OKANAGAN MINING REVIEW

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Fine Fishing and Shooting in the vicinity....

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Blaze Away

in the City Dailies and the Magazines for city orders, but you will not get the country trade through these mediums.

☞ It requires the Local Weeklies to reach the pocket-books of those people who live, and live well, too, in the agricultural and mining districts of the Province.

The Okanagan Mining Review

is the best medium for reaching the people of the Southern Interior of British Columbia.

W. PELLEW HARVEY

Analytical Chemist
And Assayer

GOLDEN, - - - BRITISH COLUMBIA

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Assayer to the British Columbia Government of all Specimens sent from the Province to THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1892.

BY THE CAMP FIRES

A Fine Old Camp That Will Yet See Better Days.

CAMP McKINNEY AND BEYOND.

Abandoned Now But Brighter Hopes in Store.

Reported for THE MINING REVIEW.
(CONTINUED)

Like a lone star in the mountain wilderness stands Camp McKinney, for the nearest settlement to it is that of Anarchist mountain, miles so southward. Although standing on a high mountain from which, if the country were more open, a delightful prospect might be had (for on all sides are mountains densely timbered, those lying to eastward and northeastward being drained by the Kettle river and its smaller tributary streams, and those to southward and southeastward by Rock creek), but as it is, little can be seen owing to the fact that the camp itself stands in the timber.

Getting into the camp, among the first corner stakes to come in view are those marking the Anarchist mineral claim, owned by R. G. Sidley, and a short piece farther on is the cluster of houses with even some pretensions of a public street which marked the commencement of a mining town; and with the single exceptions of Kelowna and Camp Fairview there are no places in the lower country south of Vernon, so far as number of houses is concerned and the arrangement of them along a street, that present as much the appearance of a budding town. And yet this all is for the present almost totally abandoned, for with the exception of one or two men, none of the once busy population are left to tell the tale of former hopes and aspirations. The style of architecture was as bold and aspiring as the facilities of the builders would permit, for in the middle of the forest the only lumber procurable had to be whipsawed, and as the axe, adze and auger are the favorite tools of the backwoods joiner, cornice, peristyle and architrave are lacking in the architectural embellishments of the once busy mining town of "Rock creek quartz camp," for this is the name it bore to distinguish it from the placer camps at and near the mouth of Rock creek, and this the old-timers still call it. A large comfortable looking building is the hostelry now owned by Charlie Dietz, who is the only present permanent resident of the place, and beneath its hospitable roof many a traveler has been right royally entertained. The store formerly kept by Mr. Thos. Elliott now of Fairview, stands empty and with it a number of other houses, but in addition to this nucleus of a town there are scattered about the camp, buildings here and there on claims that had been developed, such as shaft houses, assay offices, cabins, etc. These are all closed up and the silence that pervades the place is almost oppressive. An almost mournful air of abandonment over all, though dumps piled up with ore attest the vigor with which former operations had been carried on, but even this and the timber lying about begin to take on an old look. Here are to be seen trenches thrown up,

"And there the stumbling ledge
With quartz out-crop that lay atop, now levelled to its edge.
And mounds of moss-grown stumps beside the woodman's rolling chips,
And gashes in the trampled soil that gape with dumb red lips;
And yet above the shattered wreck and ruin curling higher,
Ah yes! still lifts the smoke that marks the welcome old camp fire."

THOS. ELLIOTT

Dealer in

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And Miners' Supplies

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Steamer Penticton

Leaves Penticton Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday

And Leaves Okanagan Landing Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

☞ Through Freight Rates to Lower Country Points.

☞ For Freight and Passenger Rates Apply to

THOS. RILEY, Captain

At the time of our visit Charlie Dietz was attending court at Fairview and one other man at that time was the sole occupant of the camp, although the trails around the camp were fresh and dusty owing to the fact that a gang of men who had been doing development work on a couple of claims for Jas. Monahan & Co., of Spokane, had left a few days before.

Camp McKinney was discovered along in 1883 by McKinney and Rice, who located the Cariboo claim on a ledge running east and west. On this ledge are some seven different claims lying alongside of each other. Of these, two lie to the east of the Cariboo and four to the west.

The Cariboo is now owned by a company, principally Americans, and the leading spirits are Messrs. Monahan and King, of Spokane. On it over $5000 worth of development work has been done, and this has shown that the ore can be pretty safely counted on as $30 gold ore, for Camp McKinney is a gold camp. The Amelia lying immediately east of the Cariboo is also owned by Monahan & Co. and was taken up by Lefevre and Barnaham in 1885. On it about $5000 worth of development work has been done, embracing a 60-foot shaft and other work. East of the Amelia is the Okanagan, taken up by Johnny Moran and Charlie Winkler; and Matt Hodder and Steve Mangott also had interests in it, though it is now owned by J. Irving. About $1000 of work has been done on it and the ore averages about $30 gold to the ton. West of the Cariboo, and joining it on the same ledge, is the Alice owned by the Gold Quartz Mining Co., of Victoria, and next is the Emma also owned by the same company. On these two about $2000 worth of development work has been done. Next comes the Maple Leaf which is owned by Jas Leach, and next the Eureka by the Douglass Mining Co. It was the operations on this mine that gave to Camp McKinney its great status as a mining camp. On it is a large shaft house, and an assay office and boarding house for the miners. The development work done on it will go fully $35,000 and consists of a shaft 150 feet deep besides cross cuts. South of the Amelia and Cariboo and joining close on them is the Minnehaha owned by Wm. G. Macmyn, which was first taken up by Lefevre, and known as the Montreal, but being re-staked is now known as the Minnehaha. It is staked under the new law and has one or two assessments done on it. South of the Alice and Emma is the Kamloops owned by Johnny Moran, upon which about $700 worth of work has been done.

Another belt lying to the east of these and running north and south has several claims. Among these are the Argen owned by J. A. Mara, M. P., and west of it the Vanouver owned by Jno. Irving. Both of these have been sufficiently developed to warrant the issue of a crown grant. South of them but not immediately adjoining, is the Fontenoy formerly the old Carbonate. This claim is held by H. Cameron for the estate of A. D. Stronek. Southward and adjoining it is the Evening Tide owned by Dougal Cameron.

Southwest of the Eureka is the Anarchist, formerly known as the old Bouncer, and it is owned by R. G. Sidley. Upon it four assessments have been done and good assays obtained, while the ledge has the characteristics of the true fissure vein. Other noted claims in camp are the Sailor Boy, owned by Charlie Dietz, upon which he has done about $1000 worth of work. Tht Boadicea, too, was taken up by Edward James among the first and is still owned by him. On it $600 or more of work has been done. The Snowdon was taken up by Mr. James and T. Elliott among the first and they still own it. The work done on it is about $1000. Geo. Reynolds about the same time took up the Alpha and still owns it; the work done is about $1000. The Victoria was taken up early by Gerricke and is now owned by the Haynes estate. About $3000 worth of work has been done on it.

With such claims as these and such large expenditures in development work it will be wondered that such a camp is now comparatively deserted, but this is no fault of either the mines or mine-owners. The fault lies entirely with the Government in failing to have a wagon road made by which mine-owners could bring in machinery. The great wonder is that men like Mr. Douglass were able to get in such machinery as they did take in over trails cut out by themselves. But as soon as a road is built to open up Camp McKinney, there is little doubt that quartz mills will soon go in, and the camp will once more regain its old appearance of activity.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CITY AND VICINITY.

Subscribe for THE REVIEW.

Ed. Myers, "the bronco buster," has gone up to Mara.

Mrs. Worgan left on Thursday for her home in Vernon.

H. O. de Baugy has gone to Vernon where he will spend the winter.

Mr. Prepsel left on Thursday via Penticton for La Grande, Oregon.

Harry Shuttleworth is wearing a smile of paternal benignity on account of the arrival of a little daughter.

Chief Francois, of Penticton, and his better half have been spending a week with their daughter Mrs. Shuttleworth.

The firm of Holman & Loewen, general agents of the townsite company, has been dissolved, the business being continued by the latter.

Mose Thompson has gone to Vernon to undergo a surgical operation, rendered necessary through straining himself from heavy lifting. During his absence Professor Crawford holds the belt.

Mr. J. Sullivan, late manager of Mr. Ellis' ranch here, left yesterday for his own ranch near Mara, which he intends to improve. He and his family will be much missed in the neighborhood.

Charlie Gage left yesterday for Tappen's Siding. On Tuesday evening the boys gave him a send off at Hotel d'Economie when a most enjoyable time was spent. Charlie's genial good nature and pleasant ways have made him many friends here and they wish him every success.

$800 Per Day.

Lately the owners of the Morning Star, Messrs. Mangott & McEachern, have been getting the use of the Strathcyre Company's quartz mill for a run on their ore, which although not sorted is going over $50 to the ton in free milling gold. About $800 per day is being made on the run. In three shifts the output of gold was 9½ lbs., and the owners now hold the Morning Star away up.

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

When something will be done towards utilizing the water-power of the falls.

