The Kootenay Star.

VOL. IV. REVELSTOKE, B. C., DECEMBER 17, 1892. No. 27.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that at the next session of the Legislature of British Columbia application will be made for an Act to incorporate a company for the purpose of constructing, operating and maintaining a line of railway, standard or narrow gauge, the motive power being either steam or electric, commencing at Lardeau City, situate at the head of the North East Arm of Upper Arrow Lake, thence through Lardeau Pass to some point on the North West shore of Lake Kootenay, with power to extend to Nelson, and with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate a branch from the said proposed line from said Lardeau City in a northerly direction along the course of the Incomappleux River, or Fish Creek, to some point or points near the headwaters of the same, with power to build, maintain and operate branch lines from any point or points on the main line or branch lines to any adjacent mine or mines, and with power to build wharves and docks, and erect and maintain telegraph and telephone lines and all necessary works, buildings, pipes, poles, wires, appliances or conveniences necessary or proper for the generating and transmitting of electricity or power within the area above described.

Dated this 14th day of November, A.D. 1892.

McPHILLIPS, WOOTTON & BARNARD,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

O. & H. LEWIS,
BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS.

SUPPERS and BALLS
Catered for.

WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

R. Tapping,
Carpenter, Builder
And General Contractor.

—:o:—

MANUFACTURER OF
Boats, Sleighs & Toboggans.

SCROLL WORK,
HOUSE FURNISHINGS

SEASONED LUMBER ALWAYS KEPT IN STOCK.

Orders promptly filled.

Station: REVELSTOKE.

THE
MADDEN HOUSE,
HUGH MADDEN, Prop'r.

Beautifully situated on the Lake shore at the entrance to the best and shortest road to the Slocan mines and New Denver. The best fishing and hunting in the district, with grand boating and sketching facilities for tourists and artists.

THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH THE
Best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

The accommodations of the Hotel are of the best.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

REVELSTOKE TIME TABLE.

Atlantic Express, arrives 10.10 daily.
Pacific " " 16.52 "

Cheapest, most reliable and safe route to Montreal, Toronto, St. Paul, Chicago, New York and Boston. Rates $5 to $10 lower than any other other route.

Specially fitted Colonist Cars, in charge of a Porter, for the accommodation of Passengers holding second class tickets. Passengers booked to and from all European points at Lowest Rates.

Low Freight Rates. Quick despatch. Merchants will save money by having their freight routed via he C. P. R.

Full and reliable information given by applying to D. E. BROWN, Asst. Gen'l Freight Ag't, V'ncouver.
or to I. T. BREWSTER, Ag't C. P. R. Depot, Revelstoke.

Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.
Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.

A. H. HOLDICH,
Assayer and Analytical Chemist,
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Nearly seven years assayer at Morfa Works, Swansea, and for over seventeen years chief analyst to Wigan Coal & Iron Co., Wigan.

Assays and analyses of every description undertaken on the most reasonable terms.

Special experience in coal, coke, iron, ferro-manganese, steel, silver, copper, lead and zinc.

HULL BROS.
REVELSTOKE.
BUTCHERS
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
BEEF, PORK, Etc.

Stockholm House
JOHN STONE, PROP.

The Dining-room is furnished with the best the market affords.

The bar is supplied with a choice stock of wines, liquors and cigars.

THE
COLUMBIA HOUSE,
REVELSTOKE B C.

The largest and most central Hotel in the city; good accommodation; everything new; table well supplied; bar and billiard room attached; fire proof safe.

BROWN & CLARK, Proprietors.
FREE 'BUS AT ALL TRAINS

C. P. R. HOTEL
REVELSTOKE.
F. McCARTHY - - - PROP.

First-class Temperance House.

BOARD AND LODGING $5 PER WEEK.
MEALS, 25c. BEDS 25c.

This hotel is situated convenient to the station, is comfortably furnished, and affords first class accommodation.

S. BICKERTON,
BOOTMAKER,
MAIN STREET, REVELSTOKE.

Boots & Shoes made to order.

HARNESS LEATHER KEPT IN STOCK.

REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

Royal Mail Lines.

CHEAPEST & QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

Proposed Sailings from Halifax.

SARDINIAN	Allan Line...	Dec. 10
NUMIDIAN	" ...	Dec. 24
PARISIAN	" ...	Jan. 7
LABRADOR	Dominion Line..	Dec. 3
VANCOUVER	" ...	Dec. 17
SARNIA.....	" ...	Dec. 31

From New York.

TEUTONIC...	White Star ...	Nov. 30
BRITANNIC	" ...	Dec. 7
MAJESTIC	" ...	Dec. 14

Cabin $40, $45, $50, $60, $70, $80 upwards.

Intermediate, $25; Steerage, $20.

Passengers ticketed through to all points in Great Britain and Ireland, and at specially low rates to all parts of the European continent.

Prepaid passages arranged from all points.

Apply to nearest steamship or railway agent; to

I. T. Brewster,
AGENT, REVELSTOKE;
or to ROBERT KERR, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE
Myrtle Navy
IS MARKED
T. & B.
In Bronze Letters.
NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Hy. J. Bourne, of Bourne Bros., Revelstoke Station, has been appointed a justice of the peace.

The Rev. C. Ladner will preach tomorrow in the Methodist Church, morning at 10.30, evening at 7.30. All are cordially invited.

Mr. Hugh Madden, of Nakusp, has faith in that town, and will keep his business going all winter, believing that next summer will bring a revival of trade.

The first English mail for China and Japan, via the Canadian Pacific Railway, passed through last Sunday, and was despatched from Vancouver by the steamship leaving on Monday.

Service will be held by the Rev. T. Paton in the Presbyterian Church tomorrow evening at 7.30. Sabbath-school at 2.30. Prayer meeting at Mr. Paton's house on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

Bourne Bros. have just received a large and complete assortment of ladies' white underwear in cotton, cambric and muslin. The prices are very reasonable and the quality and make first class.

We have just received a map of the new townsite at the head of the North East Arm—Lardeau City. Lots are selling fast, and those desirous of purchasing would do well to "hurry up," as a limited number will be put on the market.

At the entertainment in the Methodist Church on Monday evening, the 26th, Mr. A. H. Holdich, M.S.C.I., chemical engineer, will lecture on "Fire! What is it?" The lecturer is skilled in the uses of chemicals, and will give scientific illustrations before the audience.

ON TRIAL FOR 90 DAYS.

The finest, completest and latest line of Electrical appliances in the world. They have never failed to cure. We are so positive of it that we will back our belief and send you any Electrical Appliance now in the market and you can try it for **Three Months.** Largest list of testimonials on earth. Send for book and journal Free. **W. T. Baer & Co., Windsor, Ont.**

Several of our young people went to Donald yesterday morning to attend the Oddfellows' Ball held there last night, and are expected back this evening. Some of our best dancers are among the party, and will no doubt uphold the reputation Revelstoke has gained in that line. They include—Mrs. Crage, Misses Miller, Cora Brown, Addie Brown and S. Graham, and Messrs W. F. Crage, I. T. Brewster, H. J. Bourne, J. Little and R Colley.

The fancy dress ball to be held in Bourne's Hall on Wednesday, the 28th inst., will be the first of its kind ever held in Revelstoke, and promises to be well attended. Admission will be by invitation, about a hundred having been sent out, and the indefatigable committee are working hard to make it a success. Many are expected from the neighboring towns, and those who do come may feel assured of a warm welcome.

A meeting of the Revelstoke Snowshoe & Toboggan Club was held at the Central Hotel on Monday night, when Mr F. B. Wells was elected secretary-treasurer, Mr Guy Barber captain, and the following committee:—Messrs. H. N. Coursier, John Abrahamson, Albert Stone, Geo. Terryberry and T. Cadman. The entrance fee was reduced from $5 to $2.50. The secretary reported that there were no funds in hand, the only balance left over from last year being a half pound of coffee. It was proposed to invite the members of the Selkirk Club at the Station to join with them and form one good club. On Tuesday half a dozen members sallied out with shovels and cleared the slide, but snow fell on Wednesday, and on Thursday the work had to be done over again.

The Myrtle Navy tobacco is not burdened with the usual costs which swell the price of most articles to the consumer. The firm employ no travellers whatever, their orders come to them instead of being sought by them. The merchant does not require to keep a large stock on hand, swelling its price with interest, for the factory is an immediate source of supply to him, at the cost of a postal card or, at most, a telegram. He loses nothing, therefore, from being overstocked. The article is a staple one, for which there is as constant a demand as for wheat or flour, and the merchant can, therefore, sell it at the minimum rate of profit.

Once more we ask those of our subscribers who are in arrears to pay up, or we shall be compelled to strike them off the list as deadheads and place their accounts in the hands of a lawyer for collection. There are some who have been receiving the paper for over three years and never paid a cent. Those people would be the first to kick if THEY had to work for nothing. In future no notice will be taken of any orders from would-be subscribers unless paid for in ADVANCE. There is enough subscription money owing this paper to buy a new outfit, and as we want a new outfit we intend making an effort to get some of that money in. We are offering two first class monthly journals—"Canada" and "The American Farmer"—FREE to all our subscribers who pay a year in advance. Three papers for $2 a year!

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company for the purpose of constructing, equipping, maintaining and operating a line of railway to run from a point at or near Revelstoke, in the Province of British Columbia, to the Upper Arrow Lake, in said Province, with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate branch lines, and also to construct and operate telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway, together with the usual powers to acquire lands, privileges, bonuses or aids from the Dominion or Provincial Governments, and to make traffic and other arrangements with railway, steamboat and other companies, and for all other usual and necessary powers, rights and privileges.

