

JOLLY

CITY IN BRIEF

Cab Phone 153.
Edward O'Shea of Spokane is a visitor in the city.
For pure Grape Juice go to the Carnahan Supply company.
T. E. Hedel returned from a trip to the Sound country this morning.
Mrs. J. W. Lowry, of Sandpoint, is visiting her brothers, A. B. and E. J. Carnacallen.
The very best flour on the market. A full barrel of Best Flour delivered today. Carnahan Supply Co.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Seat will spend tomorrow at Hayden lake.
Headquarters for fresh fruit and vegetables. Carnahan Supply Co.
Let Woolson take the baby. Coeur d'Alene Photograph Studio.
To our Eastern Friends—Use Plansifter Flour. You'll like it. Every sack guaranteed. Barr & Chainey.
W. S. Gill, special, adjuster for the Seva Insurance company and George Steele made a trip to Hayden Lake yesterday for the purpose of adjusting the loss caused by the burning of Homer King's residence, and allowed the full indemnity, \$700.
Dr. Cross, V. S., will be in attendance at the barns of the Stack-Gibbs Lumber company, where he will have charge of several fine horses.
It's "Plansifter" Flour that leads them all. Barr & Chainey.
New timothy and alfalfa hay, Grain, Mill Feed by sack or ton. Barr & Chainey.
Hercules and XXX Hard wheat flour lead them all. Barr & Chainey.
Mr. Folsom, of Spokane, interested in the Consumers Company, spent the day in the city.
Thomas T. Kirkpatrick and wife, of San Francisco, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. King at Hayden lake, leaving for their home yesterday.
Mr. Kirkpatrick and Mr. King were old friends in the Florence district in 1862.
For bargains in pianos, both new and second hand, go to Spokane Piano House, Antler Hotel Block.
The lot owned by V. W. Sander, located next to the building of the Idaho Mercantile company, was purchased by William Dollar this morning at a cost of \$4,000. The sale was made through Casner Masini.
The local base ball team will play the S. A. A. C. aggregation at Spokane, Saturday, at Natatorium park. The game will be called at three o'clock in the afternoon and promises to be a good one. A special train will be put into commission for the fans and others who desire to attend, leaving this city at one o'clock in the afternoon. The locals and the S. A. A. C. played a game this afternoon at the electric park and up to the third inning the home boys had the best of the game.
The very best flour on the market—The Big Loaf at the Carnahan Supply Co.
A. Carlson & Son to-day are advertising a fine line of ties just received. The pleasure will be yours if you call.
My specialty is fitting glasses for health. Glasses that will stop the nerve strain and waste, relieving neuralgia and kindred nervous disorders. Mr. Means, Hotel Antler., Monday, Wednesday and Friday forenoon.
We sell fresh milk and cream. Coeur d'Alene Tea company.
The Pringle company charmed their audience last evening with "Drifting Apart." Each role was well carried throughout the entire play. The work of Jack Pringle in the leading part was especially pleasing, as were the songs and specialties by Miss Fletcher. The play was strong and had a moral which found a place in the hearts of each one there. Tonight they will present "Only a Farmer's Daughter," written by Hazel Kirk.

Dry wood, 16 inch and 4 foot, for sale. Barr & Chainey.

Get next to yourself and the general public will get next to you. Advertise in the Daily Press.

The best coffee from Mocha & Java. Special blend. Barr & Chainey.

The new ice cream parlors of Rice & Berry will be open to the public on Saturday. Get busy and be served right with the best. Rice & Berry's is the spot for ice cream, soft drinks, candies, cigars, fruits, etc. The Thomson Block.

The up-to-date store of Carnahan & Son is now open. You won't lose the crowd.

POST FALLS NEWS NOTES

Post Falls, Idaho, Aug. 15.—Willie Rambaugh, aged 21, lost four fingers of his right hand while running the edger in the saw mill of the Post Falls Lumber & Manufacturing company. His friends are raising a subscription to send him to his home near South Bend, Wash.

The big log drive of the McGoldrick Lumber company is progressing without friction. The logs are being sluiced through the gates of the north channel dam, and a large crew of drivers is employed day and night.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Seyforth, their only child, died Sunday night of cholera infantum and was buried yesterday in Evergreen cemetery.

POPE'S ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

Is Topic of Absorbing Interest in France.

