

POET KIPLING'S KINDNESS

To a Young Man Who Was in Need of Help.

Youth Had Been Over the Chilkoot Which Was His Best Recommendation to the Great Man.

Frederic W. Unger is a young man who went to South Africa to be a war correspondent, upon the slenderest possible connection with the press inspired by an account in one of Kipling's books of "a youngster jerked out at the end of a wire," and how he thus became a successful correspondent.

One of the Blanc family was sitting at dinner in Paris one day when suddenly he sprang to his feet, put his hand to his side, and exclaimed, "My brother is hurt!" His brother was many miles away, but it proved to be true, and the incident afterwards became the foundation of the celebrated "Corsican Brothers' story and drama.

An American physician who was very sceptical of all such premonitions was told by a friend one night that he was sure President Lincoln had been murdered. In a few hours the news was flashed into the town, and the sceptical doctor was convinced, but dumbfounded. The same thing is said to have occurred when President Garfield was assassinated.

But other pranks, too, are played by the mind when in special responsiveness to suggestion from mystic forces. Tasso, the poet, used often to carry on long conversations with what he called his "protecting spirit," in the presence of his friend Manco. Sir Walter Scott, Richter, Spinoza, and even the devote Pascal, and all the subjects of similar waking visions or hallucinations. It is said that Talma, the renowned actor, could compel himself to imagine his auditors to be skeletons, and when this idea mastered him then his acting became of extraordinary power, almost overwhelming to his audience.

Sometimes, however, these vivid and overpowering beliefs are mere delusions, and are closely connected with optical deception. A humorous incident is related by the recently deceased brain specialist, Dr. Tuke, who tells that when the great fire occurred at the Crystal Palace in 1866, and the menagerie was destroyed, it was supposed that the popular and petted chimpanzee had escaped from his cage. He was seen to be holding on to the roof and writhing in agony, while trying to seize one of the iron ribs. The people watched his struggles with sickening dread and fear, and yet there was no animal there! It was a tattered piece of blind that was torn so fantastically as to resemble to the eye of excited fancy the body, the arms, and legs of an ape. So that, whilst some visions and presentiments may have a solid foundation in fact, we must beware of supposing that every impression is reliable. Truly our brains can play us some queer pranks.

A Dream of Treasure. Dreams are often unaccountable, and perhaps what I am about to relate may interest your readers. When quite young—I was only 7 years old then—I lived with my parents at a villa in Trieste, Austria. For weeks and weeks I had the same dream, although not nightly—namely, that in the night time I found myself at the bottom of the garden in my nightgown, scratching at a little heap of earth, and found copper, silver and gold coins, and suddenly looking up, I found before me, and watching me, the sister of the landlord of the villa, an old haggar woman.

Having dreamed this so often, I naturally related it to my mother, who repeated it to her friends. These friends, who were of a superstitious nature, tried to induce my father to buy the plot of ground in question, but he would not listen to such absurdity, as he was an unbeliever in spiritualism. Well, some years later the landlord had occasion to build a lodge at the bottom of the garden, and while digging for the foundation a large sum of money in copper, silver and gold coins was discovered. How is it that a mere boy of 7, without any knowledge of the place or of the history of the owners of the said ground, should have such a dream, which turned out true?—Spectator.

Shopping With My Wife. There is at least one lawyer in Detroit who tells the truth. It is his custom to put on his office door notices—

"Come to lunch; be back in half an hour."

"Come to court; back in three hours."

"Come out to see a man; back in ten minutes."

And so on, and callers are generally successful in waiting for him.

One day last week a caller found this:

"Gone shopping with my wife; back the Lord knows when."

The caller didn't wait, neither did four others who called.—Detroit Free Press.

Valuable Papers Found. A package of papers of value to the owner have been left at the Nugget office. Owner can secure same by proving property and paying charges.

Strange Premonitions.

H. O. Mackey. It was recently stated that the late General Wauchope was quite impressed before leaving England for the seat of war that he should never return alive.

