The Kootenay Star.

VOL. IV. REVELSTOKE, B. C., NOVEMBER 19, 1892. No. 23.

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In Bronze Letters.

NONE OTH R IS GENUINE.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Lytton made excellent time on her up trip last Wednesday, reaching Revelstoke at 2 p.m.

Dr. C. E. C. Brown is now at the C.P.R. Hotel, and will remain for dental work until Tuesday evening.

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

E. Johnson's letter arrived too late for insertion. It shall appear next week. W. B. Pool's communication will also appear next week.

Service will be held by the Rev. T. Paton in the Presbyterian church to-morrow evening at 7.30. Prayer meeting at Mr. Paton's house on Wednesday at 8 p.m.

The Nakusp sleigh road is completed seven miles, or more than one-third of the whole distance. It is estimated that it will be through in 18 or 20 days at the most, a strong force of men being employed.

The regular dance of the Revelstoke Quadrille Club will be held in Bourne's Hall on Thursday next, commencing at 8.30 p.m. Arrangements have been made for conveyances to leave the lower town at eight o'clock.

Mr. T. Cadman, of Revelstoke, has been appointed sole agent in the Kootenay district for the famous Fonthill (Ontario) Nurseries, the largest in Canada, and is prepared to receive orders for all kinds of fruit and ornamental trees, etc.

Dr. Ernest McLean, of Revelstoke, has just received the news of his appointment by the Provincial Government as health officer for West Kootenay. He will inspect the sanitary arrangements of Nelson, Revelstoke and Ainsworth, and report to the Government agents in the two former towns.

About 100 head of cattle swam the Columbia River 300 yards above the rapids below Sproat's Landing last Friday. All safely reached the other side, with the exception of two, which went over the falls. They were not hurt, however, and came ashore all right below. The cattle belonged to Messrs. Wilson & Perdue, of Nelson, and were brought from the Kettle River district.

It is the testimony of all men who have tried it that Myrtle Navy tobacco has the most delicious flavor of any tobacco in the market, and that it leaves none of the unpleasant effects in the mouth that most tobaccos do. The reason for this is the high and pure quality of the leaf, which is the finest known in Virginia, and the absence of all deleterious matter in the manufacture.

Rev. C. Ladner has just returned from a visit to Mr. Edward Adair's farm, in the rich valley on the Arrow Lake, just below Hall's Landing. He says he was astonished at the size of the vegetables grown there. The tomatoes and potatoes are of immense proportions, and he brought home a 23½lb. cabbage. A turnip weighing 22lb., grown in Revelstoke, was forwarded to the C.P.R. exhibition car this week by Mr. I. T. Brewster, station agent.

Mr. Chas. F. Blackburn, who has considerable mining interests in the Lardeau, brought two capitalists from Seattle to look at some claims near Trout Lake with a view to investment, and went to Thomson's Landing by str. Marion last Monday for that purpose. They reached Trout Lake, but the mountains on which the mines are situated were covered with snow and they had to return. The gentlemen arrived up last night and will leave for Seattle this evening. A fuller account will appear next week.

Revelstoke Sawmill Burned Down.

The worst disaster that has occurred in the history of the town happened this morning. About 2.30 a.m. a workman employed at the mill, named Donelly, discovered that fire was issuing from the main building, close to the boiler. He at once ran to Mr. Dan Robinson's house, about fifty yards away, and after awaking the inmates he went and knocked up the bookkeeper, Morgan David. This had scarcely occupied five minutes, but by the time he got back to the mill it was a seething mass of fire. There was a stiff wind blowing, and nothing could be done. The mill and dry-house (which contained a lot of planed lumber) were soon reduced to ashes. The boiler, which is built in with bricks, seems to be intact, and some of the machinery looks as if it might be used again, but machinery that has passed through fire is usually worthless. The loss is about $10,000, and not a dollar of insurance. It will be a heavy loss to the owners, Messrs. Robinson & Steen, and they have the sincere sympathy of our citizens, as well as of everybody in the district. About forty hands were employed. A new mill will be built at once, but the site has not yet been chosen.

A New Hall for Revelstoke.

The Opening Dance.

"The best dance in the history of Revelstoke" was the unanimous verdict of those who attended the event which celebrated the opening of Peterson's new hall on Thursday night. There is no prettier hall in the interior, everything being finished in an artistic manner which speaks well for the ability of the painter who did all the embellishments and the paperhanging—Mr. Ramsay. The hall itself is 62 ft. by 25 ft., with a stage at the upper end 12 ft. deep and the whole width of the room. This is to be fitted up with scenes, wings, curtains, and all accessories for dramatic performances, and on Thursday night was utilised for card tables on each side and the orchestra in front. The floor is of white pine, which is laid on top of inch planking (which comprised the old flooring), giving it a solid, dead sound, equal to the famous oaken floors of ancient baronial mansions, and just as polished and slippery, which several of our gallants discovered to their cost when they abruptly stopped in the midst of a polka or schottische and found their heels where their head ought to be, while a sympathizing laugh gurgled around the room. The ceiling is of varnished cedar, and a dark, 3ft. wainscot nicely contrasts with the rich, light paper on the wall. At the lower end of the hall a short passage-way connects with the dressing rooms and club room, where everything is cosy and neat. Mr. Peterson is to be congratulated on having created such a handsome and useful addition to the town. The dance and supper was due to Mr. J. W. Haskins, who issued about sixty invitations and bore all the expenses with the exception of the hall and the lighting, which Mr. Peterson made free to all. The refreshments were supplied by Messrs. O. & H. Lewis, of Front Street, and were of first-class quality, reflecting great credit on the newly established firm.

In a short speech Mr. Haskins opened the proceedings and congratulated Mr. Peterson on the beautiful appearance of the hall, and then a programme of 22 events commenced with a grand march. Mr. G. Barber acted as M.C. and Messrs. Ahlin and Steed were the musicians. Dancing was kept up with great spirit until midnight, when there was an interval of half an hour for refreshments. Revelstoke possesses some graceful dancers, but it would be invidious to name them here. For the non-dancers there were card tables and a smoking room. The last number on the list was "Sir Roger de Coverley," which was reached about 2.15 a m. Residents at the station, who helped to make the affair the success it was by their large attendance, were conveyed to and from by the 'buses of the Victoria Hotel and Columbia House.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Coursier, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Crage, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkup, Mr. and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Ballegard, Mr. and Mrs. Ribbach, Mr. and Mrs. Williams; Misses Cora Brown, A. Brown, Graham, Miller, Williams and Sheehan; Messrs. F. Fraser, P. M. Walker, W. M. Brown, J. Stone, A. Stone, A. H. Holdich, M. David, Dr. E. McLean, R. W. Northey, H. J. Bourne, J. Abrahamson, H. Ross, F. B. Wells, I. T. Brewster, J. P. Sutherland, J. W. Haskins, J. Guy Barber, W. Kirkup, Jas. Kirkup, H. Chapman, S. Crowle, T. Cadman, S. Bickerton, C. Holden, H. Schuyler, H. Bushby, D. Kinarny, A. McNeil, F. Cato, Miller, Seemans, H. Glenn, J. Serson, A. Hatton, L. McDonald, J. Hector, J. Fleming, J. Nelson, O. Lewis, H. Lewis, P. Lewis, J. F. Ahlin, A. Parks, T. Steed, R. Green, Prevo, Barchard, Ramsay, White, Mackintosh, J. Brownrigg, Palmer, W. McGrath, S. Needham, W. Beavo and P. Peterson.

The first Steamboat on Slocan Lake.

Launch of the W. Hunter.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW DENVER, Nov. 9th.

The 7th of November, 1892, will long be remembered in this city as being the day on which the first steamboat ever on Slocan Lake was launched. The weather was far from favorable, but the event went off without a hitch. The turnout of spectators was surprising, considering how our population has been depleted during the past month, many of the boys having "gone out for the winter," while others are still up at the mines anxious to put in all the work they can before the snow comes. Mrs. James Delaney performed the christening ceremony by breaking a bottle of wine across the bows and wishing "success to the W. Hunter." As the boat left the stocks and gracefully glided into her native element a cheer went up from the crowd, and was repeated when she gave her first "yell," which was re-echoed from the surrounding craigs and ravines. She was launched in complete trim for work, and soon a goodly crowd had assembled on deck for her first trip on the lovely Slocan. She was then headed up the lake, and everything worked smoothly and well. Drinks and cigars were liberally supplied by the owners of the boat (Messrs. Hunter & McKinnon) as well as by the hotel and storekeepers of the town.

