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The English Trading Co.

# The Kootenay Mail.

C. E. SHAW,
Customs Broker,
REVELSTOKE.

Vol. 2.—No. 19. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., AUGUST 17, 1895. $2.00 a Year.

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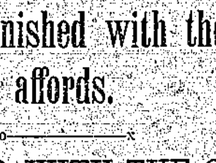
THE REVELSTOKE PHARMACY.



THOSE who are training for the coming tennis tournaments should be careful as to what brand of cigars they smoke: since the well known firm of T & B have begun manufacturing cigars their name on any box is a guarantee of its excellency, as has been the case for the past quarter century with their tobaccos.
ALTHOUGH Her Majesty does not smoke this particular brand, she has allowed her name to be used by Messrs. T & B. So when you purchase at the Revelstoke Pharmacy T & B Victoria or T & B Bouquet at 3 for 25 cents, you are sure of a good smoke at a low price.

**Kootenay Lodge No. 15 A.F. & A.M.**

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

**REVELSTOKE LODGE, I. C. O. F., No. 25.**

Regular meetings are held in Oddfellows' Hall every Thursday night at eight o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.
R. S. WILSON, N.G. E. O. LEWIS, Sec.

**Loyal Orange Lodge No. 1658.**

Regular meetings are held in the Odd Fellows' Hall on the second and fourth Wednesday's of each month at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.
E. ADAIR, J. I. WOODROW, W.M. Rec. Secy.

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NAVIGATION.
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WILL RUN BETWEEN
REVELSTOKE and NAKUSP
Stopping at Lardeau, Thomson's Landing and Halcyon Hot Springs during the Season of 1895.
Leaving Revelstoke Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 a.m.
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The Steamer Arrow
LEAVES
TOWN WHARF, REVELSTOKE,
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## River Bank Protection.

The period of high water is past, for this year at least, and the protection work along the river bank has stood the test admirably. Along the bank where the mattrasses were laid no erosion whatever has occurred this season—though the water was within less than four feet of last year's unprecedented mark. Many doubted the efficacy of this method of river bank protection when applied to the Columbia, but the results have proved the correctness of Mr. Gamble's estimate and shown that he knows something about the work he has in hand. But while the work done has proved most satisfactory in protecting the bank from further erosion, it has also demonstrated the absolute necessity of completing the undertaking as set forth in the engineer's report to the Public Works department. Almost every day, between where the work was left off and the smelter, great slices have been sliding into the river, until now the edge of the bank is less than a hundred feet from the road in front of the schoolhouse, where formerly there were several hundred feet to spare. This is a matter which requires attention as soon as possible. All the preliminary work has already been done—such as inspection, estimating, etc., though these may have to be altered somewhat owing to the erosions this year. There appears to be nothing in the way of this absolutely necessary work except a proper stage of water. In fact the minister of Public Works, the Hon. Mr. Ouimet, in reply to the question by Mr. Mara, in the House of Commons, regarding this work, said, speaking for the government: "Our intention is to complete the work conjointly with the local government." Thus we have the word of the head of the Works department that the work will be completed.

## Revelstoke as a Smelting Centre.

EDITOR KOOTENAY MAIL:

There is something going on in relation to establishing a smelter in West Kootenay that seriously disturbs the editor of the Rossland *Miner*. He begins a paragraph in his last issue in this way: "If Canadian Pacific influence succeeds in establishing a smelter at Revelstoke the city of Spokane should give a big bonus to the scheme." And adds, quite in despair, addressing the merchants of that section, "It is Hobson's choice, gentlemen. You must either make a trading and smelting center in South Kootenay or you will throw three-fourths of the trade to Spokane." And is it really true that Spokane and Revelstoke are working together for the establishment of a smelter at Revelstoke? How can this be when nothing is known of it here, one of the places most interested in the result deprecated by the *Miner*?

The Nelson *Tribune* also is much wrought up over the report that a large smelting plant is to be erected at Nakusp, as the most eligible location, rather than at Nelson, and denounces the Canadian Pacific Railway for having done everything possible to secure it. The editor would not have any other place in West Kootenay than Nelson or Kootenay Lake have the benefit of a smelter. There is one already established at Pilot Bay and another is to be erected at Nelson by the Silver King mine. But this is not enough for the editor of the *Tribune*. If any other smelters are built in West Kootenay, they must be located where they will give value to the corner lots of this editor or his friends.

It is our firm belief that there is, and will be produced, in West Kootenay, ore sufficient to supply all the smelters that are likely to be established in the district. It is beyond doubt that Revelstoke is one of the most desirable places in West Kootenay for the establishment of a great smelting plant. The mining camps that will be directly tributary to it are Trout Lake, Lardeau, Fish Creek, Caribou Creek, Gold Hill, Silver Bow, Prairie Mountain, Illecillewaet, Albert Canyon and the late finds on the North Fork, as well as the gold ores of Carnes Creek and Big Bend, saying nothing about the Slocan mines which are more directly tributary to Nakusp in case a smelter is built there.

Moreover, Revelstoke is the only really central town in West Kootenay. No place in the district, nor even in British Columbia on the Mainland, can be considered as central for any business purpose, that is situated off the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Accessibility by railway east and west, and south by river and rail, for all purposes of transporting coal, coke, iron, ores, and all classes of material and supplies that enter into the reduction and refining of ores, as well as the outward transportation of bullion and the refined product, is what gives to Revelstoke its central character. The C.P.R. begins to see this, and realizes that the farther the smelting business is removed from the boundary, the less liable will it be to the sharp competition of the American lines.

SELKIRK.

## RAILWAY EXTENSIONS.

### The C.P.R. Getting a Move On—An American Opinion.

The work of railway extension may be said to have fairly begun. Gen. Supt. Abbott arrived on Thursday from the coast and went down river the same evening. He will let the contract on the extension from Three Forks to Sandon, about 4½ miles, upon which work will be started immediately. The completion of the Arrow Lake branch is a very necessary link in the chain of communication with the main line. That this will be done this year is admitted by the railway officials, though no definite date has been named for beginning construction; but preparations are being made and everything got in readiness to start at a moment's notice, and besides this work is being pushed on several surveys in Southern Kootenay. Another party, with engineer Griffiths in charge, went south by the Lytton on Monday.

This activity on the part of the C.P.R. is causing not a little speculation amongst those interested in the carrying trade of West Kootenay. The Spokane *Chronicle* comments upon it as follows: "No little commotion was caused among the mining men by the receipt of information which leaves little room for doubt that the Canadian Pacific is planning to build to Trail creek mining district—not a branch line or a "stub" road, but a direct connection not only with Trail district but with the Slocan and Nelson mines. Fifteen Canadian Pacific surveyors, headed by competent engineers and fully equipped with all desirable instruments for rapid work, are now engaged near the foot of Lake Slocan in making observations and measurements and selecting a practical railway route. From what point they started cannot as yet be learned. But they came from the direction of Trail Creek and are working north, following closely along the route long since proposed for the connecting line from Revelstoke to connection with the Nelson and Robson railway. It is also reported that other Canadian Pacific parties are working in West Kootenay—in fact there are more surveyors now in the district than ever before in its history. Moreover there are three or four mysterious "observers" wandering about the country this summer noting streams, elevations, passes, distances, etc., making copious memoranda of the topography of the country but preserving a mysterious silence as to their purposes and refusing to discuss with anyone the meaning of their work. The supposition is that the Canadian Pacific, following out its well known design of controlling all the business of British Columbia or as nearly all as possible, is now going after the traffic of Trail creek district, not by extending the Crows Nest Pass line immediately as has been expected, but by completing the north and south branch from Revelstoke. Portions of this line from Revelstoke to the arm of Arrow lake and from Nakusp around the head of Lake Slocan to Three Forks are now in use. But they can only be operated in connection with steamboats. By building the connecting links and extending the line to Trail the Canadian Pacific would be in a fair way to achieve its ambitions and control nearly all the trade of British Columbia."

## Ore and Bullion Shipments.

On Sunday the Lytton brought up 2 carloads of Pilot Bay bullion for Aurora and 1 carload of ore from the Alamo mine for Omaha. The Kootenai had 4 carloads of Pilot Bay bullion for Aurora and 1 of ore from the Alamo for Omaha.

On Tuesday the Kootenai had 2 cars Alamo and 2 of Cumberland ore, both lots for Omaha. On her return she took down 3 cars of lumber from New Westminster for the new boat which is being built on Kootenay Lake.

The Lytton brought up on Thursday two cars of bullion from Pilot Bay for Aurora, and took down six trolley cars for the Silver King tramway, one full car of bacon for various consignees, and balance of cargo of general merchandise.

## Gold Quartz Near Donald.

Some excitement was occasioned yesterday by the reported discovery of gold quartz on Porcupine creek, near Donald. Apart from the fact that two locations had been made, no particulars were obtained.

## Her Trial Trip.

The Nakusp, with Capt. Troup in charge and J. A. Mara and party aboard, had a trial trip on Thursday from Nakusp to the Hot Springs and return, when everything was found to work satisfactorily. The fitting up has been almost completed and it is expected she will be in commission next week.

## The Kootenay Trade.

The matter of the Kootenay trade is just now receiving considerable attention from the merchants and press of the coast. They are awakening to the fact that a very large percentage of the trade which should, in the ordinary course of events, go to the coast houses is being done by eastern wholesalers. For this state of affairs the coast merchants "canniness" is responsible, even more than are the transportation rates. While they have been afraid to do business the eastern merchant has jumped in and taken his chances, and, except in a few isolated instances, he has had no cause to regret it. There is hardly an article of merchandise, except dry goods, in which the westerner is not as favorably circumstanced as is his eastern competitor. The trade of the district has now grown to such extent that some eastern merchants are considering the advisability of establishing branches here and this move appears to have caused coast merchants to put on their thinking caps and cast about for means to secure a larger share of the trade. Discussing this subject the *News Advertiser* says: "We hear that one or more Manitoba houses intend to start branches or supply stores at Revelstoke. By that means they can fill orders for any part of the Kootenay district with great promptitude and with the greatest possible economy whether as regards freight or trade expenses. Now if a Winnipeg firm finds it advantageous to open a branch at Revelstoke, a Coast house—or a combination of three or four of them—should also find it equally beneficial. Indeed, more so as by bringing his eastern goods to that point, he places himself on just as good a footing in that respect as his eastern competitor."

