HAVE IT READY

Minor accidents are so frequent and such hurts so troublesome no household should be without a bottle of

St. Jacobs Oil

for instant use, as the world knows it is a

PERFECT CURE for

PAINS and ACHES

TRADE MARK

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

EXCURSION RATES to Western Canada and particulars as to how to secure 160 acres of the best Wheat growing land on the Continent, can be secured on application to the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the undersigned. Specially conducted excursions will leave St. Paul, Minn., on the 1st and 3d Tuesday in each month, and specially low rates on all lines of railway are being quoted for excursions leaving St. Paul on March 28th and April 4th, for Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Write to F. Pedley, Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the undersigned, who will mail you atlases, pamphlets, etc., free: N. Bartholomew, 306 5th St., Des Moines, Iowa; W. H. Rogers, Watertown, South Dakota; W. V. Bennett, 801 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.; B. Davies, 154½ East 3d St., St. Paul, Minn., Agents for Gov't of Canada.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief & cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 DAYS' treatment FREE. Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box S, Atlanta, Ga.

Carried a Bottle of Poison.

There is a pretty general impression that the work undertaken by the spy is invariably disgraceful work, and that the professional military secret service agent is a more or less degraded creature—degraded, that is, for the time being, by the very nature of the mission he undertakes. Of course, nothing could be further from the truth. There are spies and spies. The paid renegade, who for mere pay undertakes to pry into and betray the secrets of his friends, stands upon an entirely different footing from the officer, who, taking his life in his hands, ventures into the enemy's camp in order gratuitously to obtain information which may turn out to be of infinite value to his own intelligence department.

Lord Kitchener was a spy of this latter sort, and it was his cleverness, energy and resourcefulness in this capacity which first attracted to him the notice of his superiors. Alone and unarmed he plunged into the revolted Soudan in the autumn of 1882 and succeded in penetrating, disguised as a peddler of hurra cakes, as far as Omdurman itself. Here he saw a fellow-spy stripped naked, flogged till the flesh hung in ribbons from his body, and then crucified face downward in the blazing sun. Ever afterward, in his wanderings among the wild desert tribes, Kitchener carried with him a tiny phial of cyanide of potassium. As he tersely put it: "I did not fear death—but such a death!"

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

The best way to make our poverty respectable is to seem never to feel it as an evil.

THE TEEMING WEST.

The Prairie Lands of Western Canada Being Filled with Excellent Settlers.

The salient fact that presents itself in taking a birdseye view of the Canadian West is that of intense activity in every department. Whether the glance be turned upon the district east of Winnipeg, the Red River valley south or north, the Dauphin and M. & N. W. district, the southwestern, or whether it take in the great central division along the main line of the C. P. R. stretching away out to the Rockies and from there bending north and south to Prince, Alberta and Edmonton, McLeod and Lethbridge—whether the examination be made in any of these directions the same activity, growth and hopefulness is observable.

The Canadian West is not only a good place to locate permanently, but it is also a good place to invite their relatives and friends to come to. This is the spirit that seems to animate the West at the present time, and its effects are to be seen on every hand. To enumerate the towns where handsome and substantial blocks and residences have gone up this year would be simply to give a list of the towns and villages along the railway lines. And this movement has not been confined to these centers of population, but in many cases it has been overshadowed by the improvement in farm buildings.

So far as one can see, this is no passing phrase, no repetition of any temporary boom following a period of good crops and fair prices. It is a movement more spontaneous, more general, more marked than anything that has gone before, and seems to indicate that the great West, like Samson bursting the encompassing bands, has awakened to a period of activity and development that will surpass anything we have known in the past and which will only be paralleled by the opening out of some of the most fertile of the Western States of the Union.

Look at some of the figures. Over a thousand schools in Manitoba, and the number going up by leaps and bounds. Something like five hundred schools in the territories, Winnipeg as representing the gateway of the West, the third city in the Dominion in regard to bank clearings, postal business and probably in regard to customs, the customs returns at Winnipeg running about thirty to forty per cent greater month by month than in the fiscal year of 1897-8, the largest previous year for actual business entries, when over $900,000 was paid through the Winnipeg office for duty. The C. P. R. and Canada Northwest land sales together run over $1,500,000 for the year. These, and a thousand more signs, show how the West has leaped into new life.

