The Kootenay Star.

VOL. IV. REVELSTOKE, B. C., SEPTEMBER 17, 1892. No. 14.

MINERAL ACT, 1891.

(FORM F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Lanark Mineral Claim, Illecillewaet, West Kootenay District.

Take notice that I, N. P. SNOWDON, free miner's certificate No. 40429, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice, that adverse claims must be sent to the Gold Commissioner and action commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 28th day of August, 1892

THE

MADDEN HOUSE,

HUGH MADDEN, Prop'r.

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

THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH THE

Best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

The accommodations of the Hotel are of the best.

Nakusp.

This town, magnificently situated on the Upper Arrow Lake, is the shipping port for the Slocan Mines, is connected with

Slocan Lake and New Denver

by a good, level trail 18 miles in length, and is bound to speedily become a place of considerable wealth and importance.

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

A. HOLMAN,
NAKUSP.

TIME CARD No. 5.

TO TAKE EFFECT JUNE 30TH, 1892.

Columbia and Kootenay Steam Navigation Co. Limited.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Arrow Lakes and Columbia River Route Steamers.

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

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

KOOTENAY LAKE AND BONNER'S FERRY ROUTE.

Str. NELSON leaves Nelson for Pilot Bay, Ainsworth and Kaslo at 8 a.m. on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, returning via these ports same day.

For Pilot Bay, Ainsworth, Kaslo and Bonner's Ferry at 3 a.m. on SUNDAYS and WEDNESDAYS. Returning, leaves Bonner's Ferry for Pilot Bay, Ainsworth, Kaslo and Nelson at 3 a.m. on MONDAYS and THURSDAYS.

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

W. PELLEW HARVEY,

Assayer and Analytical Chemist,

Golden, B.C.

Silver, Gold or Lead, each....	$1.50
do. combined	3.00
Silver and Lead.....	2.50
Silver and Gold.....	2.00
Silver and Copper.....	3.50
Silver, Gold and Copper.....	4.00
Silver, Gold, Lead and Copper	5.50

Other prices on application.

CASH WITH SAMPLES.

Certificates forwarded per return of mail.

Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.

Ernest Fletcher,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

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

Furniture Made and Repaired.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Stockholm House

JOHN STONE, PROP.

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

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

THE

COLUMBIA HOUSE,

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

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

BROWN & CLARK,
Proprietors.

FREE 'BUS AT ALL TRAINS

C. P. R. HOTEL

REVELSTOKE.

F. MCCARTHY - - - PROP.

First-class Temperance House.

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

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

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

Royal Mail Lines.

CHEAPEST & QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

Proposed Sailings from Montreal.

MONGOLIAN..	Allan Line...	Sept. 17
SARDINIAN	" ...	Sept. 24
NUMIDIAN	" ...	Oct. 1
SARNIA....	Dominion Line...	Sept. 14
LABRADOR	" ...	Sept. 21
OREGON	" ...	Sept. 28

From New York.

BRITANNIC...	White Star ...	Sept. 14
MAJESTIC	" ...	Sept. 21
GERMANIC	" ...	Sept. 28

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

Intermediate, $25; Steerage, $20.

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

Prepaid passages arranged from all points.

Apply to nearest steamship or railway agent; to

I. T. Brewster,
AGENT, REVELSTOKE;

or to ROBERT KERR, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

HULL BROS

REVELSTOKE.

BUTCHERS

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

S. BICKERTON,

BOOTMAKER,

MAIN STREET, REVELSTOKE.

Boots & Shoes made to order.

HARNESS LEATHER KEPT IN STOCK.

REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy

IS MARKED

T. & B.

In Bronze Letters.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

NOTICE.

A Sitting of the County Court will be held at Revelstoke on SATURDAY, the 15th day of October, 1892, at 10 a.m.

J. KIRKUP,
Registrar.

Revelstoke, Sept. 16th, 1892.

WANTED.

A responsible and reliable Person to take the AGENCY for a Loan and Trust Company. — For information apply to H. L. MOZLEY, Manager, Vancouver, B.C.

WANTED.

An English Nurse of 15 years' experience is desirous of attending ladies during sickness. First-class references.—Apply office of this paper.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Nakusp House, Nakusp, B.C., has been re-named "The Madden House."

A nearly new Raymond Sewing Machine for sale, cheap.—Apply at Drug Store.

Owing to the important Lardeau news several local items are crowded out this week.

The Victoria Daily News is dead. The plant and business has been absorbed by the Colonist.

The concert and ice cream social at the Methodist church on Thursday night was a success. Full report next week.

Geo. Laforme took his pack train to Big Bend last week with supplies. He expects to be back about the middle of next month.

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

Messrs. W. F. Teetzel and J. H. Nolan, of Nelson, arrived from Vancouver on Wednesday morning and left for home on Thursday's boat.

There will be Sunday-school tomorrow afternoon in the school house in connection with the Church of England. All will be welcome.

FOR LADIES ONLY.—The largest and best assortment of Dress Goods ever received in Revelstoke has just been opened up at H. N. Coursier's.

Any of our readers having copies of the STAR of July 23rd and Sept. 10th (last week) will confer a great favor by sending them to this office.

Mr. A. Holman, who has been on a prolonged visit to the coast, arrived here from Vancouver on Wednesday and left next day for Nakusp.

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.

H. N. Coursier received from Toronto last week a very large consignment of dress goods, calicoes, linens, woollen goods, ready-made clothing, etc. Just call and see how astonished you will be at the low prices.

Mr. S. Needham has just cut the head of a sunflower which measures 13 inches across the seed face, 37 inches in circumference, and weighs 3½lbs. From three seed potatoes of the ashleaf kidney variety, which were sent out from Ontario, he has dug 52lbs. of large-sized tubers.

The MacArthur-Forrest process of working refractory ores has been a signal success at Golden, where a ton of refractory ore from the Lake of the Woods district was treated, and 85 per cent. of the gold and 70 per cent. of the silver extracted. Mr. Colquhoun is very successful in the treatment of sulphurets.

Mr. T. R. Neault, C. P. R. contractor, was in town on Wednesday and went down river Thursday morning. He has the contract for clearing another 50 acres of the Nakusp townsite, and may pobably have a hand in the making of the Nakusp wagon road, which he says will be commenced inside of two weeks.

The base burner stove, the telephone and other improvements of a like kind have worked a domestic and social revolution within the last few years. Among these improvements it is not unfair to include the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco. The great majority of men smoke tobacco; have done so for centuries past, and will continue to do so. It is important, therefore, that they should smoke the best quality of the article. That is what they are supplied with in the "Myrtle Navy." All smokers who have used it know that its flavor cannot be surpassed, that its quality is always uniform, and that the only care they have to exercise in its purchase is to see that the trademark T. & B. is stamped on the plug.

On Tuesday there commences at New Westminster the annual exhibition of the Royal Agricultural and Industrial Society, which will continue four days. In connection with the show the Citizens' Celebration Committee have issued a programme of athletic and aquatic sports, consisting of horse, foot, bicycle and canoe races, lacrosse and baseball matches, K. of P. drills, etc.

Among the Columbia's passengers on Wednesday were Messrs. Chas. F. Law, Golden (collector of minerals for the world's fair); Dann Dunn, Nelson (contractor for the C. & K. Railway); F. C. Laird, Chicago (who has been examining mining claims in the Lardeau); W. J. Snodgrass, Oregon; J. A. Thomson, Victoria; A. Ervin and John Hendry, Kaslo; W. W. Buchanan, Winnipeg; and Archie McDonald, Lardeau.

Mr. Alf. Fitzpatrick, the Presbyterian student who spent last summer and fall at Revelstake and North Bend, B. C., is now completely recovered from the attack of typhoid fever, and occupies the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Herridge, Ottawa. There is a probability that Mr. Fitzpatrick will pay us a visit this fall. Mr. Miller, who is also well remembered here, has a great longing to come west, and for this end he is anxiously watching the progress made in this district.

LARDEAU NOTES.

Mr. S. H. Seroy, a prospector in the employ of the Spokane & Great Northern Mining Company, arrived up on Wednesday from the Lardeau, where he has been prospecting all summer, and has located eight rich claims in the vicinity of Healy Creek, to the northeast of Trout Lake, and brings some magnificent specimens of ore which assays fram $50 to $800 per ton in silver, with gold in more or less quantities. The claims comprise the Blackbird, Bunker's Hill, Copper Chief, Galena Prince, Iron Cap, Lime Bluff, Redbird and Author Boy. He has also recently recorded another claim, called the No. 2 Glacier, between the forks of Five Mile Creek, about eight miles south of Trout Lake, samples from which assay 240 oz. siver to the ton. Mr. Seroy spent several years mining in Arizona, and is a practical miner. He says no imagination can comprehend the richness and vastness of the mineral lodes in the Lardeau. In all his experience he has seen nothing in any country that will at all compare with it. He states that the cost of mining the Lardeau ores will be quite insignificant, as the lodes are close to surface, and when the few feet of cap is removed the mineral is exposed and ready to be carried away. The only trouble is the want of transport facilities, which can be very easily overcome, as the route from the N.E. Arm to Kootenay Lake offers no obstacle to a railway being built right through the mining district, there being a comparatively level pass through the mountains for the whole distance.

