AMONG THE BOOKS

Life Company Issues Beautiful New Book.

The Author Is Effie Douglass Putnam.

IS HER FIRST BOOK.

Story of the Love of an Italian Singer.

Slight Touch of Mysticism Is Entirely Natural.

"Cirillo," by Effie Douglass-Putnam. New York: Life Publishing Co. Pp. 146. Bound in red leather and gold.

"Cirillo," by Miss Effie Douglass-Putnam, in both makeup and contents is as dainty a work as has come from any publisher for many a day. Inside and out, from the clear-cut type to the luxurious red leather binding decorated with gold, it is a credit to the Life Publishing company, its producers.

The story itself is a simple one of love, music and painting, but its author's style is so natural and direct that it possesses a peculiar charm in this day of literary affectation. Someone has said that easy writing makes hard reading, and if the converse be true, Miss Douglass-Putnam must have bestowed upon "Cirillo" a truly remarkable amount of work to give her style its limpid sweetness and ease of understanding.

It must not be inferred from this that "Cirillo" is effeminate or namby-pamby. The tale of the love of the great Italian singer for the American heiress, although simply told, is a strong and absorbing one, and forms a powerful contrast to the cynical treatment of a similar question in Mr. Graham Phillip's "Golden Fleece."

Throughout the story runs a philosophy both sound and consoling. The slight touch of mysticism is brought in so naturally that it will seem natural even to the most skeptical.

"Cirillo" is Miss Douglass-Putnam's first venture in the field of literature, but it rings so true and the story is so well told that her future efforts will be awaited with interest.

STIRRED BY A BOOK.

Halifax Society Takes Exception to Helen Milecete's Novel.

Halifax (Nova Scotia) society takes exception to Helen Milecete's picturesque descriptions of life in that garrison city, which are to be found in her new novel, "A Detached Pirate," published by Little, Brown & Co. A writer in the "Halifax Evening Mail" pays his respects to "A Detached Pirate" in the following words:

"It is sufficiently hard to have Canada pictured to the alien eye as a land of eternal snows, but to have one of its chief cities represented as a place where all that is necessary for a lady to enter 'the best set' is an indefinite supply of smart gowns and a French maid is really quite too bad. The Detached Pirate, who gives the book its name, belongs to that contingent whom a flippant world is accustomed to call 'grass widows.' She is divorced, and having burnt her bridges in England, comes to Halifax with a fell determination to 'b the fashion,' once she is beyond the six line. On her journey over she meets with distinguished acquaintances of earlier and decenter days, and is beset by fears that these will recognize her from a paper corresponding in character to that exquisitely high class periodical known as the 'Police Gazette,' which exists to chronicle the doings of ladies and gentlemen with a past or present. However, her fears prove groundless, and with the courage born of a good conscience she descends on Halifax. Is unusual in local society for a gentleman, on a very slight acquaintance, to express a desire to kiss a lady, as he has 'often thought how he would like to.' Ours may be the point of view of the merely respectable, and not 'smart,' but we believe the picture of local society given in this volume is a calumny on it which should not be allowed to go unchallenged."

Mrs. Milecete, the author, is a Canadian who makes Halifax her home, and she is doubtless well acquainted with the ways of the "military set" of that city, about whom she writes so breezily.

MARY MACLANE'S BOOK.

She Tells What She Thinks About Her Latest Publication.

Herbert S. Stone & Co., publishers of Mary MacLane's forthcoming book, furnish the following:

"It is made up," she writes, "of reflections and impressions and sketches—but I hate the words—and my reflections are not reflections, and my impressions are not impressions, and my sketches aren't sketches in the least. The book is not quite like a diary, for it has no dates, but 'tis all in the first person. It has a tinge of the first book, and it's a fascinating book, but yet—

"It relates to my friend Annabel Lee and me. It is more Annabel Lee than me. I take the part of a foil to my friend Annabel Lee. I take the part well. It is particularly effective contrasted with the all-egotistic part I take in the other book. In this one, compared to Annabel Lee, I am the next thing to nothing. I do that well. 'Tis the best thing in the entire book.

