PORTO RICO A LAND OF PROMISE

Features of the Island Which Spain Must Cede to Us.

EFFECT OF SPANISH RULE.

Though the Earth Easily Yields Her Resources, There Is Much Poverty.

WONDERFULLY FERTILE PLAINS.

A Pen Picture of San Juan, the Capital, with Its Quaint Fortresses and Ancient Fortifications.

The island of Porto Rico, the absolute cession of which to the United States is made one of the conditions of peace, lies seventy miles east of Hayti, and forms an irregular parallelogram 108 miles long and 37 miles broad. The northern coast is rugged, and the eastern end of the island is very high, with cliffs extending in an almost unbroken line from Cape San Juan to the port of that name.

A range of hills traverses Porto Rico from east to west, the highest peak, Yunque (the "Anvil"), being 3,600 feet high. Being near the coast it is the first part of the island sighted by ships. The mountain ranges divide the island as to climate into two parts. As they tend to intercept the northeast trade winds bearing rain clouds, there is often too much moisture in the lowlands of the north, while in the south the land demands artificial irrigation, and there are often wasting droughts. The mountain slopes are susceptible to cultivation, and while the island is in the tropics sub-tropical crops can be raised on the higher slopes.

The Island's History.

The discovery of Porto Rico was made by Columbus in November, 1493. In 1510 Ponce de Leon founded the town of Caparra, which was abandoned soon after, and a year later he founded the city of San Juan Bautista. The usual methods of the Spanish then were to subdue conquered islands by sweeping away the population. This was done effectually, and from that time forward the island was left to be filled up with Spaniards and slaves. To this was due a closer sympathy with Spain than any of her other colonies in this hemisphere.

San Juan, which became the capital, was sacked by Drake in 1595, and in 1598 it was attacked by the Duke of Cumberland. An unsuccessful attempt was made to capture the city in 1615 by Baldwin Heinrich, a Dutchman, who lost his life in attacking the Morro Castle, which still stands. San Juan began by that time to become a fortified town, and later it stood out with success against several sieges. In 1678 the English failed to subdue it, and in 1797 the Duke of Abercromble had to retire from it after a three days' siege, though in the same war he captured Trinidad, Demerara and Grenada.

The people of Porto Rico tried to bring about an independent government in 1820, but this attempt was crushed, and in 1823 Spanish supremacy was established more firmly than ever. Slavery, however, was abolished in 1873 by the abolition of the system of forced labor.

Now a Province.

In 1870 Porto Rico was made a province of Spain, instead of a colony, and received the same offer of autonomy recently that was made to Cuba. It has at present a premier and a House of Representatives and all the other outward forms of a representative government, but they are in the hands of the same Spanish oligarchists who had control of its affairs during its colonial days. For the last 200 years there has been a feeling of discontent among the populace, and revolutionary parties were formed, but they never got to fighting, and their latest leaders are in exile.

The residents of Porto Rico are as a rule acclimated to fever, and do not suffer much when they contract it. The prevailing diseases are yellow fever, elephantiasis, tetanus, marsh fever and dysentery. The natives suffer less, however, from the latter than foreigners do. The principal predatory animal is the wild dog. Snakes are plentiful and live chiefly on mice, which swarm all over the island.

There is a wet and a dry season as in Cuba, the dry months being usually from November to April inclusive, and the wet months from May to November. The longest day hardly ever exceeds thirteen hours, and the mean heat in Summer is about 80 degrees, with a variation of ten degrees, though it often rises as high as 117. The temperature in Winter averages about 70 degrees. Terrific hurricanes sweep over the island at intervals between the months of July and October, causing widespread destruction. These hurricanes are very much dreaded by the people, especially those on the coast.

A Fertile Country.

The land all over the island is in good cultivation, and, viewed from one of the mountain peaks, it looks like a continuation of towns, varied by fertile farms, the mountains being cultivated up to their very crests. The pastures are famous for the succulent quality of their grasses, upon which cattle and horses feed. These are shipped away in great numbers, and constitute the chief wealth of a great many people engaged in raising them.

Among the hills there are thousands of coffee plantations, the climate there being perfectly adapted for this purpose. In the valleys are raised the sugar cane, cocoa, bananas, plantains, and all kinds of tropical fruits. Latterly the banana trade has grown to great proportions and has saved many a sugar planter from ruin.

