# The Kootenay Star.

VOL. V. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., MARCH 3, 1894. No. 38.

### Kaslo Burned.

Of course all our readers know by this time of the serious fire which devastated the young city on Kootenay Lake last Saturday night. The whole of Front Street between Third and Fourth was swept away and some fine buildings destroyed, among them being the Palace Hotel, the Cœur d'Alene, Fletcher's Central Hotel, the Noble Five and the Dardanelles, as well as the large stores of Geigerich Bros., Galena Trading Co., Byers Hardware Co. and the Burke Bank, over 30 buildings in all. Most of the property destroyed was insured; and it is already said that larger and handsomer structures will soon be erected on the spot. Kaslo but follows the examples set by Chicago, Seattle and Vancouver, which suffered terribly by fire previous to the dawn of their prosperity and arose phœnix-like from their ashes, greater and grander for the purifying affliction. That Kaslo may do the same is the wish of all her friends.

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

### Notice to Taxpayers.

ASSESSMENT ACT AND PROVINCIAL REVENUE TAX.

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

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

If paid on or before June 30th, 1894

Provincial Revenue, $3 per capita.

One-half of one per cent. on Real Property.

Two per cent. on Wild Land.

One-third of one per cent. on Personal Property.

One-half of one per cent. on Income.

If paid after June 30th, 1894:

Two-thirds of one per cent. on Real Property.

Two and one-half per cent. on Wild Land.

One-half of one per cent. on Personal Property.

Three-fourths of one per cent. on Income.

J. KIRKUP,
Assessor and Collector.

January 2nd, 1894.

GARDEN PLANTS.

All kinds of

EARLY GARDEN PLANTS FOR SALE.

Also

R.C. WHITE LEGHORN EGGS

from prize stock.

$2.00 per Setting.

MRS. R. TAPPING,
Revelstoke Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

THE

Best and Cheapest Route

TO AND FROM

All Eastern Points.

Through First Class Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleeping Cars to St. Paul, Montreal & Toronto without change.

REVELSTOKE TIME TABLE.

Atlantic Express, arrives 10.10 daily.
Pacific " " 17.10 "

For full information as to rates, time, etc., apply to

I. T. Brewster,
Agent, Revelstoke.

GEO. McL. BROWN,
District Passenger Agent,
Vancouver, B.C.

## LOCAL NEWS.

Just arrived at the Western Milling Co.'s, Spanish onions and maple syrup.

The train service is very irregular on account of numerous snowslides in the mountains, more especially near Clanwilliam.

The first number of "The Province" will appear to-day simultaneously at Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster and Nanaimo.

The Western Milling Co. would ask intending purchasers to call and see their stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Mr. Kellie's Bill for the "Incorporation of Tramways, Telephone and Telegraph Companies in West Kootenay" has been printed.

Rev. C. T. Baylis will conduct service in Peterson's Hall to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock and at the residence of Mr. Thos. Lewis at 7.30.

Rev. C. A. Procunier will preach in the Methodist church to-morrow; morning at 10.30, evening at 7.30. Sunday-school in the church at 2.30.

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

A meeting of the members of Revelstoke Fire Brigade is called for Friday evening next at 8 o'clock, in the new fire hall. All the members are requested to attend.

Members of the Presbyterian congregation propose organizing a branch of the Y.P.S.C.E. on Monday night next. The regular meetings will be held every Monday night.

Two carloads of cattle, consigned to Burns and McInnes, New Denver, were driven down the track to Green Slide on Wednesday, to be shipped at the head of the lake.

J. H. O'Leary, contractor on the R. & A. L. branch, the man who, it has been said, so severely injured Wm. Glenn, came in on the train from the west and went down to his camp on Thursday.

A consignment of English goods has just been received at the Little Store at the station. The public can now obtain, at moderate prices, fancy goods, soaps, toilet requisites, haberdashery, waterproof goods, cutlery, choice candies, books and stationery.

At Revelstoke Police Court on Tuesday Frank Beegan was fined $50 and costs for threatening P. R. Peterson and pointing a revolver at him. No revolver was found on defendant, who has since left town. The revolver was discovered in the snow outside Peterson's stable yesterday morning.

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

It is not likely that Mr. Kellie will be a candidate for the Provincial Legislature at the next election. He has received so many assurances of support from influential men in Yale, Lillooet, and Cariboo, as well as the two Kootenays, that he will, in all probability, stand for the Dominion Parliament.

A fair idea of the wealth of the Consolation Mine, in the Big Bend, can be had from the fact that the returns from a working force of 30 men, which is easily possible on the wide pay streak, would pay a dividend of five per cent. per month on a capital of $200,000; that is, if the gravel continues as rich as it has been doing this winter.

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

On Wednesday evening a number of young people attended an "At Home" at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lewis. Parlor games were indulged in until about 11 o'clock, when refreshments were handed around. After singing "God be with you till we meet again" and repeating the Mizpah benediction all repaired to their homes with the consciousness of having spent an enjoyable evening.

"The Strike at Shane's," a sequel to "Black Beauty," is the title of the prize story written for the American Humane Education Society. It should be in the hands of all young people, being a bright, readable, and quite unique narrative with such a happy ending, and above all, tells such a pathetic story of the cruelty which drove the animals on Shane's farm to "strike." Price 10 cts. Humane Society, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

Don't forget the new grocery just east of the Union Hotel in the upper town.

The STAR has a number of subscribers who were regarded as "good pay" and were therefore allowed to drag into arrears. Some of these have not paid a cent in three years. We do not wish to be unduly harsh, but it may as well be understood that we are publishing this paper for pay—not for glory—and those who do not pay up will be sued or the accounts advertised for sale. Those to whom we have been so lenient may want it, but after this date they must buy it at the bookstores and news stands.

Mr. J. M. Kellie, M.P.P., has sold out his interest in the townsite of Lardeau, on the N.E. Arm, at a great sacrifice. Carping critics and opponents of Mr. Kellie will no longer have a peg on which to hang their complaints that that gentleman has a pull with the Government regarding the proposed wagon road from Lardeau to Trout Lake. Mr. Kellie is probably a little too sensitive as to the unkind things which have been said about his connection with Lardeau, but his determination to have clean hands in this matter will render him stronger politically.

## DOWN FROM BIG BEND.

### Picking up Gold at the Rate of $100 a Day.

Messrs. O. B. Williams and J. W. McCreary arrived on snowshoes from French Creek last Saturday, making the sixty odd miles in three days. They have taken out considerably over $6,000 from the Consolation Mine, the result of four men's work since December 1st. This little sum for four men, while practically only putting the mine in a position to be worked on a large scale, speaks well for French Creek. The Consolation is a "deep diggins" drift-placer mine. It was first worked by several small companies. A series of bedrock shafts were sunk, gravel hoisted out by a windlass, and the water kept by pumps. As the space widened from the bottom of these shafts the inflow of water became too great, and the diggings were abandoned. The claims were considered rich, and the pay was good, even against such difficulties as the old shaftmen had to contend with. The present company secured a lease of three-fourths of a mile of the creek bed from the Government and proceeded to tap the old workings by a 600-ft. drain tunnel. This, with some other development work, has been under way during the winter, with the result that the mine is in first-class working condition. It is well drained, the pay streak is some 25 feet wide, and with three shifts can easily work between thirty and forty men. By actual tests the gravel averages clean through the pay streak $15 a day to the man, and as there are some 3,500 feet of the mine yet untouched the owners can well be enthusiastic over their prospects. About a quarter of a mile below the Consolation the Vandall people have struck a bonanza. Here they have a tunnel into the bench, and have struck the rim rock of an old channel. How much they have taken out so far is unknown to Messrs. Williams and McCreary. Williams went into the tunnel the day they left, and the owners, as an illustration of the mine's wealth, cleaned up about $100 off the bedrock while Williams was standing in the drift. A further account of this claim will be given as soon as word comes from the Bend. The other companies on French Creek have not as yet reached bedrock. The Selkirk people, on the summit of McCulloch Creek, are still drifting, and as a change has been made in the ownership of part of the mine it is expected that matters will progress more rapidly. A considerable number of miners and prospectors will leave for the Bend as soon as possible.

