

MINE SALTING.

This Swindle is Actually Worked in Mexico. Mine salting nowadays, has developed into a very nice art," said an engineer and assayer who has lately returned from the inspection of some mines in old Mexico. "In former times it was done crudely. A rascal would pick up a few pieces for sale, and sometimes fished up a \$200 reward against the surface of the specimens would be taken. The present greater finesse is in the up to date purchaser in the mine, leaving fresh ore blasted out of the surface, where it is possibly being tampered with, and put it up in a little canvas sack for the assayer with his own hands. It is then that the latest development, the hypodermic syringe, comes into play. The scientific mine salter has one of these little implements in his coat pocket, charged with a solution of chloride of gold.

"He watches for an opportunity, and when one presents itself quietly thrusts the tip of the needle through the canvas sack and gives the piston a gentle push. The consequence is that a few drops of the liquid are discharged over the surface of the ore. The quantity of gold in the solution is almost infinitesimal, but it is enough to run up an assay \$1,000 a ton.

RUSSIAN POLICEMEN.

New Governor's Test For Their Alertness Was a Failure.

A good story is being told in St. Petersburg of the Russian police which the papers pronounce to be exceedingly characteristic. A new governor was sent to a certain town in the interior, and the inhabitants at once began to complain that the police were badly organized, since, however much they were wanted, they would never come when they were sent for. The governor determined to test this for himself, so one night he set out for the barracks where the police and the fire brigade were quartered. He accosted the sentry:

"Do you know me?"
"Yes, your excellency."
"If a man was being murdered close by, would you quit your post?"
"Never, your excellency."
"Good," said the governor. "You know your duty. Well, what would you do?"

"I would blow my whistle to rouse the guard."

"Good. Let us suppose some one is being murdered here. Whistle."

The soldier blew, but not a soul answered. He blew again and again, but the same silence prevailed.

"That will do," said the governor at last. "You have whistled your utmost, and nobody has come; but, at any rate, your conscience is clear. Now you can go to sleep. The man could have been murdered two or three times over. It is unnecessary to overdo it by trying to wake your comrades, who appear to sleep like the dead. The czar should be proud of such steady soldiers."

With that the governor went off, congratulating himself that no one would be likely to accuse his police of having a share in the midnight murders of the town.

Out of Sight.

An English cotton buyer in Memphis was talking with the clerk of one of the hotels the other day when a commercial traveler came up. "How you feeling, Bill?" said the clerk as he extended his hand. "Oh, I'm just out of sight," replied the drummer.

After the commercial man had been assigned his room the Englishman turned to the clerk and inquired what he meant by "out of sight." The clerk explained that he meant he was feeling fine, and the Englishman recorded it in his little book.

The next morning when he came down to breakfast the clerk, following his usual custom, asked how he felt. The Englishman thought it a good time to try some of his newly learned slang and, with the air of one who has solved a difficult problem, replied, "Oh, you can't see me at all!"—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Motion and Color.

Relations between light and the wonderful, and the rapidity of vibrations of the atmosphere necessary to produce color sensations are

To get the sensation of red our eyes are affected 482,000,000 times in a second; of yellowness, 540,000,000, and of violet, 707,000,000. So the seven hues of rainbow, whose subtle shades are mixed out of

of white light, are mixed out of the spectrum of light.

Mr. Johnston, I.P.S., visited this school on Tuesday last.

Frankie Wier is on the sick

S. Ranson lost three cows by

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THE EXPECTORATION HABIT.

The habit of expectoration is the subject of a neat, ironical article in The New York Sun. Small boys, it says, regard the habit as a sort of manly gown. "Apparently hundreds of thousands of persons expectorate either from thoughtlessness or because they have no other way of expressing thought. Men and boys of all ages indulge in this pleasing diversion about as unconsciously as they walk. Native and foreigner, Jew and Gentile, brown and white, are engaged in this act of distraction or unconscious reflection a large part of their waking hours. We have even seen it defended in saffron sheets as an act of free and equal citizenship. Shall the 'workmen' be deprived of this precious right in order to satisfy a lot of medical humbugs and aristocrats? But of course there is no serious defence of it; and yet it seems almost impossible to put it down. A society for its suppression by means of educational influences might be valuable. Our own suggestion is that expectorators should be required to take out a license in order to practice this sport. And every licensee should be required to wear upon his proud chest a brass badge with a number and the words 'Common Expectatorator.'"

