The Kootenay Star.

VOL. V. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., DECEMBER 2, 1893. No. 25.

Impudent Theft.—Warning to Pickers-up of Snaps.

A case of theft was tried before Messrs. Bourne and Fraser last Saturday which the magistrates wish to be brought before public notice. About dusk the previous evening a tramp unhung a Mackinaw shirt which was displayed outside H. N. Coursier's store and walked off with it. He offered it for sale at the Stockholm House, but Mr. Stone would not buy it, suspecting the man had not got it honestly. After the tramp had left Mr. Stone remembered he had seen similar shirts outside Coursier's, and informed Mr. Coursier of the occurrence. About half an hour later Mr. C. while at the post-office discovered the shirt tucked under the arm of a well-known citizen. A few questions elicited the fact that the shirt had been purchased by its latest possessor for less than half its value. The magistrates, in sentencing the prisoner to 30 days' hard labor, strongly condemned the action of the citizen in buying a new article from a stranger at what he must have known to be far below its value, and stated that if ever such a case came before them again they would punish the receiver as well as the thief, as the law holds him equally guilty.

LEE.—November 26th, at Revelstoke Station, the wife of Mr. Wm. Lee, of a daughter.

[ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.]

A Misleading Statement.

SIR,—Mr. Kirkup, at the meeting on Monday night, endeavored to lead those present to believe that I held $30 belonging to the Library Association. This is entirely misleading. The money is the surplus of the sum subscribed by all classes of citizens for the celebration of the Queen's Birthday, and a number of subscribers have intimated to me that they would decidedly object to its being used for library purposes. Mr. Kirkup said the committee had ordered me to hand the money over to the library. That is not true. There were EIGHT gentlemen on the committee, and only TWO of them (both members of the Library Association) have ever told me they wished the money to go to the library. There were other members of the committee who thought a portion of the money should be devoted to purchasing a national flag for the schoolhouse. Mr. Kirkup was not a member of the committee, but he is the head of the Library Association. His interference in the matter may be caused by a desire to get this small plum for the library, but it is unwarranted nevertheless, and I fail to see by what right he made such a false statement in a public meeting unless for the purpose of making me feel small. Moreover, the sum in my hands is not $30, but only $18, and I certainly shall not hand the money over to the Library Association without the full consent of the committee of eight. The library is no doubt a nice place for certain of the so-called elite of the town to go, and read the daily papers on the cheap, but there are institutions in this town more deserving of aid than the library—the Fire Brigade, for instance.—Yours truly,

THE SECRETARY OF SPORTS COMMITTEE.

Revelstoke, Nov. 30th, 1893.

William Cleveland, who has a pack train running between Thomson's and Trout Lake, left Hall's Landing yesterday morning and arrived here last night about 7.30. He walked the whole distance, and says he found the route in good condition with the exception of a portion at the rock bluff. He will probably put on a couple of teams between the end of the railway and Arrow Lake.

Sara Lord Bailey

WILL GIVE

HER CHOICE

ENTERTAINMENT

AND

RECITALS

IN THE

METHODIST CHURCH

ON

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15.

Commence at Eight o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

"The Boston Vendors' Call."..Bailey
"How the Ladies usually Fish."....
"Money Musk."....
"Life for Life."....
"Prompt Obedience."....
Selected....
"Engineer's Signal."....Burdette
"Royal Bumper Degree."....
"God Save the Queen."

LOCAL NEWS.

W. A. Jowett is at the Balmoral Hotel, Victoria.

Arthur Bennison has left the service of the C. P. R. to go ranching.

Mr. Henry Hay and son are making good progress towards recovery from mountain fever.

Mr. R. Howson and family moved into their new premises on Mackenzie Street last Monday.

Messrs. McKelvie & Co. of Vancouver have made about six tons of bolts for the Nakusp & Slocan Railway.

C. B. Hume & Co. have just received a complete assortment of ladies', misses' and children's shoes, slippers and overshoes.

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.

Leonard Place returned from Edmonton and other places in the Northwest, after an absence of fifteen months. He could not stay away any longer.

Those desiring Christmas Cakes and Fancy Breads will do well to leave their orders at the Bakery. Special attention will be given to that department in future.

Mr. Edward Mohun, C.E., Government engineer, arrived here from Vancouver on Wednesday. He will go to Nakusp to inspect the work done on the N. & S. Railway.

The toboggan slide was lit up Tuesday night and a few venturesome tobogganers endeavored to enjoy the sport, but the night was too cold and raw for thorough enjoyment.

The Winnipeg Free Press has an innovation in the shape of an illustrated Saturday supplement. "The Ebb Tide," a splendid serial by Robert Louis Stevenson, was commenced two weeks ago.

A welcome addition to our business men is Mr. Robt. S. Wilson, merchant tailor, who comes from Keewatin, Ont. Mr. Wilson is quite a young man, and is a skilled cutter and tailor. His advt. will appear next week.

F. W. Laing, our school teacher, has fallen into the clutches of la grippe, and the children are enjoying a holiday. Among the influenza patients are Mrs. Thos. Lewis, Mrs. A. N. Smith, Mr. Dan Robinson and Nels Anderson.

An old resident says the steamboats will not be able to ply on the river for two months after the ice clears off next spring, on account of lowness of water. Never within living memory has the river been so low at this season, and until the snow melts there will be no rise.

The weather has been extremely severe the past week, the average of frost recorded being 22 degrees, or only 10 above zero. Added to this has been a disagreeable northern breeze, which cut the skin like a knife and whirled the powdered snow like clouds of white dust.

Mr. W. J. Law, tailor and outfitter, has sold his business to Mr. R. Wilson, from Keewatin, Ont., who will carry a large stock. Mr. Law and family will move to Vernon, where he will carry on a real estate and insurance business. Revelstoke will learn of his departure with great regret.

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.

Although the town-site dispute is not yet settled there are some real estate movements taking place. Mr. A. F. Williamson's house has passed into the possession of Mr. James Lyttle, who is having the interior fitted up and furnished in handsome style. Who the young lady is we are not at liberty to mention.

Morgan David has bought a lot and will commence building a residence at once. He has also purchased a ranch near town. It is hinted that Morgan will use the ranch as a sort of refuge after Mrs. David and the family arrives; but the fact is he intends stocking it with big game—mostly bears and nondescripts.

Mr. S. Ballegawd had a nasty black eye last week, and some people thought he had been indulging in a fistic bout. It was the result of an accident which might have been fatal. While binding a load of logs with a spring pole it flew back and caught him in the face. He was taken to the Pharmacy for surgical treatment, and is now nearly well.

It is to be hoped the Fire Brigade Ball in Peterson's Hall on the 13th will be well patronized. All the proceeds, if there are any, will be devoted to the Brigade funds, and every citizen should buy a ticket, whether he attends or not. The refreshments will be furnished by Messrs Lewis, who have earned the reputation of being first class caterers. The music will be by Messrs Steed and Ahlin, and the committee will spare no efforts to make everyone comfortable. The tickets will be sold at the low price of $2.00 to enable friends at a distance to attend without entailing too much expense.

C. B. Hume & Co. have a full line of Granby Rubbers for ladies and gentlemen.

Hugh Smythe lost a roll of bills mounting to $50 at the station last Monday. He thinks he pulled the money out of his pocket with a bunch of keys. No one has reported finding it, but no doubt it has been picked up before now. Hugh is willing to go halves with the finder.

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.

All the mail bags taken down by the Steamer Illecillewaet last week, with the exception of those for Nakusp and New Denver, were brought back to Revelstoke on Monday and sent to their destination via Vancouver. In future only the Nakusp and New Denver mails will be sent via Revelstoke and the Columbia River route.

Mr. D. McGillivray, the well known contractor, arrived here from Vancouver on Wednesday and will go over the Revelstoke and Arrow Lake Railway, which is completed as far as the Green Slide. He will continue traffic this winter by means of 25 or 30 two-horse sleighs between the end of the line and Bannock Point on Arrow Lake.

The Ottawa Journal says of Sara Lord Bailey: "As pretty as a picture; as graceful as a Grecian goddess. Her selections had a charm of freshness, and in her rendition there was a sweetness of tone and appreciation of the subject that won her deserved plaudits." Miss Bailey will give a choice selection of recitals in the Methodist church on Friday, December 15. See advt.

Tom Horne came up from the Lardeau on Tuesday. He used a boat as far as Cariboo Bar, about nine miles this side of Hall's Landing, at which point the river was blocked by a big snow jam. From Cariboo Bar he walked the distance here, getting on the R. & L. A. track at the Green Slide, to which point the rails are laid. The Lardeau will remain an unvisited country until spring.

