The Kootenay Star.

VOL. IV. REVELSTOKE, B. C. JULY 9, 1892. No. 4.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointment :—

25th June, 1892.

EDWARD CHARLES ARTHUR, of the Town of Nelson, Esquire, M.D., to be a Coroner within and for the West Kootenay Electoral District, vice W. Gesner Allan, Esquire, resigned.

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.

Nakusp.

This town, magnificently situated on the Upper Arrow Lake. is the shipping port for the Slocan Mines, is connected with **Slocan Lake and New Denver** by a good, level trail 18 miles in length, and is bound to speedily become a place of considerable wealth and importance.

Townsite maps and all information as to purchase of lots can be obtained from

A. HOLMAN,
NAKUSP.

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.

W. J. LAW,

Merchant Tailor,

(Near C.P.R. Station)

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

A NOBBY STOCK OF

English Worsteds, Scotch and Irish Tweeds and Serges

AT PRICES THAT WILL CATCH YOU.

FIT AND MAKE-UP GUARANTEED.

To Let,

A 7-ROOMED HOUSE

WITH

Good Cellar, Woodshed, and large Garden.

Can be viewed on application at

STAR OFFICE.

Stockholm House

JOHN STONE, PROP.

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

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

THE

COLUMBIA HOUSE,

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

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

BROWN & CLARK,
Proprietors.

FREE 'BUS AT ALL TRAINS

C. P. R. HOTEL

REVELSTOKE.

F. McCARTHY - - - PROP.

First-class Temperance House.

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

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

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

Royal Mail Lines.

CHEAPEST & QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

Proposed Sailings from Montreal.

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

From New York.

TEUTONIC	White Star	July 6th
BRITANNIC	"	July 13th
ADRIATIC	"	July 20th

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

Intermediate, $25; Steerage, $20.

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

Prepaid passages arranged from all points.

Apply to nearest steamship or railway agent; to

I. T. Brewster,
AGENT, REVELSTOKE;

or to ROBERT KERR, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

HULL BROS

REVELSTOKE.

BUTCHERS

AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN BEEF, PORK, ETC.

S. BICKERTON,

BOOTMAKER,

MAIN STREET, REVELSTOKE.

BOOTS & SHOES

MADE TO ORDER.

HARNESS LEATHER

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

KEPT IN STOCK.

REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy

IS MARKED

T. & B.

In Bronze Letters.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

GOVERNMENT SALE AT NEW DENVER,

Carpenter Creek, Slocan Lake, B.C.

JOWETT & HAIG, Auctioneers.

We are authorized by the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, on behalf of the Province of British Columbia, to offer for Sale by Public Auction, the Government Townsite of New Denver (Eldorado City), at the mouth of Carpenter Creek, Slocan Lake, West Kootenay District, B.C., on WEDNESDAY, July 20th, 1892, at 11 o'clock a.m. Terms, one-third cash, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months, with interest at 6 per cent. per annum on deferred payments. Crown grants, $5 each. Lots 50ft. by 130ft.

New Denver is the commercial centre and natural outlet for the ores of the great Slocan mining district.

For plans and particulars apply to

Jowett & Haig,

Front Street, Revelstoke, B. C.; or No. 1 Josephine Street, Nelson, B.C.

Kootenay Lake

SAW MILL,

G. O. BUCHANAN, PROP.

—:o:—

LUMBER YARDS AT

NELSON BALFOUR
AINSWORTH KASLO

Large Stocks on hand.

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

LOCAL NEWS.

"Wanderer's" letter will appear next week.

The Silver King was sold last Saturday to a Scotch syndicate for two million dollars.

W. H. Lynch, of Ainsworth, who has just returned from Ottawa, was in town this week.

A freight train was wrecked near Albert Canyon between twelve and one o'clock this morning.

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

Mr. Ladner will deliver the second of his course of lectures on Monday night at 8 o'clock in the Methodist Church. Subject—"The Sun."

Ed. Gilbert, barber, left Revelstoke on Monday for new scenes. He intends to try his luck at Spokane Falls. Ed. is an excellent barber.

Mr. Howson, builder, left for Salmon Arm on Monday night. He is erecting the new schoolhouse there, and expects to complete the job in less than a month.

The party engaged in surveying a route for the new railway to Nakusp are camped nearly half-way down the Upper Arrow Lake. They are following the shore line on the eastern side.

Jack Shaw and John Sands left for Big Bend on Sunday afternoon. They are going to work at the Consolation Mine on French Creek. These are two of the four who came down last week.

A memorial sermon on the late Hon. John Robson will be delivered by Rev. T. Paton in the Presbyterian Church to-morrow evening at 7.30. There will be a prayer meeting at Mr. Paton's house on Wednesday evening.

J. E. Walsh & Co. advertise that they have made arrangements with the C. P. R. and C. & K. Nav. companies whereby passengers & freight can be booked through from all points to New Denver and other Slocan mining towns.

"Diogenes Sipes's" letter is much too long for our limited space. We shall be pleased to publish anything within reasonable bounds from the same writer. "Plebian's" letter has been withheld so long that it is stale now. Write another.

Messrs. E. D. Reynolds and Geo. Attwood, of London, Eng.; D. H. Forbes and C. F. Law, Golden; and H. C. Hammond, Toronto, who are inspecting B. C. mines on behalf of British syndicates, left Revelstoke this week for the Slocan.

Blueberries are plentiful and cheap just now, 12 quarts being sold for $1. Wild strawberries and raspberries are enormous crops this year, the raspberry bushes bending beneath the weight of fruit already, although not yet ripe. A couple of weeks will see the commencement of the greatest fruit season known here for many years. Certainly Revelstoke takes front rank as a fruit growing district.

There is to be a public sale of lots in New Denver on Wednesday, July 20th, at 11 a.m. The auctioneers are Messrs. Jowett & Haig.

Mr. E. C. Arthur, of Nelson, has been appointed coroner for the West Kootenay electoral district, in the place of Mr. W. G. Allan, resigned.

Miss Grey Halliday, who has been head teacher at Revelstoke school for the past year, left on Monday for her home at Comax. It is an open secret that Miss Halliday will be engaged for the next few weeks in preparing her trousseau. She was the recipient of a pair of vases presented by the schoolchildren at the close of the entertainment last week.

Mr. W. Reid and Miss Wood, both of Revelstoke, were "united in the bonds, etc." at Donald on Thursday. Last night a dance was held at Bourne's Hall in honor of the event, but the happy couple are still honeymooning at Donald, and did not put in an appearance. There will be a tin horn celebration and band contest in front of the new Reid residence to-night.

Taking experience as the test there can be no question about the superior quality of the Myrtle Navy tobacco. From the first year of its manufacture the demand for it has steadily grown. Even in the years which were marked by our business depression there was no pause in the increase of the sale of it. In the dull years of 1876-'77 and '78 the sales of it were vastly greater than in the prosperous year 1873.

In the supplementary estimates submitted to Parliament at Ottawa last week there are two items for which we in Revelstoke have cause to be thankful. The Dominion Government will spend $2,500, and the Revelstoke Smelter Company a like amount, for the protection of the river bank above the smelter; the other item being the appropriation of $3,200 a mile for the new railway from Revelstoke to the Arrow Lake, which, it is stated, is only 25 miles distant.

The following plaint appears in last week's Golden Era:—"Last week we were unable to issue on account of the unmanly behavior of our newly engaged printer. For the reputation of the Union of which he professes membership we are sorry." As an old member of the Typographical Union we must emphatically assert that no unmanly conduct is tolerated, and if the editor of the Golden Era will inform us whence the man came we will forward the name and address of the secretary of that branch, so that the offender may be expelled if he deserves it. A letter to the president, W. B. Prescott, 59, Vance Block, Indianapolis, Ind., would also be effectual.

The Columbia River this week has reached the highest point recorded for a number of years, the water rising within a few feet of the plank footway under Revelstoke railway bridge, while all the heavily timbered islands are covered to a depth of two or three feet, all the sandbars having been submerged two or three weeks since. Vast quantities of logs are going down stream in one long procession, being washed away from jams which occurred several years ago and which have lain high and dry ever since. Large trees with roots and branches adhering are also noticed amongst the driftwood, which shows that the river is undermining its banks and enlarging its channel.

Bears are plentiful this season. Ed. Picard met with three—mother and two cubs—about half a mile below the mill a few days ago, and ran back for dear life and—a gun. He had a hoe in his hand which he unconsciously dragged along as he ran, and the pit-pat of the blade as it struck the ground seemed to him to be the footfalls of the old bear as she scampered after him. Not daring to look around, he had almost run himself breathless when he met that famous Nimrod, Morgan David. On being asked the cause of his haste Ed. could only gasp "B-b-ba-bear!" pointing behind him. When he was fully assured that he was not pursued he explained matters, and consented to act as guide to the bearslayer. Morgan fetched his trusty rifle and his nondescript circus dog, and soon the trio were on the track of Mrs. Bruin, with Mr. Dan Robinson, at a respectful distance, bringing up the rear. But the wily animals had evidently caught on to the fact that the redoubtable Morgan and his noted bear (bare) dog were after them and had fled to the mountains. But their tracks were plainly discernible, and corroborated Ed.'s story. It was a sad disappointment, though, and Morgan's dog sat down in a bear track and sorrowfully wiped the tears from his eyes with the ornamental tuft on his tail. A short time ago Morgan potted a fine bear (probably the head of the family Ed. had seen) and sent the skin to Winnipeg to be preserved. Two weeks ago the driver of the express counted no less than five bears cross the railway track not far from Revelstoke.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.]

