The Mowing Star.

VOL. V. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., FEBRUARY 17, 1894. No. 36.

Notice to Taxpayers.

ASSESSMENT ACT AND PROVINCIAL REVENUE TAX.

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

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

If paid on or before June 30th, 1894:

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

If paid after June 30th, 1894:

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

J. KIRKUP,
Assessor and Collector.

January 2nd, 1894.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.-Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the New Great Sonth 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.

I Can Suit You

with a suit that you will not be ashamed to be seen wearing in any company. Whether you pay a high or low price for your clothing you have a right to expect full value for your money. I make it a point to give the man

Who Wants a Cheap Suit

just as painstaking service as the one who can afford to buy the most expensive grade of goods.

R. S. WILSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

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

G. TERRYBERRY,
GENERAL BLACKSMITH
REVELSTOKE.
REPAIRS TO WAGONS, ETC.
SHOEING A SPECIALTY.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

REVELSTOKE TIME TABLE.

Atlantic Express, arrives 10.00 daily.
Pacific " " 16.55 "

Cheapest, most reliable and safe route to Montreal, Toronto, St. Paul, Chicago, New York and Boston. Rates $5 to $10 lower than any other route.

Specially fitted Colonist Cars, in charge of a Porter, for the accommodation of Passengers holding second class tickets. Passengers booked to and from all European points at Lowest Rates.

Low Freight Rates. Quick despatch. Merchants will save money by having their freight routed via the C. P. R.

Full and reliable information given by applying to

GEO. McL. BROWN,
Asst. Gen'l Freight Ag't, V'ncouver.

or to I. T. BREWSTER,
Ag't C. P. R. Depot, Revelstoke.

REDISTRIBUTION.

Revelstoke Division to be known as the North Riding, Nakusp included.—West Kootenay to have Two Members.

The following was received from Mr. Kellie late last night:

"Victoria, Feb. 16th, 1894.

"Redistribution Bill—Island 14 members, Mainland 19. West Kootenay two representatives; Revelstoke Division, including Nakusp, the North Riding of West Kootenay."

Hurrah! We have got all we asked for. 'Rah for Kellie! 'Rah for Davie and the Government! What's the matter with celebrating our victory to-night with a torchlight procession, headed by the remnant of Revelstoke Brass Band?

THREE MEETINGS.

Why the Voters' List was sent to Nelson.

In consequence of Collector Kirkup receiving a telegram from Mr. Fitzstubbs to forward all voters' lists to Nelson at once, a meeting was held at the Victoria Hotel last Saturday, when the following letter and telegram were sent to Mr. Kellie, our representative:—

"Dear sir,—In consequence of the enclosed telegram (from Fitzstubbs to Kirkup) the citizens held a meeting to-day and wired you as follows: (Given below.*) We note the Redistribution Bill comes before the House Thursday next, and as we are anxious have a bona fide representation we feel somewhat disturbed that our lists, recently compiled and still incomplete, are now in the mails en route to Nelson, and therefore may not be ready to be used in the discussion of the above measure. We trust, however, that you, in conjunction with the Government, will see fair play given us in this matter.—Yours truly,

"H. N. COURSIER, Sec."

* "Present to Provincial Secretary—Fitzstubbs, by wire, practically suspends Kirkup as collector of votes Revelstoke Division. All papers connected with votes are forwarded to Nelson. Wire explanation.—Public Meeting Citizens.

"H. N. COURSIER, Sec."

The following telegram was received from Mr. Kellie in reply:—

"Government says object in sending all voters' names to Nelson is that Fitzstubbs may forward the entire voters' list to Victoria. Kirkup will be wired other instructions."

Helping on the Good Cause.

MR. H. J. BOURNE presided at a meeting of citizens in Peterson's Hall Wednesday morning, when the following resolution was drawn up, carried unanimously, and telegraphed to Mr. Kellie for presentation:—

"That the urgent attention of the Government be called to the fact that West Kootenay is insufficiently represented in the Legislative Assembly, especially as it is the most progressive district in the province and its population increasing at a very rapid rate. Upwards of 500 bona fide votes are already on the Revelstoke list, with probably more to be added. Therefore we pray that an additional member be given to this district; and also that Revelstoke Division be made the North Riding and include Nakusp."

Return of the Delegates.—Successful all round.—Popularity of this Mining District.

Messrs. H. A. and W. M. Brown, the delegation sent to Victoria on matters connected with the construction of wagon roads to Steamboat Canyon and Trout Lake, returned on Wednesday, and in the evening a large meeting was convened in Peterson's Hall to hear their report. Both gentlemen were accorded a very cordial reception.

MR. H. A. BROWN said, among other things, that the wagon roads would be commenced as soon as the survey could be made, $16,000 being appropriated for the purpose. The Government were willing to do all in their power to open up this rich mining country. As regards the clearing of obstructions in the upper river, a survey would be made before high water this year. The Government were not able to look after trails, as the assets of the province would not permit. The request that the County Court be held more frequently would shortly be complied with. It was desirable that this meeting should pass a resolution to the effect that all roads and trails should in future be built by contract.

MR. W. M. BROWN said the Premier had hopes that the townsite dispute would be settled before the next session. Every member in the House had a friendly feeling for this district and believed in its future. If the $16,000 voted for the roads was not enough there was not the least doubt that more would be appropriated, so anxious were the Government to open up West Kootenay's mines. Five thousand dollars were available at once, and the work would be commenced without unnecessary delay. MR. BROWN was in favor of building roads and trails by contract.

MR. H. A. BROWN then moved the following resolution, which, after an amendment by MR. E. P. DUNN, was seconded by MR. W. M. BROWN and carried:

"That, in the opinion of this meeting, it is expedient that all Government work, such as the construction of roads, trails, etc., as far as practicable be let by contract, and that such contract be carried through by white labor."

MR. H. A. BROWN then moved:

"Be it also resolved that, in the opinion of this meeting, the most practicable starting point for the Lardeau-Trout Lake road is at Lardeau City, as there is already a wharf there extending into deep water and unnecessary elevations would be avoided."

A smart discussion took place as to the best point for starting the road to Trout Lake, in which the chairman (MR. H. J. Bourne) Messrs. J. W. Haskins, H. A. Brown, E. Johnson, W. B. Pool, W. M. Brown and others took part.

MR. JOHN ABRAHAMSON seconded the resolution, which was carried.

The meeting was brought to a close by MR. T. L. HAIG moving a vote of thanks to the delegates, whose success, he said, had exceeded his expectations.

MR. HASKINS seconded, and the motion was carried amid applause.

We expect to hear a big howl from the bigots and malcontents (non-subscribers mostly) whose little minds seem to delight in traducing what they don't understand, because we have been obliged to cut down the report of this meeting. All we care to say at present is "Let them howl and be ——!"

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

A Promising Gold Claim.

The "Riverside" mining claim on Trout Lake, has opened up well under the careful management of Messrs. Hoar and Edwards. The vein is fully five feet wide, is persistent both in strike and dip, and runs north-west by south-east. The formation enclosing this richly mineralized vein is graphite, slate and schist, which extends all over this portion of the Lardeau district. The vein shows up three feet of nice quartz at the end of the 50-foot drift they have just completed. The quartz is sulphide in character, yielding silver and gold, the precious metal predominating. The quartz assays from $17 to $40 in good. Mr. H. A. Brown, the lucky owner, expects to continue work as soon as supplies can be got in.

Propagating a Falsehood.

