COLLIERY DISASTER.

ter Than Believed—No Hopes
Hundred and Seventy
Miners.

March 12.—The news from
Pit, this morning, shows
ter is even worse than was
night. Late, yesterday,
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deadly gases. Thirty bodies
vered. There is little abate-
xcitement about Charleroix.
l burning.

foreign office announced,
t a commercial treaty with
ates had been concluded.

A ON A LADY.

Case of Skin Disease
her face and body.
Doctors Baffled.

and Complete Cure by
6 years have Elapse-
and no Return.

ner of ours (Miss Fanny Atwood,
pot, N. Y.) has been cured of a
of skin disease by the use of
EDIES. She remarked that her
d the skill of many well known
hey unanimously pronounced it
Rheumatism lurking in the
predicted that any treatment
h to cure the Eczema would
e the Rheumatism. She used
he CUTICURA REMEDIES. The
arvellous. Her case of Eczema
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reatly relieved during the treat-
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d by the treatment, but rather
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Eczema which once so completely
on of her face and body. Mas
ts in telling of the good effects
a treatment had upon her, and
nsolicited the CUTICURA REME-
ema and all kindred ailments.
tions find ready sale; indeed
AP is on the list to buy almost

& TODD, Druggists, Ithaca, N.Y.

cura Resolvent

d and Skin Purifier and greatest
medies, internally (to cleanse the
impurities and thus remove the
UTICURA, the great Skin Cure,
AP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier,
clear the skin and scalp, and
tly, cure every species of agonis-
burning, scaly, and pimply dis-
in, scalp and blood.

here. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.
SOLVENT, $1.50. Prepared by the
AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION,

"How to Cure Skin Diseases,"
ustrations, and 100 testimonials.

black-heads, red, rough, chapped,
y skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

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cking Cough, Asthma, Pleurisy,
Inflammation relieved in one
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Nothing like it for Weak Lungs

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has had a life long experience in
treating female diseases. Is used
monthly with perfect success by
over 10,000 ladies. Pleasant, safe,
effectual. Ladies ask your drug-
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A FIELD FOR
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railroad, connecting with C. P.
Bridge, to develop the rich and
fields, iron ore, etc.
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a and Spencer's Bridge Wagon
ing 300 acres of land, including
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ce a week. Will be sold on easy
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articulars apply to
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COLLIS BROWNE'S
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NAL and ONLY GENUINE

llor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated
urt that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE
dly the inventor of Chlorodyne,
story of the defendant Freeman
untrue, and he regretted to say
een sworn to.—*Times*, July 13,

S BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE
BEST AND MOST CERTAIN
Y IN COUGHS, COLDS, ASTH-
NSUMPTION, NEURALGIA,
ATISM, &c.
S BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE
ight Hon. Earl RUSSELL com-
d to the College of Physicians
Davenport that he had received
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f any service in Cholera was
ne.—*See Lancet*, Dec. 31, 1864.
S BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE
ibed by scores of orthodox
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nt and fill a place."—*Medical*
n. 12, 1885.
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London Daily Telegraph, Feb. 18.]

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

Kindness of The Poor to The Poor Strikingly and Pathetically Shown.

The Wonderful Decorum and Orderliness of the Starving People.

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

In my last letter I endeavored to show that neither of the two objects which the Government and the Zemstvos are striving to attain by gratuitously distributing corn and flour to the needy—viz., to save agriculture from ruin and the peasants from death—can be realised in any such slipshod way, and that unless we go to the root of the matter and treat the evil radically, thoroughly, and once for all, we had better moderate our expectations very considerably and prepare to face a very gloomy future. What is wanted is work for all who are still capable of performing it; open-air work in field and forest, on roads and bridges, for the healthy, and home work for persons who cannot do any other; and soup kitchens, in which all those whose condition is worse off still can have a free meal of wholesome food. It is about the soup kitchens that I wish to say a few words to-day, and thus bring my remarks to a conclusion.

As far back as last September I conceived the idea of providing the distressed villages with almshouses, in which every hungry inhabitant could get his dinner for nothing, and I communicated this scheme to an old friend of mine, M. Raievsky, who expressed his warm approval and gave it a fair trial. He invited us to his house in the country, where we might, he said, rely upon his cooperation in this work of succouring the poor; but before our arrival he had six soup kitchens opened by the village Starostas and one for his own employes. His method was very simple: Fixing upon the most distressed village in the district, he called on the poorest widows, or the most hungry peasants, and asked them to undertake to cook a dinner every day for thirty or forty individuals—themselves among the number—promising on his own part to supply the provisions. The Starosta thereupon drew up a list of those to whom age, disease, or extreme poverty gave the necessary qualification to share the hospitality of the almshouse. Although M. Raievsky did not superintend these establishments in person, they worked admirably during the month of their existence; at the end of which the recipients of this charity were allowed a monthly supply of rye from the Government, and five of the six soup kitchens were closed. Very soon, however, the distress spread so widely that it was found advisable to open them again, and to supplement them with new ones, of which during the first four weeks of our sojourn we founded thirty.

