ockeyes Plentiful

ats Have All They Can Handle on the Fraser River.

pliner on Monday Night Took Nearly Nine Hundred Fish.

pilano Water Supply—Vancouver Has Glacier Attraction For Tourists.

m Our Own Correspondent.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 5.—There is report current that the Chinese employed in the canneries are in many ses slipping over the line tempted to fy the United States laws owing to reported big bonuses offered by get Sound canneries for them, and questions are asked. Many of these inamen have left without returning ges advanced to them.

The salmon run last night was very ge; many boats caught over 500. The liner is said to have been 876 fish. e average for the river was 200 to boat.

. D. Shields met with a serious accident while freighting over the ttou-Lillooet road last week. He pped off the wagon near the famous slide and broke his leg in two ces. The team continued down the ep dangerous hill. To prevent another accident, Mr. Shields tried to g himself by a short cut in front of horses, failing in this he shouted help. An Indian heard him and e horses were stopped, the Indian king Mr. Shields home.

The Hon. D. H. McFadden and J. A. vidson, Provincial Secretary and easurer of Manitoba, are visiting ncouver. As they are prominent angemen, they will be banqueted by Orange society in this city.

There is another claimant for Capilano water, the source of Vancouver's nestic water supply. North Vancouver has now applied for 1,000 inches. ere are now two private parties who ve filed applications besides Vancouver and North Vancouver. Vancouver ims that it is necessary that the city uld have all the supply available for water supply.

The Tourist association are talking of king a trail to a glacier within easy ch of Vancouver on Crown Mountain opposite the city. Mr. John Pugh, hunter's guide and furrier, said to Colonist correspondent, that he beed this unnecessary when there was ine glacier so easily reached up the mish river. Steamers run past river regularly. The trip to the er is about 40 miles, and Indian oes would then take the tourists 15 es up the river to the point of land. The climb to the Squamish glaer is not more than 700 yards. The cier itself is five miles long and 600 deep.

A very rich piece of free gold quartz been picked up at Princess Royal nd. It is white quartz studded with all gold nuggets. An attempt is to made to trace the float to its source.

Miss Templeton, sister of the late n. Templeton, formerly Mayor of ncouver, is visiting friends in British Columbia. Miss Templeton is conted with the Deaf and Dumb Institute of Belleville, Ontario. To the onist correspondent she stated that time was ripe for a deaf and dumb titution in British Columbia, and she hed for humanity's sake that able would agitate the matter in the lic press. Some philanthropic organion might then take it up and write all school teachers, ministers, etc., hand in a list of all the deaf and b children that they knew of, with ails as to their health, financial conon of their parents, etc. This would e start. Miss Templeton stated that en enquiries she was able to make, believed that there are at least 50 f and dumb children in the province t are growing up without any eduon whatever. In making further enies regarding this matter, the Colonist correspondent learned that more n half of the support of the Winnipeg f and dumb institute came from the of deaf and dumb children from ish Columbia and the Northwest. At t British Columbia contributes 25 cent. of the necessary fund to run large institution through the par- of deaf and dumb children of this vince. Miss Templeton stated that if Women's Council or other similar y were to meet her and discuss the stion with her, she would be pleased o so before going East this month.

OUTH WELLINGTON FIRE.

naimo, B. C., Aug. 5.—(Special.)—Alexandria hotel at South Wellingwas completely destroyed by fire this morning. T. Beveridge, the rietor, was applying for a transfer is license to Ladysmith, intending nove the hotel there shortly. The rance is $3,500. Constable Hodgwas hurt in attempting to save er & Hamburger's store across the et.

BALDWIN'S DENIAL.

lorer Says Troubles on the Ship Were Exaggerated.

omsoe, Norway, Aug. 5.—In an iew today, Evlyn B. Baldwin, the ic explorer, who arrived at Honsvaag, Norway, August 1, on board America, said that the alleged troubetween himself and Capt. Johanon of the America is grossly exrated. He characterized the re- of the trouble as a cheap sensation, said there have been no deaths on vessel.

SELF DEFENCE.

kman Asquitted For Killing an Assailant.

w York, Aug. 5.—Martin McLane, intendent of the Bartlett Haywood any of Baltimore, who shot and Patrick Angeline, an iron worker Saturday night, was acquitted toby a coroner's jury on the ground lf-defence. The company is conting a gas tank for the Consoli- Gas company. It had trouble with orkmen, who struck and were re- with non-union workmen. Satd a mob of strikers set upon and McLane, who drew his revolver red, killing Angeline.

S. DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

in, Aug. 5.—Mr. White's resignay now be in the hands of Presi- Roosevelt. The date set by the sador when his resignation will go fect is November 7. He is now mburg, where he is taking the , and where he will possibly reuntil the end of the month. There gh gossip at Berlin concerning hite's possible successor, and one stantial story is that the Presiintends to transfer Ambassador from St. Petersburg to Berlin, er Storer from Spain to be ambasat Russia, and to appoint Henry secretary of embassy at London, r to Spain.