The soil is so wonderfully fertile that all its productions can be raised with the minimum of labor, but with all these advantages the Spaniards have done nothing to develop its resources and have always acted as a drag on the prosperity of the people. The taxes have been so oppressive that poverty exists everywhere, the running of the Government by alien office holders, backed up by foreign soldiers, making progress impossible. The island has four hundred and seventy miles of telegraph and one hundred and thirty-seven miles of railway, but this would have been quadrupled if there had been a popular Government.

San Juan's Citadel.

San Juan, the capital, had, before our fleet shattered them, fortifications similar to those at Havana, the principal fort being the "Morro," literally a Moorish tower. The town is surrounded with massive walls of stone and mortar rising in some places to 150 feet, with moats, trenches, drawbridges and all the other appurtenances of old world fortified towns. Its harbor bears a striking resemblance to Havana's. Its entrance is more than 2,000 feet wide, defended by forts on two small islands, and on the east there is an extensive sand bank. Though the harbor is both wide and deep, the coral formation at the bottom makes it impossible for vessels of large draught to come alongside the wharves.

The city is built on what was once a coral reef and is connected with the mainland at the eastern end by a short bridge, the town and the bridge forming a peninsula.

The old forts at present show signs of the terrible fire directed at them by Admiral Sampson's shells. Until early last year the only battery of any consequence was placed toward the coast, in order to protect the city from an anticipated attack on the land side. The battery has several Krupp guns of medium calibre. The rest of the guns along the walls were until recently of an ancient [illegible] and absolutely useless against the armor of modern ships.

Three months ago a large number of rified guns were sent to San Juan from Spain, and acording to latest reports they were mounted.

The land approach to San Juan is up a steep hill through clumps of cactus bushes suitable for parties in ambush to fire on an advancing foe behind their shelter, as our troops found to their cost during their recent victorious advance up San Juan Hill.

While the main portion of San Juan is enclosed within the walls, through which entrance is obtained by gateways which are well guarded, there is a small town by itself in the Marina, between the fortifications and the wharves. In the small town there is a spacious and beautiful public garden, with spaces for booths and restaurants, and there is a public cockpit. In the inner city the buildings are of stone, gloomy and massive. Among them are the residences of the Captain-General and the chief officials.

People of the Island.

The population of the island in 1887 was 798,565 persons. Of these 474,923 were white, 246,647 mulattoes and 76,905 negroes. The population of San Juan is 28,000. The city is not an attractive one under the present conditions. The filthy streets and lack of sanitation make it a breeding place for yellow fever and other diseases caused by foul conditions. A constant procession of funerals leaves the city during the hot months, the cemetery lying between the sea wall of the fort and the shore. There are four wards in the city, three being outside of the fortifications.

The Morro had until the attack of our fleet three rows of batteries, which could converge their cross fires at any point in the harbor, and separated by a strong wall from the city at its rear. Within this fortification were the lighthouse, barracks, water tanks, stores, a chapel and offices. A tunnel giving access for troops and provisions communicated with the shore and was defended by a battery. Higher up the hill was the Cabellero Fortress, with twenty-two cannon, commanding the city and its environs. There are other smaller fortifications, but they are of ancient build and a few shells would demolish them.

The harbor of San Juan is enveloped east and west by swamps. On the west it is sheltered by the islands of Cabra and Cabrita, which are practically connected with the land by a sand bank.

Anxious for Liberty.

The people of Porto Rico are anxious to be freed from Spanish rule, and it is believed would welcome the occupation of the island by the Americans in preference to continuing under the rule of Spain. There are many insurgents, but until recently the fear of Spanish cruelty in case of their arrest has kept them quiet. It is believed that they will be willing to co-operate with the American troops against Spain, if necessary.

The next city in importance to San Juan is Ponce. It has a fine harbor and a population of 35,000, or 8,000 more than San Juan. It is less of a fortress and more of a city than San Juan. In 1897 the exports from Porto Rico to the United States amounted to $2,181,024, and the imports, consisting principally of flour, pork, bacon, lard and shooks, to $1,988,885.

A Ladrone.

Two young men were talking in front of the City Hall.

"Say," said one, "isn't that a green appearing fellow. He doesn't look as if he had been in town since the Centennial of '76."

"Yes," said the other youth. "He looks like a Ladrone."

"Like a what?"

"A Ladrone."

"What's a Ladrone?"