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

Sunday Closing at Illecillewaet.

SIR,—It was with wonder I read in this week's STAR, under the heading of "Illecillewaet News," a statement which is news indeed to most of us here. In the matter of Sunday closing your correspondent says: "It is a sad sight to see men in all stages of drunkenness on the Lord's day." I might say here that this accusation is as false as it is scurrilous. In fact, not long since I heard an eminent M.P. (now here) remarking on the order and quiet maintained in our community; and it speaks well for the behavior of our citizens that though we have no less than three licensed houses in our town the authorities have not found it necessary to appoint a constable. It appears to be somewhat inconsistent on your part to publish your correspondent's remarks anent the hotel accommodation in this town while in the same issue appears an advertisement extolling the merits and conveniences of a first-class hotel here.—Yours truly, VERAX.

Illecillewaet, July 4th.

[There is scarcely a newspaper in existence that has not had this same charge of inconsistency brought against it, but were editors to reject news or statements that clashed with their advertisements they would be destroying that freedom for which the British Press is noted. We do not undertake to endorse every statement appearing in our columns, nor can we always vouch for the truth of them, but only a one-sided editor (and consequently a one-sided paper) would exclude all matter appearing to be antagonistic to his advertisers. Our correspondent speaks of the CAPACITY when he instances the Victoria at Revelstoke. The table kept by the Merchant Hotel at Illecillewaet IS FIRST-CLASS in every respect, and our correspondent would be the last man to hint otherwise. As for the charge of Sunday drunkenness our correspondent this week flatly contradicts the assertion, and says that the author of it must be troubled with biliousness. This statement will surely acquit the town of such a charge, and the verdict will be "Not guilty, but don't do it again."—Ed. STAR.]

ILLECILLEWAET NEWS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

ILLECILLEWAET, July 7th.

A. F. McKinnon has sold the Maple Leaf to Mr. Mackintosh for $50,000. This is the largest single sale yet made here. Mr. Mackintosh leaves for Ottawa on Saturday and sails for England about the 14th. He expects to return to Illecillewaet about the 1st of September.

Eight tons of ore were shipped to Scotland from the Jumbo to-day, and the mine is as good as sold. The expert makes no secret about it, and pronounces it a first-class property.

Work at Fish Creek is progressing satisfactorily, and some new deals are on the tapis. Particulars next week.

Mr. Mackintosh gave a ball and supper last night. It was a grand affair.

Among the latest arrivals are Prof. Donaldson from Montreal and Mr. Lynch from Ottawa.

Edison's Ponograph arrived today, and will no doubt take some of our surplus change out of town.

A great many new locations have been made during the last few days.

Your correspondent of last week must have been troubled with a jaundiced liver. There is little or no drunkenness around here, and the people are a law-abiding class. Our magistrate has quite enough to do without hunting up trouble.

George Laforme took his pack train of 15 horses to Nakusp by str. Columbia on Monday. He will pack from that town to Slocan Lake, where goods will be shipped to New Denver by boat.

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

CHAPTER II.

I need not dwell on that period; it lies in my memory more like a hideous dream than so many weeks and months of actual life, and like a dream, there are only portions of it which stand out from the shadows—adventures, incidents, scraps of scenery, seen in clearer moments. It is enough to say that I came around gradually, and began to see things as they should be seen. But the hate was all gone, and love alone was left. Yes, love was left, though badly nourished, having no hopes to diet it; and I got accustomed to think of Doris as one who was dead and yet living, and very lovable withal, even as Beatrice was to Dante.

So a year passed on, and left me minus some thousands of dollars. I had found my way into Colorado, and was a miner at one of the great joint-stock claims which have taken the place of the old-fashioned diggings. The rough work suited my humour, and there was life and go in the town and much distraction in the game of Pharaoh, of which more in its place. For nine months I had not heard from Canada, and had ceased to think of the place. My father had taken kindly to his new life, which was all I needed to know. I wished to be, and was, a solitary in the world, though I mixed much with men, finding more isolation in a crowd than in lonely places. But I was beginning to be restless again, and to wish for another change, when something happened which I had not looked for, but which makes me always thankful I played Pharaoh that night at Midas's.

It was nothing more than a quarrel and a whipping out of revolvers, and then a sudden lane of rough figures looking on while the two fired from either end. I heard the low thud of the bullet as it struck Black Jake, and I caught him in my arms as he fell backwards with sudden limpness and whitening face. I had only seen him once before, and he had roused a vague recollection which had made me look again at him, wondering what it was about him that was so familiar. He had been at one of the far tables, or perhaps his speech would have given me the cue. Now, as he opened his eyes and stared up into mine, he turned his lips from the flask and said: "God forgive us—it's Master Sedley!"

"That's so. Take a pull at this, and tell me who you are," said I surprised at my own name.

The liqueur was of little use; for his heart was slowing every moment; but it brought a flicker to his face and a word or two more to his lips. 'Gie me yer ear—closer," he whispered. "Bob Hilton—Ranston postman—ay, yo' know me now. They want me—want me for robbing the bags. Tell 'em death has got me; an' tell young doctor chap as I hopes to-———He larned me the beginnin'—he———Yore letters—Miss Doris's—I stopped 'em———His money. Hope no harm done, sir—I——— Christ save"———His eyes glazed, a tremble went through him, and he slipped off without another word, leaving me staring at the dyed whiskers and dissipated features with ringing ears, and a thousand thoughts and feelings all set loose together, to the overwhelming of my wits, which seemed quite undone.

Long after they had carried him away, and the noise and confusion were spent, I stood leaning on the bar counter, staring vacantly through the smoke of the saloon, seeing and hearing nothing, but conscious of a growing fiend within me, and a tightening of my teeth as I reckoned things up and saw in all its clearness the perfidy that had come between us. The letter—was not that a part of it? Could Doris from her heart's heart have written such a letter at all? It was a forgery, a trick, and I had been a fool to be duped by it—nay, a villain in very truth; for I had doubted Doris and given her pain and misery perhaps a thousand times worse than my own.

Yet the letter was clear enough, said the ghost of Doubt; it was in her own characteristic handwriting, said Memory; and there was no forging that, put in Doubt again.

Then a resolution came to me, and I walked out into the open air, and breathed it in with a long inhalation, as men do at sudden relief, or when stirred with new purpose.

There were evil things in my heart; but there was one little corner where hope stirred, as if after a long sleep. I could feel it as I looked up to the heavens, where the stars were twinkling down at me, as if they knew a thing or two, having seen Doris only a few hours agone.

Next morning I started for New York, and in four more days was on the Atlantic, gazing at the last point of Sandy Hook as it sank lower and lower, till the horizon was an unbroken line and America nowhere.

But as we sped eastward through the long days and nights, as I drew nearer to Doris and him and the truth, the fiends grew busier within me, and gave my little babe of Hope such a hustling that I well-nigh lost sight of it in the tumult.

I had been away eighteen months, and what might a man not do in that time with an impressionable young girl who had the best evidence that her lover was unfaithful? They were cousins, and had been together in earlier years; he was highly educated, and, contrasted with me, a brilliant, perhaps a fascinating man. He had secured his diploma; but the arduous study had broken him down, and to recruit himself, he had left his London home to pass some weeks among the breezy hills of Worcestershire, the guest of his father's sister, the daily companion, no doubt, of Doris. He had seen her beauty, her young susceptibility to the influences about her, and he had wormed his way into her heart and cankered it, as grubs do roses. So hatred totted it all up and made me feel as murderers do. God forgive me! It is all passed now, and it was love's doing with all three of us.

It was past midnight when I arrived after ten days at Worcester. The old city was slumbering, and the great cathedral was watching over it, and telling out the hours to its deaf ears as the fly rumbled noiselessly to the hotel, where I had perforce to stay till daylight enabled me to continue my journey by the early train.

I lay on the bed half-dressed, listening to the quarters as they chimed through the silence one after the other, and each time the familiar sounds crossed the current of my thoughts they swung me out of the morrow to other days, which their ringing brought back irresistibly, till by-and-by I allowed memory to have its way entirely, and I lived again in the halcyon sunniness of bygone years. I closed my eyes to look and in a fading of color and form, and I was fast asleep.