Dated this 14th day of December, A.D. 1892.

McPHILLIPS, WOOTTON & BARNARD,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

CHRISTMAS AT THE STORES.

During the past week the store windows, in both upper and lower towns, have been assuming a Christmasy appearance, and now that the festive season is close upon us many people will be asking themselves the questions—"What shall I buy?" and "Where shall I buy?" To help these good people out of their difficulty we give a short summary of the good things suitable for Christmas presents obtainable at the stores and places of business of our various advertisers:—

Bourne Bros.

are showing a most extensive range of Christmas Goods, and their store is well worth visiting. Their stock is most tastefully arranged, and a finer display can hardly be found in our largest cities. Space will not allow us to enumerate the various goods, but amongst the following may be found presents suitable for young or old, wife or husband, lover or friend:—Albums of all sizes, in plush and Russia leather; perfume, toilet, and dressing cases; ladies' work boxes, baskets, purses, etc.; gentlemen's valises, brushes, gloves, neckties, pipes, etc.; silver ware; filagree, plush, and other ornamental photo frames; glove boxes, china, lamps and lampshades, Xmas cards, Selkirk and Columbia River views, snowshoes, etc., etc. The grocery department is well supplied with the choicest fresh and dried fruits and all the fancy Christmas groceries found in a first class store. In the way of provisions there are turkeys, geese, fresh oysters, various cheeses, biscuits, cakes, etc.

H. N. Coursier's

specialty is a fine display of dolls. Big dolls, little dolls, dolls dressed and undressed, dolls with teeth and dolls without! He has them all. He also shows a very large collection of china, vases, glassware and elegant hanging lamps. Among other articles suitable for Christmas presents he carries a large stock of albums in plush and morocco; work boxes, toilet sets and fancy baskets; plush glove, cuff, and collar boxes; perfume and dressing cases, colored lampshades, neckties, collars, gloves, flowered silk suspenders, slippers, snowshoes, boy's sleighs, etc., and the usual stock of Christmas fruits, nuts, candy, and the ingredients for making the plum pudding.

C. B. Hume & Co.

have an extensive stock of mechanical and other toys, melodeons, concertinas, mouth organs, air guns, brass and tin whistles, toy pistols, gloves and glove boxes, silk handkerchiefs, cuff and collar boxes, fans, fancy baskets, handkerchief boxes, cabinet frames in plush and silver, leather and plush toilet and perfume cases, china and other ornaments, children's illustrated story books, indiarubber balls, pipes, scent and other bottles, and a host of minor articles, both useful and ornamental. Among the groceries are to be found all the requisites of a Christmas dinner and dessert—fruits, nuts, confectionery, honey, etc., etc.

R. Howson

carries a very fine stock of rattan goods, in the shape of chairs, tables, bookshelves, flower stands and knick knacks, as well as feather pillows and all kinds of household furniture.

Barber the Jeweler

has in stock watches, clocks, timepieces, gold and silver chains; gem, wedding, and engagement rings; keepers, nugget scarf pins, electro-plated goods, etc.

Hull Bros. and F. McCarty

have fine shows of Christmas beef, pork, mutton and poultry. Prime cuts for everybody Christmas week.

O. & H. Lewis

are prepared to supply good Christmas cheer at short notice. Their pork pies are delicious. They are also noted for their excellent bread, cakes and tarts.

W. J. Law

is the man one can rely on for a well-made Christmas overcoat, and a man who can give you first-class work and the latest styles up to date.

R. Tapping

is supplying a want this winter by making sleighs and toboggans. All the stocks of toboggans in the eastern cities are used up. One of our merchants sent to Toronto for a supply, but has just received word that there is not one to be obtained in that city. Mr Tapping has the field to himself, but his prices will not go up in consequence.

S. Bickerton

has earned a reputation for first-class work and fit. If you want slippers, boots, shoes, high or low, heavy or light, you can always get a nicely-fitting, neat-looking and thoroughly good pair at Sam's.

G. Terryberry,

although not in the Christmas goods line, is well fixed for doing any kind of blacksmithing work.

LOCAL NEWS.

The plant of the Vancouver Telegram has been sold by the sheriff, under judgments aggregating about $9,000. It was bought by Mr. E. P. Davies, solicitor, for $3,100, but for whose account it did not transpire.

The Christmas Tree in connection with the Presbyterian Sabbath-school will be held in the Presbyterian Church next Saturday evening. An entertainment of vocal and instrumental music will be given, commencing at 7.30.

The Moosomin Spectator, a new weekly paper edited by Mr. J. J. Young, late of the Regina Leader, is just to hand. It is a vast improvement on the newspapers hitherto published in that town, both of which have been absorbed by the Spectator.

Messrs. D. A. Lamey, Alex. McCrea, Ole Strandburg and Gus Anderson left Revelstoke on Thursday morning in two light boats for Hall's Landing and Lardeau City. They carried 3,000 lbs. of provisions, and expected to surmount the ice jams by unloading the boats and portaging over the obstructions. The river is tolerably clear of drift ice.

Mr. Alex. Paull, chief cook on the C.P.R. dining car between Revelstoke and Salmon Arm, accompanied by his wife, leaves to-morrow morning for an extended trip to the east. They go first to Montreal, and will visit New York, Toronto and Chicago, spending two or three weeks with Mr. Paull's father in Buffalo. Mr. Wm. Gilpin fills Mr. Paull's place during his absence.

Another claim in the Lardeau has been bonded to Thomas E. Jefferson of this city for $30,000. The deal was consummated yesterday by the payment of $1,000 cash down. The Lardeau claims are situated near Revelstoke, about 50 miles north of the Slocan, and the character of the ore would indicate that they are in the same silver belt as the latter district.—Spokane Review.

A contract has been let for the 200 miles of railway between the Little Dalles and Nelson, and 3,000 men were to begin work last Monday. The line is being constructed by the Spokane and Northern, the president of which, D. C. Corbin, recently purchased a quarter interest in a Slocan mining property for $12,500 cash. It is expected that the road will be in full working order by the 1st of September next.

As will be seen in our advertisement columns application is to be made at the next session of the Provincial Legislature for powers to construct three different lines of railway in the vicinity of Revelstoke—one from here to the head of the Upper Arrow Lake, another from Lardeau City through the Lardeau Pass to Kootenay Lake, and the third from Nakusp to Carpenter Creek, in the Slocan. McPhillips, Wootton & Barnard, of Victoria, are solicitors for the applicants.

E. PICARD,
REVELSTOKE STATION,

Begs to announce that he is prepared to make and repair all kinds of mattresses, pillows, &c., at reasonable prices. Upholstering done on the premises. Satisfaction guaranteed.

One day out of every week should be set aside for mending in every well-regulated household, and it will be surprising how little time it will take to do the work in this way, while if left over for several weeks, it will accumulate until the busy housewife will find it quite an undertaking.

No old saw was ever more true than, "A stitch in time saves nine." Indeed, it may really save ninety-nine. The small rent in the little girl's apron, the tear in the boy's sleeve, or the tiny hole in the stockings may all be mended this week in half an hour's time, so as to be scarcely noticed, which, if left longer, will have to be repaired with large patches, to say nothing of the time it will occupy tha could be given so much more pleasantly and profitably to reading or walking out. It is an excellent plan to have the mending-basket beside the ironing-table, and drop all articles of clothing in it as soon as ironed. This will save time in looking over the clothes later, and will insure everything requiring to be mended to be noticed while spread on the ironing table.

Many housekeepers do not think it worth the trouble to be particular about the looks of their mending, but nothing pays better or is more satisfactory than to take pains with the work. Table-linen should be darned with very fine linen floss, or ravelings from a piece of the cloth. If neatly done and pressed smooth, it will be almost impossible to discover where the rent was before mending it.

In darning colored stockings, the cotton or yarn should always be the same color.

Torn places in dresses or woolen goods should be carefully basted on paper and held together, then darned neatly with ravelings or thread the same shade as the goods. Articles that do not have to be washed overmuch may be neatly repaired by rubbing a little mucilage on a piece of the goods and pressing it down with a hot iron. Some enterprising parties prepare a patching material ready for use in this way.

While some women neglect this very useful household art, others go to the other extreme, and waste much time on articles that are not worth the labor and thread spent on them; but as much depends on circumstances as to the value of the time and the needs of the household, no directions that will suit everyone can be given, and the sensible housewife must decide what to mend and what not to mend for herself; but that it is best to save time by doing it in season goes without saying.

E. R. Parker.

The Latest in Curtain Hanging.

Thin scrim curtains, lace edged, are lovely draped in the following manner. Gather them across the top, or baste in very fine pleats, and cross them at the top of the window till each length extends three-fourths of the way over. They will then hang very thick and double. Now separate the sides, and drape back with cords or ribbons, just two feet below the gathers; and have these upper portions hanging quite full until almost "baggy." What is then left of the lengths hangs in long, scant folds just reaching the floor. The effect produced is very "sweet" indeed. There is a handsome home not ten miles away, of which all the front windows are curtained in this style, and many are they who pause to look thereat. To my imaginative mind, the idea given was that of a Josephine gown, with short and full bodice and long, flowing and æsthetic draperies.

A Barrel Clothes-Hamper.