The W. C. T. U. of Montreal are greatly excited over the discovery they have made, that certain confectionery stores in the city have been selling candies which contained a large percent of alcohol. The candies were purchased by the ladies who sent them to a well known analyst who found the sweets contained 217 percent of pure alcohol. The ladies also discovered that three small boys belonging to respectable families in the city had been found intoxicated, and when questioned, confessed that they had been indulging in candy drops. A crusade will be started against the sale of the candies.

Spoke Sound Sense.

A duck which had laid several dozens of eggs during the season, complained that while her working record was better than the hen's, the latter had books and poems written in her honor, while no one had a word of praise for the duck. A wise old rooster standing by said: "You lay an egg and then waddle off without saying a word, while that sister of mine never lays one without letting everyone in the neighborhood know about it. If you want to cut any ice around here you must advise."

60 Specialists on the Case.—In the ordinary run of medical practice a greater number than this have treated cases of chronic dyspepsia, and have failed to cure—but Dr. Von Stan's Paine's Tablets (60 in a box at 35 cents cost)—have made the cure and put to rout the mistaken notion that proprietary remedies are trash, and may help but never heal. These little "specialists" have proven their real merit.

SOPHISTON

TUESDAY, May 22.—Miss Lucy Stevens, Plum Hollow, was the guest of Miss Sadie Stafford on Sunday.

Mrs. W. T. Sheridan and children are visiting friends in Port Hope.

Mr. John Frye is engaged in painting Mr. S. M. Ransome's house in Delta.

Mr. Herb Robeson has made the purchase of a new horse.

Mr. Clarence Halladay is the possessor of a fine new wheel. He is making noble efforts to bring the silent steed under his control.

The friends in this locality of Mr. Johnson Green were grieved to hear of his recent sad loss by fire.

Mr. N. B. Howard, who has been ill with rheumatism, is some better.

Miss Addie Gilbert is studying music under a skilled Brockville teacher.

Miss Mary Nixon has returned home after spending a few days with friends in Brockville.

Mrs. J. Frye visited friends in Lyndhurst recently.

CHANTRY

MONDAY, May 21.—Mr. S. Seamen is enlarging the warehouse in connection with the store occupied by S. Harrison & Co.

The Chantry S. S. attended the Children's Day services in Delta on Sunday last and were very hospitably entertained by the Delta people.

Rev. Mr. Earl of Delta and Mr. Ziba Chamberlain of this place attended the district meeting at Kemptonville this week.

Miss Alberta Chmberlain was the guest of Rev. Mr. Earl on Sunday and Monday last.

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MY LADY'S GOWN.

My lady's gown is gray and soft,
So like her eyes
That from its silken folds there comes
A hint of paradise.
I hold it close against my heart—
My lady's gown.

The while she hummed a little song
I saw her lay
This bit of lace around her throat;
Dear eyes of gray
So serious in fashioning
My lady's gown.

My lady's gown is folded now;
The knot of blue
Upon her breast is passing sweet
With lavender and rue;
It brings me dreams of bygone days—
My lady's gown.

Today I see the little gown
With brimming eyes
For out beneath the grass grown hill
My lady lies,
And with despairing sob I kiss
My lady's gown.

—Myrtle Reed in Munsey's.

THE SECOND ACT.

The Delusion of a Student of Egyptian Antiquities.

BY OWEN OLIVER.

"Dr. Strange has told you of my delusion," he said, with an unmitigated smile. "Let us start from the delusion. I cannot very well tell my story in any other way."

