The Kootenay Star.

VOL. V. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., MARCH 17, 1894. No. 40

LEWIS BROS.,

BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS.

SUPPERS and BALLS

Catered for.

A. McNEIL,

BARBER SHOP & BATHROOMS,

Front Street,

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.-Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. At Revelstoke Pharmacy.

NOTICE.

If William Fleming does not call and pay for pack saddle and neck yoke made one year ago (price $3.00) before April 1st I will proceed to sell the property left in my charge.

R. TAPPING,

NOTICE.

If the person who took away a new set of whippletrees and neck yoke from the C.P.R. crossing on or about the 6th of February will return them to the same place within ten days no proceedings for their recovery will be taken.

NOTICE.

As Dr. McLean is leaving town on April 1st for a trip to the East he desires that those indebted to him will call at his office before that date and arrange a settlement of accounts.

Revelstoke, March 7th, 1894.

Notice to Taxpayers.

ASSESSMENT ACT AND PROVINCIAL REVENUE TAX.

NOTICE is hereby given, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax and all Taxes levied under the Assessment Act are now due for the year 1894. All of the above named Taxes collectible within the Revelstoke Division of the District of West Kootenay are payable at my office.

Assessed Taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz.:—

If paid on or before June 30th, 1894:

- Provincial Revenue, $3 per capita.
- One-half of one per cent. on Real Property.
- Two per cent. on Wild Land.
- One-third of one per cent. on Personal Property.
- One-half of one per cent. on Income.

If paid after June 30th, 1894:

- Two-thirds of one per cent. on Real Property.
- Two and one-half per cent. on Wild Land.
- One-half of one per cent. on Personal Property.
- Three-fourths of one per cent. on Income.

J. KIRKUP,
Assessor and Collector.

January 2nd, 1894.

PATENTS

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LEAVES

Head of Upper Arrow Lake

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EVERY MONDAY AND FRIDAY

At 12 o'Clock Noon.

MINING NOTES.

Several important changes have been made in the B. C. Mineral Act this session. The four corner posts have been done away with, which is regarded by most prospectors as an advantage, the fixing of such posts being a laborious job.

Mr. M. Grady, who sold two claims in the Grady group on Four Mile Creek for a high figure last fall, returned here last Saturday from a three months' visit to his home at Peterborough, Ont. He is accompanied by Messrs. W. Grady and P. Smith, relatives. They left for the Slocan on Tuesday.

Many promising ledges have been discovered in the Big Bend which are being kept "dark," as the prospector knows that with the present means of communication and the cost of freighting, it would be folly to record them. The new wagon road to Steamboat Canyon will reduce prices quite one half.

It will be but a short time now until the season for gold prospecting opens, and from present indications hundreds will leave Revelstoke and outside places for the Big Bend early in the spring. The usual successes and failures will follow as a natural result. Cheaper freight rates are giving the miners heart, and there is no doubt but the next few years will see the Big Bend "deep diggins" producing more gold than in the palmy days of '66. The "wild cat" and "greater than the Comstock" man had better keep out. He will only injure the country.

The hard times in Australia resulted in one of the colonies assisting the unemployed to reach and work some of the old placer diggings. Experienced miners accompanied the parties, and from latest accounts the experiments were a success. Placer mining in conjunction with a small garden is one of the most independent of livelihoods. There are dozens of such places in the Big Bend and Cariboo which if taken hold of in a proper manner would furnish an independent living for a large number of men with possiblities of a reasonable stake.

Messrs. Geo. and J. Terryberry, with another man, left for Carnes Creek last Tuesday. They took up two months supplies and will at once commence operations on the Rip van Winkle claim, which was re-staked for a Revelstoke syndicate last week. There is already a shaft about 300 feet from the present channel, and this shaft they will tap at the bottom by driving a tunnel for about 100 feet, the mouth of the tunnel being about 200 feet from the creek. This tunnel will drain the shaft and all subsequent levels which will branch off from it. We do not know whether the shaft touches bed-rock, but the inflow of water is said to have stopped the mine several years ago. If the tunnel taps the shaft at the bottom it will effectually drain it; if not, there are waterwheels there which can be utilised for pumping. The company will go ahead at once vigorously, and do not intend to make any noise about it until they have proved the ground in a thorough manner. As soon as the machinery can be packed in they will put up a sawmill and construct several flumes. Old-timers say the Rip van Winkle is a good prospect.

Ed. Pickard arrived down from Carnes Creek on Wednesday. He went up with Bob Green to stake two claims on the old Rip van Winkle mine, but they were too late, the whole ground having been staked by the Terryberry Bros. On his road down, Pickard met several men bound for the gold district. First were J. W. Haskins and Sol. Holden, who were going to Smith Creek. Haskins would probably go on north to Canoe River. Next he met the Terryberrys and another man with several hundred pounds of supplies on three sleighs, and shortly afterwards he met with two strangers with a heavily laden sleigh, who seemed to be rather disheartened at the difficulty of getting along. They were bound for French Creek on Gold Stream, but at the rate they were progressing it would take them a long time to reach there. Bob Green remained at Carnes Creek, where he has a comfortable shelter and plenty of grub.

Carnes Creek, 28 miles north of Revelstoke has been staked under the placer mining lease law for some three or four miles. With the sure advent of a wagon road to the head of the canyon, so as to cheapen supplies and make possible the transportation of pumps, machinery, etc., the miners have again taken heart and are flocking back to their old claims. The bed-rock on Carnes Creek is deep and in some places the inflow of water is too great to be kept under control by the primitive means employed heretofore. "Cariboo" Cameron spent his last mining days there and pronounced the creek rich. Small fortunes have been made there inside of the last 8 years. Modern pumping appliances will solve the water problem. It remains for the present owners to do the rest.

A. H. HOLDICH,

Of Swansea and Wigan.

Analytical Chemist & Assayer,

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

LOCAL NEWS.

Go to R. Tapping's for your hand sleighs.

R. S. Wilson has opened a mantle department.

Oh, such oranges and lemons at the Western Milling Co's.

Tom Horne left town this week on a trip to the Mid-winter Fair.

Another week of cheap bargains in ladies' Hats and Mantles at H. N. Coursier's.

R. S. Wilson has secured the services of Mr. Martin Schwieg, from one of the best tailoring establishments in Chicago.

Mr. Gould the photographer is in town. His cabinets are excellent. Now is the time to get good pictures of the children.

Fred Ahlin arrived back from a visit to Seattle on Thursday morning, just in time to miss his brother Gottfried, who went west Wednesday night.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold at Revelstoke Pharmacy.

Mr. John Abrahamson, who went to Banff Hot Springs last week suffering from acute rheumatism, is progressing very favorably and will probably return home next week.

For Bacon, Feed Wheat, Shorts or Oats go to the Western Milling Co's.

Messrs. D. McGillivray, N. & S. Ry., and R Marpole, supt, C.P.R., arrived up from a tour of inspection over the R & A. L. and N. & S. branches on Saturday and went west by train.

A FEW LEFT.—A few ladies' Hats at $1 to $3 are still being offered at H. N. Coursier's.

To give anything like a proper report of the ball last night would require a column; being our publishing day we are compelled to hold it over till next week, when a list of those present will be given -about 50 couples.

Mr. M. McDonald, of Calgary, well known in Revelstoke as the agent for Smith and Brigham, now represents the Westen Milling Co. in the N.W.T. and B.C. The Western Milling Co.'s flour ranks with the best in the Dominion.

If you want Rolled Oats the Western Milling Co. have a consignment just in.

The numerous friends of Mr. H. D. Hume will be pleased to know that he has returned from a visit to New Brunswick, and is now filling his old position of conductor on the dining car between Revelstoke and Salmon Arm.

LACES AND FLOUNCINGS.—Just opened up, a great variety of Fancy Laces and Flouncings at H. N. Coursier's.

In the Presbyterian church on Monday night the newly-organised Y.P.S.C.E. held their first meeting, which was addressed by the president, Mr. F. W. Laing. The society meets every Monday night in the church on the hill. Whosoever will may come and be certain of a cordial welcome.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemished from horses. Blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sore and swollen throat, coughs, sprains, &c. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. The Revelstoke Pharmacy.

Next Thursday night there will be a concert-entertainment in Bourne's Hall, at which most of our best local talent will be represented. The programme is not a very lengthy one, but the items, as will be seen by a perusal of the advertisement on our fourth page, are each and all of first-class merit. A full house is predicted, so come early. Free 'buses will leave the lower town at 7 o'clock.

Just arrived at the Western Milling Co.'s, a carload of Hungarian and strong bakers' flour.