"A Ladrone is a fellow who never reads a newspaper, gets no mail, and knows no more of what's going on in the world than a two-months' babe. That's a Ladrone."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

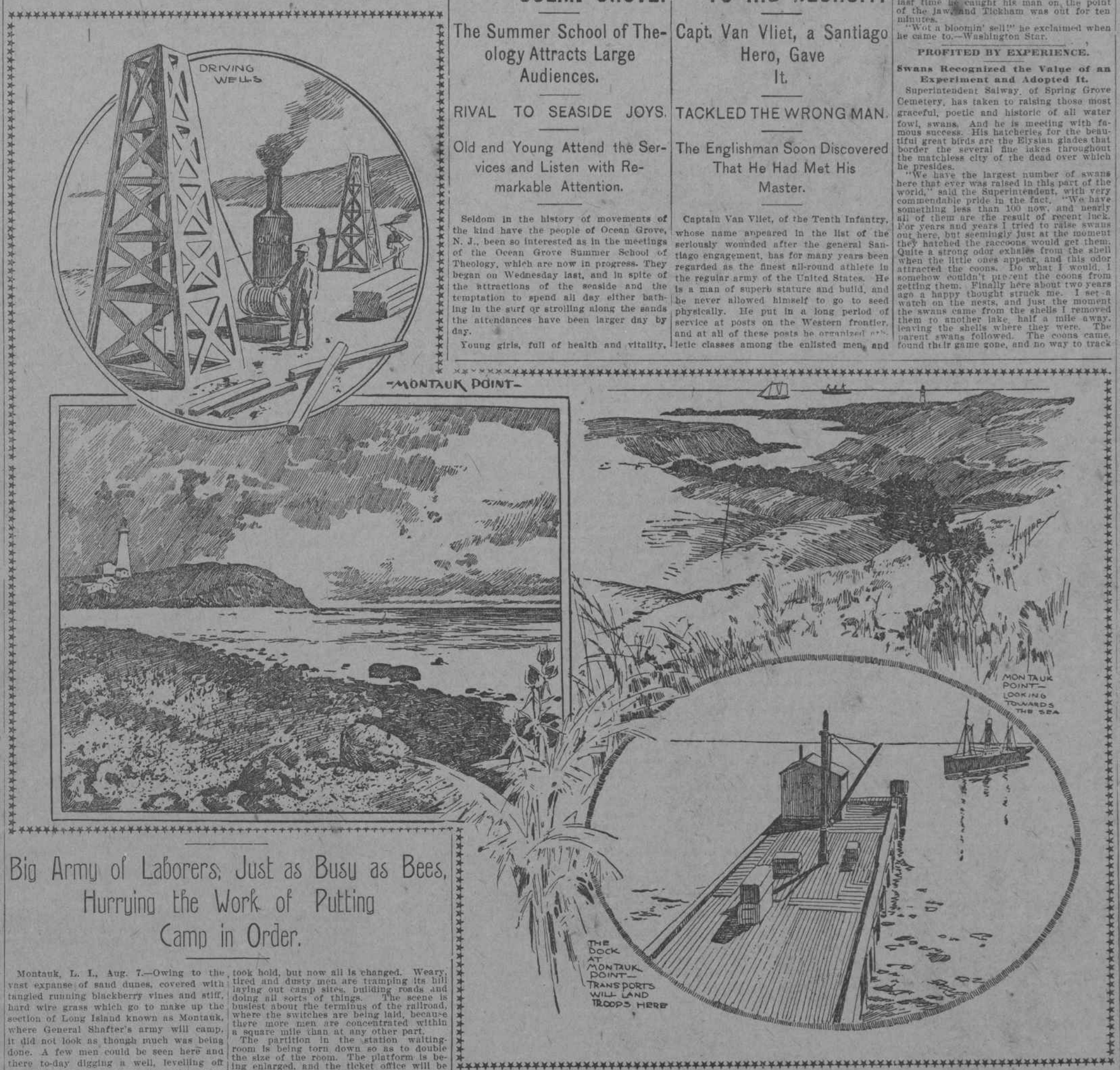
Spanish Honor.

He seized the tiny glass jar and rapidly screwed the metal top over the rubber collar. Then he plunged the tiny bottle into boiling water, and, after taking it out, smeared the top with a veneer of sealing wax.

Pasting a label on the side of the phial the premier of the Spanish kingdom looked up with a happy smile.

"Spain's honor is preserved," he said as he placed the phial on an upper shelf.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GREAT PREPARATIONS AT MONTAUK POINT.



