clinded an agreement. I was to take the house for the summer. Madame Leroux would cook for me. Monsieur

Leroux would drive into Dieppe on

Wednerday, to fetch me and my lug-

On Wednesday we had been driving

for something like half an hour without

speaking, when all at once Leroux said

Yes?" I questioned, as he paused,

shyly, half doggedly, gazing the while

"If you will leave that room as it is,

with the things in it, we will make a

reduction in the rent. If you will let us

keep it as it is?" he repeated, with a

curious pleading intensity. "You are

alone. The house will be big enough

for you without that room, will it not,

Of course, I consented at once. If

hey wished to keep the room as it was,

they were to do so by all means.
"Thank you, thank you very much.

My wife will be grateful to you," he

For a little while longer we drove on

without speaking. Presently, "You are

"Ah? Have you had it long?" I

"I built it. I built it five, six, years

igo," said he. Then, after a pause, he

one felt that it was only the beginning

I invited him to continue by an in

"You see what we are, my wife and

I," he broke out suddenly. "We are

my daughter, sir"-he put his hand on

my knee, and looked earnestly into my

face-"my daughter was as fine as

again drove for a minute or two in sll-

ence. At last, always with his eyes on

the horse's ears, "There was not a lady

in this country finer than my daugh

ter," he went on, speaking rapidly, in a

thick voice, almost as if to himself

"She was beautiful, she had the sweet

est character, she had the best educa-

tion. She was educated at the convent

years-from twelve to eighteen-she

studied at the convent. She knew

English, sir-your language. She took

prizes for history. And the piano! No-body living can touch the piano as my

daughter could. Well," he demanded

abruptly, with a kind of fierceness

for her?" He answered his own ques

tion, "No, Monsier, you would not soil fine lace by putting it in a dirty box.

My daughter was finer than lace. Her

hands were softer than Lyons volvet. And oh," he cried, "the sweet smell

they had, her hands! It was good to

smell her hands. I used to kiss them

and smell them, as you would smell a

reminiscence, and there was another

interval of silence. By and by he be-

was the richest farmer of this neigh-

architect they have there.

be too good for her?"

borhood. I sent to Rouen for the best

Clermont, the best architect of Rouen.

aureate of the Fine Art Schools of

Paris, he built that house for my

daughter; he built it and furnished it,

make it fit for a countess, so that

when she came home for good from the

convent she should have a home wor-

thy of her. Look at this, Monsieur,

Would the grandest palace in the world

He had drawn a worn red leather

case from his pocket, and taken out

a small photograph, which he handed

to me. It was the portrait of a girl.

a delicate-looking girl, of about seven-

teen. Her face was pretty, with the ir-

regular prettiness not uncommon in

France, and very sweet and gentle. The

old man almost held his breath while I

was examining the photograph. "Est-

elle gentille? Est-elle belle, Monsieur?"

he besought me, with a very hunger for

sympathy, as I returned it. One ans-

wered, of course, what one could, as

best one could. He, with shaking fing-

ers, replaced the photograph in its

case. "Here, Monsieur," he said, ex-

tracting from an opposite compartment

a little white card. It was the usual

French memorial of mourning; an en-

graving of the Cross and Dove, under

which was printed: "Eulalie-Josephine

Marie Leroux. Born the 16th May, 1874.

Died the 12th August, 1892. Pray for

"The good God knows what He does

I built that house for my daughter, and

when it was built the good God took

her away. We were mad with grief, my

wife and I; but that could not save her.

Perhaps we are still mad with grief,"

the poor old man said simply. "We

can think of nothing else. We never

wish to speak of anything else. We

could not live in the house-her house,

without her. We never thought to let

I furnished it for her, and when it was

hard. Monsieur? How could I let the

house to strangers? But lately I have

had losses. I am compelled to let it, to

pay my debts. I would not let it to

verybody. You are an Englishman.

Well, if I did not like you, I would not

let it to you for a million English

pounds. But I am glad I have let it

to you. You will respect her memory.

