SWELLS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.

Famous Athletic Champions Who Follow the Dictates of Fashion.

Beau Brummels of the Turf, the Ring and the Track.

(Copyright, 1898.)

THERE are men high up in the sporting world who may be termed its Beau Brummels. These men are noted for the swell appearance of their clothes when they are not engaged in their regular vocation or sport. Every one who has heard of Tod Sloane, the brilliant young American jockey who has been electrifying all England by his wonderful horsemanship, knows he is the best dressed character on the turf.

It is said that this young man, now about 21 years of age, carries with him all the way from one to three dozen suits of clothes. When he was riding in America, he generally had to pay several dollars for excess baggage. Sloane lives high, but not fast. When in America he always put up at the best hotels and occupies a costly suite of rooms. In London, at the present time, he has the best and most expensive suite in the fashionable Hotel Cecil, and all of sporting England is talking and telling wonderful tales of his expensive tastes and habits.

In the evening he is immaculate in the latest cut of dress suit—a very glass of fashion. He is very fond of two things—pretty girls and cigars—and when not engaged in riding he is very seldom seen without a big black cigar between his lips.

Sloane has studied dress as closely as he has horses, and that is saying a good deal. Of course he has a valet in constant attendance. There isn't a swell in London who dress better or who lives in better style. On pleasant days he drives in the park. Now and then he takes a walk, but not often, for walking places him at a disadvantage. He has adopted the English fashion of giving 5 o'clock teas, and it is really wonderful how many well-known people are glad to partake of his hospitality.

In the evening he goes to the theater—always seated in a box—or to one of the clubs.

One thing that did him a lot of good socially in London is the reiteration of a story that is said to be perfectly true. The story runs that once on an American track Tod was handed $500 by a big gambler. Tod carelessly handed back the money and said: "Thank you very much, but I don't accept tips."

It is said that when Jimmy Michael, the diminutive little Welshman who has been showing his heels to all sorts and sizes of bicycle riders in the United States these last few months, heard of the dash that Tod Sloane was cutting with his high silk hat and fashionable clothes in London, he immediately became jealous and resolved to become a rival in that line. Michael is about 5 feet 4 inches in height and of slender figure. His manager says that wonderful suits of clothes, from the easy, lounging, half-undressed golf suit, with its picturesque stockings, to the most immaculate of afternoon suits, have been ordered for Michael's use. When to these are added the wonderful ties and choker collars that go with them, it is said that Michael cuts a great dash and is no end of a swell. When all his engagements have been finished in America for the winter, Michael is going to take some rest, and then will be the time, it is stated, that these wonderful suits will be sprung on the world.

Kid McCoy, the promising young pugilist who recently attracted attention by defeating Dan Creedon in the ring, may be spoken of as the Beau Brummel of the pugilistic world. His soriquet of the "Kid" scarcely justifies McCoy's appearance, for he looks big enough when in ring attire to fight any man in the world and strong enough to wrestle with a Sandow. But put McCoy into citizen's dress and, as he himself has said, he looks every bit like a gentleman lounger on Broadway, or some well dressed and well groomed young gentleman of fashion. He occupies apartments at the Vendome hotel when in New York, and is very fond of exhibiting himself in his fine clothes.

Followers of baseball will surely grant that the best dressed figure among well known ball players is James Ryan, the hitting outfielder of the Chicago team. Even when Ryan was still a lad he was noted for his neatness, and generally fine appearance of his dress among his fellow students at Holy Cross college.

There is greater difficulty experienced in picking out the best dressed man among golfers, because, as a rule, players of that game are fairly well to do men who generally dress well. But if there is a man noticeable for his fine attire among golf players it is one who has recently joined their ranks, Foxhall Keene, who also may be said to hold the same position among the well-known cross country riders and polo players of America. Mr. Keene has, however, announced his retirement from these rather dangerous sports and is giving his time to golf. Consequently he may be safely termed the best dressed man among golfers.

What Foxhall Keene is to the gentlemen of the golf world Bob Wrenn of Harvard is among tennis players and football men. His well-knit form and handsome face lend an air to his appearance which adds much to his natural grace.