## Local Mining Notes.

Messrs. McPherson & Beetles, who are working the Old Sonoma, a southern extension of the Great Northern group, have struck 18 inches of grey copper.

Geo. Laforme came down from the Consolation this week and reports that they are still in the mudslide. Mr. Laforme went into Trout Lake this morning.

O. B. Williams, one of the proprietors of the Consolation, on French Creek, who has been holidaying for a few weeks, started up the Bend yesterday morning to resume work.

Frisby and Reighly, accompanied by Tom and Bruce Horne, have returned to their new locations on the Jordan. The outfit took two week's provisions and intend to spend the time prospecting that vicinity.

John H. Moyle, who went into Trout Lake last week to superintend work on the Great Northern, came up on Tuesday to purchase supplies. He has a gang at work erecting the necessary buildings for the camp.

Frank Anderson and Ves Howe, of Tacoma, together with W. Kenny, started on Thursday for the Little Falls on French Creek. Messrs. Anderson and Howe go up with a view of purchasing an interest in this property.

Joe Dunn and Dave Cowan returned this week from a prospecting trip up the mountain from Green Slide. They found some good-looking float, but did not locate the ledge. They started again this morning, and will go up Gainer Creek and over the mountain to Duncan river.

L. Arthur, who went into Lardeau some weeks ago to do assessment work, returned on Saturday. He wants a trail up Boyd Creek—a distance of five miles—and has gone to Victoria to interview the government about it.

## Board of Trade Elects Officers.

The necessary legal preliminaries having been attended to the organization meeting of the Revelstoke Board of Trade was held in the schoolhouse on Monday evening when the following officers were elected: President, J. M. Kellie, M.P.P.; Vice-President, J. D. Sibbald; Secretary-Treasurer, C. E. Shaw; Council—T. L. Haig, F. B. Wells, H. N. Coursier, John Abrahamson, J. I. Woodrow, Jas. W. Vail, H. J. Bourne, Wm. Cowan, Dr. McLean. The Council held its first meeting on Thursday evening.

## Farm Hands by the Carload.

The largest number of passengers ever brought into Winnipeg from the east in one day were landed at the Canadian Pacific station Thursday evening. There were six trains comprising sixty passenger coaches and twelve baggage cars with 2,900 farm laborers on board. This lot of arrivals, however, are but the vanguard, as the Canadian Pacific company from the latest information received estimates that 6,000 outside men will be needed in order to get the harvest garnered by November, and other special trains will leave eastern points next Tuesday.

# THE CLEVER WIDOW.

## CHAPTER II.

BREAKING THE ICE.

The cottage from the window of which the Misses Williams had looked out stands, and has stood for many a year, in that pleasant suburban district which lies between Norwood, Anerly and Forest Hill. Long before there had been a thought of a "ownship there, when the metropolis was still quite a distant thing, old Mr. Williams had inhabited "The Brambles," as the little house was called, and had owned all the fields about it. Six or eight such cottages scattered over a rolling country side were all the houses to be found there in the days when the century was young. From afar, when the breeze came from the north, the dull, low roar of the great city might be heard, like the breaking of the tide of life, while along the horizon might be seen the dim curtain of smoke, the grim spray which that tide threw up. Gradually, however, as the years passed, the city had thrown out a long brick feeler here and there, curving, extending and coalescing, until at last the little cottages had been gripped around by these red tentacles, and had been absorbed to make room for the modern villa. Field by field the estate of old Mr. Williams had been sold to the speculative builder, and had borne rich crops of snug suburban dwellings, arranged in curving crescents and tree-lined avenues. The father had passed away before his cottage was entirely bricked around, but his two daughters, to whom the property had descended, lived to see the last vestige of country taken from them. For years they had clung to the one field which faced their windows, and it was only after much argument and many heart-burnings that they had at last consented that it should share the fate of the others. A broad road was driven through their quiet domain, the quarter was renamed "The Wilderness," and three square, staring, uncompromising, villas began to sprout up on the other side. With sore hearts the two shy little old maids watched their steady progress, and speculated as to what fashion of neighbors chance would bring into the little nook which had always been their own.

And at last they were all three finished, wooden balconies and overhanging eave had been added to them, so that, in the language of the advertisement, there were vacant three eligible Swiss-built villass with sixteen rooms, no basement, electric bells, hot and cold water, and every modern convenience, including a common tennis lawn, to be let at £100 a year, or £1500 purchase. So tempting an offer did not long remain open. Within a few week, the card had vanished from number one, and it was known that Admiral Hay Denver, V. C., C. V., with Mrs. Hay Denver and their only son, was about to move into it. The news brought peace to the hearts of the Williams sisters. They had lived with the settled conviction that some wild, impossible colony; some shouting, singing family of madcaps would break in upon their peace. This establishment at least was irreproachable. A reference to "Men of the Time" showed them that Admiral Hay Denver was a most distinguished officer, who had begun his active career at Bomarsund, and had ended it at Alexandria, having managed between these two episodes to see as much service as any man of his years. From the Taku Forts and the "Shannon" brigade to dhow-harrying off Zanzibar there was no variety of naval work which did not appear in his record; while the Victoria Cross and the Albert Medal for saving life vouched for it that in peace as in war his courage was still of the same temper. Clearly a very eligible neighbor this, the more so as they had been confidentially assured by the estate agent that Mr. Harold Denver, the son, was a most quiet young gentleman, and that he was busy from morning to night on the Stock Exchange.

The Hay Denvers had hardly moved in before number two also struck its placard, and again the ladies found that they had no reason to be discontented with their neighbors. Doctor Balthazar Walker was a very well-known name in the medical world. Did not his qualifications, his membership and the record of his writings fill a long half column in the Medical Directory, from his first little paper on the "Gouty Diathesis," in 1859, to his exhaustive treatise upon "Affections of the Vaco-Motor System," in 1884? A successful medical career which promised to end in a presidentship of a college, and a baronetcy, had been cut short by his sudden inheritance of a considerable sum from a grateful patient, which had rendered him independent for life, and had enabled him to turn his attention to the more scientific part of his profession, which had always had a greater charm for him than its more practical and commercial aspect. To this end he had given up his house in Weymouth street, and had taken this opportunity of moving himself, his scientific instruments, and his two charming daughters (he had been a widower for some years) into the more peaceful atmospherd of Norwood.

There was thus but one villa unoccupied, and it was no wonder that the two maiden ladies watched with a keen interest, which deepened into a dire apprehension, the curious incidents which heralded the coming of the new tenants. They had already learned from the agent that the family consisted of two only, Mrs. Westmacott, a widow, and her nephew, Charles Westmacott. How simple and how select it had sounded! Who could have foreseen from it these fearful portents which seemed to threaten violence and discord among the dwellers in The Wilderness? Again the two old maids cried in heartfelt chorus that they wished they had not sold their field.

"Well, at least, Monica," remarked Bertha, as they sat over their tea-cups that afternoon, "however strange these people may be, it is our duty to be as polite to them as to the others."

"Most certainly," acquiesced her sister.

"Since we have called upon Mrs. Hay Denver and upon the Misses Walker, we must call upon this Mrs. Westmacott also."

"Certainly, dear. As long as they are living upon our land I feel as if they were in a sense our guests, and that it is our duty to welcome them."

"Then we shall call to-morrow," said Bertha, with decision.

"Yes, dear, we shall. But, oh, I wish it was over!"

At four o'clock on the next day the two maiden ladies set off upon their hospitable errand. In their stiff, crackling dresses of black silk with jet-bespangled jackets, and little rows of cylindrical gray curls drooping down on either side of their black bonnets, they looked like two old fashion-plates which had wandered off into the wrong decade. Half curious and half fearful they knocked at the door of number three, which was instantly opened by a red-headed page-boy.

Yes, Mrs. Westmacott was at home. He ushered them into the front room, where in spite of the fine spring weather a large fire was burning in the grate. The boy took their cards, and then, as they sat down together upon a settee, he set their nerves in a thrill by darting behind a curtain with a shrill cry, and prodding at something with his foot. The bull pup which they had seen upon the day before bolted from its hiding-place and scutted snarling from the room.

"It wants to get at Eliza," said the youth, in a confidential whisper. "Master says he would give him more n he brought." He smiled affably at the two little stiff black figures, and departed in search of his mistress.

"What—what did he say?" grasped Bertha.

"Something about a—Oh, goodness gracious! Oh, help! help! help!" The two sisters had bounded onto the settee, and stood there with staring eyes and skirts gathered in, while they filled the whole house with their yells. Out of a high wickerwork basket which stood by the fire there had risen a flat, diamond-shaped head with wicked green eyes which came flickering upward, waving gently from side to side, until a foot or more of glossy, scaly neck was visible. Slowly the vicious head came floating up, while at every oscillation a fresh burst of shrieks came from the settee.

"What in the name of mischief?" cried a voice, and there was the mistress of the house standing in the doorway. Her gaze at first had merely taken in the fact that two strangers were standing screaming upon her red plush sofa. A glance at the fireplace, however, showed her the cause of the terror, and she burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"Charley," she shouted, "here's Eliza misbehaving again."

"I'll settle her," answered a masculine voice, and the young man dashed into the room. He had a brown horse cloth in his hand, which he threw over the basket, making it fast with a piece of twine so as to effectually imprison its inmate, while his aunt ran across to reassure her visitors.

"It's only a rock snake," she explained.

"Oh, Bertha!" "Oh, Monica!" gasped the poor exhausted gentlewomen.

"She's hatching out some eggs. That is why we have the fire. Eliza always does better when she is warm. She is a sweet, gentle creature, but no doubt she thought that you had designs upon her eggs. I suppose that you did not touch any of them?"

"Oh, let us get away, Bertha!" cried Monica, with her thin, black-gloved hands thrown forward in abhorrence.

"Not away, but into the next room," said Mrs. Westmacott, with the air of one whose word was law. "This way if you please. It is less warm here." She led the way into a very handsomely appointed library with three great cases of books, and upon the fourth side a long yellow table littered over with papers and scientific instruments. "Sit here, and you there," she continued. "That is right. Now let me see, which of you is Miss Williams and which Miss Bertha Williams?"

