The Kootenay Star.

VOL. IV. REVELSTOKE, B. C., JULY 30, 1892. No. 7.

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

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.

Kootenay Lake

SAW MILL,

G. O. BUCHANAN, PROP.

LUMBER YARDS AT

NELSON BALFOUR
AINSWORTH KASLO

Large Stocks on hand.

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

ERNEST FLETCHER,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Plans and Specifications drawn up for persons intending to build. Seasoned Lumber always on hand. Fancy Work, Turned and Scroll Work executed neatly. A fine selection Picture Mouldings

Furniture Made and Repaired.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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,
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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.

PARISIAN....	Allan Line...	July 30th
CIRCASSIAN	"	Aug. 6th
OREGON..	Dominion Line..	Aug. 3rd
SARNIA	"	Aug. 10th
LABRADOR	"	Aug. 17th
LAKE WINNIPEG..	Beaver..	July 27th
LAKE ONTARIO	"	Aug. 3rd

From New York.

MAJESTIC...	White Star....	July 27th
GERMANIC	"	Aug. 3rd
TEUTONIC	"	Aug. 10th

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 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.

WEST KOOTENAY DISTRICT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that West Kootenay District has been subdivided into a northern and a southern division for the convenience of public business, namely:—

All that portion of the said district situated to the north of a line drawn as follows:—Commencing at a point situated on the east shore of Upper Arrow Lake one mile north of the mouth of Nakusp Creek; thence due east to the summit of the watershed between the valleys of the Arrow Lakes and the Kootenay Lakes; thence northerly to the south end of Trout Lake; thence easterly on a line passing through the north end of Upper Kootenay Lake to the eastern boundary of the district. Again beginning at the point of commencement; thence due west to the boundary of the district, shall be known as the "Revelstoke Division."

All that portion of the said district situated to the south of the aforesaid line shall be known as the "Nelson Division."

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner of Lands and Works.

Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B.C., 8th July, 1892.

THE

OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATOR'S ACT.

IN THE MATTER OF

NICHOLAS LAMPIA (Deceased).

NOTICE is hereby given, that by order of His Lordship Mr. Justice Drake, dated 20th June, 1892, I have been appointed Administrator of the Estate of NICHOLAS LAMPIA, late of Revelstoke, laborer, deceased.

Creditors of the said Nicholas Lampia must prove their claims before me within sixty days of this date, after which date the estate will be distributed according to law.

Persons indebted to the said estate must make payment to me.

Dated at Donald, British Columbia, this 21st July, 1892.

A. P. CUMMINS,
Official Administrator.

THE

OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATOR'S ACT.

IN THE MATTER OF

B. SAMUELSON (Deceased).

NOTICE is hereby given, that by order of His Lordship, Mr. Justice Drake, dated 20th June, 1892, I have been appointed Administrator of the Estate of B. SAMUELSON, late of Revelstoke, laborer, deceased.

Creditors of the said B. Samuelson must prove their claims before me within sixty days of this date, after which date the estate will be distributed according to law.

Persons indebted to the said estate must make payment to me.

Dated at Donald, British Columbia, this 21st July, 1892.

A. P. CUMMINS,
Official Administrator.

LOCAL NEWS.

Vaccine points can now be obtained at Revelstoke drug store.

Mr. F. Fraser has three or four good milch cows for sale.

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

Ripans Tabules purify the blood.

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

Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.

The Victoria Colonist this week publishes a life-like picture of the late Hon. John Robson. The engraving is of large size and excellently printed.

Mr. C. H. Temple, locomotive foreman at the station, will shortly leave Revelstoke for Kamloops, and it is intended to honor him with a complimentary supper before his departure.

Ripans Tabules: standard remedy.

Mosquitoes are more troublesome this season than ever remembered by the oldest inhabitant. No place is free from the pests, and everybody seems worthy of their special favor. Fortunately their invasion is short. Another week will most likely terminate their existence—till next year.

Ripans Tabules: for bad temper.

Although the heat is scorching in the sun the thermometer marks only 82 deg. in the shade, while at New York, Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, and other eastern cities the degrees have ranged from 92 to 100 in the shade, and many persons have died from the effects of the heat. We had it touch 97 in the shade for a day or two last month.

Ripans Tabules: a family remedy.

Mr. J. P. Sutherland, manager for Hull Bros., was engaged in a general "cleaning up" on Thursday afternoon, and whilst carrying a pailful of boiling water throuh the shop he tripped and fell, the boiling water splashing over his neck and the lower part of the face. Remedies were at once applied to the scalded parts, and now the sufferer will be anxiously awaiting the time for shedding his old skin.

Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.

The tobacco of Martinico was once the favorite with the smoking world, and when old Father Hennipen descended the Mississippi about 1680 the Indians were much surprised to see a European with such an excellent sample of their native plant. But the smokers of the "Myrtle Navy" would give but a poor account of the once celebrated Martinico. Their favorite brand is as much superior to it as it was to the raw and uncured leaf which the Indians of that day smoked.

Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.

Mr. John Hill, who has been a resident here for a considerable time, left on the Atlantic Express last Saturday morning, with his wife and child, for his father's home at Delaware, Ontario. We regret to say that Mr. Hill has been compelled to return east on account of failing health, having been afflicted with heart trouble for some months past. His many friends in Revelstoke express great regret at his departure, and wish him a speedy recovery.

Ripans Tabules: for torpid liver.

The Winnipeg Commercial of July 15th is entirely devoted to the resources and possibilities of West Kootenay. Its thirty pages are beautifully printed in large type on toned paper, and contains a map of the district, eight photo-gravure views of the principal points—Pilot Bay, Nelson, Ainsworth, Pack Train en route, Strs. Columbia and Lytton at Revelstoke, Railway Crossing on the Kootenay River, Kootenay Lake and Kaslo, and several other engravings. The descriptive matter is accurate, and reads well throughout. We can recommend the book as being exactly the thing for those desirous of getting reliable information concerning the mining country, and an appropriate present to send to distant friends.

Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.

The remains of the Hon. John Robson, late Premier of British Columbia, who died from the effects of blood poisoning while on a visit to London, Eng., passed through Revelstoke for Victoria on Monday evening at six o'clock, the express being one hour late. Not many on the platform seemed to be aware of the event. Mrs. Robson, who had accompanied the body from England, Mr. Hunter, M.P.P. for Comox, and Mrs. Hunter were on the train. The coffin could not be seen, being encased in a white deal box, and was carried in the baggage car. Officer Kirkup hoisted the flag at half-mast over the Courthouse in honor of the deceased statesman, who was loved and respected throughout the whole province. The funeral took place at Ross Bay cemetery on Thursday.

A concert and cream and fruit social was given by members of the Methodist Church on Monday night in the schoolroom, which was well attended, but the mosquitoes were so troublesome that several people were compelled to leave during the performance. Mr. Johnston occupied the chair, and the following programme was presented:—Organ solo, Miss Johnson; address by the chairman; "The Wife's Welcome," Mesdames Dickie, Smith, Robinson and Howson; song, "The Better Land," Miss Fanny Johnson; organ solo, "General Hancock's March," Miss Cora E. Brown (encored); song, "The Dutcher's Dog," Master W. Ladner; reading, Percy Lewis; song, "There's a Green Hill," Miss Johnson; song, "Dream Faces," Miss E. Ladner; humorous reading, Mr. H. N. Coursier (encored); song, "Alas! Alas!" Rev. T. Paton; song, "Saved from the Storm," Miss F. Johnson; song, "Irene, Good-night," Mr. Guy Barber (encored); song, "Gates of the West," Mrs. Kirkup (encored); song, "Aunts," Miss Johnson. Cream, fruit and cake were then handed round.

Mr. J. W. Poole, one of the prospectors who struck it rich in the Lardeau a short time ago, called at this office last evening. He is in town for supplies, and is accompanied by his two partners, Messrs. Crockett and Robertson. Mr. Poole corroborates the statement published in these columns last week, and adds that the ledge itself is quite 100 feet in width. He brings with him some magnificent samples of galena from the newly-found vein, but has not yet had it assayed. He also brings a beautiful specimen of peacock copper ore. They do not intend to sell their mine, but will work it themselves. Mr. Poole brought a fine budget of Lardeau news, but owing to being late for press we must hold it over for next week.

We have just received the catalogue, rules and regulations of the British Columbia Royal Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition, to be held at New Westminster on September 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd, 1892. A large number of prizes are offered for horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, pigeons, rabbits, dairy produce, vegetable, fruit, flowers, implements, etc. There is no charge for space, and it is expected that machinery in motion will be a prominent feature. Entries must be made on forms supplied by the secretary of the association not later than September 6th. Liberal facilities will be given by the railway and steamboat companies. The book is issued from the office of the Commonwealth, and is neatly printed and well got up generally.

Ripans Tabules cure constipation.

