



LARGE consignment of United States cavalry uniforms, from Camp Robinson, for renovation and repair, was recently received in one of the city laundries.

In this, as in other laundries, female help is largely used, and all are very patriotic, and more natural than that the lady employer should clip a brass button from the sleeve of a coat—for, of course, his owner wouldn't miss it—to remember the brave boy who would wear it to war. Another young lady came also. She was patriotic, too.

Then there were markers, shakers, managers, ironers, feeders, folders, wringers and more.

During the noon hour some lady friends dropped in.

When the foreman casually made the rounds that evening, after the house had closed down, he might have heard of something in a low, curvy tone of voice.

The clothing had been renovated all right, but there wasn't a button on the sleeve outfit.

That morning a vigorous search, coupled with extreme measures, brought to light a dozen or more buttons, but the great majority are still missing and likely to remain so.

Camp Robinson there are a number of sewing troops who are held precariously together by a miscellaneous collection of safety pins, ten-penny nails, packing twine and wire, and who are indefatigable in their refusal to distribute buttons for any purpose to the few female visitors who timidly request them.

“SPEAKING of journalistic experiences,” said an old pioneer newspaper man in one of the hotel lobbies. “I had one a few years ago that might be worth listening to. At that time I was editor of the Biltmore Clarion in Kentucky.

“My only two assistants on the sheet were the office boy and one lone reporter, who, when he wasn't full or nearly so, was his regular work, used to jerk the old hand press on issue days and wash the windows every month, so I was never glad when a tall young man, with an air of supreme confidence and jockey about him, came in one day and asked me for a job.

“I had a roll of paper four feet long covered with recommendations from the college he had graduated from. He said he thought he was fitted for a literary career, having good command of language and being accustomed to going for days without food. This last remark disclosed such a knowledge of journalistic requirements that I engaged him on the spot.

“The new man's first assignment was a runaway—no damage done, horses stopped, occupants of carriage uninjured. Half a stickful.

“I don't pretend to remember the exact words, but as near as I can recall this is what the new man turned in:

“A distressing accident, to which the fact that it was consummated with no fault attached to its owners entirely to the fact that no lives were lost, was enacted in town today. Our genial and urbane townsman, Mr. Pilgriff, while out driving with his mother-in-law and wife, suddenly allowed the maddened brutes to break beyond his control, who, taking the bit in their mouths, became unmanageable. Mr. Pilgriff, seeing the state of things and although just recovering from the last fatal illness, and being still weak, he never was strong since his return from Michigan with his brother, contracting pneumonia and dying before medical aid could reach him. His body was shipped to Auburn, then the county seat of Baxter county, but now, by a recent act of congress, certain notable and absolutely unwarranted, or inverse-

ly, x-3-4-P.D.Q. grin go blough, quod erat demonstrandum, et tu Brute.”

“About this time a hard-faced man came in and led the young man with literary inclinations away. I subsequently learned he had been an inmate of the county asylum and had been mentally deranged through excessive study at college.”

AN ill woman at one of the Seattle hospitals a few days ago was seized with an overpowering appetite for some macaroni, and after much argumentation with the nurses, finally prevailed upon them to permit her to have a few. A messenger was accordingly called, and dispatched for the most popular bakery in the city to bring back a bagful of the delicious comfits. The poor woman waited long and anxiously, with her desire for the dainty confections constantly whetted by the joyful anticipation, until the messenger returned.

He came back, lugging an enormous box full of something. It was a long, rectangular concern with suspicious white ends sticking out of the corners, and when they were delivered the boy proudly held up to receive his tip and expected praise for his diligence. The box was opened and exposed a gross of long, slick, white, gummy-looking Italian macaroni. Seeing the look of consternation on the face of the patient, he tremblingly remarked: “You told me to get macaroni, didn't you?”

