TUESDAY AFTERNOON B. LOVERIN

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A LONG SESSION. A LONG SESSION.

Anti-Silver Senators Will Endeayour to Tire the Silverites,

Washington, Sept. 4.— The Senate shows no disposition to shirk the responsibilities placed upon it by the House to pass the bill to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver law. Mr. Voorhees has given frequent notice that he will preas the repeal bill at all times until it is disposed of. It is expected that Mr. Heles' proposition that the Sanate meet at 11 o'clock daily will be accepted, aud-thus gentry and gradually but firmly the pressure will be brought to bear upon the silver mest who hold out in the fight against repeal.

Cartiale's Way Out of 16.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—Scoretary Carlisle has made up his mind to sak Congress to authorize coinage of the seignorage of silver bullion at present lying in the Treasury. This seignorage amounts to \$52,000,000 in round numbers. It is the profit he Government has made in the purchase of silver. By its coinage the Government would escape the deficit which now threatens and would have enough money to tide it over to the time when income once more equals or exceeds expenditures. It is the Secretary's purpose to wait until the repeal bill is passed before offering his bill authorizing coinage of seignorage. Carlisle's Way Out of If.

Sherman Wants Closure. Sherman Wants Closure.

Washington, Sept. 4.—The cooler weather and the uncertainty, made clear by Senator Cookrell's aggressive tactics, that there is to be a long fight in the Senate on the silver bill, are having their effect upon Congressmen, and they are beginning to settle down for the winter. Senator Sherman has expressed his willingness to vote for the passage of a closure rule. He is said to be now of the opinion that in this manner only can the majority of a legislative body best assume and exercise that responsibility with which it has been clothed by the neople.

His Own Executioner.

DENVER, Sept. 4. — Dr. Gravës, the alleged murderer of. Mrs. Barnaby, committed suicide in the county fail Saturday

FOR THE COLONIES

The New Party Beginning Opera Colonial Depot Proposed.

LONDON, Sept. 4.—The newly-formed Colonial party is going to give active evidence of its existence soon. At the last meeting of the members there was an attendance of 17. The chair was taken by Sir John Gorat, whose residence for many years in New Zealand accounts for the deep interest he is taking in the new movement. The meeting resolved to support Sir Charles Dilke, M.P. for the Forest of Dean, who intends to raise the Newfoundland question when the debate on the estimates comes on and to press the claims of the Island to sympathetic consideration just now, in view of the French shore and other

land question when the debate on the estimates comes on and to press the claims of
the Island to sympathetic consideration just
now, in view of the French shore and other
difficulties. The meeting also discussed
the question of cheaper cable rates between
the various portions of the British Empire,
a project which Mr. J. Henniker Heaton,
M.P., another member of the new group,
is agitating, and it was agreed to give the
movement a general support.

Arrangements are now completed for
the establishment of the wholesale cooperative society which has recently been
in process of formation to handle colonial
and other produce for the British market.
There will be depots in Canada, Ireland,
Denmark, France and the United States.
Buyers are to leave here immediately to
open up the trade. The promoters of the
new enterprise sew that in gheaca and fent new enterprise say that in cheese and fruit especially Canada is beating the United States out of the market.

American Felicitation.

New YORK, Sept. 4.—The following cable was sent by the officers of the National Federation of America: Hon. W. E. Gladstone: The Irish National Federation of America, on behalf of the millions of our race on this continent, congratulate you and the Liberal party, whose honored leader you are, on the constitutional victory achieved in the passage of the Home Rule Bill. We gratefully acknowledge the loyalty and fidelity with which you have kept your promises to the Irish people under difficulties insurmountable to any but the highest order of statesmanship. American Felicitation

manship.

We earnestly hope that God, who has bestowed upon you such wonderful mental and physical powers, will prolong your life and enable you to complete the great work of ending internecine strife, bringing peace and strength to the empire and peace and prosperity to Ireland.

A Shortlived Rebellion, CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 4.—In the State of Michoacan a few days ago a large number of Indians, headed by four well-known bandits, got up a rebellion directed against railways in general. Troops soon arrived on the scene. Two of the bandits were killed, several Indians wounded, others were made prisoners, and the uprising was cualled

GOTHENEURG, Sept. 4.—A store of dynaminte used at the Gothenburg blasting works exploded on Saturday. Three workmen were blown to atoms and much lamage done.