But as I lay like any log, and the hours went on, till all in the city but myself could hear the cathedral clock ring them out, some part of my brain woke up, and finding reason still a sluggard, started straightway a-dreaming. It was a queer medley for the most part, and no better than other fantasies of the sort; but to this day I remember it more as a real thing than a trick of the brain, if such it was. There in the darkness of the prairie was the deep red rose that Doris had given me, borne by an army of fireflies, in whose united radiance the flowers lay on a hammock of golden threads and flitted before me mockingly while I stumbled in chase of it. Ay, it was the rose, and it blushed in the embrace of Doris's own hair. I had seen it shine so at sundown when the light got in it and made it luminous with a gold not in its own, as the grass blades seem shafts of emerald fire when the glow-worms are among them. The phantasm rose and fell in the blackness, while the hundreds of little light points made a shifting circle round. On, on they flitted, ever eluding me as I stumbled along till there was a sudden clash of bells, when the little vision dissolved into a kind of crimson and golden atmosphere, in which I laved myself with beating hands, while it widened more and more, lighting all things round, till I saw that I stood in a crowded churchyard in all the soft sheen of a summer's morning. I rubbed my eyes as the people moved about, some towards the wooden porch, some taking places on the path, till there was an avenue of smiling faces and one slim figure, followed by her maids, wending slowly through all.

It was Doris, all white and beautiful in bridal vestments; but her golden head was bent, and there was heaviness in her step. As if she were entering some prison-house, never to know liberty again, she paused at the porch, and looked long and wistfully back into the sunshine. And I could see the thin face and the pain deep down in her eyes, knowing all the meaning of her long look, but unable to move, as she passed in and out of my sight. Then the clanging of the bells died away into a melody of old time, which they quaintly chimed, while the people thronged into the church, leaving me alone among the headstones. The agony was too much. I wrenched free my voice and shrieked her name—and awoke, still hearing the chiming, but realizing gradually that it came from the cathedral tower, which I could see in the morning sun over the housetops, and its clock pointed to three minutes past nine.

Now I never believe in dreams; but I sat down to my breakfast uneasy and without appetite, looking in at that despairing white face, with a growing sense of its ominousness, and chafing mightily that there was no train to take me on for another two hours.

"Paper, sir?" I heard the waiter say as I trifled with the toast. I dropped my eyes mechanically on the folded sheet; but only looked vacantly at it, or rather a headline, which standing out from the rest, took my eyes, being definite, as the fire in the darkness, or a candle flame, which we gaze at without noting. There was the name of my own village staring me in the face, and for a full minute I never saw it—Ranston-in-the-Vale. It was all a flash, as was my eagerness as I snatched up the paper and read the local items: "Bellringers' Dinner—Fire at the Hall—The Approaching Marriage of Dr. Robson."

I remember the sense of paralysis, the rush of darkness to the eyes, and then the sudden return of light as I jumped to my feet and stood a moment irresolute, with my watch in my hand. Quarter past ten—the ceremony was at eleven—three parts of an hour to do fifteen miles. A wave of helplessness swept over me, and then of hot strength—nothing less than the strength of despair, and, thank God, it carried me through.

I shall never forget that ride. The horse was fresh—the pick of the best posting stables in Worcester—and I had much to do to keep it in while we breasted Redhill to the level of the London Road. Then I gave it its head and a tip from the heels, and away we shot like two mad things. Seeing nothing but the yellow road before me, I counted every spring of the animal as he skimmed along, scarcely seeming to touch the ground with his light hoofs, and flying faster and faster as he warmed to it and heard my cries of encouragement. For half an hour I let him go, till we came to a stiff hill not three miles from Ranston. Here I pulled him up and made him walk before the final rush in. He was impatient to get on, so was I, for from the top of the hill I knew I could see the church, and maybe some of the gathering people; but I held him in and took out my watch My heart sank it was two minutes to eleven. I eased the reins with a shout, and in three bounds we were at the hill-top and away again. I could see the church now across the valley, and the flag at its tower, and the pigmy forms moving about the yard. But there was still hope, still a chance to snatch Doris back from her peril—for such was my purpose, and my dream had made me desperate. I set my teeth and let the good horse go.

It was all over in ten minutes, and it was Doris's doing as much as mine. She could not keep it, maybe, and it was rather sudden to jilt a man just as the vicar was asking whether she would have him or not. But so it was; and I had no sooner shown myself at the vestry door by which I had entered then she saw me, and with a "Oh, Jack, Jack!" stumbled towards me, and fell limp in my arms, and lay there like a cut lily and as speechless. I had carried her into the vestry, and was bathing her temples with the parson's drinking water before the wedding party could realise what had come to them. *He* was the first to rush in, as was natural perhaps.

Now I would not have harmed him just then, for all his wordy spleen, if he had not laid rough hands on me as he tried to force me from my place. But when the shock of his touch went through me, I laid Doris's head down for one moment while I sprang to my feet, and, catching him by the collar and the small of the back, pitched him out of the open door with such good-will that he fell on the grass a dozen yards away and lay there, a huddled heap of blackness on the green.

When I turned round, Doris was opening her eyes and looking up at her mother, asking where she was. I knelt and looked down at her; she stared while you might count three; and then her arms were round my neck, and I raised her in mine.

"But the letter?" I said.

"Oh, how could you believe it, Jack? The letter was my second refusal, sent a week after he had taken to his practice. He must have orwarded it to you in the cover of one of mine. How cruel and wicked of him! And you"——She looked up, and there was such reproach in her eyes that I turned mine aray, not daring to meet them.

"Jealousy made a fool of me, Doris. How can I tell it you? You see, the letter was so worded, that coming after your silence and on top of my knowledge that he was still at Ranston,"——

"Who told you he was still here? I avoided the subject for your sake."

"Ill news travels fast; but don't let us speak of it. He allowed the parcel to reach you—what did you think when you opened it?"

"When I was able to, I wrote you, asking what it meant," she said simply.

"And I never answered?"

"No."

I gazed at her nearly choking. What had my suffering been to hers?

"And oh, I was so wretched, Jack," she went on in her naive way: "and when he came a third time, full of sympathy, and offering to relieve poor mother of the debts which had nearly brought the old home to the brink of breaking. I—I said yes, feeling that I had no will—that it was a duty thrust upon me.—But it is all past now, isn't it?"

Gladness made her sigh, and I could feel her sweet breath as she looked up at me.

"Do you forgive him, then?" said I, looking away, and thinking of his abject figure as he writhed under my whip an hour ago.

"Yes, yes, Jack! and you must too. You have punished him enough, and he has promised to go away. Let us forget him—let us look upon it as a bad dream. Oh, Jack, my heart nearly runs over with its gladness—surely yours has nought else in it now."

"God bless you!" said I.

"And you, Jack!" said she.

And then we joined hands and turned to the house, becoming one in love and charity, Doris and I.

[THE END.]

Mr. Spurgeon's Successor.

The question of a successor to the late Charles Spurgeon, the great Baptist preacher of England, is much discussed in religious circles all over the world.

Mr. Spurgeon will have no successor, says a correspondent, and the sooner the people of the Metropolitan Tabernacle clearly understand that the better will it be for them and for the great work that will surely go on. Mr. Spurgeon did his work so well that it will live independently of him, and that is the highest honor that can be made him. So far as the pastorate of the church at Newington Baths is concerned the question of Mr. James Archer Spurgeon the brother of the dead preacher, becoming pastor has never been very seriously considered. Charles Haddon and James Archer were sons of the same household, but they served to illustrate the truth that the same family often presents the widest diversities of disposition and character. The very elements of character that make Mr. James A. Spurgeon so successful as the pastor of Croydon Church are the elements that would probably unfit him for the pastorate of the Tabernacle. Nothing will be better for the church at the Tabernacle than a distinct and radical change. A feeble copy of the past would be sure to end in weakness and failure. Next to the church itself the Pastors' College may be regarded as the most important of all the institutions of the Tabernacle. During the May meetings the annual conference of the Pastors' College has been held, and matters of the first importance have been earnestly discussed and most happily settled. The Pastors' College was very dear to the heart of its founder. With rare sagacity and equal unselfishness he had the trust deeds drawn so that the whole Baptist denomination should have the honor and responsibility of its future.

The church at the tabernacle, the men who have been educated there, and the whole Baptist denomination are in honor bound to keep this institution in good working order, and they will do it. The traditions and the inspirations will always be linked with its founder's name, and it will be for many years a living monument to his memory. It was a foregone conclusion that Rev. James A. Spurgeon should be elected president of an institution of which he has been vice president so long. No more fitting man could be found for the post and with the enthusiastic support of students and constituents Mr. Spurgeon may well look forward to a career of growing usefulness and honor. Already 863 students have passed through this college, of which number 627 are engaged in the active ministry. Seventy-four young men are now preparing for service at home and in the mission fields abroad. The income for the year reached the handsome sum of $42,495.

The presidency of the Pastors' College is settled, but the pastorate of the Tabernacle is somewhat deeply involved. For a year past Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, has occupied the pulpit of the Tabernacle to the great delight of all concerned, and there can be little doubt that, all things being in order, Dr. Pierson would have a unanimous and enthusiastic call. But Dr. Pierson is not a Baptist. To be baptized now in order to put himself in a position in which he would be eligible to become pastor of the Tabernacle is, of course, wholly out of the question. As a matter of fact, as the trust deed now stands Dr. Pierson could not be a member of the church, much less its pastor. The practice of the Tabernacle is that which is known as "open communion." But only believers who have been immersed as a profession of their faith in Christ can be members of the church. "It seems, therefore, that much as many would desire, Dr. Pierson cannot be the pastor of the Tabernacle," says the Chicago *Post*.