Talleyrand was once in New York walking with an intimate friend named Beaumetz when the impression came that he was plotting his death. Talleyrand boldly faced him, charged him with it, when he stammered a few incoherent words, burst into tears, and confessed. "This true, 'tis true, my friend," and then he acknowledged he had been haunted with this diabolical suggestion for days, and had been vainly battling with it. But Talleyrand's outspoken accusation had broken the spell, and ever after he was absolutely free from it, and remained a true friend to the end of his life.

One of the Blanc family was sitting at dinner in Paris one day when suddenly he sprang to his feet, put his hand to his side, and exclaimed, "My brother is hurt!" His brother was many miles away, but it proved to be true, and the incident afterwards became the foundation of the celebrated "Corsican Brothers' story and drama.

An American physician who was very sceptical of all such premonitions was told by a friend one night that he was sure President Lincoln had been murdered. In a few hours the news was flashed into the town, and the sceptical doctor was convinced, but dumbfounded. The same thing is said to have occurred when President Garfield was assassinated.

But other pranks, too, are played by the mind when in special responsiveness to suggestion from mystic forces. Tasso, the poet, used often to carry on long conversations with what he called his "protecting spirit," in the presence of his friend Manco. Sir Walter Scott, Richter, Spinoza, and even the devote Pascal, and all the subjects of similar waking visions or hallucinations. It is said that Talma, the renowned actor, could compel himself to imagine his auditors to be skeletons, and when this idea mastered him then his acting became of extraordinary power, almost overwhelming to his audience.

Sometimes, however, these vivid and overpowering beliefs are mere delusions, and are closely connected with optical deception. A humorous incident is related by the recently deceased brain specialist, Dr. Tuke, who tells that when the great fire occurred at the Crystal Palace in 1866, and the menagerie was destroyed, it was supposed that the popular and petted chimpanzee had escaped from his cage. He was seen to be holding on to the roof and writhing in agony, while trying to seize one of the iron ribs. The people watched his struggles with sickening dread and fear, and yet there was no animal there! It was a tattered piece of blind that was torn so fantastically as to resemble to the eye of excited fancy the body, the arms, and legs of an ape. So that, whilst some visions and presentiments may have a solid foundation in fact, we must beware of supposing that every impression is reliable. Truly our brains can play us some queer pranks.

A Dream of Treasure. Dreams are often unaccountable, and perhaps what I am about to relate may interest your readers. When quite young—I was only 7 years old then—I lived with my parents at a villa in Trieste, Austria. For weeks and weeks I had the same dream, although not nightly—namely, that in the night time I found myself at the bottom of the garden in my nightgown, scratching at a little heap of earth, and found copper, silver and gold coins, and suddenly looking up, I found before me, and watching me, the sister of the landlord of the villa, an old haggar woman.

Having dreamed this so often, I naturally related it to my mother, who repeated it to her friends. These friends, who were of a superstitious nature, tried to induce my father to buy the plot of ground in question, but he would not listen to such absurdity, as he was an unbeliever in spiritualism. Well, some years later the landlord had occasion to build a lodge at the bottom of the garden, and while digging for the foundation a large sum of money in copper, silver and gold coins was discovered. How is it that a mere boy of 7, without any knowledge of the place or of the history of the owners of the said ground, should have such a dream, which turned out true?—Spectator.

Shopping With My Wife. There is at least one lawyer in Detroit who tells the truth. It is his custom to put on his office door notices—

"Come to lunch; be back in half an hour."

"Come to court; back in three hours."

"Come out to see a man; back in ten minutes."

And so on, and callers are generally successful in waiting for him.

One day last week a caller found this:

"Gone shopping with my wife; back the Lord knows when."

The caller didn't wait, neither did four others who called.—Detroit Free Press.

Valuable Papers Found. A package of papers of value to the owner have been left at the Nugget office. Owner can secure same by proving property and paying charges.