### The Best Way to Settle the Trouble.

The Revelstoke correspondent of the Vancouver World writes that two petitions have recently been forwarded to the Government regarding the Government Agent here—one praying for his removal to a more congenial sphere and the other praying for an investigation of the charges made against him. Every man—official or non-official—ought certainly to be accorded British fairplay, and an investigation of the charges laid against Mr. Kirkup should be held. In the first petition it was stated that the Government Agent had used the influence and power of his position to the great detriment of the town. Surely those who make this charge will be ready to back it up with proof. There is no doubt that for a long time past there has been great friction between Mr. Kirkup and many prominent men of the town and the longer this goes on the worse for the town. Let there be an enquiry held and the whole matter threshed out, or the situation will by and by become unbearable. Pending this investigation these columns will be closed to anything that will tend to widen the breach between the Government Agent and the people.

L. A. FRETZ,

PRACTICAL BUILDER.

Shop opposite the Union Hotel.

I am prepared to do all kinds of

REPAIRING AND NEW WORK IN MY LINE.

—:o:—

Office Fixtures, Camp Furniture etc. Made to Order.

Your patronage is solicited.

### Concert-Entertainment.

Peterson's Hall was rather crammed on Monday night at the first-class entertainment given on behalf of the Building Fund of the Presbyterian church. The affair was well advertised and a large attendance was prophesied, but the number present exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The honorable position of chairman devolved upon Mr. F. Fraser, whose cheery face is certainly an ornament to any platform. After "The Sleigh Riders' Serenade" had been creditably rendered by the Glee Club the Rev. C. A. Procunier gave a short address and a humorous reading entitled "Excepting Ike." Mr. O. H. Allen was then announced to give a violin solo. He produced a strongly-built, home-made instrument, and, after asking the pianist to sound the "A," proceeded to give a humorous discourse on "dat fiddle," which elicited a good deal of laughter. Having played his "solo" the audience called on him to do it over again, but he generously declined. Mr. J. D. Devlin gave a mirth-provoking recitation, "Pat firing the butter," which brought out a vociferous encore, and he responded with a song, "The lads raised among the heather. Mr. W. J. Lee, Revelstoke's best comic, then sang "Mrs. Murphy's Boy Dennis," and in reply to a loud encore gave "The day I learned to skate." The next number was greatly enjoyed by the audience. It was a lantern drill by eight young ladies in Japanese costume. Each carried a colored paper lantern, and the effect was very pretty. Rev. C. T. Baylis was the instructor, and the ladies were Mrs. T. Steed, Misses Adair, McLean, Baird, Johnson, Maunsel, Hamilton and Brown. The Indian club swinging by Percy Lewis and Misses L. and R. Valentine and Edith Lewis was thought so well of by the audience that the young people were called on to go through the exercise once more. Mr. Devlin's song, "He was a pal o' mine," received quite an ovation, and he followed with "The ghost of Benjamin Binj," which fairly brought down the house. The quartette "Juanita" was nicely rendered by Messrs Barber, Baylis, Coursier and Shaw. Mr. Lee gave a song in character, "Mahitable Jones," which brought an encore, to which he responded with a laughable representation, "They're all getting married but me." Miss Lindquist gave a very pretty Swedish song, and then, while the stage was being prepared for the farce, Mr. Devlin sang "I have a daughter, Mary Ann." He was again accorded a roof-cracking encore, and in return gave "When shall we meet again" with great effect. The farce was very well put on for a first effort of our amateurs, but there was a lack of agedness in the get-up of the "old men." (The cast is given below.) Messrs. Baylis, Barber, Coursier and Glass terminated a first-class programme with the quartette "Hide Thou me." Coffee, tea, cake and sandwiches were then served to the audience, who were thus feasted physically, intellectually, morally and spiritually, and it was a very pleased crowd which stood up to sing the National Anthem. Great praise is due to the Rev. C. T. Baylis, who worked hard to make the affair the great success it was. The same may be said of Mr. and Mrs. Coursier, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Haig and others.

TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

MR. STRANGE.....H. N. Coursier
CHARLES CONQUEST.....T. Steed
MR. MAXWELTON.....J. Patterson
SAMMY MAXWELTON.....W. J. Lee
ELLEN.....Mrs. Coursier

### A Fact which should be Remembered.

Shippers and the public should make a note of the following fact, and patronise a steamer that is being run in the interest of the merchants and travelling public. The Arrow, belonging to Mr. Vanderberg, has been making regular trips between the head of the lake and Nakusp all winter, while the boats of the C. & K. Nav. Co. have been tied up. But for the energy displayed by the Arrow's owner the route between here and the Slocan country would be—as the Nelson Tribune states is the case—closed! The C. & K. Nav. Co's boats are never permitted to run when freights are light; the owners have never studied the convenince of the public or the welfare of the country. When summer brings its usual heavy traffic to the lower country it is to be hoped the owner of the Arrow will be recompensed by those whom he is at present placing under great obligations.

### Revelstoke & Arrow Lake Railway.

Work on the Revelstoke & Arrow Lake Ry. is being pushed on to completion in spite of the deep snow. About 400 men are employed between the wigwam and the end of the track at the mouth of the N. E. Arm. The rock cuttings below the Green Slide are progressing rapidly and it is said will be ready for the rails as soon as any other portion south of it. Revelstoke Lumber Co. is getting out 30,000 additional ties, and grading contracts have been let to Messrs. Haney, O'Leary and Welsh, with orders to push on the work with all speed. The road, it is stated, will be in running order from Revelstoke to the head of Arrow Lake by the first week in June.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair!

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

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

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

### Not a True Statement.

The correspondent of the Inland Sentinel is laboring under a mistake when he writes that the Revelstoke fire hall was built by public subscription. It is not quite correct, either, to say that the hall is being used for other purposes than that for which it was erected. The hall was built gratuitously by a member of the Fire Brigade (Mr. J. W. Haskins, who is also captain of the Snowshoe Club), assisted at times by one or other members of the brigade, some of them being paid by the chief (Mr. W. M. Brown); the lumber was hauled gratuitously by the teams of the Victoria, Columbia and Central Hotels, the material itself being partly paid for out of the brigade funds and the balance will be forthcoming from the same source. Therefore, the statements that the hall was built by public subscription and instead of being used as a fire hall is being utilized as the headquarters of the Snowshoe Club are an injustice to those who so generously gave their services and a reflection on the captain of the Snowshoe Club. Mr. Haskins wishes it to be known that he informed the secretary of the Fire Brigade six weeks ago that the hall was completed and desired to call a meeting of the brigade for the purpose of handing it over. While waiting for this meeting to take place, and also for the purpose of warming the building, he thought no one could or would kick if the Snowshoe Club held a social there once a week, providing their own fire and light.

A. H. HOLDICH,

Of Swansea and Wigan.

Analytical Chemist & Assayer,

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

W. A. JOWETT,

MINING AND REAL ESTATE BROKER,

NELSON, B.C.

Lardeau and Slocan Prospects Wanted.

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.

Dressmaking.
Mantlemaking.

MISS A. NELSON

Desires to inform the ladies of Revelstoke that she has opened a Dress and Mantlemaking establishment at the Stockholm House, Front Street, where she will be pleased to show all the latest London, Paris and New York designs. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit, style and finish.

P. Genelle,

MANUFACTURER OF & DEALER

in all kinds of

Rough and Dressed LUMBER,

CONTRACTOR, &c.

NAKUSP, B.C.

The sower has no second chance. If you would at first succeed, be sure and start with

FERRY'S SEEDS.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 189 contains the sum and substance of the latest farming knowledge. Every planter should have it. Sent free.

D. M. Ferry & Co.,
Windsor,
Ont.

BY "THE DUCHESS," IN LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER XXI.

"He's a brute!" says Larry.

The "brute" is being led up and down by a groom before the hall door, on the steps of which all the guests of The Hall are standing.

The beautiful horse, saddled and bridled, has just been brought back from a morning canter,—or a canter supposed to be taken, in which his rider has felt the earth many times, but no canter. He is a perfect picture as he stands there, with a little foam about the bit, standing immovable, quiet, nothing but the foam to betray temper of any sort, except perhaps the excessive whiteness of the eye.

"You'll never get a day's good out of him," continues Larry, addressing Adare.

"Yet what a handsome creature!" says Trefusis, who is smoking a cigarette and talking to Fanny. Mr. Kitts on their right hand is carrying on a light skirmishing attack with Terry.

"Oh, yes, handsome, but useless. 'Handsome is as handsome does;' and his temper is unbearable. He's a perfect devil. Not one of the grooms can ride him."

"I don't think much of grooms," says Trefusis. "Not for temper, I mean. The've courage enough, as a rule, but they're impatient. Is it only the grooms?"

"And enough, too, I think," says Terry, coming forward, having been severely vanquished by Mr. Kitts. "But it isn't only the grooms. Larry tried to ride him last week,—just the day before you came home, Fanny," turning to her consin,—"and he was thrown. Larry, who can ride anything!"

