THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

One of the Most Remarkable of His Many Singular Experiences.

"In the hall of a house that I had visited one night," said the retired burglar, "I found in the umbrella can an umbrella that was the biggest one I ever saw designed for private use. And in the same can was a cane, or what I supposed was a cane, that was as big as a drum major's baton; I thought first maybe that's what it was; but that wouldn't account for the umbrella; a drum major wouldn't want any bigger umbrella than anybody else would.

"But I was still more surprised when I turned away from this can and started through a door from the hall into the parlor; I had come up into the hall from the cellar. This door into the parlor I should think was nine feet high—eight and a half, sure. I'd never seen any such doors in my life anywhere; they went almost plumb up to the ceiling; and there was the same kind of a door from the parlor into the dining room back of it. And in that dining room, among the chairs standing around the dining table there was one, an arm chair, at one end that was the biggest chair I ever saw at all; it seemed as though it must have been made for some great giant. I pulled it out from the table and sat down in it. When I worked myself back in the seat it raised my feet clean off the floor, and when I put my arms up on the arms of this chair. I had to put 'em up like a chicken does its wings when it's half walking and half sort of flying, running along the ground. Why, say, it made me feel

LIKE A BIG BABY

sitting up there, and I laughed when I slipped down. Then I shoved the chair back in place—I think I'm a stickler for order, for I do hate to see things lying around—and took a look into the drawers of the sideboard.

"It seemed to me that there were more carving knives there without forks than I'd ever seen before, but I discovered in a moment that these were not carving knives, but table knives of very unusual size. I discovered a moment later forks to go with them. I never saw any forks like 'em for size, and silver they were, too; you could see that at a glance; and there were spoons there to correspond; some of 'em, I should think, four times as big as an ordinary tablespoon. They made me laugh when I looked at 'em, same as the chair had, they were so different from the ordinary run of things. I suppose I must have been stupid not to realize by this time what it all meant, but I didn't at all.

"I didn't put away that silver in my bag. I thought I'd wait till I saw what I got upstairs. I didn't know but what I'd get a bag full of watches and diamonds and I don't know what not up there, and I thought if I needed any ballast after I got that cargo in, I'd put in some of these spoons and forks; or, if I didn't get a full load upstairs, or anything of value, why I knew where these things were. But as I turned away from the sideboard my light glinted along the handle of one of the big spoons, and I picked that up and put it in my pocket. I don't know it sort of attracted my eye, and I picked it up kind o' half involuntarily. Then I went on upstairs.

"There was one room opening off that upstairs hall that had a door of the same height as the ones I'd seen downstairs, eight and a half feet at the least; and when I sort of worked my lamp around inside of that room I struck a bed that looked to me, under those circumstances, to be twelve feet long—I suppose it was really about ten—and lying on that bed was a man that made me think of the shapes you see around in different parts of the country on the tops of hills and mountains that the people of the neighborhood call 'the old man of the mountains, or 'the sleeping giant.' I never saw anybody like him anywhere, and I suppose I must have been kind o' thoughtless and ticked my lamp against the door as I looked at him. He was lying on his left side with his back toward me,

HE MUST HAVE BEEN AWAKE

or else he was a very light sleeper, for that tick woke him up and he just rolled over as he lay onto his right side, facing me, and, all in the same movement, he swung his legs out of bed and dropped 'em to the floor while he raised his body at the same time, and almost before I realized it he was sitting up on the edge of the bed.

"'And what do you suppose I did then? I dug out. The fact is, I think it kind o' upset me a little. I'm not accustomed to losing my head or my nerve, but this was something very different from anything I'd ever struck, and spite of what I'd seen downstairs the giant struck me all of a sudden when I did see him, and I don't believe he ever looked so big to a living soul when he showed in the circus—I suppose he must have been a retired giant who was living here in comfort—as he did to me sitting there on the edge of that twelve-foot bed. And if he was as quick and strong as he was big, why, gracious me! I wouldn't have been in it at all with him, and I just simply got out as quickly as I could.

"Taking off my coat when I got home something sagged against my leg, and reaching down I pulled that big spoon out of my outside coat pocket; instead of ballasting my bag with those big spoons and forks if there was room for them, this one spoon was the only thing I brought away from the whole house. But I was glad I got that. It was a queer sort of a relic of an odd experience, and we made it useful, too. I bent the handle up at a suitable angle and we've used it ever since for a soup ladle.

WOMEN YOU CAN'T SNUB.