Our *modus operandi*, which we endeavor to harmonise as much as possible with the ways of the people, is as simple as we could well make it. There are no formalities, no red tape, no demand for documentary proof of poverty from the candidates for relief, no delay. As soon as we hear of a village being in great want—and we are always the first to be informed of it—we set out for the place without loss of time, call on the village Starosta, tell him the object of our visit, invite an old inhabitant to give us the benefit of his local knowledge, and then proceed to make exhaustive inquiries into the condition of every hut in the village from one end to the other. This is a specimen of the catechetical dialogue that takes place on such occasions: "Let's begin at the left end. There's Maximus Antokheen, now what has he got to live upon?" "He is badly off. Has six children and himself to forage for.

HIS CORN GAVE OUT LONG AGO.

You might let his old woman and one of his boys have their meals in the soup kitchen." We jot their names down and proceed. "The next hut belongs to Theodore Abramoff, what have you to say about him?" "Badly off too. Still, he can pull through a little longer." But here the Starosta's wife breaks in with a remark to the effect that we ought to make his son free of the soup kitchen, as the family is very badly off. This, too, we make a note of. The next name is that of an old soldier who served under the Emperor Nicholas, and the account we receive of him is brief, but conclusive: "Oh, he's dying of hunger." "Well, and how about Damian Sapronoff and his family?" "They'll manage, in one way or another, to keep their heads above water yet a bit." And in this way we pass in review all the inhabitants of the village.

It might be thought that the peasants would not prove the most impartial judges in a matter of this kind, in which their own order is so nearly concerned, and that in making up the lists of the candidates for free meals they would be naturally disposed to favor peasants and exclude members of the other classes. As a matter of fact, they are above all suspicion, and judge each case on its intrinsic merits. They have proved their perfect impartiality by numberless acts. Thus, in the village of Tatishshevo, in which we opened a soup kitchen, these untutored judges excluded from the list several neighbors of theirs, who were also peasants, on the ground that they could struggle on some time longer by themselves, while they unanimously admitted the priest's widow and her children, as well as the Sacristan's wife, none of whom belong to the peasant class.

We endeavor to practice the strictest economy in everything connected with the working of these establishments, and our efforts are seconded by those of the peasants themselves. Thus, the cook or manager prepares the dinners and suppers, finding her own cooking utensils and vessels, and borrowing what she lacks, with the exception of spoons, which every one provides for himself. For all this she receives no salary. In the first two villages in which we tried our experiment the village Starostas were eager to have the soup kitchen in their dwellings; but, considering that the person who undertakes the task is never allowed to want for fuel or food, we always appoint the poorest of the poor, giving the preference to those among them who live in a central part of the village, so that the distance to go should be as short as possible. We take no account of the size of the dwelling, because we can always manage to feed thirty or forty persons in the very smallest box in the place. We purchase provisions in large quantities, storing them in the house of some rich landowner in the neighborhood, whence we distribute them twice a week (Tuesdays and Fridays) to the soup kitchens. Once a week carts are sent out for fuel, for which we used turf in the beginning; but, as turf can no longer be had, we now have to turn to the much more expensive wood.

Our first soup kitchen we opened in the hovel of a blind old man, who lived there with his wife and his grandchildren. I arrived in the hut at eleven o'clock, on the day on which it was to be opened, and found that the woman had everything prepared. The loaves of rye bread had been taken out of the oven and were on the table. In the hot oven, which was closed, the cabbage soup, potatoes, and beetroot were still simmering.