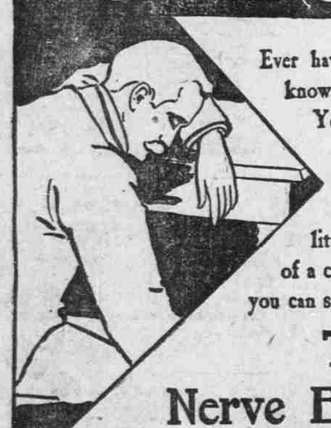
This is an inspiring and cheering spectacle, but it brings with it great responsibilities. The business men realize this, the banks realize it, and have spread their agencies through every bustling little town clear out to the coast, the churches realize it, and one denomination alone has opened an average of about thirty new stations in each of the past two years, and will increase this in the year now entered upon, the Government departments realize it, and there is talk of redistribution and additional members. The educational branches realize it and new schools are springing up everywhere. Over 12,000 settlers came in from the United States alone last year, and these, with the people who came in from the East, prove the most vigorous Westerners. They lose no time in developing their farms, in filling their grazing lands with stock, and in every district are to be found evidences of thrift and prosperity.

Finem Respice.

Hix—Poor old Jaggs is no more.
Dix—Died from drink, I suppose.
Hix—Yes; spirited away, as it were.

The bitterness of death is sweet as against the gall of a mother's woe through her son's downfall.—Boston Ideas.

BLUES



Ever have "the blues"? Then you know how dark everything looks. You are completely discouraged and cannot throw off that terrible depression. A little work looks like a big mountain; a little noise sounds like the roar of a cannon; and a little sleep is all you can secure, night after night.

That's Nerve Exhaustion

The truth of the matter is, your nerves have been poisoned and weakened with the impurities in your blood. The thing for you to do is to get rid of these impurities just as soon as you can.

You want a blood-purifying medicine,—a perfect Sarsaparilla,—that's what you want. You want a Sarsaparilla that is the strongest and best nerve tonic you can buy, too.

That's AYER'S

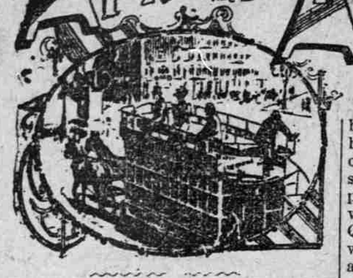
"The only Sarsaparilla made under the personal supervision of three graduates: a graduate in pharmacy, a graduate in chemistry, and a graduate in medicine."

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"During last year I was suffering from nervous prostration. For weeks I grew worse, became thin, could not sleep, had no appetite, and was in a wretched condition. After taking several kinds of medicines without result, I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla with more than pleasing results. My appetite returned, I slept soundly, my strength and weight increased, and now I am well and strong without the slightest trace of my old trouble. Indeed, I would hardly believe it possible for medicine to bring about such a change in any person."—CLARA MEALEY, Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass., Dec. 21, 1899.

AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.



CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Jack Duncombe seemed very well pleased to be back among us, and was gay and talkative, his facetiousness chiefly taking the form of magnifying the possible dangers of that trip down the open Severn to which we were now definitely pledged. Perhaps he meant to show that this part of the expedition was as important as the passage of the tunnels, which he had missed; perhaps he was so sure of the seaworthiness of the boat that he could afford to scoff; but in any case he entirely failed to terrify his hostess—if that was his aim.

"Oh, no," said she, with decision, "whatever may happen to the rest of you, Peggy and I will be safe. I am not going to take the opinion of any of you gentlemen; I am going to take the opinion of a professional seaman; I am going to ask Murdoch whether we should make the venture. And if he is in any way doubtful, then there is the landau for Peggy and me; and you may as well keep an eye on us as we are driving along the road, for when we see you sinking we should like to wave a handkerchief, by way of good-by."

At this moment Miss Peggy came out into the sunlight; she had been adorning the saloon with the flowers that had done duty on the dinner table at the hotel the night before. Moreoiver, she had made bold to appropriate to herself a few hyacinths, and the little bouquet looked very well on her dress of dark blue serge.

"Come here, you American girl," Queen Tita says to her, and takes hold of her by the arm, and makes room for her by her side; "do you know that I am responsible for your safety? and now that these people have determined to go down the Severn in this cockle-shell of a thing, the question is whether I am going to allow you to remain on board."

"I thought that was all settled," observes Mis Peggy, rather appealing to Col. Cameron.