Paris, Aug. 16.—The pope's encyclical letter to the French archbishops and bishops regarding the separation law continues to be the topic here of absorbing interest, but the discussion is largely polemical, as the law, not taking effect until December, gives ample time for reflection. Moreover, the absence of all high personages, officials or parliament, defers an exact determination of the government's course. Nothing similar in the inventory riots has occurred or is expected to occur either in Paris or the province, although the actual application of the law in December will accentuate the situation.

M. Briand, minister of public worship, is absent from Paris, but the Temps today gathered the views of several high officials, who point out that the encyclical is merely negative in form, condemning the cultural associations provided by the law, but giving no real instructions relative to the bishops' future course.

The pope's intention is regarded in government circles as leaving the bishops free to act in the way which to them seems best, without exacting a violent conflict between the civil and religious powers. The pope probably entertained the after thought that the government might possibly, by means of negotiations, be induced to assent to the formation of an association, which while carrying out the spirit of the law, would recognize the divine constitution of the church, the unchangeable rights of the pontiff and the hierarchy's complete control of sacred edifices.

However, this hypothesis, if true, has not, according to the semi-official view, any great chance of realization, such a project not being considered acceptable by the government, which regards the law as it exists as incapable of modification. Unless there is a marked change of view before the law goes into effect in December both sides will need to exercise the most extreme moderation, for otherwise religious strife is inevitable.

The Assumption day service at the churches were attended by great crowds. The day was observed as a national holiday, all the government officers, the banks and the bourse being closed. The government observances of the church holiday as commented upon as an anomaly in connection with the present controversy between the vatican and the French government.

Sold Rotten Meat.

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 16.—Arrested for selling meat without a peddler's license, W. J. Cole, or Williams, and Otto Gaggerler of Seattle forfeited their bonds in police court this afternoon.

The meat was not only bad, but according to the city health officer, Dr. Green, some of it was putrid and rotten beyond anything he had ever seen. He ordered the entire stock burned.

The peddlers were shipping the meat from Seattle. It is believed to be a part of a condemned stock. They owned no rigs, but rented horses and wagons from the Tacoma Junk company. Dr. Green found that not a single piece of the meat was good. It consisted mostly of sides of hams. It was burned in the furnaces of the Columbia Brewing company.

My Atonement

(Original.)

I thought father was very stingy with me. He seemed to have money enough, but I didn't get as much of it as I wanted. I've learned since, to my sorrow, that he was struggling with mortgages and had a hard time to give us a home and clothes. One day I asked him for some money to buy a shotgun with, and when he refused I said something ugly to him. He called me ungrateful and said I'd always be a burden to him. I didn't know that he was at that very time straining every nerve to keep out of bankruptcy, while I was asking for money to buy what I didn't need. No wonder he was harsh with me.

But his words excited in me all that was bad and all that was strong. I made up my mind then and there that I would be a burden to no one, and without saying "goodby" I went away and came to the city. I felt some qualms of conscience as to mother, but this did not deter me. My sister Lucy was but a little girl, and I didn't think of her. I soon found a job, and as I had but one idea—to make money—I worked all day and often far into the night. This attracted the attention of my employers, and they shored me up rapidly.

Gradually my interest in my parents faded away. The one thought I had of father was to go back home some day and show him that I had more money than he had. But I had a craving for work and never could find a time when I was willing to give it up long enough to make the trip.

One day I met a familiar face on the street and recognized a former schoolmate. He told me that father had been sold out of everything except the house he lived in, which was now worthless, and he and mother and my sister were literally starving. I could not have been more astonished if I had seen Satan pass by with his cloven feet sticking out from under his trousers. It never had occurred to me that father could be poverty stricken. Children from infancy rely on their parents for what they need and thus come to consider them always as having possessions. The only idea I had of my father was that he had withheld from me what he ought to have given me.

I went straight to my counting room and drawing checks for an aggregate of \$5,000 sent them to the bank to be certified, but now my desire to outshine father was a horror to me, and I started home the next morning in an old suit I used for inspecting our warehouses. As soon as I arrived I went home and stood on the opposite side of the street looking at it. Heavens, how small it looked, and how dilapidated! The roof was ready to cave in. I went over and knocked. A young girl about seventeen came to the door. She looked half starved and very shabby, but I knew her for my little sister. I wanted to take her in my arms, but she didn't know me, and I would have frightened her, so I asked her if her mother was at home, and she took me into the parlor. It was the same parlor, with the same furniture, but the upholstery was in rags. When mother came in she knew me at once, though I had grown a beard since leaving home. She fell into my arms in a faint.