No, boys, no more bear stories for a while, at least, until Morgan has recovered from the effects of the shock he received last week, when he covered two miles in 11 minutes 35 seconds, minus his rifle, which he left for the bear to play with while he made a bee line for the mill. Besides, the nondescript walked into this office last Saturday night with a very mournful expression attached to his usually pensive physiognomy, while a host of unshed questions welled up from his luminous eyes, and mutely asked, "Why did you publish that libel on me?" He proved to be such an affectionate and inoffensive critter that we vowed never again to hurt his sensitiveness by publishing a bear story. It is stated, moreover, that Morgan has retired from business in the bear-slaying industry, and will henceforth be found following a more peaceful occupa——no, animal. A few days ago he returned to the mill with a trophy of his sprinting powers in the shape of a real live sheep wrapped around his neck as a protection from the mosquitoes. He had captured the animal by running it down, and had not fired at it. There was a bear in close proximity at the time who had marked the sheep as bear's meat and was planning the easiest mode of reaching his supper, but Bruin was no match for Morgan in hunting tactics, and he had to procure a meal off something less toothsome than mutton. Bears "aint in it" when Morgan's around. The sheep is being fattened on sawdust, tough stories and other garden truck at the mill.

J. E. WALSH & Co.,

FREIGHT & COMMISSION AGENTS.

Clearing Charges paid on Freight for Slocan Lake.

SADDLE HORSES AND PACK TRAIN.

Hay and Grain for sale

AND

General Commission Merchants.

Passengers billed through from

REVELSTOKE TO NEW DENVER

IN ONE DAY.

For Coupon Tickets apply to

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

NAKUSP HOUSE,

COWAN & MADDEN, Props.

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

THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH THE

Best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

The accommodations of the Hotel are of the best.

The Overlest Wife.

The neatest woman in town
Folks say I've got for a wife;
And what folks say is gospel truth
This time, you bet your life.
Keturah Brown, she beats the world
On bakin' bread and pies;
But her best holt is fightin' dirt
And circumventin' flies.

Her temper is like her pie-crust, which
They're both uncommon short;
An' tho' I'm free-and-easy like,
Sometimes she makes me snort.
There ain't no sense in havin' things
So durned all-fired neat,
Nor sayin' ev'ry time I step:
"Now, Zek'l wipe your feet."

I can't sit down in our best room,
It is so slick and spruce;
Fact is, 'most every thing we've got's
Too good for common use.
Though next to godliness the Book
Puts cleanliness, I'm bound
To say Keturah's m'ighty apt
To run it in the ground.

There ain't no use in kickin ; I'm
Prepared to bear my cross.
Some day, perhaps, I'll wear my crown;
Keturah she can't boss
Things around in heaven. An' since we're told
That there no moth or rust
Comes to corrupt, I guess it's safe
To say there ain't no dust.

But, oh, what will Keturah do
Within those pearly gates
If she no longer finds the dirt
That she so dearly hates?
O'ershadowed heaven itself will be,
Ingulfed in awful gloom,
When my Keturah enters in
And cannot use a broom.

JACK MOORE'S TEMPTATION

CHAPTER III.

Jack rose, still debating with himself as to whether he should or should not allow the temptation to overcome him ; then he changed his coat, took his hat, and went out into the street. The misdirected letter was in his breast-pocket ; he was making a sort of compromise with himself ; he would not destroy the letter, nor would he send it on to its rightful destination. He would consider the matter further during the day. A City omnibus passed him, and as the morning was fine, there were more outside than inside passengers. Jack hailed it, jumped in, and then suddenly a sort of electric shock went through him, which caused him momentarily to forget all about his uncle, the misdirected letter, and his own alternate battlings against and parleys with temptation. For he found himself seated opposite the young lady with the gray eyes, the young lady whose fare he had paid some weeks ago.

Events were falling out strangely that morning. For weeks he had been watching for a chance of seeing Miss Mirah Lester, in the hope that she might acknowledge their informal acquaintance by at least a bow and a smile. Now, on the very day that had brought him face to face with temptation, they met. Would she remember him? He looked across at her inquiringly. She was reading ; but she seemed to feel his earnest glance, for she suddenly looked up, blushed, smiled divinely, and then held out her hand. "I have so wished to thank you again for your timely loan," she said, "and to—to repay it."

Jack was hardly conscious of the money she gave him, for a sudden overpowing sense of shame and self-contempt seized him. He felt as if the steady, candid gaze of Mirah Lester's gray eyes penetrated through the cloth of his coat to the letter in his breast-pocket. The touch of her little gloved hand seemed to posses some magic power, to make him see things in their true light and rightly to estimate his own mental attitude.

He stammered out some entirely inane rejoinder. What would she think of him if she knew how near he had been to suppressing and destroying a letter that had come into his hands by chance? which, therefore, should have been doubly sacred to any honourable man. How terribly base he would seem in her eyes, if she guessed that he had coldly reckoned on the death of the man who had filled a father's place in his life!

The young lady, being quite at a loss as to the real cause of her fellow-traveller's manifest agitation, imagined him to be the victim of bashfulness. So she resumed her book in happy ignorance of the violent revulsion of feeling she had roused in the breast of the man opposite to her, and of the momentous result brought about by their meeting.

As on a former occasion, the young lady got out at the corner of Wellington Street. By that time Jack had regained sufficient self-possesion to be able to respond to her parting "good-morning;" then he, too, alighted from the omnibus and bent his steps towards Lincoln's Inn Fields. He had quite made up his mind to act fairly and squarely in the matter of the mis-sent letter But on arriving at Mr. Pouncemore's office, he learnt that the lawyer was not expected there until twelve o'clock. So for an hour or more Jack paced round and round the dingy garden honoured by the appellation of "Fields," thinking of all that had happened, and all that he had been saved from, during the past two hours.

When all the church clocks in the neighbourhood had lifted up their variously-toned voices to announce the birth of another noon Jack again entered the lawyer's office.

Mr. Pouncemore was a tall, thin old man, nearer seventy than sixty, dressed in black clothes of old-fashioned cut. His manners were as much out of date as his garments, for he had an almost Grandisonian courtliness of address; his bows were bows, not the jerky nods, or careless touchings of hat-brims, or snatchy doffings, peculiar to this last quarter of the century.

Mr. Pouncemore was not, perhaps, quite so keen of eye or so acute of brain as he had been twenty or even ten years ago. He found it necessary to rub his spectacles a good deal, grumbling as he did so at the quality of the lens supplied by the opticians of to-day. Ten years ago spectacles were spectacles. He was a trifle deaf, and, not liking to admit the fact, frequently made crooked answers to remarks addressed to him ; and nothing vexed him more than that a client should manifest impatience at his slowness of speech, or notice the difficulty he had in seizing the various "points" in a case. Mr. Pouncemore was, in fact, getting past his work. He depended more and more on his head clerk, a young man of considerable acuteness and resource.

Mr. Pouncemore received the nephew of his old friend Tredinnick with his customary urbanity, listened courteously to his explanation as to how the letter intended for him had come into Mr. Moore's possession, though he certainly failed to understand all the young man said.

"I received by this morning's post a letter written by my uncle to you," said slow, stentorian tones.

"Your, uncle wishes to see me? Certainly. At what hour shall I call on him? replied the old lawyer suavely.

"This letter is yours—it came to my address by mistake—by *mistake*," shouted Moore, beginning to lose his temper.

Mr. Pouncemore stared.

"Mistake—no ; I am not in the habit of making mistakes, sir."

"Not *your* mistake—my uncle's. He put your letter into an envelope addressed to me, and mine into one addressed to you."

"He could'nt do better than address himself to me," commented the lawyer, drawing up his stiff backbone.

"Did a letter intended for me come to your address? If so, it was sent to you by mistake—by mistake," roared Moore. ("Deaf old idiot!" This in a much lower tone.)

"Deaf! I'm not deaf. Who said I was deaf?" rapped out Mr. Pouncemore glaring at his visitor.—"Jackson! Jackson!" he called out.

The head-clerk answered his chief's summons with suspicious celerity. It was indeed his habit to listen at the door of Mr. Pouncemore's sanctum, that he might be at hand to put matters straight when complications arose between client and adviser. Besides, Mr. Jackson derived a good deal of malicious amusement from listening to the game of cross-questions and crooked answers which was so frequently played in Mr. Pouncemore's private room.

This gentleman has come to complain of some mistake about a letter he wrote to me," said the lawyer with dignity.

"This morning I received a letter written by my uncle, Mr. Tredinnick, to Mr. Pouncemore—a letter which was unfortunately put into the wrong envelope," explained Moore impatiently. (Here he held out the letter in his hand to the clerk.) "I opened and read it, for, as you see, it was addressed to me."

The clerk took the letter. "I understand. I will explain the matter to Mr Pouncemore."

Jackson, long accustomed to suit his voice to his employer's tympanum, managed to convey to him why Mr. Tredinnick's nephew had called.

