************* The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance. **********************

truth now.

curtly. "I will find it out if yo don't. Who is George Archer?"

ed with pain and shame, poor, fellow, for no fault of his own."

Anne is weeping at the bare re-collection, but there is no tear in Gillian's eyes, glowing darkly with liquid fire.

"He never knew, then?" she per-

sists. "he never knew the truth when he saw me last?"
"No. Gillian. He wrote you a fare-

well letter, you know," Anne says,

Did he tell me the truth in that set-

was in your letter, of course

ter? Did he tell you that even-ing?"

"No. I did not needlessly wound im. Miss Deane," Anne replies, more

coldly, and drawing away from Gillian. "I told him, when I met him

Tain some nine or ten weeks ago London, that I gave that let-

ter, as he desired me to do, into your own hands. That satisfied

"Oh! did it?" Gillian says as be-

fore. "Did he tell you he met me in London?"

"Yes, he saw you and Captain Lacy one evening at a railway sta-tion, he said," Anne replies, all the hardness coming back to her cold, modulated tones, "You have, not

brought your maid I spo. Shall I help

"Yes, I know; I burned it unread.

gravely.

And then the door is closed, and Gillard hears have been made to me, and hears har boit it inside; and she and I have been made a blind and a puppet by you all. Tell me the twift new." And then the door is closed, and she him hears her boit it inside; and she moves away, slowly and mechanically, her senses whirling, her lagging feet feeling like leaden weights, as she unconsciously goes to her own old room, and, entering there, she stands in the middle of the floor, staring about her with unseeing eyes, like a

"It can't be true! It can't be true!"

she mutters, dazedly.

Her rooms—the bedchamber and pretty little dressing-room adjoining —are quite ready, fresh and adorned for her reception, welcoming her back, it even saems, to her—they are so daintily bedecked with bouquets of daintily bedecked with bouquets of daintily bedecked with section and that his mother was a lovely young girl, a nursery governess in There are her favorite little green glass baskets of lemon-hued velvety primroses: there are the slender lily

vases filled with fragrant gardenias, and the specimen glass on the toilet table is filled with sprays of heath clustered with tiny, unblown buds. There are her favorite books on the clustered with tiny, unblown buds. There are her favorite books on the tables, and exquisitely worked antimacassars of crewel embroideries on the chairs and couch; the embroider les she has so often admired wrought. macassars of crewel embroideries on the chairs and couch; the embroideries of the same artistic fingers that by the same artistic fingers that have achieved, she can well percieve, every artistic touch in ornamenting her rooms.

And as Gillian stands there, stunned and shocked, and miserable, she can be she with the same artistic fingers that the same almost frightens her.

And set there is the dawning of a passionate rapture of hope and generous love in the big, dark-fringed cycs through which the loyal, loving soul is looking.

"Is that why Lady Damer never liked him?" she asks, in a low tone.

"Yes, dear, I think it was There

And as Gillian stands there, stunned and shocked, and miscrable, she begins to vaguely feel the sweet voiceless presence of a gentle sympathy and the influence of a thoughtful, graceful spirit, the silent loving heart which has studied so to please her eye, and to gratify her taste, and it falls like cooling balm on her fever of distress.

"I believe Anne did all this for me to please me," she whispers, with a swelling heart. "I know it was she who arranged these chairs and tables, and put these lovely fresh flowers in the vases! She dil it to please me and to make fri a k with me."

And then comes back the burning fellow, for no fault of his own."

And then comes back the burning thought that has been momentarily soothed.

"It can't be true! It can't be true! Oh, poor George! Oh, dear George!" An! then comes Anne's gentle knock at the door, and Gillian opens it in stantly, and Anne sees to her disma; the pale, grief-stricken face, the frightened cyss imploringly looking

"Oh, Anne. Anne?" she says, clasp ture of despair. "I have heard some ing her hands together with a ges

thing just now—is it true? Ch. Anne: Tell mel 1s it true?" "Is what true?" Anne asks, flush-ing slightly and looking bewildered. About my marriage?"
Poor Anne can think of no subject