Besides the ordinary inmates of the hut, I found two female neighbors of the blind man, and one homeless old woman, who begged to be allowed to live in the hut, for the sake

OF THE FOOD AND FUEL

she could have there. The hungry guests had not yet come in, as the woman had waited to see me before bidding them. We sent a man and a boy to tell them to come at once, and in the meantime I asked the woman whether she thought that she could accommodate them all in that tiny room. "Yes, of course. But you leave that to me. I'll see to everything." She was a strong, muscular woman of fifty, with a furtive, restless, but intelligent look, and she proved an excellent manager. Before I employed her she had been gaining her livelihood and supporting her family by begging, and her enemies maintained that she was a drunkard to boot. Whatever truth or ill-will there may have been in this report she certainly prepossessed one in her favor by the very humane spirit which she infused into her relations with her husband's grandchildren, who were orphans, and the tender care she lavished on the dried-up human relics of the blind man, who lay there in a heap on the plank bed more dead than alive. The mother of the orphans had died a year before, on which the father, leaving them to fight life's battle by themselves, had betaken himself to Moscow, where he lost no time in flinging himself into the whirlpool of sin and sorrow that men miscall life. The orphans—a boy and a girl—were really fine specimens of Russian peasant children, the boy, who was eight years old, being positively handsome; and, in spite of the poverty that seemed to permeate the very atmosphere they breathed, they were well and warmly clad, and the trusting way in which they clung to their grandmother, and the imperious capriciousness with which they enforced upon her their despotic will, left no doubt that love was the bond that united them.

The woman kept reiterating that there was no ground for anxiety on my part, all her arrangements being perfect, and confiding to me her trouble with the turf, which, when put to the test, would do anything but burn, in consequence of which she had had to encroach upon her private stock of straw, which she used as fuel. Seeing that there was nothing for me to do here, for the moment, I crossed the ravine that separated the other village from this, and entered the second soup kitchen, which the woman in charge was also unnecessarily waiting for me to open. Here I experienced the same sights and sounds as in the hut I had just quitted; the identical smell of recently baked rye bread, the same big black loaves placed at fixed intervals on the tables and benches, the same earthenware pots in the oven, and the same expectant faces in the room. Upon my arrival, two men volunteered to go out and call in the hungry people to their first meal; and meanwhile the woman in charge kept on talking as glibly as her sister over the way, telling me, among other things, how badly the turf had behaved, and how she had been obliged to cut up a serviceable trough and burn that.

FEARING LEST A HITCH MIGHT HAVE OCCURRED

in the arrangements of the other soup-kitchen, I broke off the conversation, and retraced my steps to the blind man's hovel. The room was crowded with people, and the hum and buz and stir of life and movement reminded me of a hive of busy bees opened on a warm summer's night. Steam poured out in dense clouds through the door. The smell of piping hot rye-bread and cabbage-soup told a tale which was amply borne out by the sounds of munching and masticating which reached one's ears. The hut was a doll's house as to size, and a subterranean cave as to light. It had but two miniature windows, and they were partially covered with the dung which was heaped up against the wall from the outside. Dark as it was from these causes, it was made darker still by the backs of the peasants who stood up awaiting their turn, and keeping out the stray grey streaks of light that struggled for admittance. On entering the room, and for a considerable time after, you could not distinguish your own hand. The floor, too, was earthen and cut up into valleys and hills. But in spite of these drawbacks and others, including over-crowding, perfect order was maintained by the guests themselves, who sat with great dignity round the two tables which stood parallel to the wall on the left hand side as you enter the room. In the middle of the hut was a sort of gallery by the stove, on which, after my eyes had accustomed themselves to the darkness, I espied the blind man, no longer lying, but sitting up embracing his knees with his thin parched hands, and listening to the chatter of the diners and the sounds of eating. On the right hand side, in a corner unoccupied by the guests, stood the woman in charge and her unpaid assistants eagerly watching the people, and zealously attending to their wants.

At one table in the furthest corner of the room, under the icons, sat the soldier who had served under the Emperor Nicholas; next to him a very ancient man of the village; then an old woman, and the children. At the other table, nearer to the oven, her back turned to that part of the wall which was between the two windows, sat the priest's widow, the incarnation of human wretchedness, and round about her a number of boys and girls, her own daughter, a grown-up lass, among the latter. On each table stood a large bowl of steaming shtshee, or cabbage soup, and the diners would frequently take a sip to wash down the warm sweet-smelling rye-bread. The cups of shtshee were rapidly emptied, on which the cheerful, hospitable voice of the woman in charge would be heard. "Let me pour you out a little more; do have some more," and as she spoke she handed slices of bread to those who wanted them over the heads of the others. Then, turning to me, she remarked, "We have only shtshee and potatoes for dinner. We were late with the beetroot, but it will be ready for supper." On this a shrivelled up old woman standing by the oven, in whom life seemed to be at its last flicker, just before going out turned to me and begged me to give her some bread to take home with her. She had hardly been able to crawl out to-day, but she could not do it every day, she explained; no, not if it were to save her life. She had scarcely the strength to move. Her son will be having his meals here, and he could fetch her hers, if we would permit such a thing. The woman in charge cut her off a lump of bread, which she took reverently, putting it tenderly away in her bosom, and thanked us, but did not leave the room. Meanwhile the Sacristan's wife, a lively woman, who was standing by the oven and helping the blind man's wife to do the honors, suddenly thanked us for her daughter, who was dining there, and then, lowering her voice, asked timidly if she herself might be allowed to have a meal. "It's very long ago since I have had a bit of pure bread; and you know it's as sweet as honey to the likes of us."