A very satisfactory receptacle for soiled clothes can be made, says the Country Gentleman, by covering a barrel with what used to be called furniture calico, but is now sold under the name of comfortable print. The barrels that pulverized sugar comes in are of good size for this purpose. Carefully break off all nails that project, both on the inside and outside. Line the inside of the barrel with smooth brown paper, or remnants of wall paper can be used, using flour paste to fasten the paper in. Measure four pieces of print the depth of the barrel, allowing four inches extra for the frill at the top. Join the pieces and run a strong thread around the lower edge to draw it on; fold over two inches at the top, and gather it at the bottom. Draw this cover over the barrel, even the fullness, and secure it in place with small tacks. Cover the lid of the barrel, inside and out, with the print. Make a knob in the centre of this lid by putting a screw through the hole in a medium-sized spool and screwing it firmly in place. Cover the spool with silesia like the bands on the hamper. This makes a neat and handy place to keep soiled articles, and each week when they are removed the hamper should be given a few hours' exposure to the sun and air.

Uses for Unbleached Muslin.

Because of the high price asked for the material usually employed for making scarfs, drapes, etc., many of us are deterred from decorating our homes with these lovely accessories. We forget, or completely overlook the fact that the true artist does not always find the most expensive the most beautiful. So it happens that China silk and scrim are not really the most artistic fabrics for scarfs. In so unpretentious a fabric as unbleached muslin they have a most formidable rival. Those who have never used it for fancy work can have but a faint idea of its beauty. Its beautiful tint harmonizes with everything, and its softness of texture makes it a most desirable fabric for drapes and scarfs, although cheapness may not be the motive for its use.

The grade just above cheese-cloth is the best for this work as it is softer and the threads are more easily drawn out; then, too, it lends itself to any amount of work one is pleased to bestow upon it. They will remain fresh for years, though laundried every month. If it is desired that they retain the soft creamy tint it is not best to boil or sun them.

The First Pair of Shoes.

A good suggestion is this from Elizabeth Scovil in October Ladies' Home Journal.

If "Hattie Leonard Wright" who wrote the article, "Why Does Not the Baby Walk?" in the December Journal, or any other mother who is anxious about her baby's footwear, will apply to the Indians, I think she will agree with me that they have solved the problem as to what is best. to begin wearing them. I dreaded the thought of putting them on him, as I thought it would be torture for a time, but as I knew of nothing better I made no objection. When, however, instead of the shoes I dreaded, baby's grand father brought him a tiny pair of buckskin moccasins, I was very much pleased. Baby has worn them now six months, and they are still quite good. When they get soiled I wash them out with soap and water, and dry in the shade. I always stretch them while wet, so they fit him as well now as at first. I think they are far ahead of shoes, as they keep the feet warm and still give all the muscles of the foot free play, almost if not quite as well as if bare-foot. They can be made of chamois skin also. I hope this hint may be as useful to some mother, as many of the hints taken from the Journal have been to me.

A Cradle for Baby.

Procure a large, oval clothes basket, such as can ordinarily be purchased for one dollar or less. Fit it up as you would a cradle and trim or not just as you please. In the ceiling, towards the foot of your bed, place two large hanging-lamp hooks as far apart as the basket is long. From these hooks suspend the basket in such a manner that its length shall hang parallel with the foot board. Behold! you have baby where you can attend to her wants, and you are not obliged to get out of bed. At the same time you know she is in a warm atmosphere and away from draughts, and if she climbs out of her bed she lands in yours.

The Last Few Words.

It is your baby or mine, but whosoever it is, I say God bless it, and make it happy. It is in your power to help; are you going to do it? The little things in our arms are babies for only a very short while, then they are boys and girls, but from the minute the baby is taken into its mother's arms and drinks of its mother's milk it imbibes the goodness or evil that is in her. Cross and ill-tempered yourself, you make your baby so; full of happiness and the good nature that is making the best of everything, means having a bonny baby that is more than a mere well-spring of pleasure. And before the baby comes. For its sake think of the good people in the world, think of the virtue in the world and cultivate in yourself every good quality, every sweetness for the baby's sake. It may be hard to do. There may be times when even the thought of the little one coming does not seem encouragement enough; then you must remember a Holy Baby, born centuries ago, and realize that to you as well as His Mother there will be not only the pain but the pleasure, and that in becoming a mother you are honored among women. Pray God to make you strong and well, and when you are a little downcast go and look at the dainty little dresses, fondle the pretty basket and look into the little bed until in imagination you may see "beneath its coverlet a little sleeping head."

That will cheer you up, and then when the baby is your very own, when it is close to you, when your arms are about it, and its little head is resting on your breast, you will only remember the happiness, you will think of the joy, and you will feel like tiny Tim, as if you would like to ask the God above to think not only of you and your king but of all the women and children in the world. That is what motherhood does for a woman—it makes her divinely charitable.

The Influence at Home.

What a little thing will disarrange the domestic machinery, and what wonderful effect the drop of oil has.

A delegation of young men lately waited on their employer's wife with the oddest request on record. "You see," said the spokesman, "we want to have a half-holiday every Saturday. "Now if you will be particularly nice to Mr. Jones for a few days, we'll go to him and ask—" "Gentlemen," the lady haughtily interrupted, "do you imply that I do not understand what is due to my husband?" "Oh, I know all about it," the spokesman went on. "I'm married myself. Things go wrong in the house, and you're tired and cross at breakfast. Then we suffer at the office. You stay up late to chaperone your daughter at a ball, and we have more trouble at the office. You're a bit cross three mornings in succession, for one reason or another, and we have a—a terrible time at the office. You see how the matter stands, and how greatly you will oblige us by being more than usually agreeable to Mr. Jones for three or four days? The fourth day give him the best breakfast you can—everything that he likes best—and we'll get what we want in three minutes. Talk about a woman having no influence in the business! Why, the humor she's in has more effect than a bank failure or a boom in trade." She thought she ought to be angry, but, instead, she laughed, and agreed to the proposition, and four days later, when they waited on the head of the firm, he made the closing hour twelve o'clock, and said that never in the history of the firm had things run as satisfactorily as they had during the last four days. All hail to the power behind the throne!

Recipes.

Sweet Potato Puffs.—Steam six sweet potatoes; peel and mash fine; add one tablespoonful of white sugar, two spoonfuls of butter and a little salt; beat until light, grease your custard cups and fill them nearly full, brush the top with the white of an egg and bake in a quick oven. Serve hot for breakfast or dinner.

A Healthful Dish.—Once a week invariably, and generally when we have cold meat minced, I give the children a dinner which is hailed with delight, and looked forward to; a dish of boiled onions. The little things know that they are taking the best of medicine for expelling what most children suffer from—worms. Mine are kept free by this remedy alone.

Stewed Cranberries.—To a quart of cranberries allow one quart of water and nearly a pound of sugar; let the water heat while you wash and look over the berries; drop them in the water, and let them cook for twenty minutes; then add the sugar; after it is dissolved let the sauce come to a boil; then take from the stove. Some cooks strain the juice to make it clear.

"For a Change."—Many a good cook has never tried a sandwich cake, and many a family has missed a rare treat in consequence. The recipe, which the New York pieces into very thin shavings. Stone two cups of raisins, and chip or beat fine one cup of blanched almonds. Put the fruit into a pan and sift over it half a teacup of fine flour. Stir thoroughly, and set aside until wanted. Into a large cake bowl put one cup of granulated sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a piece of butter as large as a hen's egg. Stir these until they are perfectly mixed, add half a cup of milk and half a cup of flour; beat this for ten minutes. Then pour in the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth, and the other half of the cup of flour. A teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla may be used as flavoring if desired, but is not necessary, as the fruit gives sufficient flavor for most tastes. Have ready three round jelly tins with linings of buttered paper, and just before putting the cake batter in the pans add one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in and stirred quickly to mix as soon as possible. Pour into the pans and bake in a moderately hot oven. Make another batter in precisely the same way, only using the yolks of the eggs instead of the whites. When this is ready for the oven, add all of the fruit, and mix thoroughly. Bake in jelly pans, and handle very carefully, cooling it by opening the oven doors for five or ten minutes before removing the cake from the oven. Put the layers alternately of the plain and fruit cake together, with frosting. This is one of the most delicious cakes ever made.

A BRAVE ALPINE GUIDE.

He Prevents His Patron From Falling Into a Crevasse Till Help Arrives.

It is a thrilling story of mountaineering that is told to illustrate the danger of making difficult ascents with a single guide. A traveler fell through a snow bridge. His single guide could just preserve his equilibrium, but was quite unable to do more; he could only hold loyally by the rope and wait for the event. It is difficult to conceive a crueler situation or a more terrible responsibility—the very punishment devised by Mezentius—and yet to decide upon cutting himself free!

Fortunately, after about an hour—but by the merest chance—another party came in sight upon the glacier, and the traveler was drawn up in time to save his life. If the rule is observed that at least three persons must be on the rope, no such danger can ever occur. Though the idea still lingers that brandy keeps out the cold, the writer on mountaineering repeats that it has the opposite effect, and adds that as a cure for giddiness, alcohol is also valueless. The broad path is the only remedy for giddiness.

Another which was once tried may be efficacious enough, but is only mentioned, without being recommended, in the following story: A party of four were entering on a narrow ledge, when one of the travelers declared that he was giddy and could not move. The leader, one of the two most famous Oberland men of the time, (nearly thirty years ago,) merely turned to the second guide with the brief command: "Push him over." His orders were always beyond question, and the traveler was straightway lowered over the precipice and, after dangling on the rope for a few seconds, was drawn back with all his powers of climbing restored.

From Peasant to Sultana.

Here is a little romance in real life which I am inclined to think would be hard to beat. There was a few years ago, a very beautiful girl working in the coal mines of France. Some charitable person, struck no doubt by the girl's wonderful beauty, found her a situation in a famous dressmaking establishment in Paris, where her superior intelligence soon made her a favorite with the "madame"

She was at last sent to Constantinople with some dresses which had been ordered by the Sultan's mother, and from that time nothing was heard of her for many years. She might, perhaps, have faded out of their memory, had not a relative died and left her a small inheritance. Notices were then published after her where abouts.