Mrs. Anna Harris, the distinguished lecturer of the Grand Lodge, I.O.G.T., gave addresses in the Methodist church on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The subject was "Temperance Reform" and the lady handled the subject in a very skilful manner. A fair-sized audience attended in spite of the inclement weather. Mrs. Harris will address the congregation in the Methodist Church to-morrow.

The Fireman's Ball at Donald last Tuesday night was a first class event, and was very largely attended. Dancing commenced at nine p.m. and was kept up till 4:30 a.m., with an interval at midnight for supper. Mr. Dan Alton was floor manager and the music was supplied by Messrs. J. F. Ahlin of Revelstoke, and A. E. Kincaid of Thomson's Landing. Donald still keeps the lead in the matter of social gatherings.

The Revelstoke & Arrow Lake Railway is now in running order as far as the Green Slide, and the extension to the Wigwam will be completed inside of two months if all's well. The station agent here has been sending freight over the new line for some time past, and will probably continue to do so all winter, sleighs being used from the end of the track to deep water on the Arrow Lake. About 200 tons of freight are still awaiting shipment to the lower country.

A meeting of the Douglas Street committee was held at the Central Hotel on Wednesday night. About $40 more are needed to pay off all indebtedness for work done, and it was decided to call on those gentlemen who had not subscribed and see if they could not be induced to contribute something towards such a great improvement to the appearance of the town as the opening up of Douglas Street has been. Nothing more can be done until spring, when an effort will made to complete the work. If the Government intends repairing the Big Bend trail next summer the crossing at the head of Douglas Street will be a certainty. The committee will issue a balance-sheet shortly.

Messrs. T. M. Sutherland and Robt. Tapping had a lively hunting experience on Wednesday in the bush near the mouth of the Illecillewaet. They came across the wild steer that escaped from Hull Bros.' herd about a month ago. The animal was quite savage and turned on his pursuers. "Johnny" Sutherland, who was loading wood on a sleigh, was startled at finding the steer charging him from behind and hastily climbed on top of the load of logs, which the infuriated animal began to scatter in all directions. Before anyone got hurt, however, the steer was brought down by shots from the rifles of Messrs. Tapping and T. M. Sutherland. The carcase was loaded on the sleigh and brought to town.

Struck a Rock.

The steamer Illecillewaet, which left here on Thursday week, is now lying on the beach about midway between the Green Slide and the Wigwam. She had a hole knocked in her bottom forward by striking a rock owing to the lowness of the water in the river, it being lower than ever known before at this time of the year. The freight, consisting mostly of flour and meal, was taken out uninjured, the men carrying the sacks having to wade about 60 feet to shore through three feet of water. The steamer has since been hauled on the beach, and will be thoroughly repaired where she lies. This puts an end to river navigation this season. Capt. Troup in the steamer Lytton came up as far as Cariboo Bar last week and had to turn back. He says he will not again attempt to enter the river this year. Traffic will be carried on between Revelstoke and Nakusp and New Denver by means of the Revelstoke & Arrow Lake Railway as far as the Wigwam, where sleighs will be used to the head of Arrow Lake. The sleigh route will cross the river at the Wigwam, passing through the settlement at Hall's Landing, on to Bannock Point, where the water is deep and never freezes. The boat will probably run from Nakusp to this point all winter, so that mails and passengers can reach the lower country. But the greatest misfortune is that the rails for the Nakusp & Slocan road can not be carried by this route, and the tracklaying between Nakusp and New Denver will be at a standstill till spring. Had the work on both railroads been commenced earlier in the summer they would have been in running order by this time.

LARDEAU NOTES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

THOMSON'S LANDING, Nov. 20th.

It is a long time since I sent you any news from this section, and the last budget I sent you got mislaid somehow and was never published. However, your correspondents at Lardeau City and Trout Lake kept you pretty well supplied with news all summer, but as they seem to be very quiet of late probably it is my turn to do something.

Messrs Greenlee and Banfield came in last Friday from the Black Prince. They report the claim looking better as depth is attained. They intend to ship about 1,000 tons next summer. The owners of the Silver Cup have their winter's supplies up at the mine, and will commence taking out ore for shipment after Christmas.

Messrs. F. C. Campbell and Fred Johnston have been carrying on development work on their claims, the "Badshot" and "No. 25." These claims are on the same lead as the now famous "Black Prince" and show a considerable body of the same character, assaying from $250 to $1100. They will ship ore next summer. They have closed down work on their claims and left Thomson's Landing for Nelson. They, as well as others, were anxious to see Mr. Kellie to urge upon him the importance of having a wagon road built from Thomson's Landing to Trout Lake, and having the work commenced as early in the spring as possible, so that it will be of some use next summer. The present trail is perfectly worthless for the shipment of ore. What is required for that purpose is a wagon road from Trout Lake to Thomson's, continued on to the deep water below Kincaid's; and good branch trails for rawhiding ore to the main road. Now that some five or six of our claims have reached the shipping point better roads are a necessity.

The stores at Thomson's and Trout Lake are pretty well stocked with provisions, so that it will not be necessary to make trips to Revelstoke this winter.

Mr. B. F. Ramey got into Jack Stauber's cariboo corrall last Friday and shot a fine young cariboo which will dress about 200lbs. The carcase was brought into Thomson's Landing where it will be used to enrich the Thomsonian soup pot.

We have fine hard weather here, with about two inches of the beautiful on the ground.

Mr. Beaton, as soon as the weather gets a little milder, will leave with 7 horses for Trout Lake. He has to wait for a soft day, as most of the load will be potatoes for Messrs C. B. Hume & Co.

A petition praying for the construction of a wagon road from the head of the Arm to Trout Lake is in circulation and we trust all those interested will sign it.

Stopped by an Ice Jam.

J. T. Nault and party, who left here last Thursday week with a scow load of provisions for Nakusp, met with rather hard luck a few miles down river. Their progress was stayed several times by small ice jams, but they managed to get along until they reached the Green Slide, where a bridge of snow and ice about a quarter of a mile wide had formed at the elbow where the river takes a sharp turn southward. They could go no further, so they got the scow ashore a little this side the rock bluff, where she is now, and where, in all likelihood, she will remain till next spring. She is not the least damaged, and in all the knocking about never shipped a drop of water. If possible Mr. Nault will have the freight taken on the R. & A. L. Railway as far as the tracks go, and from there to Bannock Point, at the head of Arrow Lake, by sleighs. If he cannot make this arrangement with the railway company he will bring his own sleighs and teams from Nakusp and do the work himself, as the provisions must reach Nakusp somehow. There were also on board the scow Mr. F. Bourne of Nakusp, E. Adair, Wm. Mackenzie, T. Reid, W. Kinman and others, who were taking down supplies for Hall's Landing. Messrs. Bourne, Adair and Kinman returned to town on Monday. As the frost was severe for several nights Mr. Adair thought he could portage his canoe over the ice jams further down and left on Thursday to see if he could get home with the greater portion of his effects. A cooking stove he will leave behind in the scow. Messrs Reid and Mackenzie did not come back and it is believed got through all right.

Meeting of the Fire Brigade and Library Association.

A largely attended meeting of the members of the Revelstoke Library Association and Fire Brigade was held in Mr. A. H. Holdich's office on Monday evening last, the object being to discuss the project of either utilizing the existing engine house for library purposes, or of arriving at some other arrangement which should be to the mutual benefit of both societies.

Chief W. M. Brown took the chair, and Mr. F. B. Wells, the secretary, performed the duties usually pertaining to his office.

The question was fully discussed, and it was decided that at present any union between the two societies would be difficult if not impossible to effect; but that the members of the library committee would meet and further consider the matter from their point of view. This discussion narrowed the subject to the better housing of the Chemical Engine, as the present quarters are utterly incapable of affording protection against frost; and it was finally arranged that a small committee should get estimates for a new engine house and proceed at once with its erection. The house will be about 30 feet long by 15 wide and be situated between Coursier's store and the Stockholm House, on Front street. The reason for building such a large room being to enable the Fire Brigade to have a convenient place of meeting without trespassing on the kindness of private citizens. The cost of material is expected to be about $200 and the labor will be given freely by Mr. Haskins and other members of the Fire Brigade. The proceeds of the 1st annual ball (see adv't.) will be devoted to this object.

