The Kootenay Star.

VOL. IV. REVELSTOKE, B. C., JULY 2, 1892. No. 3.

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.

TIME CARD No. 5.

TO TAKE EFFECT JUNE 30TH, 1892.

Columbia and Kootenay Steam Navigation Co. Limited.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Arrow Lakes and Columbia River Route Steamers.

Steamer will leave Revelstoke at 4 a.m. every MONDAY and THURSDAY for Robson, Trail Creek and Little Dalles, returning to Revelstoke on WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.

Close connection made with Canadian Pacific Railway at Revelstoke, Columbia & Kootenay Railway at Robson for Nelson, and Spokane Falls & Northern Railway at Little Dalles for Spokane Falls, Wash.

KOOTENAY LAKE AND BONNER'S FERRY ROUTE.

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

F. G. CHRISTIE, Secretary. J. W. TROUPE, Manager.

W. PELLEW HARVEY,

Assayer and Analytical Chemist,

Golden, B.C.

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

Other prices on application.

CASH WITH SAMPLES.

Certificates forwarded per return of mail.

MISS C. HOWSON,

DRESSMAKING.

—:o:—

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Pacific " " 16.52 "

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

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CIRCASSIAN	Allan Line	July 2nd
MONGOLIAN	"	July 9th
SARNIA	Dominion Line	July 6th
LABRADOR	"	July 13th
TORONTO	"	July 20th
LAKE ONTARIO	Beaver	June 29th
LAKE NEPIGON	"	July 6th

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Intermediate, $25; Steerage, $20.

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BOOTS & SHOES

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REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

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IS MARKED

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In Bronze Letters.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

LOCAL NEWS.

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.

The name of the town on Slocan Lake formerly known as Eldorado has been changed to New Denver.

Rev. C. Ladner's lecture on "The Stars" last Monday night was well attended. Want of space forbids a notice in detail.

Rev. Mr. Smith, Methodist minister for Ainsworth, arrived from Ontario on Monday and left for the scene of his labors.

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

Rev. John Robson, A.B., Methodist minister for Union Mines, Vancouver Island, and his wife passed through for the coast on Tuesday.

The flag over the Courthouse is flying at half-mast in consequence of the almost sudden death in London of the Hon. John Robson, provincial secretary of B.C.

Pete Walker, Tom Downs, Archie McDonald and Charlie Holden left Revelstoke on Monday in two rowboats, and arrived at their claims on Lardeau Creek the following day. They will carry out development work vigorously.

The following business men of the town have signed the guarantee for the payment within twelve months of the $350 balance of the purchase money for the chemical fire engine: Gilker & Wells, Brown & Clark, G. H. Williams, Abrahamson Bros., O. H. Allen, Jowett & Haig, John Stone, H. N. Coursier and W. Cowan.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Creelman, who are members of the Methodist Church choir, are leaving for Sicamous early next week. Last Thursday evening Mrs. Creelman was the recipient of a handsome marginal Bible with colored maps and plates and her name in gilt lettering on the morocco binding, the gift of the choir, as a token of their esteem.

Latest reports from Big Bend contradict the statement that the waters of French Creek had broken into the Consolation Gold Mine. It was merely some water from an old working, which quickly drained itself out. Geo. Laforme has just returned from the Bend, and gives a good account of the prospects there. Hunker is doing well at the Consolation, and is daily expecting a big find of gold.

The heat for the first three days of the week was tropical, the thermometer remaining stationary during the daytime at 96 in the shade. This sent the river up, and the water was much higher than has been known for some years, almost submerging the islands opposite and below the town. On Thursday, however, the sky became overcast early in the day, and the thermometer fell to 80 deg. The river also fell a little.

The steamers Lytton and Marion both took excursion parties down the river yesterday, the former to Nakusp, 60 miles down on the Arrow Lake. By a peculiar coincidence both vessels met with a mishap last night and tied up till daylight. This morning about half-past six the Lytton arrived up with the Marion's passengers on board, having taken them off three or four miles down. Full particulars of both trips will appear next week.

Sheriff Redgrave, who attended County Court at Nelson on the 22nd ult., met with a loss in his way down river. It appears that he left his pocket-book, containing a large sum of money and a cheque, under the pillow in his berth, and did not miss it until he arrived at Nelson. When he left the boat at Robson his late berth was immediately occupied by a passenger for the up trip, and the boat started at once. The sheriff says he telegraphed to the steamer officials at Robson, but by that time the boat was gone, and there is no telegraph communication with Revelstoke. The pocket-book has not been recovered.

FROM THE LARDEAU.

THOMSON'S LANDING, June 29th.

J. W. Haskins, who left Revelstoke Wednesday morning in a rowboat, was met by J. W. Thomson the same day going up the Arm. He is on his way to the Lardeau, where he intends working on his claim, the "Orphan Boy," and will ship ore by pack train during September and October.

The Miner stated a few weeks ago that some prospectors were leaving the Slocan because they were disappointed at not finding a mine on every mountain and stream. Many of these are going into the Lardeau, where their expectations are likely to be realised, as old prospectors there state that they can find a prospect in every shovelful of dirt from Thomson's Landing to Healy Creek, a distance of fifty miles. It is on the tapis that three or four big locations will be made shortly.

Messrs. Crockett, Pool an Robinson, who are placer mining to the north of Trout Lake, with a fair measure of success considering the high stage of the water, have three cariboo and two bear carcasses cached in a glacier for summer use.

Last week a party of 16 prospectors and miners from the State of Washington, headed by Mr. Blackburne of Seattle, chartered the str. Marion for Thomson's Landing, at the head of the Northeast Arm, and were afterwards packed out to the mining camp on the Lardeau Creek. They are now prospecting north of Trout Lake.

Over 40 prospectors have tented at Thomson's Landing during the past ten days, giving the place the appearance of a canvas town or a camp meeting.

Mr. E. Johnson is busy with his pack train, carrying miners' supplies from Thomson's Landing to Trout Lake, and although he has worked incessantly during the last ten days the freight has accumulated on his hands. The services of a few more horses are required.

Trout Lake is a wonderful place for fishing. All the miners camped on its shores or within a few miles of it express themselves as being delighted with the grand sport obtained there, being able to catch all the trout they require in a few minutes, using the most primitive kind of tackle. One and all are emphatic in stating that it is the best fishing ground they ever met with. One monster trout got away with the line and half the pole, which broke in two just as the fish was lifted clear of the water.

All the crops on Messrs. Johnson, Stauber and Thomson's ranches, in the Lardeau are looking remarkably well.

ILLECILLEWAET NEWS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

ILLECILLEWAET, June 28th.

We are having quite a "boom," several claims having changed hands during the last few days. Archie Chisholm and Walter Scott have sold the "Goat Cave" to Mr. Mackintosh, M.P., of Ottawa, for $20,000. Mr. Mackintosh also bought several other claims, among them being B. Green's "Blue Bell" for $6,000.

Mr. Ryckman, M.P. for Hamilton, is also here, and has bought several claims.

Mr. McDermid, of Toronto, is here with three gentlemen from Glasgow, Scotland. They are going to ship eight tons of ore from the "Jumbo" to Glasgow for a final mill test, and if the returns are satisfactory (and there is no doubt about it) they will buy the mine.

The "Lanark" has been surveyed underground, and it is the intention of the company to rush work this summer.

J. M. Kellie and party have been heard from. They are all right, and expect to get through to Duncan River and into the Lardeau country before returning.

Mr. Watson and Mr. Mackintosh left yesterday for Vancouver on business connected with their company. They return on Thursday.

Mrs. Marshall is with us again. She returned from Victoria yesterday.

Work at Fish Creek is progressing satisfactorily. Mr. Fishbourne, of Chicago, who has the "Annie" and "Agnes" bonded, is pushing on the development work as fast as possible.

J. H. Anderson is at Fish Creek with a gang of men developing four claims which Mr. Ryckman bought.

Several men are working on the trail between here and Fish Creek, putting it in shape for pack horses.

The law prohibiting saloons being open on Sundays appears to be a dead letter here. It is a sad sight to see men in all stages of drunkenness in the streets on the Lord's-day. Our magistrates should see to it and have the law carried out. It is very different in Revelstoke, where you have a stalwart police officer to keep order. If matters do not mend it will be necessary for the Government to appoint a policeman here.

There is no good reason why the Government should not appoint a mining recorder for this section, and have him act as constable. If our present recorder is appointed gold commissioner he cannot attend to the district properly and act as recorder too, and as Illecillewaet is the most important mining camp in Upper Kootenay the recorder should be located here.

Illecillewaet is badly in need of a first-class hotel. This is not casting any reflection on our present hotels. They are first-class as far as they go, but if we had a hotel like the "Victoria" at Revelstoke a great many tourists would visit us, and would do more towards advertising us than anything else.