In answer to these a splendid equipage drew up in front of the Embassy, and the Sultan's favorite wife stepped out, to declare herself the onetime Flora Collin. She renounced the legacy in favor of her kindred, who were still poor, and, in reply to the many inquiries, she explained that it was the old story of love at first sight between the sultan and the beautiful modiste.

Some High Priced Relics.

Mr. Guenther of Chicago, who owns Lincoln's bootjack, hat, bedstead and other relics of fabulous value, could tell many interesting stories of the high prices relic-lovers have paid for famous souvenirs, but it is extremely doubtful if he could call from his rich store of relic lore anything that would overshadow the following account of prices paid by European memento hunters: The hat worn by Napoleon at Eylau was sold in Paris about 1835 for a sum equal to $4000 in United States currency. The coat worn by Charles XII at the Battle of Poltowa brought an even $100,000; a wig that once belonged to Sterne, the great Irish writer, was sold at public auction in London in 1868 and was knocked down to a bidder who was willing to give $1050 for the false hirsute. In 1816 one of the teeth of Sir Isaac Newton was sold by a relic dealer doing business in Birmingham, the first bid on the grinder being £500. After much bandying the tooth was finally sold to a nobleman who thought it worth a sum equal to $3650. Before returning to his home this scion of nobility had a valuable diamond removed from his finger ring and the great philosopher's tooth set in its place.

Another Wonderful Clock.

Among other unique and curious works of art in the French exhibit at Chicago is one which shows a novel application of the magnet. It is a clock shaped like a tambourine, with a circle of flowers painted on its head. Around this circle of artifical sweets two bees slowly crawl, the larger requiring twelve hours in which to complete circuit, while the smaller one makes the trip once every hour. Different kinds of flowers represent the hours, and the bees, which are of polished steel, are moved by two magnets worked by hour and minute hands, which revolve behind the head of the tambourine.

Leathers.

Very few people have any idea of the number of different animals who contribute their skins for the adornment of pocket-books, purses, etc., and make up the large number of odds and ends which people find so useful. Monkeys, pigs, goats, snakes, lizards, alligators, sheep, calves, fish, seals and even birds, all contribute.

The great majority of these skins are imported, as labor is so cheap abroad that the manufacturers here find that even the duty of 20 per cent. on the finished leather, that it is cheaper than importing the hides without duty, and having them tanned here.

The one thing of importance in leather for fancy leather goods is the grain, which influences the price to a very great extent. The number and variety of grains is large, and the different leathers are classified when received according to the size of the grain under these several headings: Fish, morocco, gros grain, levant, turkey, monkey, pig and seal. These grains are all different sizes, the monkey being the largest, although the pig and the seal are very pronounced.

The fish grain is the smallest of all. Besides these leathers there are a great many imitations made, butting, which is a split cowhide, and a skiver, which is spilt sheepskin.

But these can be easily told, as what is called hand grain is the natural grain of the skin touched up by hand, whereas the ordinary imitations are embossed by machine.

Several other grains made by machinery on skiver or buffing are called boarded, being made by a brass tool which gives fine straight lines close together; the others showing wavy effects or water lines on the skin and the dice grain.

The most expensive leather sells from $100 to $110 per dozen skins. This is the genuine Russian leather, which has of late temporarily lost popularity. It is in gros grain. Levant goatskin sells for $60 a dozen skins. Seal sells for $30 to $50 a dozen, and pigskins are sold by the skin at $6.50 or $7 each. Monkey skins are cheaper, selling at $3 per skin, but these latter are very hard to procure at any price. They are made up only by one or two manufacturers that we know of in America, into the very finest grade of leather novelties of the imported skins. With the exception of the sealskins which are tanned in England, nearly all these skins are tanned in Germany, although sheepskins are tanned in France.

A very ingenious imitation of Russian leather has been made of calfskin, perfumed with the oil of birch.

It is dangerous to counterfeit, for the reason that the color is exactly the same and the appearance and odor very much so, often puzzling the untutored buyer. Time, however, destroys the false order and reveals the imitation.

The most important thing now, and the latest, is to have the leather novelties which women carry to match their dress in color.

Formerly the houses which import leathers to this country used to send samples of leathers to Germany and elsewhere to match so as to strike the exact color. Now, silk, cotton stuffs, plush, etc., are sent instead

Lizard skins come largely from Borneo as well as Germany.—[Trunk and Leather Review.

Reminiscence of the Charleston Earthquake.

Captain Leo Vogel, now in the service of the Clyde Steamship Company, says of his experience at sea during the Charleston earthquake: "I was going southward in charge of a double-screw steamer, 300 feet long, and was twenty-two miles south and fifty east of Charleston. It was the ugliest sky that, I think, I had ever seen, during the afternoon, and I was really expecting a cyclone. The sky was of a salmon color, with clouds of sulphurous green. It was close and hot and there was a sense of something being wrong. We were on the eight fathom line that night, when suddenly the engines stopped. We were shaken from side to side, then the ship seemed to settle, and it was as though the bottom were rubbing against something. The first officer rushed on deck, shouting. 'We're aground!' I ran for the chronometer to record, as nearly as possible, the time of the occurrence, and from that I estimate that it took only about five seconds for the shock to reach Charleston. My people were in Charleston then, and my first impulse was to go back, but I remembered that I was responsible for a ship's cargo and people. On arriving in port I found that the earthquake had really occurred, and it lifted a great load from my mind on the return trip when I saw one of my children on the dock and heard him shout, 'We're all right.' The shock came distinctly from the southeast, and I believe when the ship seemed to settle that either the sea was hollowed for a great area, allowing us to touch bottom, or else that the bottom was heaved up to within a couple of fathoms of the surface."

Leap Year Fancies.

The ancient Romans considered the bissextile or "leap day" one of the most ominous in their calendar, always reckoning it in their category of "unlucky days." That these old superstitions have not by any means fallen to the rear through the lapse of centuries is evidenced by the deep rooted dislike the present Roman mother has against having a child born upon that day, it being a popular notion, not only in Rome, but all over Italy, Austria, Hungary, and many other Southeastern European countries, that such an unlucky birthday is given the child as a token of its speedy exit from the world.

A variety of this superstition exists in Tuscany. According to Tuscan folk-lore, a child born on February 29 will not live to see another "leap day;" or if it does, it will be motherless. In Austria if the child lives to reach its majority the peasantry believe that in case the obnoxious being is of the male sex, he will become a robber, especially if born in the afternoon of leap day; but, on the other hand, should such a person have the doubtful honor of being born in the forenoon there is a chance that he will become a great man. All girls born that day becomes witches.

Trouble in the choir:
The soprano shook her fist
In the leader's whiskered face,
"Your voice is tenor," she fiercely hissed,
"But your conduct, sir, is base!"

Action of Drugs.

It is now some fifty years since physicians first begin to study the effects of compressed air on the human body. At the beginning of their experiments notice was only drawn to the deleterious influences of great atmospheric pressure on men who were forced to work in it, but in the last two or three years, so alert is medicine to appropriate to its own use the discoveries of physics and chemistry, that it has been ascertained that compressed air may give effectual aid to drugs. The credit of this discovery belongs to Dr. J. Leonard Corning, an eminent nervous disease specialist of New York, and the way in which he arrived at his remarkable conclusion is somewhat extraordinary.

The affection known to physicans as caisson disease has been familiar for many years. It is a terrible malady that afflicts those working under peculiar atmospheric conditions. After leaving the high pressure the victim is seized with pains in the joints and often paralysis of the legs and lower trunk, and the illness is sometimes fatal, as in the regrettable case of John A Roebling, the engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge. For a long time the treatment of this disease baffled physicians completely, but observing that men were never seized during their work in the heavy atmosphere, the doctors ordered the patients to be returned to the caisson, where in every case they are relieved. So effective is this treatment, that in the works of the Hudson River Tunnel a small air lock is provided, where victims seized with this complaint are placed to recover. A similar relief station was suggested by Dr. Andrew H. Smith in connection with the Brooklyn Bridge works, but none was ever built. The doctors agree that wherever sufficient time is taken to lessen the atmospheric density a seizure never occurs, but the laborers are in so great a hurry to reach home that they rush through the air locks regardless of consequence.

Before the special lock for caisson disease was built at the Hudson River Tunnel works, the victims were carried to St. Francis's Hospital in Jersey City, where Dr. Corning was consultant in nervous diseases. He became so interested in the cases that he went into the tunnel to carefully observe the men at work and to account for the presence of the epidemic.

Two or three curious features about the general work in the tunnel attracted his attention. First, he noticed that men were unusually strong there. They could lift weights and run up and down ladders in a way impossible in the open air. Then he found that certain laborers were unusually hilarious after a short spurt in the area of the great aerial compression. These men, he learned, were in the habit of taking a dram or two before starting work, and he concluded that in the atmospheric conditions the whiskey had greater effect. He soon saw that this was true, for men who would drink six or eight glasses in the saloon, and never show it, became roaring drunk on two in the tunnel. As a foreman said, on half rations they behaved as though they owned the place. So the Doctor began to experiment. He tried the effect of all sorts of stimulants. Ether, wine of coca, absinthe, and champagne all had a similar effect. For this part of his investigations Dr. Corning found it easy to get patients. It was plain, therefore, that stimulants had greater effect in compressed air than in the ordinary atmosphere. Dr. Corning then had a small lock built in his house and tried his experiments there. In an article in the *Medical Record*, a year or so ago, he published the scientific results of his experiments, and won the applause of the profession. The new departure works like this: The air lock is a huge iron boiler about six feet high and six in diameter, draped with linen curtains inside and fitted with a couch. An electric lamp and two windows of inch-thick glass give light. An electric fan makes it cool for summer. The air is pumped in with an electric air pump, and a safety valve regulated from the outside gives perfect ventilation, fresh air being pumped in constantly to retain the pressure. The patient drinks his dose and goes into the lock and the door is hermetically sealed and the air turned on. After the desired pressure is shown on the indicator the air keeps a steady current from the air pump through the ventilator. The patient can read, write, or play solitaire, as he chooses, until his imprisonment be over.