Poor Anne can think of no subject of quite equal importance to this one. "No, nonsense!" Gillian exclaims, sharply, with imputient dashing eyes. "What is 'there to distress me in your marriage?" I am delighted at and think you did quite right, and wish you both every happiness

wish you both every happiness:
"Thank you." Anne says gently and
quite gratefully. "You are very kind
not to be displeased at my husband
and I having kept it a secret from
you, who had a right, certainly, to know Patrick's intentions. 'Who on earth is 'Patrick?'" de

mands Gillian, rather spitefully smiling at Anne's hot blushes and timid accents. "Is that a pet name for Captain Lacy?" "It is his first name," Anne says, trying hard to speak coldly and indif-

everything about him "You like everything about him est." I believe, Anne," Gillian says, istfully, with a quick, deep sigh, cannot think how you can bear look at me whar I know you love m so."
"Some time ago," Anne says, falter."
"Some time ago," Anne says, falter."
"I don't want any dinner!" Gillian says, was a says, look at me what I know you love

I always call him so, I

"I cannot think how you can bear to look at me what I know you love him so."

"Some time ago." Anne says, faltering, with a tremulous smile, and that rich red blush that is so strange and beautiful, "not now—I think now his heart is mine for life; I used to dread you and hate to look at you."

"And I used to dread you and hate to look at you."

"And I used to dread you and hate to look at you."

"And I used to dread you and hate to look at you."

"And I used to dread you and hate to look at you."

"Yes, I know, dear." Anne says, with bitter, passionate impulse.

"Yes, I know, dear." Anne says, very softly, and her arms in a tender, sisterly clasp enclose Gillian.

and she draws the pretty head, with its curling looks of silken brown, close to her brack in the looks of silken brown, loss to her brack in the looks of silken brown, loss to her brack in the looks and unwomanly, certainly."

"I know I was wrong, and foodish, and unwomanly certainly."

"I know I was wrong, and foodish, and unwomanly certainly."

"I know I was wrong, and foodish, and unwomanly certainly."

"I know I was wrong, and foodish, and unwomanly certainly."

"I know I was wrong, and foodish, and unwomanly certainly."

"I do not believe he has the slight eat one, that since the 27th of last maintained. The presence of the cook of the desolateness of the cook of the desolateness selfish, petted child—by you all, in your cruel kindness to me! Things thave been hidden from me, and Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Lexative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price/25 cents.

"I am rather in the way," Gillian goes on, dryly—"a useless inmate in a house where there is sickness and trouble. It will be a relief to Lady Damer to be rid of me. But who will take care of that poor man, Sir Harry, as you have done?"

"Drs. Coghlan and Meyrich visit him every day, and Mrs. Hagarty public relief to Lady Damer to be rid of me. But who will take care of that poor man, Sir Harry, as you have done?"

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eyes and flushing chacks. "On, Anne, how delightful!"
"Yes, it is a dear old place," Anne says, with a keen, smiling glance. "It has a few drawbacks, dear-trifles in the shape of mildew, cockroaches, the biggest and fiercest rats in the in the shape of mildew, cockroaches, the biggest and fiercest rats in the country, and a choice and varied assortment of draughts of wind from every point of the compass!"

"Oh, never mind!" Gillian protests, more eagerly, her whole face glowing with girlish delight. "Plenty of large fires, and two or three nice big pussycats will soon make away with those drawbacks. And, Anno, might I come over and see you some-

"I shall be delighted if it will not displease Lady Damer," Anne says, gravely. "You will be a most welcome visitor, Miss Deane."

come visitor, Miss Deane."

"Thank you, Mrs. Lacy," Gillian says, with a curling lip. "I have been trespassing on your married dignity, I see."

"Nonsense!" Anne says, laughing and blushing. "Well, then, Gillian, dear, you will be always welcome to Derryang Castle. Coad mills feather in

Darragh Castle. Cead mille fealtha, in

"I thought you said you were not angry," Anne says, deprecatingly. "Dear Gillian, I will tell you anything which I can tell you, freely," Gillian starts as if she had been suddenly hurt, and stands silent a minute looking at the floor.

"Must you and your husband go away to-night, Anne?" she asks, "Tell me the plain truth, then, and the whole truth!" Gillian says, curtly. "I will find it out if you

away to-night, Anne?" she asks, presently with a quick, sad sigh. "It will be very lonely."

And she shivers a little.
"Dear Gillian, you know we cannot stay in Lady Damer's house." "Dear Gillian, you know we cannot stay in Lady Damer's house uninvited," she says, earnestly. "Neither pride not temper have anything to do with it. I will give Lady Damer the option of our going or staying; for her husband's sake she may tolerate me a few days longer.

