The Kootenay Sun.

VOL. V. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., JULY 8, 1893. No. 4.

BIG BEND.

Discovery of Bismuth.

That Big Bend will be famous as a mining country is becoming clearer every day. Galena ledges are to be found there similar to those of the Lardeau and Slocan. Placer gold amounting to several million dollars worth has been taken out, and gold in the quartz has been located at various points. Now comes the discovery of a valuable ledge of bismuth and antimony ore, containing a good deal of gold. Bismuth is worth about $3 per lb. The sample was brought down by W. E. Losee, who with his partner, J. M. Douglas (both of Victoria), has been in the Bend for the past six weeks. Mr. Losee went up again this morning. During the week seven prospectors have left here for Big Bend—John McKenzie, Jos. Favro, Aug. Bishop, John Williamson, Alex. Morrison, J. W. McCreary and O. B. Williams. On Tuesday Geo. Laforme's packtrain started out *on its second trip this season*. Jno. Sweeny, one of the partners in the Consolation Mine, accompanied the outfit.

REVELSTOKE & ARROW LAKE RAILWAY.

Work Commenced Monday.

The right of way for the Revelstoke & Arrow Lake Railway is being cleared with great speed, considering the small number as yet employed. Of course a larger force will be put on, and there seems yet a possibility that the road will be in running order before snow flies. The work of clearing is comparatively easy for the first few miles, the timber left standing being sparse and dead and the undergrowth thinned out by previous fires, but further down river the timber is thick and green, and progress will not be so rapid. The ground is comparatively level for nearly the whole distance, and the grading will not be a difficult undertaking, but there will be considerable trestle work over the various sloughs and a substantial bridge over the Illecillewaet River. At Montana Slough a camp for fifty men is being constructed.

Work commenced on Monday at the end of the track through the yard of the Revelstoke Lumber Co., and about 300 yards from the mill, the width cleared for the new line being about 100 feet. Mr. D. McGillivray, who went down river on Thursday and returned yesterday, has the contract for the whole of the work, Mr. Nickson having thrown it up at the last moment, thinking his tender of $38 per acre too low to be remunerative. On Monday Messrs. Bradshaw and Daly, with two men, went down as far as Montana Slough in a rowboat and inspected the best point for crossing. The building of these bridges will be commenced at once, the material being taken down by river, a house having been built at the smelter wharf for storing supplies for the camp. Many railroad men are in town, noticeable among them being the familiar figure of Dan Dunn, who bossed the construction work on the C. & K. Ry. two years ago. It is expected things will be lively in Revelstoke for the next four months.

Richness of Kootenay Ore.

Recently 20 tons of ore were shipped from the "Idaho" mine, Slocan, to the Tacoma smelter, returns of which have been published. The ore assayed $168 a ton- $119 silver and $49 lead. It cost $45 per ton to get it from the mine to Kaslo, $28 per ton from Kaslo City to Tacoma and to have it smelted. The duty on the lead in the ore was $21 per ton; the cost of mining, sacking and sacks $10 more, making $104 per ton expenses, leaving a net profit of $64 per ton. This is a big profit as it is, and when one considers the reduction in cost that will follow the building of railroads, the value of the Slocan ores can be realized, especially as some of the mines there are turning out ore much richer than the Idaho.

A. McNEIL,
BARBER SHOP & BATHROOMS,
Front Street,
REVELSTOKE, 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.
'BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS AND STEAMERS.

NOTICE OF SALE BY SHERIFF.

(Pursuant to the Execution Act.)

—:o:—

IN THE

SUPREME COURT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BETWEEN

JOHN CAMPBELL, Plaintiff,

AND

THE KOOTENAY, B.C., SMELTING & TRADING SYNDICATE, LTD., Defendants.

In obedience to a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the above Court, to me directed, in the above suit, for the sum of $6,248.23 debt and costs, together with interest on the same, besides sheriff's fees, poundage, and other expenses of this execution, I have seized and will offer for Sale by Public Auction, at the Court House, Donald, on Saturday, July 15th, 1893, at twelve o'clock noon, all the right, *title and interest of the above defendants* in the lands described below, or sufficient thereof to satisfy the judgment debt and costs in this action.

District.	No. of lots.	Concise descript'n of property.	Estate or interest.
Kootenay	Part of Sections 34 and 27 in Township 23, in 2nd Range, West of Sixth Meridian.	Part of the town plot of Revelstoke.	Interest.

When to be sold. Saturday, July 15th, 1893, at 12 o'clock noon.

Where to be sold. At the Court House, Donald.

Terms of sale, cash.

S. REDGRAVE,
Sheriff of Kootenay.

Land Registry Office, Victoria,
19th day of June, 1893,
3.30 o'clock p.m.

I hereby certify that the following judgment only appears registered against all the real estate of the Kootenay (B.C.) Smelting & Trading Syndicate Limited, viz.:—29th March, 1893: Judgment of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, obtained the 14th February, 1893, by John Campbell against the Kootenay (B.C.) Smelting & Trading Syndicate, Limited, for $10,458.34 debt and $22.89 costs, making together the sum of $10,481.23.

(Notice filed No. 2849.)

Registered in charge book Vol. II., Fol. 817, No. 14592 B. on 7th April, at 10.10 a.m.

S. Y. WOOTTON,
Dep. Registrar.

R. H. RAMSEY,
House Painter, Paperhanger and Grainer.
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

R. TAPPING,
GENERAL CONTRACTOR,
Carpenter and Builder,
REVELSTOKE STATION, B.C.

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.

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

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Fred Fraser's crop of strawberries this year is immense.

A 7-foot ledge has been opened up on the Black Fox claim, Slocan.

News is to hand of a rich strike near the Montezuma mine, in the Slocan.

We hear with great regret that Mrs. Redgrave, wife of the Sheriff, is again seriously ill.

Many rich strikes are being made in the St. Mary's River country, east of Kootenay Lake.

Mr. W. F. Teetzel, of Nelson, came up on str. Lytton on Wednesday, and left for Victoria the same evening.

Owing to adverse circumstances our Trout Lake City correspondent's letter and other articles are held over till next week.

It is rumored at New Denver that one of the Nelson papers will remove to that town, which is just now the liveliest place in West Kootenay.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Robinson, of the mill, are rejoicing in the arrival of a little stranger, which event took place last Sunday night. It is a girl.

Mrs. R. Howson and children returned home on Tuesday from a long visit to Elkhorn, Man. Mrs. Howson has completely recovered from her illness.

A prospector named Ryan has found a small vein of solid galena near the north fork of Carpenter Creek which assays 165 *oz. to the ton. It is 15 inches wide.*

The celebration of two such big events as the First and Fourth of July seems to have been too much for our Nakusp and New Denver correspondents. No "copy" this week.

J. W. Haskins has gone up to Healey Creek with a crew of six men to develop the Haskins group for C.P.R. parties, and will open up the property in good shape this summer.

We see in the B.C. Gazette that there is to be a revision court held in Revelstoke shortly. As the Gazette is so widely read here it seems no other notification will be necessary.

The Nawab of Rampur, India, passed through here on Wednesday en route to the World's Fair. He will stop off a few days at Banff. From Chicago he goes to England on a visit to the Queen.

The funeral of R. Crosby, who was injured while walking on the track near Revelstoke a few weeks ago, took place from Donald hospital on Sunday week. Deceased had been a barber at Revelstoke station.

A. H. Holdich and J. H. Anderson have just returned from a prospecting trip in the mountains north of Illecillewaet. They bring some good samples of gold quartz which promises a high percentage of the precious metal on assay.

Mr. E. Adair, of Hall's Landing, came up on yesterday's boat. He brought a quantity of very fine strawberries grown on his ranch there and planted late last fall. All small fruits will be heavy crops and the apples, pears, etc., planted last year are *looking splendid.*

Some rich gold-bearing galena has been found up Lardeau Creek, but what it assays is not yet known. It is said that several hundred dollars' worth of nuggets and coarse gold have been obtained during the past few weeks from small placers on Lardeau Creek close to Trout Lake City.

Messrs. Dan Dunn, Nakusp; Hugh Mann, New Denver, and D. McBeath, Nelson, arrived up on Wednesday's boat. Next day they had a walk over a portion of the route being cleared for the Revelstoke & Arrow Lake Railway. It is almost certain that Dan Dunn will have a hand in the construction.

The interest of the Smelter Co. in the Revelstoke townsite to the extent of $6,248 will be sold at auction by the Sheriff at Donald Court House next Saturday at the suit of John Campbell. As the land owned by the Smelter Co. is probably the most valuable in the townsite the bidding will no doubt be brisk. It would have been more convenient for the sale to take place here.

The wind storm of Tuesday did considerable damage to trees whose thick foliage made them top-heavy, and many were snapped off, but the gardens escaped serious injury, although some pea vines and tomato plants were prostrated. Fortunately the wind was of short duration, and the rain which followed *prevented a great deal of real* estate being blown away.

New Denver's new paper, The Slocan Prospector, makes its appearance this week, commencing (*it is to be hoped*) a useful existence and a successful career on a most auspicious date—the Fourth of July. Considering the difficulties of transport and the absence of proper mail facilities at New Denver the Prospector makes a very creditable showing in its first number. Everything points with certainty to the fact that New Denver will be the foremost town in West Kootenay at no distant date.

Dominion Day was kept up last Saturday afternoon by a display of athletics, consisting of foot races, jumping, putting the shot, tug-of-war, etc., and in the evening by a dance in Peterson's Hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The event was a most successful one, thanks to the untiring energy of Mrs. Ribbach, who originated the affair and conducted the details throughout. At twelve o'clock dancing ceased and cake and strawberries were handed around, after which the company dispersed.

Dr. C. E. C. Brown is now at the Columbia House, and will remain until Tuesday night. Those needing dental work should make early appointments.

Mr. W. Pellew Harvey, editor of the Golden Era, arrived up on the Lytton yesterday from a trip through Lower Kootenay, and left for home on this morning's train.

THE PREMIER'S RETURN.—ATTEMPT TO SETTLE THE REVELSTOKE DISPUTE.

The Premier, Hon. Theo. Davie, who will pass through for the coast to-night, telegraphed to the editor on Thursday from Fort William, Ont., as follows:—"Daly, Minister of the Interior, who leaves Ottawa for the coast Saturday, and myself have appointed to meet in Victoria on his arrival there. Will endeavor to settle the Revelstoke and railway belt difficulties. Hence, will not stay over now, but will return in couple weeks or so, hold meeting at Revelstoke and visit other points as promised.

"THEODORE DAVIE."

The *Colonist's* Ottawa correspondent telegraphs that the Hon. Theo. Davie returned to Ottawa from Montreal on Tuesday afternoon and had a long conversation with Hon. Mr. Daly, Minister of the Interior, on British Columbian matters. Mr. Daly leaves for the coast on Saturday, accompanied by Deputy Burgess, and will meet the Provincial Government at Victoria, when an effort will be made to settle the Revelstoke dispute and the title to lands in the railway belt. In consequence of Mr. Daly's intention to proceed direct to Victoria Mr. Davie is compelled to forego his promised visit to West Kootenay on the homeward journey, but as Mr. Daly proposes to go to the Kootenay country after leaving Victoria Mr. Davie will probably accompany him. Mr. and Mrs. Davie left for home Tuesday night.

THE SILVER KING

To be Worked by an English Company with a Capital of 1,500,000 Dollars.

The Silver King mine and associated claims have been floated in London, Eng., under the title of "The Hall Mines, Limited (British Columbia)," with a capital of 300,000 pounds sterling, divided into 50,000 7 per cent. shares of one pound each and 250,000 ordinary shares of one pound each, Sir Joseph W. Trutch, K.C.M.G., being chairman of directors, of whom there are seven. The secretary is Mr. F. Ramsay, and the offices of the company are at 111 Wool Exchange, London, E.C.