Both the sons of the late Mr. Spurgeon, Charles and Thomas—who are twins—are preachers. Charles is pastor of a church in Greenwich, and a few years ago paid a visit to America, and was heard with great appreciation in Chicago. Thomas has been for the last six or seven years preaching in Australia. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon is now on the way home, and will occupy the Tabernacle for three months; but not with any thought of the pastorate.

He is a wise man who does not grieve for the things which he has not, but rejoices for those which he has.—[Epicteus.

One Woman's Love.

Delay not, holy father, by my couch,
I may not give my dying thoughts to God.
My life has been a pure one all my days;
No evil have I done to any, willingly;
But Heav'ns fair gates shall never swing for me,
Unless they take my lover in; and he
Died years ago, with blood upon his hands,
Shed to avenge my honor foully wronged.
Murdered they called him. So he was.
But then he gave up everything for me,
And shall I now desert that noble heart,
Whose only fault was rash impulsiveness,
Because he bides beneath the wrath of God!
False was I never, nor shall be so now.
Somewhere he waits outside the pale of hope,
Somewhere, forlorn, with none to comfort him.
And that I straightway join him there,
And share his lot, however terrible,
Is all I ask, and all that I will have.

Blouses and Bonnets.

The women who have been economical and kept their old dress skirts have reason to rejoice now, as any old skirt will come into play with a blouse waist, which may be made of light wool, of satin, gingham or silk. If one has a small pattern the fashions for blouses are so varied it can be cut according to the cloth, and only about three yards is needed to make a full waist without the frill, over which one can wear the fashionable Swiss belt. Nothing is more comfortable for summer wear than a plain, light skirt and a loose, cool blouse waist.

The fashions of the present hour in millinery prove more conclusively than ever that it is the effect the bonnet has on the head more than any new shape or fancy that counts. Everything and anything can be worn provided it is becoming. The trimming is put on the back; it is put on the front; it is put on both back and front on the same bonnet or hat; it is high; it is low; it is anything the taste and fancy of the wearer prefers. Some of last summer's hats and bonnets are retrimmed, and no one would ever guess they were not the latest style, and, if the truth were known, there are not a few pretty bonnets of even earlier date coming out as good if not better than new this summer. It all depends upon the taste and ingenuity and economy of the wearer. A hat that looks old to the one who knows its age is admired as new after a few fresh touches, by the outside observer. The stiff and awkward upstanding bows are still favoured by the conventional and inartistic miller, and worn by young women who do not realize their ungracefulness.

A Parisian Toilet.

1. A trepid bath of twenty minutes' length and a shower bath of five.
2. A rest of thirty minutes.
3. Face, throat and neck subjected to a gentle friction of elderflower water mixed with half a goblet of warm water. This removes all impurities from the pores and gives the surface a clear ivory hue.
4. Scented orris powder rubbed in the hair and brushed out again, being careful to remove all traces of it from the temples and nape of the neck.
5. A delicate creme, similar to cold cream, the juice of lettuce being the chief ingredient, laid over the face, neck, and hands. After ten minutes remove with a fine linen cloth. This is said to obliterate traces of the contraction and weariness of the features incident to society or stage life. It is a delicate operation neither to roughen the surface or make it red. It should leave the complexion polished and whitened.
6. Veloutine, a mixture of rice powder, and bismuth, the latter giving permanency and the former delicacy to the preparation, applied with great care, producing a clear alabaster whiteness, with a trace of luster, yet showing no sign of a foreign substance
7. The eyebrows are smoothed with a small soft brush, leaving a trace of fard Indien, and with a leather estampe a soft shadow is laid under the eyes to increase their brilliancy.

To follow the foregoing directions literally, under all circumstances, would be difficult. It is quoted here to give some idea of the manner in which age is concealed by people who have made concealment a fine art.

To a practical person this may be simplified. We know that a bath is to refresh as well as to cleanse the person. A sponge bath, with a little bay rum or alcohol added to the water, will both cleanse and refresh. The shower bath creates a glow; this can be obtained by the sudden application after the bath of a large towel wet with cold water, followed by friction and gentle exercise. Some people are too delicately organized for such heroic treatment. The half hour rest is no inconsiderable factor in the restoring process, and deserves special attention. If rightly taken it is a magic rejuvenator.

The Corner Cupboard.

The corner cupboard is one of those delightful pieces of old-fashioned furniture which has been revived in the last decade. There is nothing prettier for a china closet than one of these closets, fitted with plate-glass shelves and a full glass front, so that it displays the china to the full extent. Nor is such a closet beyond the limits of a moderate purse, for a very pretty closet of this kind framed in oak may be bought for $15. Such closets are exceedingly effective in upper rooms for clothes presses. In that case it is a simple corner closet with a wooden door, and matches the other woodwork of the room. It should not extend to the top of the ceiling, however, but the top should be at least two feet below the ceiling, making a convenient place for a bust or a richly colored china plaque. A carpenter will build such a closet for $3 or $4, and it can be painted or finished like the other woodwork of the room.

Green Peas.

Green peas will soon be ripe in country gardens. Green peas are usually served in but one way, that is boiled, and a great many people do not know that there is any other way to serve them. Yet they make a most delicious puree soup, and are excellent served in cream.

To make the soup, take a pint of green peas, add a quart of white stock, a small onion, two sprays of parsley and one of celery, a teaspoonful of salt, and a half teaspoonful of pepper. Let the soup cook for half an hour simmering slowly. At the end of this time, try one of the peas and if it is thoroughly done strain the soup through a puree sieve, rubbing the peas through. Let the soup boil again for ten minutes, stirring it often. Then add a cup of boiling cream and salt and pepper to the taste. Stir a teaspoonful of butter in the soup, just before serving it.

Boiled peas are very often served in a teaspoonful of butter and a scant teaspoonful of flour. Still another is to beat an egg-yolk into two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, and add to the boiled peas after they have been drained. Three tablespoonfuls of boiled peas is a delicious addition to almost any kind of soup in which vegetables are used, and when any boiled peas are left over they should be saved to add to the next day's soup. No vegetable looses more sweetness when stale than peas. To be served in perfection they should be picked in the dew of the morning and cooked the same day. They should never be shelled until just before the time of cooking. They should after picking be kept in a cool, dark place until ready for shelling. If there is any delay in cooking them after they are shelled, cover them with a damp cloth.

Gowns That Were Presented to the Queen.

A great many pretty gowns were worn at the recent "drawing-room," if we may credit English newspapers. The *Court Journal* describes the leading characteristics of these elaborate dresses. The sleeves were wide and full on the shoulder, often ruffled and fitting the arm closely at the base. The train was of distinct material to the rest of the dress, as a rule, and fell in slight folds or braces or Watteau plaits from the shoulders. The bodices were often divided in the centre, the upper portion being of one material, the lower of another, and richly embroidered. One notable gown had a corselet bodice matching the skirt, the upper portion of thin material over pink silk. It was studded with jewels. Many women wore a short wreath of flowers on the upper portion of the train of the same color as the brocaded train, while others were made of thin gauze with full frillings of the material. These seemed to puzzle the Queen's pages when they were thrown down, and most of the women wearing them, turned back wistfully to see that they were floating in the right direction, ere they entered the throne-room, the trains were often lined with a contrasting color, which was sometimes brought over on to the outside, as, for example, a white brocaded train, lined with green velvet, had a band of the same appearing on each edge. Shot velvets were very pretty, a beautiful train of a peach and gold shot velvet was worn with gray.

The Prettiest Waist of All.

The prettiest of all summer waists is made as follows: Take as the receipt books say, a sufficient amount of silk, percale, lawn, or even zephyr, say four yards of silk, and the rest accordingly. Make the back of the waist with three plaits on each side the center, turned toward each other, and about one and one-quarter inches broad. Let these plaits lap well at the bottom of the waist. Gather the waist in front at the neck, not in the shoulder seams, and again at the bottom of the waist, and finish it down the front with a bias ruffle one and one-half inches wide. Make full sleeves, like those on small boys' shirt waists, with turned-back cuffs ruffled, and a round turn-down collar also ruffled. These should be worn outside the blazer or jacket, and when made in striped material are particularly pleasing.

Rhubarb.

Here are some good ways of preparing one of the most healthful and least expensive of materials for desserts and sweetmeats:

RHUBARB JAM.—Peel and cut the rhubarb into nice-sized pieces, and to every quart give one pound of good, moist sugar; put the sugar over the rhubarb and leave it twenty-four hours to draw out the juice. The sugar sinks, but does not dissolve. Boil the sugar and juice together for twenty minutes. After it begins to boil put in the rhubarb and boil slowly twenty minutes longer. If only allowed to simmer gently it will not require to be stirred, and the pieces of rhubarb will thus remain separate. This will keep good a year if kept in a cool, dry storeroom. In making rhubarb jam, orange peel pared thinly and free from the white, gives it a most agreeable flavor; by preserving one quantity of the rhubarb with lemon peel, and another with orange peel, two different jams can be produced out of the same material.