The steamer is propelled by twin screws, and her machinery is of the latest improved pattern. Her carrying capacity is about 60 tons of freight, besides which she has accommodation for passengers. She will also tow ore-laden barges. She presents a very neat and serviceable appearance on the water, and her owners are to be congratulated on the successful termination of what has been a most arduous undertaking. The difficulties to be faced were great, but Messrs. Hunter & McKinnon were sanguine from the start, and are deserving of every success, as well as the good wishes of everyone interested in the welfare of the Slocan. All the timber used in building was cut from lumber grown on the spot. Everything else—engines, fittings, bolts, nails, ironwork, etc.—had to be brought in over many miles of rough mountain trails on the backs of pack horses. The machinery came all the way from Toronto, and was landed at Nakusp. Mr. Harry Sweat, who superintended the placing of the engines, is certainly a competent engineer, as they worked splendidly from the first turn of the screws. The steamer returned to her moorings before dark, and after a hearty wish for "success to the W. Hunter, the pioneer steamboat of the Slocan," the party landed and dispersed.

Lardeau City.

The rich mineral district of the Lardeau is only accessible from two points—the Kootenay Lake entrance via the Lardeau River valley on the south-east, and the North-east Arm of the Upper Arrow Lake on the north. This North east Arm is a placid body of water about half a mile in width and 10 or 12 miles long, situated 28 miles from Revelstoke, at the point where the Columbia River broadens into the Arrow Lake. At the head of the Arm, Fish Creek (named on the map Incomappleux Creek), which comes from the north through a heavily timbered and rich mining district, empties its waters, and steamers can enter its mouth at high or low water. Here a wharf is to be built forthwith. A bridge is also to be built across the creek; for here, on the sheltered plateau around the head of the Arm, is to be laid the nucleus of what is expected to become a busy centre of the Lardeau mining industry—to be known as Lardeau City. The situation is everything that can be desired. There is no other entrance to the Lardeau country except by the almost unexplored pass from Kootenay Lake. A company will make application at the next session of the Provincial Parliament for powers to construct a railway through the Lardeau country from the Northeast Arm to Kootenay Lake, and also a branch line to the head waters of Fish Creek, thereby tapping the mining and lumber region aforesaid. A sawmill will be established early in the spring, logs being cheaply obtained and easily floated down the creek. Moreover, Lardeau City will be the terminus for the railway from Revelstoke to the Arm, towards which the Dominion Government has already appropriated $3,200 a mile. A working party left Revelstoke on Thursday morning for the new city, and will commence the erection of a 2½ storey hotel, 30ft. by 50ft.; a store, 20ft. by 40ft.; a boarding-house and the wharf and bridge before mentioned. There is ample room from the mouth of the creek to Thomson's Landing, for a large and populous town, and from its geographical position Lardeau City is bound to become a place of importance. The townsite will be placed on the market within a fortnight, and we understand the price of lots will range from $100 to $150.

Mr. A Hatton has retired from the management of the Victoria Hotel, Revelstoke, in favor of Mr. Charles N. Nelles, late of the Merchants' Hotel, Illecillewaet. The managers are now Hamilton & Nelles.

Snow—the first real snow this season—fell in Revelstoke on Tuesday to a depth of two or three inches, followed by sleet. The weather has been variable all the week, often threatening rain, with a few bright glimpses of sunshine and slight frost, but never cold. It snowed all last night, and is now quite a foot deep. The thermometer stands at about freezing point.

Ripans Tabules: for bad temper.
Ripans Tabules: pleasant laxative.

A Tale of Fairy-Land.

"O, Uncle George! Please tell us a story" cried Mabel. "Papa is in the library, writing, and it's most bedtime."

"Please Unky Dord," pleaded little Bessie climbing into his lap, where she knew she was always welcome.

"Yes," added Frank, "something about grizzly bears and antelopes and mountain lions."

"O, dear!" cried Mabel, "I think bear stories are dreadful."

"Girls all do," said Frank. "Well, please tell us a girl story then," he added, as he seated himself near his uncle, while Mabel drew up an ottoman on the other side.

"Well, children, who will tell me where Fableland is?" asked Uncle George.

"I guess it must be in Africa," replied Mabel. "There is Barntoland and all sorts of lands with funny names, but I never saw it in my atlas."

"No, you will not find it in your atlas. But it is a wonderful land. Cats and dogs, foxes, storks and all kinds of animals talk there, and when any of them does or says anything remarkable out pops a fellow called Moral, and solemnly explains what it was all about."

"I know where Fableland is, now!" said Mabel. Frank looked very conscious and Bessie gazed in open-eyed wonder.

"Once there was a cat" continued Uncle George. "His name was Tommy. He was a Maltese cat, and all called him a good mouser, which means that he caught a good many mice. He was very active also, if a bird or a squirrel ventured within reach of his sharp claws. One afternoon in May, Tommy sat out on the sunny side of the house with his paws curled under him, lazily watching, through his half closed eyes, the squabbling sparrows, and a pair of busy blue-birds which were building a nest in the hollow of an old maple near by. Just beyond the rail-fence, in the meadow a robin was hopping back and forth, stopping every few minutes to make a sudden dash at a worm or bug he had seen among the grass-roots. Tommy's eyes were now very wide open. Creeping slily through the fence and along the meadow, he lay close to the ground for a moment, with quivering tail, then made a spring for the robin. But the bird was gone, and in the place where it had stood was a large hole into which Tommy plunged headlong. Down, down, he went, until at length he struck square upon his feet at the bottom. For a few moments he stood there, dazed. Then his eyes became adjusted to the dim light, and he crept cautiously along the passage which led from the hole down which he had come. Poor Tommy had tumbled into Fable-land. At the end of the passage was a strong door, with a round hole near the bottom quite large enough to admit Tommy. He felt sure there were mice about, and creeping up to the hole, he peeped through.

"Suddenly something dropped down beside him, he was seized by the neck, with a strong grasp, and a cord was thrown around his waist. Tommy turned his head, and there stood a mouse; but such a mouse! He was larger than Tommy himself; he walked erect and was dressed in a pair of baggy knickerbockers, a long waistcoat and a short-tailed jacket; his head was topped by a funny looking peaked hat, into which was stuck a plume of blue-bird's wing-feathers. He carried a small gun, with a sharp and shining bayonet fixed upon it.

Tommy would have pitched at his captor and fought it out on the spot, but the muzzle of the gun was dangerously near his head, and when he tried to back away he found that the other end of the cord around his waist was held by two other mice as large as his captor. They pulled at the cord with all their might; the armed mouse went behind Tommy and pricked him with a sharp bayonet, and the prisoner could do nothing but plunge through the hole and go wherever he was led. He soon found himself in a room which looked wonderfully like the cellar of the house where he lived. At one end of it was a low table beside which sat a wise-looking old mouse with spectacles on his nose, and a plumed hat on his head. Tommy was led up to the table, while the two mice which had been leading him sat down beside it one of them taking up a book.

"So far everything had gone on in silence, now the armed mouse spoke. "Your honor," said he "we have at last caught that murderous cat." The grave old mouse looked sternly through his spectacles and said, "Well sir, you are charged with the wanton and cruel murder of many members of our family. What have you to say?" "Please your honor, said Tommy, "I never caught a mouse except when I was hungry. Cats must live." "Did it satisfy your hunger to torture the mice, and play with them, before you put them to a cruel death?" Tommy dropped to his knees before his judge, folded his paws across his breast, and cried, "Mercy, mercy! your honor, and I'll never catch another mouse." "You never had any mercy on your own captives," said the judge sternly. Then turning to his attendants he exclaimed. "Away with him. Take him back where he came from, and turn him into a mouse,—such mice as they have there, —and turn him loose to be the prey of the first cat that finds him."

"How funny," said Mabel, "I thought the mouse-judge was going to hang Tommy."

"Well," said Uncle George, "the two mice upon the table sprang out and seized the string that bound Tommy, the armed fellow gave him an awful prick and then Tommy commenced to struggle but the mice held on hard although he nearly got his claws upon them. They could not get him through the hole where he came, because he stuck his sharp claws into the floor, and they were obliged to get four more of their number to hold the string before they could manage him. Slowly they dragged him back through the hole but the minute he was through he turned upon them again only to be met by the sharp point of the bayonet which pricked his nose very sharply. Then he lost heart and rolled over on his side, letting, them drag him where they pleased.

"'Say, this is hard work,' said one of the mice.

"'That's so let's kill him now, what's the use of tiring ourselves all out dragging him along,' said another.

"'But you know the judge said to turn him into a mouse and let the cat kill him,' said the first mouse.

"'I don't care,' said the mouse with the he jumped upon him and—

"That instant Tommy found himself sitting on the sunny side of the house, with his paws curled under him. The sun was nearly down, the cows were coming up the lane from the pasture."

