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REVELSTOKE LODGE, I. O. 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. F. 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.
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BIG BEND QUARTZ.

Large Bodies of Arsenical Iron Ore on Carne's Creek.

Gold quartz is getting to be quite the fashion in the Big Bend where once all was placer and this once famous district seems about to resume her place as one of the most prominent gold producers in the whole country. Less than four years ago Rossland's now famous ledges went begging for capital, and, without doubt, in much less time than that the Bend will be shipping ore.

The Carnes Creek group of six claims is showing up very large bodies of arsenical iron ore as development progresses. A crosscut on the Salisbury shows 40 feet of ore, while a crosscut on the Aberdeen gives a width of six feet of nearly solid arsenical iron. A parallel ledge on the Hardpan, below the main ledge, shows up a six foot ledge about 34 inches of which is solid arsenical iron. The latest assays on the Salisbury give $14 in gold; the Rosebery $12, while the Aberdeen runs about $20 to the ton. It is believed this ore can be treated on the ground, by the cyanide process, at a cost of $2.50 per ton.

About ten miles from this group of claims another large ledge of the same character of ore has been discovered, during the past week, and traced for some two or three miles. W. A. McIntosh brought in some samples off the new ledge and they have been sent away for assaying.

Prospecting the Seymour Pass.

Without having found the old gold diggings, Tom Edwards, Joe Bissette and Rush returned on Tuesday from their prospecting trip in the Seymour Pass. The old trail was struck just below Downie Creek and was followed to within ten or fifteen miles of Shuswap Lake. They report this trail to be in an excellent state of preservation, and say that even after all these years it will compare favorably with any trail in the province. Everything was overgrown to the extent that all traces of old workings were hidden from view. Several large pieces of high grade galena float were found, but no effort was made to find the lead.

A Rush to the Athabasca.

They are experiencing a gold excitement at Edmonton and every one that can get away is bound for the Athabasca gold fields, says the South Edmonton *News*. Every day outfits of all kinds and descriptions leave for the great river 100 miles north. There are about 200 men now on the Athabasca, but very few are working as the water is still high. Those who are working are averaging about $1.50 a day. In the meantime, according to the *News*, men are becoming scarce in both north and south Edmonton, wages have gone up and the merchants are kept busy putting up large orders of supplies.

ILLECILLEWAET ITEMS.

Development Work is Proving the Wealth of the Camp.

ILLECILLEWAET, Aug. 23.—Mr. F. D. Taylor, M.E., of Toronto, whose visit to this camp was referred to in the MAIL last week, has finished his survey of the Maple Leaf, and the Oak Leaf, an adjoining claim, owned by the same parties. He reports that he found a vein 22 feet wide proved for 400 feet. Samples were taken from end to end of the Maple and Oak Leaf, a distance of 3,000 feet, which show an average of $108 in value, of gold, silver, copper and lead. The report of Mr. Taylor, as well as the workings of the Lanark, show that the ore body is in the Maple Leaf.

Ben Green has returned from Regina and is at work developing his property on the North Fork. He intends spending the winter here.

Dave Woolsey is doing assessment work on a claim near Ross Peak owned by a Chicago party.

Local Mining Notes.

John Caley brought in his pack train from Camp creek yesterday.

A. H. Jose returned from Seattle the first of the week and he and Tom Bain have gone to Illecillewaet on a prospecting trip.

Sam Hill came up from Trout Lake yesterday by the Arrow. He has been doing some prospecting and thinks he has something good in silver-lead.

Gold Commissioner Graham started on his inspection trip to the Big Bend Tuesday. He will visit every camp in the Bend and expects to be gone two weeks.

A wayfarer from the Big Bend arrived yesterday and reports that J. W. Haskins is staking the whole country. Already, he has staked two placer claims besides several quartz ledges on McCulloch Creek. He is said to be doing it for a Vancouver outfit.

Accidentally Shot Himself.

T. Lloyd Henry, New York, together with his partner, Godwin Ordway, who started on a hunting and prospecting trip a couple of weeks ago, met with rather a painful accident, which narrowly escaped being a fatal one. They were on Trout Lake last Sunday, and Henry was engaged in unloading the boat when a revolver fell overboard into the water. There was an explosion and Henry called to his partner that he was hit. An examination showed that the ball had passed clear through the arm above the elbow. The wound was dressed and the young man came up on the Marion Tuesday to have it properly attended to by Dr. McLean. No serious results are anticipated.

"Regrets" that Never Came.

The Board of Trade early in the week decided to invite Premier Bowell and party to stay off here on their return trip. This decision was telegraphed to New Westminster, where the party was then staying, and an answer received the next morning informing the board that they were going to spend a day in Okanagan and would send a definite reply from there. Much surprise was expressed by members yesterday when it was learned that the Premier and party passed through on their way east, as the promised reply had not been received. A gentleman who conversed with the Premier at the station here says that the First Commoner was of the opinion that his "regrets" had been forwarded.

A CHANGE WANTED

In the Boundaries of the Trout Lake Division—Camp Echoes.