Messrs. J. C. Wagner, C. J. Taylor, J. A. Kennedy and J. McCartney arrived up on the str. Columbia on Wednesday. They have been prospecting in the Lardeau and came up for supplies, bringing samples for assay from four claims they have located near the head waters of Eight Mile Creek—the "Lardeau," "Duncan," "Galena" and "Eureka." The ledge is over 40 feet in width in places and seven feet of solid galena has been been uncovered. What the real size of the lode is can only be guessed at as yet, but from all appearances it must be an immense one. It is a "contact" vein in a limestone formation, with clearly-defined, smooth-cut walls, which is a distinguishing feature of Lardeau and Slocan lodes. The samples were sent to Mr. W. Pellew Harvey, of Golden, for assay, and the lowest estimate made of its value was $100 per ton. In all probability it will go above that figure. The men returned yesterday, and will do the assessment work right away. They say they have the finest prospect of their whole lives. Our old friend Andrew Parks, who recently sold out his share in the Consolation Gold Mine at Big Bend to Geo. Laforme, has an interest in these claims.

Mr. A. Abrahamson, of Revelstoke, who recently sent samples of ore from three claims in the Lardeau to Messrs. Price and Son, San Francisco, for assay, received the returns on Sunday last. Samples from the "Queen of the Hill" went $16.54 in gold and $152.10 in silver, or a total of $168 64 per ton; "Crystal" went $19.64 gold, $98.65 silver, a total of $118.29 per ton; "North Star" went $53.75 in gold and $23 80 in silver, a total of $77.55 per ton. Mr. Abrahamson and his partner thought so little of the ore from the last-named claim that they almost decided not to send it away for assay, but eventually put in a piece of the "North Star" rock with the other samples, and now they are astonished at the amount of gold in that very common looking bit of rock, carrying more than twice as much of the precious metal as there is silver and three times as much as either of the others. These three claims are contiguous to the "Silver Cup," a sample from which went over $1,300 to the ton in silver, but was not assayed for gold. That they are on a very rich ledge is proved beyond a doubt.

Messrs. Pool, Crockett & Robertson, who located on a big ledge they discovered about six weeks ago, also sent samples for assay to the same firm, and have just received a most gratifying return, being $49 63 in gold and $53.33 in silver, a total of $104.96 per ton. This ledge is an immense one, and thousands of tons of ore are in sight. They intend to work the mine themselves, and hope to have a large quantity ready for transport early in the summer, by which time it is expected the new railway will have reached the Arm.

It is reported that a prospector from Kaslo, who came into the Lardeau by way of Kootenay Lake and the Lardeau River, has made a rich strike in the vicinity of the group of claims recently located by J. W. Haskins and others near the head of Healy Creek. More particulars next week.

Messrs. Chas. F. Law, of Golden (who is collecting mineral specimens for the world's fair), and P. M. Walker, of Revelstoke, part owner of the "Silver Cup," accompanied by a Chicago capitalist, arrived at Thomson's Landing from Revelstoke on Thursday, and left the same day to examine the big ledge (which has been named the "Great Northern") about seven miles north of Trout Lake and on which Messrs. Walker, Holden, Downs and others have laid open an immense lode.

The high assays of Lardeau ore, especially in gold, have created considerable excitement in the various mining camps, and prospectors are jubilant. Numbers are out on the mountains north of Trout Lake and in the neighborhood of Fsh Creek. As the weather is delightful nothing interferes with their work, and it is not too much to expect the news of further strikes in the course of the next week or two. Old timers are unanimous in declaring that the Lardeau surpasses anything they have yet met with for the richness of its ore and the immensity of its ledges.

The Fish Creek trail is now up 14 miles from the Arm and is expected to be completed in about two weeks. This will render Fish Creek accessible much later in the fall and earlier in the spring.

J. W. Thomson has nearly completed his new house at the Landing. The building is 22ft. by 30ft., and will be used as a general store. This will be a great boon to miners and prospectors, of which there is a goodly number in the Lardeau, and more pouring in every week.

G. H. Williams,

REVELSTOKE,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST

A new and complete stock of

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,

Toilet Articles, etc., etc.,

At reasonable prices.

Mail Orders promptly attended to.

FIRST CLASS CIGARS.

RAYMOND SEWING MACHINES IN STOCK

W. J. LAW,

Merchant Tailor,

(Near C.P.R. Station)

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

A NOBBY STOCK OF

English Worsteds, Scotch and Irish Tweeds and Serges

AT PRICES THAT WILL CATCH YOU.

FIT AND MAKE-UP GUARANTEED.

G. TERRYBERRY,

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

REVELSTOKE.

Wagons and all kinds of Vehicles Repaired.

Shoeing a Specialty.

PRICES RIGHT.

Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.
Ripans Tabules: for bad temper.
Ripans Tabules: pleasant laxative.
Ripans Tabules purify the blood.
Ripans Tabules prolong life.
Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
Ripans Tabules cure constipation.

O Jonathan, gaunt Jonathan,
A stalwart of the earth,
Why should the world to one like you
Be of fair matches dearth.
Woo those who impress in your wealth.
Your height, your breadth may find.
But leave untrammelled maidenhood
To one who, though most kind,
Has never had regard for you
For you are sordid through and through.

Miss Canada has never led
You to believe that she
Would in the union you propose
Be meed of profit see.
Indeed she's given many hints
Which, had you tact, you'd know,
As mild suggestions, when you woo'd.
'Twas time for you to go.
So press no more a hopeless suit,
'Tis mercenary at its root.

Miss Mexico's a rich young lass,
And then there's Miss Brazil,
And Paraguay and Uruguay
Who both might fill the bill.
And several other budding maids,
Besides Miss Chili, who was cold
And let you know, not long ago
When you presumed, that you were bold
But leave "the maiden of the frost"
To cherish love she's never lost.

You say John Bull is much too old,
But good is that old age
That holds its youthful love through all
The brunt of rivals' rage;
Good that old age which circles those
It loves with arm strong,
Protecting with its honest might
The tender one from wrong,
Prepared to do and die for her
No matter what event occur.

Better to be an old man's pet,
The darling of his latter days,
Than slave to an unpolished youth
Of famished mien and narrow ways.
So, Jonathan, leave off your pranks
And go your old self-loving route,
And hedge yourself with tariffs high
Enough to keep the cholera out,
Miss Canada will tend her row
While you to inanition go.
—[T. A. Gregg, in the Toronto World.

THE BELLS OF LINLAVEN.

CHAPTER IV.

ALARUM.

A few days before this, the Vicar's son, Captain Norham, arrived at Linlaven. He had been on sick-leave for some months. The wound which he had received at Tel-el-Kebir was quite healed, but his general health had been injuriously affected by the severities of the campaign. Clara had joined him when in February he landed at Southampton; and as he was too ill to proceed northwards at once, they had togethe passed the early spring months in the Isle of Wight. Nor would he have been at Linlaven now, but for the circumstance that he had been hurriedly summoned home. This was in consequence of a letter from Mr Brookes, who has been already spoken of as the family lawyer to the late Squire Norham of Brathrig Hall, and who still acted in that capacity for the Squire's widow. Mr. Brookes' letter had intimated to Captain Norham and his wife that the old lady at the Hall, having heard of the gallantry which had distinguished the Captain's conduct in the Eastern campaign, had evidently relented somewhat of her former severity and bitterness against the daughter of her lost son Arthur, and was apparently disposed to alter the will by which she had conveyed her wealth away from her natural heir and given it to an alien. But before doing anything, she wished to have an interview with her grandchild Clara and her husband; hence Mr. Brookes desired that they should come north at once.

Alas for the hazards of a repentance that awakens not the conscience till the eleventh hour! The day before the arrival of the Captain and his wife, the old lady had a stroke of paralysis, from which her physicians had pronounced it impossible that she should recover. And so passed all hope of her being able to rectify the injustice she had already done.

The aged Vicar's joy at once more receiving his gallant boy under his roof was consequently not unmingled with sadness. Nor was George himself much more cheerful. It is true that the sight once more of the little girl and boy who called him father filled his heart with pleasure and gratitude; but in the background sat black Care distilling pain. Shattered in health, and poor in estate, he could not help reflecting with ominous feelings upon what the future might have in store for his wife and children.