A meeting of the Fire Brigade was held in the fire hall on Wednesday night. W. M. Brown was re-elected chief, Guy Barber assistant chief, A. H. Holdich chief engineer, and C. Abrahamson and J. I. Woodrow engineers. The engine was moved into the new fire hall on Thursday. The boys of the brigade will have to show a little more interest in their duty or else it will be necessary to enroll a new lot. Probably with the advent of fine weather and the weekly drill fresh zeal will kindle in the breasts of our amateur firemen. At present, however, the boys are "out of sight."

Awarded

Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD

A consignment of potatoes and fresh butter to arrive at the Western Milling Co's.

Church of England service will (D.V.) be held in the schoolhouse to-morrow evening at 7.30 by the Rev. F. Yolland.

Mr. Clarence Hume, of C. B. Hume & Co., returned this week from a three months' visit to his home, Florenceville, N.B. His friends are surprised that he has come back alone. It was generally expected he would return a benedict.

The Y.P.C.E. meeting in the Methodist church on Monday night was a most enjoyable one, singing and music being interspersed with readings and sociable talk. Hereafter the meetings will be held on Tuesday nights. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

A splendid assortment of ladies' Dress Goods, Trimmings and Spring Millinery will shortly be opened up at H. N. Coursier's.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits.—75 cents. At the Revelstoke Pharmacy.

Anyone desiring to see Mr. Fitzstubbs' report to the Minister of Mines on the mines in Revelstoke Division can do so by calling at this office. Mr. Fitzstubbs has done his level best to give the northern part of West Kootenay a big black eye. His report on mining in the Nelson Division is quite the reverse. This is not fair play. How long ago did Mr. Fitzstubbs inspect the mines in this division?

"I heard a song," words and music by Henry Robson. This is one of the sweetest pieces yet published, especially in the refrain, which glides into the dear old songs of "Swanee River," "Home, sweet home," and "The last rose of summer." Through the kindly courtesy of Mr. W. D. Boyce, of the Chicago Ledger, in which paper the words were published, we have been favored by the author with a copy of this touching song. M. Witmark & Sons, 51 West 28th Street, New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.]

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

The Quartz Claim on Five Mile Creek.

A letter from Mr. H. A. Brown regarding our Trout Lake correspondent's statement about the above claim is in type and would have appeared in this column to-day but for the fact that in the Vancouver World to hand yesterday we notice a letter from Mr. Brown on the same subject, in which he says: "I will see the Kootenay Star corrects the statement." Now, rightly or wrongly, we take Mr. Brown to mean that he will MAKE us correct the statement. Under this threat we decline to publish Mr. Brown's letter.—ED.

Contract Labor on Government Roadmaking.

SIR,—I notice in the columns of the STAR that certain parties who have little or no interest in the Lardeau country are making commendations with regard to where the wagon road to Trout Lake shall start and how the work shall be performed. Permit me to express my views, which I feel satisfied are in harmony with those of the bona fide mine owners in Lardeau and the residents of Trout Lake. In the best interests of the country I am opposed to the contract system on small jobs in a new mining district, for the reason that the money earned on Government work by prospectors and ranchers enables them to develop their claims and farms, and, for another thing, it is spent in the locality, to the great benefit of our merchants. Quite as much work would be done as by the contract system, thus killing two birds with one stone.

On the other hand, if the work is given out by contract the contractor, of course, must make a profit, and in order to do this imports cheap tramp labor, at say from $1.40 to $1.75 per day. And when the work is done off go the contractor and his imported laborers, taking what money they have been able to save with them. For all practical purposes the work might as well have been done by Chinamen.

We had a slight taste of imported labor last summer under our imported road superintendent, who would not hire a miner if he could help it, but imported most of his hands from the coast; and when the trail work ceased he and his laborers vanished and the money with them. We want no $125 a month superintendent. All we require are trustworthy foremen, and we have plenty of them on the spot.

With regard to the starting point I am in favor of commencing at the very head of the arm, near Thomson's or Evansport, and build from there to Trout Lake first, and case of there being two or three thousand dollars left in hand build a nice drive of three or four miles around the head of the arm. But for pity's sake let us have some kind of a road to Trout Lake. I am afraid we will not be able to do all we want to with $8,000, and it would be a pity to waste half the money on work not essential and then not be able to build half way to Trout Lake, and thus delay the shipment of ore for another year.—Yours truly, MALCOLM BEATON.

Thomson's Landing, March 7th.

BIRTH.

BOURKE.—March 10th, at the Senate Hotel, Revelstoke, the wife of Mr. John Bourke of a son.

ODDFELLOWSHIP.

New Lodge at Revelstoke.

Revelstoke Lodge No. 25, I.O.O.F., was organized on Friday evening, March 2nd, by Bro. J. H. Sterrit, D.D.G.M., from Donald, assisted by P.G.'s McLeod, McGinnis, Mathie and Woodhouse (N.G.), all of Donald Lodge. The new lodge started with seven charter members, and during the evening eleven candidates were initiated. Bro. Sterrit, in a neat speech, exhorted the brethren to put their shoulder to the wheel and advance Oddfellowship to the utmost of their power. After encouraging words from other of the visiting brethren, among whom were Messrs Johnson, Collie, Anderson and Fleishman, refreshments were served and the new lodge was launched under the most auspicious conditions of fraternal feeling. The following were installed as the first officers of Revelstoke Lodge:—Bros. W. J. Lee, N.G.; A. Craig, V.G.; G. Newman, sec.; C. Lindmark, treas.; R. S. Wilson, warden; R. Howson, conductor; J. Kirkup, R.S.N.G.; R. Wetmore, L.S.N.G.; Dr. McLean, R.S.V.G.; L. Solway, L.S.V.G.; L. Wilkinson, I.G.; O. Lewis, O.G. The lodge rooms are over Howson's furniture store.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

WM. J. GOULD,

THE PHOTOGRAPHER,

Is ready to supply photos to all who may require a first-class picture. Cabinets a specialty. Be sure and bring children in the morning, or not later than 2 p.m. Work delivered in from three to eight days and guaranteed equal to my samples. Prices reasonable. Terms cash, or its equivalent. Tent pitched beside the C.P.R. tank.

L. A. FRETZ,

PRACTICAL BUILDER.

Shop opposite the Union Hotel

I am prepared to do all kinds of

REPAIRING AND NEW WORK IN MY LINE.

Office Fixtures, Camp Furniture etc. Made to Order.

Your patronage is solicited.

FERRY'S SEEDS

Are just what every sower needs. The merits of Ferry's Seeds form the foundation upon which has been built the largest seed business in the world. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1894 contains the sum and substance of the latest farming knowledge. Free for the asking.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

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.

Proposed Sailings from Halifax.

LAURENTIAN	Allan	Mar. 31
PARISIAN	"	Apri. 14
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VANCOUVER	Dominion	Mar. 24
OREGON	"	Apri. 7
LABRADOR	"	Apri. 21

From Boston.

LAKE ONTARIO	Beaver	Mar. 28
LAKE SUPERIOR	"	Apri. 11
LAKE WINNIPEG	"	Apri. 25

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

Intermediate, $30; 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.

Apply to nearest steamship or railway agent; to

I. T. Brewster,
Agent, Revelstoke;
or to Robert Kerr, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

As Abu-ramu advanced, tall and commanding, through the court to the inclosed garden, his retainers one by one saluted him with affectionate reverence. They had the air of men ready to forego life or faith for their master. Their hands twitched with lawlessness, and their beards trembled with wild daring tnat even Abu-ramu had found it hard to subject.

"He ought to be king of Shinar and of Ur. Who is there like unto him?" they whispered, nodding at one another and at him, as the son of Terakh, clad in a sheepskin, with a turban of camel's hair, and with bare feet, strode into history.

The paradise was cool. Grateful shades lay under the stately date-palms. The garden was intersected by flowing canals, and the growth of flowers, of lotus, almonds, pomegranates, and acacias was intoxicating. Unexpectedly, one would find an altar hidden in a grove. Yonder an open space was tiled for a bathing-pavilion. The garden was two acres in area,—a princely size for a town garden,—and every foot of it was busy with growth. Only the family of Terakh and his intimate friends had access to the spot. Melons, citrons, figs, and grapes were carefully reared, and abundant. Rare odors of spices and imported flowers traveled lazily about the inclosure. Ah, the contrast to the desert! What a relief from the withering sky and the brazen battle with the sun! Abu-ramu drank in the cool fragrance that leaped to meet him. He loved this paradise almost as much as he did his father. His senses, refined by the renunciation of the desert, by the mystic thoughts that are inspired through solitude, responded not to women, nor to the sensuous luxuries of wealth, but to perfumes and to natural shade.

