

PROGRESS

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

GROCCERS' PICNIC TROUBLES.

Accounts Not Yet Settled—Bands Complain That They Are Not Yet Paid.

The accounts of the grocers picnic appear to be in an unsettled condition. Complaints have been made from time to time concerning them but PROGRESS knowing that such gratuitous services are not always settled for at once, has been silent upon the question.

Now the City Cornet band and the Carleton band came to the front with the statement that they have not been paid yet for their services at the picnic.

It was understood and published at the time, that the picnic was very successful, had paid beyond the hopes of the grocers, and would be able to contribute a good sum to one or two worthy funds just then in the eyes of the people.

Any surplus that had been left over from former picnics had been generously given to the park and there is a fine drive now in that popular resort, known as the Grocers' Drive.

The attendance at the picnic last year was so large and the expenses of transportation so much less than the year before that those who were really interested in having a surplus were jubilant over the matter. They felt that three, four or five hundred dollars should, at least, remain after all the expenses had been paid. Now it seems instead of being a surplus that the Grocers' Association, so far as the picnic is concerned, is in it. The treasurer states that there are bills out and unpaid to the extent, at least, of one hundred dollars. He also quite frankly makes the statement that he has paid out all the money that he has received and is very desirous of having a meeting to settle the affairs of that most successful picnic.

The responsibility seems to rest upon two or three persons who were very prominent in promoting the picnic but after it did not show the same eagerness to come forward to account for the tickets and for the departments over which they had control. This is not intended to reflect upon them, but in the opinion of the staid merchants who lent their names to the enterprise, who wished it success and who did all they could to help it along, he account should have been settled long ago and the people given an idea of just what surplus stood to the credit of the excursion.

Mr. McPherson, who was chairman of the band committee, disclaims any responsibility for the nonpayment of their services. He says quite frankly that the receipts have not been handed in either from the refreshment booth or from the sports and in one or two cases at least, from those who sold tickets. This is a statement which PROGRESS regrets to make but it is vouched for by the gentleman who makes it.

Mr. J. S. Armstrong, the treasurer, states that he has paid out all the money he has received and also that requests have repeatedly been made for meetings of the grocers to be held in order to settle up the affairs of the picnic. The meeting has not been held. The receipts have not been handed in, and many of the committee feel that it is a reflection on the trade that there should be so much talk about an agreeable outing, that was successful, pleasant and remunerative.

POLICE PROTECTION NEEDED.

The Force on Water Street should be increased.

The annual report of the chief of police suggest that the force should be increased, and recent events have proved to a considerable extent that his demand was certainly justified.

On the Water street section of the city, which is perhaps at this day one of the worst, there are only two officers—one at times patrolling the streets and the other in the station. The business of the steamers on the west side brings many strangers to the city, some of them of so tough a character as to need observance at all times.

Cattle men in all cities of the world are not considered the most orderly people, and those who arrive in St. John are no exception to the rule. They are in nearly every case powerful men, selected for the

rough duties of looking after large cattle on the steamships, and it could be readily understood that without means, without reputation and with no concern for their present nor for the future, that they do not hesitate to tackle a policeman or anybody else. They fight on sight as it were. Thus it is that the duties of an officer on the Water street beat are very arduous indeed. He is paid a very moderate sum per day to guard the city. He is not paid to be bruised and beaten and maltreated, but yet only a few days ago officer Goshin got so rough a handling that he would no doubt have given a month's salary, at least, to have escaped it. What the city should do in the opinion of many people is either to provide special officers in the winter season to overcome the vacancies on account of sickness in the interests of such places as Carleton and Water street, or to appoint other extra men for the force. The people of St. John hope that the city is increasing in importance and in population. If it is doing so there should be no objection to increasing the force that protects it.

WHO WILL BE GOVERNOR.

An Important Position That Will Become Vacant This Year.

Who will be Governor McClellan's successor, or will Governor McClellan be his own successor are questions of some importance to the public these days. It was in 1896 that the present incumbent was appointed to office and as the term is for five years, the government is called upon this year to take action. The position is one of the best in the gift of the administration not only on account of the large salary it commands, but also on account of the lightness of the duties involved. A man who can write his name and be able attend certain functions now and then would seem to have the chief qualifications for the office. Nine thousand dollars are paid annually to the occupant of the distinguished position. This amount is supposed to be used chiefly in keeping up the dignity of the office. Big parties however the running of a government House, the keeping of fine turnouts and other things all now belong to a history of bygone days and if the last few years are to be taken as a precedent, even the sustaining of the dignity of the governorship does not incur very arduous duties either as regards time or pecuniary outlay. Whether the change has been for the better or not may be quite a debatable question, but there can be no doubt as to the advantage it gives to the Honorable Holder of the office. Forty-five thousand dollars to receive in five years is quite a sum of money and some men should be able to become quite wealthy on it. If Governor McClellan should be reappointed it will not be the first time that such a thing has happened. Sir Leonard Tilley was so honored and probably Governor Fraser would have received similar treatment had he lived. Should it be decided, however, to make a change there is no doubt that there are several who would not be disinclined to accept. Senator Ellis may feel that he would do very well. The Senator can write his own name, and a good editorial as well, make a very good speech when occasion requires and has the manner of making a genial host. Then there are others who think that Col. Tucker has his eye on the position. There would be worse men than the gallant officer who might be chosen. He is in a position to uphold all expenses, should the salary prove insufficient. Mr. Gillmor and a number of others may justly lay claim to the position, all of whom would make excellent governors. It is a big plumb for somebody and applications will probably be numerous.

The Gift to Mr. Ross.

Warden J. McGoldrick is an active man. He has just returned from a trip to Ottawa and Montreal, and has to represent the city in an important matter in a few days will go to the chief officer of the municipality. The aged Mr. Ross with the handsome chair that has been selected as a gift for him from the city and county of

St. John. Mr. Ross has reached the age of 111 and is probably, if not surely, the oldest man in Canada. The chair that will be presented to him is a very hand some one, and in the selection of it the cost was not spared. It is on view in Messrs. Manchester, Robertson & Allison's furniture warehouses on Market Square, and has been admired by very many people. Mr. McGoldrick will no doubt be accompanied on his trip to St. Martins by some of the aldermen and a few citizens who are interested in the event.

A Soldier Remembered.

Friends of Private W. W. Donohue were glad indeed to know that his service in South Africa and the misfortune which he sustained while at duty there have been substantially recognized by the management of the patriotic fund in the shape of a check for \$1500, which he received this week through Col. George West Jones. Mr. Donohue is an unassuming young man and talks but little of his experiences through the many engagements that he was in. He seems to be more of a fighter than a talker and only a fighter in a military sense. The loss of his limb will prevent him from engaging in any more active duties of life and his friends hope that he will be able to obtain a position suitable to his present ability and worthy of the services that he has rendered his country.

Death of R. W. Connor.

The sudden and tragic death of Mr. R. W. Connor was a sad surprise to those who knew him and appreciated the kind character and qualities of the man. He was probably the quietest and most unobtrusive business man in the city and yet his word was considered as good as his bond. He was upright in every respect and apparently a fighter for those who knew him. Mr. Connor's illness was of a very short duration. Malancholy induced from a severe cold, akin to la grippe, could no doubt account for the despondent mood that led to the act of self destruction. Much sympathy will be felt for his aged mother and for the brothers and sister, who with him have always been a most happy family.

No Funds for the Work.

Some alarm might well be created by the statement that one of the members of the city board of works makes to the effect that their appropriation is exhausted, that many laborers have been laid off and that the cleaning of the gutters and the removal of the ice, which is usual at this season of the year is no longer possible, because there are no funds to pay the men. If this is true it is a serious state of affairs and the sooner the council treats the matter the better for the city and for the citizens.

Illness of Mrs. Dewdney.

The very serious illness of Mrs. Dewdney, wife of the rector of St. James church has caused much regret, not only among

PARKER WON THE RACE.

The North End Skater Defeated Duffy in the Two Mile Contest—Wins Two Out of Three.

The race between Parker and Duffy on Thursday night called out a larger attendance in the Victoria rink than has been seen there for some time. It is estimated, correctly or not, that 5,000 people were in the rink and if that is the number Manager Armstrong deserves the utmost credit for arranging an evening so attractive to the people of St. John.

Parker, of course, was the favorite in the north end, and Duffy had so many friends



FEN PARKER.

with so much money, that they seemed to be very much in the majority. When the time arrived for the race and the ice was cleared the tremendous crowd began to cheer the skaters and it seemed as if the roar of approval and disapproval would never cease. There was just a minute's silence before the start and then when Duffy with a tremendous burst of speed seemed to be gaining from the opposite side of the rink, his friends let their lungs loose and there was a perfect uproar.

Parker nothing daunted by this, kept at his steady gait and to the surprise and delight of those who favored him gained steadily upon his opponent. Soon he was even and yet he continued to gain. Foot by foot he got up, soon he lessened the distance between himself and Duffy and in a very short time there was only a quarter instead of a half a lap between them. That meant a gain of a quarter of a lap. Duffy lost heart and when he lost heart he lost speed. By a little spurt Parker was directly behind his opponent and he skated there very easily for the remainder of the race. Only once did Duffy make an attempt to spurt and that was a feeble effort. It was somewhat of a surprise apparently to Parker,

Not content with that they invaded his home, and at so early an hour as one o'clock in the morning, made the street resound with their shouts of appreciation of his grand victory.

WHO WILL GET THE POSITION?

Vacancy on the Hospital Commission Will be Filled Shortly.

The vacancy on the hospital commission occasioned by the death of Mr. A. Chipman Smith has led to quite a number of applications. Mr. Smith was one of the most capable commissioners on the board. He always took a live interest in the affairs of the hospital and while he was not in good health was generally in attendance at the meetings. A good man is required to fill his place and the appointment is in the hands of the government. Many of those who have been consulted think that he should be replaced by a layman instead of a professional man, while others, very cordially, favor the appointment of Dr. D. E. Berryman. Dr. Berryman is, at present, one of the coroners of the city and county of St. John and has filled that office very acceptably. It is understood that he is not seeking the position of hospital commissioner but if the government thinks that his claims to it are above others he would be very glad to accept it.

The north end is represented, at the present time, on the commission by Warden McGoldrick, but one of the representatives of the city and county thinks that the present vacancy should be filled by another business man from that section. He does not believe in the cry of sectionalism but on the plea of convenience he believes that a commissioner resident in the North End would be acceptable to the population of that district. Mr. Henry Hilyard is mentioned in this connection. There is no doubt whatever that Mr. Hilyard with his business ability and large experience would make a very efficient commissioner, still the government have it in their hands and it remains with them whether Dr. Berryman or Mr. Hilyard will be appointed.

Important Items.

Martin Butler, the Fredericton poet and journalist informs his readers through his valuable journal that "We have just ordered a bell for our front door; not for the sake of being considered 'toney' or to set off the appearance of the place, but since the neighbors upstairs have got a dog, whenever we hear a noise at the door we cannot tell whether it is some one knocking, or the dog scratching for flesh.



BART DUFFY.

the attendants of that church but also to those who have had the pleasure of knowing its energetic pastor. Mr. Dewdney, for many days has been very ill with pneumonia, but slight hopes were entertained at the close of his visit on Friday of his recovery. The fact that a short time ago Mr. and Mrs. Dewdney were in the city and that they had been in a few days will go to the chief officer of the municipality. The aged Mr. Ross with the handsome chair that has been selected as a gift for him from the city and county of

who lost a few yards but in a few seconds he had soon regained them. A lot of money changed hands upon the result. Beta were loudly made before the race and some of those who had favored Parker were willing before the two mile to bet on Duffy. Duffy was a very speedy skater and he was in the lead in that section of the rink. Parker upon seeing that he was losing ground, spurted and won the race. Parker procured a chair and thirty or forty of them bore him upon it to the door of his resi-

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A Camp Hunt in the South.

Against the huge gnarled trees which stand about Clear Lake, Ark., the firelight flashes red and high. The fire is built of huge fallen limbs of oak, hickory and ash, dry as powder, and it roars steadily. In its hue the beards of Spanish moss seem dripping blood and the up draught fills the leaves as it's breath blow on them from a cavern below.

Thirty yards away, and half showing in the gloom, seemingly misshapen because of the shifting shadows on them, the horses are tethered munching the shelled corn in their nose bags. Two large wagons are nearer and to their heavy wheels the mules are hitched.

In a group of themselves and still, because they have been fed, are the founders, ten of them, top-eared long nosed sturdy and deep chested, with voices like bells and muscles wire like. They are of many colors, but the black and tan predominate. Saddles and bridles lie about for men to step on and fall over. A little tent is in the background, but it is not likely that any one will sleep in it for the night is clear. It has been brought to serve in an emergency and to keep the leaves dry from the guns.

Surrounding the fire, but at respectful distances, are eight men in every stage of disreputableness of dress. Their clothing is whole-as yet—but that is the most that can be said for it. Coarse, worn trousers are stuffed into heavy boots stained with oil and dirt. Their hats of wide brims are pulled over their eyes. About each waist is a leather belt and from it hangs a knife in a sheath. They might pose successfully for some robbers or any other sort of bandits. They are lawyers, doctors, merchants and planters on a camp hunt.

Scraping off the veneer, they are good half-way back to primal savages, and are out in the open not much caring whether school keeps or not. As a matter of course they are talking dog, gun, horse and game. Equally as a matter of course, they are not submitting any incidents. Their remarks have the glorious tinge of exaggeration. Their imaginations are at work. With the persistence for which men in the woods are noted, each of them is telling his story without regard to his companions and the result is confusing. Two more old timers, stretched out near the tent, heads of extended forelegs, look up and think of contemporary hunting as the habit of giving out any time and holding all horse to be vain. An undisciplined mongrel, showing his blue-black teeth and apologetic for being alive, thinks that the talk is all about his many thorns and spikes away to another one where it can't and his master. Any pointer tip snapper, the neighbor of a institution of all such outposts. His own persistence to get it the way and to play the dog's game too day's work of doing, he knows, the measure to be the best source of light five minutes and throw him a bit of meat.

The negroes, who are made of bread, bacon and black coffee, are overcooled and eager. The white men make downy beds of moss, piled green from the trees and spread to a mat on the ground. Over the blankets are placed, and in twenty minutes the party is in command. Steam while the men have picked some pounds of corn bread and fat the hounds. There is hard work ahead on the morrow and they will get no breakfast. Then the two negroes crawl into one of the wagons.

The fire lives on all through the night. Each dog has been tied to prevent it from exhausting itself in night noises. That is the reason why their lids close or start as they have been fed. They know that they cannot get away and that it is useless to repine. Outside the circle of firelight a pair of small eyes flash now and then. They may belong to a possum coming up with on the scent of food, or to a skunk that has scented the bacon, or to all chunks are deliciously loud, or a coon that is visiting the lake to fish, or even a fox, though the last is unlikely. There is too much hound-arms on the breeze for a fox to be found within a half-mile.

As the blaze dies down the shadow of the forest draws nearer and when only a great bed of coals is left the blackness is all about. From the edge of the lake frogs croon softly. Amid the mossy trees now and then the soft swish of the wings of the quacking owl tells where the night prowler sweeps its way, or perhaps from the distance of a mile may come its melancholy howling, telling its mates that it is

hard work to live in a country where the rabbits and squirrels and mice have grown too smart to be caught.

When the morning star has climbed high the cook scrambles from the wagon dragging the unwilling helper with him. In five minutes the fire is blazing. In another five minutes coffee is made and hanks of cold bread are placed on tin plates. The knackers are called and come readily, for it is their first morning out. Their bones do not ache, their muscles are unstrained, they are upon the beginning of the thing for which they have been logging or for months.

While they are pouring hot black coffee down their throats and knowing cold corn bread—probably the meanest food with which humanity has been afflicted—the hounds have been watered and fed. Just as the first streaks of day have broadened into light the hounds are thrown on and the girls dressed until they sink a half inch in. Half of the party will hunt the deer, two of them will go to nearby fields with the pointers, one of them will try the lake shore for ducks and snipe and the other, accompanied by the mongrel, will try to lead hounds down with squirrels.

It is possible that each of the deer may wear two horns, because there may be sides of the hardest for any or all of them. Each has been "dressed" over his shoulder, a smooth horn beautifully polished and evened and sawed off a foot from its base. In which hole has been bored and the long substance whittled to the tip. That is the typical hunter's horn of the south and in the hands of an artist it may be heard for miles. Each of them will be swung into the saddle, coupled with one's long-barreled shotgun, and this gun will be used to each target.

Out of the men because he has the most of them, goes his horn to hunting and aims a shot. Then from the startled

hounds surges a mighty chorus, prolonged, musical, inspiring deep. The smoke waves to it, it rolls, it clings clamors and beats upon the heavy air; it sounds a challenge to the noblest buck that ever stretched his gallant length along the forest aisles. In answer to it the trumpeter swings his battered hat, emits a staccato yell and his horse bounds under him as if hard bitten with the spur. The straps are cast off and the pack streams away, rails up, noses down, whimpering like frightened women, and the men press after them.

In southwestern Arkansas there is no form of deer slaying except the drive, and the philosophy of the drive is based upon the fact that every deer of a years growth has certain avenues by which it seeks to escape when pursued. It is the business of the hounds to find the trail and follow it until the deer is jumped. Generally one man goes with the dogs, taking his chance of making a kill when the animal springs. The other men of the party take stands or positions upon some of the runways, and there they wait for the coming of the quarry, meanwhile listening to the bayings and snarling to calculate, from their swellings or diminishings, whether or not the deer is heading their way.

It would seem to be an easy thing to stand in a tree with a shot gun in hand and bring down so large an object as a deer fifty yards away, but it is really one of the most difficult things within the range of shotgunnery. The wait of an hour or two hours, or maybe three hours, with alternate flushing of hope and sinkings of despair, the utter loneliness away in the great woods with no sound save an occasional faint wailing of the baying far away; the tension produced by the fact that there is absolutely no way of telling how far ahead of the dogs the deer is running or at what instant it might appear, and the strain of constant watchfulness and absolute quiet is wearing on the nerves. Even the hunters who are subjected to a long siege of this kind sometimes get the shak and miss their shots. The man who is inexperienced in this line is liable to fall into some of the follies of which he will come with his shame at intervals so long as he lives. There are many instances of men who have thrown down their guns at the first glimpse of a shot.

Dr Chase Prevents Consumption.

By Thoroughly Curing Coughs and Colds Before They Reach the Lungs—Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Has an Enormous Sale.

There would be no use for sanitariums for consumption if Dr. Chase's advice were more generally occupied. Not that Dr. Chase claimed to be able to cure consumption in its last stages, though his treatment is a great relief to the consumer, but what he did claim was that consumption can always be prevented by the timely use of his Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is not a mere cough medicine, but a far-reaching and thorough cure for the most severe colds, bronchitis and asthma.

It is a pity that everybody on this great continent does not know of the surprising effectiveness of this great throat and lung treatment. The news is spreading fast, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has by far the largest sale of any similar remedy. It should be in every home in the land for prompt use in case of croup, bronchitis, sudden colds or sore throat. It is truly wonderful in its beneficial effects on the raw and inflamed lining of the air passages. It aids expectoration, loosens the light chest coughs and positively cures colds.

Mr. J. J. Dadds, of Pleasant avenue

Deer Park, Ont., writes: "I have suffered in my head and throat and all over my body since last summer from a very heavy cold which I could not get rid of. I have tried several of what are considered good remedies, but none seemed to be of any avail. I began to think that my cold was developing into consumption, as very many have to my knowledge. I am thankful now to say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has worked a complete cure, as I am now entirely free of the cold."

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrews, Que., states: "Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of bronchitis I have, without success, tried many remedies for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and am happy to state that the third bottle made me a well man."

Ladies on having Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine when you ask for it, and beware of druggists who offer mixtures of their own for the sake of a little more profit; 25 cents a bottle, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Furthermore, a deer in full flight is not an easy mark in the clear. It goes with exceedingly speed and seems to be going faster even than this, which hinders a man. Its body is so stretched in its leaps that it is not more than two-thirds its usual height. It bounds or rather soars over logs and other obstructions as if it had wings. Even at its topmost speed it is taking excellent care of itself and starts in and out among the tangles in erratic fashion. Nearly always between it and the gunner are half a dozen or a dozen trees.

Under such circumstances it must be a good hand and a cool head who aspires to kill with certainty. Before the time the deer bursts into clear and the hunter is able to get more than a few steps as a rule, the deer is out of range and has no chance of being killed. He must have the patience to wait until the deer is close and must pick up his gun at just the right moment. He must be sure to aim at the heart and to pull his trigger as fast as he can.

At seventy-five years there are few killed of crossing deer, but fifty yards is a fair distance, and a buck of 2 years at full speed should be led by at least two feet. In other words the proper way in which to make the shot is to press the trigger when the muzzle of the gun is slightly in front of the nose.

The beginner will often imagine that he has made a clean miss, dejectedly mount his horse and start toward his companions when there is a dead deer within a few yards of him. A deer that is hit to the back, way through the stomach or more than a foot behind the shoulder, will sometimes go on for a mile or two miles. It is an animal of great vitality and the instant of death it will stand as if nothing had happened. A shot through the brain will stop it instantly, as will a broken neck or a broken spine, but a deer at full speed is going so fast that a wound such a tremendous amount of energy, is so highly strung in the effort to distance its pursuers that it will carry on for some time before it falls. It will carry on for some time before it falls. It will carry on for some time before it falls.

Bucks have been known to run without apparently slackening their leaps for 200 yards when shot through the heart and then to fall all at once, heavily dying on their feet as they die in the air. The deer hunter, or stalker, regards a shot at a mile as a mere examination of the trail; a little way in search of blood marks or in the hope of stumbling upon the animal. A wounded deer will often seek a place of thickness and hide therein like a quail until the hounds come up and discover it. Men may ride all around it, passing within five yards of it, and it will not budge. Fewer than very young have the same habit and numbers of them are captured in the woods each spring by negroes who seek for them, find them crouching, walk up to them slowly and pour upon them as they would upon a flying rabbit.

It not infrequently happens that, owing to misuses and endeavors of the marksmen to retrieve themselves, the whole party will get strung out behind the hounds and then the riding is of the most desperate fashion. The men are probably a mile behind the dogs, which are a half-mile behind the deer, and the horses are called upon to make up the difference. There is always a hope that the animal has been hit and is weary and that he will fall of each to be in at the death. For this the two spurs are worn. One spur will excite as much, but the horse is apt to shy or here away from the side on which punishment is inflicted, and a riding horse is not good in the woods.

In this way a camp hunt is sometimes broken up early in the action, the riders failing to get back inside of two days, but commonly they realize that a stern chase is a long one and give up the run after four or five hours of it. If the buck elects to go straight away and to keep going there is no way of getting at the dogs, and restraining them. They are left to run themselves out. They will quit when they have caught the deer, or can go on no longer. In either case they may be trusted to return to the camp from which they started, and they get back in a surprisingly short time, principally because they are hungry.

With four men after venison, two after quail, one after ducks and snipe and one after squirrels the menu on the second night in camp is apt to be a varied if not elegant one. At this season in Arkansas the chances are good that the squirrel man, or the duck man, will return, bringing also a fat wild turkey. There are no better camp books than negroes who have made a specialty of the art. Certainly there is no place in which food tastes better than in camp. One man may prefer venison steaks, another may like quail broiled on hickory coals, still another may pin his faith to teal stewed whole with black pepper in a big iron pot; another may swear by young squirrels smothered with pods of red pepper, but the fact is that a wise man will try them all, and most camp hunters have the wisdom of the catholic appetite.