"'O, dear, he was saved then," said Mabel.

"Of course he was," said Frank.

Bessie made no remark, for she was fast asleep.

ISLANDS NAMED FOR DOGS.

Amusing Legend Illustrating Canine Independence.

There are dozens (some say scores) of islands of greater or less dimensions known as "Little Dogs," "Dog Islands," "Big Dogs," etc. An island in the Thames, now a part of London, is called the "Isle of Dogs." Carlyle alludes to it when he says. "Tell us first whether his voyage has been around the globe or only from Ramsgate to the 'Isle of Dogs.'" Three lofty and rocky islands near St. Thomas (Virgin Islands) are known as "The Great Dog," "George Dog," and the "West Dog."

There are "Dog Islands" in the Malayan Archipelago; off the coast of Maine; on the coast of Franklin county, Fla., and another in the Serawati Group. On the coast of Kamschatka there is an island known as "The Island of Talking Dogs." The curious story connected with this spot of land, and the one which gives it the name it bears, is this, according to an Asiatic legend:

The first inhabitants of the far north did not employ dogs, but drew their walrus-rib sleds themselves. After ages had elapsed men made an attempt to use the dogs of that region—which, by the way, talked just as men do—as beasts of burden. The talking dogs, however, argued the case with their would-be masters and were not long in proving that they had enough to do to catch game for themselves and the children of men. But the men soon learned the use of the bow and arrow and spears, thus ruining the occupation of the talking dogs. Again an attempt was made to harness them to sledges, but the talking canines rebelled and all swam out to the island, afterward known by the title given in the opening.

Here the game was scarce and the dogs soon turned cannibals, and by the end of the first Winter there were only seven left. Some human Kamschatkans volunteered to row out to the island and bring off the remnant of the dog colony. But the dogs refused to leave their barren island, earnestly asking: "What people are you? We have never seen you before." For this untruth Chami, the dog god, took their voices from them, and until this day they have been the dumb servants of man.

Holding the Train.

"Madam, we miss the train at B——."
"But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped,
"Impossible, it leaves at three,
And we are due a quarter past."
"Is there no way? Oh, tell me, then,
Are you a Christian?" "I am not."
"And are there none among the men
Who run the train?" "No—I forgot—
I think the fellow over here,
Oiling the engine, claims to be."
She threw upon the engineer
A fair face, white with agony.

"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
"Then, O Sir, won't you pray with me,
All the long way, that God will stay,
That God will hold the train at B——!"
"'Twill do no good; it's due at three,
And"—"Yes. But God can hold the train;
My dying child is calling me
And I must see her face again;
Oh won't you pray?" "I will," a nod
Emphatic, as he takes his place.
When Christians grasp the arm of God
They grasp the power that rules the rod.

Out from the station swept the train
On time, swept past wood and lea;
The engineer, with cheeks aflame,
Prayed, "O Lord, hold the train at B——"
Then flung the throttles wide, and like
Some giant monster of the plain,
While panting side and mighty strides,
Past hill and valley swept the train.

A half, a minute, two are gained;
Along those burnished lines of steel
His glances leap, each nerve is strained,
And still he prays with fervent zeal.
Heart, hand, and brain, with one accord,
Work while his prayer ascends to heaven—
"Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,
And I'll make up the other seven."

With rush and roar through meadow lands,
Past cottage home and green hillsides,
The panting thing obeys his hands,
And speeds along with giant strides;

. . . . .

They say an accident delayed
The train a little while; but He
Who listened while his children prayed,
In answer, held the train at B——

A Confession Album.

The English "Society" drawing-room has a new fad, which is as unique as it is interesting. On a table in the drawing-room or reception hall is kept a handsomely-bound volume with the word "confessions" running in large, gilt letters over the handsome binding.

In it are contained all the gossipy or sentimental thoughts of the members of the family or intimate friends, which they inscribe from day to day.

Here and there one finds a line quoted from some more or less noted poet to indicate the sentiment that swayed the writer's heart and communicated itself to his pen at the time he made the inscription, or some sad or joyful happening has caused him to leave behind the imprint of his state of mind by purlioning a phrase from a familiar author.

The name of the writer is signed to each inscription, and weeks afterwards this quaint volume furnishes food for the amusement of the initiated by its curious contents.

It is not only in many cases an index to the character of those who are permitted to write in it, but it reflects their temperament as well, like a diary in which are entered the events of a space of one's life.

They have a Derby in Persia. A lot of men enter their horses and deposit the entrance fees with the Shah. The race is then run, after which the Shah takes possession of the winner, and sticks to all the entrance money. There is a business-like simplicity about sport in Persia which speaks for itself.

A steam dynamo is the latest combination noted. In this the steam engine—an upright one—is attached to the dynamo, instead of, as at first, the dynamo being attached to the engine. The floor space required is no larger than if the dynamo had a pully for belt driving.

Exciting Adventure of an English Engineer in India.

The Crimes, Detection, Confession, and Execution of the Last Member of the Terrible Religious Sect of the Oude Country—How Peter Killed the Sergeant and How he Failed to Kill the Sahib—His Grief at Nonsuccess, and His Fatalistic Belief Which Led to Confession.

Three years after the Sepoy rebellion had been put down in India, and with the country under such military and legal discipline as it had never known before, I was at Hyderabad, a large town 500 miles east of Bombay, in the province of Dekkan. It was there that a band of professional thugs numbering thirty-two men was captured and executed in 1860. The vigorous search after and prompt punishment of criminals was having a due effect, and not a case of poisoning or strangling had been known about Hyderabad for several months. In fact these two classes of murderers were supposed to have become extinct in that province. One morning a ryot, or farmer, was found dead on the public square, and it was speedily discovered that he had been choked to death. The imprints proved it to be the work of a strangler. The thug used a cord, while the strangler used his fingers. His marks could not be mistaken. He brought his thumbs together on the "Adam's apple," while the ends of the fingers got their purchase just below the victim's ears. Sometimes the fingers clinched his ears or hair. The "mark" was always plain to be seen on the neck. Now and then a victim was attacked from behind. In such cases the strangler's thumbs were brought together on the back of the neck, and his fingers were locked together over the "apple."

Several suspects were arrested, but nothing came of it. About twenty days after the first case a woman was found dead within three blocks of the public square, and she had also fallen a victim to the strangler. Not only had she been choked to death, but her neck was broken. The police were again aroused, and bodies of cavalry scoured the country and brought in dozens of suspicious characters, but as in the other case nothing could be proven and all had to be released. At the investigation almost every suspect made the same reply as follows:

"No, sahib, I am ashamed to admit that I am not guilty of this crime. We are no longer men, but slaves. I no longer have courage, but am a coward and dare not lift my hand."

Ten days later the strangler counted his third victim, and this time it was a European. Only at rare intervals before the mutiny had a European fallen a victim to the professionals of any class. It seemed to be an understood thing with all not to meddle with them in any manner. The victim in this case was a clerk in the civil-service department attached to the tax collector's office, I believe. He had been ill for a week or two and was occupying a room in a bungalow in the heart of the town. Ten or a dozen clerks kept "bachelors' hall" together and there were half a dozen native servants to take care of the place. This clerk, whose name was Adams, had a native man for a nurse, but was almost convalescent. One night at 10 o'clock he sent his nurse with a note to a bungalow half a mile distant. The nurse was absent about three quarters of an hour and upon his return he found Adam dead. There was the mark on his throat and there was no question about his having been the victim of a professional, and probably of the same fiend who had strangled the other two.

The police and the military now quite lost their heads. During the following week there were about 700 arrests, some of them being made 200 miles away. Nothing like detective work was attempted, and as a consequence every suspect had to be discharged for want of any evidence against him. The authorities seemed to go on the idea that if a sufficient number of people were arrested the guilty party would somehow betray himself. Strong efforts were made in three or four cases to convict on shady testimony, but after a few weeks every person who had been arrested was set at liberty. Being new to the country, and having taken a great interest in the work of exterminating the "professionals," I asked for information on every hand. One day, in conversing with a Maj. Burke on the subject, he explained:

"In my time I have inspected the hands of at least a score of stranglers. Their strength lies mostly in wrist and fingers. Before graduating as professionals they practice on dummies and resort to certain gymnastics to strengthen the parts I have named. This man now among us is certainly a professional. If arrested you will find his thumb flattened on the ball. If I were a detective I should go about looking at thumbs. In most instances the victim leaves scratches or cuts on the hands of the assassin, which would further help to identify him in case of suspicion."

