Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE MATE MIRBY,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI. up his mind to rise the next morning, tiny licity about the berth and less of the knuckles had rapped significantly and persistently at his bedroom door. Reuben He posted his letter. The answer came

favor of Tots' company to breakfast. after twelve o'clock had struck, and the bell had said concerning a situation for drinkers had been turned into the road- her granddaughter. way. No one knew anything about her, and she knew very little concerning herself. She said something about mother common to her eighteen months of exist-ence, and she cried for mother for five of the man with the beard, who lodged at the firework shop. He took her under his protection and said that she should stay at the house in Hope street and be cared for till the morning.

No inquiries were ever made concerning Tots, though Reuben advertised and the police stations put up a bill on their blackboard along with their "Found Deads," "Burgiaries" and "Murders;"
Tots was never passed over to the parish. When Tots was scrubbed and combed by Lucy Jennings she was a bright-enough specimen of babyhood, and in twenty-four hours she had forgotten father and mother and taken so desperately to Reuben Culwick that the strong man never found it in his heart to set her from his charity again. It was a wild idea, the Jenningses thought, but they came to terms with the lodger for the extra trouble involved by the care of the child while he thought it was best to be done, until thinking over it became less of a habit and love became a stronger element in Tots' favor and pleaded for her until the day of

which we speak. For eighteen months had Reuben Culwick been the protector of Tots, and Tots had lived in a world of imaginary uncles and aunts, and there was never now a talk of her going away. Reuben had accepted an immense responsibility, and the weight of it had not oppressed him much. He had been a harder and sterner man before the child's affection for him had changed his character a little.

Sitting at the table watching her that day, with his life far clearer before him than it had been, he thought Tots would be like a daughter to him if he lived-and if she lived. He should never marry, and would be able to take care of Tots until some respectable young fellow gave her a home and a name, and he was left alone to fight out the rest of his battle.

What that battle was to be like, Reuben Culwick was hardly certain. Once be had thought that he was cut out for an author, that publishers would be running after him, and the critical press
if the sixpence for admission might conif the sixpence for admission might consituate an insurmountable barrier bestitute an insurmountable barrier bealmost certain-not quite-that he had found his level on the Penny Trumpet. and that a few pounds a week would be the maximum sum which his abilities. such as they were, might be able to pro-

Tots and he were having breakfast to gether, and Tots was asking a hundred questions, when the first post brought him a bulky packet and two letters. Lucy made some little show of dusting the furniture with the corners of her apron, and then went reluctantly toward the door. Reuben had not made a dash at his letters, after his usual fashion, and inrparted the general nature of the contents, and she said at last: "You are not curious about your cor-

respondents to-day." "I can guess all about them. "I dare say you can," said Lucy, half disdainfully; "one's from a woman. What a change to your life after this

dreary street, and us dreary people! Reuben looked at her intently as he broke the envelope of his letter. She was out of sorts still; he had not remarked It so much before, but she was certainly a disagreeable kind of old-young woman, and particularly plain and thin. Hers was a hard life, keeping a house and a simple-minded brother in order, looking after a lodger and Tots, and not saving money. Poor old girl! what had she to make life bearable even? and why should he cross her temper, and put her out for the day?

"She writes a good hand," said Reu-"Who?"

"The girl in gray silk." "I don't know who the girl in gray rilk is; I have never heard you speak of her

"No," said Reuben, "I suppose not. She was at my father's house yesterday morning, and I wondered who she was, and where she had dropped from. A pretty girl, too. Hallo!"

"You are asked to return," exclaimed Lucy: "your father's heart has softened toward you, and heaven wills a happier time for you, as I said that it would

"You are very kind, but this is from my second-cousin Sarah." 'She is pretty, too, I suppose?" said

Lucy, with a twanging voice.
"Abem!—I don't know—I dare say she might be, if highly got up for the occasion. By the way, you might, with your extensive chapel connection, hear of something for Sarah. That poor old woman, Sarah the First," added Reub m, thoughtfully, "may pass away at any moment, and I should like to be really

Reuben Culwick settled down in his old groove the following day; life went on with him steadily, and there was no shadow of discontent upon the path of his pursuing. A few evenings later be met Lucy as he was returning from a walk with Tota.