The Nelson Tribune makes a great mistake in saying that the route to Nakusp via Revelstoke has been closed for some time. The road is still open and has not been closed all winter. Four of McGillivray's 4-horse teams have been employed between Revelstoke and the Green Slide, from whence to the head of the lake a great deal of freight has been carried by other teams. The screw steamer Arrow has been making daily trips between Nakusp and the head of the lake, taking passengers and freight both for Nakusp and New Denver. Bourne Bros. alone have sent down over 12 tons this winter to their branch stores at Nakusp and New Denver. What the Tribune should have said was that the Postal authorities have not seen fit to send the New Denver mails by this route. The public may rest assured that the short route from the CPR at Revelstoke to the Slocan via Nakusp will not be closed this winter, notwithstanding the Tribune's fake statement that it is so already. Perhaps in publishing such an untruth the wish might have been father to the thought, but we would prefer to believe that it was only a mistake on the part of our able contemporary.

W. A. JOWETT.
MINING AND REAL ESTATE BROKER,
NELSON, B.C.

Lardeau and Slocan Prospects Wanted.

LOCAL NEWS.

Just take a look at F. Fraser's A 1 dairy cow.

For Ferry's choice Flower Seeds go to Bourne Bros.

Rev. C. T. Bayliss will preach in Kamloops to-morrow.

Bourne Bros. are selling some splendid codfish and herrings.

Messrs. O. D. Hoar and T. Edwards arrived here from Trout Lake on Wednesday.

There will be a raffle for a silver hunting-case watch at the Columbia House next Saturday night.

A bonded warehouse 40 feet by 22 feet is under course of construction on Front street for Mr. Wm. Cowan.

A new stock of groceries for C. B. Hume & Co. arrived this week. It will pay you to call at their store.

The bridge over the Illecillewaet River being constructed by Revelstoke Lumber Co. is expected to be finished to day.

The Quadrille Club held their weekly dance in Bourne's Hall on Thursday evening, and was, as usual, an enjoyable affair.

GARDEN SEEDS.—D. M. Ferry & Co.'s and Steele Bros.' Garden and Flower Seeds in great variety at C. B. Hume & Co.'s.

The Kamloops Cattle Co. have sold out their two places of business in Vancouver to their late employees, J. Hall and Jas. McGregor.

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

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

Mr. Kitchen will move a resolution in the Legislative Assembly concerning the unsatisfactory mail arrangements prevailing in Kootenay.

A very large crowd attended at the toboggan slide last Saturday night at the weekly sports of the Toboggan Club. The slide was in splendid condition, and everything went lovely.

Mr. J. D. Sibbald, late manager of the Western Milling Co., Regina, has been carrying on the grocery and provision business started by Mr. R. Robson. Mrs. Sibbald and infant son arrived from Regina a few days since.

Rev. A. Lee, B.A., of Kamloops, will preach in the Presbyterian church on the hill on Sunday at 3 p.m. and at 7.30 p.m. The Sacrament will be administered at the evening service, when some new members will be taken in.

Miss Jennie Harris, of Salmon Arm, has been stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Loughead for some days past, and has been under the care of Dr. McLean. She is now improving in health from the effects of our pure mountain air.

It will be wiser to leave your orders for fashionable and well made clothing with R. S. Wilson, our merchant tailor. You will get better served for less money than by ordering a suit from a travelling tailor, either from the east or west.

A concert and entertainment is to be given in Peterson's Hall on Monday the 26th inst., when a most entertaining programme will be presented. The proceeds will form the nucleus of the building fund for the new Presbyterian church. See advt. on fourth page.

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

In the Methodist church on Monday night Mr. Spaight gave a lecture on India, illustrated by lime-light. There was a large attendance, and the lecture was greatly appreciated. The views included some of the places rendered historical during the Indian mutiny, such as Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Benares, etc. We intended giving a full report, but other matters have crowded it out.

In the House on Monday Mr. Kellie presented two resolutions, which were seconded by Mr. Cotton and carried. The first was that an address be presented to the Lieut.-Governor to urge upon the Dominion Government the needs of a resident County Court judge for West Kootenay, and the second that strong representations be made to the Dominion Government for the remission of the $5 per acre charged locators of mineral claims in the 20 mile belt

Some persons at the station have been complaining that they received no notice of the recent meetings held in Peterson's Hall. Whenever an issue of the STAR intervened such notice was published in these columns. There are some people at the station, however, who would not see it, because they are either too mean to subscribe to the local paper—or anything else for that matter—or too illiterate to understand it if it was printed in double pica, and for such we have no use at our meetings.

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.

LARDEAU NOTES.

THOMSON'S LANDING, Feb. 12th.

Mr. Thos. Downing has arrived here from Revelstoke bringing part of our mail. The balance is at Hall's Landing.

Messrs. O. D. Hoar and T. Edwards arrived here from Trout Lake yesterday. They have been working on the gold claim known as the "Riverside" during the last three months. They have built a comfortable house and run in a drift on the vein 50 feet. A small mill will be brought in and the claim worked right along.

From reports the boys at the Silver Cup have struck it richer than ever was found in the claim before. She is a veritable "Silver King," and if the owners are given a chance by a wagon road to Trout Lake she will be one of the greatest ore shippers in the district.

Four or five prospectors in search of the yellow metal have gone up to the South Fork of Lardeau Creek, but I have not heard with what success.

The pack animals still continue to find most of their food in the meadows and are looking first rate.

Messrs. Hoar and Edwards leave for Revelstoke to-day.

The "Miner" and Mr. Kellie.

The Miner seems to have a big knife in Mr. Kellie, and it likes to twist the handle now and again. Mr. Kellie is not perfection, but he has done good service for the district he represents. Never before was the Government appropriation for West Kootenay so large as it was last year, and this was chiefly owing to Mr. Kellie's representations, whatever his enemies may say to the contrary. Let the Miner compare the Provincial and the Dominion representation of Kootenay and tell us wherein Mr. Kellie has failed in his duty. We send men to Parliament to look after the interests of the district, and when the action of the Provincial Government in regard to this district is contrasted with that of the Dominion Government no other argument is needed to show that Mr. Kellie has done exceedingly well. When the Government placed a reserve on certain lands on Slocan Lake in 1892, and all the citizens of Nelson fumed and raged at what they termed the Government's despotic action, Mr. Kellie offended some of his constituents in other parts of the district by fighting the Government tooth and nail until the reserve was lifted, thereby gaining a certain amount of praise even from the Miner. Has the Miner forgotten that? Mr. Kellie is a miner, has a thorough knowledge of the needs of the district, and all his interests lie in West Kootenay. Mr. Kellie is one of the most conscientious men in the House, and those who know him intimately know that the recent attacks made on him by the Miner have been actuated either by ignorance or malice.

C. B. Hume & Co. have just received a consignment of Labrador herrings in prime condition.

KOOTENAY LODGE, No. 15 A. F. & A. M.

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

C. H. TEMPLE, Secretary.

Don't Lose Heart.
PLANT FERRY'S SEEDS
this year, and make up for lost time. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1894 will give you many valuable hints about what to raise and how to raise it. It contains information to be had from no other source. Free to all.
D. M. Ferry & Co.
Windsor, Ont.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.
Royal Mail Lines.

Proposed Sailings from Halifax.

NUMIDIAN	Allan	Mar. 3
MONGOLIAN	"	Mar. 17
LAURENTIAN	"	Mar 31
LABRADOR	Dominion	Mar. 10
VANCOUVER	"	Mar. 24
OREGON	"	April 7

From Boston.

LAKE WINNIPEG	Beaver	Mar. 14
LAKE ONTARIO	"	Mar. 28
LAKE SUPERIOR	"	April 11

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

Intermediate, $30; Steerage, $20.

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

Apply to nearest steamship or railway agent; to

I. T. Brewster,
AGENT, REVELSTOKE;
or to ROBERT KERR, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

His Tragic Death In Mashonaland.

Surrounded by Natives He Fought With Desperate Valor Till Overpowered.

