this case he knew well enough that silence did not mean consent. If Winifred had intended to fling herself upon his mercy she would have replied with a written line or verbal message. And no word having been deigned he had believed Wantage's assurance that the girl would go through the scene on the horse, even if she had to be forced to it.

The instant he saw that the slight, apparently nude figure bound to Selim's back was not Winifred Gray's, he rose from his seat without showing signs of haste and left the box.

Behind it was a door which led through a short passage to the stage, and the first person he met there was Jeffrey.

"Why did not Miss Gray play that scene?" Macaire questioned, sternly. Grotesquely ugly at all times, he was appallingly hideous when in a passion, and, though his voice was merely cold, Jeffrey saw by the purple face and the jelly-like quivering of the marred features that the millionaire's wrath was held in check by an effort.

"Miss Gray can't be found; she's disappeared," the stage-manager stammered, his castles in the air rocking on their foundation, built above this rich man's money and favor.

Then Lionel Macaire muttered an oath between his teeth. "What do you mean?" he said. "Wantage came out and told me that the girl had fainted, but was being dressed for the scene, and would be put through it somehow, without fail. He had your word for it—as stage-manager. What do you mean, then, by saying she has disappeared?"

Jeffrey did not dare to lose his temper, though he had a hot one, quickly fired. "It is a most mysterious affair," he answered. "I don't know what to think of it. But certainly I am not to blame. And, if Miss Gray isn't found, her understudy can get through somehow, though it will be a great misfortune—on the first night of all nights. The only thing will be to go out before the curtain and make a careful announcement, working up some sensation that will fetch the newspapers and rouse the public's curiosity. It may even create a certain boom."

"Boom be hanged!" ejaculated Macaire. "The girl's played you false, then? But what a fool you were to let it happen! Do you remember it is my money you've been letting her make ducks and drakes of?"

"She's certain to be found," faltered Jeffrey, drooping under the millionaire's anger. "She can't possibly have left the theater. If you'll come with me, Mr. Macaire, to her dressing-room door, where Mr. Wantage is catechizing the woman who had charge of her after she fainted, you'll understand that it must be so."

"Very well," said the other, and together they walked across the stage, behind the setting which was going up for the next act.

CHAPTER XVI.

Escaped.

Mr. Wantage, afraid to go out and face his patron after what had happened, was standing in the open doorway of Winifred Gray's dressing-room, talking excitedly to Mrs. Purdy. At sight of Macaire advancing upon him he flushed darkly, then grew pale.

"This is a mystery, Mr. Macaire!" he exclaimed, with a shaking voice. "Miss Gray has disappeared. A most obstinate girl. I knew that she objected to go through the scene in the only suitable way, and Jeffrey knew it. But we—"

"Be kind enough to state exactly what occurred after Miss Gray fainted," Macaire broke in, addressing the woman, without a glance at Wantage. "She was then brought into this room, was she not, and placed in your charge?"

"Yes, sir, she was, sir," returned the dresser, staring at the hideous face of the man with undisguised astonishment, even repulsion. She did not know that, though so villainously ugly to look upon, he was worth many times his weight in solid gold. Macaire was not so uncommon a name that she should associate him with millionaire Lionel of that ilk, even if she heard him addressed by Wantage or Jeffrey, and it did not occur to her that he was to be fawned upon. "Ugly beast! I wonder what the dickens he means by poking his nose into it?" she was probably asking herself. "Who's he, anyhow?" And, aloud, she enquired: "Are you Miss Gray's father or—or anything, sir?"

"I am—a friend of her family. And I am, unfortunately, financially interested in this company," the great man condescended to explain. "It is not pleasant hearing that the star has run away on the first night."

"She can't have run far," cut in Jeffrey. "This woman here will tell you that."

Lionel Macaire looked at Mrs. Purdy, and she accepted the look as her cue to speak. "I managed to get the young lady into the things she was to ride the horse in, sir, when she was fainting. And a rare job it was, too."

"What happened then?" questioned Macaire.

"Why, this gentleman, the stage-manager, sir, he kept comin' to the door and worritin' me, till I thought I should have gone off my head. But, mammy, I did have the young lady ready, and at the last moment, as I was tellin' him, she popped open those great eyes of hers. She'd been wild about the fleshin's before, sir, sayin' nothin' on earth would induce 'er to put 'em on. But she seemed wonderful calmed down like, after her faintin' spell, and, says she—let me see, what was it she says first?—oh! 'If you've got a drop of spirit handy I think I could go on all right and do the scene.' Those were her very words."

"And then?"

"Well, and then, sir, I gave her the spirit. There's the very bottle on the 'make-up' table. 'Twas my own; I'd brought it on purpose, thinkin' it might be needed—which it was. When my daughter faints away, sir, which she does sometimes, without no warnin' at all——"

"Never mind about your daughter at present," interrupted Macaire, his curious, pale eyes fixed keenly on the woman's commonplace little face. "You gave Miss Gray the spirit, and——"

"And up she jumped, most as soon as 'twas down. 'I believe I've been silly,' she says to me. 'I don't like this, but I've got to do it.' You see, I'd been tellin' her how she'd be sued for breach of contract, and if she'd no money, she'd be put in prison, maybe——"

"When did you tell her that?" quickly broke in the millionaire.

The old woman looked somewhat nonplussed for an instant, but then appeared suddenly to recollect. "Oh, it must have been before she went off in the faint. You see, I was helpin' her early in the evenin'. And then, anyhow, the young lady seemed all right and as sensible as could be. I was goin' out of the room with her, but she wouldn't have it. She was quite strong enough to go alone, she says, and I'd better stop where I was and pick up the nice new costume which I'd pitched on the floor piece by piece as I dragged it off of her. So thinkin' no harm, and havin' had no instructions what to do after I'd got the lady ready, I let her go. I thinks no more about it till a minute or two later along comes Mr. Jeffrey again, askin' 'Where's Miss Gray?'"

"You haven't told me yet why you are all so sure she's in the theater," said Macaire.

Mrs. Purdy pointed to the walls of the dressing-room. "There hangs her clothes, sir," she announced. "There was some talk of takin' 'em away, when she was so obstinate, but that was before she fainted. There they hangs. And as these are modern times, and Miss Gray ain't the Lady Godiva the poetry's about, it stands to reason she can't have got far."

"I've sent for the door-keeper, who swears that he hasn't left his post tonight, and that Miss Gray didn't go by," added Jeffrey. "Yet the theater's been searched from below the stage up to the flies. The girl's nowhere. She's vanished into air."

Winifred Gray had disappeared as mysteriously as the bride in the ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough." No trace of her could be found at the theater or elsewhere, either on the night when mystery had swallowed her up or during the days to come.

Macaire had neither expected nor greatly desired the play produced with his money to be a success; but, strangely enough, the very event which caused his keen discomfiture created an artificial vogue for the revival of "Mazeppa."

The scenery was magnificent if the company (save for the vanished star) was poor. Most of the best people had been engaged when Mr. Wantage had first begun his quest for actors, and he had been given to understand that if Miss Gray were secured the rest of the cast mattered little to the backer; therefore he had been easily suited for most of the parts. But scenery alone and the disproportionately large amount of pictorial advertising which had been done could not have saved "Mazeppa" from failure. The length of its continuance on the boards would have depended upon the sum of money Mr. Macaire was willing to throw away. But the sudden disappearance of the star gave a fillip which perhaps nothing else could have given.

A story had been circulated that the well-known millionaire had been induced to "back" the production because of his infatuation for the Miss Gray who had lately been discharged from the Duke of Clarence's Theater for extraordinary and mysterious reasons. People, even in London, talked a good deal about it, and harsh things were said of Winifred, who was represented as a bold young woman trading upon her charms to handle Lionel Macaire's money, and her "brazen front of impudence" was proved without shadow of doubt by the startling posters she had allowed to be exhibited, representing herself as Mazeppa bound to the horse. She would certainly not have undertaken to play the part and dress it as it had once been dressed by the actress who had made the play famous, it was argued, had she really been the simple, modest girl she had hypocritically tried to appear during her brief months of popularity at the Duke of Clarence's.

Then, on the top of this gossip which associated her name with that of a man notoriously connected with other scandals, more or less of the same sort (though he was not too notorious to be a target for match-making mothers), came the actress's disappearance.

Among all the things which had been said about her, no one had dreamt of starting the theory that she had been deceived as to the part of Mazeppa and its requirements. She was an actress, and actresses went through life with their eyes open. And the old story of the thwarted elopement which had, in some inexplicable way, cost the girl her position in Mr. Anderson's company, was revived. It had been freely said before that the man in the case had been Lionel Macaire himself, and, though he posed as a bachelor, there had been many rumors that he had a wife from whom he was separated. But now it was thought that the scandal had been connected with a married man well known in London society, and that the plan which had failed before had been successfully brought off in Brighton. Miss Gray was supposed to have thrown up her engagement and left her manager in the lurch, to run away with a man, differently identified by almost every person who helped to keep the tale in circulation. All agreed in one particular alone. The man had a lovely wife, who was heartbroken at her husband's treachery, and by and by, a divorce case would come on which would make a tremendous sensation in the "highest circles."

Brighton people flocked to the new Thespian Theater, where Miss Gray's understudy, a pretty girl with a good figure and no absurd scruples of squeamishness, made the most of her "great chance." Others even ran down from town to the seaside, ostensibly because "Brighton was so jolly in November, you know," but really to see for themselves the scene in which they might have been shocked at Winifred Gray's boldness, if she had not run off the first night of the piece with Lord So-and-so.

As if the fates were tireless in agitating the "boom" which had saved "Mazeppa" for the benefit of its needy manager and its company of actors, Brighton was favored with another sensation on the very morning after the girl's disappearance.

The startling posters which had been put up only on the afternoon of the first performance were all either torn down from their hoardings or destroyed beyond recognition, the name of Winifred Gray being stripped away from underneath the picture in every case.

Other posters of the same design were ordered and put up to replace the damaged ones after a day or two's delay (for Lionel Macaire still had it in his power to take this mean revenge); but on the following morning they were seen to have gone the way of their predecessors, even though a reward had been advertised for the detection of the guilty person.

Meanwhile Lionel Macaire remained in Brighton, having sent for a detective from a certain well-known private agency, not to be on the watch, save incidentally, for the destroyer of the posters, but to take up the scent from the start and track down Winifred Gray.

He did not move openly in the matter, Wantage, as business manager of the company, acting for him. But even if the interest which he took in finding the girl leaked out, it could not damage his reputation. He it was who had given the first kick to the football of scandal which at the time of the Duke of Clarence's Theater incident had linked their two names together. Now he was to be pitied, both as the financial backer of a company treacherously deserted by its principal member and as a lover deceived by her upon whom he had heaped benefits.

The detective was certain that by some method, which it was his duty to discover, the girl had contrived to get away not only from the theater but from Brighton. Everybody else believed this, of course; but then only two or three persons knew the real reason why it would have been especially difficult for the actress to escape. Only Wantage, Jeffrey, Mrs. Purdy, Lionel Macaire, and now the detective, were aware that Winifred had been prepared for the "great scene" while fainting, and that, so far as could be ascertained, she had had no possible opportunity or even time for changing. In spite of this fact, however, the man from Sleigh's agency persisted in his theory. The girl must have hidden herself somewhere in the theater for hours, and then received assistance from outside. Once away, she would naturally have taken steps to leave Brighton as soon as possible. Her brother, who had just returned to London, was shadowed, but in vain. It was discovered that Mrs. Gray was ill in a nursing-home in Welbeck street, and that she had within the last few days suffered a relapse; but nothing could be learnt there about her daughter.

Lionel Macaire, however, could not be brought to share the detective's theory. He was utterly without religion, yet his was a superstitious mind. He believed in the warning power of dreams, or curious coincidences which had sometimes ruled his conduct on the Stock Exchange or in racing. He had a conviction that Winifred Gray was not far from him; and while it kept its grasp upon him he wished to linger in Brighton.

So a week passed on, and still "Mazeppa" flourished at the Thespian Theater; and still the detective had been able to learn nothing of importance about Winifred.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Masked Minstrels.

On the eighth day after Winifred's disappearance Lionel Macaire went out late in the afternoon from the Hotel Metropole, where he was staying, and walked slowly along the King's road. He was thinking of Winifred, as he almost always was now, not sure whether he most loved or hated her; and with thoughts of the girl came up memories of his strange past. Before the eyes of his mind rose the image of a woman far more beautiful than Winifred, of whom the girl reminded him in some of her moods. If that chapter of his life could have ended differently, perhaps he would have been a different man.

"F. E. Z." Though the woman's fair face was only a memory—distant though never dim—and her place in what he called his heart had been usurped by a girl thirty years younger than she—those initials had the power to call up a thrill even now, half delicious, half painful. Oddly enough, just as he hated and loved Winifred Gray at the same time, so he had loved and hated that other woman. Since he could not have her, he would kill her if he could; if she had had a son he believed that it would have given him a subtle pleasure to be revenged for the past, through him.

Suddenly he remembered the dark young man who had called at the Duke of Clarence's Theater, with an introduction to George Anderson from F. E. Z.

It had been in Macaire's thoughts at the time that the good-looking young fellow in the odd clothes might have been more than a mere friend to the beautiful woman whom so many had adored. When F. E. Z. had vanished from the world where she had scintillated as a bright, particular star—vanished as mysteriously as Winifred Gray—she had been older than Winifred was now; twenty-three or twenty-four perhaps.

That was now twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago. He had been a young man then, poor and obscure, though he had already secretly sown the seeds of his great future. Now he was rich almost beyond his own knowledge; and he was fifty-six years old, past middle age, though his heart was hot as it had been in his youth.

(To be continued.)

Mainly About People.

Scotch piety is generally tempered with common sense. A boating party on the Clyde were caught in a storm. "Let us pray," suggested someone. "Ay," said the boatman, "let the little man over there pray, but let all the strong ones take an oar, or we shall be drooned."

The Greek philosopher Zeno believed in predestination. One day he caught his servant robbing him, and he gave him a good hiding. "Was I not destined to rob?" pleaded the servant. "Why, then, do you beat me?" "Certainly," replied Zeno, "you were destined to rob, and you were also destined to be caned."