"What a time you have been!" she said, peevishly; "did you not say that you were coming home early this afteron? I wanted you to write a letter before the five o'clock post went out-the country post."

"The country post-what for?" asked

"I have found a situation for that

What girl-Sarah Eastbell?" "Yes. Didn't you say, sneeringly and mockingly enough, certainly, that with yard, where he stood looking round him my extensive chapel connection I might as if for his Second-cousin Sarah, whose hear of something for her? The girl at appearance seemed wanting to complete the baker's, where we deal, is silly the picture. The door of his aunt's room enough to get married the week after was open, and he walked toward it, and next; there will be wanted some one to take her place, to weigh the bread and he expected to find it. The old woman put the right money for it into the till af- lay in her bed as he had seen her last, a

"Thank you," said Reuben, thought Long before Reuben Culwick had made fully; "I wish there had been less pub-

did not answer, although he smiled in his at length, in a thick, sprawling, down-half-sleep, and knew that Tots was astir, hill hand, which the blind woman might anxious to see him, to hear his voice, to have written herself, and which was know all about the big doll that he had certainly Sarah Eastbell's. It was an told her last night was coming home with ill-spelt and rambling epistle. It came bis luggage. At the fifth or sixth sum- hoping that Reuben was well, as it left mons Reuben Culwick condescended to the writer and Cousin Sarah at present, inform the young lady on the other side and it thanked him for his thought of of the door that he should be in his room | that cousin, who was a good girl, and in ten minutes, and that he requested the would not leave her grandmother under any consideration now. Sarah was very Tots, a ragged, unkempt, fair-haired, happy and contented where she was; but blue-eved child, had been found on the it might be as well for Reuben not to steps of the Prince Regent public house trouble any more about what Mrs. East-

This epistle put Reuben Culwick out a little. It annoyed him more than he cared to confess-it even puzzled him. and father in an inarticulate fashion Why had the grandmother altered her mind in so sudden and abrupt a fashion -she who was very auxious concerning minutes after the policeman had shaken her grandchild's future when he had callher from sleep. It was a commonplace ed at the almshouses of St. Oswald's? incident of poor neighborhoods. The only He would go for a long walk, and consider the matter attentively.

It was a gala night at the Saxe-Gotha, next door but two, and there was a heap of dirty boys and girls hanging about the front door, where a row of colored lumps indicated the place to pay before admittance was gained to the splendors beyond. He had to battle his way through this little mob, and in crossing the road he ran against a young woman, to whom he offered an apology for his clumsiness, and who muttered back something in return, and then made so quick and sidelong a movement from him that his attention was directed toward her again.

Second-cousin Sarah! Was he dreaming? Had he got the girl so deeply impressed upon his mind that his thoughts had conjured up her wraith? He stood looking after herwatching her proceed down Hope street as though she knew the place by heart; and as she passed under the gas lamp with her head very much bent forward and a thin rag of a shawl drawn tightly round her, the black and white dress seemed even to the observant man in the background a familiar pattern, the alternate stripes of which he had last seen from the gateway of the alms-

"Why am I troubling myself about her at all?" he said. "What am I to her, What is she to me? Even if that were the girl suddenly turning up in my neighborhood, at a time when her grandmother yould have me believe that she was down in Worcester-What!" he exclaimed

aloud, "it is she!" The female in advance had suddenly paused on the pavement of Hope street, injudiciously stopping beneath a second gas lamp, and looked carefully and eagerly in the direction whence she had come as if to reassure herself that no one was following at her heels.

After an unceremonious scattering of the boys and girls before the entrance to the Saxe-Gotha Gardens, the woman darted into the establishment itself, as H. Cooley, formerly superintendent of or as if he would not believe in any one with whom he was acquainted entering the place; but Reuben Culwick was in hot haste, and gained upon her rapidly.