A COSY CORNER.

Mus...

The approval of Mrs. F. G. concert in the charity Institute last and a success for Mr. James F. I. J. D. Landy organ on Tuesday Miss Devor's...

The judges in original competition England Concert will be George der Stucken and It has been decided which competition June 1, 1901 in to compete for New England C well as for those...

A church choir and composed of nine accompanist ese girl is one christen effort in has required a result, not in that of the Rev. I. M. wife have known wavering. As a sides Sunday after in the presbytery Stockton street; composed of men fants in arms atte sufficient advance the music of the double quartet of —San Francisco

The local cr lamenting the dec may get a good de a perusal of the cl of the Opera-Su book entitled "Th sent" just issued lieve contempor "there never was a Singing was not dogs; neither to b was there ever a ti prence artists had er pitch of perfec reached before." clear enough which subscribers to. Wh doubted earlier tants of Charles R. Rosen, he points opera-singer's art more complex thing of former periods position today is ve face and conquer great bel-cantists never dream of.

The Valentine St Friday from Freder the Opera house in of which they gave a This week the bill o week was Capt. L. "An Unequal Matc played here by 1 seasons ago and are They should have rge. Mr. Frank Bixby friends this week and the "gled clasp" by paper Row. The wonderful stories tences in Newfound company Mr. Bix York on Wednesday. Richard Mansfield in Boston shortly. Amelia Bingham's Climbers continues. Henry Arthur Jon ing touches to a new Maude Odell is a g Orleans where she is It is said that C about to build another Zeile de Lussan ha her vaudeville schame for the present. "Barbara Felthier

Resch the Lungs—Dr. Formous Sale.

writes: "I have suffer, throat and all over my... not get rid of I have... that are considered good... seemed to be of any... that my cold was... as very many... I am thankful... Chas.'s Syrup of Lin... time has worked a com... not entirely free of the... St. Andrews, Que.,... ase's Syrup of Lin... as cur-d-mo of bronchitis... tried many reme... six years. Last winter... re attack and was un... a bottle of Dr. An... and Turpentine... that the third bot... man."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of... when you ask for... druggists who offer mix... for the sake of a little... a bottle, all dealers... & Co., Toronto.

seventy-five years there... crossing deer, but fifty... and a buck of 2... should be led by at... other words, the proper... the deer is to press... muzzle of the gun is... the nose.

After a minute, that he... mis, dejectedly mount... toward his companion's... dead deer within a 100... feet that is hit to... far... the stomach or more... the shoulder, will some... or two miles. It is... ability and the amount... and is phenomenal. Of... the brain will stop... broken neck or a broken... full speed is going... a tremendous amount... strong in the effort... that it will carry... in its tracks it... when shot.

It is known to run without... their legs for 200... rough the heat and then... the deer... The deer... regards to shot as a... examined the trail for a... of blood marks or in... upon the animal. A... often seek a place of... therein like a quail un... up and discover it... round it, passing within... and it will not budge... young have the same... of them are captured... by means of traps, walk... and point upon them... a sleeping rabbit.

It happens that, owing... of the marksmen... the whole party will... the bounds and then... most delicate fashion... a mile behind the... half-mile behind the... are called upon to... There is always... and has been hit and... the wish of each to... For this the two ap... will excite as much... as they or bore away... punishment is in... horse is not good in... hunt is sometimes... the riders... inside of two days, but... size that a stern chase... give up the run after... it. If the buck elects... and to keep going... at the dogs, and... They are left to run... will quit when they... clear, or can go on no... they may be trusted... back in a surprising... ally because they are

ter venison, two after... and snipe and one... on the second... to be a varied if not... season in Arkan... good that the squirrel... an, will return, bring... turkey. There are... of the negro who... of the art. Certain... camp. One man may... another may like... any coals, still another... deal stewed whole with... iron pot; another... squirrels smothered... but the fact is... try them all, and most... the wisdom of the

Barbara Felchies' days are number-

Music and The Drama

The approaching visit of Albany is the all absorbing topic of interest. Mrs. F. G. Spencer was soloist at a concert in Carleton this week.

The charity concert at the Mechanics Institute last evening was well attended and a success financially and otherwise.

Mr. James Ford at the request of Mr. I. J. D. Landry, presided at the Cathedral organ on Tuesday upon the occasion of Miss Devere's marriage to Mr. Leslie, R. A.

When Joseph Holman was on his last tour through the United States he became very much interested in the works of Edward Macdowell and added several of the more important to his repertoire. In Moscow some few weeks ago Holman performed the "Sonata Tragica" before one of the most cultivated audiences of Europe.

The judges for the \$1,000 in prizes for original compositions offered by the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, will be George W. Chadwick, Frank Van der Stucken and Prof. Horatio W. Parker. It has been decided to extend the time during which compositions may be sent to June 1, 1901 in order to allow composers to compete for the prizes offered by the New England Conservatory of music as well as for those by M. Fiedorowski.

A church choir complete in all its parts and composed exclusively of Chinese vocalists accompanied the organ by a Chinese girl, one of the unique signs of Chinese effort in San Francisco. Of course it has required years to accomplish this result, but in those years the zeal and hope of the Rev. I. M. Condit and his missionary wife have known neither flickering nor wavering. As a result, Dr. Condit presides Sunday after Sunday at the services in the Presbyterian Chinese church on Stockton street; a Chinese congregation composed of men, women, children and infants in arms attends for worship, and now sufficient advance has been made to have the music of the service rendered by a double quartet of male and female voices. —San Francisco Chronicle.

The vocalists croakers who are always lamenting the decay of the art of singing may get a good deal of enlightenment from a perusal of the chapter on "The Art of the Opera-Singer" in Atholp's new book entitled "The Opera, Past and Present" just issued by Scribner's. "To believe contemporary accounts," he writes, "there never was a time when the art of singing was not going headlong to the dogs; neither to believe the same accounts was there ever a time when some low supranaturalists had not brought it to a higher pitch of perfection than it had ever reached before." Mr. Atholp makes it clear enough which of these opinions he subscribes to. While dwelling on the undoubted charms and perfections of the bel canto of earlier times, from Handel to Rossini, he points out that the modern opera-singer's art is a much higher and more complex thing than the operatic art of former periods. "The opera-singer's position today is verily no joke; he has to face and conquer difficulties such as the great belcantists of the Handel period never dreamt of."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Valentine Stock company returned Friday from Fredericton, and opened at the Opera house in "A Celebrated Case" of which they gave a splendid performance. This week the bill for the beginning of the week was Capt. Lattin, followed by "An Unequal Match." Both pieces were played here by Ethel Turner several seasons ago and are bright and interesting. They should have received better patronage. Mr. Frank Bixby dropped in on his friends the week end and was presented with the "glad clasp" by the denizens of News paper Row. The general opinion was that the vaudeville troupe was well liked and the company Mr. Bixby returned to New York on Wednesday. Richard Mansfield in Henry V is to be in Boston shortly. Amelia Bingham's prosperity in The Glimpsers continues. Henry Arthur Jones is putting the finish touches to a new play. Maude Odell is a great favorite in New Orleans where she is playing Carmen. It is said that Charles Wyndham is about to build another London theatre. Zolie de Lussan has thought better of her vaudeville scheme and has deferred it for the present. "Barbara Felchies' days are number-

ed in New York. She is to be succeeded presently by "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In the revival of "Peril" at the London Garrick Fred Kerr plays Sir Woodbine Gratton, a part entirely out of his usual line.

Bianche Bates is making a great success of Cigarette in Under Two Flags. The excellence of the scenery is said to be remarkable.

"Mrs. Dane's Defence" still continues to attract capacity audiences at the Empire, New York and Margaret Anglin's popularity is unabated.

"A Woman in the Case" is the name of a new light comedy by George R. Sims and Leonard Merrick which will shortly be produced in London.

Charles Frohman is to have the management of Virginia Harrod next season and she is to be starred in the title role of "Aloes of Old Vincennes."

"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" has been received with great hilarity in New York and is likely to remain there for some considerable time.

Henry Miller is having a warm welcome in Richard Savage at the New York Lyceum. Joseph Wheelock is making a hit in the piece as the Steward.

Reports from New York state that Roland Reed the Comedian is once more in a precarious condition. He is reduced to 100 pounds and his physicians forbid him any visitors.

Sir Henry Irving has a classic drama in blank verse, by a young author which he is going to produce in London after Carthage. Sir Henry has just celebrated his sixty third birthday.

Mr. Forbes Robertson has succeeded in securing a short lease of the London Court Theatre and will appear there in April in two new pieces, a drama by A. N. Homer and a new version of "The Sacrament of Judas."

Mr. Augustus Thomas's lively farce "On the Quiet" promises to be a good deal more successful than most of the tainted French pieces tried recently. "On the Quiet" is funny, in its absurd way, and it is not indecent.

F. Marion Crawford's historical play which he is writing for Sarah Cowell L. Moyne will be produced at the Tremont theatre, Boston, October 7, 1901. The period will be the time of Louis XIV, and Mrs. Le Moyne will have the role of Mme de Maintenon.

Says the New York Evening Post of last Saturday in speaking of Mary Manning in Jactus Meredith: Her success is a striking illustration of the important part which personality plays in the theatre. The piece itself is empty bombastic, silly stuff, and Miss Manning has done much better work as an actress, but the charm of her presence and manner seems, in the eyes of her audiences to have atoned for all other deficiencies.

"The Price of Peace" is to be seen in New York next month. It is the work of Cecil Raleigh, is said to be one of the most interesting Melodramas from his pen. The plot centres around the killing of a Russian ambassador by a British prime minister in order to prevent war between the two countries. The sinking of a yacht by an ocean liner in mid ocean is one of the sensational scenes of the piece. Another scene shows the House of Commons in session. The interior of Westminster Abbey and a view of the Thames embankment are also employed in the production, which throughout is on the most elaborate scale.

Speaking of Mr. and Mrs. Kendals new play the New York Post says: "The Secret Orchard," the new play which Egerton Castle has written for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, seems to be uncommonly morbid in tone and unreasonable in scheme even for a modern problem play. The plot is a variation upon that employed in "The Profitable" and other pieces. This time it is the husband, a French count, who has the past, and when his innocent wife wishes to adopt a daughter, it is his former mistress who applies for and secures the position. When this girl proposes to marry an honest man, and the Count refuses his permission, she threatens to expose him in a furious quarrel which is overheard by her betrothed. The latter challenges the Count, and shoots him fatally, whereupon the unsuspecting wife, now a widow, takes the girl in her arms, exclaiming, "My grief is yours, dear." It would be difficult to imagine a situation more strained or less wholesome. Surely players of the authority and popularity of the Kendals might find something more worthy of their abilities than such feid trash as this.

The Brooklyn Eagle publishes a long interview with Annie Russell the dainty little princess in "A Royal Family." The article says: Annie Russell's lad is the collection of old furniture and she has

"77" ON A PAR!!!

A Ticket over the N. Y. Central and Dr. Humphreys' Specifics

Geo. H. Davis, Esq., General Passenger Agent of the N. Y. C. R. R., at a public dinner at the Waldorf, said: "For years I have taken no medicine but Humphreys' Specifics. My parents led the whole family on these little pills; never had any other remedy in the house, and I am the smallest of seven children. So much for Humphreys' Specifics. I should advise all those who are raising children to get packages of it and carry it around with them. It is the most reliable thing you can get—except a ticket over the New York Central."

"77" breaks up Colts that brag on Dr. Humphreys' Buck and Baller's, Humphreys' Homeopathic & Germanic Pills, William and John Ste., New York.

GRIP

gathered some handsome specimens of the antique with which to embellish her pretty home, on West Fifty eight street, Manhattan. This is her only bed, but she has opinions, has this delicate, fragile looking little woman, whose wonderful strength of purpose has helped her from chronic ill-health to a successful and active position in life. Her large eyes glow luminous, she declares emphatically that she believes the criticism of actors on the occasion of a premiere to be most unjust. "Not that I have cause for complaint, for the critics were very kind to me after my first night of 'A Royal Family,' only I do not think it fair to judge of a performance when the actors are too nervous and uncertain to do justice to themselves in an author. It is true that persons of pedagogic temperament might, by reason of excitement, be seen to greater advantage, but the rule will not work except in a few individual cases. The actor must have played his part awhile before he can realize its possibilities to the utmost, and players in a new cast must accustom themselves to one another before a smooth and even performance can result." Speaking of great actresses, Miss Russell said: "I think I have learned more from clever and obscure players than from those whom I have seen whose renown was great. Perhaps Miss Duse has made me feel more than any other great actress. I saw the wonderful Italian woman as Camille. It was the strangest performance I Duse was not the Parisienne, not the coquette, she was in fact just Duse. Her dark hair, coiled plainly; her gown—well, I cannot describe them; yet men and women wept, so great is her emotional power. Bernhardt? Ah, she has technique! I admire her comprehensive knowledge of the art of acting, but even Bernhardt has not Duse's great gift of emotional expression."

SAW BOOTH SHOOT LINCOLN.

Was in Theater When the President Was Assassinated.

Col. John Y. Culyer, who was present at Ford's Theatre on the night of Lincoln's assassination, tells the story of this tragic event as follows: "I had been in the service of the U. S. Engineer department on the defense coast of the Potomac, and the war was happily over, was preparing like many others to go home. We were still in camp at Fort Albany, a short distance beyond Arlington. One morning at meal, in the early part of that memorable week, some one read from the Washington Chronicle that the American Cousin, a play with which every New Yorker, with Laura Keane, Sothen, Jefferson in the leading parts, was familiar, was to be presented at Ford's Theatre, with the perennial Laura Keane the star feature of the cast. The following Friday being Good Friday and a holiday, several of us agreed to go over that evening to see the play, an added attraction being found in the announcement that the President, accompanied by several members of his cabinet and Gen. Grant, would be present. On that day, having obtained the necessary leave, we rode over early in the afternoon by way of Aqueduct bridge at Georgetown, to Washington, put up our horses at the government stable, which at that day adjoined the old Winder building, the United States Engineer headquarters, opposite where the new war department building now stands. Except for a fringe of dwellings be-

yond Lafayette square there lay a great expanse of open ground which comprised as present the choice residential quarters of Washington. We went to the headquarters of Gen. Heintzelman, where we obtained the counter-sign for that night, to enable us to pass the sentries on our return, without which counter-sign no one would be permitted to cross into the Virginia side after 9 o'clock.

"I undertook to procure the tickets and was fortunate to secure three very eligible seats, tickets for which had been held and not called for, and so in what subsequently happened I was enabled to see all that any one of the audience could see of the moving scene that later transpired. In the interval we walked about the city along Pennsylvania avenue, the roadway of which then was usually a mass of dirt and mud, and dinner and at a few minutes before 8 we entered the theatre and took our seats from which we had a clear and unimpeded view to the stage and flanking boxes. The theatre filled rapidly. The sides of the stage and the boxes were draped with flags and bunting and these occupied by the president—two compartments usually had been thrown into one—were on the right side, as you looked toward the stage and above it some 12 or so feet out level with the lower tier of seats to the gallery, from the upper side of which there was a narrow passage leading to the box entrance.

"With all these details, Booth, when I had seen several times at the hotel, was undoubtedly familiar. The play had been in progress for some minutes, when the president and his party arrived and shortly entered the box, and, as is known, occupied it himself. Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone and Miss Harris, as I remember, a daughter of our late senator. The president seated himself in the corner of the box nearest the audience; Mrs. Lincoln sat about a short distance toward the middle of the box, and their companions accommodated themselves, being warm friends at the farther end. At this juncture and after a lapse of so many years, it is difficult to recall the exact time or point reached in the progress of the play, but I know several acts had passed, and I remember the scene where the American cousin had been left alone on the stage, his departure preceded by a short soliloquy in which he sat, whittling at a stick of wood. He left the stage, where the shifting of the scene was imminent and when, as is usual, I believe, all the actors had gone to their rooms, etc., when, as if from a full knowledge of the movement of the play, Booth must have passed rapidly by the narrow passage from the gallery to the rear of the boxes, quietly opened the door, reached the rear of the president as he sat in his chair and, placing the pistol close to the back of his head, fired; moved rapidly toward his side and climbed over the balcony, resting a foot on the projecting moulding, and turned to gauge his leap to the stage, and dropped to the floor. As he started on his downward flight I saw the draped flag grow taut and then yield. Booth's spur, unknown to him, had momentarily caught in the fold of the flag, which thus was destined to avenge his great crime, and he, evidently disturbed by pose and balance as to cause him to practically fall, at which moment he took the smaller bone of his leg, between the knee and ankle, and from which he undoubtedly later in his wild ride suffered excruciating pain. He passed rapidly across the stage, notwithstanding, from the front of the box, and out on the rear left hand side to the alley way, which from the back of the theatre led to the next street. Horses were ready and one of these he mounted and took his course, as is known, over Capitol Hill and so across and beyond the eastern branch into Maryland, the subsequent happenings now generally known. When the shot of the pistol rang out and with the appearance of Booth on the balcony of the box, the audience turned in a started way, to be immediately roused into the wildest excitement and terror by the announcement of someone that the president had been shot, the cries of Mrs. Lincoln being heard almost simultaneously.

"The confusion that followed was indeed, confounding. Many left the theatre precipitately, while others myself among the number, remained and subsequently saw Mr. Lincoln partially disrobed for a then vain endeavor to find the wound, from which he immediately became unconscious—being carried out of the theatre, across to the house where he died the next morning. If Booth said anything as he passed over the stage, I do not remember to have heard it, but in his hand, I am quite sure, was the pistol and not a dagger, which he had not had time to put away, or still kept in hand for possible further use. It was a night and a scene never to be forgotten. A holiday audience, all joyous over the close of one of the most

disastrous wars known to history, had come to witness an innocent comedy, and before it closed, it saw the climax in the assassination of a loved president, of one of the greatest and most dastardly crimes known to civilization.

"I did not return to camp until nearly sunrise the next morning, but an account of some of the events of the evening need not now form a part of the story which I set out to tell."

The Old Cudger's Opinion

"One reason," said the Old Cudger, "why we have so many pulled-up, self-important nobodies in this world is that often when the Fool Killer meets a man wearing a title that doesn't honestly belong to him, a prominent old man won by asking too much of other people's expense, and a little bit of money acquired by marrying a widow whose first husband left her some insurance, he takes the case of the parasite rather than the real noble and wears an air of interest of his class. And that's just how I feel about Major R. Chineway. A contemptible!"

"Let's your intention presently to bury the hatchet, man?" inquired the respectful Kansas chief of police of the best advertised woman in America.

"Yes," she answered sternly, "I bury it in anything I can reach with it."

With all these details, Booth, when I had seen several times at the hotel, was undoubtedly familiar. The play had been in progress for some minutes, when the president and his party arrived and shortly entered the box, and, as is known, occupied it himself. Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone and Miss Harris, as I remember, a daughter of our late senator. The president seated himself in the corner of the box nearest the audience; Mrs. Lincoln sat about a short distance toward the middle of the box, and their companions accommodated themselves, being warm friends at the farther end. At this juncture and after a lapse of so many years, it is difficult to recall the exact time or point reached in the progress of the play, but I know several acts had passed, and I remember the scene where the American cousin had been left alone on the stage, his departure preceded by a short soliloquy in which he sat, whittling at a stick of wood. He left the stage, where the shifting of the scene was imminent and when, as is usual, I believe, all the actors had gone to their rooms, etc., when, as if from a full knowledge of the movement of the play, Booth must have passed rapidly by the narrow passage from the gallery to the rear of the boxes, quietly opened the door, reached the rear of the president as he sat in his chair and, placing the pistol close to the back of his head, fired; moved rapidly toward his side and climbed over the balcony, resting a foot on the projecting moulding, and turned to gauge his leap to the stage, and dropped to the floor. As he started on his downward flight I saw the draped flag grow taut and then yield. Booth's spur, unknown to him, had momentarily caught in the fold of the flag, which thus was destined to avenge his great crime, and he, evidently disturbed by pose and balance as to cause him to practically fall, at which moment he took the smaller bone of his leg, between the knee and ankle, and from which he undoubtedly later in his wild ride suffered excruciating pain. He passed rapidly across the stage, notwithstanding, from the front of the box, and out on the rear left hand side to the alley way, which from the back of the theatre led to the next street. Horses were ready and one of these he mounted and took his course, as is known, over Capitol Hill and so across and beyond the eastern branch into Maryland, the subsequent happenings now generally known. When the shot of the pistol rang out and with the appearance of Booth on the balcony of the box, the audience turned in a started way, to be immediately roused into the wildest excitement and terror by the announcement of someone that the president had been shot, the cries of Mrs. Lincoln being heard almost simultaneously.

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A POOL AND HIS MONEY.

Miss Kabanuck is not the only woman whose exploits furnish material for newspaper news.

THE MAN AT THE BEACH.

Where the factory wheels are turning and the yellow glow-lights burn.

THE MULE ON SNOWSHOES.

It is said that the late Jock Darling, the most noted hunter and trapper ever known in Maine.

ON A JAPANESE RAILROAD.

The second and third class railroad carriage gives the foreigner an opportunity to study the life of the Japanese people.

THE OLD CHURCH AT CIUDAD JUAREZ.

For ages there has the old bell hung, calling the brown skinned devotees.

THE BEGGAR IN RACE AND SCANDALS.

The beggar in race and scandals old, the don in his jacket laced with gold.

THE OLD BELL CALLS ALONG THE STREET.

The old bell calls along the street, the worshippers move on reverent feet.

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THE BEGGAR IN RACE AND SCANDALS.

The beggar in race and scandals old, the don in his jacket laced with gold.

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BAKING POWDER

wholesome... themselves as comfortable... rug is spread out on the...

knocking, eating is going on... there are vendors of the oranges... Every passenger...

ing out of the car windows... the passengers have little... filled with lunch... In the...

throw all sorts of refuse... car... passengers have been in a little... and in a little...

at Baking Powder Tests... Baking Powder is an old... favor with the housekeepers...

that the late Jock Darling, the... under and trapper ever known... once brought a young deer...

Pete, is a diminutive animal... strong, but, going as mules... generally unable to wade...



The coming of Lent practically terminates the winter's gaieties, and for the next few weeks there will probably be a lull in society.

A pretty event of much interest and importance in society took place at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock when Miss Annie Gertrude St. John Dever, youngest daughter of Hon. James Dever, was united in matrimony with Mr. James Norman Stuart Leslie, B.A., son of the late Patrick Stuart Leslie of Montreal.

The bridesmaids wore costumes of white serge with guipure lace and gold braid trimming. Handmade black picture hats completed the toilet.

On Friday last Miss Gladys MacLaughlin entertained a number of her young friends at an afternoon tea, at her home on Leinster street.

On Wednesday evening the seating capacity of the building was taxed to the utmost limit when the friends of Mr. Harvey Morton assembled to be present at the services which dedicated him for his missionary work in Trinidad.

Mr. Walter F. Fenety, who for sometime resided in this city and recently in Fredericton has gone to Cuba to engage in the fruit business.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gilmour of St. Stephen were in town during the week. While here they were guests at the royal.

in the city. Mrs. (Hon) James Dever is slowly recovering from a recent severe attack of pneumonia.