We have here some of the grandest scenery in America, and if the place was properly advertised thousands would come here every summer, instead of passing us by for the Glacier and other resorts.

REVELSTOKE SCHOOL.

THE EXAMINATION.

School examination took place last Friday, there being 23 scholars present. The examination began by the fourth class giving the continuance of a story commenced last year, "The Story of King and Locusts," and acquitted themselves very creditably. The spelling of the third class was excellent, and in every branch the class showed very marked improvement. The answers and spelling of the second class were good, but there was a little fault exhibited by some of the class which can easily be remedied, that of very low speaking. In the second reader the spelling was remarkably good, and the second primer equally so. In geography, physiology, history and grammar the fourth class did not do as well as was expected, but great satisfaction was expressed at the proficiency of the third class in the same subjects. Following is the order of merit:—

Proficiency prize—Willie Ladner.
Regularity and punctuality—Willie Beavo.
Deportment—Ellie May.

FOURTH READER.

Stella Brown was head in reading, writing and written arithmetic, grammar, British history and Canadian history.
Ella Paton, head in composition, mental arithmetic, spelling, geography, Canadian history and physiology.

THIRD READER (SENIOR).

Maggie Lewis ranked 1st, and also head in spelling and written arithmetic.
Jessie Paton, 1st in reading, writing, composition, geography and grammar.
Charlie Lewis, 1st in mental arithmetic.
Alfred Palmer, in mental arithmetic.

THIRD READER (JUNIOR).

Bertie Temple ranked 1st, and head in reading, spelling, writing and written arithmetic.
Tom Paton, writing and grammar.
Ethel Ladner, in composition.
Sam Needham, mental arithmetic.

SECOND READER.

Frank Brown ranked 1st, and head in reading, writing and arithmetic.
Lewis Rauch, spelling and composition.

SECOND PRIMER.

Willie Beavo ranked 1st, and also 1st in arithmetic.
Jimmy Paton, in reading.
Pearl Law, in writing.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

The schoolroom was filled in the evening by relatives and friends of the pupils, when the following program was gone through, the children acquitting themselves admirably:—

Opening address.....Maggie Lewis
Song—"Good Evening".....School
Recitation—"Dauntless" Stella Brown
Dialogue—"Not so bad as it seems" Hattie Lee, Edith Lewis, Ellie May, Pearl Thomson, Jimmy Paton and Lewis Rauch.
Recitation—"Upon my word she did" Jessie Paton.
Song—"Don't let me die an old maid" Edith Lewis.
Recitation—"The Rainbow" Ethel Ladner, Mabel Thomson, Jessie Paton, Willie Ladner, Bertie Temple, Lewis Rauch and Tom Paton.
Recitation—"A quarrel" Edith Lewis
Sunflower chorus.....
"When I was young," Stella Brown and Ella Paton.
Song—"The shaking of the hands," School.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

A play in three acts.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mrs. Twaddle.....Ella Paton
Jack.....Frank Brown
Fairy Helpalong.....Emma Oberg
Giant Horridhead.....J. Sutherland
His wife Scaredtodeath....A. Palmer
Tableau.....Cinderella's wedding

Mr. F. Fraser then presented the prizes, which were numerous enough to go round twice over, some of the pupils receiving three prize, which consisted of handsomely bound books. Miss Halliday was the recipient of warm applause as she addressed the meeting. This was her farewell to Revelstoke and to teaching, as she intends going home for a long holiday to recuperate her health. The entertainment was brought to a conclusion by an acrostic, "Good bye," and the National Anthem.

On Saturday Mr. C. H. Temple was elected a school trustee in place of Mr. H. N. Coursier, whose term of office has expired.

No smoker who has ever used the Myrtle Navy tobacco for, say a month, ever relinquishes it for any other brand. Its flavor is rich and full, and it never burns the tongue or parches the palate. It is, in fact, the ne plus ultra of smoking tobacco.

DORIS AND I.

BY JOHN E. STAFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

There was evil in front of us, and much aching of hearts and suffering. But the throstle sang in the sycamore tree, and the swallows curved and twitted all about us, and in the rich amber light we could see that all was fair and good; then our eyes would meet, and we thought not of evil, Doris and I. We spoke little, our hearts being very full and words mere idleness. Doris looked out again to the west, leaning her head against me, and taking my hand as it twined over her shoulder. We were in the orchard by the old green wicket, where a month ago, before the blossoms had burst their bulbs, she had allowed me to tell her an old tale, and had said one word of her own to give it finish. And as the throstle sang his love-song, and the sun sank to his bed behind the hills, I thought of then and now, and my head lowered and I kissed her forehead gently. Then Doris sighed as if a spell was broken. For I had come to tell of my windfall; that I was no longer a poor man; that instead of waiting for years, we might begin our married life on my return from Canada in three months or so; and the sudden happiness of the thing had wrapt us round and silenced us both. Now that the first flush of it was over, we remembered the fleeting minutes, and fell to talking. What we said is of no account here; but so little did we dream of harm, or accident of nature to cross our happiness, that not once did we mention him, though we knew he was coming next day, to stay perhaps for some weeks, as sick people do.

Then we said good-bye, and I opened the wicket to pass through; but seeing the wet in her eyes, lingered a while longer till she was smiling again, when I let her go. But I looked back again every dozen yards or so; and when I got across the second meadow and stood by the stile before vaulting into the high-road, I could still see the straight white figure among the green, and the waving handkerchief. So I asked God to keep her, and went my way with the rose she had given me. Walking home in the pink twilight, the heaviness at leaving her wore off as I looked into the future and saw what was there, or rather what I pictured in it. For when love is the warp and fortune the woof, what will not the shuttle of fancy do?

Yesterday, things had been so different. Of all my airy castles, there seemed hardly one left, and I had built a good few. Before I knew Doris, such imaginings had never troubled me; but when I had met her at Winchcomb flowershow, love had touched me with its wand, and of a sudden the dead wall of my life, like that in Chaucer's Romaunt—for I had read a thing or two in the long winter nights before the old place had been hammered into other hands—seemed all alive with pictures. Everything was lit up; the world seemed a new place, and life had sweeter meanings after I had looked into Doris's eyes and she into mine. And when, after many months, I plucked up courage to ask her heart how it was, and as she told me, the future widened out in such a fashion that the sight of it nearly made me light-headed.

Had I known how things were, I should have held my tongue, through shame and hopelessness. But my father never gave a sign that ruin was near upon him; that my comfortable heritage, as I deemed it, was mortgaged to its last rood. The crash came, and then the sale, and then life in a little cottage with a broken-down father and a changed look-out which perhaps made me over-moody. For sometimes I despaired of ever posessing Doris, or of being able under many years to support her in a way fitting to her upbringing. Everything would be broken off, and it would all be dead wall again.

It was in some such humour that the notary's letter found me that morning. I had seldom heard of Uncle Ben, and had never seen him. He had in early manhood deeply wronged my father in some way, and his name was rarely mentioned. I handed the letter to father, and he was dumb like myself, his face working strangely between anger and something softer. Then he put it down and said: "Consciencemoney, lad, every penny on it; but it's saved yer from my folly, so tek it, an thank God for teachin' Ben repentance an me forgiveness—no easy lesson, when a brother—— Well, well, let lie. Poor Ben!"

No wonder, then, that I saw visions as I walked home in the light of the aftermath. It was nearly dusk when I arrived at the cottage; and as I turned for a last look at the burnished hills, a bat came between me and the light and fluttered mockingly before me. But I kissed my rose and laughed at the flittermouse.

I had lived some twenty-five years in the world without knowing much more of it than what our valley and its neighbourhood had to show; so that what I saw on my long journey to my uncle's Canadian farm made me wonder and marvel, as young people do when they go for the first time beyond the mountains and see what is there. But there is no need to dwell upon that; and, moreover, it doesn't concern the drift of what I am telling you.

Nor need I say much about the farm and personal estate which had come to me by my uncle's will. I found that the latter came to some eighty thousand dollars chiefly invested in Northern Pacific and other stock; and the former a large tract of prairie-land, with house, farm-buildings, and every appointment of a first-class property. There was a new railway creeping up, which would double its value in a few years' time; and it was for me to say, after I had seen the place, whether I should let it, or wait, or sell it right out. I wrote the lawyer, saying that for the present I would take it in hand till the corn was safely harvested.

So one thing leads on to another, and we prepare our own destiny without knowing it. But I had looked at things in a practical way and according to my lights; and the notary commended me; and Doris sent a letter along saying: "Yes, Jack; but don't tarry the thrashing too," which was only sweetheart like.