....

When the proposed hotel will cease to be simply proposed.

....

When some of the proposed industries shown on the townsite company's map will become realities.

....

When Canada will have a gold coinage of her own.

....

When the new hotel at Penticton will be opened.

The C. P. R. telegraph line is now open for business from Revelstoke to Nakusp and New Denver.

The silver men of the United States are more confident than ever of some legislative compromise fairly favorable to their views being passed very shortly, and indications point strongly in that direction. In default of this they will keep up the fight against the repeal of the Sherman act, unless accompanied by some proposal of subsequent legislation in favor of silver re-monetization.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

The stirring adventure herein recorded occurred in the early days of the settlement of southern Ontario, and the story is still told by the descendents of some of the principal actors in the event.

A party of savages from New York had crossed over into Ontario, collected a large number of horses belonging to certain of the settlers and escaped with them across the river unmolested. It was a mere thieving expedition, unattended with loss of life or any violence. The scout, Joshua Baker, was a sufferer by this foray. Four horses were stolen from him, among them a fine, blooded mare, on which he set a fine value.

On discovering his loss, without wasting time in summoning the assistance of neighbors, he set out at once in pursuit, accompanied by an Irishman in his employ named Delaney.

Bold Mike Delaney was a true son of Erin; a stalwart fellow of about thirty years of age, a native of Dublin. Mike loved a fray always, especially when the odds were on the other side, and he hated red niggers, as the Indians were sometimes called, as the devil hates holy water. "Rid nagurs," he called them.

Though he had been but a few years on the frontier, a lively experience in Indian fighting, during that exciting period when the savages from the neighborhoods of the Miami and the Scioto, alarmed at the steady encroachments of the whites, were redoubling their exertions against them, had taught him much of Indian ways. It had not conquered in him, however, a spirit of reckless audacity which, on more than one occasion, had been near proving the end of him.

The scout, on the other hand, by a long and active apprenticeship in border warfare, had become thoroughly versed in Indian character, in savage ways and wiles, and was one of the most trusted men upon the frontier. Though venturesome he was prudent, and enjoyed among the settlers a reputation for courage and sagacity not inferior to that of Boone or Kenton.

For two days they followed the trail in Ohio in a northwesterly direction without getting an opportunity to strike, so vigilant were the savages, so keenly apprehensive of pursuit. Each evening spies were posted on commanding points and vigilant watch was maintained throughout the night, so much did they fear the white man's vengeance.

On the evening of the third day, the pursued party, fifteen in number, came upon a camp of thirty or forty other Indians, from whom they had probably separated to make the raid into Ontario. They were encamped in a meadow, covered with grass, which lay between tall forests on the east and west. These, closing round it at a distance on the north, formed an amphitheatre of woods. On the south, the prospect was unobstructed almost as far as the eye could reach, save by bushes occasionally and here and there clumps of small trees

The pursuers now took counsel with each other as to the best course to be pursued. Both were of opinion that the Indians would not likely be at any time more off their guard than they would become now, made confident of security by so great an accession of numbers.

The camp was on the east side of the meadow close to the forest, wherein secreted, the pursuers peered forth through the leaves of the underwood upon the foe. So near had they approached that they could not only hear distinctly the voices, but could distinguish the features of some of the nearer Indians.

To the north of the camp the horses, of which there were nearly a hundred, including those stolen and those belonging to the Indians, were turned loose to browse upon the pasturage of the wild meadow. Their strayings were limited by a narrow stream which crossed the meadow from forest to forest. No other restraint seemed imposed.

The hunters, having made due survey of the camp, then determined to withdraw and take up a position in nearer proximity to the horses. The shades of night, which were rapidly coming on, enabled them to execute this maneuver with less likelihood of detection. Withdrawing more toward the interior of the wood, they descended a long, gently sloping hill within the forest, and reached the bank of the stream referred to, where it left the meadow. Following its course, they presently emerged into the open, keeping carefully behind the shelter of the bank.

Twilight had set in now, and the prospect was becoming more obscured every moment. The moon, which rode high in the heavens, was nearly hidden by clouds, while faint gleams of lightning and the rumble of distant thunder, announced an approaching storm, the camp-fires were seen to the south, burning brightly, and dusky forms flitting about them.

"Hist, Mike!" whispered Baker, laying his hand on his companion's shoulder, as they peered over the bank in the direction of the camp. "Was that a voice yonder? Hark!" Both men bent their ears to listen. There by the tree, I mean."

"I heard nothing more than a chipmunk barkin' in the bush," answered Mike, presently. "A more ilegent sound, be me soul, than any redskin iver made."

"I must have been mistaken," replied the other.

A brief silence thereupon ensued, after which he continued:

"I'd like to know just where to lay hands on the mare. I can't make her out now. But I marked her well this evening, browsing toward the middle of the field. She was feeding this way. She can't be far from here now, unless she turned back, which she may have done."

"If we can ase a dozen or so of thim off by the side of the wood yonder and get away, we'll be doin' good day's job, I'm thinkin" remarked Delaney. "It ought not to be so hard.'

"Have you the ropes safe?" inquired the scout, after a paus during which he rose, half erect, upon the bank in order to take a wider survey of the prospect.

As safe as mesilf." replied Mike, "and that's not so safe aither, perhaps, but ready for use, all the same.

Here a flash of lightning, more vivid than any that had occurred yet, lit up the scene, and was followed by a louder peal of thunder than any that had preceded it.

"Whew! But that is near!" exclaimed Delaney. "The storm is coming on fast. It's raining now and coming in big drops."

"Let us keep along the bank and reconnoiter. The lightning will aid us in finding what we are after. But make use of every bush."

"All right. Lade on!" assented Mike.

The horses were seen feeding together in groups or dotted over the pasture, but the darkness prevented them from being separately identified. The hunters believed that if they escaped observation from the camp they would be secure from detection. They had not observed that Indian guards had stationed themselves, earlier in the evening, along the line of the stream, to watch the horses. These were lying there now, separated by intervals of three or four hundred feet, crouching in the long grass, one not two hundred feet ahead of them.

The lightning was becoming every moment more frequent and vivid now, and the thunder nearer and louder. Presently, a flash of dazzling brilliance lit up the field with the splendor of noonday, and was followed, or accompanied rather, by a deafening crash which seemed to rend the very heavens. Some of the horses neighed with affright and went galloping about the pasture.

"There is the mare now, not twenty paces away!" exlaimed Baker, who was standing now upright upon the bank, with Delaney beside him, unscreened by any tree or bush.

"Her and auld Christopher beside her," said the latter. "I'd know the two among a thousand. How it lightens! Whew!"

"Give me the ropes, and I'll get them hbot in a jiffy by such continuous light. Keep along the bank, Mike, and head them that way if they run. Quick!"

Delaney handed him the ropes and proceeded to do as directed; but he had not taken a dozen steps, stumbling along over the inequalities of the ground, when a dark object sprang up out of the grass before him, the muzzle of a gun was placed to his breast and the trigger drawn. A flash followed, but the weapon remained undischarged. It was thus, by the merest accident, that Delaney's life was saved.

Finding his gun useless, the Indian—for such it was—uttering a whoop of alarm which rang above the storm, grasped for his knife; but, before he could extricate it, Delaney sprang upon him. A desperate struggle ensued upon the edge of the steep bank. For a few moments the result of the contest seemed doubtful. The two men were pretty evenly matched in strength, but Delaney was the more active and the more expert wrestler. The Indian all the time kept uttering that alarming whoop.

Now they bore away from the bank, anon they approached it. Their forms toppled upon the edge. Their feet with difficulty retained a hold upon it, and nothing but a miracle seemed adequate to keep them from being precipitated into the stream. Delaney had his wits alert, however, to prevent such a catastrophe. Bracing himself with one foot against a slight projection of the bank, with a skillful move of the other he knocked his opponent's feet from under him. The Indian fell, with his head away from the stream, and Delaney fell upon him.

"Take that for the divil's son of a rid nagur!" he exclaimed, drawing his knife and plunging it into his foe.

Then, extricating himself quickly from the grasp of the dead Indian, he made swiftly toward Baker. The scout, at a distance, was busy with the horses, unaware of the struggle just concluded, though he had heard the outcry.

Meanwhile the yells of the savage had aroused the camp, as well as the others stationed along the bank of the stream, and by the wood. Yells resounded on all hands. The horses, loose in the pasture, terrified by the noise and confusion, were charging about, and a regular stampede was commencing; while the Indians, perplexed and uncertain as yet as to the nature or number of the foe, were bounding about, uttering most diabolical shrieks, and brandishing their weapons.

Grim warriors, stalwart of form, scarred in battle, young braves who had been no more than once or twice upon the war-path, all naked to the waist, hideous with fierce passion, mingled their yells together in horrible discord.

The lightning was so incessant now that there was scarcely any intermission between its flashes, the thunder made a continuous roar, and the wind, which was high, swept the rain in sheets.