When the fretful critic, Cumberland, said of a performance of "The School for Scandal" that he was surprised that it provoked such immoderate laughter, as it did not make him even smile, Sheridan, the wit, orator and playwright, is said to have remarked: "Cumberland is truly ungrateful, for I saw a tragedy of his played a fortnight before at Covent Garden, and I laughed from beginning to end."

A young doctor, wishing to make a good impression upon a German farmer, mentioned the fact that he had received a double education, as it were. He had studied homeopathy, and was also graduate of a "regular" medical school. "Oh! dot was noding," said the farmer. "I had vonce a calf vot sucked two cows and he make noding but a common schteer after all."

An old London omnibus driver was standing beside his bus one day, when he was approached by a very comely young woman, who evidently wished to ascend to the outside seats on top, but hesitated for fear she could not make the difficult ascent with becoming modesty. The driver, evidently understanding her dilemma, shook his head and said: "Climb up, miss; don't mind me legs ain't no treat to me."

Oliver Wendell Holmes was one day seated near the refreshment table at an entertainment, and observed a little girl looking with longing eyes at the good things. He said kindly, "Are you hungry, little girl?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then why don't you take a sandwich?" "Because I haven't any fork." "Fingers were made before forks," said the doctor, smilingly. The little girl looked up at him and replied, to his delight: "Not my fingers."

Down in Georgia, the other day, in the good city of Macon, they were telling of experiences during the earthquake disturbances of 1886. This was given by an old town official: "The council was in session that night, and when the quake shook the city hall from basement to attic the councilmen ran out, thinking the house would topple over. The minutes of the meeting, as can be seen by the records, conclude with the following sentence: 'On motion of the city hall, the council adjourned.'"

A good story is related of Henry Clay Dean, an orator famous in the United States a generation or so ago. Mr. Dean was generally referred to as "Henry Clay Dean of Iowa," even long after he had established a home in Missouri. He explained his change of habitation in this way: "You see, they passed a nefarious prohibition law in Iowa, and there's your whiskey gone. Then they abolished capital punishment, and there's your hanging gone. And now the whole population seems to be drifting toward universalism, and there's your hell gone. I can't live in a State that has neither hell, hanging, nor whiskey."

To illustrate the unfairness of judging from appearances, Daniel Webster used to tell how, once upon a time, on his way to Washington, he was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no traveling companion, and the driver had a sort of felon look which produced no inconsiderable alarm in the Senator. "I endeavored to tranquilize myself," said Webster, "and had partly succeeded, when we reached the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington—a proper scene for murder or outrage; and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned to me and, with a gruff voice, enquired my name. I gave it to him. 'Where are you going?' said he. The reply was, 'To Washington. I am a Senator.' Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand, and exclaimed, 'How glad I am! I took you for a highwayman.'"

Drumming up Business.

Explorers and scientists who have returned from Martinique and St. Vincent tell many interesting stories of their experiences. One amusing incident has to do with a visit to Kingstown. One of the explorers was walking about the town when he was accosted by a colored man. "You have got to have your hair cut," declared the negro.

"Got to have my hair cut? Why is that?" asked the scientist.

"Order of the board of health. If you don't, I shall have to put you off the island."

The negro seized the explorer by the shoulder and started him toward the wharf.

"Hold on there!" said the now excited visitor. "Who are you anyway?"

"I am the officer of the board of health," was the reply. Just at this juncture another of the party came up.

"I guess we shall have to have our hair cut," said the first. "This man says so, and says that he is an officer of the board of health."

"You'll have to get it cut quick if you want to stay on the island," broke in the negro.

The other scientist still had a little fight in him.

"Why, you black scoundrel," he shouted at the negro, "I have traveled all over the world, and I never heard of such a health-office regulation anywhere!"

By this time a policeman had appeared. The negro edged away, and was soon quite a distance down the street.

"Officer, do you know that man there?" asked one of the strangers.

"Yes," replied the policeman.

"Who is he?"

"He is the barber who has the shop around the corner."

A Foreigner's Dilemma.

An intelligent foreigner recently expressed himself thus as to what struck him as the absurdities of the English language: "When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast, if I stood firm I was fast, if I spent too freely I was fast, and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged; and when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won a one dollar prize,' I was tempted to give up English and try some other language."

Interference.

"Yes," said my friend, sadly, "you may play poker with a stranger and an unlimited raise, and may come out all right; you may shoot lions and tigers and the Falls of Niagara, and never suffer in your health; you may play with fire, and take no harm. But never meddle in the least degree with anyone else's love affair. For you will come out of it with the reputation of a fool, with fool stamped all over you back and front, and you will deserve it. A helpless, unendurable fool for all time—that is what you will be. If you see a pure-minded, refined girl on the verge of marrying a coarse, vulgar brute, let her: don't stand in the way. Probably the brute will never forgive you, and it's absolutely certain the girl never will."

"You speak with some warmth and bitterness. You have some personal experience in your mind?"

"I have. As you know, I am not a married man. But at one time I was engaged. It was years and years ago, and I was never one of those men who are—well, silly about the girls they are going to marry. But, speaking in sober fairness, I must say that Jessica was a really remarkable girl."

"Yes; engaged girls always are."

"Her hair was a——"

"I know. It would be. Pass that."

"Don't be an idiot. There was a look in that girl's eyes——"

"I know it by heart. Skip it."

"And her mental powers were equally out of the common."

"The mental powers of every engaged girl are quite out of the common. Just say that you loved Jessica and Jessica loved you, and leave the rest to the fertile imagination of a thoroughly practiced journalist."

"Now that just shows where you are too hasty; for I'm by no means sure that Jessica did love me. I can't help thinking that if she had really loved me, things would have happened differently. Mind, I admit that I was wrong in interfering in any way with Ernest Budd."

"And who was Ernest Budd?"

"I think he was the most nauseous beast I ever met in my life. He was short, thick and ugly enough to stop the clocks. He was also a vain sentimentalist. He talked about women by the hour. He believed himself a woman-killer. To listen to him made you feel sick and tired. I've heard him say that the beauty of women was practically the only thing he lived for—just that—in those words; and the other man to whom he said it died a week later. Well, at this time Budd had come to an understanding—he said it was not actually an engagement, but was to come to that—with a washed-out puss from Wimbledon, called Emily Chater. I saw the girl, and I was sorry for her; she was a weak and playful little thing, and there was no harm in her. I was very happy myself, and I wanted to save her from Ernest Budd and infinite sorrow in her after-life. Knowing the rapid, miscellaneous and volcanic temperament of Ernest Budd, my task was easy; I had but to introduce him to a more attractive girl than Emily, and I introduced him to Jessica."

"Seems rough on Jessica."

"I'd talked it over with her, and she'd agreed to it. She was so happy herself—we were both very happy in those days—that though she had never met Emily she wanted to save her. Jessica had implicit trust in my judgment then."

"But after she'd met Budd?"

"I own, she didn't like it. She said I might at least have told her what an appalling bounder Ernest Budd was. Well, I'd told her what I told you, and I think that ought to have been enough. As I pointed out to her, within a very short time of Budd meeting her he would throw over Emily Chater."

"And you were wrong?"

"I was absolutely right. And when Emily was saved by our intervention, then, so I told Jessica, she was perfectly free to drop Budd. In fact, I hoped she would. And Jessica knew how to drop people, too. She never seemed to say anything in particular, and they just knew that it was no good to go on and that she had no further use for them. She was a girl of wonderful tact, always perfectly polite, but——"

"Leave out the descriptions, I know them."

"Well, as I say, I pointed all this out to her, but she still was rather averse to it. She said the man's attentions were becoming perfectly insufferable, and that—knowing as he did that she was already engaged—he ought to be ashamed of himself. However, she kept on meeting him, and in a week he broke off his understanding with Emily Chater."

"Well?" I asked. "What then? Did Emily commit suicide?"

"Not a bit of it. She must have known that Ernest Budd was no fit husband for a decent girl. No, she married a solicitor, and is very happy, they tell me."

"But you started this story to show me the dangers of interference."

"Exactly."

"Apparently everything went right—just precisely as you wished and intended."

"Well, it didn't then."

"What was the matter? Did Jessica lose her exquisite tact, her ability for letting people see that she did not require them?"

"No, not that either. She was as good in that respect as ever she was. The trouble was—put in a few words—that it was me she chucked, and Ernest Budd whom she married."

He paused and added vindictively: "And I'm glad to say that they're both beastly unhappy."

Paddy's Letter.

Those fond of Irish bulls may find some amusement in the following letter, which was written by an amorous swain of the Emerald Isle to his lady fair.

"My Darlin' Peggy—I met you last night and you never came! I'll meet you again to-night, whether you come or whether you stop away. If I'm there first, sure I'll write my name on the gate to tell you of it, and if it's you that's first, why rub it out, darlin', and no one will be the wiser. I'll never fail to be at the trystin' place, Peggy, for, faith! I can't keep away from the spot where you are, whether you're there or whether you're not.

"Your own Paddy."

"It's wonderful," said the meditative man, "how one small word, insignificant in itself, may induce an endless train of thought, speaking volumes in fact." "Yes," replied the caustic man. "Take the word 'but,' for instance, when a woman says: 'Of course, it's none of my business, but.'"—Philadelphia "Press."

KITCHEN CHATS

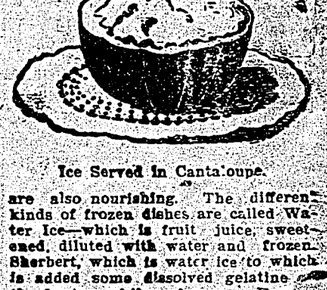
Some Delicious Recipes Which are New to Our Readers

CHILDREN are always fond of ices. I once heard a very pathetic story on this point, which will bear repeating.

The mother of two bright boys said to them one morning: "We are going to have ice cream for dinner to-night, when the minister and his wife will be here. Now please don't act as though this were an unusual thing, but as though you had it every day." Accordingly, when the ice cream was served, the children, being specially anxious to please their mamma, shouted out at the top of their lungs, "We have it every day! we have it every day!"

At a luncheon not long ago, the dessert was frozen pudding, and it was served in cantaloupe, which was a new idea to some of the guests. Small nutmeg cantaloupes were used, one-half served to each guest, on a doily-covered plate, and the centre was filled with the frozen cream, making a delicious combination and very attractive one—easy to serve and easy to eat.

At this season of the year ice-cold desserts of all kinds appeal to the palate; hygienically speaking, they cannot be recommended for a course of a dinner, as they reduce the temperature of the stomach and retard digestion; but how good they are, and, when eaten slowly,



Ice Served in Cantaloupe.

are also nourishing. The different kinds of frozen dishes are called Water Ice—which is fruit juice, sweetened, diluted with water and frozen; Sherbert, which is water ice to which is added some dissolved gelatine or the beaten whites of eggs. Frappe—which is water ice frozen to the consistency of mush. Punch, which is water ice to which has been added a spirit and spice. Sorbet, which is, strictly speaking, frozen punch—a name usually given to a water ice where several kinds of fruit have been used. Ice cream, of two kinds—the first which is thin cream, sweetened, flavored and frozen, and the other which is a custard foundation, flavored and frozen. Mousse—which is heavy cream, beaten until stiff, sweetened, flavored, placed in a mould, packed in equal parts of salt and ice and allowed to stand for three hours.

We have some delicious recipes which we hope will be new to at least some of our readers.

CURRANT ICE.

Four cups water, one and one-half cups sugar, two cups currant juice. Make a syrup by boiling the water and sugar twenty minutes, cool, add currants mashed and squeezed through double cheese cloth, and lemon juice. Strain and freeze.

MILK SHERBET.

Four cups milk, one and one-half cups sugar, juice of three lemons. Mix the juice and the sugar, stirring constantly while slowly adding the milk, freeze.

PINEAPPLE FRAPPE.

Two cups water, one cup sugar, juice of three lemons, four cups ice water, one can grated pineapple, or one pineapple shredded. Make a syrup by boiling water and sugar fifteen minutes; add pineapple and lemon juice, cool, strain, add icewater and freeze to a mush, using equal parts of salt and ice. If fresh fruit is used, more sugar will be needed.

ROMAN PUNCH.

Four cups water, two cups sugar, one-half cup lemon juice, one-half cup orange juice, one-half cup tea infusion, one-half cup rum. Make a syrup

Roman Punch.

by boiling water and sugar twenty minutes, add fruit juice and tea, and freeze to a mush; then add the rum, and continue the freezing.

SORBET.

Two cups water, two cups sugar, one grated pineapple, one and one-third cups orange juice, one-half cup lemon juice, one quart Apollinaris. Prepare and freeze same as pineapple frappe.

COFFEE ICE CREAM.

One quart cream, one and one-half cups milk, one-third cup coffee, one and one-fourth cups sugar, one-fourth teaspoon salt, yolks of four eggs. Scald the milk with the coffee, add one cup sugar; mix yolks of eggs with one-fourth cup sugar and salt; combine mixtures, cook over hot water until thickened, add one cup cream and let stand on back of range twenty-five minutes; cool, add remaining cream and strain through double cheese cloth; freeze.

BROWN BREAD ICE CREAM.

Three pints cream, one and one-fourth cups dried brown bread crumbs, seven-eighths cup sugar, one-fourth teaspoon salt. Soak the crumps in one quart cream, let stand fifteen minutes, rub through sieve, add sugar, salt and remaining cream and freeze.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1902.

An Alarming Situation.

During his last days as a member of the Laurier government, Hon. J. Israel Tarte declared that he was a thorn in the side of that group of political adventurers who have been interested in the exploitation of deals and jobs, which resulted in the transfer of public millions to private pockets.

Too much emphasis cannot be given to the warning of the ex-Minister of Public Works, who succeeded in checking several of the proposed raids on public rights.

At the present time there is a feeling at Ottawa and in the large commercial centres, that with Mr. Tarte removed from the cabinet, certain deals are about to be advocated anew. Millions are involved in the new schemes, and the same persons will be on hand to pocket the proceeds.