The weeks passed on, and I found plenty to occupy and interest me, as was natural. I let Boss Wilson keep much of his authority—he had been in charge of the farm since the death, and his loquacious company was not disagreeable after I had learned to know him. One day in the town near by I happened upon a Worcester man—one Henshaw—and his clannish good feeling made he place still less lonely. Then every to read it, and I sent her an account of mine; and all the while the same sun warmed us, and the same moon set us thinking one of the other when the day was over and our souls skipped out for a game at dreams. She was there and I was here, and soon there would be no there and here, but only one place and we in it.

Thinking to this tune I jumped into the saddle one August morning and rode up to the post-office for the usual weekly letter. I always rode over, because the postboy who passed us on his way to the next settlement waited for the second mail at noon. I met Mr. Henshaw at the door of the office with two letters and a newspaper in his hands.

"Mornin', Mr. Sedley," said he; "lot o letters this mail; let me hold the cob till you come out."

That was the beginning of it—there was no letter. I rejoined Henshaw, and walked down with him to his store, heavy with disappointment.

"Like to see the paper?" said he, as I was leaving, after ordering some supplies of this man. "'Tain't often I get one; but my brother's hay-ricks a' bin blazin', an' he's sent the account of it. Arl new hay too, an' on'y part insured. Ain't it a pity?"

I said it was, and looked moodily through the columns for news that might interest me. only learned that there had been a regatta at Evesham; and that our old doctor at Ranston had sold his practice to a Dr. Robson—that was all. But as I rode home I kept muttering that doctor's name, wondering where I had heard it before, till suddenly it came to me, bringing a lot of something else with it.

Why had Doris never mentioned him beyond the postscript in her first letter, weeks ago? I had clean forgotten she had a Cousin Stephen, so little did I heed him; but he was still at Ranston, still perhaps an inmate of her home. Why—— Here I dropped the reins, and drew out her last letter, to steady me. I read it through, and the dear words brought kindliness back, and I kissed her name at the end, saying some one was a fool.

But the doubt had found entrance, and grew, as cancers do, without our knowing it. For the days went on, and no letter came, no sign, till I grew half-wild at the cruelty of it. I wrote, reproaching her; and another week went and another. At last the letter came. The postboy handed it to me as I stood at the gate—I daresay he wondered why I was always there—and I ripped it open, while my heart pumped fit to break itself. Then the paper dropped from my hands, and I held on to the gate with a singing in my ears, and a sudden weakness in seeing, which darkened the sun and all beneath it. . . .

Doris unfaithful—it wasn't natural. Our souls had grafted, and we were one; we were two streams that had met to turn the same millwheel together; our hearts were bound with ligaments of their own growing; there was no undoing what nature had so willed. Yet there was her handwriting, her own words in good black ink telling white it was a liar.

Then all at once, through the rush and swirl of it, came the thought of the new doctor, and a queer coldness went through me as if I had been turned to clay before my time. The life seemed to go out from me, and I could scarcely move my feet as, half staggering, I went indoors and dropped into a chair. Again I read the note, though every cursed word was burnt in my brain for ever.

"I cannot marry you, dear—it is impossible. I like you—I am fond of you, as I told you in the orchard that evening; but I cannot be your wife—I cannot indeed. Oh, I wish I had told you earlier how things were; it was cruel of me to let you go on loving me without telling you the truth. I was afraid to at last; but now you are away it seems less difficult to say. Forgive me; look elsewhere for a more fitting mate—some one who can fully share your new life with you, and help you as a wife should, with head, heart, and hand—some one who can love you better than DORIS."

An hour went by, maybe two, while the hardening went on; while the love died away, and the light and the joy of life dimmed and flickered out, leaving me in darkness with hate and revenge. Then I rose up and looked round at the difference of things; for all seemed altered, and not the same. I moved to my desk, and unlocking a drawer, took out all her letters, and they, too, had altered, and were merely so many pieces of paper, not sacred things to be touched with reverence, like bits of the holy rood. But the breath of lavender from them got at some soft corner in me, making my eyes hot and tightening my throat. For a second or two I paused, looking at the vision that grew out of them, till anger puffed and blew it all away, leaving me with only the bundle of papers. This I wrapped up, along with a dead rose and a lock of yellow hair, and directed to Miss Hanlow, Ranston-in-the-Vale, Worcestershire, England.

"Here," said I, as Nita, my uncle's old house-keeper, hobbled in to lay the cloth for tea; "let one of the lads take this to the depot before dark. No matter; I'll take it myself.—Where's Boss?"

"Goin' away?" said Boss Wilson, as I pulled up, half an hour later, at the gate he was mending—"just as the corn's yellowin' for the machines? Summat wrong? You look kinder hit—hope 'tain't serious." He wiped his face, looking hard at mine, which I turned away, feeling it was a tell-tale.

"You won't be alone long," I went on. "My father is on his way, and will take possession of the farm and see to things in my absence. I have asked him to keep you on, Boss, and I think you'll find him a good sort.—Good-bye. See you again some day when I've—when I've found what I want." I glanced down at his furrowed face and saw kindness in it.

"Lost summat, gaffer?" said he, and I could feel the search of his look. He was a shrewd man, twice my age, and may have noticed many things since we had been together.

"Ay, I've lost something," I answered; "but it's not that I'm after, Boss. No use hunting for broken bubbles, I take it."

"No, 'tain't," drawled Boss; "but whatever you're after, it'll tek some findin', I guess, an' you may scour the world up an' down an' find it in yourself when all's done. Have a good knock round, gaffer; an' when it's all burnt out, come back again and mek friends wi' things."

I could see his outstretched hand, and mine went to it involuntarily.

"S'long, gaffer," was all I heard as the horse leaped away with me down the rough track.

"So long," I said to the hot silence and the western solitude, where I had dreamed loneliness as long as I could people it with fancy and see Doris and good company beyond it. But to remain there with my dead hopes all about me grinning like marionettes which love had made caper, deluded by its own magic; to live on through the long monotonous heat with no opposite shore for the bridge of thought to touch, with no future but a fogbank where had been a fair country. No, I could not.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RATS ON A STEAMSHIP.

They are in Possession and Will Not be Dislodged.

Probably no ship that enters the harbor of Philadelphia is more dreaded by the sailor man than the Earn Line steamship Unionist, owing to the fact that she is nearly alive with rats. Thousands of these animals enjoy all the luxury of sea life and every effort to rid the ship of the plague has proven futile. Those on board the Unionist dread to sleep, as frequently they are awakened by the pricking sensation of a number of rats running over any portion of the body that may be exposed, and thus the handsome ship is rendered a pest hole by the intrusion of the rodents.

Pilot Kelly, who came up in charge of the Unionist, says he was very tired after walking the bridge all day on the lookout while she was coming up the river, and when she was safely anchored he turned in for a good night's sleep. About midnight he was awakened by the blowing of a ship's steam whistle, and on rising in bed he was horrified to find himself covered and surrounded by rats, every one as large as a cat. Many had nibbled large holes in the quilt, while others jumped around on the floor, gnawing at a large piece of bread they had some way got from the pantry. Kelly was frightened, and walked the deck the rest of the night.

Capt. Neate, the commander of the Unionist, is at his wits' end to know what remedy to adopt. He always carries his wife, and the conditions were such that he had erected on deck a wooden house, in which they both live nearly all the time. Not long ago he adopted a plan to smother the rats by means of closing up all the hatches and burning sulphur throughout the entire ship. By this he succeeded in getting rid of a few thousand of them, but a few weeks later the ship was as thoroughly infested as ever.

The rats on board the Unionist are of a peculiar kind. Some are actually as large as fair-sized cats, and have weighed as much as four pounds. They are of a rare species, never seen in this country, and Capt. Neate thinks they are the pure East Indian rat.

The Unionist, for some years previous to being chartered by the Earn Line Steamship Company, was engaged in the India trade, principally between Pondicherry, the French settlement of the Indies, and Marseilles, carrying peanuts, and it was in this way that the rats first got on board at Pondicherry, they being very fond of peanuts. After this the Unionist went from England to all parts of the world, but the rats in the hold had some cargo to gnaw at until now, and confined themselves to that portion of the ship, never entering either the cabin or forecastle.

Since January the Unionist has been carrying coal to Cuba and reloading with iron ore, and the rats being unable to subsist on either commodity, have forsaken the holds and invaded the cabins. The sailors have all got news of this and it is next to impossible to get a crew to go in her, as the rat, above all things, is what Jack is most afraid of.

Maori Version of the Deluge.