The Editor's Chair

THE word "American" is becoming exclusively descriptive of the inhabitants of the United States. Some Canadians resent this and technically they are right in doing so. When the nasality of the traveling Canadian strikes the European ear, no remark is more common than, "Ah! You are an American." Does he reply, "Yes! I am an American, a British North American?" Not at all. He says, "Pardon me! I am a Canadian." Thus he accepts the common usage to emphasize a distinction which he very highly prizes.

The Scotch have a grievance of a similar kind, the encroachment of the word "English" to signify the inhabitants of Great Britain. This grievance smoulders along as a rule, the Scotch preserving an opinion of themselves which enables them to look with good humored pity upon anyone who would identify them with the English. Nothing is more common than for the traveling Scot to have the remark made, "Ah! You are an Englishman, I see." He may reply with some heat, "Pardon me! I am a Scotchman." But all the satisfaction he gets is, "Well. It is the same thing." It is true that no one who is mixed socially, particularly in business remains long in the delusion that it is "the same thing." As a rule he lives long enough to appreciate the sarcasm of the Scot's rejoinder, "Is it?" This grievance of the Scotch breaks out into flame, however, when a monument is put up to the "English soldiers who fell at Inkerman," or the term "England" is used in an official proclamation. Recently the New York World came under fire for speaking of the coronation of England's King. The incident led to some sensible remarks by the World, which are worth quoting:

All the way from Glasgow comes a stern protest from the Scottish Patriotic Association to The World. In announcing its coronation supplement The World spoke of "the crowning of England's King." The S. P. A. declares that Edward VII. is "not an English but a British monarch," and that Scotland keenly resents the use of any terms that seem to suggest that there is any English King, empire, parliament, army, navy or flag.

Technically, Scotland's point is well taken. But popular usage justifies the employment of English and British as interchangeable terms, just as it does the use of America and the United States to designate this country, though we are not the only America nor the "entire thing" on the northern continent.

In the case of "American' 'the word properly applied to designate the whole has become by usage applied only to a part. In the case of "English" the word properly applied to a part has come into common use for the whole, and there is not much use in standing upon the punctilio of the man who said "Farweel tae Scotland, a'm awa' ta Fife." As a matter of fact the restriction of "American" has more excuse than the expansion of "English." Because there is no other word easily available for our cousins, "United States" is an unhandy expression. A man can learn that it is a singular noun and not a plural, but to manufacture a descriptive adjective out of it is beyond the wit of man. Americans take up enough of our newspaper space without demanding a line of type to designate them.

Meantime our descriptive adjective "Canadian" is not used enough. One of the main indications of nationality properly realized is for every citizen of that nationality to describe himself by a common term. Let "American" go, "Canadian" is good enough. Amerigo Vespucci left us no legacy except his name. Let the United States serve itself of his heir. "Dominion of Canada" sounds as well, it fills the mouth better, it is more inspiring and rotund, than "British North America."

The Spectator discusses "the European family," in other words, the royal families of Europe which are all more or less connected. The Spectator arrives at two conclusions: (1) That there is no degeneracy among the royalties, and (2) that the keeping up of a royal strain has not produced a type conspicuously different from other people.

"They, most of them," says the Spectator, "belong to families which have lived in great luxury for eight hundred years, which have in that period thrown up from time to time individuals of exceptional immorality, which have preferred intermarriage to any other methods of seeking brides, and which ought therefore by this time to be thoroughly worn out." But "they are not worn out at all." They "are rather good lives," would "make a very fair troop of dragoons," and are personally more than usually energetic.

Taking a sweep over the past century or two, the royal houses of Europe have produced a fair average of able men. The Bourbon branch in France and Spain does seem to have dwindled pretty low; but the Germanic and Russian branches retain their vigor intact. Even the unhappy Hapsburgs have a virile and capable representative in the Austrian Emperor.

But there is really only one natural law against which they have persistently offended; and that is intermarriage. Even here the wide scope of choice largely nullifies the application of the theory; and any ill-effects it may have had in particular cases are probably entirely overborne as a rule by the many advantages they have enjoyed. No other set of people have been so carefully and consistently educated; none others have been so abundantly cared for physically, which does not imply luxury but a plenitude of healthful exercise and good food and developing industry. Wisely chosen surroundings in other respects would easily overbalance any small approach to consanguinity in marriage.

This brings us to the Spectator's second problem; and that is why, with all these surroundings, they have not produced a conspicuously superior race of men. There are "those who fancy that, because animals can be bred to a certain point of perfection, so a race of men, if well fed, fairly taught, well exercised, and employed in noble work, could be developed to a point which no section of mankind has yet reached." These conditions are those "under which the princely houses have been reared;" and "yet they remain very like other people." "They are on the level for the most part of competent English squires, but not higher than that, though the importance of the questions with which they have had to deal has made them seem higher." The inference is that you cannot breed a royal caste.

