The Kootenay Star.

VOL. V. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., SEPTEMBER 16, 1893. No. 14.

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.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Fire Wardens of this town will shortly make an inspection of the stove-pipes and other details of heating arrangements; and will also satisfy themselves of the condition of any appliances for subduing fire at the first alarm. All house holders should provide a barrel of water on the premises in a handy situation, as one bucketful at the beginning will generally do more towards the extinguishing of a fire than the engine can possibly accomplish half an hour afterwards.

We earnestly beg all citizens to pay particular attention to this notice and see that all things are in order.

NOTICE.

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

9. Trout Lake—Andrew Clark, Recorder: Commencing at a point eight miles from where the Lardo River leaves Trout Lake, including the land on all streams flowing into such portion of the Lardo River, and on all the streams and rivers flowing into Trout Lake.

Notice is also given that the limits of the Lardeau Mining Recording Division, as defined on the 30th day of May, 1893, are altered by excluding those portions of the Division now contained within the aforesaid Trout Lake Division.

JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary and Minister of Mines.
Provincial Secretary's Office,
7th September, 1893.

FOR SALE.

A very handsome WINCHESTER RIFLE, quite new and perfect, model of 1886. Will sell cheap for cash.—Apply at STAR office.

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.

FIR-PROOF SAFE.

OLD CLOTHES
Cleaned Repaired, Altered and put in good shape
AT
SAM NEEDHAM'S,
DOUGLAS ST., REVELSTOKE.

TROUT LAKE CITY HOUSE

BOURKE BROS. Prop's.

Best Accommodation in the City.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED NEAR THE LAKE.

Splendid Fishing, Boating, Hunting

First-class stock of
Wines, Spirits and Cigars.

Trout Lake City is the nearest point to the famous Lardeau Mines.

All information given to prospectors and buyers of mining claims.

A. McNEIL,
BARBER SHOP & BATHROOMS,
Front Street.
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

LOCAL NEWS.

W. Cowan has a carload of specially good Wines and Spirits coming from Toronto. We will call on him shortly.

Mr. Baylis will conduct service in the Presbyterian church to-morrow at 7 30. p.m.; Sabbath-school at 2 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.

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

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

The piles needed for the wharf at Lardeau City are now completed. The building of the wharf is finished and a much needed place of landing is provdided.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. Ben Green at Illecillewaet on Wednesday last. The funeral took place at Revelstoke, on Thursday, and was attended by many of the deseased lady's friends.

Mr. J. Miller, Revenue Officer, Vancouver has been staying at the Victoria House this week, and has granted a Bonded Warehouse to Revelstoke. Little things like that improve our town and are welcome.

A large skunk has been doing considerable sneak thief work among the hen roosts at the upper end of the town. Vain have been the efforts so far to compel the cunning one to wait until daylight.

Several cars and a dead engine belonging to the Victoria & Sidney Ry, passed through Revelstoke on Sunday night. The railroad is nearing completion and the rolling stock is now on the way to the coast.

Piles are being driven at the Hot-Springs by Captain Sanderson for a new wharf there, which will be a great improvement to the landing. It is also rumoured that he intends building a new hotel this fall to accomodate the large number of visitors who are enjoying the springs both for pleasure and profit.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes 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.

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.

There was an exceptionally large number of preachers in town over Sunday, all on their way to Enderby to attend the meeting of Kamloops Presbytery. In the party were, Rev. D. M. Martin and wife of Kaslo, Rev. T. H. Rogers of Nelson and Rev. T. Paton of Waneta, who is to be ordained as minister this week at Enderby. Mr. Lewis represents the congregation of Revelstoke, and Capt McMorris of the "Spokane" for Nelson congregation.

The Dog is man's most faithful companion; and in that capacity is most valuable. But as it is possible to have too much of a good thing, so it is possible to have too much Dog in a town, and we think that is the case here—still we protest against any underhand system such as poisoning indiscriminate and it would be better to tax all dogs say $5 00 a year, then a few good ones only would be kept. Dog fights are too common at present.

Next week we hope to publish the programme of an Amateur Concert to be given this month in aid of funds for the Fire Brigade. All the very best local talent will be represented, and we hope it will be liberally patronised not only by the old town but also by our friends at the Station. The Engine and Brigade are willing to go anywhere on the shortest possible notice when their services are required. Did I hear that there might be an impromptu hop after the concert or did my ears deceive me?

Many of our English readers will be interested to hear the fate of the Grand Old Man's Home Rule Bill, which, after having passed through the Commons by a majority of 34 in a house of 568, was rejected in the Lords by a majority of 10 to 1 in a house of 460. This will probably cause an attack to be made on the Upper House, but those who belong to that illustrious edifice will view any attack with the equanimity that results from being well used to it. Attacks on the House of Lords run off it like water from a ducks back; and in this particular instance the majority in the Commons was perhaps hardly big enough to warrant the adoption of such a serious measure without some further consideration.

J. D. Macdonald arrived in town this week from Trout Lake district, having with him some very fine specimens of ore, one of them high grade Grey Copper carrying over 400 oz. silver to the ton besides considerable gold. He says the claim, which is named the Glengarry, is on a 14 foot ledge and that 10 other claims are also staked upon it, all of which show similar good ore. It is situated on the divide between the Lardeau and Duncan rivers. After some preliminary business regarding the sale of his claim has been settled, Mac. intends visiting Chicago.

Owing to pressure on our limited space a communication from Nakusp and other articles are held over.

Those of our readers who suffer occasionally from thirst, and they are not a few, will be glad to hear that O. H. Allen is putting up an addition to his brewery for the express purpose of brewing lager beer. This beverage requires different treatment to steam beer, and ice is largely used in the process, consequently the addition of an ice cellar is a necessity. We shall be pleased to report on the condition and quality of the beer at any time if a sample is sent to this office for inspection, our staff being excellent judges of that and similar articles of diet. Verbum Sap.

Our esteemed contemporary the Nelson Miner says that some 8 or 10 claims in the Slocan will be worked probably all the winter; we sincerely hope that such will be the case as "something to do" will be wanted by many before long. However there are some signs of returning prosperity, for the furnaces in Pittsburgh, Pa. have started again, giving employment to many thousand hands; and when the Iron trade improves our experience shows that all other trades very shortly follow in the same direction.

Two prospectors Messrs Harvey and Smith who left here very recently in a boat for the Big Bend met with a very unpleasant experience. Finding some miles up that the stream was too strong to row against they got out to tow their boat from the bank. Whilst thus engaged a large rock on which Mr. Smith was standing gave way with him and he fell into the river, narrowly escaping being drowned. Unluckily this caused both to lose their hold of the boat which started full speed back for Revelstoke. It was however caught by some Indians and with its contents taken care of till the owners appeared. They camped on the river bank near the Victoria for a day or two, and left again on Tuesday for another attempt. Mr. E. C Brooks, the photographer, who had his studio in a large tent near the C.P.R. tank folded up the former and left for Nanaimo.

On to Kootenay.

From the News Advertiser of Sept. 7th.—By an advertisement, which appears elsewhere, it will be seen that the C. P. Railway Company is calling for tenders for the construction of 10 miles of the Arrow Lake Branch of its railway from Revelstoke south. It is understood that the construction of this section of the road before the close of the year is expected to enable the Company to reach open water and so maintain the through traffic during the winter. This means a great deal not only for Kootenay, but for the trade of Vancouver and Victoria. The decision of the Company to proceed with this work at this time, demonstrates that it is able to prosecute desirable or judicious extensions of its system at a period of financial stringency which is taxing very severely the resources of roads, wealthy but not so judiciously managed as the C. P. R. It is also another proof of the firm belief of the Company in the possibilities of traffic from the development of the mineral resources of the Kootenay district.

Beasey Childrens' Concert.

Very seldom indeed has it fallen to our lot to enjoy such a musical treat as that which was provided on Wednesday evening last by the Beasey children. Such natural grace and ease characterised the execution of most difficult classical music that it was hard to believe the performers were but children; the time and tune being perfect in every piece. When all were so thoroughly excellent it is not easy to select anyone for special praise but the performance of Miss Jennie Beasey on the piano was something to remember. That talented young lady proved herself a born musical artiste, as much at home on the violin as on the piano, and the "March to heaven," her own composition, was worthy of a far more experienced composer. The programme (far too short for the audience) consisted of 8 pieces, several of which received a well merited encore; the audience seeming to consider that it was no great trouble to the young ladies to play all the evening if asked to do so; and the ease and rapidity with which the sisters handled their instruments may well serve as an excuse for such an opinion. The audience was far smaller than the entertainment deserved, but this was partly owing to the non arrival of the advertising posters in due time, and partly to local causes. If small however the audience was highly appreciative, and most heartily enjoyed what was not only an evenings' entertainment but a rare musical treat. We sincerely hope to have the pleasure of seeing and hearing these graceful and accomplished young ladies again on no distant occasion.

The Kootenay Districts.

The Kootenay districts continue to give every indication of great mineral wealth, and prospecting is active. Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight claims were recorded during 1892. These districts have an advantage over the northern mineral bearing portion of the province, inasmuch as the lakes and rivers are open at all seasons, and several of the latter are navigable during some months of the year; but it is to the construction of the several short lines of railway—charters for which have been granted—that cheap transportation must be looked for. Large sums have been spent by private individuals on trails, and on a waggon road to connect Kootenay lake with Three Forks, to tap several mines there.

Some shipments have been made to Tacoma, on which the cost of transportation by pack train from the mines to Kootenay lake—a distance of between 20 and 30 miles—has been $40 a ton. From the latter point to the smelter at Tacoma the frieght rate was $8 a ton. In addition to these freight outlays, the ore was subject to United States duty of 1½c. a pound on lead contained therein and which runs about 60 per cent., thus making a total for freight and duties of about $66 a ton, exclusive of the cost of mining and smelting. Notwithstanding these excessive charges the profits of these ventures were satisfactory, and other shipments will follow. One mine is being worked with steam drills and a concentrator. With this exception, no mining on a practical basis has yet been attempted. Such enterprises require large capital, consequently prospectors are obliged to recoup themselves by the sale of their claims, and of the claims recorded during 1892, about 50 per cent. were transferred, whilst many others have been bonded for various sums, aggregating hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The lead and silver-bearing ores are, at present, occuping the attention of the majority of the prospectors, but some very fine specimens of copper ore and large deposits of iron have been found. Gold, in placer, hydraulic and quartz workings, has been found on the Salmon river and its tributaries, and promises rich results. Prospectors and capitalists are yearly increasing, and are closely followed by traders in all kinds of merchandise. Much capital is being invested in smelting, and reclaiming lands and in the lumber business. Two of the leading banks doing business in the Province found it desirable to establish branches in the West Kootenay district in 1892.

The development of the Kootenay Districts is steady and undoubtedly solid. The extent and variety and richness of the minerals found there, and the natural advantages found in an abundance of timber on the spot, and the proximity of vast fields of superior coal must result in successful development.

When a few mines have proved remunerative, then, and then only, may be expected a large influx of the capital required to construct the railways, and to transform these districts into what they are destined to be—the richest mining camps on the American continent.—Annual Report B.C. Board of Trade.

SLOCAN TRADING AND NAVIGATI 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.