Mr. Roepell, the mining engineer who examined the property on behalf of the English investors, in the last paragraph of his report says:—"I have to state that I consider the mines of the Kootenay Bonanza Co. a most valuable property, the value of which consists not only in what is already known, but also in its remarkable prospects for the future. I feel confident that if properly taken in hand and managed they will rank among the greatest and most profitable mining enterprises of its kind."

Vaccination a Preventive.

From a discussion among scientific men in Scotland regarding vaccination as a preventive of small-pox it appears that the anti-vaccinationists have not a leg to stand upon. The following table of statistics of 5,000 cases in Scotland, spread over a period of 20 years, shows conclusively the beneficial effects of vaccination:—

Unvaccinated.....	37·00	per cent. died.
Unsuccessfully vaccinated	35·00	" "
One vaccination ..	9·75	" "
Two " ..	5·00	" "
Three " ..	3·00	" "
Four " ..	0·55	" "

W. A. JOWETT,
MINING AND REAL ESTATE BROKER,
NELSON, B.C.
Lardeau and Slocan Prospects Wanted.

W. R. POULTON,
SAYWARD,
has his Hotel in running order, and is prepared to accommodate all-comers
IN FIRST CLASS STYLE.
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.

HULL BROS.
REVELSTOKE.
BUTCHERS
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
BEEF, PORK, Etc.

SLOCAN NUGGETS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW DENVER, June 28th.

During the past few days two meetings of citizens have been held to discuss the making of the wagon road to the Three Forks of Carpenter Creek. Messrs. F. Bourne, of Nakusp; John Houston, of Nelson; and Wharton, Bolander and Gething, of this town, were appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions, and have met with very encouraging success. Capt. Fitzstubbs was in town last week and met a deputation from the committee, to whom he promised the liberal support of the Government.

Nearly all the cabins on the streets have been removed and clearing and grading is progressing rapidly, while large gangs of men are at work clearing the M Gillivray land.

It is understood that the auction sale proposed for the 11th inst. will be postponed for a week or more.

A favorable reply has been received from Ottawa to the petition for a tri-weekly mail service here, and the Post-office authorities at Victoria appear to be quite ready to comply.

There is no question that New Denver is at present the liveliest town in West Kootenay. Every visitor is delighted with our situation and prospects, while the amount of work being expended on clearing and building is sufficient evidence of the faith held by our towns*people in its future.*

Rev. Mr. Rogers of Nelson announces that a Presbyterian church will shortly be built on two lots donated by Mr. McGillivray.

IN THE MATTER OF LOUIS MASON (DECEASED).

All accounts against the estate of Louis Mason, who died in Revelstoke on the 22nd of May last, will be received by the undersigned up to the 10th July, 1893.

J. KIRKUP,
Deputy Administrator.

SLOCAN TRADING AND NAVIGATION CO., LIMITED.

Steamer "W. HUNTER,"
G. L. Estabrooks, Master.

Until further notice will leave NEW DENVER Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1 p.m. for HEAD OF LAKE.

Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays leave NEW DENVER for FOUR MILE CITY at 6 a.m. Returning, leaves NEW DENVER at 7 a.m. for HEAD OF LAKE.

Leaves HEAD OF LAKE every evening (Sunday excepted) for NEW DENVER at 5 p.m.

A. H. HOLDICH,
Of Swansea and Wigan,
Analytical Chemist & Assayer,
REVELSTOKE, B.C.
Every branch of analytical or assay work undertaken; honest and accurate results guaranteed.

EDWARD LIPSETT,
Sail, Tent and Awning Maker.
HORSE & WAGON COVERS,
BAGS, HAMMOCKS, &c.
WATERPROOF BLANKETS & COVERS
TENTS FOR SALE & TO RENT.
HYDRAULIC MINING HOSE,
All sizes made to order.
69 WATER STREET,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.
Royal Mail Lines.
CHEAPEST & QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

Proposed Sailings from Montreal

MONGOLIAN	Allan....	July 22
PARISIAN	"	" 29
LAURENTIAN	"	Aug. 5
NUMIDIAN	"	" 12
TORONTO ..	Dominion Line...	July 16
LABRADOR.	" ...	" 22
SARNIA.....	" ...	" 30
VANCOUVER	" ...	Aug. 5

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.

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.

The Rev. F. Yolland will conduct Church of England services in the schoolroom to-morrow. Morning at 11; evening at 7.30. Holy Communion after morning service.

Five Years Old.

Have you seen my baby fair,
Anywhere?
Golden curls, and sweet blue eyes,
Cupid laughing in disguise—
But yester eve I crooned to him my first
Low lullaby,

Have you seen my baby boy?
There's his toy—
As he dropped in his play,
Dancing off another way,
As bird, or flower, or butterfly
Led him to stray.

Say you he will yet return?
Not again—
The bud must to the flower unfold,
Amid time's changes manifold.
To-day my boy, a babe but yesterday,
Is five years old.

Yet I know that God's dear will
To fulfill,
Baby must become a man,
Learn the world's joy, and its pain,
Learn its losses and its gain,
And choose between.

Brave enough to right the wrong,
True and strong,
Day by day my boy must grow,
Since best love knoweth it is better so,
I cannot wish him longer to remain
A baby boy.

Children's Questions.

Did you ever consider the influence that may be exerted upon a child by the answers given to its sincere questions? as all teachers admit, the mind in childhood is more impressible that at any time of life, and the ideas acquired then are retained the longest. Do we think of this when the hasty answer is returned to the little questioner, "Oh! Don't bother me, I'm busy; go off and play"? Too busy to train that fast-developing intellect which God has placed under your care, and which may some day move the world? O mother! lay not off thy burden of motherhood so lightly. Think you not that God will require the talent he has committed to your keeping? and require it with usury?

When once the spirit of inquiry is aroused in a child, it demands satisfaction; and if that cannot be obtained where he first and most naturally seeks for it, do you think he will be content to remain in ignorance? No! he will find it somewhere, perhaps learning that which is not true, perhaps finding it in connection with other influences which are poison to his mind.

The moral faculties are the last to develop, and they are the most subtle to deal with. Woe to mother and son, father and daughter, if they be neglected in the tender years.

How many times we hear the mother's voice, "Eddie, you must not do that; it is wicked!" Are you sure the little fellow knows what "wicked" means? You say, "He understands it is breaking the commandments." But sometimes it is hard to see how some particular thing he has been chided for doing is breaking the commandments. Do you ever stop to tell him just how and why it is wicked?

Perhaps he is reading a story of wild adventure, and you insist that he must stop, and never read such a book again. But does he realize how its poison will put a fever of excitement into his very blood that may sometime drive him to the limit of desperation? Perhaps he is playing marbles, and another boy proposes "playing for keeps." You call him and forbid his playing so. But he says, "Why, mamma, what hurt is it?" "It is like gambling," you answer, but your boy knows nothing about gambling, and is as much in the dark about its sinfulness as ever.

Why not explain to him the principle underlying them both, and show him the sinfulness of violating that? Then your boy would have a foundation from which to reason out many a vexed question as he grows older. Teach him to think for himself. Give him sound doctrine, and then let him have a chance to reason out his own course as much as possible.

If as much time were spent in storing the mind with gems of worth, principles of truth, as a foundation to a strong, healthy character, as is often spent in preparation and thought for the external appearance, the next generation would not be the mental dwarfs too many of them now promise to be.

Success With Flowers.

"A little of that good old-fashioned quality, sometimes vulgarly called 'horse sense,' is about as valuable a thing as an amateur can supply himself or herself with when he or she concludes to have a flower garden," writes a contributor to the June *American Gardening*. * * * * "Many amateurs start out with a great store of enthusiasm, and not enough of the essential named. They say that they 'just love' flowers, and that they 'go wild' over them. Now, please do not go wild; go slow if you are new in the business. Rid yourself quickly of the fallacious belief that success with flowers is in any sense a matter of luck. Flowers will grow and bloom as readily for you as anyone, if you undertake their culture in the right way. Investigate the methods and the success of the lucky flower-grower, and see if he or she is not well up on the question of the right kind of soil for plants, the proper location of this bed of pansies and that bed of petunias. The lucky flower-grower knows just when to sow certain seeds and where to sow them. He knows how deep to put them, and the difference between the requirements of the rose and the nasturtium. He is not depending upon luck, but upon his practical knowledge of flowers and their needs. The amateur should study into the requirements of every seed he sows and every plant he sets out. He should not undertake too much in the beginning, and he should never allow his enthusiasm to get the better of his judgment, and lead him into all sorts of ventures, certain to result in failures."

A Family Night.

Make home the happiest place in the world for your children. You can, by taking a little of your time and planning for their pleasure, make home so attractive that your children will have no desire to seek entertainment outside, unless on some special occasion, and even then I should arrange to accompany them, and enter into their joys as one of them. Mothers, and I would include the fathers too, we do not realize the importance of becoming companions to our children—making ourselves agreeable. Who in this life has a greater claim on our attention than our children? And what is of great moment, it will keep our hearts younger and happy. When they have grown to manhood, and womanhood, and the duties of life have called them away from their youth, oft-times will their hearts grow warm in the hallowed memories of childhood's happy days, at home with father and mother; and how much it will help them to make the new home also a little paradise for their own children!

Strawberries.

Strawberry Jam.—The following recipe is a good one, though extremely simple, and has been thoroughly tested: Stew the berries with just as little sugar as possible, and stir continually. When the strawberries are thoroughly done, but not before, add the sugar in the proportion of one pound to each pound of fruit. Of course, the jam will need to cook only a little longer, and this will preserve as far as can be the exquisite red of the berries.

Strawberry Preserves.—This recipe is a most valuable one; it admirably keeps the flavor and the lovely color of this perfect fruit. Take fruit as fresh as possible, wash very carefully, taking pains not to bruise the berries in the least, or to leave a moment longer than necessary in the water. Add three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar to one pound of fruit. Put immediately on the fire, and cook quickly for twenty- or thirty minutes. Then take out the strawberries and spread on flat dishes in the sun. Selecting a bright, warm day for making these preserves, the color will be more perfect. Boil the sirup until it is thick and clear. Pour it over the fruit while hot. Put in jars, and serve them often. The secret of success with strawberry preserves is not to cook too long, or to use too much sugar, as their delicious flavor is more easily impaired than that of any other fruit.

Strawberry Shortcake.—Make the pastry light and flaky; bake in six shallow plates. Spread the berries—either stewed with sugar, or if the berries are large and ripe, only set aside with enough sugar to make a juice before using them—between the pastry in alternate layers, at least six berries deep. There must be always a generous allowance of berries. It should be eaten with rich, thick cream poured over it, and appeals equally to the eye and the palate.

Strawberry salad.—Put the strawberries in a glass dish with alternate layers of pulled pineapple. The fresh is better, but the canned pineapple may be used. It should be pulled instead of sliced, because the slices retain too much of the tough fibre. There are no two flavors that combine more perfectly than those of the strawberry and the pineapple. When the pyramid of fruit is completed, the strawberries, of course on the top, pour over the whole either wine or the strained juice of three lemons and two oranges, sweetened to taste. Keep it on ice until ready to place on the table.

Strawberry Ice.—Three quarts of strawberry juice, with one quart of water. Make this mixture very sweet, for everything loses some of its sweetness in the process of freezing. Then add the whites of six eggs (beaten light) and freeze.

Strawberry Ice Cream.—Four quarts of strawberries with their caps on, and four cupfuls of granulated sugar. Mash the berries with the sugar, and let them stand several hours; then strain the juice. Use four quarts of cream, and four cupfuls of white sugar. Add the juice of the strawberries and beat the whole to a stiff froth.