The great effect of this air-lock treatment is that a very small quantity of medicine may produce a very great temporary effect, and the usefulness of such drugs as antipyrin, phenacetin, and the bromides can be had without giving sufficient quantities to affect the heart. So far, the experiments have been confined to stimulants, sedatives, and analgesics (medicines to allay pain), but no doubt in the near future similar physical conditions may become as familiar aids to medicine as electricity, rest, and exercise.

The Smallest Printed Books.

The smallest book printed since type were invented (and, of course, they printed very few before that time) is a microscopic edition of Dante's "Divina Commedia." The whole volume, 500 pages, is only five centimeters wide. Two sheets of common book paper sufficed to contain all the 14,323 verses of the poem, thirty verses occupying a space of less than three square inches. The type were cast as long ago as 1832, but up to quite recently no complete book had been printed with them, the difficulties to be overcome by both compositors and revisers being so great that the task when undertaken was always given up. In 1873 an attempt was made to set up the Commedia in this microscopic type and some idea of the task may be gleaned from the fact that it took over five years to complete the work. The text is that of Fraticelli; the proof-reader, Luigi Busato; the compositor, Guiseppe Geche. A writer in Allgemeine Zeitung, from whose article this notice is compiled, says that he is utterly at loss to know how the corrections were made, even with the best magnifying glasses attainable.

Mrs. Marshal Ballington Booth is said to receive but seven dollars a week for her services to the Salvation Army. With all her public work she finds time to make her little boy's garments, and to look after the housekeeping of her small simple house in ersey City.

Mrs. Macbeth, an English woman and the wife of a member of the Royal Academy, practises riding after fox-hounds astride of her horse, clad in knee-breeches, gaiters, and a divided skirt.

AN INTRICATE CASE.

A TRUE HISTORY OF A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

"Confirms it in every respect," said the fat detective, pomposously. "House is full of Indian curiosities. Thaddeus brought this up, and if this splinter be poisonous Thaddeus may as well have made murderous use of it as any other man. The card is some hocus-pocus,—a blind, as like as not. The only question is, how did he depart? Ah, of course, here is a hole in the roof." With great activity, considering his bulk, he sprang up the steps and squeezed through into the garret, and immediately afterwards we heard his exulting voice proclaiming that he had found the trap-door.

"He can find something," remarked Holmes, shrugging his shoulders. "He has occasional glimmerings of reason. *Il n'y a pas des sots si incommodes que ceux qui ont de l'esprit!*"

"You see!" said Athelney Jones, reappearing down the steps again. "Facts are better than mere theories, after all. My view of the case is confirmed. There is a trap-door communicating with the roof, and it is partly open."

"It was I who opened it."

"Oh, indeed! You did notice it, then?" He seemed a little crestfallen at the discovery. "Well, whoever noticed it, it shows how our gentleman got away. Inspector!"

"Yes, sir," from the passage.

"Ask Mr. Sholto to step this way.—Mr. Sholto, it is my duty to inform you that anything which you may say will be used against you. I arrest you in the queen's name as being concerned in the death of your brother."

"There now! Didn't I tell you!" cried the poor little man, throwing out his hands, and looking from one to the other of us.

"Don't trouble yourself about it, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes. "I think I can engage to clear you of the charge."

"Don't promise too much, Mr. Theorist,—don't promise too much!" snapped the detective. "You may find it a harder matter than what you think."

"Not only will I clear him, Mr. Jones, but I will make you a free present of the name and description of one of the two people who were in this room last night. His name, I have every reason to believe, is Jonathan Small. He is a poorly-educated man, small, active, with his right leg off, and wearing a wooden stump which is worn away upon the inner side. His left boot has a coarse, square toed sole, with an iron band round the heel. He is a middle-aged man, much sunburned, and has been a convict. The few indications may be of some assistance to you, coupled with the fact that there is a good deal of skin missing from the palm of his hand. The other man——"

"Ah! the other man—?" asked Athelney Jones, in a sneering voice, but impressed none the less, as I could easily see, by the other's manner.

"Is a rather curious person," said Sherlock Holmes, turning upon his heel. "I hope before very long to be able to introduce you to the pair of them.—A word with you Watson."

He led me out to the head of the stair, "This unexpected occurrence," he said, "has caused us rather to lose sight of the original purpose of our journey."

"I have just been thinking so," I answered. "It is not right that Miss Morstan should remain in this stricken house."

"No. You must escort her home. She lives with Mrs. Cecil Forrester, in Lower Camberwell; so it is not very far. I will wait for you here if you will drive out again. Or perhaps you are too tired?"

"By no means. I don't think I could rest until I know more of this fantastic business. I have seen something of the rough side of life, but I give you my word that this quick succession of strange surprises to-night has shaken my nerve completely. I should like, however, to see the matter through with you, now that I have got so far."

"Your presence will be of great service to me," he answered. "We shall work the case out independently, and leave this fellow Jones to exult over any mare's-nest which he may choose to construct. When you have dropped Miss Morstan I wish you to go on to No. 3 Pinchin Lane, down near the water's edge at Lambeth. The third house on the right-hand side is a bird-stuffer's: Sherman is the name. You will see a weasel holding a young rabbit in the window. Knock old Sherman up, and tell him, with my compliments, that I want Toby at once. You will bring Toby back in the cab with you."

"A dog, I suppose."

"Yes,—a queer mongrel, with a most amazing power of scent. I would rather have Toby's help than that of the whole detective force of London."

"I shall bring him, then," said I. "It is one now. I ought to be back before three, if I can get a fresh horse."

"And I," said Holmes, "shall see what I can learn from Mrs Bernstone, and from the Indian servant, who, Mr. Thaddeus tells me, sleeps in the next garret. Then I shall study the great Jones's methods and listen to his not too delicate sarcasms. 'Wir sind gewohnt dass die Menschen verhohnen was sie nicht verstehen.' Goethe is always pithy.'

CHAPTER VII.

THE EPISODE OF THE BARREL.

The police had brought a cab with them, and in this I escorted Miss Morstan back to her home. After the angelic fashion of women, she had borne trouble with a calm face as long as there was some one weaker than herself to support, and I had found her bright and placid by the side of the frightened housekeeper. In the cab, however, she first turned faint, and then burst into a passion of weeping,—so sorely had she been tried by the adventures of the night. She has told me since that she thought me cold and distant upon that journey. She little guessed the struggle within my breast, or the effort of self-restraint which held me back. My sympathies and my love went out to her, even as my hand had in the garden. I felt that years of the conventionalities of life could not teach me to know her sweet, brave nature as had this one day of strange experiences. Yet there were two thoughts which sealed the words of affection upon my lips. She was weak and helpless, shaken in mind and nerve. It was to take her at a disadvantage to obtrude love upon her at such a time. Worse still, she was rich. If Holmes's researches were successful, she would be an heiress. Was it fair, was it honorable, that a half-pay surgeon should take such advantage of an intimacy which chance had brought about? Might she not look upon me as a mere vulgar fortune-seeker? I could not bear to risk that such a thought should cross her mind. This Agra treasure intervened like an impassable barrier between us.

It was nearly two o'clock when we reached Mrs. Cecil Forrester's. The servants had retired hours ago, but Mrs. Forrester had been so interested by the strange message which Miss Morstan had received that she had sat up in the hope of her return. She opened the door herself, a middle-aged, graceful woman, and it gave me joy to see how tenderly her arm stole around the other's waist and how motherly was the voice in which she greeted her. She was clearly no mere paid dependant, but an honored friend. I was introduced, and Mrs. Forrester earnestly begged me to step in and to tell her our adventures. I explained, however, the importance of my errand, and promised faithfully to call and report any progress which we might make with the case. As we drove away I stole a glance back, and I still seem to see that little group on the step, the two graceful, clinging figures, the half-opened door, the hall light shining through stained glass, the barometer, and the bright stair-rods. It was soothing to catch even that passing glimpse of a tranquil English home in the midst of the wild, dark business which had absorbed us.

And the more I thought of what had happened, the wilder and darker it grew. I reviewed the whole extraordinary sequence of events as I rattled on through the silent gas-lit streets. There was the original problem: that at least was pretty clear now. The death of Captain Morstan, the sending of the pearls, the advertisement, the letter,—we had had light upon all those events. They had only led us, however, to a deeper and far more tragic mystery. The Indian treasure, the curious plan found among Morstan's baggage, the strange scene at Major Sholto's death, the rediscovery of the treasure immediately followed by the murder of the discoverer, the very singular accompaniment of the crime, the footsteps, the remarkable weapons, the words upon the card, corresponding with those upon Captain Morstan's chart,—here was indeed a labyrinth in which a man less singularly endowed than my fellow-lodger might well despair of ever finding the clue.

Pinchin Lane was a row of shabby two-storied houses in the lower quarter of Lambeth. I had to knock for some time at No. 3 before could make any impression. At last, however, there was the glint of a candle behind the blind, and a face looked out at the upper window.