"It is not all settled," Mrs. Threepenny-bit makes answer. "I will not permit of any foolhardiness, and, unless I can be assured that there is not the slightest danger, you and I will put ourselves into a carriage and get down to Bristol on good solid land. I am going to consult Murdoch."

"Oh, Murdoch?" says Miss Peggy, quickly.

"Yes, although he is a steward, he has been a sailor, too, all his life; and unless he thinks we may safely run the risk, then ashore we go."

"Oh, yes; very well, I agree to that," remarks Miss Peggy; and why should she again glance toward Sir Ewen Cameron, this time with a kind of smile in her eyes? "I will hold myself bound by Murdoch's opinion, certainly."

"Why, Miss Rosslyn," Inverfask interposes, with a touch of reproach, "you promised to stay by the ship!"

"But I am not going to allow her to run into any danger," Queen Tita says, in her peremptory fashion. "I have got to restore her safe and sound to the United States, and much good may they get out of such a piece of baggage!"

So on this brilliant and shining day we got on by Rea Bridge and Quedgley and Hardwicke even unto Whitminster, where is the junction with the Stroudwater Canal. But we did not stay to make inquiries as to the practicability of getting back to the Thames by this route; we had signed our articles, as it were, and were bound for Bristol; the allurements of the Avon and the Kennet, among other considerations, had proved too potent. So we continued our placid voyage; and so fair and shining and beautiful was the country around us that we pretended not to know that a breeze had sprung up, and that those mighty masses of purple cloud were advancing, heralded by a few rags and shreds of silvery white.

The storm burst forth while we were all inside and leisurely seated at lunch. It had been growing darker for some time before, but we had hardly noticed it, for we were listening to Jack Duncombe's recital of his experiences on the production of his one and only piece, and our imaginations were away in the region of the lamp lighted Strand. But all of a sudden there was a sound that recalled us to our actual surroundings—a smart rattle as of buckshot on the forward window; and then we became aware that the world without was steeped in an unusual and mysterious gloom. The next moment the tempest broke upon us with a roar—a continuous thunder of rain and hail and ice that battered on the roof and hurled itself against the windows with an appalling fury. We could guess that the sudden gale was tearing the water around us into a white smoke, but we could see nothing, for the panes were steaming with half-melted ice and hailstones. Then, in the midst of all this bewilderment of noise, there was a sharper crack, as if a pistol had been fired just outside.

"Why, what's that?" cried Jack Duncombe, jumping up and making forward.

"Here, don't open that window!" one had to call to him. "Do you want to swamp the whole place? Leave the hurricane alone; it isn't meddling with you."

But what was this now? The "Nameless Barge" was going more slowly; then it touched something gently; then it stopped altogether.

"I know what it is!" said that young man triumphantly. "The tow-rope has broken, and Murdoch has run the boat alongside the bank."

When we went outside, we found a most tempestuous looking scene around us. Far away in the west the Monmouthshire hills steeped in a somber gloom; but the hills in the east were swept by flying rain clouds, followed by bursts of sunlight that produced a rainbow on the soft gray background. And if the colors of the landscape had been vivid before, they were now keener than ever in this dazzling radiance; the very hedges and willows beside us were all shimmering in the silvery wet. There was a brisk breeze blowing, too, a stimulating sort of breeze that seemed to suggest our fighting our way against it—as, indeed, we very soon were. For we found that the towpath were offered excellent walking, so we all got ashore, Jack Duncombe and Queen Tita leading the way through this whirling and changing world of showers and flying clouds and sunlight.

"Col. Cameron," said Miss Peggy, with a certain demure air, "didn't you say that the Highlanders were so courteous that usually they would try to answer you as they thought you wanted to be answered?"

"They have a tendency that way, and I don't blame them. Why do you ask?" said he.

"Because I don't think we shall have any need of a landau to-morrow."

"I—I don't quite understand," said he.

"Didn't you say there should be no deserters from the ship when we go down to Bristol?" she asked, still with her eyes on the ground.

"Well, it would be a pity, wouldn't it?" he answered her. "Why not see the thing through? You are not afraid, I know, and I understood you to say you meant to keep by the boat. Oh, yes, I distinctly think we should hang together."

"Don't you mean drown together?" she asked, meekly.

"If it comes to that, yes. My own opinion is that there won't be the slightest danger of any kind."

"But you belong to the army, whereas it is a naval expert who is to be called in," Miss Peggy continued. "And—and I thought you looked a little surprised today when I consented to abide by his judgment. Then you had forgotten what you told me about the Highlanders?"