The following interesting incidents of the Matabele campaign were supplied to the London Times by Mr. Gerald Paget, who returned to England by the last mail from the Cape. He left Buluwayo on November 13, and rode straight through, via Tuli, without stopping, to the head of the railway, where he took the train for Cape Town. He arrived in England on December 16, thus accomplishing a land journey of 1800 miles and a sea voyage of 6000 miles in a space of 33 days. Mr. Paget in his narrative says:

A troop under Captain Heeny was now sent out to clear the hills, but they had to retire on the laager under cover of machine-gun fire, as they rode right into the Matabele, reserve, who followed them until they were driven back by our guns. In the meantime B troop, under Borrow, was sent out to clear the bush in front, and met with a good deal of resistance, losing several horses. The dismounted men, however, were

ALL SAVED BY THEIR COMRADES,

who rode double back with them to camp. The enemy gradually cleared out of the bush and off the hills, and we last saw them on the high kopjes two miles off, from which they were shelled out of sight by Captain Lendy's 7-pounder.

From prisoners we learnt that the force we had defeated was composed of the Insukamini Regiment (Lobengula's crack young corps), with the Euxa, Enginga and Egappa people, about 5000 in all. They had been waiting for us in the Samabula Forest, but Major Forbes had fortunately altered his route and left the forest on the right. They had only caught us up the day before, and had intended to attack at 10 o'clock in the evening, but were frightened by the rockets, explaining that they thought we were talking to the stars.

In going round the bush afterwards we came upon an induna, evidently of high rank (as he wore spurs, carried a pistol, and had plenty of mealies for his horse), hanging dead on a tree. He had been wounded, and, rather than be taken back defeated to his own people or fall into the hands of the white men, had thus put an end to his life. Two or three other wounded assegaied themselves to death as we came round, fearing, no doubt, to receive the measures which they invariably mete out to their fallen enemies; but their fears were of course unfounded. The few wounded Matabele who were brought in were well treated and soon became reassured and communicative. One of them laughed at the idea of Lobenguia's crack regiment having been defeated by a "handful of boys," as he called us.

The next day, Oct. 26, I had a slight attack of fever, and was sent to the hospital waggon. The scouts subsequently went out without me. In the evening Ifah Williams rode into camp with a note from his brother Gwynnyd. It seems they were being pursued by the Insukamini Regiment, whose kraal they had just burnt. Soon after the other scouts came in, but without Captain Williams. They said they had been surprised

WHILE BURNING THE KRAAL,

and had had to gallop for dear life. Gwynnyd was riding a horse he called Bulnwayo, which had bolted when the firing of the natives began.

The horse, the scouts said, had bolted with Williams and had galloped right down the line of natives. He got clear of them, but met another party of Matabele coming round to the right. The other scouts wheeled sharp to the left in time to escape them, and got clear of both parties, and they said that before they lost sight of Williams he had dismounted and run on to a spot where there was a heap of stones, in the open. Here he stopped, and with his hat waved his pursuers to come on. He emptied his repeating rifle upon them, killing or wounding two men; he then emptied his revolver, and was himself finally shot in the forehead. Poor boy he made a soldier's end—perhaps the one he would have chosen for himself. He was a brave and true-hearted man of bright intelligence, and more than ordinary ability. He had done yoeman's service all through the campaign, having for weeks been the eyes and ears of Salisbury column. Had he lived, I believe he would have done something in this world; but I know this that he will be remembered by those who served with him.

For the next few days I have nothing to record but weary marching, and being sick with fever. There was continuous firing by the flanking parties and advance guard; we were evidently getting into the thick of it, and the crisis was coming. We were told that Lobengula had fled, that he was disgusted with the defeat of his regiments at Shangani, and that we should have to be prepared to meet his final effort. We knew afterwards that, at this time, he had ordered his two crack regiments to advance against us, and we heard that it was upon the line of march that we should be next attacked. The columns were working splendidly together, and Major Forbes had redoubled his precautions against surprise. We were not disappointed. On the morning of November 1 we had inspanned our waggons and were slowly advancing along the ridge of the Matoppo,

LEADING TO BULUWAYO.

We were in a difficult country, with bush on all sides. I was out with the scouts, seeking the best road by which the column could advance. It was impossible to go straight ahead, and a detour had to be made in order that the column could laager on open ground. This, by great good chance, we found, and after a difficult morning's work, the waggons were laagered in an open space on a slightly rising ground, at a spot where there was a small kraal to the right of our camp. We outspanned; the oxen and horses were turned out to graze, and the men settled down to have their dinners. Just at one o'clock those in advance came galloping in with a cry, "Look out, the niggers are coming?" True enough, there they were, swarming on the right and front of the laager 1200 yards away. Captain Leudy with his 7-pounder opened on them, we reserving our fire until they came closer. The pickets were still out, and they fired and ran in towards the camp; unfortunately, however, one man was assegaied before he could get in. The enemy were now well within range, and a deadly fire was poured upon them. The machine guns were brought into action and swept we could see that we had not as yet seriously checked the enemy. They crept up behind the kraal, under cover of which they enfiladed us. In the meantime the Victoria column had run out their Maxim and were doing deadly execution. We had to fire at the kraal and through its reed huts to get at the Matabele who were behind it. We had been fighting now for fully half an hour and pouring a fire into the enemy which no troops in the world, unassisted by artillery, could possibly withstand. Suddenly the enemy seemed to waver, and a shout went up from the laager that they were retreating. Major Forbes, who had all this while been directing the action, gave an order for C troop to mount and advance in pursuit. When they reached the edge of the bush the Matabele rallied and attacked them. A company from the Victoria laager was sent in support, and after a short and sharp fight the Matabele, who had attacked on the right, retreated in good order. (These Matabele are splendid infantry; their skirmishing is worthy of European troops. They avail themselves of every bit of cover the country affords. They sit down, shoot, get up and run a short distance, sit, and shoot again. They are brave men, but against modern weapons they have no chance.)

In the meantime a body of the enemy had been sighted on the left, and the Victoria laager despatched a troop of their horse to disperse them. They advanced some distance over the brow of a hill.

SOME OF THE ENEMY

with whom we had been engaged on the right, seeing that they were separated by the hill from the laager, crept round under cover of the bush with the object of cutting them off. A well-directed fire from Captain Lendy's 7-pounder frightened and dispersed them, and after a slight skirmish the battle on Blembis river was over.

THE MATABELE WAR: DEATH OF CAPTAIN WILLIAMS.

The fate of Captain Gwynydd Williams is now placed beyond all doubt; but he died like a soldier, with his back to a rock, fighting to the last.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

Once there was a garden plot in which grew every kind of flower. Roses pink and white and yellow and red, lilies as pure as an angel's dream, poppies red as the east at sunrise, and many more. Now in the midst of this garden there sprang up a weed, and the gardener, try as he would, could not uproot it, for its roots grew so deep down in the earth that they held fast, and when he cut it down it grew up again stronger than ever. And the unsightly thing grew larger and stronger every day, and it spread out great thick leaves, so that it kept the sun from the other flowers near it and they died.

The gardener grieved very greatly when he saw his lilies and roses standing dry and dead, and rushing with fury at the weed, strove with all his might to tear it up, and the thorns on the stalk pricked his hands till they bled, but still the roots held firm. Then his neighbors seeing the great weed in the midst of the garden, and the fair flowers dead or dying about it, mocked the gardener saying: "He hath a fine garden truly. See! he nourishes the weed but lets roses die."

And the summer went by, and one night there came a biting frost in that country and it killed the flowers, turning them black. But when in the morning the gardener walked through his garden sorrowing much over all the dead flowers, he looked and beheld the weed in the midst of the garden, and lo, a miracle! the frost which has killed all the other flowers had opened on the ugly weed a great crimson flower that glowed in the morning sunshine like a flower of fire.

And "Ah!" said the gardener's neighbors, "he hath in his garden the finest flower our eyes have looked upon." For they had forgotten the ugly weed when they saws its beautiful blossom.

Now the garden is life, the fair flowers the joys of life, the gardener a human soul, the neighbors are the people of the world, the beautiful flower that blossomed on the uncouth stalk the flower of pain, and the frost is time!—[New York Observer.

A Young Man's Diary.