Scenes at Montauk Point, Where Shafter's Men Will Camp.

Big Army of Laborers, Just as Busy as Bees, Hurrying the Work of Putting Camp in Order.

Montauk, L. I., Aug. 7.—Owing to the vast expanse of sand dunes, covered with tangled running blackberry vines and stiff, hard wire grass which go to make up the section of Long Island known as Montauk, where General Shafter's army will camp, it did not look as though much was being done. A few men could be seen here and there to-day digging a well, levelling off a rough place to make it into some kind of a road, while others were piling lumber.

The little groups were but specks when viewed from Observatory Hill. Small and puny as the force looked it was in reality a large one. Italians were making roads and carting lumber. All the carpenters who could be obtained from the towns on the east end of the island as far west as Babylon were at work.

Vast quantities of lumber are being taken to the future camp grounds by the Long Island Railroad, and as it arrives it is hurried from the cars, and without waiting to pile it is unloaded.

The work of getting the camp into shape is not nearly so far advanced as could be wished. The great drawback is the lack of switching facilities. Great stretches of side tracks are now being laid, and by Tuesday noon there will be trackage enough and to spare probably. These tracks are being laid parallel with the main tracks, and will be sufficient to unload everything that comes in until the storage houses are built, as the supplies will have to be kept in the cars.

The tracks are thirty feet apart, and wagons can be driven in between them so as to facilitate the unloading of goods and do away with the extra handling that would be necessary if they had to be unloaded upon platforms.

Since creation Montauk has slept just as it was up to the time the Government took hold, but now all is changed. Weary, tired and dusty men are tramping its hill laying out camp sites, building roads and doing all sorts of things. The scene is busiest about the terminus of the railroad, where the switches are being laid, because there more men are concentrated within a square mile than at any other part.

The partition in the station waiting-room is being torn down so as to double the size of the room. The platform is being enlarged, and the ticket office will be arranged to accommodate four or five ticket sellers if need be. Formerly a young woman was operator, ticket agent and about everything else on the station except baggage and express man. Now C. W. Beach, one of the Long Island Railroad's most experienced men, is station master. He has two operators, and the young woman as ticket seller.

Montauk has been spoken of as flat. That is untrue. There are not ten consecutive feet of ground on the same level. From the railroad station to the lighthouse the land consists of great waves of sand. It is as if an ocean tossed by a mighty storm had suddenly changed into sand and remained as it was at the moment of the change.

The drainage ought to be excellent, although there may be some trouble in keeping the drainage of the cavalry camp from getting into Fort Pond, where the horses are to drink. The pon has a tinge of salt, but it is still pleasant to the taste.

There are two ways of reaching "Third House," which is now the headquarters. One is to follow the road which skirts the water, and the other is to follow the telephone wire which runs from the depot to the house, which almost alone stands far away toward the point. This route is through a tangle of blackberry vines, wire grass and little cranberry bogs. The distance is about four miles.

"Third house," so named because it is said to be the third house erected on the Montauk shores, is now a crowded place. Last night some of the guests had to sleep upon the parlor floor on comfortables. Others found rest in hammocks.

RELIGION WINS AT OCEAN GROVE.

The Summer School of Theology Attracts Large Audiences.

RIVAL TO SEASIDE JOYS.

Old and Young Attend the Services and Listen with Remarkable Attention.

Seldom in the history of movements of the kind have the people of Ocean Grove, N. J., been so interested as in the meetings of the Ocean Grove Summer School of Theology, which are now in progress. They began on Wednesday last, and in spite of the attractions of the seaside and the temptation to spend all day either bathing in the surf or strolling along the sands the attendances have been larger day by day.

Young girls, full of health and vitality, sat side by side with grandmothers listening to doctrinal questions with an interest which would have been marvellous to see ten years ago. Men of all ages showed the same interest in the matters under discussion, the wave of liberalism in religious matters which has spread over the country in the last decade having evidently evoked a popular interest in scriptural matters.

A meeting for the promotion of holiness is held every day at 9 a. m. in the Tabernacle, led by the Rev. J. R. Daniels, D. D. Notwithstanding the hour, which is early for a seaside resort, there is always a good attendance. A young people's meeting, beginning at the same hour, is held daily in the Temple, led by the Rev. C. H. Yatman. The latter is always well attended also, the promptness of the young people in arriving on time being a matter of comment.