In other sports it is more difficult to pick out any distinguishingly dressy figure.

Coming down to the all-around "sports,"—men who are noted as gamblers, plungers or bettors on prize fighting—there are two men who stand out prominently among their fellows as being very well dressed in a class of men who, as a rule, make it a point to be always very inconspicuously attired, for reasons of "business." These two notable exceptions are Honest John Kelly, ex-League baseball umpire, and Pat Sheedy, the prince of gamblers, and one time manager of John L. Sullivan. Sheedy has been termed the Adonis of the sporting fraternity, and he well deserves the title, for he is always very well dressed and carries a handsome umbrella or cane, and is in every way got up in a fashion to do full justice to his good looks.

FOXHALL KEENE.

PAT SHEEDY.

JIMMY RYAN.

HONEST JOHN KELLY.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD TIME CHOPHOUSE.

"OLD Tom's chophouse is to be torn down to make room for the new fire engine house, on Thames street," was the almost iconoclastic announcement made recently in the New York newspapers.

It is not quite so bad as that, but it is literally "next door to it," for the real victim of that sinister vandal, Progress, is "Old John Smith's chophouse," which elbows its friendly rival on the adjoining property.

There is, to those who know, a positive aroma about the word "chophouse." It calls up shining pewters, well worn from years of cleansing, and quaint tobies filled with tempting ale—with ale, mind you, a creation of character and comfort and dignity, a creation whose steadfast, creamy crown is a symbol of its sterling worth, so different from the frothy, frivolous beer, with its thin, unsatisfying attractions. And, of course, it calls up chops, the big fellows, brown, fragrant and smoking hot, with their rich, solid bit of fat hidden under a golden cover that every real chophouse learns to love and look for. It calls up, too—and this is the best of all—hours of genuine good fellowship, long talks mellowed by good food and drink, and real talks are these, not merely idle gabble. For, be it known, the very air of a chophouse of the old school is a deadly foe to haste and seems to urge all who breathe it to "loaf and invite their souls," and then only does man's best and brightest self find expression in speech.

But the chophouse, like the post chaise, the bellman and many another picturesque feature of the life in our grandfather's days, is doomed, and its history deserves preservation.

"Old Tom's" is the purest type of what a chophouse should be, and for almost a century it has preserved itself unspotted from the whirling tides around it, and during that time almost every epicure and man of note in the country has been at some time its guest. To give a complete list of the men of note who were or are its regular patrons would be impossible, but amongst hosts of others may be mentioned William Cullen Bryant, William M. Evarts, William Nassau, Charles W. Brooke, John E. Parsons, Chauncey M. Depew, James G. Blaine, Richard Croker, Gen. B. F. Tracy, J. D. Crimmins, John Duncan, architect of the Grant monument, and William Waldorf Astor.

The last named gentleman was not only a patron but a historian of the place. His history appeared in The Referee for 1876, copyrighted by Rufus Adams, printed for private circulation and described on the title page as "An Annual Magazine, conducted under the auspices of the Happy Family." A copy of this book handsomely bound in Russia leather, lined with gold and at present soiled with many readings, is among the most precious possessions of "Old Tom." In locating "Old Tom's," Mr. Astor starts from Trinity church and, speaking of the spire, says: "Its steeple to the eye of sense doth point its faithful finger always to the skies, but to the eye of the initiated imagination it stands a never failing landmark to guide man's footsteps to that heaven around the corner, that curious old-times-y-relic of days that are gone, "Old Tom's." And "around the corner" it is, for Thames street, on which it is situated, leaves Broadway at right angles about fifty feet from the churchyard.

Of the chops at "Old Tom's" Mr. Astor has this to say: "They are a small section of slaughtered sheep that is brown and fragrant for two minutes, devoured in five minutes and forgotten. No, those chops are never forgotten by any man who has once had the felicity of an introduction to them!" And for the rest of the bill of fare the same famous author and bon vivant declares that they are "such succulent viands as no clubhouse or private kitchen can produce and whose toothsomeness not even the skill of Delmonico's can surpass." There, now, is approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley that is praise indeed! And, although Mr. Astor has entertained the Prince of Wales since these words were written, he still retains his high opinion of the cuisine of the old resort, for on the occasion of his last visit to this country he brought his eldest son on two successive days to luncheon there, and, pointing to the tempting steaks and chops as they lay on exhibition and as yet uncooked, he said: "There, my boy! Eat those and grow to be big like I am."