TROUT LAKE CITY, Aug. 22.—That the district of the Lardeau surrounding Trout Lake is rich in mineral is now conceded by everyone at all familiar with its great deposits of gold and silver ore, and, since the completion of a wagon road from the North-east Arm to Trout Lake City has paved the way for the shipment of ore at a reasonable cost, the district is receiving considerable attention from parties looking for investments.

New locations are being made daily, but there is a great drawback to prospectors on the Duncan slope. Although the Trout Lake division has a recorder here, claims located on the Duncan slope have to be recorded at Kaslo, as all the Duncan river region is in the Ainsworth district. A change should be made in the boundaries of the mining divisions by the Minister of Mines, and that portion of the Upper Duncan river above Hall Creek should be annexed to the Trout Lake division. Prospectors at present have to travel or send by mail hundreds of miles *via* Arrow lakes and Nelson to Kaslo, to transact their business. While from these locations the Recorder's office at Trout Lake can be reached by one day's travel in nearly every case. Representations have already been made to the Minister of Mines and it is hoped will receive proper attention.

The Wagner group and C.P.R. claims on Healy creek have had considerable work done on them this season and are showing up large bodies of valuable ore.

The Badshot has made a reputation this year for high grade ore and plenty of it.

The Great Northern people have started the construction of a first class rawhide trail to tap the wagon road, and expenses in connection with their ore shipments will be cut down to the lowest notch.

It is reported that Lane Gilliam is bringing in his big pack train and will pack the ore from the Wagner group.

Discoveries on Isaac Creek.

A party of five returned this week from a prospecting trip up Isaac Creek. This creek comes in at the Wigwam and heads up to Fish Creek. They made four locations and brought in some samples for assay which look similar to Trail Creek ore. They report enormous surface cropping and say there are no signs to indicate that that portion of the district has been prospected heretofore. The party consisted of the Bate brothers, Alexander brothers and G. E. Smith.

Ore and Bullion Shipments Increasing.

The freight movement that has been large for the entire season, is increasing in volume especially as regards the shipment of ore and bullion. The new steamer Nakusp is making its first trip to-day and has nearly 150 tons of ore in its cargo. The Lytton on Sunday delivered two cars of bullion for Aurora, and one car of Cumberland ore for Omaha. The Kootenai two cars of bullion also for Aurora, and two cars of Cumberland ore for Omaha. On her Thursday trip, the Lytton had two cars bullion for Aurora, and one of Alamo ore for Omaha. On her down trip, she had one large car of stoves from London, Ont., for Kaslo, Nelson and Rossland, two cars of mixed merchandise from Vancouver, and one car of supplies for the Three Forks and Sandon Railway.

FOUND DROWNED.

It was a Case of Suicide—Geo. Calloway's Body Recovered.

ILLECILLEWAET, August 22.—The body of Geo. Calloway, who disappeared over three weeks ago under circumstances pointing to self-destruction, was found on Monday in the river about two miles west of Illecillewaet, by Andrew Stanestrom and John McGregor, who were out fishing for trout. It had been caught by the feet by a log, and had been held under water until brought to view by the recent fall in the river.

The coroner, Dr. McLean, was notified at once by telegraph, and came up from Revelstoke Tuesday morning. Selecting Thos. Richardson as officer, a coroner's jury was summoned composed of Swan Anderson, Andrew Stanestrom, Andrew Erickson, Wm. Cleveland, Walter Scott and Archie Chisholm. It required about four hours to secure the body, which was done by using cables, as it was on the opposite side of the river at a place where there were no means of crossing. The witnesses testified to the finding of tracks pointing directly towards the river, to his disordered state of mind and hints at suicide, and to the finding of the body. The verdict of the jury was that the deceased came to his death by his own act during a period of temporary aberation of mind.

The remains were taken to Revelstoke by the brother of deceased, who arrived from Ducks Wednesday morning, and were buried in the cemetery there same evening.

Geo. Calloway is kindly remembered by all who knew him. He was always ready to oblige a friend and to perform an act of kindness to those who were in need or unfortunate, and sincere regret is felt at his untimely end.

New Quartz Locations in the Bend.

Two new mineral locations were made in Big Bend this week, both gold quartz. A. W. McIntosh recorded the Keystone, which is located near the head of Downie creek. The other is a free milling proposition on McCulloch creek and was made by Lewis W. Toms.

English Experts to Visit B.C.

A despatch from London last Monday announces that the question of the development of mines in British Columbia is at present attracting much attention in financial circles in that city, and it is probable that several mining experts will visit them in the autumn. If the reports made by them of the result of their investigations shall be favorable, a large influx of British capital may be expected.

Bishop Dart Arrives.

The Rt. Rev. John Dart, the new Anglican bishop of New Westminster, accompanied by Mrs. Dart and their four sons, arrived in New Westminster on Monday afternoon. The executive committee of the diocesan synod were on hand to welcome his lordship. A public reception for the bishop and Mrs. Dart will be arranged at an early date.

