REZANOV

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON

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XXVI.—Continued.

The hills were very high and very steep, the roads but a name in summer. Had not the snow been soft and thin the horses could not have made the ascent at all; and as it was, the riders were forced to walk the greater part of the way and drag their unwilling steeds behind them. They were twelve hours covering the thirty versts, and at Katschuk Rezanov succumbed for two days, while Jon scoured the country in search of a telega; as sometimes happened there was a long stretch of country without snow, and sledges, by far the most comfortable method of travel in Siberia, could not be used. The rest of the journey, but 196 versts, must be made by land. Rezanov admitted that he was too weary to ride, and refused to travel in the post carriage. On the third day the servant managed to hire a telega from a superior farmer and they started immediately, the heavy luggage having been consigned to a merchant vessel at Yakutsk.

Rezanov stood the telega exactly half a day. Little larger than an armchair and far lighter, it was drawn by horses that galloped up and down hill and across the intervening valleys with no change of gait, and over a road so rough that the little vehicle seemed to be propelled by a succession of earthquakes. Rezanov, in a fever which he attributed to rage, dismissed the telega at a village and awaited the coming of Jon, who followed on horseback with the personal luggage.

It was a village of wooden houses built in the Russian fashion, and inhabited by a dignified tribe wearing long white garments bordered with fur. They spoke Russian, a language little heard farther north and east in Siberia, and when Rezanov declined their hospitality they dispatched a courier at once to the governor general of Irkutsk, acquainting him with the condition of the chamberlain and of his imminent arrival. In consequence, when Rezanov drew rein two days later and looked down upon the city of Irkutsk with its pleasant squares and great stone buildings beside the shining river, the gilded domes and crosses of its thirty churches and convents glittering in the sun, the whole picture beckoning to the delirious brain of the traveler like some mirage of the desert, his appearance was the signal for a salute from the fort; and the governor general, privy counsellor and senator de Pestel, accompanied by the civil governor, the commandant, and the archbishop, and with a military escort, sallied forth and led the guest, with the formality of officials and the compassionate tenderness of men, into the capital.

For three weeks longer Rezanov lay in the palace of the governor. Between fever and lassitude his iron will seemed alternately to melt in the fiery furnace of his body, then, a cooling but still viscous and formless mass, sink to the utmost depths of his being. But here he had the best of nursing and attendance, rallied finally and insisted upon continuing his journey. His doctor made the less demur as the traveling was far smoother now, in the early days of March, than it would be a month hence, when the snow was thinner and the sledges were no longer possible. Nevertheless, he announced his intention to accompany him as far as Krasnoiarsk, where the chamberlain could lodge in the house of the principal magistrate of the place, Counsellor Keller, and be able to command fair nursing and medical attendance; and to this Rezanov indifferently assented.

The prospect of continuing his journey and the bustle of preparation raised the spirit of the invalid and gave him a fictitious energy. He had fought depression and despair in all his conscious moments, never admitted that the devastation in his body was mortal. With but a remnant of his former superb strength and emaciated beyond recognition, he attended a banquet on the night preceding his departure, and on the following morning stood up in his sledge and acknowledged the God-speed of the population of Irkutsk assembled in the square before the palace of the governor. All his life he had excited interest wherever he went, but never to such a degree as on that last journey when he made his desperate fight for life and happiness.

XXVII.

The snow rarely falls in Krasnoiarsk. It is a little oasis in the great winter desert of Siberia. Rezanov, his face turned to the window, could see the red banks on the opposite side of the river. The sun transformed the gilded cupolas and crosses into dazzling points of light, and the sky above the spires and towers,, the stately square and narrow dirty streets of the bustling little capital, was as blue and unflecked as that which arched so high above a land where Castilian roses grew, and one woman among a gay and thoughtless people dreamed, with all the passion of her splendid youth, of the man to whom she had pledged an eternal troth. Rezanov's mind was clear in those last moments, but something of the serenity and the selfishness of death had already descended upon him. He heard with indifference the sobs of Jon, crouched at the foot of his bed. Tears and regrets were a part of the general futility of life, insignificant enough at the grand threshold of death.