And still this tall, long-striding, sandy-mustached colonel didn't perceive what she was driving at.

"I think I know what Murdoch's opinion will be," she observed, modestly.

And then he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Excellent, excellent! You are going to tell him beforehand that you are anxious to remain in the boat, and then you will ask him whether you should or not. Very skillful, very ingenious."

Presently Queen Tita called aloud:

"Peggy, come along! Here is something for you."

These two ahead had come to a halt at a corner of the winding towpath, and when we overtook them we perceived the reason why. In the great valley now opening before them lay the wide bed of the Severn River, here and there showing long banks of yellow sand, and here and there narrower channels of lapping water of similar hue. Which was the main body of the stream we could hardly make out—water and sand seemed in many places to lose themselves in each other.

"Well!" said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, "doesn't it remind you——"

"Of what?" asked Peggy.

"Why, of the Missouri at Council Bluffs?" she exclaimed. "I thought you would see the likeness at once—those great mud-banks and the yellow water. I thought your loyal heart would leap up; that we should see tears of gladness in your eyes."

"But I never saw the Missouri anywhere," remarked Miss Peggy, innocently.

"What! you never were at Omaha?"

"No, never."

"Well, you are a pretty American!"

"Yes; that's just what she is," one ventured to observe, merely by way of defending the poor thing.

"A pretty American you are! Never saw the Missouri! I wonder if you ever heard of the Capitol at Washington?"

"As for that," rejoined Miss Peggy, "I know of somebody who has lived all her life in England and never went to Stratford-on-Avon till the year before last."

"I consider you a very impertinent young person," said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, with much dignity; and therewith she turned to her former companion, and they resumed their walk and talk.

CHAPTER XVI.

Now, as our good friend the harbormaster was coming along to have a look at the "Nameless Barge," it was not likely that the responsible people of the party were going to the ship's steward to get his opinion of her seaworthiness; but Queen Tita had a great faith in Murdoch; and Miss Peggy knew it; and on the first chance the young lady had, which was early the next morning, she set about beguiling and perverting the mind of that simple Highlander.

"Murdoch," said she, in her innocent fashion, as she was putting some flowers on the breakfast table; "Murdoch, you know we are going down to Bristol?"

"Yes, mem."

"And that the river is very wide down there?"

"Yes, mem."

"You don't suppose there is any really serious risk, do you?" she asked, in an off-hand way.

But at this Murdoch hesitated. Did the young lady wish to be encouraged to go by water, or persuaded to go by land? Then perhaps it may have occurred to him that he might as well tell the simple truth.

"Well, mem," said he, "I do not know myself; but there was two or three o' them last night they were saying to me it was not for five hundred pounds they would go down to Bristol in this boat, if there was any kind of a preeze from the sous or sou'west."

Here was a most unexpected blow; even Peggy was a little bit startled.

"What was that?" she said.

"Yes, mem; that's what they were saying, not for five hundred pounds would they go down the ruvver in this boat."

"It's the landau for you, Miss Peggy," one observed to her. But she was not to be easily turned from her purpose.

"Wait a bit. Murdoch, who were these men?"

"Oh! they were chist men from the docks," he answered.

"Yes; coal heavers and people like that, I suppose? What could they know about a boat like this?"

"Mebbe no mich," said the young Highlander, cautiously, for it was not clear to him as yet which way she wanted him to answer.

"Well," she said; "I wouldn't repeat a foolish speech like that, if I were you. Five hundred pounds! a lot of babies talking nonsense! How can there be any danger? I don't see any possibility of it."

And now here was his cue at last; and his answer was forthcoming readily.

"Dancher!" said he. "Oh, no, mem; there will be no dancher at ahl—no, no, there will be no dancher whateffer!"

"You are quite convinced of that, Murdoch?" she said, dexterously pinning him to his expressed belief.

"Well, mem," said he, "the Severn is only a ruvver; and she was on a ruvver before, and did ferry well; and she'll do ferry well again."

This sounded reasonable, though to be sure, there are rivers and rivers. But Miss Peggy went on to tell him of the proposal that certain members of the party should go by land; and of her own decided opinion that we should all keep together; and in a way appealed to him to confirm her judgment.

