The Morning Star.

VOL. IV. REVELSTOKE, B. C., JUNE 18, 1892. No. 1.

TIME CARD No. 4.

Columbia and Kootenay Steam Navigation Co. Limited.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Arrow Lakes and Columbia River Route Steamers.

Str. LYTTON leaves Revelstoke for Robson TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS at 4 a.m., arriving at Robson 5 p.m., making close connection with Columbia & Kootenay Railway for Nelson.

Str. COLUMBIA leaves Robson DAILY at 6 a.m. for Trail Creek and Little Dalles, arriving at Little Dalles at 9 a.m., making close connection with Spokane Falls & Northern Railway for Spokane Falls.

KOOTENAY LAKE AND BONNER'S FERRY ROUTE.

Str. NELSON connects with Columbia & Kootenay Railway at Nelson, and calls at all points on Kootenay Lake.

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Silver, Gold or Lead, each....	$1.50
do. combined	3.00
Silver and Lead.....	2.50
Silver and Gold.....	2.00
Silver and Copper.....	3.50
Silver, Gold and Copper.....	4.00
Silver, Gold, Lead and Copper	5.50

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Low Freight Rates. Quick despatch. Merchants will save money by having their freight routed via the 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.

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

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

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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.

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First-class Temperance House.

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

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OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

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CHEAPEST & QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

Proposed Sailings from Montreal.

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PARISIAN	"	May 21st
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SARNIA	"	June 1st
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BRITANNIC	White Star	May 18th
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Cabin $40, $45, $50, $60, $70, $80 upwards.

Intermediate, $25; Steerage, $20.

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Prepaid passages arranged from all points.

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AGENT, REVELSTOKE;

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HARNESS LEATHER

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

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REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy

IS MARKED

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In Bronze Letters.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

LOCAL NEWS.

County Court at Revelstoke next Monday.

Mr. P. Petersen has picked some very fine grown peas.

Mr. Allen of the Brewery is taking the lead as a fruit grower.

Revelstoke School Entertainment will take place on June 24th. Tickets 50 cents.

Second-hand Sewing Machine for sale, cheap. Apply C. Howson, Revelstoke.

An excursion will be run from Revelstoke to Nakusp about the middle of July.

Messrs. Abrahamson Bros. have almost completed a handsome addition to the Central Hotel.

Prevent baldness by getting your hair singed by Prof. Gilbert at Columbia House barber shop.

Service will be held by the Rev. T. Paton in the Presbyterian church at 7.30. to-morrow evening.

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

Mr. and Mrs. John Madden and Mrs. Hugh Madden arrived from Quebec on Monday, and left for Nakusp on Tuesday by the Lytton.

Mr. H. N. Coursier has moved his business to the store lately occupied by J. Fred Hume & Co., on Main Street, which is a much better stand.

While the Lytton was loading up at one of the wood piles on the lake this week Capt. Short went ashore with his rifle, returning to the boat with a large porcupine which he had shot.

MYRTLE NAVY.—The success which the Myrtle Navy tobacco has with the public is because it is composed of the very finest Virginia leaf grown and is manufactured with the most scrupulous care at every stage of the process.

A course of lectures will be given in the Methodist Church, commencing on Monday, the 27th inst. The subjects of the five lectures will be respectively:—The Stars, The Sun, The Moon, Comets, and Geology. The choir will render suitable music. Tickets for the course, $1.00

As will be seen in our advertising columns, tenders for permits to cut timber on six berths between Revelstoke and Illecillewaet are asked for by the Dominion Government. Those of our readers who intend submitting a tender should lose no time in applying to the Crown Timber Agent at New Westminster for regulations and a sketch of the timber berths in question, as the tenders are to be opened at Ottawa on July 11th.

Considerable portions of the high bank just above the smelter have gone into the river recently, owing to the high water washing out the sand underneath. Already several roads and footpaths which formerly ran along the bank at this point have been undermined and carried away in succession, and there is every likelihood that the present path will shortly follow its predecessors, as several large cracks extend parallel with the edge of the bank. A solid granite pier should be built out at the higher wharf.

The hot weather appears to have come to stay, and straw hats, tan shoes, dust and mosquitoes are all in full swing, the two latter more especially. The thermometer has been alternating between 80 and 90 in the shade throughout the week, the average being 82. But the river brings down on its troubled surface some refreshing breezes from the upcountry pine forests, so that the heat is never oppressive. The snow line on the mountains is forever moving upward, and very soon only the glaciers will be wearing their usual summer garb. The river, too, is going up, has already passed the record of last year, and will go much higher yet. What was erstwhile a vast waste of sand below the bridge is now the broad river. The Columbia will establish a record this year.

Geo. Laforme arrived down from Big Bend with his pack train of 15 horses early on Monday morning. Fred. Butler accompanied him. They left here on Friday week with Andrew Hunker and a party going up to work the Consolation Gold Mine at French Creek, and arrived there the following Tuesday, on the same day as the three old-timers (Messrs. McAulay, McFarlane, and Devoe), who had left Revelstoke with two pack horses eight days before. When Laforme and Butler left last Friday morning the men had not commenced work, but everything was in readiness. The Smith Creek party are all right and doing well. Big things are expected from Big Bend this season. George Laforme went down to Nakusp on Tuesday and returned yesterday. He intends packing from Nakusp Landing to the Slocan as soon as the trail is completed. Probably the horses will be taken down next week.

Twins—boy and girl—were born to Mr. and Mrs. Loughead on Tuesday, but the girl died shortly after.

Tenders will be received by Mr. J. C. Pitts of Donald for the sale of about $1,700 worth of dry goods, groceries, boots & shoes, clothing, etc., on the 30th inst. See advt.

As our Fish Creek correspondent was contentedly trudging along over the trail leading to Illecillewaet on Thursday he was confronted by a large bear almost at the summit of the road. As usual, he had no weapon, so he hastily threw off his somewhat heavy pack and took the back track to the camp at a speed which left no doubt as to his sprinting capabilities. Bruin sniffed at the pack for some time, and evidently came to the conclusion that there was someting nice inside, so his claws made short work with the out side blanket and the contents were soon spread before him. Not much in the way of eatables—a pair of boots, ore specimens wrapped in an old shirt, a tin cup, the inevitable bottle (empty), and a roll of manuscript, being the budget of Fish Creek news for this week's STAR. Later in the day, when our correspondent returned to the scene with shootin' irons and help from the camp, they found the contents of the pack scattered around. It was all there except the manuscript, and the bear had evidently made a meal off it, for several chewed fragments of paper lay around amongst the wreck. On being examined these pieces were found to bear some big word or tough statement which the bear found it difficult to swallow. Thus we are minus our Fish Creek and Illecillewaet news this week. But they are anxiously watching up at the camp for the appearance of bald eagles circling round any particular spot near the summit, which will indicate that a dead bear lies below.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

Two Days on the Lytton,—Revelstoke to Nakusp.

In view of the proposed excursion to Nakusp next month the following pencil sketch may prove interesting to those of our citizens and neighbors who have never yet been down river but intend taking advantage of the cheap excursion which will soon be advertised. To our readers east and west and beyond the seas it will convey some slight idea of the wild grandeur of British Columbia river scenery. This route has probably been written up by abler pens. We believe it has been. But the subject is one that will bear many different interpretations without becoming exhausted:—

The sun is gilding the snowy peaks of the Selkirks, although itself hidden behind the rounded top of Mount Macdonald, to the north (for here the majestic orb rises nearly due north in June), when the Lytton swings her bows out in the stream, and is immediately swept with great speed down the broad, swift bosom of the Columbia. She is very punctual to her advertised time, and at 4.5 a.m. she is around the bend, with Revelstoke lost to view. Straight ahead the river stretches like a huge yellow ribbon fringed with the tender green foliage of birch, cottonwood, spruce and cedar, with a purple background of pine-clad slopes and cliffs, while above all tower majestic peaks of dazzling whiteness. Truly the scene is grand! Now we pass the many mouthed delta of the romantic Illecillewaet, whose dark waters are at once lost to view in the turbid Columbia. But the morning is chilly, and the speed of the boat, as her huge stern wheel churns the rapid current, creates a breeze rather too biting to be faced, and the tourist has to content himself with a seat behind the fore cabin windows. With the exception of a wood pile at long intervals no sign of man's handiwork is visible. Loneliness and solitude broods o'er the face of nature, the only life noticeable being perchance a bald eagle circling high up or perching on some abutting craig. Everything is primeval, just as it came from the hand of the Creator, just as it must have looked when the pterodactyl and other extinct monsters bathed in the muddy waters over which we are speeding.

Here (twelve miles down) is the green slide, which well deserves the name, for green it is—deep, dense green. Right below is one of the sharpest curves on the river, where it almost doubles back on itself. The boat heads straight for the bank, as if she intends to dig her nose in the soft clay. She is only 30 feet from it. Surely she'll turn her head down stream now. No! on she goes! Only 20 feet! She'll strike, for certain! Ten feet! Look out! Ah! She swings as on a pivot, but almost close enough to take a passing bite at the clayey bank. That was a close shave. Almost as close as that where the mule kicks a fly off the man's nose without hurting him; but we could never ascertain whether it was the man, the mule, the fly or the nose which remained unscathed. Hardly the latter.