Trefusis flings his cigarette into a bush close by.

"Larry, who has all the virtues!" says he, glancing at her with a smile. It is now ten days since he came back to Ireland, and any little friction or embarrassment between them that might at first have been felt has quite died away. Terry has been constantly at The Hall, is now staying there, indeed, but, whether by chance or design,—she has a vague belief in the design,—Trefusis very seldom comes near her. "And so Larry can ride anything!"

He moves away from her to where Adare is examining a girth on the "brute," who is now standing as impassive as if vice and he were strangers.

"I don't believe him so vicious as you all say," says he. "I believe," slowly, "I could conquer him. Give me a try, Adare, will you?"

"My dear fellow, why? He's sure to do you some injury even if you do get the upper hand."

"Nothing is sure," says Trefusis. "And I've rather set my mind on taking him for a gallop over those fields below there." He points to where beyond the tennis-courts a splendid lawn lies, with a field beyond that again.

"Well, you're not a novice, as we all know," says Adare. "But do look out for yourself. I assure you, as far as I can learn, O'More got a nasty fall with her the other day."

"I'll take care," says Trefusis. He goes nearer, and prepares to mount, the groom holding the horse's head.

A hand is laid upon his arm. He turns, to find Terry beside him. Her face is very pale. She has been hardly conscious of this extreme step that she has taken, until she meets the deep surprise within his eyes.

"Don't!" says she. It is impossible to retreat now: she must go on.

"Don't what?"

"Don't ride that horse. I"—brokenly, confusedly—"you must not think—— It is only that I cannot bear to see any one hurt. But he hurt Larry; and Larry has been riding all his life; he is accustomed to horses——"

"And I—am not?"

He laughs aloud, pushes her hand rather abruptly from him, and springs into the saddle. That allusion to Larry has irritated him.

It is a hideous struggle.

On first mounting, the horse had refused to move, standing there with his forefeet thrust out and firmly planted in the ground his ears lying close to his neck. Then suddenly, without a second's warning, he had bolted.

Nobody had been frightened until then. That unexpected and vicious spring forward would have unseated most riders, but Trefusis kept his seat. As the brute swung round, he swung with him, and had a good hand on the rein, as he went wildly forward.

Like a flash of lightning the horse tore past those standing on the hall door steps, dashing onward towards the lawn below.

A lawn, of course, is as delightful a spot as one can meet with on which to try a conclusion with a nasty-tempered horse; but, unfortunately, Adare's lawn, as I have already stated, has a field lying beyond it,—a field divided from the great broad lovely lawn by a ha-ha. Down there on the right side of this ha-ha a light wire railing about forty yards in length and one yard in height had been erected, to mark it dangerous,—just to prevent people from jumping it, as the ha-ha has been sunk much lower upon the other side of it than on the part above it.

It is towards this spot, marked dangerous, that the now infuriated animal is dashing, with its head between its forefeet, and every sinew strung.

"Great heaven! I hope he will be able to turn him," says Adare, under his breath. He has changed color: he steps back a bit, and frowns nervously.

It is clear, however, to them all that Trefusis has no longer the slightest control over the animal he is riding. He is sitting him firmly enough, and is apparently doing all he can to turn him aside, without avail. There is always little or nothing to be done with a runaway.

Nearer, ever nearer, rush the horse and rider to that fateful spot in the ha-ha. Now they are almost at it. Now——

Fanny bursts into tears. Miss Anson covers her face with her hands. Terry, with her arms cast backward and her fingers clasping convulsively the chair behind her, is leaning forward, her face like marble, her eyes wide.

She is rigid, tense; her gaze is fixed immovably upon the tragic scene below.

Now indeed the tragedy is at its height. The horse has reached the wire railing, has risen to it, has cleared it badly, and has come with a sickening crash to the ground at the other side.

"Robbie! Robbie!" cries Mrs. Adare, wildly, "you should not have let him do it."

"My God! what a time to reproach a man!" says Adare, with terrible glance at her. But even as he starts forward, the other men following him, they see Trefusis stagger to his feet, seize the reins,—the horse has already risen, and is standing shivering next him,—and fling himself once more into the saddle.

A wild cheer bursts from those watching him.

"Oh, he is hurt?" says Terry, faintly. She drops into a chair. A wave of sickness passes over her. What is his pluck, or anything, to her, beside that thin line of blood running down his cheek?

They all see it now, that ugly stain, stealing from his forehead to his chin. But Trefusis himself appears either ignorant of it or indifferent to it. He has the brute well in hand now, and this time the victory seems to the man. The lower field makes a capital course on a small scale, and round it he takes him and then turns him towards the house and thus up and over the ha-ha and past the group on the edges of the lawn, who cry to him in vain to stop. No power on earth would have stopped him then. Those looking on never quite forgot his face,—pale, with that streak of blood upon it, and his eyes flashing. If he never looked handsome before, he looks handsomer now than most men, and a thrill of pride in him, that she does not dare define, runs through Terry's heart. It is horrible, the way he is flogging the brute, she thinks; but she understands that, and how he feels.

And now he has torn past them, down the lawn again, and has taken the horse over the ha-ha once more, but this time at his own pace and pleasure. And so on, until he comes to them once more and drops from his saddle to the ground, smiling, but breathing with a little difficulty. It had been a battle, but he had won. The now thoroughly cowed creature stands trembling in every limb, and almost sobbing, beside him.

"Sell him!" says he to Adare, as a groom leads the horse away. "I know his kind. I had a horse like that once. I conquered him too, but I found he required reconquering once a week. It wasn't good enough. It was too fatiguing."

"By Jove! I never saw such riding," says Larry, with honest admiration. What ever else may be laid to Larry's charge, it can certainly never be the want of generosity.

"He hasn't got any mouth," says Trefusis. He has glanced at Larry, as if curiously, first, and then has given him a friendly but deprecating shake of the head. "Sell him for anything you can get for him."

"I'd like to shoot him!" says Adare, wrathfully. "Here, come in and have a whiskey-and-soda. You must be dead beat.

"A little shaken, I confess. The beast fell so stupidly. "I'm afraid," dabbing his face with his handkerchief, "I'm rather a spectacle, but it is a mere graze. I feel nothing but my arm. That's a bit stiff."

"Well, come in and bathe it," entreats his host, anxiously.

As he goes, he passes by Terry, still sitting in that garden-chair and still very pale. He stops before her.

"Well, I can do one thing as well as your cousin?" he says. There is undisguised triumph in his tone. It is open, flagrant. He seems, indeed, to glory in it. There seems to be no shame about him.

"Better," says Terry, slowly, and then "But he would never have said that. He would have been too generous."

"He is perfection, I know. But you should remember that he can afford to be generous."

"He? Poor Laurence! What has he?"

"Your friendship, at all events." There is an emphasis on the word.

"That certainly," calmly.

A this moment Miss Anson lays her hand upon his arm.

"You must come. You must, really," says she, with great agitation.—"Miss O'More, oh, don't keep him. He must be in such pain. They tell me his arm has to be looked to at once. Heroes"—with a beatfi smile at him—"never acknowledge pain, I know. And you——" There is a delicate appreciative pause.

Trefusis spoils it. He moves past her, politely, but indifferently.

"Look here, Adare!" he cries, "have you got a cigar about you?"

Mr. Kitts, who as a rule is always listening to what is not intended for him, here gives way to mirth. That is, he gets behind a big laurel shrub planted in a tub and laughs heartily for a full minute. Larry, who has followed him very kindly into his exile, under the mistaken impression that he is going into a fit, now stares at him as if he is the eighth wonder. Mr. Kitts restrains himself sufficiently to say, "One in the eye for her, old boy, eh?"

After which Larry leaves him, not without a sense of indignation.

CHAPTER XXII.

"So you are not really hurt, then?" says Terry, as Trefusis, crossing the room, seats himself on the ottoman beside her.

Dinner is over, and the men have just come into the drawing-room. Terry had been specially bright and charming all through it, though Trefusis had known by her eyes that she had been crying. It gave him a cruel satisfaction. He has not yet forgotten—he knows he will never forget—the dull stinging pain that filled the months following on her dismissal of him.

"Not fatally," he answers, with a touch of irony. "I dare say with time and attention I shall recover, I hope," looking at her, "you will be attentive to me. You ought, you know, if only for old times' sake."

He seems entirely gay over the "old times," utterly callous to the memory of them. It annoys Terry bitterly, his constant harping upon this theme, and the manner in which he watches her as he lets fall each jesting allusion to it. What does he want, or expect, to see in her face?