"The book is her conversation—and some of mine. It has her ideas—mostly. She talks exquisitely well, times, and is even marvelous. I left my friend Annabel Lee in Boston—yet she follows me here. Not that she ever follows—no, but I travel frequently to Boston to find her. All the difficulty I have had in writing and cutting out, and pruning and inking over, is in that my poor miserable pen cannot always do justice to my friend Annabel Lee.

"The names of some of the chapters are Boston, The Flat Service of Things, The Young-Books of Trowbridge, When I Went to the Butte High School, Minnie Maddern Fiske, To Fall in Love, Relative, A Lute with No Strings—only no one has the least idea what I may have written about them."

BOOK NOTES.

Various Items About Books Which Are Attracting Attention.

Mr. Arthur Stanley Riggs, an American journalist who has been successively the editor of "The Manila Daily Bulletin" and the "Manila Freedom" contributes to the August number of the Atlantic Monthly an interesting and valuable letter from the Philippines.

The September number of Harper's Bazar contains a story entitled "Number Seventeen: An Episode," by Elizabeth G. Jordan, author of "Tales of Destiny and Tales of the Cloister." The central episode of the story arises from the strange experience of a young newspaper woman.

One of the early fall books of the Outlook Co., will be "A Preacher's Story of his Work," in which W. S. Rainsford, tells among other things how he transformed St. George's, New York, from a dying family parish into the present active and powerful church, that is serving rich and poor as few churches have ever done.

The Burlington Magazine and Gazette which is circulated in America by Samuel Buckley & Co., of 100 William street, New York, is showing improvement if such a thing is possible with such a high class publication. The July number of the magazine has just been received. It contains excellent plates of Joshua Reynold's paintings as well as some quite as good of ancient artists.

"At the Time Appointed," the tale of mystery whose authorship for a long time was credited to a man, has proved to be one of two of the most popular detective stories of this season, and J. B. Lippincott Company, its publishers, announce that it has gone into another large edition—the fourth since publication. "That Mainwaring Affair," by the same author, went into its tenth edition during the week passed, and, though now nearly two years old, is selling briskly.

"The Life Radiant" is the title of the new book which Lilian Whiting, the author of "The World Beautiful," "Boston Days," etc., has written for a fall publication. In her new book Miss Whiting aims to portray a practical ideal for daily living that shall embody the sweetness and exaltation and faith that lend enchantment to life. It is, in a measure, a logical sequence of "The World Beautiful," leading into still diviner harmonies. Miss Whiting's "Boston Days" published last year, is already in its third edition.

The late Bishop Phillips Brooks used to say that biography was his favorite form of reading, and that he always began a good biography in the middle, reading sometimes forward and sometimes back. That was the way, he contended, that one made the acquaintance of people in real life. It was in this way at any rate that Mr. Hutchins Hapgood made the acquaintance of Jim in "The Autobiography of a Thief" (Fox Duffield & Co.) "I met the thief quite casually," says Mr. Hapgood, "and then grew interested in his story. My method was practically that of the interview. I took down more or less literally what he said, and then rearranged my material and made it coherent."

Mrs. Frankau ("Frank Danby"), the author of "Pigs in Clover," the new novel which has received such general critical approval for its character study and dramatic power, was a personal friend of Cecil Rhodes and a great admirer of the Empire builder. Once at a house party in Surrey, England, she and Mr. Rhodes were fellow guests. Among the other guests was a young man who was disposed to boast of his exploits with a gun. One morning at the breakfast table he remarked upon his good luck in the field, and declared that before breakfast that morning he had shot no less than thirty-seven hares. The story goes that Mrs. Frankau thereupon turned to Mr. Rhodes and remarked in a voice audible to many of those around, "Why, the young man must have shot at a wig."