"Mount, Mike!" yelled Baker, at the top of his voice, seing Delaney come bounding toward him, and throwing him the rope with which he had secured Christopher "The game is up, and we must run for it!"

So saying he threw himself upon the mare's back, and dashed his heels into her sides. The noble animal pawed the air for a moment, then, to her master's "On! On!" sprang forward like a shot, Mike closely following upon Christopher.

Down they bore at a furious pace upon the foe whose forms were illumined with ghastly distinctness by the lightning. The next moment they were in the midst of the hellish confusion, dealing blows to right and left of them as they tore along. It was as mad a career as was ever run by mortal men, amid yells, curses and groans, scattered fires and ascending clouds of smoke and ashes, the whole herd thundering along in front, beside and behind them. Many bullets flew about their ears, but these and other missiles, as if by miracle, they escaped.

In another moment the ordeal was past. The howls, groans and cries of baffled rage from the camp grew fainter and fainter as they receded, and soon died out altogether. The steady beat of hoofs was, aside from those of the tempest, the only sound which fell upon the ears of the hunters, whose steeds rapidly bore them to the van. Soon the storm, having spent its main force, began to abate. The clouds gradually broke up and rolled away, and the moon and stars shone forth. The pace of the horses, from a headlong gallop, continued unabated for a mile or two, then slackened by degrees to a trot and finally to a walk.

At a little after dawn the hunters came up with a party who, like themselves, had set forth in pursuit of the savages. Having either missed the trail or despairing of overtaking the foe, they were returning home. The sight of their property, which they had given up for lost, thus unexpectedly restored without any hazard on their part in its recovery, was a surprise indeed and a gratification. The increase, of course, belonged to the hunters.

How many Indians were killed or wounded in that wild stampede they never knew, but many must have perished. As for Baker and Delaney, their deed won them praise wherever it was known, and was long talked of on the frontier, even where bold deeds were common.

Bedouin Superstitions About Horses

The Bedouin is full of horse superstitions. His horse-lore is much like, but less than, that of our old-fashioned liveryman of a past generation. He knows a horse's habits and diseases by observation solely; he has no idea of anatomy. Every species of wind trouble to which the horse is subject he merely describes as "having something wrong inside him." He treats a horse on a system of old saws. For lameness he has but one remedy, the hot iron. His horse will work to twenty or even twenty-five years old but he thinks that he "grows weaker" after twelve. In buying he looks more at marks than points.

In the three Northern counties of Northumberland, Durham and Cumberland, England, about 120,000 persons are engaged in coal-mine work.

THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

A Remarkable Achievement by this Organization.

The mounted police began their record and scored from the outset. With two field-guns and two mortars, and relying on their own transport train for supplies, they marched 890 miles westward through an unknown country inhabited by 30,000 Indians and a few score white desperadoes, till the Rocky Mountains were in sight. Leaving Colonel Macleod, the Assistant Commissioner, to build a fort in the very heart of the country of the terrible Blackfeet, where no white man's life was then safe, and sending another detachment north to Edmonton among the Assiniboines and Wood Crees, the main column turned back. They crossed the plains northward by way of Qu'Appelle to Fort Pelly, but finding their intended headquarters were not ready they returned to Dufferin. The thermometer, which had stood at 100° F. in the shade when they marched out, marked 30° F. below zero on their return. In four months to a day, they traveled 1,959 miles besides the distances covered by detachments on special service. Once beyond the rich prairies of Manitoba, hard work in the gravel drifts of the Missouri Coteau and among the broken gullies of Wood Mountain and the Cypress Hills told heavily on their animals. Many good horses died through want of water and food in the arid plains where cactus and sage-brush are the only vegetation round the alkaline lakes, to die from the effects of unaccustomed forage, or from the bitter cold that came on early in the autumn, though officers and men gave up their blankets to shelter their chargers. But the three hundred police accomplished, without losing a life, what had seemed work for an army—the taking possession of the Great Lone Land.—[From "The Northwest Mounted Police of Canada," in the October Scribner's.

How Electricity Runs Street Cars.

We are often asked, "How does electricity accomplish its work of propelling cars and driving machinery?"

In the first place the electricity must be generated. This is done by means of a dynamo or generator actuated by an engine or by water-power. A dynamo is constructed on the principle of an immense horseshoe magnet made of soft or unmagnetized iron. The arms of this magnet are wound with many coils of copper wire. If an electric current is sent through this wire, the arms become instantly and powerfully magnetized, and will attract a heavy iron bar to their poles. This is called electro-magnetism. The moment the current is broken, the arms are demagnetized, and the iron bar drops to the ground.

Now if you force an iron bar to sweep past the poles of the magnet when the current is on, it will cut the lines of force, technically speaking; and an electric current corresponding in power to the capacity of the magnet will be conveyed into the bar, and, if wires are attached to the bar, they will conduct the current to wherever it is wanted.

An armature is simply a number of parallel bars arranged compactly around a shaft, and made to revolve with great velocity near and between the magnetic poles, thus cutting their lines of force so rapidly as to induce the flow of a continuous current of electricity along the connecting wire. For simplicity of construction and efficiency of work, loops of wire are substituted for the iron bars of the armature.

A motor is a dynamo in which the direction of the electrical current is reversed. Instead of the electricity flowing from the armature into the conducting wire, the current which is generated in a dynamo is conducted into the electro-magnet and into the armature of the motor, and the loops of the armature are powerfully attracted to the poles of its electro-magnet. As each successive loop passes the centre of one pole, by an ingenious device (which is too complicated to explain without a diagram), its attraction to that pole ceases, and it is drawn with equal force to the opposite pole, so that while one-half of the loops on the armature of the motor are constantly attracted to the north pole, the other half are attracted with equal force to the south pole.

It is the force of this attraction which keeps the armature of the motor revolving, and this force is sufficient, when the armature is properly geared to a car-axle, to turn the axle and thus propel the car.

The system of electric-car locomotion then consists of

(a) A dynamo or generator in which the armature is forced to revolve so that its loops will cut the lines of force proceeding from an electro-magnet, thus generating a current of electricity, and

(b) A motor, in which the revolving loops of the armature are attracted to the pole of an electro-magnet, through whose coils the above current is made to pass, thus forcing the armature, when properly geared, to turn the car-axles.

The current is conducted from the armature of the dynamo or generator located in the power-house, to the overhead wire, thence through the trolley of the car to be propelled to the field of the motor, and also to its armature, which is geared to the car-axle, thence through the wheels to the rails on which the car runs, and so back to the power-house, thus completing the circuit.

It is the office of the motor-man to break this current when he wishes to stop the car, or to complete it when he desires to proceed; in other words, to turn the current on or off at will.—[Mechanical News.

A $40,000 Cup.

The British museum has just come into possession of a gold cup which is 502 years old, which has a curious history. It was originally the property of a Duc de Berry, by whose command it was fashioned in France. Thereafter it was presented by him to his nephew, Charles VI. It seems afterwards to have been pawned by the French King in return for a sum of money lent him by England to carry on his wars; the first trace of it in English history is found in the reign of Henry VI., and it remained in the possession of the English sovereigns until that extraordinary compound of qualities, James I., made a gift of it to a Spanish ambassador who came to England to conclude peace. This Spaniard in turn presented it to a convent, and 10 years ago the abbess sold it to a French baron, from whom the Messrs. Wertheimer purchased it for £8,000. This sum has been paid to Messrs. Wertheimer, who consented to let the British museum have it at cost price. The amount has been raised partly by subscription. Nearly £3,000 of the amount, however has been contributed by the Treasury, but what special characteristic about the cup has softened Sir W. Harcourt's heart to so great an extent is not known.

POETRY.

The Path of Gold.

An Indian legend, beautiful and old,
Tells how a sinner sought the path of gold.

Cast by a midnight moon on waters deep,
And there lay down to his eternal sleep,

With faith that, though the sea his bones should hold,
His deathless soul should mount the path of gold.

And steal, unchallenged, through the gates of heaven,
Its guilt forgotten, or, perchance, forgiven.

Oh, low-hung moon! Oh, quivering path of light!
The savage legend comes to me to-night.

At water's edge I stand, and at my feet
The sands of earth and heaven's gold do meet.

Would that I held the simple faith and hope
That bore the Indian's soul up yon bright slope

But even as my prayer is cried aloud,
Thy face, O moon, is hidden with a cloud;

Thy light is gone; the waters cold and gray,
Clutch at my feet and chill all hope away.

Oh, can it be that souls in sin grown old
Can never find the shining Path of Gold?

—[Carrie Blake Morgan.

The Wee Pair o' Shoon.

Oh, lay them canny doon, Jamie,
An' tak' them frae my sicht!
They mind me o' her sweet wee face,
An' sparklin' e'e sae bricht.
Oh, lay them saftly doon beside
The lock o' silken hair;
For the darlin' o' thy heart and mine
Will never wear them mair!