On Wednesday, when the regular meeting began, after the two early meetings, Bishop Fitzgerald delivered the opening address. Dr. J. E. Price followed with an address on "The Sphere of Heredity," in which he gave some striking instances of the laws of heredity. At 11:45 a. m. Dr. Marcus D. Buell spoke on the "Epistle to the Philippians," and in the afternoon session Dr. George Elliott gave an address on "The Best Books of the Year." In the evening W. Freeland gave a lecture on "Scotland," illustrated with stereopticon views.

On Thursday Dr. John Alfred Faulkner, professor of church history in Drew Theological Seminary, gave a lecture on the subject, "Immersion and Pouring: A Chapter in Church History." Though the lecturer sometimes went into fine theological points his audience appeared interested all the way through.

The lecturer went at great length into the testimony of ancient literature, the customs of the Eastern churches and the pictures and vessels found in the catacombs. He came to the conclusion from all the evidence he presented that while both immersion in baptism and pouring of water were in use in ancient times, immersion was the more common, water being also poured on the convert baptized during immersion.

The Rev. Marcus D. Buell, D. D., dean of the Boston University School of Theology, followed by a lecture on "The Epistle to the Philippians." He said that the visit of the Apostle Paul to Philippi was the culmination of a long series of surprises to himself. The hospitality of the Philippian Church and the permanent interest the Philippians took in his plans for preaching the Gospel to the Gentiles, he said, were unique characteristics of that church. The same hospitality followed the Apostle to Thessalonia and to Corinth. The Philippians were represented in the great Gentile collection, and their deputy, Luke, journeyed with Paul to Jerusalem, tarried with him two years at Cesarea, shared his perilous voyage to Rome and continued his ministry in the imperial city. Thus the Philippian Church, the speaker held, had some share in giving the world both the gospel of Luke and the acts of the Apostles.

The lecturer then gave an outline and paraphrase of the epistle, showing its meaning in a new light in many obscure passages. He wound up with an analysis of the character of Paul, describing his constancy and courage and his calmness in the view of approaching death.

At 3 o'clock a conference was held, when Dr. Faulkner, Dr. Buell and Dr. Elliott opened the "Question Drawer." In the evening stereopticon views of the "Land of the Midnight Sun," accompanied by an explanatory lecture, were given.

CAPTAIN'S LESSON TO HIS RECRUIT.

Capt. Van Vliet, a Santiago Hero, Gave It.

TACKLED THE WRONG MAN.

The Englishman Soon Discovered That He Had Met His Master.

Captain Van Vliet, of the Tenth Infantry, whose name appeared in the list of the seriously wounded after the general Santiago engagement, has for many years been regarded as the finest all-round athlete in the regular army of the United States. He is a man of superb stature and build, and he never allowed himself to go to seed physically. He put in a long period of service at posts on the Western frontier, and at all of these posts he organized athletic classes among the enlisted men, and by constant work converted the best of them into superb physical specimens. The "doughboys," or infantrymen, who, having served at the same posts with Van Vliet, derived the benefit of his athletic instruction in these classes, are known to the regular army surgeons who examine them for re-enlistment as "Van Vliet's men," so strongly do they show in their physical make-up the muscular development that comes from systematic athletic training.

About five years ago Van Vliet was stationed at the big regular army recruiting station on David's Island, in New York harbor. He was at the head of the "setting-up" department, and every morning he put the rookies through their paces at the big gymnasium. Van Vliet went through all of the difficult and exhausting exercises himself with the men without ever so much as quickening his respiration, while many of the men collapsed and fell to the gymnasium floor from the violence of their exertions.

When Captain Van Vliet first arrived at David's Island to assume charge of the gymnasium work of the recruits, the cock of the walk among the latter was a big, beefy ex-soldier of the British army, who had seen service with the redcoats, as his papers proved, all the way from the Soudan to Abyssinia, and who had, three months before, decided upon landing in New York to have a try in the American service. His name was Tickham, and in feats of pure strength he had the rest of his fellow recruits at David's Island easily distanced. He was a pretty good boxer, too, although not very fast on his feet. When Van Vliet took the class of rookies in hand, Tickham sized the officer up critically, watched the officer's work on the bars, the flying rings, and so on, and unhesitatingly declared after the first morning athletic session that he didn't believe Van Vliet was much.

"E's a bloomin' scrub, all right," said Tickman of Van Vliet to knots of rookies. "'E's just like a blarsted cricket—lively and shifty with his feet, and that's all. 'E cawn't box, I'll wijer. I'd like to give him a goo."