No doubt that his great schemes would die with him, and were he remembered at all it would be as a dreamer; or as a failure, because he had died before accomplishing what his brain and energy and enthusiasm alone could force to fruition. None realized better than he the paucity of initiative and executive among the characteristics of the Slav. What mattered it? He had had glimpses more than once of the apparently illogical sequence of life, the vanity of human effort, the wanton cruelty of Nature. He had known men struck down before in the maturity of their usefulness, cities destroyed by earthquake or hurricane in the fairest and most promising of their days: public men, priests, parents, children, wantons, criminals, blotted out with equal impartiality by a brutal force that would seem to have but a casual use for the life she flung broadcast on her planets. Man was the helpless victim of Nature, a calf in a tiger's paws. If she overlooked him, or swept him contemptuously into the class of her favorites, well and good; otherwise he was her sport, the plaything of her idler moments. Those that cried "But why?" "What reason?" "What use?" were those that had never looked over the walls of their ego at the great dramatic moments in the career of Nature, when she made immortal fame for herself at the expense of millions of pigmies.

And if his energies, his talents, his usefulness, were held of no account, at least he could look back upon a past when he would have seemed to be one of the few supreme favorites of the forces that shaped man's life and destiny. Until he had started from Kronstadt four years before on a voyage that had humiliated his proud spirit more than once, and undermined as splendid a physique as ever was granted to even a Russian, he had rolled the world under his foot. With an appearance and personal magnetism, gifts of mind and manner and character that would have commanded attention amidst the general flaccidity of his race and conquered life without the great social advantages he inherited, he had enjoyed power and pleasure to a degree that would have spoiled a coarser nature long since. True, the time had come when he had cared little for any of his endowments save as a means to great ends, when all his energies had concentrated in the determination to live a life of the highest possible usefulness—without which man's span was but existence—his ambitions cohered and been driven steadily toward a permanent niche in history; then paled and dissolved for an hour in the glorious vision of human happiness.

And finally as he might realize man's insignificance among the blind forces of nature, he could accept it philosophically and die with his soul uncorroded by misanthropy, that final and uncompromising admission of failure. The misanthrope was the supreme failure of life because he had not the intelligence to realize, or could not reconcile himself to, the incomplete condition of human nature. Man was made up of little qualities, and aspirations for great ones. Many yielded in the struggle and sank into impotent discontent among the small material things of life, instead of uplifting themselves with the picture of the inevitable future when development had run its course, and indulgently pitying the children of his own period who so often made life hateful with their greed, selfishness, snobbery—most potent obstacle to human endeavor—and injustice. The bad judgment of the mass! How many careers it had balked, if not ruined, with its poor ideals, its mean heroes, its instinctive avoidance of superior qualities foreign to itself, its contemptible desire to be identified with a fashion. It was this low standard of the crowd that induced misanthropy in many otherwise brave spirits who lacked the insight to discern the divine spark underneath, the persistence, sure of reward, to fight their way to this spark and reveal it to the gaze of astonished and flattered humanity. Rezanov's very arrogance had led him to regard the mass of mankind as but one degree removed from the nursery; his good nature and philosophical spirit to treat them with an indulgence that kept sourness out of his cynicism and inevitably recurring weariness and disgust; his ardent imagination had consoled itself with the vision of a future when man should live in a world made reasonable by the triumph of ideals that now lurked half ashamed in the high spaces of the human mind.