"Yes—yes ; I understand," Mr. Pouncemore said, brightening. "Mr. Tredinnick has made a mistake—a mistake excusable at his age ; but," he added, staring at Jack through his gold-rimmed spectacles, "you have also made a mistake in supposing that a letter intended for you reached me.—I think I am right—am I not Jackson?— in saying that no misdirected letter came to the office this morning?" he added, turning to the head-clerk.

Jackson bowed deferentially, glancing askance the while at the young man, who, in his opinion, was behaving in a most singular not to say suspicious manner.

"Then," said Jack, rising, I must apologise for my intrusion on your time. I—I thought it right to bring you the letter that came into my hands under such—peculiar circumstances with as little delay as possible. The letter is now in your possession, so I have only to wish you good-morning."

"Good-morning," replied Mr. Pouncemore, extending a formal hand for Jack to shake. He was determined to show this bad-tempered young man what he thought of his ungrateful conduct towards his uncle.

Jack left the office with slow, heavy steps. He knew that he had elected to follow the steep and thorny path ; that he had mastered and trampled under foot a great temptation. But as he set his face towards the great, purple, cross-crowned dome of St. Paul's, the inevitable reaction resulting from strong emotion set in, and a dull feeling of depression and hopelessness took possession of him. He had done right but the consciousness that he had acted as became an honest man did not at the moment bring its own reward, for when he reached his office, he received a severe reprimand for his lapse from punctuality; and as he took his seat at his desk, no inspiriting hope of a happier future brightened the commonplace drudgery of the present.

The day passed, and he went home to his lodgings thoroughly tired out. But next morning he rose early and walked down to Russell Square. The sight of the well remembered house, even though he knew it to be now tenanted by strangers, restored the balance of his mind, and brought back some measure of his former lightheartedness.

On reaching home that evening he found a letter awaiting him, addressed in a lady's handwriting. He tore it quickly open, and read as follows :

THE BAY TREES,
WIMBLEDON, Nov. 20, 188—.

MY DEAR BOY,—I have heard from Mr. Pouncemore how you behaved with regard to a letter I wrote to him, and which reached you by an accident, for which I shall never cease to thank God. If you will come down here as early as you can to-morrow morning, I will explain how the mistake occurred.—Your affectionate uncle.

The letter was signed in rather shaky-looking characters—EDWARD TREDINNICK.

Jack read the letter with quickened pulses and beaming eyes, wondered a little who had acted as his uncle's amanuensis ; then folded it up and put it in the pocket where that other letter had lain, when truth and honor and right feeling were weighing in the balance against wealth and ease—and dishonor—and the glance of a girl's candid eyes had made the balance dip on the right side.

Jack went down to Wimbledon by the first train from Waterloo, and reached his uncle's door by nine o'clock. The Bay Trees was a pretty, snug-looking villa, standing well back from the road behind the two big trees which gave the house its name. As Jack lifted the latch of the white-painted entrance gate, his heart beat fast with mingled excitement and apprehension. The door was opened by the old butler Thrupp.

"Why, good gracious me! it's Master Jack—well! And I'm glad to see you back again, sir."

"How is my uncle?" asked Jack, rather shame-facedly.

"Better, sir—much better. He cheered up wonderful after Mr Pouncemore's visit yesterday morning.—And now the sight of you will do him more good than all the champagne and physic the doctor orders."

Jack was ushered straight into his uncle's presence. He paused for an instant on the threshold of the room, for he was startled at the change two years had wrought in the hale, hearty old man. "Uncle!" he cried impulsively—"my dear, kind, old uncle!" sight of his uncle's altered face and the unconscious pathos of the drooping figure seated by the lonely fireside, unmanned him.

"Jack!" The old man rose, tottered towards him, and fell on his neck with a sobbing cry of: "Jack, my boy, forgive me. I was too hard. Oh, my dear, dear boy, thank God that He has brought you back to me at last!"

* * * *

When Mr. Tredinnick could command his voice, he told how he had made the error which had led to their reconciliation, On the day when he wrote his letter of instruction to Mr. Pouncemore, he addressed an envelope to Jack, meaning to enclose the quarterly cheque ; but after doing so, he found that his cheque-book was empty, and the directed envelope had been left in his blotting-book. In the hurry of the moment he had thrust the letter to the lawyer into the cover addressed to Jack, leaving, as he afterwards discovered,, that directed to Mr. Pouncemore in the blotting-book.

"And now I must give old Jack Pounce more a new set of instructions," he finisned with a smile that beautified his harsh features and shone like winter sunshine in his faded eyes. "But the sight of you has put new life into me, my boy, and I don't think you'll have to pay your succession duty just yet.—Oh, there's a ring at the bell My reader and amanuensis, Jack, the kindest and best of girls, who creams all the newspapers and writes my letters—most of them at least. Not private instructions to my lawyer, of course."

Just then the door opened, and Thrupp announced "Miss Lester." And to Jack's utter delight and astonishment, in walked the young lady with gray eyes—Mirah Lester, his good angel.

[THE END].

Under Falling Rocks.

Alpine climbing is attended by risks of many kinds. One of the worst is the danger from falling stones. Two members of the Alpine Club, Mr. Foster and Mr. Walker, with two professional guides, had been to the summit of the Aiguille du Midi, a peak which had been ascended only twice before. The getting down from the topmost rocky cone was a work of much difficulty, but was safely accomplished, and the mountaineers were carefully skirting round the base of it, looking for the easiest route by which to continue their descent. After a time they found themselves, as Mr. Foster says, at the head of a great precipice overhanging a glacier. The rocks presented no great difficulty beyond their steepness, and the party struck straight down.

Some few hundred feet below, a butteress at our right hand attracted us, and we passed straight along the face of the cliff to gain it. Jakob was leading, Walker next, I followed, and Baumann brought up the rear. Only one was moving at a time, and every one had the rope as taut as possible between himself and his neighbor.

Jakob was crossing a narrow gully, when suddenly, without warning, as though he had trodden upon the keystone of the wall, the whole face for thirty or forty feet above him peeled off, and with a crash like thunder, hundreds of tons of rocks precipitated themselves upon him.

In an instant he was torn from his hold and hurled down the precipice with them. Fortunately, Walker was able to hold on, though the strain on him was awful.

As the uproar ceased and silence even more impressive succeeded, we looked in one another's faces with blank dismay. From our position it seemed impossible to see what had become of Jakob, and only the tight rope told us that his body, living or dead, was still fastened to us.

In a voice singularly unlike his own, Walker at length cried out, "Jakob! and our hearts sank within us as it passed without response. "Jakob! ach Jakob!" Walker repeated; and I trust none of my readers may ever know the relief we felt when the reply came back, "*Ich lebe noch.*"

Walker craned over a rock, and then turned round.

"I see him," he said. "He is awfully hurt, and bleeding frightfully."

I contrived to shift my position, so that I could see him. His face was black with blood and dirt, the skin torn from his bleeding hands, and his clothes in ribbons. After a moment he recovered his footing. Then he untied the rope with trembling fingers, and crawled along the face of the cliff to the other side of the gully, where some snow offered means to staunch his wounds.

As soon as he was safe, Baumann called to us to stand still, and clambered carefully over the spot where the rocks had given way, our only road lying there. I followed, and then Walker.

Jakob had indeed had a wonderful escape, and on taking hold of the rope to tie him on again, we were awestruck to find that all but one of its strands were severed, so that his whole weight had hung literally on a thread. Strange as it may appear, the rock that had done this had probably saved his life by jerking him out of the line of fire.

No bones were broken, though Jakob was badly bruised all over, and after a quarter of an hour's rest he was ready to start again.

A New York Incident.

The New York *Herald* of Monday says: —"After the singing of 'Throw Out the Life Line,' by Mr. Stebbins, at the Convention, the first address of the afternoon was announced. Ira D. Sanky was the speaker. His subject was Christian Endeavor in England," and he assured the convention that the cause was making great headway all over Great Britain. In the course of his address, he remarked that had Homestead, Pa., had two or three Christian Endeavour societies, with their brotherly influence, the recent troubles there would never hav occurred. He referred to the pleasant relations of England and America, and said that war between the two nations was forever out of the question.

The Canadian delagates sprang to their feet as Mr. Sankey sat down and electrified the audience by striking up "God Save the Queen." The Convention broke into cheering, and all the women in the house waved their hankerchiefs. When the Canadians were through the audience promptly continued the song, substituting the words of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." It was now Canada's turn to cheer and wave handkerchiefs. She replied to "America" with "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," the whole audience joined in and there was another scene of wild enthusiasm.

THEY DISTRUST THE TROOPS.

The Strikers Awakening to the Meaning of Their Presence.

First They Were Cordial to the Bluecoated Vistors to Homestead, Now They are No Even Friendly.

The execution of further plans for the re-establishment of vested rights, and for the operation of processes of law at Homestead has been delayed by the committee of investigation from Congress, which has demanded the presence of men who otherwise would have directed important events at Homestead.

No man could read the patriotic words which come by every mail to the Carnegie headquarters without being solemnly impresssed by the stupendous importance of the present crisis. And let no one think that the man in charge of the Carnegie interests is blind to the significance of the struggle.