"Keep a diary," says Leon M. Cornwell in an article on travelling in the Temple Magazine, "but compile it from events, not days. I know a young fellow who went around the world in a private yacht and kept a daily diary. For lack of other thoughts he filled in many of the Sundays with 'The sky seems brighter, the sea bluer, and the air sweeter on a Sunday than on any other day.' On reaching port, he found they had neglected to skip the day at the 180th meridian, and consequently all his Sundays were Mondays. It is stretching it a little to say that 'the sky seems brighter, the sea bluer, and the air sweeter on a washday than on any other day.' Take a lesson from that and jot down your ideas and impressions as they come, and not force them at regular intervals."

Distress and Depredations.

Serious depredations are reported to be occurring among the olive groves in the province of Cadiz, particularly in the country between Xeres and Arcos, where bands of male and female labourers, under pretext of the exceptional distress now prevailing, boldly invade the groves and steal the crops. The other day in the village of Villa Martin, two men entered the cottage of a peasant and compelled him, under threats of violence, to provide them with food. In the townships of Puerto Serrano and Algar bands of labourers march from house to house demanding food, and after the meal, which is in nearly every case given to them, they go off quietly and without stealing anything.

A Ring Under a Tree.

During the recent gale a holly tree growing near the Lake of Menteith Hotel in Scotland, was blown down, leaving a pretty deep cavity in the soil where the roots had been. Shortly afterwards a young woman found in the loose earth a gold wedding ring with the initials "W.A.G." engraved on the inside. Singular to state, about three weeks after the great storm, another gale from the opposite direction lifted the holly tree into its original position, and it appears to be thriving, being covered with berries. The owner of the ring so strangely recovered has not yet been found.

Don't tell the world your troubles. You can't borrow $10 on them.

Some Amusing Incidents in Japan—The Man Who Was Waiting to See the Message go By.

The willingness of the Japanese to adopt, without reserve, says a writer in The Electrical World, a civilization totally different in character from that under which they had previously lived is one of their most striking characteristics. While they are very conservative in many ways, they are the most liberal people in the world in others. Twice in their history they have experienced a complete change of front, and adopted a foreign civilization. The first time was many centuries ago, when Chinese civilization, with its literature, manufactures and science, was found to be better than their own, and its adoption raised them from a state of barbarism to one of comparative high civilization; and now in these last few decades, the new civilization of the West has been adapted to a degree that must astonish any one who has a thorough understanding of the magnitude of the change that has taken place. In no way is this change made more evident than in the hold which electricity has taken in the past few years. The telegraph, of course, has been in use since soon after the opening of the country and now extends to all parts of the Empire. When it was first established there were many amusing occurrences, due to the inability of the people to understand how the message was sent over the wire. The writer's first visit to Japan was early in 1886, and one day he was, with a guide, walking over a remote mountain road along which passed a telegraph line. A countryman was met who had seated himself by the roadside and was intently watching the wire. His gaze was so fixed that the guide asked what he was doing, and he replied that he was waiting to see a message go along the wire, that he had watched many times since it was put up but had never been able to see anything. This incident was, perhaps, no more amusing than the reception of the telephone in Rio Janeiro. The writer was in that city when the exchange was being started and considerable opposition was shown, as the people supposed nothing but English could be spoken and in order to be able to use it they must learn that language.—[Electrical World.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

Distribution of the Regular Forces at Home and Abroad.

The latest return of the regular forces at home and abroad shows that the total number of officers and men borne upon the regimental rolls (exclusive of the Indian army) is very little below 220,000, and about two thousand more than were in the ranks a year ago. Of these nearly twenty thousand are cavalry, 37,000 artillery, 7,500 engineers, 143,500 infantry, 5,200 colonial troops, 3,500 army service corps, and 2,500 medical staff corps, and the remainder being made up of the smaller departmental corps. Great Britain and Ireland retain nearly half the regular army for home service, there being little short of 107,000 troops in the three kingdoms—74,000 in England and Wales, 28,000 in Ireland, 3,500 in Scotland, and the remainder in the Channel Islands, but these totals leave the whole number at home some seven hundred below the strength of twelve months ago. Aldershot shows the largest home aggregation, the Duke of Connaught having there 15,000 men, while the Metropolis and home districts have 8,500; Portsmouth and the southern district, 9,500; Plymouth and the western, 7,200; Dover and the south-eastern, 7,500; Woolwich, and the Marine, 9,400; and the eastern, north-eastern and north-western districts have smaller proportions.

A Consolatory Chance.

One evening, just about dark, I rode up to a cabin in the Tennessee mountains and asked to stay all night.

"I'm sorry, mister," said a woman who had responded to my request, "but yer can't stay here."

"Why not?" I asked. "I'll pay for it."

"Tain't the pay I'm afeard uv, mister," she said, "but ther' ain't no menfolks in the house and we can't keep you."

"What am I to do?" I asked, helplessly.

"Go on to the next place, I reckon."

"How far is it?"

"Two miles, er sitch a matter."

"But it is dark," I urged; "I never was here before and I'll be sure to lose the road."

"I reckon ther's a chance uv that," she said, and then, more encouragingly, "but hits sitch a tarnel bad road, mister, that you'll be glad you lost hit, afore you've gone a mile."

Had Been Kept Too Long.

"Any complaints?" asked the orderly-officer of some men who were about to begin their dinner on an outward bound troopship from Portsmouth to India.

"Yes, sir," instantly exclaimed one of the men; "this salt junk ain't fit for the likes of us to eat, and I wish to report it."

The doctor was at once sent for to inspect the meat.

"So you think this meat isn't fit for a man in your position to eat," said the doctor. Allow me to to tell you that greater men than you ever will be have eaten it. Why, even Nelson, our once-famed Admiral, wasn't above eating it, and has made many a meal of it."

"Oh! has he!" said the complaining individual.

"Yes, he has," replied the doctor.

"Oh, well," said the man, "the meat was fresh and good in his time. You see, sir, it's some time ago since Nelson lived; it can't be expected to keep good all these years."

How He Got Through Free.

A droll old Scotch farmer rode up to a toll-bar, and finding the gate open, he wheeled his horse round about just as he passed through, and shouted for the toll-keepers, who was invisible.

"Hey, I'm sayin' fat's the damage tae git through yer gate wi' a horse?"

"A shillin'," shouted the tollkeeper, making his appearance.

"A shillin'?" echoed the farmer, sarcastically. "No shillin' d'ye get frae me. I'll awa' hame again;" and wheeling his horse for the second time, he rode off in the direction he wished to go, chuckling at the trick he had performed upon the tollkeeper.

The Crash on the Hall Carpet Brought a Crash in their Married Life.

"What's this?" asked Mr. Bowser as he entered the sitting room after the evening meal and found a bundle in his favorite chair.

"That! Oh, that's my crash," replied Mrs. Bowser as she removed it.

"More towels for the kitchen eh? How many thousand roller towels does that girl get away with in the course of the year?"

"It's crash for the stairs. The carpet is getting a bit worn in the middle and I want to save it. The carpet man said he'd come up and put it down this evening, but he was probably too busy."

"In other words, he lied!" growled Mr. Bowser. "I never knew a carpet man yet who wouldn't lie rather than tell the truth. What was your object in paying him $6 or $8 to put that thing down?"

"Six or $8! Why, he will only charge 50 cents!"

"Well, have we any 50-cent pieces to throw away? Mrs. Bowser, let me call your attention to the fact that this country has been on the verge of bankruptcy for the last six months."

"Well, we can save 50 cents in crash and wear out $10 worth of carpet," she answered, as she noticed that he was smoking his usual brand of cigars—two for 25 cents.

"We will save the 50 cents and wear out nothing. I shall put down the crash myself. I was just wishing there was some little job around the house I could do."

"Do you think—think you could make a good job of it?" she hesitatingly asked.

"And why not, Mrs. Bowser?"