The conversation which we have above recorded between Uncle Giles and Mrs. Dale as to the evident premeditated departure of the former took place on a Friday evening. On the following day Captain Norham, in the course of an afternoon stroll, and wearied somewhat and fatigued with the glare of the summer sun, walked across the graveyard and entered the church, the doors of which stood open. It was to him a more than usually sacred place, for here was the pew in which he had sat from infancy to manhood, side by side with the mother who had long since passed into a higher sanctuary behind the veil, and side by side also with her who had been the true love of his youth and was now the mother of his children.

Inside the church, all was calm and peaceful. The sun shone bright and hot on the old stained-glass windows, but soft and cool were the purple shadows within the ancient aisles. He sat down in the vicarage pew, and gave himself up to pleasant reveries of the past. He heard the hum of bees about the windows, and saw the green branches swaying beyond the open door. Whether, lulled into restfulness by the calm and stillness of the holy place, he fell asleep, or not, he could not tell, but once more he heard the bells toll out in the church-tower, and he experienced once again all he had seen and heard in that far-away dream of his sick couch at Cairo. He saw the same shadowy figure walk down the aisle, saw the man halt before the tomb of the Norhams, heard again the accents of grief and dejection with which he uttered the words: "He—gone; and I—unforgiven." Thereupon followed a sudden noise, which woke him to consciousness.

The noise was caused by the slamming of one of the church doors, as if thrown-to by a draught; but this time it was not all a dream. There was some one in the church. The tall figure of an aged man, white-haired and slightly stooping, was approaching softly down the aisle. The Captain withdrew himself noiselessly within the shelter of a curtain at the end of the pew, whence he could see without being seen. The man walked slowly forward, looking from side to side like one who had simply come thither from a feeling of curiosity, and with no special purpose. By-and-by its white marble effigies and golden emblazonments. Something here seemed to attract the man's attention. It was the arms of the family cut upon a shield surmounting the tombstone. He looked at it for a few seconds in a kind of wonder, as if it recalled something to his memory. Then, putting his hand into his breast, he drew out a small leather case, from which he extracted a paper, and seemed for a moment to be comparing something on the paper with what he saw cut upon the shield.

The effect upon the man was strange—almost startling. He grew suddenly pale, as if some unexpected revelation had burst upon him; and with the cry of "My God! what be this?" turned, and fled from the church.

Captain Norham sat for a few minutes in amazement. What did this mean? What could this repetition of his dream, followed by the appearance and attitude of this stranger, portend?

Quitting the church, he was in a few seconds at the vicarage.

"Clara," he said to his wife, "I thought I knew everybody in the village. But to-day I have seen a tall old man, with white hair, whom I feel sure I never saw before."

"Why, George," replied Clara, "that is our little Lucy's friend, whom you have heard her speak so much about. That must have been Uncle Giles. Where did you see him"

"In the church."

"In the church?" she said, with a questioning and half amused air. "Why, your father has vainly besought him to go to church, but could never succeed with him. The man is evidently decent, and is well behaved; but he has some mysterious scruple as to going to church. He is altogether a good bit of a mystery to everybody." And she went on to tell her husband the story of his coming among them.

George listened attentively and then proceeded to tell of the repetition that day of the Cairo dream, and what he had afterwards seen and heard in the church.

Clara, who had first treated the matter somewhat lightly, was now in turn much impressed by what she heard.

"Why, do you know, she said "the first time I saw the man—it was when he was in a state of delirium—he took me by the hand and called me Esther. I have never mentioned it before to anyone."

"Well what of that?" queried her husband.

"What of that?" replied Clara. "Esther was my mother's name."

"Oh!" exclaimed George, in a tone between wonder and curiosity. Then, after a pause he added: "And does no one know who the man is?"

"Nobody, more than I have told you."

"Then, Clara, you and I must find out. Put on your bonnet; we must seek him at once."

They walked down the garden-path together in the direction of Lawrence Dale's house. The cottage which Giles inhabited was adjoining the garden wall, and was approached by a green house, through the door of which you could see the entrance. This being Saturday afternoon, and work suspended, Lawrence Dale and a few other villagers were seated on a bench outside the door. Among these was Giles, who, on his way from the church had been intercepted by two or three lads with a request that he would arrange some fishing-tackle for them. He was now busied with this, and at the same time listening to what Lawrence was reading aloud from a newspaper. Both the miller and his wife came originally from Yorkshire, and the paper was apparently one sent to them by old friends.

Clara drew her husband back a little. Mrs. Dale was evidently one of the listeners too, for they could hear her voice inside the cottage door, as from time to time some news of particular importance would call for an exchange of opinion between her and her husband.

"Ah, Milly," cried Lawrence, "hark thee to this. Sarah Dobson ha' married Jem Metcalfe after all. It's here in black and white. Did thou ever hear the like?"

"Oh, indeed," replied Milly; "that be news. Why, how she did flout that young man o' hers, to be sure! "Happen," she would say, "lads shall be so scarce thou will ha' to seek them wiv a candle, ere I marry Jem Metcalf." Yet she ha' took him at the last. Well, well!"

Lawrence scarcely heeded Milly's concluding comments, for something of apparently more engrossing interest had attracted his attention in the paper, and he read a few lines to himself as if by way of tasting its flavour before offering it to the others. "It's put in big type, anyway," he said at length; "it must be something worth reading." And without further exordium he proceeded.

"STRANGE DISCOVERY.—At the White Horse Inn, about three miles from this town, a somewhat singular discovery was made a few days ago. Some changes were being effected in the interior arrangements of that long-established and popular hostel, when, in the course of the operations, the workmen had occasion to lift the flooring of the Blue Room. While doing so, one of them found under the floor, close to the wall on the west side, a good watch, which appeared, from the dust that had gathered round it, to have lain there for a long time. A piece of thin silver chain was attached to it; and on the outer case of the watch was an engraved monogram. Inside the case was a paper bearing that the watch had been cleaned and repaired by the firm of Lessing & Jobson, of this town, more than a quarter of a century ago. Upon inquiry being made of this firm, they found from their books that the watch had belonged to a gentleman of the name of Arthur Naseby, which agreed with the monogram "A. N." on the back of the watch. This discovery has excited much interest in the town, as our older readers will remember the somewhat extraordinary disappearance from our midst of the gentleman above named. A great deal of mystery surrounded the whole affair; but it was believed by many, after his disappearance, that the name by which the owner of the watch was known here was not his real name. We refrain at present from entering into details that might be painful to some of his friends who may still be alive among us; but we may mention that there was some reason, from what transpired after his disappearance, for thinking that his real name was Norham, and that he was connected with an ancient and aristocratic family in the north of England. What gave additional mystery to the disappearance of this young gentleman, was, that he had only been about a year married, and was much respected and

tance."

When Clara and her husband had first come within sight of the group, and heard Lawrence, in his loud, slow, drawling Yorkshire voice, ponderously retailing the news of the day, it was more from a feeling of amusement than any other motive than Clara waited and listened. But as he continued to read, a deeper interest was awakened in her. From where she stood, she could see Uncle Giles seated on the bench, and was astonished at the extraordinary expression which his countenance assumed at the mention of the finding of the watch. Th blood entirely deserted his face, and he let the tackle on which he was working fall from his hands as if he had been struck with paralysis. Captain Norham saw this also, and watched his wife's demeanour with something of alarm. As Lawrence read on, her eyes gradually developed a look of strained attention, as though every word he uttered went deep down into her very soul. A strange pallor overspread her face; she reached out her hands and clasped with a feverish grip at the back of a garden chair that stood near by, as if her limbs were no longer able to support her; then, as the reader concluded, she uttered a stifled shriek, and fainted away.

Her husband caught her in his arms as she was about to fall. Her cry brought Lawrence Dale and the others to her help, and she was carried back to the vicarage.

In the confusion that followed upon Clara's cry of distress, the movements of the old man Giles were unobserved. When the reading of the newspaper was ended by that sudden cry, the little group before the cottage was suddenly scattered; whereupon he immediately rose and entered his house. He was ghastly pale, and trembled like a man in an ague fever. A sharp fire burned in his eyes, and he clutched at the wall for support as he went.

"It ha' coomed at last," he muttered. "Be thou ever so fleet o' foot, the vengeance o' God is fleeter."

He did not sit down, or tarry for a moment; but going to where he had thrown his packed valise the evening before, he lifted it up, and taking a staff from the wall, quitted the house.

He walked off, at first slowly, but, as he regained composure, at an increasing pace, going directly towards he Old Grange. He was about to enter the familiar door, when he hesitated, and looked as if he would turn away without entering. There were voices within, and this startled him in a strange way. Yet what was there to fear? The men inside were only workmen, every one of whom he knew, busily engaged in completing some repairs upon the old place. He might easily pass up the stairs to his own quarters without being seen. Yet still he hesitated. At length he said: "It must be done, whether they see me or not. I cannot make my way with never a penny in my purse."