Telegraphic Ticks.
There has been no cloudburst at Guyton,
Ga., as reported.

Ga., as reported.

At McKinney, Ky., last night, a mob lynched Will Arkison, a negro who assaulted a little girl.

On September 6, 1793, the crown deeded the Tyendinaga reserve to the Mohawks, who will celebrate the centenary of the event, also the semi-centenary of the parish church, on the 6th inst.

The Epidemic in England.

LONDON, Sept. 4.—The sailor who fell ill of cholera aboard of a Grimsby vessel in Iremness harbor two days ago died on Saturday morning.

LONDON, Sept. 4.—Ten thousand more miners in South Wales and Monmouthshire have gone back to the collieries. Some 70,000 men, who struck for a 20 per cent advance in wages, are now at work again, with the old scale in operation. The number of men still out in South Wales and Monmouthshire is approximately 30,000. The total loss of wages during the strike has been £800,000.

Most of the tin plate works in Swansea, Llanelly and Neath shut down Saturday, as their contracts to deliver goods have expired during the week. All would have remained open, despite the lack of orders, had they not been embarrassed by the coal strike.

strike.

Since the McKinley Bill went into operation the Welsh tin plate trade has suffered greatly, and the manufacturers say was quite unprepared for the new difficulties raised by the coal famine. The closing of the tin plate mills will deprive 7,000 men of work.

Why It Is Not Altogether

HIS JOYS AND TRIBULATIONS.

Those who imagine that a policeman's life is of a rosy hue from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same are likely to be greatly mistaken. Walking the streets is no serious matter if followed for an hour or two as an amusement, but when practiced steadily for 13 hours a day it becomes hard work. The policeman's legs may give out, his ample calves may tremble from sheer fatigue, but he may not sit down, or if he does it is at the risk of missing asma-



AT THE FRUIT STAND.

thing of importance on his beat. He is held personally responsible for everything that goes on in the district under his charge, and if anything is wrong he must be prepared to explain it. If a dozen "tough" armed with clubs, brass knuckles, knives, razors, beer mallets, revolvers and other means of defense and offense get into a general fight in a low salcon he must be prepared to rush in single handed, and at the risk of his life attempt to quell the disturbance and arrest the brawlers.

Nor do his troubles end here. His place is generally regarded as so desirable that from two to a dozen men are all the time, earnestly engaged in the effort to get him put out in order that they may have a chance to get in, and he must accordingly keep on good terms with his superiors and with men of influence on his beat in order that he may not become unpopular and so be marked for dismissal when the first complaint is entered against him.

But the policeman does not, generally take his troubles much to heart. His open air life tends to promote cheerfulness, and cheerfulness promotes digestion, Digestion in turn helps on his appetite, and the frequency with which he satisfies his hunger at apple stands and free lunch counters by and by gives him an amplitude of waist proportioned to the length of time he has been on the force. Year by year he increases the size of belt which incloses his manly form. Year by year the amount of material which enters into the regulation uniform is greater, and as he becomes more comfortable his views of life enlarge and he becomes more charitable.

He regards with a more lenient eye the capers of the street boys, listens with philosophic patience and without interference to the quarrels of truck drivers and answers with equanimity the questions of bewildered old women who have lost their way and find it impossible to understand his directions. With increasing benevolence comes augmented popularity. He becomes

with equanimity the questions of bewildered old women who have lost their way and find it impossible to understand his directions. With increasing benevolence comes augmented popularity. He becomes a favorite on his beat. If it lies in a residence district, he knows all the young and and handsome cooks, and numerous are the delicate little suppers of which he is the beneficiary at their charitable hands. If on a down town beat, he is welcome at the back door of any saloon, and a sandwich and glass of beer are always at his service.

The most seriod drawback to the policeman's complete happiness is the fact that no inconsiderable portion of the community regards him as a natural enemy. Among the dissolute and criminal classes this any tagonism is active and perpetual; among other people it is occasional, but not the less pronounced. He is to nine-tenths of the people she only embodiment of the law they know anything about—even to the law abiding the restraints of law are sometimes irksome.

The policeman on the beat comes round promptly after the first snow falls in the sarly winter and notifies the householder to have it shoveled off the pavement. He comes at irregular but too frequent intervals to allude to the condition of the alley or to mention a slop barrel in the back yard or to inquire if there are any vehicles or dogs on the place on which taxes have not been paid.