"I do not think," he said in an undertone, as if talking to a blue lotus in the water by his side, "that Hurki is here."

"Aha, O Abu! Shall I tell the king?"

The son of Terakh stopped as if a javelin had whirred past his ear. He recognized the musical laugh, the tones of semi-sarcasm, which used to nettle or amuse him. But he was under the narcotic influence of the garden, and he forgot his natural dignity in the pleasure of seeing his little friend again. No rebuke sprang to his lips.

"It is Iskah," he said to himself, looking around. Then aloud: "Where art thou, Iskah? Show thyself, child. Come!"

The last exclamation of impatience was met with a mad, ringing shout. A white cloud seemed to rise from behind a cluster of pomegranates. It fluttered to his side.

"Child? O Abu!" it said in reproachful tones. "Behold!"

Iskah with a deft motion unwound a light veil that protected her from the heat. Her head, neck, and right arm blazed bare in the filtered sun. Abu-ramu started back with a rueful expression as he confronted the most beautiful woman in Ur.

"Iskah, my child—can it be thou?" he stammered.

The girl uttered another merry laugh.

"Tell me, O most ancient patriarch, am I a child?" As she said this, Iskah drew herself up superbly. A toss of her head, and her black hair formed a frame for her face. Her ruddy lips were slightly parted in an irresistible smile. Her olive skin, upon the delicate surface of which emotions had not yet left their imprint, was now dimpled with witching lines of laughter. Her eyes bubbled like springs. Her figure was as stately as a palm. Thus, after years of separation, Iskah, the daughter of Haran, confronted her kinsman.

While Abu gazed upon her beauty in a helpless way, she too looked upon him. And as she looked, his high stature, the comeliness of his features, the fire of command that quivered in his nostrils and shone in his eyes, above all, a spirituality that was foreign to her own nature, and which seemed to cover him like a precious ointment—these caused Abu-ramu to find renewed favor in the eyes of the maiden.

"There is none like unto him in Shinar," she thought; "but he shall never know it from me." Then she said aloud:

"Why dost thou not salute me? Am I not a priestess of the house of Hurki? Thou must do me reverence." She advanced a step, cast from her countenance all girlishness, and assumed an expression of such pious dignity, that Abu-ramu involuntarily brought his right hand up in the recognized attitude of devotion. At this moment her eyes seemed to communicate secrets to the stars.

"Art thou a woman, Iskah, or a goddess?" asked Abu-ramu. He did not yet understand that modesty as well as caprice can, at a moment's notice, convert a guileless maiden into a consummate actress. The girl looked at him softly. To-morrow she was the moon-god's and the king's. Henceforth she would be imprisoned within the court of the mighty ziggurat. She dared not question herself as to the full meaning of this immurement. But at this hour she was free, and her favorite kinsman was with her. She said gently, with a sigh:

"To-day, O Abu, I am a woman; to-morrow a goddess, if thou wilt. Come to the birds; I fear they will starve when I go. I feed them for the last time." With a sad smile she turned, and he followed.

Could this be Iskah? Abu-ramu felt himself confused. Was this the child he had chased like a butterfly through the paradise, and who fitfully allowed herself to be caught? He counted up the years. She could not be more than sixteen. Sixteen? Impossible!

Now Abu-ramu watched Iskah feeding her pigeons: her motions had matchless grace, her body undulated in perfect curves, and he remembered the ferocious leer of the stone god Hurki. His father was proud of it. The more horrible the god, the greater the art. But Abu-ramu's heart cultivated in the loneliness of the desert to gentle thoughts, shrank from the hideous thing. In silence he continued to observe the maiden. Her slender height, her suppleness, and, above all, the queenliness of the pose of her head and neck, began to act upon him like fermented wine.

"Shall symmetry serve the misshapen? Shall beauty be priestess to a monster? Shall a white soul redden before nameless mysteries? Shall Iskah be a bond-slave to Hurki?" Such questions effervesced in his heart. His grasp tightened upon the bow that he carried in his left hand. He seethed to fight. But with whom should he do battle? Hurki? The king? The city? The nation? And for whom? Iskah? Why, ah, why indeed?

"Thou lookest at me strangely," said the maiden, suddenly turning to him.

"Because thou wilt be priestess," answered Abu-ramu, simply. Though his words were restrained, nevertheless, his eyes betrayed his new feeling.

The girl looked at him gravely. Her levity had already fled like the lizard at her feet. His color had deepened under his beard. He appeared to her like a son of the morning. Iskah's heart almost suffocated her. True, she had prayed for him every day at her altar, that feverish winds and spells and malign gods might spare him; she had secretly gloried in his reputation and influence and wealth. He was as her pride would have him. And few are the noble women who find their soul's desire. Heart's peers do not often meet. Why did the words of her kinsman give her such dangerous pleasure? Iskah was troubled because she could not understand her own emotions. She would be priestess—yes, die before he should suspect them.

At this word the girl, well knowing the horrible punishment meted out to those who did not bow down and worship the popular god, sprang forward, and with a cry of fear put her hand upon his mouth.

"O Abu, the desert hath made thee mad!" She trembled, panting as she spoke "Peace!" she said, still holding her perfumed hand to his lips. "I fear some slave may hear thee, and tell the high priest, and thou diest."

"Dost thou care?" he whispered. Agitations new to him swept over him like the khamsin.

"O Ishtar!" she exclaimed, throwing her head back, forgetting herself.

At this artless mention of the goddess of love, the veil dropped from Abu-ramu's heart, and in that moment was revealed to him his soul's desire. His blood surged to his ears and deafened him. It mounted to his eyes and blinded him. He shivered like the motionless water when a stone falls upon it.

"Iskah," he said softly.

"Let me go!" She drew back, trying to unclasp his hand. "I did not mean it; Hurki would not do this."

"Iskah, I have need of thee," he whispered in a penetrating, low voice.

"And Hurki of me," she gasped.

"Hurki," he blazed, "shall have no part in thee, Iskah, for my love hath seized thee to be me wife."

He said this solemnly, like an oath, pointing according to ancient custom, toward the rising of the moon as witness. The swift Oriental way of loving had taken him. He did not withstand such an intoxicating fate. Iskah repulsed him with her eyes, straightened herself with pretty hauteur, relaxed, and, mastered by his love, melted into his arms. Then did the two understand the meaning of the ancient proverb which tells us that a minute in the tent of the beloved one is equal to an eternity within the gate of the king. Gently Abu-ramu raised her face to his, and gazed into it with the intensity of an astrologer seeking for a sign in the heavens:

"Thou art more beautiful than the herald of the morning," he said reverently. "Thy word is the breath of the gods. Thou enchainest me."

Iskah returned his look in rapture. Then her face trembled from her chin unto her eyes. Her tears began to fall slowly.

"Abu," she said, trying to hide her face in his mantle, "how didst thou know that I loved thee? For I put mine eyes in bond, and my lips were sealed, that no love might escape them. Why didst thou not come sooner, Abu? For my freedom taketh wings on the rising of the sun, and it is death for the priestess of Hurki the Brilliant to look upon men."

"Iskah," he said in a tone of command, "dost thou love me?"

She answered steadily:

"Now thou knowest it, my lord. Thy yoke is upon my soul until my breath passes to the west. Perhaps," she added with inspired eyes, until the gods are dead; but, alas! my body is Hurki's!"

When he heard these words, Abu-ramu expanded as if Nergal, the god warrior, had challenged him. Iskah looked at him in wonder. He seemed to grow in stature, and lightning played over his brow. He drew a long breath:

"Iskah, my beloved, now I will tell thee the hidden thing of my life. A new God hath sent his command unto me in dreams." He stopped, for his voice, charged with energy, choked him. Iskah stared at her lover incredulously, but his high mien constrained her respect.

"A new god!" she repeated. "Such a thing has not been heard of since the great gods fashioned men with the faces of the ravens."

"There can be—there are no other gods besides him," Abu-ramu continued hoarsely. "His countenance is as blinding as the sun. His voice is as soft as a whisper. I worship no other gods but him, not even Hurki. My God, he is not stone. He is a spirit."

What was the meaning of these words? Iskah's beautiful face expressed a bewilderment which was hard to enlighten. But she loved like the women of her race and time, who did not protest, but accepted the faith and will of a lover with his first kiss.

"What is his name?" she asked in an awed tone. "Thou art his priest?"

"His name he has not revealed to me," answered Abu, reverently. "He is the everlasting: Ilu Shaddai, the God Almighty. Harken unto me," he continued with a steady, rising voice, and clasping her hands tightly; "forget it not, fear not, tremble not, for my God,—the father of the great gods, whom diviners and augurs and soothsayers have never seen, for he is not made with hands, nor fashioned from stone or clay,—the supreme Ilu, shall establish my seat. He will build up my might. He will increase my papyri, my corn, my silver, my cattle, my furniture, and my servants in my hands. He will guide me to a better land. With the fruit of my loins he will enrich the four corners of the earth—for thou wilt be my wife."