FISH CREEK NEWS.

Large Ore Bodies in Sight—Some Recent Assays.

The latest reports from the claims on Sable Creek, a tributary of Fish Creek, go to show that the ore body is increasing in width as development proceeds. A recent assay gave $60 in gold, over 200 ozs. silver and a heavy percentage of copper per ton.

The Black Bear claim, near Lardeau, gives an assay of $73.75 in gold and 789 ozs. of silver per ton.

No recent assays have been reported from the five claims comprising the Lexington group, but development work is showing up a tremendous body of galena, carrying grey copper.

Assessment work has been completed on the Glengarry group. The boys call this group a "whale," and say that the ore in sight on some of the claims is something enormous.

The most encouraging reports have been received from the Boss, Gladstone and Black Bear groups, situated about 12 miles from Lardeau City. The more work is done the better they look.

Fish creek drains a large section of the Selkirk's western slope and has a future bright with promise. Trails and roads are badly needed for the proper working of the claims.

I. O. G. T. Annual Picnic.

The annual picnic of the local I.O.G.T. lodge was held on the baseball grounds Tuesday and was participated in by a large number of the members and their friends, who regaled themselves with seasonable refreshments and various athletic games. There was no prize list but that detracted nothing from the pleasure of the occasion. The affair was kept going all day, with luncheon and dinner served on the grounds, and when the break-up time arrived everyone was tired and happy, and the picnic was voted a success.

THE CLEVER WIDOW.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Mrs. Hay Denver's life had been a very broken one, and her record upon land represented a greater amount of endurance and self-sacrifice that his upon the sea. They had been together for four months after their marriage, and then had come a hiatus of four years, during which he was flitting about between St. Helena and the Oil Rivers in a gunboat. Then came a blessed year of peace and domesticity, to be followed by nine years, with only a three-months break, five upon the Pacific station, and four upon the East Indian. After that was a respite in the shape of five years in Channel Squadron, with periodical runs home, and then again he was off to the Mediterranean for three years and to Halifax for four. Now, at last, however, this old married couple, who were still almost strangers to each other, had come together in Norwood, where if their short day had been checkered and broken, the evening at least promised to be sweet and mellow. In person Mrs. Hay Denver was tall and stout, with a bright, round, ruddy-cheeked face, still pretty, with a gracious, matronly comeliness. Her whole life was a round of devotion and of love which was divided between her husband and her only son, Harold.

The son it was who kept them in the neighborhood of London, for the Admiral was as fond of ships and of salt water as ever, and was as happy in the sheets of a two-ton yacht as on the bridge of his sixteen-knot monitor. Had he been untied, the Devonshire or Hampshire coast would certainly have been his choice. There was Harold, however, and Harold's interests were their chief care. Harold was four-and-twenty now. Three years before he had been taken in hand by an acquaintance of his father, the head of a considerable firm of stockbrokers, and fairly launched upon 'Change. His three hundred guinea entrance fee paid, his three sureties of five hundred pounds each found, his name approved by the committee, and all other formalities complied with he found himself whirling round, an insignificant unit, in the vortex of the money market of the world. There, under the guidance of his father's friend, he was instructed in the mysteries of bulling and of bearing, the strange usages of 'Change in the intricacies of carrying over and of transferring. He learned to know where to place his clients' money, which of the jobbers would make a price in New Zealands, and which would touch nothing but American rails, which might be trusted and which shunned. All this, and much more, he mastered, and to such purpose that he soon began to prosper, and to retain the clients who had been recommended to him, and to attract fresh ones. But the work was never congenial. He had inherited from his father the love of the air of heaven, his affection for a manly and natural existence. To act as middleman between the pursuer of wealth and the wealth which he pursued, or to stand as a human barometer, registering the rise and fall of the great mammon pressure in the markets, was not the work for which Providence had placed those broad shoulders and strong limbs upon his well-knit frame. His dark, open face, too, with his straight, Grecian nose, well-opened, brown eyes, and round, black-curled head, were all those of a man who was fashioned for active physical work. Meanwhile, he was popular with his fellow-brokers, respected by his clients, and beloved at home; but his spirit was restless within him, and his mind chafed unceasingly against his surroundings.

"Do you know, Willy," said Mrs. Hay Denver one evening as she stood behind her husband's chair, with her hand upon his shoulder, "I think sometimes that Harold is not quite happy."

"He looks happy, the young rascal," answered the Admiral, pointing with his cigar. It was after dinner, and through the open French window of the dining-room a clear view was to be had of the tennis court and the players. A set had just been finished, and young Charles Westmacott was hitting up the balls as high as he could send them in the middle of the ground. Dr. Walker and Mrs. Westmacott were pacing up and down the lawn, the lady waving her racket as she emphasized her remarks, and the doctor listening with slanting head and little nods of agreement. Against the rails at the near end Harold was leaning in his flannels talking to the two sisters, who stood listening to him, with their long dark shadows streaming down the lawn behind them. The girls were dressed alike in dark skirts, with light pink tennis blouses and pink bands on their straw hats, so that as they stood with the soft red of setting sun tingeing their faces Clara, demure and quiet, Ida mischievous and daring, it was a group which might have pleased the eye of a more exacting critic than the old sailor.