From that time on I instinctively glanced at the hands of every native with whom I came in contact, but without the slightest hope of making any discovery of value. Five weeks after the murder of the clerk the strangler was heard from again. This time his victim was a sergeant of infantry, and he met his death on the highway between the town and the camp. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening when he started for camp, and it was known that he was considerably under the influence of liquor. He was almost a giant in size and strength, and it was reasonable to conclude that he had made something of a struggle, even though half drunk and taken unawares. Indeed, when the surgeon came to look him over blood was found in his finger nails to prove that he had lacerated the hands of his murderer. This was a point to go, but was not even considered by the authorities. They followed the course previously pursued and made several hundred arrests.

On the third day after the sergeant's death I had a bit of chain work to do on a piece of land two miles east of the town, and my helper was a native who had served in the department for a year. He was a middle-aged man, very slender, and his weight was not above 120 pounds. He had drifted into the town at the close of the war, and it was said of him that he came from the north and had been faithful to the English during the struggle. When not acting as a helper in the field he had the care of some horses belonging to the department. The only name that he was known by was Peter. When I turned a reply that he was ill, but half an hour later he put in an appearance and explained that he was feeling better. We had reached the field and had fairly begun work when my attention was attracted to his hands. The backs of both were scratched and lacerated, though the wounds were half healed.

"It was the monkey at the stables who did it, sahib," he explained as he held up his hands for inspection; "I was teasing him and he got revenge. I well sell him if I can find a buyer."

I knew he had a monkey at the stable and his explanation was perfectly satisfactory. The matter was forgotten in a moment and it would never have occurred to me again but for what followed. It was a scorching hot day, and after an hour's work we sought the shade to rest. As I was lighting my pipe for a smoke Peter observed that he was very thirsty and would visit a spring he knew of about a quarter of a mile away. The field on which we were working had once been cleared, but was now pretty well grown over with bushes and small trees. He disappeared at my back, and I gave him no further thought for many minutes. I had out my book and was making some field notes when all of a sudden it struck me that Peter had a peculiar look as he explained how he had received the wounds on his hands. I remembered that his face hardened and that there was a cruel glitter in his eyes. Things of this sort never strike one at the moment, but are vivid when recalled. When I remembered his looks I wondered that he had not killed the monkey for attacking him, and I reflected that the man must have a hot temper when aroused. I do not suppose I devoted over five minutes to this train of thought. As time passed by I forgot my surroundings while busy with the pencil. Peter had been gone about thirty minutes, as I afterward figured up, when I was suddenly clutched by the throat. I was leaning back against a tree hardly larger than a man's arm, and was reclining to the left. My eyes caught no glimpse of anything, nor had my ears detected the slighest sound to put me on my guard.

The first sensation was exactly like that of falling. I remember a roaring in my ears and fireworks dancing before my eyes, and I was perfectly conscious that my throat was in the clutch of human fingers. What saved me was the tree and the position in which I sat. I did not realize that I struggled to break the clutch, but I did put forth a mighty effort. My right shoulder and arm were a lever against the strangler's right wrist, and as I heaved I broke his clutch and leaped to my feet. It was Peter, as you have suspected. He had only gone a few rods away and then turned and crept back on me like a serpent. His route was through bushes and vines, but when I came to go over it I could not find that he had broken a twig. My springing up threw him down, but he was on his feet like a cat, and with a cry like that of an enraged beast he sprang for my throat again. His eyes were fairly blazing, his face distorted with passion, and I realized in an instant that it was his life or mine.

He clutched for my throat with his right hand as we rolled about and I caught the ends of his first two fingers in my teeth and bit to the bone. That one bite gave me victory. Still gripping his fingers I struggled to my knees, reached for my revolver, and I had the muzzle against his body when the thought flashed across my mind that he was the professional strangler wanted by the police. Up to that instant I had no thought as to why he attacked me. When I dropped his fingers and covered him with the revolver he made no further resistance. The native of India, like the Arabs, believes in fate.

"Sahib, you have won," he said as I stood over him. "It was to be, and so it is. Do as you will with me."

"Peter, why should you seek my life?" I asked, even yet half hoping there might be some mistake about it.

"Why did I strangle the others, sahib? A voice commanded me, and I obeyed."

"Good heavens! but you are not the murderer of the farmer, the clerk, and the soldier—you who have been considered so faithful to the English?"

"Even so, sahib. It was to be and it is. Take me to the police and I will admit everything and die like a man."

I drove him before me until we encountered a troop of cavalry which had been scouring the country for suspects, and which was then returning to town with no less than twenty-six prisoners. Had Peter denied his admissions to me nothing could have been proved, and he only would have been punished for assault. But he felt that fate had delivered him into the hands of his enemies, and he was willing to help convict himself. He gave the particulars of each murder with such detail that no doubt could exist. It was the sergeant who had lacerated his hands. He was keeping shady while he waited for them to heal. He would not have accompanied me that day but for the fear that he might be suspected, though as a matter of fact he would have been among the very last to fall under the ban.

"I had no thought of strangling you when we started out," he said to me after his trial. "It was only after you had noticed my hands. While you appeared indifferent, I was afraid that you suspected. I could have snatched away your pistol and shot you dead, or I could have beaten you to death with a club, but my creed would not permit. I must either strangle you or let you live on. Had I been successful I should have made my way north as fast as possible."

He did not hesitate to tell the police that he was a professional strangler, and it was with considerable pride that he exhibited his flattened thumbs and illustrated the manner in which the deadly clutch was made. He had been a professional for upward of twenty years. He spent one whole day making out a list of dates, localities, and victims, and the number of murders was appalling The figures ran up to forty-two or forty-three, and there were seven Europeans among them. He begged no one's forgiveness—had no apologies to offer.

Peter went to the gallows with the utmost indifference. He did not even betray the anxiety of a man walking about the street. He was, I believe, the last professional strangler executed in that province, although his class flourished elsewhere and were picked up one by one for many years after.

The Atlantic Ocean is said to be higher than the Pacific by exactly 6½ feet.

Nearly forty thousand people in Great Britain pay a guinea a year for the privilege of displaying their crests on their stationery and plate.

A woman enters a dry good store,
Steps to a clerk who stands near the door,
Asks him to show her the latest style,
And she pulls over the goods meanwhile.
Says she: "I want a dress for my niece,
Will you please show me that under piece?
Oh! I didn't see it was a polka spot;
That is too near the one she's got,
That piece with stripes would just suit me,
It's just as pretty as it can be;
But she wants a better covered ground,
With a sort of vine running all 'round.
She don't want too dark nor yet very light,
Not a striped piece nor yet very bright.
I think she'd like what you showed me last,
But do you think the colors are fast?
Cut off a bit before I decide;
I'll take home a piece and have it tried.
I had a dress like that last fall,
And the colors did not wash at all.
I like those patterns there on the end,
I'll take a few samples for a friend;
Now, one of this, if you'll be so kind,
And one of this, if you don't mind;
They're the nicest styles I've seen this year;
I most always do my trading here.
I've got a piece that came from here,
I've forgot the price—'twas pretty dear,
It's sort of dark plain stuff;
Do you think you have it in the store;
The dress is spoiled if I can't get more.
Will you put these samples in a bill?
I'll know where I got them if you will.
I'll take them home; if shethinks they'll do,
You'll see me in back a day or two."

STEAM ENGINE LORE.

Morland, in 1683, built steam engines for mines.

Watt's patent for road engine was issued in 1784.

Savery, 1698, built an engine to drive a mine pump.

In 1759 Robinson suggested to Watt the road engine.

Comte d'Auxiron built steamboat on Loire in 1774.

Watt, 1765, invented condenser separate from cylinder.

Comte de Jouffroy built steamboat on Saone in 1783.

Potter, a boy, in 1783, made the valve gear automatic.

A working steam engine was invented by Papin in 1681.

Giambattista, 1601, made a steam pump for mining use.

Hornblower, in 1781, solved the problem of double action.

In 1769 Cugnot, French, made an excellent road engine.

Blasco de Geray built a steamship at Barcelona in 1543.

Watt's expansion engine brought to perfection in 1778.

Beighton, in 1718, substituted a plug rod for cords to valves.

The Aeolopile, a steam engine, invented B. C. 241, by Hero.

Watt, in 1778, solved the problem of rotary motion engines.

Smeaton, in 1764, built a seventy-two-inch cylinder engine.

Watt, 1781, built the first complete double action engine.

Watt's patents renewed by special act of Parliament in 1775.

Marquis of Worcester, 1663, built an engine to run by steam.

Smeaton, 1765, attached a separate condenser to his engines.

Watt's first patents taken out, 1769; engines set up in factories.

Jonathan Halls, 1736, issued proposals for boats driven by steam.

Watt, 1768, first used oil and tallow to keep piston from leaking.