She stoops now to pick up her handkerchief.

"I was so afraid your arm was broken," says she, calmly, putting his last speech aside, as it were.

Fanny indeed has invited a few of the younger neighbors to come in for a small and early affair this evening. It is now a few minutes past nine, and already the door has opened to admit a little "maiden of bashful fifteen" and her brother.

"It is too early to dance yet," says Trefusis. He rises hurriedly and holds out his hand to Terry. "Let us escape while we can," says he. The window is open behind them, and in a moment they are standing on the balcony.

A pale faint moon is lying upon a paler sky. Here and there a star is glimmering, and from the shrubberies tangle in the beyond the warm sweet scent of honeysuckle comes to them on a little vagrant breeze. It is such a white, white night that one can hardly yet believe the day to be quite gone, so clear lie the paths running along below them, so pink and blushing red the blossoms of the drowsy roses. Yet

Yon gilded sickle of the new-made moon,
Leading the pale lamp of the evening star,

proclaims it night.

Terry, in her gown of soft pink crepe, seems in unison with the hour. Her neck is gleaming snowy white in this pale radiance, her eyes are shining like the stars above her. She is standing, looking down at the colored sweetness of the rose-garden beneath, and her arms, happily guiltless of any covering, are hanging with the fingers loosely clasped before her. Sweet arms, so young, so delicate. She is not conscious of Trefusis's gaze this time, a gaze of mingled anger and determination. It is a very searching gaze.

The girl is startled back from her quick eager appreciation of the beauties of the night, by his voice.

"What were you crying about?" he asks. His tone is blunt, almost rude.

"Crying?" She blushes crimson, and her brow darkens a little.

"Yes, crying," immovably. "You had been crying before you came down to dinner."

"How do you know that?" she asks. He looks at her for a moment,—it is a strange look,—then he laughs.

"What! you can't even lie about that!" says he. "Why should I not know how you look when you have been crying? If there was ever an authority on that subject, it is I. You," with an amused air, "were always crying more or less last summer. That was the exhilarating effect your engagement with me had on you."

"Well, I am not engaged to you now," says Terry, with spirit. "And yet you say I am crying."

"I do. And," he pauses, "and"—slowly—"because of me again."

"Why should I deny it?" says Terry, smiling, though her heart is beating. "I was frightened. That horrible fall you got unnerved me. I hate scenes, so I went upstairs and had," laughing, "my scene in my own room. I remembered how I cried over a poor man who got a bad fall at the water jump at the Cork Park races two years ago, and was determined not to make myself so unpleasant again before people."

Her manner is quite natural; the little tremor in her voice as she began is now quite gone. She looks straight into his eyes; he looks back at her as impassively as ever, yet he seems, for once, at fault.

"As to my crying all the time I was engaged to you," Terry goes on, gayly, "that only shows how right I was to put a stop to that ridiculous arrangement. We were (as you have said yourself) the last people in the world to suit each other, you and I."

"You were the first to find that out."

"Naturally," she says, saucily. "Women are always cleverer than men at things of that sort. You know you would always have given yourself the airs of a Cophetua."

"Did he give himself airs? History, I think, is dark on the subsequent affairs of that immortal man."

"No matter. You would have given yourself airs, certainly."

"Should I?" He looks thoughtfully upon the ground. "Well, perhaps I should."

"You know you are very masterful. Yes, you are. Think of that horse today."

"Am I?" meekly. "Well, perhaps I am."

"It is even likely that some time or other you would have reminded me of the fact that you had married me without a penny."

Here Trefusis flings up his head.

"Never!" says he, impulsively. "I should never have done that." He flushes a dark red.

"Wouldn't you? Well, perhaps you wouldn't," murmurs she, with such an exact imitation of his own tone that they both burst out laughing.

"Well, but you aren't now 'the beggar-maid,'" says he.

He says this and then stops. Terry's heart almost stops too. What does he mean? What is he going to say? Again she knows that his eyes are on her, reading her and gloating no doubt over the fact that she has become as white as death. She struggles with herself, and by an effort faces him, her lovely eyes filled with some strange fear, her voice a little low, but her lips smiling.

"That spoils the story," says she, "if a story could be made out of it; but I'm afraid we are not in sympathy enough for that."

"Still, we have made a story," says he, quickly.

"True, but such a poor one, a bare half-volume, with a silly beginning and no end."

"That is an admission. Do you say the end is not yet?"

"I refuse to say anything," she laughs. She seems in the merriest of spirits. A rich, sweet color has flown into her cheeks; her pretty teeth are gleaming; her eyes have a soft defiance in them. She seems farther from regret than ever. Melancholy has certainly failed to mark her for its own. Trefusis tightens his teeth.

"That is how a woman gets out of everything," say he, with a grim smile. "But you can't get out of one fact, at all events,

"And that?"

"That my accident to-day compelled you to tears." There is something almost malignant in the triumph of his voice as he says this.

"Why should I wish to get out of it? I have already confessed to it. I like to be human," says Terry.

"Was it only humanity?"

"Only,—only." She raises her charming head, and smiles full in his eyes. A ray of pale moonlight has caught her, and makes her even more beautiful than she already is. A hers. She has laid one slender hand upon the railings near him, and Trefusis, a little angered by her persistent defiance of him, lays his hand upon it.

"She drags it away with passionate haste.

"Don't," says she, under her breath.

"Not even so much! Why, in the old days when you hated me, you——"

"Where lies the difference between those old days and these?" she demands. She has turned upon him as though endurance is no longer possible. "If I hated you then, why should I not hate you now? And what is it to you whether I hate you or love you? There," contemptuously, "go, go!"

She sweeps past him, with her scornful eyes still fixed on his. Suddenly she lowers them, to hide a quick rush of tears, but too late.

He has seen them.

As she passes through the open window into the drawing-room, Trefusis runs down the steps to the garden below: his thoughts carry him so far that he does not return to the house again until the dancing is drawing to its close.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HIS FATAL WEAKNESS.

**A Doctor Urged to Crime by a Mysterious Power A Pathetic Incident in a Toronto Court**

A Toronto despatch says:—It is seldom that Judge McDougall in the course of his administration of criminal justice from day to day, has a fully qualified medical practitioner before him as a prisoner. Yet the cruel hand of fate grapples high and low, and it must have been a truism of this kind that ran through the judicial mind the other day when Dr. William C. Finney, of Cloyne Addington county, Ont., confronted it yesterday.

Dr. Finney's misfortunes on a recent visit to this city, have already been narrated. He suffered from excessive geniality towards his friends, and, it is alleged, by some mistake, gave a cheque on the Molson Bank for $47, purported to have been signed by Authors & Cox, to Mr. Cates, a King street east restaurateur, in payment of a $12 board bill, and received $35 in change.

"I am subject to something that does not affect other men, and I am a slave to physical and mental distress, and utterly at the mercy of this power," were the opening words of Dr. Finney's apology to the judge yesterday.

The doctor is a fine-looking man of about 55 years, and Judge McDougall looked at him interestedly as he proceeded.

"I try to will against it, but the fatal weakness in my frame resists my will. I have gone out at midnight and prayed God for help to struggle against it. It has driven me from home; it has fought me savagely ever since I can remember. Unconsciously I have done things under its baleful influence. I have got into trouble, but I never thought I would get into such base trouble as this. I am not dishonest, or a thief, or a vagabond. I can't believe that I would wilfully perpetrate crimes like this. I do not pledge myself to anything. I know my life is done for; I am not able to repair the past, and I have no brightness in the future. I do not care for myself, but I fret about my children very much. I do not look for respect or consideration or comfort from my fellow-beings."

Many in the crowded court were softened to tears at the old physician's impeachment of strong drink, and even Judge McDougall was softened into granting a week's remand, although he found the doctor guilty, Meantime Dr. Aikins, the prison physician will be consulted about him.