Do you know who is the most exasperating woman in the world? The woman you can't snub. She is two kinds—the meek and lowly sort, that when you smite her turns the other cheek, until you're positively too tired to deal her another blow, and the one whose self-importance is invulnerable as Achilles' heel. I met one of the last kind early in the winter, says a writer. On general principles, I would avoid this woman, because she's skinny and her face shines. Something is all wrong about a skinny woman; one way or another she's dangerous.

When a skinny woman's face shines it means she's above using powder and is sure to make a parade, as a virtue, of the very wrong that is to account for the lack of flesh on her bones. I couldn't help the woman calling on me, and I returned her first call rather than run the risk of what she might do to me if I violated this fundamental principle of right social action as prescribed by every etiquette book in the land. When she called a second time she addressed me an "my good woman." I can forgive almost anything but being called a good woman—only a menial or mediocrity past 40 is properly termed good woman. I resolved to snub this creature, and I wanted her to know I was snubbing her. I would never return her visit—never. And how do you suppose she takes it? Every time she sees me she apologizes to me for not having returned my visit—blots my intended neglect of her out of mind and patronizes me with the assumption that it is she who is neglecting me. Mark the wisdom I have uttered.

Never trifle with a skinny woman if her face shines.

The first woman pensioner of the Spanish war is Mrs. S. C. Gibbreath, of Austin, Texas, whose husband, a major in the 11th Infantry, died in Porto Rico last summer.

MARVELLOUS KLONDIKE.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE COUNTRY AND ITS DISCOVERER.

It Is a Fascinating Story—Untold Wealth in the Far North—Hardships of the Miners—Many and Bitter Disappointments—Stampede From Circle City—Told By a Special Correspondent of Harper's Weekly.

"He treated with disdain Cobb's threat to jump the claims, and said he would go and see the recorder. McKay arrived on the scene, and the recorder told them that if they cut their names off Bonanza, he would put their names down on the new creeks. This Clements, Antone, and Keller did.

"The first of a gang of stampeders, who had come to Dawson on the steamer, arrived. Among those were William Scouse and William Sloan, who took 14 and 15. Some one staked 13 in a fictitious name, to try to hold for a friend, perhaps, and this was afterwards jumped by a man of the name of Hollingshead.

"We all went over to the creek, and began to measure and record.

"Cobb jumped Phiscater's claim, as he had not taken his name off Bonanza. The name of the creek was formally declared to be "El Dorado, as agreed upon at the meeting the night before.

"Cobb lost his claim, for Constantine decided that 'at the time he jumped there was plenty of as good ground farther up the creek, and that it was hoggish, to say the least, to jump ground where a discovery of gold had been made.' Had all the five claims been jumped, instead of only one, and this been done after the creek had been staked, there is a chance whether Antone, Keller, and company would

NOT HAVE LOST THEIR CLAIMS,

to which they had not the slightest legal right until they had taken their names off Bonanza, and the reasons that barred Cobb would not have applied to late comers, when there was no more ground on the creek above.

"The spot where the gold was discovered was, like the discovery on Bonanza, at the edge of the creek on the line of Nos. 2 and 3. It was taken from a cut in the bank, and was practically surface gold that had slid down from the old channel on the hill-side. It was nothing more or less than 'bench' gold, the existence of which was not even suspected at that time. From a hole eighteen inches deep in the creek-bed, and under water, as high as two dollars was taken out. Bed-rock where the real richness lay, and the real creek-bed, was fifteen or sixteen feet below the surface, under muck and gravel.

"The next morning, at six o'clock, we started back, and reached the Indian village at one p.m. crossed over to our cache, and had dinner. Then we started for Forty Mile, which we reached at ten-thirty that night, and next day we recorded again, and finally at Constantine's office."

Johns, like so many others, little knew the value of the claim he had staked. After some days, a favorable report must have been received from the new diggings. He was offered $500 for the claim, and sold it to Knut Langlows and Mrs. Healy. One half was cash, the other half to be paid when bed-rock was reached. In the case of the man who staked 29, and played Charlie Anderson for an easy mark, he too simply judged Klondike values like others in that country. Those who sold were by no means fools. They simply had a chance to sell for a grub stake, which was about all a man usually got from a year's work. And if the truth were confessed, the reason why there were not more sales at that time was that

THERE WERE FEW BUYERS.

For this is what happened; first claims were of no value; then, as gold was found, they rose in value slowly first, then with great leaps. The seller would want, say, a thousand dollars; by the time the buyer found that it was really worth a thousand, the claim owner had discovered it to be worth ten thousand; and when the buyer was willing to buy at that price, the value had jumped to twenty thousand, and so on. The buyers were just one lap behind the sellers.