He pushed his papers aside, leaned back in the cozy reading chair and folded his hands. This is the story:

Four thousand years ago, when men worshiped God under the name of Osiris and Isis, I was Amenemhat IV, king in Kem, which you call Egypt. My conquests and learning are graven upon the great tablets, but the scribes left unsaid what should be unsaid. Therefore you will seek in vain for mention of Numidea, the slave.

Felix, the trader, brought her from over the Mediterranean. When she stood before me, with flushed cheeks and with tears in her pale blue eyes, "Kill me, if thou wilt, O king," she said tauntingly, "for in truth I love thee not at all!" A whole month I wooed her, disdaining force, and she said no more. Then she cast her eyes upon Kales, the captain of the guard, and cared less than ever for me.

"Take her to the deathmen," I commanded. "In the morning she shall die." Lest I should break a king's word I rode to the great temple far away. But I could not sleep for the thought of her great blue eyes, wide with fear. So I rose and bade them harness the swiftest horses to the lightest chariot, and Charmicles drove for me, whose hand was lightest upon the reins. All the night we sped in the moonlight, with the sand flying in long clouds behind us and the great pyramid scowling upon us from afar.

"If thou lovest a slave, Charmicles," I asked, "and she loved not thee?"

"If I loved her a little," he said, "happily she would perish, O lord."

"And if thou lovest her much?" He looked at the moon fleeing through the clouds for a long time, and his face grew sad.

"If I loved her enough, O King, perchance I should set her free."

I covered my head in my robe and said nothing. Was I not racing the flying hours to open her prison doors?

Ra, the sun god, sprang up and laughed upon the land, and Charmicles wiped the sweat from his brow and ceased to strike the horses as they panted and struggled to the base of the great pyramid, where the prison was.

And, behold, they had tortured her, and she had died in the night!

So I went back to the temple and dwelt alone. Presently I made a spell, from my arts, that I might be reborn when she was reborn, and another spell that I died and none knew why. So I fell asleep and slept 4,000 years.

When I was newborn a child, I knew none of these things, but one by one they came back to me.

One evening my father held me upon his knee and showed me a quaint picture book, and I trembled with vague remembrance.

"This is how people drew in Egypt thousands of yesterdays ago," he said. "The lines are all straight, because they were cut upon stone. See, these are archers, and these are horses, and this looks like a big bull."

I touched the figure of Apsis reverently with my hand.

"This," I said, "is a god."

After leaving school I devoted myself to Egyptian antiquities. They seemed to present no difficulty to me, and I soon made a great name.

Then I met Nerissa, and for awhile I studied no more. There was no one, nothing else in all the world that mattered the least to me. I became her accepted lover, and for a few months I lived in paradise.

After this I had a strong fever. In the dreams and delirium the past came back to me, and when I was well again I remembered. I was Amenemhat and she was Numidea, the blue eyed slave. As I had ordered by the spell, I was reborn to live with her again. Kales, her lover, had known no spells, I told myself. So he was in the future or the past, perhaps by 1,000 years, as the gods had ordered, and she was not for him, but for me. The thought of her wrong in the past made me wondrously tender of her, and she was always gentle. Yet I tortured myself that she did not love me as I loved her. "When we are married, it will come," I told myself. "It shall come."

One day in the spring we were

to go to

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After that they seemed always meeting. The light leaped into their faces when they saw each other. They looked wistfully backward when they parted. I entreated Nerissa to hasten our wedding day, but she tearfully refused.

"Suppose," she said, "that we had made a mistake after all. Sometimes I think"—She paused here, and when I questioned her she was silent.

One evening I went slowly into her boudoir and heard them talking passionately. I lingered behind a great screen. It was an unworthy thing to do, but I would have done worse, far worse, for love of her.

"You love me!" he said triumphantly. "You love me! You are mine by right, Nerissa, my dear."

"Hush!" she sobbed. "Hush! I am his—your friend's! I promised!"

"You do not love him! You cannot love him!"