Little, Brown & Co. will publish eleven new books for young people in the autumn, as follows: "Ursula's Freshman," a sequel to "Nathalie's Chum," by Anna Chapin Ray; "Brenda's Bargain," the last of the "Brenda" books for older girls, by Helen Leah Reed; "Jack the Firedog," by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, the well-known animal and nature story-writer; "Camp Fidelity Girls," by Annie Hamilton Donnell; "Blake Redding: A Boy of Today," by Nathalie Rice Clark; "Robin Hood: His Book," by Eva March Tappan, illustrated in color; "The Giant's Ruby and Other Fairy Stories," by Mabel Fuller Blodgett, illustrated by Katherine Pyle; "Jane and John, Their Plays, Parties and Picnics," by Elizabeth Polhemus, illustrated in color; "Elizabeth Charm String," by Cora F. Forbes; "Pioneer Spaniards in North America," by William Henry Johnson, author of "The World's Discoverers"; "Daniel Webster for Young Americans," great speeches with introduction and notes by Prof. Charles F. Richardson of Dartmouth College. This same firm will also bring out Louisa M. Alcott's "Jo's Boys," in illustrated holiday style; and a popular edition of William Dana Orcutt's "Princess Kallisto, and other Tales of the Fairies."

Mr. Howell's home at Kittery Point, Maine, consists of a picturesque collection of buildings which have been a growth and development, and are the more interesting for that reason. The dwelling house was originally a small, plain farm house which was purchased by Admiral Craven and added to—a room here, a wing there—as need required. Then Mr. Howells purchased it from the admiral, and turned the barn into an admirable detached library and workshop, panelling it with yellow pine, and adding a hospitable fire-place for logs. The erstwhile barn is now lined with books and pictures, and is the scene of much of Mr. Howell's more recent literary work. Among its treasures are a spindle-legged mahogany table and an old "sea-faring secretary," which were once the possessions of the admiral. Verandas and vines help to make the homestead spacious and beautiful, and the fine old trees and superb view of the bay and of the sea to the Isle of Shoals complete its charm. Here Mr. Howells rests a little and works much, being one of the most industrious of authors. His last volume was the much talked of "Questionable Shapes."

A party of well known Boston gentlemen on a hunting and fishing trip two years ago went an unusual distance into the Hudson Bay territory north of Lake Superior. In their journeying they came across a distinguished appearing man leading the life of a hermit. Upon better acquaintance they learned his story, which was to the effect that he was a lineal descendant of the Bourbon Kings of France. His immediate ancestors had left France at the time of the revolution. He also showed them documents in support of a claim to the ownership of the entire site of the City of Quebec. On their return to Boston these gentlemen made inquiries concerning the hermit, and found, through reliable sources, that his story was in its essential features entirely true. In "The Pines of Lory" Mr. J. A. Mitchell hinges the interest of his story largely on the voluntary self-banishment of a French noble to a lonely island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This bit of fancy was published long before the author learned of this coincidence in real life, which gives fresh confirmation to the adage about the relations of truth and fiction.

"In Merry Measure" is the taking title of a book of vers de societe announced by Life Publishing company for appearance early in the fall. The verses are by Tom Masson, whose humorous writings are well known to readers of the periodical press. The book will be similar in size and form to "Taken from Life" and "Rhymes and Roundelays," the two volumes of Life verse which have already had a large sale.

"Two frowning boys sat in their tennis flannels between the glare of lamp and gas. Their leather belts were loosed, their soft pink shirts unbuttoned at the collar. They were listening with gloomy voracity to the instruction of a third. They sat at a table bared of its customary sporting ornaments, and from time to time they sucked their pencils, and scrawled vigorous laconic notes. Their necks and faces shone with the bloom of out-of-doors. Studious concentration was evidently a painful novelty to their features." This perfect description of a scene familiar to every college man opens Mr. Owen Wister's amusing story of Harvard university. "Philosophy Four" was the course in which the boys had acted the part of blithe grasshoppers who, having money, sought out and purchased the ant just before examination. This is the first volume to appear in the new series of "Little Novels by Favorite Authors" published by the Macmillan company. The boys discuss Plato, Berkley, Zeno and Parmenides in broad, vigorous college slang, and the book fairly runs over with merriment. The second volume to appear in this series will be "Man Overboard!" by Mr. Marion Crawford. The two volumes announced for June are "Mr. Keegan's Elopement" by Mr. Winston Churchill, and "Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand," by Gertrude Atherton.