But when Anne sends a note to Lady Damer's rooms, containing a simple statement of the facts of Sir Harry's illness, with a gracefully-

visit. Her name was Rose Macar-thy, and she went to America, where her child was born, and died there more than twenty years ago. A sad story—sadly too common, Gil-lian, dear." Harry's illness, with a gracefully worded appeal to Lady Damer's bet worded appear to Lady banks a section ter feelings, assuring her of her willingness to continue at Mount Ossory as long as her presence may be a convenience to Lady Damer, the gentle, gracious, womanly letter re-

ceives a cruel reward. ceives a cruel reward.

"Lady Damer begs to assure Mrs.
Lacy she has no further need of her
services or her presence. To whatever amount Lady Damer is pecuniarily indebted to Mrs. Lacy she is ready

to discharge her obligation."
"Lady Damer will be sorry she wrote that letter," Anna says, quietly, drawing it away from her hus-band's hand as he is frowning and pands hand as he is rowning and raging over it. "She will be very sorry, Patrick, I feel quite sure. Think no more of it," and she throws it into the blazing fire. "She is drea.l-fully vexed and disappointed tonight, dearest, and she is longing to vex and disappoint somebody else, poor woman, and she can't hurt

me one bit. I am too proud and happy."

"I'm glad to hear it, Anne, my girl." Lacy says, grimly, "for it girl," Lacy says, grimly, "for it strikes me that if Sir Harry dies, and you and I are thrown on the world, it will be a long pull and a strong pull to keep from shipwreck."

"You forgot to say it would be a pull together," she whispers, with love incffable in her shining eyes.
"There never can be utter shipwreck while that remains: and, my darling

while that remains; and, my daring husband, I can work for you."
Lacy's pale, impassively handsome face burns in a shamed flush.
"Never, while I have hands to work for you," he says sharply. "I have been a selfish brute to you as a lover; I'll vary the monotony of selfish brutes by being something better as a husband." "Yes, he partly told me, and I partly guessed the truth I had suspected for some time," Anne says, rather coldly. "I cannot tell what

as a husband."
So later on, as the night—wet, cold and stormy—closes in blackly about the lonely house, Captain Lacy and his wife take their leave of Gillian, standing at the hall-door to bid them "Did you tell him I burned his let-ter?" Gillian persists, in an odd, imperious way. "You are to tell me all the truth. Anne, please." good-bye.

With tears standing in her eyes and the wind and rain roughening all her soft, brown, curly locks, Gillian even goes down the steps, walks along the short straight ave nue to the entrance gates to bid Anne good-bye again, as she mounts into the dog-cart beside her husband, and to cling to her with a sort of lonely dread.

A TRYING SEASON.

Little Ones are Subject to Colds and the Result is Dangerous Unless Prompt Remedial Steps are Taken.

The little ones are apt to take cold, no matter how carefully a mother may try to prevent it. While colds may affect children in different ways, the main symptoms usually are that the child grows cross, the skin hot, the appetite fickle and the child quite feverish. Unless some-thing is done at once to relieve a simple cold, the result is often very serious—so serious that many child's life has been lost. There no remedy that can equal Baby Own Tablets in cases of this kim These tablets promptly break u colds and carry off the poisonou matter that has been retained in the ystem. By doing that they reduce

the fever; the pulse becomes normal; the appetite is restored, and the child is again well and happy.

Mrs. O. E. Earle, Brockville, Ont., says: "I always use Baby's Own Tablets for both my children, aged. three and five years, when they are at all unwell. When my little girl was a few moaths old, she had a had attack of whooping cough, and I found the tablets very beneficial. Since that time I always keep them in the house goods for ready for real ways. in the house ready for use. When the children are troubled with biliousness, any derangement of the stomach, are peevish or fretful, or, when they have a cold, I always use the tablets, and am always pleased

with the results."

These tablets are a certain cure for such troubles as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, diarrhoea, constipation, simple fever and colds. They prevent croup and allay the invitation accompany the state of the control of the con irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. They are sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no op-iate or other harmful drug. May be had from druggists or will be sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Besides, I can tome at any Um II Lady Damer asks me. I am living in the old castle?" Gillian asks in the old castle?" Gillian ask in the old castle?" Gillian asks i a quick, edger voice, with sparking him as I came Cown-stairs just now; eyes and flushing cheeks. "Oh, Anne, how delightful!"