Of course it is all very well to talk about royal families and a royal caste, but upon the same principle on which royal families are maintained it would be possible to keep up any family forever. Families die out through the tendency of the direct issue to neglect and cut off their poor relations. These sink rapidly to the common level. In a generation or two their connection with a great house becomes a mere tradition and eventually the thread of primogeniture no longer forms a clue to the maze of consanguinity. In royal families this does not happen. So that there is always a collateral branch for an heir to a dead limb in the family tree, at least when they marry inside the pale of royalty. The progeny of those who marry outside it like the Duchess of Fife and the Duchess of Argyle, except for the direct line, ramify and spread in seven or eight generations, till in some instances it reaches very lowly occupations and social status. These people wolud be descendants of Queen Victoria but though they had royal blood in their veins they would not be of the "blood royal." There are thouseands upon thousands of people, who if they could only trace their genealogy, havea similar strain, and that quite legitimately, at the present time. The combinations and permutations of descent multiply so rapidly and we all have so many millions of progenitors that if you only go back far enough everybody then existent might be claimed as an ancestor the highest as well as the lowest.

TO BREAK COAL MONOPOLY.

The report from London regarding the sale of the charter of the Central Kootenay Railway, which is now confirmed in railway and mining circles, has given unqualified satisfaction in financial circles in Montreal.

The scheme involves several matters of importance to East Kootenay and to Montreal holders of mining stock other than simple transportation. The building of the line is, it is said, contingent upon the building of reduction works and refineries to handle the output of the principal mines of British Columbia.

The promoters of the scheme are the persons having under bond the Estella mine. Instead of shipping ore, it is their intention to build a railway from some point on the Crow's Nest Pass line near Elko to the mine, a distance of about 50 miles; and to establish near Elko smelters and refineries.

Montreal people secured from the British Columbia legislature two years ago a charter with a subsidy of $4,000 per mile, to build a line from a point near where the Crow's Nest Pass line leaves the Kootenay, along the banks of the Kootenay river to Golden, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific. Since then an English syndicate has been busy developing some large lead and copper properties along the route of the proposed line. This syndicate has, it is said, secured large iron deposits on Bull river, and extensive coal areas near Fernie.

This enterprise may, it is thought, prove to be a solution of the lead and smelting situation in British Columbia, which, owing to labor and other causes, is giving much anxiety at the present time.

At the present time, owing to the quarrel which the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company has provoked with the miners in its employ—a quarrel regarding which the most sinister rumors are afloat—there is no fuel to be obtained for smelting purposes in British Columbia, and no mine of any importance in East Kootenay is shipping ore.

The new line will have connection with both the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern at Elko. It is reported that American as well as English capital is interested in the East Kootenay. The news that this line is to be built is giving the liveliest satisfaction, for it is felt that it is time the monopoly which Mr. Elias Rogers, Mr. Robert Jaffray and other Toronto capitalists hold in the Crow's Nest district should be effectually broken.

MODERN FABLES

By George Ade. Copyright 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

IN a Red School-House back in the Web-Foot District, it was the Custom to have a Debate every Friday Afternoon. The much-mooted Question as to which does the greater Damage, Fire or Water, had been carefully gone over by the Squabs. Also who was the heftier Proposition, Napoleon or Washington? But the original Stand-By was as follows: "Resolved, that Education is better than Wealth?"

The Corporate Interests got many a Whack here in the Knowledge of Works. Most of the Children wanted to grow up and be like Galileo. They claimed that mere Wealth could not purchase Happiness. The only genuine Peace of Mind came from being able to call off the Geological Periods with the Eyes closed.

Here in this little Brain Hatchery were two Kids who were not Mates. One was named Otis and the other was Bradbury, or Brad for Short. Otis was the Boy who took the Affirmative side on Friday Afternoon. He firmly believed that Learning was the most valuable Asset that a Man could tuck away. Brad was for the Money End of the Game, but when he got up to make his Talk his Vocabulary would become jammed up and caught crossways in the Flue and Teacher would motion him back to his Seat. Otis, however, could tell in well-chosen Phrases why the Scholar was a better and happier Man than the Millionaire, and so he always received the Vote of the Judges.

Now, Brad was done up but unconvinced. He could not stand up before the District School and tell why it was good policy to corral the Coin but he had a secret Hunch that it would be no Disgrace for him to go out and do the best he could. Brad had a bull-dog Jaw and large blood-shot Hands and a Neck-Band somewhat larger than his Hat-Band. He jumped the Stockade when they started to teach him Botany. He weighed 180 and he thought he was too large to sit around and count the Petals of the Ox-Eye Daisy when he might be out selling Lightning Rods to the Yaps and making jug-handled Contracts. Accordingly he Dug.