The site occupied by this lauded inn has served as a place of entertainment, liquid and solid, since 1728, and the first proprietor was William Lee. It was here that the famous Quaker beer was sold, brewed by Quaker Murray of Murray hill. Then one Reynolds kept the place, and thereafter Mrs. Weeks presided over its destinies. This was in 1800. Joseph Munn was its next owner. Now, at this time Thomas Holahan was "Young Tom" and held the humble position of "boots" in the City hotel, the rear of which was on Tenpence lane, now Temple street, and therefore opposite Mum's place. In 1833 Holahan acquired the property, and on his death his son Thomas, the present proprietor, continued the business on exactly the same lines as those laid down by his father and his predecessors. The widow, however, married a John Smith, and they opened next door the chophouse which is now marked for destruction. Each house has always claimed to be "original." But there seemed to be a contradiction in the very combination, an "original" John Smith, and the action of the city authorities in demolishing the place will doubtless put an end to a time honored and fruitful subject of debate between the patrons of the rival establishments.

As you approach "Old Tom's" two things are noticeable—first, that the entrance on the corner is at an angle to make it wider and more inviting, and, second, that what is obviously a signboard hangs over the dor. On the side toward Broadway the figures on the board are completely blotted out by time, while on the other side a dim picture of the original Tom Holahan is discernible, sitting as though to receive guests. The other side once showed Tom with a mug of ale in his hand sitting beneath a picture of Gen. Jackson in full uniform (Tom was a Tammany Democrat), and the whole was the work of a young man named Whitley, known afterwards as Judge Whitley, of New Jersey, who painted the pictures at various sessions during which paints were not the only liquids that entered into the workman's consideration of the subject.

As you enter the door there is a table to the left, and laid upon it is a toothsome array, if ever there was one, for each article displayed is selected with the utmost care, and is as perfect of its kind as the market can supply. There are thick red and white steaks that almost say, "Eat me," as edibles are wont to in fairy books; chops of famous Southdowns, choice kidneys, fish of all kinds, celery, lettuce, and in season game of all sorts in variety, but of one kind in point of excellence, and that the highest. The floor on which you tread is strewn with sawdust and sand, and in front of you is a little low bar, behind which are pewters and tobies and appetizing looking fat bottles of bitters and spirits, and among them lives and has lived "Jack," who for thirty-one years past has opened "Old Tom's" at 7:30 in the morning and said good-night to it at 7:30 in the evening, these being "Old Tom's" hours for business. "Jack" at one time was employed in the "Original John Smith's," but he was secured for "Old Tom's" after many diplomatic overtures.

The room—there is but one—is set with black walnut tables, stout and solid, and the tops and edges of them are worn with the scrubbings of years. The light that streams through the windows is subdued in the room, and even the roar of Broadway comes deadened to the ear. Old prints depend from the walls, not dusty, for everything is scrupulously clean, but faded and reminiscent of quieter times, when foreign market quotations came by sailing packet, and the incoming of a vessel was an event to celebrate which people of the town who occupied semi-rural homes even as far north as Barclay street came down to Bowling Green to greet the arrival.

There never has been and never will be a bill of fare in the place. You listen to what they have, you give your order, and the waiter goes to the sliding shutter that communicates with the kitchen and repeats it. Then if it isn't right—but this never happens—you have a chance to correct it. If "Old Tom" himself takes the order you have another opportunity to witness the lack of any spirit of innovation, for, regardless of the person or dish, your mandate is delivered in a voice always pitched in one key and always modulated (?) in the same way. While waiting to be served there are files of the daily and weekly papers to read, and in keeping with the spirit of the age that pervades the place a file of Punch is always at hand for those who like old jokes with their old ale.