Strawberry Acid.—This will make a most refreshing drink for the sick as well as for the table. To one quart of good clear vinegar add a quart of berries. A little more or less of the fruit makes no difference Let them stand twenty-four hours, and strain, taking care not to squeeze the bag. Add more berries to the same vinegar, repeating the process three or four times until the vinegar has fully acquired the color and flavor of the fruit. It is better and has a fresher flavor if it is not cooked or sweetened until used. Then add sugar, water and crushed ice to taste.

Household Hints.

The best oil for softening leather and making it pliable is castor oil.

Ripe tomatoes will remove iron rust. Rub on while the goods are wet.

Put a sound ripe apple in the tin box with your fruit cake, and the latter will keep without becoming crumbly or dry.

To keep your silver bright without constant cleaning, which is injurious to the plated articles, dissolve a small handful of borax in a dishpan of hot water with a little soap, put the silver in, and let it stand all the morning, or afternoon, as the case may be, then pour off the suds, rinse with clear cold water, and wipe with a soft cloth.

Cayenne pepper placed in rat-holes will drive the pests away. Powdered borax sprinkled about the water pipes will cause the water bugs to find a new camping ground.

To take grease spots out of ground glass wash well with water that has been boiled and cooled, with an ounce of soda added for each gallon.

Housekeepers will find that a row of tiles on the back of the kitchen table will be a great convenience. They are inexpensive, and will last a life-time.

In using canned fruit or vegetables open the can and let it stand in the air for an hour. This will give the canned goods an opportunity to regain the excluded oxygen, and will prevent the "canny" flavor sometimes noticed.

The white of an egg rubbed upon the seats of leather chairs will brighten and improve them wonderfully.

A Needlebook.

Cut from fine cardboard two disks a little larger than a silver dollar, and cover one side of each with pink silk. Crochet with shaded pink silk two similar-sized pieces. The work should be crocheted solidly, so the cardboard will not show through, by beginning at the centre and working outward, as for a round mat. When large enough, crochet one round, narrowing sufficiently to form an edge to hold the disks in place. Slip in the disks and crochet two or three rounds more. Cut three or four leaves, from white cashmere or flannel, the size of a dollar, and pink the edges or finish them with buttonhole stitch. Set leaves and disks together in the form of a book and secure at the back by a rosette of ribbon, with ends long enough to tie around the book. This trifle will be highly prized by some little needlewoman who likes dainty things in her work-basket.

Hideous Specimens Found by the Men Who Sounded the Ocean as Far as Hawaii.

The surveys of a lane 300 miles wide over the floor of the Pacific Ocean between the coast of California and the Hawaiian Islands has been one of the most interesting scientific tasks. Up to date nothing has been allowed to be published respecting the results obtained. The purpose of the work was to determine the best route for a submarine cable.

SHALLOW WATER BAD FOR CABLES.

Submarine cables suffer much more near shore than in the depths of the sea. In the shallows they are exposed to the chemical action engendered by decaying animal and vegetable matters. The iodine contained in seaweeds destroys iron rapidly. Accordingly, localities which run quickly into deep water over bottoms of mud or sand are chosen for landing places at the ends of the route. By selecting the gully at Salinas Landing for a starting point the minimum length of cable will be exposed to damage from such sources as well as from the anchors of vessels and from the wear and tear of wave and breakers. In shallow waters great injury is done to cables by the bivalve mollusk called the "teredo" or "ship-worm," as well as by a shrimp-like crustacean named "limnoria." The latter is a very small creature, only about one-eighth of an inch long, and covered with minute hairs. But its numbers are so great and the jaws with which it chews are so powerful that it will demolish wooden piles at the rate of an inch of their thickness per annum. Teak is the only wood that it does not devour.

In 1859 a hemp-covered telegraphic cable on being raised after hardly a year's submersion, was found covered with countless millions of the teredo and limnoria. The hemp had entirely disappeared under the operations of the mollusk, while the crustacean had pierced the gutta-percha insulating core with ever so many small round holes. In the shallow waters close by Honolulu the temperature is about 77 degrees in winter. This warmth might interfere with the insulating properties of the gutta-percha, and on that account it is recommended that India rubber shall be used for the core at the end of the line. Experience has proved that in isolated patches of the sea bottom some agency very destructive to the sheathing wires of cables frequently exists. This is believed to be due to outcrops of veins of minerals, and such localities are avoided whenever it is possible. The action of the salt water would be likely to decompose the mineral substances, forming solutions which would attack the metal.

A GOOD PROTECTOR FOR THE CABLE.

At present a plan commonly adopted is to envelop the gutta-percha core with a bandage of cloth impregnated with stearine. This is designed to prevent galvanic action between the copper wires forming the conductor and the outer armor of iron. The lines of the Eastern Submarine Telegraph Company and the Eastern Extension Submarine Telegraph Company, both of which pass through regions badly infested by the teredo, are protected in this way, and have resisted the enemy well. Instances are recorded in which cables have been bitten by sharks and cut by swordfishes. In one case a break was caused by a whale which got entangled in a loose portion of cable that hung down between two steep slopes. It is important that a cable should lie on the bottom throughout its entire extent.

Incidentally to the soundings, observations were made of the bottom temperatures. Below half a mile in depth, the water of the ocean is intensely cold remaining both winter and summer at a point only slightly above freezing. The contents of a trawl hauled up from the floor of the sea at the equator will be found to include mud and ooze that is nearly freezing. All of the life in the vast waste of waters called the Pacific is either near the surface or at the bottom. The abyssal fishes cannot live except under the enormous pressure of water—amounting to over two tons to the square inch at three miles down—to which they are subjected. In order that they may be able to endure this, the tissues of their bodies, and even their bones are very loose in texture, Though solid enough under the conditions to which they are accustomed, they are soft and pulpy when dragged up to the open air. Their eyes protrude, and sometimes they actually burst open.

BLACK AND HIDEOUS MONSTERS

Such fierce carnivorous fishes as exist in the depths of the ocean are unknown at the surface. There is the "black swallower," which devours other finny creatures ten times as big as itself, literally climbing over its victim, first with one jaw and then with the other. Another species is nearly all mouth, and, having almost no power of locomotion, it lives buried in the soft ooze at the bottom, its head alone protruding, ready to engulf any prey that may wander into its cavernous jaws. There is a ferocious kind of shark resembling a huge eel. All of these abyssal monsters are black as ink. Some of them are perfectly blind, while others have enormous goggling eyes. No ray of sunlight ever pierces the dark unfathomed caves in which they dwell. Each species is gobbled by the species next bigger, for there is no vegetal life to feed on.

The surface of the grayish ooze, over which the cable will run, is an interminable desert where nothing grows. There being no sunlight to support vegetal life, not a blade or sprout of any sort of vegetation is to be discovered—not even a seaweed. Here and there are creatures called "crinoids," which counterfeit plants in their appearance, with waving stems and what look like flowers, but are not such. Also there are sea-worms, which live in tubes and resemble the most brilliant blossoms. Spiny sea-urchins are plentiful, and over the bottom are crawling shrimp-like crustaceans of bright scarlet and vivid orange hues, some of them of great size. There are numerous species of mullusks as well. They and the crustaceans, when hauled to the surface, are so disorganized by the removal of the pressure to which they have been accustomed as to look as if they had been boiled.

UNKNOWN TO SCIENCE.

The ocean floor across which the cable will be laid is fairly well populated with living species, most of which are unknown to science at present. This remark especially applies to the larger fishes, which could not be fetched up with the trawl. Some will be devised for capturing them. Nobody can tell what monsters and chimeras dire may inhabit the abyssal regions of the Pacific. It was only a few years ago that Capt. George Hope, of H.M.S. Fly, saw an extraordinary creature in the Gulf of California. The sea being perfectly calm and of glass-like transparency, he beheld swimming over the bottom a few fathoms down an enormous animal with the head and general figure of an alligator, except that its neck was vastly longer and instead of legs it had four flappers like a turtle. It appeared to be pursuing some prey, and moved in a serpentine fashion. The description given in all respects fitted the extinct plesiosaurus so exactly that some naturalists were confident that it must have been a surviving specimen of that mighty reptile.

The total length of the lines surveyed by the Albatross and Thetis between California and the Hawaiian Islands was 6,785 miles. In the sounding operations 179,142 feet of piano wire was lost. Such accidents are unavoidable. The sinker sometimes gets entangled at the bottom, or the vessel gives a sudden lurch and snaps the wire off short. In these ways 469 sixty-pound sinkers were also lost. In shoal water a rope and lead do well enough for sounding. By filling a small cavity in the base of the lead with tallow, a quantity of the sand or mud on which the lead strikes becomes imbedded in the tallow, showing the character of the bottom soil. For soundings in the depths, however, special apparatus must be used. It is not very complicated, consisting chiefly of a sinker and sufficient length of No. 11 music wire. The latter, which stands a strain of 200 pounds, is wound on a wheel. Each turn of the wheel registers a fathom, or six feet, while a dial keeps count of the number of turns paid out. Thus the depth at every sounding is registered automatically. A scale shows the tension on the wire and indicates the instant that the sinker reaches the bottom. The sinker is in part composed of a cylinder which has a valve in its lower end. When it strikes bottom this valve is forced up and the interior of the cyclinder is filled with soil from the bottom. At the same moment an automatic thermometer attached to the contrivance notes the temperature of the water.

TERRIBLE PARISIAN TRAGEDY.

A Man Kills His Family and Then Suicides.

A Paris telegram says:—Coupe, the publican whose terrible deeds have thrilled Paris, died in hospital from the effects of the injuries inflicted by his own hand. The doctors, however, hope to save his youngest child, Charlotte, notwithstanding the apparently desperate nature of her wounds. The drama took place in the Rue de la Glacier, a long narrow street, near the Montsouris Park. In this district Coupe kept his wine shop and led a comparatively prosperous existence until he began to bet on horses. Instead of attending to his business he was continually on the lookout for racing tips and frequenting clandestine betting agencies. He was occasionally heard to say that if his money were all lost in this manner he would kill himself and his family. Last Sunday he backed a horse which did not win, and lost a considerable sum. This seems to have confirmed him in his sinister resolution, and early yesterday morning the concierge of the house in which Coupe had his shop heard shots in the place, and at once communicated with the police. The local commissary on arriving knocked at the shop door, and as nobody opened it he called in the assistance of a locksmith. On entry being effected, just as another shot was heard, Coupe was found groaning on the floor, a revolver in his hand, and blood oozing from a bullet wound in the head. In an adjoining room Madame Coupe was lying lifeless, her forehead pierced by a ball. Her children, George and Albertine, were also dead, but Charlotte was still breathing. Coupe and his surviving daughter were conveyed to the Cochin Hospital. It has been ascertained from letters since brought to light that Madame Coupe, as well as her husband, courted death as an escape from the oncoming destitution which was staring the family in the face.

MOBBED BY STUDENTS.

An Archbishop of the Greek Catholic Church Pelted With Rotten Eggs.

Archbishop Sembratowiez was mobbed by 40 Polish students in Lemburg, Austria, the other day, in view of his visit to the Pope, which the Poles regard as treason to the Greek Catholic church, of which he is a prelate. The archbishop was driving to the railway station from his house when the students attacked him. They threw rotten eggs at the archbishop, and his coachman stopped the horses and tried to climb into the carriage. Five men reached over the the doors and beat the archbishop with their canes while others tossed dirt, eggs and vegetables over the back. The archbishop was caught twice by the crowd and was dragged from the carriage, but each time tore himself loose. The police attacked the students, but were driven back. Reinforcements were summoned, and after a hot skirmish 19 of the students were arrested. The others fled. Bishop Kulkjowski, of Stanilau, who came upon the mob in the worst of the fight and had attempted to defend the archbishop was severely cut on the face and neck. The archbishop's face was bleeding and he was covered with filth. Both he and the bishop were accompanied home by the police.