BRITISH COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that in pursuance of the Act, a Map or Plan has this day been filed in the Department of Lands and Works setting forth the lands to be taken by the said Railway for right of way purposes between Station 4204x70, on the right bank of Michel Creek, at their lowest crossing of same; thence upstream to the north branch of same; thence up the north branch of same to Summit Creek; thence up Summit Creek to Summit Lake; thence upwards, continuing in about the same direction to the summit ground lying between the branches of Summit Creek and watershed between Summit Lake and Goose Lake, Station 4779 x 25, said to form a portion of the eastern boundary of the Province of British Columbia, a distance of 10 88-100ths miles.

THE FIRST

ANNUAL BALL

OF THE

REVELSTOKE FIRE BRIGADE

WILL TAKE PLACE IN

PETERSON'S HALL

ON

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 13th.

Dancing to commence at Nine o'clock.

THE REFRESHMENTS WILL BE BY MESSRS. LEWIS.

Tickets $2.00.

COMMITTEE:

J. W. Haskins, A. H. Holdich,
C. H. Allen, J. G. Barber.

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.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"THY HEART'S DESIRE"

"Dear, dear! Now, only do tell!" exclaims Mrs. Bradshaw Woollffe, in the solemn conclave of a feminine gathering at the commencement of the London season. "You ought to know, Mrs. Douglas. Is your daughter really going to marry Keith Athelstone after all?"

"After all!" echoes Mrs. Douglas, sharply. "All what?"

"Well, I guess you know pretty well what people said two seasons ago. But to think things should turn out like this—quite a romance! My—only to think of it!"

"It is not so unnatural," says Mrs. Douglas, loftily. "Mr. Athelstone was always deeply attached to my daughter, and, in fact, came home from America with the intention of proposing. But he was just too late. My dear girl had accepted Sir Francis Vavasour."

"Is that so? Well, I've heard another shaped tale about that. Anyhow, it seems Sir Francis was a brute to her, and she—well anyone who knows Lauraine, knows she's got real downright good stuff in her; and as for Vavasour—isn't there one of your national poets says: 'Nothing in his life became him like his leaving it'? That's just about his sort for an epitaph, I should say. No offence, I hope, Mrs. Douglas, though he was your son-in-law. You know I always speak my mind right plump out. There's no nonsense about me."

"I am not the least offended," says Mrs. Douglas, sweetly. "All men have faults, and Sir Francis Vavasour was certainly not as devoted a husband as my dear child had reason to expect. But you see she is rather cold and prudish, and all that, and he—well he had been spoilt by society. We must excuse him for being a little wild, and really they got on very well together, and nothing could exceed his kindness and generosity to Lauraine. And he has left her everything, and quite untrammelled."

"And she's going to marry Keith Athelstone next fall?"

"Well, her husband has been dead nearly a year, and dear Keith is so very delicate since that accident, and he has been ordered to winter at Algiers, and nothing will induce him to go unless Lauraine goes also."

"That was a queer thing, too," says Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woollffe, eagerly. "Never could make head or tail of it. That Lady Jean was kind of mixed up in that, wasn't she?"

"Really," says Mrs. Douglas, with her most stately air, "I must decline to say anything about that woman. Her conduct has been quite too disgraceful. Quite."

"Her conduct was no better or worse, hat I can see, when her husband was alive," answers Mrs. Woollffe. "She was always bad, though, of course, no one could see it until Joel Salomans had lost all his money and blown his brains out. I've never heard a good word of her since."

Mrs. Douglas looks uncomfortable.

"Of course, as long as society is not publicly outraged, as long as there is some show of decency, it puts up with a great deal; but when anyone is imprudent enough to overstep the boundary mark, that quite alters the case."

"Of course," agrees Mrs. Woollffe, with a smile. "It's only natural to wink at what suits our convenience. I wonder why Lady Jean has never come to London again since she married that foreigner, Count——what's his name?"

"Count Karolyski. I don't know, I'm sure. But I think it is just as well. No one in her old set could possibly receive her."

"Well, your English society beats me!" exclaims Mrs. Bradshaw B. Woollffe. "Guess you're the rummest lot of people on the face of creation. What—you're not going?"

"Yes, I must. It is Lady Etwynde Carlisle's day, you know; and I want to look in and hear some later news of my child. She corresponds so constantly with her friend. Of course, it is only natural."

"Old cat," murmurs Mrs. Woollffe, as the satin skirts trail away in the distance. "You could not blackguard your daughter enough once, and now it's 'dear child,' and 'dear Keith.' Ugh! I've no patience with such humbug. Ah, there is Nan and her husband. Nan, my dear, such news. Keith Athelstone is going to marry and whom do you think?"

"Lady Vavasour, of course" answers the young Countess of Longleat, quietly.

"Why you knew!" exclaims Mrs. Bradshaw Woollffe disappointed.

"I didn't; I only guessed. I always thought it would come to that. Poor Keith!"

She sighs, and the radiant eyes grow a little dim. A vision of the handsome face and figure of the man who had been her girlish hero rises suddenly before her; in contrast to them she sees the red hair and burly frame of her own lord and master.

"Well, fretting's no good," she says, with a little laugh at the contrast. "I was awfully fond of Keith, and I do hope he'll be happy at last. He's had a long spell of—the other thing."

And meanwhile where is the prime mover in the plot that was to ruin Lauraine's happiness—that was to have been a scheme of vengeance perfect as woman's malice and skill could make it?

The world of society, of fashion—the world which she delights in, and has delighted—knows Lady Jean no more.

If she had never met her master in all her life before, she met him in the person of Count Karolyski. He was a stern tyrant and jealous ruler. Once his wife, and once safe among the gloomy solitudes of his own possessions in the Carpathian range, there was neither peace nor liberty for the Lady Jean.

Passionate, exacting, cruel, domineering, was this man, who had for her an absorbing passion, but neither trust nor belief, resolved that she should never escape his keeping, let her chafe and fret as she would.

When she had heard of Sir Francis Vavasour's death she had congratulated herself on her prudent acceptance of this other man, more especially as she knew that his action had rid Lauraine of her lover, and poisoned all the freedom of her sudden release.

But when in course of time she learnt of Keith's recovery, her rage and fury knew no bounds. Then, for the first time as yet in their married life, she gave her husband a specimen of her tigress temper; but then also for the first, though not for the last time, did she learn that she had sold herself into a bondage from which there was no escape, and, galled, fretted, half broken-hearted, she found herself compelled to do his bidding and accept her present fate.

If Lauraine had been unhappy too, it would have sweetened the gall and wormwood of her own lot; but that her rival should have peace and happiness, and she herself sink to a life that was as dreary as a captive's, was the crowning stab to her many wounds.

And yet, burn in anger, chafe in humiliation as she might, there was no help for her and no possibility of escade. The violence of her tempestuous passions only seemed to amuse him. Tears and reproaches alike beat against the stony calm and immovability of his nature, as futile waves may lash a rock that has borne their fury for centuries.

Do what she might, act as she pleased, one fact alone showed itself to her. She was a disappointed and helpless woman, and she was in the power of a master against whom it was useless to rebel.

The long dreary days went by, empty as a rifled grave, cold with the chill of an endless despair.

Such was her life; such would be her life for all the future now. Her soul might rebel as it would, and her heart grow sick within her as the sullen shadows of memory dogged her every footstep, but she was powerless to evade or resent. Her evil deeds had gained now their own reward—the vengeance she had planned for another had recoiled on her own head.

And where are the two about whom so much gossip is rife, concerning whom so many tongues are wagging?"

Have the sundered lives been joined at last? Has fate done its worst, and, wearied of spite, grown callous now as to what may or may not ensue?

Two days after Lauraine had left him, Sir Francis Vavasour died. His presentiment had been true, but his sacrifice had, in some way, softened the bitterness of death.

Lauraine was smitten with terrible remorse. It seemed to her always as if she should have withstood his wishes and remained by his side until the end.

Even her husband's dying words—the message penned by his hand—failed to comfort her, and it took all Lady Etwynde's persuasions, and all Colonel Carlisle's strong common sense, and all Keith's tender reproaches to lessen the sharpness of her own self-accusation—to convince her that her fault, if fault it were, deserved no such harsh condemnation as she feared.

A year has passed since freedom came to her—a year so peaceful and so calm that sorrow and pain, and self-accusing seem lulled to rest, and once again Keith whispers of happiness in store.

A year, and to-morrow she will wed her lover.

He kneels by her side in the summer moon-light—his heart too full of rapture for words—his eyes resting ever on her face with that adoration neither has wearied of yet.

"You are happy—you are sure you are happy?" he asks, as he has asked a thousand times before.