"I am Miss Williams," said Monica, still palpitating, and glancing furtively about in dread of some new horror.

"And you live, as I understand, over at the pretty little cottage. It is very nice of you to call so early. I don't suppose that we shall get on, but still the intention is equally good." She crossed her legs and leaned her back against the marble mantelpiece.

"We thought that perhaps we might be of some assistance," said Bertha timidly. "If there is anything which we could do to make you feel more at home"—

"Oh, thank you; I am too old a traveller to feel anything but at home wherever I go. I've just come back from a few months in the Marquesas Islands, where I had a very pleasant visit. That was where I got Eliza. In many respects the Marquesas Islands now lead the world."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Miss Williams. "In what respect?"

"In the relation of the sexes. They have worked out the great problem upon their own lines, and their isolated geographical position has helped them to come to a conclusion of their own. The woman there is, and she should be, in every way the absolute equal of the male. Come in, Charles, and sit down. Is Eliza all right?"

"All right, aunt."

"These are our neighbors, the Misses Williams. Perhaps they will have some stout. You might bring in a couple of bottles, Charles."

"No, no, thank you! None for us!" cried her two visitors, earnestly.

"No? I am sorry that I have no tea to offer you. I look upon the subserviency of woman as largely due to her abandoning nutritious drinks and invigorating exercises to the male. I do neither." She picked up a pair of fifteen-pound dumbbells from beside the fireplace and swung them lightly about her head. "You see what may be done on st ut," said she.

"But don't you think," the elder Miss Williams suggested, timidly, "don't you think, Mrs. Westmacott, that woman has a mission of her own?"

The lady of the house dropped her dumbbells with a crash upon the floor.

"The old cant?" she cried. "The old shibboleth! What is this mission which is reserved for woman? All that is humble, that is mean, that is soul-killing, that is so contemptible and so ill-paid that none other will touch it. All this is woman's mission. And who imposed these limitations upon her? Who cooped her up within this narrow sphere? Was it Providence? Was it nature? No, it was the arch-enemy. It was man."

"Oh, I say, auntie!" drawled her nephew.

"It was man, Charles. It was you and your fellows. I say that woman is a colossal monument to the selfishness of man. What is all this boasted chivalry—these fine words and vague phrases? Where is it when we wish to put it to the test? Man, in the abstract, will do anything to help a woman. Of course. How does it work when his pocket is touched? Where is his chivalry then? Will the doctors help her to qualify? Will the lawyers help her to be called to the bar? Will the clergy tolerate her in the church? Oh, it is close your ranks then and refer poor woman to her mission! Her mission! To be thankful for coppers, and not to interfere with the men while they grabble for gold, like swine round a trough, that is man's reading of the mission of women. You may sit there and sneer, Charles, while you look upon your victim, but you know that it is truth, every word of it."

Terrified as they were by this sudden torrent of words, the two gentlewomen could not but smile at the sight of the fiery, domineering victim, and the big, apologetic representative of mankind, who sat meekly bearing all the sins of his sex. The lady struck a match whipped a cigarette from a case upon the mantelpiece, and began to draw the smoke into her lungs.

"I find it very soothing when my nerves are at all rifled," she explained. "You don't smoke? Ah, you miss one of the purest of pleasures—one of the few pleasures which are without a reaction."

Miss Williams smoothed out her silken lap.

"It is a pleasure," she said, with some approach to self-assertion, "which Bertha and I are rather too old-fashioned to enjoy."

"No doubt. It would probably make you very ill if you attempted it. By the way, I hope that you will come to some of our guild meetings. I shall see that tickets are sent you."

"Your guild?"

"It is not yet formed, but I shall lose no time in forming a committee. It is my habit to establish a branch of the Emancipation Guild wherever I go. There is Mrs. Sanderson, in Anerley, who is already one of the emancipated, so that I have a nucleus. It is only by organized resistance, Miss Williams, that we can hope to hold our own against the selfish sex. Must you go, then?"

"Yes, we have one or two other visits to pay," said the elder sister. "You will, I am sure, excuse us. I hope that you will find Norwood a pleasant residence."

"All places are to me simply a battle-field," she answered, gripping first one and then the other with a grip which crumpled up their thin little fingers. "The days for work and healthful exercise, the evenings to Browning and high discourse, eh, Charles? Good-by!" She came to the door with them, and as they glanced back they saw her still standing there with the yellow bull pup cuddled up under one fore-arm, and the thin blue reek of her cigarette ascending from her lips.

"Oh, what a dreadful, dreadful woman!" whispered sister Bertha, as they hurried down the road. "Thank goodness that is over!"

"But she'll return the visit," answered the other. "I think we had better tell Mary that we are not at home."

## CHAPTER III.

DWELLERS IN THE WILDERNESS.

How deeply are our destinies influenced by the most trifling causes! Had the unknown builder who erected and owned these new villas contented himself by simply building each within its own grounds, it is probable that these three small groups of people would have remained hardly conscious of one another's existence, and that there would have been no opportunity for that action and reaction which is here set forth. But there was a common link to bind them together. To single himself out from all other Norwood builders, the landlord had devised and laid out a common lawn-tennis ground, which stretched behind the houses with tautstretched net, green close-cropped sward, and widespread whitewashed lines. Hither in search of that hard exercise which is as necessary as air or food to the English temperament came young Hay Denver when released from the toil of the city. Hither, too, came Dr. Walker and his two fair daughters, Clara and Ida, and hither, also champions of the lawn, came the short-skirted, muscular widow and her athletic nephew. Ere the Summer was gone they knew each other in this quiet nook as they might have done after years of a stiffer and more formal acquaintance.

And especially to the admiral and the doctor were this closer intimacy and companionship of value. Each had a void in his life, as every man must have who with unexhausted strength steps out of the great race, but each by his society might help to fill up that of his neighbor. It is true that they had not much in common, but that is sometimes an aid rather than a bar to friendship. Each had been an enthusiast in his profession, and had retained all his interest in it. The doctor still read from cover to cover his Lancet and his Medical Journal, attended all professional gatherings, worked himself into an alternate state of exaltation and depression over the results of the election of officers, and reserved for himself a den of his own, in which, before rows of little round bottles full of glycerine, Canadian balsam, and straining agents, he still cut sections with a microtome and peeped through his long, old-fashioned microscope at the arcana of nature. With his typical face, clean shaven on lip and chin, with a firm mouth, a strong jaw, a steady eye and two little white fluffs of whiskers, he could never be taken for anything but what he was—a high-class British medical consultant of the age of fifty, or perhaps just a year or two older.

The doctor, in his heyday, had been cool over great things, but now, in his retirement he was fussy over trifles. The man who had operated without the quiver of a finger, when not only his patient's life but his own reputation and future were at stake, was now shaken to the soul by a mislaid book or a careless maid. He remarked it himself, and knew the reason. "When Mary was alive," he would say, "she stood between me and the little troubles. I could brace myself for the big ones. My girls are as good as girls can be, but who can know a man as his wife knows him?" Then his memory would conjure up a tuft of brown hair and a single white, thin hand over a coverlet, and he would feel, as we have all felt, that if we do not live and know each other after death, then indeed we are tricked and betrayed by all the highest hopes and subtlest intuitions of our nature.

The doctor had his compensations to make up for his loss. The great scales of Fate had been held on a level for him; for where in all great London could one find two sweeter girls, more loving, more intelligent, and more sympathetic than Clara and Ida Walker? So bright were they, so quick, so interested in all which interested him, that if it were possible for a man to be compensated for the loss of a good wife, then Balthazar Walker might claim to be so.

Clara was tall and thin and supple, with a graceful, womanly figure. There was something stately and distinguished in her carriage—"queenly" her friends called her, while her critics described her as reserved and distant.

Such as it was, however, it was part and parcel of herself, for she was, and had always from her childhood been, different from any one around her. There was nothing gregarious in her nature. She thought with her own mind, saw with her own eyes, acted from her own impulse. Her face was pale, striking rather than pretty, but with two great dark eyes so earnestly questioning, so quick in their transitions from joy to pathos, so swift in their comment upon every word and deed around her, that those eyes alone were to many more attractive than all the beauty of her younger sister. Here was a strong, quiet soul, and it was her firm hand which had taken over the duties of her mother, had ordered the house, restrained the servants, comforted her father and upheld her weaker sister, from the day of that great misfortune.

Ida Walker was a hand's breadth smaller than Clara, but was a little fuller in the face and plumper in the figure. She had light yellow hair, mischievous blue eyes with the light of humor ever twinkling in their depths, and a large, perfectly formed mouth, with that slight upward curve of the corners which goes with the keen appreciation of fun, suggesting even in repose that a latent smile is ever lurking at the edges of the lips. She was modern to the soles of her dainty little high-heeled shoes, frankly fond of dress and of pleasure, devoted to tennis and to comic opera, delighted with a dance, which came her way only too seldom, longing ever for some new excitement, and yet behind all this lighter side of her character a thoroughly good, healthy minded English girl, the life and soul of the house, and the idol of her sister and her father. Such was the family at number two. A peep into the remaining villa and our introductions are complete.

Admiral Hay Denver did not belong to the florid, white-haired, hearty school of sea-dogs which is more common in works of fiction than in the navy list. On the contrary, he was the representative of a much more common type, which is the antithesis of the conventional sailor. He was a thin, hard-featured man, with an ascetic, aquiline cast of face, grizzled and hollow-cheeked, clean-shaven, with the exception of the tiniest curved promontory of ash-colored whisker. An observer accustomed to classify men might have put him down as a cannon of the church with a taste for lay costume and a country life, or as the master of a large public school, who joined his scholars in their outdoor sports. His lips were firm, his chin prominent, he had a hard, dry eye, and his manner was precise and formal. Forty years of stern discipline had made him reserved and silent. Yet, when at his ease with an equal, he could readily assume a less quarter-deck style, and he had a fund of little, dry stories of the world and its ways which were of interest from one who had seen as many phases of life. Dry and spare, so lean as a jockey and tough as whipcord, he might be seen any day swinging his silver-headed Malacca cane, and pacing along the suburban roads with the same measured gait with which he had been wont to tread the poop of his flagship. He wore a good service strip upon his cheek, for on one side it was pitted and scarred where a spurt of gravel knocked up by a round-shot had struck him thirty years before, when he served in the Lancaster gun battery. Yet he was hale and sound, and though he was fifteen years senior to his friend the doctor, he might have passed as the younger man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HISTORIC ENGLISH PAUPERS

**Are Given an Excursion by Their Generous Benefactors.**

Last year, for the first time, the aged infirm and disabled inmates of the Camberwell Workhouse, near London, went for a day at the seaside to Bognor, and so successful was the excursion that this year it was renewed.