To the man on the outside of the political ring such things are almost incredible. But to those who are familiar with some of the particulars of the Yukon Liquor Permits, the Yukon Railway Deal, the Treadgold Water Concessions in the Yukon, the Crows Nest Plums, the Timber Limit Grants, and many other favors bestowed on the favorites of the present goverment, the transactions are a matter of common notoriety.

It is always the same story, too, a case of getting something for nothing. Men who have made themselves independent during the last six years can offer no other reason for their prosperity, than that the Liberal government came into power.

And the reported evils do not stop with those outside of the cabinet. The names of certain Ministers of the Crown are paraded around the streets of Ottawa, in a manner that would bring the blush of shame to the cheek of an honest man. It is notorious that Ministers have made fortunes with quite the same celerity as some outside of council circles.

Again, Ministers do not hesitate to make contracts with firms in which they have a direct interest, and pocket the proceeds with utter abandon.

In the minds of those who do the manipulating, it is evidently the proper thing to use public offices as stepping stones to oppulence. The people are laughed at, or treated as convenient dupes.

When we have Mr. Tarte as an authority for the statement, that crooked things were attempted during his tenure of office, we are free to surmise that only a very small portion of the truth has yet been told.

The people of this country have every reason to take serious cognizance of some of the methods employed at Ottawa at the present time. If certain Ministers had been as successful in public business as they have been in the conduct of their own private affairs, Canada would be many millions to the good. Unfortunately, the wonderful business foresight of our statesmen ends with their own bank account.

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.

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.
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ALL GOODS UNION MADE

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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Patent Rubber Heels and Rubber Soleing

in all sizes and colors.

Boot and Shoe Repairing a Specialty

PELLEW-HARVEY, BRYANT & GILMAN

Mining Engineers and Assayers,

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ASSAY WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS UNDERTAKEN.

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

Ably furnished with the Choicest the Market affords.

BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

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

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

Any Kind of Transferring Undertaken

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

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Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
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Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Solicitors for Imperial Bank of Canada.
Company funds to loan at 8 per cent.
FIRST STREET, Revelstoke B. C.

SOCIETIES.

FIDELITY S.O.E.

Red Rose Degree meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month; White Rose Degree meets third Tuesday of each quarter, in Oddfellows Hall. Visiting brethren welcome

S. D. CROWLE, President. T. B. BAKER, Act. Secretary.

LOYAL ORANGE LODGE No. 1658.

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

A. JOHNSON, W. M
W. JOHNSTON, Rec.-Sec.

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

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

B. 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 EDWARD
TAXIDERMIST,

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

A. H. HOLDICH
ANALYTICAL CHEMIST AND ASSAYER.

Royal School of Mines, London. Seven years at Morfa Works, Swansea. 17 years Chief Chemist to Wigan Coal and Iron Co., Eng. Late Chemist and Assayer, Hall Mines, Ltd. Claims examined and reported upon.

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

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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

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ROUND TRIP TICKETS
Christmas and New Year Excursions

DEC. 23, 24, 25
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Good to return Jan. 5th

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For full information call on or address

T. W. Bradshaw, Agent Revelstoke.
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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.

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.

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AGENTS FOR

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

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REVELSTOKE, B. C.

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BALMORAL WHISKEY SCOTLAND

By appointment to His Majesty the King, 1901.
By appointment to Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria, 1848-1900.

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FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS. FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION.

HEATED BY HOT AIR 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.

"The Book Booster."

A VACANT niche in contemporary periodical literature, says the "Literary Digest," is filled by the "Book Booster," which is edited by "Mr. Criticus Flub-Dubbe," and published by "Josh, Gosh & Co.," in Evanston, Ill. Its purpose, as it is careful to inform the reader on its first page, is to "boost books—our own and others," with the distinction that "the books published by Josh, Gosh & Co. will be boosted without reference to the number of pounds sold, while the publications of other houses will be boosted only when they have passed the dead line, which is fifty thousand pounds."

The book boosted in this particular issue is "Faggots of Empire," by Miss Bertha Bosh. "Miss Bosh," we are told from the "Editor's Rocking Chair," "is only fifteen years old, but is extremely bright for her age. She is a Chicago girl, and has never traveled farther than Oconomowoc, which makes her literary feat all the more remarkable. For 'Faggots of Empire' is a story of the reign of Charlemagne, and the author betrays a singular acquaintance with the local color of those times." Indeed, her narrative "contains more facts than the histories." Moreover:

"The cloth used in binding the first edition would, if stretched end to end, reach from Chicago to Evanston. Placed side by side the pages would reach from Chicago to Minneapolis. Smeared thinly, the ink used would cover four townships. Ten million cockroaches could subsist for six months on the binder's paste employed. Set up side by side, the individual letters in the text would reach from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands. And the hot air employed in boosting the book would float ten thousand balloons."

Another interesting literary announcement is made to the effect that "Josh, Gosh & Co. have been appointed Western selling agents for the forthcoming book of Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton (formerly Seton-Thompson), which is to be titled 'Cheap Thompsons I Have Known.'" The "Book Booster" is replete with touching poems and thrilling serials, and "The Stovepipe of Navarre," a blood-curdling "Romance of Sword and Cloak," by Miss Poeta Pants, quite puts in the shade all current literary efforts along the same line.

What Did the Fakir Do?

WONDERFUL stories are told of the powers of the Hindu fakirs. Careful attention to their tricks has not discovered their secret with any certainty, but Captain James Parker, the English traveler, who has just returned from a tour of India, gives it as his belief that hypnotism is the means by which they accomplish their most startling illusions. One incident which he describes seems to bear out his view.

The trick which is acknowledged to be the greatest of these Hindu mystic performances, says Captain Parker, and the one that has been described by trustworthy persons too often to be doubted, is the one in which the fakir throws a ball of twine into the air above him, until it disappears from sight. The loose end of the string he holds in his hand, and after the boy assistant has climbed up the string until he, too, is out of sight, the fakir himself follows, with a knife between his teeth.

The spectators, surprised when both boy and man climb out of sight, are horrified when the boy's severed head, arms and legs, followed by the trunk, fall to the ground, and the man slides down close behind. Their astonishment is increased when the fakir gathers the severed members and restores the boy to life.

Well, I saw this performance once, and once I didn't see it; and the latter experience was more wonderful than the other. I had some London friends visiting me, and after having left them for a few minutes on the veranda of my bungalow, I saw, as I was returning, the same fakir and his assistant, whom I had seen perform the trick, standing about forty feet in front of my friends, apparently preparing to begin a performance. As I was about as far behind the natives as my friends were in front of them, and had not been observed, I stood quietly where I was.

The man placed a drawn knife between his teeth, took the usual ball of twine in his right hand, made a motion as if throwing it into the air, and then stood perfectly quiet. My friends on the veranda were looking into the upper air with astonishment on their faces, which in a minute turned to a look of horror as their eyes came back to the ground. In another minute their countenances lighted up with pleasure, and they applauded roundly.

They could not say enough about the wonderful performance they had seen, and they were astonished beyond measure when I told them I had been as near the fakir as they, and had seen nothing of what had so wonderfully impressed them.

If that was not hypnotism, what was it?

The Irreverent Phonograph.

THE Prince of Wales tells a good story of how a morning service was spoiled on the second Sunday's voyage of the "Ophir." There being every prospect of a dull afternoon, the Duchess of York suggested something appropriate from the phonograph, and the instrument was put through a rehearsal on the Sunday morning during the time of service. The cabin in which the preparations were made was two decks below the upper deck, but there was an uptake which carried sound as well as vitiated air, and so the following dialogue occurred:

Chaplain (giving out his text)—The way of transgressors is hard.

Phonograph (musically)—And you've got a long way to go.

It took twenty minutes to find the phonograph, which persisted in its unconscious brawling, and by that time the congregation was neither large nor spiritually minded.

Ordinary Tears.

Old Gentleman—Why do you shed such bitter tears, my boy? Boston Child (pausing in his grief)—Really, I cannot conceive that my tears differ as to their brackish quality from other lacrymose emissions. I have never heard of saccharine tears.—Philadelphia "Press."

Caught in a Stampede.

TWO years ago, when the cowboys of north-eastern Arizona came together to find out who was the "best man" in various ways, James Evans won the steer-tying championship by roping, throwing and tying a vicious steer in twenty-four seconds. But in a recent round-up the champion did a more remarkable thing, by which, says the Kansas City "Star," he saved his own and another man's life.

While he and some companions were camping for the night on a high tableland, which ended a few miles away in an abrupt drop of two hundred feet, a storm swept through the mountains. Made nervous by the lightning, the herd of fifteen hundred cattle stampeded in the direction of the precipice. Evans and his men mounted hurriedly and, circling to the front of the maddened cattle, tried with whoops and revolver-shots to turn them back.

In the dense blackness of the night Evans's horse missed his footing and went down in a heap, one leg in a gopher-hole. The horse of a cowboy named Davis, running close behind, stumbled over Evans's horse, and Davis, too, came to earth and lay still, unconscious.

Fifty yards away came the herd, and a short flash of lightning showed Evans the situation. The swiftly moving sea of cattle reached one hundred yards each way. Unable to arouse Davis, and never thinking of leaving his disabled comrade, Evans took the only chance of saving both. He emptied his own revolver and his companion's into the center of the herd, cutting a breach in the front of the mass. Then, throwing the inanimate form of Davis over his shoulder, he awaited his opportunity.

As one of the leaders brushed by, Evans, with one movement, put the body of Davis across the shoulders of the steer, and mounted, also. Vainly the animal leaped, bucked and sidejumped. With his legs wrapped tightly around the body of his mount, Evans drove his spurs deep in, and held himself and Davis in place.

The steer, wild with rage, agony and fright, rapidly left the herd in the rear, and, veering to the right in a furious gallop, carried his riders out of danger. Then Evans rolled off the back of his strange rescuer, and a half-hour later, when his cowboys turned the herd at the rim of the canyon, and rode back to look for the foreman and Davis, they found them, both unconscious. The weary steer, with his sides covered with blood, lay exhausted a short distance away.

The outfit ordered a medal for Evans, and the steer has been pensioned for life on the best alfalfa in the valley.

A Revolutionary Age.

Soulless corporations, heartless coquettes and conscienceless rascals of various sorts we have had with us now these many years, and it looks very much now as if a kind of providence was about to even things up a little by providing us with such useful contrivances as wireless telegraphy, heatless light, smokeless powder, boneless shad and seedless oranges. If some genius will rise up now and give us a breed of biteless dogs and stingless mosquitoes, together with some loseless umbrellas and spendless cash, we shall all be happy and content.—"Leslie's Weekly."

When to Get Married.

The astrologers, it is said, have named the following as propitious dates for marriages for 1902: January 2, 4, 11, 19 and 21; February 1, 3, 10, 19 and 21; March 3, 5, 12, 20 and 23; April 2, 4, 12, 20 and 22; May 2, 4, 12, 20 and 23; June 1, 3, 11, 19 and 21; July 1, 3, 12, 19, 21 and 31; August 2, 11, 18, 20 and 30; September 1, 9, 16, 18 and 28; October 1, 8, 15, 17, 27 and 29; November 5, 11, 13, 22 and 25; December 1, 8, 10, 19, 23 and 29.

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 $10 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.

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
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CITY RESTAURANT

Under the management of
MRS. AND MISS COWIE

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
MEALS AT ALL HOURS

FRONT STREET
Two doors east of the Revelstoke Furniture Co.

FRESH OYSTERS AFTER THE 15TH.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

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

A. R. HEYLAND.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

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

A. R. HEYLAND.

NOTICE

NOTICE 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
SHERIFF'S SEIZURE AND SALE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a Warrant of Execution issued out of the County Court of Kootenay holden at Revelstoke and directed to the Sheriff of North Kootenay, against the goods and chattels of John Brennan. I have this day seized and taken in execution all the interest of the said John Brennan in the mineral claim "Daffodil," situated on Lexington Mountain, in the Lardeau Mining Division of West Kootenay. And I give notice that I will on

Tuesday, December 30th,

1902, at the hour of 2:30 in the afternoon, at the Court House, in the City of Revelstoke, offer for sale publicly all the interest of the said John Brennan, in the said mineral claim, or such part thereof as shall satisfy the said Execution.

Dated this 8th day of December, 1902.

JAMES TAYLOR,
Deputy to the Sheriff of North Kootenay.

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 CITY..
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 Pow

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 gigantic coal companies and the Copper and Kennedy Mountain Mines.

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

ASHNOLA is owned and backed by the payroll of the Similkameen Valley Coal Company, Ld. 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 5% 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.

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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.

SHE NEVER WAS A BOY.

When I came home the other night,
With an ugly looking eye
That I had got into a fight
Poor ma commenced to cry,
But when I told pa how it was
He clapped his hands for joy
And told ma I'd done bully, 'cause
Once he had been a boy.

"Boys will be boys," I heard him say;
"They won't be otherwise,
And the one that learns to fight his way
Is the one that wins the prize;
When I was his age fightin' was
My greatest earthly joy—"
But ma, she kept on cryin', cause
She never was a boy.

My golly, but I'd hate to be
A girl with fluffy hair,
And always prime as A. B. C.,
With clothes too clean to wear!
When ma was small I s'pose she was
Red cheeked and sweet and coy—
But, oh, the fun that missed her, 'cause
She never was a boy.

PAYING OFF.

him off! I'll pay him off
e I get, if 'tisn't till I'm old
lum, now!"
wo brown fists came together
ump. His eyes flashed and
ce was like a flame. Mamma
ked up, surprised and grieved at
the outburst, but she didn't say a
word; she only waited for what would
come next.

"I will!" cried Tony. "I'll have to,
mamma! He's the worst boy that ever
lived! He's—he's—I'd like to pound
him all black and blue, so!"

Whack! came his fists together
again, poor Tony; and the fire in his
eyes was all at once put out by tears.
Mamma spoke then.

"Tell mother all about it," said
she.

And Tony sat down on a little
cricket at mamma's feet, and laid his
head against mamma's knee, and told;
which was just what he wanted to do.