"Ah, yes," she sighs. "Too happy almost it seems to me."

"And of what were you thinking all this long time?"

"I was thinking of something Etwynde told me long ago, dear, when I was very wicked, very discontented, very wretched."

"What was it?"

"That anthem from the 'Elijah:' 'Trust in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He will give thee thy heart's desire.'"

"And what was—your—heart's desire, my own?"

"Can you ask?" she murmurs, passionately; and in the soft summer dusk he draws her arms about his neck, and kisses the trembling lips.

"I can, I do. Tell me," he says, with soft insistence.

"Just your own graceless self, Keith?"

[THE END.]

A Great Load from His Employer's Mind.

There was a look of stern determination on the young man's face as he started for the private office of the head of the firm—such a look as comes to a man's face when he has at last made up his mind to do or to die.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"Come in!"

The young man hesitated for the millioneth part of a second and drew a long breath. It was against the rules of the house for an employe to draw a long breath during working hours, but our hero chanced it.

"Well?" queried the head of the firm as he looked up with an icy glare in his eyes.

"Mr. Overall," began the young man as he made a great effort to control his emotion, "I have been with you over four years."

"Yes."

"I trust that during this long period my conduct has been such that—"

"But this is no time to come to me with any such request."

"Mr. Overall, I was advised to come to you weeks ago, but I put it off."

"Then put it off again. Haven't you got sense enough to realize that this country has been on the verge of a panic?"

"I know it has, sir; but one may love during a panic as well as when times are easy. Mr. Over—"

"Love! Love! What in Jericho has love got to do with it? You are now getting twenty-five dollars a week, I believe, and if you aren't satisfied you can quit."

"Mr. Overall, you have a daughter."

"Yes, I know—three of 'em."

"I love the eldest—your Edith—and I know she loves me."

"And you want to ask her hand in marriage?"

"I do."

"Take it! Take Edith, Jane and Sarah all three of 'em if they'll have you—and get married to-morrow if you want to!"

"Mr. Overall, how can I ever—"

"Shut up and get out! Great Scott, but what a shock you gave me! I thought you had come to ask for a raise of $1 a week on your salary! Young man, next time you want to marry into my family come in here and jump on my neck in a business way instead of scaring me out of a year's growth. You take 'em and marry 'em and and be happy and get out!"—[N. Y. Mercury.

Hence the Family Jar.

"Are you sick, dear?" anxiously queried Mrs. Bowser as Mr. Bowser came home the other evening with that peculiar drag to the legs which she well knew signified that something was wrong.

"Who is supposed to run the interior of this house?" he demanded as he let his hat fall on the floor and sat down in a way to jar the house from cellar to garret.

"I am, of course," she replied. "Has anything happened to the interior of our house?"

"If there is another house in North America run on your system, I'd like to see it! The wonder to me is that I haven't been driven to the verge of desperation and committed some awful deed. Mrs. Bowser, I give you fair warning that—that—"

And Mr. Bowser swallowed the lump in his throat and flushed up and glared around the room like a tiger driven to bay.

"Will you please explain what has happened?" quietly asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Look at me!" he hoarsely whispered as he rose up and extended his arms at full length.

"Why, what's wrong?"

"What's wrong! Look at the set of this collar—this shirt—this coat! I'm all hunched up and humped over! I've felt like a man tied up in a sack all the afternoon, and when I got off the street car I fell on my head and shoulders and was guyed at for being drunk!"

"Let me see if I can find out what's the matter. You were late this morning and in a great hurry about dressing. Let me help you off with your coat. Do you see this, Mr. Bowser?"

"See what?"

"Here is one of your suspenders twisted around on your back. In your hurry you forgot to slip it over your shoulder. The other end is also unbuttoned behind. It's no wonder you felt hunched up, as you call it. Let's get your vest off."

"I'd like to know who dared fool with my clothes in this fashion!" growled Mr. Bowser as he wriggled out of his vest.

"Look at this!" said Mrs. Bowser as she removed a towel from his shoulder. "I gave you this clean towel as I went down stairs and you threw it over your shoulder and left it there. That was one of the humps you felt."

"I'll give $10,000 to find the party who played that game on me!" shouted Mr. Bowser, trying to look very fierce.

"And you say your shirt hunches up?"

"Hunches! Why, the blamed thing has been trying to climb over my head all day, while my collar has almost sawed off my ears."

Mrs. Bowser turned him around and opened his shirt and quietly observed:

"Its no wonder I looked the whole house over for your night shirt and couldn't find it."

"Oh! I suppose you have discovered it under my collar button!" he replied.

A portion of it is. In your hurry you didn't take it off, but put on your day shirt over it."

"What! Are you trying to make out that I'm a born idiot!" howled Mr. Bowser as he danced around. "I know I never did a thing of that sort."

"But it's there, and no wonder you felt so uncomfortable. I don't see how you got your collar around your neck."

"Do you mean to say I've got on my night shirt?" he demanded as a paleness succeeded the flush on his cheeks.

"I do, and here is one of your socks caught on the buckle of your trousers and rolled up in a ball!"

"And I did it myself?"

"Why, who else could have done it?"

Mr. Bowser marched off upstairs and redressed himself. In doing so he came across the necktie he had worn the day before smuggled away between the two shirts. He realized that he didn't have much of a case against Mrs. Bowser, but it would never do to let her off scot-free. Therefore as he came down stairs and she asked him if he didn't feel more like himself, he drew himself up to his full height, looked down at her for a proper length of time, and then replied:

"Mrs. Bowser, don't let this thing happen again—not if you wish to continue living in your present position! That is all. It is no use discussing the matter, and it doesn't look well for a wife to give her husband any back talk. We will now go down to dinner, and in overlooking the matter as I have I trust you will be induced to be more careful in the future!"

A Surgeon's Nerve.

It is the common belief that a surgeon must possess what is spoken of as an extraordinary good nerve, and you may perhaps doubt if you possess this. At the same time you must bear in mind that in the case of a surgeon the coolness, or calmness, which is so admirable and necessary in an operation does not imply the possession of any remarkable personal quality, but it is the simplest result of a complete knowledge of what he is doing. It is rather the natural outcome of his accurate familiarity of anatomy, and his daily habit.

A trooper would require a very fine nerve to go to a masthead, or a sailor to ride an unmanageable horse across a country, but a sailor's confidence aloft is due more to a matter of habit than to any particular amount of courage. In saying this, I do not wish to depreciate the calmness of the surgeon in the face of difficulties, but I may tell you quite plainly that if you haven't enough courage to be a surgeon I should be very much ashamed of you, and you would turn out to be a very poor creature, whatever occupation you might follow. Still this fact remains, and you may, perhaps, be interested to hear that I, who have known many good surgeons, have never seen one who has not possessed a very fine courage.

In short, a very good surgeon is, in my humble opinion, a very fine fellow, and when I see (as I do see) the extraordinary achievements of modern surgery, I am very proud of belonging to a profession which has made life so much more endurable and prolonged to the human race. So, possibly, the great fascination which surgery no doubt possesses to many, appeals more strongly to men of courage and determination than to those persons of more weakly constituted minds, or to those who are less vertebrate altogether.

At each breath a grown person inhales one pint of air.

Women own or manage one-third of the fruit ranches of California.

Grower in California.

I had an experience with wild geese in California, and it is so big that few, except those who are familiar with them, can readily believe it," said State Senator Dare to a San Francisco Examiner reporter. "I own a ranch of 14,000 acres at Knight's Landing, on the Sacramento—the Yolo ranch. I raise a great deal of wheat, and every year as soon as the wheat comes up the country is overrun with geese. I have seen droves of them two or three miles long, and so thick that when you shoot into them with a rifle you are bound to hit some of them. They are so plentiful that I am obliged to hire herders to keep them off. They settle in great bands. A band will settle down on five acres, say, and you won't hear a quack nor a squawk, but the geese are there and very industrious, and before you know it they have pulled up and eaten every bit of the grain. They have a skillful way of grasping the tender shoots in their mouths and pulling and relaxing and pulling again till they get the swollen grains with the blades and then eat the whole. A storm is almost sure to bring them in large numbers, but they often come in entirely fair weather. I keep many herders to drive them away. If it were not for this I wouldn't have any wheat. The men are armed with loud-sounding Winchesters and they keep shooting among them all the time. At night the geese don't bother, but early in the morning and all through the day they literally swarm. The herders go out very early in the morning and stay all day. It is a continual battle. The geese must be kept going all the time or the wheat is gone. When the men are plowing they get very close to the geese. Take fourteen or sixteen teams, each with a big plow that turns four furrows. They come along in a string. The first one is a good way off. The next is a little closer, and so on till the last one is fifty feet or more nearer than the first one was. The geese don't notice this and a man can knock them over as he goes by. I saw one man take a monkey-wrench and bowl away and kill one. In fact, if anyone wants geese he may easily kill them by thousands, and I was almost going to say millions, up there. I have killed them myself many a time. The annual visitation of the geese at Knight's Landing is not a joke. It is the sternest kind of reality and means a heavy loss if warfare is not kept up against them."