And you will allow us to keep that

room-her room. We shall be able to keep it as it was, with her things in

was occupied—that was my daughter's

Madame Leroux was waiting or us in

the garden of the chalet. She looked anxiously up at her husband as we ar-

rived. He nodded his head, and called

out, "It is all right. Monsieur agrees."

The old woman took my hands,

wringing them hysterically almost.

'Ah, Monsieur, you are very good,"

she said. She raised her eyes to mine.

But I could not look into her eyes.

There was a sorrow in them, an aw-

fulness, a sacredness of sorrow, which,

felt, it would be like sacrilege for me

We became good friends, the Leroux

and I, during the three months I passed

as their tenant. Madame, indeed, did

for me and looked after me with a

zeal that was almost maternal. Both

of them, as the old man had said, loved

ter, and I hope I was never loth to

listen. Their passion, their grief, their

constant thought of her, appealed to

above all things to talk of their daugh

Yes, that room which you though

ready for her-she died. Was it

I built that house for my daughter,

His voice died away at the

"I had plenty of money.

Monsieur

was a rough farm-house good enough

in Rouen, at the Sacre Coeur.

He turned back to his horse, and

added. "I built it for my daughter."

His voice sank, as he said this.

of something he wished to say,

rough people, we are peasants.

our first tenant. We have never let

the house before," he volunteered.

"I have a proposition to make," said

gage out."

you thought was occupied-

at the ears of his horse,

Monsieur?

asked.

terested "Oh?"

satin, as fine as lace."

"What is it?" I asked.

From the London Telegraph.

It was a pretty little house, in very charming country-in an untravelled corner of Normandy, near the sea; a country of orchards and colza fields, of soft green meadows where cattle browsed, and of deep elm-shaded lanes.

One was rather surprised to see this little house just here, for all the other houses in the neighborhood were rude farm-houses or laborers' cottages; and to me, "That room, Monsieur, the room this was a coquettish little chalet, white-walled, with slim French win-dows, and balconies of twisted ironwork, and Yentian blinds: a gay little pleasure-house, standing in a bright little garden, among rose-bushes and parterres of geraniums, and smooth stretches of greensward. Beyond the garden, there was an orchard-rows and couples of old gnarled apple-trees, bending towards one another, like fantastic figures arrested in the middle of a dance. Then, turning round, you boked over feathery colza fields and yellow corn fields, a mile away, to the sea, and to a winding perspective of white cliffs, which the sea bathed in transparent greens and purples, luminous shadows of its own nameless

A board attached to the wall confirmed, in roughly painted characters, the informs " I had had from an agent in Dieppe. The house was to let; and I had driven out—a drive of two long hours-to inspect it. Now I stood on the door-step, and rang the bell. It was a big bell, hung in the porch, with a pendent handle of bronze, wrought in the semblance of a rope and tassel.

It carried, at any rate, as far as a low thatched farm-house, a hundred yards down the road. Presently a man and a woman came out of the farm-house. gazed for an instant in my direction, and then moved towards me; an old brown man an old grey woman, the man in corduroys, the woman wearing a neat white cotton cap and a blue apron, both moving with the burdened

gait of peasants. "You are Monsieur and Madame Leroux?" I asked, when we had accomplished our preliminary good-days; and I explained that I had come from the agent in Dieppe, to look over their house. For the rest, they must have been expecting me; the agent had said that he would let them know.

But, to my perplexity, this businesslike announcement seemed somehow to embarrass them; even, I might have thought, to agitate, to distress them. They lifted up their worn old faces, and eyed me anxiously. They ex-changed anxious glances with each other. The woman clasped her hands, nervously working her fingers. The man hesitated and stammered a little, before he was able to repeat vaguely. You have come to look over the house,

"Surely." I said, "the agent has writ ten to you? I understood from him that you would expect me at this hour

"Oh, yes," the man admitted "we were expecting you." But he made no motion to advance matters. He exchanged another anxious glance with his wife. She gave her head a sort of helpless nod, and looked down."