## The Battle o? Waterloo.

In answer to a correspondent the Montreal Witness gives the following, a short account of the battle of Waterloo:—The battle of Waterloo was fought on Sunday, June 18, 1815, two miles from the village of Waterloo. Napoleon Bonaparte had abdicated and had promised to remain in the Island of Elba. But he broke his promise, returned to France and again made himself Emperor. The Duke of Wellington was sent into Beigium with an English army to help the allied forces against Napoleon. Marshal Ney in command of a French army attacked the English and Brunswickers at Quatre Bras on June 16. The English maintained their position, however. The same day Napoleon defeated the Prussians at Ligny with another section of the French army. On June 17, Wellington retreated from Quatre Bras, though his army had held their ground. At Waterloo he had a better position, and besides hoped to form a junction with the German army under Blucher. On June 18, between eleven and twelve a. m., Napoleon began the battle by a brisk cannonade. He sent forward division after division of his army. The cuirassiers made several charges. The Belgians at first gave way, but their places were taken by English troops. Towards the end of the day Napoleon as a last resort, led into action that splendid body of troops known as the "Old Guard" They were, however, almost annihilated by the British. About half-past four in the afternoon the Prussians appeared upon the field. They had been expected since noon. The English army then rested, and the French having retreated, the Germans pursued them the greater part of the night. It is a mistake to suppose that Wellington was taken by surprise at Brussels. On the contrary, he knew of the French advance, but did not wish to throw the city into confusion by leaving it in an ostentatious manner. Therefore, he and his officers lingered at the ball given on that evening. The English had defeated the French before the Prussians darrived at Waterloo. In fact, the French did not carry a single English post. Wellington's position at Waterloo was a very strong one. Had he been defeated there, he could still have held his ground in a thick forest which covered his rear. Each army at Waterloo had about the same number of men, viz., 75,000.

That unpleasant sensation known as singing in the ear generally results from the hardening of the wax. It may frequently be removed at once by syringing the ear with a little warm soap and water or by dropping a little glycerine oil into the ear at bedtime. If these remedies do not answer, a mustard poultice applied just behind the ear at bedtime, and repeated, if necessary, two or three nights, is an almost certain cure.

**How He Cheats Not Only Departed Friends but the Gods Themselves.**

One of the industries of Kiangsu is the manufacture of mock money for offering to the dead. Formerly the Chinese burnt sham paper money, but in these days of enlightenment and foreign intercourse the natives of Soongkong, Hangchow, and other places have come to the conclusion that silver dollars are more handy to the ghosts than clumsy paper money; hence they now to a great extent supply their ancestors and departed friends with mock dollars.

These are only half the size of real dollars, but there appears to be no more harm in cheating the dead than there is in cheating the living. Besides, the deceased are not supposed to know the difference, for many of them departed this life before silver dollars were imported into China. A hundred mock Carolus dollars, done up in boxes, are sold for 34 cash. The operation of making this money is interesting. First of all there are blocks of tin which are melted down and then poured between boards lined with Chinese paper, and when the upper board is pressed down on the lower a thickness of tin remains.

This is next cut up into strips four inches long, one wide, and an eighth of an inch thick. Some ten of these strips are placed evenly together, one on top of the other, and one end is held between the fingers, when the workman proceeds to hammer them out till he has beaten them so fine that they are now three feet long and a foot broad and so thin that they are not thicker than the thinest paper. This is next pasted on common cardboard, which is then cut with a punching machine to the size of half dollars, and this having been done a boy takes the cut out pieces in hand, and with two dies, one representing the one side and the other the reverse, hammers impressions of dollars on them, and the money is ready for use.

Another very curious instance of the practice of cheating the gods is recorded, but from quite a different part of the country. It appears that districts of the Anhur province have lately been ravaged by an epidemic, so that in many places the people were unable to attend to the harvesting of the crops. An attempt was then made to deceive the gods by "playing at" New Year's day and pretending that Sept. 1 was the first day of the new year. Every preparation for celebrating the bogus new year was made, such as burning firecrackers and pasting happy sentences in red paper on the doors.

The object was to make the god of sickness think that he had made a mistake in the season and had erred in bringing an epidemic on the people at a time when no epidemic in the course of nature should appear. As any action contrary to nature done by the gods is liable to punishment by the king of heaven the actors in this farce thought that the god of sickness would gather his evil spirits back to him for fear of the displeasure of his superior divinity. This child's play received the permission and co-operation of the local authorities, but so far no visible effects for the better are apparent.

## A QUEER COUNTRY.

**The United States and its Congress in the Financial Crisis.**

This, says the New York Times, is undoubtedly the only civilized country in the world in which the Finance Department is obliged to beg of the law making department and plead with it for authority to maintain the credit and honor of the Government. Mr. Carlisle has repeatedly stated the great needs of the Treasurer to the Finance committee of the Senate. He has explained to them that the receipts of the Government are now running so far below its expenditures as to foreshadow a deficit of $78,000,000 at the end of the fiscal year, and the statement of the Treasury balances shows them that the gold reserve upon which the enormous paper issues of the Treasury depend for their stability has been trenched upon to the extent of $25,000,000, in meeting the current drafts upon the Treasury. In such conditions no Government can maintain an unimpairing credit, and in no other country would the immediate relief prayed for be denied. There is, however, no prospect that Congress will give the Secretary the authority to issue 3 per cent. bonds. The Senate of the United States now contains so small a proportion of patriotic men that it is difficult even to make it understand the desperate straits of the Treasury, and yet more difficult to persuade it to take prompt and wise action: Between the silver lunatics on the one hand and the reptile Senators whose main object in life is to oppose the main Administration of Grover Cleveland on the other there is small hope of securing even consideration for a bill authorizing a 3 per cent. bond issue. Meanwhile, as the Government is now dodging creditors, and every day sees its available cash of all kinds diminished by about half a million dollars, the Secretary has no choice but to avail himself of the authority to issue 5 per cent. bonds under the act of 1879 for maintaining specie payments.

## A Case of Sudden Conversion.

The inhabitants of Pitcairn Island, that Arcadia of the Pacific where the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty and their Taheitian wives now dwell, have suddenly changed their religion. The Seventh Day Adventists of California recently sent a mission to the island, with the result that the Pitcairners have renounced Anglicanism and have embraced the new doctrine submitted to them. They declare that the new faith is more in harmony with the Bible than any religion they had ever read or heard of.

## 400 Trips Across the Atlantic.

A remarkable record in steam navigation was made last week when the White Star steamers Britannic and Germanic completed their two hundredth round voyage between Liverpool and New York, four hundred trips apiece across the Atlantic, a total distance, in each case, of one and a half million miles. They have carried between the Old and New Worlds over 100,000 saloon and 260,000 steerage passengers. They were built in 1874-5 and are yet working as efficiently as ever, with their original engines and boilers.

A pool room for women is a New York novelty.

# A HIGHLANDER IN INDIA.

## His Experiences in the Great Uprising of '57.

### A Time of Terrible and Thrilling Adventure.

Sergeant Mitchell, of the 93rd Highlanders has just written a book dealing with the Indian Mutiny. His account of this memorable time is thrilling in the extreme, and we are able to give some extracts which will cause the heart of the loyal Britisher to glow as he reads of the deeds of bravery which are recorded.

An adventure which had an element of fun was that of the 12-year-old drummer boy Ross, who climbed the dome of the Shah Nujeef to signal to the besieged English in the Residency, and who stayed up long enough amid the enemy's round shots to tootle "Yankee Doodle" on his bugle. "Won't the Yankees feel jealous," said the monkey, coming down, "when they hear that the littlest drummer boy in the regiment sang 'Yankee Doodle' under a hail of fire on the dome of the

HIGHEST MOSQUE IN LUCKNOW !"

Another amusing reminiscence is that of a wounded piper and three others who had fired their last round of ammunition in the streets of Lucknow and were attacked by half a dozen rebels. The three men with rifles prepared to defend themselves with the bayonet, but as soon as the rebels were within twenty paces of the party the piper pointed the drones of his bagpipes straight at them, and blew such a wild blast that they turned tail and fled like the wind, mistaking the bagpipes for some infernal machine.

The capture of Secundrabagh, as described by the Sergeant, is one of the most exciting episodes of modern warfare. When the fight was done, over 2000 of the enemy lay dead within the building and the center court, and nine officers and ninety-nine men of the 93d were among the killed and wounded. In one of the chapters dealing with the capture Mitchell tells this curious story.

Among the volunteers who came from the 72d was a man named James Wallace. He and six others from the same regiment joined my company. Wallace was not his real name, but he never took any one into his confidence, nor was he ever known to have any correspondence. He was usually so taciturn in his manner that he was known in the company as the Quaker, a name which had followed him from the 72d. He had evidently received a superior education, for if asked for any information by a more ignorant comrade he would at once give it, or questioned as to the translation of a Latin or French quotation in a book he would give it without the least hesitation. I have often seen him on the voyage out walking up and down the deck of the Belle-isle during the watches of the night repeating the famous poem of Lamartine, "Le Chien du Solitaire," commencing:

Helas! rentrer tout seul dans sa maison deserte,
Sans voir a votre approche une fenetre ouverte,

Taking him all in all, Quaker Wallace was a strange enigma which no one could solve. When pressed to take promotion, for which his superior education well fitted him, he absolutely refused, always saying that he had come to the 93rd for a certain purpose, and when that purpose was accomplished he only wished to die. During the march to Lucknow it was a common thing to hear the men in my company say they would give a day's grog to see Quaker Wallace under fire; and the time had now come for their gratification.