SOME good jokes have been told about Tacoma's entertainment of the pack-train of 500 mules attached to the Third cavalry, of which Broncho John Sullivan is master. But the following true story accounts them all.

A few days ago Chief Clerk Alfred of the quartermaster's office, who is a wag in his way, was being shaved in a Cherry Street barber shop. The conversation ranged and finally Alfred said:

“I'm looking for a barber for the Port Albert.”

“What for?” asked the artist of the beard.

“To go to Manila.”

“What'll he have to do?”—this with eager interest.

“Oh, nothing much, except to shave the tails of the 500 mules aboard of her.”

The occupant of an adjoining chair raised his head and “rubbed” at his neighbor. After the joker had gone the man who had heard the conversation asked who he was. “That's Alfred, chief clerk of the quartermaster's office,” said the barber.

The next day a letter was received at the office from a Tacoma barber on Pacific avenue. “I understand you want a man to fill the position of barber on the Port Albert,” wrote the Tacoma man, who, it developed, was none other than the man who had listened to Alfred's joke. “I would like the position and as an evidence of my fitness to perform the work required by you will say that I have been shaving the leading citizens of Tacoma for the past two years.”

A LARGE road tent located just above the beach on the west side is the summer home of a Seattle family who employ the time in bathing and other seaside recreations. As a guest of the family a young woman who, although fond of pets, is most decidedly fearful of snakes. Among the visitors to the camp a few days ago was the fiancé of the fair guest of the family, who being aware of



the dread of reptiles of his sweetheart, thought it funny to tell snake stories. These were continued until the women were unable to longer stand the strain, and made the visitor change his subject. Fortune does not always follow the brave. That same evening a large snake sought shelter in the tent, and crawling along the floor found a comfortable bed on a rug in front of the cot occupied by the guest. At 9 o'clock all prepared to retire, when suddenly a terrific scream rent the air, and campers from all directions gathered to witness the escape of some supposed murderer. The young woman was raised from the floor and carried to a near-by cot, while the snake made its escape underneath the side wall. The sequel may be learned in a downtown business office, where sits a young man, tried and condemned, though innocent, who has a heavy feeling that “all is not gold that glisters.”

DATSY O'BRIEN is an employe on a modest salary at the customs office at Port Townsend. No one who knows O'Brien would accuse him of being either a Frenchman or a Hollander. He's an American, and that is the excuse for this story.

One day not long ago O'Brien was in Victoria on official business. He passed a book store, in the window of which hung a comic paper published in this country, in which Uncle Sam is shown in the act of striking the ball in an international game of golf. The ball is labeled “Alaska Boundary”.

Three Englishmen, stalwart and ruddy, happened along. They looked over O'Brien's shoulder at the picture.

“You're all right, Uncle Sam, but you can't hit true enough or strong enough for that,” said one of the Englishmen.

“Oh, I guess yes,” said O'Brien, not even turning around.

“What's that?” quickly queried another of the Englishmen.

“I said Uncle Sam would smash her square in the nose,” said O'Brien, facing his tormentors.

Nothing more was said. One Englishman tried to land on O'Brien's nose. He got a right hook on the neck that sent him spinning. Another undertook to subdue the plucky American, but went away with two shattered optics. The third left, incontinently.

“Well, I reckon Uncle Sam is not a dead one, anyway,” said O'Brien as he walked away.

THERE was a tramping of many feet on the streets of a paved avenue and a crowding of people to the curb to watch the passage of a cavalry company on its way to a waiting transport.

It was a fine body of men. They sat their horses with easy grace, their athletic forms swaying to every motion of the animals they bestrode. In looking at them the idea of individuality seemed merged into a mass of blue and brown. It was a troop of cavalry, and instinctively the mind conceived it as a whole and lost sight of the personal interest attaching to each close-buttoned form.

But to those who watched more closely, how many possibilities of romance were buried in that troop of horsemen.