It's a little bit early to talk about calendars for next year, but advance sheets of Life's Gibson calendar for 1904 show that it is not only fully up to the standard of former years, but in many artistic ways is an improvement. Each sheet has a decorative border in green and gold by A. D. Blashfield or John Cecil Clay. The Gibson pictures are in the best style of his art, and altogether the Gibson calendar is one of the best of similar productions. In each year of its publication the entire edition has been sold out before the first of January.

Webster's New Standard Dictionary is the title of a new lexicon just issued by Laird & Lee, Chicago. Only a very progressive and resourceful firm could hope to be successful in the attempt to launch a new style of dictionary upon a market already well stocked with similar works. The new book is certainly a surprise in every way. Even the exterior deviates from the beaten track. Instead of a somber dead black or homely sheepskin, it presents itself in a handsome half-leather binding with an appropriate design, presented in gold; on lifting the cover, richly tinted endsheets greet the eye, bearing the seals of all the United States and territories; the frontispiece, which represents the Muse of learning, is a work of art in colors, and prepares the mind for many other beautiful, full page colored illustrations of great educational value, the like of which has never been seen in a dictionary. The human races, according to Huxley, are presented on a finely executed double page plate in beautiful color work, showing at a glance the various principal types of man. A two page map in six colors gives the boundary line of the original 13 states, the Louisiana Purchase and the new possessions. Precious stones and ores are shown in their natural brilliant hues, also the flags of the nations, but the most meritorious of all the colored work seems to be that of the sun spectrum and other spectra, which is seldom seen in such perfection. It is happily combined with a special graphic lesson on primary, complementary colors, their combinations and a polychromatic scale. Nineteen full page cuts illustrate the different styles of architecture, columns, lace, human features, skeleton, worms, beetles, etc., and there are portraits of all the presidents and an equal number of world famous men. The smaller text etchings are very numerous, carefully selected and well executed.

Marine Laboratories.

The proposition to establish, by the aid of the Carnegie institution, a scientific laboratory for studying the marine life of the tropical waters in and adjacent to the Gulf of Mexico has raised a discussion in Science as to the most desirable location for such an institution. The Dry Tortugas, about 75 miles west of Key West, which were first proposed, are objected to by several biologists because of their comparative inaccessibility and the lack of any of the comforts of civilization. Jamaica, which has been proposed instead, is said to possess all of the natural advantages of the Tortugas, so far as regards the large amount of marine life available to the collector, and also the comforts of a city of considerable size—physicians, good mail and telegraph facilities, good markets and regular lines of passenger steamships.

The fact, however, that the Tortugas station would be on American soil may outweigh its disadvantages in other respects. There are three distinct faunae along the Atlantic coast of North America. Prof. J. S. Kingsley places the dividing lines between them at Cape Cod and Cape Hatteras. For the middle section, between the two capes, there are already three well equipped laboratories—the Marine biological laboratory and the station of the United States fish commission at Woods Hole, and the Cold Spring laboratory on Long Island. The southern coast has at present only two stations—the recently built station of the United States fish commission at Beaufort, N. C., and another, only opened this month, at the mouth of the Calcasieu river, near Leesburg, in Louisiana.

The stretch of coast north of Cape Cod has but one small station, the Harpswell laboratory, on Casco bay, near Portland, Me., which is maintained by Tufts college.—Boston Transcript.

City Ticket Office, Union Pacific Railroad, 525 Kansas avenue.

Sterling

"Genuine; true; pure; hence of great value or excellence."
—Century Dictionary

The word "sterling" is incorporated in the

GORHAM

trade-mark because the Gorham silverware is not only "genuine," but its workmanship is "true" and its design "pure." "Hence" all articles, even the smallest, bearing this trademark are "of great value or excellence."

STERLING

All responsible jewelers keep it

In the Thunder Mountain Country.