"Bradford is making a great Mistake" said Otis, as he saw his Friend tear from the Institution of Learning. "In order to get a few worldly Chattels right at the jump he sacrifices his Diploma. I shall be more Foxy. I shall go right on through the High School and then I shall attend College and get a Degree. When I have taken my Degree then I will be the human It. My scholarly Attainments and polished Manner will get me past the Door and into the Inner Circle of the Hot Potatoes. As for Bradford, although it is possible that he shall have combed up a little Currency, he will be a mere ordinary, sordid Business Man—not one-two-seven when he tries to stack up against one who has just been delivered of a Thesis on the Correlated Phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration.

While Brad was out in the back Townships short-changing the Farmers and buying 8 per cent. Mortgages, Otis was working his way through College and living on Oatmeal except on Holidays and then Prunes. He was getting round-shouldered and wore Specs and was all gaunted up but he never weakened. He was pulling for the Laurel Wreath of Scholarship, or in other words, the Degree. After humping it for 4 years he passed his final Exam and the Faculty decided that he was a Bachelor of Arts.

That was the Day when he had the Laugh on Brad.

In the meantime, Bradford had been choking various People and taking it away from them. He had four Salesmen under him and had butted into the Firm but he was still shy on Botany.

Inasmuch as Otis had been one of the brightest Men in his Class he was offered a position as Instructor in the College at a salary of $55 a Month with a promise of $5 raise at the end of five Years, if he lived. Otis accepted, because the Outside World did not seem to be clamoring for his Services, even though he was an authority on the Mesozoic Period and knew all the Diatomes by their First Names.

Often while he was burning the Midnight Oil grinding out Jaw-Breakers, so as to qualify for the Master's Degree, he reflected as follows: "It is true that Brad is making it Hand over Fist and wears $6 Shirts and rides in a State-Room on the Pullman, but he is not a Bachelor of Arts. And some day when he is a Multi-Millionaire I can still look down on him for then I shall be a Master of Arts. I have known since Childhood that Education is more desirable than paltry Gold. Although the Newspapers and the General Public do not seem to be with me to any Extent, it is better to hob-nob with the Binomial Theorem than to dally with the Champagne Supper."

In due time the Faculty gave the Degree of M.A. to what was left of Otis and still his Ambition was not satisfied. He wanted to land a Doctor's Degree. He knew that anyone who aspired to this Eminent Honor had to be a Pippin. But he hoped that he could make some Contribution to the World of Thought that would jar the whole Educational System and help him to climb to the topmost Pinnacle of Human Greatness.

Professor Otis did the Dig Act year after year. At the age of 49 he was still M.A. and owned a House with a Mortgage on it. In the Meantime there had been revolutionary Changes in the World of Finance. Everything on Earth had been put into a Pool. Each Smooth Citizen who had something that was of no particular use to him went to work and Capitalized it. Brad closed out his Interests for so much Money that any one else would have been ashamed to take it. Then he and some other Buccaneers went down to Wall Street to have fun with several dignified Gentlemen whom Brad described as Them Fly Eastern Mugs. They succeeded in putting the Skids under a number of Persons who did not care to meet them Socially.

When Brad walked around in his Million Dollar Hut he had to step high to avoid stumbling over Bundles of the Long Green. But he never had made any further headway with his Botany.

It happened one Day that Brad was out Moting and he dropped in at the College where his Boyhood Friend was now the Professor of Dipsicology and Plamazzus.

"This is a likely-looking Plant," said Brad, as he sized up the Campus. "I like to encourage these Joints because they help to keep a lot of Young Fellows away from Business Offices. I find that I have here in my Vest-Pocket a measly $50,000 that I have overlooked in changing my Clothes. Give it to the Main Cheese and tell him to have a Laboratory on me."

When the News got out all the sisboom-ah Boys gave a parade in their Nighties. The Faculty called a Special Meeting and made Brad a Doctor of Philosophy.

Next Year he put up for a Gym, and they made him a Doctor of Divinity.

The Year following he handed them a Telescope and became an LL.D.

Every time he coughed he was made some new kind of Doctor.

In fact, for a Man with a 6¼ Hat who did not know the difference between the Pistil and the Stamen he was the most learned Thing in Seven States. Prof. Otis was crowded into the Ditch. Sometimes he wonders which of the two has the nub end of the Argument that started in the Red School House.

Moral: The Longest Way Around is the Shortest Way to the University Degree.

MR. SEDDON AND THE MINER.

Richard Seddon, premier of New Zealand, is now in London attending the colonial conference, and incidentally distinguishing himself as an orator. Mr. Seddon is noted for his rough and ready ways, which have not been greatly moderated by his long and admirable career as an empire-builder. He first came into prominence in a constituency where the mining element largely predominated, and where his ability manfully and successfully to fight his own battles under any conditions was vastly appreciated by the community. On one occasion word was brought to Seddon's law office that a noted bully of the "diggings," who owed him money, was about to sail for England without discharging his obligations. Seddon's clerk said he was afraid to approach the man.

"All right," said the future premier, "leave him to me. I'll settle him and make him settle the bill."

Within an hour Seddon had an "interview" with the miner, who emerged therefrom with two black eyes and poorer by the amount he owed his vanquisher. From that time on Mr. Seddon was the idol of the mines.