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.

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.

R. H. RAMSEY,
House Painter, Paper-hanger and Grainer.
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

How They Bathe.

The society girl of New Westminster,
When she bathes, this modest young spinster,
Just takes off her hose
And moistens her toes.
Did you bathe today? Yes, I was in, Sir.

She savvies the girl from Vancouver;
She don't have to work that manœuver;
If her bath-suit was bigger,
T'wouldn't show so much figure;
But dear me, who'd ever reprove her?

And oh, innocent girls of Victoria,
In your night gowns don't bathe I implore, ye:
The stuffs not opaque
When its wet—for heaven's sake,
I don't want to see any more o'ye.

But get on to the girl from Nanaimo,
When she goes for a swim in the brine,
She slings off her clothes,
And splash, in she goes—
Did anyone see you? Darnfino.—Hornet.

Down With High Prices For Electric Belts.

$1.55, $2.65, $3.70; former prices $5, $7, $10. Qualty remains the same—16 different styles; dry battery and acid belts—mild or strong current. Less than half the price of any other company and more home testimonials than all the rest together. Full list free. Mention this paper. W. T. BAER & CO. Windsor, Ont.

THIS CUT REPRESENTS A LINE OF THE BEST BOOTS AND SHOES IN CANADA. All sizes and special widths kept in stock at H. N Coursiers'

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

THOS. ABRIEL,
General Agent
FOR REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE,
NAKUSP, B.C.
—:o:—
Sale of Mines a Specialty.

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.

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

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

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.

NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.

CHAPTER XIX.

We whisper, and hint, and chuckle,
And grin at a brother's shame.

Lauraine sees no more of Keith during the next week, but she hears from Mrs. Woolliffe that he has gone to the Black Forest.

"I don't know what's come to him," complains the garrulous American. "Guess he's off his head sometimes. Those dollars have been an unlucky windfall for him. He's not like the same chap he was in New York. He never looks pleased noway, and he was the merriest, larkiest young fellow anyone could wish to see when I knew him first. I thought Nan would wake him up a bit, but she don't seem to answer; and now he's run off from Baden-Baden as if it was a den of rattlesnakes; and they do say (she drops her voice mysteriously) that he's with that notorious Frenchwoman Coralie Lafitte. My word, if that's so, won't she make the dollars fly! All the same, I'm uncommon sorry for Keith. Never thought he was one of *that* sort."

Lauraine grows hot and cold with shame as she listens. She had thought there would be nothing harder for her to do after giving him up, after that last sad parting; but to hear of his recklessness, his sins, to know that she may be in a measure to blame for both cuts her to the heart.

She sits quite silent, her hands busy with some crewel-work that she is doing. Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woolliffe is paying her a morning visit. Lady Jean has fled at the first approach of the enemy, and so Lauraine has to entertain her alone.

Mrs. Woolliffe talks on, on; but her listener hears nothing of what she says. Her thoughts are only with the man whose life she has wrecked. Her storm-shattered heart aches and throbs with memories freshly brought to life. She has done what was right; she has severed her life from his, but if it makes him evil, desperate, hopeless; if it sends him to profligate men and bad women, if his bright young manhood is laid waste and desolate, was it, could it be, right after all?

Her influence, her presence, had always been a restraint upon him, and she had denied him both—cast him out to the fire of temptations, the recklessness of despair.

It was a horrible thought; no one knows how horrible save a woman whose soul is pure, whose heart is passionate, who sees the life she loves and fain would bless, pass out and away from her keeping, and knows that it is beyond her power to recall or claim its fidelity; who sees it lose itself in evil, and seek forgetfulness in wild and feverish excitements, and knows that a word, one little word might have held it back and kept it safe and unharmed.

"I must not think of it, I *must* not," she says to herself in passionate scorn; and she looks up from the tangled crewels and tries to interest herself in Mrs. Bradshaw Woolliffe's gossip, and promises to drive with her in the Lichtenthal Allee, forgetful of Lady Jean's disgust.

"Well, I'll go," says her loquacious friend at last. "Guess I've got heaps of shopping to do this morning, and Nan will be that cross for keeping her waiting! Good-bye, my dear; good-bye. Hope I haven't tired you. Four o'clock then."

The door closes; Lauraine is alone. She sinks wearily back in her chair. The silks and canvas fall unheeded to the floor. She is afraid of this new pain that has come to her—this jealous hatred and horror of the woman who is holding Keith in her evil bondage. Her strength seems all fled. The long, empty, colourless days that stretch before her, that have to be lived through, look doubly dreary in this hour. "I thought the worst bitterness of my cup had passed my lips," she moans. "I had not thought of this."

Her husband had asked her carelessly about Keith, and she had spoken of that brief meeting in the Tyrolean valley. Sir Francis had not heard of his being at Baden at all.

A sort of dread comes over her as she thinks of the chance of other meetings, of the added pain that each fresh account of his actions may bring her. He had, indeed, known how to make her suffer, and the suffering could have no anodyne now.

With a violent effort she calms herself at last. Her hours of so solitude are few, and she must appear her usual calm, grave self to the friends who are about and with her daily life. They see no change in her to-day. Even Lady Jean's sharp eyes detect no difference; but the laughter, the chatter, the gay banter, the naughty stories, all seem dull and far-off to her ears. She marvels whether these men and women have hearts to feel, or souls to suffer?

It is the day of the race. A day warm and brilliant with sunshine, cooled by a fresh soft breeze, that brings all the scents of the pine forests in its breath, and stirs the fluttering laces and ribbons of the women's toilettes, and the waving flags that stream from the Pavilion and the Grand Stand and other points of vantage.

Lady Jean and her husband, Sir Francis and Lauraine, come in the same carriage. As the ladies descend and sweep along the pretty grass-covered course they come face to face with Mrs. Bradshaw Woolliffe, her neice, and Keith Athelstone

Lady Jean's presence gives Lauraine fair excuse. They only exchange bows and pass on. She marvels that she feels so calm, that neither flush nor pallor betrays what the sight of that young, haggard, weary face is to her. She is annoyed to see him here, having heard no word from his staunch ally. Afraid of a second meeting, she begs her husband to take her to her seat. Lady Jean grumbles, but the men are eager to be off to the enclosure, where the hero of the day, Aldebert, is calmly awaiting the important moment when he is to make or mar the fortunes of those who trust and support him.

"You have no bets on?" says Lady Jean to Lauraine, as they sit side by side, and survey the glittering scene, all life and light and colour now.

"No, not even a solitary pair of gloves," smiles Lauraine. "To tell you the truth, I never thought about it. Betting seems stupid."

"You appear to think most things stupid that other women do," says Lady Jean, tartly. She has a great deal more than gloves on this race, and Lauraine's speech annoys her. "Good gracious! here comes that awful woman again. Lauraine you must change places; let me get on your other side. I should positively die if I had to sit next her for a quarter of an hour."

She rises impulsively from her seat. Lauraine does the same. There is a little bustle, a little laughter, a chatter of tongues, and then Lauraine finds herself with Keith Athelstone, instead of Mrs. Bradshaw Woolliffe, by her side.

It is impossible to avoid shaking hands with him now, and she does so. Neither of them speaks, however; but the constraint is not noticed by the rest of the party, for the horses are coming out of the enclosure now, and every eye turns to the starting point.

Aldebert wins the race; but to Lauraine everything seems confused and indistinct, and in comparison with Lady Jean's excitement and delight at Sir Francis' success, her own manner seems strangely cold and unconcerned. Amidst the hubbub and excitement, the noise of voices and shouts of congratulation, Keith bends nearer to Lauraine.

"I have some news that will please you, I hope," he says. "I am going to marry Nan, as you advised me."

For one startled instant Lauraine is quite unable to speak or move. She feels the hot blood surging to her brain; she turns dizzy and faint. But the importance of self-command is present to her mind. She forces herself to appear as little moved as possible. Her voice is perfectly calm as she says: "I am glad to hear it. Pray accept my congratulations."

And then Sir Francis joins them, and there are more congratulations and a great deal of noise and excitement, and Mrs. Bradshaw Woolliffe and her party leave the stand and go down to the pretty racecourse, and Lauraine sees Keith by the side of Miss Anastasia J. Jefferson, and wonders is she dreaming—is all this real? For her the gay scene is altogether dull and wearisome. Turn where she will, look where she may, she only sees that haggard young face, only hears the shrill, ringing laugh of the pretty American, whom every one calls "Dresden China," and who looks like a dainty little Watteau shepherdess in her flowered silk costume and big hat, and pied up sunny curls.

Long before the close of that day the news is on every tongue, The young millionaire is going to marry "Dresden China," and Lady Jean looks maliciously at Lauraine, and laughs and nods her head mysteriously, saying she'll believe it when she sees it.

"Too sudden to be much good," she says, as they discuss the event that evening at dinner. "Though she's been spoons on him for ever so long."

"She's awfully pretty," remarks Sir Francis. "Why shouldn't he care for her?"

"No reason why he shouldn't. I only say he doesn't," answers Lady Jean.

"So much the better," says an attache to the Austrian Legation, who makes one of the party. "Love matches are a mistake. Never yet knew one turn out well.

"Poor Keith," says Lady Jane. "Fancy tied to those dreadful people. Her father sold rum and molasses, didn't he, in New Orleans; and she says 'guess,' and 'spry,' and 'cunning.' And then—the aunt"

"I don't think their colloquisms are worse than our slang," says Lauraine, coldly.

"Oh, I know you are enthusiastic on American subjects," say Lady Jean meaninly. "I beg your pardon for my remarks."

"There is no necessity," Lauraine answers, looking her with calm surprise. "You are of course at liberty to express your opinion. I know you dislike Mrs. Woolliffe, and of course you are not bound to acknowledge her niece——"

"As Mrs. Athelstone," interrupts Lady Jean. "No, I suppose not—only for Keith's sake——"

She pauses. Lauraine feels the colour mounting to her brow. There is something so irritating in the patronage and she knows that Lady Jean is about the last person who ought to talk of a mesalliance.

"I thought you said just now that she would never be that," she says very coldly. "Your words and opinions seem somewhat inconsistent."

"I shall be very much surprised if she ever is," responds Lady Jean. "All the same, one ought to prepare for the worst."

Good-humored as is her speech, light as is her laughter, Lauraine feels that there is a covert meaning in both.

She would have known she was right could she have heard the conversation between Sir Francis and herself later on that evening. After the fatigue of the drive to Iffezheim and the excitement of the races the whole party profess to be too tired for anything but a quiet evening of "loo," mingled with music and gossip and cigarettes.

Then Sir Francis saunters over to where Lady Jean sits—her dark, picturesque beauty looking its best in the mellow lamplight.

"What did you mean to-night by your remarks about young Athelstone?" he asks, abruptly.

Lady Jean gives him one quick glance of her flashing eyes.

"Mean? nothing, of course. What should I mean?"

"That's just what I want to know. You don't think he cares for this girl?"

"Not the value of a brass farthing!"

"But you think——!"

"My dear old donkey, I think—of course I think. I keep my eyes open, which you don't. I know a little sum in arithmetic called two and two, which you, I daresay, have long forgotten. That is all."

"I wish I knew what you were driving at," mutters Sir Francis, sulkily.