Some Anecdotes of Artists.

There is probably no profession in the whole range of human effort in which more eccentric things are done by its followers than in that of the painter. The following stories culled from various sources indicate the truth of this assertion, and will be found amusing as well:

Delacroix, the painter, was walking out one day in Paris with a friend of his, when he fell into a brown-study.

"What is up with you now?" said the friend.

"I can't get a certain shade of yellow," replied the artist.

"What sort of yellow?"

Just then a cab drove past.

"The very thing!" the painter gasped out. "Stop! Stop!"

"I am engaged," the cabby replied, without stopping.

Delacroix started in pursuit, and at a steep place in the Rue des Martyrs overtook the cab. Opening the door, he said, in tones of entreaty, to the passenger inside:

"Do please tell your driver to stop; I want your complexion for a painting on which I am at work. There is a color-merchant close at hand. I shall not detain you above five minutes, and in acknowledgment of the service you render me I will present you with a sketch of my picture."

The bargain was struck; Delacroix got his yellow, and a few months later the "fare" received a sketch of his "Assassination of the Archbishop of Liege."

Another artist, celebrated in his day as a successful painter of portraits, while making a counterfeit presentment of a lady, perceived that when he came to draw the mouth she tried to render it smaller by contracting her lips.

"Pray do not trouble yourself so much, madam," he exclaimed. "If you like, I will draw your face without any mouth at all.

A somewhat eccentric individual was the Flemish painter Craasbeck, of whom it is told that once, fearing that his wife had ceased to love him, and anxious to discover if his fears were founded on fact, he resolved upon an extraordinary test. He tore his blouse from his chest and painted just above his heart a very vivid representation of a wound. He then painted his lips and cheeks so that they presented a ghastly aspect, covered his palette-knife and his garments with spots of red paint, gave a shriek, and fell to the floor as if dead. The test was successful. Madame Craasbeck, hearing the shriek, rushed into the room, and supposing that her husband had been killed or had killed himself, gave way to what was to the supposed victim on the floor a series of very gratifying outbursts of grief. What the lady said when her lord and master sat up and informed her that he was only shamming, history does not record; but if she failed to go from one extreme to the other and give him a round scolding, she certainly missed a great opportunity, and showed herself a woman of marvellous self-control.

How to Dry Wet Shoes.

When, without overshoes, you have been caught in a heavy rain-storm, perhaps you have known already what to do with your best kid boots, which have been thoroughly wet through, and which, if left to dry in the ordinary way, will be stiff, brittle, and unlovely? If not, you will be glad to learn what I heard only recently, from one whose experience is of value.

First wipe off gently with a soft cloth all surface water and mud; then, while still wet, rub well with kerosene-oil, using for the purpose the furred side of Canton flannel. Set them aside till partially dry, when a second treatment with oil is advisable. They may then be deposited in a conveniently warm place, where they will dry gradually and thoroughly. Before applying French kid-dressing, give them a final rubbing with the flannel, still slightly dampened with kerosene, and your boots will be soft and flexible as new kid, and be very little affected by their bath in the rain.

This term is usually confined to two forms of trouble that prevail mostly in the fall, and are supposed to be due to emanations from swamps of stagnant water, attended with rank growth of vegetation, especially of grass and weed variety.

While water is high and vegetation is not matured the disorders do not manifest themselves, but when the season is far advanced, and water has mostly disappeared and vegtation is decomposing, the malarial troubles appear. It comes in one or two forms, viz., intermittent fever or bilious remittent fever. The latter seems to be only the former intensified.

Typical intermittents have three distinct stages during a paroxysm and a period of intermission of 24, 48 or 72 hours, when one feels comparatively well. The periods vary in their length, and the stages in the order of their coming or in intensity of diseased action somewhat according to the constitution of the patient or their bodily health when the malaria found them.

The three stages are usually that of chill, fever and sweat. Sometimes these stages get mixed a little, *i. e.* the skin will feel hot when chill is on and patient is shaking; again, sweat will appear with the chill; again, a hard chill and little fever or vice versa.

The routine prescription is a fever medicine during attack and 10 to 20 grains of quinine in the intervals, divided into two-grain doses. The common fever remedy is aconite 10 or 12 drops of 3d in half glass of water and take a teaspoonful every hour till sweat begins. As to medicine in the interval, we must protest against the indiscriminate use of quinine. Now and then a case may need it, and when it is the remedy it is not needed in any such quantity. A better form would be to put enough tincture of cinchona in water to color it decidedly, then take a teaspoonful every two hours in 2d day chills and every hour in every day chills. In the place of this remedy twice a day, take nux vomica in the same way; every other time take the cinchona. This is the drug from which quinine is made.

The cases that mostly require this remedy are those which have the different stages quite well marked and where the patient is usually healthy and rather full blooded. Persons that are weakly, pale, thin in flesh, or have weak digestion or bowels, are not the right persons for cinchona and especially for quinine. The latter drug may stop the paroxysm for one, two, or three weeks, when it returns and the same drug must be repeated in larger doses. While this tumble-down and build-up process is going on the general health is being undermined and the sufferer has a fair prospect for an all winter's siege, with finally an enlarged spleen (ague cake.) The thin, weakly persons should use, instead of above drugs, ipecac, if much nausea, especially at smell of victuals during interval; natrum muriaticum if much headache sets in at the beginning of the paroxysms and continues all through, and even sometimes extends from one paroxysm to the next; arsenicum if chill and fever get mixed up, and especially if a person has a faulty digestion at other times.

These remedies should be taken in the interval from one to two hours apart as directed for cinchona. When the chill is a shake and the chief thing, nux vomica may be best in the interval. Use about 10 drops of the third alternation in water, or the pills, all of which are in the case except natrum.

One who has chronic ague must be careful about being out in night air, eating apples, or rich food, or overeating. Some cases that have been on hand for months will need the guidance of a physician.

The best way to do in this disease as in most others, is to rest during the interval, as well as in the attacks. The second form is when there is no interval of comparative health between attacks. The fever abates but does not wholly go off. This is called bilious remittent fever and must be treated much the same way and with same remedies as intermittent fever. At this time of the year, probably many readers are victims of "ague." An adjuvant during the fever, if not chilly, is frequent sponging with tepid water.

Don't Cough!

In all bronchial affections the paroxysms of the cough should be placed as far as possible under control of the will.

The old idea that disagreeable sensations in the throat indicated the presence there of "something which ought to come up" has been entirely displaced by the more rational view that the continued and prolonged efforts to expel that "something" are often productive of more mischief than would result from its being allowed to remain.

There is attendant upon every disease of the bronchial tubes a greater or less amount of mucus, which exudes from the membranous lining of the tube. Of course there are the accompanying signs of inflammation—heat, pain, swelling and redness; but it is the mucous exudation which is for the most part responsible for the disagreeable sensations which we instinctively attempt to alleviate by coughing.

Now it is certain that, in a great majority of instances, where the general health of the patient is not attacked, this exudation undergoes what is called resolution; that is, it is re-absorbed through the fine network of blood-vessels about the tubes into the blood, where it is taken care of, and complete recovery is effected.

On the other hand, let us suppose that we do not wait for resolution to take place; but that, on the theory that every particle of the exudation should be expelled, as being of a poisonous nature, we strain to exhaustion every muscle of expiration, and, in fact, the whole system. What follows?

We may have accomplished our immediate object, or the seat of the inflammation may have been out of reach. In either event, if we could see the point at which our efforts had been directed, we should discover that they had not been productive of the results anticipated. Instead of the inflammation being in any way allayed, we should find that an effect had been produced similar to that which follows scratching an itching sore. The irritation has for the moment been relieved, but it is only a question of time when it will return with renewed energy.

The habit of endeavoring to expel more of the exudation than will come away with gentle and infrequent coughing is an exhausting and idle one.

The Empress of Austria is a great smoker. She averages sixty cigarettes a day.

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

CHAPTER I.