But oh! the silvery voice, Jamie,
That fondly lisped yer name,
An' the wee bit hands sae aft held oot
Wi' joy when ye cam' hame!
An' oh, the smile—the angel smile,
That shone like simmer morn;
An' the rosy mou' that socht a kiss
When ye were weary worn!

The castlin' win' blaws cauld, Jamie—
The snaw's on hill and plain—
The flowers that deck'd my lammie's grave
Are faded noo, an' gane!
O, dinna speak! I ken she dwells
In yon fair land aboon;
But sair's the sicht that blin's my e'e—
That wee wee pair o' shoon.

An Antidote to Care.

Think that the grass upon thy grave is green:
Think that thou seest thine own empty chair;
The empty garments thou wast wont to wear;
The empty room where long thy haunt hath been,
Think that the lane, the meadow and the wood
And mountain summit feel thy feet no more,
Nor the loud thoroughfare, nor sounding shore:
All mere blank space where thou thyself hath stood.

Amid this thought created silence say
To thy stripped soul, what am I now and where?
Then turn and face the petty narrowing care,
Which has been gnawing thee for many a day
And it will die as dies a wailing breeze
Lost in the solemn roar of bounding seas.

—[James Smetham.

The Schooner.

Just mark that schooner westward far at sea:
'Tis but an hour ago
When she was lying hoggish at the quay,
And men ran to and fro,
And tugged, and stamped, and shoved, and pushed, and swore,
And ever and anon, with crapulous glee,
Grinned homage to viragoes on the shore.

So to the jetty gradual she was hauled:
Then one the tiller took,
And chewed, and spat upon his hand, and bawled;
And one the canvas shook
Forth like a mouldy bat; and one, with nods
And smiles, lay on the bowsprit end, and called
And cursed the Harbor Master by his gods,
And, rotten from the gunwale to the keel,
[illegible],
Slime-slobbered, horrible, I saw her reel,
And drag her oozy flank,
And sprawl among the deft young waves, that laughed,
And leapt, and turned in many a sportive wheel,
As she thumped onward with her lumbering draught.

And now, behold! a shadow of repose
Upon the line of gray
She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rose,
She sleeps, and dreams away,
Soft-blended in a unity of rest
All jars, and strifes obscene, and turbulent throes
'Neath the broad benediction of the West:
Sleeps; and methinks she changes as she sleeps,
And dies, and is a spirit pure;
Lo! on her deck an angel pilot keeps
His lonely watch secure:
And at the entrance of Heaven's dockyard waits
Till from Night's leash the fine-breath'd morning leaps,
And that strong hand within unbars the gates.

—[T. E. Brown.

At Thegn of The Skull

A strange old tavern have I seen;
The walls are thick, the garden green;
'Tis damp and foul, yet through the door
Do rich men come as well as poor.
They come by night and they come by day,
And never a guest is turned away.

The landlord, an unwholesome fellow,
Has a complexion white and yellow.
And, though he looks exceeding thin,
Does nothing else but grin and grin
At all his guests—who, after a while,
Begin to imitate his smile.

The guests are a fearful sight to see,
Though some are people of high degree;
For no one asks, when a carriage arrives,
A decent account of the inmates' lives;
But holy virgins and men of sin
Sleep cheek by jowl in this careless inn;

And beautiful youths in their strength and pride
Have taken beds by a leper's side;
But all sleep well, and it never was said
That any kind of complaint was made,
For all the people who pass that way
Appear to intend a lengthened stay.

The house has a singular bill of fare—
Nothing dainty, nothing rare;
But only one dish, and that dish meat,
Which never a guest was known to eat.
Night and day the meal goes on,
And the guests themselves are fed upon!
These merry guests are all of them bound
To a land far off—but I never found
That anyone knew when he should start,
Or wished from this pleasant house to part.

Oh, strange old tavern, with garden green!
In every town its walls are seen.
Now, the question has often been asked of me,
"Is it really as bad as it seems to be?"

—[Theodore C. Williams.

The increase of schools in every country has generally been attended by a decrease of crime.

There is a coal mine at Nanaimo, in British Columbia, the galleries of which extend for a distance of twelve miles under the ocean.

Sunday schools for teaching the elements of English education were established by Raikes about 1781.

Experiments made in tobacco cultivation throughout Europe have not given much promise of success.

The mountain of Fujisian, in Japan, is actually in motion. It is 12,400 feet above sea level, yet the power of the winds in those quarters causes it to sway from side to side.

FORGOTTEN HEROES.

By Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth.

There is a great deal of heroism in the world that never gets sung by the poet. Those wondrous instances of self-sacrafice and endurance which burn on the historian's page into such a glow and warmth that all our hearts are melted, are but specimens of what is being borne and done every day. No record will ever be made of the heroism of everyday life, but some time, in the great future, we shall linger in the alcoves of the celestial library in the New Jerusalem, and read of deeds unsung and never eulogized, as worthy of remembrance as any that are recorded by eloquent pens for the admiration of a world.

I am inclined to believe that every true man has in him the stuff out of which heroes are made. It slumbers in some deep recess of the heart, and may never be called forth, or when a great and sudden calamity befalls the home or the city it may at once declare itself.

Joseph, the Second, of Austria, with the fate of a whole people depending on his life, with a jeweled crown waiting for him, forgot everything when his lovely wife was stricken with a terrible malady; and thinking only of his own broken heart, held her in his arms while dying, and kissed her cold lips when dead. What was empire, or wealth, or throne to him then? He was not the future emperor, he was simply the husband of Isabella. The whole continent rang with his praises. From that time to this his heroism has been named only to be wondered and admired. The music of that deed has echoed through the length and breadth of three generations.

But do you think that an imperial husband is the only one who buries his heart in the grave of his wife and risks everything in his grief at his loss? I tell you, nay. Far down from the throne many a poor peasant, whose name is written in no book, save the Book of Life, watched as tenderly by the side of great grief, and, perhaps, shared the fate of his loved one without a murmur.

Sorrow is democratic. It regards neither ring nor sect. It knocks at the door of the hut, and though unwelcome, crosses the threshold and does its work; it lifts the golden knocker of the palace door, and without the least ceremony, takes its place by the side of queen or dauphin. And, better than that, the power to endure its presence and to yield bravely to its will is also democratic. Men that have no purses, whose only possessions are a leathern scrip and an oaken staff, may be as brave as he whose exchequer is not to be exhausted, or he who leads an army to victory, and then sits upon the empurpled throne.

Two illustrations of this statement occur to me. A mill-owner, the husband of a lovely wife, and the father of three children, held a little property away up in Northern Michigan when those terrible fires broke out which illumined the whole West, some years ago. He was an ordinary man, a giant in stature, and a fair specimen of the frontiersman. The flames of the burning forest were miles away when he went to sleep, and he felt perfectly secure.

The next morning, he was wakened by the crackling of the fire, and the stifling, smoky atmosphere. He rushed out of the house to discover that the flames had fairly laid siege to his dwelling. They had crept all round him. There was no outlet, no escape. Whichever way he looked a dreadful wall of fire was in front, and hot cinders were falling all about as thick as snow-flakes.

Rushing back into the house, he took two children from their crib, and held them so close to his heart, that they could not know of their danger. A third he held by the hand, while his wife followed close behind. They were all deposited in a little hollowed space in the middle of the clearing in front of the house, and carefully covered with blankets. But this was not enough. Fire seemed to be in the very air, and he must needs get water or they would all be burned.

He seized a couple of buckets, looked first at the sheet of flame between him and the running river, then at his wife and little ones, and was ready for the sacrifice. With quick, brave bounds, he rushed through the burning wood, and came back with water, but fearfully scorched. A second journey he made, and this time the flesh hung in shreds from his arm. But what were four buckets of water at such a time as that? The air, seven times heated, dried the wet blankets in an instant almost. Wife and children must be saved. He forgot all about himself. He was of the stuff out of which the ancient Greeks made their gods. In all the realm of mythology you can find nothing braver or grander. A third time he rushed to the river. But the eager and revengeful fire, beaten twice by a soul that forgot its body, and took no note of pain, determined not to be balked again. It hissed in his face, it curled up all round about him, burning his clothes fairly off. The old hero with a giant's will battled, but the odds were too great. He dropped his bucket, grew dizzy, then faint, and at last fell.

A great soul fell there.

When, with eyes wet with tears, with cheeks crimsoned with admiration of such heroism, you ask me: Who was this man? I answer: No one knows. He is one of the nameless heroes. He was only a common workman, and yet he stands side by side with the greatest, a rival of those grand souls whose deeds are sung anew to each incoming generation.

The other story is very like this one. The scene is laid in the midst of a fire in a great city. On a Sunday morning, when all the populace had gathered, silent and sad, to see the flame-fiend do his very worst, a four-story house, which had been thought beyond the reach of the flames, caught fire from a cinder which fell on a vulnerable spot on the roof.

