

WIFE OF GREAT BRITAIN'S AMBASSADOR.



Photograph by Clinebell, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. James Bryce, since her distinguished husband has represented England at Washington, has become exceedingly popular and presides as hostess at the embassy with charming grace.

WINTER TO BREAK RECORDS

Alaska Indians and Animals Make Preparations for Coldest Winter Ever Known.

Sitka, Alaska.—Because it is believed that the coming winter will be the longest for years, hundreds of families are making a hasty exodus from the territory to their former homes in the States.

Many signs point to an unusually early freeze-up and heavy snows in the mountains. Nearly every steamer leaving Cordova, Valdez, Ketchikan, Nome, Eagle, Seward and St. Michael is carrying a capacity load of passengers southward to home ports. Many families are seeking the warmer climate in southeastern Alaska and are settling here and at Juneau.

There are many who doubt the weather signs, but there are hundreds who are taking the advice of old settlers. Some of the indications held significant are:

Walrus are taking up winter quarters south of the Aleutian chain of islands to escape the long period of solid ice in Bering sea.

Caribou are reported to be moving southward along the Mackenzie river in large numbers, seeking winter feeding grounds. Many herds have passed within sight of Dawson and White Horse.

Wild blackberries have been a gigantic crop throughout the north—a sure sign of a cold, dreary winter. Other berries and nuts have been plentiful.

Bears are so fat that many have been almost unable to walk.

Geese and other water fowl usually stay in the north until late in September, feeding in the lakes and water courses, but this summer they remained only long enough to permit the young to gain strength to fly. Many flights were observed southward in August.

Indians have been preparing for a long winter by putting in store great quantities of smoked fish and dried meat. They say that the salmon run was big last summer, as a sign that the Great Spirit had sent plenty of food to last them until the coming of a belated spring.

All these signs are becoming household sayings and the people, with wisdom, are using the money saved from big fuel bills to purchase steamboat tickets to their old homes.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Joe Shows the Women How to Get Thin



NEW YORK.—Energetic women wearing sweaters are to be seen of mornings now, doing two-mile turns about the meadow in Central park. The season for constitutionalism opens in September and lasts until the last of November. This year it started late, but Joe, the old attendant in the park said that most of his customers had come back. In spring the water drinkers are pretty numerous; but in the fall there is almost a crowd. "Little Carlsbad," they call the place.

"Bless me," says Joe in a burst of confidence, "they could take the water cold, or take it home with 'em, and it would do as much good. But if medicine don't taste bad to some people then it ain't any good. That's why most folks make a wry face and take their mineral water hot. The worse it is the better they like it."

Joe gives advice to anybody that asks for it and to some who do not.

The women who are worried about avoirdupois are Joe's best customers. "There was a dark young lady started coming up in August," said Joe, "and if you saw her then and now you'd hardly believe she was the same creature. She wasn't what you call fat, but she was blowsylike. Well, she walked twice around the meadow between glasses. I pulled her down 22 pounds and she gave me \$10, that's half a dollar for every pound. The last day just before she went out in a musical comedy she offered to give me her French bulldog. He'd come along with her every day, but fat as he was, he would only snuff at the water. Of course he come to know me."

"Did you take him, Joe?"
"Now, what would I want of a dog? I told her to take him along on the road with her, and not feed him so much rich cake; then, when they come back next year he wouldn't be so fat. I meant that for her; she took it, too, but she only laughed and give me another dollar."

Six o'clock in the morning sees the regulars on hand, looking cross and sleepy until they have slowly sipped one glass and marched around the green for half an hour.

Cow Took Possession of Their House



LOUISVILLE, KY.—The placidity of the cow has been a proverb for all time. That she is endowed with a good bump of the "curiosity that killed a cat" a suburbanite learned to his sorrow one day last summer.

Mr. Blank lives in the East end with his family of wife and five children. They have a cow that is a pet, having been raised from babyhood and now furnishes all the lactical fluid and by-products used by the family.

Not so long since, after Blank had come to town for the day, Mrs. Blank took the children and went for a day's outing to a neighboring suburb, leaving the house (supposedly) carefully closed and the cow in her stable. But missing familiar forms and the sounds of domestic activity, she grew lonesome and managed to escape the inclosure and came into the yard and proceeded to investigate. She climbed the steps to the back porch, consumed

three loaves of bread left by the baker's boy. She succeeded in getting the kitchen door open, where she devoured all but the graniteware part of a three-pound crock of butter.

Her appetite still unappeased, she also ate the fancy paper off the shelves, and in so doing pulled down all the tinware and scattered it about the floor. She could not work the combination on the icebox, so moved on through the dining room into the sitting room. Mr. Blank had the day before purchased four new shirts at \$1.50 each, and these had been set home and left lying in a bundle on the couch. She "considered" these, ate all but a few fragments, and went on her way. She wrecked chairs, and even a bed, and upset the contents of tables by pulling at and eating the covers.