"Yes, he looks happy, mother," he repeated, with a chuckle. "It is not so long ago since it was you and I who were standing like that, and I don't remember that we were very unhappy, either. It was croquet in our time, and the ladies had not reefed in their skirts quite so taut. What year would it be? Just before the commission of the 'Penelope.'"

Mrs. Hay Denver ran her fingers through his grizzled hair. "It was when you came back in the 'Antelope,' just before you got your step."

"Ah, the old 'Antelope!' What a clipper she was! She could sail two points nearer the wind than anything of her tonnage in the service. You remember her, mother. You saw her come into Plymouth Bay. Wasn't she a beauty?"

"She was indeed, dear. But when I say that I think that Harold is not happy, I mean in his daily life. Has it never struck you how thoughtful he is at times, and how absent-minded?"

"In love, perhaps, the young dog. He seems to have found snug moorings now, at any rate."

"I think that it is very likely that you are right, Willy," answered the mother seriously.

"But which of them?"

"I cannot tell."

"Well, they are very charming girls, both of them. But as long as he hangs in the wind between the two it cannot be serious. After all, the boy is four-and-twenty, and he made five hundred pounds last year. He is better able to marry than I was when I was lieutenant."

"I think that we can see which it is now," remarked the observant mother. Charles Westmacott had ceased to knock the tennis balls about, and was chatting with Clara Walker, while Ida and Harold Denver were still talking by the railing with little bursts of laughter. Presently a fresh set was formed, and Dr. Walker, the odd man out, came through the wicket gate and strolled up the garden walk.

"Good evening, Mrs. Hay Denver," said he and he raised his broad straw hat. "May I come in?"

"Good evening, doctor. Pray do."

"Try one of these," said the Admiral holding out his cigar case. "They are not bad. I got them on the Mosquito coast. I was thinking of signalling to you, but you seemed so very happy out there."

"Mrs. Westmacott is a clever woman," said the doctor, lighting the cigar. "By the way, you spoke about the Mosquito coast just now. Did you see much of the hyla when you were out there?"

"No such name on the list," answered the seaman with decision. "There's the 'Hydra,' a harbor defence turret ship, but she never leaves the home waters."

The doctor laughed. "We live in two separate worlds," said he. "The hyla is the little green tree frog, and Beale has founded some of his views on protoplasm upon the appearance of its nerve cells. It is a subject in which I take an interest."

"There were vermin of all sorts in the woods. When I have been on river service I have heard it at night like the engine room when you are on the measured mile. You can't sleep for the piping, and croaking, and chirping. Great Scott! what a woman that! She was across the lawn in three jumps. She would have made a captain of the foretop in the old days."

"She is a very remarkable woman."

"A very cranky one."

"A very sensible one in some things," remarked Mrs. Hay Denver.

"Look at that, now!" cried the Admiral, with a lunge of his forefinger at the doctor. "You mark my words, Walker, if we don't look out, that woman will raise a mutiny with her preaching. Here's my wife disaffected already, and your girls will be no better. We must combine man, or there's an end of all discipline."

"No doubt she is a little excessive in her views," said the doctor, "but in the main I think as she does."

"Bravo, doctor!" cried the lady.

"What, turned traitor to your sex! We'll court-martial you as a deserter."

"She is quite right. The professions are still far too much circumscribed in their employments. They are a feeble folk, the women who have to work for their bread—poor, unorganized, timid, taking as a favor what they might demand as a right. That is why their case is not more constantly before the public, for if their cry for redress was as great as their grievance, it would fill the world to the exclusion of all others. It is all very well for us to be courteous to the rich, the refined, those to whom life is already made easy. It is a mere form, a trick of manner. If we are truly courteous, we shall stoop to lift up struggling womanhood when she really needs our help—when it is life and death to her whether she has it or not. And then to cant about it being unwomanly to work in the higher professions. It is womanly enough to starve, but unwomanly to use the brains which God has given them. Is it not a monstrous contention?"

The Admiral chuckled. "You are like one of these phonographs, Walker," said he. "You have had all this talked into you and now you are reeling it off again. It's rank mutiny, every word of it, for man has his duties and woman has hers, but they are as separate as their natures are. I suppose that we shall have a woman hoisting her pennant on the flagship presently, and taking command of the Channel Squadron."

"Well, you have a woman on the throne taking command of the whole nation," remarked his wife; "and everybody is agreed that she does it better than any of the men."

The Admiral was somewhat staggered by this home-thrust. "That's quite another thing," said he.

"You should come to their next meeting. I am to take the chair. I have just promised Mrs. Westmacott that I will do so. But it has turned chilly, and it is time that the girls were indoors. Good-night. I shall look out for you after breakfast for our constitutional, Admiral."