"He's kept plaguing me even since I
began to go to school, mamma Johnny
Spratt has and he's the biggest too. I
didn't plague a boy littler than I
would you mamma?"

"No, dear; I don't think I would."

"But he does, and calls names, too."

Tony went on, beginning to grow rosy
again. He calls me 'Tony George' because I always lift my hat to old aunty
Dinsmore—and that's right, isn't it,
mamma?" as he thought he saw a little twinkle in mamma's eye.

"Quite right, Tony," she answered,
quietly.

"'Cause it pleases her so much, you
know. And sometimes I carry her
basket for her ways. And he makes
fun. And this morning"—Tony's
breath came fast and he doubled his
fists—"this morning I was the least bit
late to school, and when I went in they
all commenced to laugh, easy, of
course, so Mr. Blake wouldn't hear,
and look at the blackboard. And I
looked, too; and there was a picture
of a boy lifting a hat bigger'n he was,
and bowing real low—an awful-looking
boy, mamma, and Tony George' was
right under it. I knew who made it
quick enough, and my face got hot as
fire; and just then Mr. Blake saw it,
too, and he said, 'John, rub that thing
out!' cross as anything. He knew who
made it, too, you see. Mamma, if I
was big enough I'd—I'd thrash him all
to pieces. I'd just like to pay him
off so he'd stay paid one while,
Mamma!"

Mamma didn't even smile. She felt
that this was a serious matter.

"I don't blame you a bit," she said,
soberly, "I think I would want to pay
him off if I were you. I think, dear, I
would kill him."

Tony jumped from his cricket, he
was so astonished.

"Why, mamma Walters!" he cried.
"Why—mamma—Walters!"

Mamma smiled then—she couldn't
help it. But she was quite in earnest.

"It would be a great deal better than
thrashing him all to pieces, Tony," she
said; and Tony hung his head and
blushed. "Suppose you try it."

"I don't know how," said Tony.

"I think you can guess, dear. And
now we won't say another word about
it for a week."

"I s'pose," said Tony, slowly, with
his face puckered into a dozen wrinkles
over this new idea. "I 'spose, mamma,
you mean the way that old Quaker
man did that grandpa used to tell
about. But I can't be kind to Johnny
Spratt, mamma—how can I after the
way he's acted? 'Sides, I wouldn't
have any chance."

"Make one," said mamma. "Now—
no more for a week, my son, and
then——"

Tony knew what that meant. It
meant that at the end of the week he
would be expected to tell mamma just
how much he had done toward killing
Johnny Spratt with kindness.

"I'm 'fraid it won't be much," he
thought, with a little discontented
pucker between his eyes. "It'll be
pretty hard, I s'pose."

And so it was. Why, it did seem as
if Johnny Spratt grew worse every day.
Tony had to bite his tongue hard a
good many times to keep from telling
tales out of school about him. And
as for being kind to him—that seemed
quite out of the question, though Tony
honestly did his best and didn't get
angry more times than he could help.

At the end of the week his birthday
was coming, and Washington's; and
the night before, he rushed home from
school all out of breath with his hurry
and delight.

"O mamma!" he cried, eagerly.
"We're going to have the best time,
to-morrow! We're all—all of our class
I know—going to put in twenty-five
cents apiece and hire Mr. Baker's great
big cutter, and Mr. Blake's going to
take us to—to some kind of a lake that
the last of it's 'guntic,' and his sister
lives right close side of it, and we're
going to skate, and fire at a mark, with
just arrows, you know, mamma, and
eat dinner at his sister's house. And
we've got to meet at the schoolhouse
real early, and—won't it be grand,
mamma?"

Mamma smiled, and kissed both
glowing cheeks; for though Tony was
a good deal more than half past nine,
as he would have told you, he hadn't
grown away from his mother's kisses,
yet.

"I hope you will have a very nice
time," she said.

She said it again, next morning,
when she had helped him into his ulster, and tied his muffler carefully, and
settled his fur cap on his brown head.

"And now, Tony," she said, looking
down into his clear, brown eyes, "I
want you to remember whose birthday
this is—and all about it, dear."

"Yes'm, I'll try," said Tony. And
then he darted off to join the merry
little crowd at the schoolhouse.

Johnny Spratt was there, too, but
somehow he didn't look so merry as
the rest. His eyes looked almost as
though he had been crying.

But before Tony had time to wonder
much about this, Mr. Baker's big, four-seated cutter was at the door, the bells
jingling and the horses breathing out
little puffs of steam on the clear, frosty air. Then what a scramble there
was! It didn't seem longer than a
minute before all of the laughing,
merry company had piled in, and were
tucking the robes around themselves.

Not quite all. There was one lonely
little figure left on the platform.

"Come Johnny!" called Mr. Blake,
kindly.

But Johnny Spratt shook his head
and looked down at his feet. There
were tears in his eyes, and he didn't
want to cry before them all—a great
big boy, almost eleven years old!

"I—I ain't going," he said. "I only
came to see you off. I ain't got no—
no twenty-five cents."

There was a stir in Tony Walters'
heart just then, and he felt a funny
little warm rush all over him. He
thought of mamma—he remembered
whose birthday it was. His cheeks
grew cherry-red and his eyes grew
misty. In a flash he was out of the
cutter, pressing his silver quarter into
Johnny Spratt's hand.

"Here, Johnny, take this," he cried.
"You—you want to go more'n I do."

Poor Johnny Spratt! He looked at
Tony and then at the sleigh-load of
boys, and then at Tony again, and his
face turned very red.

"I—I'd look pretty," he said, "a-taking your money after I've—— O Tony
Walters! I won't!"

But the more he wouldn't, the more
Tony insisted.

"Because it's my birthday as well as
George Washington's, you know," he
said, with a little laugh; "and I'd
'most as lieves stay to home with my
mother. Come, Johnny!"

And then Mr. Blake, who understood
all about it, said, "Come, Johnny, jump
in," and Johnny obeyed, nearer to crying now than he had been before.

But all at once there came a voice
from the driver's seat.

"Crowd in yourself, little chap," it
said. "I don't believe you'll weigh half
of twenty-five cents' worth. All
aboard, now! Off we go-o!"

And off Tony went with the rest—
if he hadn't I think I couldn't have
told the story with half so good grace.
And he never was so happy, and never
had so good a time in all his life before as he had that day. It was a good
time all around, and as for Johnny
Spratt——

"Why, mamma," cried Tony, when
he told his mother the story of the
day's fun, "I believe he's going to be
one of the very best boys you ever
saw—one of the very best ones!"

Bismark and the French.

Bismark had no great opinion of
the French. He believed that they are
too easily swayed by popular catch-words. "Talk to a Frenchman about
liberty, equality and fraternity, tell
him that his nation is the greatest
in the world, and you can do anything
with him. You can impress the French
more than any other people if you tell
them it is done in the name of freedom."

Asked his opinion in the case of a
certain French spy, he said: "It's a
sad case. You've got to hang him, but
do it with the utmost politeness, so as
not to hurt his feelings."

Ready for the Sun.

An Unexpected Answer.

Parent—Who is the laziest boy in
your class, Johnny.

Johnny—I dunno.

"I should think you would know.
When all the others are industriously
writing or studying their lessons, who
is he that sits in his seat and watches
the rest, instead of working himself?"

"Why, the teacher."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HEART'S SUNSHINE.

Oh, if only those who love us
Would but tell us while we live,
And not wait until life's journey
Ended is, before they give
The smile we hungered after,
Tender words we longed to hear,
Which we listened for, but vainly,
For many a weary year.

There is much of pain and sorrow
All must bear, and bear alone,
Yet how helpful is the sunshine
Of a cheery look and tone!
How it brightens up life's pathway,
And dispels the shadows grim,
And restores our shattered idols,
Which we built in days now dim.

Then bestow your sunshine freely!
Let it shine from out your eyes,
Let it breathe in heartfelt pressures,
Let it breathe in heartfelt sighs,
Let it cheer the fainting spirit
Of some brother in distress
Let it thrill our jarring voices
With a note of tenderness.

For in serving fellow mortals
We best serve the Father, too,
And in lightening their burdens
Ours grow light and fade from view.
And a sympathetic nature
That vibrates to others' needs
Is a bit of God's own sunshine
Quickening to noble deeds.
—Anne B. Wheeler, in Boston Transcript.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

I was, I regret to say, it, the Unknown Quantity, and I was so for no other reason than that I had got over my earliest youth while she was at the halcyon age pig-tails. Her pig-tail was black, frequently tied with a black ribbon, and matched her blue eyes beautifully. People say that such things—blue eyes and dark hair—are to be found in Ireland by hundreds, but they say so many things about Ireland. I have not been to Ireland, but I do not believe it. I do not believe that beauties grow on any particular soil, like prize turnips.

Often I railed at Fate for reducing me to an Unknown Quantity. Why, because I was supposed to have seen the world, having been in India for a few years, because I had brought back a few tigers' claws, purchased, for all she knew, in Regent street; because I was a little older than these boys who hovered round her, and had forgotten how to blush like them—why should I be reduced to this absurd position? After all, five years in India does not make one a grandfather, and a man may even have shot tigers without qualifying for the situation of a sphinx. But Fate, rejoicing in irony, has ordained that to 16 26 shall be a mystery, separated irreconcilably by long years of experience and intolerable wisdom, for 26 has seen life while 16 is learning deportment. The annoying thing about it is that in another year—or two at most—when the pig-tail shall have become a coil on the top of the head—unknown quantities will cease to exist; x, by the universal vanishing of age distinctions, will be resolved into one more man, and—from 20 to 100—no reasonable offer will be refused.

In the meanwhile we were friends—with a difference. She tyrannized over the collegians when they gathered in her train too sheepishly, or deferred to them when they blusteringly laid their reputations as rowers or batsmen at her feet, and she drank in their comfortable egoism. Our relations were not of the same simplicity. We spoke of tigers and other perplexing and Oriental subjects, in which she displayed a constrained intelligence and I a fictitious interest. I am not sure even that I was not compelled to get up the religion of Buddha from dusty works of reference, and I know she scored on the subject of Avatars. It was not so very long since I had stroked my college eight and my average for cricket in India. What does it matter? She could not understand that such subjects were meat for a traveled man, so that I had no opportunity of mentioning laurels won. Seeing on what easy terms they would have placed us, I kept regretting that I was so modest, but the laurels of mere wish or mere regret—I fear I am quoting some philosopher—are withered leaves that never were green. But nearest approach to mutual understanding, was when I ventured to tease her. If she understood my jokes, which happened, I admit, when they were at their poorest, we indulged in common laughter. And laughter is one of the methods of solving x. If, on the other hand, they contained some bewildering subtlety, she was good enough to overlook the point, and we went on to pastures new.

One day—it was at the time when May grows vicious among the bleaching lilacs, when laburnums let fall their yellow rain in the sunlight, and the lapwing—as I am given to understand, although no ornithologist—takes himself another crest—My Lady of the Pig-tail brought out a divine sailor hat. Many were the collegians who saw her home from school and purchased boxes of chocolates to win her grace. I also bought her chocolates, of I swear, a superior flavor; but, whereas she accepted theirs as votive offerings with queenly condescension, mine elicited an impulsive gratitude, as though they had been the tip of some elderly uncle. Since then gratitude—the emotional quid for the material quo—has always, in my opinion, been least among the virtues. If I had been her uncle I might have felt differently. I suppose uncles do. But I was not her uncle, nor do I wish to be. The pseudo aruncular position is worse than that of the brother by compact. As an unknown quantity I writhed. She understood enough of x to read disappointment on my face, for she set about consoling me by stating that she wished for my opinion. To ask an old man for his opinion, as if you really thought it worth listening to (which, of course, you never do) is the surest way to his good graces. I was not an old man, and I wondered if the sirens spoke with so alluring a lisp. We were sitting at the tennis court, where many of her collegians were playing. I gathered from her mysterious preface that several of the collegians had made dark requests for gloves and flowers and such things, indicative of momentous intentions. She desired my opinion upon them.

"I want to know what you think of Mr. Tom Redington," she said. "Do you conthider him nice?"

"Mr. Tom Redington," I replied, "is a man of exquisite taste and unimpeachable good fortune."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because he has the felicity to attract your attention."

"No; but seriously," she lisped. It was somehow understood between us that polysyllables denoted an absence of seriousness.

"Well, then," I said, "he bats, doesn't he? or row?"

"Are you sure you're serious?" she said. "Honor bright?"

"And shining," I said solemnly.

"He'th got a very good average so far this season," she reflected, not taking me into this athletic monologue.

"The season is young yet," I said, hopefully. "You should never count your chickens until you're sure they are not ducks."

"But Mr. Dick Walker is higher," she went on, balancing merits, "only he'th so conceited about it."

"Pride comes before a fall," I said, "though a good deal depends on the bowlers."

Then there's Mr. Dean,' she said thoughtfully; 'he brought me some chocolates to-day."

"What does Mr. Dean do?" I asked. "Bird's-nest?"

"Of course not," she said, laughing. He rows, and he won a thculling match the other day."

"Dean's a hot man," I said.

"There are such a lot of young men," she said, furrowing her brows, as Penelope did in all probability when she considered the vast number of her suitors.

"Wait a few years," I suggested. "There won't be so many then."

"Why not?" she asked.

"It's a kind of political economy," I said vakuely. "There'll want to be quite as many. Very likely more. But you will only see one. He will have an exceedingly high average, and you will probably think he ought to represent England against the Australians. Whether he sculls or not you will be convinced that he is the best potential sculler that was ever born. Other girls will not agree with you, and the Committee of Selection will declare that they cannot put even one into the English eleven. You will abuse the Committee of Selection. The only-existing-young-man will wave his hand negligently, and say that, after all there are better things than cricket. He will bring you as many boxes of chocolate as you please."

"That will be nice," she said; "only I may be tired of chocolates by then."

"Chocolates," I declared, "are frequently rejected in favor of other sweets."

"What sort?" she asked, looking at me and wondering at my great experience.

"A sort that doesn't make you sticky," I said, diplomatically.