As the chairman and guardians and master put it in their circular, the "monotony of workhouse life" was thus broken for one day in the year, and the poor old people whose horizon is more or less bounded for 364 days by walls and gates at East Dulwich were able on the 365th day to get a glimpse of the wide, wide world outside.

Bognor is not a place of maddening excitement; but, visited in a special train, with the brass band of Sutton schools and hampers of meat pies, bottled beer, strawberries and tobacco, it no doubt suggested a scene of wild dissipation to the recluses of Camberwell.

REVELLED LIKE YOUNG BACCHANALIANS.

The Town Hall of Bognor was placed at the disposal of the invaders, and there the dinner was discussed, the toasts were drunk, and gratifying contributions to the fund were announced. Then came excursions inland in pair-horse brakes, excursions along the sea-front, donkey rides unhesitatingly undertaken by ancient inmates. Indoors Dale's troupe of negro minstrels entertained those who preferred music and repose. The day was glorious, the sea air fresh and invigorating, and the entire excursion was successful even beyond anticipations. Among the excursionists were "Sally," who has been in Camberwell Workhouse since 1848, and Signor Sparkena, who was ring clown at Astley's with the famous Ducrow in 1850, and none enjoyed himself or herself more than these frail links with the past, or looked forward with more confidence to the next outing at Bognor, or elsewhere.

### Finds a Gold Mine.

On Tuesday Joseph Bouchare, a poor market gardener living seven miles from Duluth, was so poor that he hardly knew where the next meal was coming from. To-day he is a rich man, with gold in plenty. Bouchare was digging a well on his place, bewailing his hard fate the while, when suddenly his pick struck a vein of gold ore so rich that the precious metal could be extracted with a knife. Bouchare hunted up Sheriff Butchart and to him alone confided his secret. An examination has been made of the property by competent mining experts, and the vein is announced one of the richest ever opened in that state. The sheriff has already secured an option on the land, and will, as soon as the vein is further developed, purchase a half interest.

### Happy Thought.

She (on the evening of the wedding day)—Oh, Harry, just look what a large piece of wedding cake has been left! Whatever shall we do with it?

He—I'll tell you what, my dear. I'll send it to the night watchman at our works; then I shall be sure he won't sleep to-night.

### Proof Positive.

Little Tommy—Mamma, papa has been drinking.

Mother—What makes you think so?

Tommy—He said that you were an angel.

There is about as much rejoicing over a good man lost, as there is over a bad one saved.

A man loses everything when he wins a woman's contempt.

# HOUSEHOLD.

### To Keep Ostrich Tips in Curl.

What trimming can look more shabby and bedraggled than ostrich feathers out of curl? But to take them to a curler every time they are straightened by fog or dew is too heavy an expense to be thought of. Fortunately, when once one knows how, the feathers may be nicely curled at home. Shake the feathers well to remove any dust, or brush them with a very soft brush or silk handkerchief. Have the teakettle filled with water throwing out a good volume of steam, and then shake the feathers through the steam to restore their luster and liven them. Do not get them too damp. Take the fibers of the feathers a few at a time between the thumb and forefinger, and draw them carefully over the blade of a silver fruit knife. It is best to begin with the broad end of the feather. When curled pass a very coarse comb carefully through the fibers. When feathers are broken two or three may be laid one over the other and joined with invisible stitches. If one has a quantity of feathers no longer good for hat wear the professional cleaner and curler will often make from them a very good looking feather boa.

### Cleaning Silk.

Place each piece of silk on a smooth clean table, and dip a wad of the material into the cleaning fluid, which should consist of equal parts of alcohol and lukewarm water. Cold coffee well strained, or water in which an old black glace kid glove has been boiled is also good for black silk. This latter mixture is made by putting a glove into a pint of water and boiling it down to a half pint.

Sponge the goods on what will be the right side when made up, as some silks can be turned after being worn. Hang each piece on a line to drip; when nearly dry, iron with a moderately warm iron on the wrong side, placing a piece of soft black cambric between the iron and the goods, and ironing each piece until it is perfectly dry. Then lay away the pieces without folding. If the selvedge edges seems to draw after the silk is wet, cut them here and there to give a leeway.

### Fine Laundering.

Challies can be beautifully washed in rice water. Boil half a pound of rice in rather more than two quarts of water, let the water become tepid and then wash the fabric in it, rubbing it with the rice, as if it were soap; rinse two or three times in rice water, from which however, the rice has been strained, and use the last rinsing water well diluted, so that the material may not become too stiff. Iron while slightly damp. Silk stockings should be washed and rinsed in luke warm water and wrung between towels. Woolen and silk underwear should be washed in warm soap suds, to which a little ammonia has been added. The silk garments may soak for a quarter of an hour in this preparation before being rubbed between the fingers. Rinse twice through tepid clear water and hang to dry with great care, pulling out all wrinkles. Iron under a cloth before quite dry.

### Think About This.

Altogether too few wives realize that novelty and variety are as attractive to a man after marriage as before. The same gown evening after evening perhaps, the same coiffure year in and year out, may not exactly pall upon the taste of a devoted husband, but he soon ceases to look at his wife with the same interest as heretofore. After awhile she will miss the fond little compliments that are so pleasant to receive, and one of the most potent of her womanly weapons grows rusty from disuse.

### Crackers.

The whites of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two teacupfuls of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix very stiff with flour, beat well, roll thin, cut with the tin cover of a small spice box, and bake in a quick oven.

Another: Into a quart of flour rub well with the hand half a teacupful of butter and a teaspoonful of salt; wet with very cold water, beat thoroughly with a rolling pin; then work in flour to make the dough brittle and hard; pinch off small bits, and roll each piece separately.

Cream Crackers.—Sift together a quart of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, five tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Rub in four beaten eggs, and mix in a firm, smooth dough. Flour the moulding board, turn out the dough and knead it rapidly a few minutes. Now cover with a damp towel and leave it fifteen minutes, then roll out an eighth of an inch thick. Cut with a small biscuit cutter. When all are cut out drop a few at a time in boiling water; when they rise and curl at the edges, dip them out with a skimmer and drop them in cold water; lay them on well greased baking tins and bake fifteen minutes in a fairly hot oven. These are nice if made right.

Soda Crackers.—Make with fresh buttermilk, a stiff dough with one quart of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, and half a teaspoonful of salt; beat till very light indeed, roll thin, cut accurately into squares, prick with a fork and bake quickly. If shredded raisins are put into the buttermilk, the crackers resemble the fruit crackers we find in market.

Graham Crackers.—To four teacupfuls of graham flour add a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, and scald thoroughly with boiling water; work into a soft dough, roll out a quarter of an inch thick, cut into diamonds with a sharp knife, and bake till quite crisp, or about half an hour.

### Not In the Swim.

Mr. De Style—Why don't you invite Mrs. Firstflatt to your reception?

Mrs. De Style—I do not associate with such vulgar people.

Vulgar?

I should say so. She wears commonplace, homegrown teeth that never cost her a cent.

An albino frog with beautiful pink eye has lately been added to the curiosities in the museum at Berlin.

## HUNTING KANGAROOS.

**Adventurous Sport in the Wild Interior of Victoria—The Strange Bird that Warns the Herd of Danger.**

"So you want to go on a kangaroo hunt?" said my Australian host with a cynical smile.

"Of course; why not?"

"Simply because you may have better luck shooting sea serpents or the mammoth or the plesiosaurus, for that matter."

I was surprised at the positive rejoinder. Still I believed that the Brisbane citizen had met of late with poor success with his gun.

"You may believe it or not," he continued, "but it is nevertheless true. Kangaroo hunting is a sport of the past. Whatever is left of this marsupial mammal is now confined to large private parks or is domesticated as pets for old spinsters. There are few Australian citizens now living who can boast of having seen the kangaroo in his wild state."

Nevertheless, I prevailed on my friend to venture with me into the interior.

POOR COUNTRY FOR GAME.

For three days we rode through mountains and forests, and all we got for our pains was a pair of small parrots.

Then we had several days of dreary rain, during which we accepted the hospitality of an old trapper.

What was our joy when one of the trapper's sons came home one day with the news that he had espied a few kangaroos on an open meadow in the midst of an almost impenetrable forest a few miles from the trapper's hut. He described the "old man" as being of extraordinary proportions.

We determined to shoulder our guns on the following day. When we arose at daylight it was raining in earnest.

"We are fortunate," said the trapper, as he opened the door and looked at the sky, "this is genuine kangaroo weather."

THE KANGAROO'S HAUNTS.

The meadow of which his son had spoken lay at the lower end of a small valley. No better grazing place could be conceived of.

We approached the meadow with great caution, for the kangaroo has an exceedingly sharp scent.

At first sight the meadow appeared empty, but later we detected a few black spots at the further end.

I looked inquiringly at the trapper.

"Kangaroos," he whispered, "sure enough."

We drew a little nearer, and counted a dozen animals. We had no doubt encountered a small family—the "old man," a cow and ten calves. We were too far to venture a shot. We followed the trapper cautiously, who made numerous detours, keeping his sharp eye on the herd.

At last we reached a spot where the trees were few and far apart, and where we could plainly see the "old man" standing upright, glancing in all directions like a watchful sentry.

PILOTED BY A "RARA AVIS."

There is another reason why it is difficult to waylay this animal in his wild state. Like the shark, who is always accompanied by a pilot fish, so has the kangaroo a bird hovering over him, who gives the alarm at the least suspicious apparation, a signal for the flight of the entire herd. The bird is called the kangaroo-warner.

I could learn no further particulars of this "rara avis." Australian ornithologists know little about it. At any rate, it is a curious creature, who has also this peculiarity, that its watchfulness is hampered in rainy weather—a favorable circumstance for our little party.