CHAPTER VII. Reuben Culwick lost time at the pay office. He passed along an avenue of stunted trees into the gardens, which he entered for the first time in his life, and ooked round very keenly, but there was no trace of Second-consin Sarah. looked at the orchestra; he glanced up at the acrobat, who glared down at him as at a new patron of the arts; he strolled from the crowd to a little grass plat, where was a time-stained fountain -a boy with a broken nose squirting a tet of water from a shell, with a row of paper lanterns within the basin, where dips were flaring; and he passed from the grass plat to the extremity of the garden, where were John Jennings' fireworks, a scanty collection of maiformed objects reared upon high poles to give an idea of importance and magnitude, and waiting John Jennings' ure to burst into smoke and flame. There was a figure crouching by the principal

Why, Mr. Reuben, what can you possibly want here?" he exclaimed, scrambling to his feet. "What are you looking cound for?"

set-piece, and Reuben went toward it, and discovered his landlord. He would

have backed away, but John had recog-

"For a girl in a black shawl and triped cotton dress."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed John "She came in here, and I followed her. atinued Reuben-"a pale-faced girl, with big black staring eyes. Have you

cen a girl like that about ?" "Hundreds-poor wretches." "Not a girl with a white, sorrowful ice, such as she has. I am sure it was

"She-who?" "Oh, never mind," said Reuben, put on is guard at last; "this is the business of your first floor, private and confidential, and momentous. Not a word of this to

Lucy." Reuben Culwick moved restlessly about the gardens, scanning the pleasure seekrs, glaring into the arbors, looking down the dark avenues, and into the refreshent saloon. But there was no sign of Sarah Eastbell-no black and white striped dress even to identify its wearer. He lingered till the last, and went moodily back to his lodgings, certain in his wn mind that Sarah Eastbell had seen him and avoided him.

There was another Sarah Eastbell or his mind, too-the old woman at Sr. Oswald's, down in Worcestershire, What was she doing, prostrate and blind, without her nurse, and without a friend? took up the current number of the Penny Trumpjet to refresh himself with an article of his own composition, and then an advertisement stared at him in the face. Chesp Excursion to Worcester, Malvern and Gloucester." Reuben counted his shillings carefully, looked up at the ceiling, and went into an elaborate mental calculation on the spot. Yes, he would

go away again. The next day he was in Worcester walking up the Tithing as if the place belonged to him. He passed through the gateway and entered the square court entered the apartment, where all was as terward. I have answered for the hon-quiet, patient, watchful woman, and there esty of this second-cousin of yours." was no one with her. Surely it was only

yesterday since he had called at St. Oswald's.

"Who's there?" said Sarah Eastbell, sharply, as he entered.
"Your nephew." he answered, walking
to the bedside. "You received my letter

about Sarah?" "Yes. It was kind of you to think of

"Where is she?" said Reuben.
"Well," replied Mrs. Eastbell; "she has
gone away for a little change. She wil'

"Is she in London?"

"What made Sarah leave you?" "Why, Tom came back from sea. Her brother-a fine strapping young fellow, who has got on in the world. He came here to see me at once," the old lady con-tinued, "and insisted upon giving Sally a bit of a change before he went away on board ship again, and the child wanted change, and they said looked ill, and so I persuaded her to go."

"Has she written to you since?"
"To be sure. There's a letter of hers

the mantelplece now. Reuben Culwick walked across and took down a letter therefrom. To his surprise it was addressed to two persons, the second one being communicated with a lead pencil at the top of the paper.

"Don't read this to grandmother," was written in lead pencil, and in quite a lady's hand. "Keep her as cheerful as I am coming back soon—that I am happy with Tom, and that he is very kind. I can't think of breaking the truth to her yet, that I can never, never come back any more.

"Who reads the letters to you, aunt?" he asked curiously."
"Mrs. Muggeridge or her niece, generbecause the old lady stammers

dreadful." "Now, why are all these people humbugging this poor woman?" muttered Reuben, as he took a great handful of his beard into consideration with him.