"And will it be many years," she said, "that I shall have to wait?" She looked at me curiously from under the sailor hat. A little wind blew through the lilacs and carried the scent toward us. Many years? I looked at her. I thought of the lapwings rejoicing in their new crests, and of the spring that brings love to the heart of a young man. But then, I was an Unknown Quantity. I remembered how puzzling is the task of solving x. What right had it to puzzle My Lady of the Pig-tail—or to consider the matter on the lower levels of possibility—what chance of winning her so young?"

"And will it be many years?" she repeated.

"Not more than two or three," I said as cheerfully as possible.—From Black and White.

BOYS OF STOCKHOLM

Games in the Parks Encouraged to Keep Them From Streets.

Stockholm, Sweden, has found a way to keep its public school boys off the streets after school hours, says Chicago Tribune. A year ago school principals were instructed to encourage the gathering of pupils in the public parks after school hours for the purpose of playing outdoor games, and several of the larger boys in each school were officially selected to lead the games.

The innovation proved popular and many boys who formerly were in the habit of spending their late afternoons smoking cigarettes and learning bad habits on the street corners may now be seen each evening playing baseball, football, and other athletic games. The Board of Education of Stockholm thinks so well of the experiment that it has recently appointed three men teachers to the positions of superintendents of outdoor exercise. It will hereafter be their duty to get together all pupils who are willing at the close of school and lead them to the parks, where, under the auspices of the board, games will be provided daily during the season from 4 to 8 P. M.

A Fox Terrier That Talks.

A. M. Herring, of St. Joseph, Mo., owns a fox terrier named Tatters that can actually talk. He understands many hundreds of English words, but cannot articulate so many. He speaks very good dog English, how ver, which is as intelligible as pigeon English. When he wishes to have a door opened he says: "Bow! wow! wow!

Tatters and Rags.

Orpe wa ore!" and when the door is opened for him he says: "Wowl wow! wow! Shank woo!" When he wants a drink he whines: "Awan yeenk!" and he gets it.

Tatters has a son eleven years old named Rags, who has not his daddy's efficiency as a linguist, but who is playful and an expert bicyclist. The picture shows father and son out for a spin on their wheel.

Origin of the Numeral "IIII."

Seldom, if ever, do the numerals on the dial of a clock or watch attract notice further than to satisfy the inquiry "What time is it?" Nevertheless, there is a history worth the reading on the face of every clock and watch made.

The Roman numeral for four is IV—except on a time-keeper. There, instead of IV will be found IIII always. Why is this? Why are four I's any more correct on watches than they would be for chapters in books, and the like?

They are not, IV, when Roman numerals are employed, ought to be used to designate four just as much in one place as in another, and would be but for the presumption of Charles V. of France, better known as "Charles the Wise," a title which may have been deserved so far as his being a wise ruler is concerned, but certainly not as regards learning.

When the first clock constructed, in the year 1370, was made by Henry Vick and was presented to this "wise" being, he of course wanted to air his "learning" by finding fault with it; for he fancied (as, alas, a good many people yet do) that to criticise a thing shows great scholarship and shrewdness. Not understanding all the wheels and machinery of the clock, however, he resorted to the figures on the dial, which he could comprehend, and so said condescendingly, to Mr. Vick:

"Yes, the clock works well enough, but the figures on the face are wrong. Where you have IV it should be four I's."

"Your majesty is wrong," said Mr. Vick.

"I am never wrong," thundered the king. "Take it away and correct the mistake."

"Corrected" it had to be, therefore; and from that time until now the four of a clock or watch has been IIII instead of IV—a lasting memory of the ignorance of "Charles the Wise."—Fred O. Sibley.

MUMPS

Once I took the mumps, and my!
Didn't I look funny! I
Made the people laugh and roar
When they peeked in through the door;
But ma didn't laugh, and she
Was jes awful nice to me—
Even though I had the "grumps,"
For that always goes with mumps.

And I couldn't swaller good;
So she fed me all she could
With a spoon, on soupy stuff;
Jiminy! I got enough
Of that sort of thing, you bet!—
Soup's too watery and wet.
And pa had to do the chores,
'Cause I dassent go outdoors.

I was down in bed three days!
Sick in lots and lots of ways;
And they promised me some figs
And new books and guinea pigs,
And some more that I forget—
But I haven't got 'em yet!
And I foun'—jest think of it—
Two whole loads of wood to split!
—Puck.

Race of Dwarfs Once Lived in Missouri.

Workmen terracing King Hill, an old landmark of northwestern Missouri, which is to be converted into a residence suburb of St. Joseph, have unearthed a prehistoric cemetery.

The remains of a race of dwarfs, whose skeletons are only four to five feet long, have been found. They were not allied with any tribe known to have inhabited this territory and are unaccounted for by Indian legendary. Their graves are on the summit of a hill which rises abruptly from the Missouri River bottom to a height of 600 feet.

Low, flat heads, with small intelligence and marked animal propensities characterize this people. Heavy jaws and strong, well-preserved teeth carry the records of their lives forward. Brutes, human but inhumane, self-reliant, they were savages of a lower order than any we know to-day.

Yet they honored their dead. Shells such as are found on the banks of many inland streams, plentiful on the sandbars of the Missouri, overlooked by King Hill, and stones of unusual hues, worthless in the commercial marts of to day, the playthings of children, were deposited in the graves, collections gathered in loving tribute to the memory of those unknown, even in race, to the historians of to-day.

The ravages which time has wrought has left but fragmentary parts of the skeletons, which crumble into ashes upon exposure. The big plough and the scrapers, with the trampling of the horses, usually crush the brittle forms until it is difficult to restore them to human semblance.

One of the ploughs last week overturned a bunch of human hair, which, however, fell to pieces upon being handled. As preserved it presents the unmistakable evidences of hair from the head of a human being, although much of it has fallen into fine powder.

She Forgot the Flour.

She measured out the butter with a
very solemn air,
The milk and sugar also, and she took
the greatest care
To count the eggs correctly, and to add
a little bit
Of baking powder, which, you know,
beginners oft omit;
Then she stirred it all together,
And she baked it for an hour;
But she never quite forgave herself
For leaving out the flour!
—Tit-Bits.

KEEP THE OLD FRIEND.

Make new friends, but keep the old:
Those are silver, these are gold:
New made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.

Friendships that have stood the test,—
Time and change,—are surely best;
Brows may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.

For, 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew.
But old friends, alas! may die,
Now friends must their place supply.

Cherish friendship in your breast,
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold.

COPLEY'S EYEGLASSES.

We had been talking over a lively incident in the life of one of our friends—his name was Thwaites—which had led to a peculiarly strong development of that individual's nose. Three of us knew Thwaites quite well, and one of the three had told the story to the others. The fourth man did not know Thwaites personally, but he did know a story of another man of which he said, this story about Thwaites reminded him.

"You know that eyeglasses make a great difference in the looks of a man, don't they? Well, this is how Copley came to wear eyeglasses:

"His eyes? They may have suffered from the artificial help they have been getting from those glasses all these years, though I believe he has had the good sense alll along to wear simple lenses that make not the least difference to his vision. But he certainly never took up with those eyeglasses for the good of his eyes. It began in a matter of policy with Copley.

"When I knew him first we rere both students in a big London hospital, trying to become doctors.

"Copley was very much in earnest, you see. He may have been naturally disposed to have his larks in one way or another, but he always had a certain shrewdness which kept him from playing tricks calculated to bring the professor down on him. In particular he knew how good a thing it was to stand well with the dean of the faculty.

"I ought to explain, in case you do not know, that there the dean of the faculty is the professor who has held office longest, and at that particular hospital the statutes made him very much of an autocrat. For instance, there were three big 'exams' to pass in the five years, and no student could present himself at any one of these without a certificate from the hospital he belonged to that he had attended lectures and demonstrations duly and faithfully for a certain number of terms. Those certificates were signed at our hospital by the dean of the faculty alone. He took the reports of the other professors, but in the last resort his signing or not signing might be very much a matter of his own personal estimate of the individual student. See? The dean could practically stop a man from getting his degree, even if that man knew as much about medicine as Galen.

"Fortunately our dean was a good old fellow, and he used his power not only with justice, but with mercy. Perhaps his botanical studies made him mild. I have noticed that people who have much to do with plants and flowers are mostly of a gentle disposition. He was professor of 'materia medica.'

"One day he seemed fidgety and distraced when he took his place to begin the lecture. He seemed to be looking over the class in search of some one. Presently his eye fell on Copley. The old man puckered up his brow and stared at Copley through his spectacles.

"Then he began in a nervous, irritable way: 'Yes, sir, you. I don't know your name, sir. You, sir. What is your name, if you please?'

"Copley made no pretense of not seeing that he was the person in question. He frankly answered, 'My name is Copley, sir.'

"'Copley? Ah, very well, Mr. Copley,' says the old man. 'Mr. Copley, I have to tell you in the presence of this class unless your character undergoes a change you will never be fit to practice the healing art. You have no humanity, sir. You are cruel, sir—cruel.'

"Copley had no idea what the dean was talking about, and none of his friends could enlighten him. Some of the class could guess, but they did not happen to know Copley well enough to volunteer a hint. The truth was that some student had been making an ass of himself that morning with the schoolboy trick of fastening walnut shells on the feet of a cat, and then turning the beast loose in the lecture room corridor. The janitor had at last been obliged to kill the cat with a shotgun. The dean thought he had found the perpetrator of this outrage, but he was wrong. Poor Copley had not even been in the college and he knew nothing about it.

"As Copley had no idea what the lean was driving at, he could only submit to a harangue, after lecture, go and ask the dean what it all meant. But the dean only stared at Copley as a particularly imprudent specimen of a normally impudent genus—the London medical student.

"'Go away, sir. Go away, Mr. Copley, and remember that I have my eye on you.'

"But after that the dean seemed to have it in for Copley. Twice again in that same term Copley was reprimanded for outrageous behavior of which he had no sort of knowledge. The second time he was threatened with expulsion for having willfully and deliberately intoxicated a little street arab and then put him to sleep in the dissecting room, where he afterward came to himself in a terrible fright and very nearly had a fit.

"Whoever was the perpetrator of this villainy, the dean had, as he thought, the evidence of his own senses as to the perpetrator's identity.

"'I saw you, sir, when you brought that unfortunate child into the inner courtyard,' said the dean. 'I saw you and wondered what you were doing with him.'

"Copley kept his head this time. It was a very serious affair, and he saw the necessity of using all his wits.

"'The faculty never did find out who was guilty. It was a most unsatisfactory investigation. Copley's innocence was clearly established, but a disagreeable suspicion of several first-year and second-year men also grew up. Copley, I ought to say, was in his fourth year.

"The story of the street arab who had been frightened nearly to death got into the newspapers and made a sensation. There was no doubt that it would injure the reputation of the hospital. The board of directors debated over the affair at a special meeting, and all the 700 students debated over it on all occasions.

"It was a nurse—of all possible people—who gave us the first hint of a way to put a stop to the persecution of poor Copley. She was chatting with him, myself and a senior student, all of us on night duty in her ward.

"'The thing is quite plain to me,' she said. 'In fact, I believe I could put my hand on the guilty party to-morrow morning, if I wanted to. But the scandal has nearly blown over now, and the young man has been badly frightened. So we might as well let well enough alone.'

"'And how about me?' says Copley.

"'Well, then,' she said, 'Mr. Copley has a double—yes, a double. Mr. Copley's double is a young limb of Satan in his first year. I have noticed the likeness over and over again, but, as you gentlemen never see anything of the first-year students—'

"Of course, now that she had mentioned it, we all saw just how it was. The nurse did not tell us the name of this young man, but we three quietly kept on the lookout for Copley's double among the first-year men, and in less than twenty-four hours we found the double of Copley in a youth by the name of Wixem. We all three pitched upon the same man. There was no room for the least doubt. The only difference between Copley and Wixem at ten yards' range was that Wixem was already serious and even grave in his demeanor, and Copley had a gay, devil-may-care way, in spite of his troubles. Any one would have taken Wixem for a sober, earnest, ambitious student, which is just what he was not, and Copley was.

"Copley was so exasperated that he attacked Wixem on the sidewalk, just outside the principal gate of the hospital and gave him a terrible black eye. Copley was arrested by a passing policeman, but Wixem was too cunning to appear in court. He knew that people were still talking about the dissecting-room scandal.

"'Well, anyhow,' I said to Copley, 'that black eye will help the dean to distinguish between you and Wixem for some time to come.'

"But for several weeks Wixem did nothing that could get Copley into trouble. The dean looked at Copley very hard, with a puzzled expression, from time to time, and Copley bravely returned the stare.

"Then came Copley's eyeglasses.

"You see, we all, including the friendly nurse, agreed that Copley could not go on blackening Wixem's eyes periodically to keep from being mistaken for that young miscreant. So the nurse suggested that Copley would look very well, and immensely professional, in gold-rimmed eyeglasses. And after that there was no possibility of mistake."

"And so," one of the three asked, "your friend Copley stuck to the identifying glasses for life?"

"Yes, but wait a minute. The funny thing was that the first day Copley appeared in the hospital with his new glasses—I was with him at the time—he also wore a dark frock coat and a high hat, and it happened that he had never before appeared there in such a sober get-up. Just as we entered the inner courtyard, which happened to be deserted, Mr. Wixem, looking very solemn, which meant that he had been up to some devilish pranks, met us as he was coming from the museum wing. Copley glared at him, as if he would like to black his eye just once more.

"Wixem stopped short, and said: 'Why, sir, I had no idea you were in town!'

"'Hadn't you, sir?' says Copley. 'Then, sir, let me recommend you to bear in mind that I am in town.'

"Wixem only stared for a moment, said 'Oh!' in a manner that indicated both astonishment and relief, and passed on.

"'Copley,' I said, 'that young man took you for his father.'

"'I'll father him if he doesn't mind what he's about,' says Copley.

"The general effect of the eyeglasses was wonderfully effective for good in Copley's career. In the first place, the dean discovered that he had made a good man a victim of his own mistakes. He wanted to reopen the inquiry about the dissecting-room, only the board wouldn't let him. But he became a fast friend to Copley, and that fact helped him on considerably long after he had begun practice.