Among the privates was a broad-shouldered young fellow, with his slouch hat drawn well over his eyes, half concealing a face of refinement. There were strong lines about the mouth and jaw and a general air of one who had known better days. He was remarked particularly by one who stood with the crowd on the curbstone.

“Hello! I know that fellow,” exclaimed the bystander to a friend. “Unless I am utterly mistaken he is Rice Minor, a graduate of Ann Arbor, Mich., and son of a wealthy and prominent family in the college city. Why is he here? That is more than I can tell you. He is an odd story. After his graduation he entered a bank in Ann Arbor as clerk.

“One day he disappeared. His books were experty and found to be all right. He came back once more and resumed his old place, telling no one where he had gone nor why. Some time after he failed again to show up in his accustomed place at the bank. Again his accounts were found straight. None of his former friends, so far as I have learned, has ever heard from him since that time. Now I find him a trooper in the Third cavalry.”

The man who had spoken stepped forward, and, pointing to the figure of Rice Minor, now well in advance, said: “What is his name?”

“That's Sheldon—and he's a soldier, too, every inch of him.”

BRITISH COLUMBIA ROADS.

Canadian Pacific at Work on a Number of Extensions.

The Canadian Pacific will commence the work of constructing a line between the Crow's Nest railway and the Canadian Pacific steamer on the Okanagan lake at the city last mentioned, and every farmer in the state to attend the exposition. It will be an inducement in the first place just to come and see what the people have on exhibition, and then there is always the chance that the cash prizes will come to help defray his general expenses.

Space is selling rapidly, and Superintendent Armstrong is not holding any allotments in reserve. The only way to secure space now is to sign up the contract.

Carrier Pigeons Armed.

In China carrier pigeons are protected from birds of prey by apparatus consisting of bamboo tubes fastened to the bird's bodies. As the pigeon flies the action of the air passing through the tubes produces a shrill whistling sound, which keeps the birds of prey at a distance.

WAGNER'S band, Madison park today

The inquirer returned to his friend. “I wonder what it was,” he said, musingly.

DOWN on Western avenue, after business hours, the other evening, a ham was hanging in front of a store was a ham. It had evidently been left outside and forgotten. It was dark and the streets were almost deserted.

The ham turned slowly around with the wind and caught the eyes of two men who looked as though they had seen better days.

There was a hasty consultation, hurried looks up and down the street, and the men made a flying leap, secured the prize and dashed up the street, about fifty feet ahead of a policeman who had just turned the corner and had not seen the action.

The three sped up the street like runaway automobiles.

The policeman stood ground steadily, and when in the gathering gloom he tripped over a berry crate and fell down with a loud report, the two finally gave him the slip.

They kept on running, however, until all danger was past. When they had stopped, it was on the beach at the foot of Pike street, where a fire was built and preparations made for a grand feast on the prize they had just won. They were both hungry and the thought of the juicy tender meat made their mouths water. When the fire was going merrily and some were skewers secured, one of the men opened a huge jack knife and sliced one of the ham's joints into a better. Instead of the golden delicacy they expected to see, a thick stream of sand trickled out.

A hoarse shriek of rage rent the night and then all was still save an occasional stifled oath.

The find had been a sample ham, stuffed with sand and used for advertising purposes.

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THE big transport St. Paul with the 13th cavalry, U. S., was ready to depart for Manila. Some women with religious tracts had come down to the boat and were exhorting the boys going to good work for the glory of the Lord.

“If you depart from the narrow path,” said one of the women, “you will look like a young fellow of rakish cut, you will go to the bad place.”

“Well, madam,” was the reply, “I have not had time and do not expect to go time to investigate the bad place. I am going to Manila to fight for Uncle Sam. And if I have to depart to the bad place to find Philipino, I'll have to do it and take my chances with the hereafter.”

COMING SEATTLE EXPOSITION.

