

## REASONS FOR USING Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.



1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD., DORCHESTER, ENGLAND. ESTABLISHED 1750.

## NEW AND EASY SWINDLE

### Insurance Companies Victimized by Fake Accidents.

#### ARTISTIC ARTIFICIAL WOUNDS.

With a Bit of Sandpaper and a Mustard Plaster the Swindler Is Equipped For Business—The Beauty of It Is His Accomplish He Heats.

There is a new swindling game in the market. The insurance companies, of course, are the victims. Every rogue and crook out of a dishonest job and in need of funds turns as naturally to an insurance company for aid as a business man turns to his banker. The companies are looked upon as his legitimate prey, and he feels



THE FAKE ACCIDENT.

no more compunction in robbing them than he would in lighting a borrowed cigar.

It would take an index to classify the different brands of bunco games that have been sprung on the insurance companies since the business of issuing policies began, and the latest one, while it differs in many details from previous brands, has probably excited no more alarm in insurance circles than a great many others.

When the bunco man is ready to try his game, he first of all invests in four necessary articles—an accident policy, a piece of sandpaper, a mustard plaster and a strip of thin cheesecloth. With these simple implements he is thoroughly equipped and ready to begin operations. The 50-hour traveler's insurance tickets are most desirable and at the same time less expensive.

After buying one of them the operator boards a train. It may be only to come nearly home. Once in the car he retires to the toilet room, pulls up his trousers leg or his coat sleeve, as the case may be, and vigorously applies the sandpaper to the part of his anatomy that he desires to injure. After rubbing until the blood comes he places the cheesecloth, after first moistening it, over the sandpapered flesh, and on top of that spreads the mustard plaster. In five minutes the action of the mustard has inflamed the raw flesh and produced an ugly swelling.

Just before the destination is reached the plaster is removed, and when the train stops the operator arises from his seat, walks half way down the aisle toward the door and accidentally falls over a switch or trips over the leg of a seat. When he gets up, he limps painfully and falls exhausted into one of the seats.

This always should be done in the presence of the conductor, a brakeman or one of the trainmen. When they hurry to assist him, as naturally they will, he has pulled up his trousers leg or his coat sleeve and disclosed his carefully prepared property wound. It is angry and terribly inflamed by this time, and the fall has caused the blood to flow freely. The bunco man murmurs faintly that he believes he has been hurt, and the conductor or the brakeman helps him from the train and hands him over to the station master, who in turn directs him to some doctor and puts him aboard a street car.

The doctor is the most important accomplice. The victim of the accident limps into his office, apparently suffering intensely, and shows him the bruised or bleeding knee or elbow. Ninety-nine times in a hundred the fake wound will deceive the most skillful and experienced physician. He orders that his patient keep absolutely quiet for at least a week, and after prescribing a remedy and pocketing his fee tells him to call again in a day or two. The bunco man promptly destroys the prescription and applies the mustard plaster again. Then he either goes in retirement or limps painfully around the streets. In two or three days he writes to his accomplice, the doctor, saying that it is impossible for him to call, describing his symptoms and requesting another prescription.

Incidentally he mentions that he was lucky enough to buy an accident insurance policy, and asks the doctor if he will be good enough to sign a certificate to the effect that he saw his injury, treated him for it and ordered him to remain quiet for at least four days.

While he is waiting for his reply he informs the insurance company from which he has bought the policy that he has been injured, and asks that his claim be settled as soon as possible. He gives as his witnesses the doctor who treated him and the railroad man who helped him from the train.

Generally these witnesses are satisfactory to the company, but if it sees fit to send its medical examiner to investigate the case, the bunco man fools him, in the same way and just as easily as he fooled the physician and the trainman. The policy, amounting generally to \$300 a week, is settled in full, and the bunco man remains injured from ten days to two weeks, or as long as he can without exciting suspicion.

The example cited is only a primitive form of the swindle. It can be elaborated so that the rogue will receive anywhere from \$1,000 to \$5,000. In fact, there is no limit to its scope, and a man who is clever can live like a prince the year round and never perform any work more arduous than sandpapering his own skin.

"The extent to which this newest game is being played," said a detective for a big accident insurance company, "will never be known. It is almost impossible to catch a man at it. We may be morally certain that he is playing a crooked scheme on us, and yet we cannot prove it. The doctor has signed the certificate in good faith, the witness to the accident swears that he saw the man fall with sufficient force to produce the injury, and there you are. We cannot produce any witnesses to offset the testimony of the physician or the conductor."

"In using the sandpaper and the mustard plaster the man runs slightly to risk of sustaining a permanent injury. The pain of producing the wound is trivial, and, except for a little burning when the plaster is applied, the 'poor fellow' suffers no inconvenience."