The trapper pointed to a well-trodden pathway. How came this path in this wilderness? It was the daily route of the herd to their grazing place. I was burning with anxiety to have the first aim at the old man, who stood within easy distance as a seductive target. But I was warned to desist by the old trapper, who convinced me that a miss-hot would spoil our sport altogether. He whispered for us to sit behind a tree a few steps from the path.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

The trapper himself made his way stealthily, avoiding every open space, using bushes and stumps as covers, to within a few feet of the "old man." Then he fired, and the pater familias was a dead kangaroo.

As was expected, the rest of the herd, alarmed at the shot, rushed after the mother down the narrow path before us. The sight of this sudden flight was so comical that I burst out laughing, and although I am called a good shot, my aim was so uncertain on this account that I missed every time I fired.

We only procured the "old man." He was a powerful beast, measuring eight feet from head to tail. I sold his skin in Melbourne for £2. His carcass furnished a season's meat for the trapper.

### Popular Beliefs.

The conversation turned upon the fatal number, Friday, salt spilling and other superstitions.

It is not well to make too much fun of such matters, gravely remarked Brillat-teau. For instance I have an old uncle who, at the age of seventy-seven, committed the imprudence of making one of a dinner party of thirteen.

And he died the next day? Le Ribi inquired.

No; but exactly thirteen years afterward.

A shudder ran through the audience.

### A Stirring Man.

Mrs. Binks—Rev. Mr. Newcomer is a very energetic pastor, I see.

Mr. Binks—Who told you?

Mrs. Binks—No one, but I know most of the members of his congregation by sight, and they all look as if life wasn't worth living.

The great Hamburg, Germany, grapevine, which was planted in the year 1771, and is now sixty inches in circumference, is the largest in the world.

### Natural.

Mrs. Jibbs—Bridget, has the fire in the stove gone out?

Bridget—Yis, mum. Gone out for coal. 'Tis out of it we are.

Some men expect their wives to buy a dollar's worth of stuff with a hundred cents and keep the change for pin money.

## CURRENT NOTES.

The French Government has definitely accepted the loan of $80,000,000 to be made by French bankers and guaranteed by the Czar. This money, it will be remembered, is Japan's compensation for the surrender of Port Arthur and the ceded portion of Liau-Tung. The loan is secured on the Chinese customs revenue, and adds $3,750,000 to the existing annual charges. Just half of the total income from customs now remains unpledged. Will the unpledged half be deemed by any European bankers adequate security for the advance of the original pecuniary indemnity which China agreed to pay, and which, according to the best authorities, is equivalent to about $165,000,000?

Should the indemnity not be paid in the installments and at the times stipulated by the treaty of Shimonoseki, that treaty becomes waste paper, and the Mikado will retain possession not only of Formosa and the Pescadores, but of the great naval station of Wei-Hai-Wei and a considerable section of the adjoining territory. That is to say, the Tokio Government would acquire an unshakable lodgment in China proper; we say unshakable, because it seems to be the unanimous opinion of military and naval experts that in Japanese hands Wei-Hai-Wei would be impregnable. But would not the retention of Wei-Hai-Wei expose Japan to risk of war with Russia? The Czar would almost as lief the Japanese should keep Port Arthur as the twin fortress that helps to guard the entrance to the Gulf of Pe-Chi-Li. Indeed, the Russians seem resolved that Japan shall cease to exercise any ascendancy, even in Corea, and shall be barred out utterly from the Asiatic mainland.

Assuming that China will prove unable from her own fiscal resources to raise the indemnity due to Japan, must we assume that the Far Eastern question will be reopened and that the sole solution of it will be a renewal of the war, although under changed conditions? The problem could be solved in a peaceful way through a second interposition on the part of Nicholas II. and manifestly the Czar could better afford to guarantee a second loan of $165,000,000 than to engage in a desperate and costly conflict for the purpose of depriving Japan of her treaty rights. Could the Tokio Government obtain the payment of the indemnity on which it is counting for the improvement of its army and navy and the extension of its public works, it could probably be persuaded to meet the Czar's wishes in the matter of Corea, for the regeneration of the Hermit Kingdom has proved thus far an expensive and a thankless task.

Our conclusion is that the war in the Far East will not be renewed, because such an outcome of the existing situation is not to the interest of Russia. If, however, in addition to the service which he has already rendered, the Czar shall agree to guarantee the payment of a loan of $165,000,000, he will properly insist on sharing the control of the Chinese customs, which at present are exclusively in the hands of Sir Robert Hart. Such a joint control would, of course, give rise to the same bickerings as characterized that exercised by England and France in Egypt, but the Czar's advisers will never make the blunder committed by M. De Freycinet when he withdrew the French fleet from Alexandria and left his co-trustee sole master of the field. The full scope of Russia's designs in the Far East will not be developed until the completion of the trans-Siberian railway makes it possible to bring into play her vast military force. We may be sure that her grasp, once fastened on China's fiscal resources will never be relaxed.

### Wheels, Trolleys and Horses.

We repeat that far more work people earn their weekly wages through the trolley, the steam engine and the bicycle than ever earned them through the driving and the shoeing of the horse or by horse power says the New-York Sun. The new agencies which have driven out, or are driving out, the older ones, are, therefore, advantageous to wage-earners, as they are to business men and to the whole community. Many of the workmen of this country have become alarmed lest, through the extension of the use of such forces as electricity and the invention of labor-saving appliances, and the substitution of machine work for hand work, there shall soon be no chance of securing employment. The alarm is groundless. By every force that is utilized, by every invention that is brought into use, the opportunities for labor and the demands for it are enlarged. Far more people are employed at cotton manufacturing, and at watchmaking, and at woodworking, and at the iron trades, and in the service of transportation, and at other industries, than were employed at them before steam and electricity and machinery and all kinds of labor-saving devices were applied to them. It is a whimsical prediction of Mr. Edison that the only labor of the next generation will consist in "pressing a button," but we would not be alarmed even at that prospect, for you may be sure that we shall all have plenty of good work in pressing the innumerable buttons needed to keep things going. We have no doubt that the pay will be high, too. There is no sense in taking alarm at the novel devices. We need every one of them if we are ever to make this jumbled up, half-starved, overworked old world of ours a place fit to live in.

### Sharp Answer.

Upon Fenelon telling Richelieu that he had seen the portrait of His Eminence at the palace, the Cardinal sneeringly asked: Did you ask it for a subscription for some poor friend of yours?

No; the picture was too much like you.

# LONDON'S BLACK MUSEUM

## RELICS WHICH TELL THE STORY OF NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS.

**The Evil Deeds the Strange Curios Illustrate—Some Brutal Women Murderers—"Jack the Ripper's" Blood-Stained Letters—Mementoes of Fenian Days.**

The most grewsome place in London is not some dark cellar where thugs and murderers plan the crimes they are to do; it is a light airy chamber, where are preserved the relics of the crimes that have been done—the Black Museum, stowed away at the end of many winding passages, beyond many doors, hedged about by many regulations and restrictions, in a little corner of the great Scotland Yard Police Headquarters.

Money will not buy a peep into its horrors. It is only on invitation of some high official in the force that one can gain an entry to it. Frequently not one visitor is admitted for many successive days. It is well that it is thus closely guarded, for were it open to the public the lessons in crime which its contents so vividly illustrate might teach those already ill-disposed to break the laws. In all the world there is not another room so strangely occupied. In all the world there is not another lot of exhibits which tell so terrible a story of depraved humanity—of

MURDERS AND THIEVES

of swindlers, rioters, cranks and general scoundrels. Men and women both are among those whose evil deeds its strange curios celebrate, and from all nations have they come to London to furnish articles for cataloguing in the Black Museum's grewsome list. America is well—or wickedly—represented, and beside the New York knife or pistol, may well hang the twisted dagger of the Malay or the delicate tools of a burglar from the hands of France's most expert rascals.

Enter the Black Muesum—and well named it is—its contents commemorate deeds so black that the fancy fails to guess how any human being could plan and do them—and your left shoulder will very likely strike and set a-swinging a plain oak frame which holds the only two mementoes, save the pickled bodies and blood-soaked victims' clothes which the London police possess, of the most daring and amazing murder this century has produced. They are a letter and a post card written to the police by "Jack the Ripper," announcing the dates of two crimes, butcheries which he had in mind. Both are written in red, and the stains on the post card indicate that when he wrote it his hand was still wet with the blood of one of his miserable sacrifices. The stains are not red ink spilled—they are blood. Many claim that the stains were deliberately smeared into the card by the sender for sensational purposes. These are among the folk who believe the letter and card to have been written by a newspaper man, for the sake of making talk. But this idea is rendered rather forceless by the facts that both crimes predicted by these extraordinary communications were committed promptly as was promised—sharp on schedule time, so to speak—and that a man who could exhibit Jack the Ripper's inhuman coolness and bravado in taking human life would be unlikely to hesitate in case the fancy seized him to write a post card to the police while yet his hands were wet with blood, or, for that matter, in the very presence of a new killed victim.

A ROW OF DEATH HEADS.

As one turns from the contemplation of this strange leaf out of the history of crime, he is confronted by a shelf which changes the current of his thought; which quite reverses its direction. There, against a side wall, is a row of plaster heads—ghastly counterfeit presentments of criminals who have not escaped, but who, having wickedly done murder, were, in turn, themselves justly done to death. That row of heads is not a pretty sight. Spotlessly white is the plaster from which each was cast, but all are horribly fit subjects for exhibition in the Black Museum.

Seven death heads there are in the grisly guerdon of this pine shelf—seven death heads, each tipped slightly to the right, if they had been listening intently to the striking of some clock when pertified—an attitude in reality attributed to Jack Ketch's fashion of knotting his necktie under the left ears of the gentlemen to whom he acts as valet on one occasion only. A closer glance reveals on each cast a little dent just where that fatal knot pressed into the necktie wearer's flesh, and, running from this indentation around the neck, a horrible little furrow, well ridged above, shows how tightly the necktie noose was drawn when its wearer went dancing in its loop into the gates of eternity.