"Go on, you drunken vagabone," said the face. "If you kick up any more row I'll open the kennels and let out forty-three dogs upon you."

"If you'll let one out it's just what I have come for," said I.

"Go on!" yelled the voice. "So help me gracious, I have a wiper in this bag, an' I'll drop it on your 'ead if you don't hook it."

"But I want a dog," I cried.

"I won't be argued with!" shouted Mr. Sherman. "Now stand clear; for when I say 'three,' down goes the wiper."

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes—" I began, but the words had a most magical effect, for the window instantly slammed down, and within a minute the door was unbarred and open. Mr. Sherman was a lanky, lean old man, with stooping shoulders, a stringy neck, and blue-tinted glasses.

"A friend of Mr. Sherlock is always welcome," said he. "Step in, sir. Keep clear of the badger; for he bites. Ah, naughty, naughty, would you take a nip at the gentleman?" This to a stoat which thrust its wicked head and red eyes between the bars of its cage. "Don't mind that, sir; it's only a slow-worm. It hain't got no fangs, so I gives it run o' the room, for it keeps the beetles down. You must not mind my bein' just a little short wi' you at first, for I'm guyed at by the children, and there's many a one just comes down this lane to knock me up. What was it that Mr. Sherlock Holmes wanted, sir?"

"He wanted a dog of yours."

"Ah! that would be Toby."

"Yes, Toby was the name."

"Toby lives at No. 7 on the left here. He moved forward with his candle among the queer animal family which he had gathered round him. In the uncertain, shadowy light I could see dimly that there were glancing glimmering eyes peeping down at us from every cranny and corner. Even the rafters above our heads were lined by solemn fowls, who lazily shifted their weight from one leg to the other as our voices disturbed their slumbers.

Toby proved to be an ugly, long-haired, lop-eared creature, half spaniel and half lurcher, brown-and-white in color, with a very clumsy waddling gait. It accepted after some hesitation a lump of sugar which the old naturalist handed to me, and, having thus sealed an alliance, it followed me to the cab, and made no difficulties about accompanying me. It had just struck three on the Palace clock when I found myself back once more at Pondicherry Lodge. The ex-prize-fighter McMurdo had, I found, been arrested as an accessory, and both he and Mr. Sholto had been marched off to the station. Two constables guarded the narrow gate, but they allowed me to pass with the dog on my mentioning the detective's name.

Holmes was standing on the door step, with his hands in his pockets, smoking his pipe.

"Ah, you have him there! said he. "Good dog, then! Athelney Jones has gone. We have had an immense display of energy since you left. He has arrested not only friend Thaddeus, but the gatekeeper, the housekeeper, and the Indian servant. We have the place to ourselves, but for a sergeant up-stairs. Leave the dog here, and come up.

We tied Toby to the hall table, and reascended the stairs. The room was as we had left it, save that a sheet had been draped over the central figure. A weary-looking police-sergeant reclined in the corner.

"Lend me your bull's eye, sergeant," said my companion. "Now tie this bit of card round my neck, so as to hang it in front of me. Thank you. Now I must kick off my boots and stockings,—Just you carry them down with you, Watson. I am going to do a little climbing. And dip my handkerchief into the creasote. That will do. Now come up in to the garret with me for a moment."

We clambered up through the hole. Holmes turned his light once more upon the footsteps in the dust.

"I wish you particularly to notice these footmarks," he said. "Do you observe anything noteworthy about them?"

"They belong," I said, "to a child or a small woman."

"Apart from their size, though. Is there nothing else?"

"They appear to be much as other footmarks."

"Not at all. Look here! This is the print of a right foot in the dust. Now I make one with my naked foot beside it. What is the chief difference?"

"Your toes are all cramped together. The other print has each toe distinctly divided."

"Quite so. That is the point. Bear that in mind. Now, would you kindly step over to that flap-window and smell the edge of the wood-work? I shall stay over here, as I have this handkerchief in my hand."

I did as he directed, and was instantly conscious of a strong tarry smell.

"That is where he put his foot in getting out. If *you* can trace him, I should think that Toby will have no difficulty. Now run downstairs, loose the dog, and look out for Blondin."

By the time that I got out into the grounds Sherlock Holmes was on the roof, and I could see him like an enormous glow-worm crawling very slowly along the ridge. I lost sight of him behind a stack of chimneys, but he presently reappeared, and then vanished once more upon the opposite side. When I made my way round there I found him seated at one of the corner eaves.

"That you, Watson?" he cried.

"Yes."

"This is the place. What is that black thing down there?"

"A water-barrel."

"Top on it?"

"Yes."

"No sign of a ladder?"

"No."

"Confound the fellow! It's a most break-neck place. I ought to be able to come down where he could climb up. The water-pipe feels pretty firm. Here goes, anyhow."

There was a scuffling of feet, and the lantern began to come steadily down the side of the wall. Then with a light spring he came on to the barrel, and from there to the earth.

"It was easy to follow him," he said drawing on his stockings and boots. "Tiles were loosened the whole way along, and in his hurry he had dropped this. It confirms my diagnosis, as you doctors express it."

The object which he held up to me was a small pocket or pouch woven out of colored grasses and with a few tawdry beads strung round it. In shape and size it was not unlike a cigarette-case. Inside were half a dozen spines of dark wood, sharp at one end and rounded at the other, like that which had struck Bartholomew Sholto.

"They are hellish things," said he. "Look out that you don't prick yourself. I'm delighted to have them, for the chances are that they are all he has. There is the less fear of you or me finding one in our skin before long. I would sooner face a Martini bullet, myself. Are you game for a six-mile trudge, Watson?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Your leg will stand it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Here you are, doggy! Good old Toby! Smell it, Toby, smell it!" He pushed the creasote handkerchief under the dog's nose, while the creature stood with its fluffy legs separated, and with a most comical cock to its head, like a connoisseur sniffing the bouquet of a famous vintage. Holmes then threw the handkerchief to a distance, fastened a stout cord to the mongrel's collar, and led him to the foot of the water-barrel. The creature instantly broke into a succession of high tremulous yelps, and, with his nose on the ground, and his tail in the air, pattered off upon the trail at a pace which strained his leash and kept us at the top of our speed.

The east had been gradually whitening, and we could now see some distance in the cold gray light. The square, massive house, with its black, empty windows and high, bare walls, towered up, sad and forlorn, behind us. Our course led right across the grounds, in and out among the trenches and pits with which they were scarred and intersected. The whole place, with its scattered dirt-heaps and ill-grown shrubs had a blighted, ill-omened look which harmonized with the black tragedy which hung over it.

On reaching the boundary wall Toby ran along, whining eagerly, underneath its shadow, and stopped finally in a corner screened by a young beech. Where the two walls joined, several bricks had been loosened, and the crevices left were worn down and rounded upon the lower side, as though they had been frequently used as a ladder. Holmes clambered up, and, taking the dog from me, he dropped it over upon the other side.

"There's the print of wooden-leg's hand," he remarked, as I mounted up beside him. "You see the slight smudge of blood upon the white plaster. What a lucky thing it is that we have had no very heavy rain since yesterday! The scent will lie upon the road in spite of their eight-and-twenty hours start."

I confess that I had my doubts myself when I reflected upon the great traffic which had passed along the London road in the interval. My fears were soon appeased, however. Toby never hesitated or swerved, but waddled on in his peculiar rolling fashion. Clearly, the pungent smell of the creasote rose high above all other contending scents.

"Do not imagine," said Holmes, "that I depend for my success in this case upon the mere chance of one of these fellows having put his foot in the chemical. I have knowledge now which would enable me to trace them in many different ways. This, however, is the readiest, and, since fortune has put it into our hands, I should be culpable if I neglected it. It has, however, prevented the case from becoming the pretty little intellectual problem which it at one time promised to be. There might have been some credit to be gained out of it, but for this too palpable clue."

"There is credit, and to spare," said I, "I assure you, Holmes, that I marvel at the means by which you obtain your results in this case, even more than I did in the Jefferson Hope murder. The thing seems to me to be deeper and more inexplicable. How, for example, could you describe with such confidence the wooden-legged man?"

"Pshaw, my dear boy! it was simplicity itself. I don't wish to be theatrical. It is all patent and above-board. Two officers who are in command of the convict-guard learn an important secret as to buried treasure. A map is drawn for them by an Englishman named Jonathan Small. You remember that we saw the name upon the chart in Captain Morstan's possession. He had signed it in behalf of himself and his associates,—the sign of the four, as he somewhat dramatically called it. Aided by this chart, the officers—or one of them—gets the treasure and brings it to England, leaving, we will suppose, some condition under which he received it unfulfilled. Now, then, why did not Jonathan Small get the treasure himself? The answer is obvious. The chart is dated at a time when Morstan was brought into close association with convicts. Jonathan Small did not get the treasure because he and his associates were themselves convicts and could not get away."

"But this is mere speculation," said I.

"It is more than that. It is the only hypothesis which covers the fact. Let us see how it fits in with the sequel. Major Sholto remains at peace for some years, happy in the possession of his treasure. Then he receives a letter from India which gives him a great fright. What was that?"

"A letter to say that the men whom he had wronged had been set free."

"Or had escaped. That is much more likely, for he would have known what their term of imprisonment was. It would not have been a surprise to him.

What does he do then? He guards himself against a wooden-legged man,—a white man, mark you, for he mistakes a white tradesman for him, and actually fires a pistol at him. Now, only one white man's name is on the chart. The others are Hindoos or Mohammedans. There is no other white man. Therefore we may say with confidence that the wooden-legged man is identical with Jonathan Small. Does the reasoning strike you as being faulty?"