He looked back in wonder at the moment of wild regret and protest—the bitterer in its silence—when they had told him he must die; when in the last rally of the vital forces he had believed his will was still strong enough to command his ravaged body, to propel his brain, still teeming with a vast and complicated future, his heart, still warm and insistent with the image it cherished, on to the ultimates of ambition and love. How brief it had been, that last cry of mortality, with its accompaniment of furious wonder at his unseemly and senseless cutting off. In the adjustment and readjustment of political and natural forces the world ambled on philosophically, fulfilling its inevitable destiny. If he had not been beyond humor he would have smiled at the idea that in the face of all eternity it mattered what nation on one little planet eventually possessed a fragment called California. To him that fair land was empty and purposeless save for one figure, and even of her he thought with the terrible calm of dissolution. During these last months of illness and isolation he had been less lonely than at any time of his life save during those few weeks in California, for he had lived with her incessantly in spirit; and in that subtle imaginative communion had pressed close to a profound and complex soul, revealed before only in flashes to a vision astray in the confusion of the senses. He had felt that her response to his passion was far more vital and enduring than dwelt in the capacity of most women; he had appreciated her gifts of mind, her piquant variousness that scotched monotony, the admirable characteristics that would give a man repose and content in his leisure, and subtly advance his career. But in those long reveries, at the head of his forlorn caravan or in the desolate months of convalescence, he had arrived at an absolute understanding of what she herself had divined while half comprehending. Theirs was one of the few immortal loves that reveal the rarely sounded deeps of the soul while in its frail tenement on earth; and he harbored not a doubt that their love was stronger than mortality and that their ultimate union was decreed. Meanwhile she would suffer, no one but he could dream how completely, but her strong soul would conquer, and she would live the life she had visioned in moments of despair; not of cloistered selfishness, but of incomparable usefulness to her little world; and far happier, in her eternal youthfulness of heart, in that divine life of the imagination where he must always be with her as she had known him briefly at his best, than in the blunt commonplaceness of daily existence, the routine and disillusionment of the world. Perhaps—who knew?—he had, after all, given her the best that man can offer to a woman of exalted nature; instead of taking again with his left hand what his right had bestowed; completed the great gift of life with the priceless beacon of death.

How unlike was life to the old Greek tragedies! He recalled his prophetic sense of impending happiness, success, triumph, as he entered California, the rejuvenescence of his spirit in the renewal of his wasted forces even before he loved the woman. Every event of the past year, in spite of the obstacles that mortal must expect, had marched with his ambitions and desires, and straight toward a future that would have given him the most coveted of all destinies, a station in history. There had not been a hint that his brain, so meaningly and consummately equipped, would perish in the ruins of his body in less than a twelvemonth from that fragrant morning when he had entered the home of Concha Arguello tingling with a pagan joy in mere existence, a sudden rush of desire for the keen wild happiness of youth——

His eyes wandered from the bright cross above the little cemetery where he was to lie, and contracted with an expression of wonder. Where had Jon found Castilian roses in this barren land? No man had ever been more blest in a servant, but could even he—here—With the last triumph of will over matter he raised his head, his keen, searching gaze noting every detail of the room, bare and unlovely save for its altors and ikons, its kneeling priests and nuns. His eyes expanded, his nostrils quivered. As he sank down in the embrace of that final delusion, his unconquerably sanguine spirit flared high before a vision of eternal and unthinkable happiness.

So died Rezanov; and with him the hope of Russians and the hindrance of Americans in the west; and the mortal happiness and earthly dross of the saintliest of California's women.

The End.

"HUB" OF THE GREAT CANADA WHEAT BELT

Saskatoon Proudly Claims the Title of the "Coming Metropolis," and Its Progress Is One of the Wonders of the Canadian West.

By HERBERT VANDERHOOF.

Saskatoon, Sask., Nov. 10.—"A coming metropolis" is the proud title which Saskatoon boasts. It backs up its claim to the distinction by proving that there are few other cities in Saskatchewan, or, in fact, in the whole Canadian West, that are making such rapid strides. Every day witnesses the advent of new industries and the city is fast taking on metropolitan airs. The extension of the Canadian Pacific railway to the city is destined to give it a tremendous onward impetus, and its geographical position as the hub of the great Canadian wheat belt gives it commanding importance.

Building operations were never so brisk in Saskatoon as they have been during the past season. In all sections of the city new structures have been going up, both for residence and business purposes. On the main business streets the new stores that have been erected would reflect credit on a city the size of Winnipeg, which has as handsome mercantile structures as are in the Dominion.

A large portion of the inhabitants of Saskatoon and the province of Saskatchewan are Americans, who have been attracted there by the cheap lands and the great wheat production. In order that these people may return to their old homes for the holiday season and tell their friends of the advantages of life in the Canadian Northwest, the Canadian Pacific railway will, during the month of December, give practically a single fare rate to St. Paul, Chicago, Cedar Rapids, Sioux City and Des Moines, Iowa; Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Peoria and Milwaukee, from Calgary north and from Regina north, and from all the principal points in the province of Saskatchewan and Alberta. These tickets will be good for the return trip any time within three months from the date of issue, and it is expected that thousands of Americans will avail themselves of the opportunity to revisit their old homes at the cheap rate offered them, and to preach the gospel of opportunity which Saskatoon and the other growing Canadian cities exemplify.