Having been told that she was welcome, she made the sign of the cross, stepped over the plank that bridged the space between a stool and the bench, and took her place between a boy and an old woman, who moved in opposite directions to make room for her. The hostess handed her bread and a spoon and she began her dinner. After the shtshee

A PLATTER OF POTATOES

was set before the diners, every one of whom takes some salt from a large salt-cellar, lays it in a little heap before him, and dips into it the peeled potato. All these operations—the service at table, the seating of the guests, and the eating—were carried on without fuss or unseemly haste, with decorum bordering on solemnity, and at the same time with such ease and absence of constraint as can only come of long habit. It seemed, indeed, as if these persons thus casually thrown together had been doing these things every day of their lives, had been doing them thus, and could not, even if they would, do them otherwise. The whole dinner scene seemed the result of the working of a natural law.

The old soldier, having eaten his potatoes and carefully put away the scraps of bread that remained, was the first to rise and leave the table. His example was immediately followed by all the others, who turned to the images as they passed, bowed, offered up a prayer, then thanked their hosts and left. Those who stood with their backs to the wall waiting for their turn now took the vacant places in a quiet, orderly manner; the hostess cut bread for them, poured them out shtshee, and the dinner recommenced anew.

The same sights and scenes might be observed in the second soup kitchen, which differed from the first only in being smaller and darker, whereas it had to accommodate a larger number of guests—as many as forty. But the decorum of the diners and the view which the hostess took of her duty, in which tranquillity, heartiness, and a certain noble pride were plainly visable, were exactly the same in both, and all the other soup kitchens which we opened in other villages later on were, and still are, marked by the same characteristics. In some of them the zealous hostess sets three, and even four, different dishes before her guests: Beetroot, shtshee, gruel, and potatoes.

The cost of all this is about two shillings a month per person. Such, in brief, are the soup kitchens, about which so much has been spoken and written. The scheme, I admit, is not without its drawbacks, but they are as dust in the balance when compared with the advantages it offers. Among the former, that of higher cost has been alleged; it has been asserted that whereas the Government allows a man, say, 25lb of flour a month, she soup kitchen would have to expend the same quantity of flour, and, in addition to this, potatoes, beetroot, salt, fuel, and oatmeal. This is true; but it is outweighed by the consideration that the soup kitchens supply the people with more wholesome and more varied food, and that, by gradually introducing peas, lentils, beetroot, oatmeal gruel, and Indian wheat gruel, they will be enabled to lessen the consumption of flour and to better the victuals.

Another objection is that the soup kitchens can guarantee only the weak members of the family from starvation, not the young and able-bodied, who would be ashamed to be seen sitting at the table of the orphans. Thus, when drawing up the lists of candidates for admission, the peasants invariably exclude the strong and healthy young men and young women, however great their need; and the latter are themselves generally unwilling to be seen at the soup kitchens. One day, for instance, a peasant came and asked to have

HIS MONTHLY ALLOWANCE

increased, affirming that for two days he had not broken his fast. He was told to go to the soup kitchen. He listened, blushed, and refused. And yet another peasant of his age in similar circumstances was a daily guest there. Or take another case. A woman came and complained or her distressed condition, asking for an allowence for herself and family. She was advised to send her daughter to the soup kitchen; but, the daughter being a marriageable girl, she declined. And yet the priest's widow's daughter mentioned above, who is also a marriageable lass, has her meals regularly in the almshouse. But the most serious objection ever urged against the soup kitchens is that they are useless to the very old and young, and to the children who have no clothing at all, because such persons cannot profit by their hospitality, especially in bad weather. This, however, is a grave mistake. The fact is that we exert ourselves to the utmost to remedy this by getting their neighbors to fetch their meals for all those who are unable to come themselves.

