

**EARTHQUAKE TOLL IS TWO HUNDRED.**

Catania, Sicily, May 11.—The official estimate of the dead as the result of the recent earthquake which destroyed many villages on the eastern slope of Mount Etna places the number at close to 200. This is said to be the largest percentage ever recorded, considering the smallness of the area affected by the disturbance.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,**

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold of the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonial Free. Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Hindus Will Not Be Allowed To Land**

Victoria, B. C., May 23.—That the Komagata Maru, the Japanese tramp steamer, will not be allowed to land her passengers, consisting of 376 Hindus, in any port of British Columbia, is the statement of the immigration officials. The steamer was detained at quarantine station.

The nominal reason the authorities would not permit any landing was that the skipper of the Maru had not a clean bill of health. The Hindus appear quite confident that they will be admitted, but the immigration officials are equally confident, and backed by the immigration law, have no fear of the result.

The police of New Haven, Conn., had a busy day Friday warning people to keep away from heavily charged wires carrying powerful electricity. After there occurred several near electrocutions and narrow escapes, it was discovered that the power would not be turned on until a week after the scheduled time and that the wires were harmless.

Pres. Asher, an aged farmer, living near Albany, Mo. has never had any confidence in a gun, and kills all the small game he desires with a bow and arrow which he has made himself.

**Hyomei**

**The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh**

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hyomei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an antiseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me).

Hyomei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hyomei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

**THE LUMP OF GOLD.**

The little narrow-gauge train went balancing like a tightrope walker, across the last, high, creaky trestle; then rattled down into a cut, and emerging entered, with a naive cry of triumph, its terminal, the depot of Red Dog. Only a few weeks before a heavy Concord stage, the relic of days of romance, had still galloped daily over hill and dale between the plain, the overland and this small but important mining town; but now its inhabitants possessed the customs of citizens who live along rails of steel.

A third, at least, of the population was here at the station: the men had a brushed, sleek appearance of having stopped at the washstand and of having sat in the bootblack's chair; and the girls, far more numerous walking in twos and threes, wore light, brightly-colored dresses, the very freshness of which somehow told of a very long day passed in wrappers listlessly in a stifling heat.

Three buses were tacked against the curb; and three men, with caps, bawled simultaneously: "Grand Palace!" "Great Western!" and "Golden Eagle!" My brother, who was waiting, seized me by the arm and charged me through the giggling girls.

"I haven't brought the buggy," he explained. "I thought you would like to walk through the town for old times' sake." With which I cordially agreed.

So we walked along the main street, which, in spite of its new concrete sidewalks, had changed but little. There was yet an astonishing number of swinging doors, and behind them jangled pianos; there were many boots and many sombreros; and lurid ladies loitering about easily accepted by democratic groups. As we walked I cast side glances on my brother, I did not like his appearance. There was in his cheeks that queer redness, that sort of internal inflammation which usually announced one of his nervous breakdowns; those nervous breakdowns caused by the exaggerated multiplicity of his enterprises, his faith in men—and subsequent disillusion.

"You're near another breakdown," I came near saying; "look out!" Instead I said,—"How is the pocket mine?"

Besides the vague trouble I had discerned in his rare letters, it was the pocket mine that had done most to cause my visit. Of all his enterprises nothing amused me like his pocket mining; for pocket mining is like life itself. In ordinary quartz mining, you dig along a vein that contains, right along, more or less gold; but in pocket mining you start digging along a pure white vein, absolutely virgin of the precious dust, but within which—somewhere—all ready for you, lies a pocket of absolutely pure gold.

The thing is set for you, just like your destiny. That pocket which means your fortune may be forty-eight years of digging away from where you start, and you may start, and you may stop after digging forty-seven years eleven months and twenty-nine days. Or it may be just one blow of the pick away from where you think of starting; and you may give the blow—and maybe you do not. And you may work years and quit just one scratch of your finger nail away from consumption; or you may not work at all—and one day, idly aiming a pick, you may bring down on your head the shower of gold.

"How is the pocket mine?" I asked again, for he seemed not to have heard me.

The old fresh enthusiasm flamed again in his eyes.

"Great!" he asserted cheerily. "I think we're very near something now. The indications have been good for a month. The men are all excited."

"Who have you working on it?"

"I've grub-staked Winkelman and a Canadian named Stewart; they get one-third."

"Winkelman!" I said, discontented.

"Have you still that fellow?"

"Why not? He's always done good work for me. He's faithful."

"I suppose so," I said. "I suppose so."

He tapped my back lightly.

"Old cynic!" he exclaimed.

His bungalow was perched on a knoll above the town, which, perfering its gulch and its typhoid, called it the "stuck up." As he climbed the slope I noticed my brother was limping.

"You are limping," I said.

"A little," he answered. "It's that last runaway."

"Another runaway? Ever since he had left home, years before, we had been kept nervous by the series of his

accidents, due perhaps to an inborn inability to take care of himself, but which at a distance took on a singular character of pursuing fatality. 'What have you done now?'

"Oh, on the Big Oak Flat. My buggy broke in two. Of course the horses ran away."

We had reached the top of the knoll where stood his bungalow, but he took me first to the stables.

"I want to show you the wreck," he explained. He opened the wide door and I stood before what looked at first like a gigantic spider—an intricacy of twisted and broken spokes, rims, tires, shaft and splintered box. "I had it dragged back twelve miles," he explained proudly. "It had landed at the as a matter of fact. Stopping, I was—"

"You might have left it there," I observed.

"I don't know. It's not of any use, of course, but it's an interesting—relic."