"What should I be 'driving at'?" asks Lady Jean, innocently. "Only when a young man has been entirely devoted to one woman, and then without rhyme or reason suddenly proposes to another for whom he doesn't care a straw, then—well the little sum in arithmetic comes in useful. That is all."

Sir Francis looks at her half in anger, half in perplexity.

"That's the devil of women," he says with impatience. "They hint and hint, and won't speak out."

"And that's the—ahem—of men," laughs Lady Jean. "They see, and see, and remain so blind."

"I have seen nothing."

"So much the better for you," says Lady Jean, with a shrug of her handsome shoulders. "You might have been annoyed, or uncomfortable; most likely the latter. You have not my secret of taking things lightly. Now, if I saw you making love under my very eyes I should only be to prefer any other woman to me. On se console toujours, mon ami. You do it one way, Lauraine another, I another. But I suppose we each have our own views on the subject of the consolation, or—consoler!"

And she laughs again: soft, amused, pleasant laughter, that seems to hold no malice, to be the outspring of no evil thought.

And all the time her heart is full of both. For, as virtue shames vice, and purity shows up the grosser contrast of immorality, so she feels ashamed and rebuked by the words and presence of Lauraine. "If ever two people loved, they love," she had said to herself that past season; and now it had all come to nothing. There was no hold over Lauraine, no petite histoire, nothing to smile and sneer at.

"If she had only compromised herself ever so little," she thinks to-night as she looks at the lovely calm face, the grave dark eyes. "And now the projected marriage. It is awfully queer. If she had been like other women——'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Separating Cream.

The Orange Judd Farmer knows of but two good ways to cream milk, one by deep setting in cold water, the other by using a separator. A writer in a so-called Agricultural paper published in Chicago, a paper with no dairy editor and therefore apt to do great harm by recommending wrong methods of dairying, lightly brushes aside these two approved methods and lauds a third. He says the butter made by submerged deep setting "lacks delicacy of flavor and is readily detected." As for the separators, he says "they not only require nice adjustment and mechanical ability to operate, but money to buy them." And so he praises his methods, "which is fast coming into use whatever it is known, is very simple and inexpensive, a saving of time and labor, and very easily demonstrated, as it can be tried without expense by anyone who has the milk and the can." This is all lovely to read until we note the method. Here it is: "The milk warm from the cow is strained into a can until it is half filled, then the can is filled up with cold spring or well water, which aerates the milk and immediately reduces its temperature to about 70° even in the warmest of weather. All the cream will separate and rise to the surface in less than four hours. The combined milk and water is drawn by a faucet from the bottom of the can till the cream appears, which is then drawn into a separate vessel. As the cream is separated in less than four hours, the can or cans used for the morning's milk are ready to be used for the night's milk. All that need go into the house is the cream, thus lightening the labor there. The diluted skim-milk is fed to the pigs, the butter fat extracted from it being replaced by the cheaper fat in cornmeal in such proportions as are needed to feed the growing or fattening stock. No time is lost—no labor by the dilution process. As soon as the milk is mixed with water the separation is going on naturally while the farmer is attending to other duties. In four hours, or even less, the cream can be taken. This quick, inexpensive process, requiring no ice, even in the warmest weather, enables the farmer to convert his cream into butter at home without the expense of carrying or having it carried to the creamery. It also enables farmers supplying the markets to maintain a fair price for their milk. They can manufacture it into butter for a time and reduce the quantity of milk sent to the market until it will command a fair price. The farmers can control the price of milk if they wish, instead of the contractors dictating what they shall take." Our comment on the above is sufficient. It is all bosh. Under special circumstances it may be advisable to dilute the milk of a "stripper" which gives milk so glutinous that it cannot be creamed by setting entire, but as a practice milk dilution is nonsense. It is not a new method just coming into use. It has been recommended repeatedly by cranks and repeatedly exploded by Experiment Stations. It hurts the milk for feeding purposes and it wastes butter fat.

A Speculation on Death.

When the typhoid epidemic was at its height, when cases were being reported daily and everybody expected that there would be many deaths from the disease, one local flower firm decided to make a speculation on death. It was figured out that there would be an unusual number of deaths and that this would cause a demand for an unusual number of floral pieces. In the manufacture of floral pieces moss is an absolute necessity, and the peculiar kind that is used comes from Oregon and Washington. The firm in question thought to make a speculation by ordering a quantity of this moss early and running a corner in it. The moss has arrived and has been placed in storage. But out of all the cases of typhoid fever the deaths have numbered less than twenty-five, and there is one firm that has moss enough on hand for several years.—[San Francisco Examiner.

Duty.

The camp-fire dimly burns
Through the night and the snow,
And over a frozen earth
The wild winds blow.

But the sentinel stands at his post
As the hours creep by,
While clouds grow heavy and thick
In the sullen sky.

His limbs drag hard, he longs
To rest awhile;
Yet over his white, cold lips
Comes never a smile.

For his heart is a soldier's heart,
And his blood runs warm
When he thinks of his brother-men
Asleep in the storm.

Then he shoulders his gun and draws
A quick, deep breath;
What foeman shall conquer him now
But the foeman Death!

—[George Edgar Montgomery.

Mother v. Father.

Fond Mother (listening to baby's cries)—What sweet-toned voice she has, dear? She'll be a splendid singer. We must send her to Italy and have her voice cultivated.

Brutal Father (trying to sleep)—Send her now.

Do not allow weeds to grow up and seed among the potatoes after they are ripe. A few weeds often produce many hundred seed which it will require extra work later to destroy.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Horrors of the Field of Carnage After the Fighting Has Ceased.

Only those commanding corps and divisions have posts from which to survey a battle-field while the fight is on. If the fighting is furious all along the lines even the general in command may not be able to take in over half a mile in front. One may have been in a dozen battles without witnessing more than the maneuvers of a brigade. Battles usually end in withdrawal and pursuit. In either case nearly all the troops on both sides are set in motion, and so men who have been fighting all day march away and see only the dead and wounded in their front. But very few wounded are brought in by night, and the dead can wait for the sun to rise. To move about on the field at night is to take your life in your hand. There are ghouls robbing the dead who will fire upon you, and there are wounded men who will treat you as a foe. There are riderless horses galloping about, while others, maddened with the pain of wounds will rush at you open-mouthed from the darkness.

It is when morning comes again that those left behind to bring in the wounded, bury the dead, and collect the equipments scattered over miles of ground perhaps, can see and fully realize how fierce and deadly the fighting was. The dead are not all on the battle lines. Here where the reserves were posted, a mile in the rear, are the first of them. They have been killed by solid shot or bursting shells. They are lying in heaps and in nearly every case the face is covered by poncho or blanket. Down this front of a mile in length we find a dead man here and there as we advance, sometimes two or three together, but there are no wounded. They were removed under fire. Half a mile in the rear of the battle line we come upon the first of the men killed by musket fire. They were not really under fire, but acting as supports, and yet the ranks lost heavily.

POSITION OF THE BODIES.

It is curious to note the positions of the dead where the bodies have not been interfered with. Nine out of ten are lying broad on their backs with arms outstretched. Their feet are pointed all around the compass, but more of them lie with their heads to the east than in any other direction. The men shot in the head are lying at full length those below the neck have one leg drawn up and their fingers are clenched. There is not on any face what you call a look of pain or anguish and neither do you find smiles or placidity. Look into the faces of 100 men killed in battle and you will find the same general expression, whether old or young. It is a look of surprise and fear. This look rests on the faces of men killed in their tracks, as it were. The mortally wounded man may turn on his side to die, and you may find him with a smile on his face. He has had time to breathe a prayer; to think of wife and children and home; to realize that his time has come.

The battle line runs across a highway, over an old cotton field, across a meadow, and into the woods. The men made breastworks of rails and dirt. At one spot they had the cover of a stone wall, at another the banks of a winding creek. Here was where a brigade without the slightest cover rushed in to hold a gap in the line. The dead and wounded lie just as they fell—five dead to one wounded. The enemy used grape and canister from a battery planted on that ridge, and the missiles did terrible execution. Hence along the breastwork the troops were lying down and fired from that position. Nearly every dead man still rests at full length on his stomach, though their faces seem half buried in the grass. Many of the muskets still rest across the breastworks. Here for 300 feet we cannot find a wounded man. Most of the dead were struck in the face or throat.

With his back to the wall sits a dead man who probably lived an hour or two after he was hit. His knees are drawn up for a rest for his arms, and his head is thus supported. Next on his left is a captain lying on his back with his outstretched right arm still holding the sword, and that sword rests across the body of another dead man. The officer was struck fairly between the eyes by the bullet. His lips are parted as if shouting a command when death came. We hesitate for a moment and then step over the breastworks and advance to the creek. At this spot it was midway between the combatants. Night before last friend and foe filled their canteens here, sometimes elbow to elbow, but purposely ignoring each other's presence. Here is the horror of the battle field. We knew it would be so, but were impelled to come.

RIVERS OF BLOOD.

The banks of the creek are nowhere less than two feet high; in some places they are five or six. The head of the stream is six or eight feet wide, but the flow of the water only half that, and from six inches to a foot deep. On a front of half a mile all the wounded on both sides who could creep or pull themselves along inch by inch made for this creek as the fighting ceased. They reached the banks and flung themselves down. They filled the bed from bank to bank, lying three, four or five deep. Here and there may be a living man, but nineteen out of twenty perished last night. They fought each other for the water, but only the first comers quenched their thirst. Before they could move away they were caught in the crush. It is a great trench, with its dead ready for the dirt to hide them, and the waters of the creek have been dammed back until they are seeking a new outlet through the cotton field. Help arrives and we walk slowly along the bank to look for wounded men. We find and extricate about twenty, none of whom will, perhaps, live the day out. All others are dead—shot, crushed, drowned—almost 1,000 by the returns of the burial party. It is almost night before the creek flows on in its old bed again, but even our thirsty horses will not drink of the waters running red. They sniff at it and turn away with wild eyes and snorts of alarm.

Famine and Cannibalism.

News received from Hong Kong states that a famine is raging in the Chinese province of Shansi. Children are being sold by their parents for two dollars each. Thousands fall down by the way-side of exhaustion. The survivors hack flesh off the bodies of the dead and devour it like famished wolves. Three attempts have been made to fire the Italian Catholic Mission, and the feeling against foreigners is very bitter.

Photography on marble has been accomplished by a London artist.

STEERAGE DID NOT SUIT.

A Story of Discomfort on an Ocean Liner.

The steerage of an ocean liner can never be made quite so comfortable as home. "But," said five respectable young Englishmen in substance to the Rev. Mr. Renaud, immigration chaplain at Montreal, "we draw the line at drinking bilge water, and eating rotten herrings."

These young men told a distressing story of hardship endured upon a certain transatlantic steamer, upon which they came out as steerage passengers. The tea was made of bilge water. There was neither sugar nor milk. They were told that their berths would be on the cabin deck. They were put in the hold, upon a lot of frowsy shavings, to herd for fourteen days with foreigners who never washed themselves, who ate rotten herrings with their fingers, and slept with them under their pillows; who made private conveniences of their bunks, which caused an insupportable stench for a fortnight. These five men took off their clothes for the first time last night since they left England.