Iskah was filled by the sound of these words, as a person standing in a belfry tower is filled with the sound of a great bell. Great hearts in all ages have made religion love, and love religion.

"Art thou greater than Hurki, O my lord?" asked Iskah, clinging to him in an ecstasy of terror.

"I have prayed to the great gods—to Ishtar, to Hea, to Anunit, to Nebo, to Shamash, and to the great moon-god Hurki, with the conviction of a man who had thoroughly tested the subject. He had a grand look. The two trembled with the consciousness that this unique apostasy meant an epoch in Shinar.

"Thou art a god, O Abu, but art thou mightier than the king?" This Iskah said, with the enlightenment of one who perceives the difference between the spiritual power of a stone god and the temporal power of a despot.

In answer the man of the desert grasped his weapon, and shook it exultingly.

"I have stretched the arch of the bow once, and King Amraphel has trembled. I have stretched it twice, and he has turned. The third time I stretch the wood a god shall tumble to the earth, and a king shall topple from his throne."

"Abu," said the woman, hiding her face, "boast not for my sake! Spare thyself! The god claimeth me."

"If I smite the god, wilt thou be my wife?" he demanded imperiously.

"If thy god is greater than my god, and thy hand heavier than the king's, and thou win me from the high altar of Hurki, thy will shall be my will, and thy handmaid will follow thee as thy nod leadeth her."

A shrill voice from the other end of the garden interrupted their whisper.

"At the hour of sacrifice I will call upon my God," whispered Abu-ramu, significantly. "Be thou ready, and fear not."

They clasped, they kissed, they parted. Like a white bird, or like the princess that she was, Iskah swept away. Even at the gate of the women's court their eyes embraced. The great love she gave bore Iskah along on the torrent of Abu-ramu's conviction. In those old days women gave themselves blindly when they loved. They did not reason about it.

"My love, Abu—O terrible Hurki!" she cried, flinging herself exhausted before her inner sanctuary. "O thou new God, if it be in thy power, make me his wife!"

(TO BE CONTINUED).

GREWSOME WELSH SUPERSTITION

A Red-Hot Pitchfork Plunged into the Corpse of a Supposed Witch.

An old woman in a village near Salsburg recently died, says the Cardiff (Wales) Mail. Her death gave great satisfaction to the other villagers, for she was looked upon as a witch and feared accordingly. After the funeral several of the chief inhabitants repaired to the Wirthchaft to celebrate suitably the relief experienced at getting this dangerous person safely underground; but while they were drinking pleasantly in came a messenger to say that the cow of one of those present, a neighbor of the deceased, had died suddenly without any apparent cause. The meeting, horror-stricken, adjourned in a body to examine the cow, and unanimously agreed that the animal had been bewitched. No doubts were entertained as to the perpetrator of the deed. Evidently burying was not enough to stop this dangerous old lady, and it was decided, after earnest discussion, to adopt the old plan of making a horse jump over the witch's grave, and thus put an end to her powers. A horse was accordingly fetched, but, strange to say, nothing would induce him to jump over the grave. The incontestable proof of the unholy influence emanating from the spot caused the public excitement to increase. The mayor of the village decided to use a somewhat drastic means, much in favor in the middle ages, viz., to stab the witch's body with a red-hot pitch fork. The body was exhumed, the fork heated, and the whole ceremony carried out. By the time the company had finished their work and gone back to refresh themselves at the Wirthchaft, the authorities of the town had heard of what was going on. A party of mounted police were sent to the village, and all those who had been concerned in the affair were taken into custody.

The Armstrong Gun.

The Armstrong Gun Company has shown some very interesting experiments with the latest ordnance. A 6-inch gun was fired four times in twenty seconds, an 8-inch gun three times in thirty seconds. A torpedo was driven satisfactorily with cordite as powder. There was a search light which would keep its beam upon an object no matter how violently the vessel rolled. A 10-inch thirty-ton gun, when it was fired, opened the breech screw by the recoil and wound up a spring, which, when released, would close the breech again. A 4 7-10 field howitzer anchored itself after the first discharge by driving a spade-shaped plate into the ground, after which its recoil was met by a jacket which surrounded it. A 6-inch gun, with light portable disappearing mountings, for a siege train, could be taken apart so that no portion weighed more than three tons, ten hours being required to mount it. A 6-inch naval gun fired five rounds in sixty-nine seconds, each time at a different range and target. A plate of special steel designed for a shield received rifle and Gatling gun fire at 100 yards range without a single penetration, while the plate hitherto used was penetrated at every shot, the Gatling gun almost cutting it in two.

Luminous Paint.

Nearly every one has heard of luminous paint—the sulphide of calcium—but it is probable that comparatively few persons know much about the behavior of this interesting compound. When of good quality it is quite white, as seen by reflected light, but the light that is emitted by it in the dark, immediately after exposure to the direct rays of the sun, is quite blue, and the emitted light is of a lavender hue directly after subjection to the action of ordinary diffused daylight. Both of these colors, however, in a dark room rapidly fade into a white light that is more luminous. A greater luminosity is produced by a short and near exposure to an ordinary artificial light, or by being placed near a window, about sunset on a rainy day. The direct rays of a bright, full moon, falling on it for several minutes, have very little effect, making it barely visible in a dark room. After ten seconds' exposure to good, diffused daylight, which is as effective as an exposure of ten hours, this substance will give out considerable light for ten or twelve hours, and its luminosity will not entirely disappear in less than thirty hours. This great difference in the time required for the absorption and emission of light is quite remarkable, and it makes it seem as if the light emitted were many times greater than that absorbed.

Charlotte is a French name, meaning All Noble.

Edgar, a Saxon name, means Happy Honor.

Egbert, a Saxon designation, is The Ever Bright.

Beatrice is Latin, the One who makes Happy.

Theodosia, the Greek name, means Given by God.

Edward, a Saxon name, means Happy Keeper.

Silas was of Latin origin, meaning a Countryman.

Helen is a Greek name, meaning the Alluring One.

Phyllis means a green bough. The name is Greek.

Christopher is Greek, signifying Christ Bearing.

Reuben, Jewish name, signifies the Son of a Vision.

Mark is of Roman origin, meaning The Hammer.

Honora, a Latin name, signifies the Honorable One.

Ophelia comes from the Greek, and means a Serpent.

Aurora is from the Latin, Morning Splendor.

Oswald, the Saxon name, means The Ruler of a House.

Horatio, an Italian name, means Worthy to Be Seen.

Ignatius, from the Latin, signifies The Fiery Man.

Philip, from the Greek, means a Lover o Horseflesh.

Walter is an old German word, meaning Conqueror.

Toby, a Hebrew name, means The Goodness of The Lord.

Manfred, the German name, signifies A Great Peace.

Denis is Greak, meaning Belonging to the God of Wine.

Bridget is of Celtic origin and means the Shining One.

Blanche is of French origin and signifies the Fair One.

Edmond is from the Saxon, meaning A Happy Peace.

Chloe comes from the Greek, and signifies A Green Herb.

Godwin is German or Saxon, The Man Victorious in God.

Bernice comes from the Greek, the One who Brings Victory.

Mabel, a favorite Latin and French name, means Lovable.

Jonathan was a Jewish name, meaning the Gift of the Lord.

Vivian, a Latin word, may be translated the Loving One.

Hercules, from the Greek, was The Glory of Hera or Juno.

Emma is German. The first of the name was a nurse girl.

Aaron is from the Hebrew and signifies a Lofty Mountain.

Eudoria is from the Greek, One Who Prospers in Her Way.

Casandria is from the Greek and means a Reformer of Men.

Jane and its several combinations is the feminine of John.

Anna, Hannah, Annie and Ann are Hebrew, The Gracious One.

Simon, a Hebrew name, may be translated, The Obedient One.

Richard is a genuine Saxon name, meaning The Powerful One.

Joshua was the same Hebrew form as Jesus, both meaning Savior.

Jemima, a favorite name among the Hebrews, means a Dove.

Phœbe means the Light of Life. The name is of Greek derivation.

Alice and Alicia are of German origin, meaning the Noble One.

Angelina is from the Greek. Its meaning is indicated by its form.

Hannibal is Carthaginian, meaning the Grace of the Lord Baal.

Madame Patti's Proudest Moment.