I was finding it interesting myself.

"Not an enemy, Frank," not an going over the pieces like a naturalist over fossil bones. The buggy had been one of those light, strong vehicles peculiar, I think, to American builders. There was a strong, resilient frame, set on springs, that in turn were on the axles; and on this frame was the box, with its seat. I held one side of the frame, a piece that had gone from rear to front axle. It was broken in two.

It was as my brother said—the buggy had broken in two under him. I examined the break—and was astonished. Half of the break was as it should be—a rough, irregular surface, with long splinters; but the other half was smooth to the touch—the evident work of a saw. I searched and found the companion piece on the other side of the frame. The same phenomenon was there—a smooth cut halfway through the wood; then the rough, splintered tear. Before it had yielded and had broken, the buggy frame had been half sawed through! I placed the pieces beneath my brother's eyes.

"Yes, I know," he said, with an absent-minded gesture.

We went on toward the house. As we reached the porch he turned suddenly to me.

"I shouldn't have an enemy in the world, Frank," he said to me. Not one enemy, Frank!

"No, George," I replied. "You should have no enemy."

"Not an enemy, Frank; not an enemy!" he repeated.

Looking at him I felt abruptly rising through me—strong—the old fraternal tenderness.

The Great Dane, tied to his kennel barked much that night and fretted at the end of his chain; I heard him dully through the enveloping torpor of a heavy but restless sleep. When finally I woke the bark had risen to a frenzy, though I had the clear knowledge it was not that which awakened me, but a sense of absence. In a minute I knew what this was. On the other side of the room, through the darkness, my brother's cot felt empty. So sure was I that it was empty I did not pass near it as I slipped out; and it was with no surprise I found my brother on the veranda of the bungalow. He was leaning out, with both hands on the rail, searching the darkness with his eyes; while his voice, low and constated, sought to quiet the dog's bark, which was now one of baffled anger. The night was a beautiful one—moonless, but sparkling hard with stars. The ground about the house was bare for some three hundred feet. The thick chaparral then began; and it was into its indistinct blackness he was looking with an intentness that brought his neck and chin into one taut line.

"What is it?" I murmured.

His posture changed. He drew back his head and relaxed himself.

"It's nothing," he said.

"But why do you come out here for nothing?"

"The dog wouldn't let me sleep. It's that cat, I suppose."

"What cat?"

"There is a cat that lives yonder in the chaparral. He is a domestic cat racially, but you would think him a wildcat. He's twice the ordinary size, leaps like a leopard and has the impudence of a skunk. He breaks right in to my house at times and steals food from my kitchen. When cornered he'll face you and spit like animated poison. Martin—the Dane—hates him, of course with the most vigorous hatred. It must have been that cat tonight."

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We strolled along the veranda—clean round the house—several times, looking up at the stars, throwing now and then a still suspicious glance toward the chaparral. The dog's bark had sunk to a rumbling growl; Martin was chewing the cud of his disapprobation.

"Let's go to bed," said my brother abruptly.

We did that and after a while found sleep; it was probably the break in our rest that was responsible for it. When we got up the sun was already warm on the hill. My brother's Chinese servant had left him two weeks before; so we set out to cook our own breakfast, which all Californians can do. It was while engaged in this that my brother, going out on the porch, stumbled over a box lying there. He stooped and examined it.

"By Jove, we are in luck!" he cried. "Fresh trout! Ben Green must have been here this morning—early, I guess."

"Who is Ben Green?" I asked.

"He is the foreman of a lumber camp up in the hills. Whenever he comes to town he brings me trout from the stream up there." He had a hatchet by this time and was attacking the box. "Queer," he murmured as he pried carefully, "that he didn't stay to have his little nip. We must have been sound asleep."

The cover flew open with a crackling sound, and iridescent in a beam of the sun a row of beautiful rainbow trout appeared on their bed of green.

"Quick!" cried my brother, stepping back into the kitchen; "a little flour, bacon and a hot frying pan!"

It was while we bustled about these things that the dog Martin's voice rose in a roar—at first of warning, then

of fury. We sprang out. On the box which we had left so carelessly out there an animal squatted so large, so strangely misshapen by his posture, that at first I did not know what it was; and at the uninterpreted sight I felt a shiver rise up my spine and settle at the base of my hair. The animal sprang back, leaped the railing with incredible grace, struck the ground, and started trotting across the flat, its head high, a fish lying crosswise in its half-open jaws—and I saw that it was a cat, a domestic cat, but bigger than any I had ever seen, with heavy muscles and a powerful chest, vaguely reminding one of a stallion.

"Quick! My gun!" my brother whispered, reaching his hand within the kitchen and withdrawing it holding a rifle. He passed it to me. "Take a shot."

Continued next issue

Sydney, Austr 14, now has a population of 700,000.

The estate of Lord Rathcona will pay nearly \$100,000 inheritance tax to the State of Wisconsin on stocks of the Northern Pacific Railroad, approximating \$3,700,000.

The heat wave in New York was broken by a violent thunder and wind storm Wednesday. Two men were killed by lightning and two deaths were attributed to the heat, and there were more than a dozen prostrations.

**Apple Orchards Are Sure Money**

But we must plant the native grown trees. I have a few trees, all the hardy, reliable varieties, 3 to 5 years old—must positively clear out in May, the last chance to get them. Send list of what you want. POTATO MEN! Arsenate of Lead is cheaper than Paris Green. Does not wash off. Does not burn the plant. I am agent for the famous Grasselli Arsenate of Lead and Grasselli Eodeiax Mixture.



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