Van Vliet heard of what Tickham had said of him. The officer had not yet put on the gloves since arriving at David's Island, and none of the rookies knew anything of his boxing ability. The morning the officer heard of what Tickham had said of him he took his class through the exercises, and when the work was over he called Tickham, and remarked that he'd be obliged for a point or two on the gentle art of boxing, of which he understood Tickham was a master, and in which he himself was shy. Tickham was highly flattered and pleased. The two men put on the gloves, the rookies standing around the gymnasium to watch the performance.

Tickham very kindly told Van Vliet some of the preliminary facts as to boxing, and they went at it. Tickham was good, but Van Vliet was decidedly awkward—so it seemed. The officer was the recipient of a number of stiff pokes from the heavy-handed but slow cockney recruit, and Tickham grew very confident. He dropped his guard altogether finally, when he saw how little headway Van Vliet was making, and he yelled out:

"'It me on the 'ead, sir! 'It me on the 'ead!"

"Oh, very well," said Van Vliet, smilingly, and taking a tug on his trousers belt. "Just put up your guard."

"I don't need me guard, sir. 'It me on the 'ead!"

"Put up your guard," repeated Van Vliet, and the soldier obeyed, looking as if he thought he could handle Van Vliet without any hands.

Then Van Vliet went at him. His two hands shot out like a pair of catapults hooked up tandem-wise, and when Tickham picked himself up his red countenance wore the funniest look of surprise imaginable.

"A good fluke, sir," said he. "Do it again. On the 'ead."

Van Vliet knocked him flat again as soon as he squared off upon rising. The British recruit couldn't get in a lick edgewise. Van Vliet knocked him down five times within just ninety seconds. The last time he caught his man on the point of the jaw, and Tickham was out for ten minutes.

"Wot a bloomin' sell!" he exclaimed when he came to.—Washington Star.

PROFITED BY EXPERIENCE.

Swans Recognized the Value of an Experiment and Adopted It.

Superintendent Salway, of Spring Grove Cemetery, has taken to raising those most graceful, poetic and historic of all water fowl, swans. And he is meeting with famous success. His hatcheries for the beautiful great birds are the Elysian glades that border the several fine lakes throughout the matchless city of the dead over which he presides.

"We have the largest number of swans here that ever was raised in this part of the world," said the Superintendent, with very commendable pride in the fact. "We have something less than 100 now, and nearly all of them are the result of recent luck. For years and years I tried to raise swans out here, but seemingly just at the moment they hatched the raccoons would get them. Quite a strong odor exhales from the shell when the little ones appear, and this odor attracted the coons. Do what I would, I somehow couldn't prevent the coons from getting them. Finally here about two years ago a happy thought struck me. I set a watch on the nests, and just the moment the swans came from the shells I removed them to another lake, half a mile away, leaving the shells where they were. The parent swans followed. The coons came, found their game gone, and no way to track the young swans. Then there came in a brilliant display of intellect on the part of the parent swans. Finding that our removing their offspring save the little folks' lives, the next year what did the old swans do but themselves take their little folks off to the distant lakes as soon as they cracked out of the shell. The result is that our swans are going on multiplying to a fine extent. The swan begins laying early in April. Five or six eggs are usually laid at a nesting, one about every other day. The hatching requires about thirty days. A full grown swan weighs about thirty-five or forty pounds.

"Some people may suppose that we raise these swans simply to further beautify the lakes," added the Superintendent. "The beauty feature is one incentive to it, but there are two very practical points that we gain. The swans keep the lakes clear of unsightly vegetable growths. They are as good for that as an army of men that would cost us hundreds of dollars a year. They live almost entirely during the Summer on the vegetable water growths."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GIRL DUCKERS.

They Are to Be Found on Every Sea Beach.

The girl ducker belongs to the asinine type of metropolitan Zeke, who wears a large, contented smile even when he sleeps. He shoves a girl's head under the water and holds it there until she has absorbed a couple of gallons of salt water, and he just howls with merriment. He lets the girl bob her head out of the water long enough for her to let out a shriek or two of genuine distress. Then he ducks her again. If a man would do a poodle dog of mine that way I'd lay him up. Yet there are thousand of raps that go to the seashore every year who think it's just deliriously funny to abuse women in this way. No girl thinks it's funny. How the deuce could a girl think it funny? But the girls resign themselves to the ducking game, their intuition telling them, probably, that the ducker will be here as long as the world goes round. If the ducked young woman, after releasing herself from the clutches of the fool ducker, were to make for her bath room, put on her clothes and then, when she met the ducker again, tell him flatly that she considered him a loafer and a feather wit, and that she purposed henceforth to cut him dead whenever she met him, perhaps the tribe of duckers would "get next" to themselves after a while.—Washington Star.