"You see, Monsier," the man began were about to elucidate the situation, "you see-" But then he faltered, frowning at the air, as one at a less for words.

"The house is already let, perhaps? suggested I.

'No, the house is not let," said he. "You had better go and fetch the key," his wife said at last, in a dreary still looking down.

He trudged heavily back to the farmhouse. While he was gone, we stood by the door in silence, the woman always nervously working the fingers of her clasped hands. I tried, indeed, to make a little conversation; I ventured something about the excellence of the site. the beauty of the view. She replied with a murmur of assent, civilly, but wearily; and I did not feel encouraged

By and by her husband rejoined us, with the key; and they began silently to lead me through the house. There were two pretty drawing-

rooms, on the ground floor, a pretty dining room, and a delightful kitchen, with a broad hearth of polished red bricks, a tiled chimney, and shining copper pots and pans. The drawingcoms and the dining-room were pleasintly furnished, in a light French fashion, and their windows opened to the sun and to the fragrance and greenery of the garden. I expressed a good deal of admiration; whereupon, little by little, the manner of my conductors changed. From constrained, depressed, it became responsive; even, in the end, effusive. They met my exclamations with smiles, my inquiries with voluble eager answers. But it remained an agitated manner, the manner of peo ple who were shaken by an emotion. Their old hands trembled, as they opened the doors for me, or drew up the blinds; their voices trembled. There was something painful in their very smiles, as if these were but momentary

ripples on the surface of a trouble, Ah," I said to myself, "they are hard-pressed for money. They have put their whole capital into this house, very They are excited by the pros pect of securing a tenant.

Now, if you please, Monsieur, we will go upstairs, and see the bed-

rooms," the old man said. The had-rooms were airy, cheerul ily papered, with chintz curtains, a I the usual French bed-room furniture. One of them exhibited signs of being actually lived in; there were things about it, personal things, a woman's things. It was the last room we visited, a front room, looking off to the sea. There were combs and brushes on the toilet-table; there were pens, an ink-stand, and a portfolio on the writing-desk; there were books in the book-case. Framed photographs stood on the mantel-piece. In the closet, dresses were suspended, and shoes and slippers were primly ranged on the floor. The bed was covered with a counterpane of blue silk; a crucifix hung on the wall above it; beside it there was ; prie-dieu, with a little porcelain holy-

water vase. "Oh," I exclaimed, turning to Monsieur and Madame Leroux, "this room

is occupied?" Madame Leroux did not appear to hear me. Her eyes were fixed in a dull stare before her, her lips were parted slightly. She looked tired, as if she would be glad when our tour through the house was finished. Monsieur Leroux threw his hand up towards the ceiling, in an odd gesture, and said, "No, the room is not occupied at pres-

We went back downstairs, and con

JONAS LONG'S SONS.

# The Cream of Friday Bargains

Not Baits or Trash, But

## Honest Merchandise That Defies Honest Price Comparison.

36-in. English Percales, in handsome designs and color-

300 Pieces of Best Quality Indigo Prints, at...... 310

50 Pieces of Full Width Outing Flannel large variety of patterns and colorings, at .. 310

he. He spoke, as it seemed to me, half 50 Dozen Large Size Bleached Turkish Bath Towels, heavy quality ..... 3 for 250

touching. And something like a pale

spirit of the girl seemed gently, sweet-ly, always to be present in the house,

had won as prizes at the convent. And

on another day she showed me some of Eulalle's letters, asking me if she

hadn't a beautiful handwriting, if the

letters were not beautifully expressed

She showed me photographs of the

girl at all ages; a lock of her hair; her

her first communion; the bishon's cer-

tificate of her confirmation. And she

showed me letters from the good sis-

ters of the Sacred Heart, at Rouen, tell-

ing of Eulalie's progress in her stu-

dies, praising her conduct and her

character, "Oh, to think that she is

gone, that she is gone!" the old woman

wailed, in a kind of helpless incom-

prehension, incredulity, of loss. Then,

in a moment, she murmured, with what submissiveness she could, "Le

bon Dieu sait ce qu'il fait," crossing

On the 12th of August, the annivers-

ary of her death, I went with them to

the parish church, where a mass was

said for the repose of Eulalie's soul.