No. 31 El Dorado was sold by the original staker for $100, $80 being cash. Within six months it was sold for $31,000, and one year later the owner refused $150,000.

One-half of 30 El Dorado, it is said, was sold for a sack of flour. The owners, big Alec. McDonald and Billy Chappel, did not think enough of it to work it themselves, but rather late in the season put it out on a lay, and took a lay themselves on another claim. The laymen struck it the first hole, and out of thirty burnings took out $40,000.

Antone went to Forty Mile after staking. He was short of grub, and wanted to work his claim. Ordinarily any man could get credit in the lower country, but when Antone applied to the Alaska Commercial Company, the temporary agent would not let him have it unless it was guaranteed. One Clarence Berry came forward, guaranteed Antone's bill, and received in return a one-half interest in the claim. Berry was sometimes spoken of as a "tin-horn gambler," was not supposed to have much money and he was never called upon to make the guarantee good. It was whispered about the camp that the agent expected to profit by the transaction. As a matter of fact he did not. Afterwards Antone and Berry bought controlling interests in Nos. 4 and 5, and a fraction between 5 and 6. Their group of claims became known, through the public press as "the Berry claims," about which there was a little romance of a winter trip, a young bride, and nuggets by the handful.

The length of the claims here, as elsewhere in the Canadian Yukon, was five hundred feet, instead of one hundred feet allowed by the general law of Canada. The modification in favor of the larger claim was brought about in 1894 through the agency of Captain Constantine, who recognized that, on both sides of the international line, which crossed the heart of the Forty Mile diggings, mining conditions were precisely the same; indeed, the exact location line was unknown until 1896. On the American side the miners,

MADE THEIR OWN LAWS,

and might make the claim any length they chose, up to something over thirteen hundred feet; but upon nearly all the gulches it had been fixed at five hundred feet as the smallest claim that could be worked, at the same time being large enough to afford return for the labor of prospecting. At least five hundred feet was required to give a sufficient drop of water for the sluice-boxes. This wise act was one of many indications at that time of Canada's sincere desire to govern her growing territory in the best interests of the country and the miners.

Another right which the miners had under United States law was that of appointing one of their own number, and one recorder for each gulch. The Canadian system, however, provided one man in a mining district, appointed by Ottawa, whose sole business was to act as recorder, or gold commissioner. Where the diggings were near at hand, this was no great inconvenience, but where they were distant not less than sixty miles, as the new diggings of Klondike, the miners themselves were under the necessity of appointing a temporary recorder, as Mr. Johns has mentioned, so as to avoid the long trip, as well as to straighten out at once disputes that inevitably occur. They paid this recorder $2 for each claim, agreeing at the same time to pay to Captain Constantine in due season the $15 required by Canadian law.

When they began to measure the claims, by some trick, a forty-foot rope was introduced, instead of a fifty-foot one. This had the effect of reducing the five hundred foot claims by fifty feet or more, which left fractions between that by this time were of great value. These were seized upon and staked the same as full claims, but upon the deception being found out, there was a big row, and Mr. William Ogilve the Canadian Boundary Commissioner, who happened to be in the country at the time locating the international line, was called from Forty Mile to settle the trouble. Mr. Ogilvie, being a magistrate, took testimony; the men confessed, were repentant, and were forgiven; and then Mr. Ogilvie made a partial survey of Bonanza and El Dorado. But many of the claims on Bonanza were short.

One of these short claims was not the fault of the official measurer. It was on lower Bonanza. I never found out just where, but it was staked by a mounted policeman. The creek winds very much there, and

THE VALLEY IS BROAD.

He should have measured the five hundred feet in the direction of the valley, but he was not able to see the direction, perhaps on account of the thick woods, and followed the creek in its winding. When the surveyor came along and threw lines across the valley corresponding to his upper and lower stakes, the poor policeman, instead of having a claim was in debt six feet.

One of the claims near Discovery on Bonanza was staked by Micky Wilkins. Micky was not one of those who were thrown into boats and brought along nolens volens from Forty Mile in the first stampede, but he was one of a party who did help tie a drunken man and throw him into the boat. Micky, like a wise man, sold out for a few hundred dollars. When they came to survey the claim, the new owner found only a few inches. I felt sorry for all who sold at the very start until I met Micky.

A fraction of a claim would hardly seem worth having, at least except in ground like Klondike. No. 2 above was staked long. John Jacob Astor Dusel was a good miner and he wanted to take in the mouth of Skookum Gulch. Dick Low put the tape to Dusel's claim and found it about eighty-five feet too long, and took a narrow slice directly opposite the mouth of Skookum. He did not think so much of it at the time. He wanted $900 for it. No one was so foolish as to pay that much for the narrow strip of ground. He tried to let it out on a lay, but no one wanted to work it for an interest. He had to work it himself, poor man! The first hole was put down by his present foreman, and he did not find a cent. Further account of what is probably the richest piece of ground in the whole Klondike must be left till later, when there are pack-horses to carry the gold down to Dawson.