JIM O'NEIL GOING OUT

Popular Mixologist May Join "Arizona" on Tiberon Trip.

Genial "Jim" O'Neil, prince of good fellows and a mixologist who can manufacture a cocktail warranted to make your hair curl, leaves off the Nora for the outside and is thinking seriously of joining Arizona Charley in his conquest of Tiberon. "Sheep Creek Jim," as he was known to his friends in Juneau, would look well wearing a coronet, and as the Duke of O'Neil, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Tiberon, Plinky-Pink of the Harom, and lord in waiting to his most august majesty, King Charles I., he would doubtless make a hit among his dusky subjects second only to that of his imperial master.

Three Scots in Disguise. Scottish American: There are few places on this globe which have not been explored by the intrepid Scot. The pioneers of East, West and Central Africa were all Scots. The discoverers of the Klondike's icebound Eldorado were some wandering Scots, and several of the South American States are really under the control of a few daring Caledonians, while two Scottish kings—Ross and Duncan—reign among the lonely "gems" of the great Pacific.

China has been explored by many fearless sons of Scotia, and on the fire-belted mountain peaks and fever-stricken valleys of New Guinea the dauntless Scot has also "staked his claim."

In Batavia, the capital of Java, the following occurred recently: A Japanese sailor had been brought before the Dutch magistrate for assaulting a German man-of-war's man, and was duly fined.

"Aweel, Dutchy, I was just like a clout at yersel" for the same money," the Jap muttered when the interpreter made his fine-known-to-him.

"Eht! what did ye say, mon?" the judge cried, excitedly.

"Naething-I didna speak."

"But—what—ho!" said the judge; "I never saw a Japanese Scotsman afore."

"Oh, I can't ow' wi' the boat-frac Clydebank; I'm chief engineer on her."

A Blunder of Justice. Scottish American: It is terrible to think that any of us may be mistaken tomorrow for somebody else who has brought down the last vengeance of the law upon him. In the sixteen hundred millions of human beings on the face of the earth it would not be easy to find two who have not some point of resemblance, and it is not singular that there should be many unrelated twins as much alike as a man is like his own image. A pitiful example of the peril in which we all live came within the experience of the late Mr. Montague Williams. He had defended a man at the Middlesex Sessions against whom two policemen, a butcher, and a drover gave the strongest possible evidence that they had seen him steal some sheep. The man's mother, sister and child were called to give evidence that the prisoner was at home at the time of the theft, but the judge waived aside their story by warning the jury that an alibi was "so easily arranged," and the man was convicted and sentenced. Twelve months passed, and "Monty" was again defending a man for sheep stealing, oddly enough before the same judge. The resemblance of the prisoner to the client of the year before puzzled the famous lawyer exceedingly. Mr. Williams lost his case; the man was found guilty, and on hearing the verdict he stood up in the dock, inspired by the rough sense of honor which governs thieves, and declared that it was he who had committed the crime for which another man had been sentenced a year before. The judge was skeptical, but the man's story was found to be true, and the innocent prisoner was pardoned. Fate had dealt unkindly with him, however. He found his freedom, but he found, too, a wife in her grave and children in the workhouse; and, as if his sorrows were not enough, he had to wait longer than was just for the compensation which should have met him at the prison gate, and when it came at last his reason had left him, and he was once again a prisoner—raving in a madhouse.

Hunger and Ideas. If you wish to increase your imaginative powers, says a scientist, go without food. Abstinence from food till the pangs of hunger make themselves distinctly felt will quicken your mental powers and stimulate the flow of ideas, such ideas being of a kind that agree with the regular bent of your mind.

This seems to offer good prospects not only to literary men, but also to machine makers and all those who are on the watch for some improvement or invention that will revolutionize some industry. But you must be careful or you will overdo it. Prolonged fasting, according to the same authority, creates a desire to commit some horrible crime, makes you wild and cruel. The prolonged fast becomes a prey to hallucinations, is unable to sleep and likely to go mad. In short, abstinence from food for long periods—and "long periods" is a term that varies with the individual—induces the same effects as drunkenness.—Ex.