H. C. Frick is a just man and a determined one. He realizes completely the nature of the vast responsibility that is upon him. There will be no vacillation, no weakening in the policy he is following. He will keep right on in a straight open course. He has, and will continue to have, the entire support of his principals. He will meet appalling obstacles in the great task he has undertaken. He expects them, but his policy will be unchanged to the end, come what may. It will be, it already is a mighty struggle. No panorama of war itself presents more thrilling and dramatic situations than are already in view. As it continues to unroll, pictures worthy the attention of the nation will be disclosed.

Peace now reigns at Homestead, but it is peace at the cannon's mouth. There is murder yet in the hearts of the people. "I would like to put a bullet through you," hissed a striker into the ear of a newspaper man who had advised a stranger to refuse to answer an unauthorized demand for his name and business this afternoon.

There was more of this arrogant interference with personal rights all over the town to-day, and few dared resent it. The Commander of the National Guard said he would arrest any one who attempted to assume the power of the mob again in this way, but nobody cared to act as complainant in such a case.

The plans for reopening the Homstead mills, and for reducing the strikers to a more complete subjection to the law for obvious reasons will not be made public in advance. It can only be said in general terms that decisive action will be taken very soon. No violence is apprehended in connection with the threatened strike in the Pittsburgh mills to-morrow.

The men are intelligent and naturally lawbiding. Their sympathies are strongly enlisted in behalf of their Homestead brethren, and they realize that they are making a great sacrifice in going on strike merely out of sympathy. They know that there are very few sympathy strikes on record that ever succeeded. They number about 3,500.

At the Braddock mills, opposite Homestead, there are more than a thousand, and they are said to be ready to take similar action. There are in all the Carnegie mills about 23,000 men, but a considerable proportion of this number the company believes cannot possibly be induced to strike.

President Weihe of the Amalgamated Association refused to say to-day what would be the attitude of his organization in the matter of a general sympathetic strike. The Homestead strikers are basing some hopes on the possibility of the railroad men refusing to handle the product of the mills there if turned out by non-union men under military protection.

Gen. Snowden said to-day that he thought the troops would be kept at Homestead about two weeks. No one at all acquainted with the temper of the strikers believes that it would be possible to peacefully operate the mills at the end of that period without a very strong armed force for the protection of the men. There is no chance of the men weakening at present because of lack of means.

Their own and kindred organizations will gladly supply them with all the money they need for a long fight. If an appeal for physical assistance should be sent out, the indications are that there would be an equally prompt and effective response if the tenor of the offers which for a week have been pouring in means anything at all.

The feelings of the strikers toward the troops are rapidly changing. They are no longer cordial. They are not even friendly.

If I Should Die To-night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair
Would smooth it down, with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands, on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be laid aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully—
The eyes, which chide me with averted glance,
Would look upon me as of yore perchance
And soften in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb unconscious clay!
So I might rest forgiven of all to-night.

O, friends! I pray to-night
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me, I am travel worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, Oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead;
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

An Ocean Island.

The Norwegian barque Ellora has just arrived at Seattle, U. S. A., from Melbourne, and reports that an island in the Pacific Ocean about a mile square, lying due south of Hawaii, and marked on the charts as uninhabited, is really peopled. Fifteen natives, Malays, came out from the island in canoes to the barque. One of them said, "Good morning," and another asked for tobacco. These three words seemed to be all the English they knew. Two of them wore mats, and the rest were naked. They had no weapons.

ETNA'S TERRORS.

Threatening the Village of Nicolisi—The Eruptions Increasing in Volume.

A Catania, despatch says:—The situation at Mount Etna is steadily growing worse. The main crater is gradually extending, and the mass of hot ashes, lava and scoria which it is vomiting is increasing in volume and violence. Showers of firey stones, many of them of huge size, and molted matter are sometimes projected into the air to a height of 1,000 feet, and dense clouds of smoke and ashes hover continually over the crater. Two new cones, each about 800 feet high, have been formed, and from these streams of lava are constantly flowing. The lava is advancing in a threatening manner in the direction of Nicolisi, a village of 2,700 inhabitants, situated on the southern slope of Mount Etna, nine miles from Catania. The stream is now only two miles distant from the village.

A DENSE SMOKE HIDES THE CRATERS.

The immense columns of smoke and ashes, which are hovering over the burning mount, have grown so dense as to cover everything in the vicinity with a mantel of darkness and the craters are now invisible. The largest craters are still ejecting immense masses of boiling lava, the streams of which are steadily growing wider and are as steadily creeping with terrible persistency, foot by foot, upon certain of the villages lying on the mountain slopes.

VENATURA PARTIALLY DESTROYED.

A later despatch says:—Enormous incandescent rocks and immense clouds of steam continue to be thrown out of the crater of Mount Etna. Part of the village of Venatura has been destroyed by lava, and an immense amount of damage been done to neighboring chestnut woods. Committees of citizens are being formed to relieve the sufferers.

The Paper Age.

The world has seen its iron age and its brazen age, but this is the age of paper. We are making so many things of paper that it will soon be true that without paper there is nothing made. We live in paper houses, wear paper clothing, and sit on paper cushions in paper cars rolling, on paper wheels. If we lived in Bergen, Norway, we could go on Sundays to a paper church. We do a good paper business over paper counters, buying paper goods, paying for them with paper money, and deal in paper stocks on paper margins. We row races in paper boats for paper prizes. We go to paper theatres where paper actors play to paper audiences. As the age develops the coming man will become more deeply enmeshed in the paper net. He will awake in the morning and creep from under the paper clothing of his paper bed, and put on his paper dressing gown and his paper slippers. He will walk over paper carpets, down paper stairs, and, seating himself in a paper chair, read the paper news in the morning paper. A paper bell will call him to his breakfast, cooked in a paper oven, served on paper dishes, laid on a paper cloth on a paper table. He will wipe his lips with a paper napkin, and having put on his paper shoes, paper hat and paper coat, and then taking his paper stick (he has the choice of two descriptions already), he will walk on a paper pavement or ride in a paper carriage to his paper office. He will organize paper enterprises and make paper profits. He will sail the ocean on paper steamships and navigate the air in paper balloons. He will smoke a paper cigar or paper tobacco in a paper pipe, lighted with a paper match. He will write with a paper pencil, whittle paper sticks with a paper knife, go fishing with a paper fishing-rod, a paper line and a paper hook, and put his catch in a paper basket. He will go shooting with a paper gun, loaded with paper cartridges and will defend his country in paper forts with paper cannon and paper bombs. Having lived his paper life and achieved a paper fame and paper wealth, he will retire to paper leisure and die in paper peace. There will be a paper funeral, at which the mourners, dressed in paper crape, will wipe their eyes with paper handkerchiefs, and the preacher will preach in a paper pulpit. He will lie in a paper coffin; elsewhere in this paper it will be seen that he has a chance of doing so already if he is a paper—we mean pauper. He will be wrapped in a paper shroud, his name will be engraved on a paper plate, and a paper hearse, adorned with paper plumes, will carry him to a paper-lined grave, over which will be raised a paper monument.

Big Little Men.

Brains and stature do not go together by any means, and some of the most famous men in the world have been little men, or, at least, they have been short. Everybody can think of a dozen men besides President Harrison (who is anything but buried under "Grandfather's Hat") as caricaturists feign, whose names are leading ones in politics or literature or business to-day who have fewer inches by several than, say, Bishop Brooks. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine marshals many celebrated little men whose little talents have enriched the world since "Zaccheus, he, did climb a tree" to see over the heads of his taller companions. Balzac says that little fellows are the fellows for work ; being short himself, he did not hesitate to say, what Bacon said too about the evident relation between over-developed inches and under-developed brain. The champion of the tall may have his say about that as soon as he pleases ; but on this side there are Napoleon (who was five feet one) and Admiral Keppel, Attila and Oliver Cromwell. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson were both a good deal under six feet; General Sheridan was much shorter than General Grant who was not a tall man, about the height of Frederick the Great. Michael Angelo and Sir Christopher Wren, Thomas Moore (not an inch above the five feet) Alexander Pope (only four feet six) Voltaire and Calvin and David Garrick and John Milton and William Wilberforce and Lord Shaftesbury are some of those named and everybody can add to the list.

The "Times" reports of the debates in the British Parliament are dictated through the telephone to the printing house, a mile and a half away, and immediately put in type, so that when the debates continue until 3 a.m., as they often do, the papers, with full reports, are ready for the 5 a. m. newspaper trains.

HEALTH.

Good Nursing in Summer.

The nursing of the sick in summer is even a more difficult task than in winter. In winter there is abundance of fresh, pure air, and a proper temperature may be easily attained by the use of artificial heat. In summer, on the contrary, the heat cannot be controlled. Pure air is not always possible in all localities, where the neglect of one or two careless neighbours, with slovenly kept dooryards, may fill the atmosphere with the poison of decaying vegetation or some other nuisance. These difficulties are against the invalid sufferers in country or town and require extra care on the part of the nurse.