"And why did you come out by this line?" asked the Rev. Mr. Renaud. The answer was—first, because it was cheap; second, because the agent promised better treatment than the English lines, as this boat carried only steerage passengers, who would thus be waited upon better than if there were three sets of passengers; third, because they were solemnly promised that the moment they landed the agent would have situations for them.

"And is it possible that people in England believed these lies?" Mr. Renaud asked.

"Everybody believes it," was the answer. "But there was no agent to obtain us employment, and we can't find it at our trade by the most diligent searching."

"This is one of the greatest cruelties of the immigration business," was the comment of Mr. Renaud. "These agents go up and down the country lying to the people right and left. They promise them everything and they make not the slightest effort to procure them anything. It is a thousand pities that no way could be found of reaching and punishing them. Of course, it is an old story with us, but it is too bad that it could not be generally known in the Old Country that no reliance could be placed in the stories of the agents. Canada is a good country, and no doubt these respectable young men will be all right in a short time, although it is laborers rather than artisans we want; but it is too bad that they should have been deceived."

"And about this immigration business generally," continued Mr. Renaud; "I find that we have to make the closest scrutiny into the characters of some who come out. I refer more particularly to young girls who find their way into our homes, and have a good deal to do with the bringing up of our boys and girls. On the whole, they are fairly respectable this season, but there are black sheep amongst them. The societies on the other side, no matter what inquiries they make, are now and then deceived. No complaint could be made about a person who, having committed a wrong, was sorry for the wrong, and came out determined to do better. Not at all. Such persons deserve every encouragement. But then, when not only has the life been wrong in England, but continues to be wrong here what are you to do? There were some cases not long ago where several young girls, apparently good, got nice situations in town. They had an excellent chance with some of our best ladies, but it was found that they were pursuing bad courses. I had to investigate two of the cases, and found a state of things which could hardly be credited. In England it was bad. Here it was worse. One of them promised earnestly to amend and begged for a chance, which was given her, but the other I sent right home again. We do not want such people in our families. I do not blame the societies on the other side so much as the persons who, in the first instance, recommend such persons to the societies."

Substitute for Glass.

The substitute for glass, brought to notice some time ago by a manufacturer in Vienna, Austria, observes a writer in the New York *Sun*, is pronounced a practical thing, likely to be introduced as valuable for certain purposes. The article is produced by dissolving from four to eight parts of collodion wool in about 100 parts by weight of ether or alcohol or acetic ether, and with this are intimately combined from 2 to 4 per cent. of castoroil and 4 to 10 per cent. of resin or Canadian balsam. This compound when poured upon a glass plate and subjected to the drying action of a current of air about 50 per cent. solidifies in a comparatively short time into a transparent glass-like sheet or plate, the thickness of which may be regulated as required. The sheet or plate so obtained has substantially the same properties as glass, resisting the action of salts and alkalies, and of dilute acids, and, like glass, is transparent and has no smell. Again, it is said to be pliable or flexible and infrangible to a great degree, while its inflammability is much less than that of the collodion substitutes. Any desired color may be imparted to the compound by admixture of the necessary pigment, the latter to be soluble in the solvent used in the preparation of the compound if incorporated therewith; but color may be imparted by surface application, anniline dyes being employed, and thus the sheets may be used in lieu of stained glass.

Antiquity of Hot-Air Blast.

If a recent theory be correct the hot-air blast for iron furnaces, patented by Nielson in 1828, was known in Southern Palestine 1400 years before Christ. In the Tel el Hesy mounds have been found the remains of eight successive towns of dates from 1500 to 500 B. C. The most important object attained from the mound is a cuneiform tablet, the first record of pre-Israelitish Canaan yet yielded up by the soil of Palestine; but another discovery of great interest is an iron blast furnace, whose arrangement is believed by Mr. Bliss to indicate a design to heat the blast of outside air before introduction. This may be another exemplification of the adage, "there is nothing new under the sun."—[Invention.

Ancomarca, Peru, is 16,000 feet above the sea, and the highest inhabited spot in the world.

The value of a principle is in the number of things it will explain; and there is no good theory of a disease which does not at once suggest a cure.

Ringworm.

Ringworm is a contagious disease of a parasitical nature, produced by the growth in the skin of a vegetable fungus. Its beginning and progress remind one of the spread of fire in prairie grass. From a point it spreads outward in a more or less regular ring of reddish inflammation, subsiding in the centre as it spreads outward, as if the material necessary for its continuance at a single spot were soon exhausted.

It attacks all parts of the body, but is most commonly found on the face, the back of the hands and the scalp.

Children contract it oftener than adults, probably because their skin is more tender, and because peculiar opportunity is afforded for direct contact of the person in schools and other places where children congregate. The disease is commonly spread by means of caps and other articles of clothing, and by combs.

When it attacks the scalp the hairs become dry, brittle and twisted, and fall out. The ends next the skin look rough, as though bitten or gnawed off.

Since ringworm is parasitical in its origin, it might be supposed that measures of simple cleanliness would remove it or prevent its occurrence; but while such measures hinder its spread to some extent, its thorough removal is effected only by remedies aimed at the destruction of the parasite.

This is a much more serious task than it would be if the growth of the fungus took place directly upon the surface of the skin. It is therefore important that the treatment should be exactly fitted to the peculiarities of the particular case.

It is the more important that professional advice should be sought, because the occurrence of ring worm is often associated with a degree of systemic debility or insufficient nutrition. Some of the most rapid and permanent recoveries from this troublesome disease are obtained when, in addition to proper medical treatment, the patient is sent away from home for a time though the distance be but slight.

A writer in a recent medical review says that when ringworm appears in a school, rigid measures should be taken to prevent its spread, as the disease, though apparently easily cured, is apt to recur, and if neglected, to become more or less chronic.

Common Foods and Disease.

Writing of hospital experiences during the war, Samuel R. Elliot says in the New England Magazine: Having absolute control of my hospital, I very soon instituted a series of experiments.

We speedily found that patients in hospitals and all persons leading a sedentary life must avoid too concentrated food, content themselves with less variety; and drink abundantly of dilutent fluids; that coffee acted upon the liver and was altogether the best remedy for constipation and what was called a bilious condition; that tea usually acted in precisely the opposite *direction, namely, as an a stringent; that* hot poppies nor mandragora nor all the drowsy syrups of the East could bring the peace to a sufferer from a malarial chill that would come of strong coffee, with a little lemon juice added; that strong tea was almost a specific for neuralgia in its simple uncomplicated form; while turnips were found to be almost a specific in the simpler types of rheumatism common to young men, where the only predisposing cause was exposure to the elements. It soon became apparent that the milder types of intermittent fever disappeared during the tomato season; whereas certain langours and pains, having their origin in the de-nitrogenizing viscera, were relieved and abated by the free use of asparagus.

Having read that many years before the soldiers of the United States army, in some remote cantonment, had been fed on bread from unbolted flour, and the increased health and efficiency of that detachment having attracted a great deal of attention and given a boon to the then famous Graham movement in dietetics, that too was tried, with, in the main, satisfactory results.

With the milk diet for worn and exhausted patients we had such a signal success that, whenever practicable, it was adopted for many forms of indigestion and mal-nutrition, some of my patients declaring that they had not felt so well since they were weaned.

Dandruff.

Dandruff is simply a dry catarrh of the scalp. It is a condition in which the cells of the skin are thrown off too profusely. The skin is composed of three layers,—the true skin, that next to the muscles; the pigment layer; and the dead cells, or scarf skin, on the outside. With a sharp knife you can scrape off the outer layer, in the form of little white scales. It may not be generally known that man is an animal with scales like a fish, but if you will examine this white scurf with the microscope, you will find that it is composed of scales similar to those of a fish. And these extend all over the body.

When one takes a turkish bath, these scales are softened up, and are rubbed off in the shampoo, so that, to a certain extent the person is skinned. These scales are rubbed off by the clothing, and come in contact with other bodies. This process is going on all the time, and those parts of the body which are most exposed and have the most attrition with external bodies, are kept the most thoroughly cleansed and free from this condition of dandruff. You will never find scales in the palm of the hand, because frequent contact with various objects keeps the dead scales rubbed off, and the palm free.

But on the head, where the hair prevents this exposure of the skin directly in contact with outside bodies, these scales are retained in great numbers. Especially is this so when the head is covered much of the time by a hat or bonnet. The scales are thrown off, but they are held about the roots of the hair, and in this way one may have an accumlation of dandruff even when the skin is healthy. In this case, the remedy consists in brushing the scalp thoroughly and frequently. Most people make the mistake of brushing the hair; it is not the hair that needs to be brushed, but the scalp. This is very important for the health of the scalp. You will notice that the good barber puts aside the hair with his finger, and follows his finger with the brush, until he has brushed the entire scalp in this way. By this means the scalp is thoroughly cleaned. The scalp should be brushed in this way at least three or four times a week, in order to keep it free from dandruff, or from those

off.

A neglect to remove these scales from the body produces a very unhealthy and disagreeable state of things, in other parts of the body than the scalp. It sometimes causes itching of the arms and legs, particularly about the knees and shins, where the scales have a tendency to accumulate, if one does not bathe frequently.

Every hair on the body grows from a little pocket in the skin; and when these little scales are not promptly removed, they get over these pockets, and then the hair, in attempting to grow, is forced to lift the scalp up. This is what causes the itching that is so disagreeable.

Equal parts of alcohol and castor oil, applied after a thorough shampoo with good soap and water, is the best remedy for dandruff.

Field Notes.

Ventilate the vegetable cellar at night so it will be cooled by the night air and keep it closed during the day. Cellars need ventilation and should be kept as cool as possible.

Dig potatoes as soon a the vines have died and store them in a cool cellar or elsewhere until the air grows cooler outside this Autumn, when they are best taken out and buried.

Do not risk having grain stand in the shock too long. There are a number of small wastes which constantly go on and which will, in a short time, aggregate more than the cost of stacking.

Growth of plants is directly proportionate to the supply of nutriment furnished them. Do not neglect to haul out all of the manure which has accumulated. It will help next year's crops.

Many weeds will be destroyed before they have matured seed if mowed now. Clean them out of all waste places, such as old stack yards, orchards, along road sides, etc. It will save future trouble.

Plow as much stubble land as possible in Autumn. It is well to begin it as soon as harvest is past and the ground is wet enough. It will help along the work for next Spring, and will keep many weeds from ripening seed.

Give clover a prominent place in systems of rotation. It adds much of fertility to the soil and is especially valuable as a food for stock either as hay or pasture. It has the peculiar property of gathering nitrogen from the air.

A good cistern with a proper filter is a great convenience on the farm. It furnishes good soft water for laundry and toilet uses, and is pure and healthful to drink also. Where it is difficult to obtain water for stock, a large cistern at the barn may help in solving the water problem.

Work on country roads will soon begin. Let us remember the good resolutions made during the past Winter, lay out practical methods of improving the roads under the varied conditions, and work them out. Now is the time to show you are in earnest about the matter.

If ragweeds are growing in pastures in great profusion as is so common in many sections, they can be mowed at this time to good advantage. They will not be nearly so plentiful the following year, and if the mowing is repeated a few seasons it will practically exterminate them.