According to the tradition in the Nga-itahu tribe of Maoris, men had become very numerous, and evil prevailed everywhere. The tribes quarrelled, and wars were frequent. The worship of Tane was neglected, and his doctrines were openly denied. Men, says a writer in Science Siftings, utterly refused to believe the teachings of Para-whneuamea and Tupunui-a-uta respecting the separation of heaven and earth by Tane, and at length cursed these two devout men when they continued their teaching. Then these two teachers were very angry, and got their stone axes and cut down "totara" and other trees, which they dragged together to the source of the River Tohinga (baptism). They bound the timber together with vines of the pirita and ropes, and made a very wide raft. Then they made incantations, and built a house on the raft, and put much food into it—fern root, kumar (sweet potato), and dogs. Next they repeated their incantations, and prayed that rain might descend in such abundance as would convince men of the power of Tane, and prove the truth of his existence, and the necessity of the ceremonies of worship for life and for peace, and to avert evil and death. Then these teachers—with Tiu-Rete, a female named Waipuna-Nau, and another woman—got on the raft. Tiu, who was the priest on the raft, prayed that the rain might descend in great torrents, and when it had so rained for four or five days and nights he repeated his incantations that it might cease, and it ceased. The raft was lifted by the waters and floated down the river Tohinga. All men and women and children were drowned of those who denied the truth of the doctrines preached by Tane. The legend then gives a detailed account of the wanderings of the raft, and the doings and adventures of its occupants. Once they saw goddesses wandering on the face of the ocean. These came to make a commotion in the sea, that the raft might be destroyed, and those on it might perish. The sea was boisterous, but the raft and its occupants were not overwhelmed. When they had floated about for seven moons, Tiu spoke to his companions, and said, "We shall not die; we shall land on the earth." In the eighth month the rolling motion of the raft had changed; it now pitched up and down and rolled. Tiu then said that the signs of his staff indicated that the sea was becoming less deep, and he declared that was the month in which they would land on dry earth. They did land at Hawaiki—the place from which the Maoris, according to their tradition, migrated to New Zealand.

A female parachutist fell 500 feet from a balloon at Berlin on Tuesday and was instantly killed.

Above the length of nineteen or twenty feet, snakes in the Phillipine Islands increase greatly in bulk for every foot in length, so that a snake nineteen feet long looks small beside one twenty-two feet long.

A Number of Scientific Men Are Getting Their Faces Northward.

Two well-known Swedish scientific men, Messrs. Bjorling and Kallstemuis, arrived in St. Johns, N. F., a few days ago. They are commissioned by the Geographical and Zoological societies of Stockholm to explore the shores of Smith Sound, in the Arctic regions, to collect specimens of the flora and fauna of the district, and to take astronomical observations. They will hire a schooner here for their voyage, from which they expect to return in September.

Whalers here who are acquainted with the work these explorers have planned for themselves think they cannot carry out the programme. It is believed to be utterly impossible for a sailing vessel to reach Smith Sound this summer in time for the party to do any scientific work and return this season. The last sailing vessel to pass through the difficult ice of Melville Bay was the schooner of Dr. Hayes. He had a terribly hard time of it and could not possibly have returned the same season.

The sealers and whalers here think that vessels depending on sails alone have no business at all in Melville Bay. It is thought certain that unless the Swedish explorers equip their vessel for a stay of a year and a half at least they will either come to grief or will return without having accomplished anything.

Information has been received that a party of Americans is coming to explore Labrador and visit the Great Falls, which were discovered last year.

It is reported that the expedition which will leave here about July 1 under the leadership of Prof. Heilprin of Philadelphia to bring back the Peary party who, it is supposed, have been sledging on the inland ice of North Greenland will bring back as large a collection as possible illustrating the life and arts of the Smith Sound natives for exhibition at the World's Fair.

Another American party will leave here soon in order to transport for the World's Fair three villages of different tribes of Eskimos with all their belongings, and also a village of Indians inhabiting the mountainous districts in the interior of Labrador.

Talk From a Horse.

Don't ask me to back with blinds on. I am afraid to.

Don't lend me to some blockhead that has less sense than I have.

Don't think because I am a horse that iron-weeds and briers don't hurt my hay.

Don't be careless of my harness as to find a great sore on me before you attend to it.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if anything should give way I might break your neck.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I will expect it next time and maybe make trouble.

Don t think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You would move up if under the whip.

Don't put on my blind bridle so that it irritates my eyes, or so leave my forelock that it will be in my eyes.

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing. I need the skin on my tongue.

Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I go out into the light my eyes are injured, especially if snow be on the ground.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night with a big cob right where I must lie down. I am tired and can't select a smooth place.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get jagged and I cannot chew my food. When I get lean, it is a sign my teeth want filing.

Don't make me drink ice-cold water, nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding a half minute against my body.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't say whoa unless you mean it. Teach me to stop at the word. It may check me if the lines break, and save a runaway and smash-up.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and myself, too. Try it yourself some time. Run up hill with a big load.

Alive After Execution.

That weird story that comes from Texas of the negro who was hanged upon the scaffold until justice was satisfied that he was legally dead, and who afterwards came to life and is now able to polish off a 'possum in first-class style, reminds me that there are several cases on record of criminals surviving judicial execution. More than six centuries ago Juetta de Belsham hanged for three days, was cut down and pardoned, the superstitious people believing that God had decreed otherwise. Obadiah Walker, a former master of New College, Oxford, England, tells of a Swiss who was hanged thirteen times, every attempt being frustrated by a peculiarity of the windpipe which prevented strangulation. Ann Green, who was hanged in Oxford in 1650, survived the ordeal, was pardoned by the crown and was soon after married. In 1808 one John Green was hanged in London and recovered on the dissecting table of Surgeon Blizard. A fitting close for this "note" is the story of "Half-Hanged Maggie." She was hanged in Edinburgh in 1740, came to life while being taken to potter's field and lived for years afterwards.

Growth of Hair After Death.

The growth of the hair and beard after death have been too often proven to be doubted, but the most remarkable case on record is probably that of a man named Haskell, who in the year 1868, died in Northfield, Minn. During his life he had worn only a heavy black mustache, but a few years ago, when his friends removed his body to another cemetery, the coffin broke open and the face and head were found to be covered with a growth of bushy black hair over two feet in length. Such cases s this seem to encourage the idea that the air has a life of its own apart from the dy.

Dr. Mall, of Berlin, adopted recently a novel method of testing the genuineness of certain spirit manifestations given by Dr. Pinkert, a note medium. Dr. Mall provided himself with a syringe of liquid caustic, and when the spirits appeared he gave the shadowy forms a shower that sent them howling. As a result of the exposure Dr. Pinkert has been arrested.

CURIOSITY COLUMN

Burning of an Oak 1,100 Years Old.

The other day an unusual spectacle was witnessed in the Home park at Hampton court, when a magnificent oak growing about 20 yards from the long water was discovered to be on fire. The Palace fire brigade, under Superintendent Moorman, were quickly on the spot, and the alarm having been set to Kingston and Surbiton, the steamers from those places arrived shortly afterwards, a copious supply of water, pumped from the Long water, being poured on the burning oak. The tree is said to be 1,100 years old, and one of the eight largest oaks in England. It is 33 feet in circumference, having an average diameter of 11 feet. The trunk is hollow for about 10 feet, and several of the larger branches above that are also in a decayed condition. It was in the hollow of the oak that the fire burned fiercest, and as the flames spread from branch to branch the effect was singular in the extreme. The fire was extinguished in a few hours, but not before the fine old tree had been almost completely destroyed. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Horseflesh as Food.

Horseflesh for food has increased wonderfully in popularity in France. At Paris, the first horse butchery was opened on July 9, 1866, and in that year 902 horses were slaughtered. Through seventeen years the business steadily increased, and the count shows that 203,537 solipeds were consumed in the city. On Jan. 1, 1889, the horse butcheries numbered 132. In other cities of France the output of the horse butcheries is enormous. Hippophagy is also in great favor at Rotterdam. Horse meat is used there as human food to an extent that is unknown in Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland, as well as in parts of Italy. It is extensively used in Milan, while it is scorned in Turin. In the latter city only fifty-five horses were slaughtered in 1888, and the flesh was used exclusively for feeding the animals of a menagery. A Spanish writer regrets that hippophagy is not adopted in Spain, where it would benefit numerous poor laborers, to whom ordinary meat is an article of luxury on account of its high price. In Paris, the price of horse meat is about half that of beef for corresponding cuts.

The Temple of Baal.

There rises a huge wall 70 feet high, inclosing a square court of which the side is 740 feet long. Part of the wall, having fallen into ruins, has been rebuilt from the ancient materials, but the whole of the north side, with its beautiful pilasters, remains perfect. As the visitors enter the court they stand still in astonishment at the extraordinary sight which meets their eyes; for here, crowded within those four high walls, is the native village of Tadmor. It was natural enough for the arabs to build their mud huts within these ready-made fortifications, but the impression produced by such a village in such a place is indescribably strange. The temple, so to speak, is eaten out at the core, and little but the shell remains. But here and there a fluted Corinthian column or group of columns, with entablature still perfect, rises in stately grace far over the wretched huts, the rich, creamy color of the limestone and the beautiful moldings of the capitals contrasting with the clear blue of the cloudless sky. The best view of the whole is to be obtained from the roof of the naos, which, once beautiful and adorned with sculpture, is now all battered and defaced and has been metamorphosed into a squalid little mosque. To describe the view from that roof were indeed a hopeless task. High into the clear blue air and the golden sunshine rise the stately columns; crowded and jumbled together below, untouched by the gladdening sunbeams, unfreshened by the pure, free air, lies all the squalor and wretchedness of an Arab mud-hut village.