A wise physician has said that a good nurse is a woman, thoroughly healthy and alert in all her five senses. She must have good sight, in order that she may watch the slightest changes in the patient, catch a motion of the eye, the tips of the fingers, and see in a moment what is wanted. She must have quick hearing to catch the slightest whisper of a weak invalid. She must have a sensitive as well as a soft touch, that she may note the most delicate changes in the skin and may test the temperature of hot applications that may be ordered. It is especially necessary that she have a correct and acute sense of smell, so that she may detect the slighest impurity in the atmosphere of the sick room. Her taste must be correct, in order that she may test the food to see that it is properly cooked. A good nurse should also be a good cook, and at the best training schools for nurses a course of lectures with manual training in cookery is a part of the curriculum.

A nurse has special need of physical strength to endure the fatigue of her place in the summer season. Where the patient is very ill a second nurse is supplied at night, to give the first or day nurse her needed rest. It is a great mistake for any woman to undertake the duties of a nurse unless she is willing and able to endure the physical hardships of such a place. A nurse must have no objectionable eccentricities of manner; she must have a general sense of wholesomeness in her personality. A nervous woman is in no way fitted for a nurse. A great many women manage to pass their examinations who do not possess all these requirements, but they do not make successful nurses. The question of education is a second one. No education beyond the rudiments is required at the admission on probation. Nevertheless, it is found that uneducated women fall out of the ranks before the time of probation is over, as they do not possess the same nerve and power of endurance and comprehension of details as women of more cultivated minds.

The good nurse should certainly be a woman of tact, in order to humor the harmless whims of her patient rather than irritate him by martinettish methods. One of the most objectionable habits of the indiscreet nurse is that of rehearsing her sickroom and hospital experiences to her patient. Like a wise physician, the discreet nurse says little and never talks "shop."

Summer Diet.

Half the illness that occurs at one season, I think I can safely say, is due to improper dieting taken at another. We hear of people feeling weak in the spring or suffering from those different ailments due to malnutrition, such as boils, skin diseases, obesity, or debility. Now this would not be so if the person adapted his diet to his requirements and to the season. No sensible person would think of keeping a large fire burning in his room in the summer. If he did he would undoubtedly soon feel the effect of it; but many a man who would feel himself insulted if he were not thought a sensible person, will eat in the summer to repletion foods the particular action of which is to supply heat in excess. Perhaps I cannot do better here than to explain that the foods that are converted into heat—that is, keep up the heat of the body—are starches, sugar and fat; and those that more particularly nourish the nervous and muscular system are the albumen and salts; and a perusal of or reference to a prepared table will show what these are, and also the amounts of the different constituents they contain. At a glance the reader will see that the largest proportion of summer food should consist of green vegetables, cooked or as salads; white or lean meats, such as chicken, game, rabbits, venison, fish and fruits.—[Dr. N. E. Yorke Davies.

A Parent's Duty to the Young.

The body may be looked at as a living machine, delicate and complicated in structure, made to run a hundred years or so, but liable by bad management to be disarranged and brought to untimely destruction. All continuous physical transgression, however innocent it may seem, is followed by retribution. Such is the punishment which overtakes multitudes who overwork their brains and underwork their muscles; of not a few who waste vital energy with anxiety, fret and unstinted care, of many who overlook the great law of their physical being that makes daily recuperation depend on the interchange of work and rest. Even ministers of the Gospel not unfrequently allow well meant faithfulness to end in a fatal mental strain. One of the final facts connected with many forms of physical transgression is its tendency to weaken the vital stamina of the transgressor's offspring.

The least a child can ask of its progenitor is a fair chance of life. To squander the vital inheritance of one's offspring is vastly worse than to squander its large ancestral estate. We have no more valuable possession than a good heredity—an inheritance of longevity; and if this has not descended to us it is generally because ancestors, more or less remote, have squandered it. Such an inheritance gives constitutional vigor, keeps its possessor safe amid almost every form of microbe diseases, secures the needed recuperative energy in case of attack, makes life worth living up to the normal end, renders old age green and sunny and keeps up intellectual activity to the last.—[Dr. F. Tumblety.

Hemorrhages from the Nose.

Many children are subject to the nosebleed, and in ordinary cases it should not be interfered with or checked, as it is usually nature's wise method for relieving the head from an excessive pressure of blood which might otherwise cause serious results. When, however, the hemorrhage is serious and lasts so long that it is weakening to the child, something should certainly be done to check the flow. In the first place try the application of cold, either by using very cold water, ice or brass keys—ice being the most effective. If possible, keep the child's arms raised above his head for five or ten minutes at a time. This alone will often cause the bleeding to cease. If not, place a piece of ice wrapped in a cloth at the nape of the neck, and another one directly at the top of the nose between the eyes.

If the ice does not stop the bleeding, plug the nostril with styptic cotton. Every house should have a bottle of the last named article, as it will often arrest violent hemorrhages more quickly than anything else when proceeding from the head, and is also useful in dressing wounds when bleeding. If the styptic cotton is not at hand, the old fashioned remedy, cobwebs, may be used, but fine lint is still better. Many people use powdered alum, snuffed up the nose, which is good if the child can snuff it up without the effort increasing the hemorrhage.

Extract of hamamelis (witch hazel) should be taken internally in dose of from one-half to a teaspoonful from fifteen minutes to one hour apart, according to the severity of the case, and it may be taken occasionally between the attacks as a preventive or where there is great weakness of the membranes.

Vegetables.

TO COOK PUMPKIN OR SQUASH.

I heard a woman say, not long ago: "I would not mind baking pumpkin pies, but one has to spend so much time in cooking the pumpkin," and I straightway told her my way; after which it occurred to me that others might be aided by the knowledge I just happened on myself. Here it is: Cut the pumpkin in halves; scrap out all the seeds and set the halves in a slow oven, the rind of the pumpkin making the pans in which the pumpkin is baked. If not hurried, you will find there will be quite enough moisture in the pumpkin to prevent it from becoming dry. When done, slide them carefully from the oven to a platter or tray, and let them cool. When cool, peel off the rind and roasted edges, and mash with a wire potato masher. The pumpkin is delightfully dry and has a nutty flavor, not to be surpassed, while the cooking is absolutely no trouble at all. What is left over can be put into glass, self-sealing jars while hot, and set in a cool, dark place for another baking. Not the least little bit of use in stewing pumpkin. Try this way.

SQUASH SOUFFLE.

"Oh dear! company for dinner, and not a vegetable in the house but squash, and no time to get any! Some folks don't like squash. John don't either." A neighbor at kitchen door (to borrow some flour) heard my lamentations and said, "Just try them on squash souffle." I did. They didn't like squash, but they *did* like squash souffle, and moreover, so did John. So far those who do like it and those who don't (particularly the dont's) here is the recipe: One pint of mashed squash, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one half cup of cream or milk, pepper and salt to taste, and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Bake in a buttered dish, one half-hour in a hot oven, and if you don't think it a rare bit of "delicate feasting," I am mistaken.

Playing-Cards in Russia.

There is only one factory in Russia for the manufacture of playing-cards. It has a monopoly of the business and belongs to the Foundling Hospital. It is figured that there are 30,000,000 people in Russia who play cards, and to supply the demand this factory puts out 6,000,000 packs of cards annually. In order to make this enormous quantity of cards only 329 women, aged from 15 to 20 years, and sixty-men are employed. And they are chosen amid the sisters, wives, and daughters of the workmen at the factory. Both exteriorly and interiorly the factory is a model of cleanliness. This is one of the essential conditions of this branch of the production. All the employes live at the factory and earn from $5 to $15 a month. They work from 6 in the morning to 6 o'clock at night, and are allowed two hours a day for their meals. Besides the ordinary playing-cards of different qualities the factory produces annually 120,000 packs of figured cards for the German colonies, besides 12,000 packs of miniature playing-cards as toys. The annual profit of the factory amounts to about $800,000. The cardboard is supplied by the Neva paper-mill.

Tea-Chest Lead.

One of the industries in connection with the tea trade is the collection of the lead with which tea-chests are lined. China has been noted for many centuries for the purity of its lead, and this tea-chest lead, as it is called, is regarded as the finest in existence. There are many uses for it; it is found very valuable in making the best kind of solder. No machinery is employed in the production of this sheet lead; every sheet is made by hand in the most primitive fashion. A large brick is provided, the size of the sheet of lead to be made, and is covered with two or three sheets of paper. On these the molten lead is poured, and another brick is placed on the top, which flattens the lead out the required size and thickness. The sheets are then soldered together to the size of the interior of the tea chest; the tea is packed in, and the top sheet is fastened in place. The workmen are very expert, and they turn out an immense number of sheets in the course of a day, and, where labor is so cheap, at a price much less than if the articles were produced by machinery.

A Village Schoolmaster's Experience.