"No: it is clear and concise."

"Well, now, let us put ourselves in the place of Jonathan Small. Let us look at it from his point of view. He comes to England with the double idea of regaining what he would consider to be his rights and of having his revenge upon the man who had wronged him. He found out where Sholto lived, and very possibly he established communications with some one inside the house. There is this butler, Lal Rao, whom we have not seen. Mrs. Bernstone gives him far from a good character. Small could not find out, however, where the treasure was hid, for no one ever knew, save the major and one faithful servant who had died. Suddenly Small learns that the major is on his death-bed. In a frenzy lest the secret of the treasure die with him, he runs the gauntlet of the guards, makes his way to the dying man's window, and is only deterred from entering by the presence of his two sons. Mad with hate, however, against the dead man, he enters the room that night, searches his private papers in the hope of discovering some memorandum relating to the treasure, and finally leaves a memento of his visit in the short inscription upon the card. He had doubtless planned beforehand that should he slay the major he would leave some such record upon the body as a sign that it was not a common murder, but, from the point of view of the four associates, something in the nature of an act of justice. Whimsical and bizarre conceits of this kind are common enough in the annals of crime, and usually afford valuable indications as to the criminal. Do you follow all this?"

"Very clearly."

"Now, what could Jonathan Small do? He could only continue to keep a secret watch upon the efforts made to find the treasure. Possibly he leaves England and only comes back at intervals. Then comes the discovery of the garret, and he is instantly informed of it. We again trace the presence of some confederate in the household. Jonathan, with his wooden leg, is utterly unable to reach the lofty room of Bartholomew Sholto. He takes with him, however, a rather curious associate, who gets over this difficulty, but dips his naked foot into creasote, whence same Toby, and a six-mile limp for a half-pay officer with a damaged tendo Achillis."

"But it was the associate, and not Jonathan, who committed the crime."

"Quite so. And rather to Jonathan's disgust, to judge by the way he stamped about when he got into the room. He bore no grudge against Bartholomew Sholto, and would have preferred if he could have been simply bound and gagged. He did not wish to put his head in a halter. There was no help for it, however: the savage instincts of his companion had broken out, and the poison had done its work: so Jonathan Small left his record, lowered the treasure-box to the ground, and followed it himself. That was the train of events as far as I can decipher them. Of course as to his personal appearance he must be middle-aged, and must be sunburned after serving his time in such an oven as the Andamans. His height is readily calculated from the length of his stride, and we know that he was bearded. His hairiness was the one point which impressed itself upon Thaddeus Sholto when he saw him at the window. I don't know that there is anything else."

"The associate?"

"Ah, well, there is no great mystery in that. But you will know all about it soon enough. How sweet the morning air is! See how that one little cloud floats like a pink feather from some gigantic flamingo. Now the red rim of the sun pushes itself over the London cloud-bank. It shines on a good many folk, but on none, I dare bet, who are on a stranger errand than you and I. How small we feel with our petty ambitions and strivings in the presence of the great elemental forces of nature! Are you well up in your Jean Paul?"

"Fairly so. I worked back to him through Carlyle."

"That was like following the brook to the parent lake. He makes one curious but profound remark. It is that the chief proof of man's real greatness lies in his perception of his own smallness. It argues, you see, a power of comparison and of appreciation which is in itself a proof of nobility. There is much food for thought in Richter. You have not a pistol, have you?"

"I have my stick."

"It is just possible that we may need something of the sort if we get to their lair. Jonathan I shall leave to you, but if the other turns nasty I shall shoot him dead." He took out his revolver as he spoke, and, having loaded two of the chambers, he put it back into the right-hand pocket of his jacket.

We had traversed Streatham, Brixton, Camberwell, and now found ourselves in Kennington Lane, having borne away through the side street to the east of the Oval. The men whom we pursued seemed to have taken a curiously zigzag road with the idea probably of escaping observation. They had never kept to the main road if a parallel side-street would serve their turn. At the foot of Kennington Lane they had edged away to the left through Bond Street and Miles Street. Where the latter street turns into Knight's place, Toby ceased to advance, but began to run backwards and forwards with one ear cocked and the other drooping, the very picture of canine indecision. Then he waddled round in circles, looking up to us from time to time, as if to ask for sympathy in his embarrassment.

"What the deuce is the matter with the dog?" growled Holmes. "They surely would not take a cab, or go off in a balloon?"

"Perhaps they stood here for some time," I suggested.

"Ah! it's all right. He's off again," said my companion in a tone of relief.

He was indeed off, for after sniffing round again he suddenly made up his mind, and darted away with an energy and determination such as he had not yet shown. The scent appeared to be much hotter than before, for he had not even to put his nose on the ground, but tugged at his leash and tried to break into a run. I could see by the gleam in Holmes's eyes that he thought we were nearing the end of our journey.

Our course now ran down Nine Elms until we came to Broderick and Nelson's large timber-yard, just past the White Eagle Tavern. Here the dog, frantic with excitement, turned down through the side-gate into the enclosure, where the sawyers were already at work. On the dog raced through sawdust and shavings, down an alley, round a passage, between two wood-piles, and finally, with a triumphant yelp, sprang upon a large barrel which still stood upon the hand-trolley on which it had been brought. With lolling tongue and blinking eyes, Toby stood upon the cask, looking from one to the other of us for some sign of appreciation. The staves of the barrel and the wheels of the trolly were smeared with a dark liquid, and the whole air was heavy with the smell of creasote.

Sherlock Holmes and I looked blankly at each other, and then burst simultaneously into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Ocean's Floor.

After four years of sounding, dredging, etc., the expeditions sent out under the auspices of the British Government for the purpose of mapping the floor of the ocean has published its report and unfolded its maps to the curious gaze of the "land lubbers." They show that the Atlantic if drained would be a vast plain with a mountain range near the middle running parallel with our coast. Another range intersects this first, almost at right angles and crosses from Newfoundland to Ireland.

The Atlantic according to these soundings and maps is thus divided into three great basins but they are no longer set down as "unfathomed depths." The tops of most of these sea mountains are about two miles below the surface and the deepest of the basins two and a half miles deeper. According to Reclus, the tops of these mountains are as white as though they were lying in the region of perpetual snow, the cause being countless numbers of a species of pure white shell which literally cover what would otherwise be jagged surfaces.

There is a queer old legend which comes down to us from the time of Solon and Plato according to which, in the early ages of the world a continent extended from the West coast of Africa far out toward what is now South America. These recent scientific deep sea soundings cast much light on this old tradition. According to their report they found "an elevated plateau the shape and extent of which corresponds to the size of the lost Atlantis almost exactly." What if nineteenth century ingenuity should fish up the vast continent which Marcon says was "lost in a fearful cataclysm before the dawn of present history?"

Tennyson as a Carpet-Cleaner.

The "Gentlewoman" prints the following anecdote of the late Poet Laureate:—A married couple, old friends of Tennyson, who had been traveling in the East for some years, returning to England, wrote to the poet to announce their whereabouts and beg him to go and see them. Accordingly one fine afternoon Tennyson betook himself to Shepherd's Bush, and on ringing at the bell learned they were not at home. "Well, then, I will just write them a note, and arrange for a day of meeting," said he to the housemaid. Forthwith he was conducted to the drawing room, where quills, ink, and paper were supplied. When signing his name to a polite little note, Tennyson, by a jerk of the elbow, overturned the ink-bottle, and great was his dismay at seeing a large pool of ink spreading rapidly over his friend's new white Persian carpet of matchless beauty. Horror-struck, he rang the bell. Up ran the servant. "For God's sake, help me!" cried the poet. Now it happened that the milkman had just left a can of frothing milk at the door. And the intelligent handmaid remembered, in the nick of time, that new milk if thrown over wet ink would remove all traces of the despoiling fiend. Accordingly she overturned the jug on to the large black pool, and with house-flannel and cloths set about rubbing and scrubbing at the stain. Down went Tennyson on his hands and knees rubbing and scrubbing with his little helpmate. His agony of mind for fear that his old friend should knock at the door and suddenly appear on the scene of disaster he often described in later days, declaring it "to reach the infinite." With such a good will did this strange couple work together that every trace of ink was removed. "Here is a five shilling piece, my good girl," cried the poet, "and God bless you!" With that he seized his hat and made for the door. Some weeks later an invitation to dine with his old friends reached Tennyson. He went. And the carpet was in no way alluded to on either side.

To be a servant of God one must be an enemy to sin.

Miss Lily E. Benn has for the past three years lived in the East End of London, and has interested herself greatly in the welfare of the children and young girls in that quarter. Perhaps her best work has been in her sewing-classes, where she teaches girls from nine to fourteen to cut and make the garments for which their instructor provides the material.

The Kootenay Star

SATURDAY, DEC. 17, 1892.

It is a great pity the C.P.R. Co. did not proceed with the construction of the Revelstoke & North East Arm branch line during the past season. Mr. Stewart, who surveyed the route, had reached the Arm early in June, and most people at that time believed tracklaying was to have been proceeded with at once. We do not pretend to understand the reasons which decided the company to delay all further work for the whole summer, but had the road been commenced as soon as the survey was completed the rails might now have reached within a short distance of the Arm, or at least below the ice jam on the river, and communication with the lower country might thus have been kept open. There is a great quantity of lumber awaiting shipment to Lardeau City, as well as provisions for Nelson, Nakusp, Kaslo and New Denver, and with about five times as great a population in the mining districts as there was last winter there are some fears of "grub" running short before the route is open again next spring. As we have remarked, we do not know the reasons for this delay—no doubt there are reasons—but a great deal of track could have been laid in the five months from the time the survey was completed till the snow came last month. It is quite possible that the whole length of 25 miles might have been put down in a temporary manner, so as to make the connection with Arrow Lake. The Dominion Government voted $3,200 a mile for this line in July, so the delay could not have been on account of the appropriation. Whatever the cause the effect is bad, and may yet be worse.