Work on the New Cunarder.

Work is proceeding almost continuously on the new Cunarder Lucania in the Clyde, but it is evident earlier estimates were too sanguine, and the Fairfield company's officers now state that she will not be ready for sea for another month. The old Guion liner Wisconsin has been privately sold for breaking-up purposes. She was offered at auction last week, but the reserve price was not reached, the highest bid having been £4,000. Southampton has obtained parliamentary powers to construct a new dock with nearly two thousand yards of quay accommodation, and recently, by way of keeping up its new reputation for enterprise, a new electric crane, the first ever erected in this country, was set to work. It is an overhead crane, which lifts and slews simultaneously, lifting three tons at the rate of 100 feet per minute, and representing fifty-horse power when at full work.

A Bible has sold for $24,750.

Whole Family Massacred.

The latest newspapers from Catanzaro (says a Roman despatch) give full detail of a terrible tragedy at Nicrasto. The crime has caused the liveliest feelings of horror throughout the country, and in the locality the most intense indignation prevails against the woman who is held to be mainly responsible for the deed of butchery. The murderer, Antonio Torchia, a carpenter, aged 40 years, had lived all his wedded life at Nicrastro. His wife, Giovanni Rubino, was industrious and domesticated, while the husband was sober and hard-working, with the result that their home was superior to most families in their position. They had five children, the eldest aged eight, and the household was completed by an orphan child, aged nine, whom his wife in the goodness of her mind had adopted. Entire harmony prevailed in the household until a few months ago, when, unhappily for all concerned, Torchia became enamoured of Clementina Chiumbalo, a woman forty-six years of age, who lived close by the Torchias's home. From that moment all happiness in the little household fled. The man, instead of devoting himself as previously to his wife and children, commenced to illtreat them.

BEATINGS WERE INCESSANT

whenever he was at home, and all his earnings were spent upon the woman with whom he was infatuated. The neglected wife, maddened by her husband's brutality, and the wrecking of her domestic happiness, sought out her rival and violently assaulted her. The police were summoned, and Giovanni was locked up, being finally sentenced to a short term of imprisonment. She was released from gaol on the 12th May, and on the road homewards she was overtaken by her husband. He asked her if she had repented of her fit of jealousy, and she asked him whether he intended to lead a more decent life. Some of the women neighbours, hearing the altercation, joined them, and urged Giovanni not to irritate her husband, as he had told some of his companions that on his wife's return there would be a massacre in his house. The wife, however, paid no heed to their warnings, or, rather, she seemed utterly indifferent as to what fate might have in store for her. They entered the house together, and the neighbours without heard the door bolted. They crowded to the windows, fearful of what would happen, yet too frightened to interfere. No sooner was the house barricaded than the husband, producing a revolver

FIRED AT HIS WIFE,

who made not the slightest effort to escape. She fell dead at his feet, not a word escaping her. The murderer then entered the adjoining room where his children slept. They were already alarmed by the report of the pistol, and seeing their father enter wild and haggard, with the smoking weapon in his hand, they wept bitterly and begged him not to hurt them. The eldest child, Francesco, sprang from his bed, and clutching his father by the knees, prayed for pity. The monster was unaffected by the child's petition, but with horrible coolness fired close to the boy's head, killing him instantly. The other little ones fled in terror, but the bloodthirsty wretch prevented the escape of all but one son. His little daughters, Angela and Maria, aged six and four respectively, had taken refuge under the bed, but he dragged them out and shot them dead upon the floor. Then he espied the orphan girl crouching in a corner. He wounded her, and the girl, falling down, feigned to be dead, and thus saved her life. With his sixth shot the murderer turned his weapon upon the baby of eighteen months, and scattered it brains upon the pillow of the cot. The neighbors had by this time secured help, and sought to break the door down, but before they succeeded in doing so the watchers at the window saw Torchia emerge from the bedroom, calmly reload his weapon, and fire into his own mouth. He died at once. The dwelling resembled a slaughter-house. The murderer had fired one shot at each victim, death being instantaneous, except in the case of the orphan girl, who will recover. When the news of the massacre became known, the entire population of Nicrastro rose agrinst the woman Clementina Chiumbalo, and sought to lynch her. The gendarmes, however, succeeded in protecting her from the mob, and she now lies under arrest.

There's Profit In Advertising.

Allen C. Mason, one of the big millionaire's of Tacoma is under forty. Mason's wealth illustrates the value of newspaper advertising. Just ten years ago he was teaching school in Jacksonville, he borrowed $3,000 for three years to come to Puget Sound, settled in Tacoma and went into the real estate and loan business. During five years his transactions amounted to more than $3,000,000. He is now building a house in Tacoma which will cost $125,000, has given the city a public library of 20,000 volumes, and owns all sorts of valuable property. He considers the newspapers one of the secrets of success. He put all his money at first into newspaper advertising. He started in by advertising his real estate in religious papers, spending at first $100 a month and increasing till he was spending $500 a month this way. Then he tried the big Eastern dailies, and one Sunday he spent $10,000, all that he had at the time, in putting two-page ads. in the big Sunday newspapers of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The result was that the letters came in by the bushel, and half of them contained money, and Mr. Mason says he is still getting business from the advertising of that time.

Why He Tackled the Job Early.

Housemaid (at 5 p. m.): "So that's what you're doing, is it, Master Johnny? Into the jam at five o'clock in the morning."

Little Johnny (pleadingly): "Don't give me away, will you, Sally? I came early to avoid the rush."

Double-Barrelled Wealth.

Bilkins: "Old Jones killed himself by working so hard to get wealth."

Wilkins: "Yes; and now his lazy, shiftless son is killing himself by spending the old man's money."

A new medicine bottle indicates the hours at which the drug is to be taken.

No British Sovereign has vetoed a Parliamentary Bill during the past 185 years.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

Her own birth and breeding were irreproachable, and she could be grande dame to the tips of her toes when she pleased. But when the part did not suit, she varied it according to her own fancy. She was not a young woman now—that is to say, she was on the wrong side of thirty; but she was handsome and dashing-looking, and had a host of admirers, and did pretty much as she iked with her husband, who was a dark, Jewish-looking man, rarely seen in her drawing-rooms, but known to have carried many speculations to a successful issue, and to have so much money that even her wildest extravagances could be indulged without fear of consequences.

Lady Jean was on the very highest pinnacle of social success at present, and novelty amused her, though the fact of being constantly en grande tenue was rather a bore, and there was a dash of Bohemianism in her character, due to her Irish blood, which would have vent occasionally. The said element, however, was kept carefully out of sight of the very great and exclusive personages who received her as one of themselves. She slipped into her two characters as occasion demanded, and played them so skilfully that her respective audiences applauded each with rapture, and took each as the real thing.

Those outside that magic pale of "exclusiveness" sighed enviously as they saw her leave their ranks from time to time, and soar upwards to that purer and rarer stratum of the social atmosphere which their lungs were deemed unfit to breathe.

"We are quite as good as she," they would murmur discontentedly.

And so they doubtless were, only they had not learnt her secret—the secret of keeping on good terms with Society, and yet indulging in a hundred little frolicsome escapades by way of variety, without offending the strait-laced prejudices and high-toned morality of the one set, or debarring herself from the questionable amusements of the other.

To-night Lady Jean is very gracious, very affable, very dignified; her rooms are thronged with great personages. A list of nothing but titles will fill the pages of the Court Journal that describes her "reception" to-morrow, and she feels that she is a person of much consequence. Lady Vavasour looks at her with more curiosity than she has yet evinced. Her husband's words have aroused her interest.

Lady Jean is attired in some wonderful combination of deep ruby and old gold that suits her dark beauty to perfection. Lauraine gazes at her with a sort of wonder It has never struck her before that the woman is so marvellously handsome.

They pass on with the rest of the crowd after a few words.

In one of the rooms a great singer is singing. Lauraine stands and listens. Someone comes up to her and offers his hand. She just glances up and smiles as she takes it. Neither of them speaks. Only two eager blue eyes take in every detail of her dress and appearance, and give so glad a welcome in their glance that perhaps it is as well she does not see it.

The song is over. The crowd move about. Keith Athelstone bends close to Lauraine.

"Let me find you a seat," he says. "These rooms are stifling."

Lauraine nods and takes his arm. Her husband has gone back to the staircase and —Lady Jean.

"I hardly know anyone here," she says at last. "It is the first time I have come to the house."

"Is it?" answers Keith, rather indifferently. "There are heaps of big swells here, I believe. Pity Mrs. Bradshaw Woollffe can't be among them. How delighted she would be!"

"How long do you stay with her?" asked Lauraine.

"I scarcely know. I am looking out for a set of rooms; but I haven't found anything I like yet."

"Are you so hard to please?"

"I don't think so. But I must have lots of room and something green to look at. I wonder if I dare ask your assistance in the furnishing line. I'm afraid I shall make an awful muddle of it.

Lauraine laughs. "Are you going in for the æsthetic style—peacock-blue, and sage-green and yellow? Oh, yes—I shall be delighted to help you. We'll drive to Morris's and select things together."

Together! His heart gives a quick throb as he hears that word. He wonders whether she has forgotten. He feels a little impatient of this calm friendliness with which she always treats him. She ignores the past so utterly that at times he feels impelled to say or do something desperate, if only to waken her from that calm and know that she can feel still.

The attraction she had had for him is potent as ever. All his rage and indignation had not killed it—the barrier in his path seemed but to rouse it to fresh life when they met again.

No woman in the world was to him what Lauraine was. No woman ever would be, he felt assured. Had he been wise he would have shunned her presence so long as he knew it could exercise its old potent witchery for him.

But who is wise that loves?

"She is quite safe," he would tell himself restlessly. "And for myself—if it hurts me, it is my own fault. I must see her sometimes."

He had grown to look upon Lauraine as martyred to her mother's selfishness. He knew she had never cared for her husband. He saw that even in this short space of time they were drifting slowly—surely apart.

"And I would have made her so happy!" he thought to himself in those hours of solitude when the maddening recollection of that one face was always before him.

He almost hated her at such times; hated her because he could not forget her, and all his riches seemed nothing in comparison with just—her love.

She was quite unsuspicious as yet. She thought he must have got over his boyish infatuation long since, and that their friendship was as real to him as to her. He was careful enough not to undeceive her, for he dreaded above all the sentence of banishment she would inevitably pronounce. She had grown so much colder and prouder since her marriage, he thought.

The seat is found, and side by side they sit, talking of a hundred different things that for them have a common interest. To Lauraine it is the most natural thing in the world that Keith should be beside her, and she can always talk to him as she can to no one else. Yet there is that about her which keeps all dangerous allusions in check, which sometimes awes the wild, hot, young heart beating so restlessly by her side. He tries a hundred times to speak, and yet—he dares not.

"She would never forgive," he thinks to himself. "It would seem almost an insult now."

For he knows that there is one tie which sanctifies her heart, and sets her far above the touch and fear of a selfish passion. It is her love for her child.

"Your wife and her old playfellow seem devoted to each other," remarks Lady Jean, as she leans on Sir Francis Vavasour's arm, and makes the tour of her splendid rooms.

He looks carelessly at the couple in question. They are sitting in an alcove, the soft hues of the hangings and the rich tints of flowers framing them in with a glow of colour. Keith is bending over Lauraine; he holds her bouquet in his hand, and toys restlessly with the fragrant blossoms. Her face is softly flushed, the long dark lashes sweep her cheek, a little smile, half tender, half sad, plays about her lips.