MICHAEL BRENNAN. MICHAEL BRENNAN.

His authority is respected in his presence and scouted when his back is turned. He is scoffed at, made fun of, derided, wherever he goes. If he goes into a picture gallery, he finds himself mocked on its walls. If he goes to the circus, he beholds a counterfeit presentment of himself kicked all the goes to the circus, no behouts a con-terfeit presentment of himself kicked all over the ring, to the immense diversion of the audience. He cannot put his head in-side a theater without hearing a joke at his own expense. An ugly fellow comes upon the stage, a supposed surgeon per-forms an imaginary operation on his head, and removes his brains. "What can a man lo without brains?" is asked, and in re-sponse some one runs to the wings, brings back a police coat and hat, puts them on the braintess individual and behold him fitted out as a policeman, while the boys in the gallery scream and the men in the audience turn round to look at the police-man standing up behind to see how he takes the joke.

takes the joke.

Such jokes as these would embitter his life, for he knows they represent a popular feeling of dislike to him and his calling, did he not also know perfectly well that half the laughers would themselves like to be policemen if they only had the influence necessary to secure an appointment. So he does not take anything much to heart, but goes on his way performing his multifarious duties as well as he can. And, after all, in spite of the tongue abuse and the jests at his expense he knows that beneath the surface there is a firmly grounded fear of his authority not for his own sake, but because he represents the majesty of organized society. A crowd of friends may strive in vain to separate two drunken brawlers; a policeman appears and strife is at an end. Either might be far more than a match for him personally, but everybody understands that behind him stand the whole force, and the captains, and the chief, and the governor, and the militia, and, if necessary, the blue coated veteran of the regular army and the president of the United States.

While the life of a patrolman is tolerably monotonous, the nature of his duties fregenently gives him opportunity for distinc-Such jokes as these would embitter his

While the life of a patrolman is tolerably monotonous, the nature of his duties frequently gives him opportunity for distinction and promotion. With his feet ones firmly planted on the ladder of advancement, an able and ambitious policeman may climb to positions of great honor and responsibility and may even achieve national fame. In this connection the career of Thomas F. Byrnes, who started as a patrolman and is now superintendent of the New York police department, is suggestive. Byrnes has a worldwide reputation and is known as a detective of extraordinary skill and address. Inspector Williams is another New Yorker of national celebrity who rose from the humble position of patrolman.

man. Similar examples of the opportunition open to honest, energetic and ambitious n



LOUIS LEPINE, PREFECT OF PARIS POLICE. force, for with 1,000 men less it covers a district of 186 square miles better than the New York police force does a district of 45 square miles. The Chicago force is in every line of police duty more capable and more effective than that of London. I was proud of the position of superintendent of such a ime of police cuty more capable aut note effective than that of London. I was proud of the position of superintendent of such a body of men, but I could not longer hamper the mayor by retaining the office."

That the civil service idea also, obtains in the police administration of foreign countries is shown by the recent promotion in Paris of M. Louis Lepine to the position of prefect of police. M. Lepine made his administrative debut in 1877 as subprefect at La Palisse, then he was at Montbrison, Langres and Fontainebleau, whence he was transferred to the Chateauroux as prefect of the department of L'Indre. He left that office to go to Paris as secretary general of the prefecture of police in 1889, which office he held until 1891. He was decorated with the military medal in 1871, after having served in the army during the Franco-Prusthe military medal in 1811, atter having served in the army during the Franco-Prus-sian war, and it was while he was prefect of the Leire that he had to superintend the trial and the execution of the famous An-archist Rayachol. M. Lepine was prefect of Versailles when he was called to his new office as prefect of police of Paris.

Fought In a Well.

A tough negro woman, who is leased as a convict laborer to a Georgia planter, broke away one day when she was about to be whipped and raa under a house. She disappeared very suddenly, and the guards knew that she could not be very far away. They searched closely for her, and she, seeing that she would be caught, called to a woman who was washing near to tell her what she must do. She was advised to run and iumn in the well.

what she must do. She was advised to run and jump in the well.

