The Mowing Star.

VOL. III. REVELSTOKE, B. C., APRIL 23, 1892. No. 45.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

The Steamer MARION will leave Revelstoke every fourth day for Robson, connecting as nearly as possible with trains to Nelson.

W. PELLEW HARVEY,

Assayer and Analytical Chemist,

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Silver, Gold or Lead, each....	$1.50
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Silver, Gold and Copper.....	4.00
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LOCAL NEWS.

"Wanderer's" letter in answer to Mr. Thos. Lewis will be inserted next week.

The hot weather is having good effect on the river. The water is rising fast, and things will soon be humming.

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

Five stalwart young men, recently out from the old country, started for the Kaslo Slocan mining district on Wednesday in their own boat.

The number of men employed at the Silver King will be greatly increased as soon as the season opens. No visitors will be permitted to inspect the property.

Capt. Troup, manager of the C. & K. Nav. Co., arrived up in the str. Despatch on Tuesday. He will get things ready for the opening of the traffic season next Tuesday.

R. J. Kirkwood, who has a claim about two miles from Slocan Lake, recently conveyed some of the rock to Nelson, and it assayed 390 oz. in silver and 58 per cent. lead.

The steamer Lytton will leave Revelstoke for Robson on Tuesday, the 26th inst., and will continue on that route, the Columbia taking her place between Little Dalles and Robson.

A residence is about to be erected at the station for the Rev. T. Paton, Presbyterian minister. Messrs. Carrington, McKinnon & Hay are the builders. The upper town is growing fast.

Mr. Pierce, having completed his survey of Revelstoke townsite for the Dominion Government, left for Illecillewaet yesterday morning, where he will be employed in a similar task.

Revelstoke Lumber Company are very busy, the scene at the mill being an animated one. The building season has commenced with some heavy orders, several carloads having been sent as far east as Regina.

A gentleman from Seattle recently arrived at Nelson with the intention of starting a hotel, but finding that business overdone he went to Slocan prospecting, and found a ledge samples from which assayed over 300 oz.

Church of England services will be held in the schoolhouse to-morrow, the Rev. J. C. C. Kemm, of Donald, officiating. Eleven a.m., morning service and Holy Communion; 7.30, evening service and sermon. All welcome.

A new store is to be erected on the north east side of the C.P.R. track at the station, between the water tank and Messrs. Bourne's. The business will be carried on by a new firm—Messrs. C. F. Lindmark & C. B. Hume, as general merchants.

G. O. Buchanan has been granted timber leases to the extent of 1,760 acres at the head of Slocan Lake, estimated to contain about 9,000,000 feet of lumber. In all probability a saw mill with a capacity of 20,000 ft. a day will be erected there in the immediate future.

Once more we make an offer to our subscribers and the public generally. By paying up arrears and one year in advance subscribers to the STAR will receive a copy of The American Farmer for twelve months free. Any one sending in a year's subscription ($2) to this office will be entitled to both papers.

Five dwelling-houses are to be erected near the saw mill right away. Mr. R. Howson, builder, commenced work on the first of these on Monday morning. The townsite around the mill has never been surveyed, consequently street formation has not been followed in the arrangement of the houses on that property.

Mr. F. B. Wells, who has been buying pelts from trappers during the past winter, on Wednesday last effected a sale of over 200 marten skins to Mr. G. W. Baldwin, representing Joseph Ullman, of St. Paul, Minnesota. The skins were in excellent condition. We did not ascertain the prices realized.

An Order in Council just passed throws open the agricultural lands in Kamloops land agency for homesteading by actual settlers. The Kamloops agency extends for twenty miles on each side of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Drynock, 79 miles west of Kamloops, to the eastern boundary of the province at Stephen.

Steve White, who has been driver of the yard engine at Revelstoke Station for some time past, left for Vancouver on Wednesday evening to take charge of an engine in the C.P.R. yard in that city. Everybody who knows Steve will be sorry to learn of his departure, the Quadrille Club especially, in losing one of it most graceful dancers and energetic members. John Simmonds, from Donald, will fill the vacancy at the station.

J. W. Thomson, who has been putting in some time on his ranch at the Northeast Arm, arrived up on Tuesday. He has built a house at the landing, which will hereafter be known as "Thomson's." He left five prospectors there waiting for the snow to clear away before they made a start into the mountains in quest of the gold they believe to be hidden there.

Next Thursday, at the Courthouse, Donald, Sheriff Redgrave will offer for sale three valuable mining claims at Illecillewaet—the Corbin & Kennedy No. 2, Happy Find and Crystal—each claim being over 20 acres in extent. The properties are being sold under an order from the Supreme Court, and anyone having money to invest in mines may find it to his interest to attend this sale.

The steamer Marion arrived up from Robson on Tuesday. She brought 16 passengers from that place, three of them landing at Killarney for Fire Valley. J. W. Thomson was taken on board at Northeast Arm. Capt. Sanderson expects to run right up to the wharf next trip, the river having commenced to rise. A large quantity of baggage was sent down to the boat on Wednesday, and on Thursday morning she took her departure, having on board 35 passengers. She connects at Robson with the train for Nelson, and leaves every fourth day.

The str. Columbia was successfully launched from her winter quarters just below the wharf on Monday afternoon. The ways were well greased, and she slid into her native element easily and gracefully, needing only a guy rope at each end to steady her. She will commence her trips between Revelstoke and Robson as soon as the depth of water will permit. The Kootenay will not be launched just yet, the Columbia and Lytton being deemed sufficient by the C. & K. Co. to meet the demands of the traffic for a week or two, when excursion season will be commencing

Mr. Neault, C. P. R. contractor, and 12 men, who went down river for the purpose of clearing a townsite for the company at the Nakusp Creek, Upper Arrow Lake, had reached the head of the lake on Sunday morning. Mr. Neault says they will build a wharf at the creek, lay out a townsite for the C.P.R., and probably do a little work on the road to the Slocan. He expects to have 25 men at work shortly. The boats will be enabled to land passengers and freight for the Kaslo-Slocan district at Nakusp wharf. It is to be hoped the road will be ready for the early traffic.

Last night the Belmour-Gray Imperial Company played "Solomon Isaacs" to a full house, and the play pleased to the extreme. Miss Kate Dalgleish, in the pathetic scene where the blind woman finds her stolen child, drew tears from the majority of the audience. The wily Isaacs was ably portrayed by Mr. C. M. Gray, and as the scheming villain Mr. Belmour was a great success. Want of space forbids particularization where all were good. To-night the company will produce the celebrated English comedy, in four acts, Hazel Kirke. The company certainly is first-class in every respect and fully deserves the liberal patronage accorded them.

Business is "looking up" in Revelstoke. The hotels are full, and single rooms have to be converted into double ones. The stores are showing up lively, and a new one is to be erected at once. Carpenters are busy, building operations having become quite epidemic at the station. Several new hands have been taken on at the mill, and the smelter, in the midst of all this bustle, feels almost inclined to go to work again. Mr. F. McCarty, butcher, has just received a whole carload of beef. Mr. Law, tailor, has more orders on hand than he can get through with without extra help. We can guarantee Mr. Law's fit to be perfect, and his workmanship has given the highest satisfaction to all who have given him an order. There is no doubt of our being able to boast of having a first-class tailor.

Mr. P. M. Walker and several men employed on the snagboat Despatch arrived up early Monday morning. Mr. Walker says the spring is much further advanced in the vicinity of the Arrow Lakes than it is here. The snow has been gone from the level for quite two months, but the mountain slopes are still covered to a depth of about two feet. This, however, is fast disappearing beneath the fierce heat of the sun. The tender grass is springing, and the ranchers are busy planting. Cattle have been feeding out since the middle of January. The buds are bursting into leaf, and the country is looking splendid. The Despatch has been engaged taking out snags, blasting rocks and clearing the river between Revelstoke and Robson during the winter, and a further sum of $5,000 has been appropriated for similar work between Revelstoke and Upper Arrow Lake during the ensuing year.

Church of England Concert.

The school-house was literally packed on Thursday night, the occasion being the Church of England concert. The chairman was the Rev. J. C. C. Kemm, of Donald, who holds services in Revelstoke the last Sunday in each month. A noticeable feature in Revelstoke is the goodfellowship existing between the different denominations, the members of one church being always ready and willing to aid another in the way of talent, etc., and this feature was conspicuous on Thursday night. The programme was not an extensive one, but one little drawback was the rather tedious waiting which occurred between some of the numbers. The first to be honored with an encore was Miss Brown, whose pleasing recitation and pretty style well deserved it. Mr. W. Lee got his usual recall for his comic song, which he responded to, and then Master Lewis Rauch held the attention of the audience while he delivered a recitation in a clever manner. Mrs. Creelman's song was really the gem of the evening, and should have been encored. Mr. G. Barber earned his recall. Then Mr. Silas Robinson, advance agent of the Belmour Gray Dramatic Co. (now in town) swayed the audience at will with his powerful style, now comic, now pathetic. Needless to say the applause was vociferous, and encores were hurled at the platform as thick as particles of a London fog, but Mr. Robinson would have none of it. He retired to where the refreshments were temptingly laid out. Then came club swinging by Misses Paton (2) and Oberg and Masters Lewis and Palmer. Miss Lee followed with a recitation which was applauded. A trio by Messrs. Paton, Barber and Sutherland was well rendered, and then Mr. Paton scored a success with a Scotch song in character. Miss Adair gave a capital recitation, and was followed by Mr. Lee, who got a second encore. Mr. H. J. Bourne then presented the chairman with a purse of money, representing the takings of the evening, as a token of the esteem in which he was held among them. Mr. Kemm, who seemed completely taken by surprise, returned thanks for such an expression of their regard. It gave him great pleasure to know they thought so well of him. He was leaving B.C. next week for a ten weeks' visit to the old country, and his pleasure would be greatly enhanced at receiving such a generous mark of their esteem. (Applause.)