The advantages offered by the soup kitchens over every other form of relief are numerous and considerable. To begin with, the food they give is more varied and more wholesome than can be had at home, it can be purchased at lower rates, and a saving of fuel is effected by cooking for batches of forty persons, in addition to which the whole family of indigent persons in whose hut the cookery operations take place is nourished and kept warm. The possibility of an unjust division of alms, whereby the Cinderellas of the family are harshly dealt with, is also wholly eliminated, and, instead of envy and hate, the noblest sentiments are warmed into life by the cordial hospitality and brotherly love which distinguish many of the workers in these almshouses. Possible abuses are reduced to a very small compass—the capacity of the human stomach. A dishonest person may contrive to possess himself unlawfully of any quantity of flour and corn which should by right be given to others; but no one can eat more than a very limited quantity of victuals. But to my mind the most solid advantage of all is this, that no dweller in the village in which there is a soup kitchen is in any serious danger of dying of starvatcion. The sights and stories that harrowed our souls of weak old men and sick children being forced to partake of noxious breadstuffs, and pining away and dying in consequence, become impossible wherever there is an almshouse. And this alone is an enormous gain.

In order to give no pretext for dissatisfaction in the matter of choosing deserving persons as guests at the dinner table of a soup kitchen which I was about to open, I profited by a meeting of peasants which was being held at the time, to ask them to solve the question, at least practically. Several persons immediately assured me that this was utter folly on my part, as it could only give rise to disputes and squabbles. But I thought I would wait and see for myself. And I was not disappointed. The first suggestion made was that every family should send one member to the almshouse. This proposal was very soon scouted, on the ground that many families need no assistance even for one member, while very many other families had two and three members who were hungry and helpless. Very soon the meeting agreed to adopt my suggestion, which was that every man must be left to follow the dictates of his own conscience. "We shall provide dinners and suppers for forty persons daily. Anyone who thinks he is

SUFFICIENTLY BADLY OFF

to come is welcome, and if every particle of food be eaten up, much good may it do to those who have eaten it." When giving their solemn sanction to this view, one man remarked that a strong, healthy peasant would be ashamed to come and eat up the orphans' portion, on which a dissentient voice was heard to object: "I'd be glad never to show myself there; but if I am ever again as hungry as I was lately, when I had not tasted any kind of food for two days, I won't answer for my being able to stay away."

This, then, is one of the great advantages of the soup kitchens, that whoever comes into one of them, whether his name be inscribed or not, whatever his social state or caste, whether a workman, a soldier, a priest's wife, a petty trader or a noble, sickly or healthy, a lazy vagabond or an industrious toiler, a drunkard or a total abstainer, the man who can say that he is hungry, or that he has not eaten for two days, can sit down to table and eat to his heart's content. Whenever there are soup kitchens, no man or woman or child will die of starvation, and no person will be forced by hunger to work.

Every species of inducement, every kind of motive, may be lawfully employed to obtain from an individual a reasonable amount of the kind of work which he is capable of performing, with one exception. Compulsion by hunger should never even be alluded to without a blush of shame. We may tame wild beasts by starving them, and train them to do acts, contrary to their nature or their habits; but we should be heartily ashamed to harbour the thought of treating human beings in this way and compelling them to perform our bidding by hunger. It is as infamous a method as to flog them into doing it. It is surely high time for Christians to relinquish such a barbarous practice and relegate it to the limbo of things which have been but can never be again—like slavery and feudalism. People talk volubly and write voluminously about the audacity of the peasants who refuse to work when work is offered to them, maintaining that no food should be allowed unless and until they do work. This kind of talk is not Christian; it is not human. We should not forget that it is a torture for any man—no matter who he is—to remain idle; how much more so for the peasant, whose existence is one unbroken period of penal servitude, and who cannot conceive life otherwise than as work. Still less should we forget that it ill becomes indolent sluggards like ourselves, who live and thrive on the labor of the peasants, to talk solemnly and sanctimoniously about their shameful idleness and sloth.

A strong infusion of brotherly love is very sorely needed to sweeten and humanise the relations of class to class, or man to man. The peasants themselves feel this keenly as we do, and are much more prompt with the remedy. A short time ago some peasants and landowners of the Government of Kalooga, touched with the distress of the inhabitants of our district, and forgetting to inquire whether they were industrious or lazy, undertook to care of and provide fodder for eighty of their horses till spring; and the poor people of our district, without one moment's hesitation, confided these their last worldly possessions to men whom they had never seen, and whose names they did not know.