The fugitive slipped out, and unobserved ran to the well and jumped down. Directly he dogs were put on the trail, and they went straight to the well and would not leave. A man was sent down. The woman was nearly covered with water. She would not give up, and fought like a tigress. She was strong, and whipped the guard and almost drowned him. He cried for belp and another man was sent down. The woman turned on him, and the two men had all they could do to keep her from drowning them. Finally they got a rope around her body and she was hauled up, with the water raining from her clothes in around her body and she was hauled up, with the water raining from her clothes in

Bloodthirsty Baumberger A cold blooded cutthroat is Albert Baumberger, a North Dakota farmhand who recently murdered E. S. Kreider, his employer, Kreider's wife and four children. After the crime he ordered the hired girl to cook the crime he ordered the hired girl to cook him some meat and potatoes, which ahe did. With one foot resting on the head of the murdered mother, he ate his breakfast and then pulled out his watch and said, "Well, I did the whole job inside of 30 minutes." His immediate thirst for blood being appeased, he took his little niece and carried her to the barn, tied her firmly with a rope and returned to the house, where he searched until he found all the valuables the family possessed—a gold watch and \$50 in money—which he took, and fied.

And B Propered Them a Line.

"Are you talking to yourself or to the fish?" inquired the man on horseback, reining up.
"To the fish," answered the sunburned
man on the log, intently watching his cork.
"I am trying to draw them out."—Chicago
Tribuna.

All Hope Gone "Can nothing be done for the prisone

"The legal expedients are all exhausted, are they?"
"No. But the prisoner's money is."—Tit-Bits.

A Seaside Reverie.

It's fun to lie upon the beach
And hear the breakers roar
And see the wavelets strive to reach
A higher point on shore. It's fun to hoist a parasol
And dawdle all day long,
Regardless of what may befall
Amid the seething throng.

And yet with deeper joy it thrills
To smite with tireless hand
That witless wretch who comes and fills
Your bathing suit with sand.
—New York Press.

The Safe Plan. The Safe Plan.

Traveling Man—A chop and a cup of cofee quick. My train leaves in 20 minutes.

Waiter—Yes, sah; '6 cents, sah.

"Do you want pay in advance?"

"Yes, sah. You may be gone before it's
booked, sah."—New York Weekly.

Formidable. The following is a copy of a letter sent to a gentleman by an insurance agent:

DEARSIR—I hope to give you a call tomorrow or Wednesday on my way to — and shall be allighted to take your life.

—Tit-Bita.

-Tit-Bits. Enjoyle: Himself. Enjoyla: Himself.

He swarmed around the betting stand,
With others of his kind,
Fiscollar crushed, his hat smashed in,
But that he didn't mind,
The hot sun beat upon his back,
With heat like furnace fired,
While he, beside the racing track,
Perspired and perspired.
He turned unto his friend and sald:
"Great Cessar, ain't is warm!
I'm mighty glad to think that I
Ain't working on a farm."
—Indianapolis Journal

Mother—Harry Tucker is the worst boy a school, Tommy, and I want you to keep as far from him as possible.
Tommy—I do, ma. He stays at the head of our classes all the time.—Truth.

Not Inn It. There was a young maiden of Lynn,
Who said she esteemed it a synn
For young girls to flirt—
And she wasn't expert,
For she didn't know how to begynn.
—Louisyille Journ

An Exception.

"Is it true that a varsity man soon forgets what he has learned at college?"

"No, sir, it is not. I can row just as well now as when I was up at Cambridge."—Tit-Bits.

THE HEART OF THE ROSE

Where lies the scent of the rose?
In the heart of it.
The secret the butterfly knows,
And a part of it
She whispered to me one June—
I shall not forget it soon.

I shall make of the rose a friend.
In the heart of it
A message Pil sand, Pil send,
Or a part of it,
For the heart of the rose is small
And cannot contain it all.

She will pin the rose on her breast,
And the heart of it
Will whisper my love—has she gue
Aiready a part of it?
Sweet rose, lie lightly above
The pure heart of my love.
edith Rhys in Kate Field's Washingto

AFTER THE SUPPER.

Dating from a certain moment—the second bottle, I believe—I no more remember what happened to me. A curtain, like a misty cloud, descended upon my memory, similar to the between acts baize of fairy spectacles.

Nevertheless nothing is surer than something did happen to me; many things even. Everything proves it to me. My coat on the floor, my cravat as a nightcap and, above all else, if ever I doubted it, my haggard face, fatigued and pale.