Refreshments were then served, and for half an hour coffee and sandwiches were paramount. Then came the piece de resistance—a farcical tableau. The scene represented an artist's studio, with all the accessories pertaining thereto. Mr. H. N. Coursier carried the part of the artist in a manner which showed considerable dramatic ability. Mr. Fred. Fraser, as general factotum and statuary duster, could hardly be excelled by an amateur. Mr. J. Sutherland as the statue, the centre-piece of the studio, was a complete success. "De cullud pusson" (Mr. Syder) was a first-class get-up, and the "Lord Dundreary" style of visitor (Mr. W. Lee) who wanted to "see how the thing worked," found that he only had to turn the handle and the statue (the sham statue) "did the rest." Last, but by no means least, must be mentioned the two beautiful pictures—completed and framed—which graced the back of the studio. We must congratulate the young ladies (Misses Halliday and McLean) on the manner in which they bore the trying ordeal of being stared at. They not only filled the frame, but, as everyone admitted, they entirely "filled the bill."

Mrs. Kirkup and Mrs. Lee played the accompaniments to the various songs and Miss Halliday furnished the music at the club swinging. Mrs. Paton superintended the serving of refreshments, aided by Mrs. Chapman, Miss Halliday and other ladies whose names we are unacquainted with.

A VALUABLE PRESENT.

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

The Curious Case of Ah-Top.

The slant-eyed maidens, when they spied
The cue of Ah-Top, gaily cried.
"It is some mandarin!"
The street-boys followed in a crowd;
No wonder that Ah-Top was proud
And wore a conscious grin!

But one day Ah-Top's heart grew sad.
My fate," he said, "is quite too bad!
My cue will hang behind me.
While others may its beauty know,
To me there's naught its grace to show,
And nothing to remind me."

At length he hit upon a plan,
Exclaiming, "I'm a clever man!
I know what I will do:
I'll simply wheel myself around,
And then the pigtail will be found
Where I can see it, too."

He spun himself upon his toes,
He almost fell upon his nose,
He grew red in the face.
But when Ah-Top could whirl no more,
He found the pigtail as before,
Resolved to keep its place.

"Aha!" he cried, "I turned too slow.
Next time, you see, I'll faster go.
Besides, I stopped too soon.
Now for a good one! Ah, but stay—
I'll turn myself the other way!"
He looked like a balloon!

So fast he whirled, his cue flew out
And carried Ah-Top round about.
An awful moment came—
The helpless spinner could not stop!
The poor man had become a top!
This gave the top its name.

THE EAGLE'S VISIT.

Once upon a time the eagle was the king of all the feathered world, and because he lived up so high on the mountains and occupied so exalted a position he grew to think very much of himself indeed. He imagined that he was ruler not only of birds, but of the whole created universe.

Now this is a very dangerous state of mind to be in. A very wise man said once that pride goes before a fall, and the eagle found this to be true.

He wasn't called the eagle in those days. He had a much more high-sounding name. It was magna avis, which means the great bird. And that, too, helped to make him conceited.

One day the dove met with an accident. She hurt her wing and was obliged to fly very near the ground. She could not reach her home at the top of the mountain, so she had to remain down in the valley for several days until she got strong.

When she was able to fly she hastened to the eagle with a wonderful story.

"Oh, great one," she cried excitedly, "I have made a discovery. Far down below the crags on which we live are the most wonderful creatures. There are great beasts many times larger than yourself. They walk on four feet, and instead of wearing feathers they are covered with hair, and there are other things more strange still, who are clad in something that does not grow on their bodies at all. They walk upon two feet, but they have no wings and they carry their heads very high. And when they meet each other they make queer sounds and bend themselves forward in the most peculiar manner."

The eagle smiled in a very superior way and replied:

"My daughter, you grew weary with your long journey, and I fancy you saw most of these things with your head under your wing."

"Indeed, sir," protested the dove, eagerly, "I was not dreaming. Pray stretch your great wings and go see for yourself. You will be convinced then."

She was so very earnest that it made the eagle think.

"I really ought to investigate this matter," he said to himself, "If there be any such wonderful things in the world I would like to know it. As yet I have discovered no animal as great as myself."

"None that you acknowledge to be so great, you mean," said a voice close by.

Turning about the eagle saw the condor perched on a crag above him. Now there has been for ages great strife among these birds as to which was the larger and stronger. But as the eagle was more beautiful than the condor and had a smoother tongue, he had held his position.

"I think," continued the condor, "that if you would consent to a fair measurement you would discover that there dwells very near you a bird larger than yourself."

"Look here, my friend," said the eagle loftily, "we will settle this dispute here and now. I heard that down in the valley below us dwell beasts who are able to vanquish us both. Now I am about to go and see if this be true. If it is, why then there is no longer any use for you and me to quarrel. If it is not true then, we will have a fair contest for the mastery. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," answered the condor.

Then the eagle called all the feathered tribes together and spoke to them. He first told the dove's story, and then of the compact between himself and the condor.

"And now," said he, "I'm going to find out about this thing. If there are any such creatures as the dove has told me about, and I meet them and they overpower me, and I never come back, why, then, you must choose for your king the one whom you think most worthy. And now I bid you good by," and spreading his wings the splendid bird shot down from the mountain.

There was a great flutter over the affair and the birds crowded around the dove to learn all about the matter. There never has been such excitement in the bird kingdom before.

They waited very anxiously for their ruler to come back, but day after day passed and the eagle did not return, nor did he send any tidings. At last they made up their minds that some evil had befallen him and a council was held, of which the condor was chief. After several plans had been discussed, the condor rose to make a speech.

"My friends," said he, "you all heard our king say what agreement we had made in case he did not come back. But I am resolved to take no advantage of his absence until I have gone to find out what fate has befallen him."

Before the affrighted birds could offer a protest the condor had disappeared over the cliffs on his way to the valley.

Meanwhile, where was the eagle?

He had found when he reached the valley that the dove had told him the truth. He saw the great animals of which the dove had spoken moving about. The eagle alighted upon a high stone wall that overlooked a great city, for this was in the old world, you know, hundreds of years before the new one was discovered, and this city was in China.

As the eagle sat there considering what was best to do next, a mandarin named Wang Tong saw him.

sparrows are but mites beside him."

The more Wang Tong gazed the more his wonder grew. At last he decided that the eagle must be a god, and he fell on his knees before it. Then he ran and told all his friends about the wonderful winged god that sat on the wall, and all the mandarins came out and fell on their knees.

At last one of them said: "We must place this new god in a temple, where we can offer proper worship to him."

So they seized poor Magna, and before he knew it he was held captive by chains. He was terribly frightened and very much mortified, but not for a moment did he forget that he was a king. He could not understand one word of what the men said so he could not tell what they ment to do with him.

He thought he would speak to them.

"Most mighty sirs," he said, "I do not know or what you are but I am Magna Avis, King of the Birds. I came down here to see if such creatures as you did really live, and now that I have seen I would like to return to my friends. I will not trouble you. I came with no evil intent—I beg you not to hurt me."

But of course they could not understand him and were preparing to shut him up in a splendid temple, where he would probably have died in a short time.

Suddenly there came a whir of wings, and the condor swooped down with such force upon the man who held the eagle that he let him go at once, and immediately he soared far above their reach and returned with the condor to their craggy home.

"Now," said Magna, "you have saved my life, and hereafter you shall be the king, for we will still hold our own dominion in spite of those who lives before us."

But the generous condor answered:

"No, no; I will have it so. You shall be the king now and always. Only that I think I have proved," he said, with a sly wink, "that I am the stronger."

"I admit it," said Magna; "and if it pleases you and the rest of the birds we will settle that way. You are the stronger, but I am King."

And that is how it happened that in the world or birds the eagle ranks above the condor, although the condor is so much larger.

The Car of Juggernath.

The Temple of Juggernath at Pooree Orissa, says the Rev. W. Miller in the *Missionary Herald*, with its surroundings, was completed as it now stands in 1198 A. D. Its erection occupied fourteen years, and cost a sum equal to half a million sterling. It stands in an enclosure, nearly in the form of a square, marked off by a massive stone wall, 20 feet high by 652 feet long and 630 broad. Within the enclosure are found some one hundred and twenty smaller temples dedicated to the principal objects of modern Hindu worship, so that each pilgrim, of whatever sect, finds his own favorite god or goddess represented. The high conical tower rising above the others, "like an elaborately carved sugar-loaf," one hundred and ninety-two feet high and surmounted by the mystic wheel of Vishnu, is the shrine of Juggernath, where he sits in jeweled state, with his brother Balabhsdra and sister Subhadra. The images are rude logs, clumsily fashioned into the form of the human bust, from the waist up. On the occasion of the car and bathing festivals golden hands are fastened to the short stumps which project from the shoulders of the idols.