If but the one-hundredth part of this quickening consciousness of human brotherhood, of this striving after the union of man in the name of the God of love, leavened the selfish feellngs and narrow aspirations of all people, how light-heartedly, nay, how cheerfully should we now be facing the famine, and not only the famine, but all physical and material evils to which mankind is subject.

First shipment of baby carriages for the season at Weiler Bros.

Special Correspondence of THE COLONIST.)

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser Have an Interesting Discussion on Domestic Economy.

Mr. White, of Boston, buys M. Quad's "Golconda" Mine—The "Arizona Kickers" Sketches.

[Copyright, 1892 by Charles B. Lewis.]

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"Do you know," suddenly observed Mr. Bowser as he looked up from his paper the other evening, "do you know that we are going to the poorhouse at railroad speed?"

"Why, no!" replied Mrs. Bowser in considerable alarm.

"Well, we are, and I think it is high time I called a halt. This reckless waste and unheard of extravagance must cease. I'm going to put my foot down!"

"W-what reckless waste?" she asked.

"This reckless waste every day in the week!" he severely replied, "It is evident to me that you have no idea of the value of money, and that you let everybody swindle you. I have been looking over some of the grocery and meat bills, and it is positively shocking, the way you have been robbed."

"Why, Mr. Bowser! No one can buy more carefully than I do! I am sometimes ashamed of myself for being so stingy."

"No woman is a careful buyer, Mrs. Bowser. The Lord didn't create her that way. Give her a ten dollar bill and she becomes perfectly reckless. I am satisfied that I can cut down our expenses at least seven dollars per week, and I propose to do the buying myself hereafter."

"It wasn't four weeks ago that you were complimenting me on my financiering," she protested.

Mr. Bowser arose, crossed his hands under his coattails, and balancing on his heels and toes he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, no wife should talk back to her husband. He is the head of the house. He knows what is best. He was created to know. I shall not only run this house for the next two weeks to show you what I can do, but I shall make a saving to open your eyes in astonishment."

"NO WIFE SHOULD TALK BACK TO HER HUSBAND."

"Well, if things do not go right you mustn't blame me," she rejoined.

"Blame you! When did I ever blame you? You can't be blamed because you don't know the value of money. No woman can. As a man I am simply sorry for your sex."

After breakfast next morning Mr. Bowser entered the kitchen and asked the cook what she wanted. She gave him a list of about twenty different articles, and he put it in his pocket and walked out. An hour later two quarts of beans and a loaf of bread were delivered from the grocery. When Mr. Bowser sat down to noon lunch he found nothing but bread and butter and water.

"What does this mean?" he demanded of Mrs. Bowser across the table.

"You are doing the buying now," she quietly replied.

"Yes—um! And in order to spite me I suppose you instructed the girl to throw everything outdoors? I understand, Mrs. Bowser—I understand!"

"There was nothing to throw out. She gave you a list of things wanted, and you did not send them."

Mr. Bowser had no more to say. Soon after his departure the butcher's boy brought a piece of beef and two dozen clothespins. At dinner he found the meat and some bread and butter.

"How much have you been paying for beefsteak?" he asked of Mrs. Bowser.

"From fourteen to sixteen cents."

"And I got this for eleven! That shows the difference at once! No wonder we were on our way to the poorhouse!"

Mr. Bowser broke his knife in trying to cut the steak, and the small piece he finally got into his mouth almost pulled his teeth out, but he smiled and pretended to be pleased, and when he shoved back from the table he rubbed his hands and said:

"A week ago to-day you paid out six dollars. My expenses for the day are only sixty-four cents. Quite a difference, eh? The grocer and butcher look as if they had heard something drop."

At breakfast next morning Mr. Bowser found some pancakes and water on the table. He was about to break forth when he caught himself and observed:

"Our great fault as a nation, Mrs. Bowser, is that we eat too much. We have become a race of gormands and dyspeptics."

"And this will cure us, I suppose?" she replied, as she looked from the pancakes to the water and back.

"It will help to. I haven't the least doubt that both of us will feel better to-day than for a week before; and still further, we know that we have not been highway robbed."

That day Mr. Bowser sent soap and potatoes. The next day he sent coffee and starch. On the next he sent tea and bluing.

"Mrs. Bowser," he began, as he sat down to his fourth dinner and found only coffee and potatoes on the table, "I have now been running this house for four days."

"Yes."

"I have saved over any four days of yours at least seven dollars in cold cash. I told you it could be done and it has been done. I shall now turn the matter over to you again, expecting you to profit by my teachings."

"You have done so well that you had best continue!" she quietly observed.