"I have seen cases that I knew were frauds, and yet were done so artistically that a clinic would not discover it."

"When the really clever man plays, they injure the knee in preference to other parts of the body. It is easier to affect a limp than a stiff arm, and by a little judicious touching up of the shin, sandpapering it here and there, the effect obtained is precisely the same as if a man had fallen and broken his leg."

"They only play one company at a time. Should they buy three or four different policies, they would either have to swear to a lie when we asked them if they were insured in any other companies or else they would admit that they were and thus lay themselves open to suspicion."

"A man who is a reasonably good actor and has a little disregard for the truth can play the trick, and with comparative safety."

## DAWSON'S DIVERSIONS.

### Miners Have Money to Burn and Burn It.

#### A TYPICAL SOCIAL FUNCTION.

Dancing Is Expensive, but Popular—Cripple Creek Carrie, the Belle—The Man With Pumps and a Boiled Shirt—Novel Features of Klondike Gambling.

If there is one place in the whole world where money has no value it is on the Klondike. You see this exemplified in the social life—if such it may be called—of the mining camps as you see it nowhere else.

The principal diversions of Dawson are the gambling saloons and the dance halls. The most profitable industry is the sale of liquor, the saloons paying no revenue to the government. Beer and whisky sell for 50 cents a drink. The gambling saloons are run wide open day and night, and the dance halls never close until daylight. It may be remarked incidentally that there are two churches, one a Roman Catholic and the other a Protestant Episcopal. I fancy it would make some of our Fifth avenue congregations stare to see the collection plates heaped up with nuggets and dust on Sundays, writes a New York Herald correspondent.

I often wonder out in this wild spot what the rounders who used to think themselves high rollers in the days of the old Tenderloin would think of Dawson. The winning or losing of from \$1,000 to \$5,000 at a sitting excites no comment here. I was in the Golden Palace the other night—and the Golden Palace is by no means what its name implies—when Siftwater Bill, a young man who hails from Spokane, Wash., came in and announced with a whoop that he was going to "bust the bank."

Swiftwater Bill owns some of the richest claims on El Dorado creek, and when he breaks loose the dust is sure to fly. Bill took a seat at the faro table, and in just one hour he had lost \$7,500 in gold nuggets.



EVENING DIVERSIONS AT DAWSON CITY.

gets. "Things don't seem to be coming my way tonight," he remarked as he rose from his seat and stretched himself. "Let the house have a drink at my expense."

There was a rush for the bar, and waiters carried drinks to the various tables where games were in progress. That round cost Bill \$112. Then he lighted a \$1.50 cigar and strolled out.

Games involving \$5,000 and \$10,000 are running night and day. Professional dealers of "banking games" receive \$20 a day. The manner of handling money is unique even in a mining camp. The player takes his seat at a faro table and passes over his cash of gold dust to the dealer, who drops it into a small pigeonhole. The chance of "overplaying his luck" devolves upon the player's honor. He is given full credit and can call for many chips from the check rack as he desires.

As the checks are passed out a tab is dropped on his sack. At the conclusion of the play the chips on hand are credited to the account of the sack. The dealer hands the player a slip of paper showing the condition of the account, and the latter takes it and his sack of gold to the bar. If he has lost, he weighs out his gold dust, or, in the event of winning, the bar-keeper does the paying.

About 1 o'clock one morning a miner known as Shorty left his seat at the table where he had been playing all night, saying that he had gone broke. The dealer handed him his bag of dust and his slip, the latter corresponding almost to a grain with the value of the gold. Shorty walked over to the bar and invited a couple of other miners to have a drink. Then he was seized with a fatal fit of forgetfulness.

He edged toward the door and was about to push it open when the bartender called to him, "Say, Shorty, haven't you forgot something?"

"Forgot nothing!" exclaimed Shorty, and the door swung open. When it rebounded, it stopped half way, obstructed in its inward passage by the body of a dying man. A flash of flame and the report of a pistol from somewhere in that low ceilinged, smoky laden room explained the draft of cold air that came in through the half open door. Shorty was buried the next day.

In the effete east there is a fine distinction drawn between the society man and the clubman. The same distinction is drawn here. The club is the gambling saloon; society is the dance hall. I wish some of the matrons who lend dignity to the Patriarch's ball could have been with me last night when I attended a "salo" at the Morning Star.