A LIGHTNING FREAK.

Insurance companies doing farm business are complaining of the number of losses by lightning this year. We have been given the particulars of what we might almost consider a freak of the electric fluid, by which damage was done to premises considerably, in point of value, beyond the ordinary farm. It appears that lightning struck a barn, 40x60 feet, communicated due west at a distance of 60 feet by a ground connection, with a wire fence, along which it traveled for 80 feet, splitting every intervening post. At that distance it made a large hole in the ground, then traveled some 70 feet to the east, splitting a large gate in its course. Then, without any apparent connection, it ran due south, also by ground connection, over a vacant space of 50 feet, and split the floor in one of the rooms of the dwelling house, in which the proprietor was sitting.

When he's most successful—
Although it seems quite queer—
The bill collector's sure to have
A promising career.
—Philadelphia Press.

The Vengeance of Della.

By Baroness von Hutten. All Rights Reserved.

"Mrs. A. Mosher," read the black and gold sign, "Vapor and Electric Treatment."

"You can git 'lectro-plated or 'lectrocuted, jes' as you like," explained Jimmy Casey, the janitor's son, to his friend, Jefferson Williams, whose mother kept the ice-cream saloon on the corner.

Byron is a large town built of red brick veneer and highly varnished pine.

It has an opera-house, as the theatre is called, a fine Moorish post-office, with rococo facade, a city hall modelled on the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, and the largest skating rink in southwestern Missouri.

Mrs. A. Mosher, or "Della," as she was known to her patrons, as well as to her neighbors, was a mulatto, six feet tall, with a pathetic, pock-marked face, and the most musical voice that ever fell from a woman's lips.

She rented three rooms on the ground floor of the Spread Eagle building, and with her steam cabinet and electrical apparatus was well patronized by the ladies of Byron, who were nothing if not up-to-date, and knew very well that steaming the body was fashionable in the East, and good for the complexion.

She also shampooed the heads of and manicured Byron society; that is, the heads and nails of the feminine portion, for Della was a hater of men, having been much tried by her late husband, who had had an ugly habit of pounding her with flat-irons, "lak I was a butt'nut," she once said, in her plaintive voice.

Now that he was dead, she was happier, but her views of masculine human nature were hopelessly embittered forever.

"He died of digestion of the liver. It was a great relief to me," she one day told Mrs. Judge Peters. "He was awful mean, but ah, don't reckon he was any meaner than the rest of 'em."

Mrs. Peters, who was steaming away in the cabinet, her fat, scarlet face glowing against the damp towel about her neck, laughed.

"You're a case, Della. There are some who don't pound their wives."

"Ya'as. Oh, ya'as. But when they don't pound they does other things. Too hot, Mis' Peters?"

"Hot! I'm roasting."

"Well, you won't regret it, Mis' Peters, when you've lost twenty-five pounds."

The sufferer sighed. "I certainly deserve to have my flesh reduced. It's dreadful, this hot weather—84 degrees in the shade at 10 o'clock! Am I really as fat as Mrs. Freeman, Della?"

"Laws, no, Mis' Peters," answered the woman, putting down her work, and glancing over at the clock. "She's awful, fleshy, poor Mis' Freeman. I reckon she weighs twenty pound more than you."

She arranged the towels, warm from the heater, on the backs of the chairs, and spread a sheet on the floor.

"There, Mis' Peters," she drawled; "jes' come in me when you're ready."

Pushing back the hasps that held the top and side of the cabinet closed, she went out into the corridor, discreetly locking the door behind her.

Jimmy Casey and Jefferson Williams sat on the outside steps in the blazing sun, making a kite.

"Say, Della," cried the former, as the woman leaned against the side of the door and looked down at them, "give us some rags for our tail."

"Gave you all I had the other day," she answered, lazily. "Laws, it's hot!"

"Go over to we-all's, and take a saucer of nice-cream," suggested Jefferson, looking up, his black face gleaming with perspiration.

"An' treat you kids at the same time? I guess not."

She laughed, and drew aside to let some one pass. It was Dr. Finerty, who lived in the apartment above the electric and vapor establishment. He was a slim, young man with a beautiful black moustache.

Della hated him. He had only been in Byron a few months, but since his arrival she had undergone a serious falling off of custom, for he disapproved of steam, and laughed at her simple electrical treatment.

"The women folks has him 'cause he's pretty," she said, scornfully. "I say, look at his feet," and she did so.

Every time they met, the woman fixed her eyes on his smart but huge boots, with an amused smile, and never looked away until he was out of sight.

He was extremely vain, intensely conscious of the really abnormal size of his feet, and suffered agonies under her gaze.

He avoided the "nigger quack," as he called her, as much as possible, but naturally, living under the same roof, they met often, and she showed considerable cunning in catching him in his entrances and exits, though he walked as softly as Agag.

Needless to say, he hated her quite as much as she hated him, for wounded vanity is a famous breeder of enmity.