When the house was fairly enveloped, a woman rushed to the window and frantically called for help. It was almost certain death to make the attempt to save her, and yet no sooner did that agonized face make its appeal to the crowd below, than a fireman grasped a ladder, stood it against the wall, and began the ascent. Never thinking of himself, he clambered up, and was just drawing the terrified mother from the very jaws of the fire, when with a crash that made every beholder shiver with agony, the whole wall fell in, and woman and fireman were lost in the crackling, hissing flames, that rose a hundred feet in the air to proclaim their victory.

Who was he that thus periled his own life to save that of a stranger? I know not. No one knows. The pen of poet will never set that deed to music, and yet some day we may see him sitting by the side of the martyrs.

So, throughout our common every-day life are scattered bravery and greatness. Perhaps in your life and mine there have been times when we have struggled with a giant's arm. Who knows? Only God.

Arithmetical notation by the nine digits and zero was used in Hindustan in the sixth century.

THE STORMY SEA.

Awful Ordeal of the Crew of a British Schooner.

For Nine Days They Clung to the Wreck—Only Three Men Survive.

A Boston special says:—The Spanish steamer "Palentino," which has just arrived from Matanzas, brought three men of the British schooner "Windermere," which sailed from Key West on Sept. 14 for Mobile, to load for Port Spain, Trinidad. The "Windermere" was capsized in a heavy squall on Sept. 7 180 miles off Mobile. The three rescued men had been clinging to the bottom of the vessel for nine days when taken off by the steamer. Those who were drowned were the captain, John Charlton, and his wife, of Port Lorne, N.S.; the first mate, Truman Holman, of Annapolis, N. S.; the steward, Henry Sands, a native of Norway, and a seaman, Daniel August.

The rescued men, Charles Le Cain, second mate; James Clarke and John Mattson, able seamen, tell a story of suffering, deprivation and exposure seldom equalled. The following is Le Cain's account:

THE SECOND MATE'S STORY.

"On Sept. 7, while the captain was below working upon his morning observation, a squall was seen coming down upon us from the windward. The captain was called on deck, and just as he came up the gangway the squall struck the vessel and she almost immediately went over. The last I saw of the captain he was calling to his wife in the cabin. From the time the vessel started to go over not more than one minute elapsed before she was bottom up. When I got to the keel I looked aft and saw James Clarke, and on the forward part of the keel was John Mattson. Cries of help were heard from the water, but we were utterly unable to render the slightest assistance. Over the port quarter was captain Charlton, struggling to get on to one of the rail boxes, which he succeeded in doing. In the meantime Mr. Holmes, the mate, and Seaman August, sank within a few yards of each other, the mate not uttering a word; but poor August, as he went down, gave an awful scream. The captain clinging to the rail box, was now floating away astern. He said something. It was either 'Good-by, boys'; or, 'Save my poor wife.' We had to watch the poor captain drift away from us, and continued to watch him until he disappeared.

MANY VESSELS PASSED BY THE CASTAWAYS.

"Two days after we saved a little rain-water by wringing it out of our saturated clothing. On the next day we caught two small sea birds which we were very glad to eat raw. The night of the next day was very cold, and seas were going right over us. No more vessels were seen until the 13th, when three or four passed by us, all a considerable distance away. On Sept. 14 other vessels passed us, but again we were unable to attract their attention. On Friday, Sept. 15, it was very hot, and our lips and mouths were parched, as if we had been eating glue. We could scarcely open our mouths, but no one of us complained very much, further than to wish for a drink or something to eat. On Saturday morning, at about five o'clock, we discovered a steamer on our starboard quarter, which, thank God, came to our assistance and took us on board. The steamer was the 'Palentino.'

SHARKS SWARMED AROUND THE WRECK.

An officer of the steamer "Palentino" says:

"We were about 125 miles out from Matanzas, opposite Sagua, when we discovered, through the glass, the hull of a vessel floating bottom up, with something that looked like living objects. We rapidly neared, and we found that there were three men huddled together on the bottom near the keel. Boats were put off with some difficulty, for, as we neared the wreck we discovered that it was surrounded by myriads of sharks, which, in their desire, were tumbling about and over each other, waiting for the time when these poor unfortunates should become their prey. We had to near the side of the hulk sufficiently to permit the men to jump into the boats. We did so, and one man braced himself up and jumped. He landed, and hugged the man near him and then fell from exhaustion. The second man also was successful and he clung to his fellow sufferer. The third and last man was nervous, and, seeing the sharks which crowded almost upon the hull, he shut his eyes and sprang for the boat. His leap fell short, and if it had not been for the activity of one of the men in the boat he would have furnished a meal for the ferocious man-eaters.

UNABLE TO AID THEIR PERISHING COMRADES.

"From the men I learned that the captain's wife was in bed in the cabin when the squall struck. One of the men said that the captain and two of the crew could have been pulled upon the bottom of the vessel if they had had any means of giving them a hold. But they were obliged to sit and watch the desperate men struggle for their lives, and then, from mere exhaustion, sink to the bottom of the deep. There was a black dog on the vessel, and the poor brute did not give up his life until he had fought for two hours or more to get on the bottom of the wreck. On the third day the men noticed something of white appearance above the edge of the vessel, and it proved to be the body of the captain's wife. The body floated about for a short time and then went down."

Three years ago a priest named Laporte arrived in Pau, where he lived in the greatest retirement. Shortly before his death, which occurred last month, he asked that a small box, which he had under his bed, should be buried with him. His request was, however, not complied with, and the box, on being opened, was found to be richly lined, and to contain the head of a woman about thirty-five years of age, with beautiful hair. The housekeeper stated that he had been in the habit of locking himself in his room and contemplating for hours some object which it is now supposed was the woman's head.

Breech-loading rifles were invented in 1811, but did not come into general use for many years. It is estimated that over 12,000,000 are now in actual service in the European armies, while 3,000,000 are reserved in the arsenals for emergencies.

At Sandringham, the young Princesses of Wales tramp about in all sorts of weather. They wear special porpoise-hide boots that even resist the mud and pools of country roads, and if it is raining or likely to rain they don mackintoshes and arm themselves with umbrellas, and plod down the lanes as cheerfully as if they could not command a donkey-chaise.

It has been computed that in a single cubic foot of the ether which fills all space there are locked up 10,000 foot tons of energy which has hitherto escaped notice. To unlock this boundless store and subdue it to the service of man is a task that awaits the electrician of the future.

THE DILEMMA OF DANIEL.

"Wot ye goin' t' do now, Dan'el?" Sam Norton asked. He leaned forward as he spoke and peered up into the other's face with little twinkling, inquisitive eyes.

It was a dull and hopeless November night. A heavy grey sky hung low above them. Rain fell, from time to time, in spiteful spurts upon the sodden leaves through which their horses made their way down the long hill road. Farmer Wilson was not used to driving in a covered carriage nor sitting by himself behind closed doors while some one else held the reins, but it was considered a proper mark of respect for Sarah Ann. He must hire a livery team for the funeral; Sam Norton had told him so, and had further hinted that it would be but decent to invite the speaker to a seat beside him. "Ye know me 'n' her was connected by marriage," was his plea.

The principal mourner had consented, although he did not like Sam Norton; he thought he was spiteful. This was the first speech Sam had made since the hearse and its following turned away from the country cemetery, and it did not serve to lighten the gloom into which the bereaved man was plunged.

"I do' know," he said dully, shaking his head covered with an unusual best hat; "seems if I'm all lost 'thout Sarah Ann."

"She kep' house for ye a number o' years."

"Twenty-five, come Chris'mus. I ain't never known wot 'twas t' be alone before sence ma died."

"It was handy," Sam conceded "t' have her man taken away jest before your mother. Looked most providential, didn't it? Ye won't find no sech man'ger as she was in one while ai'in, I tell ye. Wot a churnin, she c'd do g An' she always kep' ye lookin' so good. Ye'll find out th' diff'runce now. Your collar's beginnin' t' fray. I seen it w'ile we was bendin' over for th' las' prayer. Ye'll soon see your clo'es goin' t' pieces."

He smiled toothlessly and with what appeared to be a keen enjoyment of the situation.

Daniel was goaded by t into an assumption of confidence that he was far from feeling: "I calc'late t' hire," he said coldly. "Of course I know no one can't do like a man's own sister, an' I s'pose it'll cost like Jehu. But I've got money 'nuff. Tain't that."

"Land alive," expostulated Sam, grinning afresh, "ef ye ain't green! D'ye s'pose any nice woman 'u'd come t' do fer ye, a bachelor livin' all alone? I sh'd think Sarah Ann'd remarked on that before she passed away."

"She was took worse so sudden," faltered her brother, "we hadn't no chance t' make plans. I never give it a thought, myself. Don't ye think Priscilly Wynkoop—she's real old—"

Sam shook his head decidedly: "Thy're th' worst kind, them old maids. No, sir, they ain't a decent woman in th' town o' Hunter wot 'd do it."

"Then wot shall I do?" desperately.

"Git married." The grin widened.

Daniel shook his best hat again; "No, sir," he said. "None o' that fer me."

"Beggars can't be choosers," Sam declared. "Ye've got 'o do it."