RHUBARB AND APPLE JELLY.—Peel and cut up one good-sized bundle of rhubarb; peel, core, and quarter three pounds of apples, the thin rind and the juice of half a dozen lemons; put all together into the preserving kettle with one and one-half pints of soft water. Boil until reduced to a pulp, strain the juice through a jelly strainer, weigh, and allow one pound of loaf sugar to every pound of juice, add the sugar, boil, skim well, and when it jellies on the skimmer, pour into jars, and when cold, tie or seal down. The pulp, stewed with white sugar, can be used for jam puddings, or is very nice to put into a glass dish, covered thickly with sugar, then a layer of thinly-sliced sponge cake, and a nice custard poured over all.

RHUBARB WITH FIGS.—Take six pounds of rhubarb (weighed after being cut and peeled), one pound of figs, and a quarter of a pound of candied lemon peel; cut the figs and lemon peel small, place them over the rhubarb, cover all with five pounds of moist sugar, and let stand until the next day; then boil slowly one hour.

RHUBARB AND BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Prepare the rhubarb as for a pie; cover the bottom of a pudding dish with slices of bread and butter; cover with a layer of rhubarb cut in short pieces; sprinkle thickly with sugar; put on another layer of bread and butter, and so on until the dish is full. Cover, and steam for half an hour; then remove the lid, and bake until nicely browned.

RHUBARB TART.—Do not peel the rhubarb, merely wash it and wipe it dry. Line a pie dish with puff paste, fill it up with very small pieces of the rhubarb, add the necessary amount of sugar, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, the grated peel of half a lemon, and the juice of two oranges. Bake rather slowly.

STEWED RHUBARB.—This is best cut in short lengths, stewed in sugar and a very little water, and served with boiled rice around the dish. A little good sweet cream added gives it a very delicate taste.

SELECTION OF STALKS FOR PRESERVING.—The late supply of rhubarb is the best for all preserving purposes, as grown during the heat of the summer it requires less sugar than the spring supply. Care should be taken to select good stalks, brittle and full of juice.

MRS. BROWN.

AGRICULTURE.

All About the Farm.

BY JAMES K. REEVE.

A correspondent asks us for some information upon the subject of green manuring, and wonders how it is that a given crop grown from a soil can enrich that soil by being again turned under, and expresses his opinion that no more can be given back to the land than has been taken from it. His mistake is in supposing that the entire nourishment of the manuring crops, especially when they consist of leguminous plants such as clover, alfalfa, etc., comes from the soil; on the contrary, these plants have to a large degree the property of drawing some of their most valuable element from the atmosphere. But if they could only obtain food from the soil, certain of the plants would still be of value in furnishing sustenance for certain others. For instance, the small grains obtain their food almost wholly from the five or six inches of top soil, and successive cropping would soon exhaust this while the lower soil was yet rich in the needed elements. The roots of the leguminous plants go lower down and draw upon these stores, and then by being ploughed under and decomposing near the surface they again enrich the top soil. By a judicious rotation of clover and small grains a farm may be cropped very heavily and constantly increase in fertility, and if the clover is cut and fed to cattle, and the manure carefully returned to the land, and even greater income may be had without any detriment to the soil.

The development of a profitable dairy cow depends very much upon the treatment that she receives as a calf. The good traits that she inherits may be still further developed, or they may quite as easily be seriously stunted and dwarfed. The calf and the heifer must be treated kindly and fed generously and judiciously with such food as will best secure liberal growth of bone and muscle, together with a hardy and vigorous constitution. It is not best to breed them so that they will drop the first calf until somewhat after two years of age, as earlier breeding has a tendency to weaken the constitutional vigor. She should then be kept in milk as long as possible, and the period can be extended by good feeding, as the tendency once formed in that direction will be apt to continue. For the first five years the cow should be treated as though immature, that is, fed and handled so as to promote constant growth and development.

One great benefit derived from the dairy, and one we are afraid that is too little appreciated, is that it affords a steady cash income, a little almost every day right through the year. There is nothing else on the farm, except the poultry, that can do this, and the poultry can only in a much smaller degree. A nice roll of good butter to sell every time one goes to town helps toward those little expenses, which, if allowed to run, so soon amount to big bills. Then it requires the best part of some big crop, the wheat, or the hogs, or a couple of fat steers to pay them off. Farming is a great deal easier and more satisfactory when it is followed in such a way as to dispense with store bills; but many find this almost impossible, unless they have some such means of constant income. When bills are run up there is not often the same close attention to small expenditures, and so the totals foot up surprisingly large.

Injudicious feeding is a source of constant and enormous waste upon the majority of our farms. Once in a while we find, in our travels about the country, a man who has realized the economy of correct feeding and so never gives a mouthful to any of his stock where there can be a possible chance of their wasting it. Others throw clean, bright hay upon the ground in a muddy barnyard, where a good portion of it is sure to be trampled under foot and fouled. Some men who feed under cover have no suitable feeding racks, and so the hay is pulled from the manger and much of it is wasted. Corn also is often fed to hogs in muddy barnyards, fields, or pens, so that much of it is tramped so deeply that the hogs never find it. Corn-fodder, stacked out of doors, is wasted by the wind and weather and rapidly deteriorates in feeding value. Even slop, made of bran or meal that has cost good money, is fed in shallow troughs in which the animals step and wallow until half is spilled upon the ground. This way of feeding is the worst sort of folly, and is a double loss, a loss of the labor of growing the food, and of the prospective profit that would result if it were properly fed out.

While the liberal feeding of corn will increase the flow of milk, it still is not an economical food to use in the dairy. The same value expended in bran and oil-meal will give a much better return. The practice is steadily growing of feeding some concentrated food to milch cows at all seasons, and wherever tried, we have reason to believe it has proved profitable and satisfactory. Suppose you experiment in this line when you turn your cow out upon short pasture in the spring.

An unsound or blemished horse is usually one of little worth. The majority of unsound or blemished horses are usually so because of brutal or careless treatment, and are a direct reflection upon their owner. A dark stable is not a good place in which to develop horse-flesh. The conditions under which plant life and animal life flourish, do not vary greatly. Grow a plant in a dark cellar and see how it turns out. A colt raised in a dark stable will have just about as much stamina.

We all know what irrigation, by giving a plentiful supply of moisture at all seasons, can do toward insuring good crops. But as irrigation cannot be practised in all cases we must avail ourselves of the best substitutes for it that we can command. One of the best of these, and the one most generally within reach, is to give the soil such a thorough pulverization that it will retain a surplus of water when it comes, and furnish it to plants as it may be needed during their growth. A deeply and finely cultivated soil holds water like a sponge. A soil may be deeply loosened, but if this loosened mass is only broken clods and lumps there will be innumerable openings between them which will act like so many evaporating chimneys to allow the moisture that is below to escape above. Thus the water which ought to be held for future use is rapidly dissipated without having served any good end. This loss may be very largely prevented by having a finely pulverized stratum at the top, so that no open chimneys will exist to throw off the vapor. Equally objectionable with a coarse surface is a hard surface which the water cannot penetrate, but from which it runs off, thus losing the required supply to the growing crop. The teachings of theory and the results of the successful practice of the best cultivators have abundantly proved the importance of thorough pulverization and of a fine mellow soil in giving heavy crops through all seasons, and in preventing the disasters which to some extent always follow superficial culture.

I have spoken of it frequently before, but I believe I cannot too often impress upon my readers the loss that they constantly suffer from the improper care of fertilizing materials. All through the country I have seen this winter thousands of loads of manure in open barnyards, bleaching and washing away. By the time it is hauled out in the spring, it will have at the outside not more than fifty per cent. of its original value. If the manure is to be withheld from the fields until spring, the only sensible way is to keep it under cover, and then it must be kept slightly damp, and turned frequently to prevent burning and the escape of the ammonia, one of its most valuable qualities. Where there is not room to store the manure and shelter it, it should be hauled out upon the fields and spread as fast as made. This plan has the added recommendation of saving labor, and freeing you from this work in spring, when you can find plenty of employment at other duties. If plenty of absorbents and bedding are used, so as to prevent the escape both of liquids and ammonia, there is not much objection to leaving the manure in the stable until a load has accumulated. It is not a good plan, however, to allow the horses and cattle to stand upon it, or foul feet may result.

Guernsey Cattle.

An experienced dairyman writes that the Guernseys are cattle that have contributed as largely toward improving our native breeds as any which Europe has sent across the ocean. The fame of this breed may not be so generally known as either the Jerseys, Holstein-Friesians or Ayrshires, but the average worth of the individual animals of this breed must make them stand foremost among the improved cattle of our country. The Guernsey is a great butter-maker, and the blood from these pure-bred animals can be found in many of the good dairy animals upon our progressive farms. As individual butter-makers this breed has never been widely published, and wonderful feats of single cows have not been recorded in order to raise the value of a whole breed. Frequently there are exceptional animals among the other breeds which produce a startling amount of butter, but it is doubtful if this is of any real value to the farmer. The prices of such animals are way above anything which the average dairyman can afford to pay, and it is also a question whether the rest of the breed is helped by these few exceptions. They are rather abnormal exceptions, and in the eyes of many it injures the standing of those which are normal producers. Reading of the wonderful records of a few Jerseys, the purchaser naturally expects similar astounding results from his less expensive animal, and the result is he is generally disappointed.