On El Dorado the claims were almost all excessively long. It looked as if they were measured by guess while on the run, and then a lot more added to make sure. One fraction, 37 A, is four hundred and twenty feet long—almost a whole claim! Several are from one hundred to one hundred and sixty feet in length. Sometimes the second man has been in a hurry and not measured his fraction correctly, and a third man comes along and

FINDS ANOTHER TINY SLICE.

Nothing was too small on El Dorado. There was one ten-foot fraction. It was thought to be worth ten to twenty thousand dollars. A thirteen-foot fraction was found next to 14. It was so narrow that the owner had to take a lay of thirty-seven feet on an adjoining claim in order to work it.

Nor was all the luck confined to the mines. A butcher by the name of "Long Shorty," otherwise Thorp, had driven in some cattle, and was trying to reach Forty Mile late in the fall, in the ice with the meat on a raft. He was frozen in at the mouth of the Klondike, only to discover there a big mining camp. That beef was a godsend to the miners that winter. It is considered essential to prevent scurvy. Provisions were very scarce. The transportation company had been able to bring enough up to supply the camp, Flour had to be freighted with dogs from Forty Mile, and sold at from forty to sixty dollars for a fifty-pound sack. Beef was one to two dollars a pound. Mining tools were scarce also, shovels bringing seventeen and eighteen dollars each. But wages were proportionately high—one dollar and a half to two dollars an hour for common labor, and often not to be had at that price. The price of wages corresponded to the opportunities afforded by prospecting.

The first hole to be put down by burning is credited to Skookum Jim. Pages could be filled with the finds that day by day were made on those claims that were worked that winter. The personage not unknown to fame, "Swiftwater Bill," with William Leggett and six others, took a lease, or lay, of 13 El Dorado. Seven holes were put down before the pay was struck, though many think there was pay in one of the first holes, and that they filled it up. At any rate, they asked the price—$45,000—bought the claim paid $10,000 down, put in a rocker, and paid for the claim in six weeks.

On account of the distance to Forty Mile, sixty days were allowed in which to record. Any claims not recorded within the sixty days were open for relocation. There were several such claims, left vacant by men who considered them no good, and recorded elsewhere. Such a claim was No. 40 above on Bonanza. It was known to a large number that the claim was open, and a Mounted Policeman was there, with watch in hand to announce when exactly twelve o'clock midnight came.

IT WAS IN JANUARY.

There were several parties on foot, and two men who had dog outfits, Promptly at twelve o'clock all hands staked and started. Lereaux and a companion, Vaughan, ran to No. 48 above, where one team was waiting. Lowerie, the other dog-man, put down the trail on the run for Dawson, where an Indian with five or six dogs was in waiting. Lereaux had the same number. At Dawson they were not far apart. The men both had good dogs. But dogs are poor things to race with, as every one knows. A dog has no ambition to pass ahead like a horse; he prefers to follow. Besides, when the trail is narrow, it is hard for one team to pass another. How they did manage to pass each other at all is a marvel, but it happened that every time they passed a cabin the leading team insisted on turning out, whereupon the hind team would seize the opportunity and dash by. It was a great advantage to have a man run ahead of the dogs. When they reached Forty Mile, Lowerie and the Indian were ahead. The recorder's office was across the creek, at Fort Cudahy. The Indian did not know this, or else the dogs determined to turn into Forty Mile. Lowerie saw the mistake, jumped from his sleigh, and made for the recorder's office on the dead run, with Lereaux just with him. Both men reached the office at the same moment, and fell against the door. They were both so exhausted that for a moment they could not say what they had come for. When they recovered sufficient breath to announce their business, Captain Constantine told them he would wait to see if there were others behind; and no one else coming, he divided the claim between them.

A detachment of Mounted Police came up to Dawson in the late winter or spring, bringing the record-books with them. The certificates of registry of that time were in manuscript, there being no printed blanks available. A military reservation was set apart between Ladue's town site and the Klondike River. A rectangle of log houses, for barracks, was built on a piece of ground somewhat higher than the general level of the flat, and facing the Yukon, and from a tall pole was set up the union-jack in the red flag of Great Britain.

The clean-up was already under way, and preparations being made for the summer ground-sluicing, when the river broke, and the new-comers, who had received the news from friends inside, began to pour in.