Mr. Arthur Warren asked Madame Patti what had been the proudest experience in her career. "For a great and unexpected honor most gracefully tendered," said Patti, "I have experienced nothing that has touched me deeper than a compliment paid by the Prince of Wales and a distinguished company at dinner given in honor of the Duke of York and the Princess of May a little while before their wedding. The dinner was given by Mr. Alfred Rothschild, one of my oldest and best friends. There were many royalties present, and more dukes and duchesses than I can easily remember. During the ceremonies the Prince of Wales arose, and, to my great astonishment, proposed the health of his 'old and valued friend Madame Patti.' He made such a pretty speech, and in the course of it said that he had first seen and heard me in Philadelphia in 1860, when I sang in 'Martha,' and that since then his own attendance at what he was good enough to call my 'victories in the realm of song,' had been among his most pleasant recollections. He recalled the fact that . . . . his wife had held up little Prince George in whose honor we were this night assembled, and bade him kiss me, so that in after life he might say that he had "kissed the famous Madame Patti,' And then, do you know, that whole company of royalty, nobility, and men of genius rose and cheered me and drank my health."

Water Over Five Miles Deep.

In many respects the North Pacific ocean resembles the North Atlantic. A great warm current, much like the gulf stream and of equal magnitude, called the black stream or Japan current, runs northward along the eastern shore of Asia. Close to the east coast of Japan it flows through a marine valley which holds the deepest water in the world. It was sounded at a depth of five and a quarter miles by the United States steamer Tuscarora in 1875 while surveying for a projected cable route between the United States and Japan. The heavy sounding weight took more than an hour to sink to the bottom. But trial was made of a chasm yet more profound, where the lead did not fetch it up all. It is the only depth of ocean that yet remains unfathomed.

Horrible Fate of an Anarchist Near London.

An Explosion Close to Greenwich Observatory.

A London special says:—A loud explosion was heard just after nightfall by the keepers of Greenwich Park, about six miles from London Bridge. A hasty search led to the discovery of a man mutilated and groaning with pain on the hilltop near the observatory. His legs were shattered. One arm had been blown from his body, and he had been almost completely disemboweled. As soon as he became conscious of the keepers' presence he begged them to help him or kill him.

He became insensible within five minutes, and 10 minutes after being carried to the seamen's hospital he died. English and French papers found in the man's pockets showed that he was Martial Pourdin, a foreign Anarchist

A MEMBER OF AN ANARCHIST CLUB.

Pourdin was a member of a dangerous Anarchist conspiracy and was a foreign refugee. He and his colleagues frequented the notorious Antonomie Club in Grafton street, Tottenham Court-road.

Detectives have been watching the club house constantly as well as a near by house in Windmill street, where many Anarchist refugees have lodged. The occupants of this house have been recently in constant communication with Anarchists on the continent. Emile Henry, who threw the bomb in the cafe of the Hotel Terminus, has visited them within the last year, and he is believed to have obtained from them the explosives which he used in his bomb on Monday night.

DID HE INTEND IT FOR THE OBSERVATORY.

The same afternoon detectives saw Pourdin and another lodger enter the house together and come out half an honr later. The unidentified lodger hurried off alone and Pourdin took a train for Greenwich. Pourdin's exact intention in making his trip to Greenwich has not yet been learned. The papers in his pockets give no clue to it, though the first inference was that he intended to blow up the Observatory, but was prevented from doing so by the premature explosion.

SOME DREAMS

Visions of Flowers, Fruit and Butterflies—A Lady Writes Poetically About The Subject.

Tell me your dreams and I shall read to you the stars.

Happy are you who dream of flowers: for you there are breezy hillsides and green hollows, the sunlight is full of gold, and kneeling where fragrant grasses are blown about you, you reach out eager hands to feel in cool tangled places for violets, and oh! there they are, purple and gold, and all sweet. One by one you break the perfumed stems and presently, just as your hand is almost full, all too soon the dream ends.

Again, you are a-drift upon grey waters, the heavens are grey above you and the shores are like grey cumulous clouds, the winds sleep, yet the white shallop mysteriously floats on and bears you sooner or later upon a bank of violets. Your lover, mayhap, wanders there like a white goddess among the blossoms, and lo! she blows you violets and kisses with the one breath. Do you dream of roses? What scent and beauty! The garden is full. The sun is bright upon the red and pink and white and yellow flowers, and wild bees singing of honey revel in the voluptuousness of their golden hearts; you reach out your arms among them and rest your hot face upon their exquisite bosoms, breathing among their souls. That is all. Regret follows that the dream has ended, yet you are happy for the trifle.

Do you dream ever of sweet-peas? perchance they bloom beneath your window a mass of pink and white and purple flowers. There are sparkles of dew upon them; you can almost touch them as you lean from the casement, breathing the upfloating incense and watching the sphinxes at play in the moon. No perfume is dearer than that of these blossoms; it steals some way into your life and lingers about you for days after the dream is over.

You dream too of water-flowers. One time you are in a valley, a place of graves; a stream flows by at your feet over grasses, its waters are thin and green and clear like green crystal; there is no music, as they run slowly, but here and there are pure white flowers, waxen water-flowers bright like white stars on long stems, and the south wind just stirs them. Green hills lie on either side, possessing a transparent beauty as if, should the winds blow strong, the earth would sink away forever. The graves lie out of sight on the far slopes. An atmosphere of unreality pervades the spot, yet there is the sunlight! Coming out of the west it pours into the valley over the hills, the stream and the flowers like rich wine over-froth and you feel that it, peradventure, is real.

If you dream of plums, the branches are heavy with plums—great mellow looking ones, their blue velvet bloom as yet unbruised. And very likely if you attempt to pick one, they all fall to the ground and shrivel into dry bits of skin. You may dream of field-peas. The vines are full of pods, plump ones, but they are covered with black bugs. There are yellow flowers growing near by, and lilies, white ones, yet foolishly you gather the gold ones. Can you read the omen of this dream.

If you dream of butterflies, your ceiling is covered with light and dark beauties, immense fellows. You are ecstatic, you grasp very likely a broom and brush about for them. They soon disappear and presently you discover that the carpet is covered with broken wings, you have not one for your cabinet. Again, some day you come across a rare golden one feeding upon white lilies; how cautiously you approach it, your hand out-reaching, almost trembling, yet you falter not, but grasp suddenly, and there! the yellow beauty is yours.—[Helen M. Merril.

Son—"I don't think George Washington was so awful smart." Father—"What do you mean?" Son—"I'll bet ten cents he couldn't ride a bicycle."

"No man could make my husband quail." "Why not?" "Because he isn't that kind of a bird."

The Cow Barn of the Future.

It is not difficult to see that there are to be radical changes in the near future in the plans of barns to be built or remodeled on the dairy farms of this country, and that we shall in the future build more in accordance with our wants, and the convenient care of our stock, and not erect costly structures which make much show but necessitate crowding the cattle to fit the barn rather than the reverse. The improved methods of dairying and the trend of circumstances that are making old ways wholly unprofitable, call to the dairyman to investigate and see if compliance with the new ways does not demand economy in the construction of the barn, in the saving of unnecessary cost, space and labor, rendering the cows more comfortable, with stalls planned to fit the cows, and at the same time comply with the requirements of cleanliness.

The rapidly increasing practice of winter dairying, and the success of the later systems of cold storage, the two equalizing the offerings of a dairy produce upon the market, has made the dairyman a student in his profession. He sees that he must dairy it 365 days in the year, and that the barn must be in everyday use all the time. So the old 30x40 foot structure with its cramped and limited stables is wholly unsuited to his wants. The yet more modern stone-walled basement barn, surmounted with its castle-like structure, is an extreme as far the other way from desirable utility. A barn to meet modern requirements must be warm in winter and cool in summer, light, easily kept clean, one that dries out readily, in fact, a desirable living room the year round. Not one stone basement barn in ten answers to the demand. Too little light, liability to be damp, bad ventilation, close and musty in the summer and redolent with smells in the winter when doors must be closed, are their objections. The advent of the silo, and its stores of food compressed into the smallest space and of a character that calls for summer conditions of life, the small demand for hay and winter feeding, and the prospect now that the summer soiling ration will be corn put into a special silo the autumn before, makes the huge barn to hold the bulky crops of little use save to stand six months of the year a cavern of winds, bringing no profit, in fact a loss by depreciation of value and despair.

Then how shall we build? With the entire change in foods, there is no occasion to pitch the rations up hill, and then down again, so the low barn fills the requirements of the case. The demand for plenty of light makes it imperative that there shall be no blank walls in the stables, so the latter needs to be a distinct affair as far as it relates to anything that will obstruct the light. This light balloon frame, boarded inside and out, with lining of building paper, extending north and south, thirty-four feet wide inside and at least nine feet in the clear, and cased windows so that each cow shall have an average of three square feet of glass, seems to be the desirable stable of the future. The studding of this barn may be sixteen feet, which gives a large hay or straw loft, but the overhead floor should be of matched stuff so the hay shall not be fouled with the breath of the cattle and vapors of the stable.