The average of the Guernseys is good. As a race of special butter-makers all of the registered animals stand high, and a few do not go above the average to astonish the world. They form the backbone of most of our large dairies. They are good working and profitable animals, yielding good work the year round. They are not owned by fancy breeders and societies who are simply desirous of pushing their price up by publishing their wonderful records. For this reason the Guernsey breed is probably better suited to dairy purposes than any other imported from Europe. The breed comes from the Channel Islands, where so many of our famous breeds originated, and they have been bred there for a time longer than man can remember, simply for butter-making. The milk and cream that they produce are wonderfully yellow and rich, and the butter very seldom needs artificial coloring at any season of the year. The animals are generally larger than the Jersey or Ayrshire, and very gentle in disposition. They demand fair grass for their best efforts, but they are not as dainty as the Jersey. This breed has never been bred for the color, as most of the other breeds, and their owners have simply tried to develop the points in good butter-making, allowing nature to take care of the color of the hair. A fine, pure bred herd will produce good quantities of butter, every pound of which will often sell for 50 cents. It is of superior taste, flavor and color, and when a market for it is once established it is an easy matter to get such prices for it summer and winter. The chief merit of the Guernseys is that they can be judged as flocks and herds, and not as individual animals. A good herd shows that the average is high, and it is this which is so essential to a dairyman. Individual animals do not count so much as the high average of the whole herd.

The Fecundity of Flies.

A common house fly lays four times during the summer season, each time an average of eighty eggs, which makes	320
One-half of these are supposed to be females, so that each of these four broods produces forty—	
1. First eighth, or forty females of the first brood, also lay four times in the course of the summer, which makes.	12,800
The first eighth of these last, or 1600 females, lay three times, making a "setting" of	384,000
The second eighth lay twice, or eggs to the number of	256,000
The third and fourth eighth lay at least once each, or	256,000
2. The second eighth, or the forty females of the second brood, lay three times and produce eggs to the amount of	9,600
One-sixth of these, or 1600 females, lay three times or eggs to the number of	384,000
The second sixth lay twice the eggs numbering	256,000
The third lay once, or	128,000
3. The third eighth or the forty female of the third brood, lay twice, or eggs to the number of	6,400
One-fourth of these, or 1600 females, lay twice more, which is	256,000
4. The fourth eighth, or forty females of the fourth brood, have one laying period each, which produces eggs to the number of	32,000
Half of these last, or 1600 females, will also lay 80 eggs each, which gives us.	128,000
Total product of a single pair of flies in one Season	2,080,320

It has been estimated that if each fly hatched should live to be 4 years of age, at the end of that time they would form a solid mass around the earth, extending to a height of fifty miles, or about the estimated thickness of our atmosphere.

"I," said a self-made man, "started in life without a farthing in my pocket." "And I," put in another, "started in life without a pocket."

An Appeal to the "Sextant" for Ar.

O Sextant of the meetin house,
Wich sweeps, and dusts, or is supposed to!
And makes fires, and lites the gass,
And sumtimes leaves a screw loose in wich
case it smells orful, worse than lamp ile;
And wrings the Bel and toles it wien
Men dies, to the grief of survivin pardners,
And sweeps paths; and for the servusses
Gets $100 per annum, wich them that
thinks deer, let 'em try it;
Gettin up before starlight in all wethers
And kindlin fires when the wether
Is as cold as zero, and like as not
Green wood for kindlin; i wouldn't be hired
To do it for no sum,—But O Sextant!
There are 1 kirmoddity wich's more than
gold, wich doant cost nothin,
Worth more than anything except
The sole of man! i mean pewer *Are*, Sextant,
I mean pewer are! O it is plenty out of doors,
So plenty it doant no what on airth
To dew with itself, but flys about
Scatterin leaves and bloin off men's hatts!
In short, it's jest as "free as are" out dores.
But O Sextant, in our church,
It's scarce as buty, scarce as bank bills,
When agints beg for mischuns,
Wich some say is purty offten ('tain't nothin
to me, wat I give ain't nothin to nobody)
But, O Sextant, U shet 500 men, wimmin
And children, speshally the latter,
Up in a tite place, some has bad breths,
None ain't 2 sweet, some is fevery,
Some is scrofilous, some has bad teeth
And some hain't none, and some ain't over
clean; but every 1 on 'em brethes in and out,
And out and in, say 50 times a minnit,
Or 1 million and a half breths an our.
Now how long will a church ful of are
Last at that rate I ask you—say 15 minits—
And then wat's to be did? Why then
They must brethe it all over agin, and then
Agin, and so on till each has took it down
At least 10 times, and let it up agin;
and wat s more the same individoal do n't
Have the privilege of brethin his own
are, and no one's else, each must take
Whatever comes to him. O Sextant, doant
You no our lungs is bellusses, to blo the
Fier of life, and keep it from goin out;
and how can bellusses blo without wind,
And ain't wind are? i put it to your
Conschens. Are is the same to us as milk
to babies, or water is to fish, or pendlums
to clox, or roots and airbs unto an injun
Doctor, or little pills unto an omepath,
Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to brethe;
What signifies who preaches if i can't
brethe? Wats Pol? Wats Pollus to
Sinners who are ded? Ded for want of
breath, why, Sextant, when we dy, it's only
Coz we can't brethe no more, that's all.
And now, O Sextant, let me beg of you
To let a little are into our church.
(Pewer are is sertain proper for the pews)
And do it weak days, and Sundays tew,
It ain't much trouble, only make a hole
And the are will come of itself;
(It luvs to come where it can git warm)
And O how it will rouze the people up,
And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garps,
And yawns, and figgits, as effectoal
As wind on the dry boans the Profit tels of.

A GASPER.

The Baby's Feet.

"How shall we shoe the baby?" is a question which naturally arises as soon as he puts on stockings. The plan generally pursued is to place on the baby's foot a stiff-soled little shoe, probably incorrect in shape, though of pretty material and finish. In such shoes he begins his struggle for a footing in life, which he finally gains, though not as soon as he would had his clinging little toes been left to aid him, unhampered by the bondage of a shoe.

A pretty and sensible fashion which has come up during the past few years is the use of the moccasin as a first shoe. These are made of chamois, felt or kid bound with bright ribbons or braid and ornamented with fancy stitches in any way that taste may suggest. They are best if made to lace well above the ankle, as they keep in place better than if cut low. This footgear is warm and very pretty and does not cramp the toes or interfere with baby's first efforts to crawl or walk. The only serious objection to moccasins is the difficulty of keeping them on the feet of an active child after he begins to crawl, and this in time leads the mothers to discard them in favor of the shoe, faulty as it is.

The sole of a baby's bare foot is not unlike a wedge in shape, the broad part being at the toes, while the shoe meant for his use is often either narrower at the toes than at the heel or else of about equal width. The perfect shoe has not yet been evolved for either infants or adults, notwithstanding advertisements to the contrary, but there are degrees even of badness.

The ideal shoe should conform as nearly as possible to the shape of the foot and be neither too loose nor too tight. In particular it should be amply wide across the great-toe joint and allow the toes room to spread out instead of being pressed tightly together. Mothers should see that the baby's shoe is correct in this respect and that it is also long enough to extend slightly beyond the toes in order to allow freedom of motion and room for growth.

Having secured these essential points she can probably do little toward attaining the perfect shoe until the shoemaker has reformed his views regarding the shape of a baby's foot.

Along the Time.

I wonder if some heaven-sent thought
Thrilled you to-day. Perhaps it brought
A new, sweet light; then send it on
To help some other groping one
Along the line.

Through weary starless nights of pain
We have passed; but not in vain;
Some bitter lesson leaves its sweet,
'Twill help another to repeat
Along the line.

The echoing cadence of a hymn.
A picture's beauty, grand though dim,
The fragrance of a winter flower—
Let them renew their magic power
Along the line.

How many lips have never trilled
The song with which your soul is filled;
Then boldly, gladly tell it out
And make it one triumphant shout
Along the line.

A smile an answering smile will bring;
A hand-clasp—'tis a little thing:
A word of cheer, of love of praise;
Yet only these some soul may raise
Along the line.

Pass it along—the watchword—brother;
Hand clasping hand, touch one another;
Send up the praise, the trustful prayer;
Send out your love for all to share
Along the line.

—[Helen F. Bowden.

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

A Cartridge Factory Totally Demolished—Three Men Killed.

A Montreal, despatch says:—At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon a terrific explosion occurred at the Brownsburg cartridge factory, four miles from here. The explosion took place in a building set apart from the factory for the purpose of loading detonators. Fortunately only four persons were at work in this building at the time, and, although the explosion thoroughly demolished the detonator workshop, the other buildings and their occupants sustained nothing more than a shaking up.