Quite the pleasant affair of the week took place on Monday evening at the residence of Major and Mrs. Grant, German street, when they entertained quite a number of Miss Grant's young lady and gentlemen friends.

The grand benefit concert given in the Mechanics Institute on Friday evening was quite well patronized. A good programme was carried out, some of the best talent of the city taking part.

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At the Methodist paragon on Wednesday the Rev. W. Woodall united in marriage Mr. William Connell and Miss Laura E. Conacher both of this city. A reception was held at the young couple's home in the evening, about thirty guests ladies and gentlemen were in attendance.

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JOHN NOBLE LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their 'shopping by post' with this huge dress and drapery enterprise...

WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes. Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

WHERE THE WEAR IS. The edge of a skirt is the focal point of most skirt worry. What is your experience with 'bladdings,' 'edgings,' etc? You can't remember many a skirt that got frayed at the edge and shabby before the drapery showed even a sign of wear.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL, 'Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic.'

Buoche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buoche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. M. F. MOONEY.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA. A rare treat is in store for the music loving people of St. John when Madame Albani will appear at the Opera House on the evening of March 8th.

USE THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
 THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME
 FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF
 TOILET & BATH
 REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

PARKBROS.

Progress is for sale at the Parkbro Book Store.

Feb. 21.—Rev. Dr. Black of Halifax gave the second lecture of the winter course on Friday evening. Subject, "American Honour." and that it was appreciated and enjoyed was manifest from the frequent applause and much laughter. At the close a vote of thanks was moved by Mr. C. Blair and seconded by Dr. W. D. MacKenzie.

The children's carnival at Centra took on Friday evening was a pretty affair. The children's carnival always are. Fairy, Miss Rita Day, won the girl's prize a book, and Highlander, Master Robert Parsons, the boys' prize a pretty box.

A Valentine social was held at the residence of Mr. H. G. Jones on Thursday evening. A good programme of reading and music followed by refreshments made an enjoyable evening.

The club meeting on Wednesday evening took the form of a bill party. After skating for two hours, baked meats, brown bread and other refreshments with hot coffee were served.

Miss Gertrude Kent who has been home for a visit of several weeks left on Thursday for Boston to resume her work at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Mr. A. W. G. returned the young friends of his daughter from a Valentine party of Thursday evening. A similar party on the same evening was given by the Misses Lavers.

Mrs. Susan Sibley and children have been on a visit to Mr. Sibley's parents at Amherst.

Kentworth K. G. gave an address in the Centra hall on Tuesday evening. Amherst and his guests were well received.

Rev. F. A. Wilson occupied, once again, the pulpit on Sunday morning and evening.

Miss M. Townsend, Q. C. was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Townsend last week.

Mr. J. S. Hamilton is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. K. Smith at Amherst.

Feb. 20.—Miss Clara Spruce of Boston Hill, Amherst, is visiting Miss Pearl Payson at the residence of Dr. John Miller.

Mr. Harry Chapman of South Hill, Amherst, has been visiting his daughters here. H. C. and Mrs. J. A. Harris.

Mrs. F. A. Wilson is visiting her son, D. L. Brown.

Her husband, Mr. Kenyon, was in town last week.

Miss Marie Bush returned to Boston last week to take a short rest in the city hospital.

Miss Marie Bennett returned from her visit to Kenyon.

Miss How is expected home today.

A severe cold, with a cough, was held at the Academy of Music last week and was a very serious one. The illness was held for several days and the students were prevented from attending school.

Feb. 21.—Mrs. J. M. O'Connell, who has been in the hospital for several weeks, has returned home.

Mrs. H. B. Jones and daughter, Miss H. B. Jones, who were in the hospital, have returned to their homes.

Mrs. S. H. Crowell of Sydney is here making her first visit since her marriage to her present husband. Mrs. E. B. Harkin and attended the marriage of her brother.

Miss Fanny Papp and Miss Deiby, returned home on Friday last from a two weeks visit in Halifax.

Miss Beatrice Hurre of Shelburne, is guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Under, Chatham Street.

Mrs. Stuart Sibley of Parkboro, and family are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, Havelock St.

Miss Beatrice Fuller is visiting her relatives in Toronto.

Miss Alice Bain is visiting her brother Harold in St. John.

After a two months visit with Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Cresswell at the Rectory, Mrs. Raymond returned on Friday to her home in Springfield, Kings Co. N. B.

YANBUOUB.

Feb. 20.—Mrs. I. H. Goudey returned from a visit to Boston Wednesday.

Hon. William Law and Mrs. Law are registered at the Queen, Halifax.

The home of Mr. Matthew Bosch, Hartford, was again the scene of a matrimonial event Wednesday afternoon last at one o'clock when his daughter, Grace D. was united in marriage to Mr. Frank K. Allen of Milton, by the Rev. D. B. Hemson. The bride was attired in cream cashmere with satin trimmings. Miss Josie Bockch sister of the bride was bridesmaid and Mr. Gardner Allen the groom's cousin was best man. After refreshments and congratulations Mr. and Mrs. Allen came to Yarmouth and took the S. S. Boston for Boston on their way to Hamilton, Ont. where Mr. Allen will shortly enter upon his new duties in the mills of the Imperial Cotton Co.

Miss Florence Abbott returned from Philadelphia Saturday.

Mr. Blakelle Pitts went to Boston per S. S. Boston Saturday. He was accompanied by his wife.

TO CURE A COUGHLIN ONE DAY
 Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists return the money if it fails to cure. See Dr. W. Grove's signature on each box.

Miss Josie Crosby of Hallowell on a visit to Boston and New York Saturday.

Mrs. O. S. Wallace, wife of Chancellor of McMaster University, who was called home by the illness of her father, H. H. Crosby, Hallowell, returned to Toronto Saturday.

Miss Edna Wyman returned from Boston Saturday.

KENYVILLE.

Feb. 20.—The marriage of Miss Carrie L. daughter of Maynard Cogswell of Morristown to Otis Nichols was performed on Wednesday by the Rev. J. L. Reid. Miss Lilla Cogswell, sister of the bride acted as bridesmaid, and Fred Webster, of Cambridge, was best man. Miss Florence Condon, little niece of the bride was flower girl.

The marriage of Miss Mabel daughter of Rev. H. M. Parry of Melburn Square to Mr. Harry W. Churchill was performed on the 17th inst by the bride's father at Port Maitland.

Miss McCarthy who has been spending the past few months in Boston and vicinity arrived home Wednesday.

The Quaker Club met on Tuesday evening and enjoyed their last dance before Lent. The members were all present, and good music was furnished by the barbers of Halifax. In all a very pleasant evening was spent.

NEW GLASGOW.

Feb. 16.—The announcement was made in the Post, Boston, Mass., of the engagement of Miss Eva F. F. of Dorchester, Mass., to Mr. Hadley Moore of New Glasgow, N. S.

Miss S. S. and Kate Cameron arrived home from Boston on Wednesday last to attend the funeral of their brother Mr. John Cameron.

Miss Laura MacNeil is visiting friends in Sydney. Miss S. S. of Truro, is visiting her friend Miss Ida MacNeil.

Miss Adie Bell, who has been visiting in Hallowell the past three months, arrived home on Monday of last week.

Miss Dorothea St. John, is visiting friends in town.

CHATHAM.

Mr. F. S. Norman has returned from a successful business trip to Bermuda and the West Indies. Mr. Norman remained in Bermuda. The return voyage was a very happy one.

A large number of young folks assembled at the residence of Mr. Roger Flanagan, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 21st, when a very enjoyable time was spent in dancing and other amusements, until the wee small hours when everybody went home in a happy mood, promising it one of the pleasantest evenings of the season.

HARTLAND.

Feb. 19.—Miss Annie Allan of Woodstock, was a guest of the Marion Stevens on Sunday.

Ed Alexander went to Montreal on Tuesday and remained several days. Miss Helen Alexander accompanied him.

Miss Emma Henderson of Woodstock who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. S. B. Miller, returned home on Tuesday.

Miss Edna Timber of Hallowell has been visiting at Frank Fitzgerald's.

Miss E. L. Tompkins of Bristol, was the guest of Miss Lisa Morgan last week.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Y. M. C. A. Manager—No, we cannot book your party, Y. M. C. A., we do not allow any profits in our rooms.

But the Minister and Baid—Why, sir, there is no profit in my expression—not even any slang—in my speech.

What do you know. But we do not allow the audience to hear, either.

These things are, and never will be, a universal panacea for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many diseases being such that they require other and differently seated remedies.

What is your order? asked the waiter girl.

"What do you please, dear," replied the busy policeman. "I'm hungry enough to do the cannibal."

"We don't serve lobsters here, sir," she said, with offended dignity.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepens, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger. Get a bottle of Dr. F. C. A. Anti-Consumptive Syrup and cure your self. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, as to remove their torpor and arouse them to proper action. Many thousands are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

Miss Capsett, remarked Mr. Slokoche, who had been discussing things to eat; "do you like orange?"

"Orange blossom?" exclaimed the young lady, quickly; "Oh Mr. Slokoche, this is so audacious."

In Nature's Storehouse—Medical experiments have shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that Nature provides a cure for every disease which neglect and ignorance have visited upon man. However this may be, it is well known that Farnesio's Vegetable Pills, distilled from roots and herbs, are a powerful remedy in curing all disorders of the digestion.

"When shall it be, my own?" whispered the enraptured lover. "Name the day!"

It can't be before next Wednesday," said the beautiful actress, hesitatingly. "I don't get my divorce, you know, until Tuesday."

NIGHTMARE OF LOADSTONES.

It Attracts Not Only Metals, But Such Substances as Fishermen, Dogs and Hogs.

A deep hole of water in Nolyann Creek, Ky., ten miles south of Hodgenville has for some time been attracting attention by reason of the fact that it has a very strong suction. For years it has been known as "the suck hole." It is about ten feet deep and about fifty yards long. The water is clear and bottom can easily be seen. This hole has been watched by people in the section for a number of years, and it has also to some extent been avoided. It now develops that it is no "suck," but in the bottom of the river it is claimed there is a streak of powerful loadstones.

A man in that community recently constructed a large and substantial raft for the purpose of investigating the causes of the suction in this particular part of the river. It was discovered that the river bottom is solid rock and that through the centre of the rock, running lengthwise, is a black streak. It is about five inches in width and runs the length of the hole. This streak was examined with a common fish gig and was found to be very hard. The gig adhered to the stone and it took no little pulling to extricate it. Further investigation was made, and it is said the streak following the bottom of the river is undoubtedly powerful loadstone.

This hole was discovered over four years ago by Esch Atteberry, who came near losing his life in the water, having been rescued by two men, who pulled him out by means of a long pole. Lum West and Luther Trulock also came near losing their lives in the hole a short time ago while fishing. They were rescued half-drowned by other members of the party. The attraction was so powerful toward a chain on the bottom of the scene that the seiners had to abandon it. The hole is not in the main stream, but is an outlet.

A dog thrown into the water never comes out, but is quickly drawn to the bottom. When a trout line is stretched across the place the unseen energy attracts the hooks to the black streak and there holds them securely until they are drawn out. At times there is a strong undercurrent in the bayou, which is unaccounted for, and which often sweeps the bottom clean, relieving the loadstone of its collection.

The locality of the suck hole is getting to be a much dreaded one, especially by the superstitious. It is known to all negroes as the "Death Hole," and farmers in that section find it difficult to employ negro help. Many cattle and hogs have been lost.

"How do you like your new teacher?" "The one who came from the west?" asked the little Boston boy.

"Yes."

"Oh, I like him very much. I have an opportunity to test his knowledge of mathematics. But the way he pronounces such words as 'pi' and 'sigma' is very amusing."



He ran a mile,

and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert."

Baby's Own Soap.

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.

Beware of imitations.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

AGENTS WANTED FOR "LIFE AND DEATH." THE TIMES of Queen Victoria. Librarian, send 50 cents to my postbox. Ad promptly, be first in the field. The Bell Company, Dept. D, Philadelphia, Pa.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$50.00 per month and expenses, learn most positions, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust streets, Phila., Pa.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Income,	\$ 58,890,077 21
Disbursements,	38,597,480 88
Assets,	304,844,537 52
Policy Reserves,	251,711,988 61
Guarantee Fund or Surplus,	50,132,548 91
Insurance and Annuities in Force,	1,052,665,211 64
Loans on Policies During the Year,	4,374,636 86

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B.
 M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B.
 C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B.
 JOHN ADAMS DIXON, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Progress Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

HOTELS.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,
 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARK, Proprietor

Retail dealer in...
 CHOI' WINES, ALBS and LIQUORS.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season.
 MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
 DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL,
 FREDERICTON, N. B.
 A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.

S. LAROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

Victoria Hotel,

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator
 and all Modern Improvements.
 D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

TICE.
 Given last an application will...
 of January A. D. 1901.

TICE.
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 to any person...
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SOCIAL and PERSONAL

church next Sunday. Mr Pentreath was formerly pastor of the Methodist church.

On Monday evening a number of young ladies and gentlemen from Fox Creek and Legere's corner held a driving party to Moncton and spent the evening at the LeBlanc hotel, Duke street.

Friday last was the birthday of Mr Thomas Boyer the well known and well liked proprietor of that favorite and comfortable hotel, the Victoria.

A very pretty wedding took place in Boston on St Valentine's day, which was of particular interest to Woodstock people, in as much as the contracting parties are well known here.

A very pretty wedding took place at St Gertrude's church, yesterday morning, when Herbert E Hascall and Miss Alice Thibodeau took upon themselves the solemn vows.

A social dance was given in the opera house by a number of young ladies on Friday evening last.

Feb. 21.—Mrs H D Stevens and her sister, Mrs Goggin, left on Saturday for Pleasant Val, Albert Co., to attend the funeral of their mother, Mrs Thomas Colpitts.

Mr and Mrs Claude C McClain, Brownville, were in town recently.

Feb. 20.—Miss Gillmor and Miss Dick of St George have just returned from Ottawa.

Mr and Mrs Frank A Grimmer and their children, Fernie and Battle, leave today for Boston where they expect to make their future home.

Mr and Mrs W L Eaton and Mrs Frank P Woods have gone to Boston to spend a fortnight.

Feb. 19.—Miss Annie Mappin Russell left last Tuesday for Elizabetown, N.S. where she will visit her aunt, Mrs Dr Freeman.

Mr and Mrs W B King left this morning for Eastport where they will spend a few days.

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the thoughtlessness of my colleagues and their lack of true American local pride fills me with a gloom which the glories of my new surroundings cannot dispel.

What struck the visitor as odd was that an upright piano stood along the port side of the cabin. He could not suppress a short whistle of astonishment which the skipper was quick to notice.

'After all I like Brahms best. Schubert seems to—'

'Not at all, not at all,' replied the master mariner. 'It is all the fashion these days. There was a time when the cabin of the average coasting schooner looked as desolate as the rear end of a Maine barn.'

'I do not know how the idea of placing pianos aboard vessels in the coastwise trade originated, but I imagine that some skipper who had taken his family to sea with him decided to lug along the pet dog and maybe the piano. Anyhow, there is nothing strange about the sound of a piano aboard the schooner type of craft these days. The big lines can't have a monopoly on you know.'

'I remember passing Winter Quarters Shoal lightship one calm evening last August in the company of eleven schooners all bound north. It was just after supper, and the crew had gathered about the fore-castle to smoke their turning in pipe of tobacco, when somebody on the nearest schooner to us began to pound away on an organ that was in the cabin. He was mutilating one of the comic operas and I just turned to and gave him a piece of my mind over the key board. That was the signal for a general row, and in less time than it takes to tell it seven of the eleven schooners were battering away at naturals, sharps and flats. Those who hadn't any pianos came up into the quiet of the evening with banjos, harmonicas or concertinas and it was the grandest vaudeville performance that old Neptune ever heard.'

'There is nothing really surprising about seeing a piano on board a vessel of good tonnage these days, if she happens to have a good owner. I was down in the Erie Basin the other day and heard the chords of a tipto piano coming from a canal boat lying up there for the winter'

One day in a town where he was to lecture Rev. Henry Ward Beecher went into a barber shop to be shaved. The barber, not knowing him, asked him if he was going to hear Beecher lecture. 'I guess so,' was the reply. 'Well,' continued the barber, 'if you haven't got a ticket, you can't get one. They're all sold, and you'll have to stand.' 'That's my luck,' said Mr. Beecher. 'I always have to stand when ever I've heard that man talk.'—Ladies' Home Journal.

'Dearest,' wrote the charming young widow, after the manner of an English woman preparing her love letters for publication, 'why should I discover of the fact that my first husband was a drunkard cause your love for me to grow cold?'

'Because he wrote in reply, 'I have been seized with a suspicion that you may have driven him to drink.'

'What's the matter?' asked the sympathetic friend. 'I'm indignant,' said Rep. Haaker. 'I've only just been elected, but

'Every Man is the Architect of His Fortune.'

'An architect designs, and his plans are executed by a builder. The greatest builder of health is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It lays a firm foundation. It makes the blood, the basis of life, pure and strong. Be an architect of your fortune and secure Hood's as your health builder.'

Headaches—'I was completely run down and was troubled with headaches and dizziness and pains in my back. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla which in a short time entirely cured me.' Mrs. L. Watterton, Orangeville, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

A group has just been mounted in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington which represents vividly one of the most extraordinary instances of animal life that have ever come under the observation of man.

It appears that during a recent winter in New Zealand the herders of the numerous flocks of sheep in that country noticed that many of the animals were afflicted with wounds in the back or loins, sometimes severe and occasionally so much so as to prove fatal. The cause of these wounds was a mystery until a shepherd one day saw a kea, or mountain parrot, clinging to the wool of a sheep and picking at a sore on its flank. A close watch was instituted and the birds were again many times caught in the act of wounding the sheep, the object being evidently to reach the fat surrounding the kidneys. The origin of the habit was subsequently revealed. During summer the keas inhabit the higher portions of the mountain districts, and when the severe weather destroys, or the heavy snows cover their supply of food they descend to lower levels where the climate is more mild and food less scarce. During the winter referred to they descended lower than usual, as far, indeed, as the plains inhabited by the sheep-raisers, and finding their natural food scarce are attracted by the pressed carcasses of sheep hung upon meat galleys. Alighting upon these they found the flesh to their liking and particularly the fat surrounding the kidneys.

'No other conclusion seems more plausible,' says a scientist in connection with the Smithsonian Institution, 'than that these birds possessed sufficient intelligence to recognize in the living sheep the source of their food supply, and therefore, in the absence of slaughtered meat they avail themselves of the living bodies. Recent discoveries in natural history reveal nothing stranger or more startling than the change of this parrot from an originally purely vegetable diet, consisting of honey-producing flowers, fruits and berries, to one of flesh—not dead flesh merely, but the substance of living animals. This is, indeed, a most remarkable instance of acquired taste.'

The group in the museum of the Smithsonian Institution represents faithfully a sheep attacked by two of the keas or meat-eating parrots. The latter are mounted upon the victim's back, and engaged in tearing the flesh with their powerful beaks. The keas resemble the ordinary type of the Mexican parrot with the exception that they are somewhat larger and their plumage is darker, and variegated with brown.

Whoever reads the following must own to a feeling of respect as well as liking for the honest king.

King Frederick VI. of Denmark, while travelling through Jutland, one day entered a village school, and found the children lively and intelligent and quite ready to answer his questions. Well, youngsters, he said, 'what are the names of the greatest kings of Denmark?' With one accord they cried out, 'Canute the Great, Waldemar, and Christian IV.' Just then a little girl to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something stood up and raised her hand. 'Do you know another?' asked the king. 'Yes; Frederick VI.' 'What great act did he perform?' The girl hung her head and stammered out, 'I don't know.' 'Be comforted, my child,' said the king; 'I don't know either.'

A Brave Fellow. A number of boys were skating and sliding in Yorkshire. On a sudden the ice gave way almost in the middle of the lake and one poor little fellow fell in. There was no house near where they could run for help; no ropes which they could throw to their struggling companion. The boys stood on the bank with pale sorrowful faces, afraid to try to reach their friend, in

case the ice should give away and swallow them all up.

But one boy suddenly remembered that although you cannot stand a board upright on thin ice without its going through yet if you lay the same board flat on the ice it will be quite safe. Not only that but he knew that he could run along the board without fear of cracking the ice.

It only took him a moment to remember all that; the next he spoke to his friends something after this fashion: 'I will lie down flat on the ice near the edge; then one of you must come to my feet and push me along till you too can lie down. If you all lie down in that way, and push the boy in front of you, we shall make a line long enough to reach Rubeen.'

Thus, taking the post of danger himself, the brave boy was able by his living rope to reach his friend. He pulled him out, though he was not one moment too soon, for he was so exhausted with his efforts to keep his head above water that he would very soon have sunk.—London Telegraph.

WILL LIVE IN LUXURY. A Woman Insured Her Life For the Benefit of Her Favorite Dog.

Omaha has an intelligent Siberian blood bound named Bob who holds a life insurance policy on the life of his mistress. The policy is for several thousand dollars, payable at his mistress's death, and will be more than enough to support Bob in affluence, not to say luxury, till the end of his dog days.

The lady whose life is insured in favor of her dog is Mrs. Marion Willoughby. Bob lives at No. 111 South Twentieth street, Omaha, with Mr. and Mrs. R. Risdon.

Mrs. Willoughby travels for a New York house and has no regular home, or she would have Bob always with her. The next best thing she can do, she says, is to keep the premiums on her life-insurance policy always paid up.

Bob's character and personality are in keeping with the dignity of a dog who is heir to a fortune. He is six years old and weighs 160 pounds, yet is as gentle as a kitten. His sterling character is generally recognized by the community. He is known by every peddler, book agent and tramp in Omaha. A few of these are favored by Bob and are allowed access to the home he protects, but to the great majority he is unapproachable.

Mrs. Willoughby has studied dogs carefully. 'Comparatively few people,' she said, when speaking of 'Bob,' 'know anything about dogs and the importance of good training. They require management. The more they are in the company of their owners the more intelligent they become. He seldom barks, but seems to dominate the situation by his presence. As an heir with such expectations he has acquired expensive habits of eating. He devours daily a twenty-five-cent steak, and also numerous side dishes. Bob is, besides, extremely fond of candy. Several attempts have been made by people in the neighborhood to poison Bob. This is a danger which people in high positions and the heirs to fortunes must endure. Mrs. Risdon, with whom Bob makes his home, has been legally appointed executrix in the management of Bob's estate.'

An April Fool Joke. Among the cleverest of April Fool jokes, says the Saturday evening Post, was one that deceived a great many Londoners in the year 1860, each of whom received a card of invitation that an official appearance of being veritable, even to the seal with which it was adorned, The inscription read:

'Tower of London. Admit Bearer and Friend to View the Annual ceremony of Washing the White Lions, on April 1. Admission only at the White Gate. It is particularly requested that no gratuities be given to the Wardens or their assistants.'

Strange as it may seem large numbers of people were fooled by this invitation, and all day long on April 1 came were rattling about, looking for the alleged White Gate, which, as a matter of fact, did not exist. It had never occurred to these persons, apparently, that white lions were unheard of, or that the washing of such beasts might be regarded as an astonishing performance.

CALVERT'S 20 per cent. CARBOLIC SOAP Cures and prevents Insect and Mosquito bites. The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap. F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.