I got in about midnight, although the dancing begins as early as 7 o'clock in the evening. The building is a large one, built of logs, but with a floor of rough hewn boards. It answers every purpose, however, for the many wealthy and the two step are not popular with these barstool revellers. They prefer the old-fashioned

Virginia reel or the plain quadrille, with lots of room to show their feet about. You could cut the tobacco laden atmosphere with a knife. Through the blue haze the figures of a couple of musicians could be faintly distinguished fiddling away for dear life and calling out: "Sashay all!" "Swing yer partners!" "Ladies through!" as the occasion demanded. They received \$20 a night for doing this, and they earned every penny of it.

At one side, extending the entire length of the room, was the bar, and the three dispensers of drinks were kept quite as busy as the fiddlers. Beer, whisky and cigars were retailed at 50 cents. A poor quality of champagne sold for \$30 a pint and a somewhat better brand brought \$40.

Of course the men greatly outnumbered the women. There were probably a dozen of the latter, some of them young and quite pretty. They have little or no time to rest between the dances, and when the morning sun peeps over the eastern mountains he finds them a jaded and somewhat bedraggled lot. But they charge \$1 for every dance, and Cripple Creek Carrie, the acknowledged belle of the "dancing set," has been known to make as much as \$100 a night tripping the light fantastic toe.

A young man whom they called Pinky was pointed out to me as the social leader of Dawson City. He was the only man in the room who wore a boiled shirt. When he goes to a dance, which is almost every night, he carries a pair of pumps with him. He leaves his boots behind the bar, dons his patent leathers and sails in on a wild career of "Topsy-turvy" dissipation. Pinky has been known to buy \$120 worth of dances in three successive nights.

Most of the men wear their ordinary working clothes, with top boots or heavy, spike bottom shoes. Their heads were covered by broad brimmed hats, which they never removed, and in their mouths were cigar butts which seemed equally stationary.

Personal vanity in the matter of dress is an item of no small expense in Dawson City. I paid \$1.75 for having a white shirt washed and ironed the other day, and then I couldn't wear it. The misgilded laundress had not only starched and ironed the bosom, but had subjected the entire garment to that operation. It might have been all right for a suit of mail, but as an article of fin de siècle wearing apparel it was quite out of the question.



EVENING DIVERSIONS AT DAWSON CITY.

## CHINESE "HELLO" MAN.

Ching Soy Sing, President of "Central" in San Francisco.

The first Chinese telephone operator in Ching Soy Sing of San Francisco, who has been installed in the central office of the Pacific Telephone company solely for the purpose of answering the calls of the 31 Chinese merchants who are subscribers. This became absolutely necessary in order to insure the quick transmission of messages, and also because the "hello" girls were unable to understand John Chinaman when he wished to call up his Celestial brethren over the wire. The girls were desperate and were ready to strike when the brilliant idea occurred to the manager to have a Chinaman answer the calls.

So Ching was selected to do the "hello" business, and he likes it, alike lighted. He occupies a corner of the operating room all by himself, and he has plenty to do.



CHING SOY SING, THE NEW "HELLO" MAN.

Ching describes his first day's experience thus: "No sabe voice walkie here, but I sabe fixie him for walkie, you bet. One man say, 'Bin ong he ong sop.' I catchee plug, stab him on board and voice walkie to me, then to 'butter China boy. One time no catchee 'another man. I talkee Choy Que Ko. Then 'mother man sit down. He talkee me one time again and I talkee 'Mut in ho so, all same Melican man. What man you like talkee? Next time maybe catchee. Then voice walkie. What's matter, you bet, heap good. I likee some time evily body talkee all same time. What's matter him? No sabe again. What for he do that all time? If laster rain talkee 'bout killee some more man, I hear him and tell 'mother man, you bet. I stop him voice walkie, and 'mother man no sabe nothing. I no like talkee me 'hello' gally. Smart fells some time talkee me like him, 'mother man say 'hello' gally to me. What for? No sabe. Next time I stoppee him voice walkie, you bet."

Ching describes his first day's experience thus: "No sabe voice walkie here, but I sabe fixie him for walkie, you bet. One man say, 'Bin ong he ong sop.' I catchee plug, stab him on board and voice walkie to me, then to 'butter China boy. One time no catchee 'another man. I talkee Choy Que Ko. Then 'mother man sit down. He talkee me one time again and I talkee 'Mut in ho so, all same Melican man. What man you like talkee? Next time maybe catchee. Then voice walkie. What's matter, you bet, heap good. I likee some time evily body talkee all same time. What's matter him? No sabe again. What for he do that all time? If laster rain talkee 'bout killee some more man, I hear him and tell 'mother man, you bet. I stop him voice walkie, and 'mother man no sabe nothing. I no like talkee me 'hello' gally. Smart fells some time talkee me like him, 'mother man say 'hello' gally to me. What for? No sabe. Next time I stoppee him voice walkie, you bet."