Awkward Request to the Sultan.

A Brussels correspondent states that the text translated from the Arabic of a petition submitted by the Mohommedan functionaries in Egypt to the Sultan on the occasion of the visit of the Khedive to Constantinople, in favour of British evacuation, is published. The petition, after eulogising the Sultan, continues as follows:—"And now, O, Caliph! we approach you humbly in submitting that the foreigners have come into our country under fallacious pretexts and with periodically reiterated promises to quit; but they persist in encumbering us with their presence, they are the cause of all the great trouble, and are the motives of all the great disturbances in every part of the Empire. We supplicate you to deliver our native country, which has deteriorated *into a dead world for us, and which might* be revived by your august intervention, in order that the power and glory which has been bequeathed by the great Sultan Selim may be maintained. O, Caliph! this is the soil of Egypt, this is the sacred sun which is the joy of thy crown, the gate to Mecca and Medina, and we, thy people, turn in tears towards the Khedive, who is your representative, to whom we do homage. We look to you for your favour, at all times willing to obey your orders. Liberate us at once and finally from the merciless trials that the foreigners have scattered among us."

Financial Stringency.

The tramp met the business man on the street.

"Pardon me a moment," he said, bowing.

The business man was for going ahead.

"Pardon me," repeated the tramp, "but I understand there is a financial stringency permeating commercial circles."

"Yes, there is," said the business man, surprised at this form of appeal.

"I had heard so," said the tramp, "but I disbelieved it, for I have been told that *story many, many times in my experi*ence."

"Well, its true now, whether you believe it or not," remarked the business man, and I haven't a blame cent for you."

"I beg your pardon," bowed the tramp, "I believe what you tell me implicitly, and, to show you I do, and that I do not want your money, I shall greatly accept your order on the saloon you patronize for one or two glasses of beer."

The business man was stumped.

"Here" he said, "take this dime and get out of the way."

Aged Prisoners.

In the Indian jails a large proportion of the prisoners are very old men. In the prison at Mooltan there were last year 17 life prisoners whose total ages were found to amount to more than 1100 years—two of them being patriarchs of upwards of 80. This fact is attributed partly to the great improvements in the economy of Indian jails, since the exposure of their mismanagement some years ago, but more directly to the prevalent practice when a crime has been committed of handing over the least useful member of the family as a sort of vivacious offering to justice.

HOW HORSES ARE JOCKETED.

Defects of Nature in the Noble Animals are Concealed, as in Women, and by Much the Same Methods.

Lame Horses Made "Sound" and Old-Timers with the Spavin Rendered Serviceable—The "Rocker-Shoe" for Foundered Animals—How to Inspire a Horse with Liveliness.

Although, writes H. D. Gill, the celebrated Veterinary Surgeon, according to the distionary, one of the definitions of a jockey is "a man who rides a horse race," there are other definitions which describe a jockey as "a cheat; one who deceives or takes undue advantage in trade." Other definitions of the word are "to cheat; to trick; to jostle by riding against." All horse dealers are not absolutely dishonest, but there is certainly a very large proportion of men whose business is to sell horses, or to make money out of them in races, who do engage in very questionable practices in order to advance their interests. The ethical philosophy of the horse-trader may be summed up in the saying, "your eyes are your cheat," meaning that you must use your own judgment in a "horse deal" and not believe everything he tells you.

Horses are "doctored up" not only for the purposes of sale, but for racing purposes, not always, or very often for the better class of races, but for the hundreds of competitions that take place at state and county fairs and on private racing grounds in the rural districts. These remarks I shall make, therefore, about remedying the defects of horses will apply not only to horse dealers engaged in selling and trading horses, but to the jockeys of *the turf; because it is often the case that* a very poor animal, of good stock, can with the assistance of artificial methods win or lose a race. He may die half an hour after the contest but if he comes in a winner his owner will be satisfied.

If a horse has a chronic lameness in either foot the jockey can inject into the foot a solution of cocaine which, for the time being, will render the horse sound; that is, it will dull the sensibility to pain for from half an hour to an hour and a half and the horse will act as it he was sound. Another method in a case like this is to sever the nerves of the foot, there being two nerves, one on each side of the foot. This deprives the lower part of the limb of all sensation and the horse will go sound for perhaps a year when the nerves will form together again.

Foundered horses are made sound by nerving them in the manner just described, and keeping them in a soaking tub or mud-box. By this method the inflammation is allayed for a day. In railroad car stables they have a series of mud-stalls for foundered and sore-footed horses and in which twenty can stand at a time. One day they work them and the next day they put them in this box. If the animals were worked two consecutive days they would be so sore footed from traveling over the stones that they would be unfit for use. Such horses are generally shod with as heavy a shoe as they can possibly carry, because the heavier the iron the lighter the concussion of the foot on the ground. It is on the same principle as if I put a sheet-iron on your knee; a good blow would break your knee, but if I put an anvil on your knee and hit a heavy blow on that it would not hurt you. For foundered horses that come down with the heel first they use a rock-shoe, having a roller motion, so that when the heel strikes the foot will roll instead of striking the pavement abruptly.

There is no such thing as chest pounder. The trouble commonly called by that name is due to the wasting away of the muscles, on account of atrophy or insufficient use of the limb, caused by lameness in the foot.

At horse sales and races before the animal is brought out he is made to appear "lively." Before he is taken from the stable a man, having saturated his finger with turpentine or capsicum, will insert it at the lower extremity of the elimentary canal. This will have the effect of making the horse carry his tail in very fine shape. *It makes him "lively" simply on account of* the pain the agent causes.

If a horse has a spavin before he is brought out he is jostled about for a while. If a horse is troubled with spavin the first few steps or movements he makes are very lame and labored, but when he is once in action he becomes gradually better. Anyone may be always suspicious of a horse if a man cracks a whip over him and makes him "dance around" in the stall. This is done for the purpose of limbering the horse up, especially if he has a spavin.

The leopard may not be able to change his spots, but a good jockey can take an animal and make him a horse of another color. He will use nitrate of silver (peroxide of hydrogen) to bleach different parts of the body so as to make a team match. Suppose you have a team of sorrels, one had a silver tail and mane and the other had not. The jockey would bleach the tail and mane of the latter. If a star was wanted in the forehead he could put it there or produce for you a white nose, one or more white legs, bleaching them so as to make them match. If a horse's tail is not big enough or symmetrical he can switch in some false tail just as the ladies do with their hair.

A horse will show his age by the hollowness over his eyes. In such a case the jockey will introduce a little tube and, by blowing in air, will cause the hollows to puff up, and if the chest or shoulder of a horse is atrophied—what is known as sweeney of the shoulder—he will introduce a little tube and blow up the skin. This condition in a horse can always be detected by pulling the skin which will crackle under the touch; it will not have the solid feeling of flesh.

In regard to teeth young horses, naturally, have what is known as "cups," excavations, marked black, which disappear when they become older, being worn off. The jockey, to mislead those who are interested in horses, will artificially excavate or cut out the surfcae of the teeth and blacken them with nitrate of silver. This can always be stitched in a "bishoped mouth," as it is called, by the absence of the ring of enamel around this black cup, it being always present in young horses.

The shape of a horse's teeth from youth to age are oval, then triangular, then flattened on the sides; the latter being the shape of the tooth itself. The root is very narrow and as the tooth wears off, it assumes that shape.

But there are horse jockey tricks especially connected with the races. In a running race suppose a trainer wants his horse to good jockey and, just before the animal goes to the post, he will give him a pailful of water. This of course, causes the horse, before he goes very far, to feel troubled about his wind and, in jockey parlance, he is called "a deal horse." The jockey is not supposed to know anything about this proceeding. A pail of water, or some anodyne like opium will be sufficient to make a horse "logey" and lazy and cause him to lose a race which he would otherwise win.

Sometimes a pebble or a nail will be put under a horse's shoe to cause him to go lame so that the owner can scratch him. Of course the stewards of a racing club do not allow a horse to be scratched unless there is a very good excuse. But if an owner does not want his horse to run he can put some foreign body under the shoe, or tie a string around the ankle pretty tight, which causes the leg to swell, and the horse to be lame the next morning.

An injection of hydro-chlorate of cocaine is often put into horses to make them run faster and undoubtedly it does have that effect. This is the same medicine, the leaves of which Weston, the pedestrian, used to chew when he made his long journeys. To show the efficiency of this trick I will say that the preparation was once introduced into a horse called "Spartacus." He was a very well-bred animal but wind-broken. A half a dram of this solution was introduced hyberdermically. A strong man was put on the horse's back with orders to jog him until the half mile post and then let him go for a mile. The horse went along easily for the first half mile then took the bit and ran steadily for five miles, the jockey being obliged, from sheer exhaustion, to fall off. The horse was finally stopped by a row of men standing across the track. The effect of this injection generally lasts for about half an hour. It is used a great deal.

At the horse-killing establishment on Long Island, I once experimented with this medicine. A number of old horses were brought in and two of them dropped from sheer exhaustion half a mile from the establishment. They could not make the animals move. We gave each of them an injection of cocaine, and, in five minutes, they got on their feet and not only appeared strong but actually ran and appeared very lively. This illustrates the stimulating effect of the drug.

Electricity is also used to increase a horse's speed. A jockey will carry a battery attached to a belt around his body, the conductors passing to the spurs on each foot. The application of the spurs to the side of the animal completes the circuit and transmits to the horse's body the electrical impulse and induces the animal to greater speed. Several jockeys have been discovered using this appliance.

Running horses are nerved for lameness in the foot. They are troubled with joint and tendon troubles, particularly the ligaments and tendons of the front limbs. "Breaking down" on the race track is a rupture of the suspensory ligament of either one or both the front feet.

In riding a race the jockeys will jostle one another and cut one another down. A jockey will try to throw his companion over the fence by putting his foot under the foot of the other jockey and lifting him off the saddle.

They will foul one another by running in regularly across in front. When they think a jockey is going to hurl them, if the jockey uses his whip in his right hand, another will come up so close to him as to make it impossible for him to strike the horse with the whip.

One or two jockeys in a race will also combine to defeat another by what is called placing him "in a pocket," *i.e.* keeping him behind and giving him no chance to get through. Because to do so he would be obliged to go around the horses, which would, very often, throw the horse off his stride, which the horse would be unable to catch again until he had covered considerable ground.

It is very common for jockeys to make fake starts. They will purposely make a number of these to tire out their adversaries. There are generally some hard-mouthed horses in a race and during these false starts they run away for a quarter or half a mile; become tired and thereby reduce their chance of winning. Jockeys always try to get the advantage of one another in the start. It often occurs that a starter is obliged to fine every jockey in the race, particularly the short distance race where a good start is an important factor.

A New Idea.

Buda-Pesth is a city of Hungary, containing about 500,000 inhabitants, and they have adopted what may be called a telephonic journal, which is said to work excellently well. For the convenience of the editor the town is divided into eight sections, each section having one conducting wire. Says a contemporary: "The apparatus by which the news is supplied to each house occupies a space of five inches square, and has two tubes, so that two members of the family can get the news at once. The cost of putting it in is 25s., and each subscriber pays a rate of 2s. 6d. a month for the special newspaper service. The news paper collector does his work in the night, and having his budget filled he takes his place in the central office at nine in the morning, and begins to tell his story, which is given in a telegraphic style, clear, condensed, and precise. In five minutes after the first delivery the budget of news is repeated, in case some of the subscribers may not have heard. It consists for the most part of home events and news of Hungary. At ten o'clock the foreign news is given, and after eleven the doings of the Hungarian Parliament. Various items of city news are given during the day."