The present year has been the greatest that the Canadian West has ever experienced for new immigration, and by far the larger part of the new settlers around Saskatoon are from the states. These people will return to their old homes and the educational work they will do in informing their friends of what Canada has to offer will undoubtedly attract more new settlers next year.

New Use for Asbestos.

Doctor Hogyes, a Hungarian army physician, has demonstrated by thorough investigation that the marching ability of soldiers, the most important requirement for an army in the field, is less endangered by fatigue than through the sensitiveness of the skin of the feet against leather. This sensitiveness, which has heretofore been well recognized, the Hungarian phyician has tried to avoid by a peculiar remedy, namely, through lining or socks of asbestos. The Hungarian army has already adopted this innovation. As a tonic and health-maker there is nothing like golden grain belt beer. It is the ideal home beverage and should be served daily with meals to insure good health.

'HAS THIEF' ARRESTED; FINDS HE'S HER SPOUSE

Lost Husband Takes Wife's Suit Case by Mistake in Depot Far from Home.

Pueblo, Col., Nov. 10.—The reunion here of Horace N. Cummings and his wife, Clara, who last met in Syracuse, N. Y., their home, six years ago, was dramatic.

Cummings was at the Union station on his way from Salt Lake City to Denver. His wife, who is in business here, went to the station to take a train for California. They placed their suitcases side by side while each sought station officials for information.

When Cummings returned for his valise he picked up the wrong one. His wife saw him, called a policeman, and had her husband arrested. Then she recognized him and plied him with questions as to where he had been.

Six years ago Cummings enlisted in the army and went to the Philippines. He became ill, and his wife heard he was dead. He lost his mind and memory, and it was months before he recovered. He found no letters, and went back to Syracuse to find her, but she had disappeared. Since then he had been searching in vain for her.

They have gone to Denver, where Cummings will engage in business.

Cost no more. Last longer. That's the "why" of Foot-Schulze rubbers.

The Journal of Commerce estimates the issue of new securities in October at $37,663,000, the smallest month this year. This compares with $45,947,000 for September and $66,958,609 for August. The bonds issued amounted to $20,501,000, and stock to $17,162,000. The total thus far this year is still far ahead of 1905, the ten months recording $1,065,626,383, as compared with $869,529,000 for the twelve months of 1905.

Thru the munificence of the widow of a New York capitalist, the means has been supplied for the establishing of a magazine printed in blind point type.

UNSETTLED QUESTIONS

With the election out of the way, says the Wall Street Journal, there are now five leading topics of interest directly related to the business of the country. These are:

First—Car shortage of a more pronounced and general character than has probably ever been the case hitherto.

Second—The labor question, involving numerous demands for higher wages, shorter hours and better conditions.

Third—Western railway rates, in which the old question of Atlantic and gulf competition threatens to disturb the whole interior rate situation.

Fourth—The high rate of interest at which money is now lending in financial centers, and its relation to the larger problems of banking and currency.

Fifth—The early assemblage of congress and state legislatures, in which many questions relating to the regulation of industry, commerce and finance are to be brought to the front. Meanwhile there is much activity in judicial circles in the prosecution of suits and in administration inquiries, the end of which has not yet been reached.

SALES OF COPPER

A representative of one of the largest metal-selling agencies in the world estimates, for the Boston News bureau, the sales of copper in the United States during October just ended, approximating 120,000,000 pounds, or about one-half the volume sold the previous month—September, the record month. He further adds that September's exceedingly heavy volume of transactions so nearly bared the market of copper for the time being that the smaller sales resulted in October.

Herbert Knox Smith, deputy commissioner of the bureau of corporations in the department of commerce and labor, is reported as saying at Hartford that as a result of investigation that he had been conducting, the United States government will prosecute the Standard Oil company, to collect if possible, $160,000 in penalties for violations of the Elkins act.

Director Roberts of the mint, quoted at Denver, thinks bar silver will advance to 76 cents or better within the next two years.