Ching describes his first day's experience thus: "No sabe voice walkie here, but I sabe fixie him for walkie, you bet. One man say, 'Bin ong he ong sop.' I catchee plug, stab him on board and voice walkie to me, then to 'butter China boy. One time no catchee 'another man. I talkee Choy Que Ko. Then 'mother man sit down. He talkee me one time again and I talkee 'Mut in ho so, all same Melican man. What man you like talkee? Next time maybe catchee. Then voice walkie. What's matter, you bet, heap good. I likee some time evily body talkee all same time. What's matter him? No sabe again. What for he do that all time? If laster rain talkee 'bout killee some more man, I hear him and tell 'mother man, you bet. I stop him voice walkie, and 'mother man no sabe nothing. I no like talkee me 'hello' gally. Smart fells some time talkee me like him, 'mother man say 'hello' gally to me. What for? No sabe. Next time I stoppee him voice walkie, you bet."

Ching describes his first day's experience thus: "No sabe voice walkie here, but I sabe fixie him for walkie, you bet. One man say, 'Bin ong he ong sop.' I catchee plug, stab him on board and voice walkie to me, then to 'butter China boy. One time no catchee 'another man. I talkee Choy Que Ko. Then 'mother man sit down. He talkee me one time again and I talkee 'Mut in ho so, all same Melican man. What man you like talkee? Next time maybe catchee. Then voice walkie. What's matter, you bet, heap good. I likee some time evily body talkee all same time. What's matter him? No sabe again. What for he do that all time? If laster rain talkee 'bout killee some more man, I hear him and tell 'mother man, you bet. I stop him voice walkie, and 'mother man no sabe nothing. I no like talkee me 'hello' gally. Smart fells some time talkee me like him, 'mother man say 'hello' gally to me. What for? No sabe. Next time I stoppee him voice walkie, you bet."

## IN A CLOUD OF MYSTERY

### How Albert E. Lewis Did the Disappearing Act.

#### ANOTHER JEKYLL AND HYDE CASE.

When He Found He Could Support His Dual Character No Longer, Lewis Vanished, Leaving Elaborately Prepared Evidence That He Had Met Foul Play.

The facts in connection with the recent sensational disappearance of a citizen of Montreal make an interesting story. For days the local newspapers contained columns describing how Albert E. Lewis, a real estate man, had been murdered or kidnapped at a lonely spot on the outskirts of Montreal. His hat and gloves and evidence of a struggle were found near the place. Lewis was last seen on Saturday evening while he was at dinner with his family. About 7 o'clock a letter was handed to him asking him to call upon a resident of St. Louis de Mile End, who, it was said, wished to see him on business. Lewis after dinner kissed his wife and started out to see the man, saying that he would afterward attend a public meeting of the residents of the municipality, in which he had large land interests.

When he reached the house of the man who, it was supposed, had sent the letter, the latter denied that he had ever seen it, and after a few words Lewis left, as he said, to go to the meeting. That was the last seen of him by his friends, and when he did not return home by the next morning his family became alarmed and the theory was that he had been either kidnapped or murdered.

It is now discovered that the sending of the letter and the subsequent finding of the hat and gloves were all part of a skillfully arranged plan concocted by Lewis himself to deceive his family and the public and lead them to suppose that he had been done away with. Lewis had a carriage in waiting near the spot where he was last seen, into which he got, and after carefully disguising himself he took one of the outgoing trains.

The reasons for his going are now plain. Lewis, who was the son of a leading Montrealer and about 45 years old, was in his early youth a wanderer and Bohemian. He had traveled all over the west, been a cowboy in Oregon and Washington, and had visited the Hawaiian Islands. While on his travels he had met a woman of inferior station and lived with her for some time, when they separated. About ten years ago Lewis returned to Montreal, and not long afterward met and married Miss



ALBERT E. LEWIS.

Helen Bagg, one of the richest heiresses in that city. Her family are the largest landowners in the Dominion, owning vast tracts of land in and around Montreal, and the wealth of the estate amounts to many millions. Mrs. Lewis had a large amount of money, besides a great deal of land in her own right, and Lewis, after he had married her, launched into the real estate business on an extensive scale. He also speculated heavily, and, assisted by his wife, made a good deal of money.