ONE WORD OMITTED.

"Is this your advertisement?" he asked.

He pointed to a clipping from a newspaper on which the following lines were underscored:

Unprecedented Offer!
Great Reduction!
500 Pairs of Shoes—Price Only $2.
Now is the Time to Buy!

"It is our advertisement," admitted the clerk after reading the lines carefully. "Do you want something in our line?"

"Well, rather," replied the stranger. "You don't suppose I'd let a chance like that get away from me, do you? Of course I don't want 500 pairs of shoes, but I suppose you will split the lot."

"Why—why—certainly," answered the clerk, somewhat puzzled. "We are not doing a wholesale business."

"Then I'll take 125 pairs for 50 cents," said the stranger, promptly. "I think"—

But he never finished the sentence. When he reached the lake fifteen minutes later he saw they were still close at his heels and he jumped in.—Chicago Post.

RICH KLONDIKERS GUARD A TREASURE.

Sixty Armed Men Bringing a Great Fortune in Gold Down the Trail.

FEAR OF A PRIVATEER.

Report That a Spanish Skipper Is Lurking for Them Alarms the Miners.

Seattle, Aug. 7.—Sixty wealthy miners, armed to the teeth, are reported to be on the trail between Dawson and Skaguay, guarding the largest amount of gold dust and nuggets ever accumulated in the Yukon country. The report was brought to this city by the Alki and Utopia, both of which vessels arrived from Lynn Canal points.

On her trip down the Alki brought two miners from Dawson. They left the vessel at Wrangel, but from them it was learned that the rumors of a Spanish privateer hovering on the track of Yukon boats had resulted in the organization of the guards for the treasure. At last accounts the miners had reached Lake Bennett and were expected at Skaguay in a few days.

They will probably reach here by the City of Topeka, which is due next Thursday. The formation of the party was effected after a public meeting, at which the dangers of the long voyage down the river and by sea, a distance all told of at least 4,000 miles, were thoroughly discussed.

Advices brought by the Alki are to the effect that Skaguay is now or recently was in the throes of a political election. There are two tickets in the field. One of them is known as Citizens' ticket and was named at a secret meeting. The other is the Independent ticket, and was placed in the field at a mass meeting. This latter ticket adopted as its platform the maintenance of law and order in the town. It promises to rid the town of all objectionable characters.

Late advices from Dawson bring news of the unpleasant predicament of an Englishman who rejoices in the professional name of Arthur E. Ironmonger Sola. Sola is now awaiting trial in the jail at Dawson City Barracks.

Sola is charged with attempting to obtain large sums of money through false representation. Not long ago a company known as "The Klondike Bonanza, Limited," was formed in London for the avowed purpose of purchasing certain numbered claims on Bonanza and Last Chance creeks. These numbers were carefully and definitely set forth in the company's prospectus. There were in all ten of them. A statement from the Gold Commissioner's office, however, gives the startling information that only one of the claims is genuine; that is, that only one of them exists, and that one is held one-half by "Arthur E. Ironmonger" and one Anderson.

MILLIONS OF MOTHERS USE ONLY Cuticura SOAP FOR BABY'S SKIN SCALP AND HAIR

For Baby's Skin, scalp and hair nothing in the whole world is so cleansing, purifying and beautifying as CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin and complexion soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath and nursery. For distressing heat rashes, excoriations, chafings, inflammations and eruptions, for crusted, itching irritations of the scalp, with dry, thin and falling hair; for red, rough hands, with shapeless nails, and simple blemishes of infancy, it is absolutely without a rival.

SLEEP FOR SKIN-TORTURED BABIES and rest for Tired Mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single anointing with CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep to both parent and child, and point to a speedy, permanent and economical cure of all forms of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly and crusted skin and scalp humors, with loss of hair.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA (ointment), 50c. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston. British Depot, 1 King Edward st., London, E. C. All about Baby's Skin, Scalp and Hair.

FOR NATIONAL CLEANLINESS JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE Millions use Pearline. It's in every town and hamlet 580