A Case for Sympathy.

Witherby—"You haven't seen my new boy, have you? They say he takes after his father."

Plankington—"If he takes the same thing his father takes, I'm sorry for him, old man."

Steel barrels are now welded by electricity. A large industry is being built at Barrow, England, in the production of steel barrels for the conveyance of petroleum. The barrels are made in halves, by means of compression in a mold when hot. Afterwards they are welded together by electricity. The barrels are intended for use by the large oil trade in the east, where the temperature has a great effect on wood casks and results in so much leakage.

That is the Awful Crime of Which old Mrs. Shann of Princeton, N. J., Stands Accused.

A Trenton, N. J., special says:—The spectacle of a gray-haired woman on trial for her life is presented in the old Mercer County Court House in this city. The prisoner is Mrs. Martha C. Shann of Princeton, the mother of a family of grown children, all of whom are showing final affection for her in the terrible ordeal through which she is passing. The accusation against her is that she has poisoned her twenty-year-old son, John F. Shann, in order to get a little over $2,100, the amount of three insurance policies on his life. According to the State's allegation, she procured the boy's death by the administration of bichloride of mercury, giving it to him in his drink and food in such a manner as to rob him of his strength gradually, and to deceive all about him touching the nature of his illness.

The youth died on April 18 last. Mrs. Shann's husband died last November under circumstances that were considered peculiar and this second death in the family set all the tongues of rumor going in Princeton. The boy would, nevertheless, have been quietly buried, had not the shocking announcement come two days after his death that he had been disembowelled by persons unknown. This had the effect of stirring the local authorities into action, and the result of an investigation and a coroner's inquest was the arrest of the the boy's mother on the charge of murder.

The trial began to-day. When the examination of witnesses began, Reuben Van Selons, a boarder at Mrs. Shann's, told of Frank Berden, a life insurance agent sending a note to Mrs. Shann on the night her son died, which apparently gave her the impression his insurance company was going to make an investigation of his death.

About 3 o'clock the next morning Mrs. Shann aroused the witness and informed him that three men had been in the house and had gone away. They had been up stairs in John's room, she declared, and she was afraid "they had done something." He went up stairs with Mrs. Shann into the room where the corpse lay, and saw that a covering which had been aranged ever the body was stained with blood.

There were no other blood stains visible. The witness expressed the belief that "something had been done," and went back to bed. Mrs. Shann had five boarders besides him, and he thought they were all at home that night.

Mabel Shann was now called to the stand. She said she slept with her mother the night that her brother's remains were violated. She had not heard her mother rise. The movements of her mother and Van Selons had roused her. She called out, "What is the matter?" and her mother replied, "Nothing, be quiet." She called out again, "Mamma, what is the matter?" and her mother entering the room, and, seating herself upon the bed, told her this story: That three men had come to the house and rung the bell. She had admitted them. They wore long overcoats with the collars turned up. They had on storm hats; and inquired if she had a corpse in the house. She told the men her son was dead, and they demanded to be shown to the corpse. She objected, saying the hour was late. Two of the men pushed her aside and ascended the stairs. She tried to follow the men upstairs, but the third man prevented her. When they went away, her mother said, she knew they had done something to John.

Mabel testified further that she and her mother had nursed John, both administer-medicine to him. He was sick about six weeks. When the witness testified at the Coroner's inquest that her mother alone had nursed him she was mistaken. Mabel said she had often cooked her brother's food and given it to him personally. She had neither seen or heard anything of the three mysterious men who had come in the dead of the night and disembowelled her brother. She only knew what her mother had told her about the affair. The witness was not cross-examined.

The last witness of the day was J. Watson Shann, an undertaker, of Kingston, N. J. He is Mrs. Shann's cousin. She had asked him to take charge of the body. Although it was decomposing fast, Mrs. Shann would not have the remains embalmed. It was when he had gone to the house to perform his final duties that Mrs. Shann had told him the story of the three men and their doings. He saw the blood on the covering over the body.

A New Substitute for the Potato.

A new vegetable is about to be introduced to the people of the United States through the Department of Agriculture. It is the root of the calla lily, which, according to Science Siftings, resembles somewhat in appearance the ordinary Irish tuber, with the addition of a few fibrous roots that have nothing to do with the qualities of the article as an esculent. It is more elongated, and when cut the interior is a trifle more viscid. But a section of it is so potato-like, one would not be likely to distinguish any difference. In cooking, it has first to be boiled in order to destroy certain acrid properties, after which it may be fried, roasted baked, or what not, according to taste. Farmers in Florida have begun to raise *these calla roots for market. The plants* grow so thickly in swamps, and so thickly that the yield of a single flooded acre is enormous. They reproduce themselves by the multiplication of their bulbs under ground, so that the grower has simply to dig up the offshoots and leave the parents to propagate anew. For centuries the Egyptians have cultivated a similar crop during the seasons of the Nile overflow, and at the present time calla lily bulbs are a common vegetable in Japanese markets. So prolific and palatable are they that their propagation in many parts of the United States, where conditions are favourable, may reasonably be looked forward to as an agricultural industry of the future.

A Tall Man.

"Speaking of tall men," said Mr. Gratebar, "I think that one of the tallest men I ever knew was a friend of mine named Columbus Blink; he had to stand on a steplad der to comb his hair."

There's the Rub.

Proctor—Well, it's only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Lenox—Ah, if it were only a step back again!

REVELSTOKE we think would do well to pay more attention to fruit culture. Very little so far has been attempted in this direction, but in cases where trees have been planted and the necessary attention paid to them at first, the experiment has proved most successful.

In this locality as we all know, the snow falls so deeply before any frost sets in that the ground is not frozen and the roots of the trees are perfectly protected. As regards disposing of the crops, the large towns in in the Northwest would gladly buy all we could raise, as the prairie soil is not well adapted for fruit growing, being generally too dry, and any system of irrigation would prove too costly in most places. All fruit in Calgary for instance which is not very far east, is very dear, as it is imported from San Francisco and a heavy freight expense is naturally attached to it. Ofcourse no one can expect a large crop of pears or apples or indeed of anything else for the first year or two; but the amount of fruit actually set and growing on the small trees in this town is most satisfactory, showing undoubtedly that as the trees increase in size, they will become prolific bearers. The particular varieties that will succeed best in this particular place must be a matter of experiment; the only way to decide that point quickly is to plant several varieties and ascertain by trial which one seems to flourish best.

Small fruits such as strawberries, currants and gooseberries will also do very well and command a ready sale, but they are far more trouble in proportion than the sorts we have spoken about.

The wonderfully large crop of hazel nuts this year proves that this soil is not barren, not to mention the countless varieties of berries also in vast quantity; while the marvellous luxuriance of the hop plants and their healthy appearance seems to point out a by no means slight source of revenue to the inhabitants of this town and the immediate district.

In conclusion, it was our privilege one day this week to gather and absorb one of the first apples ever known to have grown and ripened in the Kootenay district; and though the size was small the quality was most excellent, fully bearing out the truth of our remarks made on the great promise given to those who will try fruit growing in Revelstoke.

The apple was from one of the trees in the garden belonging to Mr. O. H. Allen, Revelstoke Brewery.

HIRE'S ROOT BEER.

FOR THOSE WHO ARE DRY.

Said the owl to himself: If the moon I could get
Wherever I'm dry, my throat I could wet.
The moon is a quarter. With a quarter, I hear,
I can purchase five gallons of Hire's Root Beer.

A 25c. package of Hire's Prepared Root Beer will make five gallons of the most wholesome, healthful and cooling temperance drink in existence. Just the thing for this weather.

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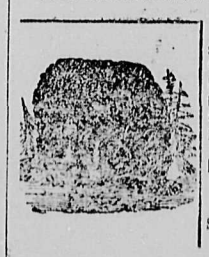

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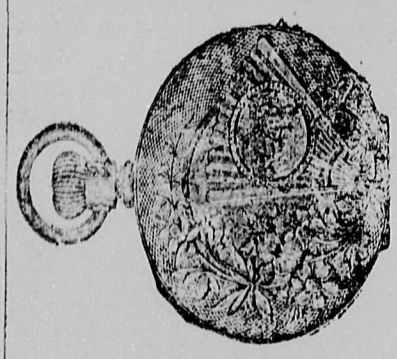

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HOUSEHOLD.

"She Made Home Happy."

"She made home happy!" These few words read
Within a churchyard, written on a stone;
No name, no date, the simple words alone
Told me the story of the unknown dead.
A marble column lifted high its head,
Close by, inscribed to one the world has known;
But ah! that lonely grave with moss o'ergrown
Thrilled me far more than his, who armies led.

"She made home happy!" Through the long, sad years
The mother toiled, and never stopped to rest
Until they crossed her hands upon her breast
And closed her eyes, no longer dim with tears.
The simple record that she left behind
Was grander than the soldier's, to my mind.

—[Henry Coyle.

Don't Fret.

In this day and age of progressive ideas, the good housewife who reads can hardly pick up a paper that does not contain one or more little sermons that seem to have been written especially for her, or at least are very applicable to her case. Some preach on neatness, some on economy; others lay down laws for the health, which, if followed by any except the most robust, would result in death in six months; others still would teach us how to train our children; our children the rules are for, you understand, not theirs, if they have any. If a woman is inclined to be sensitive, she is overcome with a sense of her weakness, and completely over-powered with the feeling that she is not living her life as she should, that in none of these things does she at all appoach the standard of perfection set forth.

Now I want to have my say, too, and will take for my text these two little words: "Don't fret." In the first place, don't fret because you cannot do and be all things in one. For instance, if you find, after trying, that you cannot be a perfect housekeeper, and at the same time a good homemaker, then wake up your mind which you will be before you go any farther.

Perhaps you will say there should be no difference. Maybe so, but I assure you there is, as practiced. A perfect specimen of a housewife might have all the good qualities that go to make the homemaker, and be a good housekeeper, too, but perfect specimens of any class are rare; so if you decide that the health and happiness of your loved ones is of more importance than a few specks of dirt, then don't let it fret you when some plain spoken person preaches you a sermon from the text, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Next to it, remember, but never ahead of it. And I firmly believe there are people in this world so wedded to their idol, cleanliness, that they run great risks of crowding out godliness entirely. Childless wives who bemoan their loneliness, who yet would give but meager welcome to the child that came endowed with restless hands to soil or mar the beauty of their surroundings. Mistaken notion! For what can outweigh the love of a little child?

Few women who pride themselves on being orderly, and who take great pains to inform you of it make pleasant companions on close acquaintance. They cannot carry out all their pet theories, without making someone uncomfortable. Usually it is their own immediate family that gets the full benefit of their orderliness. It was my misfortune to board with one of these very neat persons one summer. I do not know that she was an exception at all, but she took for her motto, "Order is heaven's first law," and she lived up to the very letter of it, until any place was better than home to her whole family. Her good man could smoke his pipe nowhere but in the back kitchen. Her boy could wear his boots no farther. The sitting-room curtains could not be raised on a sunny day for fear of fading the carpet, nor the door left open for fear of flies. The parlor was thoroughly cleaned in the spring and again in the fall, and in the meantime had not been opened to company except on two occasions.