"Having demonstrated to you that there is no need of your being robbed and swindled, and being pressed for time, I shall hereafter expect you to do the marketing. I may have to step in at intervals, but of course any husband will cheerfully do that. As I told you before, no wife can be blamed for what she doesn't know. Having had the benefit of my experience, if you allow yourself to be swindled again it will be your own fault."

Next day at dinner Mrs. Bowser had turkey, sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce and other good things, and Mr. Bowser looked about him and observed:

"Well, you deserve credit, Mrs. Bowser, and I am glad to accord it."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"I showed you how this house could be run on the same system as a bank, and you were sensible enough to adopt my suggestions, and this is the result! I am considerably encouraged, Mrs. Bowser—considerably encouraged. In a year or two more, if you will follow out this line, you will almost be competent to go down to the store with a twenty dollar bill and invest it as well as I could."

M. QUAD AND MR. WHITE.

If Mr. White, of Boston, is alive, and this article meets his eye, I trust that he wil at once forward me a check for $25,000. It would be well to send a certified check, and if he wants to add the interest on $25,000 for thirty years, I shall take it as a still further evidence of his Mayflowerish integrity. The interest ought to be figured at 10 per cent., but I would accept 6 and send him a receipt in full. If Mr. White is dead, and his widow wants me to keep his memory green in my heart, she can do as I hope he would if alive.

It was thirty years ago last month that I first shook hands with Mr. White. It was in Virginia City, Mon. He was in shattered health. I am quite sure it was shattered, because he had to dilute Montana whiskey 250 per cent. before he could swallow it, and even then he feared a case of lockjaw. He had left Boston on the advice of a doctor, and he had fetched up in Virginia City to see if he couldn't cough up a penny he had accidentally swallowed while gazing at the top of Bunker Hill monument. If a man had anything in him Virginia City would bring it out in the halcyon days, and it was very proper for him to expect relief.

I don't remember which of the four of us who were equal owners in the "Great Golconda" silver mine first discovered Mr. White and ascertained that he was a tenderfoot of the most pronounced type. We never quarreled over the honor attached to the discovery. The "Golconda" had busted us. We had put in four dollars for every one taken out. We wanted to go home and work on a farm at thirteen dollars per month and found. We wanted to do anything except hang on to that claim. We were hanging on to get an offer of fifty dollars or less when Mr. White appeared on the scene. It seemed like the hand of Providence. He began to talk of mining matters, and we began to bless the Mayflower for bringing his great grandfather across the sea and also to put up a job on him. At the end of the week he coughed up the cent, and then his interest in mines rapidly increased. So did our interest in him. At the end of a fortnight he was ripe. He confessed his entire ignorance about mines, but was will ng to trust to our integrity. We were perfectly willing to sell him on that basis. We had lots of integrity, but not over fifteen dollars cash capital in the common fund.

We had a hole in the ground about twelve feet deep. I know it was about twelve feet, for my back still aches I think of the last day I handled the pickax down there. Mr. White went out to view our hole in the ground. He seemed pleased. We lowered him down and he came up smiling. We thought he smiled because the old rope and windlass didn't give way and drop him back. We had decided to let Mr. White have the hole in the ground for $500 in cash, and throw in the two horseshoes nailed on the water barrel for luck, but he was so green and soft and tender that we concluded to double the figure. We hadn't put it at him, however, when he paralyzed us by an offer of $10,000 for the "Golconda." None of the four of us breathed for the next half hour. When we finally got away by ourselves we acted like lunatics.

The day we made out the papers and got our money was the longest day I ever saw or expect to see in this vain and deceitful world. We were shaking with fear that Mr. White would back out, or that it would occur to him to get the services of an expert, and when the money, which he had no difficulty in getting at a bank, was finally handed over, we could hardly realize that we were awake and had scooped in a victim. Each of us skipped the country within twenty-four hours. We felt sorry for Mr. White, of course, but it was Montana sorry. There was even talk of chipping in fifty dollars apiece to get him back home in good shape, but no one chipped. I believe we finally agreed that the walk would do him good. For the first 200 miles east we expected to be overhauled by Mr. White and a sheriff, but if they pursued us it was by another route. Perhaps they didn't pursue.

Six months later I met Mr. White in Chicago. I tried to dodge him, but he was too quick for me. I was about to offer to restore the balance of his money I had on hand, when he hugged me in a brotherly manner and invited me to accompany him to a jewelry store and accept a present of a thousand dollar diamond pin. Suspecting his sanity I broke away and ran for my life, and it was a week later before I heard a dull thud. Then I read in the papers that Mr. White, the soft and gentle tenderfoot from Boston, had sold his "Golconda" mine for $200,000 spot cash, and that in four weeks the new owners had taken out almost half that sum of ore.