"You ain't."

"Well, I'm diff'runt," with a complacency that was maddening to the unfortunate man beside him. "I ain't got a farm t' run. I kin board 'n' look after th' store daytimes. That's all right Only, ye see, you're situated so unhandily. ye've got t' have a good man'ger 'round. Now th' question is, who is she? I've been studyin' it up con sid'able."

"O, ye have, growled Daniel, not appeased by this show of interest. "Who've ye pitched on?"

"Wal, there's the Widder Salsbry—"

"I mus' say! Deaf's an adder, 'n' weighs nigh onto 300 pound. I'm much obliged t ye!"

"Wal, Lyddy Potter, then——"

"A little withered old woman with a wig. Ain't ye got no sense Samyell?"

"Wal, there ain't so many likely wimmen goin'. Ye're terrible particular fer anybody so hard put. How 'bout Priscilly Wynkoop?"

Daniel was glad that they were driving into his own dooryard. He sprang hurriedly out, slammed the door with his clumsy fingers and did not answer Sam. There was no invitation to enter the desolate house, and Samuel drove away.

"Ye'd better be gettin' about yer courtin', whoever it is," he called back, leering from the carriage window.

Daniel went up stairs to don his overalls, and set about his chores for the night. "Durn it all," he muttered, as he milked the cow, "I do' know how t' go t' work; I ain't no hand with wimmen."

It was the manner only that puzzled him now. He had decided upon his choice. Years ago when they both were young, he had paid "attention" to Priscilla Wynkoop and had been graciously received. Then his mother interfered. She did not wish him to marry, and he was dependent upon her. Perhaps the disappointment embittered him; at any rate, he had long been content with his life upon this lonely farm, remote from most of his kind, and had no desire for a change. But, since Sam had put what he mentally stigmatized as that "blamed idee" into his head, he considered with sudden pleasure the possibility of winning Priscilla for something more than housekeeper or general manager. It was the wooing that counted."

He thought it over while setting out his lonely supper of strong tea and the pumpkin pie that had been sent in. While he munched he ruminated.

What did men say, and how did they act? He could not make a bargain with Priscilla as though he were buying her Jersey cow.

"Mus' be some dumb nonsense 'r 'nother," he grimly concluded. "How does it go?"

After "clearing away," he seated himself drearily over the kitchen stove to await his early bedtime. A paper covered book lay on the shelf. He picked it up idly—it had been Sarah Ann's—and opened it at random. It was a conventional paper-backed love tale by "The Duchess."

Eight o'clock struck, and 9 and 10. Still Farmer Wilson pored over his book, holding it closely to his sun-burned face and breathing heavily over the familiar words. Midnight came. At 1 o'clock he laid down the bulky volume with a stentorian sigh. He knew how the nonsense went.

All the rest of that feverish, never-to-be-forgotton night, throughout broken and feverish slumbers, ran such phrases as these: "O, my beautiful darling, you will not be so cruel," "You must see how madly I love you," "Remember how desolate my life has been." The last sentence tangled itself in his memory.

"That's true," said the wretched man, once aloud, "'ef all th' rest is a peck of lies."

The next day he set himself doggedly to learn his lesson. Over and over the words were conned. He went about with the book in his hand, or lumbered heavily back to it from whatever else his work might be. In fact, he dared not think of anything else save the task laid out before him, for fear that his purpose might falter before the dim impression haunting him throughout that he was a fool.

He dressed himself carefully, after an early supper, and marched out of the door and down the road. Priscilla Wynkoop's little, unpainted cottage stood close to the highway. Daniel, his lips moving in ceaseless reiteration, knocked tremulously upon the door. He heard steps coming toward him. He felt all hands and feet. There was a suffocating lump in his throat.

A tall, spare spinster drew the door cautiously ajar and gazed out into the gloom through her spectacles.

"Good ev'nin'," her visitor blurted out in a loud, agitated voice. "O, my beautiful darling, you know—you must see how madly I love you, and—and—remember how desolate my life has been."

Miss Wynkoop held a hand-lamp stretched out in one arm. She brought it closer to stare into his face by its aid.

"Remember how desolate," Daniel repeated.

Miss Priscilla put up her free hand to rub her forehead. Was he drunk, or crazy, or making fun of her? He saw the gesture and interperted it aright.

"Durn th' hull dumb thing," he suddenly broke out. "I'm jest—I feel—sakes, how lonesome I be!"

"Dan'l," said Miss Wynkoop, eyeing him closely, but speaking in a quiet voice, "do ye want I sh'd marry you?"

"Yes, Priscilly," wiping his forehead, "I do."

She stood aside for him to pass. "Come in," she said. "I was jes' settin' down t' supper. It'll be nice 'n' cozy t' have comp'ny 'n' I've got some cold pork 'n' beans."

She lead the way to the kitchen. He followed with heart as light as his footfall was heavy.

"Take a seat 'n' draw up," said Miss Wynkoop, hospitably. "How ye mus' miss Sarah Ann."

"Yes." He sank into a chair. "Them beans 'll relish."

And so they were engaged.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST PUZZLE.

Will Men Never Tire of Wondering About Woman's Ways?

When will the world be accustomed to woman, and cease to regard her as if she were some new and rare invention?

When will her ways no longer excite wonder, and she herself come to be accepted as a natural, common feature of humanity?

She has inhabited this mundane sphere nearly if not quite so long as man, yet whether as la femme, la donna, or das ewig weibliche, it is all the same. Be she a Helen of Troy, the wonder of nations, or a buxon peasant lass going unobtrusively about her work, she is gaped after with the same open-mouthed astonishment.

Her method of posting a letter, of putting on her bonnet, the way she flirts a fan, or carries a milkpail, or throws a stone, are sources of perennial interest to the masculine community.

She cannot make a dumpling or nurse her baby, she can scarcely tie up a parcel or sharpen a pencil but the action is criticised and commented upon from every quarter.

Everything about her, from the pin that fastens her fichu to the heart that beats beneath it, is a mystery.

Shall she smoke, or shall she not? Should she be a soldier, a sailor, a tinker? The changes are rung forever on her capacities and limitations, her rights, her wrongs, her immunities, her duties.

Has she a sense of humor? Of imagination? Is she more addicted to fibs than man? More penurious? Less sensitive to pain? Immeasurably man's inferior? or as immeasurably his superior?

Shall man give up his seat in the train to her, or shall he not? Should she be treated as a child, as an angel or as a man and a brother?

Is she capable of being bored? they now bethink themselves to ask.

Some women affect this attitude of puzzlement over themselves. With Marie Bashkirtseff they concentrate their thoughts on their own ego, oblivious of all besides, after the fashion of the Indian fakir, except that he keeps silence.

Or else standing aloof, as it were, from their own sex, as if they had no personal connection with it, they deliver themselves of trades on the faults, the failings, the feminine frivolities or the masculine aspirations of their sisters.

But women never returns on man the compliment of incessant marvelling about him. A very commonplace reality is he in feminine eyes. The mystery of humanity has quite dropped from him, poor humdrum creature that he is. His fellows, male and female, can read him through and through.

Yet, when one comes to think of it, man is quite as peculiar in many of his ways as woman.

Was Eve a greater puzzle to Adam than Adam to Eve?

Indian Cave Monasteries.

At the time when monasteries were excavated Buddhist priests were as now sworn to celibacy and poverty, and lived apart from their fellow-men in monasteries devoted wholly to religious observances. They shaved their heads, wore a peculiar garb, and obtained, like the mendicant friars, their subsistence principally by alms, which they collected by begging from house to house. Their principal duties were the study of the law and precepts of Buddha, and the continually recurring performance of an unmeaning ceremonial, in which the laity took no part. In some instances these ceremonies were performed within the monasteries themselves, which were all in later times provided with one or more chapels, containing images of Buddha or of subordinate saints, before which their prayers were repeated. But in earlier times, at least, the monasteries were always in the immediate neighborhood of temples, from which we may gather that either the monasteries were mere residences, and all the services were performed in the temples, or that the great and solemn acts of worship took place in the temples, while the ordinary daily devotions were celebrated within the walls of the monasteries themselves. It has been already said that the monasteries are far more numerous than the temples. From 700 to 800 examples are known at the present day, and probably there are many more. In age they extend from the simple and unadorned cells excavated by Dasaratha, the grandson of Asoko, about 200 B.C., in the granite rocks at Behar, nearly to the time of the Mohammedan conquest. The culminating point, however, of this style of art was shortly after the Christian era, the greatest number certainly the best, having been excavated during the first five centuries after the birth of Christ.

THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE.

An Interesting Chat With the Secretary of St. Mary's

She Explains Why the Sisters and Their Pupils are so Healthy—Due to Strict Rules of Hygiene and the Medicine Used in the Home—Information of Value to Everybody.

From the Terre Haute, Ind., Express.

