

## THE BOOM OF THE CLARION.

BY BRET HARTE.

Continued from last week.

The paper duly appeared the next morning with the column advertisement, the personal notice, and the weighty editorial on the wagon road. There was a singular demand for the paper, the edition was speedily exhausted, and the editor was proportionately flattered, although he was surprised to receive neither praise nor criticism from his subscribers. Before evening, however, he learned to his astonishment that the excitement was caused by the column advertisement. Nobody knew Mr. Dimmidge, nor his domestic infelicities, and the editor and foreman, being equally in the dark, took refuge in a mysterious and impressive evasion of inquiry. Never since the last San Francisco Vigilance Committee had the office been so besieged. The editor, foreman, and even the apprentice were buttonholed and "treated" at the bar, but to no effect. All that could be learned was that it was a bona fide advertisement, for which one hundred dollars was received! There were great discussions and conflicting theories as to whether the value of the wife, or the husband's anxiety to get rid of her, justified the enormous expenses and ostentatious display. She was supposed to be an exceedingly beautiful woman by some; by others, a perfect Syceorax; in one breath Mr. Dimmidge was a weak, uxorious spouse, wasting his substance on a creature who didn't care for him, and in another a maddened, distracted, henpecked man, content to purchase peace and rest at any price. Certainly never was advertisement more effective in its publicity, or cheaper in proportion to the circulation it commanded. It was copied throughout the whole Pacific slope; mighty San Francisco papers described its size and setting under the attractive headline, "How They Advertise a Wife in the Mountains!" It appeared in the Eastern journals, under the title of "Whimsicalities of the Western Press." It was believed to have crossed to England as a specimen of "Transatlantic Savagery." The real editor of the Clarion awoke one morning, in San Francisco, to find his paper famous. Its advertising columns were eagerly sought for—he at once advanced the rates. People bought successive issues, to gaze upon this monumental record of extravagance. A singular idea, which, however, brought further fortune to the paper, was advanced by an astute critic at the Eureka saloon. "My opinion, gentlemen, is that the whole blamed thing is a bluff! There ain't no Mr. Dimmidge; there ain't no desertion. The whole rotten thing is an advertisement o' suthin'! Ye'll find afore ye get through with it that that there wife won't come back until that blamed husband buys Somebody's Soap, or treats her to Somebody's particular Starch or Patent Medicine! Ye jest watch and see!" The idea was startling, and seized upon the mercantile mind. The principal merchant of the town, and purveyor to the mining settlements beyond, appeared the next morning at the office of the Clarion. "Ye wouldn't mind puttin' this 'ad,' in a column alongside of the Dimmidge one, would ye?" The young editor glanced at it, and then, with serpent-like sagacity, veiled, however, by the suavity of the dove, pointed out that the original

advertiser might think it called his bona fides into question and withdraw his advertisement. "But if we secured you by an offer of double the amount per column?" urged the merchant. "That," responded the locum tenens, "was for the actual editor and proprietor in San Francisco to determine. He would telegraph." He did so. The response was, "Put it in." Whereupon in the next issue, side by side with Mr. Dimmidge's protracted warning, appeared a column with the announcement, in large letters, "We haven't lost any wife, but we are prepared to turnish the following goods at a lower rate than any other advertiser in the county," followed by the usual price list of the merchant's wares. There was an unprecedented demand for that issue. The reputation of the Clarion, both as a shrewd advertising medium and a comic paper, was established at once. For a few days the editor waited with some apprehension for a remonstrance from the absent Dimmidge, but none came. Whether Mr. Dimmidge recognized that this new advertisement gave extra publicity to his own, or that he was already on the track of the fugitive, the editor did not know. The few curious citizens who had, early in the excitement, penetrated the settlement of English miners, twenty miles away, in search of information, found that Mr. Dimmidge had gone away, and that Mrs. Dimmidge had never resided there with him!

Six weeks passed. The limit of Mr. Dimmidge's advertisement had been reached, and, as it was not renewed, it had passed out of the pages of the Clarion, and with it the merchant's advertisement in the next column. The excitement had subsided, although its influence was still felt in the circulation of the paper and its advertising popularity. The temporary editor was also nearing the limit of his incumbency, but had so far participated in the good fortune of the Clarion as to receive an offer from one of the San Francisco dailies.

It was a warm night, and he was alone in his sanctum. The rest of the building was dark and deserted, and his solitary light, flashing out through the open window, fell upon the nearer pines, and was lost in the dark, indefinable slope below. He had reached the sanctum by the rear, and a door which he also left open to enjoy the freshness of the aromatic air. Nor did it in the least mar his privacy. Rather the solitude of the great woods without seemed to enter through that door and encompass him with its protecting loneliness. There was occasionally a faint "peep" in the scant eaves, or a "pat-pat," ending in a frightened scurry across the roof, or the slow flap of a heavy wing in the darkness below. These gentle disturbances did not, however, interrupt his work on "The True Functions of the County Newspaper," the editorial on which he was engaged.