One of these casts is that of the head of a woman. She does not appear so utterly horrible in plaster, but that she may have been quite beautiful in life. Large allowance must be made for these plaster portraits. They never flatter. On the contrary, they quite abuse. A lady who has very recently died hard of strangulation can scarcely be expected to wear a pleasant smile or be prepared to have a pretty likeness made. She is certain to be in most shocking form, in fact. Her eyes will surely bulge, and her cheeks puff up. Her lips are likely to pout, not charmingly. So, despite the fat contortions of the only lady on this shelf, it is quite possible that when she lived and killed her lover's wife, she was quite handsome enough to justify a man in loving her.

A NOTORIOUS MURDERESS.

One entire glass case is devoted to the relics of the murder of Mrs. Hogg and her pretty baby, by Mrs. Pearcey. Mrs. Pearcey was jealous—jealous to the point which forced her to commit two murders. The extraordinary thing about this crime was that the murderess cut her victims' bodies up, and, placing them in the dead baby's perambulator, wheeled them over a good part of the West End of London before she found a place where she felt that she could safely dispose of them. Her judgment was bad, for she was caught at the task. Hanged.

An amazing exhibit is a frame containing thirty photographs of one woman—a murderess, I think—no one of which, without close study, could be identified as dealing with the same person whom the other pictures represent. She used not false hair, or eyes, or paint, or to any considerable extent, dress, to effect disguise. They were brought about through a marvelous control over the facial muscles, which permitted her to entirely alter the appearance of the countenance, and, stranger still, keep it altered for indefinite lengths of time.

An example of the wonderful detail with which detectives sometimes work out a case is shown in the model of a room prepared for use in the trial of a man charged with murdering the friend who dined with him. When the body was discovered the room was in a state of inconceivable disorder. Massive pieces of furniture were broken and overturned and strewn about in a way that might suggest the scene of a dying Hercules last struggles. A fight which would have so completely wrecked the room seemed impossible between only two combatants, and no one believed that the confusion came from such a source. It was the general theory that for some reason not known the murderer had wrought the havoc carefully and methodically. Every stick and splinter in that wildly wrecked room, every flower in the carpet, the pattern of the paper, even to one little broken pane in one of the windows, is reproduced in miniature in a box 2x2 feet, which was prepared for exhibition to the jury, and is now in the Black Museum.

But by far the most

HORRIBLE MURDER RELICS

in the place are mere photographs. The series tells the story of the murder of M. Gouffe in Paris by Gabrielle Bompard and her accomplice so well that memory has few gaps to fill in it. The Bompard woman was very beautiful and Gouffe became enamored of her. He called upon her in her room and declared his love. She told him to make his avowal on his knees. He did so. She sat, meanwhile, with her back close to the wall. As he knelt she casually picked up a girdle, and, holding it out toward him, said, playfully (in substance):

"If I thought you were not telling me the truth I would strangle you with this."

He, in turn, jokingly told her to proceed. She, still smiling, dropped the girdle over his head, so that it hung around his neck. There the joke ended, for her accomplice held a rope which extended through the wall into the next room, and was attached to the girdle. While Gouffe was still smiling at the woman he loved the assassin drew his rope taunt, and then, jirking the victim up against the wall, strangled him with the girdle. The unscrupulous pair, after robbing the dead man, cut his body into pieces and packed them in a trunk, after having practically embalmed them. They then travelled over a good part of Europe, taking the trunk with them wherever they went. Finally they tired of this and shipped the trunk to a minor London railway station. It lay there for a time unclaimed and unopened, but the nature of its contents was finally discovered, and after a most sensational trial both assassins were sent to the guillotine. The photographs in the Black Museum show the murderers, the victim, the girdle, the trunk and each part of the dismembered corpse.

On one table is a curious leather bellows, connected by a rubber tube with a queer little furnace and crucible, into which an iron pipe meant to carry gas also turns. The whole thing is beautifully made—it might well be the pet of a model baker's heart. It impressed others than this present writer, too, for the scamp who owned it, before he went to prison, convinced one of the oldest and richest of London's jewellers that if he could transmute iron, brass or any other base metal into gold, and eventually swindled gullible folks who were willing to believe that a modern alchemist might succeed where those of bygone days have failed, out of something like $30,000.

A FAMOUS BURGLAR.

A fascinating collection is in the case devoted to relics of James Peace, England's most famous burglar. Peace worked in all nearly ten years without being captured, and ne never bothered with small hauls. He always worked alone, and he was a dreadfully sharp thorn in the flesh of all the police of England. The only disguises he used were spectacles of various kinds and goggles. Seven pairs are in the case. Once he lost a finger, and in such a way that the police knew of the mutilation, although they had no other way of identifying him. He guessed rightly when he guessed that constables were then instructed to gather in, for questioning, at least, every suspicious looking man who was short one finger. But Peace, after that, was never short a finger. Of course, he could not replace the absent digit, so he posed as a man whose whole hand was missing. The false stump, which he made of wood, so that it would hide his hand, and from the end of which a hook projected, like "Capt. Cuttle's," is one of the most ingenious contrivances in the museum. His ladder is another. It is made of wood so that it folds up compactly and forms a bundle in appearance precisely similar to a package of waste sticks which any poor person might be seen carrying about London without attracting attention. Indeed, he probably assumed that this bundle helped him to look the part of an honest workingman—a part which he ever played, for he announced after his arrest that he had never hidden that ladder in his life. He always carried it openly under his arm. When opened it is long enough to reach from the ground to the second story of an ordinary house, and it is so built that by opening one section the other sections

OPEN AUTOMATICALLY.

Peace could stand on the ground and force this thing quietly up to almost any window he wished to reach, climb in, rob the house, climb back again, close it and go away with a mere bundle of old wood under his arm.

Another queer tool is that invented by a thief who worked until recently in the small public houses, where the proprietors have no cash register and keep their change in a glass on the shelf behind the bar. This fellow fixed up a walking stick with a fork at the end, with which, when the barmaid was not looking, he could quietly lift the glass of silver from its resting place and then decamp. He was prepared for places in which they simply laid their coin on a shelf, with a flat end for the same stick. This was of the shape of a small spade, and was smeared with bird lime. If he touched a coin with it the coin clung and soon found its way into his pocket.

A vast collection of skeleton keys is that which rests, now harmless, in the Black Museum. With one bunch of them is a ball of wax, still bearing the imprint of a key, which was taken from a natty cockney who became known as the "Servants' Sweetheart." He was a handsome chap and made love to every servant girl he met with singular success. Calling on her, of an evening, if the family was out, he would ask her to take a walk around the house so that he might see the fine things. When they reached the outer doors he would invariably exclaim that he was a locksmith and that he was struck by the merit (or weakness) of the locks. Taking the key out so that he might peer into the keyhole, he would press it against this ball of wax, thus securing a perfect guide for the manufacture of a key for dishonest purposes.

SOME OTHER RELICS.

A collection of little wooden wedges of various sizes attract attention. Their history is interesting. A series of mysterious burglaries occurred in London. The robbers never left anything behind except one of these wedges, which, while they were at work, they placed under the door of the room they operated in. This secured them from intrusion long enough to give them an opportunity to escape through some exit which they took care to have always ready. The police were in despair. One night a man was arrested for drunkenness and upon his person one of these wedges was found. Joyfully they went to his lodging and found not only another man, but a large number of the wedges, together with the chair from which they had been cut. An extraordinary circumstance in connection with this crime is the fact that with the wedges which were already in the hands of the police and those in the possession of the burglars the entire chair was reconstructed. Not one was missing.

A most interesting case is devoted entirely to infernal machines found in London. Some of them have simply been robbed of their explosives and are in appearance just as they were when in the hands of the anarchists. A few having exploded, are represented only by packages of torn and twisted fragments. The most ingenious of the former is made so that it exactly resembles a large chunk of coal. That which was found in the house of the Duke of Bedford, is externally, merely a tin can. Two brass bombs were found in a public place. One was unloaded and is now in the museum. The other was exploded in the bomb room at Woolwich Arsenal. It was surrounded by twelve dummies of human figures, and, after the explosion, each of these was found to have an average of thirty-seven fragments of brass in it. This illustrates the havoc that a very little anarchy may work. The only really amusing thing in the whole museum is in this case. It is a queer shaped affair with a curving neck, and was found in front of the house of a very exalted person.

DISMAY WAS GENERAL,

for it was taken for granted that it was a bomb. Subsequent investigation, however, developed the fact that it was a model for a baby's feeding bottle.

A placard, from which hang chains and padlocks, is a reminiscence of a youth persistent and plucky enough to have won the title "hero" had his valor been brought forward by a less absurd occasion. The meetings of London's vast hordes of unemployed in Trafalgar Square a few years ago will be remembered by most newspaper readers. They were not interfered with until red-mouthed anarchists began to secure control of them. Then the police were instructed to silence incendiary orators. This resulted in what were erroneously called the "Free Speech Riots." The young man who went up there with the placard and locks and chains was one of the many who believed them. The placard calls loudly for honest British workingmen's right of free speech, and with the chains and padlocks he securely fastened himself to a stationary iron railing, so that the police had to get a blacksmith before they could remove him. And while he stood there, chained by his own hands to the spot where he claimed to have a constitutional right to stand, he shouted out a long haranque.

Many relics there be in the Black Museum of Feniana in England, of the Fenian invasion of Canada, and of the Fenian headquarters in New York. About one of the square pillars which support the roof a stand of Fénian rifles helps a lot of murderers' shotguns to fill a big gun rack, while at the end of the room a Fenian uniform hangs limp at one end of a table, guarded on the other end by the uniform of a London policeman of many years ago. A frame near by holds a Fenian muster roll, issued from headquarters at No. 10 West Fourth street, New York City.

### Bow and Arrow in Modern Warfare.

As late as 1813 and 1814, irregular troops, belonging to the Russian army, appeared in Paris, armed with bows and arrows. They were the Bashkirs, or Bashkeers, a tribe of people subject to Russia, and inhabiting the banks of the Ural and Volga. In the Crimean War—1854 to 1856—some of the Turkish forces were equipped in the same manner. These were the dreaded Bashi-Bazouks, irregular troops in the pay of the Sultan. On the formation of the army for opposing Russia during the last war, the Turkish army included many of them, and it was those who, in the spring of 1876, were guilty of great atrocities in checking a threatened insurrection in the district round Philipopolis in Eastern Roumelia.