The plank floor laid on "sleepers" has no place in the modern cow barn. Let the floor be made on the ground, first clay thoroughly pounded down, and then cemented or tiled. The new paving brick laid in Portland cement makes a fine floor. No floor should be tolerated that has space under it to become a cavern of foul things, solid or liquid. The stable fittings will not be the unspaced row, but half box stalls, at least six feet six inches, in which two cows will stand fastened with halters or some of the chain suspended stanchions. The old rigid stanchion is a relic of the past days, when cows were only tied up nights and were fed outdoors. It might have answered a purpose, but now, when for seven months the cows are in the stables most of the time, and even the advocates of exercise admit that their cows are only out a "little while daily," the cows must have more freedom of movement than the old stanchion gave, hence the popularity of the halter and neck chain. This cow will be kept cleanly by a proper gutter behind her, with grating over it, not a gutter that will hold the accumulations of two weeks, but a small trench, which will be cleaned every day, and land plaster sprinkled, horse manure or some other absorbent as good placed in it, and the stable kept clean and devoid of smells. The ventilators of this stable will not open from the top of the room so as to allow all the warm air to escape, but will reach within a foot of the floor, and, reaching to the cupola above, carry off the foul air and gases that lie in the lower level.

The well-appointed stable will be provided with a watering device in the mangers, so that at the proper time the cows can be watered and each have her portion in peace, and if not wanted at one time, can be had at the time wanted. At one end of this stable will be a combined silo and hay barn, provided the loft is not large enough to contain the little hay that the dairy of the future will demand. This silo will be large hold the feed wanted from fall to spring, and connected with it will be a small, deep silo to hold the feed put up in the fall to soil the cows from the time of drying feed until the regular soiling crops are in season. This barn with its windows will give the cows all the advantages of sunlight in the winter, the double walls and good doors will make it free from frost, the ventilators coming to the floor will keep the air pure without carrying off the warmth, screens and a shade at the windows will make it cool in the summer and free from flies. Best of all, such a barn with all the modern improvements, convenient in every respect, economical in every method, will only cost hundreds of dollars, where the castle-like structure with stone basement, and superior to it in no point of utility, costs its thousands.

Improvement of Cereals.

Grain crops may, like most other plants, be improved in various ways, and the improvement often is so marked as to distinguish the product as an entirely new variety. This is especially not infrequently the case when a cross of different varieties has taken place, either accidently or by judicious selection of parent plants. the stigmas of the flowers of one chosen variety being fertilized with the pollen of another, taking precaution to prevent self-fertilization, and patience, and even when these conditions have been combined, the result will be uncertain. And even in the most favorable case several generations of cultivation, selection, and often repeated and various crossings are required before a new and improved variety can be established. Hence it will be understood that this method of improvement is rather out of the way of the general farmer and must be left to the experts, who will be more likely to fail, than to succeed. No wonder that very high prices are paid for new varieties of seeds and grains.

There is another method of improvement which may be practised by everybody, and which will give certain and good results even in the first crop from the properly chosen seed grain. It is well known that the spikelets of oats contain two, sometimes three, grains of seed of different sizes. The larger of these is denominated the outer grain, the smaller the inner grain. It is owing to this circumstance that a sharp sorting of seed oats is of still more importance and more paying than the sorting of the other cereals. When we take it for granted, as it has been abundantly proved, that the larger grains are most valuable for seed, the importance of a sorting and a sharp sorting of the seed oats will be evident when we consider that one thousand outer grains of common oats weigh from forty to forty-five grams, and one thousand inner grains from twenty-five down to twenty grams, while the percentage of the latter in ordinary good oats is thirty-five to forty by weight or fifty to sixty by number.

As going to prove the respective value of large and small grains of oats for seed, the following figures, derived from the experiments of the Danish seed-control institution, may be of interest. With equal quantities by measure of seed of common oats sown per acre, the crops grown were for oats sorted to a weight of 45.6 grains per 1,000 grains, 2,398 pounds per acre, qualitative weight of grain 37.0 grams; 36.9 grains per 1,000 grains, 2,410 pounds per acre, qualitative weight 32.1 grams; 23.8 grains per 1,000 grains, 2,215 pounds per acre, qualitative weight 30.8 grams; 15.4 grains per 1,000 grains, 1,989 pounds per acre, qualitative weight 29.4 grams. By sowing an equal number of grains on equal areas (1,500,000 grains per acre), the crops were from seed grain, weighing, 45.6 grains per 1,000 grains, 2,213 pounds per acre, qualitative weight 35.3 grams; 36.9 grains per 1,000 grains, 2,114 pounds per acre, qualitative weight 32.4 grams; 23.8 grains per 1,000 grains, 1,861 pounds per acre, qualitative weight 31.3 grams; 15.4 grains per 1,000 grains, 1,538 pounds per acre, qualitative weight 31.8 grams.

It will appear from these figures that a sharp sorting of the seed oats is productive of increased crops, and a larger, heavier grain which will in turn produce heavier crops. By continuing a sharp sorting of the seed grain, it will then be evident that we have a means of increasing the immediate crops of oats and at the same time of gradually improving the quality. Doubtless the increase in straw, so important for oats, will be correspondingly large after sharply sorted and selected seed. The effect of a thorough or sharp sorting of the seed oats becomes still more apparent from the results of experiments in Sweden, under the auspices of Mellersta Sveriges Utsadesforeningen, in which experiments the crops were from seed sorted so as to contain fifteen per cent. inner grain 2,816 pounds of grain per acre; thirty per cent. inner grain 2,352 pounds per acre; forty-five per cent. inner grain 2,240 pounds per acre.

It is not only in the power of the farmer to materially improve the strain or variety of oats he may be growing and increase his own annual crops, but he may make an income by furnishing his less enterprising neighbors with seed oats, sorted, for instance, to a definite average weight per 1,000 grains, which would have a much increased value above ordinary oats. And at the same time he is not only advancing his own income, but he will deserve the thanks of his fellow farmers, who will immediately learn the importance of sowing only the best grain obtainable.

Winter Rations for Poultry.

A bushel of wheat, judiciously fed to a good flock of hens, will yield far more than if sold in the market at seventy-five cents, or if fed to any other stock, and the same may be said with regard to corn, buckwheat, oats, or potatoes. Corn is injurious when fed exclusively to fowls. It is deficient in egg material, while it makes the birds so fat that they cannot lay eggs. No farmer would think of feeding a brood sow heavily on corn before pigging, or soon after either, and yet the same farmer will stuff his hens with corn twice a day and then grumble if they do not lay. Corn may be fed at night in cold weather, but it must be remembered that an egg is a complete food in itself, and that it requires a variety of substances to produce it. In summer the hens are enabled to find a good variety for themselves, but not so in winter.

An excellent morning feed is clover leaves and seeds, such as are found on the floor where hay is thrown down for the horses, mixed about one-half clover and one-half feed. This should be scalded well, and then bran or middlings and ground oats or buckwheat, equal parts, be thoroughly mixed in, using only enough water to make the mess stiff and crumbly. A little salt should be added and, if possible, some ground meat and bone, say one-eighth of the whole. Feed while warm, and only what the fowls will eat up quickly. On alternate mornings small potatoes, boiled and mashed, should be used in place of the clover. At eleven o'clock scatter wheat or any kind of small seeds in the litter on the floor, having the litter five or six inches deep. This will give the hens the necessary exercise. Feed the last meal about one hour before sundown, scattering it on the floor; this will give the fowls time to dig it out before dark. If the farmer would rather chop wood than trouble himself with fixing the warm morning mess, I would recommend that small grains such as wheat, oats, buckwheat and barley be used for breakfast, on alternate mornings and at eleven o'clock, with whole or sifted cracked corn in the litter at night. Cracked corn is better than whole corn, as it will give the fowls more exercise in getting it. In feeding, one thing must not be overlooked if success is to follow, and that is the danger of getting the fowls overfat by over-feeding. Over-fatness might be classed as a disease. The fowls built, compact, active fowl to which we must look for eggs, while the over-fat, sluggish bird will not pay for her keep. When sorting out the winter stock, keep only those birds together that are nearly alike in activity and size. The small active Leghorn or cross should not be in the same house with the larger and more sluggish Brahma or its cross. Careful attention to the habits of the young fowls and their diet will be well repaid by their growth in flesh and the increase in eggs.

WORRIES OF A TRAIN-DISPATCHER.