"No, it isn't merely as a souvenir that Copley continues to wear his glasses. The fact is that the friendly nurse wouldn't bear of his taking them off. She is Mrs. Copley now."

Friendly Assistance.

"Can I help you to anything?" asked Boarder No. 6.

"Yes," replied the newcomer at the foot of the table. "You might give me a clew to this hash."—Philadelphia North American.

REST.

REV. ANSON P. ATTERBURY, D.D.
Pastor Park Presbyterian Church,
New York City.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt., xi., 28.

The great longing of the world is for rest. The great Teacher of the world tells us how to get it.

"All ye that labor and are heavy laden"; there are many of us. There are the toilers with the body; even a day's work of eight hours makes us tired. There are the toilers of the mind, the hardest workers of all. The toilers in the field, in the mine, in the manufactory, in the office, the women toilers in the home; they all labor and are heavy laden indeed. The world is going so fast now that it takes hard work for us to keep up. See the rich man, toiling through hours of night as well as day to make and keep his millions. See the poor man, struggling painfully to earn each day or week that which shall keep him from privation for the next day or week. See the woman of fashion striving to keep up with her friends, and the woman of family endeavoring to make fitting place for her children. Worst of all are those who are heavy laden because they cannot find the chance to labor. There were many heavily burdened ones in the mining districts a few days ago. Thank God, that part of life's burden is now removed. The competition, and even the co-operation, of modern society make life heavy for men now. The nerves are giving way; the statistics of insanity and suicide prove the pressure and the need.

But underneath this toil of body and mind is a something deeper by far—the spiritual burden of mankind is the heaviest to bear. When the heart is heavy with grief, unstrung with anxiety chilled with fear, crushed by disappointment, blighted by failure, unnerved by doubt, the labor of life becomes incalculably heavier.

What makes all this unnecessary burden-bearing for man now? Is it that our social system is at fault? Undoubtedly this is true to a considerable extent, though the panacea of socialism will not cure the trouble, for the cause lies deeper. It lies in the mind and heart of man. Men think and want more now than ever before, hence the burden of life is heavier in our day than at any time in the history of the race. The imagination of man is active now, arousing desire and resulting in a sense of dissatisfaction that makes life hard. When these desires are low and selfish—that is, sinful—the full pathos and terror of the picture are presented. Men labor and are heavy laden now, not so much from the necessity or hardship of work, but because these selfish desires drive them restlessly onward and lead them into inharmony with God's great order of good. It is at bottom the discord of human will with divine law that is the motif of the deep-toned oratorio of human woe. Can rest come to such burdened men? Mere relief from work will not bring rest. Hear Goethe:—

> Rest is not quitting
> The busy career;
> Rest is the fitting
> Of self to its sphere.

There is needed this fitting of the desire and effort of man to his environment. God's plan and providence for the world, God's will for each man in it, is the sphere to which a man must be fitted; and only by fitting the self to this can real rest be found. It is thus that Christ's prescription for rest reads, as we see in the explanatory words that follow our text—"Take my yoke upon you . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls." At first it seems strange to seek rest by submitting to a yoke, but soon we see the deep reason. When Christ says "my yoke" He means the yoke that He Himself was wearing, and what that was is told to us in the Bible: "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." The Master Himself said:—"I do always the things that please Him." And in the supreme test of His life He revealed the spirit that controlled Him as in the darkness he prayed:—"If this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done." That was Christ's yoke, the Father's will. Obedience to God is the yoke by submission to which we may reach rest. Obedience to God is the fitting of self to its sphere. Obedience to God is the step into that great harmony through which alone the sense of true restfulness comes to the soul of a man. Obedience to God involves the curbing of ambition and discontent and selfish desire, that make largely the burdens of life. Obedience to God is the key to the sweet chamber of rest.

Thus Christ gives to us rest. By His words, by His life, by His death, through His Spirit, He leads us, if we will, under the yoke that He Himself wore—obedience. Into the soul of a man thus submitting to this yoke there steals blessedly the sense of forgiveness, of trust, of contentment, of harmony, of "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," that is like the rest of those saved ones who stand before His throne.

Who is He who thus says, "Come unto me . . . and rest?" What a sense of divine consciousness blazes from Him in this moment of wonderful utterance! Some one has said:—"Imagine Shakespeare saying this!" Christ's own life on earth illustrates the rest that He gives, for in the awful storm of human passion around Him His life was calm and serene, like the central point of a calm in a cyclone. This is the rest of the life hid with Christ in God.

Examination Answers.

After the patient study of some two thousand examination papers a weary examiner finds some compensation in reflecting that he has made acquaintance with some two thousand new characters (says a correspondent of The Morning Past, who gives some amusing examples of errors in examination papers). The writer was the examiner, the subject was English history, and the age of the children varied from twelve to fourteen.

Mrs. ——— and the examiner fears Mr. — Malaprop are frequently met with. He cites the following examples:—

"The Black Prince extinguished himself at Crecy. He afterwards returned home shaggered with health and debts."

Wat Tyler "led the pheasants' revolt he was himself a pheasant."

Richard I. was taken prisoner by the Duke of Austria; he was afterwards ransacked.

The following is from a Euclid paper:—

"An angle is the exclamation made by two lines on meeting in a plain."

All children love the picturesque; some confuse it with the grotesque, as for instance:—

The tax-gatherer, as he was called, insulted the daughter of Wat Tyler as he was collecting the money. Wat, who was on the tiles, hearing the noise, came down and hit the man on the head with a hammer.

When the White Ship went down Prince William sailed away on a piece of wood, and waved his handkerchief, and was picked up by a passing vessel.

The Black Prince was walking across the battlefield one day when he came across the corpse of the old King of Bolivia; he took off the King's crown and pulled out the three ostrich feathers, which are now worn by the Prince of Wales.

Finally there is the moralist:—(Of Richard I. at Chalûz) "And there he died in his lust for gold."

"Magna Charta was signed for King John, and has been signed thirty-two times, and if it is God's will, we all sincerely hope that King Edward the Seventh will sign it."

Admiral de Horsey.

During the Colonial Conference at London Admiral de Horsey sent to the participants, as well as to other British statesmen, a copy of his paper on "Imperial Defence and Trade Prosperity." The gallant Admiral contends that the safety of the empire depends upon a homogeneous fleet, and, that being so, the colonies should not be asked to maintain separate navies. "But," he continues, "it is surely reasonable that all self-governing colonies should tax themselves for the maintenance of the Imperial fleet which defends them, and that their citizens should be admitted to serve in the fleet on equal terms with natives of the British Isles. If this be granted, it of course follows that taxation involves representation. We cannot justly ask the colonies to assist in defending the empire without giving them their share of voice in our policy. And this should be done by no half measures; some method must be found of affording them full representation (possibly by deputies if so desired) in both Houses of an Imperial Parliament and in the Sovereign's Privy Council. Until this is done there can be nothing approaching to Imperial federation. The second chief point for discussion—that of import and export duties—will perhaps mainly interest the distinguished colonial delegates now assembled. Conflicting interests and old prejudices may prevent a thorough system. Nevertheless, there appears to be but one sound common-sense principle for adoption sooner or later, viz., free trade between every British community, and protection against the foreigner. For this system the empire is peculiarly adapted, as, with every variety of climate, almost any product is obtainable from British territory." He earnestly urges consideration of these views.

Admiral Horsey served on the Pacific coast in 1844-5-6-7, and again in 1876-7-8-9, being Commander-in-Chief during the latter period. He also served during the Fenian raid troubles of 1866, and his frigate, the Aurora, was frozen in at Quebec in the winter of 1866-67. The crew on that occasion constructed an ingenious suspension bridge from the vessel to the shore, using the ship's cables for that purpose.

French Dog Fanciers.

According to The London Daily Mail, from whose columns the accompanying illustration is taken, French dog fanciers are busily engaged just now in detracting the British bulldog, claiming that the French-bred animal, though much smaller, is a superior animal not alone in mental but in fighting qualities. Mr. George R. Sims, the well-known writer and journalist, who has probably the finest lot of bulldogs in Britain, has answered the "libel," and a warm exchange through the columns of several newspapers of both countries is now in progress.

Rocks and Trees.

Below them, as far as the eye could see in both directions, stretched a yawning chasm.

In front of them stood the massive boulders, grey, cold, silent as they had stood since time immemorial.

Behind these rose majestically the forest primeval; tall pines, that had grown for centuries, undisturbed by the axe of civilization.

The scene was inspiring, awful.

To think that since the very beginning of the world, perhaps, these rocks and trees had heard no sound save the monotonous murmurings of the wind; no change, save the daily rising and setting of the sun!

Is it any wonder that the chasm yawned?

Kitty—Tell me the truth, Belle, did you scream when he kissed you?

Belle—I should have done so if it had been possible. I didn't scream when he began because I just wanted to see if he had the assurance to do such a thing; while he was in the act of kissing I could not for obvious reasons use for screaming lips that were otherwise employed; and when it was all over a scream would have done no good.—Boston Transcript.

About Chicago.

Mr. John Foster Fraser, a Scottish journalist who recently spent some time in the United States studying the social and municipal conditions of the country, has been guilty of the heinous crime of saying that Chicago is not as nice a city as it might be. In fact, in an article published in The Glasgow Herald, he said: "By day it is all feverish money-making. By night it is riotous debauchery. . . . Chicago is out-and-out pagan," and several other things of a similar character. This plain language has shocked the Chicago newspapers, and they are hysterically heaping denunciation upon the man who wielded the pen that slandered the home of "Hinky Dink," "Bath House John" and the centre of the pork-packing industry. All the papers state frankly that Mr. Fraser's article, in so far as it relates, to quote one of them, to "the handling of freight by the great railroads which centre here, is an intelligent and instructive study, written with a proper sense of proportion." But his references to municipal affairs and conditions, and society and business life, are treated as only Chicago editors can treat them. They seem to have stirred up also the United States Consul at Leeds, who writes to one Chicago paper hotly criticizing Mr. Fraser's article and wrathfully referring to that gentleman as a "smell-fungus." Mr. Fraser visited Chicago at the wrong time. If he had gone when the city was suffering from one of its spasmodic waves of reform he would have got enough material from the columns of the Chicago newspapers themselves to have convinced the people in the old land that Chicago was utterly and absolutely beyond all hope of redemption. In fact, a few extracts from the Chicago papers, under such circumstances, would have been sufficient to melt the presses in a "douce" Scotch newspaper office. Mr. Fraser must needs make a visit, however, when Chicago newspapers were busy with the strike and State politics, and instead of getting his information from them, he had to go around, find things out for himself, and draw his own conclusions.

Easily Changed.

Thomas M. Patterson, the new Senator from Colorado, is principally known in his State for the frequency with which he changes his politics, says The Minneapolis Journal. Within the last eight years he has been a Democrat, then a Populist, and then a Democrat again, besides supporting independent local tickets at various times in Denver. In Washington last winter they were telling a story of something that happened in Denver once. A young and green political canvasser had been put on to canvass the election district in which Mr. Patterson lived. He rang the bell of the magnificent Patterson home at the corner of Pennsylvania and Eleventh avenues, and of the sable servitor who appeared demanded the name of the occupant.

"Mistah Tom Patterson," responded the colored boy.

"What are his politics?" asked the canvasser, adhering strictly to his list of printed questions.

"Why, laws-a-massy, boss," said the serving man, "I don't know. He ain't been home since breakfast."

"Where Merit Counts."

The New York Evening Post recently published a two-column-long article under the heading, "Where Merit Counts," in which the police forces of London and New York are compared, and from which the following extracts are taken:—

"Both the 'system' and the 'personnel' of the two forces are altogether different. In London the supreme government of the Metropolitan Police is vested in the Chief Commissioner, and although he is appointed and nominally acts under the control of the Home Secretary, his office and action are absolutely free from political or party influence. The Commissioner is chosen not on account of his political creed, but for his sterling ability to efficiently fill the post. He must be a thorough soldier of great experience and distinction, a strong disciplinarian, a fearless administrator, free from party, personal or monetary influence, of undoubted integrity, and the soul of honor. It matters not which political party be in power. The slightest suspicion of any partisanship on the part of the Chief, or in fact of any of his subordinates, would entail very serious consequences upon the delinquent. In the same way, the personnel of the force is constituted. Candidates for the London Metropolitan Police must be men of unquestionable reputation, constitutionally strong, of good physical mien, intelligent, and, above all, honest. They are carefully trained in military fashion, taught to be scrupulous and honorable, kind, attentive and courteous, and, last, but not least, to be faithful to duty. They are well clothed, well kept, and take a pride in their personal appearance. Their hours on duty are reasonable, and their pay is sufficient. When special occasions require extra work they are suitably recompensed. Promotions depend entirely upon personal merit, and, as the higher offices are filled by examination test, it becomes the ambition of every constable to qualify himself by self-education during off-duty hours to improve his position. . . . To sum up, the Metropolitan Police are the very embodiment of duty; they know neither fear nor favor; their dignified and official appearance commands respect, and in many creates terror. The unfortunate or indiscreet miscreant who falls foul of the police in London must needs plead in vain for mercy or consideration. He is an offender, that is enough, and he must march off to the nearest police station to render an account of himself, and, if necessary, submit himself respectfully to law and justice, whether he be Peer or pauper, saint or criminal, relation or friend.

"Great Scott!" cried the summer hotel guest, as he looked at his bill, "you're charging twice what you did last summer."

"Of course," replied the proprietor, calmly. "We didn't expect to do it at the beginning of the season, but we had such a rainy July that there was nothing doing, and so these August prices are necessary."

"But I wasn't to blame for the rain," protested the guest.

"Neither was I," replied the landlord, in a tone that seemed to indicate that this settled the matter.

And it did.—Chicago Post.

The Mutton Breeds of Sheep.