Presently a more distinct rustling against the straggling blackberry bushes beside the door attracted his attention. It was followed by a light tapping against the side of the house. The editor started and turned quickly towards the open door. Two outside steps led to the ground. Standing upon the lower one was a woman. The upper part of her figure, illuminated by the light from the door, was thrown into greater relief by the dark background of the pines. Her face was unknown to him, but it was a pleasant one, marked by a certain good-humoured deter-

THIN GIRLS  
GET PLUMPwhile using Dr. A. W. Chase's  
Nerve Food.

There comes a critical time in the life of every woman when the bud of girlhood is unfolding into the full blown flower of womanhood. Mothers at this time should carefully guard their daughters' health, for this is a time when many a girl falls victim to insidious diseases which make life a misery.

Loss of flesh, headaches, pains in back and side, nervousness, irritability, dull eyes and a pale, sallow complexion, these are the symptoms that warn you to use Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

The blood is impoverished and the nerves require nutrition. Nature must have assistance and there is no better way to help nature than by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. It is a food for blood and nerves, and creates rich, red blood, solid flesh and new nerve tissue. The color will return to the cheek, the brightness to the eye, and increase in weight will tell of solid advance in health.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, soc. a box. At all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

mination.

"May I come in?" she said, confidently. "Certainly," said the editor. "I am working here alone because it is so quiet." He thought he would precipitate some explanation from her by excusing himself.

"That's the reason why I came," she said, with a quiet smile.

She came up the next step, and entered the room. She was plainly but neatly dressed, and now that her figure was revealed he saw that she was wearing a linsey-woolsey riding skirt, and carried a serviceable rawhide whip in her cotton gauntleted hand. She took the chair he offered her, and sat down sideways on it, her whip hand now also holding up her skirt, and permitting a hem of clean white petticoat and a smart, well-shaped boot to be seen.

"I don't remember to have had the pleasure of seeing you in Calaveras before," said the editor, tentatively.

"No, I never was here before," she said, composedly, "but you've heard enough of me, I reckon. I'm Mrs. Dimmidge." She threw one hand over the back of the chair, and with the other tapped her riding-whip on the floor.

The editor started. Mrs. Dimmidge! Then she was not a myth. An absurd similarity between her attitude with the whip and her husband's entrance with his gun six weeks before forced itself upon him and made her an invincible presence.

"Then you have returned to your husband?" he said, hesitatingly.

"Not much!" she returned, with slight curl of her lip.

"But you read his advertisement?" "I saw that column of fool nonsense he put in your paper—of that's what you mean," she said, with decision, "but I didn't come here to see him, but you."

The editor looked at her with a forced smile, but a vague misgiving. He was alone at night in a deserted part of the settlement, with a plump, self-possessed woman who had a contralto voice, a horse whip, and—he could not help feeling—an evident grievance.

"To see me?" he repeated, with a faint attempt at gallantry. "You are paying me a great compliment, but really—"

"When I tell you I've come three thousand miles from Kansas strait here without stopping, ye n reckon it's so," she replied, firmly.

"Three thousand miles!" echoed the editor, wonderingly.

"Yes. Three thousand miles from my own folks' home in Kansas, where six years ago I married Mr. Dimmidge—a British furrier, as could scarcely make himself understood in any Christian language! Well, he got round me and dad allowed! he was an reg'lar out and out professional miner—had lived in mines ever since he was a boy; and so, not knowin' what kind o' mines, and dad just bilin' over with the gold fever, we were married and kem across the plains to Californy. He was good enough man to look at, but it warn't three months before I discovered that he allowed a wife was no better nor a nigger slave, and he the master. That made me open my eyes; but then, as he didn't drink, and don't gamble, and don't swear, and was a good provider and laid by money, why I shifted along with him as best I could. We drifted down the first year to Sonora, at Red Dog, where there wasn't another woman. Well, I did the nigger slave business—never stirring out o' the settlement, never seein' a town or a crowd o' decent people—and he did the lord and master! We played that game for two years, and I got tired. But when at last he allowed he'd go up to Elktown Hill, where there was a passel o' his own countrymen at work—with never a sign o' any other folks, and leave me alone at Red Dog until he fixed up a place for me at Elk-town Hill—I kicked! I gave him fair warnin'! I did as other nigger slaves did—I ran away!"

A recollection of the wretched woodcut which Mr. Dimmidge had selected to personify his wife flashed upon the editor with a

## YOU WILL FIND

THE BEST LINE OF

## EATING CHOCOLATES!

In town at the CENTRAL GROCERY.

## C. M. SHERWOOD &amp; BRO.

WOODSTOCK.

Ask your grocer for

## EDDY'S

|                |                |      |
|----------------|----------------|------|
| "EAGLE"        | PARLOR MATCHES | 200s |
| do             | do             | 100s |
| "VICTORIA"     | do             | 65s  |
| "LITTLE COMET" | do             | do   |

The finest in the world. No brimstone.

## The E. B. EDDY CO. Limited.

Hull, P. Q.