A Blunder That Might Have Sacrificed Many Lives.

It was the train-dispatcher's turn to tell a story, and this was the one he told: "I was working on a western road in 1880, and I had a long night trick. The section of road over which I worked was a big one. It was a single-track road and, as traffic was very heavy, it kept me busy all the time.

"One week in February there was a very heavy fall of snow and the trains all got behind. I was at my wits' ends and one night—it was Wednesday, February 16, I will never forget that date—I was trying to handle a heavy eastbound passenger and a westbound passenger that was fully as heavy. The eastbound train was 'way behind, and the westbound train had started out on time. I gave the engineer of the westbound train an order to run to a certain station, and when I got a report from the eastbound train I ordered that engineer to go to a certain station and run on a siding to allow the other train to pass. I was busy with a couple of freights at the time, and when I got through and had time to think it flashed on me that I had given what we call a lap order. That is, the two trains would have to pass each other on the same track if my instructions were carried out. I don't suppose that I would have felt so bad if I had known that I was going to be killed that minute. The room swam before my eyes and I nearly fainted from fright. I took a big drink of water and wired the nearest stations. Both reported that the trains had left all right. There was a stretch of track fifteen miles long between the stations, and I sat there knowing that somewhere on that fifteen miles those two trains would go together and I would be the cause of the deaths of perhaps a score of persons.

"That was the most awful five minutes I ever expect to pass through. I tried to think and I couldn't. My first impulse was to run away, and I grabbed up my coat and hat and was about to go. Then I decided that I would stay and take the consequences. I sat down by my desk and stared at the clock. Every time the telegraph instrument clicked I thought it was bringing tidings of a fearful wreck. I pictured to myself the scenes when the two trains crashed together, as I knew they must, for there was no way to reach them, and every minute seemed like an eternity. I was pale as a ghost and had not the strength to handle the key. Great drops of sweat rolled off my forehead. I lived a century at that desk during that half hour.

"Two or three times the impulse to run away came over me, but I fought it back. Then I began to think of killing myself. I did not think I could live and know that I had made a blunder with such disastrous consequences. I looked around for a pistol, but there was none there. I even picked up my paper cutter and put it to my throat. My nerve was gone, however, and I did not have the courage to cut my throat. I prayed that someone would come in and kill me, but nobody came. I couldn't sit in my chair, and crouched down in a heap on the floor and held my hands over my ears so that I might not hear the terrible tidings that, sooner or later, I knew would come over that wire.

"As I was huddled there I heard the operator at the station from which I sent the eastbound train calling me. 'Gn' was his call, and he repeated it a dozen times. 'Here it comes,' I thought, and, by a supreme effort, I got over to the desk and tried to answer the man who was calling. It took me five minutes to get sufficient control of my nerves to answer the call. Then I sank back in my chair and waited to hear the news of death and destruction. 'No. 12,' he wired, meaning the eastbound train, 'is backing into the station. What's up

"It seemed as if Pike's Peak had been lifted off my chest. I jumped up and shouted like a crazy man. It happened that the trains were running slow and had come across each other on a straight piece of track, had seen each other and had had time to stop before running into each other. I was given a 30-day lay-off for the blunder, but I didn't kick. It took me all of that time to get my nerves straightened out."

Death from Carbolic Acid.

A parliamentary return has been issued showing the number of deaths in England and Wales in the five years from 1887 to 1891 caused by the taking of carbolic acid. In 1887 the total was 52, of which 27 were due to accident and 25 to suicide. In the following year the number had increased to 92, owing to the larger proportion of suicides, which stood at 64, while the number of deaths attributed to accident was the same as in the previous year. There was, too, one case of murder or manslaughter. In 1889 the total fell to 68, and, curiously enough, the number of deaths attributed to carbolic poisoning by accident was again for the third year in succession, 27, while the number of suicides was put at 41. The total for 1890 showed an increase of only 1 over that for 1889, the deaths from accident numbering 26, and the cases of suicide 43. In 1891 the total rose to 94, being made up of 31 deaths by accident and 63 by suicide. The total for the five years was 373, viz., accident, 138, suicide, 236; murder or manslaughter, 1. Of the 375 deaths 182 were those of males and 193 those of females; but it is somewhat remarkable that, while 84 males poisoned themselves with carbolic acid by accident, as compared with 54 females, the number of males who took it in order to commit suicide was 98, as against no fewer than 138 females.

Word comes from Nice that Mary Anderson Navarro, who is staying there, lives very quietly, neither receiving nor paying visits. The cause assigned is very delicate health, a condition, in fact, bordering on the dreaded and obstinate one of nervous prostration.

It is Favourably Noticed in the London Times.

The Rapid Growth of the Country—Conditions Under Which Farming is Prosecuted—The Wheat Crop Reported Large—Advantages of Mixed Farming.

A commissioner representing the London Times is making a tour of Canada. Two letters, both dealing with the North-West, have appeared recently. In the opening, the commissioner deals with the influence of Canada on British affairs. He says:—It does not seem to be an exaggeration to say that the course which affairs take in Canada during the next few years may have a decisive influence upon the direction of British history. The primary reason for this impression is obvious. Canada is the first of the great colonies which has formed a political combination that gives her a position closely akin to that of a nation. Her territory comprises 35 per cent. at least of the whole Empire, and covers nearly half of the North American continent. It is only within the last few years that she has become fully conscious of the vast possibilities of this largely undeveloped area. Facing upon the two greatest oceans of the globe, the country is brought into easy commercial communication and international relation with much of the world. For nearly 4,000 miles it borders upon, and therefore has more or less intimate relations with, the United States. Thus, though Canada has not a nation's franchise, her people and statesmen have to consider in many ways the interests of a nation. By the mere compulsion of circumstances her statesmen are fast becoming statesmen of the Empire. Already more than once their advice has been essential to the wise conduct of the most difficult Imperial negotiations. It is this fact which gives such extreme significance to her present position. In what direction will point the interest and aspirations of a great colony which has reached this stage of growth? How far do these interests and aspirations coincide with those of British people generally? These are large questions which cannot be answered off-hand. That they must be answered sooner or later invites or almost compels the careful study of Canadian conditions. England must keep in touch with the thoughts and interests of her children abroad if she is to be to them still in reality a mother land; if she is to be among them a growing rather than a waning influence.

THE NORTH-WEST PROBLEM.

Among the Canadian problems of national interest I am disposed to place foremost those connected with the growth and settlement of the vast provinces of the North-West. These provinces are sure, sooner or later, to be filled with a population of many millions of people, English-speaking, and for the most part of British blood. To emigrants from the United Kingdom they now offer the most readily accessible areas in the Empire where homestead lands can still be easily acquired. Wishing to form an estimate of the progress and prospects of the North-West, of its food-producing capacity, and of the conditions of settlement, I elected to visit the country at a season not usually considered favourable. A new and strange sense of vastness grows upon the mind as one travels day after day over the prairies with the distant sky-line as the chief object which fixes the eye. The impression is different from that produced by wide space at sea, for the imagination at once begins to fill up these enormous areas with homes and busy inhabitants. At first sight it seems only necessary to pour out population over these vast spaces in any direction. This is soon found to be a mistake. There are lands good, bad, and middling. Some districts are more subject to frost than others. There are areas where the soil is excellent, but where at some seasons water in sufficient abundance is wanting.

GOOD AND BAD LAND.

To allow any settler in the North-West to go upon land which is not the best available is a gross mistake. The railway companies and the Government are beginning to realize this too long-neglected truth. Lands are now carefully surveyed, and their characteristics noted. Skilled pioneers are invited to precede parties of emigrants and make careful choice. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company challenges investigations of its lands, and gives free passes to those who wish to examine them with a view to settlement. It sends out experienced agents to assist the individual settler in making a choice. All this is having a good effect, and is correcting the mistakes of earlier days. The trouble taken will be repaid, for of all emigration agents the contented settler is by far the best. It is from such that the North-West is now getting its best impulse.

THE WHEAT CROP.