"Why, it would be cowardly to leave the others, wouldn't it?" she continued. "And I know, at least I've heard, Murdoch, that you never had any great liking for this boat; but you have seen what she can do; and she has never got us into trouble hitherto. So long as she keeps afloat, what more can we want? Why, I believe she would float well enough on the open sea!"

"At sea, mem!" said Murdoch, rather aghast.

"Well, what would happen to her?" asked this bold student of nautical matters.

"Pless me, mem!" he exclaimed, "if there was any wind at ahl, she would roll about like a tib, and tek in water, and then she would sunk—ay, in five minutes she would be down."

"Oh, she would roll about like a tub, and then sink," observed Miss Peggy, thoughtfully. Then she said, in a lighter tone: "Well, Murdoch, it is no use talking about impossibilities. We are going to Bristol—down a river, as you say—and it would be a great pity for any of us to leave the others, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes, mem, a great peety!" said he.

"And you know quite well there won't be any danger," she observed, insidiously.

"Oh, I do not think there will be any dancher at ahl!" he repeated.

"And, Murdoch, I wouldn't say a word about that foolish speech you heard last night," she said, by way of closing the interview.

"Ferry well, mem," Murdoch obediently answered, and went about his duties.

You should have seen her face when he was gone; it was so serene and serious and ingenuous; it was only her eyes that spoke.

"Well, of all——"

"All what?" she asks, and there is hardly a smile in those telltale eyes.

"To go and bewilder a poor Highland lad——"

"Don't you know this," she says, interrupting in her usual unconcerned manner, "that women are weak, helpless, defenseless creatures; and that sometimes, when they have a particular aim in view, they have to use a little judicious skill in pure innocence."

"Yes, a very simple, innocent young thing you are!"

"Don't you think I am?" she says, calmly, and she stalks across the saloon and takes her banjo off the peg and sits down and begins twanging at the strings.

Then this is what one hears:

"When de good old Gabriel gwine to blow de horn,
You'd better be dar sure as you are born,
For he gwine to wake you early in de morn,
He's gwine to wake you early in de mornin'."

Then, when she comes to the chorus, she sings alto:

"Den, rise, children, sing around de door,
We'll gadder early on de golden shore,
He's a-comin' right now, an' he'll come no more,
He's a-gwine to meet us early in de mornin'."

Then comes a brisker air:

"It's early in de mornin', before we see he sun,
'Roll aboard dat cotton, and get back in a run!'
De captain's in a hurry; I know what he means:
Wants to beat the Sherlock down to New Orleans."

This, also, has a chorus, which she sings with much complacency (and all for her own enjoyment, apparently)—

"Roll out, heave dat cotton,
Roll out, heave dat cotton,
Roll out, heave dat cotton,
Ain't got long to stay!"

"Now, what on earth is all this frightful noise about?" demands Mrs. Threepenny-bit, suddenly appearing at the door of the saloon. "And at this time of the morning, too!"

"Well, it isn't Sunday morning," the young lady makes answer. "Besides, he has been saying very rude things about me; and I've taken refuge in music."

(To be continued.)

Paternal Advice.

An' now mah son dat yo' am erbout to marry, 'membah dat yo' duty am fust to yo' fam'ly, nex' to yo'self, and las'ly to yo' fellowmen; but, bein' a membah ob yo' own fam'ly yo' kin nachully wo'k yo'se'f in twice. One ob yo' greates' trials will be to keep yo' family in meat an' at de same time retain yo' reppertashun fer honesty in de community. Ob co'se it am er 'stablished fac' dat de worl' owes ebery body er libbin', but hit ain' nec'sary foh yo' to publish how yo' collec's youahs. Say nuffin about yo' nightly ockerpashun, an' alwas saw er little wood durin' de day, bein' keerful to make ez much noise 'bout hit ez posserble. Let de communerty undahstan' dat yo' am willin' to meet dem from de stan'point of de golden rule; ez yo' won't hab nuffin' to do yo' sheer wif yo'll hab de bes' ob de bargain. An las'ly should misforchune obertake yo', doan let no fool lawyer injuce yo' to plead guilty. No mattah whad proofs am ergin yo', one-half de people gwine to bliebe yo' innercent ef yo' keeps denyin' de cha'ge. Membah mah son hit am bettah to serbe de full thirty days an' hab plenty ob friens lef' to gib yo' a helpin' han' wen yo' gits out, dan to cut down de sentence one-half by pleadin' guilty, an' hab everybody gib yo' de col' shoulder forebber attahwa'ds.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