"Old Tom" himself is a personage of 60 years or so. His face is rubicund and looks as though he ate his own good fare and drank his own ale. His eyes twinkle with fun, and his memory is a marvel, for he can name on sight almost any guest who has ever eaten at his house, and in the busy hours he keeps track of the orders of forty or fifty people with unerring accuracy. The place will be "Old Tom's" for years in all likelihood, for Tom is a hale man and hearty, but there is no "Young Tom" to succeed him, as his family consists of four daughters and no son. This seems unkind of fate, but, after all, it must be regarded as a sort of Nemesis, for never has gentlewoman been allowed to enlarge her sphere by taking luncheon or supper at "Old Tom's." So much for the famous down-town chophouse.

Of a different sort was "Browne's," uptown, and yet they were bound by the tie that many of the men who had lunched at noon at "Old Tom's" dropped into "Browne's" at midnight for a rabbit or a grilled bone with a toby for a nightcap. But its regular guests were for the most part actors, men about town, authors and literary men.

The founder of "Browne's" was George Browne, himself an actor and a good one at that. The first building occupied was a one-storied affair which stood at the southeast corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-first street some fifty years ago, and here on winter nights mine host would entertain his friends with stories garnished with chops and rabbits, which were cooked on a blazing fire that stood in the same room in which they were served. Then, too, began that famous collection of photographs of actors that made the Twenty-seventh street place one of the most interesting in the city, and will form the main feature of the new Broadway establishment. The donors were all personal friends of the proprietor, and on most of the pictures of that time are to be found the autographs of the originals. From the first the place was popular, and its vogue grew to such an extent that larger quarters were necessary, and accordingly the place was moved to Broadway and then to Twenty-eighth street, opposite the present Fifth Avenue theater; then to Twenty-seventh street, where its proprietor occupied Nos. 12 and 14, and afterward to No. 31, on the opposite side.

It was in this last location that for years it maintained the reputation of seeing at its tables "everybody that was anybody" who either lived in the city or visited it. The two rooms on the ground floor were given up to tables, and at one side was an odd little bar, with its cozy interior furnished with pewters and tobies. Bohemia in the best sense of the word frequented "Browne's"—Bohemia that thinks and does and is something and chooses to be unconventional and not the counterfeit that is shabby and fruitless in mind and estate and uses unconventionality to cover essential defects.

Photographs of actors and actresses of old days lined the walls of both rooms and overflowed into the hallway. Interspersed with the pictures there were playbills of historical interest, as containing the first appearance of a man or woman subsequently to become famous, and curious souvenirs, such, for example, as the telegram sent on one occasion from the West by John T. Raymond, instructing a friend to "toss a dollar with Billy Deutsch for a thousand. I call heads," and the answer, announcing, as might have been expected, for Raymond's bad luck was proverbial, that tails had come up. These and a host of other objects of interest connected with the theater were there for the amusement of guests, while at the tables were such men as Barrymore, Edgar Fawcett, Eben Plympton, Nat Goodwin, Julian Hawthorne, well-known clubmen, politicians and all the host of those choice souls who find that good cheer is an excellent aid to good fellowship.

At the death of Browne the place was managed for his widow by Mr. Williamson, his son-in-law, until a few years ago, when it was purchased by W. Ernest Wunderlich. "Browne's," like "Old Tom's," never allowed a woman to pass its portals. The chophouse was open at about 7 o'clock in the morning, and it was supposed to close at 2 o'clock in the morning, but often the hands of the clock traveled twenty-four hours, and, with the exception of the front door, nothing was closed about the place. But no one ever complained, for "tips" were plenty, and the late revelers were so entertaining that even sleepy waiters were kept awake by sheer enjoyment of song or story.

READ about the Treen Shoe Co.'s great sale of ladies' and misses' shoes, on page 12.

ON MOUNT RAINIER.

I stand upon the mountain top alone—
That peak which erstwhile shone
With kingly coronet's splendor.
I've climbed this summit vast
And here I find at last,
What riches toil doth render.

Yes. Here I stand above the cloud,
From out which thunder loud
Hath oft descended.
I scan the distant Puget's shore,
Up from which rolls and will roll evermore
Mists of a color strangely blended.