YOUR BEST FRIEND On wash day and every other day is SURPRISE SOAP It will give the best service; is always uniform in quality, always satisfactory. You cannot do better than have Surprise Soap always in your home. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc. Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

CANADIAN PACIFIC LOW RATE.... Settlers' Excursions To Colorado, Utah, Montana, Kootenay and Pacific Coast POINTS. One-way Second Class Tickets good going on February 19th, 26th, March 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th, April 9th, 16th, 23rd, 30th, 1901. For particulars of rates, train service, etc., write to A. J. HEATH, D. P., S. C. F. R., St. John, N. B.

Accuracy, Purity and Promptness ARE THE RULES OF MY DISPENSING DEPARTMENT Every care is exercised in procuring the purest Drugs and Chemicals, which are accurately prepared by competent Pharmacists. Telephone and I will send for your Prescription and return it, Dispensed promptly. Mail orders filled and forwarded by next mail.

W. C. Rudman Allan, Chemist and Druggist, 87 CHARLOTT ESTREET. Telephone 239. And 172 King street, West, (Telephone 64A). St. John, N. B.

FARM HELP ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.

In Paris there is New York or has-fonds, the poverty reigns, breeds. It is in the Paris of the empire had not of the city, that

An old arc which artists love venture through of winding rue houses lean across path in the most is all very media old-word charm and of desperad day in the dirty ground floor of whose work is a in hand. There charming spots, than half crimina ren have the air for crime from t

In the popul in the cluster of near the Porte side streets of B ies whose popul perceptible but marks off the en victims. In the on one story la driven workers, and below crime and day. The the character of brush against of all day long.

'They seem,' the St. Antoin rime as a trade for which they c A little boy con day because his to a sausage scruples agains that he didn't l the way these wretches in the about crime as end their days because they c haps they wish

It is a curio on their side of disposed toward though a little good-humored no intimacy be men; mainly b themselves. But there is an feeling as a rul the greatest m endure for it in sion of a certai dren who are dishonesty and and form with bands of juveni become one of of Paris life.

These comp whom the oler consist general precocious de fantastic name libraries at five bands that hav have proudly d rors of Montp Batignolles, th the Red Skin Fenimore Co much read her ing themselves the braves of p boyish ruffians lonely quartere lated pedestria by the city lim mid-night to t and to the dar Burglaries, b tively by boys been alarming year or so, an of juvenile cri quieting quest to ophider.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1901.

In the Slums of Paris.

In Paris there are slums worse than any in New York or Chicago. These are the bas-fonds, the places where brutalizing poverty reigns, where crime breeds and breeds.

An old archway, richly sculptured, which artists love to paint, will lead if you venture through it, to a confused network of winding ruelles, where the crooked houses lean across the slender cobbles one path in the most bewildering disorder.

In the populous Faubourg St. Antoine, in its cluster of dingy courts and impasses near the Porte Saint Denis, among the side streets of Batignolles, there are colonies whose population is divided by the imperceptible but hard and fast line which marks off the enemies of society from its victims.

They seem, said a police inspector of the St. Antoine quarter, to look upon crime as a trade like their own, but a trade for which they do not feel any inclination. A little boy committed suicide the other day because his parents apprenticed him to a sausage maker.

It is a curious fact that the criminal class on their side of the wall, are generally well disposed toward their honest neighbors, though a little inclined to treat them with good-humored contempt. There can be no intimacy between thieves and honest men; mainly because the thieves consider themselves the aristocracy of the quarter.

These companies of youthful ruffians, of whom the oldest is often only 15 or 16, consist generally of some ten or a dozen precocious desperadoes. They assume fantastic names culled from the juvenile libraries at five cents a volume. Some bands that have been broken up or late have proudly declared themselves the Terror of Montparnasse, the Brigands of the Batignolles, the Apaches of St. Antoine, the Red Skins of the fortifications.

Burglaries, organized and executed entirely by boys in their teens, have also been alarmingly frequent within the past year or so, and the problem of the increase of juvenile crime is one of the most disquieting questions that the authorities have to consider. It has its roots in the terrible

poverty hidden away in the obscure corners of this city of wealth and pleasure.

Even as I write three young scoundrels are on trial for the murder of an old woman who kept a miserable wine shop, the resort of thieves and bad characters generally in one of the cutthroat side streets in the north eastern end of the city. The police evidence shows that the assassins belonged to a regularly organized band, working in almost military discipline under the captaincy of one Levy, called Milo, who is now on trial as the actual dealer of the murderous blow in the case mentioned.

In the neighborhood of the famous Helles, or markets, of which M. Zola has written so forcibly, one can see in the night time the most pitiable collection of human wrecks that it is possible to conceive. These degraded creatures flock down in hundreds from every slum district in the city, hoping to get a job at unloading the great wagons full of vegetables that come in from the country to supply the city's dinner tables.

As day begins to draw near the wretched prowlers shuffle away to the low, all-night cafes of the quarter to spend a sou or two on a drink, which by long custom gives the right to remain on the premises till 3 in the morning. These cafes, which are often in cellars, are not counted as night lodging houses, and may, therefore, harbor just as many beings as can squeeze an entrance. In the winter there will sometimes be in one foul, subterranean den as many as eighty miserable, ill-clad, dirty people, men and women and children huddled together on the floor. He is counted happy who can rest his head against the wall out of reach of later comers, and so get a more certain sleep.

For other than strictly official purposes the agents of the public safety are often on excellent terms with the dwellers in those dens of iniquity. The king of Greece, to his great surprise, learned that fact when in Paris last October. He had a keen desire to explore the dark side of Paris, and went to M. Lepine to get the assistance of the prefecture.

'I want to see everything,' he said, 'the very worst that Paris has to show.'

The prefect did not half enjoy the proposition. For ordinary individuals who like to pay for special police escort there is little difficulty. But a king is a risky sort of a person to have on one's hands at the best of times; to take the responsibility of having him piloted through the murderous end of the city did not appeal to the prefect. But the king was obdurate, and king like, had his way. A sergeant in uniform and two armed agents in civil attire were told off to show King George and his attendant, Col. Thur, the sights of the Faubourg St. Denis late one afternoon. In one dirty wine shop where the most ruffianly toughs were drinking the vile concoction that passes for absinthe in those quarters the king was surprised to see the police sergeant suddenly hold out his hand to a brutal looking Hercules in the group.

'Hullo!' cried the agent. 'How goes it with you these days?' And the gendarme began a friendly chat with the big scoundrel.

'Who is that?' asked the King, when they left the place.

'That, your Majesty, is Desire Rougeot, who came out of jail the other day after serving his term for robbery with violence.

I expect we'll nail him again pretty soon; he's always running after trouble.'

'But why did you talk to him in that friendly way?' asked the King.

'Oh, well, your Majesty, it's just as prudent to be polite to these people when one knows them personally and goes down to their quarter. Besides, Desire is not a bad fellow when he's not up to his tricks.'

The king brought his tour to a hasty determination. When, at parting, he gave a handsome gratuity to the police sergeant for his trouble, he said, with a smile, 'I hope that we may meet again when next I come to Paris—but not in the company of your friend, M. l'Assassin Desire!'

As a matter of fact, the criminal population are imprudent enough to make it a point of honor, or of bravado, to be on friendly chatting terms with the police as long as the latter do not presume too much upon the acquaintance. They look upon it as sportsmanlike to give the cordial "bon jour" of ordinary social relationship to the men who have arrested them before and would like nothing better than to snap the cuffs on them again. The police on their side are not indisposed to meet the scoundrel half way. Often a chance indiscretion from the lips of a blackguard gives them an inkling of some crime brewing or a valuable clue after it has been committed.

Without price one may not stay in these dens unless his reputation as a thief, a thug or murderer is so well established that his presence, though otherwise unremunerative, accrues to the honor of the place. The budding criminal, with his rags yet to be won, must, if penniless, sleep in the street or under the bridge, unless some overzealous agent wakes him up and sets him on his travels again.

On any night of the year, if one passes under the arcades of the Odeon Theatre when the last carriage has driven away with its load of brilliantly dressed society women, one will see the poor arriving in their turn to sleep, wrapped in cloaks or shivering in their rags, at the Hotel of Beautiful Star, as they say in their picturesque slang. And, generally, they are left unmolested till the early morning book hunters begin to arrive to dip into the new volumes lavishly displayed all around the theatre. Last winter a young man died in his sleep under the Odeon arcade, and when they carried him away to the Morgue, they drove the other poor wretches from their stony sleeping places. But it was only momentary reaction: after a couple of nights the shrouded figures were lying thickly there again.

There exists, by the way, one philosopher who has no pity for these outcasts, or who, if he pities them, pities them only for their ignorance. He is George Drutsohel, a Bavarian, who has been amusing Paris for some weeks past by his peculiar theories and habits of life. He calls himself the natural man, and appears on the boulevard clothed only in a loose garment of thin, gray cloth and a pair of sandals, which costume, he says, is all anybody needs by way of vestiture in snow or rain or in summer sun.

'The poor would be the happiest class in society,' he says, 'if only they did not understand their physical health by foolish living when they have got a little money, and by winning and pining when they haven't any.'

Kruger's Gift to Wilhelmina.

Ex-Prec. Kruger's wedding gift to Queen Wilhelmina is a work of art, although in the form of the most prosaic of feminine possessions, namely, a thimble. The youthful ruler of Holland is said to be skilful with the needle and an expert embroiderer, so this glorified thimble is an appropriate souvenir.

The gift is of gold and decorated by a celebrated artist, M. de Vernon of Paris, in a unique and simple design, symbolic of the industrious habits of Queen Wilhelmina's countrywomen. Around the base appears a procession of lovely maidens, busily engaged in sewing, embroidering or winding wool.

Battle-Field Courage.

There is the story of a bullying colonel who turned on one of his sides during a battle and cried, 'Captain—, you are frightened! You are, sir. You are scared!'

'You're right,' replied the captain, 'and if you were half as scared as I am you'd be six miles in the rear.'

You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark—for home use Magnetic Dyes give excellent results.

Beer and Kisses in Munich.

This is carnival time in Munich and beer etiquette is consequently more stringent than at other seasons.

When you choose a seat at a table in a cafe at which others persons are sitting, you follow the German custom by asking the company generally if it is agreeable for them that you should sit there; permission being granted, you bow to each separately and distinctly. Then you order your beer. If it is in a cafe, you get a half-litre in a glass with a metal lid to it; it is in a brewery a stone mug (called a maaskrug, never a stein, as in America), also with a lid. The thing to do after you get your beer is to keep your eye on that lid.

The proper thing, whether the people at the table are strangers to you or not, is to turn to the woman nearest you or to a man, if there be no women there, which is unusual, and ask her in your best German if she would condescend to 'prosit blumen' with you. Blumen is the poetic name for the froth on your beer. When you make that request the woman murmurs to her companions that the gentleman wishes to 'prosit blumen.' Everybody instantly stops talking and raises his glass, and you shove yours out in your fist at each one in turn, being particularly careful to look each person severely in the eye when you repeat 'prosit blumen!' It is a mortal insult to slur over this eye glance, and ten to one you'll be called to account if you appear to do so intentionally.

'Mein Herr, sie haben mich nicht augeschaut!' usually means an exchange of cards and a Mensur among students.

Having introduced yourself by drinking your froth, you now are a member of the table company and may sail into the general conversation, join in the songs and expatiate all about your life and private affairs of which the German is always curious to know, even in busy carnival times. Later in the evening—or morning, according to how entertaining you have found your companions—you, may suggest, or join in, the drinking of brotherhood.

This is accomplished through the agency of more beer, contained in a slender glass about thirty inches high, called a Humpen and holding a liter and a half. You drink brotherhood by locking your arm in the arm of your neighbor, and, with the hand of the locked arm, seizing the glass at the lower extremity. It is a difficult thing to do without spilling the beer down your neck, but whether it goes by the outside route or by the gullet you must keep the glass to your lips until your breath has utterly gone. The amount of beer you drink or don't drink measures the duration of the brotherhood.

In the meantime it is to be presumed that you have kept a watchful eye on your original glass, not so much because you must remember how many times the Kellnerin has refilled it (the girl never remembers), but on account of that troublesome lid. You need never be afraid that anybody will surreptitiously raise it and leave it up any more than you need fear that any one will fish in your pockets for pennings; but it is only the Bavarian who always remembers to slam down the lid the instant he has taken the glass from his lips.

If you should forget to do this even for a moment you will probably never forget again; for before you can say 'Jack Robinson' you will be the centre of a maelstrom of writhing humanity, and the whole cafe will be in an uproar. So soon as you can extricate yourself you will see before you on tables, on chairs and mounted on one another's backs a pyramid of men reaching to the ceiling, and close against the plaster in the hand of the topmost man a beer glass. That means that each man in the pyramid, even those with whom you have just drunk brotherhood, grasps also a beer glass, and that the glasses have been superposed, one after another, upon your own innocent little glass which has been left with its lid up.

This is a student prank, and among the students the forgetful man has to pay for refilling all the glasses which may have been put on top of his. But in carnival time the penalty is merely nominal. The man who first discovered your lid up is appointed spokesman for the others whose glasses got on, and he delivers you a severe lecture on the wastefulness of allowing your beer to evaporate because it was left uncovered. You are then obliged to head a procession, in which every man in the cafe is entitled to take part. With glasses in the right hand they make the tour of the entire cafe in lock step, clinking the lids in accompaniment to a student song, named 'Prosit!' which they bellow at the top of their voices. After that you are permitted to take your seat and have your glass replenished.

In carnival time the mask covers many privileges. For instance, if you are masked you may drink anybody's and everybody's beer without asking leave, you may kiss every pretty girl you meet, and you may say and do anything without giving offence.

Women enjoy with men the pleasure of carnival, just as they do everything else in Germany. A girl may stay at home six days in the week, but she will not be deprived of her outing in cafe or brewery on Sundays and holidays, least of all in carnival. But a girl should certainly stay away on these three last days if she be at all squeamish, for she will be inevitably be kissed by strange young men, not once but many times. She may protest, and her parents and companions with her may protest, but she gets kissed all the same. It is better to take it all quietly and with good nature.

Last carnival a party of American girls, attended by three buxom chaperons, went to a cafe to see the sights, and vowed that no man living should kiss them. Their first experience was with a party of six clowns, all students. The clowns started to kiss just because it was all in the day's work. Each got a resounding box on the ear. They looked surprised for an instant, then they grinned at one another. For the next two minutes there was the most wonderful mix-up anybody had ever seen in carnival time, and when it was all over that table, and all the persons around it, looked as if overtaken by a tornado. Not only were the girls kissed, but the chaperons too, and the clowns must have spread the news, because before the night was over that party of American girls were the most kissed girls in the cafe. Which goes to show that people must not try to abrogate the privileges of carnival.

A Jack Rabbit Outraces a Grayhound.

A jack rabbit grayhound chase, with a carload of coal as an inducement resulted in much interesting sport for a party of gentlemen who assembled at the jack rabbit park of Gen. W. H. Gentry on the Russell Cave road, Ky., on Wednesday afternoon. Gen. Gentry has a rabbit which he has named 'Teddy Roosevelt,' and which the General considers as good a racer as one can find on the rabbit turf. Mr. A. B. Hatchcraft of Barbourville, Ky., general manager of the Knox-Gem Coal company, has an imported grayhound which he thought could outrun 'Teddy Roosevelt.' He was willing to back his judgment by an offer of a carload of Knox-Gem coal. Gen. Gentry accepted the match, and the two, with Col. H. M. Camp of Knoxville, went out to Gen. Gentry's place, where the chase was had in a twelve acre field. 'Teddy Roosevelt' was started off with the grayhound after him, but 'Teddy' always remained in the lead, and after fully exhausting himself in his efforts to land upon the rabbit, the grayhound abandoned the chase and the General won a carload of coal. At all stages the races was beautiful, and the watchers could scarcely suppress their enthusiasm.

The Mean Thing.

This dollar that I hold in my hand,' he said 'reminds me of a deep, dark, scandalous secret.'

'Oh, George!' his wife exclaimed, dropping her hands in her lap and bending forward eagerly, 'tell me about it!'

'Yes,' he went on, 'it reminds me of a secret of that kind, because it is so hard to keep. Then she refused to speak to him for three hours, and even began to suspect that he was concealing something from her.

A Knight-Errant of Rhodesia.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART II.

CHAPTER I.

A man of middle-age, sick unto death, lying on a rough bed in a rough hut; a young man seated beside him, with his elbow on his knee, his forehead resting on his hand, his eyes on the ground.

The young man was tall, straight-limbed, handsome of feature, with dark, closely-curling hair, and dark eyes, set under prominent brows, eyes that had the keen look of the man accustomed to an open-air life, to scan miles of veldt, and discern what others barely see at all, or to pierce the close undergrowth of brush for signs of life that would escape the sight of ordinary mortals.

He wore the picturesque uniform of the Rhodesian Horse, and on the table by him lay the alabaster and turreted hat, familiar by this time to most English people.

Without, the veldt lay dark and lonely, and scattered about in the vicinity of the hut were half-a-dozen mushroom-like dwellings, wherein might be seen the dusky forms of a few natives, probably the following of the man who lay dying.

His eyes, glassy and scintillating with fever, sought the young man's face; there was agonized entreaty in them, in the drawn and wan countenance turned towards that of his companion.

It was a life decision he was seeking from Wilmot Carew, a strange and bewildering step he was requiring him to take, and one involving not only his own future, but that of another necessarily bound up with it.

'Think! the dying man said, after what seemed to him an eternity of waiting, 'think what it will be to her! There is not a creature here in this waste of land to leave her with. She has no one in England, no English relatives; only Dutch relations on her mother's side. Oh! Wilmot, my only hope in this world, let me die in peace, knowing my child will be safe.'

He stopped, exhausted, and Captain Carew dropped his hand, and bent over his old friend.

The tie between them was a very sacred one; many a time had the elder man stood between Wilmot and moral shipwreck; the influence of his old tutor in the far-away days of English boyhood and early youth, had kept him from many a temptation, from many a sin.

For years Carew had lost sight of Bernard Leslie, and now had stumbled on him by chance in the wilds of South Africa, only to find him sick unto death!

An enthusiastic naturalist, he had come out on an expedition of research, bringing with him his daughter, a child of fourteen, because he had no one with whom to leave her.

And now he lay dying, the terrible thought of his child's helplessness torturing his soul.

To him it had seemed like the hand of God, this sending of Wilmot Carew to his help.

And Carew's soft, musical voice was yet softer than his wont, as he said gently—'I will do what you wish. I will make the child my wife, so that I can provide for her in safety, and see that she never wants. But, later, she should not wish to ratify the tie which binds her to me, she shall be free to do as she pleases.'

'Ah, she will not want to leave you!' the elder man said, with a faint smile. 'Call her in, Wilmot. I am a clergyman, I can marry you; you can take down all the circumstances in writing, and I will sign it; there might be dispute, and it may help.'

Carew bent his head and rose, paused a moment, then said in a low voice—'Will you tell her? And call me when she knows?'

The sick man assented, and Carew went into the outer section of the hut, where in the doorway stood a tall, slim girl.

Involuntarily almost the man drew a sharp breath, and bent his eyes down. She was a child, her hair, of sunny chestnut hue, flowed yet loose over her shoulders.

She wore a frock not yet reaching to her ankles; the face she turned so eagerly towards her father's friend, was that of a child, despite the pathetic and wistful sorrow that dimmed the beautiful dark eyes, and drooped the corners of the sensitive mouth.

A lovely child, who would grow to be a beautiful woman, but a child still, and to connect thoughts of marriage with her, even though it be but a ceremony in order to give her protection, seemed to the man something like sacrilege.

'Father! the child said breathlessly, and she sprang towards her father's friend. Is he—'

'Go to him, my child,' Carew said gently. 'He has something very serious to say to you.'

'He will die?' she said, with anguished eyes.

veldt and torturing himself as to the way in which Vimera Leslie would take the fiat which married her to a man she had never seen till a day or two ago.

In reality this was the least part of her grief. She had been very simply brought up, and to her marriage meant very little.

With a strange and bewildering, and presented Wilmot Carew in a new light to her, but that was all.

When she came out to him once more there were dark rings under her eyes, her lips were quivering painfully, but her gaze met his with all a child's frankness, and she put her little hands in his with all a child's pathetic trust.

'Father says' she told him, steadying her voice, 'that I am to do everything you wish—that you are going to take care of me. It is so kind,' her voice broke a little. 'I will try to do all you say, and not be a trouble to you.'

Wordless, voiceless, the man bent and kissed her forehead—a kiss no less tender, pure, reverent than her brother might have given.

Then he took her hand, and they went together to the bedside of the dying man.

With a last effort, Bernard Leslie spoke the words that gave these two to each other; but only one of the twin realized what was being vowed, to the other it was all a dream.

When Wilmot put the ring on her finger—it was one he wore himself, and he had fashioned it from gold mined with his own hand—Vimera looked at it curiously, and wondered vaguely how she should keep it there, for, though Carew had for a man a slender, delicate hand, hers was in comparison a fairy's.

But all her thoughts were with her father, and when her brief ceremony was over, she knelt beside him, hungering for the few words that came from his lips.

The death dews were already on his brow, the dimming eyes wandered from the tall man to the kneeling child, but they saw nothing, and the long drawn breath came slower, slower, till it ceased at last.

Bernard Leslie's spirit had passed away.

Wilmot Carew buried his old friend there on the veldt.

With his own hands he dug the grave, and with voice that many a time faltered he read the service, the Kaffir servants looking on curiously, while Vimera and the Christian, delicate woman, who attended on her, were the only mourners.

When it was all over, and they had returned to the hut, the strain was relaxed, and the child broke down, and sobbed bitterly.

Deeply moved, Carew drew her to him, and let her weep in the shelter of his arms, not striving to comfort her with words.

What could he say, indeed, in face of this loss, this sense of loneliness which must oppress her?

What substitute could he possibly be for the father to whom she had been child and companion from her earliest years?

Strange thoughts came to the man as he held the fragile form, and only by gentle caresses on her bowed head, strove to give what consolation he might.

It was a solemn charge that he had undertaken, and what if he fell short of the requirements it laid on him?

He had led a rough, a wild sort of life, none too straight in some respects, but always remembering that he was a Carew and an English gentleman.

For years he had not seen his people, and had angered and grieved his parents, who, indeed, had not known how to treat the boy, and had, in a manner driven him from home.

And now, behold, it was to him, wild Will Carew, to whom was given the most sacred charge that can be entrusted to a man.

A young child, growing to girlhood, to be moulded, and trained and educated, standing to him in a relationship that must be for years nominal, except in so far as it gave him authority to order her life.

Nor was Carew sure that such a marriage might not be overridden; in any case, if Vimera's Dutch relations got hold of her it might be difficult to prove; they were on English ground, true—the Limpopo flowed between them and the Transvaal—but there were many things lacking in this extremely irregular marriage which might render it invalid.

However, Will Carew was not the man to shirk responsibilities once he had undertaken them, and his roving life had given him much of the happy-go-lucky spirit which takes no undue heed for the evil day.

'I'll do my best, God helping me,' he said in his heart. 'For this child's sake I may reckon He will; isn't as if it was for myself.'

Perhaps it was his soothing touch—his gentle sympathy—in conjunction with her own self-control, that quieted the poor child at last; and when he sat down and drew her to his knee, and let her rest her pretty head on his shoulder, she was quite still for many minutes.

Then she whispered—'I'm so sorry; I oughtn't to have been such a trouble to you! I won't again.'