And the kind old cure afterwards came

round, and pressed their hands, and

. . . . . . . .

In September I left them, returning to Dieppe. One afternoon I chanced to

meet that same old cure in the high

street there. We stopped and spoke to-

gether-naturally, of the Loreux of what excellent people they were, of how

they grieved for their daughter. "Their

love was more than love. They adored the child, they idolized her. I have

never witnessed such affection," the

cure told me. "When she died, I ser-

jously feared they would lose their rea-

side themselves; for a long while they

were quite as if mad. But God is mer-

"It is very beautiful," said I "the way

they have sanctified her memory, the

way they worship it. You know, of

course, they keep her room, with her

things in it, exactly as she left it. That

looking vague. "What room?"

room," I informed him.

eems to me very beautiful."
"Her room," questioned the cure

"Ch, didn't you know?" I wondered.

Her bed-room in the chalet. They

keep it as she left it, with all her

things about, her books, her dresses."
"I don't think I follow you," the cure

"Oh I beg your pardon. One of the

front rooms on the first floor was her

But he shook his head. "There is

ome mistake. She never lived in the

chalet. She died in the old house. The

chalet was only just finished when she

died. The workmen were hardly out

be mistaken; you must forget. I am

"But, my dear sir," the cure insisted,

"I am not merely sure; I know. I at-

tended the girl in her last agony. She

died in the farmhouse. They had not moved into the chalet. The chalet was

being furnished. The last pieces of

furniture were taken in the very day

before her death. The chalet was never

lived in. You are the only person who

has ever lived in the chalet. I assure

that is very strange indeed." And .or

a minute I was bewildered, I did not

know what to think. But only for a

minute. Suddenly I cried out, "Oh, I

I saw, I understood. Suddenly I saw the pious, the beautiful deception that

these poor stricken souls had sought

to practice on themselves; the beauti-

ful, the fond illusion they had created

house for their daughter, and she had

died just when it was ready for her.

not bear-to think that not for one

little week even, not even for one poor

little day or hour, had she lived in the

house, enjoyed the house. That was

the uttermost farthing of their sorrow.

which they could not pay. They could

with closed eyes, as It were, that they

-they had, carried the dead girl's

might not know what they were doing

things to the room they had meant for

they had said, "This was her room;

let themselves stop to think, that she had never, even for one poor night,

the end they had been enabled to con-

fuse their beautiful falsehood with re-

had been enabled to forget that their

"make-believe" was a "make-believe,"

and to mistake it for a beautiful com-

forting truth. The uttermost farthing

pay, was not exacted. They were suf-

They had built the

see-I see. I understand.

"Well," I said, "that is very strange,

quite sure. The Leroux have spoken

of it to me times without number."

"No," I said, "it is you who must

"She never had a bed-room in

their affliction."

the chalet '

you of the fact.

They have learned to live with

spoke words of comfort to them.

baby clothes; the priest's certificate of

50 Dozen Extra Large Size Double Thread Turkish Towels, worth at least 20c; today. 10c

Three Special Lots of Pillow Muslin, finished with wide hem......5c, 8c, 10c

50 Pairs Full 11-4 Size Wool Filled Blankets, worth \$1.98.. Today at......\$1.29

50 Pairs Full 11-4 Size All-Wool Blankets, worth \$3.98 Today at ......\$2.49 With Embossed Glass Globes; New Lot of Manufacturers' Strips of Embroidery, in 5-

Yard Lengths. Insertions and Edges—Guipure Designs— Lot 1, value 10c yd., at ... 50 Lot 2, value 15c yd., at... Very Handsome Eiderdown Dressing Sacques-not over 30 of them. Worth at least