Now comes great diversity of scenery, and yet it is all pretty much of the same make-up—winding river, wooded islands, sandy shoals, dark clad hills, snowy peaks. These form the tout ensemble of the scenery above the N.E. Arm. But every turn of the river is different, every mountain wears a different aspect, every peak a different shape. Where every view is similar, no two are alike. And the feeling of expectation as to what the next turn will unfold is something to be enjoyed. Often in gazing ahead no outlet can be perceived; the river appears to be shut in by impenetrable walls rising sheer up from the water's edge, and bets are made as to which way the stream turns—to the right or left—but as the broad channel opens up to view it seems an utter absurdity ever to have been in doubt on the matter at all. Much more reasonable are the wagers as to which side of an island the boat will take. While the channel on either side seems equal to the eyes of the "tenderfoot," the wrong one would land us on a sandbar, where the boat would have to sit until the hot weather set in.

Far ahead, on the right bank, is a small clearing with a very large wood pile and two or three very small houses. This is Hall's Landing, and as the steamer gives notice of her approach by a prolonged bray several figures appear upon the scene, although it is but a few minutes past 5 a.m. These turn out to be Mr. and Mrs. Moxley, their family of small children, and some visitors. We are informed that the Moxley ranch is not far distant. It does not appear from the steamer's deck as if any trail leads out into the country from this landing, the trees growing so close together as to preclude the possibility of a man squeezing through—a dog might. Probably it WOULD be a difficult task for the man who is superintending the landing of the bags of flour, etc., from the bows of the boat—he's the mate. Three passengers disembark, and soon afterwards we approach the Arm—a calm stretch of water something over a mile in width, overshadowed and darkened on both sides by mountains whose feet are laved by the gloomy-looking water. It might be six or it might be twelve miles in to the turn, so deceptive is the distance in these parts, and for the entire length no beach is discernible—the shores being abrupt, especially on the north side. On the rocky beach at the head of the lake a surveying party is encamped and a long white boat with eight or ten men is making for the mouth of the Arm. Here we run in, throw out a quantity of provisions, and then turn southward for a straight run of forty miles to Nakusp. Entering the Upper Arrow Lake a beautiful panorama is spread out in front. Inshore the waters are a bright, vivid green, reflecting the verdure clad steeps which almost overhang. On either side, as far as the eye can reach, an endless chain of snow-capped ridges rising one behind the other seem to join hands over the thread of shining water, far, far away in the blue and misty ahead. As the lake is further explored, the mountains fall back from the water, sometimes to quite a respectful distance, and exhibit great diversity of form—here the semblance of some ancient ruin under a mantle of snow, there a razor-back or barn roof with its winter covering on. Anon through a break in the chain a fine view is obtained of interior ranges and vast glaciers many miles away. The lake itself is a picturesque body of water, and averages about two miles in width. On the eastern shore, nearly at the southern end and only four or five miles from the entrance to the Narrows, lies Nakusp—the Brighton of West Kootenay! On a gentle slope facing south, and overlooking a slightly indented bay, a townsite of 50 acres has been cleared, which is just now dotted with tents, while we notice two or three large buildings approaching completion. One of these is finely situated on the eminence overlooking the bay and about 200 yards from the beach. This is a hotel being built by Messrs. Hugh Madden and W. Cowan, and as the pioneer hotel in what will probably become a busy port and a handsome watering place the most appropriate name for it would be The Nakusp. Lower down, nearer the water, Mr. Thomas has a large building which will be used as a store as well as a hotel, while R. E. Lemon's store is going up rapidly. As the Lytton glides over the transparent water to the landing-place the inhabitants of this embryo city assemble on the beach, and amongst them we recognize several Revelstokians, notably Dave Cowan, Pete Walker, Dave Ferguson and Mr. Thomas. The courtesy of the officers of the Lytton cannot be too highly spoken of.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

Good Night.

Down the long lane the lowing cattle come;
The workmen from the fields are turning home;
The birds are chirping farewells to the sun
Who blazes from the western goal he's won;
The children, tripping gayly home from school,
Patter with rosy toes through stream and pool
In haste to catch their busy mother's ear
With all the tales a mother needs must hear;
The peddler stops his painted cart before
The ever-open hospitable door,
And strikes him up a thrifty bargain there,
Exchanging goods for homely, wholesome fare;
The horses whinnying loud the stable by;
The fowls to roost in cackling chorus fly;
The crickets sing the tufted grass below,
And all the scene is dimmed in hazy s u t glow.
There is no time so full of calm delight,
When all things murmur low a soft "Good night."

MAJOR RANDALL'S WARNING.

BY JESSIE MACLEOD.

PART I.

One wintry evening, Major Mark Randall, of the 14th Regiment of Hussars, home on leave from Madras, descended from the train bound to York at a small station on the line to Boston, Lincolnshire. Although a tolerably fine day when he left London, it soon after began to rain, and increased to a steady downpour. In that retired country district it was dark as if late at night. The Major, carrying a small portmanteau in one hand, a stout stick in the other, was well protected by a thick ulster; and lighting a cigar, he set off on a cross-country walk he had known well enough in bygone years. He was bound to an old mansion at about four miles' distance, on a few days' visit to his maiden aunts, whom he had begged not to send a carriage to meet him at the station, as, having business matters to transact in London, the hour of his arrival would be very uncertain. Probably he now repented of this decision, for, after proceeding some yards, he turned back towards the station.

"I suppose it would be impossible to procure a conveyance over to Cressing Hall?" he called out to the porter, who was watching him from the door.

"Yes, sir. Unless bespoke, you'll not get nothing on wheels to-night. If you're bound to the Miss Ingestres', you'd better not go by the footpath. We've had so much rain of late, the drains is overflowed, and the waters is out."

"But the road takes such a turn; it is nigh three miles longer," said the Major.

"Better go a long tramp than take a short-cut to get drowned," returned the porter.

Major Randall laughed; but having lived too long in the world to despise local advice, he took the road. Even that was by no means safe; the drains, as they are called in the county, are in reality very deep canals, skirting the roads, with unprotected sides, and very easily walked into by a person ignorant of the locality.

The officer started at first briskly; but the rain fell so fast that the atmosphere was blinding as a curtain, and he deemed it most prudent to proceed at a footpace. Even on a black night, there is a faint earth light on country roads; it was just sufficient for him to see the stones in their centres. He often lighted a fusee, but, unfortunately, they were soon exhausted. Occasionally, he saw the glimmer of a distant light, probably from a cottage window; but knowing that he was in the Fen county, he did not venture to seek it. The roads were perfectly open and unsheltered; if trees bounded them, they were tall poplars, affording no screen. And now the rain descended like a waterspout.

"A pleasant night this to be out in," exclaimed a voice at his elbow, and he heard feet splashing through the slush beside him.

"Perhaps we may reach a road-side cottage," said the Major.

"There are none. But I'll tell you what there is a little farther on—Bertoft old church; it has a porch."

"That will do," said the officer; and the two quickened their pace.

"Here it is," cried the newcomer, presently darting to a lichgate, that, being printed white, stood out ghostly through the gloom. A short gravel path led across the ancient churchyard, bordered with tombstones, to the ample porch, with oaken seats on either side, and well protected from the rain.

"This is a famous shelter," said the Major. "If you have a fusee, I will offer you a cigar."

"Thank you," replied his companion; "I never smoke.—Listen! There is the cry of a bittern; this must be the clearing-up shower; they do not cry unless the rain's going off. I shall not be sorry to get home, for I missed my train, and have a long walk to reach Boston."

"I hope you know the roads well?"

"By heart," answered the other. "It is a pity that we have so much water in these parts; it gives Lincolnshire a bad name; and there's not a nicer county in England in summer-time; it smells of nothing but hay and the variety of grasses is wonderful to them as understands them."

At this instant the church clock in the old tower above deliberately struck the quarters and then the hour of seven.

"It's getting late," continued the stranger, whose voice was cheery and pleasant. "I suppose I must be going on, bad as it is. I've had nothing but ill-luck to-day. It did not rain when I started to call on a person at Roby I particularly wished to see; but he was out. Then I missed the train; and am almost drenched to the skin; though that can't hurt me; we Lincolnshire folk are said to be half-frogs, you know;" and he laughed merrily.

"If I remember rightly," said the Major, "this road divides at Bertoft."

"Yes. One goes to Boston, the other to Spalding. We are about a mile from the village. Bless you! watery as it is hereabouts, it's nothing to what it was once. In this churchyard they only dug the graves just in time for the funerals, for they filled with water directly; and as for Bertoft, I've heard my grandfather say he and another rowed through the village to the general shop to buy their stores; and shot wild ducks in the fields close by; so that their boat was laden with provisions on the road home. My grandfather was a good shot; he'd been a soldier, and went through the Crimean War. These parts must have been bad in his day; them drains has done a sight of good.—And now, I wish you good-night, sir."

"Good-evening," said the Major; "and I hope, for both our sakes, it will soon cease raining."

He heard his companion, whose voice and words seemed those of a young man, walk quickly to the gate and his splashing footsteps the away in the distance. The darkness was such that he never saw him, therefore, had no idea of his appearance. The conversation they held together was short and trifling, yet destined to be words of intense importance to one of them.

After waiting some little time, the rain abated, and the Major resumed his journey reaching his destination at half-past eight o'clock, tired with his long tramp, and very wet. His arrival caused quite an excitement, for the Miss Ingestres had given him up.