There was another man in the company who had joined the regiment in Turkey before embarking for the Crimea. He was also a man of superior education, but in many respects the very antithesis of Wallace. He was born wild and reckless, and used often to receive money sent to him from some one, which he as regularly spent in drink. He went under the name of Hope, but that was known to be an assumed name, and when the volunteers from the 72d joined the regiment in Dover it was remarked that Wallace had the address of Hope, and had asked to be posted to the same company. Yet the two men never spoke to each other; on the contrary, they evidently hated each other with a mortal hatred. If the history of these two men could be known it would without doubt form material for a most sensational novel.

Just about the time the men were tightening their belts and preparing for the dash on the breach of the Secundrabagh, this man Hope began to curse and swear in such manner that Capt. Dawson, who commanded the company, checked him, telling him that oaths and foul language were no signs of bravery. Hope replied that he did not care a d—what the Captain thought; that he would defy death; that the bullet was not yet molded that

WOULD KILL HIM;

and he began exposing himself above the mud wall behind which we were lying. The Captain was just on the point of ordering a corporal and a file of men to take Hope to the rear-guard as drunk and riotous in presence of the enemy, when Pipe Major John McLeod, who was close to the Captain, said: "Don't mind the puir lad, sir; he's not drunk, he is fey (meaning doomed). It is not himself that's speaking; he will never see the sun set." The words were barely out of the Pipe Major's mouth when Hope sprang up on the top of the mud wall, and a bullet struck him on the right side, hitting the buckle of his purse belt, which diverted its course, and, instead of going right through his body, it cut him round the front of his belly, below the waist belt, making a deep wound, and his bowels burst out, falling down to his knees. He sank at once, gasping for breath when a couple of bullets went through his chest and he died without a groan. John McLeod turned and said to Capt. Dawson: "I told you so, sir. The lad was fey! I am never deceived in a fey man! It was not himself who spoke when swearing in yon terrible manner." Just at this time Quaker Wallace, who had evidently been a witness of Hope's tragic end, worked his way along to where the dead man lay, and, looking on the distorted features, he solemnly said: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord. I came to the 93d to see that man die!" All this happened only a few seconds before the assault was ordered and attracted but little attention except from those who were immediate witnesses of the incident. The gunners were falling them and the breach. When the signal for the assault was given Quaker Wallace went into the Secundrabagh like one of the furies, if there are male furies, plainly seeking death, but not meeting it, and quoting the 116th Psalm, Scotch version in meter, beginning at the first verse:

I love the Lord because my voice
And prayers he did hear,
I, while I live, will call on him
Who bow'd to me his ear.

And thus he plunged into the Secundrabagh, quoting the next verse at every shot fired from his rifle and at each thrust given by his bayonet. It was generally reported to the company that Quaker Wallace, single-handed,

KILLED TWENTY MEN.

Whenever he saw an enemy he "went for him!" I may here remark that the case of Wallace proved that in a fight like the Secundrabagh, where the enemy is met hand to hand and foot to foot, the way to escape death is to brave it. Of course, Wallace might have been shot from a distance, and in that respect he only ran an even chance with the others; but wherever he rushed with his bayonet the enemy did their utmost to give him a wide berth.

Mitchell had an experience the night after the Shah Nujeef was taken which was not a pleasant one. Relieved from patrol duty, he tried to sleep, but the Indian night was cold, and he rose to search through the rooms of the mosque, or tomb, for a possible Sepoy blanket. Picking up one of the still burning native lamps left by the enemy, and holding it high above his head he walked up to the ankles in a pile of something left in the great vault. It felt like sand, but it was loose gunpowder. A second look showed a group of barrels of powder and heaps of 8-inch shells, all loaded, with the fuses fixed. He stood in the middle of a magazine with a naked light!

My hair literally stood on end; I felt the skin of my head lifting my feather bonnet off my scalp; my knees knocked together, and, despite the chilly night air, the cold perspiration burst out all over me and ran down my face and legs. I had neither cloth nor handkerchief in my pocket, and there was not a moment to be lost, as already the over hanging wick of the chirag was threatening to shed its smoldering red tip into the live magazine at my feet with consequences too frightful to contemplate. Quick as thought I put my left hand under the down-drooping flame, and clasped it with a grasp of determination; holding it firmly I slowly turned to the door, and walked out with my knees knocking one against the other! Fear had so overcome all other feeling that I am confident I never felt the least pain from grasping the burning wick till after I was outside the building and once more in the open air; but when I opened my hand I felt the smart acutely enough. I poured the oil out of the lamp into the burnt hand, and, kneeling down, thanked God for having saved myself and all the men lying around me from horrible destruction.

## The Mashonaland Ruins.

The first thing that is obvious about the ruins at Zimbabwe and elsewhere in Mashonaland is that they were built to form a protection for a foreign population who visited this country in search of gold: every means of fortification is employed, every line of attack is protected with a redundancy of strategical skill perfectly marvelous to behold; and in the centre of this system, close to the temple on Zimbabwe hill, was the ancient gold-smelting furnace. Here we found crucibles with gold adhering to them in quantities, a gilt spear head, tools for working gold, and a soapstone in got mold of exactly the same shape as those used by the Egyptians and Phoenicians, a specimen of which in tin was found in Falmouth Harbor, and is now in Truro Museum.

The country is full of ancient workings—shafts sunk 100 feet deep into the quartz reefs, both vertical and horizontal; also crushing stones, water-worn stones which had been used as burnishers, and rejected quartz from which the gold had been extracted by fire, are all found in quantities over the country. Hence there can be no shadow of a doubt that the motive for the erection of these buildings was the search for gold in remote antiquity.

From the mass of objects which we found during our excavations I will name a few only which bear on this point. First, there is the large number of fragments of soapstone bowls with elaborate patterns thereon; one fragment giving us a portion of a religious procession, another a procession of bulls, and another a hunting scene. Then there is a curious cylindrical object with knobs, the only parallel to which is found at the Temple of Paphos in Cyprus.

Excellent pottery with geometrical patterns and numerous objects representing nature worship, when taken in conjunction with the large, solid, conical tower in the lower temple, point to the cult which was practiced by the primitive explorers. The birds on tall soapstone pedestals formed perhaps the most interesting objects among our finds—curious conventional birds decorated with archaic patterns, which from the position in which we found them clearly at one time decorated the outer wall of the temple on the hill, and from certain signs thereon we decided that they had to do with sun and nature worship, which subject I discussed in my detailed account of the ruined cities.

Again, from the accurate measurements which we took of the buildings themselves, we came to the conclusion that they had been constructed on an elaborate system of curves. The diameter of the great tower at its base is 17.17 feet, and is exactly equal to the circumference of the little tower; and all the curves of which the various buildings are constructed had radii of various multiples of this diameter. Hence, from the mass of evidence before us, we were safely able to assert that the original builders had an accurate knowledge of mathematics, and the power of constructing on absolute levels.—[The Fortnightly Review.

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Crime is rapidly increasing all over Argentina. Statistics show that it has more than doubled during the past two years.

Even Bulgaria, with her hundred or less miles of coast line on a small inland sea, has caught the naval fever, and the Government has just voted a sum equal to about $5,000,000 for the establishing of a navy.

Seventeen new torpedo boats for the Japanese navy have recently been laid down in the Kobe Naval Yard.

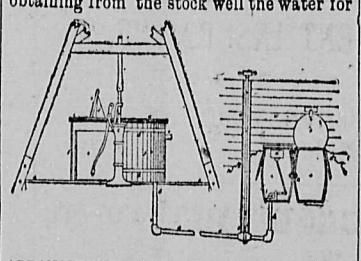
# AGRICULTURAL.