200 Beautifully Decorated China Lamps—Bowl Shape worth 75c, at ...... 22c

10-Quart Agate Chamber Pails; worth 75c, at ..... 25c Heavy Tin Wash Boilers, Large Size Market Baskets,

worth 50c, at...... 22c at ...... 40 Heavy Tin Tea and Coffee \$1.25. Today ...... 69c Pots; worth fully 20c, at.... 9c

Fine Quality Walking Hats and Sailors; worth 75e to \$1.25 at ..... 170

Best Grade of French Felt Hats; worth \$1.25 at ..... 210

150 Dozen Solid Black Ostrich Plumes, full and Pretty; worth fully 50c, at ..... 16c

100 Bunches of Large English Violets-six dozen in each bunch and worth 29c, at.... 15c

The Great

## JONAS LONG'S SONS.

Great Store.

the house that Love had built for her, that are Truth's own smiles of pity for not guessing that Death would come, as soon as it was finished, and call her away, "Oh, but it is a joy, Monsier THE BEARDED LADY. that you have left us her room," the old couple were never tired of repeat Curious Story of a Woman Hermit ing. One day Madame took me up into Who Lived in a Cave. the room, and showed me Eulalie's pretty dresses, her trinkets, her books the handsomely bound books that she

Many stories have been written about Sherwood forest, and of Robin Hood, who was buried beneath the old yews that for centuries had withstood the storms of heaven, and whose gnarled and knotted trunks were not inapt illustrations of the life of him who was laid beneath their shade. But little has been mentioned clout Dorothea Langton, "the bearded 'ady."

Falsehood-truth? Nay, I think there

are illusions that are not falsehoods-

This extraordinary woman was discovered in a cavern in the forest of Sherwood, Eng., about the year 1618; and so strange was her aprearance that no one could imagine that she was anything but an old man. When found she had a long silvery beard which descended to her chest. She stated that she had resided in this curious retreat for thirty-seven years, being induced to take to the life of an ascetic by having been crossed in love.

Dorothea was the only daughter of a grocer in London, and was in her youth accounted a most handsome woman; as, indeed, her features even then corroborated. She said that it was not till she had been in the cavern for seven years that her face became disfigured by the singular phenomenon of

beard, but its growth was very rapid, so that in four more years it had reached its full length. During all these years she had remained in her lonely retreat she had had no communication with any human being; and had never ventured farther than about half a mile from the cavern, living chiefly upon wild berries and the water from a spring. The cavern was most curiously constructed, and the entrance to it was under an immense oak tree, and was so small that it seemed scarcely possible that a human being could crawl through it. The place she occupied consisted of but one apartment, which was hardly lofty enough to allow her to stand upright, and possessing not a single article of furniture. Her bed was formed of leaves, and she had a few books of a religious nature.

When first discovered it was with great difficulty that she could be made to understand when spoken to, as she had almost forgotten the use of speech; but after a time it returned to her. when she begged earnestly that they would allow her to die in her miserable abode. To these requests, however, they would not listen, but conveyed her to London, where, the wonderful circumstances of her mode of living being made known, she excited universal curiosity. Dorotheas' uncle, a very old man, who for a number of years past had retired upon a comfortable fortune, hearing the name mentioned so often, resolved to travel to London to ascertain whether it was his niece. Upon arriving there Dorothea quickly recognized the venerable old man, and consented to go home with him, but she had not been at his house for more than two days when she was attacked by fever and shortly afterward died. Her uncle did not long survive her, as hey were both placed together in one

VETERAN AMONG BRIDGES. Its Peculiarities of Construction Make It a Curiosity.

grave on the same day.