When the family came back, late that evening, an affectionate "moo" of welcome greeted them from the cow, her head thrust through the parlor window. Mr. Blank said it took ten men and a derrick to get that cow out of the house, and the cost of repairing damages would purchase enough milk and butter for the family for a year, "sans care." There's a cow for sale. She's no longer the big hit in that family.

"Pussy in Corner" at Chicago Hotel



CHICAGO.—Suggest a method of coaxing a Maltese cat out of a hole in a wall into which it has been chased by a red bulldog with a screw tail and since fed upon fish by a sympathetic waiter until it has grown too fat to turn about in its cramped quarters.

It was just a common alley variety of cat, very young and thin, when it met the dog. The meeting was in the alley running alongside the Hotel La Salle in Chicago. The dog said "Wouff" and several other things which in the interchangeable language between dogs and cats means:

"I'm after you and shall, at the very least, bite off a portion of your elongated spinal vertebrae."

The immature cat, not knowing that this was but a revised version of bluff much practiced by others than dogs, took immediate flight up the alley, dog in hot pursuit. The youthful pussy suddenly discovered a

small hole in the wall of the hotel which the workmen had not yet closed up and because it was thin and hungry and in a hurry, and—

At any rate, the small cat got through a very small hole and crawled up into the air space between the hotel walls, leaving a very pompous red bulldog with a screw tail outside.

"It's not so much the constant crying of the poor thing," declared sympathetic Mr. Conway-Hutchins, the assistant manager, "but the opportunity it affords wits and wags to make remarks, just as though they were being paid vaudeville rates for them. It has given rise to jokes on 'cater-wallin,' 'pousse cafe' and similar idioms till I'm nearly distracted."

"We've tried to coax the cat out with fresh lake trout, the same as served our guests. The cat has eaten so much fish it cannot turn around in the wall."

Latest bulletin from the seat of activities—the cat has been rescued after a long conference of the hotel's improvised board of strategy.

The scheme simply was to permit the cat to go without two consecutive meals, and, wonder of wonders, it found that it could scramble out of the otherwise impossible aperture in the wall.

Banquet Musician Not a Dynamiter



ST. LOUIS.—It pays to be careful when a president is in town. No, it didn't pay in this case. But that was because the senator had only a box of headache powders in his hand, but anyway, he couldn't speak English, and let his hair grow long and, to artists looked like a genius and like an anarchist to the policemen. So he was lucky to escape.

It was during the Taft banquet at the Planters hotel. The banquet musicians were principally of the ravioli type who can't speak any English, but "Nize day? What? Sure! Ha, ha!" and that sort of stuff.

blowers contracted a severe pain in his head. The band leader sent a shaggy haired member to a drug store to buy something to ease the pain.

He got out all right, bought the medicine and started back. At the foot of the steps he was stopped by a policeman (an Irish policeman!) with a club and an inherent desire to hit a foreigner on the conk with the shillelagh club, if for no other purpose than merely to develop his muscle.

He stopped the signor. Then ensued a colloquy which would make a classic bit of asides for any grand opera. The musician shook his head and uttered several "Diablo! diablo! sac-rr-tee-ee-minteaux! You beeg-a-do boonch of corn-biff an kib-beach-a!"

Then he showed the policeman the box of headache powders which only confirmed the bluecoat's suspicions—the Italian was a dynamiter!

DIAMONDS IN CANADA

Sparklers Unearthed in Ancient Mounds in Rainy Lake District.

Experiences of Old Miners and Prospector Support Theory of Head of Geological Survey That Rich Beds Exist.

Fort Francis, Ont.—Old mining men and prospectors in this region did not need to be told by Dr. Ami of the geological survey that great diamond wealth undoubtedly lies hidden in that part of Canada between the great lakes and Hudson bay. In the Rainy river district and in the auriferous valley of the Seine many "sparklers" have been obtained from Indians and French Canadian voyageurs, who in their wanderings had picked them up without any idea of their character or value.

At the hamlet of Mine Center, in the Seine river country, George R. Douglass is the resident agent and assayer for the Rothschild interests, who are buying large tracts of land in the district that gives evidence of gold-bearing quartz.

Mr. Douglass was long a resident of South Africa. He says the geological conformation of the Rainy lake and Seine territories is almost identical with that of the Kimberley district, which has given to the world the famous diamond mines.

Forty miles from the mouth of the Big Fork river, which empties into the Rainy from northern Minnesota, are many ancient mounds whose origin extends beyond the traditions of the Ojibways. Until recently these mounds had been inviolate, for they are in a wild region but little visited by white men, and accessible only by canoe.

One summer, however, a party of scientists from the University of Toronto came out to explore them. From one of the mounds on which a sturdy oak was growing a large human skeleton, perfectly preserved, was exhumed. It was not that of an Indian, and in the cavity whence it was taken were evidences of prehistoric civilization, in the form of many articles of pottery, some stamped with unique and beautiful designs.

Around the skeleton's neck was a massive band of pure copper and on its bosom rested a curiously wrought necklace of the same metal, into which were interwoven shells and colored stones. What arrested the attention of the exploring party, however, was a stone which gleamed from the center of a pendant to the necklace. At first it was judged to be nothing more than a clear piece of quartz, but closer examination and testing proved that it was a diamond.