"Oh, I have tried!" she cried. Then he took her in his arms and comforted her—he who had been my friend.

I went stealthily away. But when her lover was gone I returned, intending to bury my dagger in her heart.

Then the words of Charmicles, the charioteer, came back to me—"If I loved her enough, O king, perchance I should set her free."

I snapped the dagger before her and threw the pieces away.

"I—I came to kill you!" I said. Then I fled into the street. People leaped aside from my path as I sped along to my old friend, Dr. Strange.

"Put me away," I demanded, "or some day I shall kill her! I am mad!" So they put me away.

That is ten years ago. I have staid here since, except twice, when they have taken me to Egypt for some researches. I am seeking for the spell. Soon I shall find it. Then I shall sleep—to wake again. This time she loved me a little. There will be a third act, and—who knows?

He dropped his head in his hands and was silent. I left him thus.

"A sad case," said the doctor: "a very sad case—homocidal mania, complicated with the delusion that he is an ancient king. It is a thousand pities. He is the authority of the century on Egyptian antiquities, you know, and on most points as sane as you or I."

I said nothing. I was thinking of his dark, wise face and the things he had said. A month later he sent me a note to announce that he had recovered the spell. The next day I heard that he was mysteriously dead. The second act was closed, and the curtain would not ring up for another 4,000 years.—Madame.

This Rooster Wore a Scarf.
The crack chicken story comes from the kitchen of the Golden Eagle hotel at Reading. It concerns an energetic young rooster that crowed and grew fat while carrying in its gizzard a stickpin nearly two inches in length, the sharp point of which had worked through the muscular second stomach of the fowl and protruded a quarter of an inch on the outside.

Josiah Barnes, the second cook at the Golden Eagle, was engaged in cleaning a lot of fowls preparatory to cooking them for the Sunday dinner. While handling a particularly fine fat, young rooster something pricked his hand. He made an investigation and found a sharp pointed instrument protruding through the gizzard. He cut open the organ and was surprised to find a stickpin therein. The pin was mounted with a diamond shaped piece of pearl on which was a gold letter "W."

The young rooster had probably observed the piece of pearl and, believing it to be an extra fine pebble with which to digest its food, had made the mistake of swallowing it.—Reading Searchlight.

Mistook Her Object.
The average drug clerk is proof against sudden excitement. But in one of the prominent down town drug stores one day a clerk had a sudden and serious fright that set him ahead about ten years.

A young woman, decidedly pretty and charmingly gowned, rushed into the store breathless and in a great state of agitation. She called for a bottle of chloroform and wanted it quick.

The young man behind the counter turned pale and declared with great firmness, "You can't have it."

"But I must," declared the young woman, "or my dress will be spoiled."

"Yes, my dress! While crossing the street just now a lot of mud was splashed on to my dress by some passing horses."

"Ah!" exclaimed the drug clerk, with a smile of relief. "That's different. I thought that—er—possibly you were tired of living, don't you know?"—Chicago News.

Consolatory.
One day Bunsen sat with another shining light of Heidelberg university, who, like him, had had the highest honors bestowed upon him that could be gained in a scientific career. Bunsen was cool and taciturn, while his colleague never ceased to chatter of financial losses suffered through the great fall in Turkish bonds.

remained silent while the other sought to console himself in the fact that the great Bunsen had self invested pretty heavily in bonds and had lost a

"I can get a certain amount of consolation for my bad investment in the fact that the great Bunsen has self invested pretty heavily in bonds and has lost a

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TAKING THE REINS.

Beechwood paced a mile in 2:15 at Los Angeles recently.

Entries for the Kentucky \$20,000 Futurity will pass the 1,400 mark.

France maintains her horse breeding studs at an annual cost of \$1,350,000.

Praytell, 2:09½, and the pacer Maxine, 2:09½, have been matched for \$2,500.

Flying Fox's exact price was \$191,625.50, the largest ever paid for a horse.

Professionals will be barred at future exhibitions of the Philadelphia Horse Show association.