How familiar yet how different did these ladies appear to him—welcoming the bronzed, bearded soldier with the same voices, in their former affectionate manner, standing in the identical places in the entrance hall as in bygone years, when he visited them regularly at the vacations. Nothing had changed saved themselves; the fine middle aged women he had left were now two thin, wrinkled, old ladies—kind as ever, but more fussily so. As for himself, the gay heedless youth was now the tall experienced soldier of many battles, who had more than once been wounded.

After the first surprise at his changed appearance was over, they soon forgot it, and he was the 'dear boy' of former years. Seated at the hospitable table, where an admirable impromptu dinner was got up for him, adorned with its silver and crystal, also flowers brought in from the conservatories, surrounded by luxury, a splendid fire on the hearth, the red velvet curtains closely drawn, the carved oak furniture as he remembered it, and old family portraits on the walls—it was difficult to realize that he had been absent seventeen years, living what seemed a lifetime of change and peril. Here was unaltered peace. All he missed were the silver-haired butler, who had served his maternal grandfather, and the old hound Toby who had been his companion in many a ramble.

"And have you been going on the same life all these years?" he asked.

"Yes, dear boy—as you left us, so you find us. We have been several times to London just to get food for the mind, as I may say—new books, new music, to hear famous preachers, and to attend a few ectures at the Royal Institution, and a concert or two. But there is no place like home. When we are away, things go wrong and the poor people miss us. We lead quiet lives. Your letters were a great delight to us, and sometimes caused us much anxiety. We have followed you all through your career, dear Mark."

"I feel as if I had never been away; and awakened from a long sleep full of dreams," said the Major.

"You will not know Caroline when you see her," said Aunt Lydia. "She was a bride when you left; now, her eldest boy is at Eton; and as for her husband, who was such a waltzer, he cannot get a hunter strong enough to carry him."

"Time bring its changes," said the Major. "I have a few visits to pay when I leave you; then I shall run down to Worcestershire and have a look at them."

This referred to Major Randall's only sister, after whose wedding he had left for India.

There was no rain the following morning; and the Miss Ingestres, well wrapped up, insisted upon marshalling their long-absent nephew about the grounds to see the improvements. On returning through the gardens, they were met by the head-gardener, who stopped touching his hat.

"Beg your pardons, ladies, but there's such shocking news."

"Indeed," cried Miss Ingestre, looking startled.

"Yes, mum. Mr. Twyford, the miller at Roby, was shot dead as he was riding home from Merstoke last night."

"Shot! Old Mr. Twyford shot!"

"What a dreadful thing!" cried Miss Lydia.

"He was coming home along the high-road, it seems, on Gray Dobbin, an old hoss as could find the way blindfold. It was a bad night, we know; but through the noise of falling rain, a woman in a cottage heard two shots fired. She ran to the door just in time to see the hoss galloping away skeared; so she fetched a lantern, and found Mr. Twyford lying in the road. She got help; but the pore old gentleman was dead—shot through the heart."

"Was he robbed?"

"No, mum, That's the strange part of it; his puss and pocketbook was untouched. There's a regular hue and cry through the country to find the murderer, folks is so sorry. Old Mr. Twyford was as well known as Boston Stump."

"You remember him, dear Mark, do you not?"

"I had forgotten his name; but I recollect going several times with the Vicarage boys to be weighed at the mill. He was a tall man, I think. His wife used to bring us out cowslip wine. There was a daughter too—a young, timid, slip of a girl," said the Major, turning his thoughts backward.

"Ah! she grew up the beauty of the county. People would ride past the mill to try and get a peep at her. I have seen many beautiful girls, but never one so perfectly lovely as poor Elizabeth."

"Why do you say poor? Is she dead?"

"She may be; there has been no news of her for some years. Mrs. Twyford died, though; and perhaps Elizabeth had too much of her own way. She went on a visit, and became acquainted with a showy man who called himself a gentleman. No doubt he was an adventurer, for it was well known the miller's daughter would have a good fortune. He paid his addresses to her; but Mr. Twyford forbade him the house. Sad to say, Elizabeth eloped with him."

"No doubt the unprincipled man counted on the father's forgiveness, for he doted on his daughter. She might have married well, for all the young men in these parts were in love with her, she was so amiable. Anyhow, the miller defeated him, for he disinherited Elizabeth. It nearly broke his heart, though, for he seemed to become an old man all at once," said Miss Lydia, taking up the thread of the narrative. "It way very undutiful of her; but I suppose she was led away by the man's good looks."

"The old, old story," remarked Major Randall. "I wonder how often it has happened, and will happen again."

"It will be the same as long as there are serpent tongues," said Miss Ingestre with asperity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Italian Ordnance Department is considering the purchase of a projectile which, when it bursts, will produce a luminous disk of 100,000-candle power. It would light up an enemy's camp with great brilliancy.

An Interview with a Famous English Artist.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

I spent a delightful day once at West Point. Much of the great kindness which I received at the hands of Colonel Wilson and his staff of officers I owed to the charming memory left in their minds of the visit of the celebrated English war correspondent, Fred Villiers, who, at their special invitation, delivered there a lecture upon his war experiences. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that I recently paid a visit to Mr. Villiers in his charming studio in London. Let me describe the man and his surroundings. As I entered the studio I found him hard at work illustrating the remarkable series of articles which is now appearing in "Black and White; or the War of 1892." Mr. Villiers is a man of about forty years of age, a strong, good looking, well set up man, bearing in his face the marks and memories of many curious experiences and vicissitudes the world over. A very kindly man this, very bright and energetic. A soldier, you feel instinctively to his very finger tips. The studio itself, full of the relics of many battle-fields, tells its own eloquent story. At my right hand stood the luncheon basket of King Theebaw of Mandalay. On the wall were the helmets of many nations. The spears of Abyssinia, and of the field of Tel-el-Kebir rested against a lattice work screen which divides the room. The cruel Afghan knife so frequently alluded to by Rudyard Kipling sent a shudder through one's heart as one looked upon its gleaming blade. Lattice work from Egypt, lacquer and looking glass from Burmah, tapestry also from Burmah, representing scenes in the teak forests, were there in rich profusion. A pathetic interest attached itself to the slight remains of a mummy coffin from which Mr. Villiers himself had seen the 3,000-year-old dead body of a girl occupant thrown out to molder in the dust of modern Egypt. All these things and many more occupied my attention while Mr. Villiers filled and lit a pipe which he told me had been given him by his celebrated confrere Archibald Forbes, who had smoked it all through the battle of Plevna, as he rushed hither and thither bearing a charmed life and utterly regardless of the bullets whizzing about his head. "Now, Mr. Villiers," I said, "I want you to tell me all your experiences, and how you manage to do these wonderful war sketches of guns with which we are all so familiar." "I first went out," replied he, "to the Servo-Turkish war in 1876 as war artist for the Graphic. I was all through that campaign with the exception of the last battle, when I was recalled and then requested to go with the Turks. Having been with the Servians for eight months, I thought this was rather risky buiness. So when i got to Constantinople, having made the journey thither with Mr. Power, the Times' correspondent, I met a man who was known to the Sultan who gave him a firman which took him straight to the front. I joined him and went to the front with him. However, arrived there, there was an armistice, and I saw no fighting. I then joined the Russians in their great war against Turkey which broke out shortly afterwards."

"How do you sketch on the field of battle, Mr. Villiers?"

"Well, I take very small sketch books with me, so small that I can hold them in the palm of my hand. These I continually use in taking notes of costumes, weapons, and sometimes position. So that I can hardly be observed, and so avoid suspicion on the part of the people there. I have to be very quick about it, I can tell you. Then I have a rather large sketch-book about my person which I use directly an engagement commences and the attention of the people is distracted from me by the excitement of all that is going on around them. The details of costume, figures, etc., that I have previously been engaged upon whilst on the march I can work up on the spot, which is not always the case with other artists, who take a few notes and trust to filling in their work from memory after the fight is over. Of course, being a war artist, you are naturally expected by the officials to do your work, to sketch, etc., but the nuisance is if the ordinary soldier or ignorant officer interferes with you. For if you attract their attention by using too large a sketchbook you may be arrested, and then there is no end of trouble and delay in getting your material home. Sometimes I have sketched on my thumb nails and other nails. I remember one difficult occasion during the mobilization of the Russian troops on the Roumanian frontier to avoid observation I began sketching on my thumb nail, which of course necessitated my taking off my gloves. I forgot it was several degrees below zero and I nearly had the misfortune to lose my thumb, sketch and all, by frost bite. I only knew this when I arrrived at my hotel and began drawing from the thumb. Not until then did I discover the injury, and the pain as it began to thaw was excruciating." "Can you get a good glimpse of the battle as a whole?" I asked. "Well, first of all, a battle is a most puzzling thing. You see troops marching hither and thither, guns brought up, desultory shots here and there, and then the booming of guns. You have probably been marching with a regiment of men, wondering how on earth you are to get a picture in the utter confusion of the moment. When you see the brigadier ride by with his staff, then the best thing is to follow him, and presently you arrive at some point of vantage. The brigadier will rein up, and in front of him you will see the mass of confusion gradually taking some settled definite form. You begin sketching immediately, not knowing how soon the troops will be engaged, or what incident thus early in the fight may be the most important one of the day. The result is you are always at work. There is rarely any central point in battle. You never know what position will be the hard nut to crack, the turning point of the whole battle. For instance in the march on Plevna, when out of the early morning mists which had been hanging about the valley of the Vid, a huge mound rose upon our right flank, and Kradner was pounding away at it with his artillery. We at first thought the Turks had evacuated the position, and then some of us thought 'is it a position at all?' for not a puff of smoke replied to the Russian guns, yet that became the great Gravitza which was the bone of contention for months and months between the Turks, Russians, and also the Roumanians. In fact the first troops of Roumania encircled it with their dead bodies for weeks and weeks together."