The old sailor looked after his friend with a twinkle in his eyes.

"How old is he, mother?"

"About fifty, I think."

"And Mrs. Westmacott?"

"I heard that she was forty-three."

The admiral rubbed his hands and shook with amusement. "We'll find one of these days that three and two make one," said he. "I'll bet you a new bonnet on it, mother."

CHAPTER IV.

A SISTER'S SECRET.

"Tell me, Miss Walker. You know how things should be. What would you say was a good profession for a young man of twenty-six who has no education worth speaking about, and who is not very quick by nature?" The speaker was Charles Westmacott, and the time this same Summer evening in the tennis ground, though the shadows had fallen now and the game had been abandoned.

The girl glanced up at him, amused and surprised.

"Do you mean yourself?"

Precisely.

"But how could I tell?"

"I have no one to advise me. I believe that you could do it better than any one. I feel confidence in your opinion."

"It is very flattering." She glanced up again at his earnest, questioning face, with its Saxon eyes and drooping flaxen mustache in some doubt as to whether he might be joking. On the contrary, all his attention seemed to be concentrated upon her answer.

"It depends so much upon what you can do, you know. I do not know you sufficiently to be able to say what natural gifts you have." They were walking slowly across the lawn in the direction of the house.

"I have none. That is to say, none worth mentioning. I have no memory, and I am very slow."

"But you are very strong."

"Oh, if that goes for anything, I can put up a hundred-pound bar till further orders; but what sort of a calling is that?"

Some little joke about being called to the bar flickered up in Miss Walker's mind, but her companion was in such obvious earnest that she stifled down her inclination to laugh.

"I can do a mile on the cinder track in 4:50 and across country in 5:20, but how is that to help me? I might be a cricket professional, but it is not a very dignified position. Not that I care a straw about dignity, you know, but I should not like to hurt the old lady's feelings."

"Your aunt's?"

"Yes, my aunt's. My parents were killed in the Mutiny, you know, when I was a baby, and she has looked after me ever since. She has been very good to me. I'm sorry to leave her."

"But why should you leave her?" They had reached the garden gate, and the girl leaned her racket upon the top of it, looking up with grave interest at her big white-flannelled companion.

"It's Browning," said he.

"What!"

"Don't tell my aunt that I said it"—he sunk his voice to a whisper—"I hate Browning."

Clara Walker rippled off into such a merry peal of laughter that he forgot the evil things which he had suffered from the poet, and burst out laughing too.

"I can't make him out," said he, "I try, but he is one too many. No doubt it is very stupid of me; I don't deny it. But as long as I cannot there is no use pretending that I can. And then of course she feels hurt, for she is very fond of him, and likes to read him aloud in the evenings. She is reading a piece now, 'Pippa Passes,' and I assure you, Miss Walker, that I don't even know what the title means. You must think me a dreadful fool."

"But surely he is not so incomprehensible as all that," she said, as an attempt at encouragement.

"He is very bad. There are some things, you know, which are fine. That ride of the three Dutchmen, and Herve Riel and others, they are all right. But there was a piece we read last week. The first line stumped my aunt, and it takes a good deal to do that, for she rides very straight. Setebos and Setebos and Setebos.' That was the line."

"It sounds like a charm."

"No; it is a gentleman's name. Three gentlemen, I thought at first, but my aunt says one. Then he goes on, 'Thinketh he dwelleth in the light of the moon.' It was a very trying piece."

Clara Walker laughed again.

"You must not think of leaving your aunt," she said. "Think how lonely she would be without you."

"Well, yes. I have thought of that. But you must remember that my aunt is to all intents hardly middle aged, and a very eligible person. I don't think that her dislike to mankind extends to individuals. She might form new ties, and then I should be a third wheel in the coach. It was all very well as long as I was only a boy, when her first husband was alive."

"But, good gracious, you don't mean to say that Mrs. Westmacott is going to marry again?" gasped Clara.

The young man glanced down at her with a question in his eyes. "Oh, it is only a remote possibility, you know," said he. "Still, of course, it might happen, and I should like to know what I ought to turn my hand to."

"I wish I could help you," said Clara. "But I really know very little about such things. However, I could talk to my father, who knows a very great deal of the world."

"I wish you would. I should be so glad if you would."

"Then I certainly will. And now I must say good night, Mr. Westmacott, for papa will be wondering where I am."

"Good night, Miss Walker." He pulled off his flannel cap and stalked away through the gathering darkness.

Clara had imagined that they had been the last on the lawn, but, looking back from the steps which led up to the French windows, she saw two dark figures moving across towards the house. As they came nearer she could distinguish that they were Harold Denver and her sister Ida. The murmur of voices rose up to her ears, and then the musical little child-like laugh which she knew so well. "I am so delighted," she heard her sister say. "So pleased and proud. I had no idea of it. Your words were such a surprise and a joy to me. Oh, I am so glad!"

"Is that you, Ida?"

"Oh, there is Clara. I must go in, Mr. Denver. Good-night.