The Eagle as a Symbol.

The history of the eagle as the symbol of the Roman Empire, and of other powers claiming succession to the same, is here fully stated. In Europe there are still the eagles of Austria, Russia and Germany, besides others pertaining to minor principalities. An able writer remarks that "owing to the restoration of the Western empire during the rule of the Byzantine Cæsars, the world has never since (the time of Augustus) been without one or two Emperors of the Romans. The present Austrian Emperor, though holding scarcely a province of Adrian's, is the direct successor of Charlemagne, who was crowned in Rome Emperor of the Romans, the sixty-ninth from Augustus." The Czar of Russia bears the doubleheaded eagle, which was assumed by the Grand Duke Ivan Basilovitz, who in 1472 married Sophia daughter of Thomas Paleologus and niece of the last Emperor of Byzantium, Constantine XIV. The German Emperor reigns over some Roman provinces and bears a single-headed eagle with the crown of Charlemagne. The single-headed eagle, assumed with the imperial title by the first Napoleon Bonaparte, sets forth the union of the whole Roman Empire as the traditional aim of his family. All this strikingly harmonizes with the admitted fact of the continuance to the present time, though in a divided state, to the Roman Empire, and suggests thoughts as to what may be the ultimate meaning of the words, "Wheresoever the body is thither will the eagles be gathered together."

Nails.

It is safe to say that not one person in a thousand is able to give the origin of the terms ten-penny, six-penny, two-penny, tec., as applied to nails. For many years these useful commodities were made a specified number of pounds to the thousand, and this standard is still recognized in England and other countries. For instance, in the first-named locality, a ten-penny nail is understood to be one of a kind of which it would require 1,000 to make ten pounds, and a six-penny nail one of a lot of which an equal number would comprise six pounds. "Penny" is really a survival of the English "pun," a corruption of "pound," as originally intended. Formerly the pound mark (£) followed the figures designating the size of the nails, thus: 2£, 6£, 10£, and so on, but this in time gave way to the pence mark (*d*), as at the present time.

Handcuffs might appropriately be called sad-irons.—[Lowell Courier.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Fifteen To-Day.

For the last time, dear dolly, I dress you,
And carefully put you away;
You cannot tell how much I miss you,
But then I am fifteen to-day.

And you, not so very much younger—
Have you nothing at parting to say?
Are you sorry our fun is all over,
And that I am fifteen to-day?

What walks we have had through the clover?
What rides on the top of the hay;
What feasting in grandmother's garret!
And now I must put you away.

Cousin Ethel just buried her dolly,
With its eyes open wide, and as blue
As yours, my sweet dolly, this minute;
I couldn't do that, dear, to you.

Oh, stop dolly! what am I thinking?
Why cannot I give you away?
There's a poor little girl I love dearly,
And she's only ten years to-day.

How happy your bright face would make her!
She never had playthings like you,
With all your fine dresses and trinkets.
Yes, dolly, that's just what I'll do.

I do believe, dolly, I'm crying.
"What nonsense, child!" grandma would say,
Good-by; one last kiss; I'm half sorry
That I am fifteen, dear, to-day.

MARY A. DENISON.

How School Slates Are Made.

Slate is a variety of rock, having a small compact grain and a very fine, continuou' cleavage or splitting structure, by which it can be separated into thin, even plates of great consistency. It was originally just so much soft mud on the floor of an ancient sea, but in the course of ages it became consolidated and then metamorphosed or gradually altered in character by the continued operation of various natural forces until its present condition was attained. The chief employment of slate in commerce is that of a roofing material, for which purpose it is better adapted than any other substance that has yet been tried.

School slates are prepared in a very simple manner from picked specimens of the common roofing variety, those of the Welsh quarries, however, being generally preferred to any other. The plates which are to be made into writing slates must have a homogeneous or finely grained and equal texture, and be without any yellow pyrites or "slate diamonds," as these familiar glittering crystals are often termed. After they have been separated from the other sorts they are carried to workmen, who fashion them into school slates, by first splitting them up evenly if required, and then finely polishing them over with specially adapted steel tools. They are next sent to the joiners to be fitted with wooden frames, after which they are quite ready for the educational markets at home or abroad.

Physical and Moral Health of Children.

There is no more important question in the social economy than that of properly developing the minds and bodies of the children. A healthy being is the best heritage that a father or mother can leave to a child. Health is a comprehensive term and includes the moral as well as the physical nature. The child whose body is in a good condition, but whose morals are in a poor condition, is not a healthy child as I mean the term healthy. Better poor health and great morality than great health and poor morality. But why cannot the equilibrium be preserved? The mother by observing certain conditions, by placing herself within as well as without certain influences, by cultivating certain phases of her moral nature, can largely foreshape the character of the offspring. But parents—the mothers as well as the fathers—are lamentably deficient on this point. They do not bestow upon the subject the thought that it deserves. If they would give to their children the care that by every natural law they are required to give to them, there is no doubt that the children would be better and society would be benefited by the careful oversight. That there are many parents that do not properly care for their offspring is quite as true as that there are some parents that do give them all the attention they need. A child should not only be well fed and properly housed and clothed, but its moral life demands just as proper cultivation as a tree or a flower, if there is a desire that either the tree or the flower shall reach its full stature in the one case and its complete efflorescence in the other. And what is the child in its relation to society if its moral nature is not careful and systematically developed? The evolution of the mind is as important as the evolution of matter. In many ways it is more important. The moral nature affects others. The physical nature chiefly affects the individual.

It Touched Saint and Sinner.

A few years ago a little girl applied to a pastor in one of our large cities for admission into his Sunday-school. She was told that the classes were so full there was no room for her, and that the church was so small that no more classes could be organized. Much disappointed, the little girl began to save pennies—her family was poor—for the purpose of enlarging the church in order that she and other children like her might be accommodated. She told no one of her ambitious purpose, however, so that when the pastor of this church was called to her bedside a few months later, to comfort her in her severe illness, he saw nothing unusual, only a frail child of 6½ years.

The little sufferer died, and a week later there were found in her battered red pocket-book, which had been her savings bank, 57 pennies and a scrap of paper that told in childish print the story of her ambition and the purpose of her self-denial.

The story of the little red pocketbook and its contents, and the unfaltering faith of its little owner, got abroad. It touched the heart of saint and sinner alike. Her inspiration became a prophecy, and men labored and women sang and children saved to aid in its fulfillment. These 57 pennies became the nucleus of a fund that in six years grew to $250,000, and to-day this heroine's picture life-size, hangs conspicuously in the hallway of a college building in which 1,400 students attend, and connected with which there are a church capable of seating 8,000, a hospital for children named for the Good Samaritan, and a Sunday-school-room large enough to accommodate all the boys and girls who have yet asked to enter it. A fairy story? It reads like one, but happily it is not one. The little girl's name was Hattie May Wiatt, and the splendid institutions described are located in Philadelphia.

A Lord and His Hurdy-Gurdy.

A nation possessing a nobility and aristocracy is bound to have incidents of personal erraticism which in countries where all people are born equal would excite little more than passing notice after serving as seven-day wonders. In England it seems to be next to impossible to have the public cease talking about Lord So-and-so's indiscretions, or Lady Somebody's errors. As death loves a shining mark, so does the public dote on a bit of gossip affecting a person of high degree. The lordling who annexes a consort from the ballet stage becomes as well known as a prime minister, and living down the notoriety of such a match, or the divorce-court proceedings which usually follow, is impossible.

The "performance" of a scion of a noble house which never will be forgotten in England, is that of Viscount Hinton, who some two years ago set out on a campaign as unique as it was mortifying to his family. Not possessing the talent or the means to acquire "fame" through the ordinary mediums, he gave expression to such musical instinct as he possessed, not by becoming an operatic tenor, or a player in the orchestra, nor even a performer on the yellow clarionet in a German band, but supplied himself with the vulgar hand-organ of commerce and embarked on the career of a strolling street-musician.

The shock to the pride and feelings of the peer of the realm, Earl Poulett, his father, must have been very great; but the noble earl kept his grief to himself, and the public is left to conjecture his chagrin or attitude on the subject, beyond the indefinite understanding that the viscount has been disowned. True, the will and say-so of the old earl cannot overturn England's law of primogeniture, and the musical-inclined son remains as much the heir as the day he was born, and nothing can rob the young man of his right, if he survives, at some time to wear the coronet of the earldom and take his seat in the House of Lords.