"Don't you find that the summer days rather intimidate you, or are you stimu-

Mr. Villiers with a smile, "there is always a tendency to duck your head when you hear the ping of a bullet. It used to pass off with me, for I would at once take out a sketch book. Then I forgot all. It is as good as fighting. But you never realize what a battle is until you see some poor devil carried off the field wounded to death. Then you know what it all means and what you are in for." "What is the most striking scene, Mr. Villiers, that is most indelibly photographed on your mind?"

"Well, the ones that appeal to me most are what I have seen after the battle. It is that that brings home most to you all the horror of it. It is the misery the wounded suffer a few days afterwards. One thing that always appeared to me the most terrible and the most dramatic, was the march of the Turkish prisoners through an ice-bound country, through Roumania to Russia after the fall of Plevna. That was a horrible sight, fellows dropping down through sheer starvation and weakness by hundreds daily. Outside one village one morning I counted sixty bodies that had been picked up out of its streets and collected round the mouth of a disused grain pit. I knew Skobeleff well. He was a wonderful figure of romance. Tall, fine, well knit figure, ruddy complexion, flowing yellow beard, blue eyes, rather a fine nose. During the campaign he would shave his head like a Mussulman. He was in the habit in the open field of taking off his helmet as though to cool his head, fevered within, a very incarnation of war. He was a wonderfully well informed man. For instance, he knew every move in the civil war between North and South. He had always on a little table in his tent Schuyler's 'Turkestan' and a life of Sherman. I told this to General Sherman a few days before his death, how much an admirer Skobeleff was of his, which I could see pleased the old gentleman vastly, or as the Americans would say, 'it tickled the old man some.' I had many talks with Skobeleff when I was his guest for twelve days outside Constantinople. He used to say he loved the English, and he would long to meet them in battle to see 'what they were made of.' He spoke English perfectly. A brave, dashing, almost mad fellow like that was the very man to stir up the phlegmatic Russians and lead them on to victory. But he proved himself a very wily general in Asia years after."

Drifting on in a very interesting conversation, during which Mr. Villiers expressed himself as perfectly enthusiastic about the training of the cadets at West Point:—"Why," said he, "there you have carried perfection the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. For the course there is tremendous and the discipline is superb, and what perfect gentlemen, what splendid going fellows those cadets are! What very flower of the nation that academy contains,"—drifting on, I say, in such conversation, we arrived by slow degrees at a consideration of the soldier as he is displayed in the witness of such close observers as John Strange Winter and Rudyard Kipling, especially this last. Mr. Villiers waxed eloquent in Rudyard, and here is what he had to say concerning that precocious, but clever and wonderfully observant young gentleman: "Kipling apparently at first seems severe on the British soldier, but he always speaks the truth about him. I can see that in his heart he has the greatest respect and admiration for his pluck. It is only really the question of their youth and want of experience. For instance, in that delightfully true, bold sketch of 'The Dreams of the Fore and Aft' he mentions an incident which I have seen more than once myself occur in those little fights we had up in Afghanistan. Especially his adulation of the soldierly qualities of Goorkha. I remember during our advance in the Bazaar valley, after a day's unsatisfactory fighting, when our butcher's bill, though not heavy, was quite bad enough. 'Tommy Atkins'—the young Tommy Atkins I mean—showed a considerable amount of depression, especially as the company's cooks had only half rations to deal with, and no plum duff whatever. I used to get away from the silent part of the camp, where these poor fellows sat so depressed, and lighting my pipe I would wander into the Goorkha camp and listen to their bright chatter, look at their lively grinning faces in the flicker of their camp fires, and afterwards retire to my tent with the feeling in my heart that all things might go well on the morrow, and if the Goorkhas were sent to meet our commissariat caravan we should be certain of their fighting their way back to camp. Such comfort would one gather from our light-hearted, brave, undaunted Indian allies."

"Now, Mr. Villiers," said I, "what about the warefare of the future? Moltke has passed away, and with him to a great extent that special scientific system which he introduced, of which he was so fond. What kind of man will the general of the future be?"

"As you suggest," replied the experienced war correspondent, "things are changed. Everything is altered: what with modern arms of precision, smokeless powder, etc., I firmly believe that men of the Skobeleff type will be the successful men of the future. A man who is not a mere 'book' general, a man with a very active imaginative mind, who may be considered more or less mad, that is the man of the future. Skobeleff or Gordon. They upset all the cut-and-dried ideas or modern conventional strategy."

"Well, but Mr. Villiers, I can imagine a mad, brave hero like Skobeleff or Gordon leading a horde of religious fanatics like the Russians to sudden victory, but would not a calm, quiet Moltke best suit the phlegmatic, thoughtful German?

"It isn't a question," replied Mr. Villiers, "of a mad general leading his troops impetuously on to some forlorn position. But it is the man with mad ideas and yet with power of sane execution who will be the leader of the future. Let me give you an instance. I knew Skobeleff well. Now, it is my firm opinion that this idea which was scouted by my colleagues in *Black and White*, but which was suggested to me by a well-known English officer of engineers, this idea which I will put before you, would have been adopted by Skobeleff. A night attack and the enemy in front only to be recognized individually by spirits of fire down the ranks. He would arm a number of mounted infantry with the good old-fashioned long bows, which should harass these men continually with the terrible shafts which won for us the victories of Crecy and Agincourt. It sounds absurd, but it is an idea that Skobeleff would have acted upon without hesitation. The war-

fare of the future will be greatly a matter of hand-to-hand fighting, as we have already shown in this forecast of ours. It will also be a question largely of night attacks. Night battles will require missiles of this description—swift, silent, an air gun; a missive which will not discover itself. There will be no fighting with rifles at a two-mile range, Night fighting will necessarily be at close quarters."

I closed the interview with a question as to Mr. Villiers' opinion concerning the war which is certainly imminent in Europe. His reply is worthy of note. "In the East the great battle grounds of the future will be the Euphrates Valley or in that neighborhood.

"Germany and France will probably settle their differences in Belgium, and the field of Namur will once more be drenched with the blood of the Teuton and the Gaul." And here our interview came to a pacific close.

EXPLOSION ON A SHIP.

When Last Seen the Vessel was Sinkin 200 Miles from Land.

A despatch from San Francisco, says.—The steamer Willamette Valley arrived here to-day with the crew of the ship St. Charles, coal laden, for San Francisco from Nanaimo, and which was wrecked off the Oregon coast on May 17, by an explosion. On the morning of the explosion Michael Flynn, the second mate, and a sailor, named Lenberg went to the fore hatch to get some potatoes. They had hardly disappeared through the hatch when the explosion took place. Flynn and Lenberg were thrown some distance in the air, and fell on the deck. Both were badly injured and burned. The ship was generally wrecked by the force of the explosion. The rigging was set on fire and the pumps would not work. Capt Chapman was found in his cabin pinned to the floor under the furniture. His spine was broken. The men hastened to lower the three boats that belonged to the ship, and abandoned her in a short time.

When last seen the mainsail was on fire, and the ship was going down gradually. At the time the vessel was 200 miles from land. The crew, nineteen men in all, succeeded in making Cape Foulweather in safety. The Captain died. Flynn and Lenberg were taken to Newport, Ore. Flynn is not expected to live.

Queer Names in the Peerage.

The industrious persons who have contributed so many instances of bizarre nomenclature have overlooked one that is to be found in the somewhat prosaic pages of the peerage. Among the collaterals of the earl of Dysart is a certain Rev. Ralph William Lyonel Tollemache, rector of South Wytham, near Grantham, who has himself assumed the surname of Tollemache-Tollemache without the formality of royal license, and who has distributed among his thirteen children upward of a hundred front names, for which he has apparently ransacked mythology, fiction and history. To the five children of his first marriage he was merciful, for he only divided twenty-four names, most of them cognomens, among them; but when en secondes noces he espoused Dora Cleopatra Maria Dorenza, daughter of the late Colonel Ignacio Antonio de Orellana-y Revest, of the Spanish army, the Pall Mall Budget says he proceeded to endow his offspring with a plentitude of appellation for which one hardly expects them to be grateful as they reach maturity. The first, a boy, he called Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmag Hugh Erchenwyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Orma Nevill Dysart Plantagenet; while the next, a girl, is Mabel Helmingham Ethel Huntingtower Beatrice Blazonberrie Evangeline Vise de Lon de Orellana Plantagenet Toedmag Saxon; and among the names enjoyed by the others are Lyonesse, Decima, Veronica, Esyth, Undine, Cissa, Rowena, Quintus, Lelias, Ysabel, Saxania and Leo. On those occasions when these children have to use their full name, either orally or in writing, they will certainly not rise to call their father blessed.

Scientists on Sea-Serpents.

Professor Agassiz was a firm believer in the existence of a sea-serpent of exceptional proportions, and spent a neat deal of time collecting material bearing on that subject. He was especially interested in anything appertaining to the sea monster which made such a stir along the Atlantic coast in 1856. This serpent appeared first at Nahant, Mass., and was followed along the coast for miles by the excited citizens of Nahant, Lynn, and Swampscott, many of whom made affidavit to what they had seen.