"Well, you know you get out of patience if things don't go just right, and it always ends in your blaming me."

"Never got out of patience in all my life. Never blamed you in all my born days. I'll have that crash down inside of fifteen minutes, and it will be as neat a job as you ever saw done. All I ask of you is to remain right here and not do any bossing."

Mr. Bowser got hammer and tacks, unfolded the crash on the stairs and removed his coat and vest. He had just begun work when Mrs. Bowser came to the foot of the stairs and queried:

"Do you expect to get that down straight without a measure or guide to go by?"

"Perhaps you have written a book entitled 'What I Know About Crash,' replied Mr. Bowser as he hammered away.

"You won't get it straight without a measure."

Mr. Bowser whistled and hummed to show his indifference and he was looking at the head of the tack with one eye and had the other on Mrs. Bowser when the hammer struck his thumb, and he uttered a yell which made the cook in the kitchen drop the tea kettle. He also sprang up and kicked the top stair three times as hard as he could swing his leg.

"I knew how it would be. The carpet man would have put that down——"

"The carpet man be hanged! Didn't I tell you to go away? You are hanging around here expecting to see me knock my nose off, but you'll be disappointed. You either get into the sitting room or I give up this job! When I can't manage to tack a piece o blamed old crash over a blamed old stair carpet I'll go off and bury myself."

"Well, please get it straight, because every bit of it will show from front the door."

"Straight! Am I a squint-eyed Chinaman or a purblind Eskimo? If you start it straight it's bound to come out straight. There may be a bald spot on top of my head, Mrs. Bowser, but there is nothing baldheaded about my eyesight."

She went away, and he had reached the middle stair when she returned to take another look. One glance was enough.

"Mr. Bowser, you've got that down crooked. You've pulled it way over to the left as you came down. I knew you'd do it without a guide."

"Hey? You back again? Where is it pulled to the left?"

"It begins on the second stair from the top."

"Never! If that isn't a bee line I'll eat dough for a week."

"But measure it with the handle of your hammer. It's an inch more to the left than the right."

Mr. Bowser measured. It was at least an inch and a half. He couldn't deny it, for Mrs. Bowser was at the bottom of the stairs ready to come up. He did the best thing he could do under the circumstances, or he started out to do it.

"It's straighter than the straightest line ever drawn by mortal hand!" he shouted, "but if you are going to stand there and boss, and find fault, and jaw around, why——"

He had his back to her. He seized the crash with both hands and ripped it off the step above him and was moving on the next when his left knee struck a tack waiting for a job. The sudden pain and surprise overbalanced him and Mrs. Bowser suddenly saw something coming down stairs. It was Mr. Bowser. He never missed a step. It couldn't have been done more nicely by a first-class actor in a first-class play. There were eight steps, and Mr. Bowser uttered eight yells. As he brought up at the bottom one of his feet struck the hall tree and upset it, and the other sent a chair crashing against the front door.

"Are you hurt, dear?" anxiously asked Mrs. Bowser as the dust settled down.

Mr. Bowser slowly got up and limped into the sitting room and sat down. For ten minutes he sat and glared at Mrs. Bowser in a cold and stony way and then finally said:

"We will have breakfast half an hour earlier than usual, as you will want to catch that 9 o'clock train for your mother's. You can have the custody of the child, and our respective lawyers will settle the question of alimony. Good night, designing woman! Thank heaven but my eyes are open at last!"

To buy the maiden a choice bouquet
He pawned the coat on his back,
And she wore the flowers on the street next day,
Pinned on to her sealskin sacque.

Father—"I've just found out that the strange young man that comes to see you has been borrowing money right and left." Daughter—"Isn't that lovely? He must be a nobleman in disguise."

"Och, Patsy darlint, are yez drowned?" asked Mrs. Patsy, as her husband came home dripping. "No, indade, but I went down twice before I ever came up," said Patsy.

AN UNSATISFACTORY LOVER.

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

"If it had been any one but you! You so honest. Are you sure that you know what you are doing?" asks Trefusis, regarding her with a frowning brow.

"Oh, I know all you would say!" cries Terry, with deep agitation; she clasps her hands together with convulsive misery. "All! all! I have been through it myself. I know what I seem to you, but——" She breaks down.

It is ten days later,—ten days which have been given up to the mourning of Miss Bridget, who wouldn't have given up one hour for the sake of anything in earth or heaven. Terry had been a little glad of the ten days of solitude: they had kept her from seeing Trefusis. And though a lover, in most cases, might be admitted at any time or on any occasion, she ordained it otherwise in her own case. It helped her to put off the evil hour of renunciation for a day or two at least.

But time, like most things, is a failure. There is nothing substantial in it. Conscious of its defects, no doubt, it flies from us. The ten days have come to an end, and with them Terry's reprieve. To-day—now—she is standing looking at Trefusis, with her breath scant, and her eyes a dream of misery. She has at last laid bare to him her settled determination to end their engagement.

"But what,"—sternly,—"what do you think you seem to me?"

"False and worldly." She turns more directly to him, compelling herself to it with fear and sad misgivings at her heart. He will judge her harshly. But she is acting rightly, well.

However sure she may be of this, she has certainly grown very pale. Trefusis, with cold questioning eyes, can see that she is deeply disturbed. But how beautiful she is through all her sadness and distress! He knows her well enough to understand that this dividing of herself from him is a distress. How sweet she looks,—

White as the sun, fair as the lily!

She has clinched her hands tightly together before going on.

"I know what you think. It is open to all people to think now. That I accepted you when I was poor, and threw you over when I—was no longer poor. I wish—I wish," with a most passionate regret, "that I had said all this to you that evening, when——"

"When I read your letter," he put in quickly, as if defying her reserve.

"Ah! that letter!"

"But for it, perhaps——"

"No, no!" She lifts her hands. "It would have made no difference, I think. I had often wanted to tell you that I could not marry you. And that letter, it made an end, nothing more. But what I wish is," her voice vibrating with poignant sorrow, "that I had said all this to you before her death!"

"For how long have you wanted to tell me you could not marry me!" asks Trefusis in a strange tone.

"I don't know." She presses her hands against her eyes, as if to compel memory, or else shut him out. "I know nothing as it should be. It is all so strange, so dark. But I do know that I meant to tell you, long before my aunt's death, that I would not marry you. I did! I did!" she cries, her eyes tearless, but her voice full of weeping. "You do—you must believe me!"

He bows his head affirmatively if stiffly.

"But say it!" entreats she, with a vehement gesture.

"Of course I believe you. Do you think I could have loved you as I do, if I did not believe you?" He draws his breath a little sharply. "Now you have it all your own way," says he, "I hope you are satisfied." He stops and smiles at her; a queer smile, filled with many complex thoughts.

"You will be satisfied too," says she, in rather a suffocated tone; he can see that she is crying now. "You will be rid of me; you will forget me——"

"Probably, surely. "What I shall not forget, however, is that I was engaged for some weeks to a girl who spent that time wondering how she could in any decent wise put an end to her engagement with me."

"That is taking a very unkind view of it," Terry cries, tremulously, and with a touch of indignation. The truth, the real truth, is plain to every one. And it places me altogether in the wrong. I should never have accepted you; having accepted you, I should have kept to my word: Yet I have failed in both ways. Oh, I know how I shall be regarded by my world. But you—now that all is over between us—might be more generous to me. You"—looking suddenly up at him with sweet drenched eyes—"you must know how I shall be condemned and commented upon by many people, whereas you will go quite free."

"Quite free," bitterly. His tone troubles her.

"Yes. Quite free without a backward thought," says she, eagerly. "For you know, you know, you never really loved me. It was a fancy on your part,—a mere passing fancy. But love, there was no love."

A pause follows this, short but tragical, while they gaze into each other's eyes. Then he catches her by the arms, holding her, reading her, his face transfigured from its studied calm to passionate anger. She has never seen him show so much emotion before. She had not thought him capable of it. It is a revelation to her.