The detonator building was literally blown to atoms, and nothing now remains of it but a mass of ruins. Nobody seemed to know how many people were in the building at the time of the accident, and it was not until William Burke, who was blown through the door, and who was the only one who got out of the building alive, was brought to consciousness, that the real state of the case was known. The first sight that rewarded the work of the searches was a headless trunk. The right leg had been wrenched raggedly from the body. Further search revealed the head, horribly distorted, some yards away, and in a different direction was found the leg. This body was afterwards identified as that of James Kearns, of Montreal, a youth of 17. William Gunn, of North Maisonneuve, was also killed: He was not mangled like Kearns, but when the rescuing party reached him he was stone dead. John Curren, foreman, of this department, was in the building at the time of the explosion. The unfortunate man was absolutely blown into unrecognizable atoms. He leaves a young wife, to whom he was only married last Thursday, she, formerly Miss Sutherland, having came out from England to marry him the week previous. William Burke, the only occupant now alive, is very badly injured, but the doctors say that he may recover. Dr. Mayrand, of St. Andrew's, held an inquest and a verdict of accidental death was returned.

The "Phonophore Telegraph."

To be told that a telegraph wire which is busily transmitting a long message can at the same time be made to convey half a dozen other messages in opposite directions sounds like a fairy tale; but that the thing can be done, and is daily being done, is attested upon the most respectable scientific authority. The discovery which renders these astonishing results possible is due to Mr. C. Langdon-Davies, who has for some years been engaged in rendering it practically workable, and in adapting it alike to telephonic and telegraphic use. It is difficult to convey to the lay mind an accurate comprehension of a process so exceedingly technical; but it may briefly be said that Mr. Langdon-Davies in the "Phonophore" utilizes, not the electric current, but the noises caused by induction. The signals are transmitted by a series of induced electric impulses, and the success of the system is found in the ability of the inductive force to pass through insulations which electric current can not penetrate. A wire may be blown down and in contact with the earth, yet, so long as it is not broken, it will carry a phonophoric message. By means of the phonophore messages can be transmitted with extraordinary rapidity, and there is practically no limit to the number of telegrams that may be sent simultaneously upon the same wire. And, as we have hinted, Mr. Langdon-Davies' system is as useful telephonically as it is telegraphically. A wire which is conveying electric signals can at the same time be used for telephonic conversation without either the message or the conversation suffering in the least. For some considerable time past experiments in both directions have been proceeding, with most gratifying results, which are vouched for by such high authorities as Prof. Sylvanus Thompson, Conrad Cooke and Latimer Clark. Three of the principal railway companies have already adopted the phonophore; and it must be obvious even to the unscientific mind, that phonophoric telegraphy and telephony, in so vastly increasing the electrician's power over the wires, has before it a very great future. The phonophore, indeed, increases almost to infinity the number of words that can be transmitted in a given time. It is obvious, therefore, that it offers great possibilities in the way of cheapening the cost of telegrams. So long as the number of words that could be carried by a wire in an hour was rigidly limited, it was hopeless to look for any substantial reduction in the cost of telegraphing; but the phonophore at once increases the capacity and the speed of every wire to which it may be fitted.

The Average John.

Conjugal quarrels are so constantly the theme of ridicule and the text of warnings to the unwedded that we lose sight of the plain truth that husbands and wives bicker no more than parents and children, brothers and sisters. In every community there are more blood relations who do not speak to one another than divorced couples. Wars and fighting come upon us not through matrimony so much as through the manifold infirmities of moral nature.

Most women take to married life and home easily. John's liking for domesticity is usually an acquired taste, like that for olives and caviare, and to gain aptitude for the duties it involves requires patience. He needs filing down, and chinking, and rounding off, and sandpapering before he fits decorously into the chimney corner. A stock story of my girlish days was of a careless, happy-go-lucky housewife, who, upon the arrival of unexpected guests, told her maid "not to bother about changing the cloth but to set plates and dishes so as to humor the spots."

The masculine nature has spots to be humored. One of the spots is the manly duty of some Johns to discourage at first hearing any plan that originates with a woman. Wives there are who have learned the knack of insinuating a scheme upon a husband's attention until the logical spouses find themselves proposing of their own free will the very designs born of their partners' brains. This is genius.

As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence.—[Benjamin Franklin.

Strength of habit: "Barclay," said the wife of the sick man, "Here is the Rev. Mr. Goodman, who has come to talk to you." "Did he bring anybody to identify him?" inquired the bank cashier feebly.—Chicago Tribune.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—

On mountain heights, in days of old,
Where mortal never trod,
While heavenly splendors shone around,
There Moses talked with God.
In sweet communion, glorious, grand,
God gave his promise sure,
And made his covenant with man
Eternally secure.

His people they should ever be
And he would be their God,
While they obeyed His holy will
And kept the faith they vowed.
And still to us the promise stands,
As by the Jews 'twas heard;
He will accept us as His own,
If we obey His word.

—[Eliza B. Sering.

Tuesday—This boundless desire had not its original from man itself; nothing would render itself restless; something above the bounds of this world implanted those desires after a higher good, and made him restless in everything else. And since the soul can only rest in that which is infinite, there is something infinite for it to rest in; since nothing in the world, though a man had the whole can give it satisfaction, there is something above the world only capable to do it, otherwise the soul would be always without it, and be more in vain than any other creature. There is, therefore, some infinite being that can only give a contentment to the soul, and this is God.—[Philip Charnock.

Wednesday—If we consider the dignity of an intelligent being, and put that in the scales against brute inanimate matter, we may affirm, without over-valuing human nature, that the soul of one virtuous and religious man is of greater worth and excellence than the sun and his planets.—[Thos. Bentley.

Thursday.—If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the faultfinding and give little thought to the cause that provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points that make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories that you may have heard by accident, and which if repeated would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeableness of life; they will come, but they will grow larger as you remember them, and constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things that are lovely and loveable.—[Bishop Wilberforce.

Friday—

Faithfulness in the humblest part
Is better at least than proud success;
And patience and love in a chastened heart
Are pearls more precious than happiness;
And in that morning when we shall wake
To the springtime freshness of youth again,
All troubles will seem but a flying flake,
And life-long sorrow a breath on the pane.

—[J. W. Trowbridge.

Saturday—Think as little as possible about any good in yourself; turn your eyes resolutely from any view of your acquaintances, your influence, your plans, your success, your following—above all, speak as little as possible about yourself. The inordinateness of our self-love makes speech about ourselves like the putting of a lighted torch to the dry wood which has been laid out in order for burning. Nothing but duty should open our lips upon this dangerous theme, except it be in humble confession of our sinfulness before God.—[Anon.

Queer Facts About a Watch.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance wheel as it flies to and fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out. This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment. The watch carried by the average man is composed of ninety-eight pieces and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eyes can not distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-1000ths of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth $1,585. The hair-spring is a strip of the finest steel about 9½ inches long, 1-100th inch wide and 27-10,000ths inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to 20-1000ths of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 20-1000th part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs, when finished and placed in watches, is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of steel made up into hair-springs when in watches is worth more than twelve and one-half times the value of the same weight of pure gold. Hair-spring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound. The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day, and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and one-fourth times, which makes 197,100,000 revolutions every year. In order that we may better understand the stupendous amount of labor performed by these tiny works, let us make a few comparisons. Take, for illustration, a locomotive with 6-foot driving wheels. Let its wheels be run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every twenty-four hours.

Married women live on an average, two years longer than single women, although one woman in seventy dies in childbirth.

Albion W. Tourgee is reported to have said at St. Paul, Minn., that "if there is not a marked change in the attitude of the country toward the colored race we shall have within the next 10 years a massacre such as has not been paralleled since the French revolution."

The Kootenay Star

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

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1892.

DOMINION DAY.

The Excursion to Nakusp.

The excursion to Nakusp on the 1st July was decidedly successful in every way but one—financially. It was impossible to advertise the affair in a proper manner owing to the fact that it was not until the previous Saturday (just five clear days) that the steamer could be engaged. Nevertheless everything denoted success up to Thursday afternoon, when the wind began to rise and was soon sweeping down the streets, carrying dense clouds of dust. This continued for two or three hours, when rain began to fall, and so did the spirits of the adventurous projectors of the trip. This unfavorable aspect prevented many persons coming in from Illecillewaet and other places by the evening train. When morning broke the same kind of weather prevailed, and many intending excursionists did not turn up when the Lytton was ready to start shortly after 6 o'clock. There were about fifty tickets sold, all children, of which there were a great number on board, going free. A few miles down the river the rain ceased, but the fog rolling half-way up the mountains prevented anything like an extended view. Nevertheless the enjoyments were numerous and varied, and everybody on board seemed to participate. Good music was provided, and dancing was indulged in by the young people. When the steamer left the river for the lake the weather brightened, and by the time Nakusp was reached, at 10.30, the day gave promise of being fine. On landing, many of the excursionists with their baskets betook themselves to the woods and camped out, a few rambled over the new townsite to select a lot, while the majority gathered on the cleared level spot (Broadway, the main artery of the town) where the sports were being held. Below we give the results up to 12.20, when an adjournment was made to the Nakusp House for dinner:—

100 yards race, open—1, J. Sutherland, Revelstoke; 2, C. W. Smith, Nakusp.

Standing high jump—1, J. Sutherland; 2, C. W. Smith.

Standing long jump—1, J. Bartley, Nakusp, 10ft. 4in.; 2, J. Sutherland.