We delightful!"

Iying there so dreadfully ill! I heard him as I came Cown-stairs just now; monading it that awful, hopeless voice, and imploring Mrs. Hagarty to lisk

"Gillian, dear, we have done all we could, I assure you. Run in now, out of the cold night!

"For there is no use in telling her or any one of that letter we sent off a fortnight age on a hopeless quest into the wilds of Manicoba," Anne adds more serroutable to her him. adds, more sorrowfully, to her husband as they drive away. 'He will not come back at all, I fear, or will not come back in time; and even if he did, it will not make matters any better for him or for others."

"No," responds Lacy, in a mat-ter-of-fact tone, "his chance with Gillian now would be simply nil—poor beggan"." beggar!"
"Oh! you think so, dear?" Anno

says, meckly.

"I don't 'think' at all; I am quite sure!" Lacy replies decisively, in the merciless, business-like way in which a man alludes to the love affairs of another man. "But whether fearers expect business representations of the love affairs of another man." whether George ecmes back or not, and he'd be hardly likely to take up his abode at Mount Ossory in any case," Lacy goes on, "there is one thing certain, that while Uncle Harry is ill and helpless, my aunt, and Gillian, and all of them, ought to have some one in the shape of an active, strong man in that lonely house. Deany, the butler, is as much of an old woman as the cook." whether George comes back or not,

CHAPTER XLII. But the days go on, and all things remain as they were, except that poor Sir Harry Damer—the forlorn wreck of his former self—is able once more to creep downstairs and sit in a big cushioned chair close to the fire in the library, where, either weakly dozing, or reading the paper, or with an odd visit from some old acquaintance, he gets through the veary hours.

His wife seldom comes near him. He seems to dread the very sight of her or the sound of her volce, and shrinks away, frowning and shutting his eyes, in feeble irritation, when she pays a sort of duty visit to his room morning and evening.
"He has his medical attendants and his nurse, and everything is done for him that can be done," she says, imperiously, or coldly, or tear-fully tender, as occasion needs her speech to be.

For the rest, she shuts herself up when at home in sullen solitude to brood over the downfall of all her well-laid, arduously carried-forward schemes and plans, until bitter wrath and impotent vengeance seem to corrode her very nature.

(To be Continued.)

HUMORS OF ADVERTISING.

An English periodical recently of-fered a prize for the best collection of the "queer" advertisements with which the London papers abound. Here are a few of the most amusing which were sent in It may not be generally known that some of these funny productions are artfully de-signed for the purpose of attracting attention and getting replies. They afford a proof of the fact that advertising has to be done in some form or another if publicity is to be obtained:

Annual sale now on. Don't go else-

where to be cheated—come here. Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for fadies out of their own skins.

Lost, a collie dog by a man on Sat-

urday answering to Jim with brass collar round his neck and a muzzle To be disposed of, a mail phaeton,

the property of a gentleman with a movable headpiece as good as new. Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good Wanted, a room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty

feet broad. Wanted-For the summer, a cottage for a small family with good tage for a small lamily with good drainage.

For sale—A pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs.

Furnished apartments, suitable for gentleman with folding doors.

Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons.
Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children.

A boy wanted who can open oy-

sters with reference.
Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same.

Respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday.

A King's Back Answer. Leopold, King of the Belgians, was recently holding a conversation, after

has often been told, but here is the experience of a young woman just back from London. Happening out on the street one morning, she noticed that the reflected light suggested afternoon rather than morning. The sun to all appearances by waves of the mann and term in the content of the conte

HOPE FOR CONSUMPTIVES

How the Ravages of the Scourge May be Stayed

Statistics Prove That More Deaths Occur From Consumption I han All Other Contagious . iseases Combined-How Best to Combat the Disease.