John C. Welling, vicepresident of the Illinois Central, is dead.

Pig iron prices show a tendency toward higher figures.

BONDS VS. MORTGAGES

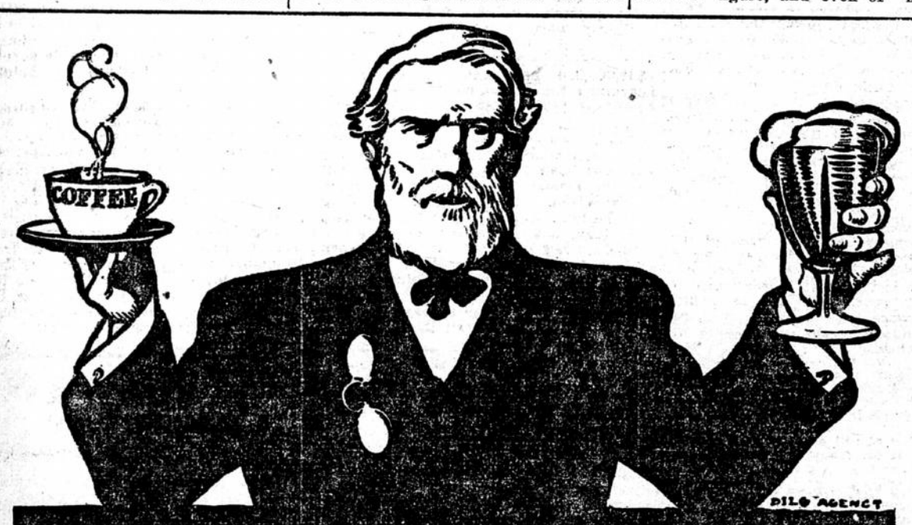
Farm indebtedness is almost invariably the result either of a mortgage given as security for a part of the original purchase price, for the purpose of improving or stocking land already paid for, or for the purpose of buying additional land for investment purposes. But in no case do the mortgages of the class considered exceed one-half the value of the unimproved land. If this particular mortgaged farm, and others in the community, fail to produce the returns necessary for the interest charges against them, whence will come the interest on the bonds issued by a railroad dependent on this community for its origin of business?

"If one can imagine," says H. L. Taft in Moody's Magazine, "such a thing as a country suddenly rendered barren, the railroad has become worthless for dividend purposes; while, on the other hand, should the same country simply be stripped of its railroad mileage, it would continue self-supporting and at the same time demonstrate its ability to pay any reasonable interest charge against it. It has already done this in times past in all portions of our own country before the railroad construction reached the community. If, therefore, the investor must 'ultimately look to the earning capacity of his investment,' we feel that it is demonstrated that he can most safely do so when his investment is a properly made farm mortgage."

SHAW AND WALL STREET

The most successful traders are speculating with a sharp eye on Washington, waiting for Secretary Shaw either to increase public deposits in the banks or retire bonds. They believe such an announcement would result in a sharp advance and that stocks would be a purchase on it for a turn at least. It is the prevailing confidence in the intention of the secretary "to do something" that explains the tenacity with which holders cling to their stocks, in the face of the high rates for call money. It is intimated by well informed people that, as was the case last week, there has been this week a continuance of the shifting of loans to the trust companies.

Dun's review says many industries are severely handicapped by traffic delays and shortage of labor is also felt.



Take Your Choice—a Drug or a Food

Physicians of the highest scientific attainments unite in declaring that coffee is a form of slow poison—a pernicious drug. They point out that it darkens the blood, clogs the liver, colors the skin, weakens the heart's action and ruins the digestion of all who drink it. On the other hand, doctors declare that a pure bottled beer, properly brewed from Malt and Hops, and fully aged, like