"A lie! A lie! says he, between his clenched teeth, "and you know it." Suddenly he flings her from him. "Pah! you are not worth remembering!" says he.

On his way home through the park he meets Geraldine Anson. His brain still on fire, he has not time to conceal the anger that is consuming him, when a sudden turn in the woodland path brings him face to face with her. He would have hurried by her with a slight recognition, but she stops him. There is wonder, gratified revenge, hope, in her expression, as she puts out her hand to check him.

"Something has happened," says she, breathlessly. "She has thrown you over? It is at an end, that engagement?"

He bows his head.

"It is as well that every one should know it, as soon as possible," says he, making an effort to speak as usual, but failing.

"What?" cries Miss Anson. She breaks into a little low, strained laugh. "She has flung you aside now,—when her future is safe without you. I knew she would do that. But so soon! Has she no decency, no sense of delicacy? She used you as a prop until she got a stronger staff, then flung you remorselessly aside. Was that fair dealing? Was that honesty?"

"I never met any one so honest," says Trefusis, a dull flush mounting to his brow.

"Honest! Oh!" sharply, as if angered beyond control by his answer. "One can be too generous. And to her—to one who has treated you so treacherously! What did I tell you when first you were engaged to her? Do you remember? Did I not warn you that she was clever?—too clever?"

"It is you who are too clever," says Trefusis, with suppression. "You fail to understand her."

"Too dull, I suppose you mean," with heavy asperity. "I confess I do not aspire to such cleverness as hers. If you wish me to think that you still regard Miss O'More with admiration,—that you call her worthy of——"

"I call her nothing," impatiently. He hesitates, and then goes on quickly, "except the sweetest, the loveliest, the most desirable girl I have ever met."

"Your acquaintance with desirable girls must be limited," says Miss Anson, quietly, but with a certain down-drawing of her lips. "I call her a jilt."

"I hope you will not." Trefusis turns to her; his whole manner has undergone a change. There is extreme anxiety in it now. "We have been friends, surely," says he,—"friends now for three years For the sake of that friendship I ask you to abstain from hard words towards Miss O'More."

"You would spare her," says she, frowning.

"And myself too. After all, she is nothing now to me; nothing in the world, and never will be. Of your goodness be good to her. I am going away. I shall——"

"Going away?" There is open concern on her face now. "Where?"

"Where do all rejected swains go?" he asks, laughing: it is a rather dreary laugh. "To the Rocky Mountains, isn't it? Perhaps I shall go there. And if not, somewhere else.

"I shall hear of you?" she asks, as he moves past her with a kindly nod.

"Yes, you shall hear."

CHAPTER XIX.

It seems impossible, she tells herself, yet only a week has elapsed after the going of Trefusis before Terry knows that she misses him.

At first—the first day or two, that is—there was a high sense of relief; a feeling of liberty regained, of self-dependence restored. But the third day shattered all that.

Its morning broke dull and cheerless. Rain was falling. From the ivy branches the drip-drip-drip of the rain-drops could be heard continuously all the day. Terry, rising from breakfast, wandered idly to the drawing-room. There, or in the garden, Trefusis used to come to her every morning. There was no one to come.

She thought his visits an intrusion then, while he was still in the country; determination had made her think them so; but when those visits were forever at an end, the morning felt very long. There was such an odd, strange feeling about everything,—such a blank!

She walked from room to room restlessly. The news that he was gone had been conveyed to her by Fanny, in a letter. Fanny had disdained to bring the news by which Terry knew that she was terribly angry with her. But Terry was so angry on a small account of her own that she passed over Fanny's unjust indignation very lightly.

Why had he gone thus, suddenly, without another word, then, when all was reversed between them,—when she was no longer the beggarmaid?

How long the day was! Yet it ought to be a festival with her. She was now rid forever of the visits she used to dread,—of the voice, the step. And yet——

He had played the lord over her, no doubt, until she had told herself that she hated him. But that was all over, and her chance should have been given her. She would have liked to play the lady over him, for a little,—it that could be done without the hateful tie of engagement.

But he was gone. Fanny's letter had told her that yesterday. He had gone away the morning after her final rejection of him. He could not have gone a moment earlier. He was glad of his escape, the girl told herself with a queer laugh. Thus ended that third day.

* * * * * * *

This day is charming. A last taste of summer pervades it. It is a week later, and Mr. Trefusis's going has become a thing of the past. Terry, leaning over the old balustrades, looks to the south, where the light-blue clouds are blowing, and whence the stir of the sea can be heard. Larry, who is beside her, touches her arm, as if to bring her back from fairy-land, or whatever land it may be to which her thoughts have wandered.

"Yes?" says she turning to him, her eyes a little vague.

"I wish you would try to help a fellow," says Larry, in an aggrieved tone.

"Help you? Of course I'll help you in any way I can."

"Come down from the clouds, then," says he jealously.

"Oh, clouds!" says she, laughing, a little uncertainly perhaps. "Well, I'm down now: what can I do for you?"

"You can marry me! says Larry, promptly, brilliantly. It is a tribute to his innate honesty that it never for one moment occurs to him that he ought not to ask her to marry him now, because of the money she has just come into. To Terry also it must be allowed that not one base thought of her cousin on this subject helps her to her decision.

She looks at him sadly.

"Well, will you marry me?" he asks.

"No. Larry, don't be angry with me. Every one"—pathetically—"is angry with me now, I think. But you won't be; will you? I couldn't marry you. I don't love you that way. I couldn't, indeed!"

"I believe you are in love with that confounded prig after all, in spite of your sending him away," says Larry, violently. "You have been moping for the last week;

Indeed, her face is a study. A deep blush has dyed it. So vivid, so painful is this rush of color that it brings tears to her eyes. All at once she knows that she is trembling. What had Larry said to make her feel like this, and why should it touch her so? It is false!—false! There is no truth in it. Yet it is only by a determined effort that she keeps herself from bursting into tears.

"You are rude," she says with a calmness that costs her a good deal. "If I blush, it is for you,—your manner,—the way you speak. It is better to say the last word at once, Larry. I shall never marry you; never. I"—tremulously—"would rather be an old maid forever than marry you."

"You won't say that when you are an old maid; and I'll wait till then," says the devoted Larry.

Terry bursts into uncontrollable laughter.

Our sweetest laughter with some pain is fraught,

sang one not to be surpassed, some years ago; and indeed, Terry's mirth is full of unshed tears.

"Ah, don't!" says she. "It will be no use; and look at my nose, Larry. I shall be a hideous old maid!"

"Oh, I'll wait," says he. "I'll chance the nose!" At this they both laugh.

* * * * * * *

Eight months have gone by, and once more sweet April is with us. The trees are all alive; each bush and shrub is casting forth its greenery.

Of Spring that breaks with all her leaves,
Of birds that build in thatch and eaves,
Of woodlands where the throstle calls,
Of girls that gather cowslip balls,

there are enough and to spare. Terry, stepping into the sweet up-bursting garden, stands still, as if to take in all the delights around her. From a corner of the old orchard beyond, a stray wind has blown, some blossoms on her head,

"Ah, it is sweet sweet!" She sighs and throws out her arms pensively. The winter is over,—the long, long winter.

She is glad to think of it as buried, dead, It was terribly long, and so singularly dull, so inexpressibly dreary. Fanny had gone abroad, Fanny, who had been so cold to her, so almost unkind. Just at the very last she had asked Terry to go with her to Florence but Terry had refused.

There were the boys, she said. But the boys had not helped her to bear the dulness. Max had been sent to a grinder, preparatory to his entering college, and Geoffrey, with many tears on both sides, had gone to a good school at a great distance. So that, after all! the boys did not count. The winter had been almost too lonely for endurance.