Truly a fine businessi. At my age,

and pale.

Truly a fine business! At my age, eight and thirty years, to allow myself to be surprised by champagne like a schoolboy on a holiday! Stupidity's no name for it! But what plagues me most is to guess what I did last night, particulars, you know, as to the events of the evening.

Rnow, as to the events of the evening.

Question my servant?

Perish the thought of it! Expose myself to the blushing before a lackey! Besides he would only be able to formulate theories from the hour of my return and—and my behavior on reaching

my bedroom.
I divine it, that behavior, 'tis enough.
They pretend that with a single bone
Cuvier was able to entirely reconstruct
an antediluvian animal. It remains to
me then only to find some analogous
thing to as readily reconstruct my existence for the last 13 or 15 hours—a
suggestion, a hint, one or two indications more or less. ions, more or less. Where find them?

Ah-h, my pockets!
A childish habit of burying everything
there clings to me still and will now
perhaps serve me well. Behold the moment of rummaging, then, like the culprit that I am. I tremble guiltily. What am I going Gingerly I slip two fingers into the side pocket of my vest and draw out my

Empty?
By Jovel
In seeking to pick up my overcoat my notebook falls, scattering upon the carpet a heap of papers.

The first of these papers that catche

my eye is the slip of the Cafe Anglais. The trump card of the night's misde neanor. Thanks to this bill I learn immediate ly that the misdemeanor occurred in:
"Salon 14." I could have sworn it.

Tis always, some way. "salon 14" to which I gravitate.

The total? Eight hundred and twenty francs. Pestel I've not been stingy, it appears.

How many were they, I wonder? Wh

were they? My habitual friends, it is probable, but still—no?

An inspiration! This menu, in betraying their tastes, will also to me reveal their names. Let us try to decipher it.
Huitres Portugaises—These are the that that Lucien prefers and that they import from Arrachon expressly for him. Lucien was of the suppers, then, it is

clear. So much for No Potage a la puree de gibier—I greatly deceive myself, or that potage is one to which Maxime is specially partial. Max-ime, then, for No. 2. Filets de sole a la Joinville—Fernand, to a certainty; an Orleanist filet, pure

and simple.

Canetons de Rouen a l'orange—No one but Polastron for that, an out and out useless to ask if Semenow was there. Bombe a la Cardinal—From whom

could this have come? Stay, Marcell Lucien, Maxime, Fernand, Polastron, Semenow, Marcel—Behold my table recomposed.

Women also were at that supper then?

Women also were at that supper then? Beyond a doubt. These scattered photographs attest it. Female suppers out or supperesses, if I may call them so, have always a rage for distributing their portraits. Henriette of the Varieties in her costume of the Revue, her great English coal hoppers squeezed into tight French slippers. Quick, conceal thyself! French slippers. Quick, conceal thyself!
And Jeanne, the eternal, in powdered
hair and leering over her shoulder at the risk of a wry neck.

The third—ah, the third, I do not

The third—an, the third, I do not know her. 'Tis strange! Not a bad lot, either, the third. She's even pretty. Small head, low brow, tiny nose, a mite of a mouth. Nothing but eyes—superb eyes at that! Lashes like a fringe, and a genuine blond.

Deuce take it! No, I do not know her.

Deuce take it! No, I do not know her. The little yellow curls that dance about her brow look even in this photograph like a golden smoke.

Nearly a child, too—18 years perhaps, at farthest. Dressed modestly besides. A high neck robe, puritanical in cut, but which only the better develops that which it envelopes. Exquisite figure, slim and lithe as a bending willow.

Decidedly she is a very pretty little girl. And—and I see in her ears neither pearls nor diamonds, nor even on her

girl. And—and isee in her ears neither pearls nor diamonds, nor even on her fingers a single jewel. The reason possibly for her air of disdain.

Disdain, did I say? This child, who as yet knows nothing of life, yet seems already bored and wearied! Bah! women or girls, they are all alike. Still, where did she come from? Who is it that I have had, unknown, to sit at my table? Maybe it was her debut—the

opening of a great success that I already foresee and predict.

She sat beside me, of course. I talked with her, 'tis certain-all the mainesses probably that came to my head. She refused me, or left me. Behold the rea-son why, perhaps—that I made myself

But let us resume. There were then in salon 14 six men and three women. My personnel's complete. What hap-pened then? I have the actors, but not yet the drama.