Sir Charles Leyell, the noted geologist, thought it altogether probable that some of the primeval monsters may have survived until these latter days; and, like the renowned Professor above mentioned spent months and years collecting and arranging sea-serpents lore.

Professor Busby says: "I have with my own eyes seen a sea-serpent not less than 180 feet in length lashing the waves of the Bay of Bengal. . . . I know that I was wide awake at the time and that the object I saw was not kelp, 'marine gelatin,' or any other inanimate substance. . . . . I believe in sea-serpents because I have been near enough to one (the one just mentioned) to see its horrid teeth."

Date of the Exodus.

What was the precise date of the Exodus from Egypt? A German astronomer, according to one of our contemporaries, has solved this knotty problem. Jewish tradition gives the date as the 1st Nisan, 1312 B. C. In order to test this our astronomer has assumed that the Egyptian darkness which immediately preceded the Exodus was an eclipse. He has, consequently, calculated all the eclipses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries B.C., and, having selected those which took place in the spring, has then chosen from them those which come nearest to the date given by the Jewish tradition. The eclipse he finally selected was one which took place on March 13, 1335 B. C. It is curious to note that this date agrees with Jewish tradition, so far as the month and the day are concerned. The year is, however, twenty three years out. The astronomer declares that this is a mistake of the Jewish historians, since no eclipse occurred in the year 1322 B. C. He seems to forget that the alleged darkness is described in the Scriptures as having been a miracle. However, the result of his calculations is to show that the Exodus took place on March, 27, 1335—a discovery which will be appreciated when our iconoclastic reformers lay violent hands on the Jewish calendar.

A Sketch of the Last Napoleon's Widow as she Appears To-day.

(By a Correspondent.)

Farnborough Station is a lovely village with the old-fashioned cottages nestling in a valley, the recluse of ex-Empress Eugenie and the burial place of Napoleon III. and Prince Louis.

A servant in livery of the Countess Marie Eugenie Pierrepont, as the ex-Empress calls hereself now, was waiting at the depot for the mail, newspapers from London and her beloved Paris. Entering into a conversation with the French valet I learned that visitors who wished to see "her majesty's" present home were quite frequent, and that there would be no objection whatever to my going over the grounds.

A few minutes' walk along a dusty, hilly road brought us to the gate of Farnborough Hall. It is a magnificent structure in the early English style, surrounded by groups of stately trees and huge patches of lawn that show a lavish display of landscape gardening. The picturesque, comfortable-looking building is of red brick, with granite ornaments in the lower part, while the upper stories are cemented and embellished with wood-work.

Farnborough hall is the model of an English country seat. It can boast of the most recent improvements. All the gas used is made on the estate, the entire house is heated by a huge heating apparatus, the water is supplied by steam from a neighboring lake, and all possible measures of precaution have been made in case of fire. The adjoining park is most skillfully laid out; there are ornamental lakes with bath houses and fishing cottages, terrace walks, vineries, lawn tennis, and croquet grounds. Also a kitchen garden, three acres large, with manifold hot houses and a couple of stables are not failing.

What a cheerful life could be led in such a place. And yet the lady of the house passes her days in quiet sorrow and monotony, and nobody wonders who hears her past, a story of life, of triumph, and defeat that is not rivaled by the experience of any other woman in this century. She undoubtedly was the cause of her own downfall; her reckless extravagance and capricious frivolities could not last forever. And yet her dazzling career was not void of kindly deeds. She was one of the first to recognize Daudet's talent, and it was she who decorated Rosa Bonheur with the Legion of Honor.

Now she is all alone. The queen who spent 50,000 frances a day for her toilet, who revived the wanton splendor of Louis XV. times in her festivals of unheard luxury at the Tuileries and Fontainebleau, who dreamt of might, conquests that would make of her the Empress of Europe and had the entire aristocracy of France at her beck and call has now to be satisfied with a force often servants and two lady friends of her former household, that try in vain to make her life more cheerful.

She likes solitude best, and though high visitors are frequent, but few are admitted. Only Queen Victoria, who drives over from Windsor, is always welcome.

Most of her time she spends in meditation and prayer. As she suffers from insomnia, breakfast is served at an early hour. After the slight repast she attends to her correspondence and writes a few pages of her memories that are to be published after her death. Before luncheon she drives to the village to visit some one who is ill, and on her return pays her daily visit to the mausoleum, where she prays at the grave of her husband and son. After luncheon she takes a walk over the grounds and once more retires to the chapel to pray. Dinner is served at 7, followed by some reading and an occasional game of cards.

Sometimes the Empress goes to London or the sea coast for a brief visit, but she seldom makes any visits except upon her most intimate friends, whose number grows smaller with every year, and she rarely invites any one to visit her. She is still fond of France and often visits Paris, though no one cares for her in the gay city. In former times the mob hooted the "fatal woman," as they have called her, but now nobody takes notice of her. During the winter she sometimes goes to Italy or the southern part of France. At present she has a villa built on the Mediterranean sea, between Monaco and Mentone.

Watching some gardeners arrange some flower beds in the front of the house, I saw a dark robed figure emerge from the entrance hall. It was Eugenie heavily leaning on two crutch-like canes, and cautiously picking her way along the private path that leads from the mansion to the church.

How she has changed. If the picture of Wintershalter was ever true, who depicted her as a resting beauty, pure, fresh and lovely, wrapped entirely in a mist of lace, with jewels of fabulous value in her golden hair, and strings of pearls around her swan like neck and statuesque bust.

Now her figure is quite full and stooping, her neck has lost its graceful curved hues, her face is pale and wrinkled, and her hair almost white. She is over 69 now. And yet in her black cashmere cloak, trimmed with crape, her black gloves, her widow's bonnet with its long veils, she is still a striking figure. And if she lifts her eyes, they are generally fixed on the ground, they still reveal the luster of former days, when all France knelt at her feet. No tears could wash away their marvelous beauty.

The way to the church leads through a row of majestic yew trees. As the queen approaches the church, which stands on the crest of a hill, with a superb view of the lovelist spots of rural England an old, white-robed monk steps up to her and respectfully bowing hands her a bunch of violets, which she accepts with a gentle nod. It is her favorite flower, and around the white church violets have been planted by the monks, who revere her as does everybody in Farnborough. In her old days she has become a philanthropist who gives liberally to charity, and is ever willing to advance the interests of the laboring people for miles around her country seat.

The monk accompanied the Empress to the entrance of the church, turned the key, the doors swung open, and she entered. What memories may pass before her as she sits alone in that chamber of death.

The monk, who had guessed my business, seeing me follow at a respectful distance, kindly told me that I could visit the place as soon as her Majesty had left. In the meantime he invited me to a chat and a glass of wine in the adjoining monastery, and an hour quickly passed, when the Empress returned in the same slow way that she had come.

Then we repaired to the mausoleum. It is a little chapel with a tiled floor laid out in mosaic, containing a few chairs and praying stools of dark velvet, and an altar where the monks say mass and where the only other person present on such occasions is the ex-Empress. To the right of the other is the granite sarcophagus containing the remains of the unhappy Emperor. It is of brass, very massive, weighing several tons, on the inscription plate the words "As a mark of affectionate sympathy by Victoria R." are engraved. The remains of the Prince, who died so unfortunately in the Zulu war, rest on the left in a huge granite sarcophagus. In both tombs many floral tributes have been heaped. The most noticeable are an artificial wreath of immortelles tied with tri-colored ribbons, laid there by Eugenie, and an artificial wreath of ivy sent by Queen Victoria, tied with a white, long satin bow, bearing her signature.

But more fascinating than any of these are the loose violets that are scattered about the little chapel. Day after day, often plucking them herself, she strews with trembling hands, a handful of violets on both graves. Most visitors ask the favor to take a small bunch of these violets along with them as a souvenir, which is willingly granted.

At the foot of each tomb is placed an arm chair, and there the Empress sits, alternately for a time, alone with her sorrow, and when her prayers are done she will rest for a time in a niche just back of the prince's tomb, where she will rest when her troubles are over.

The Weather is Warm.

The coming of warm weather brings with it the necessity for refrigerators, wire screens and all the paraphernalia of the store-closet and the kitchen, used as a protection against heat and flies. Before the summer begins every precaution which cleanliness and care can give should be taken to remove all debris of decaying vegetation or animal matter, not only from the precincts of the cellar and kitchen, but from the yard and the vicinity of the house If proper precautions are observed, even in the hottest weather there will be little trouble from flies. The fly is a useful scavenger, who performs with absolute faithfulness his thankless task of trying to save careless and thoughtless people from the legitimate effects of their own negligence. The year when there is a scarcity of flies is marked by fevers and pestilence. If you are troubled with a superabundance of flies, yet exercise every care and precaution in your power, you may be sure there is some cause for them which you have not discovered.

The farmers who insist on living for convenience in close proximity to the stable and chicken yards will be troubled with flies, no matter what precautions are exercised in the house, for the reason that these wise little creatures are at work destroying the animal effluvia which might otherwise be dangerous to human life. Never allow flies to appear suddenly in a horde without looking about to detect a reason for their coming. They may mean a neglected garbage-pail, a forgotten cesspool, which has become dangerously choked up. They always mean something. Instead of attempting to kill them with fly-paper, look about for the reason. Like all other vermin, they are one of nature's warnings that you are not living in the right way, or that a near neighbor is not, which unfortunately means the same thing to you.