Although half a dozen mounds were opened up before the party left the region, and copper ornaments and pottery were found with skeletons in all of them, no more diamonds were unearthed.

On going out a band of Ojibways was met, to whom the articles found in the mounds were shown, in the hope of obtaining traditions concerning their origin. As to the copper the Indians were ignorant, but they greeted disdainfully when shown the pottery and the diamond specimens

of the former, they said, could be obtained in almost any quantity from the remains of an ancient pottery works that once existed on the banks of the Big Fork, near the Big Falls, a few miles up the stream, while in the same region glittering stones of the sort the palefaced seemed to regard so highly had frequently been found.

Started by the information, the Toronto party pushed on to the Big Falls, which marked in old days the disputed boundary between the Hudson's Bay Company and John Jacob Astor American Fur Company. There they found an old hermit squatter, Dan Campbell. He took them to the ancient pottery field opposite his cabin and, what was more, brought from a pouch which he carried there stones of a purity and brilliancy that greatly exceeded that of the one found by his visitors. These stones he had found during the 39 years he had lived by the Big Fork, while scratching the surface of the pottery field with his hunting knife.

Old Dan had no idea that his finds were anything more than quartz, despite the care with which he had preserved them. So skeptical was he of his visitors' assertions that the stones were diamonds that he entrusted them to their care to be appraised in Toronto. The four stones were pronounced real gems of an aggregate weight of 12 carats and worth \$2,500.

Ship Bad Bills to Russia

One Moscow Institution is Loser to the Extent of \$15,000 on the Spurious Issue.

London.—Up to the present over fifty forged £5 (\$25) notes have reached the Bank of England from bankers in St. Petersburg and Moscow, where they had been paid in by money-changers. One Moscow bank alone has been victimized to the extent of \$15,000.

It is not at present known how many forged notes have been put in circulation, or where they were made. It is, however, considered highly probable that they were made abroad by some one who has selected Russia as being a country where bogus notes would not be likely to excite too critical examination.

The notes which have come to hand are clever imitations of real notes, but are not calculated to deceive experienced bankers or money-changers. Casual holders of English bank notes might, however, easily take the notes for genuine. They have a water mark like the real notes, but the printing is thicker and rougher, and the printing not quite so clear as in real notes.

The chances of any of the notes being circulated through this country is remote, as the persons who have negotiated the notes have, as far as can be at present ascertained, changed them with money-changers. Forgeries of Bank of England notes have been infrequent of late years. An occasional forged note, usually traced with pen and ink, finds its way to the Bank of England. But the process is slow and unremunerative.

In 1904 a man was convicted of forging a number of notes by tracing

BABY'S GRANDMOTHER ONLY 39

Pennsylvania Youngster Member of Family of Five Generations All in Good Health.

Trumbauersville, Pa.—Evelyn Lorna, the one-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold B. Miller, the latter a student at the University of Pennsylvania, has the proud distinction of having a father of 39, a great-grandmother of 59 and a great-great-grandmother of 84, all of whom are enjoying exceptional health.

The little girl's great-great-grandmother is Mrs. Catherine Borts of this place, the mother of five children. Mrs. Charles B. Barndt, also of this place, the great-grandmother of the baby, is the mother of 13 children, 11 of whom are living and married, none of them more than half a mile from the parental home, and all of them owning their homes and working at the same trade, that of cigarmaking.

Mrs. D. W. Miller of East Greenville, the grandmother, is the mother of four children, the oldest, Harold, married to Bertha, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tice of Quakertown, being the father of Evelyn, and a member of the junior class at the university.

Another remarkable fact is that Evelyn is also one of four generations on the paternal side, all having the Miller name.

AGED MAN HYPNOTIZES WOMAN

While in That State English Maiden, Aged 28, Married to Veteran Soldier of 78.

London.—A strange statement was made to the Farnham guardians by the relieving officer, who said that a young woman named Lilane had told him that she was married while under the spell of mesmerism. The woman applied to the relieving officer for an order permitting her to go to the workhouse. She explained, he said, that her age was 28 and that her husband, aged 78, was a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

"He mesmerized me before the marriage," she alleged, "and I was under the spell when the ceremony took place. When I woke up and found 'at had occurred I left him immediately and tore up my marriage certificate. He was a veteran soldier and had seven medals."

The relieving officer said that the order had been given to the woman, who, however, had not made use of it.

Trips Over Burglar.

Shanokin, Pa.—Mrs. Martha Marefka early the other day, hearing a noise in the storeroom on the first floor of her residence, investigated. As she did so she stepped on a burglar, who had fallen asleep on a door all at the rear store entrance. A confederate was operating in the store, and as the first burglar awoke both escaped.

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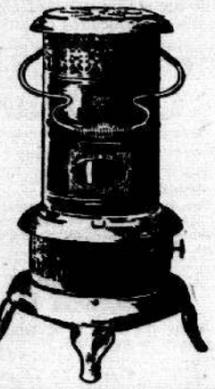
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