Four miles to the northwest of Terre Haute, lies the beautiful and picturesque village of St. Mary's. This is a Roman Catholic Institution which has attained something more than national celebrity. Fifty years ago it was established by six sisters of Providence, who came from the shores of France to lay the foundation for this great charitable order. It now consists of the home of the Sisters of Providence, known as the Providence House; a large female seminary, one of the finest chapels in the United States, and a Rectory in which the priests make their home.

A reporter of the Express while being shown through the establishment recently asked Sister Mary Ambrose if there was any apparent reason for the good health with which the sisters and their pupils are blessed.

The answer was that particular atttention is paid by the sisters in charge to the health and happiness of the students. "Bodily ailment," she said, "cannot help but have its effect on the mind. In order to keep the mind bright and active and perfectly clear at all times, the student's condition must be as nearly perfect as possible. Some time ago there was more or less ailment noticeable among the sisters and students, which was probably due to atmospheric causes, though of course I do not know just what its origin really was. Shortly after this became noticeable a friend highly recommended a medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and so urged upon me to give them a trial that I ordered some of them, and they have been used in the institution ever since. A few days ago the manufacturers wrote me for an opinion of Pink Pills, and my reply was as follows:

"Respected Sirs—In answer to your kind request for our opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, are pleased to say that these pills were so highly recommended to us that we were induced to try them, and we think our repeated orders for them are sufficient evidence that we find them all they are represented, a good blood builder and an excellent nerve tonic.

Yours very respectfully,
Sister M. Ambrose.
Secretary for Sisters of Providence."

Medical scientists concede that weak blood and shattered nerves are the fruitful cause of nearly every disease to which human flesh is heir, and if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is, as Sister Ambrose says they have found it, "a good blood builder and an excellent nerve tonic," the source of good health at St. Mary's is easily traced.

Sister Ambrose said they are never without Pink Pills, and that now they order a gross at a time.

This is certainly a very high recommendation for the medicine, for there is probably no class of people that gives more attention to the physical health and welfare of its members than the Sisters of Providence, and they would not use anything in which they did not have unbounded faith.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are truly one of the greatest medical discoveries of the age. They are the beginning of a more healthful era. Every day brings reports of remarkable cures that have resulted from the use of this wonderful medicine. In many cases the good work has been accomplished after eminent physicians had failed and pronounced the patient beyond hope of human aid. An analysis proves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor, ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Curiosities of the English Census.

The total number of foreigners in England and Wales on the night of the census was 186,000 and 95,000 of them slept in London. Of the foreign population in London, German's are the most numerous—about 27,000. Russians (if Poles are included) number nearly as many. Frenchmen in London are given at over ten thousand, and Americans at between six and seven thousand, of whom nearly five thousand are natives of the United States. The Germans appear to have thirty posts in our national and local Government. Of our female teachers more than sixteen hundred are German. The German devotion to music is illustrated by the fact that 1198 of our musicians are of German origin. Germans compete more severely than any other nationality with our domestic class, in which their numbers exceed five thousand. Nearly 2000 Germans compete with our commercial class, in addition to about 400 disputing the business of the road with the commercial travellers. On our canals, rivers, and seas over three thousand have employment. In business connected with our food supply, as many as 4500 are engaged. The German bakers in England and Wales alone are nearly three thousand. But the most impressive fact in the tables regarding the occupation of foreigners is the number of Russian tailors in the country—between ten and eleven thousand. About eight thousand Scandinavians are in our merchant service. Of the Italian community 1400 are music teachers, about 1000 are costermongers (ice-cream vendors?), and 400 are confectioners and pastrycooks.

No Disappointment

Can arise from the use of the great sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Putnam's Extractor removes corns painlessly in a few days. Take no substitute. At druggists.

Australia's Vast Area.

In area Australia equals the United States. According to the census of 1891. Australasia contains 3,075,238 square miles and a population of 3,801,059. This population is strongly British, especially is this true of religious profession. The sects are all slips from the English planting, the church of England, the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Baptists, the Congregationalists. The Lutherans are an exception. Of the 2,698,629 Protestants more than half belong to the church of England. This church is credited with 1,485,066, or 39. 1 per cent. of the entire religious profession of the island. The Presbyterians come next with 493,369; the Methodists with 434,375; then the Baptists with 87,176; and the Congregationalists with 79,423. The Roman Catholics number 801,118.

Fourteen Days.

Pat, having assaulted the police, received fourteen days.

On the night after being in his cell all day, he began knocking on the door. The warder, thinking that something was wrong, asked what it was.

"Shure," says Pat, "I wants to go home."

"But you have got fourteen days."

"Thrue for yez, but he didn't say anything about the noights."

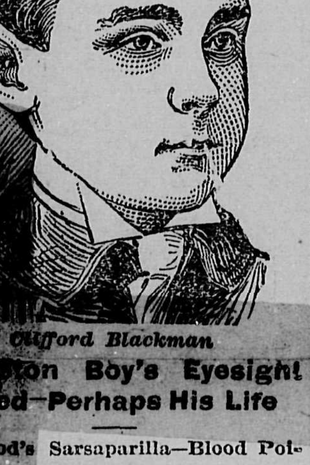
The lines on no two human hands are exactly alike. The fact is utilised in China in an interesting way. When a traveller desires a passport, the palm of his hand is covered with fine oil paint and an impression is taken on thin, damp paper. This paper, officially signed, is his passport.

An Important Scientific Discovery.

Nerviline, the latest discovered pain remedy, may safely challenge the world for a substitute that will as speedily and promptly check inflammatory action. The highly penetrating properties of Nerviline make it never failing in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pains in the back and side, headache, lumbago, etc. It possesses marked stimulating and counter irritant properties, and at once subdues all inflammatory action. Ormand & Walsh, druggists, Peterboro', write: "Our customers speak well of Nerviline." Large bottles 25 cents. Try Nerviline, the great internal and external pain cure. Sold by all druggists and country dealers.

The Harpers are said to have on hand more than $50,000 worth of accepted manucrips.

A.P. 678.



Clifford Blackman

Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

"... the following from a grateful mother: ... boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years ... it left him very weak and with blood ... ed with canker. His eyes became ... ied that his sufferings were intense, and ... weeks he

Could Not Open His Eyes.

... him twice during that time to the Eye ... Infirmary on Charles street, but their ... failed to do him the faintest shadow ... I commenced giving him Hood's ... rilla and it soon cured him. I have ... doubted that it **saved his sight,** even ... **his very life.** You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ... to sound the praise of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

... of the wonderful good it did my son." ... J. Blackman, 2888 Washington St., ... Mass. Get HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

... IMPROVED central Toronto Properties to exchange for farm lands. Money to loan. ... Blackstock, Nesbitt & Chadwick, ... Wellington Street E., Toronto.

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Ladies Send Ten Cents, coin or stamps, for a two months' trial of The Ladies' Journal, a large 36 page illustrated fashion and household monthly. Regular subscription one dollar per year. A first-class Sewing Machine, retailed at $50, will be given to anyone sending us forty yearly subscribers with the Cash. The Ladies' Journal, ... 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

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Why He Didn't Care for a Receipt.

Hotel Clerk (Chicago): "Here's your receipted bill for board, sir, with all items attached."

Departing Britisher: "Keep it yourself, my boy, I haven't trunk room enough left in which to stow it away, and besides, I am certain I shall never come to this city again."

Blotches, pimples, liver patches,
G. M. D. right quick dispatches,
Drives away incipient tumors,
Clears the blood from poisonous humors;
Ailing one, whoe'er you be,
Try the worth of G. M. D.—

which is the great Golden Medical Discovery of Dr. Pierce—a wonderful tonic and blood-purifier. The "Discovery" is a standard remedy for consumption, bronchitis, colds and lung troubles; guaranteed to benefit or cure, if taken in time, or money refunded.

Not Qualified.

Grocer (to young man who has applied for a position): "Are you a married man?"

Applicant: "No sir, I am not married."

Grocer: "Then you will not do. I prefer to employ married men. They are not in such a hurry to knock off work in the evenings. They have got through courting.

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Persons afflicted with these or any throat or lung troubles should resort to that

Most Excellent Remedy,

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"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists. 50c. and $1.00.

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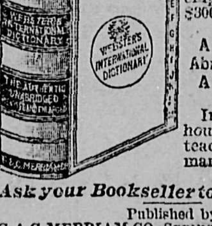

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For Coughs & Colds.

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to any-one wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B.W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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Okanagan Mining Review

Published weekly in the interests of the Southern Interior of British Columbia, in which are situated the following mining camps: Fairview, Boundary Creek, Rock Creek, Camp McKinney, Granite Creek and the Similkameen and Kettle River ranching districts

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Okanagan Falls, B. C.

While our columns are always open for the discussion of any relevant subjects, we do not necessarily endorse the opinions of contributors. Anonymous letters will not be published.

OUR PROSPECTOR

On Foot From Hope to Lower End of Dog Lake.