While apparently a model husband and most devoted to his wife, he had many affairs with fast women. The old skeleton in his closet was a continual worry to him, and he sought to drown his cares with drink. All the time he led a Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde existence. Not long ago the woman of his wandering days found out his whereabouts and appeared on the scene. When Lewis would not meet her demands for money any longer, she threatened to expose him. To add to his trouble, his intrigue with a married woman had been discovered by her husband, who threatened to shoot him. A few months ago Lewis decided to go to England with his wife for the jubilee festivities, thinking that the clouds would blow over in his absence, but when he returned a few weeks ago the trouble was resumed.

When he found things becoming too hot for him, he decided to skip out and arranged the plan to lead people to suppose that he had been murdered. The plan might have worked very well, only it leaked out that previous to his departure Lewis had transferred big blocks of stock held by him, that he had borrowed money from members of his wife's family and that during his trip to England he had placed a large amount to his credit in a London bank. He is believed to have gone to New York, where he will be joined by one of his Montreal women, and it is thought he will then make for South Africa, for which he has often expressed his liking. He owns a large amount of real estate, but he has no doubt authorized friends to act for him and his interests. Mrs. Lewis is prostrated by her husband's disappearance and the terrible scandal connected with his name.

**Bold Break For Freedom.**  
After such a leap for liberty as was made the other day by William and John Moran, two burglars being taken to the penitentiary, it seems almost a pity that they were recaptured. They were journeying, shackled together, in charge of a constable on a Lake Shore train from Westfield, N. Y., to Buffalo. Near Lake View they managed to elude their guard and leaped from the train together. They rolled down a steep embankment and made for the woods, unhurt by their leap, but they were recaptured.

**Matrimony and Crime.**  
It is a singular fact, but one proved by statistics, that crime is more common in single life than in married. In the former 88 in every 100,000 are guilty, while only 11 of the married have gravely broken the laws out of the same number.

## MADE MOTHER WELL.

### Sickness Driven From Another Home by Paine's Celery Compound.



Women, mothers of families, have no more right to live beyond their strength than beyond their income. The greatest injustice that women do themselves and their children is in putting off getting well. Headaches, nervousness, dyspepsia and melancholy lay their leaden fingers over the whole household.

Paine's celery compound has driven sickness and gloom from innumerable homes, where some loved member was the source of continual anxiety and even despair. The constantly repeated successes of this great invigorator in making people well have roused many persons who thought themselves destined unredemptably to lives of imperfect health to try Paine's celery compound.

No one can read the following letter without being inspired with confidence in this great remedy: 659 Elm street, Buffalo, N. Y., July 23.

About eight years ago, after the birth of a child, I suffered terribly. I could not get help from over a dozen physicians to whom I applied, and after receiving treatment from the last doctor continually for nine months, was pronounced cured, and continued so until the birth of another child, when I was obliged to commence doctoring again, although all imaginable treatments had been resorted to without one particle of relief.

I was subject to neuralgic troubles and slightly rheumatic, and I became discouraged and melancholy, feeling that I should never again be a well woman.

I was in a pitiful state, when my husband, who had been benefited by the use of Paine's celery compound, urged me to try it. In a remarkably short time after I began taking the remedy I began to notice a change for the better. Before I had taken three bottles I was well. I consider my cure a miracle, for I had tried a great many doctors and different drugs and spent hundreds of dollars in vain. Respectfully yours,

MRS. KATE HENNESSEN.

Close, careful observation of great numbers of cases like the above led Prof. Edward E. Paine, M. D., LL. D., of the Dartmouth Medical School, to the formulation of Paine's celery compound.

The success of this universally well-known remedy in quickly driving out disease from the blood and system need not be retold to newspaper readers.

Paine's celery compound restores to a healthy state a weakened and diseased nervous system. One of the first evidences of its building-up virtue is the gain in flesh noticeable about the face. Night sweats and nervous twitchings are things of the past; there is a great improvement in looks, a better appetite, sounder sleep, a clearer skin and more regular functions. These are a few of the outward improvements. More important is the thorough and radical purifying of the blood and the regulating and building-up of the deep-lying nerves all over the body. There is nothing half way or partial in the effect of Paine's celery compound. It cures permanently.

Stoves  
Hardware,  
Plumbing,  
Hot Water Heating,  
Steam and Gas Fitting,  
Copper, Tin and  
Sheet Iron Work.

Cor. Nineteenth street  
and Second Avenue.

OPPOSITE  
HARPER HOUSE.

BAKER & KNOX

Cor. Nineteenth street  
and Second Avenue.

OPPOSITE  
HARPER HOUSE.

**LANDY GAIHARTIG**  
**Pascalet's**  
**CURE CONSTIPATION**  
REGULATE THE LIVER  
ALL DRUGGISTS  
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Pascalet's are the most famous and best known. 24, WESTLAW STREET, CHICAGO, ILL., or NEW YORK.