Manager Armstrong Receiving No More Space Without Contracts.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Seattle exposition yesterday the full premium lists for both the horticultural and agricultural exhibits, as well as the general displays, were submitted and adopted. Over \$2,000 will be disbursed in premiums. A. J. M. Hosom, who has charge of the horticultural and agricultural department, has his list of premiums entirely made out, but it is not yet ready for publication. The list, covering general exhibits, submitted by Supt. Armstrong, is not quite complete, but to date is as follows:

Woolen manufacturers, best working exhibit, gold medal.

Woolen-wool wares, best working exhibit, gold medal.

Paints, best exhibit, Pacific Northwest manufacture, gold medal.

Agricultural implements, best exhibit, gold medal.

Best bicycle exhibit, gold medal.

Boots and shoes, best working exhibit, gold medal.

Furniture, best exhibit, gold medal.

Paints, sash, glass and doors, best exhibit, gold medal.

Trunks, best exhibit of Northwest manufacture, gold medal.

Best Northwest manufacture, gold medal.

Photos, best exhibit (professional) on Coast, gold medal.

Photos, best exhibit (amateur) on Coast, gold medal.

Photo supplies, best exhibit, gold medal.

Coffee, tea, spice, extract, best exhibit, gold medal.

Pottery, best working exhibit, gold medal.

Wagons, best exhibit, gold medal.

Carriages, best exhibit, gold medal.

Yong chairs, best exhibit, gold medal.

Best electrical exhibit, gold medal.

Stoves, Northwest manufacture, best exhibit, gold medal.

Best agricultural machinery display, gold medal.

Stoves, ranges, best exhibit, gold medal.

Telephones and appliances, best exhibit, gold medal.

Cutlery and mechanics' tools, best exhibit, gold medal.

Brushes, manufactured in Northwest, best exhibit, gold medal.

Best display of smoked meats, \$9.

Gas stoves and cooking utensils, gold medal.

Hot air furnaces, best exhibit, gold medal.

Cigars, manufactured in Northwest, best exhibit, gold medal.

Drugs and perfumes, best exhibit, gold medal.

Best display of general exhibits, gold medal.

Malt products, best exhibit, gold medal.

Best exhibit of cut glass, gold medal.

Best display of fish, gold medal.

Syrups, maple and otherwise, best display, gold medal.

Pickles and vinegar, best display, gold medal.

Flour, best exhibit, gold medal.

Cereals, best exhibit, gold medal.

Crackers, best exhibit, gold medal.

Candy, best exhibit, gold medal.

Typewriters, best exhibit, gold medal.

Furs, best exhibit, gold medal.

General display, best exhibit, \$100.

Machinery, best exhibit in the hall, \$100.

Mining, best exhibit, \$50.

Mining, second premium, \$25.

Piano and musical instruments, best exhibit, \$50.

Most complete exhibit on opening night, \$25.

Floral exhibit not yet classified. Prizes will aggregate over \$300.

The list of premiums for the horticultural and agricultural department will be ready all cash, and the exposition has been especially generous with this department. The list of premiums will be published in a few days. This portion of the exposition is to be conducted in such a manner that it will interest every farming and fruit growing man in the state. The cash prizes will be well worth trying for, and the fortunate agriculturalist who succeeds in securing it will be well repaid for all expense incurred in attending the exposition.

“He will be repaid even if he doesn't get any money in prizes,” said Mr. Hoar last evening, “but if he gets the capital prize it will be just like hitting a nugget hole on the Klondike.”

“What will be the capital prize?” was asked.

“Wait until the list is published,” was the reply.

The first prize will be a cash one, and it is the intention of the management to make it a double inducement for every farmer in the state to attend the exposition. It will be an inducement in the first place just to come and see what the people have on exhibition, and then there is always the chance that the cash prizes will come to help defray his general expenses.

Space is selling rapidly, and Superintendent Armstrong is not holding any allotments in reserve. The only way to secure space now is to sign up the contract.