(CONTINUED)

It may be noticed from the heights above the bridge at Allison that the valleys and hillsides of the Tulameen and Similkameen are well supplied with timber — fir, spruce, pine and cedar—the bull pine predominating, while in the bottoms near the river poplar, cottonwood, birch and willow crowded each other in the rankest profusion. This holds for upwards of ten miles below Allison, where the bull pine in gigantic lonliness has the field against all comers, he and his satellite the sage brush having it all to themselves. But there is enough to produce lumber for all the wants of this and the next generation of Similkameenites at their present rate of trade development, although a mill cutting say 10,000 feet per day at least may be required at any time in the vicinity of the mining operations. The whipsaw and the pack-train, very good things in their way, must necessarily give way to more modern methods, and that at no distant date.

A Siwash whom we met in the afternoon packing home his "mowitch" sold me about six pounds of fine venison for a quarter. I should never have thought of asking him to part with it had it not occurred to my companion that such a favorable opportunity might not present itself farther on, as indeed it did not: for of all the inhospitable and churlish aborigines of any country those of this part of this part of this valley "take the bun"

My friend could come to no suitable arrangement with the Siwashes for the packing of the billiard table, so while he was in the cabin writing a letter explanatory of the situation to a party in Fairview, I took occassion to rest my pack and watch the operation of cost making; in which a young but unprepossessing klootchman was engaged as she sat by the doorstep in the sun. This industry together with the preparation of deerskin for mocassins and gloves is the chief occupation of the klootches when not engaged in cooking, washing and other household duties. Two older ones were engaged round a pot in which they were rendering deer fat. They smoked in turns out of the one pipe as they squatted before the fire. Surfeited dogs blinked lazily at half-knawed bones, and the flies swarmed in myriads around everything. A glut of deer's flesh has the effect of bringing on a period of sleepy contentment from which no prospect of remunerative labor, however bright, can rouse the indolent Indian. For him it is almost too much of an effort to catch his horses, and as for directing a pack-train he has no use for that kind of work at this season.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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BRITISH COLUMBIA AT THE FAIR

The Province of British Columbia has a small but comparatively good exhibit, which illustrates the great possibilities of the Pacific Province in the development of its resources in economic minerals of much commercial value. In the centre of the space is a huge pyramid of gilt bricks, representing the yield of gold in the province since 1858, when that precious metal was first discovered, occurring in the rivers and creeks near the Rocky mountains. This pyramid represents gold to the value of fifty-three and a half million dollars. Near by is a case containing four thousand dollars' worth of gold nuggets and coarse gold, in addition to some fine samples of rich gold-bearing quartz, assaying as high as eighteen ounces to the ton. The rest of the exhibit consists of neatly arranged pyramids of the various ores found in the the province; gray, purple and antimonial copper ores assaying as high as eight hundred ounces of silver and ninteen dollars in gold to the ton. Nor are these rich specimens confined to a few locations, for numerous districts are represented, and judging from the character of the ores, and their richness in gold and silver, there is great promise of large outputs from these districts within the next few years. This exhibit has attracted the attention of experts, who express astonishment that a country with such splendid possibilities should have remained practically unnoticed for so many years. Silver-bearing copper and lead ores are shown, which not only yield paying amounts of these metals, but also show promise of magnificent returns in silver. * * A large number of photographs of the leading mines, and maps of the province, assist the visitor greatly in obtaining a comprehensive idea of the mineral wealth and possibilities of British Columbia. Mr. S. S. Fowler, of Golden, B. C., is superintendent in charge of this interesting exhibit.

For the third time the Vigilant has defeated the Valkyrie in the international yacht race and for another year the America's cup remains on this side of the Atlantic. The contestants had all sorts of weather to sail in and it must be conceded that the superiority of the American yacht has been fairly proven. Lord Dunraven had many difficulties to contend with, and to use a sporting phrase "was not travelling in very good luck."—Toronto Empire.

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The Chief's Troubles.

In law a policeman is not supposed to be a judge; but in the actual discharge of his duties he is such to all intents and purposes, unless acting under special orders. Before he makes a prisoner of anyone the evidence of his senses must justify the act, and considerable experience and knowledge of human nature is required to guide him in his actions. A candidate for a position in the police force of any well organized town or district has to take lessons from a well-trained and experienced constable before he is allowed to take a beat of his own. The British system of swearing in private individuals as special constables is only justifiable by occasions of extreme danger to the peace. The magistrate who puts the oath to them should be prepared to stand the consequences of their mistakes, for they are as apt to make a botch of their first arrest as an apprentice carpenter is to make of the first board he planes. A case in point seems to be that of Chief Frangois of the Penticton Indians, who claims that his arrest by a special policeman at Vernon during the fair was unjustiable. He is an old man and had been ill and confined to his house, and the trip to Vernon was his first outing for some time. He lost his way to the reservation in the dark, among the new fences put up on the townsite since his last visit some three years ago, and falling in with a party of drunken Siwashes who were making for the reserve was arrested with the others for being drunk. He was rudely pulled from his horse and taken to jail, tried and fined about $20.00 on account of an amateur policeman's over officiousness. The old man feels much agrieved and mortified at what he considers a gross miscarriage of much vaunted British justice and fair play.

‡

BOUNDARY CREEK.

Wm. Barnet's new cottage is nearly completed.

Mr. Overton has gone to the springs at the Arrow Lakes for a few weeks.

Mr. A. McDuff has started a blacksmith and wood-working shop at Boundary City.

The sawmill is running steadily and producing a large amount of first-class ceiling and flooring.

Messrs. Overton and McDonald have sold the Kettle River stage line to Messrs. Warren and Sanders.

Thos. McDonald has erected a house on the 320 acres adjoining Boundary City on the north, and purposes to erect a livery and sale stable this winter.

The lease-holders of the Skylark have a fine body of ore in the bottom of the shaft and are shipping regularly. They have also leased the Dickman claim which had been bonded from Mr. Walters of the Spokane and Great Northern, and purpose shipping from this as well.

×

Harry Quigley, formerly a prominent lacrosse player of Vancouver, is dead.

The World's Fair will not close on Oct. 31st, as originally intended, but will be kept open as long as the weather permits and the attendance warrants it.

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J. E. W. MACFARLANE, Manager
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The little extra attention required on our part to turn out a good class of work is compensated for by gaining and retaining your custom.

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Okanagan Falls
British Columbia

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OKANAGAN FALLS

A New City possessed of a Wonderful Combination of Advantages.

It is the natural Distributing Point for the whole of the Lower Okanagan Valley and the famous Kettle River country.

SINCE the announcement was made that a new City bearing the name of OKANAGAN FALLS, had started into life there have been numerous enquiries bearing on the subject. It has for some time been a SINE QUA NON that a city of importance must spring up somewhere in the Okanagan country, which for several years past has been attracting the attention of capitalists, not only on this continent but in Great Britain as well. Its combination of resources so richly aggregated, comprising mining, grazing, fruit-growing, etc., must of necessity evolve a city in its midst, which will be one of the centres of the Province. This is just as certain as the fact that at the terminus of the C.P.R. on the Pacific coast there was bound to be a sea-port city of importance. The question of location is to be decided by the conditions most favorable to urban growth. These conditions, as will be shown in answer to some of the numerous received, are all comprised in the situation of Okanagan Falls.

One question asked is, "Where and what is Okanagan Falls?" In reply, it is the nucleus of a city, the prospects of which are not surpassed by any other on the Pacific coast; situated at the foot of Dog lake, in the famous Okanagan valley, B.C. Had the conditions for a prosperous and populous city been especially stipulated and ordered as the work of nature, they could not have combined more favorably to produce success. The first and most natural question to arise in the mind of any common-sense man is, "What is there to make a city at Okanagan Falls?" Unless such a question is fully and fairly answered, any person endeavoring to place in the market townsite property, backed up with glittering promises of a rich retnrn, may fairly be regarded with suspicion and distrust. Readers are requested to carefully consider the reasons here advanced in support of the strong faith the promoters have in the future of Okanagan Falls.

In the first place, Okanagan Falls is likely to be the terminus, of the Canadian Pacific & Okanagan Steamboat line; it is in the line of the only possible pass which can be utilized by the C.P.R. south of the present line, or, in other words, via the Crow's Nest Pass route to the Pacific Coast; it is the proposed terminus of the Spokane & Northern Railway, and of the Okanagan & Osooyos Railway, to connect with the Great Northern at the boundary. It will be preeminently a railway and mining centre.

It is the natural outlet for the greatest gold mining region on the continent, a country which also possesses immensely rich deposits of silver, lead, coal, platinum, iron, etc. For proof of this, see Dr. Dawson's reports and the annual reports of the Minister of Mines.

In the next place, it is being built by the side of a magnificent waterfall, capable of generating a horse-power of between 50,000 and 100,000 at a very low cost, sufficient to operate all the mining machinery, reduction works, tramways, sawmills and other industries in it or in the country surrounding it. Being easy of access and having unexcelled transportation facilities in prospect, Okanagan Falls will naturally attract all the industries referred to which the country will demand. The country also abounds in Coal and Wood.

HOLMAN & LOEWEN

General Agents

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