Wild scenes followed the clean-up. Men with never a penny to spare in their lives were

SUDDENLY MADE RICH.

There was no real disorder, no shootings, no hold-ups, none of the things associated in the popular mind with a real live mining-camp. Something in the Yukon air discourages all that. It could not be the presence of the police, for there are no police at Circle City, and a baker's dozen were at Dawson. Gold flowed, and when it would not flow it was sowed, literally sowed, broadcast over sawdust floors, in drunken debauch, as if there was no end to the supply. Gold was panned out of the sawdust on the floors of the saloons; whole saloonfuls of men would be asked up to drink, at half a dollar a drink. Sometimes orders were given to call in the town, and then the bartender would go out into the street and call everybody in, and they would have to drink. Whenever one of the new millionaires was backward in treating, which was not often, the crowd—always a good-natured one—would forthwith pick him up by the legs and arms and swing him like a battering-ram against the side of the house until he cried out, "Enough," or "I seen you first! I seen you first!" and the new millionaire had to treat. There had never been seen anything like it before, nor was anything quite to equal it the second year.

The afore-mentioned "Swiftwater Bill," whose chief claims to the attention of prosterity seems to have been the way he "blew" in money, spent $40,000, and had to borrow $5,000 to go outside with. His claim was good for it, though. He quarrelled with a woman, and observing her order eggs in a restaurant, he bought up every egg in town—at a cost of one dollar each.

How much gold came out of the ground that first summer can never be known. Two and one-half millions is probably not far from the mark. The richness of the fifteen miles reported by Mr. Ogilvie was much exaggerated. The pans of dirt that were washed out gave him reason for believing, upon computation, that there might be actually four million dollars in each claim. But these were not averages. Far, far from it. Even if they were, the enormous cost of working the richest, yet costliest, diggings in the Yukon was not taken into consideration as it should have been.

Clements panned out of four pans $2000, the largest being reported at $775. Clarence Berry showed gold in bottles that he said represented, respectively, $560, $230, and $175 pans. There were many others like these. Of course they were picked and scraped off bed-rock, and did not represent average dirt. Five dollars, even one dollar, "straight," as it is ts called, would be.

ENORMOUSLY RICH.

If pay streak were 100 feet wide and 3 feet deep, there would be 150,000 cubic feet, equal to, say, 675,000 pans of dirt. Think what an average of a dollar to the pan, or even twenty-five cents, would be! On some claims the streak is wider; on others, less.

One hundred and thirty thousand dollars came out of the Berry-Antone claims, 6 and the fraction. There were spots on Bonanza as rich as El Dorado, but not so even and regular. One thousand dollars to the foot is the top figure, on an average, for best of El Dorado, but the cost is one third for taking it out.

The first year showed nuggets of all sizes up to one of $585, estimated at 1 0z. or $17, from 36 El Dorado.

The fortunate ones started for civilization with their new wealth. Not all. Many remained to work their claims, and these, perhaps not less happy nor exultant, were not heard of outside in the excitement that accompanied the breaking of the good news to the world. The bulk of the gold, amounting to not over $1,200,000, went out, of course, down river, to St. Michael, where waited the good steamer Portland of the N.A.T. & T. Company, crowded with friends and relatives of the returning miners, who had sent word home of their coming. Others preferred the up-river trip, and in parties of three and five took to their poling-boats, and it was some of these, and still others, fleeing for their lives from the threatened famine, that we ourselves met on our way in last year.

The End.

PROPER MOURNING APPAREL.

Mourning Silk for Ceremonious Occasions—No Figured Goods in Order—Eudora or Henrietta Cloths Quite Stylish.

The custom of wearing mourning is slightly in abeyance, but by no means done away with. Many people in moderate circumstances, content themselves with dressing simply in black and laying aside all ornaments for a year instead of adopting the conventional mourning garb.

But "wearing black" is not necessarily dressing in mourning. Certain materials and modes are set apart as belonging exclusively to mourning. In dress material Henrietta and Eudora cloths are recognized fabrics for first mourning. They are the dead jet black that is required for mourning, for a blue black or brown black are absolutely impossible for this purpose. The Eudora cloth is much like Henrietta, but is heavier and of a different weave. Both are soft in finish and are especially suited to the styles of the current year, which are soft and clinging. Eudora makes the best street gowns, and in coat and skirt a costume of this material is very smart. All trimming is out of place, unless it is milliner's folds on skirt and revers. Machine stitching does not look well on these goods. If buttons are used on the coat they should be covered with the dress material. The merchant of whom the material is bought will usually send a piece to a button-maker and have the required number made. The present styles call for a coat of medium length, either double-breasted or buttoned on a flap; it should have narrow revers that open a little at the throat, and have turned over, pointed cuffs.