### Solved the Problem.

Tired Housekeeper (in employment agency)—Oh, dear, I wonder if there'll ever be any solution to the servant-girl problem.

Employment Agent.—Oh, yes, mum. My wife solved it long ago.

Well, well! How?

She got rid of the hull gang, an' did th' work herself.

### He Knew His Way About.

A young gendarme had to take a prisoner before the magistrate and after the trial convey him to the court prison. He had never been in the building before, and stood in the corridor with his charge, not knowing which way to turn. At last the old offender had pity on him, and said:

Come along, I'll show you.

### No Need of Them.

Tommy—Do you say your prayers every night?

Jimmy—Yes.

Tommy—Any does your maw say hers?

Jimmy—Yes.

Tommy—And does your paw?

Jimmy—Naw. Paw don't need to, almost daylight when he gits to bed.

### All the Items.

Housekeeper—You think you can do the moving in five loads.

Mover—Yes'm. That is, it will be five reg'lar loads, but I e'pose there'll be two or three extra loads to take the things the teamsters forget.

If we did not take great pains, and were not at great expense to corrupt our natures our nature would never corrupt us.—Clarendon.

It is said that the Oceanica Steamship Company, of Sydney, N. S. W., will seek colonial aid for the construction of new and fast steamers to run on its line to San Francisco. There is talk of guaranteeing a mail service of twenty-eight days from Auckland to London.

# THE HUNDRED CENTURIES

## DR. W. G. GRACE'S WONDERFUL RECORD IN CRICKET.

**The English Champion's Brief Autobiography—How He Made His Score—A Cricketer for 40 Years, and Still Playing.**

The foremost figure in English life this summer is neither a statesman nor a Derby winner, in spite of the fact that unparalleled coincidence has again united both distinctions in one individual. All England is paying tribute just now to that hero of more than an hour, Dr. William Gilbert Grace, the king of cricketers. "W. G." is the familiar designation by which he has been for years known to the cricket world, and that means to all England.

The scoring of a hundred centuries, i.e., making of a score of one hundred or more runs no less than one hundred times, is a record whose marvels only a nation of cricketers can fairly appreciate and admire. Nobody else has approached it in the history of the game. It has required twenty years of undiminished skill and activity to accomplish it. It has required an inherited predisposition also, and it has produced a man who at forty-seven is still an almost ideal athlete and one who is still supreme in the cricket field above all the crack players whose rise and fall he has watched in the last quarter century.

Dr. Grace, the son of a Bristol surgeon, is of a family of cricketers. His father was the founder of the Mangotsfield Club, a locally famous organization, and himself an enthusiastic devotee of the game. "W. G." and his two brothers have from earliest

W. G. GRACE.

boyhood devoted all their spare time to cricket. The champion wrote for the Pall Mall Gazette the other day his own modest version of

HIS CRICKET CAREER,

and it will be found more interesting than any of the current biographies. He says:

"My brothers and I were coached, from the time of my earliest recollections, by my uncle, Mr. Alfred Pocock. He was a great believer in a correct style, and taught us accordingly. We all profited by his instructions, since, in addition to my brothers, E. M. and G. F., whose names are known to cricket enthusiasts all the world over, my eldest and second brothers, Henry and Alfred, were in their days good all-round performers. When six years old I saw on All England eleven play at Bristol against twenty-two of West Gloucestershire, of which club my father was President, and I have a faint recollection that some of the performers wore tall hats. My first match occurred when I was nine years old, and I scored three not out. I played three other innings that year and registered one more run. Nor were my records for the next two years precisely sensational. Here are the figures: 1858, six innings 4 runs; 1859, nine innings 12 runs; 1860, four innings for 82; 1861, ten innings for 46; 1862, five innings for 53. In the following year I left school, after a severe illness, and went to a tutor's. My cricket record for that season was nineteen innings for 350 runs, six times not out, giving an average of 26. By this time I had become pretty well known as a cricketer in the neighborhood of Bristol and had appeared for Gentlemen of Gloucester vs. Gentlemen of Devon, in which match I scored 18 and 1.

"To 1864 belongs my first performance of any importance, when, at the age of 15, I made 170 and 56 not out for Gentlemen of South Wales against Gentlemen of Sussex, and took two wickets in the first innings. This success led to my being chosen in the following year to play for the

GENTLEMEN VS. THE PLAYERS

both at Lord's and the Oval; but it was not until 1866 that I obtained my first century in first-class cricket, as matches are counted to-day. The game was England against Surrey, and I made 224 for the former. One of my favorite positions was long-leg. But I am older now and prefer point. Eighteen stone or thereabouts is quite enough to carry between the wickets, without having to run after hits to the boundary.

"While I was appearing at Lord's and the Oval I was trying, though with indifferent success, to combine medicine with constant cricket. I was a student first at Bristol and afterward at St. Bartholomew's and the Westminster Hospital. As a rule I only worked in the winter, and so lost much valuable time. Since I have been in practice I have also found that cricket has interfered a great deal with my profession, but it cannot be helped.

"It was not until 1870 that I took part in my first county match, having played for the first time for the Marylebone C. C. in the previous year. On the latter occasion Gloucestershire played and beat Surrey, my contribution to the score being 25 and 26, with five wickets for 65 in the first innings, and four for 27 in the second. In the return match I made 143 and took nine wickets for 35 runs.

"In those days the number of really great exponents of the game was comparatively small, and though the grounds showed considerable improvement on those of the previous generation, they have since acquired a far more consistent perfection. The bumpy and bad wickets upon which I used to perform in my teens are now almost unknown.

"In 1870 came my best batting year, when I had 35 innings and scored 2,739 runs, with an average of 78. J. C. Shaw, Alfred Shaw, Southerton, Martin, McIntyre, and Wooton were the bowlers against whom I made many of my runs. For the South vs. the North at Lord's I made 178 out of 318, including three 5s, nineteen 4s, and ten 3s. On good wickets at that time I found little difference between the bowlers. On the whole, I preferred the fast to the slow; but now I am growing old and my muscles do not act quite so freely as in former days, and, in consequence, I do not play the former quite so well. They have also, I think, improved considerably in accuracy of pitch and in straightness.

"While I am on the subject of record performances I may recall that

MY BEST BOWLING YEARS

were in 1867, when I took 39 wickets with an average of 6.21; 1874, when I took 129 wickets with an average of 12; 1875, when I took 192 wickets with an average of 12, and 1877, when I secured 179 wickets with the same average. The best means of keeping fit are plenty of exercise and moderation in all things. Do not spend your winters in idleness with walking around a billiard table as your only form of muscular exertion. In my youth I was a runner and jumper, and I find that I am credited with having covered the 100 yards in 10 4-5 seconds, and high jumped 5 feet. A man who plays cricket and does nothing else is not likely to be a good cricketer. If he can't run he can ride, and if he can't ride he can walk. Unless you are in sound training, however stylishly you may bat at the nets, you are not likely to make many centuries in the course of the season.

"This reminds me that my highest innings was that scored in 1876 against twenty-two of Grimsby and District, for a United South eleven I made 400, not out, the total being 681, and was at the wickets until 4 o'clock on the third day. When we arrived they grumbled because we had brought a weak team. After the match was over they kept their sentiments to themselves. This performance was never an actual record, as it was beaten by Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote's 404 not out for Classicals vs. Moderns at Clifton College, and subsequently came Mr. W. N. Roe's 415. A few weeks afterward took place my highest in a first-class match, namely, 344 for Gentlemen of M. C. C. against Kent, Lord Harris, who was playing against us, scored 154, and we had to go in against a formidable total of 473. I have thrice scored over a hundred in each innings."

Personally Dr. Grace is, as the accompanying picture shows, large, heavily built, rugged, and brawny. He is still in English sporting parlance "as hard as nails," and retains an amazing quickness and agility. He is very careful in his habits, but he does not train in the ordinary sense. "The main thing," he said in an interview, "is plenty of exercise. I never diet myself; in fact when I am in active work I eat and drink more than at any other time."

### SOMEWHAT CURIOUS.

California peaches are selling for $20 a ton in orchards.

The slaughter of elephants in Africa goes on at the rate of 65,000 a year.

Most of the land in the Republic of Mexico is held in almost feudal tenure by 7,000 families.

In India every resident must, under penalty of a fine, have his name written up at the entrance to his house.

The British parliament imposed a tax on bachelors in 1695, and again in 1795. The impost was repealed early in this century.

The British fleet at the Kiel canal ceremonies had more first-class high-powered, ships than all the other navies together.

The highest temperature of the world is recorded in the great desert of Africa, where the thermometer often marks 150 degrees Fahrenheit.

In the hope of overcoming the tendency to slip, bicycle tires are now being made from the rough skins of sharks, spotted dog and other fishes.

One of the commercial new women has at one of the seashore resorts an electric fan for drying the hair of women bathers, and is overrun by customers.

The smallest man in Chicago is George William Steele, a negro "newsboy," 20 years of age. George is forty-two inches in height and weighs fifty pounds.

M. Maurice Courant is authority for the statement that the invention of printing is due to Htai Tjong, king of Corea, who had movable types cast as early as 1403.

At the moment a little girl in a Brooklyn public school was reciting a piece describing the fury of a storm, "lightning struck and killed her father a few blocks away.

An enormous flight of carrier pigeons was gotten up in Paris lately. Sixty thousand birds were let loose in one morning from the neighborhood of Eiffel tower 5,000 of them at one signal.

It is estimated that the annual consumption of oats in the United States has been reduced about 100,000,000 bushels owing to the displacement of horse power by electricity and bicycles.

Mrs. Mary E. Hunt has sued the city of Nashua, N. H., to recover $50,000 given by her for a memorial library. The suit is brought because the city, after having the money for four years, cannot agree on a site.

At one time there were nearly 100 baths in Rome, some of them most sumptuously furnished and splendidly appointed. The charge for admission was but small. Gibbon estimates it at but half a farthing English money.

An English writer recalls the curious fact that when red clover was first grown in Australia it never seeded because the tongue of the native bee was too short to reach the pollen. The work of fertilizing red clover is chiefly done by the long-tongued bumblebee.