## A Summer Campaign.

Strange, that a feller's got to fight from early spring to fall,
A-killin' bugs, an' worms, an' things, er else raise nothin' at all;
The frost was hardly gone this spring, 'er sap had ceased to boil
A fore I was after th' worms' nests aburnin' 'em out with oil.
The next that came was 'tater bugs, the Colorado kind
I knocked 'em off an' stomped on 'em till I was almost blind;
I greened 'em and I purpled 'em till I could see no more.
Then went a huntin' currant worms by the dozen and the score.
The radishes an' turnips next, both come in for their share,
For maggots was a-eatin' 'em; it almost made me swear,
But I went for them air maggots an' knocked them out with drugs.
An' then I stopped an' spent a day on pesky striped bugs
That was eatin' up my cucumbers an' melon plants an' such,
But I left 'em for to go an' give the cabbage worms a touch.
The cornfield with cut worms an' grubs next called my best attention,
An' I dug 'em out an killed 'em, too, too numerous to mention.
Then I went an' sprayed my apple trees with Paris green an' brine
An' applied the Bordeaux mixture to each young an' growin' vine.
The 'tater blight was on my patch 'n I het to tend to that.
An' hustle round an' smash enough squash bugs to fill my hat.
The gapes lit on my chickens as soon as they was born.
The tarnal grasshoppers have et the silk all off my corn.
In short, I've spent the summer a-fightin' worms and slugs,
An' grasshoppers, an' crickets, an' moths, an' flies, an' bugs.
I've met the pests an' fit 'em an' put 'em all to rout,
An' now I set an' wonder that so little knocks 'em out.

## Natural Temperature of Water for Stock

On the prairies of North America the wind is used on almost every farm for pumping water, and windy as the Great Plains are, the wind is inconstant, and calms are frequent. In order to keep up a continual supply of water for live stock, reservoirs are used, which are usually made of plank in the form of a tub or box, open at the top, and placed in the barnyard or feed lot, where the stock drink directly from them. Sometimes the well and pump are also placed in the barnyard, but more frequently they are near the house, and the water is conducted to the tank in pipes generally placed under ground. While this plan has many advantages, it also has some objections which may be readily overcome. One objection is the difficulty of obtaining from the stock well the water for



ARRANGEMENT FOR CONTINUOUS WATER SUPPLY ON THE FARM.

house use. Even where the well is near the house, whenever there is not sufficient wind to pump, it is necessary to detach the pump rod and attach a handle, and pump by hand the water needed for domestic purposes. If needed pure, one must empty the pump of its standing water before fresh well water is obtainable. Another objection is the great surface of water in the tank exposed to the atmosphere, in summer making it hot and filthy with green moss, scum and other impurities, and in winter almost constantly covered with ice, which has to be chopped out daily to permit the shivering stock to quench their thirst with the ice-cold water.

The writer has adopted a system of watering stock which obviates both these difficulties. The well is close to the kitchen. The windmill tower spreads twelve feet at the base, as all windmill towers ought to, and if very high they should spread wider, to guard against their blowing down. The platform, *a*, on preceding page is twelve feet square, one side of which supports a tank made in cylinder form of galvanized sheet iron, thirty inches deep and six feet in diameter, a part of which is shown at *b*. The pump, *c*, stands in the middle of the platform, with the spout passing just over the edge of the tank. A waste pipe, *e*, made of one and a half inch pipe is attached near the top. Two thicknesses of felt paper were then wrapped around the tank, and tied in position by a small, stout cord. Straight board staves one by four inches, and three feet long, were placed upright around the tank, a part of which are shown at *f*, and held in position by 2 hoops, *g*. The staves are built all around, but it is necessary to show a part of them removed, to give a view of the tank inside. The whole is covered by a lid, *h*, made of two thicknesses of inch lumber lying transversely. It stands six inches above the tank, to allow the spout to pass under. A part of the lid at the side next the kitchen is hinged, opening back against a rest, *j*, for dipping out water. The discharge pipe, *d*, one and one-half inches in diameter, is covered with a strainer, and goes straight down three and one-half feet, where it turns and extends one hundred and fifty feet at a moderate fall to the barnyard, retaining its depth three and one-half feet below the surface of the ground, until it rises in a barrel, *k*, through a float-valve, *l*, which is operated by a float, *m*. To the side of this barrel is attached, by a hollow nipple, *n*, another barrel, to which is attached yet another barrel, back of this. These are common kerosene barrels, sunk half way in the ground, and surrounded by 1x4 inch staves driven in the ground, and held in position by a hoop at the top. All the barrels have lids made of two thicknesses of inch lumber; those of the latter two, *p*, are hinged to a board fence, *w*, separating two feed lots. These lids are fastened back against the fence, when open, with a button, *v*. A tap, *r*, is used to shut off the water, when it becomes necessary to empty and clean the barrels. It is operated from both yards by a rod, *t*, passing up to the top of the fence, and is protected by a wooden box, *u*, the top of which is braced to the fence, and the bottom is planted in the ground. A mound of earth, *x*, is kept heaped round these barrels. Wherever pipe is attached to the tank or barrels, two lock nuts are used with rubber packing. The barrel, *k*, is solely for the purpose of protecting the float; the water it receives from the pipe, *d*, passes through the nipple, *n*, to the two barrels, *o*, where it supplies stock on both sides of the fence.

The barrels are kept closed in cold weather, except in the middle of the day, when they are left open for the stock to drink. By occasionally cleaning the windmill tank, the water is always pure. The supply being ample, by pumping to frequent overflowings, it is always fresh and of nearly uniform temperature, never freezing in winter, and so cool in summer that it is used for cold storage. Milk, butter and fresh meat are sealed in glass fruit jars, and sunk in the tank. When wanted for use a long wire hook is lowered in the water and caught in loops soldered on the cans to lift them by. Pure, fresh water is always ready for house use. All that is necessary is to open the hinged lid and dip it out. The pipe conducting the water to the barn being so deep, and the barrels receiving it being so well protected, ice seldom forms on them, and only a thin covering. The The tank of water, being partly over the well, is kept at nearly the temperature of the warm well in winter and cool well in summer.

Whatever method is adopted to obtain a water supply, it should furnish pure, fresh water in the most convenient manner for house use, and the stock should have easy access to pure water as near the temperature of the bottom of the well as possible. It has been proven by careful experiments, that it pays in dollars and cents to heat water with fuel for stock in winter. It should certainly pay much better to retain the natural heat of the water as it comes from the earth, and give it to the stock as nearly as possible at that temperature.

## Diseases of the Horse.

At a recent meeting of the Montreal Veterinary Medical Association, several valuable papers on horse diseases were read. Mr. A. H. Hall presented the subject of epizootic pleuritis and pleuro-pneumonia in the horse, defining the disease as inflammation of the pleuro and substance of the lung, accompanied by fever of a low typhoid form of from seven to 14 days' duration, occurring but once a season, the animal being liable to future attacks of the disease. The causes were variations and alterations in temperature, and occurring in spring and autumn, generally from being overworked or driven and exposed to cold, and also stating the disease to be contagious and often times liable to develop into a general outbreak, but this depended on its virulence and intensity. The writer described the symptoms and variations taking place during the progress of this form of disease and also the methods of arriving at a correct diagnosis and the complications that were liable to take place during its progress, also describing the method of treatment and discussing the general remedies used.

Mr. J. R. Shaw read an interesting essay on pneumonia, stating that it was an infectious disease prevalent among the equine species and characterized by inflammation of the lungs and constitutional disturbances of varying intensity. It was one of the most wide-spread of acute diseases The writer stated that horses kept in cities, where they are exposed to cold and hardships, are most liable, especially imported horses, being exposed during their journey to this country. He described the organism found in this disease, its form, habits and action in the lung tissue which invaded other parts of the body. The lower the vitality of the animal the greater the activity of the organism in producing its specific effects, the most prominent point of attack being the right lung in this disease. The morbid anatomy of the tissues involved were minutely described as well as the changes in the different stages of the disease and observations concluded from developments by the microscope. The writer showed the diagnostic symptoms in the three different stages of disease with their variations and suggested that different therapeutic remedies be used to treat it scientifically as better results would be obtained. In its treatment remedies were recommended, their action explained and general directions for local and internal treatment fully considered.

Mr. J. V. Solandt read an essay on colic with treatment and experiences with quacks. Pointing out the great advancement made in the treatment of this disease in the horse within the past forty years, the writer asserted that prompt attention and immediate treatment were necessary for good results. The practitioner being called to a case of colic might expect to find most any disease in progress; this was often due to the fact that diversity of opinion and ingenious originality of treatment on the part of the would be veterinarian was often exhibited. In some sections of the country it had been found that horsemen became attached to one remedy, this being used alike in colic, pneumonia, pleurisy, peditis, etc., one of the popular farmers' mixtures being molasses, ginger, pepper, soda, oil, etc. Other diseases had been often taken for colic, as a nail in the foot. The foot being moved towards the abdomen was taken as signs of abdominal pains, aconite being often given for supposed cases in large enough doses to produce poisoning. All these facts made diagnosis difficult to the veterinarian. Man deriving so much profit, pleasure and pecuniary benefit from the horse should treat him humanly in health and in sickness and should provide his beast with the best medical aid and nursing. The writer described the two forms of this disease as flatulent and spasmodic, outlining also the causes, symptoms, characteristics and terminations in each, as well as giving an outline of the treatment and the therapeutic remedies to be given in the different forms of this disease. He also suggested means of prevention, as attention to feeding, etc. The essays were listened to with much interest on the part of the members present, as they were subjects of practical importance as was proved by the active discussion taking place later in the evening.