Viscount Hinton's queer freak was at first believed to be but a drastic measure for forcing the earl to terms in some matter, but as he persists in his fantastic course and the old gentleman preserves outward imperturbability, organ-grinding may now be regarded as his more or less permanent employment.

Wherever the proud earl goes, whether to Hinton St. George at Crewkerne, or to his more favourite seat at Bishop's Waltham in Hampshire, or to his town club in Pall Mall, he is never beyond the possible reach of the--to him exasperating—strains of the family hand-organ. Let there be a house-party or a gathering of country people, Viscount Hinton is more than likely to turn up in the neighborhood with the latest thing in machine-made melody.

I saw the young man a few months ago at Southsea, the residential quarter of Portsmouth, where he was playing his calling to reap the harvest of coins from the hotels and villas thronged with the fashionable world drawn to the Solent to witness a grand naval pageant in which royalties were playing a prominent part. In front of a hotel, just as the dinner hour was over and daylight was giving way to darkness, "his lordship" trundled his piano-organ inside the gates and started grinding out the repertoire of the instrument. The waiters said it was Lord Hinton, and the statement was substantiated by a neatly-framed placard appended to the organ which read:

I AM THE

VISCOUNT HINTON,

Son of the Earl of Poulett and heir to the Title and Dignities.

(Vide Burke and Debrett.)

through no fault of my own I am educed to earning a livelihood in this manner.

The music was rather better than that of the average street organ. Technique and execution being governed mechanically, there was, of course, small chance for a display of ability, but he managed to impart taste and sentiment in the modulations of the movement of the crank. He was dressed with obvious propriety for the occupation. The coat of velvet—not velveteen—betokened the artist, and was accentuated by a cravat knotted in the mode affected by the flaneur of musical Paris. The current melodies of the music hall, with a sprinkling of Offenbach, and one or two airs that always strike the patriotic chord in British hearts, having been duly filtered through the machine, the viscount, with a grace worthy of a court ball, turned the crank over to the young woman who was sharing his fortunes as viscountess. While she ground out "Here comes the bogie man,' or some such tune, Viscount Hinton, with much elegance of demeanor and unruffled cheerfulness, ran lightly up the steps to the hotel entrance to look after the business feature of his enterprise. Each person present was given the opportunity to drop any stray coin he or she might possess into the artistic little metal cup politely extended by his lordship. The "I thank you kindly" was uttered with unvarying precision as each dole was contributed to the exchequer of this noble representative of the higher cult of musical mendicancy.

The result must have been satisfying, for the takings easily amounted to nearly two pounds. No one felt the poorer for giving liberally to one who, whatever his failings, certainly had the courage of his convictions. It was a good-natured and considerate audience, preserving an attitude of kindly amusement, and with no thought of jeering or chaffing. There were present, perhaps, men born to the same rank to whom fortune and circumstances had been more propitious than to this confrere whose name was never seen in the society column of the Morning Post or in the lists of grandees attending a court function.

Lord Hinton plies his calling in no perfunctory way, but with dignity and directness. Even if inspired at the outset by malicious motives, he has persevered in his career long enough to win a certain admiration for his "pluck."

He goes wherever he can find a holiday or gala gathering, and at times plays on the steamers crossing the channel. Museum and side-show "engagements" have been offered him by the score, but he chooses to maintain the integrity of the pursuit he has adopted by declining with thanks all such proposals.

He finds there is money in his business, and who can say he does not earn it?

Presidents without policy would be potatoes without salt.

MISS MARSDEN'S LEPERS.

An Englishwoman's Long Journey in Search of Disease and Fame.

Miss Kate Marsden is to visit Canada and the United States. Perhaps Miss Marsden may not be well known to you Well, she has just returned from Siberia, from away up the Lena River. She is now in St. Petersburg, and has told her story of her long journey of thousands of miles through Siberia, where she has been hunting for lepers. She says she has found a few settlements of these outcasts, and now she intends to lecture for the purpose of securing funds to provide medical care for the unfortunates and to enable her to go and place them in colonies, and so to win glory as did Father Damien in Molakai, in the Sandwich Islands.

From the story she tells, she has apparently been to Viliusk, a place about 200 miles north of Yakootsk, on the Lena River. There, she says, she found lepers banished to the forests, where they were kept away from the rest of the people, but fed by the latter on fish and treebark. Thirty guides, she says, were obliged to cut out a path through the under-growth of the forests in order that she could reach the leper villages. She found the stricken people ill-clad, living in indescribable degradation, and many of them so loathsome in appearance as to have lost all semblance to humanity.

Miss Marsden further says that there has been found in Yakootsk a plant that is a sure cure for leprosy, but that she has not been able to test it as yet. So far as can be gathered from Miss Marsden's latest reports, the enthusiastic woman has made a long journey, about which she will doubtless be able to write an interesting book, but as to any fresh knowledge about the lepers she does not apppear to have added much to what she started out with. A year ago, before she started for the Lena regions, she met near Samara the Bishop Dionysius of the Ufa, who had laboured at Yakootsk for a period of over forty years, and he had seen the plant and had known of cures of leprosy accomplished by it agency.

THE BISHOP'S STORY.

The lepers so he informed Miss Marsden, live in a settlement apart, of the banks of the Vilui River. Here a number of huts have been erected for their accommodation and here they live in an indescribable condition of filth and immorality. In spite, however, of such unfavorable conditions by the use of the plant cures are said to be effected. The plant is found growing wild on the banks of a small river called the Ugur. The discovery of its curative virtues was due to a curious accident. It appears that at this place a leper had been living with his family. His state at length became such that they could no longer suffer him to dwell in the house, and he was accordingly turned out into the fields. His relatives each day brought him a certain quantity of food, but, as may readily be imagined his length rapidly declined, till at length he could no longer walk, and was forced all day to lie prostrate on the ground.

After a few days he was surprised to observe that his sores commenced to heal, and it was finally discovered that this was owing to the contact with a certain plant which grew there in abundance. Further experiments were made, and it was found that the application of this plant to the leprous sores caused them to heal. Unfortunately there is no proper medical aid in the district, so that until now no scientific observation of its effects has yet been made. Bishop Dionysius informed Miss Marsden that a young doctor had gone to live among the lepers, with a view of investigating scientifically the action of the plant, but he unfortunately took ill and died before he had time to make any communication on the subject. One peculiar discovery he made during his stay, and that was the discovery of the leper bacillus in a fish common in the district. He attributed to the eating of this fish the prevalence of leprosy in and around Yakutsk

MISS MARSDEN'S JOURNEY.

Miss Marsden made her journey under the most advantageous auspicies. She was provided with an autograph letter from the Czarina, with whom she had been in constant communication. She made the journey from Moscow as far as Omsk in company with a young English woman named Miss Field. At Omsk the Governor sent an aide-de-camp to accompany her as far as Tomsk, and as he spoke English fluently Miss Field returned to St. Petersburg. In one of her letters from the north, Miss Marsden wrote:

"Dr. Alexeeff and myself are now by the banks of the Lena waiting till our cargo boat starts. We have found out that we must ride on horseback from Yakutsk to Viluisk, a thousand versts, then ride about finding the lepers, which may mean another 2,000, then 1,000 versts back again to Yukutsk. I have to rine all these thousands of versts, as there are no roads, only marshes and forests, and I rather dread it, I must confess. To begin with, I have been obliged to have trousers made and very high boots over the knees, as I must ride like a man; they say it is too unsafe to ride the other way, as we have cons ay to get off the horses and wade through either the water or forests, so I shall be a little tired when I get back to England, but I would go through fire and water to help my poor lepers."

Miss Marsden's most remarkable feat is doubtless her long journey in Summer and Winter. Her talk about lepers will, presumably, be interesting, and her idea of caring for the poor creatures is a humanitarian one. But there is no cure for leprosy on the Lena. Russian and Polish doctors have studied the disease thoroughly. It was taken there in its primitive form a hundred years ago by exiles. The disease, an infectious one, has, in many cases, died out in the villages where it was originally planted, in the course of generations. But occasionally children are born with the hideous hereditary disease on them, which develops to what is styled leprosy, but is quite incurable. The poor creatures seem to bear upon themselves the collective inherited punishment of past generations.

A peculiar insurance company has got into operation in Denmark. Young girls may enroll themselves, and by paying a small sum periodically become entitled to a regular weekly allowance from the company if they remain unmarried at and after the age of 40. The fact that marriage forfeits all claims is expected to assure the success of the scheme, not to speak of the tardiness with which many of the members will announce their arrival at the age of 40.

PERSONAL.

Mr. B. Sawden, of Toronto, is contributing to the "Dominion Illustrated" a series of articles on "Civic Government in Canada." Mr. Sawden is a clever writer and this subject in his hands will be efficiently treated.