"What a handsome couple they would have made," continues Lady Jean blandly. "Just seem suited for each other. You ought to feel flattered, *mon ami*, that you carried the day."

"Pshaw! they are like brother and sister," mutters Sir Francis impatiently.

"Are they? How very charming? Only brothers and sisters as a rule don't seem quite so devoted to each other. But, of course, the relationship and the 'seeming' it are two different things. Do you know, I think your wife is very beautiful."

"You are very good to say so."

Lady Jean laughs.

"My flattery is quite sincere. I really admire her very much. She is a little too grave and serious, perhaps, but that is a fault on the right side. There is too much fastness and vulgarity in society nowadays. A quiet woman is quite refreshing."

"Lauraine never used to be grave and serious," Sir Francis remarks somewhat moodily. "She was one of the merriest and most amusing girls I ever met."

"Ah!" observes his companion sententiously. "That was before she married you. Somehow marriage does alter some women amazingly."

CHAPTER VI.

"BLOWN IN BETWEEN BY DEVIL'S WRANGLING BREATH."

"Lauraine is very much changed," laments Mrs. Douglas to a select coterie of friends, on one of those chilly spring afternoons when they have dropped in to sip souchong and talk scandal in her pretty drawing-room.

It is her "day."

There are heaps of women scattered about —there are a few men. The lights are subdued There is a pleasant fragrance of tea, and the scents of flowers fill the air, and the babble of many voices sounds cheerfully amidst it all.

"Changed!" says one of the friends to whom she has addressed that remark; "in what way?"

"So quiet and cold and—odd," Mrs. Douglas answers; says she hates society, detests going out, takes up artists and singers, and all sorts of queer people. I really expect to see her going about soon in a terra-cotta gown, and wearing no corsets, and looking as great a fool as Lady Etwynde. So absurd, you know, for a young woman, and a pretty woman. Of course, Lady Etwynde is a duke's daughter, and can do what she likes; besides, she's so lovely nothing could make her a fright, though she only turns it to account by being the most eccentric woman in London. I don't blame her. If you can't be remarkable in one way, it's just as well to be it in another. But the people one meets there—it really is too awful. Just the sort of creatures that Punch takes off. And Lauraine is always there; so tiresome, because Lady Etwynde's day is the same as mine, and so she can never come here."

"I thought it was odd never meeting her at your house remarks one of the coterie.

"Yes, that's how it is you never see her," resumes Mrs. Douglas, somewhat hurriedly. "She and Lady Etwynde are inseparable, though I'm sure I can't imagine why."

"I met her—your daughter, I mean—at the Salomans' the other night," remarks a tall fair woman, leaning languidly back in her chair.

"Yes, I know she was there," says Mrs. Douglas, colouring slightly. "Charming woman, Lady Jean!"

"Very," answers her friend dryly. "I —I suppose Lady Vavasour never heard anything about—that."

"Oh, there was nothing—nothing; he assured me so himself. I would not have trusted my child's happiness to his care had he not done so. The world is so censorious, dear Mrs. Chetwynde."

Mrs. Chetwynde laughs.

"True; but all the same there is no smoke without fire, you know—and Lady Jean was awfully wild about his marriage."

Mrs. Douglas looks uncomfortable. "I don't know anything about her. But I am quite sure she is all right. She is received everywhere."

"Of course," smiles her friend. "And the very openness of their friendship is guarantee sufficient for its perfect harmlessness; just like Lauraine's with Keith Athelstone."

"Keith Athelstone!" exclaims Mrs. Douglas, turning very white. "What do you mean?"

"They are always together," says Mrs. Chetwynde, maliciously. "So they were in Rome, for the matter of that. But, of course, they are very old friends—brought up as children, and all that?"

"Of course," says Mrs. Douglas, loftily. "Why they were like brother and sister. Surely no one is so uncharitable, as——"

"My dear we are all uncharitable, more or less. And Lauraine is very pretty, and Sir Francis not quite so devoted as he might be, considering it was a love-match—so you said. I think I should give Lauraine a hint, if I were you."

"Lauraine is quite capable of managing her own affairs," said Mrs. Douglas pettishly. In her own mind she thinks she knows how such a hint would be received. "Keith is only a boy. Lauraine looks upon him just as a brother—always did. She is accustomed to order him about, and have him beside her. Pray don't listen to such ill-natured gossip."

But all the time an uncomfortable mem-

one eyes, and hears the passionate reproaches of Keith Athelstone's lips as he tells her of his ruined life. Good heavens! what does he mean? Why does he stay by Lauraine's side now? She feels nervous and unsettled, and almost resolves she will speak to Lauraine, and give her that word of caution which her friend has suggested. The world is so wicked, and after all——

Her thoughts are interrupted by fresh arrivals.

Into the exclusive circle in which Mrs. Douglas' soul delights, stride the massive proportions and gorgeous sweeping draperies of Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woollffe. Following her is a dainty little figure—a sort of modern Dresden shepherdess in point of colouring and attire. She is introduced by Mrs. Woollffe as "My niece from New York, Miss Anastasia Jane Jefferson."

Every one looks at her. Everyone wonders whether it is prettiness, or piquancy, or chic, that makes the radiant face so bewitching—the tiny figure so attractive, and one among the coterie, the Belgravian matron, with demoiselles a marier, looks virtuously indignant and annoyed at the intrusion.

"She is sure to be fast and talk with that awful twang, that's one comfort," she thinks, as with the coldest and stiffest of bows she greets the new-comer.

But Miss Jefferson is not fast or vulgar, and though her accent and expression are decidedly American, they have a piquant charm of their own that the younger members of that conclave listen to enviously, and the men seem to find irresistibly attractive.

Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woollffe and her niece fairly break up the select groups and tete-a-tetes, and make themselves the centre of attraction and attention. The loud voice and hearty laughter of the elder lady peal through the room, to the utter annihilation of softer voices and confidential whispers.

"We have just come from Lady Etwynde's reception," she says, laughing immoderately. "I reckon you people are having some fun out of your new craze. Guess she's gone pretty nigh out of her mind, at all events."

"What was it like? Do tell us," chime in one or two voices—voices of outsiders to whom the Lady—or, as she loved to call herself, the "Ladye"—Etwynde Fitz-Herbert is a sort of unknown wonder. Her sayings and doings are chronicled by society journals but her circle of intimates and associates is very limited. They begin to wonder how Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woollffe gained admittance. That lady now informs them.

"Well," she commences, looking round at the attentive faces, "I was calling at Lauraine's—beg pardon, I suppose I should say Lady Vavasour's—and she took me with her and Keith. Keith is a great chum of the 'Ladye Etwynde's. We got to her house—a real lovely place with a big garden, out Kensington way; all red brick, no windows to speak of but lots of frames, and a hall—my! the queerest place—all done with matting, and so dark, and everywhere double doors and plush curtains, 'of a sad sage-green,' to use Keith's expression. Such a silent place, not a sound anywhere. Well, we went into a room, also very dim and a great deal of green and yellow about it, and huge pots of sunflowers in the windows, and the very queerest chairs, and on every chair sat a woman, and behind every chair stood a man. They were all quite still, and had their eyes fixed on the sunflowers and their bodies twisted into the queerest attitudes. I stared some, I can tell you. Lauraine went up to a tall, beautiful woman dressed in a clinging gown of terra-cotta stuff—such a gown! My! Worth never had anything to do with that frock, I guess. She came forward and spoke to me. 'You are not one of us, but you are welcome,' she said. Her voice was very sad and very sweet.

"'This is one of our contemplative afternoons,' she said, when I had bowed—speak, I really couldn't. 'We do nothing but sit still, and *yearn*.'"

"What?" ejaculated the listeners.

"Guess you're through," laughs Mrs. Woollffe. "Well, so was I."

"'Yes,' she went on. 'We yearn for all that is most soul-uplifting. We each set a distinct object before our mind's eye, and absorb ourselves in its contemplation. These moments are truly precious for those who can be brought to appreciate their intensity. We are most of us earnest students of our faith—disciples of culture—worshippers of the beautiful—the far-reaching—the subtle—the sublime!'

"'And don't you ever speak?' I asked her; for of all the vacant-eyed, sleepy idiots in creation I never came across such a set as were 'yearning' there.

"'Speak—oh yes—in season and at proper times,' she says. 'But thought is often more beautiful than words, and language is deficient in much that might clothe and dignify our ideas.'

"Keith chimed in here. 'Yes,' he said; 'they are apt to sound ridiculous when it comes to clothing them in common-place speech.'"

The listeners exchange glances.

"And this was really how they went on —how idiotic!" murmurs Mrs. Douglas. "I knew Lady Etwynde was always very eccentric, but I think she is quite going out of her mind now. I hope she won't imbue Lauraine with any of her absurd ideas. How was she dressed—Lauraine, I mean?"

"Oh! quite æsthetic!" exclaims Mrs. Woollffe. "Indian silk, creamy coloured, big puffs, and very clinging about the skirt and an 'intense' hat. I know it was intense because Keith said so."

"What made Mr. Athelstone go to such a nonsensical affair?" demands Mrs. Douglas, frowning.

"Didn't ask him. 'Spose he likes to 'yearn' a bit also. Perhaps it's refreshing to fix one's mind on an object and meditate upon it. Can't say myself. Don't think I ever tried it."

"And didn't they *do* anything?" inquires Mrs. Chetwynde.

"They talked an almighty queer jargon, if that was doing anything. A lot about 'disciples' and 'searching after the unknown,' and the 'abstruseness of the beautiful,' which was the religion of culture. Lauraine saw some snow-drops and violets and admired them, and then someone burst out about the fierce beauty of the sunflower and the grand teachings of the tiger-lily. I confess I felt beat then, and said so, but Lady Etwynde only smiled that sad, pale smile of hers, and murmured: 'Ah, Nature has much to teach you. Her great marvels are yet a blank. To comprehend her is a power given only to the chosen

ed if I comprehended her.

"And one hears such wonderful stories about this Lady Etwynde," murmurs a voice in the background. "Really, it seems quite disappointing."

"She is real pretty," remarks Miss Anastasia Jefferson.

"Pretty? But then she dresses so oddly, and her hair——"

"A club behind and a nimbus in front," laughs the pretty American. "Trying, but still seems to suit her. Real cunning she looked when she lay back in her chair with her eyes turned up—so."

She imitates her so exactly that there is a well-bred ripple of laughter among the circle, but behind Miss Jefferson's back they will all denounce the vulgarity and bad taste of ridiculing anyone to whose house she had just been. Of course, they themselves never do such things!

Mrs. Douglas draws a little nearer to Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woollffe. She wants to question her concerning Keith Athelstone.

"You might have brought your young friend here," she says affably.

"Guess he didn't want to come," answers Mrs. Woollffe, bluntly. "At least he said so."

Mrs. Douglas colours faintly. "He has so many engagements; money of course makes a young man immensely popular," she says, with a cold smile.

"'Tain't money that's got anything to do with Keith Athelstone's popularity," answers Mrs. Woollffe, sharply. "He's just one of the nicest young fellows I've ever known, and people don't take long to find that out. His manners are perfect. He can dress like a a gentleman without looking a fop. He's plenty to say and says it well, and he's most uncommonly good-looking. If that ain't enough to make a young man run after, what is?"

"Still," says Mrs Douglas, sweetly, "if he had no money, Society would turn its back on him to-morrow."

"Society?" echoes Mrs Bradshaw B. Woollffe. "I guess you mean the mothers in society. I've my own opinion about the gals."

"Does he—does he seem to care about any woman in particular?" asks Mrs. Douglas. "I suppose he means to marry and settle down now."