De Caus, 1616, published an account of a machine to run by steam.

Thomas Payne, 1778, proposed scheme for steamboat in America.

Tubular boilers first used in America in 1875. Inventor unknown.

Papin, 1696, built an engine to run a boat. Destroyed by boatmen.

Newcomb, Dartmouth, built, 1712, the first self-acting steam engine.

Marquis of Worcester constructed a spherical copper boiler in 1663.

Roger Bacon invented a steam engine, 1282. Imprisoned for sorcery.

Pliny, A.D. 60, described a boat run by a "pot of hot water and wheels."

Hero of Alexander, B.C. 260, described machines for utilizing steam power.

Roger Bacon, about 1280, anticipated application of steam power to navigation.

WHAT SUSTAINS THE MOON.

The Earth Keeps It From Flying Further Away.

We have read how the coffin of Mohammed was poised without support in the mosque of the faithful from which all unbelievers were so rigidly excluded; no material support was necessary to sustain the remains of the prophet, the body itself seemed ever on the point of following the departed spirit to the realms of bliss. A perennial miracle was indeed necessary to sustain the revered sarcophagus in space. The infidel, no doubt, is somewhat skeptic about the marvelous phenomenon, and now as ever, the truth is stranger than fiction. For over our head there is a vast globe larger and heavier than millions of sarcophagi; no material support is rendered to that globe, yet there it is sustained from day to day, from year to year, from century to century. What is it that prevents the moon falling? That is the question that now lies before us. It is assuredly the case that the earth continually attracts the moon. The effect of the attraction is not, however, shown in actually drawing the moon closer to the earth, for this, as we have seen, does not happen, but the attraction of the earth keeps the moon from going further away from the earth than it would otherwise do. Suppose for instance, that the attraction of the earth were suspended, the moon would no longer follow its orbit; but would start off in a straight line in continuation of the direction in which it was moving at the moment when the earth's action was intercepted. What Newton did was to show, from the circumstances of the moon's distance and movement, that it was attracted by the earth with a force to the same description as that by which the same globe attracted the apple, the difference being that the intensity of the force becomes weaker the greater the distance of the attracted body from the earth. In fact, the attraction of the earth on a ton of matter at the distance of the moon would be withstood by an exertion not greater than which would suffice to sustain about three-quarters of a pound at the surface of the earth.

A Strange Incident in the Life of a Politician.

As I lay there helpless on the grass I began to wonder what object Hawke could have had in maltreating me thus. He was surely too clever and experienced a man to risk arrest for assault and robbery for the small sum of money in my purse, and indeed the fact of his eagerness to obtain possession of my letters and papers seemed to indicate that he had some deeper object than the mere possession of the contents of my purse.

I had recalled how skillfully he had questioned me on the train with a view to ascertaining my destination, and how thoughtlessly I had remarked to him the fact that I held an order for five hundred dollars on the President of the neighboring Association. It was probably this order that he had desired to obtain, and having got it he would now, I suppose, present it to Mr. Lucas and secure the money.

To do this he would require to prove his identity with myself, and as I was a stranger in the town and he held the letters of introduction, this would not be a very difficult task. But in order to do all this he would require to wait till the meeting was over. Oh, if I could only get free I might yet frustrate his designs and punish him for his knavery. Once more I made a frantic effort to loosen or burst my bonds but all in vain. I rolled over on the grass and strove to break the rope by rubbing it against a stone, but my efforts seemed useless, and bruised and tired I again desisted from the attempt. Suddenly I heard a dull rumbling in the distance. Could it be a wagon approaching! Louder and louder, nearer and nearer it came, and soon a heavy lumbering haywagon drove along the road, I tried to attract the attention of the driver by moving violently around in the grass, by rustling against the bushes, and beating my bound feet against the trees, but it was all in vain. The night was intensely dark and the sound was drowned by the noise of the heavy wagon rumbling on the high road.

The man drove on unheedingly and I sank back once more, still and exhausted, on the grass. But now as I lay there it seemed to me that the rope that bound my arms was not so tight as it had been. It may be that my previous efforts to loosen it had not been altogether in vain, and the great exertions I made to attract the attention of the waggoner had probably loosened it still more. Weary as I was I again renewed my efforts to loosen the rope, and at last succeeded in slipping one hand out and then the other.

Quickly reaching up my hands I untied the handkerchief on my mouth and then turning my attention to my feet after some effort succeeded in freeing them also.

I need hardly say that I was cold and stiff. My limbs were sore and cramped and my fingers bleeding with their recent efforts, but I determined to set out immediately for Clinton. I calculated that we had come about seven miles before my companion attacked me and I probably had about three more yet to walk. I set out at a quick pace, seeking to get up a circulation in my limbs and swinging my arms at first as I walked. After almost thirty minutes walk I saw the lights of the town before me, and quickening my pace I soon stood in the main street of Clinton. Entering the first hotel I came to I asked for a hot drink, and having brushed my clothes determined to set out immediately for the meeting. I found that it was nearly ten o'clock by the ancient timepiece in the tavern, but knowing from long experience how long it took to get a public meeting started I surmised that the speaking would still be going on.

"Come from a distance, mister?" asked the youth behind the bar who had been eyeing me curiously since my entry.

"Yes," I answered, "I have."

"Goin to the meeting? he enquired.

"I am," I replied. "Where is it?"

"The meetin'?"

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently, "the meeting, where is it?"

"Why, in the town hall," he said in amazement at an ignorance so vast.

"And where is the town hall," I inquired.

He looked at me for an instant in amazement and then leading me to the door pointed to a large building some distance in the street which was brilliantly lighted and from which the sound of tumultuous cheering could be heard.

I walked up the street towards the hall. It was crowded to the doors and I had some difficulty in securing a position which enabled me to see the platform. As I entered the hall the chairman was on his feet, evidently for the purpose of introducing the speaker. Though it was late in the evening the meeting had seemingly not been long in progress. With some difficulty I caught the voice of the chairman.

"I will not detain you any longer, gentlemen, for you did not come here to hear me speak. I am happy indeed to say that we have with us to-night several gentlemen of oratorical renown. Some of these you have already listened to, but the best remains to the last. Surely there is no one here who has not heard of Mr. Robert Barker, the silver-tongued orator of Middlesex. Though he is a stranger in this town yet his reputation has preceded him and his fame as a platform orator has extended far and wide. Gentlemen, I will now call upon Mr. Robert Barker to address you."

Robert Barker! Could it be possible, why that was I. Had the chairman discovered my presence in the meeting. Did he really expect me to pass from the back of that dense crowd to the platform, and how did he recognize me, a total stranger.

My trepidation and amazement were marvellously increased as I saw a tall figure rise from the side of the platform and walk forward with a dignified air to address the meeting.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "this is Mr. Barker, who will now address you."

That Mr. Barker, that *me*. I stood in stupified amazement and gazed at this mysterious orator who smilingly answered to my name.

It was Hawke. Yes, there could be no question about it. Somewhat more dignified, it is true, and wearing a more respectable coat, but with the same air of assurance and placid self-confidence he stood on the platform before me.

As I gazed upon him in speechless amazement he commenced to address the meeting in a clear voice and rounded periods.

"It is needless for me to tell you gentlemen and citizens of this beautiful town of Clinton, how deeply, how profoundly honored I feel at being the privileged addressing you this evening. I have looked forward to the present meeting with feelings of no small pleasure. I have heard very often of the intelligence of your men and the beauty of your ladies and the sincerity of your attachment to the cause and the party we are assembled to aid and do honor this evening. I am glad indeed to have the opportunity of ascertaining this evening that rumour has not belied you in any one of these particulars. I am and have always been a Conservative and my heart beats warmly to-night in sympathy with the dear old party and——

"Liar, scoundrel, impostor!" I roared suddenly at the top of my voice, my long pent up indignation at last finding expression. The effect produced by my words was indescribable. The meeting was filled with uproar. The audience which had been listening eagerly to the eloquent words of the speaker were enraged at this bold interruption.

"Put him out. Elevate him! Sling him out," shouted a hundred angry voices and the boys of the meeting were on me. They evidently mistook me for a political opponent perhaps under the influence of liquor, I was seized violently by the arms and amidst a continued volley of shouts of "Put him out, put him out," I was hustled through the door and thrown out on the street.

Seeing that it would be impossible to reenter the meeting I returned to the hotel and sat down to consider my situation.