But few sheep are kept on farms, but they pay well, considering their cost. Farmers who make a specialty of sheep find it profitable to give up the best pastures for that purpose, but as a rule sheep are kept by some farmers simply to serve as scavengers. As the sheep will consume young weeds, shoots and many kinds of herbage that is refused by larger stock, they find the greater portion of their food, and need but little grain. To make a profit on sheep the plan of giving them the poorest and most inferior foods will not lead to the best results. It is a system that belongs to the past, and prevents improvement of the breeds. It is a fact well known that there are farmers who have persistently refused to grade up their flocks by the use of males of the large breeds, because it lessens the foraging capacity and activity of members of the flock; and if improvement was made at any time, in order to avoid too close inbreeding, only the Merino or Southdown was resorted to, they being the smallest of the improved breeds. With the attention given principally to the growing of wool the farmers have failed to take advantage of the profits that can be derived from mutton. Those that have not inspected the mutton breeds cannot realize the great improvement that has been made in the size of such sheep, and also in the quality of the meat therefrom. No animal has been brought to a higher point of excellence than the sheep. Highly-fed lambs have been made to weigh 100 pounds (live weight) when three months old. In the face of these facts it is not surprising that those who fail to improve with the Oxfords, Shropshires or Hampshires find it impossible to derive a profit. The large breeds of sheep cannot be turned out on an inferior pasture to be compelled to find their food. They must, like the steer, be made to produce as much as possible in the shortest period of time. They will not grow rapidly and fatten readily if they are to forage over the whole farm and be forced to work for all they get. The foraging system will answer for the Merino, but the heavy breeds do not thrive so well in large numbers. Only the best of pastures, the flocks divided, and a mess of grain at night, will force them. True, it requires more labor and care, but it pays, and as the matter of sheep-raising is one for profit the labor will always be paid for before the estimate of profit can be made. If more money can be made on one good sheep than from three inferior ones it is a waste of time and pasture to keep the natives. The greatest profit is derived from the mutton breeds, and the best pastures on the farm can be given up to them with profit.—Philadelphia Record.

An Old Alehouse.

The George Inn, in the Village of Norton St. Philip, Somerset, is supposed to be the oldest licensed village alehouse in England, the license dating from 1397. The building is of great age, and proves a great attraction to visitors, whilst innumerable cyclists make it their rendezvous. Its appearance is eminently picturesque, each story overhanging that beneath, whilst the front is broken by bay windows, a porch and a flight of stone steps leading to a doorway in the wall. At the back of the premises are more quaint doors and windows, a turret built against the wall, and an outside stair; in the yard still remains a portion of the old gallery, which, in the middle ages, was found in so many hostelries. Each gable is surmounted by a curious chimney, and a peculiar feature of the interior is the upper floor, this being of plaster. When the inn was built, 500 years ago, the lands of Norton St. Philip belonged to Hinton Abbey, three miles distant. In those days Norton was noted for its cloth fair, and the inn, it is supposed, was built by the monks of Hinton as a hostel for the traders. In June, 1865, it was occupied by the Duke of Monmouth, who, at Norton St. Philip, gained the one success of his otherwise disastrous campaign. His outposts managed to repulse the advance guard of Feversham's army with the loss of more than a hundred men. Against this, however, must be recorded the attempt on Monmouth's life. There was a reward for his body, living or dead, and as he stood at the window of the George Inn he was shot at. But the would-be assassin missed him, and the unfortunate Duke was reserved for a worse fate on Tower Hill.

Grade Your Apples Honestly.

Let those who are barreling apples this fall bear in mind that it does not pay to mix inferior grades with better stock, and try to pass them off in the middle of the barrels. Purchasers are much more watchful than formerly, and your whole stock is liable to be graded down to the lowest. There is so much scabby fruit this fall that the temptation will be very great to work off some of it under the false brand. The best way will be to grade your fruit thoroughly; sell the second grade as honestly as you do the first, and then into the cider the third grade, unless you can use a part of it in your family. If more cider is made than is needed, there should be a row of casks, forming vinegar, in your cellar all the time. If you get an honest reputation for pure cider vinegar you will get a good market for it. It is worth twenty cents a gallon if it be kept strictly pure, and you will find that city customers take it up gladly and greedily as soon as they find that they can trust you.

I do not think it will pay this fall to store a very large stock of apples, with the expectation that prices will be as high as last spring; yet we may be sure that prices are never coming down again to the old level of from $1 to $2 a barrel. This is a good fall to introduce into your own barn buildings a cider press. It will cost you very little, and you will be surprised to find how easily it can be run—of course, all the more easily if you have a gasoline engine. I would have one, however, engine or not. Then I would have every apple picked up and kept picked up—allowing nothing to rot—and grind into cider once or twice a week. My neighbors, and the young fellows from a neighboring college, like a jug of new cider, and it won't hurt them.—E. P. P., in New York Tribune.

The British Shorthorn Sales.

The usual series of autumn Shorthorn sales opened in Aberdeenshire on Tuesday, Oct. 7, the first offering consisting of this season's crop of bull calves from the well-known herds of W. S. Marr of Uppermill and Mr. Wm. Duthie of Collynie. There was a large attendance, not only of home buyers, but of breeders from Canada, the United States and Argentina, and the prices realized were very satisfactory. Mr. Marr had the two highest-priced animals in the sale, viz., Royal Diamond, by Lapton Diamond, which brought 320 guineas. Fifteen calves from Uppermill sold for £1,771 7s, an average of £118 1s 9d. Mr. Duthie's highest-priced calf was Golden Drop Pride, by Pride of Morning, which brought 250 guineas, but the demand for the Collynie bulls was very level, and the eighteen head offered brought a total of £2,084 5s, an average of £115 15s 10d. Ten cows and heifers were also sold from the Collynie herd for £291, 18s, an average of £29 3s.

On Oct. 8 a large draft from the Newton, Pirriesmill and Whiteside herds was put up for sale, and very fair prices were realized. Eighteen head from Newton made an average of £41, 15s 4d; fourteen bulls from Pirriesmill averaged £42, 13s, 6d, and twelve head from Whiteside averaged £43 16s 9d. On the same day thirty-five head from the Piteraigie herd averaged £22 16s 7d, while on the succeeding day a large consignment, consisting principally of females from the Jackston and Westertown herds, was offered before a large attendance of buyers. Twenty-nine head from Jackston made an average of £71 17s, and thirty-one from Westertown £43 8s 9d. Among the buyers at this sale were a number of Canadians, who picked up most of the good things. Some of the Canadian breeders now in the old country are Messrs. Johnson, Miller, Flatt, Barnett, Pettit, Alton and Rankin.

F. W. Hodson,
Live Stock Commissioner.

The Deadly
Prescription Utterly Fails
to cure itching and disfiguring skin diseases. But
Dr. Agnew's Ointment
cures, no matter what other or how many other applications have failed.

Madam used it and got well, and she keeps it for her friends and her children, having learned it is a neverfail in the treatment of piles, and in tetter, saltrheum, ringworm, eczema, barber's itch, and all skin eruptions. Price, 35c.

The Sisters at St. Joseph's Infant Home at South Troy, N. Y., state:

"Many children come to our home covered with Eczema. We would like to buy your ointment by the pound."

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills
are the most effective pills—while milder in action, more quickly setting free the digestive canal. 40 doses, 10 cents. 8.

Crop Bound Fowls.

Some of the fowls that have free range during the autumn months are very likely to become crop bound. This condition is caused by their eating long strands of frost-killed grass, which wind into a ball and gradually include within their folds all that enters the crop. The fowl eats ravenously, but the food does her no good, as nothing can pass beyond the crop; if not relieved she must soon starve. If taken in hand at the start, the congested food can be made to pass by kneading with the fingers, but the fowl's condition is not likely to be noticed until the crop is very full, and the violent choking-like efforts call attention to the case.

The remedy then is to take a sharp penknife and make an incision into the crop, large enough to clean out its entire contents easily. Wash the crop out with warm water, and then with a fine needle and silk thread sew up the opening, also the incision in the outer skin. Put the fowl in a coop alone, feed her on soft feed, and in a few days she will be all right.—B.H.

Care Must be Used.

The following paragraph, clipped from an English newspaper, shows what vigilant care is exercised by mining officials to prevent accidents:—"William Thos. Taylor, a colliery ostler at Abertillery, West Monmouth, was convicted of having a pipe, box of matches and a box of tobacco in his possession in the pit. The Magistrates inflicted the maximum punishment of three months' imprisonment in the second division, without the option of a fine." Taylor had been suspected of smoking in the mine occasionally, and thus endangering the lives of hundreds of men, although no evidence of an actual offence was given, and most people will agree that his punishment is well deserved.

An English Lighthouse.

The most extraordinary of all British lighthouses is to be found on Arnish Rock, Stornoway Bay—a rock which is separated from the Island of Lewis by a channel over 500 feet wide. On this rock a conical beacon is erected, and on its summit a lantern is fixed, from which night after night shines a light which is seen by the fishermen far and wide. The way in which this lighthouse is illuminated is this:—On the Island of Lewis is a lighthouse, and from a window in the tower a stream of light is projected on to a mirror in the lantern on the summit of Arnish Rock. The consequence is that to all intents and purposes a lighthouse exists which has neither lantern nor lighthouse-keeper.

Humor of the Hour.

"That young doctor says he is treating some swell patients."

"People with pedigrees?"

"No; people with mumps."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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"An ideal match," they say, indicating the new married couple. "Eminently suited to each other," they continue.

Here they pause and watch the happy pair.

"Seems like a made-to-order meeting of affinities," they conclude. "He is a vegetarian and she is a grass widow."—Judge.

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Apropos of the story of Bishop Potter having indulged in the Virginia reel at the recent wedding of his new stepson, comes the story to the effect that when the party were taking their places one of the gentlemen was being coached in the intricacies of the figures.

"Oh, it is perfectly simple," explained his fair partner, "the gentlemen stand on this side and the ladies on the other, then the first couple balance down the middle and back, then they swing each lady and gentleman alternately down the line, then march on the outside to the head, and again balance down the centre and take their place at the foot, then the next couple do the same thing."

"I see, the gentlemen come down in regular succession, do they not?"

"Precisely—all except the Bishop—he comes down in Apostolic succession."—New York Times.

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"Gimme one," remarked the sad-eyed man, as he laid five cents down on the counter in the kitchen-furnishings house and picked up a coffee pot.

"Come again," replied the slangy clerk. "Those pots are sixty-nine cents."

"Sixty-nine cents!" repeated the sad-eyed man. "Then you want to get after your promoter of publicity who writes your signs. The one in the window says: 'New line of nickel coffee pots.' I thought you were having a bargain sale."—Cincinnati Commercial.

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"It must make those poor horses dreadfully tired to go running round the race course," said the sympathetic woman.

"No," replied the guiltless man who bets, "the horses are all right. It's the man who went over there with a sure tip who is tired."

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Observing the unmistakable Erin brogue of one of the Central Park attendants, a visitor who was strolling through the park remarked to him:

"You come from the old country, don't you?"

"An' shure, Oi do."

"Have you been long out?"

"Oh, bedad, if Oid lived in th' ould counthry as long as Oive lived in New York Oi guess Oid b' th' owldest man in the city."

"You're a pretty old man, then!"

"Oim ouldet than me faythet—bless his sowl—if he lived till nixt October he'd be did this twinty yeers."—New York Times.

+++

"But can you cook?" asked the prosaic young man.

"Let us take these questions up in their proper order," returned the wise girl. "The matter of cooking is not the first to be considered."

"Then what is the first?" he demanded.

"Can you provide the things to be cooked?"

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She—He's very much in love with his wife. He says if she should die he doesn't know what he'd do.

He—What's the matter? Hasn't he got money enough to bury her?—Philadelphia Press.

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Dick—I say, Harry, can you change a $5 bill for me?

Harry—I guess so (producing the notes); yes, here you are.

Dick—Thanks, old chappie; when I get a $5 bill I will hand it to you. So long.—Boston Transcript.

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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?" "The 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."

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He Offered Her
His Heart.

"But, do you take Dr. Agnew's Cure? If not, you know, I couldn't risk accepting it," she said.

She is wise. His heart may be disordered and his life in danger.

No matter how strong his heart is, Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure will make it stronger and his system healthier. No matter how weak from any disease, it would put him on his feet physically.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets
give the stomach a vacation by digesting the food for it. Pineapple will digest beef or the greasiest of food. Dyspeptics eat heartily and laugh and grow fat while getting cured by this cure. Price 35c. 30

HERO OF TWO CONTINENTS

Marquis De Lafayette's Statue in the Court of the Louvre.

THE United States and France have always had the warmest feelings of friendship for each other since the Revolutionary war, when the American colonies were so sadly in need of friends and were so grateful for the aid and personal services of the Marquis de Lafayette, and a number of other Frenchmen.

This friendship has often been expressed by the making of public gifts from the people of one country to another. The first gift was that made by the King and Queen of France, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, of a tea service of Sevres china to Mrs. Washington. Many of the pieces of this famous and almost priceless ware are in the china cabinets at the White House. The government of France presented to the people of the United States, in 1886, the colossal statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, by Bartholdi, that stands at the entrance to New York harbor on Bedloe's Island. The women of the United States presented to France an equestrian statue of Washington, by Daniel C. French and Edward C. Potter. And as an assurance that the friendship between the two countries was to continue, the school children of the United States made a gift to France of an equestrian statue of Lafayette, by Paul Bartlett.

This noble figure stands in the Court of the Louvre, Paris, unveiled on the Fourth of July with public ceremonies, and in the presence of thousands of Americans, and of people from other countries. The placing of the group in the Court of the Louvre is a great honor. The Louvre was once the chief royal palace of France, and for four hundred years kings and emperors and republican governments have added to it and enriched it, until now it is one of the most beautiful works of architecture of the world. Since the downfall of the old monarchy in 1793 it has been a museum of art, and it now contains a collection of statuary and paintings that is second only to that of the Vatican in Rome.

IN MILITARY COURT COSTUME.