GLOWING REPORT OF CAPE NOME.

A Returned Miner Predicts a Great Rush There Next Spring.

D. A. Rutledge, E. W. Foster and W. H. Hogen, three stalwart miners from the Cape Nome country, today have valuable holdings, are in this city, bringing out with them, besides their share of dust and nuggets, glowing reports of the wealth and condition of the country.

“General good health prevails,” said Mr. Rutledge, “although as a rule the miners have but poor accommodations, many working and sleeping in wet clothing. I have worked right along, rocking ruby mine, and have not seen a day of sleep, sleeping in my wet clothes, allowing them to dry on me, and have never had so much as a moment's sickness.”

The list of miners there were only three cases of scurvy among the entire population of 2,000 people. Wages are high, but the means in getting to the skilled labor, but to anyone who can hit a nail three times out of five and saw a command while common sluice shovelers command that diggers, the country is rich.

“Anvil City is located practically on the beach and consists mostly of tents and rough shacks, the former predominating, as no timber grows near, and costs 20 cents per pound to pack it in from the landings. The nearest point, which is six miles from Anvil, there are the dance halls, about 50 by 125 feet floor space, in town, all doing a rushing business. There are about eight to twelve women connected with each establishment. The women are all from Dawson and more are coming from there.

“All the good territory on the creeks is staked out, though but few are being worked, the majority of the owners having exhausted the means in getting to the place and securing their claims. It is, of course, impossible to forecast with any accuracy how these undeveloped claims will compare with those already worked. They could fall far below many of the Anvil claims and still be enormously rich.

“All the creeks are bedded with quartz-free milling ore—that with capital will be a bonanza.”

“The beach digging, free to anyone and everyone, is the scene of great activity. As no one has any claim on any part of the beach, except by precedence, they are left to leave, for fear some one else will appropriate their ‘digging.’ The men flock out between 8 and 10 o'clock, the last name figure being the highest reached. The pay dirt is found at a depth of from two to two and a half inches.

“The means employed to save the finer gold include copper plates, quicksilver and other means in getting to the place and securing their claims. It is, of course, impossible to forecast with any accuracy how these undeveloped claims will compare with those already worked. They could fall far below many of the Anvil claims and still be enormously rich.

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ON A BASKET PICNIC.

Wearers of the W. C. T. U. Ribbon to Have an Outing Wednesday.

The members of the Seattle Federation of Women's Christian Temperance Unions and their friends are invited to a basket picnic next Wednesday, August 24, at the Crittenden Rescue Home. The ladies will leave at 10 o'clock on the Seattle, Rainier Beach & Renton car line, Washington street. Each one attending will carry, besides a luncheon, a tablecloth, cup, plate, knife, fork and spoon.

There will be no meeting of the Central Union on Tuesday. Any pressing business will be handled on Wednesday at the home. It is expected that the penitentiaries will hold a conference in the afternoon. All white ribboners have been invited to participate in this happy arrangement will be made for reduced fare.

ENGLISH AS A WORLD LANGUAGE.

A Remarkable Suggestion Coming From a German Professor.

A German professor has proposed English as a world language—and to the Berlin Academy of Science. He commends the choice on grounds both of principle and expediency. For good or ill, English is becoming a world language, and in this position it will at the same time be the right thing in the right place. Its genderless and uninflected condition, which has sometimes been considered its shame, is now discovered to be its glory. It is healthily uncluttered on simple roots, and it is justly the thing for a governing people. With this encouragement, our speech reformers may abolish the last remnant of English grammar and make the schoolboy live happily ever after. Richard Grant White used pleasantly to argue that English was essentially a grammarless tongue, and that the sooner English writers got this well into their heads, the better. Its true law is good usage, and it has never been much more than a system of precedents, some of them extremely arbitrary. All attempts to “fix it” forever in certain forms have invariably failed. In our day it is rapidly unloading itself of every restraint on freedom of movement. The subjunctive mood has gone; so have most of the old forms. The very aspirates themselves may follow if society happens to grow tired of the labor they involve in some spell of unusually hot weather. The professor has a poor opinion of volapug, and it is deemed by the very law of its being. No language was ever created in cold blood.