I stand beneath the glare of midday sun,
Its million rays converged as one;—
No shade but that of night is ever here;
And round about me, snows piled deep,
Cover great crags that will forever sleep,
These cold shrouds o'er their bier.

Far down below my feet,
Where snow and tree line meet,
Companionship hath ceased.
Where murmuring treetops bend,
As friend who speaks with friend,
Is sympathy at least;

But here, as on a monarch's throne,—
Here on this height alone
Is lack of joyous life.
As revolutions round thrones sweep,
So here do fierce winds vigils keep,
With constant moan and strife.

The view is grand. The solitude profound,
Even the stately clouds in deference circle round.
Below this Mountain's crest,
His rugged face sublime
Shows not the trace of Time,
Nor need of rest.

Yet who his prototype would be?
What man who can such glory see,
Would in such majesty be 'throned?
Who through ambition's mad desire,
Considering all, would thus aspire,
Though many a humbler voice his praise intoned.

H. A. STANLEY.

MONARCH OR MANHATTAN?

The advance spring line of the Monarch and the Manhattan colored shirts is now on display. It is not a great, big line. It does not contain everything that there is made in shirts, but the styles are correct, the patterns are such that they may be worn without giving offense, and the fit absolutely perfect. Glad to show you the new creations. Cheasty's Haberdashery, Second avenue and James street.

THE steamer State of Washington will come off the drydock today and leave Seattle on her schedule time at 10 o'clock tonight for Everett, Whatcom and Bellingham bay points, and will leave regularly thereafter.

LETTERS FOR DAWSON.

Robert Knipe, 324 Pioneer block, will deliver letters in Dawson, leaving Seattle probably some time last of next week, for $1 each. Reference, M. D. Ballard, Dexter Horton, John Leary.

KLONDIKERS, ATTENTION.

We have the agency for the only accident company issuing policies to those going to Alaska. Larris Cain & Co., 2 Hinckley block.

WHEN others fail, consult Dr. E. G. Johnson, chronic disease specialist, Scheuerman block, Cherry street.

MONDAY

We Offer An

Attractive Programme

—OF—

Graniteware Selling.

3-qt. Covered Sauce Pan	25c
4-qt. Covered Sauce Pan	30c
1-qt. Coffee Pot	25c
1½-qt. Coffee Pot	35c
2-qt. Coffee Pot	38c
3-qt. Coffee Pot	43c
4-qt. Coffee Pot	48c

THESE GOODS ARE ALL FIRST QUALITY.

Spelger and Hurlbut,

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SCANDINAVIAN NEWS.

recently been held at Copenhagen. The congress represented 947 unions, and it was unanimously decided to effect a national organization to be known as the Co-operative Union of Denmark. After a spirited discussion the meeting decided to co-operate with political clubs, representing the social democracy. The affairs of the union will be governed by a board of twenty-one members, who from its midst will select an executive committee of five, to be supplemented by two members from the political branch organization. Mr. J. Jensen, a member of the Danish rigsdag, was elected president of the central board. Similar unions are under organization in Norway and Sweden in accordance with a resolution adopted by the congress of Scandinavian trades unions, held last summer at the Stockholm exposition. The secretaries of the three national unions will form a board for the adjustment of international complications and the mutual advancement of the cause of labor in the three Scandinavian countries.

The union committee has submitted three propositions, each fathered by distinct political groups within the committee. The Norwegian Conservatives advocate a common minister of foreign affairs, each minister to be either a Swede or a Norwegian, but demand a separate consular service. This was the former demand of the Norwegian Liberals, who now demand a separate minister of foreign affairs and a separate consular service. The Swedish Moderates propose a common foreign minister, who may either be a Swede or a Norwegian, and a common consular service, with such changes that the equality of the two countries would be more fully recognized than is the case at present. The Swedish Extremists were willing to agree to this latter proposition upon receiving certain guarantees of forfeiture in case of future troubles.