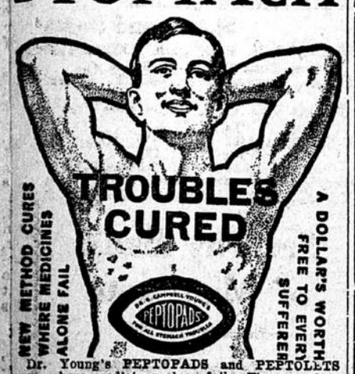
Gund's Peerless Beer

is a most wholesome and delicious beverage. Gund's Peerless Beer being made from malted barley, is essentially a "food stuff" of high nutritive value. If drunk regularly with meals it clears the liver, enriches the blood, brightens the skin, stimulates the gastric secretions and wonderfully promotes the digestive process. Thus it is that the beer-drinking races of men are the healthiest and in the forefront of the World's progress. Peerless Beer won the Gold Medal at the St. Louis Exposition for highest excellence. Contains about 4 per cent of alcohol, just enough to promote digestion. Doctors prescribe it for the weak and sick. Used at all high-class health resorts. Delivered at homes on request by phone or mail. Sold at all cafes, saloons, hotels and buffets. Bottled only at brewery.

JOHN GUND BREWING CO., La Crosse, Wis.

C. BUECK, Mgr. Minneapolis Branch, 1507-1519 6th St. S., Minneapolis, Minn. Both Phones 723.

STOMACH



Dr. Young's PEPTOPADS and PEPTOLETS cure where medicines alone fail. They regulate the bowels, relieve soreness, and strengthen the nerves and muscles of the stomach in either sex. You can soon eat what you want without fear of distress. The cures effected are marvelous. If you have Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Heart Fluttering, Sick Headache, etc., send 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing, and I will send you a $1.00 treatment absolutely free. It will relieve you immediately. Address, DR. G. C. YOUNG, 71 National Bank Bldg., Jackson, Michigan.

Why "half-advertise" it? A Journal want ad will fully advertise it.

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Metzger Rye

Transportation charges all paid by us when money is sent with order.

This fine whiskey is known as the best of the best whiskies for medicinal and family use and is worth 50 PER CENT more than we charge for it. Over 300,000 users testify to the high quality of METZGER RYE.

If you never used this whiskey and your local dealer does not keep it, send your order direct to us. We will send you 4 Full Quart Bottles, packed in a plain box so that contents will not be known, without any marks, for $3.20 and prepay all charges. We do this only to have you try this whiskey and to prove to you that what we say about it is true. After the first order of four quarts you will order full cases. We return money if METZGER RYE is not satisfactory.

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"COPPER"

THE LARGE PROFITS made in mining investments are made by those who go in at the start, or at the first offering price.

The stock of the CALUMET CLIFTON COPPER COMPANY presents an opportunity for profitable investment, which is worthy the immediate attention and investigation of everyone.

The CAPITALIZATION IS $750,000, divided into 150,000 shares of the par value of $5.00 each, of which 50,000 shares are Treasury stock. The REGISTRAR of the Company is the COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY of Pittsburg, and the DEPOSITORY of the Company the FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Clifton, Arizona.

THE FIRST OFFERING of Treasury stock is now being made at one-half the par value, or $2.50 a share, being full paid and non-assessable.

CLIFTON, where all the mines of the Arizona, Detroit, Standard, New England, Shannon and Calumet Clifton copper companies are located, is one of the best and richest districts ever discovered in this country.

THE CALUMET CLIFTON PROPERTIES comprise five claims each 1,500 feet in length by 600 feet in width and covering 100 acres of surface. They are the Ninety-six, Randolph, Randolph No. 2, South Slope No. 3 and the Copper Bug. They lie directly northeast of the great "Shannon" mines and westerly from the mines of the "New England" Copper Company, and north of the "King" group of mines, owned by the "Arizona Copper Company," and north of the "Standard" copper mines.

THE GENERAL FORMATION of the country at the Calumet Clifton property is identical with the formation of all the great copper producing mines of this district, being limestone, porphyry, quartzite and granite, the ledges or deposits being heavily capped with iron, which is general with all the large copper producers of the district, and is a sure indication of the permanecy of the deposits.

EACH AND EVERY ONE of the claims showing ore in paying quantities.

The principal development has been done on the "Ninety-six" claim and consists of the following:

Tunnel No. 1, about the center of the claim, driven 75 feet all in ore that will average from 5 to 30 per cent copper, heavily impregnated with iron, making an ideal smelting ore. The vein is strong and well defined, and will average about 15 feet in width.

At the mouth of this tunnel has been sunk a shaft to 50 feet deep, all in ore of the same grade and character as the tunnel.