The famous war horse Old Kate, General McKenzie's charger during the civil war, is in foal. She is 38 years old.

In 1896 California owners paid taxes on 9,602 standard bred horses. In 1899 the number had been reduced to 1,833.

The famous Kentucky saddle gelding Dominor was shipped to Europe the other day. He will be exhibited at the Paris exposition.

Dr. Kane, president of the New York Road Drivers' association, has offered to donate a cup valued at \$500 for team racing. The Fasig-Tipton company will also give a cup for the same purpose.

Ed Corrigan, the Chicago horseman, will send his horses to England on the Minneapolis, which is due to sail on May 26. He will take over eight or nine horses, including several 2-year-olds that have never faced the flag.

A parade of road horses will be held on the New York speedway the first Saturday in May. It is intended to make it one of the great features of the light harness horse world, and gentlemen from other cities will be invited to participate.

CURTAIN RAISERS.

Quite a number of vaudeville players are stranded in Havana.

The authorities of Dresden refused to allow the production of "The Girl From Maxim's" there.

The last villain of melodrama carries a deadly reptile in his pocket and gives it to his victims in the neck.

Gertrude Elliott, sister to Mrs. Nat Goodwin, is a member of the Criterion theater company in London.

Mansfield speaks six languages, exclusive of that he uses when the rattling of steam pipes irritates him and leading women are an aggravation.

Julia Arthur's real name is Ida Lewis. She is a Canadian, was born in 1869 and made her first stage appearance as an amateur at the age of 12 years.

It is claimed that even at a moderate estimate there are in the United States more than 5,000 theaters, of which fully 2,000 may be classed as legitimate.

Lord Rosslyn, who was reported to have gone to South Africa to fight the Boers, has turned up in Cape Town, where he is not fighting, but acting.

As a bit of stage history it is said that the limelight was first used in theatrical productions in the season of 1837-8 in London and was greatly improved in 1851-2.

The scene of the lying in state of the body of Rudolph in "Rupert of Hentzau" has been eliminated at the St. James, London. After the first night the queen's proclamation was cut on account of its harrowing propensities, but that did not suffice, and the company deferred to public opinion and withdrew the whole scene.

WRITERS AND PAINTERS.

Phillip Laszlo, the Hungarian artist, has been commissioned to paint a full length portrait of Pope Leo as he appears seated on the papal throne.

Senkiewicz, the Polish novelist, when asked to sign an appeal for intervention in the South African war, declined on the ground that Russia's treatment of the Poles called more loudly for intervention.

A picture by Sisley, "The Flood," which was sold by the artist in 1876 for \$8 and resold at a public sale in Bordeaux in 1880 for \$18, was sold once more in Paris recently for \$8,000. It is needless to say that Sisley is dead.

Emile Fouget, the new member of the French academy, is rather a Bohemian, with little of an immortal's dignity. Daily he walks down the Boulevard St. Michel, balancing his cane and whistling loudly the latest popular song.

Holme Lee is dead at the age of 72. How many novel readers remember her name? Few or none, we imagine, and yet there was a time when "everybody" was reading "Sylvan Holt's Daughter."

The author's real name was Harriet Parr, and she lived in the Isle of Wight.

PERT PERSONALS.
Kipling will have to add a verse to "Bobs." He has begun to advertise, "Aren't yer, Bobs?"—New York World.

"Depew awn Choate may be jokers," said the janitor philosopher, "but it's lucky fer them that they don't have to in thir livin at joke writin."—Chicago News.

Still, if Mr. Harrison should become president again, he might by shoveling ginger into our foreign policy manage to collect that fee from Venezuela.—Kansas City Journal.

Old "Pop" Anson, formerly the hero of the baseball diamond, has been on the down grade for several years and seems to have reached the lowest level at last. He has been nominated for alderman in Chicago.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

Horses in their wild state are the age of 36 normally, but some are said to be as old as 40.

The rats of the city of London are said to be as old as 40.

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BLUES