'My child, you mustn't talk like that,' Carew said tenderly. 'I want you to

trust me as you would a friend—a brother. Never be afraid of being a 'trouble,' as you call it. I can't ever hope to supply the place of the father you have lost; but I can and will do my utmost to make your life happy.'

She gave him a quick, grateful look, but made no other answer; and, after a minute, Carew went on—

'We shall have to be on our way with sunrise. You must get all the sleep you can, so you had best go to rest now. Will you promise me to try all you can?'

'Yes,' the child said meekly, and immediately she rose and put up her face for his gentle kiss. 'Father said I was to obey you as I did him,' she added haltingly; and then she went to the small chamber—it is could be dignified by that name—where she slept.

The man looked after her and sighed. He wished he might keep her with him, but that would be impossible.

A captain of Irregular Horse, in a yet unsettled State, liable to be ordered here or there as requirements arose, and in a rough, uncultured society!

No; he must send her to England—or possibly to Cape Town—for education, but a preferable right away from any chance of her Dutch relations getting hold of her.

CHAPTER II.

It was yet dark when the light sleep of Wilmot Carew was disturbed by a sound which would never have awakened one less used to the exigencies of a soldier's life.

It was a stealthy footfall out on the veldt.

Instantly Carew was on his feet, his rifle in his hand, his revolver in his belt, and he stole to the door way.

In that moment there was a rush, accompanied by wild cries and shrieks from the Kaffir 'boys,' who fled precipitately towards the bush at some little distance.

Carew sprang forth, to find himself surrounded by a dozen natives, brandishing spears and knives, and uttering hideous cries.

Three of them bit the dust as they rushed up to the tall soldier.

The sharp crack of rifles, as shot after shot, made the others besitate and half fall back.

Carew took advantage of the momentary hesitation, and put three or four more out of action.

The others fled, leaving their dead companions on the veldt; but as Carew raised his revolver for a last shot, one of the flying wretches as he passed drove his knife into the soldier's side.

With a final effort Wilmot fired. The native flung up his arms and fell, shot through the heart, and Carew staggered back, pressing his hand to his side, and with a deep groan, sank helpless to the ground.

The noise had, of course, roused Vimera and the Zulu woman.

The child would have run to Wilmot's side, in the instinctive impulse to help, but the woman held her fast.

She knew that Carew would rather have shot the girl than let these natives know she was in the hut.

But she herself watched, and when Carew fell she rushed out.

Vimera sprang to his side, and knelt by him in a sort of fearless agony.

His face was conscious, but unable to do more at first than turn his eyes to the child's face as she bent over him.

'Then to the woman—' 'My flask—quick—I must live till—I—' 'told you,' he gasped.

Vimera sped into the hut and fetched the brandy flask, and when she had moistened his lips, he whispered to the Zulu woman—

'—death—blow, stop the bleeding a moment—I—'

In silence the woman unstuffed his tunic, and taking from it the roll of bandage she should find in a pocket, wound it tightly round his body, dressed the wound as well as she could.

'Me know,' she said. 'Me been in war—me see medicine man in hospital.'

Vimera, white as death, but brave and controlled, helped her with hands whose trembling she stifled.

The stricken man's eyes sought her face, and an irrepressible anguish the cry broke from him—

'Oh, God! To leave her—alone! To die—now! My child—your hand—so. Give me the brandy. I must have—strength a moment.'

He drank some of the spirit, and it revived him, giving him a fictitious strength.

'Lies, child,' he said, speaking slowly, with self-strength, 'will keeping him—self conscious, and obey me to the letter. I have made my will; you will have everything though it isn't much. There's gold in my belt here—take that—now—and the papers.'

With hands that trembled pitifully she took the belt as she was bidden; but her self-control was nearly spent.

pressed her lips to his. His eyes were dim, his consciousness was going fast.

With his last remnant of strength, he signed to Ria, and the woman came forward and led the child away; and, as she did so, Wilmot Carew uttered one long sigh, and lay there, silent and motionless, on the veldt.

CHAPTER III.

'Leonard is coming home today, my dear.'

The speaker, a handsome and erect lady who bore her sixty years so lightly that she looked barely more than fifty, addressed a young girl who sat opposite to her at the breakfast table.

The girl was very lovely, tall, slender, and graceful, with a clear, soft skin, great wistful dark eyes, and hair of warm gold tints, coiled in artistic fashion about her head, and falling in light waves on the broad forehead.

Amplly had Vimera Leslie fulfilled the promise of her childhood, and the wistful shadows that lurked in her eyes added to the infantile charm of the girl's personality.

Some one observed to her that 'her eyes always said something was missing out of her life.'

Perhaps this was true. Deep down in her heart was there not the sense of loss, of incompleteness?

She could not herself, have said this was so; she was happy, she was loved by these kindfolk of the man with whom she had gone through the ceremony of marriage.

She had at her command wealth, luxury all that one could wish for; and yet there seemed something wanting.

'If he had lived,' was her thought, 'would he have loved me now?'

She herself had but a vague recollection of Wilmot Carew.

She had never, in truth, seen him clearly, for when he came to her father's little camp it was dark, and there was but a feeble light in the hut.

Yet in her heart Wilmot Carew lived—as a dream—as a personality crowned with a halo of romance.

All the circumstances under which the man and the girl had met and had parted tended to make an indelible impression on the mind of a sensitive, impressionable child, and the manner of his death, the noble sacrifice, which she understood now as she had never understood it when a child, lifted him to a pinnacle of worship in her young heart.

The memory just tinged with sadness the brightness of her life—no more—and up to now no question of love and marriage had come to clash with that memory.

She was very fond of her 'cousin' as she called Leonard Bertram, but did not connect him with any other tie than that of a dear companion.

Whether he regarded the matter in the same light was doubtful.

Vimera looked up with a smile at the reference to Leonard.

'How jolly, auntie,' she said. 'I have missed him dreadfully.'

Mrs. Bertram glanced covertly at the lovely face, and checked a sigh.

She had rather, for her boy's sake, that the sentiment were less openly and frankly expressed.

'I dressey he has missed you too, my dear,' she said with an indulgent smile.

But Vimera smiled.

'Oh! she said; men have always so much to do. They don't miss the home people like the home people miss them, do they?'

'It depends on the sort of love, I think, dear,' answered Mrs. Bertram.

And something in her tone sent a swift thrill through the girl—a sort of startled feeling, which was vague enough, and even passed at once, or she thought it did.

She made no direct reply to the observation at any rate, but branched off to something else bearing on Leonard's return, and presently ran away to see to the decorations of his rooms with flowers.

Once or twice during the day, however her aunt's tone recurred to her, and she experienced the ways of startled feeling which had come to her that morning.

It was all new and strange and vague, and Vimera put away the disquieting suggestion.

And yet it was very clear in her mind that should there be anything in her aunt's evident surmise, she (Vimera) would have to be guided by her wishes and Leonard's return, and presently ran away to see to the decorations of his rooms with flowers.

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A Bushel of Eggs

In the fall and winter is worth a barrel in hot weather. There's a way that never fails to fetch eggs when they're wanted, and that is to feed, once a day, in a warm mash.

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Mrs. Bertram had at once acknowledged the obligation which her deep affection for her young kinsman laid on her.

Her heart went out to the forlorn child who had literally not a friend in the world nor, indeed, a penny to call her own.

For the means which Wilmot Carew had believed he possessed turned out to have failed altogether.

The shares which he held were of no value at that time, and so Vimera was cast on the care of his kindfolk.

Mrs. Bertram took her right in to her motherly heart, and Leonard, her son, then about one and twenty, hailed with delight the acquisition of a charming child to the household.

It had been necessary to bring the matter before a court of law to establish Vimera's right to the shares left her by Captain Carew, which might some day recover their value, and to ratify his appointment of Mrs. Bertram to be trustee and guardian to the friendless minor.

So the whole romance got into the papers, and formed the topic of conversation everywhere for quite a month.

Everyone about Rooknest knew the girl's story, but she was always called Miss Leslie, that shadowy marriage of doubtful legal value being scarcely a reason for conferring the formidable 'Mrs Carew' on a child.

It was best forgotten, Mrs. Bertram held. The transaction might stand in the way of the girl's future.

So Vimera owed all to her aunt, as she called Mrs. Bertram, who had even allowed the girl to retain her native attendant.

Ria was intelligent as well as devoted to her young mistress, and she was grateful for the privilege of staying with her charge, though she found herself the object of great wonder and curiosity and of some aversion to the country folk around Rooknest.

This did not trouble her, however. She was with 'Misece Mera,' and was happy.

And Vimera was happy, too; and, thinking of all she owed to those who had cared for her so lovingly, she felt that any sacrifice she might make would not be too great to repay them, if that were possible, for all they had done for her, even if to give herself to Leonard were a sacrifice.

But why should it be?

CHAPTER IV.

'Well, mother, do you think your experiment has answered?' said Leonard Bertram's fresh, boyish voice as he came into his mother's dressing room, when all had retired for the night.

He was a fine specimen of the well-bred young Englishman, the product of public school, university, and healthy country life, above the average young man in brain perhaps, but otherwise undistinguishable from a hundred of his class and education.

Handsome, bright, straight as a die, Leonard was his mother's idol, and it was proof of how much she thought of Vimera Leslie that she wished, above all things, to see her Leonard's wife.

The young man put himself and his long limbs into a lounge chair near the window, while his mother, pausing beside him, said, with a smile—

'So you've come for your 'comf,' my boy. Your old habit since you used to come and make confidance as schoolboy! Well, I suppose you must have the old privilege, and get a cigarette. Oh, I don't mind! The smoke will all go out of the window.'

'You're a trump of a mother!' said Leonard laughing.

He was not slow to avail himself of the permission, and speedily had a cigarette between his lips.

Thus prepared, he again asked anxiously if the matter thought his somewhat extended absence had had the effect of breaking the too brotherly relations hitherto existing between himself and Vimera.

'She didn't seem quite so—so—jolly to-day when I arrived, the young man said a little discontentedly. 'I don't know what it was; there was a difference in her greeting, somehow.'

Mrs. Bertram smiled.

'Oh, you foolish boy!' she said. 'How little you men know about us women sometimes! Would you have her rush to you—'

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

CANCER

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Good Times Coming This Century.

By HALL CAINE.

I would christen the twentieth century the Century of Humanity, meaning that its mission will be the moral welfare of the whole human family.

I would say that the housing of the poor is likely to be still further improved, partly by greater municipal purity and partly by virtue of the new political doctrine which makes it the first duty of a parliament to legislate in the interests of the weak and poor.

I think the health of the people will be improved by still greater advances in the science of medicine and surgery. Consumption will probably be wiped out in the twentieth century as smallpox has been wiped out during the second half of the nineteenth. Even cancer and cholera as epidemics may become things of the past, and death itself, whether of the young or of the old will, I think, be more natural and less accidental.

I think the morality of the people will improve because of the wider recognition of the position and the rights of woman as no longer the slave and creature of man, but his companion and partner.

I think commercial morality will improve by the popular control which will come of the development of people's law, as well as by the recognition of the everlasting truth that honesty is the best policy.

I think religion will advance on the same lines, and though this is a delicate matter to deal with here, I think there are evidences of a unity of Christendom which will finally come to pass by the sweeping away of some of the dogmatic impediments which separate man from man and man from his Maker.

I think the education of the people will still further improve because travel will become cheaper and the nations of the world will thereby learn of each other.

I think it will be no uncommon thing for an English workman in the twentieth century to go to America for his summer holiday.

I think literature will become cheaper and a collection of books will be as much a part of a poor man's household as his tables and his chairs.

I think education will improve by means of public commissions appointed by corporations and by governments to investigate the mechanical inventions of other countries, and technical education will improve by the still further development of institutions.

Above all, I think the political state of man will improve by the still further recognition of the falseness of all terms of arrogated authority, and by the recognition of man's natural right to rule himself.

I think that what is best and noblest in the dreams (often impracticable dreams) of socialism will be realized in the state control of great trusts, great syndicates and great congresses.

I believe that the Century of Humanity will witness a great progress in the attitude of the people toward international affairs. Education and travel, the great and only socialists, breaking down the barriers of language and of the prejudices which result therefrom, will make war in the twentieth century a rarer thing than it has been in the past, until finally it will be seen that as a means of settling international disputes it is barbarous, brutal and impossible.

I think the Century of Humanity will recognize the principle that all forms of violence are wrong and useless; that the morality of a nation ought not to be lower than the morality of the individual; that it is a false and un-Christian theory which teaches that the laws which apply to man in his individual character do not apply to him in his national character, and that it is wrong to commit murder in whatever form, under whatever authority, not merely because a holy book says: 'Thou shalt not kill,' but because to kill is to outrage a law.

I think the Century of Humanity will recognize the fact that, while the people individually have been for 1900 years converted to Christianity, the people as nations have during all that time been for the most part utterly pagan.

And all this, I think, will come to pass not merely or mainly by the development of the higher intelligence of humanity nor yet by the eternal religion in the human soul, but mainly by the operation of purely natural law.

This natural law will make warfare, especially aggressive warfare, an insane and impossible thing; it will make an armed peace a ruinous and ridiculous form of war in disguise, and it will prove to be the utmost the everlasting truth as applied to

nations and empires, that they that take the sword will perish by the sword.

Finally, and above all, I think the Century of Humanity will see, as no century has yet seen, that our race prejudices are confessions of our ignorance of life and of the narrowness of our human sympathies.

It will prove that it is foolish and unchristianized for an Englishman to hate or distrust a Frenchman as such, and to suppose that the interest of the one must be watched and protected against the interest of the other.

The Century of Humanity will not hesitate to say that humanity is one, with the same interests, the same aims, the same passions, the same impulses with love and pity and fatherhood and motherhood the same in all races; that a good man is a good man and a bad man a bad man, whatever his name or nationality or creed or color, and that the world must sooner or later come to recognize the sublime truth of that first and grandest of principles of Christ, which teaches the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

These are not so much predictions as plain statements of the indications of the present hour, and although many of the changes may be long in coming, I feel compelled to believe that they must surely come. To think otherwise would be un-Christian, and from that point alone I find it difficult to sympathize with the excellent people who are forever telling us that the world is going from bad to worse. The logic of statements of that kind is that there is no God ruling the world to good ends, that there is no God's justice and no God.

We hold that there is a God who rules the world in justice and that natural law is the expression of that justice of God; therefore that the world in going in the right direction, therefore, man is improving, and has always been improving, and, therefore, the world is making for unity and harmony and peace.

This natural law, which I hold to be another name for God's justice, is a thing we cannot keep back, but we can help it on. We can help it on by every effort we make toward the civilization and enlightenment of the human family.

Every man who really and truly better his own conditions, material and intellectual, is bettering the intellectual and material conditions of the human race.

Every man who educates himself is educating his brother man. He is educating coming generations of men and thereby lifting up the whole world. Speaking for myself, I feel this to be an inspiring and uplifting thought. I hold it to be the only Christian thought—to be the essence of the Christ idea.

For this season, among others, I feel that we are on the eve of a century that will see far greater things realized than the world has yet witnessed.

When I remember the extraordinary movement of the world during the nineteenth century, and think of the mighty forces, both physical and moral, which are only now coming into play, I feel that to be still young at the beginning of the twentieth century, with all the marvels it must surely unfold, would be almost the greatest blessing and highest privilege.

To be twenty years of age in 1901, with the prospect of seeing 1950 if one lives the allotted span of an three score years and ten, is to be heir to an inheritance better and greater than the richest millionaire can leave behind him.

Youth, always the most beautiful and enviable thing in life, is to be envied now more than ever, and nowhere more than in schools and institutions which are intended to make us fit to enjoy the far greater liberty and knowledge and power which we will surely inherit in the time to come.

The month of September, 1870, was fateful for Europe. It marked the down fall of Louis Napoleon, the investment of Paris, and the occupation of Rome. It was also full of catastrophes the world over. Not the least of these was the terrible accident on Mont Blanc, in which a party of three tourists, three guides and five porters were lost near the summit of the mountain that has claimed so many victims.

As is usual, the party, while making the ascent, was watched through the telescope from below. It was late in the season, but no anxiety was felt for them until the second day, when the special watch saw them like flies almost upon the summit itself. Even as he looked, a veil descended upon them and hid them from sight.

That was the last that was seen of

them alive. An intense feeling that the whole party was lost spread itself over the little village of Chamonix. On the day after they had been lost the feeling became a certainty, and twenty five young men volunteered to make the perilous ascent. They came back without having discovered a trace of the missing.

Ten days after the catastrophe, the worst that the Alps had ever known, an other searching party went up, and reached the point where the ill fated tourists had been last seen. There a number of them were found in sitting posture. One of them was Doctor Bean, a young physician of Baltimore.

With the scientific instinct of an investigator, he had made notes of his trip. The book was found in his frozen fingers. The last entry was made only a little before he died. It contained but a few words. In them he summed up all his philosophy of life, and his hope after death. They expressed what he had lived for and died with. He wrote:

'We have dug a grotto in the snow at a height of fifteen thousand feet. I have no hope of descending; my feet are frozen and I am exhausted. I have only strength to write these words. I die believing in Jesus Christ, with sweet thoughts of my family, my friendships and all. I hope we shall meet in heaven.'

Faith that triumphs in death is the highest level of the human soul. Men reach it on the battle field, like the soldier found at Inkerman, with his bloody hand frozen to his open Testament over the words, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' Men reach it in helpless peril, and rest, like Doctor Bean, in the Redeeming Name. Whenever the dying have known that Name, the human spirit soon to be disembodied has found in Christian trust its vital climax and its soaring wings.

Unappreciated Genius.

'Of course I began on perpetual motion,' he relates. 'I got up a machine that would run from now to the blowing of the trumpet. I carelessly neglected to provide for making the thing stationary. It broke through the side of the house, leveled the fence, killed a lot of live stock while on its wild career and smashed itself against a big oak tree out in Oakland county.'

My next was a flying machine. The defect in this was that I neglected to provide a way for getting down when I was once up. On the trial trip I whizzed up to the neighborhood of Hudson's Bay in an hour and figured out that I would hit the North Pole for supper unless I could stop the blamed thing. Finally I had to saw off one wing and took a flop that landed me with a broken leg.

Upon my recovery I got up a smoke consumer that burned down the first factory that adopted it, and followed that with a toy balloon that carried off three children before I could call in the output of murderous kidnappers. Eighteen months ago I produced a self-propelling bicycle, but the young man who agreed to try it for me was last heard of as making a mile a minute in the Argentine Republic and going south.

My latest was a device that will stop an electric car in less than its length, though it be going forty miles an hour. I tried it on a local car. The motorman went through the window and the head of the conductor through the roof projection in the rear. The least damage to any of the passengers was a four inch scalp wound. The car closed up on itself and the company has a judgment against me for damages. I am at present driving a delivery wagon.'

New Meaning.

Sentences, phrases, and even single words frequently gain new meaning and solemnity from their use in strange or peculiarly impressive surroundings. A New Yorker who has recently returned from South Africa relates that on the second day out from Cape Town, on an English ship, the captain came to tell him that an American passenger in the third cabin—a Johannesburg refugee, whom nobody knew—had died, and to ask him to attend the burial services.

At midnight the narrator and the only other American who happened to be on board, together with the captain and several officers in full-dress uniform, assembled on deck at the appointed place. The bright, star-lighted sky of the southern hemisphere was above them. The dark waves were surging below and around them.

Then six burly sailors, carefully dressed in their best apparel, bore forward the body of this poor, friendless American. But it was wrapped in the stars and stripes and the captain read in a clear and distinct voice, with the little group about him, from the solemn burial service of the church; and at the proper point in it the body slid away to its resting place, 'till the sea gives up its dead.'

These words, the American traveller

says, gained wonderful impressions from this scene. The vastness of the universe, the littleness of man and the equality of all in death seemed to be brought home to him as never before. For the first time the deep meaning of the words, 'till the sea gives up its dead,' dawned upon him.

DOCTORS BAFFLED.

A CASE OF SCIATICA WHICH REFUSED TO YIELD TO THEIR TREATMENT.

The Patient Spent Nearly Three Months in a Hospital Without Getting Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Strength.

For upwards of a quarter of a century Mr. G. W. McLean has been a resident of the town of Thorold. He is foreman in the lumber yards of McCleary & McLean, and is known not only to the citizens of the town, but by most of the inhabitants of the adjoining region as well. Many of Mr. McLean's friends know that he was afflicted with a severe type of sciatica, and know also that he has been released from the pangs of that excruciating trouble. Believing that his story would be of public interest, a reporter called him, and asked him to what agency he attributed his fortunate release from pain.

Mr. McLean's unhesitating reply was: 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I never hesitate to say so either.' Mr. McLean continued: 'I was afflicted with sciatica for a number of years. The most severe attack occurred several years ago, when I was confined to my bed for several months. I suffered horribly with the trouble, and the only relief I could get was from morphine, either in tablets or hypodermically injected. I could not put my left foot on the ground without undergoing intense agony. I was treated by physicians, and at the hospital in St. Catharines, to which institution I had to be taken on a stretcher. I was in the hospital nearly three months, but without being cured. Then I returned home very much discouraged. I next tried electricity, but it had no perceptible effect. I also tried a number of advertised medicines, but with no better results. Finally I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I was willing to try anything that seemed to offer hope of a cure, I got several boxes. I had been using the pills nearly a month before I found much relief, but from that on my recovery was rapid, and in the course of a few months, I was as well as ever. I had been a strong, healthy man, and although I have since endured much exposure, I have had no return of the trouble, and feel that my cure is permanent. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly proved a blessing in my case, and I shall praise them when opportunity offers.'

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon tumors in the blood, such as scrofula chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

The Difference.

'After all, how times do change!' said the sage of Koback, deftly performing the strabismic test of casting a retrospective and regretful glance back into the past the while he fixed a severe and hypercritical glare on the foibles and follies of the present. 'When I was young a man was rich enough to be envied when he had the leisure to shave his upper lip regularly, and part his hair at the back and brush it toward the ears, and found it within his means to paint his house every other year, and wear an ivory headed cane on Sundays and had an authoritative voice at the session of the school board, and occasionally pulled the nose of an opponent at town meeting; and there was to be found in his parlor a hair-cloth sofa as cold as a tomb and as slippery as Greenland's icy mountains, a marble-topped center-table adorned with a batch of sad and soggy wax-flowers in a glass-case, and a lot of horned and freckled seashell on the what-not. If he possessed all these he was considered to be just about as rich as a man could possibly get to be, and looked up accordingly.'

'But, nowadays—huh—it a man can't afford to wear side-whiskers and a prominent abdomen, and buy himself a seat in the senate, and be investigated for belonging to a trust, and be spoken of as a magnate or some kind of a baron, and have a son who ought to be on the rock-pile half of the time and shot by the reform committee the rest of the time, and a daughter who is newspaperially accused of havin' designs on the peace and poverty of a foreign nobleman, and maintain a horseless carriage, he sint even considered rich enough to be hated. In this day and age a man's

got to be an automobillionaire, or he aint in it.'

SEE BELIEVED IN EXERCISE.

Hetty Green Wanted Her Boy to Have Plenty of Fun.

Mrs. Hetty Green, richest woman in America, was once engaged in supplying pillows to a large hotel in Chicago. She tells the story herself with considerable relish, enjoying immensely the surprise created by contemplating a millionaire in such an unusual occupation.