Let us continue the voyage in my

THE CARTES DE VISITE. The devil The devil!
Two cards, as I'm a sinner!
The first bearing the name and ad-

R. DE FAYET-MORET, The second: JULES BUHOT,

Captain 120th of the Line. What is it that all this tells me? Tve never known in all my senses as many militaires as this. There is under it of course a quarrel, a row, an alterca-tion. These two cards, cold and placial.

Now I think of it, it seems to me that my left cheek pains me a little and is bigger than the other—the scar of battle

nquestionably.

Pooh! An illusion! What other nonsense will I get into my head? Stay! what
is this written in the corner of the lieutenant's card, the Lieutenant R. de Fayet.

Moret? "Ten o'clock at St. Maunde."

At St. Maunde! Zounds! an armed
encounter; the hour of the rendezvous.

Nothing aould be cleare!

No, the hour has passed. "Tis 11:30

I am dishonored!

No one will believe me when I say that a slept too late and got up with a spliting headache.

I slept too late and got up with a splitting headache.
I have no longer the strength to interrogate my pockets. Still, let us see.
Fine and hemstitched; an airy, cobwebby batiste. But it is not one of mine.
It bears in one of its corners, too, a baron's tortil.
What next? A handkerchief in my pocket that belongs to another! Behold me on the road to the galleys!
Ah, my head, my head!
And these flowers in my buttonhole—this wilted boutonniere. Tiny myosotis blossoms that have closed their blue eyes. The thread that holds them is half untied. A bouquet too modest and simple for me to have bought from a regular flower vender, to have stolen like the handkerchief or to have stolen like the chartical clique.

theatrical clique.

It was given to me, I know it. Just how it was given to me too. A continu-ation of the story of that unknown little blond. She gave me these myosotis blos-soms, knowing that I was going to fight —that I was going to fight for her—in

all probability.

Yes, that is it—it could be nothing My apprehensions redoubled. Awhile ago I wished to know, now I fear to earn too much.

I hesitate to plunge too deep into the

depths of my overcoat. Suppose, like the comedian Arnal, in the fair of the Rue de Lourvine, I draw out my hand full of soot or of blood! What? This overcoat—this overcoat is not mine!
No, mine was chestnut color, and this is the color of a Corinth raisin.
I have not, then, voyaged in my pockets. I have voyaged in the pockets of

nother.
But then, if this overcoat is not mine. no more is the duel mine!

Nor mine the bill of the Cafe Anglais! Nor mine the photographs!

Nor mine the cards of the militaires! Nor mine the wilted myosotis blos-

Nor mine the theft of the baron's handkerchief!
And the romance and friendship of the little blond? Not mine, either!

Not mine, either:
Bah! what matters it? The address
can still be found by means of the photograph.—From the French.

Sir George Humphrey has investigated the life histories of centenarians in Engand with the view of ascertaining the causes and circumstances of longevity.
As one reads the habits and life of these men and women who attained to the age of 100 years and more, one is struck by of 100 years and more, one is struck by the fact that they were almost invaria-bly lean people of spare habits and of great moderation in eating and drink-ing. Of 37, 3 took no animal food, 4 took very little, 20 a little, 10 a derate amount and only one acknowledged taking much meat. With regard alcohol the returns are much the same, and abstemiousness is found to be the rule of life of these centenarians.—

London Hospital. Prize Winners For Humane Stories. To Mrs. Frances Birdsall Stearns of Harrisburg, Tex., and Miss Marshall Saunders of Halifax have been awarded two of the three prizes of \$200 each of-fered by the American Education soci-ety of Boston for the best stories of equal length with "Black Beauty" and illus-

THE JEWEL CASKET.

Berry dishes of cut glass have silver han Some hilts are seen as the handles of hat-

At the normal college commencement in New York 850 girls had silver combs in their back hair.

There is an attractive quaintness in an oblong enamel pin with three children's figures set in a garland of gold and pearls. Corks are luxuriously mounted. To them such descriptive words as spirals, flutes, renaissance, repousse, may be ap-plied.

New rings have three rows of stones co ering the top of the finger. The most dis-stinguished of these had in the center a row of rather large pearls. These stood up prominently above the row of diamonds on each side.

each side.