Canadians Won at Golf. Montreal, Oct. 5.—In the annual match between the Country Club, of Brookline, Mass., and the Royal Montreal Golf Club, played today, the Canadians won for the first time in five years, beating Brookline 28 holes up.

PRINCIPLE COMMENDED

Other Industries May Follow Example of Butchers.

The consensus of opinion around the city is that the action of the butchers in declining to receive gold dust as pay for their goods at more than \$15 per ounce will ultimately and speedily lead to the entire retirement of that commodity as a medium of exchange. At no time within the past year, it is said, has there not been sufficient currency in the country to transact its business, and the continued use of gold dust has gone on only for the gain connected therewith by the payers of large bills.

Enquiry reveals the fact that, as a medium of exchange, gold dust has few friends in Dawson, and among the wage earning class it has none. From sentiment expressed on the streets yesterday, and today it will be no surprise if other branches of trade follow the example set by the butchers in the very near future.

Habits of the Marten. The Hudson Bay marten, the little fur bearer whose skin is ever popular and at times exceedingly valuable, is still plentiful in that region of fur-bearers," said W. B. Salmon, one-time a trapper for the Hudson Bay Company, "but I believe it would have been virtually extinct there long ago if it were not for a habit it has of making periodical appearances, of the mystery of which I never heard any satisfactory explanation.

These disappearances occur every ten years. Where the animals go to no one knows. No dead ones are ever found, and no one has yet discovered any evidence of their migration to any other region. A few martens, of course, remain on their old feeding grounds, but during the season of disappearance of their fellows none of them will touch the bait in a trap, and consequently none is caught. The next year the martens come back again in their old haunts as numerous as ever, and for ten years more submit to being caught.

The Hudson Bay martens seem to be the only ones of the species that have this strange habit. The Lake Superior martens don't waste any of their time in disappearing voluntarily but are found at the old stand year in and year out, housing themselves in hollow trees in the deepest woods and making life a perpetual burden to birds, squirrels, rabbits and other small game on which they prey.

The Lake Superior marten has one predilection of the palate, in which he resembles the bear. That is an passion for honey. He will line a wild bee to his home with the precision of the most expert bee hunter, and the hidden sweets of that colony will have to be in a most inaccessible place if the marten doesn't soon revel in them. Like the male mink, the male marten has an overpowering love not only for his own offspring, but for the offspring of his fellow martens—such peculiar love, indeed, that if it wasn't for the instinct and shrewdness of the mother martens the race of martens would have been unknown long ago. The male marten is so fond of his young that he will eat them up whenever he happens to find them. The mother, therefore, bears her young in some secret place, and keeps them hidden until they are half grown and able to defy the cannibalistic love of their sire. The female mink exercises the same instinct with her progeny, for the father of them, as fond as he is of trout and other fish, will leave his fishing any time to dine on his interesting little family."—New York Times.

He Kicked Himself. Disagreeable passenger (to commercial traveler, sitting by open window)—Excuse me sir, but that open window is very annoying.

C. T. (pleasantly)—I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it.

D. P.—I wish you would close it, sir.

C. T.—Would like to accommodate you, but I can't do it.

D. P.—Do you refuse to close that window, sir?

C. T.—I certainly do.

D. P.—If you don't close it I will.

C. T.—I'll bet you won't.

D. P.—If I go over there I will.

C. T.—I'll give you odds you won't.

D. P.—I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?

C. T.—No, sir, I will not.

D. P. (getting on his feet)—Then I will, sir.

C. T.—I would like to see you do it.

D. P.—(placing his hands on the objectionable window)—I'll show you whether I will or not, sir.

C. T. (as disagreeable passenger tags at window)—Why don't you close it?

D. P. (getting red in the face)—It appears to be stuck.

C. T.—Of course it is. I tried to close it before you came in.

And then the disagreeable passenger felt foolish and the other passengers chuckled.—Exchange.