Father, hearing something amiss, came hobbling in—he was all broken down with rheumatism—and seeing mother in the arms of a strange young man looked mystified.

"Father," I said extending my hand to him, "forgive me."

He just sat down and covered his face with his hands. Mother took me to him and put my hand in his.

I'd been thinking so long how I would go home and show father that I was a better man than he that now I was there and had plenty of money I felt a repulsion at offering it. After we had got a little used to the situation I went out with Lucy, my sister, and we stocked the larder. I got some information from her about father's affairs and when we went home again I had given her the checks, one of which was for her, and told her to put them where father and mother would find them.

I stayed at home that night, and just before going to bed I heard a commotion downstairs and, returning to the sitting room, saw the cause. Mother in taking up her Bible to read her usual chapter before going to bed had found a \$1,000 check in the place of her bookmark. I ran back upstairs and pretended to have gone to bed. Pretty soon I heard loud talking in father's and mother's room and, as the partition was thin, heard father tell mother that he had found a \$3,000 check pinned to the collar of his night-shirt. He tried my door, but I had locked it and snored lustily.

Well, the next day I called a family conference, told them that I was rich and asked them whether they would rather have the old house rebuilt or come to the city with me. Father and mother decided that they were too old to leave the place in which they had always lived, but consented that I should take Lucy back with me and put her to school. Father and I went out and found a builder, who took charge of the repairs, or, rather, the rebuilding of the house, and after our return I went shopping with mother and Lucy, whose tattered clothing was a constant reproach to me.

I stayed at home till they got rid of their rags, then took father and mother and Lucy back with me. Lucy to go to school, father and mother to have a change while the house was in charge of the builder. I believe I was happier than if I had done my duty in the first place. At any rate, my atonement was delightful.

RUSSELL THORNE.

On Base Running.

Players Who Run With Their Heads Instead of Feet.

Good base running consists in reaching the base safely; bad base running consists in being caught. At least that is the verdict of the crowd, and even an expert has a hard time to tell whether the base running is good or bad. Some of the worst breaks made on bases win games and some of the best result in defeat. The expert can tell a good base runner by the way he gets the start, the ground he gains while the pitcher is delivering the ball, the way he slides to the objective base and the judgment he uses in stealing.

Base running has, in a sense, become a lost art. Baseball now is played by



HARRY RAY, NOTED BASE STEALER OF CLEVELAND AMERICANS.

certain mathematical rules and regulations, and there is no more of the brilliant individual feats of the old days. Every one who plays now knows just what stage the game is in, what to do in that stage, and if he does not the signals from the batter to him show him his duty. In the old days most of the players ran unaided by bunt, "squeeze," hit and run, or blocking and feinting to bunt to draw the fielders out of position.

When Comiskey's St. Louis team was sweeping the boards many years ago it got against the New York Giants, and there ensued the most daring exhibition of base running perhaps ever seen outside of the marvelous running of the old Chicago White Stockings. The association crowd expected and hoped to demoralize the Giants, and they started at it.

In the first inning old Juice Latham rapped out a hit and tore for first. He went there, yelling like a Comanche that no National leaguer could put him out. He turned first, dashed for second, with the astounded Giants wild, and he beat the ball there. Never stopping, he turned and dashed for third. By that time the Giants had recovered a bit, and Juice was called out at third by the narrowest of margins after a desperate twisting slide. He always vowed he never was touched. The Browns tried to sweep the Giants off their feet. They ran the bases like wild men, but they were stopped. Buck Ewing's throwing was too much for them, and they actually were beaten at their own game.

Elmer Foster was a great base runner after his style. He ran regardless of consequences, and perhaps no man that ever played in fast company ever took an extra base on a hit oftener than did Elmer.

One day Foster was turning third, trying to score from second on a short



"BUSTER" BROWN, NEW YORK, FASTEST RUNNER IN NATIONAL LEAGUE.

hit, when Billy Kuehne bumped him with his hip, threw him out into the grass and forced him to stop. Elmer was wild. He kept yelling, "I'll be around here again!" The next time up he made a two base hit, and he never stopped at second, but dashed on for third at top speed. The second baseman, surprised, made a high throw to third, and Kuehne stretched to get the ball just as Foster, leaping through the air, landed on his chest with both feet and kicked him halfway to the grand stand. Foster came home running backward and yelling with delight at Kuehne—and then got sore because he was called out.

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