While he meditated, a very sallow face. chiseled deeply with ridges, peered round the room door, and two greenish eyes blinked at him through spectacles with wide horn rims. "One moment, Mrs. Muggeridge," Reu-

ben hastened to say. "I want you or your niece to tell me about Mrs. Eastbell's granddaughter-where she has gone, and why she has gone."
"My niece!" said Mrs. Muggeridge,
shaking her head again. "Ah! that's a

little trick to keep that poor old soul going a bit till we take her off to the cent tery, which can't be very long now. The young lady thought it would be the better plan not to tell her anything." "What young lady?"

"She who comes once or twice a day low, just to see her. Why, here she is,

to be sure. (To be continued.)

PLACER MINING FOR SHOT.

Men in Nebraska Are Making Money in a Novel Way. Probably the most unique mine in the world is located within two miles of Omaha, Neb. Others have dug and washed for gold, silver, copper, Iron, etc., but the owners of the mine in question, which is a placer, are mining for shot, and the finished product is turned out in quantities to earn a neat

income for the workers. Across the Mississippi is located the Omaha Gun Club grounds, where frequent "shoots" have been held for the last twelve years. Some time ago A. the Barton-Nash Stone Company, and Thomas Britton, formerly vice-president of the Britton Engine Company, were walking over these grounds and noticed that at a certain place the earth was covered with a layer of shot. At once the idea came to them that here was a paying mine if they could secure the right to work it, and keeping their discovery secret they called upon the officers of the club and proposed to

lease that particular spot for mining purposes. They were laughed at, but secured the lease. It included a tract of ground extending from the shooting box a distance of 300 feet, with about 300 feet on either side. It is over this tract that the shot intended for clay and live pigeons fly. How much of it has been buried in the ground is a question still to be determined. One thing, however, is certain, there is a great quantity of it, and the owners of the unique mine are taking out on an average of 300 pounds a day in working a space not xceeding twelve by fifteen feet.

As soon as Cooley and Britton se ured their lease they purchased a gasoline engine of two-horse power, with pump combination. Then they drove well, striking an abundant flow of water at a depth of twenty feet. This done, they constructed their sluice boxes and were ready for work,

As the shot is imbedded in the ground o a depth of two feet, all this earth has to be washed over. To do this it s shoveled into a sluice box 6 feet long, 12 inches deep and 15 Inches wide, standing upon four legs about three feet above the ground. Water from the Boston Scientific society at a recent the pump is turned on and the dirt is meeting the reasons for the existence sosened, allowing the shot to drop to of what is known as the wishbone in the bottom while the dirt is washed

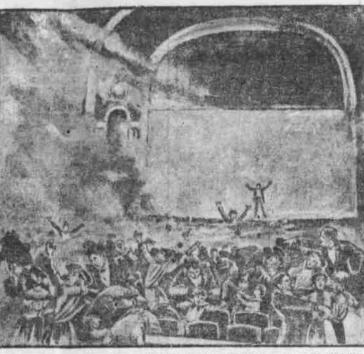
out at the end of the box. ms been washed away the deposit in internally. "For example," said he, the bottom of the studee, consisting of "it is doubtful if five men in the United shot, stones and other foreign sub. States know much about the anatomy stances, is placed in a second box with of the common robin. The ornitholowashing is given, after which the stones are picked out and the shot spread upon boards to dry. The shot is hen placed in bags holding fifty pounds each and is taken to the founshot or into lead bars,

Resurrected shot sells for \$3.90 a as much as \$15.

So successful have Cooley and Briton been, says the New York Times, that they are now looking over the country for the location of other lead nines of a similar nature. All over the country there are abandoned shooting grounds, and on several of these they have secured leases.

At Long Branch. pose to?

Foreign Count-Oh, the youngest one first .- Judge. Large Estates in England. The thirty-four largest estates in THE IROQUOIS THEATER FIRE.



you can without me. Let her think that SCENE WITHIN THE BURNING BUILDING WHEN THE FLAMES LEAPED FROM THE STAGE AND MADNESS SEIZED THE AUDIENCE.