She had had no one to keep her company during the long cold nights. And sometime, in her solitary sittings over the fire, she had thought of Trefusis. Her mind had gone after him a good deal when first he left her, and then had grown stagnant; but those sad silent evenings, when even the boys were away, compelled her to think of him again. Over and over her brain travelled across the road that had had him as a passenger.

It was spring then too, and certainly he had made a little break in the monotony of her life. She acknowledged so much to her unwilling heart, and more than that. He had loved her! In the solitude of the winter she had learned to believe so much. Yes, he had loved her, in his own way,—a high and mighty way, no doubt,—but there was love in it, love all through it, for all that.

Here—to-day—this thought recurs to her again.

A pattering of feet behind her brings her to sudden calm. She turns.

"Fanny!" she cries.

"Here I am!" declares Fanny, most superfluously, flinging herself into Terry's arms.

"You are back! you are home!" says Terry, clinging to her convulsively. Oh, how sweet it is to see her again, to know that some human thing, in sympathy with her, is within a mile or so of her!

"Came last night," gasps Fanny, holding her back and shaking her lovingly. "Silly baby, not to come with me! But I'm back anyway, and Terry, darling,"—with the fondest air,—"so glad to see you again. How sweet you look! How sweet your garden looks!—how sweet it all is!"

"You especially," says Terry, catching her and kissing her again.

"Oh, get away, flatterer.'

"When did you come?"

"A moment ago."

"No!"

"Well, half an hour ago, and ran down to see you first thing."

"Oh Fanny!"

"Yes, you ought to be conceited over it. But," slowing off a little, "the fact is, Terry, I ought to let you know at once that—Gerrard is with us."

"Mr. Trefusis!"

"Yes, Gerrard. He would come. I tried all I could to prevent him, but you know Robbie! He's such a fool. But I suppose it won't matter much, darling, will it? As you are so indifferent to him——"

"And he so indifferent to me," says Terry smiling.

"Oh, as for that, quite, I think. He talks of you in the most usual manner. He has quite got over that, I think, so you need not be worried about it in any way. And you'll come up to dinner to-night, won't you? Better get over it at once, you know, especially as he is going to stay here for a month."

"Certainly I shall come," says Terry. She feels quite unconcerned, quite calm and composed. She had thought she would have felt a kind of nervousness at meeting him again; she had even once or twice imagined it possible that she had liked him more than she had known; but this sudden news of Fanny's has dispelled all those hallucinations. It would be impossible to feel as unconcerned as she does at this moment, if there had been a sparkle of regret in her heart.

"That's settled, then," says Mrs. Adare. She lays her hands on the girl's shoulders. "You are looking pale," says she, "but, as I have always maintained, you are the most beautiful girl in the world. There, I must go," giving her a friendly pat. "I know I am bad for your morals. Half-past seven, mind."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The smallest newspaper in the world is said to be El Telegram, published in Guadalajara, Mexico. It is four inches square.

What is Being Said and Done in Social and Other Circles in the British Metropolis.

A cable special from London says:—Thomas Salt, president of Lloyds' bank, which, by the policy of amalgamations with other banks, is becoming one of the largest financial institutions in the country, has thrown his lot with the bimetallists and has joined the Bimetallic league as vice-president. Salt was president of the Bankers' institution in 1891, and in his inaugural he caused considerable stir by admitting the necessity for more extended use of silver for currency purposes. Among other public men who have recently joined the league are Baron Emile Erlanger, the well-known financier, and Jacob Bright, one of the most respected Liberal members of Parliament.

All Liverpool was smiling in the early part of the week over the shipping mishaps in the Manchester canal, particularly the sticking fast of a big barque in one of the patent locks and the breaking off of six feet of a steamer's mast in passing under a bridge. The merriment has not lasted to the end of the week, because it is now seen that the canal is a great reality, and that Manchester means business. Numerous vessels pass up and down daily. The warehouses are filling with goods. The wharves are thronged morning and night. The first sale of foreign fruit brought by the canal was a marked success and greatly encouraged exporters and importers. Steamers are being coaled rapidly and economically.

Havelock Wilson, M. P., leader of the Seamen's Firemen's union, tells me that he has been testing public sentiment on the question of the House of Lords at meetings which he addressed recently through the country. Contrary to the feeling in London, he declares that no topic appeals so strongly to working men in the country as the obstruction of the aristocracy. Every time he advocated the dissolution of the House of Lords, the suggestion was received with wild enthusiasm. "Down with the Lords" would be the best election cry of the next campaign, in his opinion.

Jules Roche, the well-known deputy, raised an alarm in Paris this week by declaring that there has been an annual deficit of $50,000,000 to $60,000,000 in the revenue for several years, in spite of an apparent balance in the budget accounts. The expenses of the Government increased from 2,775,000,000 frances in 1875 to 3,357,000,000 last year. Naval expenses increased from 204,000,000 frances in 1890 to 266,000,000 in the current year. It will not be surprising if an attempt be made before long in France to raise the cry that war will be cheaper than peace.

There has been another case of domestic discipline in the Austrian royal family this week. The conduct of Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, who quarrelled with his elder brother while on a trip around the world, and left the ship at Sidney, has been investigated by a family council The young man has been found to be in the wrong, and an unlimited leave of absence has been granted to him, with the loss of all his appointments.

The most striking exhibit of London's destitution ever made was the annual supper to waifs and strays on Thursday last, the coldest night for years. Two thousand small, hungry, half-clad boys and girls were fed. Many walked barefooted six miles on the icy pavements. Hundreds were turned away still hungry, there being only room and food enough for 2,000.

Among Paderewski's Christmas presents was a miniature grand piano in ebony, with tiny white keys of silver and black keys of gold. The little instrument has a sweet tone.

The Land of Sensational Crime.

The case of Marie Colombin, committed to the Paris assizes for attempted murder and suicide, came on for trial the other day. Marie Colombin, 42 years of age, who was in business as a feather-dresser, fell deeply in love with a porter named Reard, some 15 years younger than herself. Their relations ran smoothly enough for three years, but one day in August last Reard told his mistress suddenly that he intended leaving her, as he was about to get married. A distressing scene followed, but finally she appeared to become reconciled to the idea of this desertion. At dinner that night, however, she poured a narcotic in Reard's glass, and both retired to bed. During the night the porter woke up, in spite of the drug, and was horrified to see that his mistress had lighted a charcoal fire in the room, with the evident intention of putting an end to their lives. As he jumped out of bed and was endeavoring to make his escape from the fatal bedroom, Colombin fired two shots of a revolver and inflicted a slight wound on her lover, who, however, succeeded in making his way out. Baffled in her intention, Colombin then turned the revolver against herself, and was wounded in the hand and breast. She was conveyed to the hospital, where she soon recovered, and was given into custody. The prisoner pleaded her own case, with tears in her eyes, and gave so pathetic an account of the state of despair into which the idea of the impending desertion of her lover threw her that the jury were moved to grant her acquittal.

Dr. Holmes Answers Questions.

A young man ambitious for success wrote to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes not long ago propounding four questions which are often asked of public men, and the distinguished poet's answers are not without interest for their conciseness:—

My Dear Sir.—I must answer your questions, if at all, in my own hand, as my assistant is absent at this time.

1. A young man of good taste and good principles may safely go to see a good actor in a good play.

2. The best three good books? The Bible, Shakespeare's plays, and a good dictionary, say Worcester or Webster.

3. To obtain "real success"? Real work; concentration on some useful calling adapted to his abilities.

4. Shall he smoke? Certainly not. It is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and enslave the nature to an imperious habit likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed. Yours very truly. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance.

She Must Continue to Rule the Waves.

He Who Rules the Sea Dominates the Land.