Canadians Won at Golf. Montreal, Oct. 5.—In the annual match between the Country Club, of Brookline, Mass., and the Royal Montreal Golf Club, played today, the Canadians won for the first time in five years, beating Brookline 28 holes up.

PEOPLE WE MEET.

Who Was Sized Up for What He Was by M. Quad.



ASSESSOR E. WARD SMITH.

PREPARED FOR BUSINESS

Freighters Discarding Wagons for Festive Bob Sleds.

Managers of stage lines and freighters are today wearing a smile of contentment where a week ago their visages bore a look of anxiety and worry. The change is due to the marked improvement in the roads to the creeks. Only a few days ago they in places were almost impassable, particularly on such portions as have been but recently completed. The Bonanza road from the Forks up was in frightful condition for some time. With the arrival of weather somewhat colder, enough so to at least close up the little streams running down the sides, much of the trouble is disappearing and the roadbeds are becoming more solid.

On the ridge between the head of Bonanza and Dominion there is over a foot of snow, and there has been good sledding for several days. Freight teams for the Indian river district pull their loads on wagons as far as Cormack's forks, then transfer to sleds and cross the ridge, transferring back again to wagons on the opposite side. A few are using the old road which climbs the hill via Thomas' Gulch, but the majority prefer the Bonanza road. Up Hunker way the road is in better condition now than at any time since its completion. Some are using sleds above Last Chance, but the stages have not yet abandoned wheels. The road down Dominion is in better shape than any of the others by reason of its being used less.

An Exemplary Father. Many times a husband has been left with two or more children to care for, and they have been adopted into strange families, sent to live with relatives, or consigned to an orphan's home. Not so with little Reba and Ruth, Evenden of Herkimer, N. Y.

Their big-hearted papa has other ideas for his little treasures and consequently they can be seen at any time playing with their dolls at their home adjoining their father's real estate office. He leaves his desk every little while and looks in at them with a satisfied smile, and then returns to his business.

Aged women who have reared large families look upon Mr. Evenden with honor and admiration.

Mrs. Evenden, after a severe illness, died on December 18, 1898, leaving Mr. Evenden with these two beautiful little girls to cherish and protect, and upon whom to bestow both the love of a father and a mother.

How faithfully and well he has performed this duty is best judged by the little ones themselves, whose bright faces and neat appearance bespeak the tender devotion and care which they receive.

Miss Reba, the eldest, is approaching five, and little Ruth will soon be three years of age. Under the ever-watchful care of their devoted father the little ones have not seen a day's sickness in their lives.

At 7:30 p. m. little Reba and Ruth are soundly sleeping in their little bed in a room adjoining their father's office. Mr. Evenden says: "I nursed little Ruth with a spoon for several months before her mother died, and devoted my time exclusively to my sick wife and two little girls for nearly a year."

Mr. Evenden is thirty-five years of age, medium height and weighs nearly 200 pounds.—Ex.

Golf Champion Defeated. Chicago, Oct. 5.—The Western golf champion, Phelps B. Hoyt, of Glenview, went down to defeat in the semi-finals for the Chicago cup at the Chicago Golf Club yesterday before the superior playing of former Western champion, William Waller, of Wentzville, by the large score of 6 up and 5 to lay in 18 holes.

This is Awful. For a short time this morning it looked as though Dawson was to be again in touch with outside world by communication via the through line to Vancouver, via the nov. looks as though the brief period of connection this morning was but the lucid moment which precedes ultimate dissolution, as this afternoon Dawson is not only shut off from Vancouver, but even the upper Yukon and Skagway. But every cloud has a silver lining, sometimes golden silver, and on this occasion it is that we are still in communication with Forty mile and Eagle, both very lively places since navigation on the lower river is over for seven months.