The fire at the Iroquois Theater in Chicago was the most appalling of Chicage's disasters. In loss of life and in horrible details it stands first in the list of calamitous events in the history of the city. More lives were lost in the theater fire than in the Fort Dearborn massacre, in the Lady Elgin disaster, in the burning of Crosby's Opera House, or in the great fire of 1871. More lives were lost in that half hour's panic than in any other hotel

or theater fire in recent times. In the holiday week of 1903, in the most enterprising city of the most progressive of nations, in the newest theater of a city that has given more attention to the building and equipment of amusement halls than any other in the West, occurred one of the most appailing tragedles of the age. The death list is larger than that of a bloody battle, and the horrors of the death struggle of the hundreds who lost their lives were more terrible than any

The disaster was one of the worst of its kind in the history of the world. A holiday audience, composed mainly of women and children, in attendance upon a showy extravaganza, suddenly found itself trapped and in imminent peril of death in a hideous form. With an advancing wave of flame and smoke beating upon them, the terrified people began a desperate rush to escape. The theater is the newest in the city and was supposed to be as nearly fireproof as a theater can be made. The builders had the opportunity to take advantage of every known safety device and to draw upon the lessons of experience in the construction of such buildings in all lands. Presumably equipped with sufficient exits and with every precaution which human intelligence could devise, inspected and approved by city officials, this playhouse showed itself to be only a deathtrap. There was a fireman on the stage, but his efforts, such as they were, amounted to nothing. There was a "fireproof asbestos curtain" which would not work and which seems only to have served to turn the flames more directly upon the audience. There were exits supposed to be adequate, but they were choked and impassable almost upon the instant of the first frenzied rush for safety.

FIRST PICTURE OF BOSTON.



BOSTON IN ABOUT THE YEAR 1725.

This view of Boston, made about 100 years after the town was first settled, is the earliest picture of any place, building or landmark of any kind in New England, known to be in existence. Any existing picture of the kind purporting to be of an earlier date than this one, and there are a few, is spurious.

This earliest pictorial representation, of any scene in New England, but three copies of which are now preserved, one of them in the Bostonian Soclety's collection, in the old State House, was engraved on copper, in London, by J. Carwitham, from whom it derived its name of "The Curwitham View,"

probably between the years 1724 and 1734. It was probably sketched by some local amateur artist in 1723, at which time the Boston newspapers were soliciting subscriptions for the engraving of a view answering this description. The engraving was offered for sale here in 1725, and if this is the one, slight additions must have been made by some engravers about ten years later, since this view contains the spire of the present Old South Church, not built until 1720, as well as the Hollis street

church, erected in 1731. Although the so-called Price's view of Boston was published a few years after this one, yet the Carwitham view remained the popular one as late as 1800. In fact, the specimens now preserved belong to an edition printed from the plate as late as 1779, in response to a desire among the people of England to know something in regard to the appearance of the place that gave birth to the revolution. It is inscribed, "A Southeast View of the City of Boston, in North America," though Boston was not entitled to be design nated as a city until forty years later.

With a population of perhaps 12,000 at that time, Boston had twelve churches, although but eleven show in the picture.

WHY THERE IS A WISHBONE. Scientific Explanation of Its Existence

in Our Edible Fowls. Charles J. Maynard, a well-known man of science, told the members of fowls. To begin with, the speaker deplored the lack of knowledge that ex-When the greater part of the earth lsts regarding the structure of the birds wire netting bottom. Here a second gists know all about external characters, the color, arrangement and num-