He ascended the long stairs with slow and cautious foot. When he had reached the top floor, he unlocked a drawer near his bench, and took therefrom a little box which contained a few silver coins. Putting them in his pocket, he was about to leave the room, when he observed, just where the evening sun streamed warmly in through the dusky pane, the little maid Lucy lying asleep beside her playthings.

"Ah, thou here!" he said in a low voice, that had a perceptible quiver in it. He approached, and bent down over the sleeping child. "I see it all, my little Lucy. Thou ha' been seeking Uncle Giles, and a-waiting for him till thou ha' fallen asleep. And as he touched her fair tresses, his first impulse was to raise her and carry her up home—as at other times he would have done. But he dared not do this now. It might frustrate in some way his departure, and he must go. She was safe enough; her nurse was sure to seek and find her here.

Lifting a pair of scissors from the miscellanous gathering of tools upon the bench, he raised one of the shining locks of the sleeping child, and cut off part of it; then taking from his breast that same little leather case we have before seen, he placed the tress inside, and turned to go. But once more he came back and looked at the child, with something pensive and touching in his eyes. "God bless thee," he said, "and keep thee! May thou sometimes think on old Uncle Giles when he be far away." Then he began to descend the stairs—slowly, with groping hands, and a great mist in his eyes.

He had soon left the valley behind, and was ascending the hill-road by which, only a few months before, he had first entered Linlaven. At the outset he walked quickly, as if dreading observation or interruption; but as he entered the solitude of the broad Fell, he went upward with slow and yet slower steps, turning from time to time to gaze on the village below. The place never looked to him more beautiful than now, under the splendid effulgence of the summer sunset, with the level light gleaming along the mere, and wrapping the high church-tower in a golden glory. All the hills around were bathed in the yellow light; and far beyond he could see the mountains of Westmoreland rising up dark against the kindling west, their broken and serrated ridges gleaming like massive jewels through the soft purple haze.

It could be seen that various and strong emotions had taken possession of the man's soul. "For nigh thirty years I ha' fled from my fate, yet it dogs my footsteps as I ha' seen a bloodhound nose the track of a slave." Yet still he passed upwards, heedless more and more of his surroundings. The wild thyme and the bright-eyed tormentil were at his feet, and around him was the sweet scent of the pines; but they had no charm, because they had no existence, for him. Once over the brow of the Fell, with village and lake and church-tower all hidden from his sight he sat down on the heath, and gave vent to his misery in tears. Here, among these scenes, he had for a time been tranquil—almost happy; and now, driven forth by the exigencies of his own blighted existence, he must leave them, and for ever. For thirty years, as he numbered it, had he fled before the slow foot of retribution; and yet, here, among those wilds, was not Nemesis coming up with him at last?

Sitting there—the moor-birds circling with wild screams round his head, and then darting away with a warning cry—he took no note of time. Suddenly he was aroused out of his reverie by a quick sound that struck upon his ears. It was the bells of Linlaven!

Why should these bells be ringing now? Was it the curfew? No; for they were ringing out in tones harsh and angry. Never, surely, during the three centuries since our Lady of Langleydale brought over in the gray church-tower of Linlaven—never had they given forth such clamorous and discordant music. The man started to his feet, and stood for a brief moment listening to that wild alarm, re-echoing and reverberating among the hills.

"It must be fire," he said, as he turned and ran towards the ridge he had just crossed, and from which Linlaven could be seen. They sounded out with a still more angry and dissonant clangour as he came within sight of the valley. The sun had already left it; but the twilight was yet clear along the lake, and he could see a dark cloud of smoke floating ominously in the calm air.

"It is fire!" he exclaimed. "And," in a horrified whisper, as he looked again, "it is the Old Grange! And Lucy—my little Lucy—what if they ha' not found her? Oh God," he cried, in a voice of agony—"must yet another sin be laid to my charge?" And as he uttered these words he rushed madly down the hill towards the village, dashing onwards with all the recklessness and energy of despair.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

AN AMAZING INVENTION.

Start Your Trotter and the Sulky Will do the Rest.

A well-known Santa Rosa horseman has a scheme for trotting horses which promises to beat the "scoot" track all to pieces as an important factor in aiding a horse to obtain a fast record. He is planning a sulky that will not only run itself, but will push the horse along a bit, too. He says it is to be built on the plan of the watch. It will have big coil springs to drive the wheels, and he contends that it will revolutionize trotting. Right under the driver's seat the springs will be located, and it is his intention to have things so nicely adjusted that when he wishes to go a 2.10 gait all he will have to do is to set it at 2.10 figure and it will do the rest. When wound up the sulky will run one mile and a half. A very clever feature of the sulky is the self-winding apparatus. By simply touching a little spring near his stirrup the driver can make the wheels wind up the spring, and, by a hand device, he can throw them out of gear when the indicator tells him that the spring has been wound up to the proper tension. Thus in scoring whatever power is lost can be regained. And it is so arranged that the power can be turned on at will by the driver. The gentleman claims everything for this invention. He says it will transform the slowest scrub into a world-beater and make a three-minute horse able to go 2.08¼ record. The inventor apparently had nothing green in his eyes when he was talking about his wonderful sulky, but time and developments will tell whether he has been indulging in too many air castles or not.

A Buffalo Hunt With Indians.

In the early days, when the game was plenty, buffalo running was exhilarating sport. Given a good horse, the only other requisite to success was the ability to remain on his back till the end of the chase. No greater degree of skill was needed than this, and yet the quick motion of the horse, the rough ground to be traversed, and the feeling that there was something ahead that must be overtaken and stopped, made the ride attractive. There was the very slightest spice of danger, for while no one anticipated an accident, it was possible that one's horse might step into a badger hole, in which case his rider would get a fall that would make his bones ache.

The most exciting, and by far the most interesting, hunts in which I ever took part were those with the Indians of the plains. They were conducted almost noiselessly, and no ring of rifle shot broke the stillness of the air, nor puff of smoke rose toward the still, gray autumn sky. The consummate grace and skill of the naked Indians, and the speed and quickness of their splendid bodies, were well displayed in such chases as these. More than one instance is recorded where an Indian has sent an arrow entirely through the bodies of two buffalo. Sometimes such a hunt was signalized by some feat of daring bravado, that save in the seeing, was scarcely credible, as when the Cheyenne Big Riba rode his horse close up to the side of a huge bull, and, springing on his back, rode the savage beast for some distance, and then with his knife gave it its death-stroke. Or a man might find himself in a position of comical danger, as did "The Trader" who was thrown from his horse onto the horns of a bull without being injured. One of the horns passed under his belt and supported him, and at the same time prevented the bull from tossing him. In this way he was carried for some distance on the animal's head, when the belt gave way and he fell to the ground unhurt while the bull ran on.

The Sabbath Chime.

Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent,
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming in the opening east,
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

Thou art coming? We are waiting,
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day nor hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord!
Thee my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned!
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!
—[Francis Ridley Havergal.

Any well-trained man can fire fifteen shots per minute from a Martini-Henry rifle.

Whilst the inhabitants of South and Eastern Russia are starving a large proportion of Eastern Siberia and Turkestan have so much grain that they do not know what to do with it. In the province of Semiretchinsk the peasants have enough grain to last them for ten years, and in the provinces of Yeneseisk, Yakutsk, and the Transbaikal, the price of wheat is one-eighth what it is in the Volga provinces. But as there are no railways, and few or no roads, in these rich portions of the empire this superabundant wealth cannot be put to account.

How Hundreds of Thousands Live in Floating Houses on the River.

One of the most interesting sights around Hong Kong is the river population and its city of boats. This floating city is estimated to number something over 300,000 people who recognize no other home than these boats, and whose lives are spent from birth upon the river; in fact, they are not permitted to know any other habitation. These boat homes are of different sizes, and of various shapes, the larger number being sampans or slipper boats, about 20 feet long, with movable telescopic roofs of bamboo covering them for about one-half their length. As small as these boats are, they not only accommodate one family, but frequently that of one of the sons, space being economized in the most ingenious manner, and in decided contrast to the dwellings on shore, they are kept scrupulously clean.

A great majority of the men go on shore during the day for employment, leaving the wives and children to work the oars and ply the trade of boatmen, and it must be said they do it with great satisfaction to those who have the need of water carriage. The mother of the family is found frequently rowing with one baby strapped to her back, while alongside of her is the next in age, learning to row and preparing to add to the resources of the family. The children of the family, many of whom are babies, play around the boats as carelessly as though they were in a nursery on shore, and to prevent accident from drowning among the very young boys they have a float attached to their waists, in the shape of a small piece of bamboo, so that if they fall over and drop into the river they may be easily fished out again. Since girl babies are not considered of very much importance in China, it is rather a matter of indifference as to whether they drown or not.