It was evident that the rascal had laid his plans far deeper than I had expected. He had probably realized the fact that the best way to convince the local leaders of his identity with myself, was to play from its very inception the role which he had assumed. He probably intended to present his order and receive his money after the meeting was over. Under these circumstances what was I to do. I was an entire stranger in the town and the only means which I had possessed of proving my identity had been stolen from me. True I might lay an information against Hawke with the local police and have him arrested on the charge of robbery, but what evidence had I to press the charge and was it likely that they would hold so prominent a man as he claimed to be, on the verbal statement of a stranger who had already created a disturbance in the town. Completely at a loss what course to pursue I sat for some time in the hotel, at last I determined to return to the meeting, thinking that perhaps there might be present these same politicians from a distance who would know me.

I passed down the street and entered the hall very quietly and without attracting the notice of the crowd who were deeply interested in the speech from Hawke who was evidently drawing to a close. There was no question about it the rogue knew how to speak. He possessed a magnificent voice and spoke with great deliberation and occasional bursts of fiery eloquence which brought forth loud cheers from the audience. His peroration was exceptionally fine opening with a passage from Shakespeare (whom he quoted very frequently) and closing with some famous words of Daniel Webster, which his audience, no doubt, accepted as perfectly original. When he sat down the cheers were loud and long. It was now about eleven o'clock and several of the audience began to depart. It was evident that there would be little more speaking that evening and I saw that if I was to take any action to prevent Hawke obtaining the money I would have to take it immediately.

Looking around the hall I failed to discern any face that was familiar, and at last turned out again determined to find my way to the police station and lay an information. After several inquiries I at last reached the headquarters of the local police and poured my tale of woe into the ears of the Sergeant in charge. He listened with a very skeptical air, but upon my representing to him how urgent the matter was he made out the warrant and sent a detective with me to arrest the worthy Hawke.

Highly elated at the success of my effort, I walked lightly by the side of the detective back to the hall where the meeting was being held. On reaching it, however, we found it in darkness, but my companion ascertained that the politicians had repaired to a hotel in the neighborhood. Thither we bent our steps. Eagerly inquiring for Mr. Robert Barker we were informed that he was upstairs in a private parlor partaking of refreshments with several friends. Lead by a hotel messenger we found our way to the parlor, and there, to be sure, was Mr. Hawke seated in an admiring circle of local politicians and puffing away at a choice cigar. He was evidently in high, good humor and was merrily cracking a famous old chestnut when suddenly turning his eyes towards the parlor door he saw me standing before him. A look of complete amazement came over his countenance, lingered there for a moment and as quickly passed away and the same jovial expression which he had worn before he observed me again returned to his face. He turned away from the door and continued conversing gaily with his companions. I pointed him out to the detective who walked up and, evidently reluctant to arrest him before so many local magnates, requested a moment's interview in private.

"Eh, what's that?" he cried gaily. "Wish to speak to me privately, did you say? Nonsense, say your say here, man, I have no secrets from these gentlemen. Some political matter, I suppose."

"No," said the detective gravely. "I mostly wished to call your attention to this warrant for your arrest on a charge of assault and robbery."

There was a moment's silence, then the crowd burst into a shout of loud laughter in which Hawke's voice sounded loudest.

"Robbery, man!" cried one of the gentlemen present whom I now recognized as Mr. Lucas, chairman of the meeting. "Robbery! Why this is Mr. Barker the famous orator, you are out of your head."

"Not so," said the detective. "This is the man I want, and here is the man he assaulted," he added pointing to me.

"But is your warrant against Mr. Barker, said Mr. Lucas in amazement. Let me see it. Why certainly not: This warrent is for the arrest of a Mr. Hawke. There's no Mr. Hawke here."

"Hawke," repeated that individual himself. "Hawke, who the devil is Hawke?"

"You are Hawke, sir," I cried angrily, "and you know it."

"And you," he said in an amused tone. "Say who are you?"

"I'm Robert Barker," I answered hotly.

Another roar of laughter burst from the assembly.

"Well really this is too amusing for anything," said my enemy leaning back in his chair and taking a long pull at his cigar. "You really make me smile."

"By the by," said Mr. Lucas looking at me closely. Aren't you the individual, that raised the row in the meeting to-night?"

"The very man," said another gentleman. "I helped to pitch him out."

"Some foolish crank," remarked a third bystander.

"Out of his head," said a fourth.

"Come, come my friend," said Mr. Lucas addressing himself to the detective who stood in the midst of the group looking decidedly foolish. "This poor fellow has evidently brought you here on a wild goose chase. Better take him back to the station and lock him up for the night."

"But, Mr. Hawke," stammered my companion.

"There is no Mr. Hawke here, I tell you," said another gentleman whom I afterward ascertained to be the mayor of the town.

At this statement from so high an authority the detective hesitated no longer but angrily seizing me by the arm turned to leave the room.

"Hold on," said Hawke jovially bursting into a merry peal of laughter. "This has really been very amusing, give the gentlemen a drink before they go." Ha! Ha! Ha! this is—well this *is* amusing "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

His laughter was loudly echoed by his companions.

"Hello, what's all the fun," cried a strange voice at the door, and looking over my shoulder I saw to my indescribable delight the candidate for the constituency at whose invitation I had come to attend the meeting in Clinton.

"Why, Barker, old man, how are you," he cried cordially seizing me by the hand and shaking it heartily.

"Barker," repeated the mayor, faintly.

"Barker," shouted the detective, triumphantly.

"Barker" muttered Hawke, feebly.

"Barker," repeated the assembly, wonderingly.

"You're mistaken, Lawson," said the ex-chairman, "*That* is surely not Mr. Robert Barker."

"Not Robert Barker," repeated my friend in amazement; "This not Robert Barker, my old friend whom I have known this twenty years. Of course its Robert Barker. Pray who else would it be."

"But, but, if that is Mr. Barker" pray who is this said Mr. Lucas, turning towards Hawke who sat placidly sipping his brandy at the table.

"That's Hawke," said I.

"It's Hawke," repeated the detective determinedly.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed my enemy somewhat faintly, "Well this is amusing."

"Search him," said I to the detective.

This, in spite of the protests of the worthy gentleman the detective proceeded to do, and quickly brought to light the precious documents, my purse and the letter from Mr. Lawson inviting me to attend the meeting. As these tallied exactly with the description I had given at the police station there could no longer be any doubt regarding the guilt of Mr. Hawke and he was accordingly placed under arrest and marched off to the station while I narrated my adventures too the worthy politicians of Clinton.

It is needless to say that their wonderment at the strange misfortune that had befallen me was only surpassed by their admiration of the splendid audacity of the rascal who had brought them about.

[THE END.]

THE SULTAN'S FOOD

Is Tasted By the Chamberlain Before Being Offered to the Ruler.

The Sultan of Turkey leads a very simple life. He came to the throne in 1876, without any agency of his own, and almost against his own will, after living for many years in retirement, and no doubt finds the trappings of royalty something of a burden.

When it is said that he lives simply, however, the word must be understood as applying to his personal habits rather than to his official surroundings and expenditures Thus it is estimated that more than six thousand persons are fed every day at his Dolma Bagtche palace when he is there. The treasurer of the household has a pretty heavy burden upon his shoulders.

There is a regularly organised force of buyers, each charged with the purchase of certain supplies for the palace. One man's duty is to buy fish; and to do this for six thousand persons is no light undertaking in a city which has no great markets. About ten tons a week are required, and to secure this some twenty men are kept busy.

Nearly eighteen thousand pounds of bread are eaten daily, and all this is baked in enormous ovens at some distance from the palace. Of course a large force of bakers is required, as well as another large force of buyers and carriers of flour and fuel.

The Sultan's own food is prepared by one man and his assistants, and no others touch it, It is cooked in silver vessels, and when done each kettle is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp. This stamp is broken in the presence of the Sultan by the High Chamberlain, who takes one spoonful of each kettle before the Sultan tastes it—as a safeguard against poison.

Nearly a ton of rice a day is required for the inevitable *pilaff*, together with six hundred pounds of sugar, and an equal amount of coffee, to say nothing of the other groceries, fruit, vegetables, and meat.

That there is enormous waste and extravagance in the kitchens is almost a matter of course; it is said that enough is thrown away daily to feed a hundred families. But such waste is not confined to a Turkish royal household, and might be found in kitchens nearer home. The surplus is gathered up by the beggars, with whom Constantinople abounds, and what still remains is eaten by the scavenger dogs.

The secret of a happy life is loving self-sacrifice.

Caterpillars attain a great size in Australia—some of them a foot in length.

Nothing but a good life can fit men for a better one.

The Humane Society, of Boston, has an ambulance for disabled horses. The West End Railway Company owns one also. Over six hundred policemen of the city are members of the Humane Society.

When eight years old she sat upon his knee;
At fourteen she was very shy of men;
At eighteen she was not so very shy,
And then she sat upon his knee again.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ROAD.

A Drummer's Evening Ride and Its Unpleasant Incident.