CEDAR LAKE WORK DELAYED

Stormy Weather Stops All Progress at City's Intake.

WORKMEN LEAVE IN NUMBERS

Over One Hundred Sent to the Camp in Two Weeks Who Did Not Remain—Means a Temporary Loss to the Contractors—Laying Big Pipe Between Renton and City Reservoir—More Material Arrives

Inhospitable weather conditions at the intake at Cedar lake have driven out a small army of workmen and seriously delayed the progress of the work on the Cedar river water system at that point. Assistant City Engineer Cummings has reported to his chief, Mr. Thomson, that unless the weather quickly undergoes a change for the better the work will be brought almost to a standstill.

According to advices received by Mr. Thomson, 125 men have been sent to the contractor's camp at the intake and head works during the past two weeks. At the beginning of that period nearly forty men were employed at the intake and head works of those that were sent to the camp have returned from day to day, until now there are about twenty-five men at work.

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Over One Hundred Sent to the Camp in Two Weeks Who Did Not Remain—Means a Temporary Loss to the Contractors—Laying Big Pipe Between Renton and City Reservoir—More Material Arrives

Inhospitable weather conditions at the intake at Cedar lake have driven out a small army of workmen and seriously delayed the progress of the work on the Cedar river water system at that point. Assistant City Engineer Cummings has reported to his chief, Mr. Thomson, that unless the weather quickly undergoes a change for the better the work will be brought almost to a standstill.

According to advices received by Mr. Thomson, 125 men have been sent to the contractor's camp at the intake and head works during the past two weeks. At the beginning of that period nearly forty men were employed at the intake and head works of those that were sent to the camp have returned from day to day, until now there are about twenty-five men at work.

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CITY OF PARIS

New Goods ARRIVES DAILY

SILKS.

ALL-NEW COLORINGS HAVE JUST COME IN.

HEAVY CORDED TAFFETAS, plain and fancy, 98c and \$1.25

A DUCHESSE line of SINGLE CORDED BUCHESS, in all plain shades, at \$1.50

27-inch BLACK DUCHESSE, in a good firm quality, a yard 98cts

NEW FURS.

A LARGE VARIETY OF NEW FUR COLLARETTES AND CAPES.

In Collarettes we are showing the new combinations of light and dark furs and all desirable skins in plain goods. Our Fur Capes all have the new shaped collars and fit perfectly.

Good Dress Goods Values FOR MONDAY.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO CONSIDER THESE PRICES. THE GOODS ARE JUST THE THINGS FOR SERVICEABLE SCHOOL DRESSES.

32-inch CHEVIOT PLAIDS, mostly dark and medium colors, per yard 12cts

36-inch ALL-WOOL MIXTURES, in tweeds 25cts

46-inch ALL-WOOL SERGE, in all the darker colors, per yard 45cts

44-inch STORM SERGES, in heavy weight, navy blue and black only, per yard 49cts

Chatelaines and Pocketbooks.

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CITY OF PARIS

711 Second Ave. 711 Second Ave.

The Best Residence Property

In the city is situated on Renton Hill. The sale of lots there during the past year has been something enormous. In spite of this fact, however, there are a few excellent home sites in the property of the Moore Investment Co. that are yet unsold. They are going fast, however, and in order to secure one of them application should be made at once. These lots lie just right. The view cannot be surpassed. They have all of the advantages of sewers, city water, gas, electric lights, etc.

Very low in price; easy terms; will loan you money to build a house at seven per cent. straight and repay it on easy payments. Before buying elsewhere investigate the opportunities offered by

MOORE INVESTMENT COMPANY

112 COLUMBIA STREET