The Swedish Extremists argue from the standpoint of the Kiel treaty of 1814, to which Norway was not a party and are loath to give up the idea that Sweden is entitled to a protective suzerainty over Norway, at least in the eyes of the outside world. The Norwegians, irrespective of political factions, contend that the union was not founded upon the Kiel treaty, and that that treaty was abrogated and abandoned by the Swedes when they signed and entered into the rigsakt, which guaranteed equality to Norway, and upon the guarantee of which the union was accomplished. In this connection it is of interest to read the opinion of Dr. Yellink, professor of the University of Heidelberg, and the greatest authority in Germany on international law. After reciting the historical facts leading up to the treaty at Kiel, the invasion of Norway by a Swedish army, the armistice declared after a few unimportant skirmishes and the adoption of the rigsakt, Prof. Yellink writes:

"The Norwegian-Swedish union rests and is founded on a treaty, and this treaty is a treaty between Norway and Sweden. The contrary is neither proven by Sweden nor acknowledged by Norway. Sweden also acknowledges the union. But union means an alliance, a confederation, not subordination nor subjection. Subjection would be incorporation. But what Swede would dare to put forward the assertion that Norway is a Swedish province, which Sweden in sovereign grace has allowed to retain a few rights? Sweden's relation to Norway is neither founded on nor rests on the treaty of peace at Kiel with Denmark, but on an agreement entered into with Norway which in the 'rigsakt' is given legal expression, and which by no sophistry can be explained away. This treaty must be interpreted according to ordinary rules governing the interpretation of international agreements. As no clause in this treaty can be pointed out by which Norway shall be looked upon as subordinated to Sweden, or by which Sweden is conceded a position of supremacy with respect to Norway, then Norway has claim to the same independence as Sweden. Those liberties and rights and privileges which Norway concedes to Sweden, Sweden must also concede to Norway. I am a jurist, not a politician, and in so far it is of minor interest to me how the relations between Norway and Sweden are arranged, but the interpretation and construction of the union raised and defended by Sweden revolt against my sense of justice.'

Public sentiment runs high in both countries, and the spirit of discontent is kept alive by radical utterances in the press. There is no danger of war, however. The common people of Norway and Sweden will not permit it. Editorial writers may fume and spout, military officialdom may shake its rusty weapons, but the slow, cool and pensive Swedish and Norwegian peasant, who is the backbone of the two countries, will arise quietly and say: "Gentlemen, I will not have it."

The ladies are also taking a hand in the conflict and raising their voice against any step that might tend to war. Ellen Key, the Swedish authoress, is arousing Swedish sentiment against war. In a recent lecture at Karlsbad she protested in the name of Swedish womanhood against warlike schemes. She contended that it was the most sacred privilege of a nation, as well as of the individual, to arrange its own affairs according to its own highest ideal conceptions, and to shape its affairs according to those ideals. This privilege Sweden had exercised for itself several times and once for Protestant Europe. If the Norwegian-Swedish conflict could not be solved satisfactorily to both countries, she would advocate a dissolution of the union. She contended that by a peaceful dissolution Sweden would gain the eternal friendship of Norway, which would be of more worth in the hour of danger than a formal union, which was held together by force and met by Norwegian hatred. The threats of war, which had found an utterance in certain papers, had already killed the love of union in the hearts of hundreds of thousands, and with the clearness of lightning revealed the fact that the union was in danger. If a peaceable solution could not be reached, then the only solution befitting Swedish culture was a separation. War was barbarism. She was no peace-fanatic, but she considered a national spirit that demanded means of coercing the will of another independent nation to be brutish. If Norway and Sweden had not become united in 1814, a war would no more have risen between them than between Sweden and Denmark during those years. A dissolution of the union, to be succeeded by a mutual peace and defensive alliance, would bring Sweden peace, happiness, honor and advantage. She had met with ever increasing disgust year after year, and now last during Christmas heard and read the cold-blooded and thoughtless talk of war, and she had confidently expected that in opposition to this another programme would have been presented, namely, the dissolution of the union.

Two merchants of Aarhus have each donated 25,000 crowns and a third merchant 20,000 crowns to the fund for the erection of a summer palace for Prince Christian, who is about to marry Princess Alexandrine of Mecklenburg. The Danes are loyal to the royal house and are found of orders and decorations.