The next tower is the Hall of Audience, in which the pilgrims assemble to gaze upon the images. The next structure is the Pillared Hall, appropriated to the musicians and dancing girls. Adjoining the above is the Hall of Offerings, where fruits, flowers, and various articles of food are deposited, preparatory to being offered to the idols and appropriated by two priests. The outer structure is the eastern and principal entrance to the enclosure, called Singa-dwara, or Lion's Gate. In front of this is a beautiful monolythic pillar which stood for centuries before the Temple of the Sun at Kanarak, twenty miles of north Puri. The structure, with a double roof resting on pillars, north of the Lion's Gate, is the Srian Mandugs, or Place of Bathing, where the idols

RECEIVE THEIR PUBLIC ABLUTIONS

before being repainted or decorated for the car festival. It is only at the bathing and car festivals that Juggernath appears in public. The Brahmins say that the reason for this is that people of the low castes, who are prohibited from entering the temple, may have a sight of Juggernath and be saved.

The open space in front of the Temple is a great place of concourse for the pilgrims. It has stalls and shops on each side and down the center for some distance. It is the commencement of the broad, sandy road, a mile in length, along which the cars are dragged to the Goondicha Temple, or Garden House, its terminus.

The day before the festival the cars, which are forty-five feet high and thirty-five feet square, supported on sixteen wheels, seven feet in diameter, are arranged in front of the Lion's Gate. The idols are brought out of the temple in a most ignominous way. Even Juggernath is pushed and rocked along to the car, a rope being fastened around his neck. What with pushing from below and hauling from above he is hoisted up and fastened to his seat on the car.

Cotton Mills Consolidation.

The negotiations looking to the consolidation of the cotton mills of the Dominion by a wealthy Montreal syndicate were closed on Saturday in Toronto. The consolidated business will be known as the "Canada Colored Cotton Mills Company," and will embrace the mills hitherto known as the Ontario, Dundas, Merritton, Lybster, Kennedy (Cornwall), Stormont and St. Croix (New Brunswick), which will now come under the control of Messrs. A. F. Galt and David Merrice, wealthy Montreal merchants. The business of the amalgamated mills will be operated from Montreal, and is said to represent a capital of $5,000,000.

The Countess of Zetland has made herself very popular in Ireland by appealing to Queen Victoria not to interrupt the Dublin season festivities on account of the general mourning. Victoria inclined a gracious ear, so business is good in Dublin and everybody is happy.

A crippled man is helpless; frost-bites cripple and St. Jacobs Oil cures frost-bites promptly and permanently. A fact without dispute.

A New Version of an Old Story About Columbus.

It is one of those tales that illustrate the manners of this cruel age. The pirates had long been the scourge of the honest Venetian traders. Sometimes they would disguise themselves as merchant-men trading peacefully to Candia for wine, and then throwing off their disguises, would prey upon all around them. No mercy was shown in these fearful contests. Between the sea-robbers and the merchants there was a lasting and deadly hostility. It was to the pirate class that the Columbi belonged, and of all the corsairs of the day they were the most renowned. The elder Columbus had apparently lain in wait in vain for the rich fleet that sailed yearly to the north. But he had a son, known as Columbus Junior, who followed the same profession, and whose true name was Nicolo Griego, or Nicholas the Greek. He at last succeeded in the project which his father had so long essayed in vain. The prize was a tempting one to the bold buccaneers. The Flanders galleys with their freight were valued at two hundred thousand ducats—perhaps two million of dollars and would have proved an immense fortune to the captors could they have retained the spoil.

In 1485 the galleys were equipped with unusual care. We have the decree of the Senate under which they set sail. The Doge Giovanni Moncenigo appoints the noble Bartolomeo captain, with a salary of six hundred ducats. Four great galleys are provided, and to each captain a bounty of 3500 golden ducats is promised upon their safe return to Venice. This money was to be paid out of the tax on the Jews, and calls up anew Shakespeare's unreal picture; it is plain that the merchants of Venice were the true Shylocks of the time. A medical man was assigned to the fleet; his salary was only nine ducats a month. Minute rules are given for the conduct of the expedition. The freight is to be paid to the state. No deck-loads of tin or pewter ware are allowed, no currants nor molasses are to be stored in the hold. Two galleys were to go to London or the English ports, the rest to Sluys or Bruges. On their passage they might touch at Malaga and other ports in Spain; on their return a ship was detached to trade with the Mohammedans along the Barbary shore. The Venetians were too keen traders not to find profitable markets even in the lands of the infidel.

The Columbi or the Griegos were at last to seize their prize. They watched with seven ships—powerful, no doubt, and well equipped—off the Spanish coast to intercept the fleet of Bartolomeo Minio. The commander of the pirates was Nicolo Griego, the son, we are told, of the elder Columbus. His father had disappeared from sight. But with him in the pirate ships was another Columbus, the future discoverer and admiral of the Indies. In his "Life" Fernando Columbus boasts of his father's share in this famous engagement—famous because it led to the settlement of Columbus at Lisbon, his marriage, and his future exploits. He was now a man of at least fifty, hardened by thirty-six years of ceaseless adventure. What position he held in the pirate fleet, whether as commander or seamen, his son does not tell. We only know that he served under his relative, Columbus or Griego, and that he fought with desperate energy in the famous sea-fight off Cape St. Vincent.

The corsairs or the Columbi approached their prey in the evening; they waited all night on the still Atlantic, and in the morning rushed upon the Venetians. It was seven, perhaps eight, ships against four. The galleys were heavy-laden and unmanageable, compared to their swift assailants. The Columbi had evidently resolved to make sure of their prey. They sailed under the French flag, and may have been fitted out in Genoa. It was the custom of the pirates, it seems, to assume false colors. But dreadful was the contest and fierce the fight that raged all day, as Columbus had told his son, on the tranquil sea—the scene, nearly four centuries later, of the battle of St. Vincent—and his narrative is confirmed by the Venetian archives. The four great galleys under Bartolomeo Minio defended themselves with unfailing courage. From the first to the twentieth hour they beat off their savage assailants. The ships grappled with each other, and fought hand to hand. They used we are told, artificial fire and the pirates fastened their ships to the galleys by hooks and iron chains. Then no doubt they boarded, and were at last successful. And then Fernando Colon relates the romantic incident that led, he thinks, to the dicovery of a new world. The ship in which his father fought was lashed by chains and hooks to a great Venetian galley. The Venetians seem to have set Columbus's ship on fire. The flames consumed both vessels. The only resource left to the survivors was to leap into the sea.

Columbus, an excellent swimmer, seized an oar that floated near him, and partly resting on it and partly swimming, sustained himself in the water. He knew that he was about six miles from the land, the coast of Portugal, and made his way toward it. Wearied, half inanimate, he was dashed upon the shore. He had much difficulty in reviving himself. But he was near Lisbon, and made his way, a shipwrecked, penniless seamen, to the Portuguese capital.—From "The Mystery of Columbus by" Eugene Lawrence, in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

Ingenious Frauds on Gold Dealers.

Some of the Paris dealers in gold have recently been victimized in a very ingenious manner. One of them recently received a letter from Russia offering gold much below its market value. After some correspondence, in the course of which the seller explained that it was gold which had been stolen by the workmen in the Siberian mines, the Paris merchant went to Riga to purchase it. He tested the metal and had it packed under his own supervision. After the boxes had been sealed by himself they were forwarded to Paris, but, to his amazement, when he opened the boxes he found they contained nothing but copper. It is still a mystery for him how the substitution was effected. It appears that several Paris merchants have been duped in this manner. As there is no means of prosecuting the swindler, the French legal authorities have been obliged to confine their action to the notification of the facts to Baro de Mohrenheim, the Russian Ambassador in Paris.

There is no worship where there is no joy.

minds of savages, for it is given to startling tricks. The mirages that are seen upon it have bestowed upon it a peculiar and distinct fame. They are known to the people of the lake only as "reflections." I have heard many sailors describe the wonderful ones they have witnessed; I would give another journey out there to see one. Men have told me that they have seen Duluth when they were 185 miles away from it—upside down and in the sky, but distinctly Duluth. One sailor said that at one broad noonday he suddenly saw a beautiful pasture, replete with an apple-tree and a five-rail fence, shining green and cool before him, apparently close at hand. The effect the clear air produces by apparently magnifying objects seen upon the lake is most astonishing. To illustrate what I mean, let me tell what happened the very last time I saw the lake. I was on a tug-boat, and upon coming out of the cabin I saw ahead of me a tremendous white passenger steamship. The boats were approaching one another at right angles, and this new-comer loomed up like a leviathan among vessels, bigger than one of our new naval cruisers, high above the water as a house would look. I called attention to it, and a companion, familiar with the lake, replied,

"I wonder what boat it is; she's a whopping big one, isn't she?"