About 100 feet northeast of Tunnel No. 1 has been run a tunnel 50 feet, known as Tunnel No. 2, showing the same grade and character of ore and same width of vein.

Tunnel No. 3 is about 200 feet from the southwest end line of the claim, and has been run 40 feet on the same vein, showing the same ore and width of vein.

Back of Tunnel No. 1 about 100 feet has been sunk a shaft 40 feet all in ore of the same grade and character as the others.

SEVEN ASSAYS made by the Pittsburg Testing Laboratory, Ltd., of Pittsburg, Pa., all taken from the workings of the Ninety-six claim show copper values from 4.64 to 27.66 per cent.

When it is taken into consideration that the general average of all the ores in this group will average from 4 to 30 per cent copper and that the large producing and dividend paying companies are working ores as low as 4 per cent copper and paying large dividends, with the immense surface showings and the character of ore exposed and in sight, it removes all speculative values from this property, which, with further and proper development, should soon take rank as a producer and dividend payer.

FUTURE PLANS provide for the immediate and energetic development of the entire property; the extension of tunnels and the deepening of shafts, which work will be carried on from the proceeds of the sales of the Treasury stock. INCIDENTAL TO THE DISBURSEMENT OF FUNDS THERE WILL BE RENDERED TO THE STOCKHOLDERS FROM TIME TO TIME detailed reports showing the AMOUNT OF MONEY SPENT; the AMOUNT of work done, and WHERE done; the cost per foot, and in general such an itemized statement as will afford to all the stockholders a clear and concise statement which will indicate specifically just how and for what the Company's funds are being expended. These statements will be thoroughly audited and at all times duplicate vouchers may be inspected by any stockholder at the office of the company.

OF FIVE DIRECTORS the president, Mr. James Harvey, and the Treasurer, Mr. B. B. Adams, reside at Clifton, adjacent to the property. The advantage of having two directors right on the ground is recognized. Mr. E. W. Hunt of Boston, Treasurer of the Saxonville Mills; Mr. M. M. Ganser, Merchant, of Duluth, and Mr. E. C. Blanchard, Superintendent of the Northern Pacific Railway, Duluth, Minn., complete the Board of Directors.

The mining will be under the direct supervision of Mr. Ben M. Crawford, associated with the Clifton district for many years. Formerly associated with the Standard Copper Company, his ability as regards conscientious and energetic work is known to every one in the district.

FURTHER INFORMATION as to the Company, properties and operations may be obtained at the offices in Duluth, Minn., where maps of the mines and specimens of ore may be seen, and every facility afforded for the fullest investigation, which is cordially invited.

THE PRESENT OFFERING OF STOCK IS AT THE PRICE OF $2.50 PER SHARE. THE TERMS OF PAYMENT MAY BE EITHER CASH IN FULL, OR $1.00 PER SHARE ON APPLICATION, AND THE REMAINING $1.50 PER SHARE IN THREE EQUAL PAYMENTS OF 50 CENTS PER SHARE IN 30, 60 AND 90 DAYS THEREAFTER, AND SHOULD PAYMENTS NOT BE COMPLETED, CERTIFICATES WILL BE ISSUED TO SUBSCRIBERS TO COVER WHATEVER THEY MAY HAVE PAID IN.

IT IS ANTICIPATED THAT CALUMET CLIFTON STOCK WILL BE ACTIVELY DEALT IN ON THE BOSTON CURB, ALSO IN DULUTH, PITTSBURG AND NEW YORK, WHICH WILL AT ALL TIMES INSURE A READY AND ACTIVE MARKET, AND IT IS CONFIDENTLY BELIEVED THAT IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE A DECIDED ADVANCE WILL TAKE PLACE, BASED ON ACTUAL DEVELOPMENTS.

INTENDING PURCHASERS WHO ARE DESIROUS OF OBTAINING PART OF THIS FIRST ALLOTMENT SHOULD SUBSCRIBE OR MAKE THEIR RESERVATION AT ONCE.

Further information may be obtained by addressing immediately as below.

Make all checks, drafts and money orders to the order of "N. S. Mitchell, Financial Agent."

N. S. MITCHELL,

First National Bank Building, Duluth, Minn.

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