Hirtsholme parish, Denmark, has been without a spiritual adviser for the last sixteen ytars. The office has been regularly advertised, but the church department has received no application.

Viborg Stiftstidende recently celebrated its 125 years' jubilee. The first issue of the paper was published January 4, 1773. A jubilee edition was issued, containing a correct copy of the first issue of the paper.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson on the 21st ultimo wrote a leter to Emile Zola from Rome, congratulating him on the stand he had taken in the Dreyfus matter. Bjornson says: "I envy you! I wish I were in your place, so that I could render France and humanity the services you are rendering. I have also experienced that it is more dangerous to extinguish hatred than love from the minds of men. There are many things which years ago have fastened their roots in the most noble and most sordid in the French people. Everything trembles before the howls and rage of savages, but it has not made you quake. You have gone forth against them with sword and lyre—alone against millions! I can assure you that all nations of Europe look at France in astonishment and sorrow. The sentence passed on Dreyfus was unworthy of men clothed with immense responsibilities. Dreyfus was sentenced for treason. As proof it was stated that he could easier enter Alsace than any other French officer. This was disproved. The official communication of the French authorities to the press shows that Dreyfus was not tried according to law, as part of the accusations were secretly imparted to the judges as they were about to render their verdict. He was degraded, branded and deported without legal process on the conjectures of a few comrades. The government which denies a rehearing after these facts have been made public is the most unconscionable government in the world. This is the opinion of Europe. Rest assured that Europe admires you for what you have done."

The Norwegian Milk Condensing Co. has sold its plant and the patent rights to Dr. John Olson's method for condensing unsweetened milk to a Swiss firm in Vevey for 810,000 crowns.

The census which has just been completed, shows the present population in Swedish towns and the increase in population over that of last year:

	Pop.	Inc.
Norrkoping	38,012	684
Linkoping	13,551	241
Eksjo	3,518	60
Motala	3,013	4
Vadstena	2,257	27
Skeninge	1,313	8
Oskarshamn	6,602	904
Helsingborg	22,794	650
Sundsvall	14,123	182
Boras	12,333	1,071
Soderhamn	10,746	202
Kristianstad	10,067	49
Vesteras	9,850	436
Falun	9,004	210
Uddevalla	8,522	250
Visby	7,906	99
Hernosand	7,630	75
Karlshamn	7,048	8
Vestervik	7,046	208
Osterund	6,491	81
Venersborg	6,073	211
Hudiksvall	4,869	177
Enkoping	3,778	167
Marlestad	3,482	106
Norrtelage	2,631	109
Engeholm	2,583	126
Hedemora	1,779	27
Laholm	1,738	49
Sater	673	5
Ystad	9,369	265
Lulea	7,580	477

In Vimmerby, Soderkoping, Oregrund and Osthammar the population has decreased as follows:

	Pop.	Dec.
Vimmerby	2,114	14
Soderkoping	1,859	9
Oregrund	946	5
Osthammar	737	5

No census has been taken in the cities, but the increase of the population in the cities is known to be very large.

ON page 12 will be found Treen Shoe Co.'s advertisement of great special shoe sale.

Proper Care of Umbrellas.

Scientific American.

Judge Dustin, in speaking of his stay in England, said: "Umbrellas are carried every day, for showers there are likely to occur at any moment." It seems, therefore, that we cannot do better than follow the directions of an Englishman on the proper care to take of an umbrella: Do not let it dry while opened, as this strains the silk and makes holes at the seams. Do not place it to dry with the handle up. In this case the moisture lodges in the center, where the ribs meet, causing the silk to decay. Never put it in the wardrobe without unrolling it, for after a long period of dry weather you may have the misfortune of finding that the continuance of the pressure has cut the silk between each rib. If you are satisfied for the present with your umbrella, and are not anxious to be obliged to purchase a new one, see that it drips on end with the handle down, unless the handle is valuable and easily injured by damp. Such an umbrella cannot be cared for according to any fixed rules.

HANNA'S new chiropodist parlors, 336 Burke building.

SAILING day of the steamer Noyo has been postponed to Monday evening, February 7.

GET the best. Order your fur outfits of Windmiller, the furrier, 520 Second.

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