It is doubly necessary in summer that the tables be cleared and the floors be swept as rapidly as possible after meals. For the least debris of food lett in a corner will fester in the warm atmosphere in a few hours, and attract a little horde of scavengers. If the tables are quickly cleared, and the rooms neatly swept and darkened during the heat of the day, there should be litle trouble with flies. If there is any reason for the presence of flies near your house, it may be necessary to use fly screens. Do not resort to powders and poisons, but remember that an ounce of prevention in this case, as in all others, is worth a pound of cure, and that same amount of energy applied to keeping the premises strictly clean will accomplish more than if directed to the destruction of the fly, who simply comes to remind us, in a very disagreeable way, it is true, that we have been derelict or living in unwholesome surroundings.

Christmas Trees in China.

The Christmas tree in Europe, which, like the yule log, is a survival from the festival of the revival of the sun after the winter solstice, finds its counterpart in China as elsewhere in the world. Dr. Schelgel has recently pointed out the historical references to this subject. According to the "Antiquities of Tsin," an old principality which lasted until 247 B. C., the tree with a hundred flowers and lamps, was placed, on New Year's day, between the three steps leading to the audience felicitation hall. The lady Han-Kwoh, the celebrated Princess Yang, the all powerful favorite of Ming tuvang, Emperor of the Tang dynastry (A. D. 713-755) caused a "hundred lamp trees," 80 feet high, to be erected upon a high mountain; it was lighted during the New Year's night, and its shine was seen for a hundred miles, totally eclipsing the light of the moon. Dr. Schelgel states that as far as he is aware the Christmas candle-tree is now no longer lighted in China, it being replaced by the enormous quantities of candles which are lighted everywhere.

Advertising in the Sky.

The newest horror is not Deeming nor the Paris Anarchists. It is considerably worse than either. An esteemed scientific contemporary says that genuine sky-signs can now be installed for the enterprising advertiser. By a simple arrangement of mirrors, reflecting glasses, and lights, a sort of gigantic magic lantern can be set up, by which images can be thrown upon the clouds. You will be able to advertise your wares, in letters 100 feet long, on the skies, so that they will be visible over a dozen counties.

As if this truly awful prospect were not enough, we are told that these sky signs can be made luminous, so that they will blaze all night! Heine, in one of his rhapsodies, said that he would like to snatch a burning pine from its Norway mountains and write with it the name of "Agnes" in letters of fire on the skies. But he would probably not have cared to adorn the firmanent with a blazing description of somebody's patent trouser stretcher, or a glowing picture of a lady wearing the latest thing in hygiene corsets.

ELECTRICAL PROGRESS IN BRIEF.

It is reported that Mr. Sims is engaged in adapting the Sims-Edison electric motor and propeller to life boats, to furnish not only power, but a search light.

It is stated that M. Faure has recently invented a process of producing aluminum, by which he hopes to reduce the price of this metal to 16 or 18 cents a pound.

A recent catalogue of electrical books in the Boston Public Library gives nearly 1,000 titles of books on electrical subjects, exclusive of the telegraph and telephone.

The Road Car Company of London, England, has fitted up a number of its vehicles with electric lamps, fixed to the middle of the roof,—an improvement highly appreciated by the passengers.

A prize is offered by the Industrial Association of Berlin of a gold medal, value £150, to the author of the best work upon the magnetism of iron, to be sent in before the 15th of November, 1893.

Mr. John Messenger of Cincinnati, O., claims to have found a process by which he is able to electroplate iron, steel and copper with aluminum. The deposit is said to be as hard as nickel, never tarnishes, and does not fuse readily.

A citizen of Cambridge, Mass., protects his ears from cat concerts and his fruit and flowers from juvenile thieves, by means of a strip of zinc running along on the top of his garden fence, and connected with the eclectric wires in his house. Neither the cats nor the boys are injured thereby, except from their own wild jumps when they touch the zinc.

Schuckert, the Numemberg electrician, showed at the Frankfort electrical exhibition a six-foot electric search light, having the power of 20,000 candles. It could be plainly seen at Bingen on the Rhine, forty miles away. He is now at work on a larger one for the Columbian Fair, which will measure seven and one-half feet, and be of at least 25,000-c.p. He expects its light to be visible sixty miles.

The railway car known as "Placer Counter on Wheels" (a traveling combination intended primarily to advertise the prolific fruit region of Northern California) is lighted interiorly and externally by sixty-five incandescent lamps, which are operated by a complete lighting plant in a corner of the car. The service is so satisfactory that Mr. Leak, the owner, is now figuring for the equipment of an entire train with similar apparatus.

A French paper reports that the microphone has been successfully used in St. Petersburg in a case of suspended animation, where the patient was given up for dead. As a last resort the physician applied a microphone to the region of the heart, and was enabled by this instrument to hear a faint beating, which proved that life was not extinct. Everything was done to resuscitate the patient, who shortly afterwards recovered consciousness.

The new Winkler storage battery consists of V-shaped troughs of celluloid, having a metalic conductor lying along the bottom, the trough being filled in with peroxide paste. It is claimed that the conductor can be made of sufficient carrying capacity to dispense with lead frames altogether. The electrolyte may be liquid, or semi-solid for portable uses. The weight of cell, it is stated, is reduced 40 or 50 per cent. of that of lead plate accumulators.

A new storage battery is being employed on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad for use in connection with electric lighting of its cars. Twenty-four cells are placed under each car, and they supply eight sixteen candle-power lamps on the round trip from Cincinnati to Washington.

The new bridge across the ship canal at Duluth, on Lake Superior, is to be 250 feet in length, and is designed to carry electric cars, and trains of them, as well as horse vehicles and pedestrians. It rests on its foundations seven feet only from the water; but, to allow ships to pass, it can be elevated 133 feet,—being so nicely balanced between towers 190 feet high that from 20 to 30-h.p. will suffice to lift it and lower it within five minutes. It is to be operated by electricity.

Prof. H. A. Rowland of John Hopkins University, says: "It is a well-known principle that an electrical discharge will dissipate a fog, and no patent could be obtained on the mere application of the principle. It is a very common laboratory experiment to make a fog or mist in a glass vessel, and, by sending electricity from a point into it, to dissipate the mist. As soon as the electrical discharge strikes into the fog, the glass instantly clears." He has not seen any attempt to dissipate a thick marine fog, and doubts its practicability. Mr. M. E. Johnson of Pittsburg, however, designs applying for a patent on a process for this purpose, having made several successful experiments.

The Proper Way to Sit.

A proper sitting position requires that the spine shall be kept straight, and that the support needed for the upper part of the body shall be felt in the right place. Therefore, sit as far back as possible in the chair, so that the lower end of the spine shall be braced against the back of the seat. If this back is straight the shoulders will also rest against it; if not, they will have no point of support, and it will be found that they do not need it. This position makes no strain upon the ligaments of the spine. It allows a proper position of the shoulders, consequently of the chest, consequently of the lungs, stomach and every other organ of the body.

Their work is carried on naturally and comfortably, as is also the circulation of the blood, which in a wrong sitting position is seriously interfered with. With the feet resting squarely upon the floor, the hands resting easily upon the lap, perfect equilibrium, and consequently perfect rest of the body, is secured. There is no strain upon any part of the body; no muscle or organ is required to do more than its legitimate amount of work. The arms should never be folded; for that position not only causes a strain upon the spine, and all the other evils already referred to, but, in addition, places the weight of the arms upon the stomach and the diaphragm, thereby increasing the labor of digestion and respiration. Placing the hands behind the back, if possible, is a good attitude to take occasionally, giving, as it does, the fullest expansion of the whole upper part of the body.

Among English people dark brown hair is more than twice as common as hair of any other shade.

The Parson's Device.

The parson droned his sermon through
From "firstly" to "just one word more."
In text or thought was nothing new.
The same old story, o'er and o'er;
"The evil is you see.
The good is yet to be."

The sleepy congregation rose
To join in the concluding Psalm,
And every move did but disclose
The presence of a mental calm,
The parson glanced around:
"Alas! 'Tis stony ground."

With measured movement then they bowed
To listen to the closing prayer,
And with the words he spoke aloud,
Came worldly whispers on the air:
"We now to heaven appeal—"
"There's money in that deal!"

The parson paused—a sudder chill
Crept o'er the hearts of one and all,
And through the building all was still,
With silence that was magical;
In which the feeling cowers.
And moments stretch to hours.

What could it be! Was parson dead?
Why pause in midst of closing prayer?
The people slowly lift the head;
Yes, there's the parson standing there
In his accustomed place,
A smile upon his face.

A long-drawn sigh of sweet relief,
Like breath of Autum through the wood,
That softly stirs the crinkled leaf,
And then the people waiting, stood
With minds anticipant,
The word significant.

"So silence has more power than speech;"
At length the parson softly said,
"My words were not above your reach,
And yet so far above your head,
You heard the tidings, and
Refused to understand.

"My words were lullabies to you,
My silence like a clarion call,
You drooped and dozed my sermon, through,
And woke as speechless stillness, all
Keen and acute to see
Some curiosity.

"The evil *is*, the good, *to* be;
And this is all I have to say,
The thought, at least, will comfort *me*."
Said the parson: "Let us pray;
And now may waking grace
Descend upon this place."