The rose is living on her cheeks,
The lily in her rounded chin;
She speaks but when her whole soul speaks,
And then the two flow out and in
And mix their red and white to make
The hue for which I'd Paradise forsake.

The old house, in spite of the decay that is fast compassing its ruin, is looking lovely in the rays of this hot noon sunshine. The windows are all blazing as though on fire, and seem to be seeking comfort from the cool green of the ivy that is hanging round them,—framing them, as it were,—hanging too closely, indeed, to some of them, as though suggesting the idea that a clipping would be good for it.

Decidedly the ivy does want clipping; but, alas, the old house wants so many things! "It is difficult to grow old gracefully," says Madame de Stael in one of her charming letters. No one has ever contradicted her, and indeed this old house, so very much the worse for wear, is an argument on her side. Yet there are some beautiful features about its fading.

The terraces, for one thing,—or rather for two things,—are looking delightful today. They too are bathed in the lovely light that shows up all the flaws and ruined places. It shines indiscriminately on the broken body of the Diana over there, on the headless Cupid in this corner, on the exquisite old cedar on the lawn below, and on the two bare spaces in the balustrade where the pillars have been broken away, and through which the boys now sometimes creep, to the terror of the old nurse (who is as old as everything else in this sweet forsaken spot), and clamber down by the ivy branches, coming, as a rule, to the end of their journey with a tumble to the turf below.

In the garden beyond, the fountain is dead. Great Pan has ceased his playing. His pipe lies idle in his mouth; one of his hands is gone; and the big banks where flowers used to lie in profusion, enriching the air—why, they are dead too, and dull, and forgotten. Yet there is about these banks a certain air as if some one had been desirous of restoring their fallen glories. A digging here, a prodding there. A boyish hand, perhaps; an amateur's hand, beyond question. It might be a girl's. Whatever it is, it seems to have done little good. The violets alone have proved grateful for the slight if honest care bestowed upon them: in the spring, year after year, they rush to deck this sad and lonely bank, making glad the world around them by their priceless presence.

Just beyond this "wilderness of sweets" a little garden lies, all wooded round by evergreens, bays, laurels, and the red-flowered escallonia. In here flowers grow apace, as swift as weeds, though weeds there are none,—only such dear flower-blossoms as are known to us from childhood,—things that cost us nothing, that would fetch but a poor price in any market, and that yet are so sweet to our souls,—so beyond all money!—flowers that speak to us with a living breath, a living beauty, and a thousand fond memories, past griefs, past joys.

This is Terry's garden.

Upon the green, sloping lawn before the house, three stately beech-trees, broad and strong and great, are spreading their branches; beneath them shadows lie. Far, far beyond them is a glimpse of the ocean, silver and green, but no sound comes from it to-day. This day is so still that hardly even a twitter from the birds disturbs the air.

Silence lies on everything.

A silence broken now, however, and in a most tempestuous fashion. Out from one of the drawing-room windows, brushing aside the too obtrusive ivy that looks as if it would have liked to catch her and detain her, springs a slight girlish figure; after her rush two boys. For a moment, like a bird, she alights upon the terrace, poising herself as it were, then flies to the steps, and away.

Away across the sunlit lawn; away over the tiny, sparkling stream, her two hounds in full cry; away into the scented wood beyond, and out again. Across the road now, and through an opening in the hedge into another wood, and so on, and on, and on."

Swift as Atalanta she flies; no laugh upon her parted lips. This is business. But oh, here is an obstacle!

A high wall uprears itself before her: she has made a mistake, has come the wrong way. She glances back, her blue eyes full of the desire for victory, the excitement of the chase rendering every nerve tense. Yes, they are gaining on her. "The foe, they come, they come!"

This dreadful wall! Her eager and (it must be confessed) experienced eyes search it from side to side. There is very little time for search; the foes, and "those of her own household" too, draw nearer every second.

With a little wild brandishing of her arms she makes for a kindly projecting stone in the wall before her, that up to this had escaped her notice, and, catching by the mosses and grasses that decorate the wall's old sides, she clambers to the top of it, and standing there, looks down at the other side.

It is steep,—horribly steep. Eagerly she looks to the right; no hope. As eagerly she looks to the left, and here her eyes stand still.

"Do you want to come down, Miss O'More?" asks a voice that has something of surprised condemnation in it.

"Oh, is that you?" cries Terry, Frantically. "Hurry! hurry! Help me down!" She is too excited at the moment to notice the disagreeable tone in his voice, but afterwards it comes back to her and rankles in her heart. "They'll be here in a second! Give me your hands!" She leans down towards him. "Oh, hurry—do!"

"One moment," says Mr. Trefusis, calmly, taking his gun from his shoulder. He has been sent out by his hostess to shoot a rabbit, as Miss Anson wants a rabbit-skin to make something for the coming bazaar that is to be held in the school-house.

"There isn't a moment!" cries Terry, wildly. "They"—looking back—"they have turned the corner! What!" stamping her foot impatiently on the top of the wall "what are you doing with that gun?"

"Taking out the cartridge," says the Englishman, immovably. "I think it unwise—actually reprehensible—ever to let a gun out of one's possession loaded; and you say your brothers are coming?"

"Oh, bother your gun!" cries Terry. "Look here. If you won't help me, I'll jump."

"I beg you won't do that," says Mr. Trefusis, coming quickly to her. He has flung both the gun and the cartridges upon the ground. He has unloaded it, however. Now, placing one foot against the wall, he reaches up his arms to her, and she, catching his hands, springs light as a feather to the ground.

"This is Den!" she cries triumphantly. She breaks into a burst of merry laughter as the boys' heads now appear at the top of the wall. In a moment they have swung themselves over and are beside her. I've won!" she cries gayly. "That's another penny. It was five-pence yesterday. It's sixpence now." She laughs again; her laugh is like music, sweet, spontaneous, irrestible.

"Oh, it isn't fair!" cries the eldest boy Max, who has the face of an angel, but a nature that I'm afraid even the strongest-minded angel would disown. "Mr. Trefusis helped you; we saw him. Of course if we had people to help us, we'd have won"

"He only gave me his hand. Wasn't that all, Mr. Trefusis?"

Trefusis regards her curiously. Does she know how anxious he is to give her his hand forever? But her question is still unanswered, and, being an Englishman, he answers it to the letter.

"Both hands, I think," says he. Somehow the answer seems to militate against her in the eyes of the two pursuers.

"There! you see!" says Geoffrey, the second boy, who is the very image of his sister. "He thinks it unfair, too!"

"Do you?" asks the girl, turning to Trefusis hotly. "Oh, yes,"—resenting his hesitation, which arises only from a desire to understand the situation,—"I can see you do. I," indignantly, "I'm very sorry I asked you to help me at all. I could have jumped it quite easily by myself."

"I am glad, however, I was on the spot,' returns Trefusis, calmly,—with, indeed, most aggravating calmness. "You might have seriously hurt yourself if you had jumped down here; sprained your ankle, or——"

"Nonsense!" says Terry, shortly.

"There have been cases of the kind, however," continues Trefusis, coloring slightly. "And, besides, to run so much as you do, do you think it wise?" "Ladylike" was on the tip of his tongue, but Providence came to his aid and suppressed it.

"I don't think about it at all," says Miss O'More, with a little tilt of her chin: there is distinct resentment in her glance. "If you object to running, then don't run. As for me, I am now going to run again—home Come, boys."

The boys are at her side in a moment.

"If you think I didn't win that last penny fairly," says she," I'll race you all over again. But you must give me the same odds. To that tree over there,' pointing to a distant birch.

"All right," cry the boys in a breath. They have thrown themselves into running attitudes, and Terry is about to start, when Trefusis comes quickly forward:

"Miss O'More, a word. I have a letter from your cousin for you: I was going to your place with it. She hopes you will come up to dinner to-night."

Whatever Terry's cousin may be feeling on the subject, there is unmistakable hope in the face of Trefusis.

"You—I may tell her you are coming?" says he, seeing with a curious pang at his heart that she has not even cared to open the letter he has given her.

"Oh, I don't know," returns she carelessly. "I'll think about it. At all events, I'll send her word."

"But——"

"There isn't time for 'buts,'" cries she, with a rather malicious little laugh at him. "Now—Geoff—Max—I'm off!"

And, like a second Atalanta, away she flies again, like an arrow from its bow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What is In Accident?

To the non-legal mind the term "accident" would appear to be easily defined, but the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn thought not, and on several occasions insurance companies have sought a definition in the courts of law. It has been decided that a sunstroke is not an accident, but that injury to the spine through lifting a heavy weight is one. Even if physical ailments contribute to an accident, it is covered by the policy.