### Showing Off.

A young woman, who had never learned the art of cookery, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, manages to leave the kitchen door ajar on the day after their return from the bridal trip, and just as her lord comes in from the office exclaims, proudly:

Hurry up, Eliza, do! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me. Where is the soap?

### Indignant.

A little girl we know does not understand encores, and so found fault with the audience at a recent children's concert, in which she helped to sing a chorus. I know we didn't make one mistake, she exclaimed on her way home, and yet they made us come out and sing it all over again.

### BIRTHS.

McNeil—At Revelstoke, Tuesday, Aug. 13, the wife of A. McNeil of a son.

Horne—At Revelstoke, Thursday, Aug. 15, the wife of Thomas Horne of a daughter.

Julien—At Revelstoke, on Thursday, Aug. 8, the wife of F. Julien of a daughter.

### Local and Personal Briefs.

T & B cigars, 3 for 25 cents, at the Revelstoke Pharmacy.

Mrs. J. A. Wood and son left yesterday for a visit to Vernon.

Mrs. J. W. Thomson is up from the Landing on a short visit.

Rev. J. A. Wood will preach at Donald and Golden to-morrow.

Mrs. W. J. Lee returned on Sunday from a visit to relatives in the Territories.

Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Ballegaard returned on Sunday from a visit to Nakusp.

The governor-general and party passed through on Monday on their way to the coast.

Mr. F. W. Laing returned last night from a visit of seven weeks duration to Ontario.

Miss Ethel Newman, of Donald, is spending a vacation in town visiting friends.

Mrs. J. D. Graham returned on Thursday from a sojourn at the Hot Springs.

Cory Menhinick, proprietor of the Hotel Lardeau, was in town for a few days this week.

Mr. J. O. Grahame, of the H. B. Co., Kamloops, went down to Nelson on the Lytton on Monday last.

Miss Ruth Valentine left for Vancouver, on Monday last, where she will attend school during the coming *term*.

The water in the Columbia is receding very fast, and is now nine feet below high water, and only six feet above extreme low water.

Mr. James McIntosh, capitalist and mill owner, of Kamloops, was a passenger on the steamer, for Southern Kootenay, early in the week.

Superintendent Whyte, of the Western Division C.P.R., passed through this morning in his special car, on his way to Winnipeg.

Capt. Sanderson, in addition to making his regular trips with the Marion, has this week driven the piles for a bridge across Cranberry Creek for the ranchers at Hall's Landing.

Pete Arena, while out prospecting for fresh air, early Thursday morning, saw an eagle on the flat north of the railway track. Pete made for home and his rifle but when he got back the bird had flown.

Capt. Vanderburgh did not make the usual Wednesday trip this week, as he had to repair a damage to the steamer's wheel, but the Arrow went out on regular time again this morning.

Capt. Edwards, of the Victoria, has secured another horse to take the place of the grey which died some months ago, and consequently both the Victoria and Central hotels are operating their own 'busses once more.

The tennis tournament between the local clubs opened to-day on the Cosmopolitan's court, and will be continued on Monday and succeeding days. The results will be published next week.

The local I.O.G.T. lodge intend holding a picnic on the baseball grounds on Tuesday next, commencing at 10 a.m. The general public is cordially invited to participate in the festivities. Refreshments will be served on the grounds.

R. H. Lee, surveyor, started for the Big Bend reserve on Monday and expects to be gone about two months. His party consists of Messrs. Blackmore, Jackson, Shaw and Kilpatrick. They will make the journey by boat.

Best smoke in the market, T & B cigars, at the Revelstoke Pharmacy.

C. A. Magrath, M.L.A., Lethbridge, was a passenger on the Lytton Thursday. He is interested in hydraulic mining in the Nelson district. Mr. Magrath is chief of the land department of the Alberta Railroad & Coal Co.

Mr. J. L. Mackay, General Agent of the British Columbia Express Co., located at Ashcroft, passed through this morning on the train going east, bound for Nova Scotia, where his family is spending the summer months.

The *Kaslo Claim* has been restaked by its original locator—Kootenay's journalistic humorist. He says, that after its Rip Van Winkle experience amongst the cloud pushers, it has enough vigor left to "make Rome howl" if necessary. The *Prospector* has pulled up stakes and gone to Rossland.

Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of Missions for the North West, accompanied by the Rev. Chas. Gordon, of St. Stephens church, Winnipeg, will hold a meeting in the Presbyterian church August 22nd at 8 p.m. During the evening Mr. Gordon, who is a skillful guitarist, will render several selections. A pleasant evening is anticipated to which all are welcomed.

### Another Trans-Continental Railway.

The Burlington railway is coming west and there are reasons for the belief that they are coming in a hurry, says a Spokane dispatch. The new route to the Pacific, running nearly midway between the Northern and Union Pacific through a wild and unsettled country, is now being explored, and a survey being made with all possible haste by engineers of the company, who are working many miles south of the three routes usually considered available for the Burlington road. From one of the engineers it is learned they propose to locate the line up the valley working east towards the Wyoming line, probably crossing it in the Northern part of Fremont county, opposite the National park, unless a better route by the Rocky Mountains can be secured by crossing into Southern Montana.

### Grounded in a Fog.

The Canadian-Australian liner Warrimoo, which grounded 4 miles northwest of Carmanah Point last Friday has been dry-docked at Esquimalt. The result of the official inspection is that it is found necessary to replace one keel plate and two bilge plates, with which some rivetting will make the vessel as staunch as ever. The other plates, it is found, are damaged in appearance only, their strength not being affected. The repairs are being made with all possible haste, and the end of the week may see the Warrimoo afloat again. The official investigation before Capt. Gaudin, agent for the Marine and Fisheries Department, disclosed the fact that an out-of-date chart was largely responsible for the mishap.

### Wolseley for Commander-in-Chief.

The London *Times* in an editorial urges General Lord Wolseley's claim to succeed the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief of the army. The *Times* says: "The Duke of Connaught is young and can afford to wait. His appointment now would cast a doubt on the reality of promised reform, especially an appointment for a limited term."

### A Record Breaker.

According to the crop bulletin issued by the Manitoba department of agriculture this week, this year's grain harvest promises to eclipse all previous yields in the prairie province. The estimate places the total grain yield for 1895 at 57,861,621 bushels, of which 20,130,815 bushels is wheat. The estimated average yield of wheat per acre is placed at 25.5 bushels.

### The Greeley Creek Shingle Mill.

The Greeley Creek Shingle Mill has recently changed owners, Messrs. Bourne Bros. and Mr. Durham having bought out James McIntosh, and a mechanic has been brought up from Ashcroft to overlook the mill and put it in running order.

### School Opening.

The public school will re-open on Monday. Any scholars six years of age or over, who wish to attend during the coming session, would do well to be in attendance on Monday in order to be classed properly.

### He'll be in on the Ground Floor.

Dan. McGillivray, who is generally looked upon as a "preferred" contractor for C.P.R. construction in this part of the world, was in town Thursday. He went down river in company with the Abbott party by the Lytton on Thursday evening. The conjunction looked significant.

### Church Services To-morrow.

Service will be held at the Presbyterian Church to-morrow evening at 7:30 p.m. by Mr. Guthrie Perry. Sunday School at 3.

Services will be held in the Methodist church by Rev. T. Gee to-morrow morning and evening at 11 and 7:30. Sunday school at 2:30.

The regular services of the English church will be held in the schoolhouse to-morrow at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by Rev. F. Yolland. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m.

Rev. Father Fouten will celebrate mass at 10:30 a.m. in the Catholic church. There will also be a sermon in the evening at 7:30, subject: Infallibility of the Pope.


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### A Cow Burned to Death.

The bush fires which have been burning furiously across the Illecillewaet for a week past, are getting dangerously near the ranchers' property. A valuable milch cow, belonging to F. Julien, was burned to death early Friday morning.


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### NOTICE.

Public Notice is hereby given, under authority of the provisions of the "Land Act Amendment Act, 1895," that all arrears upon pre-emptions or purchases outstanding on the 21st day of February, 1895, are payable in five equal annual instalments, together with interest on the unpaid balance at the rate of six per cent. per annum. The first instalment, together with interest from the 21st day of February, 1895, is due and must be paid on or before the 31st December, 1895. In default of such payment immediate steps will be taken for the cancellation of any records or agreements concerning such lands.

W. S. GORE,
*Deputy Commissioner of Lands and Works.*

*Lands and Works Department, Victoria, B.C., 8th August 1895.* 10-4t

### BRITISH COLUMBIA LOG SCALE.

Notice is hereby given that His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor in Council has been pleased to adopt the "British Columbia Log Scale" for the measurement of saw logs and timber in this Province.

A book of tables has been computed and copies can be obtained from the Provincial Timber Inspector, at Vancouver, upon payment of $2.50 each.

W. S. GORE,
*Deputy Commissioner of Lands & Works.*

*Lands and Works Department, Victoria, B.C., 3rd August, 1895.*

No. 157.

### Certificate of the Registration of a Foreign Company.

"Companies' Act, Part IV.," and Amending Acts.

"Columbia Hydraulic Mining Company" (Foreign).

Registered the 19th day of July, 1895.

I hereby certify that I have this day registered "The Columbia Hydraulic Mining Company" (Foreign), under the "Companies' Act, Part IV., Registration of Foreign Companies," and Amending Acts.

The head office of the said company is situate [illegible] City of Chicago, State of Illinois, U.S.

The objects for which the Company is established are: To engage in, operate, and manage [illegible] of mining, milling, smelting and [illegible] ores, metals and minerals; to buy, sell [illegible] ores, metals and minerals of all kinds, and to acquire such real and personal property as may be necessary to carry out the above objects; said objects and business to be carried on, conducted and performed in the State of Illinois, in the Province of British Columbia, Canada, and elsewhere.

The capital stock of the said Company is one hundred thousand dollars, divided into ten thousand shares of the par value of ten dollars each.

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this nineteenth day of July, 1895.

[illegible] WOOTTON,
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.


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Mineral Act, "Form F."

### Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Abbott Mineral Claim, Situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: on Hailey Creek. Take Notice that I, Harry Abbott, of Vancouver, B.C., free miner's certificate No. 55,114, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice, that adverse claims must be sent to the Gold Commissioner and action commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this tenth day of May, 1895.
46-9t H. ABBOTT.


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