FREDERICK A. BISBEE.

Fair Hands.

BY S. W. JEWETT.

Long time ago—it matters not how long;
Love keeps no record of the days or years,
Nor cares to ask why youth's exultant song
Should move the sun to gladness or to tears—
We were together at that dreamy hour,
When hearts grow fond and tender,
And with a glad surrender
We yielded, willing captives to its power.

'Twas then you placed your tiny hand in mine.
Soft as a downy feather there it lay,
I gazed upon it as a thing divine,
Which might take sudden wing and fly away.
But soft it nestled like a timid dove,
In my broad, brawney palm.
The while a brooding calm
Stilled the tumultuous current of my love.

The spell thus wrought in passion's fever heat,
Hath held its sway through all these changeful years.
As potent as when kneeling at your feet
Love's o'erwrought frenzy melted into tears.
I hold your hands, not fair as once they were,
But dearer than of old—
Oh yes, a thousand fold,
Each line a record in love's calendar.

The hieroglyphics which to other eyes
May seem the random touches time hath made,
To me reveal life's deepest mysteries,
Illumined missals which can never fade.
Romance so vainly sought in printed pages,
My spirit here discerns,
And truer wisdom learns,
Than ever stored the brain of seers or sages.

Oh, let those hallowed fingers closer twine,
I cannot see through tears that little palm,
But while I hold it closely clasped in mine,
My spirit feels again that brooding calm,
Which woman's love in grief or gladness brings
From the first rapturous hour
When conscious of her power,
She touches manhood in its purest springs.

—[New York Home Journal.

Moonrise.

I see a stretch of shining sky
Like some fair ocean sunset-lit,
Peaceful and wide its spaces lie,
And purple shores encompass it.
A little slender silver boat
Upon his bosom is afloat.

This craft, unstayed by winds or tides,
Slips out across the twilight bar;
Through rosy ripples, soft she glides,
Led by a single pilot star;
With shadowy sails and fairy crew,
She drifts along the summer blue.

She's filled from stem to stern with flowers,
And Love, and Hope, and Happiness,
Willcught of what she brings be ours?
Ah me! if we could only guess!
She rides elusive and remote,
This little slender silver boat.

FRANCIS WINNE.

Kathleen Mavourneen.

(From the Indianapolis Journal.)

Kathleen Mavourneen! The song is still ringing
As fresh and as clear as the trill of the birds;
In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing
In pathos too sweet for the tenderest words,
O have we forgotten the one who first breathed it,
O have we forgotten his rapturous art,
Our meed to the master, whose genius bequeathed it?
O why art thou silent thou voice of the heart!

Kathleen Mavourneen! Thy lover still lingers:
The long night is waning the stars pale and few
The sad serenader, with tremulous fingers,
Is bowed with his tears as the lily with dew;
The old harpstrings quaver, the old voice is shaking,
In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning refrain
The old vision dims and the old heart is breaking
Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Whey is Intoxicating.

Prof. Robertson, Dairy Commissioner, Canada, says that he once saw 70 hogs drunk, made so by the alcoholic fermentation of whey upon which they were being fed. They acted about the same as the nobler animal might act under the condition, some being funny, some quarrelsome and others stupid. He did not think it a good plan to allow the whey to ferment, and he cautioned his hearers against the swill barrel, which is made a receptacle of all the house waste, and is never quite cleaned out. By fermentation it becomes dangerous to feed after standing long.

A Promise.

"I shall go right home to my mother Hudson Hicks. I saw you kissing Mr. Habberton Browne in the conservatory."

"It was only a sisterly kiss, my dear."

"She is not your sister."

"Yes, she is—that is, she promised to be one to me years ago."

PERSONAL.

Captain Lewis, of the City of New York, and Captain Watkins, of the City of Paris, have not yet decided whether to become American citizens, as they must be in order to retain official positions in the Inman service under the new law. Each of them is now a lieutenant in the royal naval reserve.

Prince Massimo, whose superb old palace at Rome was the scene of a dynamite outrage the other day, is one of the grandest and proudest nobles in Italy. He traces his descent to the Fabius Maximus of the earliest Roman times. His mother was a princess of the house of Savoy, now reigning in Italy, while his wife is the half sister of the late Comte de Chambord, best known among French Legitimists as King Henry V.

That 10-year old Crown Prince of Germany, who has just been made a lieutenant in the Prussian Army is not regarded in England as any too robust a child. While in that country last year with his mother he appeared pale and thin, though intelligent and inclined to nervousness. "He is quick, clever, strong-willed, not to say obstinate," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "and a few more years in the nursery would, from the physical point of view, be of immense advantage, while the excitement and strain of publicity, from which henceforth there is no escape for him, may do him serious harm."

Congressman McKeighan, of Nebraska is said to live in a sod house. This singular dwelling, which contains three rooms, is boarded over a frame-work, which is then entirely covered with thick sods. It is not an uncomfortable place of abode, for it is warm in winter, as well as cool in summer, and the danger to its occupants in case of cyclones is minimized. Mr. McKeighan is regarded as a very original and interesting man at Washington. He has been a farmer, a soldier, and a judge, and is a ready debater, especially on matters pertaining to the tariff.

One of the pleasantest episodes in Queen Victoria's sojourn on the Riviera was the audience she gave to three French veterans of the Crimea. Her Majesty chatted cordially with the aged warriors, and was agreeably impressed by the interview, for it awakened "ineffaceable memories" which she has always held dear. Memories such as these are quite in harmony with the Queen's bent of mind, for she is said to derive a melancholy comfort from meditating upon death, and nursing her private griefs, which have been intensified of late by the loss of her favorite grandson.

The probability that Anton Rubinstein, the great pianist, will visit this country within a few months, lends interest to the fact that he is one of the few infant prodigies who have gained great distinction in after-life. It is nearly fifty-three years since he began, as a child of nine, to entertain the public, and it may be said that he has steadily grown in popular favor. It is just twenty years since his last memorabl visit to America. Rubinstein enjoys every robust health. He has the figure of a soldier, and a broad, square face that with its shock of long hair recalls Liszt's flowing locks, though the Russian pianist's hair still remains black, with but few traces in it of gray. The only indication of age about him is the weakening of his memory for music, as a result of which he is sometimes nowadays embarrassed by stage fright.

LIFE ON A PIRATE SHIP.

The Way the Business of Piracy Used to be Managed.

The customs and regulations most commonly observed on board a buccaneer are worth noting. Every pirate captain, doubtless, had his own set of rules, but there were certain traditional articles that seem to have been generally adopted. The captain had a state cabin, a double vote in elections, a double share of booty. On some of the vesssels it was the captain who decided what direction to sail in; but this and other matters of moment were generally settled by a vote of the company, the captain's vote counting for two. The officers had a share and a quarter of the plunder and the sailors each one share. Booty was divided with scrupulous care, and marooning was the penalty of attempting to defraud the general company, if only the amount of a gold piece or a dollar. Every man had a full vote in every affair of importance.

Arms were always to be clean and fit for service and desertion of the ship or quarters in battle was punished with death. On Roberts's ship a man who was crippled in battle received $800 out of the common stock and a proportionate sum was awarded for lesser hurts. Lowther allowed £150 for the loss of a limb, and other captains instituted a kind of tariff of wounds that extended to ears, fingers and toes.

In case of battle the captain's power was absolute. He who first spied a sail, if she proved to be a prize, was entitled to the best pair of pistols on board her over and above his dividend. These pistols were greatly coveted, and a pair would sell for as much as £30 from one pirate to another.

In their own common wealth the pirates were reported to have been severe upon the point of honor, and among Roberts's crew it was the practice to slit the ears or nose of any sailor found guilty of robbing his fellow.

Such feeble interest as now attaches to what was once the formidable fame of the pirates is not even æsthetic—it is merely comic. No imaginative essayist discusses piracy as a fine art; but Paul Jones is resurrected as the hero of a musical burlesque. Poor Paul! And he is almost the only one of the whole buccaneering race whose story discovers a trace of the legendary gallantry of piracy. Paul, whose father had been head gardener to Lord Selkirk, plundered the Selkirk mansion and its plate, which he subsequently returned in a parcel to Lady Selkirk, with a letter of polite apology.

Perfumes the Horse Likes.

There are some perfumes that are very grateful to horses, however little credit a horse may commonly receive for possessing delicacy of scent. Horse trainers are aware of the fact and make use of their knowledge in training stubborn and apparently intractable animals. Many trainers have favorite pertumes, the composition of which they keep a secret, and it is the possession of this means of appealing to the horse's estheticism that enables so many of them to accomplish such wonderful results.

The population of the world is nearly 1,500,000,000.

The Kootenay Star

H. McCutcheon, Proprietor — R. W. Northey, Editor.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1892.

The serpent was only scotched, not killed. *Once again the hydra-headed* incubus has popped up, and will probably drag its weary length along as in the days of yore. The trouble between A. S. Farwell and the Dominion Government has not been conducive to the well-being of the town. The advertisement "To Whom it May Concern" in this week's STAR seems to place lot-owners in Revelstoke between the devil and the deep sea. 'Tis hard that the town should be made a football between the contending parties. To buy from Farwell "conveys no title or interest to the purchaser;" to buy from the Government means no registration of title. *Therefore the only safe course is to* buy not at all. If, as the Government contends, Farwell has no right or title to the townsite, why does it not get rid of him and his claims? While Farwell's name remains on the register as owner no lots bought from the Dominion Government can be registered—in fact, no one will buy under those conditions. The town must continue to stagnate. It is said the decision of the court was against Farwell. Why, then, is that decision rendered abortive by permitting his name to remain on the register as though he had won the case? This is a matter of life or death to the town, and we appeal to the Government to at least make an effort to remove Farwell's name from the register as owner of the Revelstoke townsite. If this cannot be done by the usual process of law, then we would advise buying him off—giving him an equivalent in land somewhere else. We care very little how it's done, only—get rid of him! Give the town a chance, and we have no fear for its future.