The boats composing this floating city are all moored closely together, each with its appointed anchorage, forming long water lanes or streets, through which the traffic of the community takes place. They have their municipal regulations, which are strictly enforced by river police, as must necessarily be the case with such a large population, and every condition of life on shore has a similar condition on the water. To supply the necessities of life they have floating stores and market boats for the sale of meat, fish, and vegetables, and almost everything that a household requires is brought from boat to boat in these water streets by pedlers and tradesmen. Then there are floating kitchens connected with other boats known as flower boats, which are not floating conservatories, as their names might imply, but restaurants or dining halls, gorgeously fitted up with gilded adornments of many kinds, handsome wood carvings, embroidered silken hangings, and brilliant illuminations. These are for the purpose of giving dinner parties, and are used by the wealthier Chinamen to entertain their friends. During the intervals between the courses the guests are regaled with the performances of a number of handsomely attired "Sing-Song" girls, the professional lyric artists of China, who delight the ears of the Chinese guests, but to a European the sounds given out by these sirens are torturing to the extreme

But of all the odd boats in this motely group perhaps the most singular are those in which they rear ducks and geese, many of them containing as many as several hundred in one boat. The ducks are sent out usually twice a day to feed along the marshes and mud fields by the shore, and they are recalled by a signal from a whistle. At this sound the feeding instantly ceases, and they return to their respective boats with a promptness that is simply astonishing. The latest arrival is always taken up and given a beating with a bamboo, and on the next recall that duck is invariably the first to come on board, thus showing the wonderful efficiency in the bamboo in inculcating punctuality.

In the midst of this gay life may be seen the funeral boat passing silently by, crowded with mourners; in the centre the coffin, covered with a heavy pall and trimmed with green branches. This is one occasion when a member of this colony takes to the land. During life they may have no home on shore, but they cannot be refused a grave in the earth.

In almost every way the land and river populations are utterly distinct; the former looks down upon the latter as an alien caste, and marriages between the two classes are unknown. Nevertheless, in spite of their peculiar surroundings, these many thousands live and thrive comfortably.

Men's Opinion of Women.

The society of ladies is the school of politeness.—[Montfort.

All I am or can be, I owe to my angel mother.—[Abraham Lincoln.

Remember woman is most perfect when most womanly.—[Gladstone.

Earth has nothing more tender than a pious woman's heart.—[Luther.

He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife.—[Ben Jonson.

Lovely woman, that caused our cares, can every care beguile.—[Beresford.

A woman's strength is most potent when robed in gentleness.—[Lamartine.

Oil and water—woman and a secret—are hostile properties.—[Bulwer Lytton.

No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.—[Richter.

Yes, woman's love is free from guile and pure as bright Aurora's ray.—[Morris.

Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman rules us still.—[Moore.

Women need not look at those dear to them to know their moods.—[Howells.

Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill woman's fond affection glows.—[Sand.

Raptured man quits each dozing sage, O, woman, for thy lovelier page.—[Moore.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks shall win my love.—[Shakespeare.

Eternal joy and everlasting love there's in you woman, lovely woman.—[Otway.

Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there.—[Andrew Jackson.

Decision, however suicidal, has more charm for a woman than the most unequivocal Fabian success.—[Hardy.

Glanders is very prevalent in London, England.

Chilian money is of very little intrinsic value just now. It is simply small tags of pasteboard. The maker of each tag writes on it the sum for which he is willing to redeem it, and uses it as cash. It passes from hand to hand as money, and in time comes back to the original producer, whose duty it is to promptly redeem it.

SISTER.

It does not matter where it was. I do not want other people—that is to say those who were around us—to recognize Sister or myself. It is not likely that she will see this—and I am not sure that she knows my name. Of course, some one may draw her attention to this paper, and she may remember that the name affixed to it is that which I signed at the foot of the document we made out together—namely, a return of deaths. At the foot of this paper our names stood one beneath the other—stand there still, perhaps, in some forgotten bundle of papers at the War Office.

I only hope that she will not see this, for she might consider it a breach of professional etiquette, and I attach great importance to the opinion of this woman, whom I have only seen once in my whole life. Moreover, on that occasion she was subordinate to me—more or less in the position of a servant.

Suffice it to say, therefore, that it was war time, and our trade was what commercial papers call brisk. A war better remembered of the young than of the old, because it was, comparatively speaking, recent. The old fellows seemed to remember the old fights better—those fights that were fought when their blood was still young and the vesse s thereof unclogged.

It was, by the way, my first campaign, but I was not new to the business of blood; for I am no soldier—only a doctor. My only uniform—my full-parade dress—is a red cross on the arm of an old blue serge jacket—said jacket being much stained with certain dull patches which are better not investigated.

All who have taken part in war—doing the damage or repairing it—know that things are not done in quite the same way when ball cartridge is served out instead of blank. The correspondents are very fond of reporting that the behavior of the men suggested a parade—which simile it is to be presumed was borne in upon their fantastic brain by its utter inapplicability. The parade may be suggested before the real work begins—when it is a question of marching away from the landing-stage, but after the work—our work—has begun, there is remarkably little resemblance to a review.

We are served with many official papers, which we never fill in because, on the spur of the moment, it is apt to suggest itself that men's lives are more important. We misapply a vast majority of our surgical supplies, because the most important item is usually left behind at headquarters, or at the seaport depot. In fact, we do many things that we should leave undone, and omit to do more which we are expected (officially) to do.

For so ne reason—presumably the absence of better men—I was sent up to the front before we had been three days at work. Our hospital by the river was not full when I received orders to follow the flying column with two assistants and the appliances of a field hospital.

Out of this little nucleus sprang the largest depot for sick and wounded that was formed during the campaign. We were within easy reach of headquarters, and I was fortunately allowed a free hand. Thus our establishment in the desert grew daily more important, and finally superseded the hospital at headquarters.

We had a busy time, for the main column had now closed up with the first expeditionary force, and our troops were in touch with the enemy not 40 miles away from me.

In the course of time—when the authorities learned to cease despising the foe, which is a little failing in British military high places—it was deemed expedient to fortify us, and then, in addition to two medical assistants, I was allowed three Government nurses. This last piece of news was not hailed with so much enthusiasm as might have been expected. I am not in favor of bringing women anywhere near the front. They are, for their own sakes and for the peace of mind of others, much better left behind. If they are beyond a certain age they break down and have to be sent back at considerable trouble; that is to say, an escort and an ambulance cart, of which latter there are never enough. If they are below the climacteric—ever so little below it—they cause mischief of another description, and the wounded are neglected; for there is no passion of the human heart so cruel and selfish as love.

"I am sorry to hear it," I said to light-hearted little Sammy Fitz-Warrener of the Naval Brigade, who brought me the news.

"Sorry to hear it? Gad! I shouldn't be. the place has got a different look about it when there are women-folk around. They are so jolly clever in their ways—worth 10 of your red-cross ruffians."

"That is as may be," I answered, breaking open the case of whisky which Sammy had brought up on the carriage of his machine-gun for my private consumption. He was taking this machine-gun up to the front, and mighty proud he was of it.

"A clever gun," he called it; "an almighty clever gun."

He had ridden alongside of it—sitting on the top of his horse as sailors do—through 70 miles of desert without a halt; watching over it and tending it as he might have tended his mother, or perhaps some other woman.

"Gad! Doctor," he exclaimed, kicking out his sturdy legs and contemplating with some satisfaction the yellow hide top-boots which he had bought at the Army and Navy stores. I know the boots well, and—avoid them. "Gad! Doctor, you should see that gun on the warpath. Travels as light as a tricycle. And when she begins to talk—my stars! Click—click—click—click. For all the world like a steam launch's engine—mowing 'em down all the time. No work for you there. It will be no use you and your stalactites progging about with skewers for the bullet. Look at the other side, my boy, and you'll find the beauty has just walked through them."

"Soda or plain?" I asked—in parenthesis.

"Soda. I don't like the flavor of dead camel. A big drink, please. I feel as if I were lined with sandpaper."

He slept that night in the little shanty built of mud and roofed chiefly with old palm mats, which was gracefully called the head surgeon's quarters. That is to say, he partook of such hospitality as I had to offer him.

Sammy and I had met before he had touched a rope or I a scalpel. We hailed from the same part of the country—down Devonshire way, and to a limited extent we knew each other's people, which little phrase has a vast meaning in places where men do congregate.

We turned in pretty early—I on a hospital mattress, he in my bed; but Sam would not go to sleep. He would lie with his arms above his head (which is not an attitude of sleep), and talk about that everlasting gun.