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Orders for 250 locomotives and several thousand railway carriages have been given by the Russian Government to Austrian and Belgian firms, presumably required for the Trans-Siberian Railway.

There was a decrease of 7,000,000 lire in the Italian customs receipts during last month, while the revenue from indirect taxation shows a total falling off of 11,000,000 lire in the last six months.

The silk hat continues to hold its ground in London, but in the provinces it has lately been almost entirely displaced by the hard felt Derby. There is a brisk and increasing demand for resuscitated chimney pots in South Africa and Australia, whether by the natives or by the whites is not apparent.

# FOUND $39,000 IN A TRUNK.

## A Toronto Woman Left Her Daughter This Sum.

### A Detroit Bank Seeks to Prove that Mrs. DeFrance's Husband Defrauded it of $19,000.

Proceedings are now being taken at Detroit to take away $8,000 belonging to Mrs. Stonewell J. DeFrance, a Toronto lady now residing in that city. The money in question is now deposited in the Detroit Citizens' Savings Bank, and has been garnisheed by the St. Paul National Bank, which accuses the husband of Mrs. DeFrance of defrauding it of $19,000

In making a return on the writ Mrs. DeFrance claimed that she was the sole and lawful owner of the $8,000, and the examination was to determine how she came into possession of it. She said that her father had been in business on quite an extensive scale

IN TORONTO.

He supplied zoological gardens with animals of all kinds, accumulated considerable money, but having no confidence in banks, he had kept his earnings at home.

After his death she and her mother went to Detroit. Her mother did not do anything for a living, and, in reply to some searching questions on Mr. Hawley's part, she denied that her mother had ever kept a boarding house for a living, although she acknowledged that on several occasions men and women had lived at her house.

When her mother died, witness found that the old lady had left about $39,000 in cash in an old trunk, and besides had an insurance on her life of about $2,500. All this became witness' property. The $39,000 was the result of her father's

INDUSTRY AND FRUGALITY.

Neither her father's nor her mother's estate had ever been probated.

The $8,000 in the Citizens' Bank had been given by her to her husband to deposit in witness' name, and none of it had ever belonged to him. She never received a cent of the $11,000 from him, and that she had herself paid for the property. Her mother had had a small account in the Wayne County Saving's Bank, but the bulk of her money was kept at home in the trunk. Until witness began making real estate investments, she, too had kept the little fortune in the same kind of a receptacle.

A MENAGERIE IN HIS BACK YARD.

It is thought that Mrs. DeFrance is the daughter of a Mr. Bernard, an eccentric old gentleman who lived in Toronto and died some years ago. He was quite well known and had formerly been a circus proprietor. To the end of his life he retained a fondness for wild animals and for many years had quite a menagerie in his back yard. He was wealthy, and is well remembered by the older residents of what was Yorkville and is now St. Paul's ward. He built a house on Walmer road, which was then a part of the Baldwin estate and afterwards resided on Hazelton avenue, in that city.

# HE ROBBED THE DOCTORS.

### An Alleged Canadian Insurance Fraud Now Under Arrest at St. Louis, Mo.—It is Said He Appointed Medical Examiners for an Insurance Company, Insured Them, and Pocketed the Fees.

A Toronto despatch says:—Detective Black left for St. Louis, Mo., the other night to bring back F. J. Bailey, an alleged Canadian swindler now under arrest at that city.

Two months ago Inspector Stark sent out a description of a man he wanted to all the various detective forces of the United States, and it was this circular that effected Bailey's capture.

Bailey is a middle-aged man of very plausible address, and used to be an agent for the North-western Masonic Insurance Company, of Chicago. He got the post after the violent and unexplained death at Parkdale of the late Joseph Priestman, jr., who was agent for the company. It is said that

BAILEY GOT TANGLED UP

in his accounts with the company. At any rate it is said he got what is flippantly called the "bounce" some time ago.

Since then he has, it is said, been making his living by insurance frauds.

The name that is on the warrant which Detective Black took to St. Louis is that of Dr. J. E. Elliot, of Carlton street, whom Bailey is said to have defrauded of $20. The way he is said to have done it is this:

About two months ago, he, it is claimed, called on the doctor, and, after a few preliminary compliments anent the doctor's skill, popularity and distinction, proceeded to talk business.

He was agent for the Preferred Accident Insurance Company, of New York. The company was particularly anxious to work up

THE CANADIAN END

of its business. To that end it proposed to appoint the most distinguished surgeons it could secure for its medical examiners. Hence his call on the doctor.

But there is just one little proviso the plausible Mr. Bailey is said to have added. It was the rule of the company that its medical examiners should take a policy for $1,000. The first premium would be $20.

Now Mr. Bailey was a nice-looking, middle-aged gentleman, who might be a Sunday school superintendent or a lay preacher. He looked good, and his hands smelt of soap. So the genial young surgeon of the Toronto Field Battery, it is claimed, put up the $20 with good grace. Friend Bailey never, it is claimed, came back.

NOTIFIED THE POLICE.

Dr. Elliott reported the matter to the police, and investigations were made. It was found that a man answering Bailey's description had worked the entire province during the summer and autumn with the scheme. Not only Dr. Elliott, but other Toronto physicians, it is alleged, were duped, and when Detective Black arrives in Toronto with his prisoner, it is said, many charges will be ready.

Complaints from Brockville, Hamilton and St. Thomas have already been laid.

The scheme Bailey is alleged to have worked was always the same. He, it is said, "jollied" the provincial doctors just in the same way as Dr. Elliott was treat-

The Kootenay Star

SATURDAY, MAR. 3, 1893.

WHATEVER can the Tribune mean by calling the North Riding a "hive"? It is rather a complimentary term than otherwise; but knowing that the Tribune would not under any circumstances pay the Revelstoke Division a compliment we are compelled to accept the term as being uncomplimentary. But all the same, it is to be hoped that the North Riding will become a "hive" of busy industry. With its valuable gold reefs and placer mines in the Big Bend and Lardeau; its silver and copper mines at Illecillewaet, Fish Creek and Trout Lake; its vast lumber regions bordering the Columbia and its tributaries; its rich farming lands at Revelstoke, Hall's Landing and the Northeast Arm; with all these requisites for making things "hum" there is certainly a great deal of truth in the Tribune's statement. The North Riding is fast becoming a hive, and a busy one, too: But we did not know the Tribune was in the prophecy business.

THE Nelson papers seem to think that if the North Riding is entitled to one member the South Riding is entitled to two, on account of having a larger list of voters. As three members for West Kootenay is out of the question the proper thing to do is to even up matters by transferring some of those southern voters to the North Riding. It could be done by placing the dividing line just south of Fire Valley and following the river northward to the 50th parallel. It will be more convenient for the inhabitants of the district tributary to the Arrow Lakes to be in the North Riding, on the same grounds that all the district tributary to the Kootenay Lake and River should be in the South Riding. Revelstoke is easier of access from Fire Valley than either Nelson or Kaslo, whichever of those towns may become the metropolis of the South Riding. If the people of the North Riding desire this change let them speak out now or for ever after hold their tongue.

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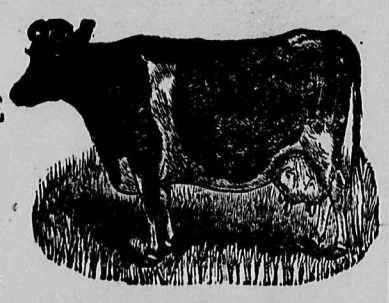

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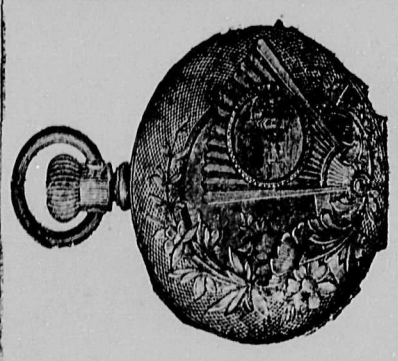

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