Vorse Ash a Fire. A story that is not being proclaimed around the houses is being whispered around to the effect that two Dawson men, one of them a jeweler, lately attempted to smuggle in a large lot of jewelry, which was secreted in cases with coarser and less valuable merchandise; but the police at Whitehorse got "next" and the importers escaped punishment by punting up the amount of the duty. "Mine goodness, vot a hetache!"

THE FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE

Who Was Sized Up for What He Was by M. Quad.

Had Not the Nerve to Profit by His Big Steal—His Acute Conscience Held Him Back.

I was putting in a month in a Swiss town, and as I was strolling along the highway in the suburbs one day a vehicle containing a single traveler appeared. The driver pulled up that the traveler might ask if he could find accommodations at some chalet instead of at the hotel, as he was not in good health and wanted quietness. I was lodging at a private house, and there was room for another guest. The stranger was driven on, and I sat down on a rock to sun him up. Having come from the west in a country vehicle, he must have come from beyond the railroad station. The horse looked weary, the hour was four in the afternoon, and I settled it that he must have come from Thalla, 15 miles away. The man wore a hat which did not fit him and had the collar of his coat turned up. He had on goggles, though it was a dark day. A person who wears goggles for weak eyes will carry a finger to one of the glasses every two or three minutes, even if he does not remove them, occasionally. On this man's face was a newly grown beard about an inch long. Every 30 seconds up went his hand to scratch. He was not used to a beard, but had grown one for an object. He thickened his voice when he spoke to me, and it was easy to detect that unnatural intonation. Why did he do it? Travelers searching for health are seldom to be met with in the mountains except early in summer, and this was late in the season. He might explain, however. Mr. Braceby as he had given his name, probably had more reasons for seclusion than he had stated, and I had a curiosity to observe him further.

He was taken in at the chalet, and that night we ate supper together. I saw from his table manners that he had been used to the quick lunches of a restaurant. He claimed to be an Englishman, but his American idioms would have given him away to a child. The heels of his boots, as I observed, were very true. He was therefore a man who did little walking. He had the curve of shoulders and neck which come to one who sits a great deal. Now and then he leaned back and locked his fingers, as most public officials do when a caller enters. He claimed to have nervous trouble. That was or was not a good excuse for his presence. A door slammed, and he jumped. That showed nerves. The diligence rattled past on its way from the railroad station to the big hotel, and Mr. Braceby slyly and furtively peered out of the window. That was the action of a fugitive from justice.

In the course of four or five days I had the stranger sized up to a dot and would have bet five to one that my diagnosis was positively correct. He was a straight haired American. He was a public official. It was his first time abroad. He was in disguise and a fugitive. Whatever he had with him was in his undershirt pocket. I knew this because he was constantly raising his hand to the spot. That he was probably in disguise about bankers. Mr. Braceby removed his goggles and turned down his coat collar and spoke in natural tones, but he got installed, but he did not wander far from the house and sought no other company. He asked for no papers, but when I bought copies of a New York daily at the hotel and took them home to read he could scarcely control his impatience until he had his hands on them. I am no man-hunter. I did not go to the police office or drop a hint to any one. Of whatever crime he was guilty, he was safe from me. I knew it wasn't murder unless done in the heat of passion, for he was sentimental and tender hearted. I think it was on the fifth day of his stay that he became feverish and called in a doctor and went to bed—mental worry you see. I had finished my supper and was smoking my pipe on the little verandah when I saw a stranger coming up the path from the hotel. From his gait I judged him to be an American. From the way he furtively eyed the chalet and its surroundings I reasoned that he had other business than seeking for lodgings. As he came to a halt and looked me over he gave himself away as a detective. He had taken me for the man he wanted, and chagrined showed clearly on his face. He was from a western state and on the trail of a defaulting city treasurer. It was queer enough that he didn't ask if there was another traveler in the house. He took it for granted that I was the only one, and he told me the whole story of Braceby's theft and flight. My diagnosis had been positively correct. There was the man under his thumb.