The old doctor, Jones, who had been alone in the field until Finerty's arrival, was a good friend to the mulatto, and most of her patrons were his patients, but now this new man had come fresh from the magic East, and as he was young and in his way handsome, and smelt of eau d'Espagne, whereas Dr. Jones chewed tobacco as well as smoked it, the result is obvious.

Finerty was feeling very contented with himself that morning, for Dr. Jones had been called away by the death of a relative, and Mrs. William J. Dunn, the leader of Byron society (she had been in New York, and had her clothes made in Chicago) had seized the opportunity to be ill, and call in the new doctor.

So Finerty came gally up the steps with a nod to the two boys, and then, seeing the mulatto, stopped.

"By the way, Della, Mrs. William J. Dunn has asked me to tell you that she isn't coming any more. I find that your—h'm—treatment has not agreed with her."

He had forgotten his feet, but not so she.

"Mah name's Mis' Mosher," she said, softly, her eyes glued to his shining patent leathers.

Jimmy Casey tittered, and Finerty lost his temper.

"What the devil are you looking at?" he cried, nervously, shuffling into the shadow.

"Ah was jes' admirin' yo' new shoes," returned the woman, in that delicious voice of hers. Whereupon the two boys rolled down the steps and lay in the burning gravel, waving their legs in paroxysms of delight.

Della laughed as the irate doctor stamped furiously upstaire, but there was rage in her heart. Mrs. Dunn's faith in her had been the pride of her life, and the means of bringing many other patrons, and now the great lady's defection was likely to have serious consequences.

The next morning the post brought three notes to Mrs. A. Mosher, each saying that for one reason or another the writer found it necessary to discontinue her vapor baths and electric treatment for the present.

The woman read the notes slowly, and then shook her big fist at the ceiling of her room.

"This is your doings, you big-footed hoodoo," she said. And then she cried.

While she was crying Jimmy Casey came in to borrow some molasses for his mother.

"Why, Della, what's up?" he asked with anxiety, setting down his pitcher.

"It's him, Jimmy," she returned, blowing her nose forlornly. "It's that elephant-footed dood upstairs; he's taking away all my custom."

Della was a favorite with the youth of the neighborhood, and Jimmy frowned with sympathy.

"He's a bad egg. I'd—by Gosh—I'd slug him!"

Della laughed and took up the pitcher.

"Go 'long! What can a lady do to a gentleman? Ah never done anythin' to him, either."

"Except look at his feet," laughed the boy; that makes him awful mad. Say, Della, why don't you chuck him in there," he added, pointing to the open vapor cabinet, "and turn on all the steam? Wouldn't he sweat!"

Della paused, the pitcher full of molasses in her hand.

"You're pretty cute for a kid," she said, frowning thoughtfully, and then laughing. "Can you keep your mouth shut?"

"Can I keep my mouth—"

"Well, take this half dollar and go over to Clagg's, and buy me two of the strongest cellar-door hasps they'n got. If you hurry, I'll treat you to a dime dish of cream, over to Calline Williams's."

Jimmy's eyes bulged. "Say, Della, are you going to do it? Are you?" he urged, licking the nose of the pitcher. "Goin' to put him in there? Oh, Della, do lemme see. Hope to die, I won't tell a soul."

She laughed. "Go 'long, chile. You ain't got any call to ask me questions."

But Jimmy Casey knew what he was about, and when he brought the hasps he also brought screws and a screw-driver, together with a grin so persuasive that she couldn't resist, and let him help fasten the hasps on the folding doors of the cabinet.

When Dr. Louis Finerty came downstairs that day after dinner, treading very softly that his enemy may not hear him, Jimmy Casey, stationed just outside the door, in view of the stairs, busy with the innocent Jefferson Williams and some marbles, began whistling Annie Rooney, and then hustled the little black out of seeing and hearing distance.

It was the signal. Just as the doctor reached the foot of the stairs, Mrs. A. Mosher darted out of her door, seized him from behind, lifted him in her strong arms, and before he knew what had happened, the unlucky man was locked into the steam cabinet, helpless as a mouse in a trap.

His language was naturally of a nature that would have been agitating to most women, but Mrs. A. Mosher went tranquilly to work, arranging the heating apparatus, paying no heed to him, and even with the shadow of a smile on her pale lips.

When everything was in order, the steam hissing in the pipes, she drew up a rocking-chair and sat down in it.

"Now, jes' stop swearing," she remarked, pleasantly. "It only makes you hotter, and don't do no good. You couldn't get out till kingdom come if Ah didn't let you, so you might's well shut yo' mouth and listen to me."

The man glared at her and went on swearing, but she continued in her slow, full tones, rocking rhythmically, and looking at him as she spoke.

"Your new patient, Mis' Dunn, is goin' to drop in this afternoon to pay her bill, an' Mis' Captain Welch'll be in any minute for her bath. She can't have it, 'cause you'n havin' it, but she's a-comin'. Yo' a mean kind of a man, putty near as mean as my husband, Ah reckon, but nobody laks to be laughed at, and Ah callate if folks knew Ah'd jes' picked yo' up in my arms an' toted yo' in here, the place would be too small for yo' an' the jokes, too. Beginning to feel the steam? Put yo' feet on the marble slab—or one of 'em at a time if the slab's too small. It's mo' comfortable, too."