I dozed off to the murmur of his voice expatiating on the extreme cunning of the ejector, and awoke to hear details of the rifling.

We did not talk of home as do men in books when lying by a campfire. Perhaps it was owing to the absence of that picturesque adjunct of a soldier's life. We talked chiefly of the clever gun; and once, just before he fell asleep. Sammy returned to the question of the nurses.

"Yes," he said, "the head sawbones down there told me to tell you that he had got permission to send you three nurses. Treat 'em kindly, Jack, for my sake. Bless their hearts! They mean well."

Then he fell asleep, and left me thinking of his words and of his spirit which had prompted them.

I knew really nothing of this man's life, but he seemed singularly happy, with that happiness which only comes when daily existence has a background to it. He spoke habitually of women, as if he loved them all for the sake of one; and this not being precisely my own position, I was glad when he fell asleep.

The fort was astir next morning at 4. The bugler kindly blew a blast into our glassless window which left no doubt about it.

"That means all hands on deck, I take it," said Sam, who was one of the few men capable of good humor before tiffin time.

By six o'clock he was ready to go. It was easy to see what kind of officer this cheery sailor was by the way his men worked.

While they were getting the machine-gun limbered up Sam came back to my quarters and took a hasty breakfast.

"Feel a bit down this morning," he said, with a gay smile. "Cheap—very cheap. I hope I am not going to funk it. It is all very well for some of you long-faced fellows, who don't seem to have much to live for, to fight for the love of fighting. I don't want to fight any man; I'm too fond of 'em all for that."

I went out after breakfast and gave him a leg up on his very sorry horse, which he sat like a tailor or a sailor. He held the reins like tiller lines, and indulged in a pleased smile at the effect of the yellow b ots.

"No great hand at this sort of thing," he said, with a nod of farewell. "When the beast does anything out of the common, or begins to make heavy weather of it, I am not."

He ranged up alongside his beloved gun, and gave the word of command with more dignity than he knew what to do with.

All that day I was employed in arranging quarters for the nurses. To do this I was forced to turn some of our most precious stores out into the open, covering them with a tarpaulin, and in consequence felt all the more assured that my chief was making a great mistake.

At 9 o'clock in the evening they arrive d one of the juniors having ridden out in the moonlight to meet them. He reported them completely exhausted; informed me that he had recommended them to go straight to bed, and was altogether more enthusiastic about the matter than I personally or officially cared to see.

He handed me a pencil note from my chief at headquarters, explaining that he had not written me a dispatch because he had nothing but a J. pen, with which instrument he could not make himself legible. It struck me that he was suffering from a plethora of assistance, and was anxious to reduce his staff.

I sent my enthusiastic assistant to the nurses' quarters with a message that they were not to report themselves to me until they had had a night's rest, and turned in.

At midnight I was awakened by the orderly and summoned to the tent of the officer in command. This youth's face was considerably whiter than his linen. He was consulting with his second-in-command, a boy of 22 or thereabouts.

A man covered with sand and blood was sitting in a hammock-chair, rubbing his eyes and drinking something out of a tumbler.

"News from the front?" I inquired without ceremony, which hinderance we had long since dispensed with.

"Yes, and bad news."

It certainly was not pleasant hearing. Someone mentioned the word disaster, and we looked at each other with hard, anxious eyes. I thought of the women, and almost decided to send them back before daylight.

In a few moments a fresh man was aroused out of his bed and sent full gallop through the moonlight across the desert to headquarters, and the officer in command began to regain confidence. I think he extracted it from the dispatch-bearer's tumbler. After all, he was not responsible for much. He was merely a connecting link, a point of touch between two greater men.

It was necessary to get my men to work at once, but I gave particular orders to leave the nurses undisturbed. Disaster at the front meant hard work at the rear. We all knew that, and endeavored to make ready for a sudden rush of wounded.

The rush began before daylight. As they came in we saw to them, dressing their wounds and packing them as closely as possible. But the stream was continuous; they never stopped coming; they never gave us a moment's rest.

At 6 o'clock I gave orders to awaken the nurses and order them to prepare their quarters for the reception of the wounded. At 6.30 an Army Hospital Corps man came to me in the ward.

"Shockin' case, sir, just come in," he said. "Officer. Gun busted, sir."

"Take him to my quarters," I said, wiping my instruments on my sleeve.

In a few minutes I followed, and on entering my little room the first thing I saw was a pair of yellow boots.

There was no doubt about the boots and the white duck trousers, and although I could not see the face, I knew that this was Sammy Fitz-Warrener come back again.

A woman—one of the nurses for whom he had pleaded—was bending over the bed with a sponge and a basin of tepid water. As I entered she turned upon me a pair of calmly horror-stricken eyes.

"Oh!" she whispered, meaningly, stepping back to let me approach. I had no time to notice then that she was one of those largely-built women, with perfect skin and fair hair, who make one think of what England must have been before Gallic blood got to be so widely disseminated in the race.

winbow," I said, indicating a temporary blind which I had put up.

She did so promptly, and returned to the bedside, falling into position, as it were, awaiting my orders.

I bent over the bed, and I must confess that what I saw there gave me a thrill of horror which will come again at times as long as I live.

I made a sign to the Sister to continue her task of sponging away the mud, of which one ingredient was sand.

"Both eyes," she whispered, "are destroyed."

"Not the top of the skull," I said, "you must not touch that."

For we both knew that our task was without hope.

As I have said, I knew something of Fitz-Warrener's people, and I could not help lingering there, where I could do no good, when I knew that I was wanted elsewhere.

Suddenly his lips moved, and Sister kneeling down on the floor, bent over him.

I could not hear what he said, but I think she did. I saw her lips frame the whisper "Yes" in reply, and over her face there swept suddenly a look of great tenderness.

After a little pause she rose and came to me.

"Who is he?" she asked.

"Fitz-Warrener of the Naval Brigade. Do you know him?"

"No. I never heard of him. Of course, it is quite hopeless?"

"Quite?"

She returned to her position by the bedside, with one arm laid across his chest.

Presently he began whispering again, and at intervals she answered him. It suddenly occurred to me that, in his unconsciousness, he was mistaking her for some one else, and that she for some woman's reason, was deceiving him purposely.

In a few moments I was sure of this.

I tried not to look, but I saw it all. I saw his poor blind hands wander over her throat and face, up to her hair.

"What is this?" he muttered, quite distinctly, with that tone of self-absorption which characterizes the says of an unconscious man. "What is this silly cap?"

His fingers wandered on over the snowy linen until they came to the strings.

As an aspirant to the title of gentleman, I felt like running away—many doctors know this feeling; as a doctor, I could only stay.

His fingers fumbled with the strings. Still Sister bent over the bed. Perhaps she bent an inch or two nearer. One hand was beneath his neck, supporting the poor, shattered head.

He slowly drew off the cap, and his fingers crept lovingly over the soft, fair hair.

"Marny," he said, quite clearly, "you've done your hair up and you're nothing but a little girl, you know—nothing but a little girl."

I could not help watching his fingers, and yet I felt like a man committing sacrilege.

"When I left you," said the brainless voice, "you wore it down your back. You were a little girl—you are a little girl now."

And he slowly drew a hairpin out. One long lock fell curling to her shoulder. She never looked up, never noticed me, but knelt there like a ministering angel—personating for a time a girl whom we had never seen.

"My little girl," he added, with a low laugh, and drew out another hairpin.

In a few moments all her hair was about her shoulders. I had never thought that she might be carrying such glory quietly hidden beneath the simple nurse's cap.

"That is better," he said; "that is better."

And he let all the hairpins fall on the coverlet.

"Now you are my own Marny," he murmured, "are you not?"

She hesitated one moment.

"Yes, dear," she said, softly, "I am your own Marny."

With her disengaged hand she stroked his blanching cheek. There was a certain science about her touch, as if she had once known something of these matters.

Lovingly and slowly the smoke-grimed fingers passed over the wonderful hair, smoothing it.

T en he grew more daring. He touched her eyes, her gentle cheeks, the quiet, strong lips. He slipped to her shoulder, and over the soft folds of her black dress.

"Been gardening?" he asked, coming to the bib of her nursing apron.

It was marvelous how the brain, which was laid open to the day, retained the consciousness of one subject so long.

"Yes—dear," she whispered.

"Your old apron is all wet!" he said, reproachfully, touching her breast where the blood—his own blood—was slowly drying.

His hand passed on, and as it touched her I saw her eyes soften into such a wonderful tenderness that I felt as if I were looking on a part of Sister's life which was sacred.

I saw a little movement as if to draw back—then she resolutely held her position. But her eyes were dull with a new pain. I wonder—I have wondered ever since—what memories that poor senseless wreck of a man was arousing in the woman's heart by his wandering touch.