Something distracted my attention, and five minutes afterward, when I looked at the approaching vessel again, she had passed the mysterious point at which she was most exaggerated in apparent size, and had become an ordinarily large lake steamer. But that was not the end of the trick. She began to dwindle and shrink, growing smaller and smaller in size, until the phenomenon became ridiculous. In time the elastic boat had become a very small passenger propeller, and I found myself wondering whether she would be discernible at all by the time we were abreast of her. But at that the optical frolic ceased. A small screw steamer of the third class was what she proved to be.—[Harper's Magazine.

"Patriotism and Politics."

Cardinal Gibbons, in his article, "Patriotism and Politics," in the April North American Review, has the following powerful plea for purity in politics:—"But when the very fountains of legislation are polluted by lobbying and other corrupt means; when the hand of bribery is extended, and not always in vain, to our municipal, state, and national legislators; when our lawmakers become the pliant tools of some selfish and greedy capitalists, instead of subserving the interests of the people,—then, indeed, all patriotic citizens have reason to be alarmed about the future of our country. The man who would poison the wells and the springs of the land is justly regarded as a human monster, as an enemy of society, and no punishment could be too severe for him. Is he not as great a criminal who would poison and pollute the ballot-box, the unfailing fount and well-spring of our civil freedom and of our national life? The Ark of the Covenant was held in the highest veneration by the children of Israel. It was the oracle from which God communicated his will to the people. Two cherubim with outstretched wings were placed over it as sacred guardians. Oza was suddenly struck dead for profanely touching it. May we not, without irreverance, compare the ballot-box to the ancient Ark? Is it not for us the oracle of God, because it is the oracle of the people? God commands us to obey our rulers. It is through the ballot box that our rulers are proclaimed to us; therefore, its voice should be accepted as the voice of God. Let justice and truth, like twin cherubs, guard this sacred instrument. Let him who lays profane hands upon it be made to feel that he is guilty of a grievous offence against the stability of government, the peace of society, and the majesty of God."

Judicious Advertising.

The advertiser often slights this, which is a most important branch of his business. He prepares his copy hurriedly and without judgment or thought, leaves its display to the printer's taste, does not attract the eye or the dollar of the reader, and then says advertising does not pay. Advertising is an art, and does pay, if made a study. The advertising agent has goods just as legitimate and valuable to sell as the salesman of drugs or jewelry, and this fact is recognized by advertisers. The essentials of advertising can perhaps be stated as but three in number: you must have what people want or can be made to want; you must select the proper medium to reach them, and you must tell your story in an attractive and forceful manner. All the resources of modern ingenuity are called to the aid of the advertiser—art, poetry, music, high literary ability, keen business insight, all contribute their quota. Lincoln's famous saying that "you can fool all the people part of the time, and part of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time," must not be denied in practice, if one expects to build up an enduring success. Advertising is a field of an infinitude of variety; what succeeds in one branch, is a failure in another. Intelligent study of the question is an absolute necessity.—[Pharm Era.

Electric Lighting.

The Royal Electric Light Company of Montreal has decided upon important changes, which it is expected will create quite a revolution in the lighting of the city. The company has obtained a charter for utilizing the Chambly rapids, and as soon as the water is low enough, operations are to be commenced. The rapids are susceptible of developing, at lowest water, over 20,000 horse-power. The company will thus be enabled to distribute in Montreal not only the arc and incandescent lights, but also intends to supply power for manufacturing purposes, elevators, and mills. One of the good effects of this scheme will be to cheapen the electric light to at least 25 per cent. below the price of gas.

The Duke of Richmond and other peers of Scotland are directly interested in the liquor traffic, either as distillers or owners of public houses. Among the principal offenders are the Dukes of Hamilton, Athole, Sutherland, and Fife; the Marquises of Bute, Ailsa, Breadalbane; the Earls of Rosebery, Aberdeen, Moray, Zetland, Haddington, Home, Elgin, Wemyss, Stair, and Galloway. Sir John Gladstone, the nephew of the "Grand Old Man," is one of the most extensive whisky distillers in North Britain.

Much of it Comes From the Ash Barrels of Paris.

The best false hair comes from France, where it is sold by the gramme at prices which vary according to quality and color. The most expensive false hair is the silver white variety, which is in great demand and very difficult to find. This is due to the fact that men grow bald in a majority of cases before their hair reaches the silver white stage, and women, whether bald or not, are not disposed to sell their white hair at any price. They need it themselves.

Still women growing bald must have white hair to match the scant allowance advancing age has left them. The chemists, have taken the matter in hand and are able to produce by decloration of hair of any color a tolerable grade of white hair, which, however, has a bluish tint not at all approaching in beauty the silver softness of hair which has been bleached by nature.

False hair in the ordinary shades is obtained in two ways. The better and more expensive kind is cut directly from the heads of peasant women, who sell their silken tresses sometimes for a mere song and sometimes for a fair price, according as they have learned wisdom. Every year the whole territory of France is travelled over by men whose business it is to persuade village maidens, their mothers and aunts, to part with their hair for financial considerations.

These men are known as "cutters," and there are at least 500 of them in the country, always going from house to house, from farm to farm and through all the villages in all the departments, seeking subjects for their scissors. A good cutter averages from two to five heads of hair a day, and he pays from 2f. to 10f. for each. It is estimated that a single head of luxuriant hair weighs about a pound.

The false hair thus obtained—at the cost of the tears and regrets of many foolish maidens—is the finest in the market, and sells for an exaggerated price, which puts it beyond the reach of the ordinary purchaser. Besides, it is evident that the supply of genuine "cuttings" must fall far short of the demand for false hair. So the majority of this wavy merchandise is obtained—yes, ladies, I am exceedingly sorry, but it is the fact—from the rag-pickers. These busy searchers of the ash heaps and garbage barrels collect every day in the City of Paris alone at least a hundred pounds of hair which some hundreds of thousands of women have combed out of their heads during the preceeding twenty-four hours. This hair, all mixed together and soiled, one would think, beyond redemption, is sold to hair cleaners at from $1 to $1.50 a pound, which shows simply that the fair sex in one city alone throws away annually about 300,000f worth of hair, for which they afterward pay—and it is the same hair, mind—considerably over 1,000,000f.

The cleansing of this refuse hair is an operation which requires careful attention. After the hair has been freed from the dust and dirt and mud and other unpleasant things with which it has come in contact in gutters and slop buckets it is rubbed in sawdust until it shines once more with its pristine gloss, and then the process of sorting is begun. In the first place skillful hands fix the individual hairs in frame with the roots all pointing the same way, and then they are arranged according to color. Finally, when a sufficient number of hairs of one color have been obtained—nor is this number so immense as is generally supposed—they are made into the beautiful braids which are shown so seductively in the windows of fashionable coiffeurs. If, as the good book says, wisdom goes with the hair, she who places on her head one of these conglomerate braids might be said to receive a portion of the wisdom of hundreds or thousands of other women who had worn those hairs before her.

It is said that the "cutters" in France have plied their trade so industriously that at present it is hardly possible in the whole republic to find a women who will sell her hair. The business has been done to death and now the enterprising dealers in false hair are sending their representatives through Switzerland, Belgium and Norway, canvassing for unsophisticated lasses who will allow themselves to be robbed of their hair which is half their beauty, for a few pieces of silver.

The Czar and the Kaiser.

A St. Petersburg correspondent says:—The following story reaches me from a good source, but I give it under all reserve:—After the German Emperor's late speech, a gentlemen who was present remarked that, whilst his Majesty was confident about coming glory, he should not forget that Russia was behind him. William II. retorted:—I will pulverize Russia." General Thovaloff heard this story, instituted inquiries, and, finding it was true, reported the matter to M. de Giers, who repeated it to the Czar. Alexander III. sent for General Schweinits, and said to him—"Tell your Kaiser, when he wants to begin pulverising, I will throw half a million men across the frontier with the greatest pleasure." There is nothing intrinsically improbable in this anecdote, which pretty accurately represents the present state of feeling. In reference to the statement that there are 300,000 mounted troops in Poland, I am inclined to believe the figures to be exaggerated, but there can be no doubt whatever that every available Cossack from a considerable number of cavalry divisions is now quartered within easy distance of the frontier.

Baron Albert Rothschild, who has been ill in Vienna for a long time, died the other day.

Six persons were killed by an avalanche in a gorge in the vale del Blois, Venetia, on Thursday.

Mr. J. Blundell Maple, the English M. P. who purchased Common, last year's winner of the Two Thousand Guineas Derby and St. Leger, has been urging the farmers of Hertfordshire to go in for breeding thoroughbred horses. In the course of his speech he mentioned that Common originally cost him £15,000, and he has paid £3,800 for four years' insurance of the animal; but the subscriptions to Common, up to the end of 1892 amount to £22,000, in addition to which he would be able to send some sixteen mares of his own; so that by the end of 1895 he would be some thousands in pocket, and he would have a horse which would afterwards bring him in some £10,000 a year. Of course Mr. Maple urges farmers to breed to thoroughbreds. Why shouldn't he?