From Lloyd's Newspaper,

The triangular bridge at Croyland, in incolnshire, is probably not only the most ancient bridge in England, but on account of its peculiar construction one of the greatest curiosities in Europe. It is built in the middle of the town at the confluence of the Welland and the Nene. The plan of the bridge is formed by three squares and an equilateral triangle, about which they are placed. It has three fronts, three thoroughfares over and three under it. There are the same number of abutments at equal distances, from which rise three half arches, each composed of three ribs meeting in the center at the top. Seen from any they could not bear-they could point of view a pointed arch appears in

front Antiquaries-often-fanciful writershave suggested that the piece of masonry was built as an emblem of the holy Trinity; for, though the bridge possesses three arches, it yet properly not acknowledge it to their own strick- has but one groined arch. More matteren hearts. So, plously, reverently- of-fact archaelogical authors hold the structure to have been designed as a starting place for measuring ecclesias tical boundaries, with the additional utility of forming a support for a market cross.

her, they had arranged them there, An exceptionally interesting feature this was her room." They would not of the bridge is a much weather-worn admit to themselves, they would not effigy, traditionally said to be a representation of King Ethelbald. The rude ness of the design, the uncouthness of slept in it, enjoyed it. They told a the headdress and drapery, lead to the beautiful pious falsehood to them-selves. It was a beautiful pious game conclusion of the effigy being a genuine Saxon sculpture. Placed in a sitof "make-helieve," which, like children, ting posture at the end of the souththey could play together. And—the cure had said it: God is merciful. In west wall, the figure is embellished with a crown. In one of Eldred's charters the triangular bridge at Croyland was mentioned, but that now existing ality, and to find comfort in it; they is supposed to be, from its style of architecture, of the time of Edward I. The statue must be of much greater an-tiquity. Croyland, ten miles south of Spalding and eight and a half north of of their sorfow, which they could not Peterborough, should greatly interest artists and lovers of antique associaone as very beautiful, as well as very fered to keep it; and it became their tions,

CURIOUS HISTORY OF PANAMA CANAL

The Big Project First Proposed Nearly 400 Years Ago.

AND PHILIP OF SPAIN OBJECTED

Active Operations Begun in 1881. About \$200,000,000 Already Expended, and \$100,000,000 More Will Be Needed Betore the Giant Task Is Completed .- The Railroad.

Josiah B. Bowditch, in the Providence Journal

The idea of connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific by a canal across the Isthmus of Darien or Panama is not a new one. Darien was one of the earliest Spanish settlements on the main land. In 1513 the conquistador Balboa, governor of Darien, crossed the isthmus with 290 men, and on the 26th of September first caught sight of the vast Pacific sea. As the two oceans were less than 50 mfles apart at the narrowest part of the Isthmus, the idea of cutting a canal across was natural. As early as 1520 the prowas discussed by Angel Saavedra. A half century later two Flemish engineers surveyed a route for a can't but Philip Ii , for political rea-

sons, forbade discussion of the subject on pain of death. After a time it came to be believed that the height of the Andes made such an enterprise imposcanal was traced between Panama on the Pacific and Portobello on the Atlantic. In 1829 Messrs, Lloyd and Falmark two English civil engineers, conducted a series of leveilings for the Co-

lombian government, and ascertained

that a break of several miles in the

great mountain chain made the canal

project a feasible one. Afterwards, be-

tween 1843 and 1874, reneated surveys were made by French, English and American engineers. The discovery of gold in California hurried up matters. The tide of travel across the Isthmus could not wait for the realization of the canal project, and the Panama railroad was built in 1855. with American money, while this country entered into an agreement with the Colombian government to protect the

line from external or internal interfer-

In 1879 an Interoceanic Carat congress met in Parls, under the auspices of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the famous builder of the Suez canal, and approved of a route nearly parallel to the Panama railroad. A French company was formed by De Lessens in 1880, and having obtained a favorable franchise Colombia, commenced operations in 1881. The idea of this American eanal being controlled by France was decidedly distasteful to the American people. Mr. Blaine, then secretary of stated, dusted off the Monroe doctrine and proceeded to defy all creation, including Chile, but subsided when the latter threatened to send a war vessel or two to attack San Francisco. Panama company meanwhile looked after its interests in this country, and by the liberal subsidization (as has been charged) of certain influential American journals-notably in New York-succeeded in manufacturing an interest, of limited dimensions, favorable to this French enterprise. As long as the money lasted digging

proceeded vigorously. Up to June 30 1886, 772,545,412 francs, or nearly \$150, 000,000, had been expended, and the funds were practically exhausted. was found, after a careful examination by expert engineers, that nearly as much more would be required to complete the canal, and that even then the locks would not be at the sea level. An attempt to raise a new loan of 600,000, 000 francs in 1888 failed, and the company went into liquidation, Operations were suspended after March 15, 1889.