Ugh! It gives me the blues yet to recall that summer. Take my advice; be neat in a general way, but do not put it ahead of everything else. In short do not follow any "fad" until you estrange all your friends, and don't fret if you fail to attain the perfection you see or think you see in others. It hardly seems reasonable for anyone to set down rules for another to follow. In housework, if anywhere in the world, every one should be a law unto herself. For instance what is economy for one is not for another. Some will tell you that it is poor economy to make rag carpets, but my experience is to the contrary. If you have a family of children, the rags are sure to accumulate, and I know of no better use they can be put to. Rag carpets are much nicer than bare floors, for no matter how nicely they may be painted or stained, if there are boys around, their noise on the bare floors will distract a nervous person. Then don't fret if they are getting shabby, and don't take them up until you can replace them. Don't fret because you cannot do as others do. You have a perfect right to your own methods, and if you should once try to follow out all the ideas advanced by different writers you would certainly land in the "Slough of Despond." Do the best you can in your sphere and with your circumstances, looking only to Him who has given us our life work for praise or blame, bearing in mind that it is not work that kills, but worry; so don't fret!

Preserving Peaches

The peach is one of the most valuable of our American fruits, and the number of ways in which it can be utilized makes it a boon to the provident housekeeper, since it is capable of furnishing a relish all the year round. Nearly all of the peach compounds are of excellent keeping qualities, and may be depended upon for stability, flavor and attractiveness. With peaches, as with other fruit, it is a mistake to use any which are not perfect. No housewife who cares for her reputation should do so.

Preserved Cut Peaches.—Having pealed and stoned the fruit, allow sugar, pound for pound. Break a quarter of the stones, extract the kernels, cut them in pieces and boil in just enough water to cover them till soft, then set aside in a covered earthen jar. Put at the bottom of the preserving kettle a layer of sugar, then one of peaches, and so on till the kettle is filled or the fruit exhausted. Let it warm slowly till the sugar is melted and the fruit heated through. Then strain and add the water from the kernels, and boil the whole till the peaches are tender and clear. The fruit is then taken carefully out with long-handled skimmers, placed upon large platters, and set in the sun to become firm. Meanwhile the syrup is boiled and skimmed till it is clear and thick, when the jars are filled three-quarters full of the fruit and the boiling syrup is poured over to fill the receptacles, which are sealed up in the usual manner. Jars that are without covers may be secured by a cloth with a thick paper tied tightly over.

Peach Jam, without Cooking.—Nice freestone peaches are to be pared and cut into small pieces, rejecting everything which is not entirely perfect. A stone jar is to be used, the bottom being covered with a layer of granulated sugar, then a layer of the cut-peaches, packing closely and alternating layers of sugar and peaches till the jar is filled, the top layer being of sugar. The jar is then covered, and thick paper is carefully pasted over, so as to exclude the air. This preparation will keep perfectly for several months, it is claimed, and may be used for pies, rolled pudding or sauce. Two factors are imperative, however: there must be no taint of decay in or about any particle of the fruit when it is put up, and the air must be carefully excluded.

Peach Marmalade.—The peaches, having been peeled, stoned and weighed, are placed in a porcelain-lined kettle and heated slowly, so as to extract all the juice possible. It is necessary to stir them often from the bottom, and for this use a wooden spoon is best—never use an iron spoon. Increase the heat gradually till the juice comes to a boil, which is allowed to continue for forty-five minutes, stirring frequently during the time. The sugar is then added, allowing twelve ounces for each pound of fruit, and the whole is boiled for five minntes, all of the scum which rises being carefully removed. Then add the juice of a lemon for each three pounds of peaches, and the water in which a quarter part of the kernels have been treated as described for preserved cut peaches. The whole is then to be stewed for ten minutes more, being stirred meantime till it becomes a smooth paste, when it is taken from the fire and put into jars or tumblers being covered when cold with brandied, paper. In place of the lemon juice, a ripe pineapple may be peeled and cut fine into the kettle of peaches at the start, and will give an admirable flavor.

Beverages.

Chocolate.—Dissolve three tablespoonfuls of scraped chocolate in a pint of boiling water and boil for fifteen minutes; add a pint of rich milk; let it scald, and serve hot.

Russian Tea.—Pare and slice fresh juicy lemons and lay a piece in the bottom of each cup; sprinkle with white sugar and pour hot, strong tea upon it. Serve without cream.

Lemonade Syrup.—With one pound of lump sugar, rasp the rind of six lemons. Moisten the sugar with as much water as it will absorb and boil it to a clear syrup. Add the juice of twelve lemons, stirring in well. Bottle at once and cork when cold. Mix a little with ice water when wanted.

Strawberry Sherbet.—Crush a pound of picked strawberries in a basin and add a quart of water with a sliced lemon and let it stand for two or three hours. Put one and a quarter pounds of sugar into another basin; cover the basin with a cloth and pour the berry juice through it; when the sugar is fully dissolved, strain again and set the vessel into which it is strained on ice until ready to serve.

Koumiss.—Into one quart of new milk put one gill of fresh buttermilk and three or four lumps of white sugar. Mix well and see that the sugar dissolves. Put in a warm place to stand ten hours, when it will be thick. Pour from one vessel into another until it becomes smooth and uniform in consistency; bottle and keep in a warm place twenty four hours. The bottles must be tightly corked and the corks tied down. Shake well five minutes before using. Instead of buttermilk, a teaspoonful of yeast may be used.

Blackberry Cordial.—Procure ripe berries and crush them. To every gallon of juice, add one quart of boiling water: let it stand twenty-four hours, stirring a few times; strain and add two pounds of sugar to each gallon of liquid. Put in jugs and cork tightly. This is excellent for summer complaint.

A Pie Chapter.

Pie Crust.—Rub thoroughly one cupful of lard into two cupfuls of flour to which has been added a little salt. Mix with enough ice water to make a soft paste, but which can be rolled out thinly. Do not handle more than necessary as upon that and the coldness of the water depends its flakiness. Have the filling of the pies ready before making the crust, as it should not stand before using.

Apple Pie.—Pare and chop raw apples to a pulp; sweeten, and beat in two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream. Have the pastry already baked and fill with the apple mixture. Spread whipped cream over the top and serve immediately.

Blackberry Pie.—Cover the plate with paste; heap with blackberries; cover with sugar and half a saltspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of molasses or syrup. Salt takes away insipidity.

Cherry Pie.—Stone cherries; add sugar and three tablespoonfuls of water: sprinkle a tablespoonful of flour over the fruit and add butter in small bits before putting on the upper crust. Eat while warm.

Cranberry Pie.—Three cupfuls of berries stewed and put through the sieve. Add while hot one and one-half cupfuls of sugar. Put into a nice paste and cover with narrow strips of the same.

Cream Pie.—Pour one pint of cream over one cupful of sugar, let stand while beating the whites of three eggs to a stiff front: add this to the cream and beat together. Grate a little nutmeg over it and bake in two tins. When done it may be thinly spread with jelly, covered with a meringue and lightly browned.

Green Apple Pie.—Pare and slice tart apples, lay them in a rich paste. Add sugar and a tablespoonful each of butter and water. Use natmeg or cinnamon for flavoring. Bake with two crusts.

Jelly Pie.—One cupful of fruit juice or jelly, one cupful of sugar, one egg, and one tablespoonful of cornstarch. Mix all together and bake with two crusts.

Maple Sugar Cream Pie.—Grate a cupful of maple sugar; mix with it two eggs, a pinch of salt and as much sweet cream as the pie-plate will hold. Beat all together and bake with one crust.

Rhubarb Pie.—Stew the rhubarb, sweeten, add lemon and beaten yolks of two eggs. Bake, and make a meringue of the whites of eggs.—[The Housekeeper.

ROBBED BY TRAMPS.

Two Young Men Carried to the Woods and "Gone Through."

A Battle Creek special says:—Wednesday afternoon Robert Case and Joseph Spanker, two young men from Saginaw, came to this city and were captured near the Chicago and Grand Trunk railway by tramps and taken to the woods on the banks of the Kalamazoo, where they were robbed of their watches and what money they had on their persons. The former lost a gold watch and the latter a silver one. They were on their way to Chicago. They were detained as prisoners in the woods by the tramps until evening, when Case got away from them and notified the officers. There were 10 tramps in the gang. This particular piece of woods is the general headquarters for tramps. It is in the vicinity of the Chicago and Grand Trunk yards where all trains start from, and they secrete themselves there until night, when they steal their ride on freight trains. As many as 50 congregate here at one time.

A squad of police went up last night and arrested several of the gang. Case and Spanker could not identify but one of them, a young bootblack from Kalamazoo by the name of John Kavanaugh. The others were discharged and Kavanaugh held for trial. Kavanaugh claims that the fellows who robbed the young men were four thugs from Detroit, who had been to the Sturgis races, and that they held up several men and robbed them while there. The tramp question is becoming more serious every day.

A Lawyer's Mistake.

"I'm a poor book agent," began the tall stranger as he entered a well-known lawyer's office in the building and placed a parcel on a friendly chair. "But I have—"

"Don't want any books," growled the counsellor, with scarcely a glance at the man.

"But, sir, I have given up that line and am now selling maps. Still, that is—"

"Never use 'em, don't want 'em, wouldn't have 'em at any price."

"Sir, map-selling is not—"

"Now, see here," exclaimed the lawyer wrathfully, whirling around in and rising from his revolving chair and facing the persistent fellow, "I wish you to distinctly understand that I will not buy books, maps, porous-plasters, liver-pads, stationery, eye-shades, moustache-curlers, corkscrews, needle-threaders, patent buttons, invisible ink, corn eradicators, popular songs, photographs, nor paper-weights—nothing whatever, see? Now get out."

"Very well, sir, I will leave; but before taking my departure let me say this: Map-selling was not my business with you. I mentioned that only by way of introducing myself. My intention was to retain you as counsel in a contest of the will of my aunt, who died recently, leaving an estate in Putnam County, valued at some $75,000, but that is past," and he gathered up his parcels, turned on his heel, and walked away.

"Hold on there!" cried the lawyer as soon as he recovered from the shock. "I beg your par—"

But his speech was cut short by the clash of the elevator gate in the hall. The tall stranger was gone.

THE FLY SEASON.

A Suggestion as to How to Rid the House of Them.

There are always a few extremely annoying flies that seem to linger, as it were, in the lap of summer. They are anything but welcome visitors, and are diligent spreaders of disease. They come buzzing about the house and alight on the food, after having skirmished around all sorts of evil places. They fly a considerable distance, and one has no security that yesterday or this morning they were not in some adjacent neighborhood, circling around some contagious disease patient. They may be killed very easily by folding a large newspaper until it is about four or five inches wide and half the length of the page. With this and a little practice one may strike a fly and hit it nine times out of ten. Five minutes of diligent attention will almost clear the house of these pests, and if this is persisted in every day or two, or three times a day, as occasion requires, there will be no reason for complaint of these unwelcome visitors.