Running high jump—1, C. W. Smith; 2, J. Sutherland.

Running long jump—1, C. W. Smith, 15ft. 8in.; 2, J. Bartley.

Standing hop, step and jump—1, J. Bartley, 26ft. 7in.; 2, Wm. McGrath, Revelstoke.

Putting 16lb. shot—1, D. Cowan, Nakusp, 27ft. 3in.; 2, F. Turner.

Tug-of-war, Revelstoke v. Nakusp.—Nakusp won.

Walking the greasy pole over the water—C. W. Smith.

Sutherland would have captured all the first prizes, but no competitor was allowed to take more than two firsts and two seconds, so he had to retire, followed shortly afterwards by Smith.

After dinner came the tug-of-war. It was a grand pull, and for nearly 15 minutes the decision hung in the balance, but inch by inch the Nakusp men gathered in the rope until a final tug carried the ribbon over the line, and Nakusp hurrahed itself hoarse over its first victory. But this shouting was dry work, and Mr. Thomas's barroom, which was close by, was soon besieged by contestants and non-contestants alike, each and all eager to celebrate the victory so hardly won. At this juncture, just when the greasy pole contest commenced, the Lytton began to whistle "all aboard," as Capt. Short wanted to reach home before dark on account of the vast quantity of huge logs and trees coming down the swollen river, a collision with one of them being among the possibilities in the dark, and with a swift current to steam against and 60 miles to cover, he wanted 7 hours, at least, to do it in. It was just 1.30 when the Revelstokians sorrowfully picked themselves out from amongst the hospitable Nakuspians and threaded their way to the beach, and it was just 1.35 when C. W. Smith walked out to the end of the long greasy pole, grasped the flag and slid off into the chilly wave amidst the applause of the spectators. He soon bobbed up smiling, however, having added $5 to his income by his courage. As the boat began to move the popping of rifles and shotguns was heard from different parts of the town until a royal salute of 21 guns had been fired in our honor. Sweeping out into the lake we soon round the arm which shelters the infant city, and in twenty minutes Nakusp is lost to view. A grand picture now meets the gaze. The high, conical, snow-clad mountain ahead appears to be about six miles distant, but in reality it is at the head of the lake 40 miles away. The homeward trip was delightful, the pleasures on board vieing with the scenic grandeur until the mind was at a loss to decide which to choose as the path to untrammelled enjoyment. The refreshments were well patronised, the steamer providing an excellent meal for 50c. There was ice cream galore, with strawberries, peaches, oranges, sarsaparilla, lime juice, cream soda, and a few, very few, bottles of something stronger for those who were troubled with seasickness. At Hall's Landing J. W. Thomson, wife and family went ashore. They will spend a few weeks on their ranch at Thomson's Landing, on the N.E. Arm. After embarking two prospectors from the Lardeau who were waiting for the regular steamer, and a hearty "three cheers for Thomson," the boat is once more ploughing the muddy waters of the Columbia homeward bound. But it was destined that she was not to reach home that night. Five or six miles above Hall's Landing, in the still waters under the lee of a large island, with the mighty current rushing down on either side scarcely a hundred yards away, our boat suddenly became quiet, the engines ceased their pulsations, and the vessel began poking her nose into the bushes as if she would prefer to cross the island instead of going around it. But for the thickly growing trees this would not have been an impossibility, as the water appeared to be two or three feet deep as far as could be seen into the dense undergrowth. A boat was then lowered, and soon the Lytton was made fast to a tree by a stout hawser. The news very quickly spread amongst the company that we were "tied up for the night." Something had gone wrong with one of the boiler tubes, and the fire would have to be taken out to remedy the defect. Daylight next morning would probably see us moving. This was "nuts" for the youngsters, who determined on having a real good time, and that their expectations were amply realised everyone who was there can testify. It was now six o'clock, and the supper bell clanged a joyful tune to many unromantic souls who did not allow the weird, wild picturesqueness of the situation to interfere with the scrumptious appetites they had brought along with them all the way from Nakusp. One of the prospectors came out after supper with a smiling face because his vest fitted him at last. He said he had not eaten a square meal for two weeks. Two of the boys became so ambitious after supper that they set out in the flat-bottomed boat belonging to the steamer for a row around the island. They left the Lytton followed by the admiring gaze of the whole company, Joe Whyte handling the oars and John Abrahamson steering. Boating at once became the rage, and several claimants were eagerly waiting for the other boat to be launched, but the captain stated that it leaked like a basket and would fill in a very short time, so the idea was given up. Meanwhile the heroes in the flat-bottom had drifted out into the current, and, in spite of their best endeavors to pull up stream, they were carried down. Gradually they faded from view in the distance; the last seen of them being the white of their shirt sleeves, for they had taken off their coats in their frantic efforts to get back to the steamer. But all was in vain. Our comrades were gone. It was surmised that they would drift down to Hall's Landing and come up on the steamer Columbia next day. The amusements on board included dancing in the ladies' cabin, where music was provided by Messrs Brown, Steed and Bickerton; negro melodies, with Guy Barber and H. Lewis "tumming de banjo;" step dancing on the lower deck, by W. Tappen, Frank Turner and Billy McGrath; songs and choruses by the whole crowd; a recitation, and a public meeting in the dining saloon, when a congratulatory address was presented to the captain, officers and crew. Mr. T. Haig read the address, and speeches were delivered by Capt. Short, Messrs. Paton, Northey and Fraser. Jollity and good-will reigned supreme, and it will be long ere those present will forget the good time they had on the Lytton on Dominion Day, 1892. The children were put to bed about ten, the babies having gone earlier. Shortly after eleven shouts were heard way off in the fog which lay on the surface of the water along the further shore, and were answered from the deck. Then the glare of a fire shone through the mists, and we knew our lost comrades were safe; and there they camped till morning, within sound of the festivities on board, but unable to "get there," for their boat had been swamped, and they had managed to get ashore minus coat and hat, and had tramped through the bush in the darkness till they arrived opposite the steamer, where they lit a fire and dried themselves. But we would need several columns to describe the events of that night in full. How the fun was kept up even after the ladies had retired for the night; how the boys amused themselves on their hard luck while stretched out on the cabin carpet, the two Franks (big Frank and little Frank, bedfellows) creating more laughter than the rest could comfortably wrestle with; how a certain Billy McGrath utilised one of the pedals of the organ for a pillow and had just dropped into sweet slumber when a musical member of the party came in, and sitting down at the organ began playing an "Ode to the night," while the slumberer's head rose and fell with the pedal in measured time. Space will not permit the half to be told, but in closing we must mention that the two poor castaways were rescued at half-past three in the morning, the leaky boat being taken across the current and the Lytton dropped down stream to pick them up. They were brought on board limp, muddy, wet, hatless and coatless, but in excellent spirits. A few miles below Revelstoke we found the little str. Marion tied up on the eastern bank. She had left Revelstoke early in the afternoon of the previous day with a party of about 25 of all ages for a short run down the river. But coming up in the evening Capt. Sanderson was afraid to face the current and the driftwood, so he tied up in a sheltered place, and the party spent a lively night. A fire was kept burning to drive off the mosquitoes, but most of the excursionists showed the scars of battle in the morning, one of them whose eyes were swollen almost close remarking that "the mosquitoes at that particular spot were as big as donkeys." Taking the whole party on board, the Lytton did the last few miles in good style, reaching the town wharf at 6.30 a.m. on Saturday, having been absent 24 hours exactly. An anxious night had been spent by those having relatives and friends on board, it being quite a coincidence that both steamers should have stayed away all night. The excursion has been the topic of conversation all the week, and we must say it was worth talking about. Only one incident marred the pleasure of the whole trip. Six of our Chinese citizens bought tickets and went to Nakusp and back. At the second or third supper bell the whole six walked into the dining saloon, hung up their hats and sat down to table. But the whole six were at once ordered out again by an officer of the ship. The order was obeyed, but the Chinamen were so chagrined that they would not have any supper at all, and vow that they will go on no more excursions. Whatever the rules on the steamer may be they should have been suspended for that day, as the Chinese (all of them intelligent men and Christians) had paid the same fare as the other excursionists, and were entitled to the privileges, even if not treated with the same courtesy. The organizers of the trip (Messrs. Fraser and Northey) desire to thank those who attended, but at the same time they must state that had those people who were so clamorous to have the excursion take place not gone back on their promises the affair would have been a financial success. They hope the organizers of the next excursion from Revelstoke will understand the worth of promises from such sources. Thanks to those who patronized the fruit and ice cream dispensed by Mr. Fraser, the loss will amount to only $25.

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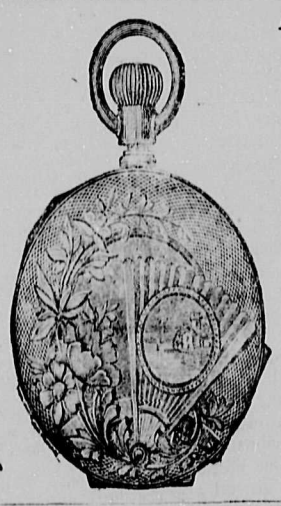

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