"I remember on one occasion," said the drummer, apparently going far back in his memory, "when I had one of the queerest experiences that ever fell to my share."

"We all have them," ventured a youngster, who was out on his first trip.

The drummer merely looked at him and then went on with his story.

"I was going to see a customer who lived about ten miles from the railroad," he said, "and as I reached the station about 7 o'clock in the evening and it was a half moonlight night, I concluded I'd drive over at once and get back in time for the train at 10 o'clock next morning. The road was fairly good, though it was a lonesome one and I felt pretty sure I could drive it in three hours, carrying a heavy trunk. I got away by 8 o'clock with a pair of horses, doing my own driving, and for the first five miles nothing occurred. In fact, everything was going so smoothly that I began to doze. After a number of rods I was suddenly awakened by the noise of wheels just behind me, and looking back I was almost frightened by a horse's nose nearly over my shoulder. He was hitched to a buggy in which sat a man and a woman.

"'Look out, there,' I yelled, and whipped up my own team.

"Their horse fell back, but they made no reply and I drove on and nodded again, only to be awakened as before.

"Then I became more angry and said a number of things to which I received no answer. Indeed, neither man or woman so much as looked up at me, but kept their faces down, and did not even pull up their lines. The horse fell back, though, and followed twenty feet or more behind me. The moon was beclouded at this time and I could not see very distinctly, but I did not nod any more, for I was not exactly satisfied with my company. I called to them several times, but they remained silent. They kept right along behind me, though, for three miles, and at two or three places I took little side roads I knew of, which led back again to the main road, and the others did the same. Once or twice on long stretches I touched up my horses, but the horse behind me followed at the same speed. The longer this thing kept up the more nervous I became, and once or twice I thought I must be having a nightmare. The last mile of the road was good, and I concluded rather than to have a row with these midnight intruders I would run away from them, and as I turned into the home stretch I let my team go at its best, and I went along at a four-minute gait but right behind me came the other horse, trotting smoothly and whinnying every now and then. Somehow I felt the cold chills down my back, and a panic seized me. I didn't know why. I laid the whip on and my team broke into a dead run, evidently feeling my own fright and showing the signs of fear they say animals show in the presence of ghosts.

"But running was of little avail. The other horse was much better than mine and he came after me with his nose nearly in my buggy, and the two people never making a move to pull him up. With a yell at last I dashed up to the store of my customer, who hadn't gone to bed yet, and he came out with three or four men on the rush, and I almost fell out of my rig as he asked what was the matter.'

"'There,' I screamed, 'there, there,' and I pointed back to where I had seen my ghostly visitants, but they had disappeared."

"'He's got the jim-jams,' loudly suggested one of the men, and I thought possibly I had, but I rubbed my eyes and looked around, and fifty yards down the road I saw the thing that had followed me. It had evidently passed me when I pulled into the store so suddenly, and I told the men to go after it. They did so, and in a minute they came back with a yell that beat mine.

"'Jim-jams, is it?' I asked scornfully.

"'No; dead people,' replied one with his teeth chattering.

"It was so, too, I found out when we had got a drink, and braced up enough to go after it again. They had been strangled for pure malice evidently and had been tied in their buggy and sent adrift. The horse being a strange one in that section, had been simply following my team by instinct, and was probably as badly frightened as I was and didn't know half as well where to go.

"My customer took care of the horse and buried the bodies, and it was a week before he learned that the people lived about a hundred miles to the north and were on a driving trip. It was never known who had killed them, but it was supposd to be tramps, who had expected to get money by murder, and were afraid to steal the horse and buggy."

When the drummer finished the youngster got up and stretched his legs.

"Well," he said, "if that sort of thing goes with this traveling business, I guess I'll send my samples into the house and quit."

Women in New Spheres.

Fifty-eight thousand women belong to the trade unions of England.

Mrs. Graham, of Alabama, has a patent for a machine for hanging wall paper.

Margaret L. Knight is the inventor of the machine that makes square-bottomed paper bags.

Several Cornell girls are taking the agricultural course and one is studying veterinary surgery.

A woman, graduate from the Denmark Agricultural College, has been appointed manager of one of the most extensive farms in Denmark.

Mme. de Velariola, aged 98, is probably the only woman who witnessed the battle of Waterloo. She stood on a neighboring windmill with her sister, and in the evening they cared for the wounded. Her mental faculties are well preserved.

The case of Helen Kellar, a little Alabama girl who lost both hearing and sight at the age af 18 months, is remarkable. She entered the Perkins Institute for the Blind, in Boston, when 7 years old. Besides taking the regular branches and the languages she became a good pianist. Two years ago she felt that she must learn to speak, and entered the Horace Mann School for Deaf Children. In six weeks she could speak distinctly, and, very few ever articulate so well. Her age now is 12.

Reading.

Hardy—Did you do much reading this summer in the mountains?

Mabel—Well, I should think I did. There wasn't a rock scarcely that didn't have a patent medicine on it.

MADDENED BY THE UNION JACK.

Disgraceful Scenes in a New York Village.

A British subject named Mackenzie thought proper to honor the Columbian celebration by hoisting a British flag last Wednesday over his home in Tuckahoe, Weschester County, New York. The village constable, Dennis J. McMahon, soon gathered a force of some two hundred roughs, armed with pistols and guns, and surrounded the Mackenzie home, demanded an interview with its proprietor, but found that gentleman, although absent in body, was well represented by his better half, a Virginian by birth, and, although devoted to the Stars and Stripes, dared McMahon and his armed roughs to molest the obnoxious flag. The following description of what then took place is given in the New York *World*:—

"Two young huntsmen were watching the proceedings from the street. Both had rifles, and MacMahon directed them to turn the weapons over to him. Others in the party had pistols and muskets, and got ready to use them if necessary.

"Don't shoot a woman, boys," commanded McMahon, as he saw the preparations his men were making, "but if that British renegade is in the house, and I think he is, and he fires shot or brickbats at us, blow his head off."

This order was received with cheers, and the men loaded their guns and awaited developments. A moment passed and then they saw Mrs. Mackenzie go to the parlor window and pull down the shade. All was quiet within after that; and, finding that no warlike demonstration seemed to be contemplated by the besieged, McMahon yelled, "Now, boys, down with that rag."

In a trice half a dozen men had seized the pole and wrenched it from its support. Amid cheers it fell to the ground. Scores then made a grab at the flag and a tussle ensued for possession of it. McMahon finally secured it, and placing it in the custody of a lieutenant, called upon his men to help put another staff in position. This was done very quickly and then the American ensign was hauled up and saluted with three times three and a tiger and howls and jeers for the British flag. Then McMahon ordered his command to fall in. The English trophy was placed in the hands of a couple of men and was dragged through the dust all the way back to Tuckahoe village.

The party had by this time been swelled by the arrival of recruits to upward of two hundred. Singing "Yankee Doodle," "Hail, Columbia," "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay" and other melodies, the paraders marched up the main street. A halt was made in front of ex-Overseer Kerwin's place of business. Then the dirt-bedraggled flag was held up while Ralph Hodges, a butcher and formerly an English subject, spat upon it. This seemed to set the crowd wild again, and they demanded a speech from their leader. McMahon mounted a platform, fashioned with boxes and a barrel, and asked every man who would pledge himself not to permit another insult to the American flag to hold up his hand. Every hand went up amid tremendous hurrahs. McMahon also paid his respects to the British Government, denouncing it in the strongest language for its brutality towards Ireland and its coercive policy towards all the provinces subject to it. He made each one of his hearers promise to tar and feather Mackenzie if it should be proved that he removed the flag that had been hoisted by the party that had participated in the storming of the castle, and predicted that Tuckahoe would very soon have an evacuation day—that is, the British would be run out of town. The speech was rapturously applauded. Then those who had taken part in the expedition tapped several kegs of beer."

CHINESE BEGGARS.

The Terrible Condition of a Large Army of Pekin's Inhabitants.

Beggars are the curse, the most crying and shameful evil of Pekin. Numbering some 80,000 they form a kind of caste, a fraternity, with their own traditions and privileges, such as those of the mendicants of the middle ages in western Europe, and, like them, having their "emperor of Galilee, duke of Egypt, or king of Thunes," that is to say, an elected chief to whom they all yield obedience. The most curious feature of the whole institution is that the chief, whose headquarters are on the Bridge of the Gate of Heaven, is recognised by the police of Pekin, who deal directly with him in matters relating to the corporation of the town.