Compensation.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

In that new world toward which our feet are set,
Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget
Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss?
Has Heaven a spell divine enough for this?
For who the pleasure of the spring can tell,
When on the leafless stalk the brown buds swell,
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O sweet the drooping eve, the blush of morn,
The starlit sky, the rustling fields of corn,
The soft airs blowing from the freshening seas,
The sunflecked shadow of the stately trees,
The mellow thunder and the lulling rain,
The warm, delicious, happy, summer rain,
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O, beauty manifold, from morn till night,
Dawn's flush, noon's blaze and sunset's tender light!
O, fair, familiar features, changes sweet
Of her revolving seasons, storm and sleet
And golden calm, as slow she wheels through Space
From snow to roses, and how dear her face
When the grass brightens and the days grow long.

O, happy earth! O, home so well beloved!
What recompense have we from thee removed?
One hope we have that overtops the whole—
The hope of finding every vanished soul
We love and long for daily, and for this
Gladly we turn from thee and all thy bliss
Even at thy loveliest, when the days are long,
And little birds break out in rippling song.

Employments for Country Women.

It is exceedingly aggravating to find women discarding work just as it becomes financially profitable and men taking it up. Yet this happens in numberless cases. As soon as one employment becomes of serious import and of value enough for men to adopt it, women are quite likely to discard it, or are frightened out of competition with their stronger brethren. Several centuries ago, when the mass of mankind was occupied with feats of arms, women were the only leeches known. It was considered a most womanly act to study the virtues of herbs and medicines, and even to acquire the art of surgery. Yet, till within the last score of years, it has been a common thing to sneer at a woman physician as those who have stepped out of the limits prescribed for their sick. Gradually the prejudice against the woman physician is being overcome. Many other cases might be instanced where women have gone back into lucrative employments from which they had been pushed by the superior force of men and made a success of them. The most conservative thinker would hardly say that butter-making was not a woman's employment, but as soon as butter-making is conducted in a large creamery, where it becomes a matter of a thousand pounds a week instead of fifty, and is conducted on scientific principles so that the result is sure, it is done by men. The fact is that our farmers' wives, with their long experience in butter-making, are being driven out of an excellent and lucrative employment by the engagement of male and alien hands. No one doubts that the business of creameries is a success, yet it is to be regretted that in woman's peculiar sphere she has not made this success her own, and has allowed the middlemen to come between her and the market.

Why should not farmers and daughters in a large neighborhood organize and establish a co-operative creamery, to which they would all furnish the cream? There are abundance of farmers' daughters seeking employment in the cities, studying art, studying what not, who could do all the work of such an establishment except the work of lifting heavy buckets, which ought to be done by a male employe. There is no essential part of the work of butter-making which may not be better entrusted to women's hands than to men's. The establishment should, of course, be conducted on strict business principles. There should be agencies for the sale of the butter in cities and village where it will command the best prices, and such agencies should be in charge of daughters of those interested in the co-operative scheme. There is no possible reason why many of the army of unemployed women who are continually drifting to the cities for work should not be aided by such a project as this. There is always a demand for home-made bread and cake, home-made pickles and home-made preserves, at prices which will compete with the inferior produce of this kind now for sale. Canning and pickling establishments of a similar kind might also be conducted on the co-operative plan by unemployed women.

It is not our purpose to add to the many burdens of the farmer's wife. It is not a question so much of whether she finds enough to do as whether what she does gives the best result. There is no use of farmers of limited means educating their daughters for teachers, for the ranks of teachers are over full. There is little more use in educating them in art than there is in educating them to write poetry as a remunerative profession. What they need is practical employment, which will bring a practical money return.

Part of a Kitchen Outfit.

A home tool-chest is an essential part of the outfit of a kitchen. Every housekeeper should be provided with a thoroughly good hammer of ordinary size in addition to the tack-hammer; two good screwdrivers—one of medium and one of small size; a saw of a size convenient for a woman to use and not too large to saw a ham bone; a gimlet a file, wrenches, and boxes of nails and screws in several sizes. The articles should be kept in a stout box with a cover, and should be out of the reach of wandering children seeking what mischief they can devise. However useful manual instruction may be to the rising generation, no housekeeper wishes that the window ledges and other parts of the woodwork of her house should be a field for such practice. Moreover, if the tools are handled by every one they are apt to get out of order. Young gentlemen with aspirations towards carpentry should be supplied with tool chests of their own and be given a suitable place in which to practice.

Tea.

It seems hardly possible that tea, which has become, so common a beverage that it is in daily use on the table of the poorest in the land should have been introduced so recently as the seventeenth century. It was first introduced into Holland through of it as a new Chinese drink, which he had had the pleasure of tasting. All sorts of unknown virtues were attributed to it when first introduced. Among others, the power to overcome sleep, so that whole nights might be spent in study, without hurt to the body. Very early, tea and gossip were associated together. Various poets of that time dwelt upon the tendency that tea had to excite scandal. Pope, describing a company of tea-drinking gossips, says of the "cheering cup":

"Still as their ebbing malice it supplies,
Some victim falls, some reputation dies,"

Even in the middle of the eighteenth century tea had not come into general use, and was regarded as an article of extreme luxury. A clergyman of this time, in his diary, mentions it as the only article of luxury he allows, which he is compelled to by reason of his wife's "London education," and he adds: "But, as we seldom offer it, except to the best of company, less than a pound will last us a twelvemonth." The poet Southey speaks of some one presenting a pound to a friend in the country, whose wife was so ignorant of its use that she boiled it up as one would spinach, and served it with pepper and salt. Very soon after this, tea came into daily use among all families of wealth. It was regarded as a cure-all by some and as a dangerous herb by others. Johnson inveighed against its use, but to no avail, for tea became more and more popular. There was more reason to condemn this beverage in a wholesale way when it was boiled, as it undoubtedly was at first. Boiling develops the tannic, which is certainly injurious to the nerves.

Tea should always be made, as everybody knows nowadays, with boiling water, and steeped, not boiled. It is not necessary only that it should be water in an actual state of ebullition, but that it shall be water at its first boiling—water that has never been boiled before. The Russians, who are a nation of tea-drinkers and are near enough to the Chinese to have received something of their methods in tea making, are very particular to use fresh-boiled water. They use the samovar invariably in making tea, but the tea is not made in the samovar, as many suppose. It is simply the utensil which takes the place and serves the purpose of our tea-kettle. No Russian lady trusts her servant to make the tea. She makes it herself at the table. Therefore she must have a utensil which will boil the water for the tea at the table, and this is what the samovar does. It is usually of brass, though it may be of other metal. It is urnlike in shape, but, unlike an ordinary urn, it has an inner compartment, which may be filled with burning charcoal to heat the water in the other part. The charcoal is not lighted till the samovar is placed on the table. The boiling water is drawn unto the tea, which is put into a porcelain or earthernware teapot. The first water is thrown off the tea as soon as it is put on. It is used merely to rinse off the dust. The second water is used for drawing the tea, and sufficient to make a strong tea is put on at once. Then the teapot is covered, and an ample tea-cosey is fitted over it. It is allowed to draw till the tea grounds sink. This will be in four or five minutes. Sufficient of this strong tea is poured into each cup or tea-glass, as tea is drunk in glasses set in metal frames in Russia, and not in cups and saucers, and the glass is then filled with boiling water from the samovar.

By this means all the delicate aroma and refreshing qualities of the tea are retained in the drink, and none of the rank flavor, which makes it a dangerous article for nervous people to use. Russians do not drink strong tea, and we would do well to imitate them in this respect. No metal teapot, not even one of silver, is fit to make boiling water in. Nothing is better for this purpose than the old teapots of heavy glazed brown earthenware. It is to be regretted that we do not use a tea-cosey ordinarily on our tables. This is a tufted cushion in cap shape, which envelops the tea-pot and keeps the tea warm. No tea of any kind that has been boiled is fit for drink. The longest time that any tea should be allowed to steep is from five to seven minutes. As soon as it is steeped this length of time, it should be served. If it waits even a few minutes on the stove after steeping it is ruined.

They are Wearing Big Hats in Paris.

The Paris hats are large, with flap brims, which are caught up at the back by upright tufts or ostrich plumes, and invariably have strings for tying under the chin. Sometimez the hats are straw, and sometimes are drawn on wire, and are the foundations of the most quaint and curious admixture of colored ribbons and shaded ribbons and flowers of several kinds; for example, a large tuft of shaded tulips was accompanied by bunches of cowslips. The Welsh crown in these hats is one of the greatest novelty, and our eyes are for the present so unaccustomed to them that I doubt if anybody could wear them without attracting attention. Close-set wreaths of roses without foliage often surround these crowns and are introduced beneath the brim. —[Queen.

Posture In Prayer.