I beg Mr. White's pardon for not bringing up this matter before, but the fact is that I haven't even yet fully recovered from the shock. I believe him to be honest and conscientious. I don't think he is the man to take advantage of another's misfortunes. We were forced to sell the "Golconda," of course. We knew Mr. White was getting a big thing, but it turned out so rich that he can afford to be just. I think my three partners intended to best him, but I didn't. I was the one who suggested that we sell out for a thousand dollars. I don't claim one fourth part of the sum Mr. White received, but if he were to send me $25,000, with thirty years' interest on the same, I think his appetite would be better, his slumbers less troubled, and when he came to die my pale and anxious face would not rise up as a vision to worry his last momemts.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

EXPLANATORY.—In a late issue of THE KICKER we spoke about Tom Jones, of the Bald Eagle saloon, diluting his whisky until one gallon made five. Such items often creep in during the hurry of going to press. Mr. Jones has called at our office and satisfied us that he follows the rule laid down by all others, and that one gallon is made to produce only three. We cheerfully make the correction.

NOT OUR MAN.—The boys over in Clinch Valley sent us word that the other day that they had hung your agricultural editor and wanted to know what should be done with the body. We replied that our agricultural man was at that very moment sitting in the sanctum of THE KICKER and writing a column article entitled, "Will the Coming Cow Make Use of the Cactus for Fodder?" The boys had made a mistake. We are not quite certain who their victim was, but we suspect that he was a naturalist from Chicago who wrote us about four weeks ago that he was heading this way.

The Clinch Valley boys have been down on us ever since our winning mule cleaned them out of $75,000 cash on a mile dash, and they no doubt thought they had a rich joke on us when they run down the tenderfoot. Our agricultural editor doesn't know any too much, but he never strays outside the town.

TAKE NOTICE.—Whereas, an individual known as Bill Poole has seen fit to spread the report that I am an escaped prisoner from the Kansas penitentiary, this is to notify him that if he does not publicly retract the same in the next issue of THE KICKER I shall shoot him wherever I may find him. I am a peacefully minded man, but I feel that I must protect my character, which is all I have as a working capital. SURE-SHOT JACKSON.

DOG FIGHT.—Lovers of this fascinating sport are hereby notified that there will be a match fight on Thursday evening, at the Inter Ocean saloon, between Colonel Tabor's dog, "Sam," and Major Westfield's dog, "Hero." The stakes are for $25, and the best dog wins.

THEY MUST GO.—When the mayor of this town (who is ourself) returned to his office after luncheon the other day he found Grizzly Bill in possession. G. Bill had been boasting to some of the boys that he proposed to run the mayor's office thereafter. We courteously invited him to vacate, but he promptly refused, and called us a one horse mayor of a one horse town.

The doctors predicted yesterday that he would die as the sun went down, but he is still living as we go to press, and

GRIZZLY BILL'S GRAND BLUFF.

may possibly pull through. If he dies we shall follow our usual course and bury him in our private graveyard and foot all expenses. If he lives we shall advise him to get out of this town as soon as he can walk.

The boys die hard, but they must go. As mayor we have a certain dignity to maintain, and shall maintain it at any cost. Our official office is neither a poker room nor a saloon. As editor of The Kicker Grizzly Bill and the rest of the gang can facetiously poke us in the ribs and smash our hat over our eyes, but as mayor we shall permit no undue familiarity.

HE WAS STRINGLESS.

We were camped on the Bear river in eastern Utah, when a prospector came along one morning on a mule. He had his jaw tied up, and at first he seemed inclined to pass on without a word. On second thought, however, he halted and gruffly queried:

"How fur to Salt Lake?"

"Three hundred miles."

"Humph!"

"Traveled far?"

"About 200 miles."

"Get your jaw hurt?"

"No. It's jest an infernal toothache, and I'm a-ridin' 500 miles to git it pulled."

TROUBLED WITH A TOOTHACHE.

We invited him down, and one of the crowd got a piece of string around the tooth and jerked it out as slick as you please. After the overjoyed man had ceased dancing about, I queried:

"Why didn't you try the string before starting out on such a long ride?"

"Best kind of reason, sir. I hadn't nary string to try." M. QUAD.

Jangle—"What a braggart Wickle is!" Tonks—"Is he? In what way?" Jangle—"Why, he says he isn't a fool!"