Phelan's Ranch, Idaho, Aug. 10, 1903.—The life of a Thunder Mountain Idaho miner is anything but alluring. Hundreds of people find their way to this and other mining localities every year with little money expecting to profit by the high wages while looking for a gold mine. But they find that the report of high wages is little more than a tradition, there is not enough work to go around and what there is must be performed under such conditions that any advance on what is paid in "the states" is more than overbalanced.

An experienced miner is paid from $1.75 to $2.50 per day in the Thunder Mountain district. This includes his "board and room." The board consists of fried bacon and beans with an occasional dash of canned fruit. The room may be a pine bough bunk on the side of a cabin or it may be two or three blankets on the ground. He may work a month without seeing any other face than that of his camp mates and if he decides to "go to town" he can knock off work and take the trail for a jaunt of 30 or 50 miles, which is either up or down, but usually up. At the town he will see the barkeeper, the barber and the hotel man and when his money is all gone he can "hit the trail" for the mines to resume his solitary labor. The Topeka visitors met one of these miners at this place. He had been working for the Deweys and had just returned from a several days' session with a saloon keeper at Roosevelt. He had come out alive after a hand to hand struggle with Delirium Tremens, an old enemy and his shaking hand and rubicund countenance indicated that the battle had not been easily won. He was without money and was very communicative. His story will be told in his own words: "Most of the miners are Irish, for they are the best. I've worked in these diggin's for three years and before that I had been for 26 years in the Pennsylvania mines. The worruk here is purty stiff, I tells yez. There is plenty to do for a good miner, but I don't care to worruk for any but the Deweys. I wouldn't worruk fer lots of these fellers up here because if yez do your money is never safe. Now whin I worruk for the Deweys I knows my money is safe ivery day in the week. I will go back to the Deweys jist as soon as I kin."

His greatest fear was that he would work for some one who would not pay him but a week after pay day it was always the same story—the barkeeper had the money and the grizzled old miner was penniless and nearly dead in the bargain.

WORK OF THE MINERS.

The greater part of the work in the Thunder Mountain district consists in digging prospect holes and tunnels because there are few developed mines. Tunnels are usually built on contract. As they are driven through quartz formations it is no small task and the miners receive from $10 to $12 a foot for the work. Dynamite or giant powder is used to blast the tunnels and this is packed into the mountains on the backs of horses. The tunnel driven for the Topeka company cost $12.50 per foot or $2,875, and it is 230 feet long. All or nearly all this work is done by practical miners who sometimes by this means make very good wages. Of course they furnish their own supplies, which sometimes especially in the winter become a very serious problem.

PEOPLE ARE TRUSTFUL.

The people of Idaho are trustful. At Warren, a town of log houses, 100 miles from a railroad, a check on the Central National bank at Topeka is just as good as it is in Topeka. The check of any one is taken in payment for goods without a question. The state has recently taken measures to protect the merchants and it is a felony to give a check which is worthless. A few years ago the person who accepted the check had no other safeguard except a right to sue the person who had committed the fraud. Theft is practically unknown. Valuable goods are left piled up by the trail or in the door yards with a reckless disregard of consequences. When a mountaineer was asked why this was done he carelessly replied: "It isn't healthy to steal in Idaho." It was not difficult to understand his meaning, especially when it is remembered that it is many miles to a magistrate and there is no time to await the slow process of the law.

While the people are sticklers for this code of morality it does not apply to the question of barter and sale. As I have before stated every man is a mine owner and his great object in life is to get rid of the thing he calls a mine and which is anything from a side hill to a dry creek bed. It is in strict accordance with the ethics of mountain existence to sell a tenderfoot anything you can and these mining prospects for sale are always fairly bristling with gold—according to the owner's story. If all the prospect owners in Idaho realize on their holdings and expectations there will be enough gold produced in the next 25 years to make that metal as cheap as paving stones.

CATTLE AND SHEEP HERDERS.