The man wriggled wildly for a minute, and then his collar disappeared.

"Reckon you'll undress?" she asked. "I would. Most folks do. Well, what am Ah to tell the ladies? They'll be here putty soon."

"I'll have you arrested, you nigger," he answered furiously, still struggling with his clothes.

"All right. Ah counted on that, and Ah'm perfectly agreeable. But now? What am Ah to do? Ah'm at your service."

Bending forward, she turned the steam on a little more.

"Shall Ah tell 'em the truth Or shall Ah say yo' takin' a bath for pleasure?"

"Pleasure, you hell cat."

"If yo're unpolite, Ah won't let yo' choose. You can treat me decent; Ah ain't no Portugee."

Just then a sound of feminine voices in the corridor reached the unhappy man's ear.

"For God's sake," he gasped, "don't let 'em in—"

A knock at the door. "Will you promise to send 'em all back?" she demanded, in a stern whisper.

"Send who back, in the devil's name?"

"All of 'em. You can. Mis' Dun an' the rest. Will you?"

"Della!" called Mrs. Dunn.

Finerty was white. "Yes, I promise. For God's sake send 'em away, Della!"

"'Mis' Mosher,'" she corrected, unrelentingly. "Yes, Mis' Dunn, in a minute. Ah've got a—a patient!"

"'Mrs. Mosher,'" repeated Finerty, "I promise, Mrs. Mosher!"

Della walked majestically to the door. "Excuse me, Mis' Dunn," she said, opening it a little. "Ah can't let you ladies in, 'cause Dr. Finerty's takin' his bath!"

"Dr. Finerty's taking his bath."

"Dr. Finerty! Why, it's my hour!"

"Yes'm, Ah know, Mis' Welsh, but you see the doctor's a very conscienceful gentleman, an' he wanted to try one of my treatments."

"Dear me," ejaculated Mrs. Welsh, "I thought he didn't approve of steam?"

"They's steam an' steam, Mis' Welsh," drawled the mulatto, imperturbably, "an' the doctor says he likes mine."

"Then I'll wait until I see him again," decided Mrs. Dunn. "Perhaps he'll let me keep on."

"Yas'm. Awful smart gentleman, the doctor, ain't he?" she added, in a penetrating whisper. "An' handsome!"

The two women laughed. "Why, Della, I thought you hated all the gentlemen," said one of them.

"I do, mos'ly. But the doctor's a fine big man—none of your pernickety little gentlemen for me. If you'll come back in an hour, Mis' Welsh, Ah'll be ready."

The ladies said good-bye, and started to the door.

"Say, Mis' Dun!" cried Della, as if by an afterthought, "ask Dr. Finerty what he thinks of my new face-steaming rapparatus."

Then she went upstairs to the room of her defeated enemy, and came down presently with some linen, a pair of velvet slippers embroidered with fuchsias, and a dressing gown.

"It's a bargain?" she asked, her hand on the steam-cock.

"Yes," he answered, sullenly.

She unfastened the hasps, and as she opened the zinc-lined box, said, gently: "Ah'm real sorry if Ah was unpolite, Doctor, but Ah'm a hot-tempered person."

Then she delicately turned away, and went to the door. "You clear out, Jimmy Casey," she said, opening it. "Scat!"

After which she turned. "Ah'm goin' out for a mouthful of fresh air; it's warm here. There's towels, if you want 'em. An' Ah reckon yo'll keep yo' word, Doctor."

And he did.

A VICTORIA FABLE

In which the new water regulations and the social jealousy of Mrs. Bings's and Mrs. Bang's achieve surprising results.

—By "Waterwitch."

Mrs. Bings and Mrs. Bangs were neighbors. At least Mrs. Bangs lived across the street, opposite from Mrs. Bings. Mrs. Bings was in the best society. Mrs. Bangs was not. Hence the trouble. If Mrs. Browne or Mrs. Smythe gave an "at home" or "garden party," Mrs. Bings was sure to be strictly in it. Mrs. Bangs seldom appeared.

Mrs. Bings didn't tell her fashionable acquaintances that she couldn't afford to keep a servant, and that she had to have dinner at 12 a.m. to economize. "It's better," she said, when discussing the question with Bings, "that we should outwardly appear fashionable, even if you do have to clean the windows after dark. Now, do you think it would be pleasant to be like the Bangs? She hardly goes anywhere, although they have such heaps of money."

At the same moment Mrs. Bangs was saying to her lord and master, "Although the Bings go everywhere, and Mr. Bings belongs to the club, I don't believe they have enough to eat, hardly, when they are by themselves. It's very fine for Mrs. Bings to say that she hasn't a servant because the best Chinese cooks are at the canneries. Let's wait until winter, and see if they have one."