little about the interiors of the birds fects in the census reports, it shows they study." Classifications have been that more than 500,000 people in that dry. There it is recast into perfect made largely by externals, when study country are deprived of sight. of the anatomy must be a very important part of the subject. He had for ages been a peculiar feature of 100 pounds, a price a very little less bimself begun with the anatomy, and castern lands. Among the causes are than virgin lead. This difference of more than twenty years ago, in some the continual glare of the sun, the price is due to the presence of anti- of his publications, he dared to sepa- prevalent dustiness of the air, the lack nony, which must be removed before rate the owls from the hawks. They of cleanliness and due care of the eves easting. Selling at this price, the two had been placed in the same order, and of the young. It is a common sight men are clearing \$10 a day, and some have so remained till very recently, to see the eyes of babies one mass days, by working extra hard, they not New others have separated them even of flies and dirt, which the ignorant, more widely than Mr. Maynard did so careless mother is too indifferent to long ago. His deductions were from a drive away. knowledge of the anatomy.

the furcula and is in reallity the union thropists in India, and several socieof what are in man the two separate ties are turning their endeavors to the the bird's wing. It is said that a swan | nal. Impecune-Which of old Moneypen- has been known to break a man's leg ny's daughters are you going to pro- by a blow of its wing, and in a like bird is in the habit of making sudden the change. turns to right or left in its flight it must be fitted with a wishbone com-Britain average 183,000 acres apiece. petent to withstand the great strain, man.

of the wing stroke on one side. For this reason we find in the eagle and like birds of quickly turning flight a furcula that is a perfect Roman arch. widely at variance with the Gothic arch which is the shape of the wishbone of our common fowls. The eagle's furcula is a solid rounded arch, everywhere equally strong, and not developing those points of weakness that make our sport of breaking the wishbone possible.

Blind People in India.

It is a strange and startling fact that, according to the latest available figures, the proportion of the blind to the sighted in India is one in every ber of the feathers, methods of flight, 600, so that, allowing for the usual habits and the like, but exceedingly native reluctance to enter bodily de-

Diseases of the organs of sight have

This peculiar oriental affliction has The wishbone is called by scientists long engaged the attention of philan-

Women in Italian Post Offices Women are now being substituted manner the wing-beatings of the larger for men in the Italian postal service. birds are dangerous if they strike the Signor Galimberti, the minister of head or face. If, therefore, a large ports telegraphs, is responsible for

Freshness of youth often spoils the

INTERESTING BALLOON TRIP.

French Artist Tells of His Experiences

on the Journey. Sem, the black and white French artist, who is a favorite in fashionable circles, has given a short account of his balloon ascent with the Duke and Duchess d'Uzes the other day. The artist merely went to the aerostatic park at St. Cloud for the purpose of seeing the start of the aerial expedition, in which the Archduke Leopold Salvator, of Austria, took part, says the London Telegraph. As the Duke and Duchess d'Uzes

were settling themselves down in the car of the balloon Aero-Club the artist approached and wished them "bon voyage." The duchess, with the sweet est of smiles, said: "Can't you come. too?" and Sem felt that he could not refuse the invitation. So away be went in the clouds, and soon found bimself over Chantilly. He was told to look down, and at first it made him came the dizziness and was able to see the earth under him. It looked like a large papier-mache plan of places in the Louvre museum. The trains seemed to be caterpillars and the houses small spets. In fact, the whole thing looked painted and artificial. Coming closer to the earth the balloonists shouted to little specks of humanity below them and asked where they were. They heard a voice answering that they were year Arras. That was the last Indication they had before the descent Rising again, they found themselves speeding at a tremendous rate through the darkened sky. Night had come on and they had no electric lights with them. They sat talking as in a salon, regardless of the heavy rain, which could not touch them. They were quite warm all the time. Suddenly underneath them they saw long trains of light. Torse were from the B-lgian lowns and furnaces. They even saw from their height five or six towns at mugical.

The captain, Jacques Faure, now said that it was time to descend, or else they might be carried over the They threw out the guide rope and it touched water. A few mi autes after it was on land, and the captain sung out: "Cling on well, we are going down!" They did as they were told and the balloon touched the earth and then bounded along by some trees. At last the envelope was torn and all got out. They danced for Joy on the ground and did not care at the time where they were. The duke and duchess sat down on the car of the balloon, and so, too, did the artist, while the captain went to explore, M. Faure, after a search of nearly an hour, discovered a native who could not speak French, English or German when addressed by the captain in these languages. The native had a gun in his hand and looked dangerous. He was finally made to understand by signs that a vehicle and lodging for the night were wanted. He took the sky travelers to his house and then to the chateau of the mayor, where they earned that they were in Holland.