There was a few whispered words, a laughter from Ida, and a "Good-night, Miss Walker," out of the darkness. Clara took her sister's hand, and they passed together through the long, folding window. The doctor had gone into his study, and the dining-room was empty. A single small red lamp upon the sideboard was reflected tenfold by the plate about it and the mahogany beneath it, though its single wick cast but a feeble light into the large, dimly-shadowed room. Ida danced off to the big central lamp, but Clara put her hand upon her arm. "I rather like this quiet light," said she. "Why should we not have a chat?" She sat in the doctor's large, red plush chair, and her sister cuddled down upon the footstool at her feet, glancing up at her elder with a smile upon her lips and a mischievous gleam in her eyes. There was a shade of anxiety in Clara's face, which cleared away as she gazed into her sister's frank blue eyes.

"Have you anything to tell me, dear?" she asked.

Ida gave a little pout and shrug of her shoulder. "The solicitor-general then opened the case for the prosecution," said she. "You are going to cross-examine me, Clara, so don't deny it. I do wish you would have that gray satin foulard of yours done up. With a little trimming and a new white vest it would look as good as new, and it is really very dowdy."

"You were quite late upon the lawn," said the inexorable Clara.

"Yes, I was, rather. So were you. Have you anything to tell me?" She broke away into her merry, musical laugh.

"I was chatting with Mr. Westmacott."

"And I was chatting with Mr. Denver. By the way, Clara, now tell me truly, what do you think of Mr. Denver? Do you like him? Honestly, now!"

"I like him very much indeed. I think that he is one of the most gentlemanly, modest, manly young men that I have ever known. So now, dear, have you nothing to tell me?" Clara smoothed down her sister's golden hair with a motherly gesture, and stooped her face to catch the expected confidence. She could wish nothing better than that Ida should be the wife of Harold Denver, and from the words which she had overheard as they left the lawn that evening, she could not doubt that there was some understanding between them.

But there came no confession from Ida. Only the same mischievous smile and amused gleam in her deep blue eyes.

"That gray foulard dress"—she began.

"Oh, you little tease! Come, now, I will ask you what you have just asked me. Do you like Harold Denver?"

"Oh, he's a darling!"

"Ida!"

"Well, you asked me. That's what I think of him. And now, you dear old inquisitive, you will get nothing more out of me so you must wait, and not be too curious. I'm going off to see what papa is doing. She sprang to her feet, threw her arms around her sister's neck, gave her a final squeeze, and was gone. A chorus from "Olivette," sung in her clear contralto, grew fainter and fainter until it ended in a slam of a distant door.

But Clara Walker still sat in the dimly lighted room with her chin upon her hands, and her dreamy eyes looking out into the gathering gloom. It was the duty of her, a maiden, to play the part of a mother—to guide another in paths which her own steps had not yet trodden. Since her mother died not a thought had been given to herself all was for her father and her sister. In her own eyes she was herself very plain, and she knew that her manner was often ungracious when she would most wish to be gracious. She saw her face as the glass reflected it, but she did not see the changing play of expression which gave it its charm—the infinite pity, the sympathy, the sweet womanliness which drew toward her all who were in doubt and in trouble, even as poor, slow-moving Charles Westmacott had been drawn to her that night. She was herself, she thought, outside the pale of love. But it was very different with Ida, merry, little, quick-witted, bright-faced Ida. She was born for love. It was her inheritance. But she was young and innocent. She must not be allowed to venture too far without help in those dangerous waters. Some understanding there was between her and Harold Denver. In her heart of hearts Clara, like every good woman, was a match-maker, and already she had chosen Denver, of all men, as the one to whom she could most safely confide. He had talked to her more than once on the serious topics of life, on his aspirations, on what a man could do to leave the world better for his presence. She knew that he was a man of noble nature, high minded and earnest. And yet she did not like this secrecy, this disinclination upon the part of one so frank and honest as Ida to tell her what was passing. She would wait, and if she got the opportunity next day she would lead Harold Denver himself on to this topic. It was possible that she might learn from him what her sister had refused to tell her.

(TO BE CONINUED.)

Just His Luck.

Whoop! just get on to the—

—size of that.

An Imperial Godmother.

While the Czaritza (then Princess Alix of Hesse) was at Harrogate, England, last year, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, of Cathcart House, where she resided, were favoured with twins—a boy and a girl. So interested was Her Royal Highness in the little strangers, that when the time came for their baptism she graciously consented to stand as sponsor, the boy consequently being named Nicholas Charles Bernard Hesse, and the girl, Alix Beatrice Emma. May was the anniversary of their birthday, and brought with it a pleasant proof that the twins had not been forgotten by their Imperial godmother. Not only did Her Majesty write to enquire how they were getting on, but she intimated the despatch of cert in birthday gifts, which have now come to hand. Most treasured of them will be the pretty little petticoats which she has worked with her own hand, but of more intrinsic value is a polished oak box, lined with white satin and crimson plush, which contains gold-mounted and enamelled knives, forks, spoons, servisette rings, and salt cellars and salt spoons, all elaborately chased, and bearing the Russian arms and the initials of the fortunate recipients.