So it happened that when Mrs. Granville-Jones gave a very fashionable tea, that Mrs. Bings was among the first to be asked. Mrs. Bangs, uninvited, was eyeing Mrs. Bings from behind the shutters, as she sallied forth at the fashionable hour of 4:30 p.m., in a most elaborate costume got up expressly for the occasion. Mrs. Bangs recognized the foulard; it had sold at Spencer's rebuilding sale for 35 cents a yard. She made a small account in her head. It brought the cost, parasol and all complete, up to $11.97½. "Goodness!" she muttered, "my Parisian model cost $80. The duty alone was double the cost of the Bings outfit!"

At 7 o'clock Mrs. Bangs was once bore behind the shutter. Mrs. Bings had come home at 6:30. "I'll go over," said Mrs. Bangs to her husband. "She'll have heaps to say about the tea."

True to her word, she ran across the road about half an hour later. The door of the Bings establishment was open. She rang the bell, but received no response. So she shrieked out in a very shrill voice. "All right," came a voice from the vicinity of the kitchen. "I'll be there in a moment. Go in and sit down."

Mrs. Bangs sat down. It was dusk, so she couldn't get a good view of the furniture. She crossed the room, however, to get a glimpse at the ornaments, and to see what make the piano was. At that moment Mrs. Bings appeared.

"You must excuse me, dear," she said. "I have been hosing. Of course, you know, I couldn't hose in a good dress. I'm a dreadful sight." She forgot that she lived in district No. 1, and that the days to hose were Monday and Thursday. This was Tuesday.

Mrs. Bings' costume consisted of an old bedraggled skirt, very wet in front, and an old coat of her husband's, which covered a very dirty white blouse. Her hair was out of curl, and she looked the picture of untidiness. It would never do, she had concluded, after a hasty consultation with Bings (who was washing the tea things) to let Mrs. Bangs know that she had come home from Mrs. Granville-Jones' tea, and taken off her new costume in order that she might scrub the kitchen floor more comfortably. So she decided to say that she had been hosing. It has been mentioned before that the new water regulations had escaped her notice.

But Mrs. Bangs took care to note that she hosed on Tuesday instead of Monday. Bangs was a member of the City council.

"Tell me about the tea, dear. It was so hot that I really couldn't go." So said Mrs. Bangs. She hadn't been invited, and Mrs. Bings, in full possession of the fact, gave glowing accounts. Mrs. Bangs sat very still, gradually growing a sickly green color. "I must go now," she said sweetly.

Next morning Bangs of the council learned (by chance, of course,) that the Bings had been hosing out of hours. About three hours afterwards a man came to the Bings and put in a metre. He also charged Mrs. Bings 50 cents.

This happened about three weeks ago. Mrs. Bings now cuts Mrs. Bangs; nevertheless she is tidy after her "at homes" and "teas," for fear that one of the neighbors should "run across." Also she has fewer "foulard" dresses, and keeps a small Chinese boy to scrub the kitchen floor. Thus the "water regulations" worked wonders in the Bings house.

CHURCH NOVELTIES.

From London Tit-Bits.

Visitors to Folkestone may perhaps have attended one of the most curious church services held anywhere in England. On a certain night in each year, at the beginning of the fishing season, the choir and congregation of the parish church leave the sacred building and march down to the harbor. There a service is held called "Blessing the Sea." Thanks are given for the success of the past year's fishing, and prayers are offered for the coming season. The ceremony is a most impressive one, being held late in the evening, and usually in the presence of large crowds.

Of late years enterprising clergymen have initiated many new and interesting devices for rendering services attractive. Dr. Ker Gray, vicar of St. George's chapel, Albemarle street, announced last year a special late service for the benefit of those ladies and gentlemen who cared to attend church after dinner in the evening, and gave notice that he saw no reason why his congregation should not attend in evening dress. The doctor thinks that it will take at least three seasons for this innovation to become familiar, but already a fair amount of success has crowned his enterprise.

In strong contrast is the Sunday service initiated by Lord Rupert Cecil, rector of Hatfield. He invites all strangers passing through to attend service, assuring them that "no doubts as to the fitness of their attire need deter them." Dusty cyclists are just as welcome as smart frock-coated and top-hatted residents.

Music is always a great attraction, and a good organist and choir will do almost as much to fill a church as will good preaching. Recognizing this fact, one of the clergymen in Atlanta, Ga., who presides over the Trinity Methodist Church in that city, procured some hundreds of canaries and hung them in cages from the walls and roof. The golden-throated songsters kept up a perfect flood of melody, intensely delighting the children for whose benefit the service was held.

The great heat of summer often renders crowded churches unbearably close and stuffy. The pastor of the First Christian Church of Columbus, Ind., has devised a means whereby his congregation can enjoy a cool and restful service. On the flat roof of his church he has constructed a roof garden, with a covering to keep off showers, but with sides open to admit the air. The supports are wreathed with climbing plants, and the whole exper