There are two Platts in the Senate, one from Connecticut, the other from New York. One of them has been a Senator over twenty years; the other is serving his first term, barring a few weeks of service as Conkling's colleague just prior to the dramatic resignation of Conkling and himself in May, 1881. Aside from their names, the two Platts have hardly anything in common. The New York Senator is a great political leader—one of the most astute politicians of whom American history has carried any record. The Connecticut man is about as indifferent to the machinery of politics as any man can be who figures in public life at all. The Connecticut Platt is less widely known than the other; but within the narrower bounds of his reputation he ranks high. If the selection of President of the United States devolved upon the Senate, the first choice would probably be Allison of Iowa. The second would be Orville H. Platt. He is noted among his associates for soundness of judgment, firmness of opinion, conservatism and high integrity. Physically, he is the type of a New England native, tall, angular, a little ungainly, and with a face that makes no pretensions to beauty.

SENATOR PLATT.

-:—:-

Northern and Northwestern cities, whose death rates are low and whose records of disease show the effect of healthful climatic conditions, will be interested in a statement which appears below, taken from the weekly health report of Washington, just issued. This is the "bad" time of the year in Washington, and the physicians are busier than at any other season. During the week there were 153 deaths, 76 of white people and 77 of colored people, the latter having one-third of the population of the city. The annual death rate, based on the returns for this single week, was 27 per 1,000 of the whole population, that of the whites being 19.24 and that of the blacks being 47.08. The principal causes of death during the week were diseases affecting the pulmonary organs. Consumption claimed 25 and acute lung attacks 33, of which latter sum 20 were pneumonia. There were seven fatal cases of the grip and four of diphtheria. At the close of the last report there were 30 cases of diptheria in quarantine, and 13 developed during the week and 14 were discharged.

-:—:-

President McKinley differs from some of his predecessors in Washington in the democratic frequency of his moving about. He does not immure himself in the White House. He seems to enjoy seeing and being seen. Almost every pleasant day the President takes a walk just as he used to when he was a member of the House. His shoulders thrown back so that he can freely breathe the air, his head high and his arms swinging, he strides along as if he enjoyed the exercise and as if he were bound to get every physical benefit from every movement. Sometimes he drives with Mrs. McKinley for a companion, sometimes with a member of the cabinet, or a personal friend. Frequently he has his favorite saddle horse taken out into the country, and driving out in the White House carriage with Gen. Corbin, the two mount for a vigorous canter along the pleasant suburban roads.

-:—:-

Some thoughtless person once remarked that "republics are ungrateful." The phrase is attractive and well worn, expressing in a brief, pointed way the feelings of the fellow who comes in second best in a race for office. As a national indictment it would be thrown out of any court. Only a few days ago the attention of the authorities in Washington was drawn to the unfortunate condition of Mrs. "Bill" Anthony, widow of one of the heroes of the Maine, and a place was promptly made for her in the census bureau at a salary of $600 a year. Sergeant Anthony, it will be recalled, committed suicide in New York City a few months ago. The republic, however, gratefully remembers his service for the flag, and has shown its appreciation to his widow.

-:—:-

The Couer d'Alene investigation by the House committee on military affairs which has been running since the 20th of February, is responsible for a peculiar complication. It has eaten up two-thirds of the entire allowance of the House of Representatives for contingent expenses. The contingent fund contained $30,000. Now it is depleted, and the end of the expense is not yet. Witnesses received over $300 each for mileage and $2 a day for attendance. More money is required to carry the investigation to a close, which is not yet in sight, and a special bill will have to be introduced to appropriate enough money to defray the expenses which have arisen.

-:—:-

The popularity of the rural free delivery service is clearly demonstrated by the action of the House committee on postoffices and postroads in framing the annual appropriation bill for the Postoffice Department. In the estimates submitted to Congress $1,500,000 was asked for the coming year, and the committee, which has a reputation for economy, after careful investigation voluntarily increased the item to $1,750,000, and that amount will be submitted to the House.

-:—:-

The people of Washington State are asking the establishment of a mint at Tacoma to coin Alaska gold. So far as the Government is concerned, no new mints are needed, for the Philadelphia mint alone, when it is completed, will have a capacity sufficient for the demands of the country, and there are also mints at Denver and San Francisco which can take care of all the gold that Alaska will produce for many years. Therefore the Secretary of the Treasury will not indorse the Tacoma enterprise.