"Guess he don't," says Mrs. Woollffe, shrugging her shoulders. "Likes to be free, so he says and quite right too."

"Then there is no one—no girl—he pays attention to," persists Mrs. Douglas, determinedly.

Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woollffe looks at her with aroused curiosity, and a faint smile comes to her lips. "Oh yes, there is someone he pays great attention to," she says, slowly and distinctly, "but no girl as you say—she is a married woman."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VAIN DISGUISES OF CRIMINALS.

The Best Friend of a Fugitive from Justice Is a "Common" Face.

When flying from justice a criminal rarely escapes through a disguise. In many cases the buying of the things selected by him as being most helpful to conceal his identity, affords a clew which insures his capture. In most cases shaving off the beard or moustache is relied upon to hide a likeness, but the police always recognize such a proceeding as probable, and an expert thief-taker is well able to identify his man minus such adornments. In some cases, indeed, the wanted person's likeness is put in the detective's hands with the mustache and whiskers removed, showing what the man will be like without them. An absconding bank cashier a short time ago attempted to leave the country dressed as a woman. His disguise was seen through by a keen-eyed detective who was watching outward-bound vessels, and although he did not recognize the man he detained him on suspicion, and communicating with the head authorities the prisoner was soon identified. In that case the disguise itself actually led to the detection of the criminal. In two other recent cases men wearing false beards and mustaches were secured by the policemen anxious to discover their reasons for assuming them. These afterward proved to be so unsatisfactory that one of them received eight and the other eleven years' penal servitude. The thing which most stands a criminal in good stead in making his escape is his having a "common face," one with no marked peculiarity, and iron nerve to enable him to carry himself like an innocent person

Snake-Eating in Paris.

Italians, as it is well known are partial to harmless snakes, and have no objection to eat them cooked. A frittura composed of the common wood-serpent's flesh is even regarded as a dainty by the lower orders in Rome, Florence, and Naples, and is often served up to them in their dingy restaurants. Parisians of the inferior classes are also great eaters of fried snakes, but unwittingly so, for the reptiles are palmed off on them as eels. Thus the apparently appetising dishes known as matelette d'anguille and anguille a la tartare are often in low eating houses nothing but harmless snakes, caught in the wilder part of the Vincennes Wood, and brought up to a special market near the Place de la Republique. It is probable, however, that even if the members of the poorer classes here who occasionally indulge in fried or stewed eels, were apprised of the fraud practised at their expense they would evince no loathing, nor even lack of appetite, seeing that they are ready to devour not only horse flesh, but meat of mule, donkey, and dog any day in the week.

Queer Impracticality.

Neander, professor of theology in Berlin, was one day overtaken by a thunderstorm, He jumped into a cab, but could not give either the number of his house or the name of the street. The driver thought the man was mad, and was about to tell him to get out, when the Professor, espying a student, called out to him and said: "Just tell the man where I live." Neander's sister, who kept house for him, took fresh apartments for him near the university, as she thought the distance too great for her brother. A few days after their removal he complained of the long and tiring walk, and it then turned out that he had always gone first to the old lodging and so round to the university.

The estimated area of the Shah of Persia's dominions is 600,000 square miles.

The late Duke of Sutherland made and signed ninty-two wills.

Ten thousand lead toy soldiers are turned out in Nuremberg every day.

One-eighth of New York city is owned by 117 individuals and estates.

The Island of Ceylon is the most remarkable gem deposit in the world.

Many of the Hindoo sapphires and other gems are carved into amulets and idols.

The Sultan of Turkey has an emerald of 300 carats set in the handle of a dagger.

Expedition Island, off the cost of Australia, has mysteriously disappeared from view.

John Roberts, the champion billiard-player, during a big break, frequently scores at the rate of 100 points per four minutes.

The spy fever is just now raging at Warsaw and the neighbourhood. The police are more than usually vigilant, and arrests are being made almost daily.

A curious snake in South Africa lives wholly upon birds' eggs. It has no teeth or signs of teeth in the mouth, its whole dental array being located in the stomach.

The leaves of the life-tree, which is found only in Jamaica, grow after they have been severed from the plant.

Wax came into use for candles in the 12th century, and wax candles were esteemed a luxury in 1330, being but little used.

A traveller who has been as far south as Patagonia, and as far north as Iceland, says that mosquitoes are to be met with everywhere.

Equal parts of tartar emetic and sugar, mixed with water to make a thin syrup, if spread where ants abound, will drive them away,

Fire insurance companies contribute yearly to the support of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade on a basis of £35 for every £1,000,000 insured.

The average length of life is greater in Norway than in any other country on the globe. This is attributed to the fact that the temperature is cool and uniform throughout the year.

Chinese women are beginning to rebel seriously against the fashion of compressing their feet, which has for so long limited their energies. It appears that a missionary has been preaching to them on the subject.

A new scheme is being tried in Australia, with good results, for the extermination of rabbits. Cartridges generating poisonous gas are put in the burrows, the holes are closed, and the rabbits killed by the poison in the smoke.

Sir John D. Astley, who is so highly admired by all lovers of sport, was in his earlier days a splendid sprint runner, and his love of pedestrianism is as strong now as when he ran races on the track. He is writing a book of his reminiscences.

A camellia tree 50 feet high, and now in full bloom, with 40,000 blossoms, can be seen in Plenitz, near Dresden. It was brought from Japan in 1840.

Bismarck is what in Germany they call a "chain smoker"—that is, he smokes from morning till night without a break, lighting one cigar with the end of the other.

In order to discover an enemy's movement at night an Italian artillery officer has invented a mechanical candle, which, when sent from a cannon, will shed a light equal to 100,000 candles.

The soil of Hayti is so fertile that three crops of corn are often raised in a year. The natives, however, are too indolent to avail themselves of these advantages, and they only work for enough to enable them to live.

The women of Hungary are erect, vigorous, with fine figures, small feet, pretty hands, rich complexions, and are said to be among the most beautiful women in the world. They are fond of athletic sports, and are especially graceful walkers.

At Monte Carlo the bank must always win in the long run, and it is just the same in Capel Court, where the stock-jobbers may be said to constitute the bank.

There is no more regular attendant at the sitting of the House of Lords than the Archbishop of Canterbury, who makes it a rule to be in his place punctually at four o'clock. His Grace considers it a duty, as head of the Church, to be always prepared to answer questions which may be put to him as Primate.

The Japanese show their appreciation of an actor's playing in a more substantial manner than by freely applauding. They throw various portions of their dress on the stage, and at the end of the performance the favoured person claims the money that the donors repurchase them with, the prices for the various articles being at fixed rates.

In the strange little country of Holland the three principal cities are Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague. These cities are a peculiar medley of canals and streets, trees and masts, bridges and boats. Amid their apparent disorder there is more or less symmetry. Amsterdam is a semi-circle, Rotterdam an equilateral triangle, and the Hague a square. The difference between the three cities socially has been aptly put: "At Rotterdam, fortunes are made; at Amsterdam, they are consolidated; at the Hague, they are spent."

The number of persons who find their way into gaol is rapidly diminishing. In Britain the figures for 1892 were 12,663, a decrease of 413 on the previous year. The diminution would appear even greater were it not that now military prisoners are kept in the civic gaols instead of special prisons, as was formerly the case. Since 1880, when the number was 19,818, the returns have shown a steady decline, notwithstanding that the population has enormously increased. Two prisons have had at one time of the year only seven prisoners within their walls.

King George of Greece enjoyed extremely the visit of his sister, the Princess of Wales, to whom he is much attached. He is a very busy man, but contrived to spend a considerable portion of his day with her. He manages to extend his working half of the twenty-four hours by rising very early winter and summer, but in the former season he repairs at once to his study, and tries how many documents he can put away, signed and sealed before breakfast; while in summer he wanders beyond the gates of the palace, and will frequently cover half a score of miles before his morning chat with Queen Olga and his children.

Lardeau City.

The townsite of Lardeau, situated at the head of the Upper Arrow Lake arm, is now on the market. The remarkable discoveries of ore in the Lardeau country have made it possible to build a town at this point, from which entrance to the mines will be made. The mines on Fish Creek, at the mouth of which the new town is located, are also tributary to this point. The building of a line from Revelstoke to this arm of Arrow Lake by C. P. R. Co., which has obtained a charter and money subsidy from the Dominion Government, will give all year round communication, and ensure the shipping of ore and supplies from this point. Towns grow as if by magic in a mining country, and the remarkable growth of Kaslo is pointed to as indicating what may transpire at Lardeau.—Colonist.

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NOTICE.

A COUNTY COURT will be held at Revelstoke on MONDAY, the 17th day of July, 1893.

J. KIRKUP,
Registrar.

Revelstoke, June 19th, 1893.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the following additional Mining Recording Division in the West Kootenay Electoral District has been established, namely :—

8. Lardeau—Daniel A. Lamey, Recorder—to comprise all the land on the Lardo River, commencing at a point eight miles from where the said river leaves Trout Lake, and on all streams flowing into such portion of the Lardo River, and on all the streams and rivers flowing into Trout Lake, and into the Columbia River, Upper Arrow Lake, between Alcololex River and Half-way Creek, excepting the lands on Fish Creek lying north of Battle Creek, and on the streams flowing into the said Fish Creek above Battle Creek.

Notice is also given that the limits of the Revelstoke and Illecillewaet Mining Recording Divisions, as defined on the 9th day of December, 1891, and the 4th day of August, 1892, respectively, are altered by excluding those portions of the divisions now contained within the aforesaid Lardeau Division.

A. CAMPBELL REDDIE,
Deputy Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office, 30th May, 1893.

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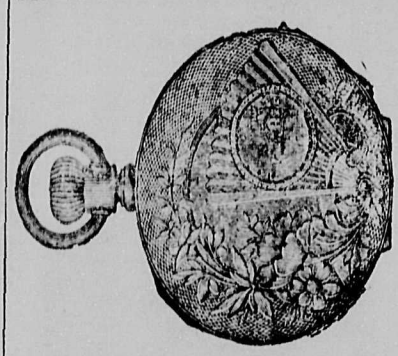

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The old gentleman turned his eyes from the fire and looked through the great bay-window of the room. It was a perfect winter's night outside. New-fallen snow lay thick upon the ground and sparkled like white sand in the moonlight. Here and there the whiteness was broken by the black-face shadows of the leafless trees. They seemed like the image of war-time memories traced in dark lines on the white background of peace. Some such thought seemed to pass through the old soldier's mind before he turned to the fire again and began his story. It was such a night as this, nearly thirty years ago. The moon was full and the ground was covered with snow. I was then a lieutenant under Colonel Garfield, who has since been President of the United States. We were within ten miles of Paintsville, Kentucky, where the Confederate General Marshall was encamped. We were trying to unite with Cranor, who, with his regiment and four hundred cavalry, was advancing upon Marshall's left and rear from the direction of Saylersville, thirty miles to the south. One attempt to communicate with the Cranors had been

FRUSTRATED BY THE ENEMY.