The Bishop of Huron, in a recent sermon, had something to say to an Anglican audience respecting posture in prayer, which we suspect might with much propriety, be said in some Presbyterian churches also: "It was a painful thing to look over a congregation while prayers were being offered and to see the light part taken in the homage by many of those present. Many never condescended to bend the knee, but lounged back in sumptuous indifference, while at the close there came but a feeble and meaningless 'Amen.' It was not wealth nor any other temporal power which the Church needed so much as the deep, spiritual power of prayer. There were three positions in prayer: standing, which was scriptural and implied service; kneeling which betokened consciousness of sin; and another which was so popular among the elegant people of modern society. It was that of sitting and it implied equality. If in the presence of the Queen, they would know that they had no right to sit, and would never attempt it, and yet they do so in the presence of God. They apparently felt themselves the equal of Him. Although God's awful majesty was there, they assumed the right to sit. Strong, able-bodied men lolled back in their seats, and the occupants of pews cried out that they were miserable sinners, while the carpets in their richly furnished pews had never been touched by the ben knee."

What England's Astronomer Royal Says of the Phenomena.

The spot on the sun, first noticed on the 5th inst., has had special attention directed to it by the reports received of the interference with the telegraphic system of Russia, Sweden, the United States and Canada, he magnificent display of aurora borealis to Saturday night last and the magnetic disturbance which was also experienced in this country. Mr. Christie, the astronomer royal, informed our representative yesterday that this is the largest spot yet photographed at the Greenwich Observatory (where the sun has been regularly and systematically photographed since 1873,) and that the greatest attention has been paid to it with a view to clear up, as far as possible, moot points with regard to the cause, periodically, and, perhaps, even more particularly, the magnetic disturbance which these spots bring about on this earth. Some excellent photographs have been secured, but, unfortunately, on several days the sun was obscured, and until photographs are received from India or Mauritius the investigation can not be regarded as complete. However, the information which Mr. Christie has obtained is of the greatest interest and value. In the first place, the spot is found to be composed of two nuclei, very black, surrounded, as usual, by a penumbra or fringe, and with several smaller nuclei connected with it. Occupying as it does an area of about 1-350ths of the face of the sun as we see it, the "spot"—still to speak of it in the singular number—is plainly shown on the negatives taken at the observatory; photographic plate ten inches square being used, and the solar disk being eight inches in diameter. Without, therefore, the aid of a magnifying glass, the unusual size and importance of the spot are at once evident. But it is when the negative is placed under the microscope and accurately measured that the details of its size become more striking, for it is found that, while its greatest length is about 100,000 miles and its greatest breadth 60,000 miles, the whole group extends over 150,000 miles.

Asked as to what was the cause of these spots, Mr. Christie said that

THERE HAD BEEN SEVERAL THEORIES

framed to account for the phenomenon, but none that was entirely satisfactory. There were those, for instance, of Faye, Secchi, and Lockyer. The theory of the last named was that the spots are caused by a bombardment of meteoric matter falling into the sun and causing a great "splash." The nucleus, as the dark spot is called, is cold, and is at lower level than the general surface of the sun; while around the spot are generally seen what are called faculæ, parts of the sun's surface which are raised up. Often by means of the spectroscope can be traced masses of molten matter surging round and over the nucleus. The apparent movement of the spot across the face of the sun is, of course, the movement of the sun itself carrying the so-called spot with it. On these points Mr. Christie was careful to state that all is conjecture; and he pointed out, as an objection to Mr. Lockery's, theory that while the spots never appear far from the sun's center the nearer the spot is to the solar equator the faster it appears to move; a spot at the extreme limit from the equator taking two days longer to complete the circuit than one near to it. What he was able to speak more positively upon, from the records at the Observatory, was the characteristic of the spots as they have been observed. In this connection a very valuable series of diagrams have been prepared by Mr. Ellis, both from the observations since 1873 and from the records prior that year, showing not only that the magnetic disturbances have been coincident with the appearance of the spots, but that the intensity of the disturbance has been in exact ratio with the size of the spot. They further show that the "spottiness" of the sun reaches its maximum every eleven years, dying gradually down to its minimum of absolute freedom from spots, and as gradually increasing. There was, for instance, a minimum in 1878, and the maximum at the end of 1882 or the beginning of 1883. Then, again, there was a minimum in 1889, since which year the number and frequency of the spots have been increasing. It is a notable fact that when there are the fewest spots they come near the equator, but when a fresh cycle begins the spots appear in higher latitudes—about 35 degrees or so from the equator, though never appearing at a greater distance than 40 degrees.

These are the solar phenomena in connection with the spots. The terrestrial magnetic phenomena are equally striking, the magnetic storms or disturbances being of great extent—amounting to several degrees in the deviation of the compass.

IN THE PRESENT INSTANCE,

soon after the spot had passed the cen tra meridian, there was a great magnetic disturbance from noon on Saturday to noon on Sunday, and that was accompanied by aurora on Saturday night. During this period both the movement of the needle to the north and its attraction to the earth showed great disturbance. This has been fixed by the recording instruments at Greenwich, which work in this way: In the point of the magnetized needle is a small mirror, which reflects light upon sensitized paper. Ordinarily, therefore, there is on the paper, which revolves on a drum, a continuous line, which shows that the needle has been quiescent. But when the magnetic disturbance of Saturday set in, instead of a straight line there was recorded a series of zigzag lines, showing that the needle was darting from one side to the other to such an extent to get off the paper—some four or five inches in width—on both sides, many times, and exactly the same results were found in the register of currents passing through the earth. The matter of interest now, said Mr, Christie, is to discuss what is the connection between the sun spots and these extraordinary magnetic disturbances. There are now three or four marked cases on record of large spots on the sun being coincident with these disturbances on the scale experienced during the past few days; but while there are no cases of a lage spot being seen without magnetic disturbances being felt, there are cases in which the latter have been experienced without sun-spots being visible. This might be urged as upsetting the theory; but we only see what is going on on one side of the sun, and it is very possible the spot was "on the other side;" so that the absence of a visible spot can not be held to prove that there is nothing on the sun causing the disturbance.

One thousand cabmen in the employ of six cab companies in Paris, struck on Saturday.

There came a day of showers
Upon the shrinking snow;
The south wind sighed of flowers,
The softening skies hung low.
Midwinter for a space
Foreshadowing April's face,
The white world caught the fancy,
And would not let t go.

In reawakened courses
The brooks rejoiced the land;
We dreamed the spring's shy forces
Were gathering close at hand.
The dripping buds were stirred,
As if the sap had heard
The long-desired persuasion
Of April's soft command;

But antic time had cheated
With hope's elusive gleam;
The phantom spring, defeated,
Fled down the ways of dream.
And in the night the reign
Of winter came again,
With frost upon the forest
And stillness on the stream.

When morn, in rose and crocus,
Came up the bitter sky,
Celestial beams awoke us
To wondering ecstacy.
The wizard winter's spell
Had wrought so passing well
That earth was bathed in glory,
As though God's smile were nigh.

The silvered saplings, bending,
Flashed in a rain of gems:
The statlier trees attending
Blazed in their diadems,
White fire and amethyst
All common things had kissed,
And chrysolites and sapphires
Adorned the bramble stems.

In crystalline confusion
All beauty came to birth:
It was a kind illusion,
To comfort waiting earth—
To bid the buds forget
The spring so distant yet,
And hearts no more remember
The iron season's death.

—[Charles G. D. Roberts.

Spurgeon and Beecher.

Several writers are speaking of Mr. Spurgeon as the Beecher of London. This is to use words without discrimination, if anything more be meant than that the two were respectively the most conspicuous preachers of their generation in England and the United States. In most other respects between Mr. Spurgeon and Henry Ward Beecher, the difference was so great as to form a contrast. Mr. Beecher was a genius; Mr. Spurgeon, a man of immense talent. As a German says; "The imagination of talent reproduces the stated fact; the inspiration of genius makes it anew. The first disengages or repeats; the second invents or creates." Beecher was almost destitute of verbal memory; Spurgeon, a phenomenon of precision, quickness, and retentiveness therein. As an organizer, Beecher was without marked ability. Spurgeon lacked but little of having a "genius for government" and system. The one understood human nature in general, but was easily duped; the other had an almost intuitive perception of character, of fitness or unfitness for a particular use. The great preacher of America was unpractical and dreamy; the Englishman had a sturdy common sense which never failed. Beecher was a man of moods, worked when he felt like it, and inclined to procrastinate; Spurgeon was as industrious as a mechanic paid by the piece, and punctual to the minute. The pastor of Plymouth Church preached, wrote, and lectured on many themes not closely related; the preacher of the Metropolitan Tabernacle was primarily a man of one book and one work. The former received immense sums for lecturing; the latter, after his early years, declined to lecture. Beecher attached less importance to the letter of the Bible, accepting it in general; he conceived his own ideas, giving to them two elements which mark genius, "novelty and grandeur," using the Scriptures as far as they would illustrate his conceptions. All of Spurgeon's sermons were drawn directly from the Bible; hence, where Beecher was often vague, though splendid as the Milky Way, and, to the ordinary mind, when different sermons were compared, seemed somewhat contradictory, Mr. Spurgeon was positive. Though Universalists, Swedenborgians, and Spiritualists, claimed Beecher, and Arminians and Calvinists quoted him against each other, none ever doubted as to what Spurgeon held, or accused him of self-contradiction. Mr. Beecher made radical changes in his theology; Mr. Spurgeon none.

The Farmer of the Future.