The Archdukes of the reigning house of Austria became of age on the twentieth anniversary of their birth. The attainment of his majority by Archduke Joseph Ferdinand Salvator, son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, a few days ago, was celebrated with considerable pomp at Vienna. The young man is a pupil of the Military Academy in the Austrian Capital.

General Obrutcheff, recently placed in command of the Russian armies, is too stout to sit in a saddle and even walks with difficulty. His wife is a Frenchwoman, and he is one of the most enthusiastic advocates of a Franco-Russian alliance. This being so, he is an ardent Pan-Slavist and a bitter foe of everything German. General Obrutcheff is some 65 years of age.

Gladstone buys so many books that he invariably demands a discount of 10 per cent. from his booksellers. The story is told that when a dealer in the Strand refused to give the discount to the G.O.M. because he was not a bookseller, the ex-Premier replied: "I buy books and I sell them when they have served my purpose; I ought to have the discount." But the bookseller refused to give it.

Otto, the insane King of Bavaria, is reported to have become much worse as the result of his incessant smoking of cigarettes, of which he consumed six packages a day. He is at times so violent that it is necessary for his attendants to strap him to his bed. He has daily periods of unconsciousness, and has recently been too ill to leave the apartment in which he is confined.

General Lord Wolseley at Sebastopol lost an eye and received a severe wound, the trace of which is clearly visible on his cheek to-day. He was then a young engineer officer and stood in the advance line of intrenchments sketching a plan of the works when a round shot struck near him, shattered a gabion full of stones, killed two men, and threw Lord Wolseley to the ground.

The details of the shooting of two men by a Berlin sentry, imperfectly reported by cable certainly put a new light upon the act of the Emperor in publicly commending the soldier, and it is only fair that they should be published as widely and as fully as the original story. It appears that the sentry, Private Luck, was on duty in an unfrequented street at 11:30 p. m., when he was hustled by three men who deliberately blocked his way and insulted him. He warned them several times, and finally threatened to arrest them, when one of them drew and brandished a knife. The sentry seized him, but the man broke from him and fled. Luck pursued him, crying "Halt!" to the end of his beat, and then, according to regulations, fired, killing his chief assailant and wounding one of the others. The dead man, who drew the knife, turned out to be one Brandt, who had been convicted of participation in the February riots, and was "wanted" by the police for a murderous assault which he had committed only a few days before his attack on the sentry. Luck's promotion was not an impulsive act by the Emperor, but the result of a long and careful examination by the military authorities, five weeks after the shooting. Why there need have been so much delay in finding all this out no one seems to know.

SOME OF THE HEROES.

Awful Stories Told by Members of the Rescuing Parties in Oil City.

A thrilling story is told by Harry McVeagh, a member of a rescuing party which saved a number of lives. The party found eleven persons clinging to the foot bridge crossing at the head of Seneca street.

"Their condition was horrible," I wish that I could close my eyes and shut out the sight. Their clothing was burned off of their bodies, their hair was singed, and their eyes, even, in some cases, were burned out. Yet, some of them, I believe, will live. They clung piteously to us as we took them from the bridge into our boat, and the cries they sent up were the most pitiful that ever reached my ears. There were seven men and four women. The appearance of the latter was particularly distracting. We have cared for them the best we can, but God pity them."

William L. Stewart of Siverlyville lost his life while saving others. His body was fearfully burned.

John S. Klein, superintendent of the shops of the National Transit Company, gave timely warning of the disaster, thereby saving many lives. He was near the tunnel on the Lake Shore road, when the pungent odor of benzine borne on the breeze attracted his attention. Knowing that some accident must have happened upstream, or that a volume of oil was floating down the creek, he recognized at once the fearful result that would ensue if it should catch fire.

Running as fast as he could from house to house he shouted: "Put out your fires and run for your lives." Many heeded him and fled to the hills. He had not gone far before a flash as if from some huge thunderbolt illuminated the valley, and in an instant a wall of flame arose from the creek, enveloping everything within the compass of the rushing water in its awful grasp.

Just before the fire a little boy was found clinging to a plank in the creek. He was rescued, but died in a few minutes after being taken out of the water. While the boy was being taken out the rescuers saw a dead baby float down the river with the drift just after the explosion.

Thomas McGinnis rescued a little boy 3 years old who had fallen in the mud. The child said his name was Johnny Green.

An Inherited Attitude.

Father—"Your school report is generally good, but you are marked very low in deportment. Why is that?"

Boy—"I always forget and stand on one foot and rest the other on a railing or something when I recite and teacher marks me for that. I told her I couldn't help it and she says maybe I inherited it."

"Inherited it?"

"Yessir. She said that's the way men stand when they are talking over a bar."

In the Matanzas district of Cuba crops have been destroyed and about 450 cattle drowned by floods. The furniture of 325 dwellings was carried away or ruined.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS

Succi, the faster, is insane, and now in an asylum near Paris.

The revenue collected from last year's ascents to the top of the Eiffel Tower amounted to $115,000.

In the centre of the Russian petroleum district the water used for the boilers costs more than the fuel.

The business of preparing banana meal is about to be started on the Isthmus of Panama.

Philadelphia is said to be the greatest carpet manufacturing city in the world.

The oil fuel used in a copper-smelting works at Kedabeg in the Caucusus is pumped to an elevation of 328 feet through fifteen miles of four-inch steel pipe.

The Town of Cassel is going to spend 730,000 marks, to which the Government will add 230,000 marks, in making the River Fulda navigable and erecting warehouses, &c., near the harbor.

The Spanish Government has taken possession of the largest shipbuilding works in that country, and is offering inducements for English shipwrights to superintend the work.

The harbour works in Lisbon are about to be abandoned, as far as improvements are concerned, as the contractor finds himself unable to carry on the work.

They have shot a leopard in Bengal credited with destroying 154 persons.

1891 saw the first increase in the export of Chinese tea that has occurred in ten years.

The best road, according to Parsian experts, for hardness and unwearable service is made of volcanic scoria.

Herr Sonnenschien, the Chief Judge in German East Africa, has sentenced seventeen Arabs to be hanged for holding a slave market within his territory.

Last year 6,346 pipes of wine were exported from Madeira, as against 5,592 pipes during 1890. The 1891 vintage is reported to be excellent.

A miniature copper tea kettle has been hammered out of a copper cent by Robert Ducker, foreman of a copper shop at the Bath (Me.) Iron Works. The kettle is perfect in every detail, and water can be boiled in it. The words "one cent" can be seen on the bottom. Ducker was eight hours doing the work.

There has been a tremendous increase of drunkenness in France since the destruction of the vines by the philoxera. Bad wine is thought to be largely to blame.

The novelty of the production of an opera by a woman composer occurred at the Grand Theatre, Bordeaux, a short time ago. The opera is by Mme. de Grandval. It is named "Mazeppa," and is in four acts and six tableaux. The local critics speak in high praise of the music.

A young man in Newcastle, Del., having inherited $8,000 or $10,000, astonished his neighbors by spending $2,100 in three weeks and starting off with another $1,000 in his pocket. He bought among other things two bicycles at $150 each, a diamond ring for $275, eight suits of clothes, and several 1,000-mile tickets on various railway lines. In addition to all this he hired a box for the summer at an opera house in Philadelphia.

The Columbus celebration at the Spanish port of Palos, from which the navigator sailed, will begin on Aug. 2 and continue to Oct. 13. The announcement of the opening of the festivities will be made by heralds going about the streets with trumpets and cymbals. The whole celebration will be very picturesque, and as romantic as the Spanish mind.

Because the Canet system for naval guns and carriages represented the most advanced type best adapted to modern warfare is given as the reason why it is adopted for use on board the Greek ironclads in preference to other well-known types of foreign ordnance.

In one of the Comstock mines a new water wheel is to be placed which is to run 1,150 revolutions a minute, and have a speed at its periphery of 10,805 feet per minute. A greater head of water than has ever before been applied to a wheel will be used.

The French appropriations for 1893 will be 645,000,000 francs for the army and 280,000,000 francs for the navy. Ninety-eight new vessels are in course of construction, of which eight ironclads are to be finished next year. Twenty-one new cruisers will be launched by 1896. Sixty-two torpedo boats are to be built, and the Bank of France has 1,447,000,000 francs in gold in its vaults; more than any other European nation.

About 22,000 people of the Kaffir race are settled in one of the divisions of Cape Colony, in southern Africa. They have a finely cultivated tract of country there, and have made remarkable progress in civilization within a few years. They are of a peculiarly peaceable, law-abiding character, and have little use for the few policemen whom they keep. Mr. Gresswell, an African geographer, who knows them well, holds that they are a higher type than the Malays, or the Maories, or the red Indians, and believes that they will become very influential in southern and central Africa.