CHANGES IN THE PEERAGE.

British Aristocracy Is Undergoing "Progress is revolution in disguise and by degrees," a well-known tory make the peers powerless and the poor prosperous." The description will remind many of the phrase uttered by Cromweil: "There will never be a Steamer leave Fortland daily (except Sunday)? a. m., connecting with C. R. & N. trans at lyle 5-15 p. m. for Goldendale, arrives The Dalles 6:30 p. m. Steamer leaves The Dalles daily (except Sunday). good time in England till we have done day) 7:30 a. m. C. R. & N. trains leaving Goldendale 6:15 a. C. R. & N. trains leaving Goldendale 6:15 a.

today? Lord Beaconsfield answered the question in "Coningsby" many

years ago: bank. 'I never heard of a peer with an ancient lineage. The real old familles of this country are to be found among the peasantry; the gentry, too may lay some claim to the old blood. I can point you out Saxon families in this country who can trace their pedigrees beyond the conquest; I know of some Norman gentlemen whose fathers undoubtedly came over with the conqueror. But a peer with an ancient lineage is to me quite a novelty. No, no; the thirty years' war of the roses freed us from those gentlemen. I take it, after the battle of Tewkesbury, a Norman baron was almost as rare a being

n England as a wolf is now. "I have always understood,' said Coningsby, 'that our peerage was the finest in Europe."

"'From themselves,' said Milibank and the heralds they pay to paint their carriages. But I go to facts, When Henry VII called his first parliament there were only twenty-nine temporal peers to be found and even some of them took their seats illegally, for they had been attainted. Of those twentynine not five remain, and they, as the Howards, for instance, are not Norman nobility. We owe the English peerage to three sources-the spoliation of the church, the open and flagrant sale of honors by the elder Stuarts and the borough-mongering of our own times. Those are the three main sources of the existing peerage of England, and in my opinion disgraceful ones." London Truth.

These Birds Are Ingenious.

The crows of the orient are said to be far advanced in the art of stealing beyond the crows of this country. The story is told of a pair of crows at Bombay that robbed an optician of spectacle frames, entering his room repeatedly for that purpose! These birds carried off eighty-four spectacle frames of gold, silver and steel, which were so Ingeniously woven together in their nest that it was a veritable work of art.

In the Swiss Museum of Natural History at Soleure is a wagtail's nest built entirely of clock springs. Several collar bones. These in the birds re- mitigation of the evil, as well as to clockmakers' shops were near, where ceive the brunt of the strokes of the providing books for the blind, and the waste lay scattered about the doors, wing that turn the creature in its flight. make adequate provision for their This the birds had woven with much Few realize the strength of stroke of needs in every way.—New York Jour. ingenuity into a nest more than four inches across and entirely comfortable for the little family.

Cheap but Unreliable Labor. Farm laborers in Mexico may be employed at from 18 to 20 cents a day, though in many parts of the country they are scarce and unreliable.

Don't owe your neighbor a grudge; cancel the debt at once.

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Flour and Feed, etc.

This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. dizzy to do so. By degrees he over- All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

Lumber

Wood, Posts, Etc.

Davenport Bros. Lumber Co.

Have opened an office in Hood River. the same time, and the aspect was Call and get prices and leave orders, which will be promptly filled.

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PORTLAND AND THE DALLES ROUTE All Way Landings. STEAMERS

Connecting at Lyle, Wash., with Columbia River & Northern Railway Co.

FOR has recently said. It is destined to Wahkiacus, Daly, Centerville, Goldendale and

with the lords."

What is the value of our peerage of beaconsfield answered the question in "Coningsby" many ears ago:

"'Ancient lineage,' said Mr. Mill
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