It happened in this way: A number of years ago, while her son was still a growing boy, she was staying at the Palmer House. Hotel life proved irksome to a young man so full of youthful spirit and exuberance as was young Green, so he was frequently called upon to exercise his wits to discover a means of having some fun in a big, dreary hotel.

And he found it. He was just as boyish as other boys in spite of his mother's wealth, and found that pillow fighting was just the thing to work off his surplus energy. With some other young boys who were at the hotel as companions he used to go up to one of the top floors for a romp with the pillows in the various rooms that were unoccupied.

There were some hot pillow fights in Potter Palmer's hostelry when Green and his friends got started, and the boys used the pillows without respect for their constitution. Naturally, torn bolsters and shams were spread all over the field of battle when the contending forces retired.

The housekeeper was willing to let the boys have a good time, but she couldn't be responsible for the destruction of the hotel property. Bristling with indignation she went with her complaint to Hetty Green and began excitedly.

'Your boy has been just ruining the pillows up on the sixth floor, and I wish you would stop his foolish pranks up there. I won't stand it.'

'Why, what the trouble?' inquired Mrs. Green.

'Trouble!' exclaimed the irate housekeeper. 'Why, he has injured and utterly destroyed nearly all the pillow so that they are unfit for use.'

'Well, dryly remarked Hetty Green, 'how many did he destroy?'

'About a dozen,' replied the housekeeper.

'Well, you go out and order a dozen new pillows and send the bill to me,' said the woman of millions with a complacent smile. 'When they are disabled by some more, and keep up the supply at my expense. That boy is growing and he needs the exercise.'

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER must often act as a family physician. Pain-killer for all the little ills, cut and sprains, as well as for all bowel complaints, is indispensable. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

'If you please, sir, father says he's going to kill a pig, and can you do with a side of bacon?'

'Yes, my boy,' said the schoolmaster. 'Tell him to send it as soon as he likes.'

A week passed away, and, as the bacon had not arrived, the teacher reminded the boy of his order.

'I expect you forgot to tell your father, you young rascal,' said the schoolmaster, good humoredly.

'Oh, no, sir, I didn't say the youngster, 'My father hasn't killed the pig.'

'How's that, Tommy?'

'Please, sir, it's got better.'

A BUILDER—ARE YOU LOSING WEIGHT?—'The D. & L.' Emulsion will always help and build you up. Restores proper digestion and brings back health. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Mr. Blunt—'I'd hate to be that man Wiggles; he has to ask his wife for every cent he spends.' Mrs. Blunt—'Good for him; I know a woman who has to ask her husband for every cent she spends and usually gets only half the aska.'

BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, coughs and colds, all quickly cured by Eucalypti-Balsam. It has no equal. Acts promptly, soothes, heals and cures. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

'This is our 13th quarrel!' she said, and shivered as she looked out into the cold gray storm. 'Perhaps we shall never have another!' faltered her husband. 'Oh! I'm not in the least superstitious!' protested the woman, with a ghastly affection of gaiety.

ONE FACT IS BETTER THAN TEN HEARSAYS. Ask Doctor Burgess, Supt. Hospital for Insane, Montreal, where they have used it for years, for his opinion of 'The D. & L.' Menthol Plaster. Get the genuine made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

'Yes, sir,' said the enthusiast in art; 'the man who painted that little picture got \$2000 for his work.'

'Gracious me!' exclaimed the man from the country; 'if he got \$2000 for painting a little thing like that, what on earth would he charge for painting a barn?'

Her Father—'What are your prospects? Her Suitor—'I've a rich uncle who is sailing.'

Wisher's Eggs advertisement with image of a bird's nest.

Wisher's Eggs advertisement with image of a woman.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE 25c. advertisement with image of a man.

No Honor Among Thieves.

"When that trio of strong-arm men stuck up one of their pals the other night for a parcel of swag he possessed, some of the newspaper accounts, I notice somewhat mournfully suggested that the incident presaged the passing of 'the proverbial honor among thieves,' remarked a retired detective sergeant of the Byrnes regime. 'Now, that's misleading stuff. There never was any honor among thieves. I never knew a crook yet that wouldn't do his pal as quick as he'd eat a plate of ham and eggs."

"A little more than twenty years ago three class A cracksmen of this town framed up a promising bank job over in Paterson. The thing went through in bully shape. They put the watchman under the gun when he stepped to the bank's front door to get a breath of air and they had him corcaged up and gagged in the basement before he knew where he was at."

"The vault was an ordinary combination affair without any double or timelock contrivances, and it was dead easy for men who knew how to handle the blow-pipe and the nitro. They got her open after an hour's work, and it just looked like the world was their'n to speak, for their was \$60,000 in new currency in plain sight. They let the heavy gitt stuff alone, and made a leisurely job of dividing the loot into three equal parts of \$20,000 for each man."

"The lookout or outside man abandoned his post in front of the door to be in at the division when he knew the safe was hanging from its hinges. The three were sitting inside the vault, stuffing the currency into their clothes and planning for their different hiding places when two cops suddenly appeared at the entrance to the vault and covered the three of them. It was so sudden that the fins of the three went right straight up."

"While one of the cops kept the three covered by the simple gun-fanning process, the other went behind 'em and deftly removed their shooting tools. Then he quite as deftly abstracted the bundles of currency from the pockets of each. This done, 'March' said the two cops to the three cracksmen. The cops marched the three down to the basement, where the watchman was still tied up. Then they executed a walking backward move, still covering the three, got out the iron door at the back leading into the alley, slammed the door, which closed with a spring lock and the three cracksmen were neatly hobbled."

"They hadn't any tools, and so they couldn't get out of that basement. They untied the watchman and ordered him to turn them loose, but they had collared the watchman's keys upstairs before dragging him to the cellar, and the keys were still upstairs. So the three cracksmen and the watchman were found together in the basement on the following day."

"The cracksmen's story that they themselves had been stuck up by a couple of cops was counted, and when the watchman chimed in and stated that the story was true, he was immediately under suspicion of having been in cahoots with the nitro men. The watchman had a hard time in squaring himself, and came near doing his bit over the road. He stuck to the cop story so persistently, however, that the cop on the bank beat and the man on the adjoining beat had to make all kinds of explanations as to their whereabouts on the night of the robbery. To square themselves both had to own that they had been taking naps and produce witnesses to that effect, and lost their badges. The three cracksmen got ten year stretches in Trenton."

"Now, these two cadets in the rig out of cops were Chicago bank burglars. They'd come east to wait for the graft to pick up a bit in their home town, and in some mysterious way they'd learned about the details of this Paterson job. It looked like ready money and no work, and so they went to one of the cellar costumers in this town and had their measures taken for policemen's suits. They went to Patterson on the appointed night and just stood by until their time came. Then they made their play, and it sure was a neat and profitable one."

"They got away with the goods and the story didn't get around for three or four years afterward. Then one of the Chicago putty blowers got glibly drunk one night and spun the yarn. Now if there was ever anything in this 'honor among thieves' pipe dream you'd naturally suppose that these two 'ad have been ostracized by their

pals who heard of their profitable masquerade as cops in Paterson. Nothing of the sort happened. The gang patted 'em on the back and ha'nd over the picture of the three Eastern nitro men locked up in the basement with the watchman."

"These two are still in business in Chicago, but they're strong arm men now. One of them was kicked almost over the edge of the Big Divide by two of the Eastern cracksmen after the latter got out of Trenton, but he probably didn't mind a little thing like that, remembering all the fun he'd had with his end of that \$60,000 that had been picked up with so little trouble."

"Spark-grafters—that is to say, diamond snatchers or biters—are very rarely on the level with each other when they're working as a team. I particularly recall one case of this kind. A couple of top notch spark-grafters got into the fact that the proprietor of a certain restaurant started for his home on a Broadway car every night about 11 o'clock. They had rubbedered on this man because he always wore in his four in hand tie a huge, flashy, four stone diamond pin. The stones were the white boys, and each of 'em looked to weigh about four carats."

"The old restaurant man generally had a pretty good bus on when he took the car to go home, and he looked good to the pair of spark-grafters. So they fixed a night to get that pin. They boarded the car in which the restaurant man sat dosing, in the enjoyment of his regular going-home jag, and waited for the car to fill up with folks from the Broadway theatre."

"The old chap, very gallant, got up to give a lady his seat. Then one of the spark-grafters gave him the elbow in the small of the back, and when he turned to put up a yelp, the other one pinched the four-stone pin. It looked a good two-thousand worth, anyhow, to the crook who had done the elbowing. They got off the car, and made for the plant of the fence right off. The crook who had the pin handed the goods over to the fence and named his least figure with a confid-

ent grin. The fence took the pin, looked at it just once, spat on it and remarked:

"Nothin' doin' in the rock candy line just now. Stop your kiddin'!"

"The crook who hadn't collared the pin looked tremendously surprised, and the crook who had collared the pin simulated tremendous surprise."

"Do you fellows mean to tell me that you don't know this is a phony?" said the fence holding up the pin.

"Well, sure enough, the pin was a bogus—just fairly sawed Brasil brilliants. The crook who hadn't swiped the pin looked disappointed and gloomy, and said that his eyesight must be failing—that he'd never been twisted before in piping off the proper sort of rocks. The other crook chimed in, and remarked that he'd never felt so cheap in his life. Then the two spark-grafters separated."

"The one who'd collared the pin, and who had it in his kick all the time, took it to another fence and got \$1,500 for it without any hitch. You see, he'd had a bogus of the genuine pin made and the bogus was the one he run in on the first night when he went there with his pal. The pal got next after a somewhat long period of thoughtfulness. When he found out that his suspicions were correct he chased after his ingenious partner and angrily demanded his bit. All he got for his was the mirthful hoot, and that partnership was dissolved. The crook who had thus been done by his pal passed the word around about it among his friends in the profession. They handed him the chortle, and the other crook was looked upon by all of them as the real thing for his foxiness."

"You take a bunch of leather workers—the kind that go through crowds at a circus, or in a fair grounds, or in a grandstand when a big parade's going on—and you'll find that they watch each other like hawks, and that they're always suspicious of each other, and that they're always quarrelling among themselves. The wise guy of a push of leather workers is the fellow to whom the pocketbook is passed by the dip who nails it. He's generally the heap chief of the gang, but he's always under suspicion. The rest of the crowd always feel that he skins the leathers before they join him, and, as a simple matter of fact, he generally does."

"I've known bank sneaks to dump each other time and time again. About nine years ago a wholesale candy manufacturer was standing at the head of the line before the receiving teller's window of an old Est-

Side bank. He was waiting for the receiving teller, who had stepped back for a moment, to resume his place at the window. It was warm and the candy manufacturer wanted to mop his forehead. So he laid his bank-book, which contained between its leaves a matter of \$8,000 in bills, down on the counter and reached back for his handkerchief."

"The sneak standing right back of him called his attention to the fact that he had dropped a bill, and sure enough, when he looked down the merchant saw the bill at his feet. He stooped for it, and it was then that sneak No. 2 collared the bankbook resting on the counter and slipped out with his pal—the one who had informed the merchant about that bill lying on the floor. When they got out they took cars going in different directions."

"The sneak with the dough didn't turn up that night at the place he had appointed to meet his pal, nor the night after that. Then the other crook got the hunch that he'd been ditched by his partner. He was so sore about it that he went right down to headquarters and made his holler. The other sneak, who was on the wing all right, was collared on a Union Pacific train somewhere in Nebraska just two days later, with all but about \$500 of the goods on him. He did a stretch of three times the length his pal got."

"Even the green goods workers of the old days used to give each other the boots whenever they got a chance. I'll just mention one case. A two-handed team of the green goods salesmen sprung a come on in Pennsylvania who wanted \$50,000 worth of the stuff for \$3,000. Now, that was a pretty neat transaction, even in the days when the green goods were being sold here like so much yellow laundry soap."

"Well, the game was beginning to get a bit in the shade then, and the head of this team was only waiting for a chance to make a proper yank-down before getting under cover for a while. The come-on turned up all right, the switch in the valises was made as per schedule, the good thing walked out with his bag of waste paper, and it was up to the team to make the equal divide. They had a drink or two out of the cabinet bottle before getting down to business, and the head guy of the partnership let his pal have the knock-out drops in his liquor. When the pal's light went out the other one waltzed away with the come-on's good \$5,000, lammed West and thus the firm was dissolved.—New York Sun.

RINO EDWARD LOST IN ILLINOIS. An Irishman Restored the Then Prince of Wales to His Friends.

Some interesting anecdotes of Edward VII. are told by a prominent man of this city, under whose personal observation they came when the Prince of Wales visited this country under the title of Lord Renfrew. It was in the fall of 1860, and the Prince, with a party of St. Louis friends invaded Illinois for the purpose of shooting prairie chickens.

His success in bagging game quite carried the prince away, figuratively, and also literally, during one hunt, for he was soon lost from both his friends and attendants in a country totally unknown to him. When he finally realized the fact he attempted to retrace his steps, but even his servant, who carried the game for him, was nowhere to be seen. Striking out toward the setting sun he determined to reach some sort of habitation as quickly as possible in order that he might reach Breese, Clinton county, the party's headquarters, before dark."

He was quite worn out when he came upon a Scotch-Irishman ploughing in a field. The Prince approached him, and commanded that he hitch his horses at once to the near-by wagon, and drive him as speedily as possible to Breese.

The man stopped, quietly took a quid of tobacco from his mouth, dispoising it near the princely feet, and taking another chew stared in amazement.

"What is the matter, my good man?" said the Prince. "It is not so far to Breese that your horses would not make the trip, is it?"

"Faith, an' nary a that, sor; but it's no business I have got in Breese the day."

"But, man, it is important that I should be there without delay, as I have no desire to be out here after nightfall."

"Faith, an' I am sorry for that, sor," said the Irishman, viewing his Royal Highness with increased suspicion.

"Perhaps," said the Prince haughtily, but with a suppressed smile hovering about his lips, "you do not know that you are refusing to do a service for an English nobleman."

"Shure, an' that's nather here nor there to me, sor. We are all on the same footing in this country, sor. If you want me to take you to Breese show your wad."

Finally realizing what he meant by "wad," the Prince thrust his hand in his pocket and drew out a five-dollar bill. That settled it. Title or no title, the road was open to Breese.

"Climb in, pardner," said the Irishman, as he hastily fastened his horses to the wagon.

On the road the Prince chatted familiarly with his grotesque and original friend, passing, as he afterward remarked, one of the most amusing hours of his trip.

The Irishman was delighted, and his prejudice against titled heads was rapidly diminishing when as they came in sight of Breese they met several of the party in quest of him.

Getting out of the wagon and mounting the horse that had been led out for him the Prince turned to his new friend and said: "My good man, when you return home just tell your wife that you drove the Prince of Wales into Breese."

"Well, faith," said the Irishman, shifting his lines into his left hand, "an' that's a good one." Extending his hand to Wales he said with a grin: "Shake, Prince or no Prince, you're the right sort, and if ye ever come into these parts again jest drop in. The old woman would be powerful glad to see ye."

Respecting the Sabbath.

One Sunday I called at a cottage in the south of Middletown and requested a measure of milk, which was promptly handed to me. I offered the woman who attended to my wants a few coppers, but she curtly responded, "I canna tak siller on a Sawbath!" I thanked her, and was turning away, when she whispered: "Mon, ye can drap the bawbees in that tub wi' the graith (soap-suds) in it. I'll get them out the morn'!"

"Keep your Stomach in good working order and your general health will take care of itself." This is the advice of an eminent specialist on stomach troubles, and he "clinched" the advice by publishing Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets as a wonder worker in all phases of stomach disorders from the little "ferment" after eating to the chronic dyspepsia. 35 cents.—136

Customer—What right have you to charge such high prices? Why, I can get better food and better cooking in cheap restaurants.

New Waiter—Yes, but those cheap places don't take so much time to get your order ready.

Towne—D'Auber tells me he is in love with his art.

Browne—Is he? Well, he need never have any fear of a rival.

"My husband has had dyspepsia dreadfully lately. He has been such a sufferer." "I am so sorry to hear it. I had no idea that you were without a cook."



FRESH FLOWERS.

Cha
As usual for slender gown for full chignon the belt is a short pipe should effect is cha ure.
Little tab pieces seem on some of pretty way upper edge yoke with the own width a foulard gown on mousseline over this. T or straight, presented or wear in the too, are the back, and ur with a belt.
Some ver may be usef fit later on a soft full lace A bolero of med on the pletes the be of the same shaped even fitting quite which falls in at either side silk or mouss laced across to the knee diamond sh bow with effect in a na the outside of A novel bo of the eveni velvet ribbon tied in a rose of white chiff the skirt being scription. Cr motives of forms another is a combina forming the fl lace and cloth of gray. Bla the front of (FR
Among the in use are the studded with black velvet embroidered broidery on w with gold or j with gold thre
Evening glets and facing new fads, and for keeping th
Swiss modin played in the tatic designs in lered with white as the garment patterns. Chn colorings with out again in there is a new ture, which ab stripes.
A novel plan or lawn shirt wderwaist of ver bishop sleeves lace or embroi so of lace or en choker. This outside waist i ting it out to the underwaist.
Youthful bla great demand th women find th tinction in a bla Something pret made over white with wreath c braid made i embles a rose for this style of lete bodice the belt of the go blue silk and tur
Large Legbo and back, are s

Chat of the Boudoir.

As usual the prettiest fashions are made for slender women, and one attractive gown for home wear is made with a soft full chiffon blouse which really bags over the belt all around.

Little tab ends on battlement-shaped pieces seem to be a feature of decoration on some of the new foulards, and one pretty way of using them is to fasten the upper edge of a short bolero on the lace yoke with these little tabs all around, their own width apart.

Some very pretty house gowns which may be usefully added to the summer outfit later on are made of taffeta silk with a soft full lace bodice and deep undercloves. A bolero of silk entirely of bias folds trimmed on the edge with gold galloon completes the bodice with a short upper sleeve of the same folds.

A novel bolero of lace is shown in one of the evening gowns illustrated where velvet ribbon is run through the edge and tied in a rosette bow. The gown is made of white chiffon dotted over with jet sequins the skirt being striped with wide lace insertion.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Among the novelties in trimmings now in use are the narrow bands of gold cloth studded with jet nail heads or little flat black velvet buttons, bands of black velvet embroidered in colors, and Persian embroidery on white cloth.

Evening gloves with embroidered eyelets and facing at the top are one of the new fads, and it seems to be a useful one for keeping the gloves up at the top.

Swiss muslins in great variety are displayed in the shops, some with very realistic designs in large flowers, others embroidered with white, black or the same color as the garment, and without limit as to patterns.

A novel plan for protecting a dainty silk or lawn shirt waist is suggested in an underwaist of very thin fine lawn, made with bishop sleeves gathered into dainty cuffs of lace or embroidery, a small round yoke la so of lace or embroidery and a transparent choker.

Youthful black evening gowns are in great demand this season, all because young women find that they can acquire more distinction in a black gown than in any other.

Large Leghorn hats, drooping in front and back, are said to be a feature of the coming millinery for summer. They have all high crowns encircled by roses arranged in a stiff manner, and a soft ribbon caught on the edge of the brim in front is carried to the edge of the brim in the back where it is tied in a bow.

IRISH LINEN LOSING GROUND.

French and American Manufacturers Getting Hold of the Market Here.

Linen of domestic manufacture and, still more, linen made in France, are together making a strong fight in the American market against the Irish linen which for years has been accepted as the best and finest manufactured in the world, and importers say that the Irish linens are losing ground.

The Frenchmen are handicapped in their attempt to get first place in the American market, however, by trying to introduce a new fashion here. Instead of making up their linen in individual pieces they manufacture it in lengths, intending that a section as long as may be desired shall be cut off by the retailer when making a sale.

In the English market the attempt to sell linen in this way has been a failure, but in this country, where new ideas have a better chance than in England, the manufacturers have not given up the attempt of making the purchase of linen in lengths fashionable.

German made linen has the poorest reputation in the American market, as it is starched and artificially thickened so that while it looks well when new it does not stand the test of a washing. It is this cheap but dishonest linen which the American made article is driving out of the market.

Climate largely influences the color of new linen, and therefore while domestic made linen has not yet acquired the snowy whiteness of Irish and French linen, it can be sold more cheaply, and unlike the German linen, improves with use.

THEIR BLUE AND WHITE COVERLS.

A Blizzard of Letters set in Motion by a Brooklyn Woman's Mistake.

A Brooklyn woman who writes for a newspaper syndicate has been having the time of her life lately.

'Not long ago,' she says, mournfully, 'I thought I had a brilliant idea. I wrote an article about the different ways in which women who are thrown on their own resources manage to earn money. I scoured around a good deal and got a lot of facts about women who turn buyers and house cleaners and pickle makers and all that sort of thing.'

'I got some valuable information at the Woman's Exchange. Among other interesting items that I picked up there was one about these old fashioned blue and white coverlets which our grandmothers wove. I understood them to say at the exchange that these coverlets would bring from \$50 to \$150 apiece. I promptly incorporated this pleasing bit of information in my article and sent it out.'

'The syndicate sends its stuff all over the country—into the pine woods of Maine the swamps of Florida, the mining towns of the West and even into the wilds of Alaska, for all I know. At any rate, I think I got letters from all these places as well as the sections in between. My mail mounted into the tons. I was simply snowed under by an epistolary blizzard from women who wanted to sell their blue and white coverlets for from \$50 to \$150, preferably the later figure.'

'It snowed letters until I was actually obliged to have circulars printed, which I could send to the writers. I made a wrathful visit to the Woman's exchange, but I melted somewhat when I found that the blizzard had struck them too. I have concluded that our grandmothers sat up nights and Sundays to weave those coverlets.'

THE BRIDE'S PROMISE TO OBEY.

Opposed by a Religious Paper as a Remnant of Comparative Barbarism.

The promise of the wife to obey [in the marriage service] is the ragged remnant from the days when women were the despised servants and drudges of men. In old English usage the woman promised to be 'buxom' (bow-some, submissive). Now the phrase is, in nearly all churches, that she will 'love, honor and obey' him.

A very singular occurrence has taken place at Archiestown in Banffshire. A workman's wife gave birth to twins—a boy and girl—on New Year's Eve. The boy arrived three hours before the clock struck the close of the century. The girl was born at 4 o'clock on New Year's morning.

ought to be the most serious promise of marriage, the pledge of dutiful affection and fidelity, becomes a joke and a farce, just because priest and people will keep in the service of marriage the words which perpetuate an antiquated, obsolete condition of social life.

Still clergymen of conservative ideas and whole denominations that provide a required form of marriage, insist on the retention of the falsehood. Sometimes they even try to justify it from scripture. They quote Paul on the silence and obedience of woman, as if what was right in Paul's day were to be right always.

But the sad thing is to see these teachers of religion requiring women to perjure themselves on such solemn occasion, to promise to do what they do not intend to do, and ought not to engage to do. It is of a piece with the pledge required of ministers or theological professors giving their adhesion to a creed which was made generations ago, and which can be accepted only in some very loose construction of language.

Marriage is the foundation of society; it should be the fit foundation for the best society we know. Such society requires the best development of woman as well as of man. It makes neither a tyrant and neither a slave, but each the helpful mate and adviser of the other.

Doctors disagree as to the influence of heredity. Some hold that a great deal hinges upon it, others believe the contrary. Some of the authentic stories told to exemplify this mysterious bond between ancestors and descendants are very curious.

THE GIRL AND THE PORTRAIT.