"The only hope of the future farmer will be in his brain," says Gen. Rusk. "The sharp competitions between sections and countries which will be induced by increased facilities for transportation will stir the agriculturist up to his best efforts. His chances for fortune-making will be great, but he will have to be prepared to fight the battle of competition for them. He must be sufficiently well educated in science as far as it is applicable to agriculture, and he must be intelligent enough to study his surroundings and to apply his knowledge to the conditions about him. He will be able to meet his fellow-citizens on an equal footing, and his brains will command from his class in the industry which he represents, the respect and consideration which he deserves, and he will give other classes and other industries due respect in return. The farmer of the future will be a business-man, able not only to compel his soil to do its best in the matter of production, but to study the markets and know what will sell the best and what will command the highest price. This farmer will keep his accounts like any other business-man, so that he may know exactly where his profits are and where have been his losses. These are strong qualifications but they are essential to the farmer who would do his business on a broad plan and who would succeed. As to the question of his education, when you consider that he must have a knowledge of all the principles of animal and plant life, that he must understand the constituent elements of soils and fertilizers and that he must have some knowledge of meteorology, chemistry and the other sciences closely connected with crop raising, you will see that the ideal farmer of the future will have to be not only a brainy but a well-educated man."

The Limit Reached.

Johnny—"Where you goin'?"

Tommy—"Home. Don't you hear maw a callin' me?"

"That's nothin'. She called two or three times before."

"Yes; but she's out at the peach tree now, cuttin' of a ultimatum."

Sealing vessels returned to St. John's Newfoundland, have made large catches.

The pathos of life shows itself in many ways. Sometimes it can be read in the pinched features and sad lips, or in the eyes humid with disappointment. It is not seldom expressed in words, or if it reaches the gates of speech it is too late to make itself heard. Dead faces tell the story oftenest, and the mourner, reading it written there, cries aloud:

"Oh, if I had only known! But I never thought of it,"

A woman lies dying who has had one grievance all her life. It is such a simple one that the telling of it would provoke a smile, yet to her it was an intolerable suffering, mental as well as physical. But she had never spoken of it to anyone, least of all to him who was the one to remedy it.

They were young when he bought a gig such as people rode in fifty years ago, and it had no springs and very little back. In this they traveled long miles over bad roads, to church, to funerals and to christenings. At first he helped his little wife up into the high seat of the gig; then she jumped up; as the years went on, she climbed.

Sons and daughters came, and her husband bought a spring wagon still higher, to keep out of the mud, or the dust. The man never thought of its being a hardship for his wife to clamber over the wheel into that farm vehicle. Her neighbors considered her a fortunate woman to be able to ride. When it became too hard and her strength gave out, he would call on the tall, strapping boys to "give mother a boost," and mother couldn't have told which was hardest, the boost or the climb.

But at last she was unable to get in without a chair, and amid much good-natured, unfeeling raillery, mother was gotten up to her perch, where her feet touched nothing, and she could not lean back, and was in mortal terror of being jolted out, and nobody ever knew!

Now she lies dying in that darkened room from which she shall go forth to her last long rest, and she is talking wildly, deliriously of all the things of her life, and as she talks her husband looks perplexed and says to the neighbor who is taking care of her:

"Mother seems to be getting flighty."

But soon she addresses him:

"Don't put me up into the seat," she says wearily, "I'd rather go in underneath than sit dangling up there. It's broken my back and worn me out a-riden' in that oncomfortable way. I'd rather have walked a thousand times, if I'd only hed the strength."

"You never told me, mother, that the wagon was hard to get into afore," said the man in a troubled voice.

"No, I didn't want to vex ye," said the poor little woman, "but I dew hope if they come for me with the chariot of Israel it will be easier to get into than our farm wagon. If it ain't, I believe I'd rather walk."

It is not much of a story, but it is one of the hidden tragedies of a human heart, and it exemplifies what I was talking about—the pathos of life.

Another case is worthy of notice. A woman died recently whose husband was known in his neighborhood as a good provider. His wife had all that any reasonable woman in her walk of life could demand or expect; that is, she recieved clothes and board for a long life of labor. Sometimes she wanted a little money to expend for herself—perhaps to purchase some of the useless things that a man never buys. But when she asked her husband for money, he sprung a series of answers upon her that effectually silence her.

"Don't I provide well for ye Jenny? What do ye want that I hain't given ye? You know I ain't made of money."

So he carried the purse and provided liberally, gave everything but a chance for his wife to feel independent; she was really less in the household than a servant, since *she* would have her wage. But when the wife died, and the tide of remorse that comes with death had set in, the husband remembered that the one thing she had wanted all her life was a little money to spend as she pleased, and then his heart relented. He went to his money box and took thence some of the shining silver coin it held and placed them tenderly in the dead, cold hand of his wife."

There," he said, "she allus wanted ter have some money of her own, and mebbe she'll know that I've give it to her."

And it never entered into the sordid soul of the man that what he had done was everlastingly too late.

In great calamities we have the sympathy of our kind to help us bear them. It is the nagging pain that goes with us and takes all the sweetness out of life that we must bear alone. And because we must not reveal it to the world, but keep it unshared, it becomes to us at last a demon of unrest.

A man may wear a wooden arm and go through all his days with a smile, but there is not a moment day, or night, that it does not cause him pain and apprehension. When he is alone the smile becomes pitiful, it is so full of self-sympathy.

These light afflictions have not the dignity of misfortunes. They are the martyrdom of life without its crown.

TRIPLE MURDER.

A Belfast Man Killed His Wife and Two Children With a Hammer and Then Cut Their Throats.

A despatch from Belfast says:—A horrible triple murder was discovered in this city to day. Allan Spiller became enraged with his wife, and grasping a hammer, or some other blunt weapon, he battered her head into a jelly. The unfortunate woman's brains, hair, and pieces of her skull were scattered in every direction. Not satisfied with beating his wife's head to pieces, Spiller took a knife and cut her throat, almost severing what remained of her head from her body. While Spiller was engaged in his horrible work his two children, frantic with fear, were in the room, escape from which had been cut off by the murderer. After he had killed his wife he turned upon his children and struck them again and again with the hammer. Death soon ended their torture, whereupon the brute inflicted terrible gashes in their throats with the knife. Spiller has been out of work for a long time, and is suffering from depression and mania.

It is the part of a great mind to be temperate in prosperity, resolute in adversity to despise what the vulgar admired, and to prefer a mediocrity to an excess.

The Kootenay Star

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1892.

We have just received information that there is already a trail from Nakusp Creek to Summit, about half-way to the Slocan, constructed by private enterprise, and that the rest of the distance is not difficult for road-making. Whatever the MINER and persons interested in Nelson may say to the contrary, the shortest and easiest route to the Kaslo-Slocan mining district is by way of Revelstoke and the Nakusp Creek. If a wagon road were made over the short distance of 22 miles from the creek to Slocan Lake the tedious journey to Nelson and up the Slocan River would be avoided and four or five days saved, besides the extra expense. Now is the time for the Government to act. The rush has commenced, and every day brings miners, prospectors and others into Revelstoke bound for the mining country. To their disgust they find they have to go to Nelson and then take the back track of 70 or 80 miles via the rough, mountainous trail from that town to the Slocan. This seems a senseless proceeding in the face of the fact that by the construction of 22 miles of road (half of which is already used as a trail) a journey of considerably over 130 miles can be saved. If the Government has the interest of this district at heart it will not wait for the estimated appropriations to become due, but commence the work at once and debit the cost to the $19,000 appropriated for public works in West Kootenay—or is the whole of that $19,000 to be expended in a lump sum for the benefit of Nelson? By the time the larger steamers are running the road can be ready for use, and when the public know of the facilities offered by this route there can be no doubt that it will be taken advantage of to an enormous extent.

Since the above was set in type the Supplementary Estimates to the 30th June have been published, from which we gather that West Kootenay is to receive $4,000 additional for roads, streets, bridges and wharves. Of this sum the Nakusp trail is accredited with $1,500 "additional." This word "additional" implies that some portion of the lump sum of $19,000 is intended to be spent on the trail. Probably $1,500 is about the figure that marks the difference between a trail and a wagon road. If this be so, then we may reasonably infer that the Government intend to construct a road. This is as it should be, and just what we have been asking. The one thing we wish to press upon the authorities now is the necessity of the work being commenced AT ONCE. By the 30th of June the great rush may be over.

ILLECILLEWAET NEWS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

ILLECILLEWAET, April 20th.

The three bridges across the Illecillewaet River between here and Flat Creek will be finished on Friday. This is remarkably quick work, considering the number of men employed, and goes to show that good work can be done as cheaply by the day as by contract when experienced foremen are in charge. When these bridges are completed pack animals can be taken from here to Fish Creek claims on a first-class trail. This will be a great boon to all concerned.

The highest assay of Fish Creek ore was given by the Government assayist in Ottawa—204·166 oz. of silver to the ton.

Mr. Anderson found 175 oz. in a piece he assayed, and a sample sent to New York gave 179. Mr. Anderson leaves for Fish Creek to-morrow. Next week I hope to be able to give your readers his opinion on what is now acknowledged to be the best surface showing in America.

To Sam Underhill belongs the honor of bringing in the first bear skin of the season. It was a monster, measuring 13 ft. 6 in. across the forepaws.