REVELSTOKE FIRE BRIGADE.

Meeting of Citizens.—Successful Test of the Engine in Toronto.

A public meeting was held at the Central Hotel on Monday night to discuss matters concerning the fire brigade and the arrival of the chemical fire engine ordered from Toronto and which is now ready for shipment. There were present—Messrs T. M. Hamilton (in the chair), F. B. Wells (secretary), T. L. Haig, W. M. Brown, R. Howson, A. Stone, O. H. Allen, H. N. Coursier, R. W. Northey, A. H. Holdich, G. Barber, M. Ross, J. Abrahamson, S. Bickerton, G. Terryberry, T. Cadman and J. F. Ahlin.

The Secretary read a letter from Mr. Morrison, secretary of the manufacturing company, stating that the engine had had a most satisfactory trial in Toronto before representatives of the Underwriters Association and deputations from Orangeville and Streetsville, Ont., who were highly pleased at the manner in which the chemical performed its work. The letter was understood to say that the engine was already shipped on the cars for Revelstoke. If so, it may be expected any day. A letter received by Mr. John Abrahamson from Mr. Lang, who had witnessed the test before the Underwriters Association, was also read, which contained most gratifying statements as to the capabilities of the Revelstoke engine.

The Secretary stated that he had written for, and received, a book of rules from the Calgary Fire Brigade. The thanks of the meeting were tendered for same.

Mr. Holdich asked if the engine was for the use of both upper and lower towns.

The Chairman: For both.

Mr. W. M. Brown suggested that the premises lately occupied by Jas. McDonald & Co. be utilized as an engine-house. The owner (Mr. J. Fletcher) had said that the store might be used for that purpose if they would undertake to keep it in good condition, clear the snow from the roof, etc. Mr. Brown subsequently proposed that the store be used for the engine-house.—This was seconded by Mr. Ross and carried.

A discussion then took place as to the care of the fittings, appliance, etc., and a committee, consisting of Messrs. Allen, Brown and Wells, was elected to take charge of and adjust them when needed for use.

Messrs. J. Abrahamson and H. N. Coursier were appointed to collect subscriptions promised some months ago.

A vote of censure was passed on the committee which undertook to frame by-laws, the work having been entirely neglected.

Mr. Coursier proposed that Mr. W. M. Brown be elected captain in place of Mr. Sutherland, who had left the town.—Seconded by Mr. G. Terryberry and carried.

Mr. Albert Stone was appointed as engineer and to have charge of the engine-house.

The next meeting will be held on the 27th inst.

One thing was forgotten at the meeting. There should be some means of giving the alarm in case of fire. We have the telephone, it is true, but only the hotels and stores are connected. A bell placed over the front of the fire hall would answer the purpose for the lower town, and the steam whistles of the mill and locomotives for the station. A great deal of time would be lost in summoning each individual member of the brigade personally. Soon after the engine arrives it would be a good lesson for the fire boys if one of the numerous shacks around the town could be set on fire and an alarm sent in unexpectedly. Of course, the engine will be of no use on wheels in winter. Let the captain prepare his men for an early call.

A VALUABLE PRESENT.

A Year's Subscription to a popular Agricultural Paper given Free to our Readers.

By a special arrangement with the publishers we are prepared to furnish Free to each of our readers a year's subscription to the popular monthly agricultural journal, the American Farmer, published at Springfield and Cleveland, Ohio. This offer is made to any of our subscribers who will pay up all arrearages on subscription and one year in advance. The American Farmer enjoys a large national circulation, and ranks among the leading agricultural papers. By this arrangement it costs you nothing to receive the American Farmer for one year. It will be to your advantage to call promptly. Sample copies can be seen at our office.

The Chicago Ledger

Is twenty years old and has a circulation of 140,000 copies a week. It is a combined story and family paper, fully up to the times in every particular, and handsomely illustrated. There is a Fashion Department and a Young People's Department, either of which alone is worth the subscription of $2 per year, $1 for six months or 50 cents for three months. Send for free specimen copies and inducements for clubs. Boys and girls everywhere are making money selling the Ledger to regular customers. Write for particulars. Address the publisher, W. D. Boyce, 113, 115 and 117 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

The Saturday Blade

Is the greatest newspaper wonder of the age. It is four years old and has a circulation of over a quarter million copies a week. The latest sensations and the most marvellous events are written up in the best style and fully illustrated. Subscriptions received at $2 per year, $1 for six months or 50 cents for three months. Special inducements to clubs. Send for free specimen copies. Boys everywhere are making big money selling the Blade on the streets. Write for particulars. Address the publisher, W. D. Boyce, 113, 115 and 117 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company for the purpose of constructing, equipping, maintaining and operating a line of railway from some point on the Upper Arrow Lake at or near the town of Nakusp to some point at or near the Forks of Carpenter Creek, in the District of West Kootenay, with power to construct, maintain, equip and operate branch lines, and also to construct and operate telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway, together with the usual powers to acquire lands, privileges, bonuses or aids from the Dominion or Provincial Governments, and to make traffic and other arrangements with railway, steamboat and other companies, and for all other usual and necessary powers, rights and privileges.

Dated this 14th day of December, A.D. 1892.

McPHILLIPS, WOOTTON & BARNARD,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

Ripans Tabules: for torpid liver.
Ripans Tabules cure colic.
Ripans Tabules: standard remedy.

SMITH and BRIGHAM,

Merchant Millers, Moosomin, Assa.

BRANDS:—

"HUNGARIAN PATENT," "STRONG BAKERS," "STRAIGHT BAKERS."

Dealers in all kinds of

CHOPPED FEED OATS, BRAN, SHORTS,

CHICKEN FEED, ETC.

Prices given Sacked or in Bulk. The finest quality of OATMEAL and CORNMEAL can be obtained in any sized sacks. Quotations cheerfully furnished on application.

Special Attention given to the British Columbia Trade.

OFFICES:—

Moosomin, N.W.T. and 25 Spark St. Ottawa, Ont.

WANTED.

An English Nurse of 15 years' experience is desirous of attending ladies during sickness. First-class references.—Apply office of this paper.

WANTED.

AGENTS to sell our choice and hardy Nursery Stock. We have many new special varieties, both in fruits and ornamentals, to offer, which are controlled only by us. We pay commission or salary. Write us at once for terms, and secure choice of territory.—May Brothers, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

W. J. LAW,

Merchant Tailor,

(Near C.P.R. Station)

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

A NOBBY STOCK OF

English Worsteds, Scotch and Irish Tweeds and Serges

AT PRICES THAT WILL CATCH YOU.

FIT AND MAKE-UP GUARANTEED.

CENTRAL HOTEL.

ABRAHAMSON BROS., Prop's.

Charmingly situated on the bank of the river, on the principal street, close to the post-office and Government buildings, and nearest to the Steamboat Wharf.

First-class Table, good Beds, Telephone.

FIRE-PROOF SAFE.

'BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS AND STEAMERS.

G. TERRYBERRY,

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

REVELSTOKE.

Wagons and all kinds of Vehicles Repaired.

Shoeing a Specialty.

PRICES RIGHT.

Kootenay Lake

SAW MILL,

G. O. BUCHANAN, PROP.

—:o:—

LUMBER YARDS AT

NELSON BALFOUR
AINSWORTH KASLO

Large Stocks on hand.

Preparations are being made for the Great Building Boom of 1892.

J. E. WALSH & Co.,

FREIGHT & COMMISSION AGENTS.

Clearing Charges paid on Freight for Slocan Lake.

SADDLE HORSES AND PACK TRAIN.

Hay and Grain for sale

AND

General Commission Merchants.

Passengers billed through from

REVELSTOKE TO NEW DENVER

IN ONE DAY.

For Coupon Tickets apply to

Mr. CONEY,
C. & K. Nav. Co.

Ripans Tabules cure headache.

Look out for

CHRISTMAS GOODS

AT

H. N. COURSIER'S.

BOURNE BROS.

Revelstoke Station Post Office.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, CLOTHING,

BOOTS & SHOES,

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

FLOUR, OATS, SHORTS AND ALL KINDS OF FEED.

Stoves, Tinware, Crockery, Glassware, Carpets.

Doors, Windows, Builders' Hardware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes.

MINERS' AND SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

WALL PAPER, STATIONERY, Etc.

CHRISTIE, BROWN & CO.'S BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY.

Bakery in connection with Store.

Messrs. C. B. Hume & Co.,

Revelstoke Station,

Are now showing a fine assortment of

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

AND

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

DOLLS AND TOYS IN GREAT VARIETY.

Ladies' Workbaskets, Toilet Requisites, etc., etc.

Furniture & Undertaking.

R. HOWSON,

Has a large Stock of Household Furniture, Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, &c.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

BARBER

—THE—

Jeweler

AND

Optician.

All orders by mail or express promptly attended to.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

All descriptions of gold and silver.

T. L. HAIG,

Notary Public - - REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Mining, Timber and Real Estate Broker and General Commission Agent.

Conveyances, Agreements, Bills of Sale, Mining Bonds, etc., drawn up. Rents and Accounts collected; Mining Claims bought and sold; Assessment Work on Mining Claims attended to; Patents applied for, etc., etc.,

☞ FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENT.

Lots in Townsite of Revelstoke for Sale and Wanted. Agents for Mining Machinery, etc.