A Strange Story.

An old woman has just died in a Vienna hospital whose history is worth recording. The Vienna corresponden of the Daily News tells us that when this woman was twenty-five years old, and had been happily married three years, her husband suddenly disappeared, and though he was sought by the police and advertised for, no trace of him was found. Thirty years after the disappearance of her husband Magdalene Wildhofer was entitled by the Austrian law to have her husband declared dead and to marry again. He was again advertised for, and as he did not come she married one who had long been her suitor. After two years' happiness the first husband, who was sixty-eight years old at the time, returned, and the woman did not hesitate to let him take his old place, and had a judicial separation from her second husband, who perfectly understood that he must give way to prior rights and withdraw. Frau Magdalene nursed the first husband faithfully until he died a few years ago, and she never heard of her second husband again.

Painfully Incorrect.

"I see a mistake in your paper that I thought you might want to straighten up," said the man in the linen duster, who had toiled up three flights of stairs to see the editor.

"Well?" said the editor.

"W'y, its jist like this: You say that when the balloon went up a cheer arose from a thousand throats and that two thousand eyes were gazing at the intrepid aeronaut. Now, that there ain't right, 'cause I know there was three one-eyed men in the party, and that only leaves on'y 1,997 eyes to be a-gazin' into space. I 'lowed you would like to know," and the linen-dustered man trotted downstairs.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Historical Reasons for French Hatred of the British.

A Succession of Wars in Which the Englishmen Were the Victors.

Those who have been inclined to underrate the dangers of a war between France and England during the last few weeks, may do well to ponder on an incident reported in a despatch from Bangkok. It has for some time been known that the feeling of animosity entertained by the French against the English is emphasized among the French civil officers at Saigon, and among the officers and seamen of the French fleet stationed at Siam. Amid such inflammable material it needed but a spark to cause a blaze. Such a spark was near being applied the other day, when, it seems, the French gunboat Lyon steamed down, with crew at quarters and guns out, upon a British cruiser which happened to be lying outside the blockade line. We are told that the British Captain's coolness and prudence averted an armed conflict. But suppose that he naturally exasperated at the threatening demonstration, had opened fire on the French gunboat and destroyed her. It is probable that the rest of the French fleet, wrought to fury by the spectacle, would have combined to overpower

THE BRITISH VESSEL,

and thus two countries would have been plunged in war; for, although the French would have been in the wrong, as having begun the contest, no French Ministry willing to apologize and offer a proper indemnity could have held office for an hour. This is to say, a collision which, under other circumstances, could have been arrested at the outset, or have been afterward explained away, might have had disastrous consequences, owing to the enmity with which Englishmen are viewed by Frenchmen.

For such traditional aversion there is ample ground; indeed, it may be doubted whether any country ever had more cause to dislike England. Not even yet have Frenchmen entirely forgotten the Hundred Years' War, during which the greater part of their country was laid waste by the English invaders, who actually had their sovereign crowned King of France in Paris. For centuries England was mistress of provinces that were deemed jewels of the French Crown; and she kept a foothold on French soil at Calais until the middle of the sixteenth century. Throughout the wars of religion in France, the part played by the English, although justified by sympathy for their fellow Protestants, could not fail to deeply embitter the Catholic majority. Again, England, under William III. and Anne, was the soul of the coalition that thwarted the far-reaching plans of Louis XIV. It was England, too, that combined with Austria to defend the Austrian Netherlands against Marshal Saxe; and she was an ally of Prussia at the time when Frederick the Great defeated the French at Rosbach. Twice she annihilated the French navy, namely, in the Seven Years' War and in the wars against Napoleon. She drove.

THE LEGIONS OF NAPOLEON

from Spain, and even French historians agree that the Emperor's downfall is attributable mainly to her implacable hostility. It was at the hands of an English General that he met irreparable defeat at Waterloo, and it was in an English island that he died a captive. In 1830 France wanted Belgium, and might have got it had not England interfered. A little later Louis Philippe wished to marry one of his sons to the young Queen of Spain, Isabella II.; but here, too, England interposed a veto. If, finally, the loss of territory be accounted a sufficient warrant for national enmity, France has much stronger reasons for hating England than for hating Germany. The Germans have recovered Alsace and a portion of Lorraine, countries which were wrested from them by force: the so-called Three Bishoprics about the middle of the sixteenth century, and a part of Alsace as late as the close of the seventeenth. France still keeps her grasp on districts that were formerly included in the German empire; as, for instance, Franche Comte and a fraction of Lorraine. But what do her recent losses in this quarter amount to, compared with the splendid colonial empire of which the foundations were skilfully laid in America and India, and of which she has been bereft by England? No wonder that patriotic Frenchmen, looking back over the course of history, are filled with grief and wrath as they recognize how their country's every effort at colonial expansion and European ascendancy has been blocked by their inexorable island neighbor.

Such is the exasperating record of the relations between France and England ever since the French people began to be a consolidated and ambitious nation. Scarcely less significant is the circumstance that, amid the

INNUMERABLE COMPLICATIONS

of European politics which have repeatedly made friends to-day of those who were enemies but yesterday, only twice in upward of two centuries have the French and English been persuaded, by so-called reasons of State, to become half-hearted and short-lived allies. Under Charles II., and through the bribery of that sovereign, English fleets co-operated with French armies in the effort to crush the Dutch republic; but the English people soon revolted at what they deemed an unnatural alliance, and compelled their King to renounce it before its purpose was attained. Again, in the Crimean war, the British Government undertook to co-operate with Napoleon III., but, throughout the siege of Sebastopol, the English and French Generals were continually wrangling; and even after the fall of the stronghold the French common soldiers used to taunt their English comrades with the fact that, while the former had taken the Malakoff, the latter had failed to capture the Redan. The transient coalition did not lessen the dislike with which the French regarded the English, but infused a dash of contempt for the military prowess of their ancient enemies. The comparatively recent attempt to exercise a joint control of the Nile country miscarried, owing to the ineradicable jealousy and antipathy of the two nations. It was

HATRED AND DISTRUST

of England that led the French Ministry and the French Chamber of Deputies to leave England in the lurch after Arabi Pasha had refused to heed the joint ultimatum. That England, after bombarding Alexandria and winning the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, should have become virtually the mistress of Egypt and of the Suez Canal, is not the less galling to Frenchmen because they have only themselves to blame for their exclusion from their former place of authority at Cairo.

These are the causes of the deep and seemingly inextinguishable suspicion and aversion with which England is regarded by the mass of the French people. The existence of such feelings rendered the task of the Dupuy Cabinet in the Siamese affair one of extraordinary delicacy and difficulty. The slightest encouragement on the part of the French Government, or even the absence of peremptory orders to observe the utmost caution, might have led to a conflict of French and English war vessels in Siamese waters; and we have seen that, as it was, a collision was averted only through the self-control and prudence of a British officer.

THE WORLD'S GROWTH.

Progress of the Race in Providing for Its Material Comfort.

Coffee was brought into England in 1641. In 1885 the crop was 718,000 tons.

The power loom was invented in 1785. In 1885 Great Britain had 561,000 in operation.

Locomotives were first used in 1814; now the world has 99,000, and 6400 more are built every year.

In 1580 the first carriage was brought to England from France. In 1880 there were 463,000 in use.

The aniline dyes were invented in 1826, and now over $7,000,000 worth are annually used in the United States.

Envelopes were first made in 1839, and sold for 10c to 25c apiece. They are now sold at from two to five for a cent.

Dye-woods were first brought to England in 1650. Last year the factories of England alone used $10,000,000 worth.

Tea was first brought into Europe from the East in 1610. In 1891 Europe and America consumed 450,000,000 pounds.

Lightning rods first surmounted dwellings in 1752. Now every house is protected, each commonly having three or four.

The first iron ship was launched in 1830; now the carrying power of the world's iron shipping exceeds 36,000,000 tons.

The blast furnace was devised in 1842. In 1890 the United States alone made 9,000,000 tons of iron and 4,277,000 of steel.

The first milch cow came to this continent in 1499. Now, in the United States, there are 16,019,591, valued at $346,000,000.

Accordions were invented in 1829 by Mr. Damian, of Vienna, and a single German firm now manufactures over 17,000 a year.

Watts' patent for a steam engine was issued in 1769. The steam engines of the world to-day exercise 50,000,000 horse-power.

Matches were first invented in 1839, and it is estimated that 75,000,000 a day are burned by the people of the United States.

Electric railroads are not ten years old; now there are 385 lines, with 3980 miles of track, and with a capital stock of $155,000,000.

The Bank of England, the first on the modern plan, was instituted in 1695; now the banking capital of the word is £3,197,000,000.

Blacking for boots was invented in 1836, and now the manufacturers in this country and England sell over $4,000,000 worth a year.

The first horse was brought to this continent in 1518. Now there are, in the United States alone, 14,056,750, valued at $941,000,000.

Pianos were invented in 1711. Competent authorities now declare that 300 are made during the hours of every working, day in the year.

Potatoes first appear in history in 1503. In 1892 the United States raised 201,000,000 bushels. In 1884 the world raised 79,000,000 tons.

The first horse railroad was made in 1829. Now every country town has its street car line and even Constantinople and Jerusalem have such facilities.

Lithographing was first made practical 1801. It is at present so cheap that wall posters of almost any size can be executed at a trivial price.

Twenty-five years ago electricity as a mechanical power was unknown. Now $900,000,000 are invested in various kinds of electrical machinery.

The first steamship crossed the Atlantic in 1818. There are now seventy lines of mail steamers. In 1888 there were 107,137 steam vessels on the high seas.

The first practical sewing-machine was invented in 1841. In 1888 there were 600,000 made in the United States, able to do the work of 7,200,000 women.

Quinine, the active principle of Peruvian bark, was discovered in 1820. In 1888 there were produced 12,000,000 pounds of bark and 260,000 pounds of quinine.

The first lifeboat was launched in 1802. The United States now has 212 life-saving stations, and since 1871 the lifeboats on our coast have saved 9600 lives.

New Methods of Transferring Light.

How can a gas jet be lighted from another without the intervention of a match or anything else that can be set aire is the question here arising. The gas jets must be in the same room about six feet from each other. Only one of these jets is lighted, and the other turned on full. If the burners are of the regulated kind the glass globes must be removed. All this, of course, must be done before the experiment is made.

When everything is ready, the two hands of the person operating are formed into a hollow around the lighted jet, bringing them as close together as possible. A moment later, and just as rapidly as possible, the hands, without separating them, are held over the unlighted jet, enough of the illuminated gas being carried along to set fire to the second jet. If the first trial should prove a failure, the experimenter need not be discouraged. The hands have either been held too far apart or the pressure of gas was not great enough at the proper moment. Several trials will invariably result in success.

Consolation for Eben.

"Dar is a good deal of comfort in not b'longin' to de upper ten," said Uncle Eben. "Er hoss'd starve to death in er thistle patch, but er mule 'ud r'aly enjoy hisse'f."

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.

For further particulars apply to

C. E. PERRY & CO.,

at the Head Office, Nelson, B.C., or to

T. L. HAIG,

Local Agent, - - REVELSTOKE, B.C.