Reads Like a Fairy Story.

Cycling has proved of unexpected benefit to more than one manufacturer of a line of goods entirely distinct from those usually connected with bicycling. A large watch concern one day found themselves burdened with a lot of wheels and interior works of a line of watches which, for some reason or another, had not proved satisfactory. The mass of material was virtually worthless, and to get rid of it was offered for sale at any price, but no one wanted it. An ingenious workman, wanting a cyclometer for his wheel, went to this scrap heap, selected seven parts from it, added two more of his own making, and the result was an accurate, durable, and economical cyclometer. Other workmen who were cyclers did the same thing until the value of the scrap heap became known to the heads of the campany, with the result that from what was at one time deemed a worthless scrap heap over 5,000 cyclometers a day are now being turned out and retail at $2 each. Reads like a fairy story, but it is the truth, just the same.

British Columbia Gold Fields.

A despatch from Spokane, Wash., says:—A big strike has just been made in an entirely new mining district in British Columbia, twenty miles north of Trail Creek, that has caused intense excitement among mining men in this section of the country, and already a wild rush has begun for the new fields. Two well-known prospectors are the discoverers of the new district and the specimens that they brought with them glittered with gold. The find was made at the head of Murphy Creek and they report much rich ore in sight. A train load of excited miners from this city left for the scene this morning.

The personal pronoun "I" should be the coat-of-arms of some individuals.—Revavol.

KING OF SIAM KEEPS COOL.

SITS IN A GLASS PALACE ON THE BOTTOM OF A LAKE.

Sinks or Raises It at Will—A Novel Idea Which Seems Practical, and Has Been Copied by a Prince in India—The King is a Wonderful Person.

The problem of how to keep cool in summer offers a wide range of glorious possibilities, but probably the most extraordinary method ever heard of is that of the King of Siam. This ingenious gentleman escapes the torrid rays of Old Sol by depositing himself for hours at a time in the cooling if aqueous embrace of a lake. There he sits in a house of glass as comfortable as can be, while the pond lilies droop and the furnace-like heat spreads itself all over his dominion. The King and his royal retinue, ensconced in the lake, live anew the life of Poseidon, the Greek god of the ocean, and his wife, Amphitrite, who dwelt in their fabled golden house under the seas, at Aegae, of the Homeric Isles.

The King, in the interests of suffering humanity, did not copyright this interesting idea, and it has been adopted by the Prince Khan Aryanluh, of India. The Prince has a magnificent summer villa on the bottom of a lake on his ancestral estates at Agra.

The question of ventilation has been already attended to by the kingly inventor. He pumps air from the surface through enormous tubes and manages to keep up a constant circulation. The inventor would have no trouble pumping air enough for thousands of people. The other details will readily suggest themselves from a description of the King's own glass palace, which has been in use for a long time.

As it is for himself alone, the room is but twenty feet square by fifteen feet high. With the exception of the floor it is entirely of

HEAVY PLATE GLASS

closely fitted into steel frames. The floor is of wood and steel, and directly under it is a second or false floor into which are stored weights of stone. When floating all these weights are removed, but when His Majesty desires a cooling, tons of them are rolled in and the room slowly and silently sinks until it rests upon the bottom. It is then at a depth of about twenty feet, and is so arranged that an abundant supply of air is obtained from numerous tubes leading to the surface. By means of other tubes he is enabled to hold conversation with those in the royal palace on shore, and also to transact state business.

The furnishings of this submarine castle are as lavish as those of the imperial palace. Every chair, table and divan is inlaid with gold, and heavily studded with precious stones. The ornaments, statues and minor furnishings are of ivory, and the back of the royal chair is emblazoned with a coronet of emeralds.

When His Majesty desires to return to the surface the weights are quickly rolled out upon a sunken raft by means of levers worked in an ante-room, and the room is drawn up, as if it were an elevator, by means of cables and hoisting apparatus operated from above. The raft bearing the weight is afterwards drawn up by the same method. The whole affair is as simple as it is ingenious.

In this fairy-like chamber the king passes the long hot afternoons in the dolce far niente so dear to the Orientalist. The white hot light of the blazing sun, cooled by its passage through the waters, penetrates the transparent walls with a softness, the exquisiteness of which cannot be described, and in magic tints sheds a chaste lustre over the entire environment, making it gorgeous beyond the dreams of the mermaids and naiads of the deep. Could one of these maidens of classic lore gaze through the translucent sides of this water palace she would see its royal master reclining at ease, lulled to repose by the gentle murmur of rippling waters and the languorous music of his

PRETTY ATTENDANTS.

Or he might be reading a report from some functionary high in the State.