While the rush of emigration has not been so great as the sanguine hopes of the early settlers led them to anticipate, the progress made seems to the ordinary observer very great. It is, as I have already said, only seven years and a half since the main railway across the continent was completed. A glance at a good railway map shows how rapidly branch lines have been pushed for many hundred miles in various directions, as settlement justified their construction. What the traveller sees in a journey over some of these branch lines furnishes the best proof of the progress of the country. From Winnipeg I went over the Southern Manitoba road to Estevan, the point to which it was last winter completed, and thence back to rejoin the main line at Brandon, in all a distance of nearly 500 miles. At intervals of 10 or 12 miles over nearly all this distance prosperous little towns are springing up, each equipped with two, three, or four elevators to deal with the grain raised in the surrounding districts. Wheat was being shipped rapidly at the time, and these elevators were usually surrounded by teams waiting to deliver their loads. Huge stacks of straw, soon to be burned for want of any better use, showed where the grain had been threshed in the fields where it was grown. In the latter part of October the deliveries of wheat at Fort William alone amounted to a thousand carloads per week, and the railroads were finding it difficult to deal with all that was offered. For 1891 the whole North-West production was estimated at between twenty-two and twenty-three million bushels. A good deal was then injured or lost through the difficulty labor. For 1892 the output was between fifteen and sixteen million bushels, but the average quality was much higher than in 1891, and the crop was generally saved in good condition. For 1893 a reliable report indicates that the aggregate production shows a large increase over 1892.

BONANZA FARMS.

The peculiar conditions of cultivation on the prairies make it possible to effect changes in five years which in most countries would require the work of a whole generation. On the Canada Alliance farm, once a part of the large colonization estate in which Lord Brassey is chiefly interested, I saw an illustration of the speedy way in which the virgin prairie can be made ready for a crop. In May, 1890, not a sod had been broken on the farm. In 1892, 1,500 acres, at least, were under crop, with 500 acres additional of summer fallowing. Between June, when the farm seeding closed, and September, when harvest began, a new block of 700 acres was made perfectly ready for the next spring sowing in April. At an adjoining farm, lately set off from the same estate, 800 acres were ready for seeding where not a sod had been turned the previous spring. It probably costs between five and six dollars per acre to prepare land as thoroughly as that which I examined at Qu'Appelle. I heard of cases where, under a rougher system of farming, land was made ready at much less cost. A man with two yoke of oxen and a gang plough breaks up a quarter section (160 acres) during five spring and summer months, and the whole expense per acre is less than three dollars. The rapidity and cheapness of preparation strike the observer forcibly after he has watched the slow processes by which farms are made in the forests of Eastern Canada or British Columbia, in New Zealand bush, among Tasmanian and Australian gum trees, or by reclaiming waste lands in England or Scotland. Manifestly any considerable application of capital or a large inflow of farming population might, under such conditions, increase the wheat output very rapidly.

FROSTED WHEAT.

The North-Western farmer has his special difficulties to contend with. Here, as elsewhere, man learns by slow degrees to wrestle successfully with the problems of nature, and he does so by studying them and adapting himself to new conditions. The key to successful farming in the North-West consists in knowing how to meet the dangers of frost. To this end the farmer must prepare during the autumn for the work of the spring. But the term "frozen wheat," which suggests to most minds the entire destruction of the crop, as a merchantable commodity, means nothing like this to the North-Western farmer. Slightly frosted wheat is reduced for flour-making purposes perhaps 30 per cent. in value, what is called frozen wheat 50 per cent. Both are freely used by millers to make a cheaper kind of flour. But many experiments have now proved that they are open to a much more profitable use. It is claimed that frozen wheat fed to pigs is worth from 60 to 80 cents per bushel, and that it makes excellent feed for all kinds of stock. In this fact lies one of the chief arguments for greater attention to mixed farming than has yet been given to it in the North-West.

MIXED FARMING.

In the production of pork, especially, it is claimed by good authorities that the opportunity is very great. The wheat-fed pork of the North-West may yet compete with the maize-fed pork of Chicago. So, too, in the case of poultry. With its abundance of refuse grain and large areas of stubble, no country ought to produce turkeys and other fowl more abundantly and cheaply. But the North-Western farmer takes to mixed farming slowly and reluctantly. For this there is at present more than one reason. Labor is often scarce and expensive, and the attention to detail required in mixed farming is, therefore, rendered difficult. Fencing is necessary with a variety of stock, and fencing in some parts of the treeless prairie country is expensive. On the other hand, there is something of the temptation of gambling in wheat raising. With a good season, large crops, and a favourable price, the profits from a few hundred acres of wheat land are very large. As far as one could learn from rather extensive enquiry, the production varies all the way from 15 to 40 bushels per acre, according to the nature of the soil and season. The price, too, has varied in different years from 55c to $1 per bushel for the best grade of grain. In such circumstances the temptation to speculate on the chances of the year is very great. As long, however, as the farmers of the North-West stake so much upon a single product, so long must they be prepared for great fluctuations of prosperity. Wheat, in sympathy with prices all over the world, has never been so low as during the last two years. I found many a farmer in Manitoba who was getting only 55c a bushel for his wheat, paying at the same time high prices for pork, beef, butter, and necessary articles of food, brought from Ontario and the United States. That this is bad farming, for which there can be no sufficient excuse, is a lesson which is being slowly but certainly learned. When it has been thoroughly learned—when mixed farming is the rule rather than the exception—I believe that the permanent prosperity of the North-Western farming interest is assured.

Additions to Edinburgh University.

Edinburgh University is just now decidedly in luck, being about to add to its possessions McEwan hall, built at a cost of more than £50,000, for graduation and other public ceremonies; University hall, erected through the efforts of Prof. Patrick Geddes, a Dundee professor, but an Edinburgh graduate, as a hall of residence for men students: Masson hall, about to be erected as a hall of residence for women students; a field near Corstorphine, purchased for £9,000, and fitted out at a cost of £3,000 more, for athletic sports, and a chair of Public Health, for endowing which the late Mr. A. L. Bruce has left £5,000 McEwan hall is named after its founder, Mr. McEwan, M. P., and Masson hall after Prof. Masson. Masson hall and University hall, though connected with the university, are not university property.

All the grandsons of Charles Dickens bear the name of Charles. One of them, Gerald Charles Dickens, son of Henry Fielding Dickens, Q. C., has recently entered the British navy.

A. F. & A. M.

The regular meetings are held in the Masonic Temple, Bourne's Hall, on the third Monday in each month at 8 p.m. Visiting brethren cordially welcomed.

C. H. Temple, Secretary.

The Kootenay Star

The Nakusp Ledge is worse than ungrateful when it says: "We would have preferred being placed in the South Riding, as we have nothing in common with the Revelstoke people." If the Ledge would investigate it would find that it had everything in common with the Revelstoke people. The interests of the two places are identical. Anyone who looks at the map can see that. The first petition calling on the Government to build the Nakusp & Slocan road was drawn up at a mass meeting of Revelstoke people, and long before the Ledge was born Revelstoke people founded Nakusp. Revelstoke people cleared the townsite, erected the first hotel, the first store, the first landing-stage, all the building material being sent from Revelstoke; and to show their appreciation of Nakusp and its hardy pioneers Revelstoke people went down in a big crowd to celebrate Dominion Day and the birth of what we fondly looked upon as "the coming city." It is "sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child." We could have survived the disappointment of our cherished offspring turning out to be a crow instead of an eagle, but when that fledgling looks with longing eyes towards the camp of its bitterest foes and expresses the wish to belong to them, surely our cup is full. The Ledge may be voicing the sentiments of the citizens, but we do not think so, as most of them will remember, if the Ledge is not yet old enough to have a memory, how the Nelson publication sneered at the idea of Nakusp ever amounting to anything more than a "landing-place;" how strenuously it opposed the building of the N. & S. Ry. and ridiculed the idea that Nakusp was the true outlet for Western Slocan, advocating the building of a road down the Slocan River to the C. & K. Ry., so as to kill Nakusp; that the grade between Nakusp and Slocan Lake was too steep to be of any use for railway purposes, and that Kaslo was the true outlet for the Slocan, not Nakusp. If the Ledge wishes to go over to the South Riding there are plenty of mushroom townsites to which it can migrate.

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Part I.	Part II.
Prayer and address..Rev. C. T. Baylis	Reading—"Father Phil's Collection," J. S. Patterson.
Pianoforte selection..Mrs. T. L. Haig	Song—"At the Ferry,"..Guy Barber
Statue posing.....Miss May Adair (with musical accompaniment.)	Farce—"Chiselling."
Song.....Miss Boyd	Quartette—"Come where lilies bloom" Mrs. Kirkup, Mrs. Nelles, Rev. C. A. Procunier and Guy Barber.
Farce—"Ici on Parle Francais."	Tableau—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."
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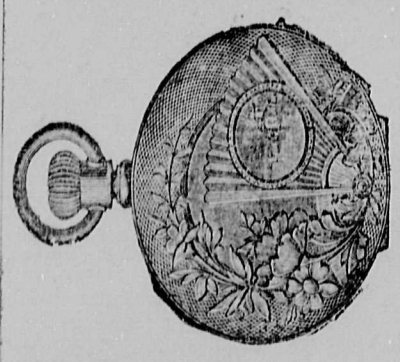

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