As for the misery of these beggars no description could give any idea of it. But for a rag about their loins they are stark naked. Even in the severest winter, when the bitter wind sweeps across the Mongolian steppes and the thermometer is far below zero, the poor wretches have, most of them, not a shred of clothing to wrap about their shoulders, and they succumb to the cold every night by hundreds. Gaunt and wan, covered with vermin and sores, they wander about the town, harrowing the feelings of the passers-by with their piteous lamentations, and fighting with dogs for a share in the refuse of the streets, or for hours together they crouch out side a shop driving purchasers away by their mere presence till the owner gets out of patience and flings them a few coins in self-defense.

When night comes they seek shelter under a bridge beneath the gates of the town or in some tumble-down house, lying down helter-skelter, men, women, young girls, and children, in a promiscuous heap. Their physical misery is such that their moral degradation is overlooked. From their faces all traces of an inner life are wiped out; like the beasts they can only endure, and seem to some extent to have lost the capacity for suffering.

Over And Over Again.

Over and over again
My duties wait for me;
They ever come in monotonous round—
Breakfast and dinner and tea.
Smoothing the snow-white clothes,
Sweeping and dusting with care.
There is ever some task in my little home
To brighten it everywhere.
What may I claim for my duty's fee?
Are these endless rounds of tasks to be
Naught but a dull monotony,
Over and over again?

Over and over again
The sun sinks low in the west,
And always over and over again
The birds come back to nest.
The robin sings to his loving mate,
Close, close to my cottage door.
The same glad song I have heard him sing
For many a day before.
And the robin says to me:
If the heart is tuned to love's glad key,
No task can be dull monotony,
Though over and over again.

The Kootenay Star

SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1892.

A SHORT time ago we published an article condemning the Smelter Co. for relegating their property to idleness and decay while there was so much ore in the immediate vicinity waiting to be smelted. Many people have made the same mistake that we did. We believed that there was a very large quantity of ore at the various mines only waiting the starting of the smelter to be brought out. But this is not so. There is not yet enough ore actually mined to keep the smelter running for one week. When we take into consideration the fact that the operation of "blowing in" the furnaces is a task of several days, and costing nearly $1,000, it is hardly to be wondered at that the company refuse to do so unless they have enough mineral in sight to keep them going three or four months at least. The local manager assures us that as soon as enough ore is forthcoming to make it remunerative the company will commence operations. Now, boys, get out your ore next summer as early as you can. Henceforth there must be less talk and more output. The ore is there; there is not the least doubt about that. But it is quite useless to the smelter where it lies. Bring it out, and we shall hear no more of the uselessness of the Revelstoke smelter. So fetch along your mineral, boys. A few tons from each claim would set the works going, and after that the supply would be more than enough to keep it so. We also said it looked very much as if the smelter was built solely for the purpose of getting the bonus and land from the Government. The manager points out that had this been the company's object, a small affair would have been sufficient, as the stipulations required no more than the smelting of 10 or 15 tons per day, and it would have been the height of foolishness for the company to have wasted $50,000 in erecting a smelter with a capacity of 100 tons a day.

ONCE more we call attention to the state of the river bank at Revelstoke. It is dissolving into the flood at an alarming rate. Quite fifteen feet has been cut away this summer. The old roadway from the bridge, which only last spring was 12 or 14 feet inland, is now undermined and dangerous to pass over. Between the town and the smelter wharf the current has scooped out a vast bend or elbow in the northern bank, which is here fifty feet high, and on the top of which road after road has dropped into eternity and the Columbia River. During the past summer a footpath and a wagon road have been the tribute exacted by the river. At this point it flows nearly a mile from the original channel, having eaten its way across the intervening space by annually biting huge chunks out of the northern bank and leaving its southern shore a dreary waste of sand. It was only a few months ago we chronicled the fact that the Dominion Government and the Smelter Company were each to spend $2,500 on repairs to the bank at this spot. Now is the proper time to commence the work.

THE stupidity of some newspapers is dense. Here's the Vancouver TELEGRAM just out with a long editorial headed "A New Eldorado," concerning some "new discoveries" recently written up by a paper called THE KASLO EXAMINER. These "new discoveries" turn out to be the big ledge discovered by J. W. Haskins, in the Lardeau, two or three months since, and which was fully described in these columns at the time. This does not speak very highly for the discernment of the TELEGRAM man. There is one good thing in the article, however—it corroborates our statement as to the 40-feet lode on the Abbott claim, which was doubted in some quarters.

Specimens of West Kootenay Ore for London.

Mr. Frank Owen showed the writer this week some specimens of ore from Illecillewaet, collected for exhibition in the windows of the C.P.R. Co.'s offices, King William Street, London, Eng. The collection was representative chiefly of the following claims:—Elizabeth, Silver Bow, Agnes and Annie, Maple Leaf, Goat Cave, Dunvagan and Lanark. The copper ore from the Silver Bow is, in our opinion, the most attractive, containing as it does over 59 per cent. of copper, with a fair percentage of silver and over $20 gold per ton. The Maple Leaf ore, too, was good; in fact, between the others—all being chiefly galena—it is hard to make any distinction. The Illecillewaet camp is known to be a good one, the silver-lead ores carrying an average of 100oz. silver to the ton. Some time since we saw and heard accounts of a deal with a Glasgow syndicate in connection with the Jumbo. This was spoken of as being of vast importance to the district, and would thank any of our friends in the camp for definite information. —Golden Era.

SMITH and BRIGHAM,

Merchant Millers, Moosomin, Assa.

BRANDS:—

'HUNGARIAN PATENT," "STRONG BAKERS," "STRAIGHT BAKERS."

Dealers in all kinds of

CHOPPED FEED, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS,

CHICKEN FEED, ETC.

Prices given Sacked or in Bulk. The finest quality of OATMEAL and CORNMEAL can be obtained in any sized sacks. Quotations cheerfully furnished on application.

Special Attention given to the British Columbia Trade.

OFFICES:—

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New Route for Emigrants to the Canadian Northwest.

Bill McKinley Again.

The very class of settlers which Canada most needs—the energetic American farmer—is moving from the Western States to Edmonton and the Red Deer district, via the Revelstoke and Columbia River route, in one continuous stream. Twenty-five came up in the steamer Lytton last Saturday. They embarked at Northport, and brought with them four wagons and buggies, 18 horses, and a fine collection of farming implements and machinery. They are the families of well-to-do farmers who have visited the Canadian Northwest, and who found the country so much to their liking that they hurried home to fetch their wives, children, stock and implements before the route is closed for the winter. Many of them could not get things in shape for coming this fall, but they will have ample time to make preparations during the winter, and as soon as traffic opens in the spring they say they will be on the road, with most of their belongings, to the land of fertility and true freedom—the great Canadian Northwest! Can it be the McKinley bill that is causing this exodus?

The Chicago Ledger

Is twenty years old and has a circulation of 140,000 copies a week. It is a combined story and family paper, fully up to the times in every particular, and handsomely illustrated. There is a Fashion Department and a Young People's Department, either of which alone is worth the subscription of $2 per year, $1 for six months or 50 cents for three months. Send for free specimen copies and inducements for clubs. Boys and girls everywhere are making money selling the Ledger to regular customers. Write for particulars. Address the publisher, W. D. Boyce, 113, 115 and 117 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

The Saturday Blade

Is the greatest newspaper wonder of the age. It is four years old and has a circulation of over a quarter million copies a week. The latest sensations and the most marvellous events are written up in the best style and fully illustrated. Subscriptions received at $2 per year, $1 for six months or 50 cents for three months. Special inducements to clubs. Send for free specimen copies. Boys everywhere are making big money selling the BLADE on the streets. Write for particulars. Address the publisher, W. D. Boyce, 113, 115 and 117 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that at the next session of the Legislature of British Columbia application will be made for an Act to incorporate a company for the purpose of constructing, operating and maintaining a line of railway, standard or narrow gauge, the motive power being either steam or electric, commencing at Lardeau City, situate at the head of the North East Arm of Upper Arrow Lake, thence through Lardeau Pass to some point on the North West shore of Lake Kootenay, with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate a branch from the said proposed line from said Lardeau City in a northerly direction along the course of the Incomappleux River, or Fish Creek, to some point or points near the headwaters of the same, with power to build, maintain and operate branch lines from any point or points on the main line or branch lines to any adjacent mine or mines, and with power to build wharves and docks, and erect and maintain telegraph and telephone lines and all necessary works, buildings, pipes, poles, wires, appliances or conveniences necessary or proper for the generating and transmitting of electricity or power within the area above described.

Dated this 14th day of November, A.D. 1892.

McPHILLIPS, WOOTTON & BARNARD,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

A. H. HOLDICH,

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—:o:—

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SADDLE HORSES AND PACK TRAIN.

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FLOUR, OATS, SHORTS AND ALL KINDS OF FEED.

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