He had followed him for three months and had only to climb a flight of 11 steps to lay hands on him, but it never happened. I was mum. I was not interested. In the case beyond proving my observations. He talked for two hours, and then went away, saying that he should hang about for a few days. Half an hour after his going it was discovered that Braceby was missing. His bedroom window was open, the veranda, and he had heard all.

When three days had passed and no trace of the missing man had been had, he was given away to the detective by one of the town officials. He had left the chalet lightly clad, with no food, and the idea was that he had lost himself on the mountain, and would perish if not found. Parties were sent out in search, and was not long before evidence was found. When the fugitive was discovered he had been hunted over a wide area, and was about to be arrested for the crime, there was nothing left for him but to take to the mountains and find a temporary covert until he could plan a little. Being ill, without a thinny clad, he could not long live over two or three days. His gloom of that first night, when he traveled nearly two miles, making the mountains by a path. The man had wandered from the path and on over a bank 30 feet high had streamed. The rushing water had run him down a mile or more, where they found his dead body between two great rocks.

When the coroner overhauled the effects found on the body, there to light \$5,000 in English money drafts for nearly \$200,000. The name was not Braceby, of course, as the city treasurer of Thalla was west. He had gobbled it all and fled to enjoy his ill-gotten gains on the other side of the ocean. He had not spent a thousand dollars yet or taken a moment's rest. He had too much conscience and enough nerve. If he had got away, he would never have got himself. As I looked down at the dead body and thought of his standard and disgraced life I felt something more than a passing sorrow. He helped carry the bruised and bloody corpse down to the townhouse for a quest and burial I found tears in my eyes and pity in my heart.—M. Quad.

MUCH DAMAGE BEING DONE

By Rain to Unthreshed Wheat in Manitoba.

Winnipeg, Sept. 27.—The elevator companies who have their quarters in the city have during the past week buying wheat for the first time. This policy has been decided upon in view of the fact that the quantity of "no grade" wheat in the foreign market at present prices have a bad effect on the balance of the crop to be marketed.

Deliveries of grain at C. P. points were light again yesterday, they will not be heavy for a week or so, owing to wet weather threatening throughout the country. Practically ceased—train men in the country want a month of weather to get its crop threshed.

"We are being badly delayed by Canadian Northern construction of wet weather and scarcity of grain reporter today, when regarding the progress of threshing on the new line to Fort Arthur. It is the present conditions will be difficult to get very early done this season, and it is quite possible to say how far we will be before the winter sets in. The weather continued fat it would be seen altogether different. Even considering the scarcity of men we were most likely have been through Fort Arthur by October 31. I like it clearly understood that Canadian Northern has not a connection with Duluth, as they seem some misunderstanding of the point. It is the Fort Arthur, Duluth, Western that runs to Duluth. Canadian Northern joins it from south, but we would have to run back about 600 miles to get to American port."

"Do you think the present weather will do much damage to the wheat?"

"If there is not a change over damage cannot fail to be considerable. I do not see why the farmers of Manitoba do not stack their grain as it is cut. I am sure that this time enough this year for the crop to be put into stacks. A little of it is, and the country will be a great deal more protected to the crop. If it was not for it would be safe until now. The farmers have had repeated notices on this point, but they do not seem to profit by them."

Two men have been arrested at Hamlet, answering the description of parties accused of robbing a Shovel Lake. One man possessed money order from the C. P. for \$50, paying it in Missouri bills. When searched the men had in cash between them, as well as loaded revolvers. They are being held, awaiting developments.

Crazed Farmer's Crime. Hobart, Ind., Sept. 26.—John Hartman, an aged farmer, living here, fatally wounded his wife, 53, by striking her several times on the head yesterday with a pickaxe. Leaving her for dead he went into his bedroom and committed suicide by shooting himself in the chest. Hartman's skull is fractured. The couple had been married 45 years, and had raised a family of five children. Of late they had quarreled over money matters.