Britons are very busy these days examining the grounds upon which they claim the mastery of the sea. Naval experts—whether or not with an eye to alarming Mr. Gladstone into a proper state of concern—say most uncomplimentary things of the condition of the navy. We are told, for instance, that we depend upon the assistance of loose-jointed Italy for our control of the Mediterranean; and, while we do not believe it, the assertion stirs us to a study of the situation. An anonymous writer, with evident claims to the cloak of authority, discusses the importance of retaining control of the sea in the current Fortnightly; and closes with a most vicious prod at the peaceful slumbering propensities of John Bull. The Mediterranean fleets of France and England are compared in detail; and the assertion made that "Mr. Bull" must now make good his pretensions to the control of that sea or formally abdicate all his responsibilities in the matter. He is there as the practical guardian of the peace of Europe, so long as he is overwhelmingly dominant; but the moment

HIS NAVAL SUPERIORITY

can be questioned, his fleet in the Mediterranean becomes a challenge and a provocation. "His present policy of pretension and powerlessness in the Mediterranean," says the writer, "is, perhaps, the most formidable of existing menances to the peace of the world."

So much for a spur shaped for the side of the Gladstone Government! Yet, there can be no doubt that the writer, who signs himself "Nauticus," makes out an exceedingly strong case for the prime importance of the control of the sea. Britons have long realized the value of this mastery of the ocean to them, for their island home would otherwise be at the mercy of its foes; but the task of this article is the setting up of a bolder claim to the general effect that he who rules the sea really dominates the land, and is almost certain to win in any land war where he has a fighting chance. The text-books upon which the writer depends are Capt. Mahan's two studies of the "Influence of Sea Power" from 1660 to 1783, and from 1793 to 1812. Capt. Mahan likens the ocean to

A VAST PLAIN

lying between the nations and contends that he who dominates the plain, "who can at will bar a path or trade route," is in a much better position than his neighbors. Then he applies the principle to the war times of the past, and discovers that in every case the master of the sea had incalculable advantages. Going so far back as the time of Hannibal, he finds an example of the application of this law:

"The Roman control of the water forced Hannibal to that long, perilous march through Gaul in which more than half his veteran troops wasted away; it enabled the elder Scipio, while sending his army from the Rhone on to Spain, to intercept Hannibal's communications, to return in person and face the invader at the Trebia. Throughout the war the legions passed by water, unmolested and unwearied, between Spain, which was Hannibal's base, and Italy, while the issue of the decisive battle of the Metaurus, hinging as it did upon the interior position of the Roman armies with reference to the forces of Hasdrubal and Hannibal, was ultimately due to the fact that the younger brother could not bring his succoring reinforcements by sea, but only by the land route through Gaul. Hence at the critical moment the two Carthaginian armies were separated by the length of Italy, and one was destroyed by the combined action of the Roman generals."

Another instance of the power of the same law of war strategy was seen during the Napoleonic struggle when Britain won simply and solely because of her control of the sea. Although she entered the war allied with many of the European nations, they all fell away from her until the island kingdom stood alone, and on the defensive. She was in this position until Trafalgar gave her

THE UNDISPUTED SWAY

of the ocean, and then she pushed an offensive campaign—"an offensive based absolutely upon her control of the sea." "Her presence in Portugal and Spain kept festering that Spanish ulcer which drained the strength of Napoleon's Empire," continues the writer, "and so, by slow degrees, the greatest military power that has been created in modern times was reduced to impotence." Nor does he fear that this domination of the sea can be seriously weakened by a system of forays or incursions. It would be impossible for any power to so absolutely control the ocean that no other power could send privateers or small cruisers to annoy her commerce. But this only amounts to a tax upon the commerce, increasing the risks of trade; and no power can be formidable at sea which cannot maintain a fleet there for a prolonged period.

The motive of the article is to arouse Britain to the necessity of strengthening her Mediterranean fleet. The writer contends that the powers bordering that sea are jealous of the fact that it is controlled by an outsider; and that Britain must plainly be

OF UNASSAILABLE STRENGTH

there if she is to avoid attack. He believes that to crush Britain would be to send British commerce largely to Germany, and thus to produce an effect that France, for instance, would not relish; but he fears that this belief is not shared by all European diplomats. Hence he pleads for a strong Mediterranean fleet in the interests of the peace of Europe. "I am concerned not for Great Britain," he says "but for Europe." He fancies that Europe is on the whole resigned to Britain's pretension to the supremacy of the sea, but it necessarily jostles and inconveniences many members of the European family, and they have a right to demand that, so long as Britain puts forward this claim, she shall so support it that no one will be tempted to disturb the peace of the world by putting it to proof. "Upon no other terms," he declares, "is her presence in the Mediterranean either tolerable or defensible."

Ada—"Wasn't Captain Beatty drowned when he fell off the yacht?" Elsie—"No; of course he could swim beautifully; he had his duck trousers on."

The Kootenay Star

SATURDAY, FEB. 17, 1893.

REVELSTOKE has become a place of much greater importance during the past 48 hours, being the chief town of an electoral district. The Government have done their duty well, and our member deserves all praise for the part he has taken in the consummation of our desires. The inclusion of Nakusp is perfectly just and right, and we cannot refrain from referring to the stand we took when the division was made which put Nakusp in the Nelson Division. But we have no desire to open up old sores in this time of rejoicing. Two such events as the return of the Victoria delegation with pledges of the speedy construction of two important wagon roads and the news that Revelstoke Division has been created an electoral district occurring in one week ought certainly to be celebrated by some kind of demonstration.

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BARBER SHOP & BATHROOMS,
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BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS.
SUPPERS and BALLS
Catered for.

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SHOES

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You'll find Bickerton on
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K. K. K.

THIS IS NOT A PUZZLE.

It is the trade name for

Kootenay Cough Cure

and a name that is becoming familiar in every home in Revelstoke.

SAMPLE BOTTLE, 10c.
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SLEIGHS,
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Concert-Entertainment
ON
MONDAY, February 26th, 1894.

Tickets - - - - - - 50 Cents.

PROGRAMME.

Chorus.....The Glee Club
Address by Rev. C. A. Procunier....
Song.....W. J. Lee
Ladies' Fancy Lantern Drill, with orchestral accompaniment.
Swedish song.....Miss Lindquist
Farce, in two parts—"The Virginia Mummy,"—"Mrs. Murphy's Boy Dennis".....
Club swinging by Misses L. and R. Valentine and E. Lewis, and Percy Lewis and Clarence Marsh.....
Quartette—"Juanita," Messrs. Shaw, Barber, Baylis and Coursier.
Song.....Guy Barber
Selection.....Orchestra
Glee—"Sleigh Riders' Serenade," the Glee Club.
Farce—"Two Heads are Better than One."
Quartette—"Hide Thou me," Messrs. Barber, Baylis, Coursier and Glass.
"God Save the Queen."

CHAIR TO BE TAKEN AT 7.30 SHARP.

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DAIRY & GARDEN PRODUCE
Established 1888.
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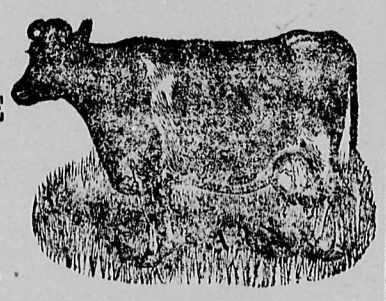

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HAM AND BACON A SPECIALTY.
FLOUR, FEED, HAY AND GRAIN.

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Those who require Prints or Dress Goods for the coming summer will find it greatly to their advantage to buy NOW.

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Tinware and Hardware by the carload.

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CHILDREN'S
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MILLINERY & MANTLES.
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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
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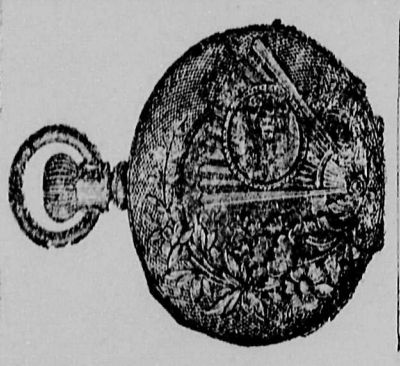

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