For a business suit or every day street wear, in short for general service, serge and cheviot are suitable. No figured goods are mourning remember. Be careful that the color is a dead black. It is always wise to get samples and compare them at home, in a strong light. They are made up like the Eudora

More elaborate mourning gowns, to be worn on ceremonious occasions, are of mourning silk. This is a silk that is absolutely lustreless, and the trimming used on it is dull jet. No white is allowed anywhere, unless for evening wear, when folds of white tulle, are sometimes put round the neck, and black tulle or net sleeves used.

FOR WIDOWS' WEAR.

Widows wear sheer white collars and cuffs, even in the first six months of mourning, and a little white ruching in the bonnet. Veils, crape, are worn the first six months, and then laid aside for face veils of net with crape border. Widows, however, generally wear the crape veil for a year. Crape is better than it used to be. It cannot be said to be less expensive, but it is better in quality, is lighter, and has not so much dressing as formerly. It is used a great deal as trimming, but is not durable and collects dust. It is better to use it in a veil and trim gowns with milliner's folds of the dress goods or of mourning silk.

Mourning styles are characterized by a plainness that amounts to severity. Jewelry is tabooed. Flowers, even in black—what is more hideous?—and feathers are out of place. First mourning hats are trimmed with bows and loops of heavy silk with no ornaments unless a dull jet buckle is used somewhere.

The regulation period for a widow to wear very deep mourning is one year. At the beginning of the second year she may shorten her crape veil, but should wear it the first six months of that year; then she may substitute a short net face veil with border of crape. After two years she may leave off crape entirely and then gradually return to colors. She does not make formal visits or attend entertainments. for the first year. The widow's mourning is the most rigorous and the longest continued.

A COMPLIMENT.

Little Johnny—Mrs. Talkemdown paid a big compliment to me to-day.

Mother—Did she really? Well, there's no denying that woman has sense. What did she say?

Little Johnny—She said she didn't see how you came to have such a nice little boy as I was.

Why Suffer?

When there is such a good remedy as Nerviline for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia in five minutes; toothache in one minute; lame back at one application; headache in a few moments; and all pain just as rapidly. Give it a trial.

The pen and penholder with which Governor Thomas, of Colorado, recently signed the bill making the new Teller county was made of solid Cripple Creek gold and was given to Representative Montgomery.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

DEATH PENALTY.

The death penalty is rarely enforced in Germany, Austria, Denmark or Sweden. In New York 11 out of 12 murderers escape without any punishment, and in the United States only one murderer in fifty suffers capital punishment.

Ingratitude is the abridgement of all baseness; a fault never found unattended with other viciousness.

A favor granted ungraciously is like a rose without fragrance, or a poor tea after drinking Blue Ribbon Ceylon.

Crutches Thrown Away

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF A YOUNG GIRL IN WALKERTON.

For Three Years She Could Only go About With the Aid of Crutches—Had to Be Helped in and Out of Bed—Her Restoration to Health Was Unlooked For.

From the Walkerton Telescope.

A couple of Walkerton ladies were recently discussing the case of a mutual friend who, owing to the sudden development of a bad attack of sciatica, had been compelled to take to her bed, when a third lady present, but who was a stranger to the young woman in question, made the remark, "I would advise your friend to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Asked to give her reasons for making this recommendation she proceeded to give the details of a most remarkable cure that had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on the daughter of her nearest neighbor, a Miss Rebecca Greenhow, and the story as told by this lady, having subsequently been repeated in the hearing of the editor of this paper, we decided to investigate and find out from personal inquiry all the circumstances of this seeming remarkable instance of the power of medicine over disease. That evening we called at Mr. Greenhow's residence. Both Mr. and Mrs. Greenhow were at home, but their daughter had gone down town. "Yes," replied Mrs. Greenhow in answer to a question in regard to the reported cure, "My daughter has been cured; I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved her life." She then gave the circumstances of her daughter's illness and cure as follows:—