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by enfranchised lots,
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our town
In the deep bosom of Columbia buried.
Now with victorious smiles our faces shine!
This incubus removed, the town is saved!

NAKUSP ITEMS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Three buildings are on the point of completion—the Nakusp House, Thomas's Hotel, and Lemon's store. Jack Walsh is building a freight house, and has a splendid lot of goods ready to pack in to the mines when the trail is finished, which will be about the end of the month. The post-office will be located on the high ground near the Nakusp House. Of 114,000 feet of lumber and 80,000 shingles sent down from Revelstoke there is none left, and 25,000 feet will be sent down immediately for another hotel which is to be built for Mr. Rathwell. The trail to the mines is progressing rapidly, and is about the best in the district. It should have been made a wagon road at once, as the route has proved to be so well adapted for it, the greatest difficulty being the density of the timber—no mountains to climb nor any other impedimenta, but a good level road the whole distance, which, by the way, is not quite 18 miles, or more than two miles less than was reported. A wagon road it will be before long if the traffic comes up to present expectations. George Laforme came down on the Lytton on Tuesday and left again this (Friday) morning. He will bring down his horses from Revelstoke so as to be in readiness as soon as the trail is open. Boating on our beautiful bay can be indulged in to any extent, and a fortune awaits the enterprising boatbuilder that comes here first. Excursionists will find Nakusp one of the most delightful places in the interior to spend a few days. Mr. Holman, our resident land agent, is doing a good business in town lots. Mrs. Hugh Madden arrived on Tuesday, and will reside at The Nakusp.

The American Farmer can be had free by any new subscriber to the STAR, or any old one, for that matter, if he only pays up. This is a chance too good to let slip. Only $2 a year for the two papers.

The Amateur Sportsman for May, a familiar visitor to this office, has just arrived, and is quite up to its usual excellence. Numerous good things for amateur sportsmen are contained between its covers, besides interesting sporting items, advertisements, narratives, and—fish stories. The publishing office is at 6 College Place, New York, and the subscription price $1 a year.

The first number of the Northwest Mining Review comes to hand this week. It is a semi-monthly journal entirely devoted to the mining interests of the Northwest. To mining men it will be invaluable, giving as it does a great deal of valuable information concerning the districts which are now attracting so much attention—the Cœur d'Alene, Kootenay, Okanagon, etc. It is published at Spokane, and the subscription is $2.25 per annum.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

GREETING:—

WHEREAS one Arthur Stanhope Farwell pretends to have some right or title to Lot number Six in Group One of the district of Kootenay in the Province of British Columbia, which lot of land is situate and lying within the Canadian Pacific Railway belt, and claims to be entitled to sell and dispose of the said lot or portions thereof.

NOTICE is hereby given that the said Arthur Stanhope Farwell has no right, title or interest whatever in the said land, nor is he entitled to the possession thereof; but that the said land is the property of and is vested in Her Majesty the Queen in right of the Dominion of Canada, from whom alone a valid title to the said land can be obtained.

The public are therefore warned that deeds or conveyances of the said land or any portions thereof made by the said Arthur Stanhope Farwell will convey no title or interest to the purchaser, nor any right to possession, and that all persons purchasing any portions of the said land from the said Arthur Stanhope Farwell will do so at their own risk and peril.

By order,
JOHN R. HALL,
Secretary.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, 3rd June, 1892.

NOTICE.

A COURT OF ASSIZE, Nisi Prius, Oyer and Terminer, and General Gaol Delivery will be held at the Town of Nelson, in the County of Kootenay, on WEDNESDAY, the 22nd day of June, 1892.

By Command,
JNO. ROBSON,
Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
25th May, 1892.

ILLECILLEWAET,
West Kootenay, B.C.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL.

Close to Station, Post and Telgraph Offices.

C. N. NELLES & CO., Pr'ps.

Conducted as a first-class Hotel, the comfort of visitors being the first endeavor of the proprietors.

BATHROOMS AND EVERY CONVENIENCE.

SADDLE & PACK HORSES
Kept for use of guests and residents.

The scenery around Illecillewaet is *unsurpassed for grandeur*, and tourists will find the Merchants' Hotel one of the most comfortable and best equipped in the mountains.

GOOD STABLING.

Election of School Trustee.

June 25th is the day for nomination and election of School Trustee in place of Mr. H. N. Coursier, whose term of office expires.

H. J. BOURNE,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Revelstoke, June 10th.

Hurrah
FOR ILLECILLEWAET
AND FISH CREEK!

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS
Pack & Saddle Horses
AT ILLECILLEWAET,
In readiness at all times, and is prepared to do all packing required
AT LOWEST POSSIBLE RATES.

Orders left at C. P. R. Station will receive prompt attention.
J. P. Callaway.

G. H. Williams,
REVELSTOKE,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST

A new and complete stock of
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,
Toilet Articles, etc., etc.,
At reasonable prices.

Mail Orders promptly attended to.

FIRST CLASS CIGARS.

RAYMOND SEWING MACHINES IN STOCK

Tenders for a License to cut timber on Dominion Lands in the Province of British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked on the envelope "Tender for a permit to cut timber, to be opened on the 11th July, 1892," will be received at this Department until noon on MONDAY, the 11th day of July next, for permits to cut timber on six berths situated between Illecillewaet and Revelstoke, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the Province of British Columbia.

The regulations under which permit will be issued, together with a sketch showing approximately the position of the berths in question, may be obtained at this Department, or at the office of the Crown Timber Agent at New Westminster.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered Bank in favour of the Deputy of the Minister of the Interior, for the amount of the bonus which the applicant is prepared to pay for the permit. A separate tender must be made for each berth.

It will be necessary for each person whose tender is accepted to obtain a permit within sixty days from the date upon which his tender is accepted, and to pay twenty per cent. of the dues on the timber to be cut under such permit, otherwise the berth will be cancelled.

No tender by telegraph will be entertained.

JOHN R. HALL,
Secretary.

Department of the Interior, Ottawa, 3rd June, 1892.

EDUCATION OFFICE,
May 4th, 1892.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Annual Examination of Candidates for Certificates of Qualification to teach in the Public Schools of the Province will be held as follows, commencing on TUESDAY, July 5th, at 9 a.m.:—

Victoria—In Legislative Assembly Hall.

Kamloops—In Public School Building.

Each applicant must forward a notice, thirty days before the examination, stating the class and grade of certificate for which he will be a candidate, the optional subjects selected, and at which of the above-named places he will attend.

Every notice of intention to be examined MUST be accompanied with a testimonial certifying to the moral character of the candidate.

S. D. POPE,
Superintendent of Education.

NOTICE

SITTINGS of the County Court of Kootenay will be held:—

At Donald on THURSDAY, 16th June, 1892.

At Revelstoke on MONDAY, 20th June, 1892.

At Nelson on THURSDAY, 23rd June, 1892.

By Command,
JNO. ROBSON,
Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
25th May, 1892.

NOTICE

A sitting of the County Court will be held at Revelstoke on MONDAY, the 20th day of June, 1892.

J. KIRKUP,
Registrar.

Revelstoke, May 23rd, 1892.

SALE BY TENDER.

The undersigned will Sell by Tender, on the 30th of June, the STOCK of the Estate of David Morrice, of Rogers' Pass. The stock amounts to $1,200, including building occupied as store. The stock consists of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Gloves, Clothing, Patent Medicines and Small Wares, and one Pool Table.

Also balance of Stock of Estate of J. M. Carroll, Beaver, B.C. This stock amounts to $500, and consists of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, and Boots and Shoes.

Sealed tenders will be received till the 30th June for the above mentioned stocks.

J. C. PITTS,
Trustee.

H. N. COURSIER

IS OPENING UP WITH AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
FLOUR, FEED,
Hardware, Clothing,
BOOTS, SHOES, AND
MINERS' SUPPLIES,

ALL BOUGHT IN THE BEST AND CHEAPEST MARKETS.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING A SPECIALTY.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.

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.
GENERAL MERCHANTS.

GROCERIES	FLOUR	HARDWARE
PROVISIONS	FEED & OATS	CLOTHING
BOOTS & SHOES	AMMUNITION	MINERS' TOOLS

Consignment of Butter and Eggs received every week.

MINERS' AND HUNTERS' SUPPLIES.

ALL KINDS OF FURS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Railway Men's Requisites.

GOODS LOADED ON CAR AND STEAMBOAT FREE OF CHARGE.

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.

W. A. JOWETT, Notary Public. — T. L. HAIG, Notary Public

JOWETT & HAIG

Mining, Timber and Real Estate Brokers and General Commission Agents.

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 AGENTS.

Lots on Townsite of Revelstoke for Sale and Wanted. Agents for Mining Machinery, Etc.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.