"Marny," he said, "Marny. It was not too hard waiting for me?"

"No, dear."

"It will be all right now, Marny. The bad part is all past."

"Yes."

"Marny, you remember—the night—I left—Marny—I want—no—no, your lips."

I knelt suddenly and slipped my hand within his shirt, for I saw something in his face.

As Sister's lips touched his I felt his heart give a great bound within his breast, and then it was still.

When she lifted her face it was as pale as his.

I must say that I felt like crying—a feeling which had not come to me for 20 years. I busied myself purposely with the dead man, and when I had finished my task I turned and found Sister filling in the papers—her cap neatly tied—her golden hair hidden.

I signed the certificate, placing my name beneath hers.

For a moment we stood. Our eyes met, and—we said nothing. She moved towards the door, and I held it open while she passed out.

Two hours later I received orders from the officer in command to send the nurses back to headquarters. Our men were fall-

Magazine.

How a Woman Should Dress.

"Talk about wimmin's close," he was bleating discordantly in a know-it-all voice, "ef I hed my way I'd hev 'em lookin' sensible, and not all kerflummuxed up with gewgaws. I'd jest like to dress 'em 'cordin' tew my notion."

"You wouldn't let them wear trains to their dresses?" suggested one of his auditors.

"Not muchee I wouldn't."

"No corsets, eh?"

"No sir; nor stiff-boned waists, eyether."

"Suppose you tell us just how you would have them rig themselves out."

"Suttenly, suttenly. I'd have 'em wear a broadcloth skirt and a loose jacket for comfort. Ain't that all right?"

"Go on."

"Short skirts to be tidy—jist comin' to the tops of their shoes."

"Yes, what kind of shoes?"

"Soft leather shoes shaped like a human foot, sir, and flexible like a glove."

"All right—and their hats?"

"Somethin' like a veil or a mantilly, but no sich styles as they wear now, you bet. And I'd have the hair hangin' down their back in a nice shiny braid."

"There's women that dress like that now," said one of his listeners.

"Show one to me and I'll marry her termorrow."

"I saw one just the other day and that was her style to a dot."

"What was she doin'?"

"Selling baskets and Indian moccasins on the dock. She had a blanket over her head."

But the crank who knew how a woman should dress had suddenly disappeared.

Coming Down the Chimney.

Some time ago, a certain vicar was called upon to read a letter for an old woman whose son was in Brazil.

Part of the letter ran as follows:—"I cannot tell you, dear mother, how the miskitties (meaning mosquitoes) torment me. They never leave me alone, but pursue me everywhere."

"To think of that," interrupted the old woman; "my John must be a handsome lad; but there, I'm interrupting you; go on, parson."

"Indeed, mother," continued the vicar, reading; "I close my door and window of an evening to keep them out of my room."

"Dear me," exclaimed the old woman; "whatever is the world coming to?"

"And yet," went on the vicar, "they do not leave me alone; I believe they come down the chimney to get at me."

"Well, well, parson," continued the old woman, holding up her hands, "to think of that; how forward of them."

"Of whom?" inquired the vicar.

"Why, the Miss Kitties, of course. When I was young, maidens would have blushed to do such a thing, and come down the chimney, too."

After a pause, the mother's pride prevailing, she went on, "But John must be rare handsome for the maidens to be after him to that extent, and I reckon the Miss Kitties is quality folk, too."

The old woman is anxiously waiting for the next letter.

Spare the Woodpecker.

Dr. E. Sterling, of Cleveland, in correspondence with Insect Life, describes the attack of some insect on the elms along an avenue during the summer of 1880, and says: "Fearing a repetition of the trouble, numbers of us fought the cocoons in the fall and destroyed thousands, but when winter set in tens of thousands still remained on the outer branches beyond reach. About the 1st of September a pair of hairy woodpeckers made their appearance and fed daily on the grubs. In the course of that month and the next over a dozen of these birds were added to the number, and by their industry on this particular pest attracted the attention of all who passed. Suffice to say that when March came not a cocoon was to be seen in those places where the branches were literally white with them before. The woodpeckers did the work for them, as they have never troubled the trees here since. I have always found the native woodpecker family the greatest destroyer of insects in every stage of their development, and these birds should be protected by the farmer and orchardist in particular, be it the maligned 'sap-sucker' or the more conspicuous yellow hammer. A few old ham or beef bones with a little meat on them hung up on the orchard trees in winter time will keep these birds in the neighborhood during the season.

How His Little Domestic Plot Worked.

Jinks—"Hullo, howdy do, Blinks? Say, old fellow, come home and take tea with me."

Blinks—"really, I am scarcely presentable in these—"

Jinks—"Bother the clothes! That's all right. Come along. My wife and I value people at their true worth; we don't go by their tailors' bills. Come on."

Jam Jinks (half an hour later)—"Ah, here we are. My dear, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Blinks—Mrs. Jinks. By the way, my dear, those things you told me to order I forgot all about until too late to get into the shop."

Mrs. Jinks (aghast)—"What! Forgot? Um—um—er—it's of no consequence at all, my dear, not the least. Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Blinks. What delightful weather we are having. Excuse me one moment."

Jinks (in a whisper, after Mrs. J. has disappeared—"Worked like a charm."

Blinks—"What worked?"

Jinks—"She didn't dare say a word about my forgetting those things with company present. That's why I brought you."

Our bravest lessons are not learned through success, but misadventure.—[A. Bronson Alcott.

The grain, the smallest weight in use, was thus called from being originally the weight of a grain of wheat. A statute passed in 1266 ordained that 32 grains of wheat, taken from the middle of the ear, or head, and well dried, should make a penny-weight, 20 of which should make an ounce, while 12 ounces were to make a pound. The pound, therefore, consisted of 7,680 grains. Some centuries later the pennyweight was divided into 24 grains, which makes the troy pound, as now used, 5,760 grains.

INDIANS ARE EXCITED.

In Upper Skeena Valley

Are Arming to Prevent Boats From Victoria Landing—Afraid of the Smallpox.

In the upper Skeena river country the Indians having just learned of smallpox being in Victoria and Vancouver have announced their intention to maintain a shotgun quarantine against all steamers from the South. Always opposed to the white men, they are, with the above excuse, becoming more independent than ever and some trouble is expected.

Mr. W. W. Clark who has arrived from the forks of the upper Skeena at Victoria, in conversation with a reporter said: "The Indians are becoming very excited over the smallpox rumors, which have reached them from Victoria. Some hours after the news had arrived at Hazelton, the Indians sent a deputation to Mr. Field—the Church of England minister for that district—requesting him to let them have a room in which to hold a great pow wow. He told them their own houses were much better adapted for meetings of that sort. After some discussion they retired and held a council meeting in one of their own rooms and after a very noisy debate they decided to stop the steamer from landing at Hazelton and not to allow any more white men to come up the river.

"They say the measels was brought there last year in the sugar barrels belonging to the Hudson Bay Co. and they will not allow any mail to be landed there, as they dread the small-box being brought in the letters.

"The Indians were walking about the village armed to the teeth with knives and pistols, when I was at Hazelton, vowing vengeance on the white man for bringing diseases into their tribe, which continually decreased their numbers. It is well known to the authorities at Hazelton that their imagination must have been excited by a half clerical gentleman, who lives not a hundred miles from the mouth of Bulkley river. Things of this kind have been traced to him more than once. None but a white man could have thought of smallpox being communicated by letter. Under the guise of being a friend to the Indian against the white man, he continually manages to foment trouble without being actually in it.

"Mr. Laurier, the Indian agent, is working strenuously to have all the tribe vaccinated.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND FISHES.

There are about 50,000 muscles in an elephant's trunk.

The donkey is the longest lived of our domestic animals.

A pet rattlesnake in Florida committed suicide by biting itself in the neck.

In the dreary deserts of Arabia the rosemary and lavender flourish to perfection.

All newspapers tell of a school teacher in Lackharabad who was attacked by a lion and kept the animal at bay with a common broom until assistance arrived.

On the icy peaks of the Himalayas, in India, is a "snow maggot," weighing nearly a pound, and excellent to eat.

The biggest of fresh water fish, the "arapaima," of the Amazon, in South America, grows to six feet in length.

Wasps' nests often catch fire from the chemical action of the wax upon the paper-like material.

Pythons are abundant in the Phillipines, the species being indentical with that found in Borneo.

Charles Woods, a druggist of Harleston, England, has a brood of white black-birds, a fact which is vouched for by several prominent ornithologists and naturalists.

A couple of wild pigeons were recently shot in Sault aux Recollets bush, Quebec. A sportsman says it is over twenty-five years since specimens of these birds were seen there.