As I am settled in a manufacturing district, which is pretty well sprinkled with the sons of "Ould Erin," I necessarily encounter some specimens of Irish wit and waggery. On the first day of school I walked up to a ragged urchin of a dozen years, with the usual question of, "What is your name?"

"William Flanagan, sir,"

"Well, Willie, where do you live?"

"Next door to Michael McFinnagan, sir." Which, as I was a stranger, was, of course, rather unsatisfactory.

"But," persisted I, "where does Michael McFinnagan live?"

"Sure," said he, with that irresistible brogue, "he lives next door to me, sir."

The bother of being a millionaire—the million heirs.

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

One Summer's evening, ere the sun went down,
When city men were hastening from the town,
To reach their homes—some near at hand, some far,—
By snorting train, by omnibus or car,
To be beyond the reach of city's din,—
A cheery looking girl, scarce four years old:
Although not shy, her manners were not bold;
But all alone! one scarce could understand.
She held a little bundle in her hand—
A tiny handkerchief with corners tied,
But which did not some bread and butter hide;
A satin scarf, so natty and so neat,
Was o'er her shoulders thrown. She took her seat,
And laid her bundle underneath her arm,
And smiling prettily, but yet so calm,
She to the porter said, "May I lie here?"
He answered instantly, "O yes, my dear."
And there she seem'd inclined to make her stay,
While once again the tram went on its way.
The tall conductor—over six feet high,
Now scanned the travellers with a business eye;
But in that eye was something kind and mild,
That took the notice of the little child.
A little after, and the man went round,
And soon was heard the old familiar sound
Of gathering pence, and clipping tickets too—
The tram was full and he had much to do.
"Your fare, my little girl," at length he said,
She looked a moment, shook her little head,—
"I have no pennies; don't you know," said she,
"My fare is paid, and Jesus paid for me?"
He look'd bewildered—all the people smiled:
"I didn't know; and who is Jesus, child?"
"Why don't you know He once for sinners died,
For little children, and for men beside,
To make us good, and wash us from our sin:
Is this His railway I am travelling in?"
"Don't think it is! I want your fare you know."
"I told you Jesus paid it long ago:
My mother told me just before she died,
That Jesus paid when He was crucified;
That at the cross His railway did begin,
Which took poor sinners from a world of sin;
My mother said His home was grand and fair;
I want to go and see my mother there—
I want to go to heaven, where Jesus lives,
Won't you go too? My mother said He gives
A loving welcome—shall we not be late?
O let us go before He shuts the gate;
He bids us little children come to Him."
The poor conductor's eyes felt rather dim;
He knew not why—he fumbled at his coat,
He felt a substance rising in his throat.
The people listen'd to the little child,
Some were in tears—the roughest only smiled,
And some one whisper'd as they looked amazed;
"Out of the mouth of babes the Lord is praised."
"I am a pilgrim," said the little thing;
"I'm going to heaven. My mother used to sing
To me of Jesus and His Father's love;
Told me to meet her in his home above,
And so to-day when aunt went out to tea,
And looking out I could not father see,
I got my bundle—kissed my little kit,
(I am so hungry—won't you have a bit?)
And got my hat, and then I left my home,
A little pilgrim up to heaven to roam;
And then your carriage stopp'd and I could see
You look'd so kind. I saw you beckon me,
I thought you must belong to Jesus' train.
And are you just going home to heaven again?"
The poor conductor only shook his head;
Tears in his eyes—the power of speech had fled.
Had conscience by her prattle roused his fears,
And struck upon the fountain of his tears;
And made his thoughts in sad confusion whirl;
At last he said, "Once I'd a little girl,
I loved her much; she was my little pet,
And with great fondness I remember yet
How much she loved me. But one day she died."
"She's gone to heaven," the little girl replied;
"She's gone to Jesus—Jesus paid her fare.
Oh, dear conductor, won't you meet her there?"
The poor conductor now broke fairly down;
He could have borne the harshest look or frown,
But no one laughed; but many sitting by
Beheld the scene with sympathetic eye.
He kissed the child, for she his heart had won,
"I am so sleepy," said the little one,
"If you will let me, I'll lay here and wait
Until your carriage comes to Jesus' gate;
Be sure you wake me up and pull my frock,
And at the gate give just one little knock!
And you'll see Jesus there!" The strong man wept!
I could but think as from the car I stept,
How oft a little one has found the road,
The narrow pathway to that blest abode;
Through faith in Christ has read its title clear
While learned men remain in doubt and fear.
A little child! the Lord oft uses such
To break or bend, the stoutest heart to touch,
Then by His Spirit bids the conflict cease,
And once for ever enter into peace.
And then along the road the news we hear,
We're going to heaven—that Jesus paid our fare!

The Life-Saving Guard.

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

Tommy was staying at Lakeside with his papa and mamma. Uncle Jack and Aunt Nellie were there too, and Mr. and Mrs. Barrington and little Rob, who was Tommy's best friend.

Tommy and Rob had a beautiful time at Lakeside. The water was so shallow, and the sandy bottom so hard and smooth, that they could be trusted to wade out as far as ever they liked, splashing and playing like the merry little mermen in Tommy's fairy-book.

One evening Aunt Nellie and Mrs Barrington were walking together up and down the beach A curved feathery moon and two or three stars were in the sky. Their light shone faintly on the water, and the ripples made a whispering noise like the wind in dry leaves.

"Do let us go for a row!" said Aunt Nellie.

So they unfastened Uncle Jack's boat, and paddled away into the shadows.

Up the shore a great camp fire had been kindled. Rugs had been spread upon the ground, and sweet-smelling hemlock cushions strewn about to lean upon, and one of the ladies read aloud from a book, which made all the old people laugh merrily. Tommy and Rob could not quite see the fun of it all, so, after a little, they ran away by themselves through the sweet cool darkness.

Suddenly Tommy stood still. "Hark, Rob! What is that noise?" he said.

While they both listened, a long musical call came over the waters; then another and another.

"That sounds like my mamma's voice," whispered Rob, and he caught fast hold of Tommy's hand. "Where is my mamma, Tommy? She wasn't up there at the fire."

"Nor my auntie, either," said Tommy.

The call sounded again, clearer, than before.

"I know!" cried Tommy. "They're out in the boat, caught on a sand bar. There's lots of sand bars; Uncle Jack said said so. We'll go right out and push 'em off. Take off your shoes and stocking, Rob."

The two little boys dropped on the sand. In a minute their feet were bare and their trousers tucked up above their knees.

"We're coming!" they shouted, shrilly, as they plunged into the dark waters.

It was not long before they could make out something white before them—Aunt Nellie's muslin dress.

It was exactly as Tommy had imagined. The boat was fast on a bar. Aunt Nellie and Mrs. Barrington had pushed with the oars until they were tired, without moving it at all. Then they had sat still, calling and waiting.

"Don't you be one bit afraid, auntie! We'll save you!" cried Tommy, galantly.

"Course we will, mamma dear!" said Rob.

Tommy pulled at the bow of the boat, and Rob pushed at the stern. At first it would not stir. They tugged harder and harder. By-and-by it began to slide—slowly, with a grating noise; then faster and more smoothly as it slipped into the deeper water.

"Bravo!" cried Aunt Nellie. "Now, boys, climb in yourselves."

"Oh, auntie, we are too wet! We mustn't spatter your pretty gowns," answered Tommy. "We'll go on ahead, and be ready to tie up the boat when you get to the dock."

Aunt Nellie put Tommy to bed that night. After he had said his prayer, he laid his cheek against her hand, and asked, shyly, "Auntie, couldn't you and Rob's mamma ever have got off the bar without Rob and me?"

"Not unless we had made ourselves dreadfully wet and dirty," answered Aunt Nellie.

"And ladies never do that, do they?" said Tommy; and he went to sleep smiling.

On the evening before they were all to go back to town there was another splendid camp fire. Uncle Jack popped a great panful of corn over the coals, and there was plenty of nuts and bonbons.

At last Uncle Jack said that Tommy's papa had been asked to make a speech, because, being a lawyer, he knew how so much better than anybody else.

Then Tommy's papa rose, and took out of his pocket two little boxes, which looked precisely as if they had come from the jeweller's. When the boxes were opened, there were two beautiful little silver medals. On one side of each was engraved the picture of a ship in distress, and around the opposite rim the words, "Life-saving Guard." One medal was marked, "Rob Barrington," and the other, "Tommy Venner."

Tommy's papa made a fine speech, and presented the medals; but to Tommy he said, "My son, it is plain that you are a chip of the old block."

The others laughed at that, so Tommy laughed too, although he did not know why.

Bennie.

Our Bennie was very anxious to be a man, and he thought that the first step towards that was to wear trousers instead of kilts.

Mamma did not want him to give up kilts so soon, so she made him some pretty trousers like his dress, to wear under the kilt skirt.

Bennie had to take a look at himself in the long glass before the skirt was buttoned on, and after walking back and forth before the mirror several times, he said, anxiously: "If I *must* wear the kilt, mamma, can't you tuck it into the pants? Pl-e-a-s-e."