Another was to be made. At midnight the colonel sent for me. He asked me if I would undertake to carry a letter to Cranor. Unhesitatingly I answered, "Yes." It meant a ride of thirty miles, probably, before daybreak, through a country carefully watched by the enemy. It meant, indeed, almost certain death; but we young fellows courted Death in those dark days when her bony fingers held the laurel-wreath of honor. By one o'clock I was ready to start. I sprung to my saddle and galloped away into the night! My horse, a dainty roan, who could show his heels to any regiment, seemed to share with me the exhilaration of the cold night air and the keen excitement of our danger. Away she bounded, with the lightness of a greyhound, over the noiseless snow. For an hour all went well. We passed several houses without giving alarm, and I even thought that now and then I saw a distant musket gleaming in the moonlight, but as no one fired I may have been mistaken. Suddenly at a turn in the road, my horse slipped and fell. I was thrown over her head and not hurt in the least. In a second I was on my feet again, fully expecting to find my four-footed companion on hers. To my surprise, however she lay motionless. I ran to her side and saw at a glance she had fallen on her knees and broken one of them. A stretch of ice sparsely covered with snow had done the mischief. For a moment I was stunned with the realization of what had happened, but all feeling of disappointment at the frustration of my plans melted into pity for my poor Nancy, as the boys called her. I went to her head and held it in my lap. I stroked her neck and called her all the pet names of a sweetheart. I told her all that she had been to me and how I loved her. I recalled the battles we had fought together, the hardships we had borne. She seemed to understand. Her great brown eyes looked wistfully the while into my face, and as I watched I saw great tears well from them and roll down her cheeks. They may have been from pain, but somehow it seemed to me that they were tears of sorrow at having failed me, however unavoidably, at a time of need. I had often heard that horses cried, but I had never seen it before, and may I never see it again! It was more heart-rending than any scene of human love and suffering that I have ever known. After a few moments my thoughts began to revert to my dilemma. It was only right. I was not merely a man with a heart, I was a soldier with a duty. There was but one thing for me to do—to shoot my horse and continue my journey on foot. A moment's reflection showed me, however, that the report of my pistol might, in all probability, prove fatal to my errand. Was my duty to man or to humanity the greater? I paused like Hercules at the cross-roads. As I stood there looking around and debating with myself, I noticed a house that I had not seen before. It was half hidden by some trees. An idea flashed upon me. There might be a stable behind it, and a fresh horse within the stable! I crept stealthily to the back of the dwelling, and

FOUND MY HOPE CONFIRMED.

There was quite a large stable there. The doors were, of course, locked, but I soon found a window that was not. I climbed through it. The space within was clearly lighted by the moon, and I could see distinctly. There were three stalls and a box stall. The former contained very ordinary animals, and I opened the latter, hardly expecting to find it occupied. Imagine my surprise at finding in it the most beautiful horse I had ever seen. It was a jet-black mare, with that graceful arching of the neck and back, and that daintiness of foot and ankle that is the birthright of a Kentucky thoroughbred. The beauty of the apparition was enhanced, moreover, by the silver moonlight pouring through a window at the back of the stall, thus showing the dark outlines of the horse in perfect silhouette. I was prone to linger in wonderment; and again the soldier had to overcome the man. I knew that I had found a horse that would carry me quicker than my own to my journey's end. It only remained to get her out of the stable. I went to the doors. The small one was locked from the outside, but the large carriage door was only bolted on the inside. To slip the belt and lead the horse out was the work of a moment. I led her by the halter to where I had left Nancy. There I made a transfer of saddle and bridle. When the two horses came together the one looked up and the other looked down, and then they rubbed their noses together, and I felt that

ALL WAS UNDERSTOOD

between them. Dumbness, as we know, does not prevent the conveying of ideas and thoughts between men and women; why should it between animals? Why should not they to whom dumbness is a natural condition, have as perfect a language as the mutes of our asylums? I never felt more convinced that they have than after the incident I have just related. After the horses had exchanged confidences, as it were, the behavior of both changed. Nancy, who had been watching for me with uplifted head, lay quietly down and closed her eyes. The new-comer, who had, quite naturally, been nervous and distrustful, became perfectly calm and amenable to my slightest wish. The wounded soldier, had given the colors to the fresh recruit, and being of no more use he lay down to die. Now came the hardest thing of all; the shooting of poor member repeating the very words that the poet puts into the hero's mouth:

And now, mine own dear little girl,
There is no way but this.

My pistol was on Nancy's temple as I said them. Then two quick reports, a leap to the saddle, and another plunge into the stilly night! I was, of course, wide awake to the danger of what I had done. I was not surprised, therefore, after riding a short distance, to hear behind me the report of a gun, and then a little further off another. Both seemed to come from about the spot that I had left. I had awakened the inmates of the house or given the alarm to some wandering scout. Perhaps both! I did not feel uneasy, however; my brave horse was literally flying through the air, and we had a good quarter of a mile start of any pursuers. After a little, as all was still again, I slackened our speed, thinking we might need it more later on. I began to enjoy the ride and relish the exquisite action of my beautiful mount. Suddenly it occurred to me that I had ridden this very horse before! The house and stable from which I had taken her came to my mind with that vague distinctness of things seen before. Little by little, like the melody of a forgotten song, everything recurred to me. Some years ago I had visited a friend in Kentucky. One afternoon we took a long ride to the very house where I had been that night. There was a young girl there who had a beautiful horse, which she not only showed me, but allowed me to ride. I felt quite sure now that I was riding the same pet, only without the fair owner's permission this time! I also tried to remember the horse's name. I knew that it was an odd one, and that I had thought it strangely pretty at the time. I recalled a greyhound that I had seen on the same occasion, which bore the name of Camillo. I was certain that the horse had likewise been baptised with mythological water, as it were and yet for the life of me I could not think of the name. I was very anxious to recall it, because I wanted to use it. I felt that it would put horse and rider on a more confidential footing. It would show that I was an old friend, not a mere intruder, if, indeed, the pretty black did not think even worse of me. In the midst of my effort to remember the forgotten name

I FELT MY HORSE START,

and I saw one of her ears prick backwards with undue suddeness. I brought her to a standstill and listened. Not very far behind I distinguished the muffled clatter of horses' hoofs. We were pursued. I gave her the reins and a caressing pat, and away she darted. She bore me bravely, but she had been running for more than an hour, whereas my pursuer was evidently on a fresh horse, and I felt that he was gaining on us little by little. His horse was warming to the chase, while mine was spending her last strength. I could not think of defeat so near the goal, which I knew could not be far away. So I urged and talked and patted, and even tried to laugh, but my efforts were of small avail. My brave animal was straining her utmost, and yet we were losing ground. The clatter from behind was coming nearer and nearer inch by inch. "Oh for that name?" I thought. "Why can I not remember it?" Just then I looked up and saw a pale streak of light in the east. I had good reason to fear the breaking of the morning, and I tried to persuade myself that it was something else. An affinity of thought sent Romeo's words into my mind:

I'll say, you gray is not the morning's eye.
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.

"Cynthia's brow!" What was there so familiar in that name? And then it flashed upon me! It was the one that I had hunted for so long! "Cynthia." "Cynthia!" I repeated. The effect was almost magical It was to my exhaused horse what music is to the tired soldier. And who knows all the music in that name for her! Who knows what pictures of kind words, of loving looks, of soft white hands it brought to mind and what longing to know them all again? At any rate, it seemed to instil new strength and courage into the tired limbs and panting body. The head lifted and the feet seemed freed of heavy weights. I bent over and unloosed the girths; I rose in the stirrups and stroked the vein-swelled neck, and called "Cynthia" a hundred times. Our speed almost doubled, as it seemed to me, and I felt now that we were gaining as steadily as we had lost before. If we could only hold our own for a little while, all would be well, for in the dim gray of the dawn I saw watch-fires ahead. Just then I heard a dull thud behind me, and in the silence that followed I knew that we were no longer pursued. A few moments later I handed Cranor the letter from Colonel Garfield.—[Our Animal Friends.

A SECOND KOH-I-NOOR.

An Extraordinary Story About the King of Oude's Crown Diamonds.

The Diggerss News, South African paper, says that a man named Gleeson, who was a sergeant in the British army during the Indian mutiny, and who died last December, confessed to his son-in-law, Hughes, at Pretoria Transvaal, that he murdered the King of Oude, and with two others stole the crown jewels and buried them. The two other lootres were killed during the war. The day after the looting the Thirty-second Regiment was ordered away, and the town handed back to the enemy, so there was no time to secure the jewels. Since Gleeson's death Hughes has been communicating with the Indian Government through the editor of an Indian journal, and as all the facts and descriptions coincide, Hughes leaves shortly for India to show the spot where the treasure is buried near the battlefield. One diamond in the crown is supposed to be the fellow-stone of the famous Koh-i-noor, now in possession of Queen Victoria, to whom it was surrendered by "The Lion of the Punjaub."

How She Worked Him up to the Popping Point.

She (to bashful lover, upon whose knee she has seated herself): "Am I so very heavy, George?"

Bashful Lover: "Not so very heavy, Jennie"

She (blushing prettily): "Do you think you could—er—carry me through life, George?"

Bashful Lover: "With your permission I think I could."

She: "George, dear, you have my permission."

It is quite impossible for any person not a professional chemist or a physician to keep in mind all the various specific antidotes recommended for use in poisoning by the different metallic and other poisons. The following formula is one which can be relied upon as an excellent antidote for arsenic, zinc, digitalis, morphia, strychnia, and, to some extent also, corrosive sublimate and other compounds of mercury:—

	parts.
Saturated solution of sulphate of iron..	100
Water	800
Calcined magnesia.....	80
Purified animal charcoal.....	40

The iron solution must be kept separate from the rest of the ingredients, and mixed with them when required for use, by placing in a bottle and shaking well together. It should be administered in doses of a wine-glass full at a time. It may be taken ad libitum.

Here is a convenient method of preparing and keeping the remedy: Place in a pint bottle 4 ounces of powdered copperas chemically pure. Add 6 ounces of water. Cork tightly and label "Iron Solution." Place in another bottle capable of holding two quarts, 5 ounces of calcined magnesia, 2½ ounces of purified animal charcoal or bone-black, and 3 pints of water. Shake well, cork, and label "Magnesia Solution." When the mixture is needed for use, pour all the liquid in the bottle containing the iron solution into the bottle containing the magnesia solution. Shake the latter for a moment, and administer at once ¼ to ½ a glassful. The dose may be repeated two or three times.

While the antidote is being prepared, an emetic may be administered. A good remedy, which is always at hand, is common salt, a spoonful to a glassful of tepid water. An equal quantity of ground mustard is still more effective, or a third of a teaspoonful of powdered ipecac in the same quantity of water. If vomiting does not occur immediately, repeat the dose, drink a large quantity of warm water, and tickle the throat with the finger or a feather. Too much time should not be lost in making efforts to induce the patient to vomit. Make him swallow tha antidote as soon as it is prepared, whether he has vomited or not, and continue the efforts to induce vomiting. Artificial respiration, the application of heat to the surface of the body, sponging the spine alternately with hot and cold water, and rubbing off the surface of the body, and, in some cases, the application of electricity; are essential aids to recovering a person from the effects of a poison. Washing the stomach with a stomach tube, is of course more effective than an emetic. Or, a quantity of water should be poured into the tube and allowed to pass out. The stomach in the meantime should be agitated by manipulation with the hand, or by retching or coughing movements by the patient.

Acids.—Acids which have been swallowed should be neutralized as quickly as possible by an alkali of some sort. In the absence of anything better, soap suds will do. Lime-water, chalk-water, some plaster from the wall, or a teaspoonful of ashes mixed with a glass of water, may be used for this purpose. Oils, as castor oil, olive oil, and even linseed oil, or melted butter, should also be swallowed. These antidotes must, of course, be applied very quickly, or they will have no value, since the acid will very quickly expend itself upon the mucous membrane. Lime-water is the best antidote for oxalic acid. White of egg, or a whole egg, is also valuable. Milk or thin gruel or starch paste is also valuable. Anything which will protect the mucous membrane and dilute the poison may be used. Vomiting should be induced as quickly as possible, as even the antidots which have been swallowed should not be left in the stomach.