The laughing jackass, when warning his feathered mates that daybreak is at hand, utters a cry resembling a group of boys, shouting, whooping and laughing in a wild chorus.

In the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky are pools containing fish which are quite blind. This is a curious example of the way in which nature eliminates useless organs, for eyes would, of course, be quite useless in this region of perpetual darkness.

Hunters near Caledonia, Pa., are excited over a snow-white deer seen several times recently in the mountains. It is said to be a large buck with spreading antlers, and as fleet as the wind. A party of hunters who saw the animal last fired at it, but failed to hit it.

Buffalo were Countless in the Old Days.

Once an inhabitant of this continent from the Arctic slope to Mexico, and from Virginia to Oregon, and, within the memory of men yet young, roaming the plains in such numbers that it seemed that it could never be exterminated, the buffalo has now disappeared as utterly as has the bison from Europe.

The early explorers were constantly astonished by the multitudinous herds which they met with, the regularity of their movements, and the deep roads which they made in travelling from place to place. Many of the earlier references are to territory east of the Mississippi, but even within the last fifteen years buffalo were to be seen on the Western plains in numbers so great that an entirely sober and truthful account seems like fable. Describing the abundance of buffalo in a certain region, an Indian once said to me, in the expressive sign language of which all old frontiersmen have some knowledge, "The country was one robe."

Much has been written about their enormous abundance in the old days, but I have never read anything that I thought an exaggeration of their numbers as I have seen them. Only one who has actually spent months in traveling among them in those old days can credit the stories told about them. Once, in the country between the Platte and Republican Rivers, I saw a closely massed herd of buffalo so vast that I dare not hazzard a guess as to its numbers; and in later years I have travelled for weeks at a time, in northern Montana, without ever being out of sight of buffalo.—[September Scribner.

Liqueurs are simply pure alcohol flavored with aromatic and other principles derived from plants and flowers.

The Kootenay Star

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

SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1892.

We cannot understand Mr. N. Fitzstubb's antipathy to newspaper advertising. He has caused to be posted on the doors of various public offices in the district a small half-printed half-manuscript form calling for tenders for the construction of the new wagon road from Nakusp to Slocan Lake. But neither the MINER, the HOT SPRINGS NEWS nor the KOOTENAY STAR—the three papers published in West Kootenay—has been made use of. Government officials in the coast cities invariably use the newspapers as an advertising medium. But we presume Mr. N. Fitzstubbs is one of those individuals who go in for cheapness and petty shifts to save a cent and thereby gain the reputation of being a careful financier of the public money. But as the newspapers have brought the wealth of West Kootenay to the world's notice, and are entitled to a share of the prosperity now commencing, it seems mean, petty, and the very essence of cheapness for Mr. N. Fitzstubbs, as a Government official, to ignore them when there is any advertising to do.

NAKUSP ITEMS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NAKUSP, Sept. 14th.

At last the specifications for the wagon road have arrived, and very welcome they are after the long, long delay. It may be that now they are come we shall be recompensed for our waiting, as they call for a first-class road—one that will do the Government credit and show to outsiders that the beginning of Slocan's prosperity has arrived. The road is to be well finished in every detail and will cost about $30,000.

The tenders are required to be in Nelson by Monday next, the 19th, so there is every chance of the work being commenced before the 1st of October. The mines in the Slocan will now be worked for all they are worth, and large shipments of ore will be ready for transport as soon as the road is completed. The owners of many of the best mines have been waiting to see if it was decided to put the road through this fall or not before commencing operations, and now that it is finally settled they will start to work at once. This will ensure plenty of freight for the coming winter.

Building has now taken a decided turn, and soon the cheerful sound of busy men will wake the echoes of the surrounding hills. Mr. R. Dark, our principal contractor, has already orders for two or three large buildings, with prospects of several more in a few days—enough work in view to keep him going until the cold weather sets in. He will erect a commodious workshop on Broadway, and anyone desirous of building in Nakusp cannot do better than place the contract in his hands.

The few lots left will no doubt be quickly snapped up, as there is every probability of real estate in Nakusp taking an upward tendency in the market before the town is very much older. Intending speculators will therefore do well to hurry up and secure those yet unsold.

Neault's gang arrived on the up boat last Saturday, and at once started to work enlarging the townsite by fifty acres.

An exciting incident occurred last Saturday morning on the steamer Columbia when she was in the Narrows, about ten miles below Nakusp. A herd of deer was observed on the bank, and as Captain Gore had his Winchester handy two of them were quickly bowled over, and the boat steaming close in shore they were taken on board; so venison will for the next few days be added to the already excellent menu served in the saloon of the Columbia.

According to our worthy postmaster—and what he says must be true—Nakusp is exactly three days behind the rest of the world. Nelson letters arriving here by last Saturday's boat and bearing the Nelson postmark of Sept. 9th were delivered from the office here stamped with the Nakusp postmark of Sept. 7th. This apparant loss of three days can only be attributed to the rapidity of the mail service between these two towns. Can there be such rapid transit anywhere else on this continent, which will ensure the delivery of a letter at least two days before it is posted?

Another of the charming dances for which the Leland House is becoming noted was held last Friday evening, and, as usual, was largely attended.

The hotels have been very busy during the past week, their accommodation being taxed to the utmost.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Madden, of the Madden House (late the Nakusp House), left on Thursday morning on a visit to Nelson, and are expected home by to-day's boat.

JUST ARRIVED.—New Dress Goods, Mantling and Trimmings, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hosiery and Fall Underwear at H. N. Coursier's.

Ripans Tabules cure colic.
Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.
Ripans Tabules: standard remedy.
Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.

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:—

Moosomin, N.W.T. and 25 Spark St. Ottawa, Ont.

The MacArthur-Forrest

CYANIDE PROCESS

WILL WORK YOUR REFRACTORY ORES.

NO SMELTING.

NO ROASTING.

NO MACHINERY.

CHEAP AND EFFECTIVE.

TIME AND LABOR SAVING.

The time for trials is past. Immense success in South Africa and over all parts of the world. Plant for experimenting on ores up to one ton is now working.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS APPLY

A. J. COLQUHOUN,

THE GOLD & SILVER RECOVERY SYNDICATE,

GOLDEN, B.C.

CENTRAL HOTEL.

ABRAHAMSON BROS., Prop's.

Charmingly situated on the bank of the river, on the principal street, close to the post-office and Government buildings, and nearest to the Steamboat Wharf.

First-class Table, good Beds, Telephone.

FIRE-PROOF SAFE.

'BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS AND STEAMERS.

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.

Full and reliable information given by applying to D. E. BROWN, Asst. Gen'l Freight Ag't, Vancouver, or to J. T. BREWSTER, Ag't C. P. R. Depot, Revelstoke.

J. E. WALSH & Co.,

FREIGHT & COMMISSION AGENTS.

Clearing Charges paid on Freight for Slocan Lake.

SADDLE HORSES AND PACK TRAIN.

Hay and Grain for sale

AND

General Commission Merchants.

Passengers billed through from

REVELSTOKE TO NEW DENVER

IN ONE DAY.

For Coupon Tickets apply to

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

Kootenay Lake

SAW MILL,

G. O. BUCHANAN, PROP.

LUMBER YARDS AT

NELSON BALFOUR
AINSWORTH KASLO

Large Stocks on hand.

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

Look Out! Ask for Prices! Examine Goods!

H. N. COURSIER'S

IS THE PLACE TO BUY

CLOTHING, DRY GOODS

BOOTS AND SHOES,

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,

FLOUR, FEED,

AND

Miners' Supplies.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING A SPECIALTY.

CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORDERS.

BOURNE BROS.

Revelstoke Station Post Office.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, CLOTHING,

BOOTS & SHOES,

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

FLOUR, OATS, SHORTS AND ALL KINDS OF FEED.

Stoves, Tinware, Crockery, Glassware, Carpets.

Doors, Windows, Builders' Hardware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes.

MINERS' AND SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

WALL PAPER, STATIONERY, Etc.

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

Bakery in connection with Store.

Messrs. C. B. Hume & Co.,

Revelstoke Station.

GENERAL MERCHANTS.

GROCERIES	FLOUR	HARDWARE
PROVISIONS	FEED & OATS	CLOTHING
BOOTS & SHOES	AMMUNITION	MINERS' TOOLS

Consignment of Butter and Eggs received every week.

MINERS' AND HUNTERS' SUPPLIES.

ALL KINDS OF FURS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Railway Men's Requisites.

GOODS LOADED ON CAR AND STEAMBOAT FREE OF CHARGE.

Furniture & Undertaking.

R. HOWSON,

Has a large Stock of Household Furniture, Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, &c.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

BARBER

—THE—

Jeweler

AND

Optician.

All orders by mail or express promptly attended to.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

All descriptions of gold and silver.

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.