The German cyclists held a grand meet near Friedrichsruh in honor of Prince Bismarck, the latter delivering the following address: "Gentlemen, your visit gives me extreme pleasure. I take it as a great honor that you have come from such distant parts of Germany to greet me. I am also rejoiced to see, from the telegrams I have received from Thuringia, Silesia, and elsewhere, that your comrades there unite with you in your greeting. I am pleased to note the prosperity of your association. Your sport involves an exercise by which health is promoted, and some substitute provided for the ball and wrestling games so popular in England. They have not yet taken root among us, whereas in England even the ladies delight in such pastimes. Muscular exercises, such as ball games involve, have not gained real acceptance among us. Almost the only sport which promotes the action of the lower muscles is that which you carry on, and you deserve all praise for procuring your countrymen this blessing."

Hofbauer (on his deathbed)—"At last the time has come for me to be revenged on that Lindenbauer. So then, wife, you hear, the wretch is not to be invited to my funeral."—[Unsere Gesellschaft.

The Kootenay Star

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

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1892.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.]

The Editor cannot be responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

PAID HUMBUGS.

SIR,—Will you permit me to call the attention of mining men to some of the inaccuracies perpetrated by the Geological Survey Department, and of one member in particular? The following paragraph gives his version:—

"In his summary of the proceedings and work of the Geological Survey of Canada during last year, Dr. Selwyn has something to say of the injury and loss too frequently created in this country by the mining quack. Unfortunately, the opinions of these self-styled "experts" and "practical miners" are too readily accepted and acted upon, often in preference to a member of the Survey who is thoroughly acquainted with the geological structure of the district in which the information is desired. These 'expert' and 'practical' opinions, says Dr. Selwyn, rarely prove correct, and their first cost, often considerable, is by no means the greatest. Not a year passes unmarked by such cases, and the past season is no exception."

The Dr. Selwyn here quoted has done considerable harm to this camp by his false and ignorant reports as to our geological formation. Two years ago he informed the prospectors at Gold Hill that they were working in a sedimentary formation, and that the minerals had been deposited there by accident. But he said their chances were just as good there as at the "Lanark"—neither of them was worth a cent! How far this wise doctor was from the truth recent events have shown. To-day the "Lanark" cannot be bought for a million dollars, having as good a showing as any mine in B.C., while the copper lodes at Gold Hill are getting richer and more promising as they are being developed. I have a claim there with a solid vein of peacok ore a foot thick in places, which assays 60 per cent. copper, $20 gold and 8⅛oz. silver to the ton. Moreover, the formation of Gold Hill and Illecillewaet is eruptive, not sedimentary.

Again, the Geological Survey (Dr. Selwyn of the party, I believe) pronounced the fiat that there was no coal in the Crow's Nest Pass! Whereas, now that somebody with brains and intelligence enough to understand the formation has been prospecting there, it has been discovered that the pass is literally undermined with coal! So much for Dr. Selwyn's geological knowledge.

But for the fact that I have taken up too much of your space already I would give a few illustrations of how we pay men to humbug us. We don't mind their receiving Government pay as long as they do no harm, but when their false reports mean ruin to a district it is time to expose the ignorance of such officials as this Dr. Selwyn.—Yours truly,

A MINER.

Illecillewaet, June 19th.

The Truth of the Bible.

SIR,—In attempting to answer "Wanderer's" letter on the above subject I feel somewhat embarrassed, as the writer has raised some of the most profound and important questions which a finite mind can contemplate. But as "Wanderer" has written in an honest and reasonable spirit I feel it imperative to reply. Propositions or assertions may differ and not contradict; may even be contrary to each other and still be true—such as the propositions referred to in Genesis concerning the family of Adam and Cain. To explain this intelligibly would occupy too much valuable space. But to argue, as "Wanderer" does, that they contradict is fatal to the discovery of all truth, and if persisted in would land all science and philosophy in hopeless chaos. Further in the realm of metaphysics what is valid for one may not be valid for another, for truth has two sides—the form which it takes in the mind and the form which it has in reality. Now truth or ideals in the mind can be called into consciousness only as they come into contact with their corresponding objects. The truth of this assertion is easily proved, for let anyone try to evolve a new thought or conceive a new idea the like of which in no point was in the mind before, and he will find it to be utterly impossible. The being who can conceive a new thought or idea without a new object can create a world. "Wanderer" admits that the central idea of the Bible is the incarnation, and that this idea the world's philosophy never dreamt of. This was a new idea. But what called it into consciousness? Nothing but its object—God manifest in the flesh! Here, then, is the leading and grandest idea of the Bible, and the greatest ever called into finite consciousness, proved by its own ineffable light. The only possible basis of a miracle in Nature is the uniform operation of Nature's laws. If it became a common thing to cast men into fiery furnaces without their being burnt we would soon believe it was not the law of fire to burn, and so the possibility of miracles would cease. But when the uniform and universal laws of nature are suspended or overruled we are compelled to believe that a mightier than they is revealing Himself. Of necessity, then, the days of miracles are past; their continuance would be destructive to the end sought. But that they did occur is proved on the best authority, and every day that passes without their recurrence only proves more clearly that they were interventions of the Divine Being. I doubt whether a minister having the power to "handle rattlesnakes without gloves" would draw a larger congregation, i.e. near enough to be heard. For my own part I would prefer being distant several times the length of that snake, with plenty of room to get further. As to astronomy, we must bear in mind that the object of revelation is not to teach science, but to reveal God. It would have been a great injury to man if the Bible had undertaken an inspired revelation of scientific truth. Then we had been as children playing with images; we should never have come in personal contact with Nature's grand but simple secrets. Consequently Moses speaks of the sun and moon as they appear to a superficial observer—and all men are superficial observers until they have learned that something more than sensation is required to arrive at the truth. "Wanderer's" astronomy is right, but his bibliology is wrong, for nowhere does the Bible say that the mighty orbs were created for the express purpose of "giving light to this puny planet of ours." The men who persecuted Gallileo were ignorant alike of the Bible and science. But although the Bible is not a scientific book in the sense which men call scientific, yet it teaches science of the most profound nature, only differing from natural science in the fact that the latter begins where the former ends. In geology there are six periods, answering to the six days of creation, which the inspired writer treats of from the very beginning and finishes up with the present system, whereas geology must begin with the present system and trace the periods back to creation. The Bible, therefore, does not contradict science, but coincides with it. I do not think that the Church as a whole is opposed to science, but I regret that a great many of her teachers know very little of science or the Bible either, and these are the men who in the Church or out of it are the most ready to oppose everything of which they are not themselves the authors. These are the intellectual and moral parasites of the world, and it were a blessing if they would take up homesteads and leave teaching alone. As to the authenticity of the Bible, I should have said "many" of the books were better authenticated than any other ancient books. But is is the genuineness of a book which determines its value, and it was to prove the genuineness of Bible history that I referred to the pyramids of Egypt and the tombs of Palestine.

Yours truly, THOS. LEWIS.

Revelstoke, June, 1892.

[We must ask the writers of future letters in this controversy to curtail their communications as much as possible. We shall otherwise be compelled to trim them down.—Ed. STAR.]

Destructive Fire at Kamloops.

Between one and two o'clock on Wednesday morning a fire broke out in one of the Chinese houses at the lower end of the main street in Kamloops, which consumed nearly a dozen houses before being mastered by the fire brigade. It rapidly spread along the north, or river, side of the street from the Chinese quarter to to Wood & Tunstall's store. The heat was intense, and the firemen could not get near enough to make any effectual resistance for any length of time, while those employed in placing wet blankets and otherwise protecting the houses on the opposite side of the street were severely scorched, and at one point their efforts were unavailing, as the flames and sparks reached across the street, igniting two or three houses, which very soon were a mass of flames. Hull Bros.' butchering establishment is entirely swept away and the Hudson Bay Company's store greatly damaged by fire and water. It is fortunate there was no wind, otherwise the whole business part of the town must have been wiped out. The firemen worked like beavers, and to their energy is due the prevention of any further loss. No information can be obtained as to the origin of the fire, but no doubt a searching inquiry will be made. No lives were lost, although occurring at an hour when most people were in bed, but the monetary loss will be heavy.

The str. Lytton, when on her down trip last Saturday, was delayed six or seven hours by the bursting of one of her boiler tubes. The mishap occurred in the Narrows shortly after leaving Nakusp, and she slowed down to about four miles an hour, the wheel revolving very slowly under a pressure of 40lbs. of steam. She was repaired at Robson, and arrived here on Monday.

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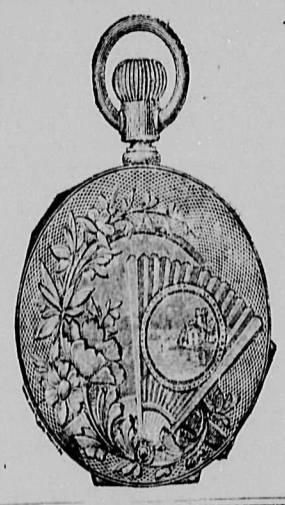

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