This statue of Lafayette was designed to be in harmony with the palace, whose west front is in classical style, with more than 500 pairs of Corinthian columns. The Marquis is represented in military court costume with riding boots, cocked hat and sword, but also in embroidered velvet coat, lace ruffles and powdered hair. His horse is groomed in the stiff fashion of classic days, with braided mane and clubbed tail. This is all very characteristic of Lafayette who remained a courtier and member of the old nobility to the end of his days, and at the same time was the daring leader of a new era. When he first saw the American flag he said that the tricolor would go around the world until all men were free and self-governing. Fourteen years later he dared, in the early days of the French revolution, to befriend the unhappy King and Queen and to try to save them from a violent death. He was probably the only man in France who could have done that and himself have escaped death.

In this statue he is represented as a young man; he was, in fact, only 20 years old, when in 1777, he offered his sword to the cause of freedom. He lived to be nearly 80 and took part in all the political changes in France up to 1835.

In 1824 he revisited the United States and was present at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument. He visited Andrew Jackson at the old log cabin Hermitage in Tennessee, was entertained at St. Louis, and at Kaskaskia on the Mississippi, in the first capital of Illinois that now lies in the bed of the river. The whole country did him honor and his trip that extended over several months, and was made in steamboats, on horseback and in stage coaches, was a series of splendid public entertainments.

There are men living who remember the white haired Marquis (who was then 68 years old) and his affable manner and keen interest in the wonderful development of this country. To the Indians he was a hero, and many a sulky chief traveled from his home on the plains to grasp the delicate, blue-veined hands that had struck such good blows in the cause of freedom. To American school children he will always remain one of the great men of the world. So it is fitting that their gift to France should be a statue of his hero of both countries.

Child Life in Liberia.

"When a child is born in Liberia some member of the family is sent at once to the devil doctor to inquire who it is and what its name shall be," says a missionary who has had charge of the Garraway Mission in Liberia for twelve years, according to an exchange.

"He goes to the top of the house, taking with him a horn, which he blows to call the devil, because it is he who is supposed to tell who it is that has returned to the world. The Liberians believe that every baby is some deceased member of the family come back to live among them.

"A young mother is never allowed to care for her own child, but is compelled to give it to an older woman to be cared for. These nurses may be seen out of doors any morning, sitting on upright sticks of wood, rubbing the inside of the babies' throats with pepper, until the poor infants are half strangled and altogether miserable with nauseа. After this heroic treatment they are laid to sleep on a floor mat by the fire and the fittest survive.

"A Liberian woman can command the services of her sons-in-law for certain duties, and whatever their obligations may be they must obey her. Girl babies are welcomed in consequence, among these people."

Some men act toward their wives as if they had conferred a great favor in marrying them.

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 MAKING YOUR 'XMAS PURCHASES

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.

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 Christmas Groceries

IS FRESH, CHOICE AND COMPLETE.

MORRIS & STEED,

Front Street.

BEAUTIFUL

'Xmas Cards

CALENDARS BOOKLETS

Something Entirely New

SOLD ONLY BY

Canada Drug & Book Co

NOTES OF NEWS

Fresh Candies at Manning's.

J. M. Doyle went south to Grand Forks yesterday for a few days.

—A nice line of "G. B." Chocolates just opened up at C. B. Hume & Co's.

Don't forget the Band Boys Ball on New Year's Eve in the Opera House.

—Lemons and Confectionery at Manning's.

Geo. S. McCarter and A. McDonell were visitors to Ferguson last week.

—Christmas Confectionery at Manning's, McKenzie avenue.

A. M. Pinkham left Sunday morning for Calgary where he will spend Christmas.

Miss Dent, of the public school staff, left yesterday morning to spend her holidays at Rossland.

—A sensible Christmas box—a Singer Sewing Machine, H. Manning, agent.

Mrs. J. J. Foley returned home on Monday morning after a few days' visit with Mts. F. McCarty.

—The Revelstoke Wine & Spirit Co. request their friends to get their orders in early so as not to make too big a rush at the last moment.

The Ladies Aid of the Hospital Society will meet on Tuesday next in Selkirk Hall at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

—Perfumes—We keep the best and have them in fancy boxes, perfume atomizers, etc. Canada Drug & Book Co.

Messrs. C. Macdowell, H. Bodien, Clark and Darragh, well known miners of Fish River, spent a few days in town last week.

Andy Ferguson came in on Monday morning from Victoria. Mr. Ferguson will visit Ontario before returning to his home on the coast.

—The Revelstoke Wine & Spirit Co. are prepared to fill Christmas orders of not less than two gallons, or one case, but, if so desired, several varieties of wines and spirits can be put into one package.

W. B. Pool came up on Saturday evening from Ferguson and went south Monday morning to Waneta to arrange for the shipping of the stamp mill to the Oyster group near Goldfields.

—Books—This year we have some of the choicest and daintiest bound books for 'Xmas gifts by far the best ever shewn in Revelstoke. Come and see the variety at the Canada Drug & Book Co.

The two young sons of John Caley of the City Hotel, who have been attending school at New Westminster for the past term, returned Sunday morning to spend Christmas with their parents.

C. J. Diamond, merchant of Goldfields, came up on Saturday, and met Mrs. Diamond and son, who have been visiting friends on the coast for the past two months. They went south to their home at Goldfields Sunday morning.

Band at the rink tomorrow night.

H. Clarke, of the C. P. R. yard crew, left yesterday morning on a holiday trip to Rossland and Nelson.

Mrs. Walley, of Nelson, is in the city on a visit to her sister in-law, Mrs. G. M. Clark.

There will be a big turkey shoot and dance at the Prospector's Exchange, Beaton, tomorrow.

Capt. Roman came in from Goldfields on Monday and returned south this morning.

John Ennest, Mrs. Ennest and family went south to Camborne this morning from the coast.

E. McAdam left for Vancouver last night with his daughters on a holiday visit to friends.

The merchants of the city report a large increase in business over last year.

W. A. Foote leaves about the first of the year on a visit to his home in Nova Scotia.

Next Wednesday the annual New Year's Ball will be held at the Halcyon Hot Springs.

The post office staff has been kept very busy the past week with Christmas mail.

The Presbyterian Sunday school Christmas tree entertainment will be held in the church on Friday evening next.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McNeil leave tomorrow morning for Quebec, where they will spend the winter with friends and relatives.

R. McLellan, C. P. R. passenger brakeman, between Kamloops and Laggan, is spending Christmas in the city with friends.

Alfred McPherson, who has been employed for the past few months on the Oyster Group, is spending Christmas in the city.

—For Revelstoke Souvenirs go to the Canada Drug & Book Co.'s store. They keep them. Very suitable for 'Xmas gifts.

Vincent Lade, manager of the Oyster group near Goldfields was in town for a few days and returned to the property this morning.

The Ladies Aid of the Hospital Society have rented the lodge room in the Selkirk hall for their meetings for the winter months.

—Handsleds. Rocking Chairs for children and Morris chairs, rocking horses, toy horses, etc.—all prices at the Canada Drug & Book Co.

Messrs. Kennedy Bros. came in from the Oyster Group on Monday evening and are stopping at the Victoria Hotel.

Don't forget the pretty drama "Timothy Tack Hammer's Toy Shop," to be presented in Tapping's opera house by the English church Sunday school on the 30th.

Mr. F. Young was the lucky holder of ticket No. 219 which won the silk quilt raffled by the Ladies Auxiliary of the B. of R. T. Friday afternoon last.

E. A. Bradley, manager of the Duquesne Mining Co., returned on Monday evening from a three weeks' visit to New York, Pittsburg and Chicago, in the interests of his company.

The HERALD regrets to chronicle the death of the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Newman, which occurred at Arrowhead yesterday morning. The remains were brought to town from the south last night, and the funeral will take place to the Revelstoke cemetery from the residence of Mr. Wm. Newman at 1 o'clock today.

Christmas services will be held in the Methodist church on Sunday next, both morning and evening. In the evening the prelude will be the Referendum in Ontario, and the subject of the sermon will be, "The Desire of all Nations Shall Come." Some new anthems will be rendered by the choir.

Carload of Eastern Apples;
Carload of Coal Oil;
Carload of Feed;
Carload of Smoked Meats; now unloading at C. B. Hume & Co's.

Ophir-Lade Syndicate.

At the meeting of the directors of the Ophir-Lade Mining Syndicate, Limited last week the following attended: F. W. Godsal of Pincher Creek, Alberta; W. B. Pool of Ferguson; Jno. J. Young, M.L.A., of Calgary; Jas. A. Lade, superintendent of the mine; B. Crilly, superintendent of the Nettie L; S. Sutherland of Ferguson and Robt. Hodge, the company's solicitor and secretary. Several shareholders, including J. Ennest, E. Hillman, J. B. Otto, Dr. Newcombe, Wm. MacDonald, J. N. Black and A. H. Holdich, were also in town and took part in discussions as to the policy and future of the syndicate.

It was decided at the meeting to complete the arrangements for shipping the ten stamp mill, tramway and water power to the site secured on Pool creek. The machinery, which is now on the way includes a modern Fraser & Chalmers stamp mill, vanners, crushers, cable tram, 150 horse power Pelton wheel and 250 feet of 12 inch water pipe for same.

The syndicate's claims on Fish creek consist of the Criterion, Oyster, Rossland, Imperial, Balfour, Mascott and Gold Bug near Goldfields, which form a complete crescent on three sides of the well known Eva group, lying higher up the mountain than the latter and taking in the Eva ledges as well as a number of others.

The claims purchased by the syndicate from the Lade Bros., on Gainer creek, include the Ophir, Goldenville, Olive, Mabel, Foundation, Annie L, Famous and Two and a Half, which carry phenomenal values in telluride and gold quartz. The total number of claims is fourteen.—Ferguson Eagle.

Union Cigar Factory.

H. A. Brown, proprietor of the Union Cigar Factory, is sending out a handsome Christmas present to his friends and customers in the shape of a cigar case filled with the best brands of union made cigars "Our Special and Union."

Notice.

A meeting of the Ladies Aid of the Hospital Society will be held in the lodge room of Selkirk Hall on Tuesday next at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

M. K. LAWSON,
Secretary.

Notice.

The public are hereby notified that I am not reponsible for any debts contracted by Mrs. B. E. Davis (calling herself Mrs. Romans). Parties giving her credit on my name do so at their own risk.

N. P. ROMAN.

Revelstoke, Dec. 22nd, 1902.

The Quadrille Club meets in Selkirk Hall on Friday night.

Bikes and Advertising.

A good lesson for advertisers and non-advertisers alike is afforded by the history of the bicycle industry, which not many years ago was one of the best advertised commodities on the market. "Brands" of every kind were exploited, and it will be remembered that there were but few men, women and even children who were not the happy possessors of a wheel. Today there is not one wheel seen where there used to be a dozen. The cause is not difficult to find. The manufacturers, like a certain individual of old days, waxed fat and would fain wax fatter. So they gathered themselves together and formed themselves into a trust. "Come," they said, "let us combine and all pull together and then we shall see that the would-be wheelmen must come our way and take our wares. And lo, we shall save many thousands of dollars because there will be no competition and we need not advertise. We shall own the earth." And they did even so. No longer did bicycle ads. appear, and now bicycles are disappearing in consequence. The moral is plain, and every trader can with advantage apply it to himself. Without advertising business is dead. And the moral applies to other branches of trade than bicycles. The London News, which notices the collapse, very fitly arrives at this conclusion, which cannot be questioned: "The bicycle trust's experience furnishes an object lesson for those gentlemen who consider advertising a waste of money. They may live on past reputation for a while, but they will wake up some day to find that the fellow who advertises is cutting in on their trade, and then, maybe, 'twill be too late."—Ottawa Free Press.

Cement works with a capital of two millions and a half are to be located at Point Ann, 4 miles from Belleville Ont.

Three cases of smallpox have been discovered in a family named Dickson, on Woodstock gravel road, near Woodstock, Ont.

There was a large crowd at the rink Friday evening last when the Independent Band was in attendance. The gasoline lamps have been installed in the rink and the public can depend on good light at all times now.

The Canadian Pacific Railway will issue tickets to local points during the holidays at a fare and one-third for the round trip. Tickets good going December 23rd, 24th, 25th, 30th, 31st and Jan. 1st, good to return up to and including January 8rd, 1903.

President Roosevelt has been presented formally with a card of honorary membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Honorary membership in the organization was conferred upon him when he attended the convention held in the Chatanooga. Grand Master Hannah made the presentation speech.

Copies of two new songs have reached the HERALD from Toronto. They are "The Bitter Tear," an African requiem, and "The Vanished Hand," both by Edward R. Hoogs, of Toronto. The publishers are the Dominion Original Song Bureau, Jordan Chambers, Toronto, who make a specialty of Canadian songs.

Supt. R. Marpole, of the Western Division of the C.P.R., and Assistant Supts. Downie, Kilpatrick and Beasley spent yesterday in Kamloops and held a conference with the railway trackmen. The meeting was an amicable one and the trackman presented their schedule to the Superintendents who will forward it to headquarters.—Kamloops Sentinel.

The Miners' Union on Saturday last completed affiliation with the Western Federation of Miners. G. Baker, of Slocan City, the British Columbia member of the executive, was present to complete the organization. Ralph Smith, M.P., for nine years secretary and representative, resigned, stating that he had no longer time to attend to the duties of the position and that he objected to the course taken by the union in joining a United States organization.

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.

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 deliver 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

FIRST ANNUAL

DANCE

Under auspices of the REVELSTOKE INDEPENDENT BAND

New Year's Eve

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

UNION HOTEL

FIRST CLASS $2 PER DAY HOUSE

Choice Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

J. LAUGHTON, Prop. First Street.

The second annual hospital ball under the auspices of the Ladies Hospital Aid Society, will be held in the opera house on Friday night, January 23rd. Tickets Ladies' $1.00 Gentlemen $2.00.

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.

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

A CARLOAD OF

FURNITURE

JUST ARRIVED.

R. HOWSON & CO.'S.

Call in and Examine This New Consignment of Furniture

BEWS'

HAS IN STOCK

Confectionery

Manufactured by { Harry Webb, Toronto / A. J. Stewart, Toronto / McCormick, London.

Maracaibo Chocolates—bulk or boxes
Maracaibo 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 things to tell you on the subject of How to Own a House of your Own.

LEWIS BROS,
Agents Smelter Townsite