There are two classes of people in Idaho who are relentless enemies—they are the cattle and sheep men. The immense untenanted mountain ranges covered with succulent grasses and watered with innumerable springs offer a special inducement to the stock man and the sheep owners have profited by the advantages offered by nature. The cattlemen keep close to the ranches along the streams but the sheep men have struck out boldly into the mountains and often the weary traveler in the dense pine forests will hear the ba-a of a sheep and find himself in the midst of a flock of two or three thousand of these little animals. A half dozen men have the task of watching them and a well stocked commissary and a cook minister their material wants. An occasional bear or mountain lion sometimes makes inroads on the flock but the herders are armed and the depredations never continue long. Far out on the trail well up into the Thunder Mountain region the Topeka visitors encountered a flock of sheep. They were being driven to the mining camps to be sold—the price for a fair sized live sheep being $10. Cattle are seldom driven to the mines. It is next to impossible to drive cattle on the trail. The cattlemen always insist that the ranges of Idaho are being ruined by the sheep. They say that the sheep kill the vegetation. The cattlemen say they are fond of mutton. As one of them expressed it, "I will eat all the mutton I can just to get rid of it for we don't need any sheep in Idaho."

THE GAME LAW.

Idaho has a new plaything. It is a brand new game and fish law and her game wardens amuse themselves bouncing it off the heads of unsuspecting pilgrims. Anyone who fishes or hunts small game must take out a license which costs the native one dollar per year and the visitor $5. It is an inhospitable way of treating visitors, but the game must be protected—so they say. None of the members of the Topeka party saw any game to be protected though several of them tried hard to find it. While the license for hunting small game is merely nominal if you should care to hunt for deer it will cost $25 and if you kill more than two deer you are liable to arrest. A native explained the new law by saying: "They just had to do something. The tenderfeet were coming out here and slaughtering game by the wholesale. At a lick on Big creek I saw 11 does had been shot down by some one and simply left there. They were killed for fun and that is the sort of thing that led to the passage of our game law."

When part of the Topeka party stopped at Payette Lake to fish they did not expect to have any trouble but they found a game warden in action who was especially watchful. His name was A. Gaekel and he had a pretty dear conception of his duty. One of the Topeka men bought a license to hunt small game and fish and when the party drove to Lake Fork five miles away to look for trout the warden followed close after to see that only the right man took advantage of the license. The Payette streams are filled with fish and a good string of salmon trout from a half pound to two pounds in weight was the reward of the excursion and Mr. Gaekel didn't have an opportunity to exercise his police functions either.

While deer and other large game is not numerous in Idaho small game is abundant. At Council, which is the end of the railroad, prairie chickens are as plentiful as they ever were in Kansas and grouse and sage hens are also found in large numbers. The chickens and grouse may be killed only from Aug. 15 to September 15 according to law.

The people in the mining camps pay little attention to the game laws. If they need fresh meat and can kill a deer they do so and woe to the game warden who questions the proceeding. A citizen of Warren thus expressed himself on the game law: "They never did and never will make a game law that will go over the Secesh mountains. I don't believe that it would travel well over here and I know it wouldn't do the game warden any good."

STRAWBERRIES IN IDAHO.

The Topeka visitors reached the Idaho mountains in the height of the strawberry season, July 12. Every cabin along the trail boasts a strawberry bed and the fruit is as delicately flavored as it is abundant. At the foot of the Warren mountains stands a little cabin surrounded by a few acres of tillable land. It is called Smead's ranch and it was to this place that Thomas Smead, a miner, took his half breed Indian bride 20 years ago. He tilled his little farm and prospected for gold but never found any and when he was stricken with an incurable disease his wife nursed him tenderly, for there were no doctors, but neither nurses nor medicines could have saved Thomas Smead and one morning he did not wake and the neighbors gathered in and buried him on the hill back of his cabin. In a few weeks they were called upon to perform the same office for the devoted wife and now the traveler may see two white slabs side by side on the little knoll, marking the place where rest these two people who lived and were happy in the deep solitude of the lofty snow covered mountains. They left behind them three children, who still live in the rough log cabin. The eldest, a girl, keeps house and the two boys, aged 10 and 12, spend their time much as Kansas country boys do. They have never seen a railroad train but that does not matter for they are rich in knowledge which does not come with civilization and steam cars. It was the eldest of these boys who picked a hat full of strawberries for the travelers and thought himself well paid with a nickel.