The relatives of a man who, while bathing in shallow water, was seized with a fit and suffocated, sustained their claim, as did those of a man who, when similarly seized, fell under a train and was killed. Again, a person having fallen and dislocated his shoulder was put to bed and carefully nursed, but in less than a month he died of pneumonia. The connection between that complaint and a dislocated shoulder is not at once visible, but on the ground that the restlessness and susceptibility to cold produced by the accident led to the disease which killed him, the relatives were held to be entitled to claim.

"The influence of intoxicating liquor" has been authoritatively defined as "influence which disturbs the balance of a man's mind or the intelligent exercise of his faculties," and injuries received while in that condition are not covered by an accident policy. Nor are those caused by running obvious risk, as crossing a railway, even at a proper place, without exercising due care to avoid passing trains. —[Chambers's Journal.

He Well Deserves It.

The newly-elected mayor of a country town was about to make his first journey in that capacity through the place.

The townspeople had arranged that from an arch of flowers under which he was to pass a floral crown should be hung surmounted by the words: "He well deserves it."

But the wind blew away the crown, and when the pompous mayor passed under the arch, to the great joy of those who had voted against him, only a rope with a noose at the end of it dangled, with "He well deserves it" standing out in bold relief above it.

The slipper was probably the very first home mission board.

A Monarchy Where There is a Dominant Democracy—The Freest Institutions Under the Sun.

The English people are very odd to American eyes. Visitors from this side of the ocean find a dominant democracy in England, so far as the extended franchise can place power in the hands of the populace, but it is not a radical democracy or one given to change. The masses may meet in Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square on a Sunday and applaud the most incendiary speeches, may assail so openly the monarchy that unaccustomed listeners might go away with the impression that the throne would be overturned before night, but the next morning all England goes peaceably to work and affairs glide along in the same old path. Like the sailorman, the Britisher likes his growl and he must have it out uninterruptedly. Try to prevent him and he breaks into riot, but let him vent his grievances to the top of his bent and he will subside quietly and go about his avocation like the happiest man in the world. He knows in his heart that the system of government under which he lives is the

FREEST AND MOST STABLE IN

the world, and though he may breathe threats against it, yet he would be the first to spring to its defence were it assailed by anyone but himself. Public utterance there is the safety valve of the people, and under its ample provisions things are said openly which in France, in Germany, and even in free America, would be considered, and in some cases would actually be, a danger to the state. The reason of this is that if the Britisher, when he starts out to growl, does not know how to hold his tongue, he has full command of his faculties and he loves deeply that which he is contented to abuse.

What struck the foreign visitors to London during the festivities incidental to the marriage of the Duke of York was the intense enthusiasm of the crowds for the reigning family. The streets around and adjacent to the royal residence were packed with the London multitude singing "God Save the Queen" as an assurance to the august, venerable and splendid woman who fills the throne that the hearts of her subjects were with her. The Russian notables were particularly impressed by this incident. Coming from a country where the sovereign fears to venture into the most frequented paths lest he should be assassinated by his unruly and discontented subjects, this popular ebullition of the love of a people for their ruler, which expressed not only the feeling of London, but what Londoners are pleased to call the provinces, which includes all that is not London, was a revelation to those who knew only despotism and all its hateful consequences. Socialistic ideas permeate the mass in England as they do in many other countries, but it is not the violent and destructive socialism of the continent, because the latter is atheistical and murderous, while the socialism of Britain is tempered by the teachings of Christianity which

THE PEOPLE REVERE

and strive to live up to, however short they may fall of the ideal. Even their religion is a part of their conservatism, and they who look for radical change must regard the tenacity with which this people have clung to their forms through the centuries, and still cling to them. If they are not the chosen people according to the Scriptures, they have, at least, inherited the promises and have worked out a civilization unique in history and have gone far and suffered much in carrying their belief, their virility, and their love of all which is upright and manly to all parts of the universe.

The sandalled legions of Rome in the days of her imperial power may have carried respect and fear to all parts of the then known world, but in her palmiest days her power was infinitesimal compared with that of the Britain of to-day. Wherever the Anglo-Saxon has penetrated, there the red coat has been prepared to follow him, to uphold him against oppression and wrong, and to emphasize the principle that fear exacts what civility might not be prepared to pay.

The monarchical system will survive in Great Britain because the people know that it is the safest and best form which could be adopted. Some may hint at a gradual growth of opinion adverse to the monarchy, but we do not believe that it will ever manifest itself to the extent of such a drastic change as is suggested. The remarkable woman who now wields the sceptre is bowed down with years, and it cannot be very long, though we hope it may, before she must surrender the rule to her son, the Prince of Wales, and we believe that his accession to the throne will be received with satisfaction by the people, without prejudice to the affection with which they now regard his royal mother.

Viewed through the American press, His Royal Highness is a reckless spendthrift and an immoral man. It must be remembered that this estimate of him is formed for the purpose of feeding the hostility which obtains in certain parts of the States against the royal family and the British establishment generally. If half the things which are said about His Royal Highness in the American press were true, it is hardly possible that he should occupy

THE HIGH PLACE

he does in the estimation of the people over whom he will be king one day. His position is such that he cannot adopt the means resorted to by ordinary persons to protect himself from vicious attacks of this nature, and, therefore, he is more exposed to slander and sneers. But no reputable paper in England or the colonies accepts the frequent reports of him in the American press as being in any way truthful, and they do not sully their columns with repetition of them. The Prince is like any other gentleman in his conduct, but, in the words of Swift, "Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent." The great prominence of his position keeps him in the public eye all the time, but it speaks highly for the understanding and honor of the British press that it does not give currency to the miserable scandals which are concocted for American consumption and brazenly published. On November 9th, the Prince reached his fifty-second birthday. That his days have been useful, that he has given much time and attention to the wants of the people, there is ample testimony. Indeed, judging from the accounts of his work, there are few busier men in England than he and none more popular. He is received everywhere with the respect due to his position, and with the greetings usually bestowed upon those who will find in him a man fitted in every way for the first place in the world and that he will prove himself every inch a King.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

Interesting Items About Well Known Personages.

Queen Victoria's will is engrossed in vellum, quarto size, and is bound as a volume and secured by a private lock.

Thomas Slingland, of Paterson, N.J., shot himself, well-nigh fatally, and then asked for a cigarette. He was determined to die.

Lord Dunraven, of yachting fame, derives a goodly portion of his income from the proceeds of his farming operations in America.

Pere Hyacinthe, for whom the French are collecting a popular subscription, has been obliged to take pupils in order to earn a livelihood.

The death of Marshal MacMahon leaves but a single officer, Canrobert, wearing that highest of French military titles, "Marechal de France," instituted in 1185.

Thomas Murphy, the son of Francis Murphy, has taken up the temperance work of his father, and last week held a series of large and successful meetings in Waterbury Ct.

James Gordon Bennett, who has been confined to his room by the coaching accident in Paris, is to be taken to the Riviera, but his friends are reported hopeless that he will ever recover.

Lady Tennyson has always been a notable housekeeper. Early in his married life the late poet laureate said, jestingly, that should literature fail, his wife could keep the family from poverty by her culinary skill.

Robert Penistan, who died last Monday in the Forrest Home at Philadelphia, was the winner of the grand prize of $500,000 in the Royal Havana lottery drawn April 22, 1873; yet in less than six years he had been stripped of his easily gained wealth and died a recipient of charity.

Charles P. Graves, of Helena, Mont., who was married at Lexington, Ky., the other day, is one of the wealthiest colored men in the United States. He is president of two mining companies in Montana, and is said to be a millionaire. He married a well-known colored woman of Lexington.

The Duke of Westminster, who owns a large number of houses in the fashionable district of Mayfair (London), has declined to lease to any surgeon, physician, dentist or medical men in general. He gives no explanation for it, but the accepted opinion is that it is simply a fad.

Mme. Alice Le Plongeon, who, with her husband, Dr. Le Plongeon, spent a long term of years in Yucatan and Central America searching for relics of past ages, is a pale, slender, delicate-looking woman—the last one would select as having a physique fitted to undergo the perils of the wildernesses.

The queen's favorite among her Scottish chaplains is said to be Dr. Donald Macleod, of Glasgow, the brother of the famous Norman Macleod. Though not a man of genius or a specially eloquent preacher, he is sagacious and able, especially in matters of business, and deservedly occupies a high position.