Now the session is over we are looking forward to the return of our representative, Mr. Kellie. He will receive a grand welcome here. The universal opinion is that he has done exceedingly well. It is true he has made a few enemies, but no person can please all. He worked always for the people at large, regardless of "rings" or "cliques." His constituents realize this, and honor him accordingly.

Gardening is the order of the day. Weather beautiful.

DONALD NOTES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

DONALD, April 20th.

The "rustic gathering" in connection with the English Church came off on Monday as advertised, and was a decided success, both socially and financially. A capital musical programme was gone through, in which both local and imported talent showed to great advantage. Among the items deserving special mention were the pianoforte solos by Misses Beasley and Thiset (Kamloops), and the two vocal duets by Miss Thiset and Mr. Renier (Kamloops). At the conclusion of the musical portion of the programme refreshments (provided by the ladies) were served in the introduced, conducted by the Misses Beasley and Behan, who, if the fortune predicted for the writer be a fair sample of their interpretation of the mystic art, may be relied on to have set the hearts of Donald's most promising swains in a flutter. An art gallery was presided over by Mrs. R. A. Kimpton, whose collection of antique relics was simply marvellous. There was to have been a phonograph, but owing to the sudden disappearance of a certain gentleman whose ventriloquial powers were to have been its mainstay, it was non est. The proprietor of said phonograph offers an apology for its non-appearance. The entertainment was brought to a conclusion with a most enjoyable dance, and was voted by everyone to have been one of THE successes of the season.

Lawn tennis is now in full swing, and one would hardly credit the fact that the large gathering of good players to be seen almost every afternoon on the pretty court at the back of the English Church, originally started barely two years ago with three or four men, who were at that time about the only players in town.

Equestrianism is just now taking up a large amount of the spare time of Donald's sport-loving population. Under the leadership of Mr. Robert Barker, who is at all times willing to give his friends a "mount," and a daring rider himself, this exhilarating exercise bids fair to rival any other ever started here.

From the Kootenay Lake Country.

We are constantly receiving glowing accounts of the Kootenay Lake country, and a communication just to hand from J. C. Rykert, Jr., Esq., H. M. C., states that "our country, outside of the Slocan and many other camps, is looking well, especially the Grat River district, I think we are 'in it' for the season. We have many fine undeveloped claims which are well known, especially the 'Alice' and 'Tip Top,' where some work has been done, and which will justify the owners doing further development."

Kootenay Lake rock has proved a great success at the Tacoma smelter, being very easy to handle.

It is generally conceded that Kaslo will be THE city of the Kootenay Lake country. Its situation is everything that could be desired, and when the projected line from Revelstoke is made, as indicated on the new maps, it will advance by leaps and bounds, having connection with the great business centres by rail and water all the year round.

This region will become famed for scenic beauty and grandeur, being unrivalled by anything on this continent. The lake itself is one of the most magnificent bodies of water imaginable. It is about 75 miles long and three wide, and is full of speckled trout and other game fish. It is stated that hundreds of men are waiting to rush in at the opening of traffic. What the next few years will bring can only be surmised. It may be that a second Chicago will be reflected from the placid waters of the beautiful lake.

Most people suppose that the manufacture of tobacco consists merely of taking the leaf and pressing it into plugs. The fact is, however, that the process is a very delicate one, and the least false step will injure the flavor. The leaf must be carefully attended to for months after it leaves the planter's hand. It must neither dry too quickly nor too slowly. Even after it has reached the factory the utmost delicacy of manipulation is required. The weather must be carefully studied, for if there is too much moisture in the air when it is pressed it will mould, and the same will happen if too much moisture is sprinkled upon it for the purpose of opening the leaf. Again if it is overdried in the oven it will turn crisp, and will nip the tongue in smoking. It is by careful attention to all these points that "Myrtle Navy" has been brought to such perfection. The firm who manufacture it have their own storehouses in Virginia, and from the time the leaf leaves the planter's hands until it is turned out of the factory, months afterwards, in plugs, it is under the care of their skilled and trusted employees.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

REVELSTOKE TIME TABLE.

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

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

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

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

D. E. BROWN,
or to I. T. BREWSTER,
Ag't C. P. R. Depot, Revelstoke.

MISS C. HOWSON,
DRESSMAKING.
—:o:—
ROOMS
NEXT TO STAR OFFICE.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF MINERAL CLAIM.

Under and by virtue of an Alias writ of Fieri Facias against the goods of D. W. Corbin at the suit of Nancy Field, issued out of the Supreme Court of British Columbia and to me directed to levy the sum of $1858.97, together with interest, cost of suits, sheriff's fees and incidental expenses, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title and interest of the defendant, D. W. Corbin, in the mineral claim known and recorded in the books of the Mining Recorders for East and West Kootenay as "The Corbin and Kennedy Claim No. 2."

NOTICE is therefore hereby given that I shall offer for sale and sell the said interest in the said mineral claim at my office at the Court House, Donald, East Kootenay, on THURSDAY, the 28th day of April, 1892, at 12 o'clock noon, unless in the meantime the said sums ordered to be levied are sooner paid.

S. REDGRAVE,
Sheriff of Kootenay.
Donald, B.C., April 19th, 1892.

NOTICE OF SALE BY SHERIFF

PURSUANT TO EXECUTION AGAINST LANDS ACT, 1874.

IN THE

SUPREME COURT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

NANCY FIELD, Plaintiff,

AND

D. W. CORBIN, Defendant.

In obedience to a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Supreme Court of British Columbia at Victoria on the 11th day of February, 1892, and to me directed in the above-named suit for the sum of $1858.97 debt and costs, together with interest on the same at the rate of six per centum per annum from the 18th day of December, 1891, besides sheriff's fees, poundage, and all other expenses of this execution, I have seized and will offer for Sale by Public Auction, at the Court House, Donald, East Kootenay, B.C., on THURSDAY, the 28th day of April, 1892, at 12 noon, all the Right, Title and Interest of the said D. W. Corbin in the Lands as described in this advertisement:—

District.	No. of Lot.	Concise Description of Property.	Estate or Interest.
West Kootenay	Crown Grant 88 47 Lot 200—Group I.	Corbin & Kennedy No. 2 mineral claim, 20.66 acres, Illecillewaet.	Estate in fee.
do.	Crown Grant 89 47 Lot 202—Group I.	Happy Find mineral claim, 20.66 acres, Illecillewaet.	do.
do.	Crown Grant 90 47 Lot 203—Group I.	Crystal mineral claim, 20.66 acres, Illecillewaet.	do.

The judgment was registered in the Land Registry Office at Victoria against said lands on the 18th day of December, 1891.

S. REDGRAVE,
Sheriff of Kootenay.

CLOSING OUT SALE.

It being our intention to close our Revelstoke Business, we are offering our Stock at VERY MUCH REDUCED PRICES

FOR CASH

Customers will find it to their advantage to give us a call at their earliest convenience.

J. Fred. Hume & Co.

Millinery and Dress Goods.

Just Opened Up at Mrs. COURSIER'S.

A splendid selection of DELAINES, FLOUNCINGS CHIFFONS, CHINA, PONGEE and SURAH SILKS; beautiful PRINTS in extra width; handsome ALL-WOOL SPRING DRESS GOODS, and all the latest FANCY TRIMMINGS; also a full range of

SPRING MILLINERY

In the very newest shapes, with an exquisite assortment of RIBBONS, FLOWERS and FEATHERS in the most delicate and stylish shades.

Dresses Cut and Made from the latest Paris and New York Fashions.

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

JOWETT & HAIG

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

Conveyances, Agreements, Bills of Sale, Mining Bonds, etc., drawn up. Rents and Accounts Collected; Mining Claims Bought and Sold; Assessment work on Mining Claims Attended to; Patents Applied for, Etc., Etc.,

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENTS.

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

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

BOURNE BROS.

REVELSTOKE STATION.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, CLOTHING,

BOOTS & SHOES,

FLOUR, OATS, SHORTS AND ALL KINDS OF FEED.

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

Bakery in connection with Store.

MERCHANDISE LOADED ON THE CARS FOR ALL POINTS.

REVELSTOKE STATION POST OFFICE.

BARBER —THE— Jeweler AND Optician.

All orders by mail or express promptly attended to.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

All descriptions of gold and silver.

J. Fred. Hume & Co.,

Revelstoke and Nelson, B. C.

MERCHANTS.

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Provisions and Hardware,

MINERS' SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY.

The Public will find it to their advantage to call and

Inspect Goods and Compare Prices.

Any orders placed with Mr. CHARLES LINDMARK will have our careful attention and prompt delivery to any part of Revelstoke.

PRICES GUARANTEED TO BE AS LOW AS ANY OTHER HOUSE.

JUST ARRIVED

Two Carloads of Furniture

COMPRISING

Spring Mattresses, Wool Mattresses, Parlor Suites, Easy Chairs and Rockers;

LATEST IMPROVED BABY CARRIAGES,

Warranted to keep the baby in good nature.

Pianos, Organs, Beds, Couches, in great variety.

ALL SIZES OF PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING WINDOW SHADES.

JAMES McDONALD & Co., Main Street, Revelstoke, B. C.