The question of road building is naturally paramount in this region but it must be considered that only for three months in the year would any kind of a road be passable. For nine months of the year Warren, a town 40 years old, is practically isolated. It is true it is reached by mountaineers who make the 100 mile journey on snow shoes dragging behind them their little sleds loaded with supplies or by dog sleds, but to all other kinds of travel it is closed from October 1 to July 1. The snow on the trail is too deep to allow travel by horseback.

During those three open months freight is taken to Warren on wagons. The freighter with two wagons, one behind the other, and a six-horse team makes the trip from Council to Warren in about a week. He usually hauls about 5,000 pounds on the two wagons and when he comes to a very steep place he will leave one wagon at the bottom while he takes one to the top, returning for it with his six horses. He charges by the pound for the transportation of freight, the usual price in the open season being from three to five cents.

In the winter miners pay as high as 15 cents a pound for transporting supplies from Warren to the Thunder Mountain mines—from 40 to 50 miles—but it must be taken in either by dog or hand sleds.

It must therefore be evident that though the state road from Boise to Thunder Mountain, for which an appropriation of $100,000 has been made, may some day be completed, it will not entirely solve the transportation question.

But the Topeka people with Thunder Mountain holdings are confident that they are on the road to wealth and this feeling is heightened by the fact that the assays of the samples taken along the whole length of the 230 foot tunnel all show pay ore—low grade, to be sure—but high enough to yield incalculable wealth if it were where it could be handled or transported. But perhaps this vexing question will be solved sooner than anticipated and then there may be some gold kings in Topeka.

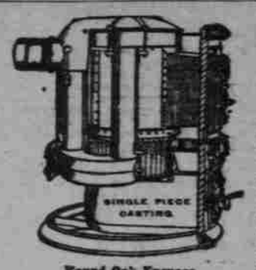
L. L. K.

How Freight Is Taken to Warren on the Wagon Trail for Three Months in the Year.

Smead Cabin on the Thunder Mountain Trail.

One of the Good Idaho Trout Streams, Payett River, Above Payett Lake.

There's the Rub —Knowing How to "Set" the Furnace Right.



Round Oak Furnace with outer casing removed.

Every purchaser of a furnace is always promised—*strong*—a perfect working furnace job. How many get it, think you? There is nothing which causes so much misery in a home as a furnace that will not heat. There is no excuse for it—except ignorance. We are ever ready to carefully explain all about the great

Round Oak Furnace

and our methods of installing them. The first essential is a good, carefully made furnace. The cheaper the furnace the more it ought to frighten the intending buyer.

Write to us—any time—or call on the Round Oak agent. Be sure and get our furnace book "Warmth and Comfort."

Estate of P. D. BECKWITH, Dowagiac, Mich.

Round Oak Furnaces are for sale in

Topeka by

D. H. FORBES, 616 Kansas Avenue

NO CITY TIME NOW.

"That sign reminds me of the old timers," remarked a jeweler, pointing to a placard in a shop window reading, "Keeper of the City Time." The sign was near the chronometer by which passing pedestrians set their watches. "It's a good many years now," went on the jeweler, "since that sign lost its former meaning. Now all it means is that the chronometer there is right according to the time fixed by the observatory at Washington. But it isn't 'city time,' as the term was once understood.

"City time in the old days was determined by the meridian passing through the city and it differed from the time of other cities by just so many seconds or minutes as those places were east or west of us. If you lived in Philadelphia it was to your advantage to hunt up a New York jeweler and get New York time, because if you didn't you might miss your train home. The jeweler of those days really reserved the title of timekeeper, because he calculated time for himself. To have it right he took an observation at noon, just as they do on shipboard, and thus got real New York time. Nowadays Washington does it for the jeweler and lets him know right on the dot when it is noon.

"The title of keeper of the city time belonged to the man who had the contract for keeping the city hall clock right by his own observations. There is no need of this now. New York's watches and clocks are really all slow when compared with real New York time, as determined by our own meridian, but as long as everybody has agreed to be wrong it doesn't matter. All that the change has done has been to rob the jeweler of some of his former usefulness."—New York Sun.