"Rebecca, is now seventeen years of age. When she was eleven she was attacked with tonsilitis and following this for the next three years she never had a moment free from pain. She began to complain of pains all over her body but chiefly in her back. She became so weak and run down that she was unable to walk without the assistance of a crutch. The doctor said she was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism brought on by an impoverished condition of the system. He prescribed various remedies but nothing seemed to do her any good and finally we decided to try another doctor. He also pronounced the trouble to be rheumatism but though he gave her bottle after bottle of medicine, she still continued to grow weaker. By the end of the second year she was unable to leave the house and could only move from one room to another by the use of her crutches. We were advised to get her an electric belt and did so, but though she wore it for a long time it did her no good whatever. During the third winter she became so bad that she had to be assisted into and out of bed, and could not even raise from a chair without assistance. We had given up all hope of her recovery when a Mr. John Allan, who had himself been similarly afflicted, but who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, advised us to give them a trial. We had tried so many things without success that we hesitated to accept his advice, but he insisted so strongly that we finally yielded. The first five boxes seemed to produce no change, but before she had finished the sixth box we were sure we could notice some improvement, and we felt encouraged to continue their use. From that on she continued to improve steadily, and by the time she had taken eighteen boxes every trace of pain had left her. She threw away her crutches and soon forgot that she had ever needed them. For months past she has been filling a position in the rattan factory and can work as well as anyone. Indeed I do not believe that there is to-day a healthier girl in Walkerton."

Such is Mrs. Greenhow's story of the cure of her daughter through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after years of great suffering. We may add that a day or two later the writer called once more at the Greenhow abode in the hope of seeing the young lady herself. This time she was at home and she came into the room. She presented an appearance of the most perfect health. She repeated the story of her sufferings in substantially the same terms as her mother had done, and, like, her mother gives all the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism, sciatic, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors 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 six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

ORDINARY CIVILITY.

Mr. Gobbleby on the Advantages and Pleasures Derived From It.

"I should recommend as an investment," said Mr. Gobbleby, "the practice of civility. As a matter of fact, I don't suppose that a very great number of men have suddenly become wealthy through this means; that is, I don't suppose that a large number of very rich people have left fortunes to men who had been at one time or another polite to them, but I don't doubt, either, that there have been just such cases, and I don't for a moment doubt that substantial advantages have often accrued to men through their consistent civility.

"But aside from any question of material profit though there is still always the chance of that the exercise of civility would pay for another reason. There are lots of people who like civil treatment, who are, in fact, really pleased by it, and though we might not get anything in dollars and cents out of civility extended in this way toward people in general, yet I should say it would pay, for we should get from it, at least, the pleasure that is always to be derived from affording pleasure to others.

"So I should say that from whatever point of view we look at it, civility is a good investment; we are sure to get something out of it, anyway, and it doesn't cost us a cent."

DOMINION BANK

Proceedings of the Twenty-Eighth Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders.

Held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto on Wednesday, May 31st, 1899.

The annual General Meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the Banking House of the institution, Toronto, on Wednesday, May 31st, 1899.

Among those present were noticed Col. Mason, Messrs. S. Alcorn, William Ince, Thomas Long, John Long, J. Risley, Wm. Spry, William Ramsay, J. Lorne Campbell, W. R. Brock, A. E. Webb, E. Leadlay, M. Boulton, E. B. Osler, William Hendrie, John Stewart, Walter S. Lee, W. D. Matthews, Chas. Cockshutt, H. M. Pellatt, Wm. Ross, A. W. Austin, Geo. W. Lewis, Thomas Walmsley, J. K. Niven, John Fletcher, John Bond, W. C. Harvey, Timothy Eaton, Dr. T. F. Ross, C. D. Massey, W. C. Crowther, W. G. Cassels, R. D. Gamble, and others.

It was moved by Mr. E. Leadlay, seconded by Mr. W. D. Matthews, that Mr. E. B. Osler do take the chair, and that Mr. R. D. Gamble do act as Secretary.

Messrs. Walter S. Lee and W. G. Cassels were appointed scrutineers.

The Secretary read the report of the directors to the shareholders, and submitted the annual statement of the affairs of the bank, which is as follows:—

To the Shareholders:

The Directors beg to present the following statement of the result of the business of the bank for the year ending April 29, 1899.

Balance of profit and loss account, April 30, 1898,		$ 32,388 05
Profit for the year ending April 29, 1899, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.		205,326 09
		$237,714 14
Dividend 3 per cent., paid Aug. 1. 1898,	$45,000 00	
Dividend 3 per cent., paid, Nov. 1, 1898	45,000 00	
Dividend 3 per cent., paid Feb. 1, 1899.	45,000 00	
Dividend 3 per cent., payable May 1, '99.	45,000 00	
Written off bank premises.	15,000 00	
		$195,000 00
Balance of profit and loss carried forward.		$ 42,714 14

Two new offices of the Bank have been opened during the last year, one a sub-branch in the northern part of the City of Winnipeg and one in the Village of Huntsville.

In consequence of the rapidly-increasing business of the Winnipeg office it has been found necessary to have more commodious premises. The Bank has, therefore, acquired a site on the south-west corner of Main and McDermot streets, upon which a suitable building is being erected.