ravages of consumption throughout Canada is something appalling. In the Province of Ontario, where statistics of deaths from all diseases are carefully kept, it is diseases are carefully kept, it is shown that 2,286 of the deaths oc-curring during the year 1901 were due to consumption, or about due to consumption, or about 40 per cent. more than the number of deaths occurring from all other contagious discuses combined. These figures are startling and show the urgest. gent necessity for taking every available means for combatting a disease that yearly claims so many victims. The time to cure consumption is not after the lungs are hope-lessly involved and the doctors have given up hope Taken in its early stages, consamption is curable. Constages, consamption is curable. Consumption is a wasting disease of the lungs and at the earliest symptom of lang trouble steps should be taken to arrest the waste and thus stop the disease. Consumption preys upon weakness. Strength is the best measure of safety. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are safety. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic and strength builder known to medical science. The record of this medicine speaks for itself and proves conclusively that taken when the symptoms of consumption develop they build up, strengthen and invigorate the patient to a point where disease disappears. In proof of this take the case of Ildege St. George, of St. Jerome, Que., who

says: "About a year ago I became greatly run down. I lost color, suffered constantly from headaches and pains in the sides; my appetite left me, and I became very weak. Then was attacked by a cough, and was told that I was in consumption. The doctor ordered me to the Laurentian Mountains in the hope that the change of air would benefit me. I remained there for some time, but did not improve, and returned home feeling that I had not much longer to live. I then decided to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using several bottles my appetite began to eral bottles my appetite began to return, and this seemed to mark the change which brought about my recovery, for with the improved ap-petite came gradual but surely increasing strength. I continued the use of the pills, and daily felt the weakness that had threatened to end my life disappear, until finally I was again enjoying good health, and now, as those who know me can see, a show no trace of the illness I passed through. I believe Dr. Williams' through. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I hope my statement will induce similar suf-

ferers to try them."

These pills are also a certain cure for the after effects of la grippe and preumonia, which frequently develops into consumption. Through their plood-renewing, strengthening qualities they also cure anaemia, heart troubles, neuralgia, rheumatism, stomach troubles, kidney and liver ailments and the functional weaknesses that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. There are many imitations of this medicine and the health-seeker should protect himself by seeing that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

San Francisco Highbinders Who are Again Active.

DIFFICULTIES IN CATCHING THEM

(N. Y. Sun.)

The announcement that the San The announcement that the San Francisco police have decided to take stringent measures against the Chinese high-inders of that city directs attention again to the mysterious Chinese secret societies or Tongs, to use their Chinese name. The ordinary Tongs are often confused with the secret societies to which the highbinders belong. The highbinders are associated together for the purpose of murder and robbery. Most of the other secret societies, on the contrary, are peaceful in ties, on the contrary, are peaceful in their purposes. Most Chinese belong

o some Tong. Some of the difficulties of the never to some ending war of the police against the highburders are told by Capt. William Price, formerly of the San Francisco

recently holding a conversation, after a public reception, with one of his familiars known to be on easy terms with the extreme sections of Socialists. "What impression," asked the King, laughingly, "do I make on the Socialists?"

"One of the leaders observed to me," was the reply, "that if you had not been King of the Belgians you might have been President of the Belgian Republic."

"Thanks, very much," sail the King, with a laugh, "but tell me, you, who are a medical doctor, how woul! y at lke to be made a 'veterliamy surgeon?"— Landon Answers.

How Should "Bobby" Know.

The density of the English "bobby" has often been told, but here is the experience of a young woman just try, there are secret wires and

gested afternoon rather than morning. The sun to all appearances seemed to be in the west. To the first policeman she met she addressed this query:

"Officer, which is west?"

"Officer, which is west?"

"Officer wires before the news could be seen to be addressed than the seen in a deep cellar. But the next thing was to get them, handcuffed Our only hope was to reach the signals or wires before the news could

which the sunshine seemed to come.
"Oh." she said. "then the sun rises in the west in London?"
"As to that, Miss." replied "Bobby,"
I really cannot say."