CONFEDERATION LIFE  
ASSOCIATION.

OF TORONTO.

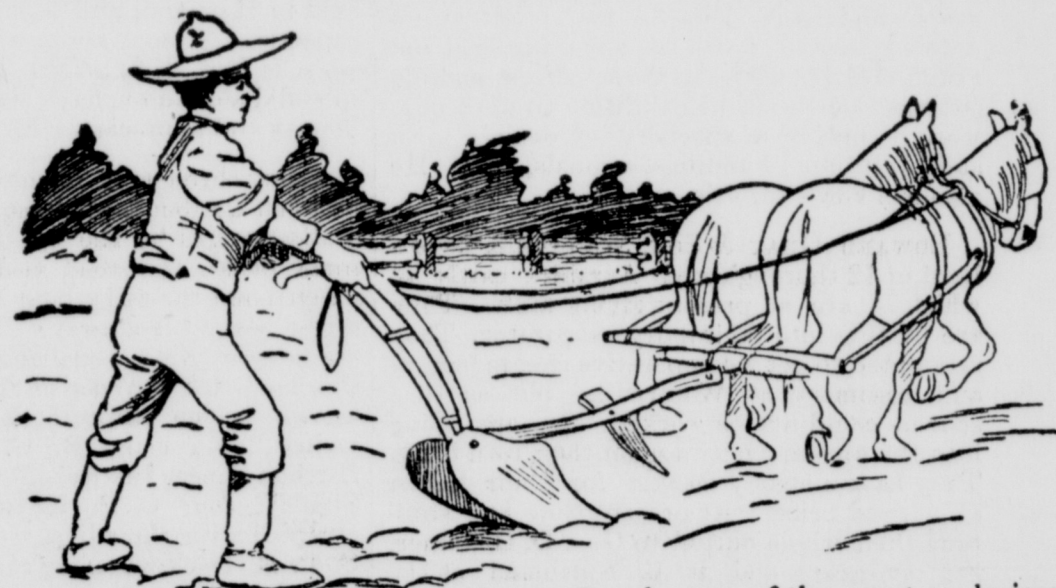
Established 1871.

Income \$1,200,000.

Policies Unconditional. Extended Insurance and  
Paid Up Policy after TEN years. Low Rates.  
Profits Unexcelled.

WENDELL P. JONES,  
Special Agent.

G. W. PARKER,  
Gen. Agent.



I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarious districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at times so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. For years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing, that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a barrel of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most serious attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tabules, upon a friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have never been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and night and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take three in a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and I have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since I commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake up more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints Ripans Tabules will help, but I do know they will cure any one in the condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world, as they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to take. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, the same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather, and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall; in fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and have said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

WANTED.—A case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. Give relief. Note the word R-I-P-A-N-S on the package and accept no substitute. R-I-P-A-N-S 10 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 45 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., 26 Spruce St., New York.

new meaning. Yet perhaps she had not seen it, and had only read a copy of the advertisement. What could she want? The Calaveras Clarion, although a "Palladium" and a "Sentinel upon the Heights of Freedom" in reference to wagon roads, was not a redresser of domestic wrongs—except through its advertising columns! Her next words intensified that suggestion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Tom, you ask me to be your wife—to give you my heart, my all. Think well of what you say, and then tell me if you will grant me one small favor."

"Anything you ask, my love."

"Then promise me that you will never smoke another cigar as long as you live."

"I promise, dear."

"And doesn't it cost you a pang?"

"Not a pang. I'd rather smoke a pipe any day."

## DEADLY CATARRH

has fastened its relentless grip upon some member of nearly every family in the land. Competent authorities estimate that from eighty to ninety per cent. of the entire population of this continent suffer from some form of this repulsive and dangerous malady. If you or any of your family suffer either from recognized catarrh or from the lingering colds which mark its early stages—don't trifle with it. It is the precursor of consumption and death.

Dr. Agnew's  
Catarrhal Powder

never fails. It is the remedy of all remedies, endorsed by the most experienced and eminent nose and throat specialists of the day, and having a record of a multitude of radical, permanent cures of chronic cases which had been declared incurable. It also cures cold in the head, influenza, hay fever, loss of smell, deafness, sore throat, tonsillitis, asthma and all similar diseases. It is delightful to use.

"I have had chronic catarrh ever since the war," says J. C. Taylor, of 210 N. Clinton Ave., Trenton, N. J. "I had despaired of ever being cured. I used three bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and my catarrh has entirely left me." Rev. C. E. Whitcombe, rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Hamilton, Ont., was a great sufferer. He used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and now proclaims it a safe, simple and certain cure. The Lord Bishop of Toronto, Can., recommends the remedy over his own signature. Sold by druggists.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart relieves heart disease in 30 minutes. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills—20c. for 40 doses—are the best. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in a day eczema, tetter and all skin diseases. Cures piles in 2 to 5 nights. 35c. 2



FOR SALE BY GARDEN BROS