All branches and agencies of the bank have been inspected during the past twelve months.

Frank Smith,
President.

Mr. E. B. Osler moved, seconded by Mr. W. D. Matthews, and

Resolved, That the report be adopted.

It was moved by Mr. T. Eaton, seconded by Dr. Smith, and

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be given to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their services during the past year.

It was moved by Mr. Geo. W. Lewis, seconded by Mr. John Scott, and

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be given to the General Manager, Managers and Agents, Inspectors and other officers of the bank, for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

It was moved by Mr. John Stewart, seconded by Mr. Thomas Walmsley, and

Resolved, That the poll be now opened for the election of several directors, and that the same be closed at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, or as soon before that hour as five minutes shall elapse without any vote being polled, and that the scrutineers, on the close of the poll, do hand to the Chairman a certificate of the result of the poll.

Mr. Charles Cockshutt moved, seconded by Mr. John Bond, and

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. E. B. Osler for his able conduct in the chair.

The scrutineers declared the following gentlemen duly elected directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. A. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, Wm. Ince, E. Leadley, Wilmot D. Matthews, E. B. Osler and Sir Frank Smith.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors Sir Frank Smith was elected President and Mr. E. B. Osler Vice-President for the ensuing term.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Liabilities.		
Capital stock paid up.	$ 1,500,000 00	
Reserve fund.	1,500,000 00	
Balance of profits carried forward.	42,714 14	
Dividend No. 66., payable May 1.	45,000 00	
Former dividends unclaimed	205 50	
Reserved for interest and exchange.	141,348 42	
Rebate on bills discounted.	47,283 15	
		$ 3,276,551 21
Notes in circulation.	1,329,038 00	
Deposits payable on demand.	4,495,018 06	
Deposits payable after notice.	10,799,024 80	
Balance due to London agents.	56,897 76	
		$19,956,529 83
Assets.		
Specie.	$ 707,675 15	
Dominion Government demand notes.	1,115,254 00	
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation.	75,000 00	
Notes and checks of other banks.	458,403 58	
Balances due from other banks in Canada.	114,120 01	
Balances due from other banks in United States.	716,739 65	
Provincial Government securities.	426,464 73	
Municipal and other debentures.	2,388,448 02	
		$ 6,002,105 14
Bills discounted and current, including advances on call.	13,524,891 95	
Overdue debts, estimated loss provided for.	27,324 87	
Real estate.	59,950 24	
Mortgages on real estate sold by the bank.	9,571 19	
Bank premises.	321,940 74	
Other assets not included under foregoing heads.	10,745 70	
		$19,956,529 83

R. D. GAMBLE,
General Manager.

Dominion Bank, Toronto, April 29, 1899.

RARE DEVOTION.

Do you think Dolly's fiance loves her?

Indeed, he does, Why he went and made love to that pretty Allbright girl, just to give Dolly a chance to cut her out.

The Twentieth Century

Enters upon the heritage of a remedy that is sure, safe and painless. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails, never causes pain nor the slightest discomfort.

A WOMAN'S TONGUE.

Given a man and a woman of equal size and weight, then the tongue of the woman is smaller than that of the man.

MONTREAL
The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.50 & up.

EXPLAINING HER POSITION.

Of course, as a general thing, she said, I don't believe in marrying a man for money. But marriage is such a lottery, you see, and it's just as well to know for sure that there's something about him you'll like.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

BEYOND HIM.

It passes my comprehension, he said, why men should want to kidnap babies.

Why? she responded inquiringly.

For instance, who'd want to carry off that kid of ours which has such marked ability for crying.

MINERAL WOOL.

This material being fire, frost and vermin proof is now being very largely used as a non-conductor of heat, cold and sound in cold storage, public buildings private residences, etc., also for covering steam, hot water, hot air, and cold water pipe. The Eureka Mineral Wool and Asbestos Co., Toronto, will be pleased to send descriptive pamphlet if you are interested.

Speaking of ex-Secretary John Sherman Senator Lodge recently said:—"Everybody respects him, but I have never known anybody to be too familiar with him, to slap him on the shoulder, for instance."

LUBY'S Gives new life to the Hair. It makes it grow and restores the color. Sold by all druggists. 50c. a bottle.

THE VERDICT.

Dash, the sprinter, was run over by a lot of freight cars last week.

What was the Coroner's verdict?

Died from the effects of bad training.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Props.

CROWS USEFUL.

It is estimated that one crow will destroy 700,000 insects every year.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF **MALT** Invigorates and Strengthens. W. L