The late Lucy Stone was the eighth of nine children, and the night before her birth her mother milked eight cows. When she learned the child's sex she said: "Oh, dear, I am sorry it's a girl—a woman's life is so hard!" Lucy, even when yet a child, became indignant at the injustice done to women by the world and resolved with infantile spirit to remedy the matter when she grew up.

Roman Walls in Germany and England.

An important discovery has lately been made by the German archæologists who are exploring the remains of the Roman frontier works, locally styled "Pfahlgraben or Teufelsmauer," which cross Western Germany from the Rhine near Coblenz to the Danube near Regensburg. These works consist of substantial rampart and ditch or, near the Danube, of a rough stone wall, with forts and towers at suitable intervals, and the German Government has lately appointed a Reichlimes Commission to explore the whole scientifically.

A speedy result has been the addition of a new feature to the works. In front, that is on the hostile side, a small ditch has been discovered, which contain large stones set up edgeways in continuous line, wedged upright by small stones and bottomed with coal, potsherds, and other things which clearly did not grow on the spot. This discovery corresponds to certain statements in the writings of the Roman land surveyors, and seems to show that the demarcation of the frontier was originally a civil affair. The line of the rampart suggests the same conclusion, for it pursues a straight course without regard to tactical positions or possibilities of defence. The frontier line was a civil, military matter.

Curiously enough, says an English paper, we have lately had reason to form a very similar conclusion with respect to our own Roman frontier which crosses England from Newcastle to Carlisle, and is usually called Hadrian's Wall. General Von Sarwey, the military director of the German excavations, came to England in July to visit this wall, and was accompanied on his tour by a party of Oxford and local archæologists.

The general result of the observations made was to confirm the theory that the vallum, or earthwork which runs south of the actual stone wall, was a piece of civil and not of military engineering, and it seems probable that it preceded the stone wall. In other words, the Romans first made a frontier on the principles of civil engineering, marking it by earthworks and a ditch, and were then compelled to fortify it with a stone wall, which in many places deviates from the earlier line in order to take a strong position.

The conclusion to be derived from both the English and the German instances suggests that in the earlier days of the Empire the Romans cared little for scientific frontiers. Minute as their frontier organization was, it was not essentially a military matter. But they had no civilized enemy to contend against.

One drink too much caused a Hamilton man to see a long snake in his garden. He valiantly attacked it with an axe, and in a few minutes settled the monster. The next morning he discovered that he had cut up his garden hose.

A Human Eden, Untouched by the Step of Progress.

The good Bishop Urgel, who exercises supreme authority in the vale, has vetoed as satanic the introduction of telegraphs and telephones to that primitive region.

The Vale of Andorra is, as most readers are probably aware, one of the three really happy and contented States in Europe. The other two are the principality of Monaco and the small republic of Saint Marino. Andorra, which figures as a mere speck on the map, stands between France on the north and Spain on the South, and is reckoned by those who have seen it one of the most charming spots in the Pyrenees. There are 9,000 inhabitants, who, with a few exceptions, are either shepherds or cultivators of the soil. "The Emperor with the flowing Beard"—Charlemagne—gave them their autonomy, and most admirable has been the use they have made of their liberty. The State is governed by a council composed of twenty-four members elected each year, and from among the elders in the community he who is considered the wisest and is the most respected is chosen as President for life.

It appears that the State has been free from crime since the end of the seventeenth century, and when that matter is alluded to by any of the inhabitants they invariably make the sign of the cross. The particular crime appears to have been the result of a love affair. All public duties are performed gratuitously, with the exception of services rendered by the two notaries who practise there, and who obtain payment when they are employed; but pray think of it, only two notaries in a population of 9,000!

The head of every family, whether represented by father or eldest son, is supreme. Either the one or the other is implicitly obeyed, as it has always been the custom in patriarchal families. Andorra is too near to the Spanish frontier for its inhabitants to have entirely escaped the influence of pride of caste which characterizes the former nation. Indeed, there is no prouder race in the world than the Andorrans; they could give points to the noblest hidalgo. The Andorran's word is his bond, and one might very naturally ask. What can the two notaries possibly have to do? The men are all soldiers, but in their annals, which are all in manuscript, there is no mention of any battle having been fought within the last ten centuries. They tell the time principally by sun dials, and do without actors, brokers, and policemen.

The impression produced at sight of the magnificent pine-capped mountains in the Vale of Andorra, split up here and there by torrents which come rushing down their sides, and form at their base two rivers the Ordino and the Embalire is one of enchantment. The Lowlands of the valleys, bordered by gigantic chestnut and walnut trees, are rich in crops of golden corn, among which the vine and olive trees spread their twisted branches. Herds of cattle browse on the green plains, the snow-white fleeces of the sheep shining like silver beneath the rays of the setting sun. Intersecting streams are redolent of trout; and any quantity of game—grouse, patridges, and other birds, fly unconcernedly within a stone's throw of human beings, as if they were never interfered with or had never smelt powder, which probably they seldom or never have. It has been said that if the half tame bears of the Pyrenees were only bold enough, they would put in an appearance in the square opposite the church of Andorra and dance to amuse the children.

It is in this arcadian spot that enterprise is naturally anxious in view of progressive eventualities of erecting telegraph poles and affixing wires which, at all events for the present, could serve no useful purpose beyond providing a perch for the numerous birds flying about the country. Moreover, where it is a question of directing the electric current, a circumference of a few hundred miles more or less in transit can make no difference. Owing to its geographical and pastoral conditions the Vale of Andorra has prospered outside the stir and turmoil of a busy world, satisfied with it own traditional history, and unregretful of having no glorious deeds to record.

Giving the Clerk a Tip.

The swell hotel clerk felt that he had taken his guest's measure very accurately as the newcomer set down his bag by the counter and reached for the register.

"What are the prices of your rooms?" inquired the stranger.

"Two dollars and upwards."

"Two dollars and downwards you mean, don't you?" inquired the guest meekly.

"No, sir: it is just as I said. If you want cheaper rooms you will have to go eleswhere."

The guest was as serene as a May morning.

"On what floor are your $2 rooms?" he asked.

"Top floor."

"Anything on the roof?"

"The clerk looked surprised.

"Of course not."

"Where are your high-priced rooms?"

"On the lower floor."

You don't go up from the $2 rooms to get to them do you?"

"Certainly not."

"You go down from the $2 rooms to get to them, don't you?"

The clerk began to catch on.

"Yes, sir," he said. "If you——

"That is to say," interrupted the guest, "your prices are $2 and downward. Give me the best you've got in the house," and the clerk bowed so low that his diamond stud was thrown completely into the shadow.

Wanted to go Somewhere.

Little Boy—"May I go out to play?"

Mamma—"Not to-day. You have a cold and I would not have it get worse for the world."

"May I go to the store for you? It's close by, you know."

"I don't need anything now."

"May I go and have my photograph taken, so you'll know how I looked when I am dead?"

"Mercy! no. You had your photograph taken only last week."

"Well, you might let me go and have a tooth pulled, anyhow."

No unvaccinated man is permitted to vote in Norway.

The Kootenay Star

SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1893.

It is a pity the electors of West Kootenay, and more especially of the Revelstoke division, have not thought it worth while to put their names on the voting list. According to the returns from the Provincial Secretary's office the number on the list on the 31st March last was as follows:—East Kootenay, 517; West Kootenay, 285. Of this 285 Revelstoke is credited with 79. There must surely be some mistake, as we looked over the Revelstoke list a short time ago and counted 280 names on it. But be this as it may, it shows great negligence on the part of Revelstoke people in treating this important matter as of no consequence. An election takes place next year, and if we desire to elect the man of our choice we must have every citizen entitled to a vote on the list. Seventy-nine votes in a population of 1,500 is a disgrace to the division and to the province. Some people seem to have the idea that when they pay their Provincial Revenue tax the collector will put their names on the voting list, but the mere fact of paying this tax does not entitle a man to vote. He must fill out a form, which can be obtained at the Courthouse, declaring himself to be a British subject of one year's residence in the province and two months in the district.

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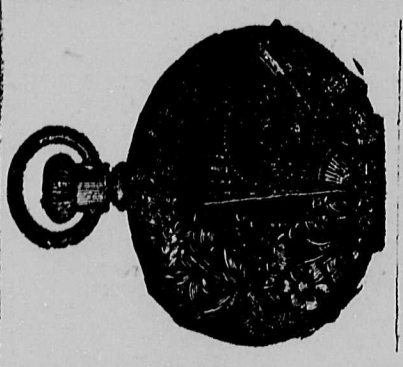

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