What could mamma do with those earnest eyes pleading so for manly dress?

Papa declared that he was plenty large enough for trousers, and brought home a new sailor suit that very night.

The next day he went with mamma on a visit to auntie. Auntie soon brought out a beautiful wax doll, which she laid in a chair near him. Bennie's eyes sparkled, and he looked at it wistfully, for he liked dolls very much, but he did not take it up.

"Why don't you take her, Bennie," said auntie.

"Thank you," answered Bennie solemnly. "She is very pretty, but you'd better give her to Nell. I used to play with dolls when I was a little girl, but I don't any more. *I wear pants*?"

There was no more to be said.

The Glass Hat.

Helen was visiting at grandma's. She had never seen a lamp before, for gas was always used in her own home. She was much amused at the idea of having a light on the table. Once she pointed to the chimney, and said, "See that light has a glass hat."

A Source of Unhappnness.

"The longer I live," said Sydney Smith, "the more I am convinced that half the unhappiness of the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct choked up, from food pressing in the wrong place, from a vexed duodenum or an agitated pylorus.

"My friend sups late; he eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these esculent varieties with wine.

"The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in London and retire into the country. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's health; his expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin.

"All this is the lobster, and when over-excited nature has had time to manage this encumbrance, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order, and every rural idea is effectually excluded from the mind.

"In the same manner old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide. Unpleasant feelings of the body produce corresponding sensations in the mind, and a great scene of wretchedness is sketched out by a morsel of indigestible and misguided food."

An Actor's Opinion of Whisky.

One of the best and briefest temperance lectures in print is that contained in a letter now going the rounds of the newspapers which on good authority is ascribed to the late W. J. Florence, the popular and witty actor:

"My Dear——:

"One gallon of whisky costs about $3, and contains about 65 15-cent drinks. Now if you must drink buy a gallon, and make your wife the barkeeper. When you are dry, give her 15 cents for a drink, and when the whisky is gone she will have after paying for it, $6.75 left, and every gallon thereafter will yield the same profit. This money she should put away, so that when you have become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, and shunned by every respectable man, your wife may have money enough to keep you until your time comes to fill a drunkard's grave."

We thought we knew what a bureau is, but the bureau of statistics seems to be all tables.

Gave Himself Away.—"He's a cockney, that's what he is," said Mr. Newbred. "What makes you think so, Obadiah?" "He said table d'hote instead of table de hote. These cockneys alway drop their h's. Tell 'em in a minute."

FOR ONE AND ALL.

Fish are always sold alive in Japan.

There are 1,000 men to every 906 women in Greece.

The man with the most faults grieves at his neighbor's one little shortcoming.

The shoemaking business in California is controlled almost entirely by Chinese.

The fastest ship afloat is the City of Pekin, owned by the Pacific Mail Company.

The cocoon of a healthy silkworm will often yield a thread 1,000 yards in length.

The tallest and shortest people in Europe, the Norwegians and the Laps, live side by side.

The longest animal known to exist at the present time is the rorqual, which averages 100 feet in length.

The mines of the world produce twenty-five tons of gold every week, but the precious metal remains as rare as ever.

A favorite dish of the East Indies is an ant mash. The insects are caught in pits and mashed by handfuls like raisins.

Unless an Austrian gains the consent of his wife, he cannot get a passport to journey beyond the frontier of his own country.

At a public entertainment in Paris a young man was hypnotised. Two days elapsed before he was restored to consciousness.

"Least said soonest mended," as the doctor said to the patient with a factured jawbone.

The number of fires in London has increased by 50 per cent. since 1882; 25 per cent. of the fires occur in uninsured premises.

The shade-trees planted along the quays, avenues, and boulevards, and in the squares, parks, and gardens of Paris number more than 400,000.

The natives of Vera Cruz do a large trade in fireflies, which they catch by waving a blazing coal at the end of a stick. The insects fly toward the light, and are captured in nets.

Paper quilts are becoming popular in Europe. They are cheap and warm. They are composed of sheets of perforated white paper sewn together.

Girls from ten to thirteen years of age fetch in Morocco about £16 to £30 each, and the slave merchants find the females more profitable from ten to twenty years of age.

Seals when basking place one of their number on guard to give the alarm in case of danger. The signal is a quick clap of the flippers on a rock. Rabbits signal with their forepaws, and have regular signals and calls.

A novel road race was ridden in France recently. The contestants were all mounted on pneumatics and the course was sprinkled with nails, the purpose being to puncture the tire if possible and make the riders repair them on the road.

The hose used in sprinkling the plazas of Paris is a queer contrivance. It consists of lengths of iron pipe, each length mounted at the end on short axles having two small wheels, and the lengths joined together by short pieces of flexible hose.

The Emperor of China does not stir much in wet weather. This is due in part to the fact that it takes ten men to carry his umbrella, and it is difficult to get them away from the fantan table all at once.

Have your piano tuned at least four times in the year by an experienced tuner. If you allow it to go too long without tuning it usually becomes flat, and troubles a tuner to get it to stay at concert pitch, especially in the country.

India furnishes a market for large numbers of white diamonds, as well as for yellow or coloured diamonds, or stones with flaws or specks in them. The natives invest their savings in them and other precious gems, as we do in stocks and shares.

The Rajah of Indore, who likes showy things, has had made a furniture set all of glass. Glass bedsteads and chairs, huge glass sideboards, and other articles of domestic use.

The Brazil nut contains from fifteen to twenty-four seeds, which all germinate at one time. The most vigorous one gets first through a small hole at the top to the open air, and thereupon it strangles and feeds upon the rest.

Mayalipuram, India, is graced with seven of the most remarkable temples in the world, each one of these unique places of worship having been fashioned from solid granite boulders. The "Hevesa-Goda-Cla," the largest of the seven, is three and a half stories high, and its outlines resemble those of an Atlantic steamship. The inside of the boulder has been chiselled away until the walls do not exceed 8 inches in thickness.

At a committee meeting of the Oxford University Boating Club it was decided to intimate to Mr. J. Astley Cooper that the O. U. B. C. was willing to accept a challenge from an unbeaten Australian university eight, the race with them to be rowed from Putney to Mortlake, a few days after the proposed race with Yale or Harvard in September. The time of the year somewhat militates against an Australian visit though the project is being seriously discussed in the colonies.

Five years ago the Prince of Wales started a stud farm at Wolverton Eng., for the purpose of improving the breed of hackneys and hunters, and has since spent a lot of money upon it. On Tuesday he held his first biennial sale, and there was a great gathering of aristocratic buyers despite the distractions of the general election. The Duke of Portland bought several horses on behalf of the Queen, and the sale realized altogether £6655, a sum which was not large considering the number and quality of the animals sold.

The Japanese dancing girls are rosy-lipped and black-eyed, with comely and delicate features, tiny hands and feet, and possessing an air of graceful modesty and innocence rarely seen on any stage. As for their coiffure, it is a miracle of Japanese hairdresser's skill. Their costumes are aglow with scarlet, light blue, hite and gold, in robes of great length, adorned with flowers and coral. Fans, of course, play a prominent part in the intricate gestures of the maiko. The dance illustrates an elaborate measure of woven paces and waving hands, such as Vivien may have trodden in the "wild wood of Broceliande."

The Kootenay Star

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

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SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1892.

It will depend upon the plan of operations whether the $5,000 to be expended in repairing the river bank near the smelter be wasted or not. Any more patchwork on the present sandy formation will certainly be so much waste of time and money. The sand is so fine that it trickles down in powdery avalanches by merely stamping on the bank above, and when undermined it runs away like wheat in a mill hopper, leaving the top soil, with its burden of bushes and stumps, overhanging. This breaks off by its own weight, in patches three or four feet wide and sometimes fifteen or twenty feet in length, rolling over and over down the steep incline of forty feet into the deep water below. The Winnipeg Commercial, in its article on Revelstoke, says: "The bank is eroding at the rate of several feet a day." It is hardly so bad as that, but many acres of good land have been swallowed up in the past, as can plainly be seen. During the recent high water quite a dozen feet disappeared, including the footpath and part of the wagon road. A new route has been opened to vehicular traffic for three weeks past, but the encroachments of the river, if not stayed, will reach it in time. Cribwork will not do at all in this instance, as there is no backing, neither is there any foundation to build on, as the bottom of the river at that point is composed of the same loose sand as the bank, and whatever cribwork was put down would soon be undermined and carried down stream. The breakwater was destroyed in this manner, and the rocks recently laid on a foundation of brushwood will soon be out of sight, and so the erosive process will go on ad finem. Cribwork, or anything similar to cribwork, can only be useful in still or sluggish water. It is valueless in such a swift and eddying current as that of the Columbia. As we stated in these columns last fall, the only plan which seems likely to answer the purpose will be to build a massive stone pier out into the river from a point just above the town wharf at such an angle as to throw the current across the waste of sand, and thus make a new channel to the straight piece of water below the smelter. To help the river in this operation a channel could be dug before the pier was built. In time the hollow bend which the river has scooped out would silt up with sand, and no further ravages on the bank need be feared. It would, no doubt, lessen the depth of water at the smelter wharf and destroy the utility of the town wharf as a wharf, but these drawbacks could be borne with. The pier should be of solid blocks, with strong buttresses behind. It should be from twelve to fifteen feet wide, and as long as would be necessary for the purpose. It would be just as well to throw the money in the river as attempt any patching of the banks.