I really cannot say."

began to cut up ment. We watched him. He always went to the same block and always began to cut ep

Two minutes before the raid jounced around the street corner and into dia stail. He immediately moved toward the thock, but I clicked a real in his face. Then I made an investigation

gation. "It was not a block at all; simply a board rounded to look like one, and the slightest pressure on it would press a futton and ring a bell in the Highblinders' headquarters a block away. That was the secret of his away. That was the secret of his chopping act.
"I clipped the wire leading from the

"I clipped the wire leading from 187, block, hindenfied my man to an iron rail, and soon had a patrol wagon full of policemen on its way from the Ross stree neadquarters to the Central station. And in the wagon, hesties the police, were the Highbladers, whom we rounded up successfully after the cutting of the signal wire.

wire.
"No gambling den in the world was "No gambling den in the world was such ever provided with so many and such secret ways of exit as one of the rooms in which the Highbinders rooms in which the Highlinders hold their meetings. I have known some of them to leap into a dumb-waiter and shoot to the roof or cel-lar and escape. All this is done in a

few secords. "It is in places like this that the real danger comes in fighting Highbinders. A policeman is liable step into a concealed trapdoor in a dark room of a hallway and fall into some foul, adsome b issement. We have to lock out for this when we do

The rush act.
"I remember some years ago Tom Naylor, one of our best detectives, was pursuing a desperate fellow through an old lodging house on Stockton street and was just about on the point of grabbing him by the pigtail when the Highbinger ran up a trick ladder to a hole in the roof. the rush act. trick ladder to a hole in the roof Tom followed him, and when near the top the Highbinder pulled out a nail, jerked a wire and Tom fell twenty, feet to the floor, while the man he had been chasing ran over the roof

and escaped.
"On all the roofs there are doors. A policeman is liable to drop down one of them at any moment. And it is a mighty bad thing to fall down one of those trap doors, for a down one of those trap doors, for a man never knows how far he will fall or what kind of crowd he will and among. The doors are operated by springs or cords.

"Nowhere is the cautiousness and

secretiveness of the Highbinders bet ter observed than when they meet to select the men on whom they in-tend to wreck vengeance. They always post at least three guards near the entrance to their hall, so that even if the signal wires are cut they may be safe. Two of these guards are placed at or near the street entrance. Often an extra guard is placed on the opposite side of the

"If an officer approaches and the guards know that their own lives depend on their keeping a close watch, a signal is given and quickly carried the High-haders in the scored meeting. In an instant the character of the meeting changes.
"The men so lately plotting mur

der begin some innocent game, like lominoes. The by-laws are sent up or down a chute to the roof asement. The bowl into which is thrown the black button, or symbol of death, is quickly concealed, there being one man whose duty it is to look after the safety of these things. "In case the alarm proves to be false one, the meeting quickly umes its real business. Highbinders present except the pre-sident and secretary of the local society are blindfolded. A number of buttons, including the black one, are put in the sacred bowl of the soci-ety. It is deemed a sacrilege to mse this howl for any other purpose Then the drawing begins.

"The man who has to be killed has already been named. This drawing is simply for the purpose of decidwho shall be the executioner. The Highbinder who draws the black button must carry out the decree of the society.

"It may mean his own death if he does; it will certainly mean his death if he does not. But after he has committed the murder his standard the market when the beautiful means his history." ing in the society is much higher and money and every other means and money and every other means will be used to protect him from the vengeance of the law."

The hardest problem that the police and Secret Service men meet

with in their warfare against Chinese Tonga is not in the capture of suspected men, but in their conviction. Almost all the deeds of violence committed by the Highbinders are upon their fellow countrymen and take place in the Chinese quarter, where the only witnesses are Chinese. And it is practically impossible to get a Chinaman to give testimony against a hatchetman. with in their warfare against Chin-

testimony against a hatchetman.
The risk is too great.
The recent outbreak in San Francisco differs in many of its details from the former ones, and has practically arisen over the trade in female slaves. The police have always endeavored to stop this traffic. The Six Companies have also used their influence in the cause of good government. The hatchetmen

are stirred up over the new inter-ference in this traffic.

Several murders have already taken place, and the combined in-fluence of the Six Companies and the police has been unable to bring the offenders to trial. The San. Francisco authorities are making preparations for the most extensive and thorough campaign planned against the Highbinders. In the end they will probably be successful, but it is admitted by all familiar with the situation that they have a hard task ahead of them.

English Kit, Bag.

For comfort in travelling the "kit hags" from England are recommended. These handsome deather bags open and close without crushing the top articles. The larger sizes have top articles. The larger sizes have removable compartments for carry-ing shirts and shoes. All of them have ingenious inside pockets for holding cellars and cuffs. The pockets are lined with plaided material. The English kit bags are strongly made and capacious, and have a firm louble handle to support their weight.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE MAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablet druggists refund the money if it fails t E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.