Alkalies.—Caustic potash, caustic soda, lye, ammonia, etc., require, as an antidote, vegetable acids, such as lime, almond, or orange juice, vinegar well diluted, or sour cider. Eggs, milk, gruels, olive or almond oil, are also valuable. Aconite, alcohol, opium, morphia, atropia, and all other narcotic poisons require the application of stimulants over the heart, such as a mustard poultice, or hot fomentations and hot and cold applications to the spine. In cases of poisoning by opium and alcohol, the patient should be kept moving.

Corrosive sublimate requires white of egg. Phosphorus especially equires avoidance of oils and fats, in which it is an exception to all other poisons. Chemical antidotes are less to be relied upon than emetics and the treatment above sugested.

A Plea for Vegetarianism.

In a recent number of an English journal Miss Edith Ward makes an earnest plea for vegetarianism, in which she says: "Could mothers of the people once realize how baneful is the effect on the moral nature of their young people of the liberal flesh dietary which they not only allow but encourage, under the mistaken idea of its superior strengthening qualities, they would shrink in horror from the course they are now pursuing. To what extent the brutality, the prostitution, and the drunkenness which disgrace our streets and sadden our homes are due to the stimulating influence of carnivorous habits, is a problem which may well trouble the wisest heads among us; but that such stimulation is a terribly prolific cause of the crime that appall us, there can be no doubt, and a brighter day will assuredly dawn for humanity when we return to the simple, primitive food of our race, for which alone our digestive economy is designed. The one thing needful is that each woman who presumes to direct a household should take a rational and intelligent interest in the whole question of food; and having satisfied herself of the raison d'etre of the system, steadily set herself to learn the preparation of dishes about which there is nothing repulsive or degrading, but only a field of interesting, useful, pleasant work, giving her the opportunity for the display of as much refinement, taste, and skill as in the arrangement of her drawing room or the decoration of the church."

No Dentists In Scotland.

The statement was made before the Dental Association of Michigan, that there are no dentists in Scotland—that is, those who follow that as a profession. The people of that country live on plain food so long, especially on oatmeal, that decayed teeth are almost unknown. The

Canker Sores in the Mouth.

These annoying little sores are caused by an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. Another symptom which goes with this one, is a red tongue, and there may also be extreme soreness in the stomach after eating. This condition is more common than is generally supposed, and persons suffering in this way often attempt to cure the disease by taking all sorts of pepsin remedies. These remedies are all deleterious, because there is already too much acid in the stomach, and they only add to the quantity, so the patient who takes them is made worse. Sometimes acid fruits are recommended for such patients, but they do harm instead of good.

Persons suffering with an excess of acid in the stomach, of which canker sores are always a symptom, should avoid everything that has acid in it, and should use only such foods as are alkaline. Alkalies neutralize the acid, and if continued long enough, the morbid condition will be permanently cured.

The excessive use of animal food is one potent cause of this condition. It stimulates the stomach in the production of gastric juice and hydrochloric acid, and thus an excessive quantity is produced.

Removal of Enlarged Tonsils.

The popular notion that children are likely to be injured by the removal of enlarged tonsils is entirely without foundation. The writer has removed perhaps a bushel of tonsils, and has never once seen an injurious effect from the operation. On the other hand, great injury frequently results from the retention of these diseased tonsils. Healthy tonsils are useful. A diseased tonsil is filled with small bags which harbor microbes and thus incur the development of various forms of sore throat and particularly of diphtheria, a malady not infrequently fatal. It has been shown that children suffering from enlarged tonsils are much more likely to take diphtheria, and the first cases of diphtheria are quite likely to occur in children who have enlarged tonsils. The operation should not be done after the child has been exposed, however, nor within several weeks after recovering from the disease after the child has suffered from diphtheria.

Lemons vs. Cholera.

The imperial health officer of Berlin has issued an announcement to the effect that oranges and lemons are both fatal to the cholera bacillus. Placed in contact with the cut surface of the fruit, the bacteria survive but a few hours. They remain active for some time longer on the uninjured rind of the fruit, but even then they die within twenty-four hours. The destructive property as regards the cholera bacteria is supposed to be due to the large amount of acids contained in those fruits. In consequence of this quality, the health officer considers it unnecessary to place any restriction on the transit and sale of these fruits, even if it should be ascertained that they come from places where cholera is prevalent at the time. Not a single instance was noted in which cholera was disseminated by either oranges or lemons.

The Sandbag As a Foot Warmer.

An exchange suggests that a sandbag may be a "very useful article for the household. It is equally as good as the hot-water bag, and the cost is considerably less. The sand should be fine and clean, and should be carefully looked over before being put in the sack. Make the sack of cotton, and fill with sand, and then make another sack of flannel for the outside. Flannel is much to be preferred to cotton, as it retains the heat longer, and is more grateful to the touch. A bag not larger than ten inches square is an available size. Mothers whose children are subject to earache will find these bags invaluable; they hold the heat a long time, and their composition is such that they are easily adjusted to the affected parts."

Wet Feet and Colds.

Dr. Brown-Sequard recommends the following as the best way to overcome susceptibility to taking cold from getting the feet wet:—

Dip the feet in cold water, and let them remain a few seconds. The next morning dip them in again, letting them remain in a few seconds longer; the next morning keep them in a little longer yet, and continue this until you can leave them in half an hour without taking cold. In this way a person can become accustomed to the cold water, and he will not take cold from this cause. But the "hardening" must be done carefully.

Cramp.

Cramp is a nervous disease, due to some trouble of the nerve centers. If it is a general cramp of the whole limb, it is due to a disease of the spine, and should be analyzed by a physician. A cramp is best relieved by seizing the cramping muscle and compressing it with the hands. It may seem that the remedy is worse than the disease, but it will stop the cramping. A leather strap worn around the limb is a convenient remedy. When the cramping begins, buckle the strap as tightly as possible, and there will be no further trouble.

A Use for Gum.

A medical writer has discovered, at last, a valuable use for gum, from the fact that it relieves the dryness of the mouth, which is one of the most constant and annoying accompaniments of fever, by maintaining activity of the salivary glands. It is claimed that it also prevents the formation of abscesses in the glands, by maintaining a healthy activity.

They Never Came Back.

Mrs. Oldtimer: "Do you know your chickens are always coming over into our yard?"

Mr. Newwife: "Yes."

Mrs. Oldtimer: "How do you know it?"

Mr. Newwife: "Because they never come back."

wandering or roving habits. It is a plant of the cruciferæ order, is not a rose at all, and grows on the sandy deserts of Arabia and other parts of the East. It is a small, bushy, herbaceous plant, seldom more than six inches high, with small white flowers which change into seed pods. After the flowering is over, the leaves fall off, the branches become incurved towards the centre, so that the plant assumes an almost globular form. The storms of autumn then loosen and uproot the plant, and carry it hither and thither over the desert. For days and weeks it is on the move; but, when blown into water or to a moist situation, the branches of what looked like a dead plant expand again, the pods open and let out the seeds, which germinate with great rapidity. If taken up before it is quite withered, this curious plant retains for years its property of expansion and new growth when placed in water. It is also known as the Resurrection Plant, from its power of germinating when apparently dead. In Palestine it is called "Kaf Maryan," or Mary's Flower, the legend being that it first bloomed on the earliest Christmas Eve, and continued in flower till Easter; at its birth heralding the advent of the Redeemer, and immediately before its departure heralding His resurrection.

Which Country Receives the Largest Number of British Visitors?

Of all European countries France receives by far the largest number of British visitors annually, although many of them only pass through the country on their way to one of the other Continental resorts. It is estimated that between 700,000 and 800,000 British people leave Britain in the course of a year for the Continent, of whom more than half are received by France. The French capital, the gay city of Paris, the bathing resorts on the French coasts, and the various resorts in the South of France are very popular with British visitors. The facilities offered by the railway and steamship companies enable many West-end residents to spend the week-end on the French coasts. Next to France, the United States is the foreign country which receives most British visitors annually, who number, exclusive of emigrants, between 400,000 and 500,000. A large portion of these, however, are the same individuals continually crossing the Atlantic to transact their business. Large numbers of British visitors are also annually received by Switzerland and Italy; the lakes in both countries, the Swiss mountains, and the city of Rome having great powers of attraction.

A Visit to Candahar.

The latest Indian mail received in London brought the details of the reception in Candahar of Major Yate, who is on his way to Khusk to aid in settling a frontier dispute between the Russian and Afghan authorities. It is now thirteen years since the British troops evacuated Candahar, and Major Yate is the first British officer to visit the city since 1881. He arrived there with an escort of fifty Afghan cavalry, on April 9, and was cordially received by the Governor and all the principal officials. A villa built by the Amir outside the city was placed at his disposal, and he visited the bazaars and other public places freely. A military review was held in his honor. He found the cemetery in which are buried the bodies of the British soldiers who fell in and around Candahar during the last Afghan war, in good order. The tombstones and inscriptions are in many cases gone and individual graves cannot, therefore, be easily identified, and although the regimental monuments are all standing, the inscriptions have disappeared. The graves, however, are perfect, and have not been touched or desecrated in any way. It is said that during Major Yate's visit there was no symptom of the national and racial fanaticism which are said to prevail so strongly in Afghanistan. He was to leave Candahar on April 13, and expected to reach Herat, where he was to be joined by the Afghan Commissioner, on May 7. Recent reports of the growing coolness of the Amir towards the British are thought to have no serious foundation, but Oriental potentates are not in the habit of wearing their hearts upon their sleeves for daws to peck at.

Sleep with Head to the North.

The old-time superstitious belief that human beings should sleep with their heads toward the north is now believed to be based upon a scientific principle. Some French savants have made experiments upon the body of a criminal who had suffered death and these tests go to prove that each human body is in itself an electric battery, one electrode being represented by the head and the other by the feet. The body of the subject upon which the queer experiments mentioned above were made was taken immediately after death and placed upon a pivotal board, free to move in any direction. After some little vacillation the head portion turned toward the north and then remained stationary. One of the experimenters took hold of the pivot board and turned it so that the head pointed south, but upon being freed it almost immediately resumed the first named position—turned until the head pointed north. To prove that this was neither accident or coincident upon muscular twitchings, as some had suggested, the board was repeatedly turned half around and then freed, but always with similar results.

COLLIDED WITH ELEPHANTS.

An Extraordinary Accident on a Railroad in India.

A Calcutta special says:—An extraordinary accident is reported from Hyderabad. Early in the morning of the 5th inst. the Nizam's special train when going at considerable speed ran into a troop of his Highness' elephants, which appear to have been walking along the line. There were 10 elephants in all proceeding to Manukota. How many of these were on the line at the time of the accident is not known. The special ran into the herd between Kasamudram and Manukota stations.

One of the finest animals was knocked over, pushed in front of the engine for a distance of fifty to one hundred yards and killed. Another fine elephant was injured and had a tusk broken. The mahout of the animal was killed and one or two other persons seriously injured. The train was being drawn by an unusually heavy engine. The scene of the accident is about 120 miles from Hyderabad, on the line to Bezwada.

TROUT LAKE CITY

WEST KOOTENAY, B.C.

The above town site is now on the market, and lots are being rapidly bought up by local parties. It is situated at the north end of Trout Lake, in the famous

LARDEAU COUNTRY

which is going to be one of the **RICHEST MINING REGIONS** in America. **NUMEROUS RICH CLAIMS** have been found close to this town site, which will make it the **DISTRIBUTING POINT** for an **IMMENSE TRACT OF COUNTRY.** It is the only level land at the north end of the lake. The owners intend to expend money on streets and other improvements in the Spring. The trail from Lardeau City, on Arrow Lake, to Kootenay Lake, runs through the town site. For the **NEXT THIRTY DAYS** corners will be sold at $150 and insides $100.

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