NAKUSP ITEMS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NAKUSP, July 27th.

We have had a very lively time during the past week. The sale of the Government lots in New Denver attracted a large crowd of speculators to the Slocan, most of whom went by way of the trail from here. The prices realized were very high, one corner lot bought by Mr. R. E. Lemon reaching the substantial sum of $675. The total receipts for the 100 lots sold amounted to $28,000, or an average of $280 each, so the Government have every reason to be satisfied.

These figures should at once decide the making of the wagon road, as it must open the eyes of the Government to the mineral value of the land and the necessity of a good entrance to it. We are hearing every day of new claims being discovered, and the rich samples of ore coming in are enough to tempt us all out prospecting.

Mr. McCulloch, assayer, of Victoria, has been staying at the Leland House for some days past. He has a great opinion of the mineral wealth of the country and says that both for quantity and quality it beats anything he has ever seen. The Mahon Bros., of Vancouver, with whom he is connected, and who are large capitalists, left here last Friday for New Denver, where they hold considerable mining interests.

Mr. Mara, M.P., passed down last week on his way to Nelson, where he intends making a short stay. As it took about three hours to land the freight for Nakusp and New Denver he had a good opportunity to inspect the townsite. He has a high opinion of Nakusp and the adjacent country.

Speaking of the prospective wagon road, Mr. Mara informed me that it was about a certainty, and that the C.P.R. were exerting their influence in favor of the road, so that there is no question of its being commenced forthwith. We are ready for it.

Sandy Stewart, the C.P.R. surveying engineer, has been very busy round here for several days past, and his report to the company will in all probability push on the work in connection with Nakusp.

There is also with us another old C.P.R. rustler in the shape of Dan Dunn, who is quite prepared to undertake the making of railways, wagon roads, etc., etc.

Our hotels are kept very busy; indeed, some nights they are crowded to excess. The "Nakusp House" (Cowan & Madden) is in the hands of the local paperhanger, and is rapidly assuming the appearance of a first-class hotel. The painter's art is also to be seen on some of the other buildings, so that the wild, "woody," western aspect of the new town is fast disappearing under the latest innovations from the cultured east.

Building still continues brisk. We have also a first-class boatbuilder who is kept very busy just now, rowboats being in great demand.

Harry Tracey, the worthy barber of Nakusp, is now installed in his official domicile, and the boys are beginning to assume quite a dudish appearance under his skilful hand.

"Linwood Cottage" is completed, and the new tenants are expected by to-morrow's boat. There is a good deal of speculation as to who they are, no one here seeming to have any definite information on the subject.

Fishing still continues good, the latest catch being an enormous salmon trout, scaling over 40lbs. It was hooked last night by the barber, who was nearly scared to death during the operation of landing it. Indeed, it took two or three "corpse revivers" to bring him round. We expect that fish to grow considerably in size and weight from now on. Shaving is pretty quiet to-day.

The one thing needful arrived yesterday—a violinist! And now music and dancing will be all the fashion. Nakusp is becoming quite a lively place, and Revelstoke will have to "get a move on," or in a very short time it will be completely dwarfed by our rising city.

LATER.—The str. Kootenai has just arrived, with Mr. Mara on board. She is on a special trip, and will remain here until Saturday. Mrs. Mara, family and party are following by the Columbia, and will spend three days here while Mr. Mara, Capt. Troupe and a few other gentlemen make a journey into the Slocan country. Some of the principal C. P. R. men are of the party, and this new departure augurs well for the wagon road going through at once. The ladies will enjoy themselves boating and fishing until the gentlemen return.

Attempted Murder at the Station.

Last Sunday evening about six o'clock two Finlanders, both belonging to Mr. J. Foley's section gang of C.P.R. men, had an angry altercation near the station, when one of them, Gustavus Koski, drew his revolver, and placing it close to the mouth of Matthias Jacobson, fired before those standing around could prevent him. Strange to say, the man was not killed, as might have been supposed at such close range, but he spat out one of his front teeth which had been broken off by the bullet, his tongue was cut and his mouth full of blood. A thorough examination made by Officer Kirkup shortly after the shooting revealed no sign of the bullet nor any wound in the mouth or back of the throat indicating where the ball had struck. The revolver is stated to be of 32 calibre, and Jacobson's face was scorched by the powder. Meanwhile Koski had made off down the track, and, although followed for some distance, he got clear away that night, but was captured the next morning about seven miles east and brought back. Jacobson was sent to Kamloops Hospital on Sunday evening by the Pacific Express, which happened to be three hours late. On Tuesday Koski was taken to Kamloops by Officer Kirkup, where, after a preliminary examination, he was taken to the prison. The wounded man was well enough to return to Revelstoke with Mr. Kirkup on Wednesday.

New Streets.

The plan of the new streets which are being laid out near the station by Wm. McKenzie and his men is becoming apparent to the most casual observer. The road from the Schoolhouse to the Smelter branch railway has been bedeviled with sand and pebbles, interlaid with small, water-worn boulders. This is poor stuff for roadmaking, but it is the best to be obtained in this neighborhood. A street is being graded from the Smelter wharf to the C. P. R. track, passing in front of the Union Hotel. Another street is being made parallel with the railway, and on the north side of it, from this point to the station, passing in front of F. McCarty's butcher shop and C. B. Hume & Co.'s and Bourne Bros. stores. This improvement is badly needed, and when completed will be greatly appreciated by all those who have to attend the trains.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.]

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

The Truth of the Bible.

SIR,—Being a stranger in this locality, but a life student of the above subject, I venture an adverse criticism of your correspondent in the STAR of the 2nd inst.

Mr. Lewis affirms "that miracles can occur is proved on the best authority; that the Bible teaches science of the most profound nature; that the Bible does not contradict science, but coincides with it," all of which I am prepared to meet with a direct negative. Nature is proof against miracles. There was never a cause without an effect, nor an effect without a cause. This world is governed by natural laws. The Bible has never been proven a book of truth. I am confident that it is the greatest work of fiction ever written. That it is replete with contradictions is a fact patent to all who care to make an examination. For instance, who carried the cross, according to St. John, Luke, Matthew and Mark? How about the Land of Nod? How about the creation, and then the repentance of His having made man? How about Joshua and the sun—Lot's wife and the pillar of salt—the rib story—the fish story—the snake story—the fox, donkey and bear stories? Are they all non-contradictory and scientific? And, then, who made the devil, and what did He make him for? If God is omnipotent who is responsible for all the evil in the world?

Nature shows no evidence whatever of the existence of the being called "God manifest in the flesh." I hold that God is a nonentity. To those holding otherwise I offer $1,000 if they will prove the existence of God, heaven, hell or the devil. If a person KNOWS a thing he can surely prove its existence. Nature is seen to do all things of itself without the meddling of the gods. Upon the ground of evolution God is relieved of the labor of creation; in the name of immutable law He is discharged from governing the world. EVOLUTION, and not creation, is what makes history. The Bible story of creation will do as a novel or is tolerable as a fiction, but it can never be made to coincide with the scientific record of evolution.

Man can write books, but he cannot make a world—Genesis and geology can only be reconciled by throwing away Genesis. The writers of the Bible were ignorant of what the world contained. It was a superstitious and supernatural attempt to account for the existence of the universe—hence a complete failure. Without infinite investigation the truth cannot be obtained. Knowing all this, the Bible is not only useless but worthless in the hands of a scientist. He deals with facts. He proves all things, and holds fast to the good and true.

The whole Bible story is without foundation—Christ is not a historical character. And not only that, but Christianity is immoral. The innocent cannot justly suffer for the guilty. Vicarious atonement is wrong in principle and in fact. Pardoning the guilty and punishing the innocent is equivalent to paying a premium on crime. Instead of prayers and churches and slaves devoted to a God(?) that is deaf, dumb and blind, it were better that the nonentity be ignored, and that man work for humanity. Happiness is the only good. I would not be a Christian or join a church for all the gold in the world.—Yours truly,

CHAS. F. BLACKBURN,
Geologist.

Revelstoke, July 12th.

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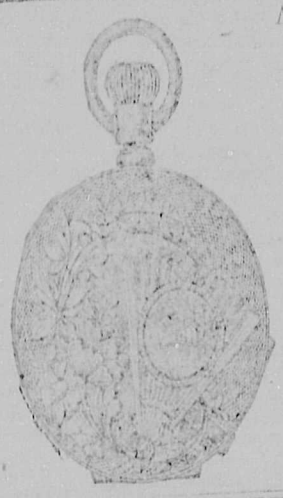

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