April 4, 1893, the liquidator of the company secured a prolongation of the canal concessions from the Colombian government for 10 years on condition that the new company to be formed should resume work before Nov. 1, 1894 and should pay over to the government 17,000,000 francs in money or stocks. The new French company was incorporated in October, 1894, and work was resumed 'pro forma.

PRESENT STATUS.

The new company has a capital of 65,-000,000 francs (nearly \$13,000,000), five millions of which have been given to the Colombian government, while twenty millions is to be paid to the liquidation (old company )for the acquisition of the Panama railroad in case the completion of the canal is found impracticable,

As soon as half of the capital, 32, 500,000 francs, has been expended, commission of engineers, chosen half by the new company and half by the liquidation, will examine the work done and decide upon the practicability of the completion of the canal. The situation is, therefore, this: After an expenditure of nearly \$200,000,000 by the old company, funds falled, and the company went into liquidation. The new company has raised \$13,000,000 for experimental purposes. If the report of the commission is unfavorable, \$5,000,000 nearly all that is then left of the origi-

nal \$13,000,000, will be paid the old company for full ownership of the Panama railroad, and the canal project will be abandoned by the company.

The liquidation has made a free transfer to the new company, of all rights and concessions, all work done, all machinery and material on hand, and 68,500 shares of the Panama railroad. This is done in consideration that, upon the completion of the canal, the two companies shall share half and half in the profits, after the payment of 5 per cent, interest upon the capital

expended in completing the work. The wages of employes and laborers having been reduced, they began a strike in January, 1895. Threats were made to destroy Colin (Aspinwall) and destroy the railroad property unless living wages were paid. The outbreak of a revolution about this time increased lawlessness, and weakened the ability of the government to protect canal and railroad property. Three attempts were made to burn Colon. The strike on the railroad and canal continued and the mechanics also went out many of them leaving the country in

WORK RESUMED.

By July the strikers began to weaken and many laborers resumed work at the old wages, and in August the company prepared to resume operations in earnest. Artisans were hired and a guard of Columbia soldiery was distributed along the line at a cost to the company of \$10,000 a month. Work was begun by the new com-pany in November, 1894, on the summit

of the Culebra, on the line of watersher between the two oceans. At the latest reports, a cut of about four miles in length, three-fourths of which is on the Atlantic, and one-fourth on the Pacific slope, had been made. The excavation has an average depth of about 50 feet, and it is about 50 feet wide at the bottom. Some 1,700,000 cubic fee of earth has thus far been removed at this point. The work is being prose cuted with laborers imported from the West Indies and West Africa,

Competent engineers estimate that \$100,000,000 will be needed to the project. At the beginning of the present year dredging was in progress to deepen the harbor at Colon, so that ships of the largest size could reach the wharves and unload cargoes directly into the cars instead of unloading by lighters, as is necessary at the present time. This important improvement will, it is expected, be completed by the end of the present year. Somewhat similar work is now being done at the port of La Buca, the Pacific terminus of the proposed canal. great metallic pier, which is being built, will allow the transfer of goods from ship to ship.

The Panama railroad was sold to the Canal company early in the eighties although the United States is still bound to guard it from all harm. A traffic of nearly \$100,000,000 a year goes over this 46-mile road, and its stock has always been quoted above par. The roads income will doubtless fall off somewhat when the canal is completed but holders of the road's stock do not as yet see cause for worriment

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