An Instance of the Influence of Heredity at a Picture Gallery.

Doctors disagree as to the influence of heredity. Some hold that a great deal hinges upon it, others believe the contrary. Some of the authentic stories told to exemplify this mysterious bond between ancestors and descendants are very curious.

As she passed through the gallery one particular portrait attracted her attention and she went back to it more than once. Her companion saw in it nothing but the commonplace painting of a middle-aged man in the costume of the latter part of the last century.

'It is such a nice kind face,' said the girl, rather wistfully. 'I imagine my father might have looked like that had he lived.'

As most of the pictures were ticketed the visitors had purchased no catalogue but, before going away, Miss B. bought one at the entrance and made a last visit to the portrait for which she had felt so strong an attraction. To her astonishment she found her own name opposite to its number and learned on inquiry that the original was one of her direct ancestors.

Another occult coincidence or psychological phenomenon happened a few years ago to a Southern statesman and financier whose family has always been of rank in his native state. This gentleman was overhauling old documents and letters which had been stored in a musty chest for years and intended to publish whatever might be of historic value and interest.

To his surprise he unfolded a letter yellow and time-stained which was written in his own peculiar handwriting, or seemed to have been written by him, although the date was two generations before his birth.

The signature of the surname, which was the same as his own was so markedly characteristic that he could scarcely believe his own hand did not pen the letters. So it sometimes happens that handwriting as well as features and character is handed down in families.

Twins in two Centuries.

A very singular occurrence has taken place at Archiestown in Banffshire. A workman's wife gave birth to twins—a boy and girl—on New Year's Eve. The boy arrived three hours before the clock struck the close of the century. The girl was born at 4 o'clock on New Year's morning.

So that the twins have a century between them, or, at any rate, one is unfeebly a nineteenth century boy and the other a twentieth century girl. This is surely unique in births.

HELEN KELLER'S PROGRESS.

Unusual Ability in English Shown by the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Girl.

One of the most interesting things about the new term which has just begun at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass., is the progress of Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind girl, who is a student here. She has so distinguished herself in her English work that she has been promoted in the middle of the year to a course open only to the brightest students, that called English 12 in the college catalogue.

The English course which Miss Keller elected when she entered college was in itself more advanced than most freshmen take, but now only after half a year at its exercises her instructor pronounces her quite fit to go up higher. In the words of the professor himself: 'We can teach her nothing more in this class.' The course which Miss Keller has outgrown is English 22, conducted in Radcliffe by Charles Townsend Copeland, who has expressed the opinion that Miss Keller possesses abilities far above the average in the matter of English composition.

In permitting Miss Keller to enter English 12 Radcliffe has done something almost unprecedented. The higher course is a very difficult one, and has almost never been taken here by a girl so young as Helen Keller, not to take into account at all the fact of the blind girl's handicap. The course in question is connected both in Harvard and Radcliffe by John Hays Gardiner and is open only to such students as have shown unusual ability in the matter of English and have finished course 22 with a high mark.

The work of the course includes various kinds of writing, and the lectures deal with such problems of expression as arise in the class productions, and in the development of a good English prose style. Miss Keller's style has always been excellent. From the time she first began to write she has written easily and well. In the matter of literary and classical allusions she is very apt and especially excels in analytical treatment of a subject.

At the lectures Miss Keller is accompanied by her friend, Miss Sullivan, who sits close beside her and tells her in the manual language whatever the instructor may be saying. In none of the lectures are notes taken. This girl carries off in her head the facts with which her fellow students fill their note books.

Perhaps the most remarkable work done by Miss Keller comes in connection with the history course given by Prof. Archibald Cary Coolidge. The latter is a very interesting, but rather discursive, lecturer and he covers in a year a tremendous amount of ground. That any student could pass a good examination on the substance of his lectures without having had the benefit of exhaustive notes and careful review would be a marvel all by itself. But this is only one of the many remarkable things Helen Keller is accomplishing.

Miss Keller's work does not in the least prevent her from taking an active part in the social life of the college. She particularly delights in hearing stories and one or two girls have learned the sign language that they may entertain her. She is vice-president of her class and attends all the functions given by her class-mates. At a recent class luncheon she even responded to a toast, winning great applause by her maiden speech. But the best thing that can be said of her is that she is radiantly happy in her college career. With some anxiety her friends have been watching to see whether the college days so long looked forward to might not perhaps bring in realization something of disillusion. Nothing of the kind has happened however.

'She is the happiest girl I have ever seen,' one of these friends remarked. 'And anybody who should see the blind girl as she goes from one lecture room to another would be inclined emphatically to echo this superlative.'

The New Overcoat.

Men's fashions for spring are slowly taking form, but already the style of the overcoat is pretty well defined, and changes are numerous and more or less striking.

The new covert overcoat is longer and reaches nearly to the knees. The shoulders have a decided effect of squareness by bringing the seam right on the top a la military, and the sleeve itself is cut through the centre with no other seam. The side pockets are horizontal, but no others appear on the outside, for it is the fashion to have the breast pockets inside.

This is one of the features of the spring

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Richard's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 780 West Avenue, New York.

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

Chesterfield, the plain box overcoat of the season. The advantage of placing these pockets on the inside is that it prevents an unsightly crease from the pocket welt to the shoulder point. The sleeve is a trifle narrower than last season, and has a cuff four inches deep and quite plain.

The fly-fronted overcoat which will be worn this spring has a turn of front similar to the Chesterfield, save for the waist seam, which is cut fairly hollow, and behind usual features of the frock overcoat are retained. The length of the coat brings it three or four inches below the knee or the middle of the calf, and a decidedly dressy effect is the style. Speaking of the tight fitting garment, the sack coat of spring will be shaped to the body as last year, but the excessive fullness on the hips will be omitted. The single breasted frock coat which is a favorite of King Edward VII., will be much affected this spring, and a revival of the cutaway is noted for afternoon wear.

If there's a Hint of Catarrh Taint apply Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder without delay. It will save you suffering, heal you quickly whether you have been a slave one month or fifty years. It relieves a cold in the head and catarrhal headaches in ten minutes. The Hon. David Mills, Minister of Justice for the Dominion of Canada, endorses it. 50 cents.—129

'A woman is always as old as she looks,' said the timid young man, who desired to be dignifiedly irritable in his conversation with the blonde maiden.

'But she is never as cold as she looks,' was the coy rejoinder.

And they lived happily ever after.

'500 People Badly Bent' have in effect used these words in speaking of the curative qualities of South American Rheumatism Cure.—'My legs were crippled'—'My hands were distorted'—'My joints were swollen'—'My back was bent double'—'My pain was excruciating'—'Bedridden for years.' This great remedy has been the heaven-sent agent that worked a permanent cure.—130

'Yes, that's my wife down in the cellar chopping kindlings.' 'How does that happen?' 'She's an idea that she's a second Mrs. Nation, and I'm encouraging her to learn the use of the hatchet.'

No Heart too Bad to be Cured.—Testimony could be piled high in commendation of the wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. No case stands against this great remedy where it did not relieve the most acute heart sufferings inside of thirty minutes. It attacks the disease in an instant after being taken.—131

'Crazy Snake, that hostile Creek Indian, seems to be badly rattled,' said the Observer Boarder.

'Perhaps he is a rattlesnake,' added the Cross Eyed Boarder.

Cure the Nerves and you will control almost every disease that flesh is heir to. The foundation of health is a perfect stomach and good digestion—these right and you are insured plenty of nerve force, perfect circulation and pure blood. South American Nerve is a wonder-worker—gives nerve force—makes rich blood. It's a veritable 'Elixir of Life.'—132

Phil Oester—Fortune knocks at every man's door but once in a lifetime.

Ben Broke—Well, I'm not going to take any chances; how am I to know the knock of Fortune from the knock of the gas collector.

Pill-Price.—The days of 25 cents a box for pills are numbered. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at 10 cents a vial are surer, safer and pleasanter to take. Cure Constipation, Sick and Nervous Headaches, Dizziness, Lassitude, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, and all troubles arising from liver disorder.—133

Captain (to new middy)—Well, youngster, the old story I suppose? Fool of the family sent to sea, eh? Little Cherub—Oh, no, sir; that's all been altered since your day.

How long have your Kidneys been sick?—Here's the South American Kidney Cure evidence that's convincing: 'I am a new man—three bottles cured me.' 'Five bottles cured me of Diabetes.' 'I never expected to be cured of Bright's Disease, but half a dozen bottles did it.' 'I thought my days were numbered, but this great remedy cured me.' It never fails.—134

Teacher—And how do you know, my dear, that you have been christened?

Scholar—Please, mum, cause I got the marks on my arm now, mum.

Doctored Nine Years for Tetter.—Mr. James Gaston, merchant of Wilkesbarre, Pa., writes: 'For nine years I have been disfigured with Tetter on my hands and face.' At last I have found a cure in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It helped me from the first application, and now I am permanently cured.—135

ent would get nothing be-
at is the most unconsion-
g. Col. James said that
more than \$1,000,000 in
onality in France, regard-
to the contrary, and
ner is entitled to judgment
about redress in the Paris
the same matter is in con-
court, as usual, reserved

CAPRING ANIMALS.
Yale's mascot, Fred Sim-
Looked Over the Frocks.
photograph animals? Not
d them," said a Broadway
"Sometimes the unexpected
though, and it is neces-
sarily awake while making
an, a dog that Yale stud-
present, was the ugliest
ever saw; but no actor
posing. He knew what
wanted and governed
gly. He enjoyed being
The last time I made neg-
gave me a dozen positions
suitable for each pose.
him look at the proots
or with his nose.
all subjects I ever tackled
pair of pack mules at
ber here took from a
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o. Great rents traversed
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tributed it as evidence of
mules.
y that as a souvenir, he
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a charge were anxious to
the act of fastening the
on the animals' backs.
ounded up in a corner
all. It was evident that
omers as something new,
hey try to kick the cadets
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ould snap the photograph
tully secured, and just
as tied I got the signal.
mules were waiting for
When the cadets sang
mules dashed straight for
h my head under the
ad began to remove the
outs of warning made me
what was the matter.
! Mules' heels, camera,
pod and myself were all
The whole thing was a
was I. You saw the

(Continued From Times Page.)
id kiss you as frankly as she did when
she was but sixteen. A girl gets shy of
showing her feelings when they change
-chance. That is why I wanted you to
go away."
"And you think—" began Leonard
eagerly, his face aglow with the hope her
words had aroused. "Oh, mater! if she
could only care for me like that, I'd be the
happiest fellow alive!"
"And I believe she would be the happiest
girl in the world, dear," his mother said
loafly. "She is very young, and may not
quite know her own mind yet, but I am
certain she will not disappoint you."
The young man puffed away in silence
for awhile, looking rather sober.
Then he said—
"I don't want her to take me, mater,
because she thinks she ought to, out of
gratitude, deference to your wishes, and
all that."
"That's like you, my boy," his mother
answered, laying her hand on his, "but I
think you need not fear. I should neither
exercise coercion nor even influence her
choice. She knows that, even though I
were disappointed, so keep a brave heart,
and remember the old adage, 'Faint heart
never won layre ladye.' Now I think I
must turn you out, for you must be tired."
Nevertheless, they chatted a little long-
er, Leonard enlarging on his hopes, his
wishes, and his plans for the future, his
mother listening, well pleased and con-
fident.
So, with a light heart he kissed her
good-night at last, and went off to bed.
The slight constraint that had appeared
in Vimera's manner to her "cousin" on his
arrival seemed to have almost worn off
during the next day; only occasionally,
when Leonard threw into voice or manner
something of the devotion of the lover, did
the girl lose her frank freedom of inter-
course, and she certainly did not seek
opportunities of tete-a-tetes with him.
But incessantly all the time she was plac-
ing him in another niche, trying to adjust
him to a new point of view, and herself to
that point also—Leonard as a dear broth-
er, and Leonard as a husband!
The more Leonard grew his attention,
the more perplexed became his feelings.
It was when she was alone that Vimera
found herself appraising him.
With him, she seemed to float along on
a stream of pleasure.
Who could be nobler, sweeter-tempered,
more deferential to her, more eager to con-
form to her every fancy?
Who was a better rider, a better shot,
if you came to physical prowess?
Of course, there might be many men
more intellectual, and Leonard could by
no means always follow her in her ideals,
and not infrequently laughed at her for a
"little dreamer."
She felt instinctively that for the exist-
ence of that chamber which she kept lock-
ed in the depths of her soul he would have
an indulgent, half-amused toleration for
"a girl's poetic fancy," a pretty, unreal
romance.
And perhaps it was; but all the same, a
rude touch would hurt her terribly,
and Leonard did not know of the halo
which she had woven about the memory
of that noble Rhodensian Horseman whom
she had known for but the space of a few
hours.
But she was so fond of Leonard; she
missed him so when he was away.
His mother would be so pleased if—
Poor Vimera was too inexperienced to
know that, when we come to arguing with
ourselves on the excellent qualities pos-
sessed by a certain man, and on the reason
why we should marry him, what we call be-
ing in love is a state far from us. And so
it came to pass, that when Leonard
found his opportunity, and whispered
those words which somehow Vimera had
shrunk from hearing, the girl put her hand
in his, and said simply, with a frank meet-
ing of his eyes, which ought to have ap-
pealed a lover with more insight that Leon-
ard possessed—
"It all seems so strange, Leonard.
Must I give you an answer now?"
His face fell a little; then he remem-
bered how young she was, she said tenderly—
"I have startled you my dear. I have no
right to press for an answer. But you
do care for me, Vimera, don't you?"
"We have always been like—like broth-
er and sister," the girl said half timidly.
In truth, she could not have explained
the feeling which held her back from this
pledge, which told her that her fondness
for Leonard was as the winter gleam to
the tropical sunshine of what lay in her
heart to give—if the pleader had been the
man who was dead long ago.
"Mayn't we leave it?" she said pleadingly.
"Indeed, dear Leonard, I don't want to play
with you—to be unkind; but if we might
go on as we are for a time—"
"It shall be as you wish, dear," the
young man answered. "I will be content so
that you are happy; only—"
He paused, and his eyes were downcast;
then he lifted them and went on—
"Forgive me, I have, perhaps, no right
to ask—but there is no one else, Vimera?
You are heart free?"
She drew a silent breath.
Was she?
Was that shadowy past to stand between
her and the happiness of those to whom
she owed all?
"There is no one, Leonard," she answer-
ed truly, and he was satisfied.
He went away almost immediately.
His mother counselled this, and he saw
the wisdom of the advice.
Vimera took herself to task for feeling
his absence a relief.
She said it gave her leisure to think;
but, in truth, this was not the real reason
of her feeling, though she thought it was.
She missed him as her brother; but in
the new relationship, which was what she
now had to look at, his presence would be
like a burden to her.
He was more missed by Vimera's great
friend, Meta Langden, who found the
young fellow more charming than did Vi-
mera, when considered as a marriageable
man and not merely as a brother.

The things of this world go crooked in-
deed!
Poor Meta would have given all she had
to have won Leonard's love, which
Vimera scarce knew whether she want-
ed or not, and Leonard could have won
easily what he did not care for.
"Have you sent Leonard away?" Meta
asked her friend one day, for the young
lady was shrewd, and guessed Leonard's
secret.
Vimera's cheek flushed a little, but she
answered, without any other change of
countenance—
"Oh, no, Meta. He has gone to Paris
for a week or two, that's all."
"Meta sighed.
"She guessed how it was, but pressed
for no other answer; only, in her heart
she wondered how Vimera should want to
consider her decision.
In her heart of hearts she hoped the
girl would refuse Leonard—they were not
suited to each other, she thought.
But there was little chance of that.
Vimera would follow the wishes of Mrs.
Bertram, of course.

CHAPTER V.
The spring deepened into sum-
mer, and one soft, dusky even-
ing the London train brought a passenger,
at whom the country porters and the station
lookers stared with a kind of dull curiosity,
for he was quite unlike any type with which
they were familiar.
Anyone, to be sure, might wear a light
grey suit and soft felt hat; it was not the
dress which marked him out, it was the
whole personality.
He carried himself like a military man,
but a keen observer would at once have
said that no purely English regiment owned
him as an officer.
There was a certain grace in his move-
ments which, perhaps, resulted from the
more free and easy methods of the colonial
trooper.
He was deeply bronzed, and the eyes
which looked out from under prominent
brows, had that unmistakable light in
them which marks out the dweller in
tropical lands.
"He be a stranger," said one loafer to
another, as the gentleman passed through
the gate that led from the station to the
roadway. "Maybe a visitor at the Nest,
eh? though 'e do look furrin like."
If the gentleman were a stranger, he
seemed to know his way fairly well, though
his keen eyes had glanced, with the half-
amused, half-questioning look of one who
is confronted with changes, up at the little
station buildings and the few houses
clustering about the railway.
But, without asking his way, he turned
at once to the left, in which direction lay
the village and, some two miles beyond
that, Rooknest.
So he seemed at no loss as to where he
should go.

QUEEN VICTORIA SALUTED.
Stars and Stripes (Specially Honored by Her
in Switzerland.)
A United States flag, to which Queen
Victoria did especial homage several years
ago in Switzerland, is now flying at half
mast in Washington, U. S. A.
It is the only United States flag still in
the position of mourning for the late
Queen. The flag and its Washington
owners have an interesting history.
The flag has travelled pretty much all
over the world. It is the property of
Mrs. Barringer, widow of Judge Barringer,
who for thirty years lived abroad in a
judicial capacity for this Government,
spending most of the time in Egypt. Mrs.
Barringer lives on Q street, between
Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets.
Upon one notable occasion Judge and
Mrs. Barringer having gone for a holiday
to Switzerland, were present during a
great festival, when the place was alive
with huzzing of every nationality. The
Barringers as the possessors of the only
American flag in the place, proudly un-
furled the Stars and Stripes to the breeze.
The great feature of the festival was the
presence of Queen Victoria, who, riding
along, looking here and there, interested at
the crowd and display generally, suddenly
gave orders to her coachman to stop.
This was done just under the window
from which floated the Barringer flag.
Rising to her feet and formally saluting
the Stars and Stripes, the Queen of Eng-
land, who had accorded this honor to the
insignia of no other nation, bowed her
head and passed on her way.
It seems therefore most fitting that upon
news of Her Majesty's death, this flag, so
honored above all others by the dead
Queen should have been placed at half
mast in her honor, and should so remain
until after her funeral.
A son of Judge Barringer is son of the
leading professors at the University of Vir-
ginia.

SOLD A LAMB TO THE QUEEN.
An Aged Trenton Man's Happy Experience
As a Boy.
Aged John Exton, who is one of the
wealthiest citizens of Trenton, N. J.,
glories in the memory of having once upon
a time sold a lamb to Queen Victoria.
Exton is an Englishman by birth, and
spent his boyhood days in Britain. One
day, away back in the thirties, he was play-
ing with a pet lamb, which was put
in its time gambolling on the green while
the boys dammed the waters of the stream
and imagined themselves the prosperous

manufacturers that they afterwards be-
came.
While they were at play they were ap-
proached by two women of aristocratic
bearing, who had been attracted by the
beauty of the lamb's fleece, which, John
Exton says, was as white as snow. One
of the women asked Exton how much he
would sell the lamb for.
"We don't want to sell it," replied John.
"That lamb's name is Victoria. We named
it after the Queen, and nobody but the
Queen can have it."
"Would you sell it to the Queen?" asked
the woman.
"Yes, ma'am," replied John.
The women appeared to be greatly
pleased, and slipping into the hands of
each of the boys a coin the value of which
made them think of more mills and more
machinery, went their way.
A few days afterward a man came to
be home of the Exton boys and told their
father that the Queen had sent him for the
lamb. He said that the Queen and her
mother had talked with the boys about the
animal a few days before, and were so
well pleased with their loyalty that they
wanted the lamb, and were willing to pay
any price for it.
The boys wanted to make the Queen a
present of their pet, but the man insisted
on their taking a guinea each, which they
finally consented to do.
"There is no use in denying that we
sometimes entertain an angel unawares,"
says Mr. Exton in telling his strange ex-
perience.

**Your Only Deliverer
From Evils Brought
On By Foul and Im-
pure Blood.**

**Paine's Celery
Compound.**

**IS NATURE'S TRUE BLOOD
PURIFIER AND ENRICHER.**

**The Only Medicine That
Makes the Blood Bright
And Red and That In-
creases Its Volume in
The Arteries.**

**PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND
Gives the True Bloom of
Health to the Weak and
Ailing.**

Paine's Celery Compound is a blood
purifier and enricher, and does a work
that cannot be successfully undertaken by
any other remedy in the world.
Paine's Celery Compound makes the
blood bright and red, it increases its vol-
ume in the arteries, quickens its circula-
tion and gives it more power in its work
of health building.
There are no long and tiresome waitings
for good results when people use Paine's
Celery Compound. After its work of re-
fining and enriching the blood is in full
force, the bloom of health is seen in the
face, the eyes sparkle with vigor and the
limbs are supple and active; even the old
feel rejuvenated and energized.
The thousands of victims of rheumatism,
neuralgia, lumbago, headache, backache
and sideache should remember that these
conditions often result from slow circula-
tion of the blood caused by accumulations
of waste matters. All troubles are correct-
ed and permanently banished by vigorously
cleansing the blood with Paine's Celery
Compound, the world's best and greatest
of invigorators and cleansers.

A Good Memory.
A bad memory, in most cases, might be
more properly described as one rusting
from sheer want of use. The fact is our
brain cells are always "ready to oblige,"
but we do not give them sufficient encour-
agement in their well-meant efforts.
Naturally, the individual may cultivate a
memory for certain details more readily
than for others, but the general basis of
all recollective acts is the same, and there
is no department of human mental activ-
ity in which the motto that "practice makes
perfect" holds more truly than in the
science of mnemonics. The view may be
expressed, indeed, that we never forget

Seal Brand Coffee
(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)
is selected from the very highest grades
grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its
fragrance proclaims its excellence.

ALL GOOD GROCERS. **CHASE & SANBORN,**
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

anything presented to our brain cells.
When we say we have forgotten we really
mean that we cannot find the mental
photographic negative whence we can
print off a positive reproduction.