A novel bit of realism was seen in a wreath. One half had long leaves of olivine turned on themselves, from which depended a diamond and tiny russet cat tails in high finished enamel. The other half of the wreath was of diamond leaves with pearl berries.—Jewelers' Circular.

INTERESTING FACTS.

The oldest coin in the world is an Ægean siece of the year 700 B. C. piece of the year 700 B. C.

Russia has the greatest amount of live stock of any country in Europe.

England leads al. nations in the number of women employed in government positions.

emale.

Among the 58 countles of California here are no less than 14 which end with the letter "o."

Christmas and the Fourth of July are the only holidays which are alike legal in all the states and territories When the thermometer registers 100 degrees, the cable which draws the cars of the East river bridge, New York, is 7 feet 6 inches longer than when the thermometer is at zero.

EDUCATIONAL ECHOES.

The Danish government has voted a sum to be used for scholarships for young women who intend to become teachers.

The faculty of Kentucky university has forbidden all college sports on account of alleged gambling connected with them.

Ex-Senator Dawes of Massachusetts has been elected professor of United States history since the civil war in Dartmouth col-

lege.

The school board of Auburn, Me., has decided that it takes six children to make a school, and they intend closing up all schools having less than that number.

The indications are that '0' will be the largest class that ever entered Princeton. It is estimated that in the academic and scientific departments there will be fully 300 freshmen when the term opens.

thoughtfully leaning back in his ch replied briefly: "No, sir; I must say that I fail to

"No, sir; i muss say that "No, sir; i muss say that "you"
"You do not remember," replied his visitor, "the beardless youth of 10 years ago the poor and obscure clerk, who, guided by the purest and despest love that ever found its passionate utterance in the breast of man, sought your daughter's hand, an whom, sir, you rudely repulsed and drow in soom from your house without one ru of hope and with all the light gone out his life? Little did you dream, sir, whi wou sant me forth alone on that dark are nis life? Lattie did you dream, sir, when you sent me forth alone on that dark and rainy night of the fierce spirit you had aroused, for I come of a race where the indomitable pluck of the Puritan still lives and which has never yet acknowledged its master.

domitable pluck of the Puritan still lives and which has never yet acknowledged its master.

"Humfliated, but not utterly crushed, I set out to gain the fortune that you coldly informed me was the price I must pay for my love. I left the humble roof that had sheltered me, I bade goodby to home and friends, and in distant climes I sought for the gold I had sworn to gain. With tire less energy I trod the unbeaten paths of far countries. In the jungles of the east I have tracked the deadly tiger, and stricken with disease I have lain for mouths tossing upon an obscure cot in India. Never once my undaunted purpose flagged, until finally in the mines of Brazil I found the thing that I had so long sought. I labored as no man ever labored before, and now, sir, I stand before you rich beyond the dreams of avarice, not as the humble and abashed suitor of a decade ago, but as the proud representative of millions."

The look of recognition that came into the aged face of the elder man had suddenly given place to a deadly pallor, and as the speaker ceased 'e sank back in his chair utterly overwhe.med.

"Alas, sir," he nummpred, as with a Actual of the control of the con

speaker ceased 'o sank back in his chair utterly overwhe.med.

"Alas, str," he murmured, as with a de-spairing gesture he seized the hand of the youthful millionaire, "alas, Mr. Caxton—I believe that is the name—I fear it is too

late!" repeated the other. "Too late! Why"—
"Yes," interposed the old man. "Weary and worn with hope deferred, my poor daughter, whose loving heart stood the test of so many years of waiting for your return, has succumbed. Last week she was married."

married."
A look of intense relief came into the travel stained face of his listener.
"You mistake me, sir," he said, kindly laying his hand on the shoulder of the other man. "I am sincerely glad that your daughter has married, and I trust she has done well. That, sir, was not the object of my visit."
"Not the object of your visit?" repeated

"Not the object of your visit?" repeated the venerable railroad man, his hand trembling slightly as he passed it over his forehead. Then, recovering his composure and resuming the businesslike air habitual with him, he said, "Then, may I ask, sir, what you came for?"
"Certainly," replied the hardy traveler and representative of millions. "I wanted to ask sir, if in view of cour forms who." and representative of millions. "I wanted to ask, sir, if, in view of our former rela tions, you couldn't waive a point in my cas and accommodate myself and femile



Doctor's Wife (anxiously)—Shall I send for Dr. Wellknown?
Physician—No; I have given myself up, and he may possibly find me at fault.—
Harper's Weekly.