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUUS MAN.
Snow-Shovelling Feats of the Greatest of all
Giants While in Winter Quarters.
"Whenever I see people shovelling snow
off the sidewalk nowadays," said the old
circus man, "it makes me think, always,
of how the greatest of all giants used to
shovel snow, in his day, round the house
that he occupied, in the town where the
show made its winter quarters.
"Every fall after the tenting season was
over we used to go back to this town to
lay up for the winter; and the giant al-
ways came back here with great pleasure.
He liked the place, and he liked the
place and he liked the change, and the
rest, after the constant travel and the real
labor of the tenting season. And then
the giant was glad too, to get into a regu-
lar house again, in which there was room
for him.
"On the road he was of course provided
with suitable shelter, but this was neces-
sarily in the form of a tent. Except in
public places like halls, and so on, there
was no roof shelter to be found under
which the giant could have been made
really comfortable; and so, sleeping under
canvas throughout the season, as he was
compelled to do, he looked forward with
pleasure, naturally enough, to the house at
the winter quarters. This house was espe-
cially designed for him; and so built that
there was room in it for him in just the
same measure and proportions for his con-
venience and comfort that there would be
in an ordinary house with rooms of ordi-
nary size and height, for us.
"This house that the old man had built
for the giant was not ready for him until
the second winter that he spent there; but
it is a curious fact that right there in that
very town we found, the first winter, a
house that would do, and which the old
man leased. This was a fine big house be-
longing to an old resident, a man of very
comfortable means, who was devoted to
music and who had had placed in his house
a big organ.
"This organ was in a large music room
that had been especially built to receive it,
sufficient height having been gained by
carrying the room up through two stories.
The rooms in this house were all rather
high studded, anyway, and when you came
to open two up into one like that the owner
of this house was going to Europe that
winter and the old man leased it for the
giant, and the giant took up his quarters in
that music room, and got along through
that winter in it very comfortably. The
next winter when the show came back to
go into winter quarters there, the giant's
house was ready.
"It looked just like any other big com-
fortable house on the outside. We got
the room for the giant inside simply by
carrying the rooms made for his use up
through two stories in height, which didn't
show on the outside at all. Not even the
giant's door which was about like the
scenery door of a theatre, was ever seen
by many people, because we cut that in
the back of the house where you couldn't
see it from the road. The regular front
was just like any front door of a house of
its size. But, gracious, goodness! how I
am wandering on; what I set out to tell
you about was the giant's shovelling snow.
"The house stood well back on a big lot,
with a 150-foot front on the street, and the
giant always used to shovel not only the
sidewalk in front, but the long path back
to the house and the path around it. He
did this because he wanted to, he never
needed do anything that he didn't want to
do; but he loved to shovel snow, it was fun
to him. And that long stretch of walk that
he cleaned was to him really nothing.
"He had a snow shovel with a blade
about as big as a cellar door, and a handle
about 14 feet long. And he would shovel
our front sidewalk off in just as many shov-
elfuls as 6 would ago into 150, the shovel

blade being about 6 feet square in size,
and he taking out snow to the full size of
he shovel every time.
"He'd just slice the snow down through
on the walk, across feet ahead of him, and
then slice down the sides, and then just
lift that block of snow 6 feet square, and
of whatever depth it might, in one shovel-
ful; and do it you understand, easy. But
easy as all this was to him, to see him do
it was always a great delight to the neigh-
bors, and folks that were strangers there
in the town, and that happened to be
passing when the giant was shovelling
snow, used to pause and look on in wonder.
"When the giant had finished the front
walk he'd shovel the path up to the front
door, and then around the back, and these
none of your squiggly little narrow paths
like you often see when you get away
from the front, but broad 6 foot lanes
through the snow. He'd have gone down
then to where the show was quartered and
shovelled all the paths for them there if
they'd have let him. But the old man put
his foot down on that—he was afraid the
giant might overdo it and hurt himself.
"But around his own house, after every
snowfall, you'd see the giant out cleaning
the paths, and tossing out snow by the
cartload with every shovelful."

The Proper Treatment for Catarrh
Is a remedy that reaches all the affected
parts. That remedy is Catarrhons, which
is inhaled along with the air you breathe
and permeates the most minute air cells in
the lungs, throat, nasal passages and
bronchial tubes, cleansing as it by fire. It
is the pleasant, volatile effect of pure,
healing, essential oils, and by virtue of its
antiseptic properties kills the germs that
cause the disease, allays any irritation or
congestion of the mucous membrane, heals
raw, sore spots, and never fails to effect a
perfect cure. It is clean, convenient and
pleasant to use, and contains no injurious
ingredients that could harm even the weak-
est infant. The complete outfit, price
\$1.00, is guaranteed to cure, or your
money back. Small size, 25c., at drug-
gists or by mail. A trial set for 10c. by
N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Canada,
or Hartford, Conn., U. S.

Mascagni's Love of Jewelry
Mascagni, whose latest opera, 'Lo Mas-
chero,' has just been produced in six cities
at once, is one of the men who wear brace-
lets, and they are not confined to his arms,
but ornament his ankles as well. The idea
is rather suggestive of the galleys, but
music composers have queer fancies some-
times. The maker of the 'Cavalleria
Rusticana' is said to be passionately fond
of jewelry, and numbers very splendid and
valuable rings, given to him as well as
bought by his own money, among his per-
sonal effects. The gold anklets, however,
are of his own design. So sweet!

ard to photograph when
They are never at rest
the camera is something
make the most grace-
ful photographs.
Paine Don't Wait
the nearest drug store
Nervine. Five times
another—it penetrates to
—soothes the irritated
with it almost instant-
for pain on the outside,
is better for all internal
is sold under guaran-
teed benefited your money
Druggists and medicine
where.

Interesting Story.
atesman with the kind-
ly set mouth, "I like to
and the ark."
hem to your attention?
particular. I couldn't
by the manner in which
went to work and car-
through without asking
from the government.
we were primitive days."

h is an article that says
birthrate is less than
lo, ho! just fawncy,
e, don't you know,
cown't it?
cain't you see, if that was
ple dying that had ne-

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ABSOLUTE SECURITY!
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Wm. Wood
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy
to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR "GALLOP" SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Sufferers
Lead!
Brewer, Maine, says:
th for several years.
om my eyes and nose
About four months
to try Dr. Agnew's
and since using the
I have not had an at-
ten minutes."

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

For Fifty- Five Cents.

Going at fifty cents—fifty—fifty—fifty! Will no one bid more? Fifty—going at fifty—

Some imp of fun prompted me to shout, "Fifty-five!" through the street door. I was merely passing, and had no thought of entering the auction room, nor the slightest idea of what was being sold. It was a chance shot entirely. My classmate, Wilbur Sargent, and I were just out of the lecture room, and had set off for a brisk walk through the town and round by the river road.

"Fifty-five I'm offered by a friend at the door!" cried the waggish auctioneer. "Fifty five by a friend at the door—and I mean to keep my eye on him. Fifty five—and who says sixty? Fifty-five once—fifty five twice—going at fifty five—and gone at fifty five cents—to that young fellow at the door!"

Wilbur burst out laughing. "You're in for it, Fred!" said he. "Let's go in and see what you've got."

The article was a hugh antique work bench, fully seven feet long, with a seat attached framed to it, and all quite black with age and use. It was apparently of oak, or some other hard wood. The top was not less than six inches thick, evidently to insure stability. At one end there was mounted a lathe, worked by a treadle below, and at the other end, and along the back were a rack for small tools and three or four little tins, with locks.

I paid the fifty five cents rather ruefully for the thing seemed of no earthly use to a student like myself; and my funds were just then at low ebb.

Meanwhile Wilbur stood by, convulsed with merriment. The clerk began calling out to all customers to get their purchases away as soon as possible, as in an hour the rooms would be closed for the night, and the floor space was needed for a new consignment of goods for the next day's sale.

There were three trunks outside, but the least for which any of them would haul my work-table up the hill to the college dormitory was seventy five cents. That sum would actually have driven me into bankruptcy that night, and perforce I borrowed a wheelbarrow and undertook the arduous task of wheeling the thing home.

An old woman of forlorn appearance, with a shawl over her head, lingered about as we loaded the work table on the wheelbarrow. We understood that it had been among her effects, which had been sold at auction for a mere trifle that afternoon. She spoke English but indifferently; and we inferred from what she said that she had come to this country from Hamburg, and the old work bench had belonged to her father, who had inherited it, along with his handicraft, from his father. They had been makers of jewelry and goldsmiths and when her father emigrated to America he had brought his work bench in the expectation of doing well at his trade in this country—an expectation which had not been realized. He could not compete with factory work.

The poor old soul patted the time stained bench, her eyes moist from sad emotions. "Est was von das eschne Holz aus der Schwarzwald," she said. "Und mein Vater und mein Grosvater hat both had set in der dear old days vich had long passed for us all."

"Made of oak from the Black Forest, do you say?" Wilbur asked.

"Ja, ja—aus der Schwarzwald," repeated the old woman, and trudged drearily away.

We paid but little attention to her. Wilbur was bursting with mirth over my perilous purchase, and I was feeling a little queer at thought of the spectacle I should present wheeling the table across the college campus to Appleton Hall.

It proved hard wheeling for the table and bench must have weighed three hundred pounds; but I must give Wilbur the credit of standing by me loyally until we came to the level ground of the campus. Then indeed he forsook me; I missed him suddenly, for the old church, and in a moment I realized that he had taken a short cut to raise an applauding crowd. For I had no more than reached a point midway of the campus and in plain view of all three halls, when I heard clapping at various windows and doors.

"Looks like a big old cobbler's bench," one sophomore commented. "Guess he's going to work in his spare time repairing the professors' shoes!"

"No, no, Fred wouldn't do that; he is too proud!" cried another humorist. "Fred's poor, but proud. I think it's some kind of a 'pony' for his Greek!"

Alas, I was very weak in Greek! They continued to clap steadily, and to make time as I wheeled the barrow up to the hall door. About fifty of them had collected and gave me an ovation. If I had thought so many of them would be on hand, I should never have taken the thing away from the auction-room. The size, weight and mysterious appearance of the table excited their curiosity. They called for a speech declaring my intentions. The editor of the college paper tried to 'interview' me. One of the tutors drew near, attracted by the laughter and shouting, and a sophomore gravely informed him that I was starting in to make false teeth. Another corrected this statement by calling attention to the lathe as a probable instrument for turning gingerbread cressets.

When one is a victim of such chaff, it is best to pursue the business in hand diligently, without deigning to reply. I succeeded in unloading my work bench, and then called for volunteers to assist me in getting it up stairs to my room.

These presented themselves in numbers, and the old work bench was soon in my room, set against the wall, under a window where it was indeed a quaint object. Notwithstanding their raillery, the boys were secretly puzzled to know what I was going to do with the old bench; they ransacked the tills, looked it all over for secret drawers, and tapped and knocked on it. No receptacle of hidden treasure rewarded their search, however, and after more chaff they departed for the night.

The next morning I found that the college wags had been exercising their wits; not less than four improvised signs adorned my door and the spaces under my windows: Shoes neatly repaired while you wait. Wood turner: Inquire within. Tinker and tin knocker inside. Umbrellas and canes mended in No. 21. A freshman actually brought a pair of shoes to the door, in good faith, to be mended; I could not appear in public, or even at the lecture and recitation rooms, without being made immediately the target of jokes on account of that old table.

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The class humorists quite exhausted themselves. One sophomore even composed a sardonic poem on the subject, somewhat in the manner of Poe's 'Raven.' As for myself, I had no more idea what I should do with the work-table than had my puzzled college mates. A proverb says, "When at your wit's end, look wise and make your face inscrutable." I contrived to maintain an imperturbable mien, and nodded sagely at each new joke.

But meanwhile, as the winter advanced, I fell into such financial straits that I could not even buy fuel for my room; each student then bought his own fire-wood at the college wood-shed. In January a fearful cold snap came on, with the temperature at ten degrees below zero. I took cold, and was so wretched one night, that in desperation I resolved to chop up the old work-bench for fuel, and enjoy at least one good fire. Borrowing the janitor's axe, I immediately went to work.

My one small kerosene lamp, turned low to economize oil, was burning dimly on my little book-table; and as I wielded the axe, banging away at the hard seasoned wood, a splinter, which seemed to glisten strangely for wood, flew past the lamp.

I picked it up and examined it, turning it over in the lamplight. It sparkled and shone at a thousand minute points. The larger splinter, from which the splinter had flown, glistened in like manner when brought to the light. All the fresh part where I had split it glistened and seemed filled with tiny glittering specks, bright yellow, like gold-dust.

There flashed instantly into my mind what the old woman had said about the handicraft of her grandfather and father. I also remembered hearing at the mint at Philadelphia of the wonderful pervasiveness of gold dust—how, in the milling and stamping rooms, the fine particles penetrate and subcharge the pores of the wood in the floors. It occurred to me that the wood of this old work bench might contain gold, and I immediately gave up my design of making a fire of it.

The next morning I carried on a saw to our professor of chemistry, and asked his opinion. He smiled at first; but after examining the wood in the sunlight and beating it with a hammer, he admitted that it contained a glistening dust. Under acid this appeared to be gold.

A little later that day he came to my room and after examining the old work table, advised me to saw it into short blocks, split them in fine bits,—not neglecting to catch the sawdust on a new paper,—and then burn the bits to ashes in a brazier which he offered to lend me for the purpose. Afterward, he said, he would wet the ashes, and treat them with quick silver and acids.

I followed his advice, putting the draft pipe of the brazier in the bottom of my stovepipe, thus being kept comfortably warm for two days by the heat "from the old oak wood." The professor and I then carried the brazier and ashes into the laboratory; and as a result of the chemical processes, we obtained pure gold, worth, at the rate then paid for gold, about three hundred and fifteen dollars.

We had said nothing to anyone thus far and when some of the boys came in and jocosely quizzed me as to what had become of my work bench, I assumed a sapient air and astonished them by displaying by lump of gold which we had fused into one mass; and I took care not to admit, by word or look, that I had not foreseen the result from the moment I purchased the old table.

Within an hour the story was known throughout the college, and during the remainder of the term I was held to be the most sagacious man in our class. The boys even came of their own accord and pulled down the "signs" with which they had ironically adorned the exterior of my room.

The professor of chemistry waived all claim for the salvage of the gold, and my urgent necessities strongly prompted me to keep the entire sum which I had realized. After a confidential talk with Wilbur, however, it became clear to me that a part of the money should go to the old Hamburg woman. With some difficulty I found her, and prodigiously astonished her by a gift of one hundred dollars. I now think she should have recovered more, but at that time I acted as I then thought fair.

Rooms Furnished in Silver. There are not many rooms in the world furnished in silver aside from crowned heads. Mrs. Mackay is probably the only person who possesses a set of silver furniture. In her London house she has a reception room in which the chairs and tables and other accessories are of solid silver. In Windsor castle is a set of furniture made of silver, which was presented to Charles II. by the city of London, and the Shah of Persia has a like set in one of his reception rooms. The Sultan of

Turkey possess not only a set of silver furniture, but a dining table of the same precious metal. The Czar of Russia has one room in the Kremlin in Moscow in which the furniture is of gold and silver.

HOTEL KEY FITTERS.

Human Absent-Mindedness Makes Them Important Members of the Staff.

"Our key fitter is one of the most important men on our staff," said the manager of a large New Orleans hotel. "He is kept busy every day of the year, and sometimes he is so rushed with work that he has to call in an assistant. It is no exaggeration to say that he averages from twenty-five to thirty keys a day."

"But I would suppose," remarked a listener, "that even a big hotel would acquire a sufficiency of keys in the course of time."

"So it does," replied the manager, "if the public would only let it keep 'em; but it won't. It would astonish anybody not in the business to know how many guests walk off with their room keys when they leave the house. When the average man gets ready to depart he packs his valise, locks his door and goes direct to the cashier's wicket to settle his bill. When that formality is attended to he is generally in a rush to get to the depot, and is quite apt to forget that he has omitted to return his key at the clerk's desk. That, at any rate, is the way I account for so much absent-mindedness on the subject."

The clerk doesn't discover that the key is gone until the chambermaid applies for it to clean up the room, which is probably an hour or two after the guest has taken his departure. Then nothing remains but to call in the key fitter and tell him to procure a duplicate.

"Formerly the hotels tried to guard against this innocent kleptomania," the manager went on, "by having their keys made very large and cumbersome and attaching them to enormous metal tags, the idea being to render it impossible to put them in one's pocket. To that end they were probably a success, but they were such an unmitigated nuisance otherwise and guests complained so bitterly at the annoyance of handling them, that they were generally discarded. You will still find the plan popular in the country, however, and in small houses that have no locksmith on the premises, and only a week or so ago I dropped into a quaint little establishment where the keys were attached to brass disks fully as large as desert plates and serrated at the edge like circular saws. At present most of the big hotels use a modest metal check, stamped with their address and a request for forward through the mails if accidentally carried off. All that is necessary is to attach a three cent stamp to the tag and drop the key in the nearest letter box. Incidentally I may say that about one man in fifty takes the trouble."

Perhaps I don't see why you jilted Miss Grotz for Miss Bluegore. They tell me Miss Bluegore's fortune is very small. Jack—Yes; it's small, but very select.

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declared that it was wrong for any nursery stock infected with San Jose scale, that the scale in this State is spreading and they must be protected against it in some way. The nursery admitted that some preventive measures were desirable, if not really necessary, but they urged that legislative action to put over one year and that in the meantime an increase in the appropriation for nursery stock inspection be recommended by the society. This was finally agreed to, and apparently the matter was settled.

Before the meeting adjourned, however, it was privately suggested that a meeting of the fruit growers be called for the purpose of organizing an association, the object of which shall be to safeguard their interests by promoting legislative action. The proposition was favorably received by every fruit grower at the meeting whose opinion was solicited.

"What would be the use of fumigating nursery stock in this State?" said a prominent nurseryman of this city, "if that of other States is not fumigated. The San Jose scale, it is presumed, does not know anything about State lines, and it will cross them whenever it comes to them. Hence, to control it in one State it must be controlled in all. As soon as fruit growers in other States hear that there is a compulsory fumigation law in this State they would say that the scale must be severe in New York to make such a law necessary, and they would go elsewhere to purchase their fruit trees."

"The fruit growers appear not to realize," said another nurseryman of this city, "that if they organize for the purpose of advocating a compulsory fumigation law or any similar legislation the nurserymen will be forced to organize for protection if not for self preservation. We will not sit idly by and see laws placed upon the statute books of this State that will practically ruin our business. The fruit growers promised in Rochester that if we would agree to an increase of the nursery stock inspection appropriation they would defer action in fumigation matters until next year. If these men break faith with us by organizing this association we will fight them to the end."

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Aylesford, Jan 24, by Rev J L Read, Wallace Graves to Selma S. Samsone. Amherst, Feb 4, by Rev Joseph Seiler, D Walker Howard to Gertrude Harriott. Keastville, Feb 11, by Rev C H Day, William deB Beckman to Edith E Motter. Yarmouth, Feb 12, by Rev A M McNitch, Gemmalie Swin to Edith Nickerson. Saretta's Island, Feb 5, by Rev Fr Dupla, Henry Bourque to Madeleine Bourque. Batters' Harbor, Jan 29, by Rev R G Sinclair, William Irvin to Addie Porter. Tatamagouche, Feb 13, by Rev Dr Sedgwick Joseph Palmer to Nellie McLeod. Pictou, Feb 18, by Rev A W Morah, Thomas Fitzpatrick to Rosella Annie McDonald. Cumberland, Feb 11, by Rev D H McQuarrie, Henry A Flemming to Florence York.

DIED.

Calais, Feb. 8, Gerhan F Hill, 4. Calais, Feb. 9, Henry McArdle, 66. Painesville, Feb. 3, John Harvey, 72. Halifax, Feb. 9, John T Bulmer, 55. Clinton, Feb. 8, Leora Woodside, 19. Quebec, Feb. 11, Joseph Barker, 64. Rockville, Jan. 30, W H Weston, 48. Calais, Feb. 4, James McKernan, 88. Halifax, Feb. 14, Arthur Stander, 26. Millville, Feb. 11, Jennie E Clark, 71. Campbell, Feb. 3, John Farmer, 85. Millville, Feb. 7, George M Glow, 76. Amherst, Feb. 11, Mrs M E Finch, 67. Bridgewater, Feb. 7, Austin Deal, 92. Bridgewater, Feb. 4, David Wile, 84. Chatham, Feb. 12, Wm J Morris, 78. Port Hill, Feb. 5, Hugh Macintosh, 60. Hillsborough, Feb. 14, B E S ever, 80. Fairview, Feb. 15, G Walker Smith, 74. Colchester, Feb. 7, Mrs Jane Sault, 76. Moncton, Feb. 16, Mary G. Tingley, 5. Waverly, Feb. 7, Ellen Jane Simpson, 74. Sydney, Feb. 14, Mr. Francis J. Dean, 78. Cherry Valley, Feb. 11, Thomas Dodd, 89. Lunenburg, Feb. 10, Mrs. Maria Mra 83. Caledonia West, Feb. 11, Mrs Macleod, 67. St. Stephen, Feb. 9, Margaret King, 67. St. Stephen, Feb. 7, Harold Elmer, 1 year. Robbinston, Feb. 7, Edith L Greenow, 21. Halifax, Feb. 16, E Isabella Gordon, 75. Lower Truro, Feb. 11, Mary Ar. Hibbid, 81. Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 6, Harvey Ellis, 60. Calais, Jan. 27, Mrs Ellen Jane Rideout, 72. Sydney, Feb. 15, Collis Chisholm, Q. C., 51. Gardiner, Mass., Feb. 5, Russell Thompson. Upper Fort Latour, Feb. 8, John C Ross, 55. Campbell to Jan 22, Mrs Beulah A Lusk, 26. Upper Fort Latour, Feb. 4, Hannah M Tracy, 1. St. George, Feb. 6, Charles Frederick Motter, 84. San Francisco, Cal., D. C. 18 John A Thompson, 54. Charlottetown, Feb. 14 Mrs Matilda Macdonald, 78. Upper Montserrat, Feb. 14, George H Parker, 84. Scotch Settlement, Feb. 18, Duncan E. MacLaughlin, 42. Calais, Feb. 7, Pearl Adeline, child of Mrs Nelson Has 4. Halifax, Feb. 16, Walker Ayre, son of Geo. H. Jos 9. North Sydney, Feb. 8, Nancy, wife of George Bennett. Barrington Passage, Feb. 4, Jane, wife of B K H. Keen. Amherst Head, Feb. 13, Ruth, wife of Embree Wood, 57. Halifax, Feb. 15, Lydia A., wife of the late Edward Palmer, 57. Waterville, Me., Feb. 10, Margaret A., wife of F. J. Hughes, 27. Pictou, Feb. 4, Clislie G., infant son of Fred J. Cole, 8 months. Tabusacine, N. B., Feb. 5, Sarah, widow of the late James Currie, 82. Jersey City, U. S., Feb. 5, Asa, husband of Jenny F. Armstrong, 37. Providence, R. I., Feb. 8, Mary Ann Oxley, wife of James S. Fraser, 78. Cape Breton, Feb. 9, Eliza Allen, widow of the late J. Nelson Gardner, 69. Ft. Wm., Feb. 4, Muriel Mianer, child of Mr. and Mrs H L Raine, 13 months.

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Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax..... 8.30 Express for Halifax and Pictou..... 12.15 Express for Sussex..... 12.45 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 17.05 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney..... 22.15

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.15 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule Dining and sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Quebec and Montreal..... 12.45 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene..... 15.05 Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 19.15 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 24.45 Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hour notation.

D. FOTLINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., Nov. 26, 1900.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1 King Street St. John, N. B.

VOL. X

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How the

There have been New Brunswick sittings of that but not too much to the history of the general election there has been ways, but the election, members retired to try their policy. Taking truthfully said ed materially could hardly be Hon. Mr. E. seen in his acco No gentleman he, ever for war

HON. V

friends, well li politics, his reti Mr. White w presented King valuable mem probably the at ment has dropp and Mr. Car ber for Carle White's retire but a short promise of a br or an independi committee, his his party. No member late Mr Wells speaker and al province has su removal.

Mr Gibson of Kent, are two that must be a gentleman did speaking line, tatives they we The gentlemen the first time though new to well known prominent me What success politics, time who succeeds known as a speaker and his a bright future Carvell's plac Emmerston, M and Mr. Copp has good talker wh yet to be tried. Another ch about during t speakership, M to that hon will no doubt satisfactorily, in the line of man of the clever and ha Mr Tweedie the position of the legislature may generaliz here at the more respo