She Didn't Approve. Literary Lady (writing)—The most essential point in our intercourse with children is to be truthful ourselves. Every other interest ought to be sacrificed to that truth.

Tommy—Ma, Mrs. Caller is coming in at

Literary Lady (angrily)—If she asks for me, tell her I'm out of town. (She resumes writing.) When we in any way deceive a child, we not only set a pernicious example, but also lose our influence over him forever.

—Tit-Bits.

Witty, Though Seasick A judge in crossing the English channel one stormy night knocked against a well known, witty lawyer who was suffering terribly from seasickness.
"Can I do anything for you?" said the

Great Encouragement "I always embrace an opportunity," said ir. Mullins complacently to his ladylove. Mullins was a successful business man but rather backward in lovemaking.

"Do you regard me as an opportunity?" asked the girl shyly.

He did after that.—Truth. He Was Glad. He Was Glad.

Decker—Ah, I see you have on a clean shirt this morning. Quite a social departure for you, eh?

Hecker (with dignity)—I've worn this garment three days, but I'm glad to learn what your idea of a clean shirt really is.—

Brooklyn Life.

Overheard at Bar Harbon He—Give me a kiss.
She (decidedly)—I won't.
He—You shouldn't say "I won't" to me
You should say, "I prefer not."
She—But that wouldn't be true.—Life.

Nothing Crooked. Ward—Where were you last night? Randall—Playing cards. Ward—Gentleman's game? Randall—No; on the square.—Truth.

France's Hard Terms.

BANGKOK, Sept. 4.—The new condition presented to the Siamese Government by M. De Villiers, France's special envoy embodied twelve articles which were s drawn up as to evade as far as possibl the favored nation clause. Failing to tain acceptance of these conditions M. D Villiers, at the last conference with the Siamese Foreign Minister, deslared the Siam might take three-months in which the consider them. It is reported from Chartaboon that the inhabitants of that tow are complaining bitterly of the conduct the French soldiers toward native women France's Hard Terms.

Suspicions Well Founded. Suspicions Well Founded.

There was an air of abstraction about her as she took his hat and cane. When he kissed her on the right cheek, she neglected to turn to him her left.

Now and then a sigh fluttered her gentle breast.

"Do you remember"—
There was a deep shade of anxiety upon her face as she spoke.
—"saying to me last evening that you would always love me?"
He folded her to his bosom affirmatively.
"Are you sincere in that?" she asked tremulously.
"Dealine can you doubt me?"

remulously.
"Darling, can you doubt me?"
"Then you intend to love me forever and "Then you intend to love me forever and ever?"
"Yes, my pet."
The tears came to her eyes.
"I just suspected," she faltered, "that you really didn't intend to marry me."
For a time no sound was heard save the warm, sensuous music of a girl learning to play the piano in the next flat.—Detroit Tribune.

Tell us that Fall is Here =

And Winter is Coming

Now is the time to get prepared-before the rush starts, and while the selection is unbroken.

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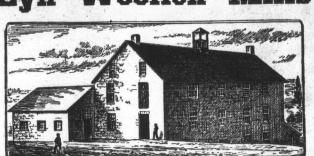
HAVE YOU done your fall housecleaning yet? Our Carpet man says he has lots of "plums" laid out in his end of the store, from Hemp at 10c, Tapestries 25c, to Robinson's Victoria Brussels at 75c and Brinton & Crossley's best Brussels at \$1. Lace Curtains 55c pair.

AMONG THE many snaps lying around the counters are choice ends Towelings for 25c, Black Hose 10c (3 for 25c). Extra good Cashmere Hose for Ladies, Children and Men at 25c, Corsets 25c, 89c, 50c. Kid Gloves 50c, Cashmere Gloves 10c, 15c, 20c. Men's heavy. Sox-10c. Col'd bordered Hdkfs 2½c, White hand-stitched Hdkfs 5c. Ask about Watchspring when yeu are in. As an Inducement to do your fall trading here, we will give 10 per cent discount off every cash purchase of \$5 or over.

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judge. "Yes," gasped the seasick lawyer, "I wish your lordship would overrule this motion."—White Mountain Echo.

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