Unfolded to his gaze there is a marine-like panorama on which the eye never tires of feasting. Richly tinted fishes move slowly through the green waters, so near that the hand stretched out could almost touch them. Little fleets of water glide by majestically, and ever and anon there is witnessed a battle royal between opposing forces, or the fierce struggle of a larger prey destroying its smaller prey. Overhead the blue tinted sky is strangely changed by the intervening waters, and clouds and shadows put on new shades. Truly, a more beautiful ceiling for a palace could not be painted by man, and the walls afford vistas of new delight on every side.

Prince Khan Aryanluh, of India, has a submarine room equally as gorgeous. To him, however, the idea of living under water is not as marvellous as to the King of Siam, as the water has been the Prince's home from childhood. His home, and the home of his father, the royal palace at Agra, is built entirely on the water, and access to it is only possible by boat. In magnificence and gaudy grandeur, it probably eclipses anything known to the civilized world.

Its decorations, in ivory and precious stones alone are worth over $20,000,000, and it has 1,000 rooms. It is known as the pearl palace and was built exclusively for the ruling monarch, his family and his wives. Twenty thousand men were employed on it for twenty-two years. It is built in the form of an irregular octagon, is of pure white marble, and so lavishly is the main hall decorated that the whole of the Koran is said to be written in precious stones on the walls.

The King of Siam, the inventor of this submarine device is a wonderful person. His name is, perhaps, the longest of any monarch in the world, containing

FIFTY-SEVEN LETTERS

but he is called Chulalankorh for short. He has ten different names in addition to this, and his titles would fill more than a column of newspaper space. He is a young man but despite his tender age has 600 wives. Notwithstanding this large assortment, however, he is so sacred and mighty that he must marry nobody beneath him in rank, and his only equals being members of his own family, his official wife must, therefore, be his half sister.

She rules the harem, wears diamond and emerald rings on every finger and ruby bracelets around her ankles. She occupies her time in smoking cigarettes and chewing the betel nut, making her teeth as black as ebony. This pleases the king, who says that anybody can have white teeth, but only monarchs who are rich enough to afford the betel nut can have black ones.

In looking at this semi-heathen king it is hard to believe that he is the sacred ruler of over eight millions of people, and still harder to appreciate his absolute power. The whole people are his slaves, and his simple word inflicts instant death on any man, or robs him of his daughter. He has the right to call his subjects into his service without pay at any or all times, and every man in Siam is forced to give him part of his services during each year. All the women of the country are supposed to belong to him, and the nobles offer him their daughters by the score.

Although Siam has no national debt he taxes the people as he pleases, and so heavy are these taxes that men are often forced to sell their wives and children. By this means the king's vaults are full of treasure, and his yearly income is $10,000,000. This he squanders in enriching his personal surroundings.

For the building of this submarine room probably one thousand men were forced into the work in addition to extra heavy taxes being levied upon the entire populace.

MARRIED 12 TIMES.

Death of a Woman Who Could Give Actresses Cards and Then Beat Them Out.

The funeral services were held at Lapaz, Ind., the other day of a woman who achieved national fame. Mrs. Blackmire, whose death occurred last Saturday, enjoyed the unique record of having had 12 husbands.

The story of her matrimonial ventures is an unusual one. At the time of her death Mrs. Blackmire was only 45 years old, and was widely known for her social graces. Her first marriage occurred when she was only 15 years old. The bridegroom was little older than herself. After ten years of wedded life they parted.

Two years later she was married to an attorney, who pleaded his own case in securing his divorce. The third husband was cruel to his wife, and she was forced to leave him.

She then became an active worker in the cause of charity, and her susceptible heart was captured by a good-looking convict in the Joliet Penitentiary. Her indefatigable labors secured a pardon for the youth, who was only 24 years old, and they were married. The reform was an unquestioned success, and the husband's death shattered a happy union. The four-times widow then married two men from among a host of suitors within 18 months. The seventh husband was a professional gambler, and the divorce court annulled the marriage.

The columns of a Chicago matrimonial publication about this time contained the plaintive wail of a lonely heart in a western town. He was well-to-do, a prospector. They had not been married five months when he fell down a shaft, and the same bells that had announced their union tolled for his death.

The widow was now 38 years old, possessed a considerable fortune, and her many marital mishaps had not driven the roses entirely from her cheeks or dulled her sparkling wit.

S. H. Brown, a druggist of the Hoosier State, was the next willing victim to her charms. To this 10th union the first child was born. But Mrs. Brown's Nemesis was not sleeping, and one day her husband mysteriously disappeared.

A year later, Dr. Ralph Spencer, a venerable physician, led her to the altar, and their wedded life was ended by his sudden death.

Six months ago she became Mrs. Blackmire, and the divorce court got in its fateful work four months later.

The Effects of a "Joke."

A despatch from Philadelphia, says:—The victim of a practical joke, Miss Ella Templin is now in a dying condition. Young Harvey Potts, who pulled a chair from under her, is almost wild over the awful results of his foolish prank. Miss Templin was visiting the family of Ernest Lash, of Douglasville. In company with several other young people she was in the sitting room on Wednesday evening holding conversation. Miss Templin, while speaking, leaned forward, tilting the chair on two legs. Harvey Potts, a lad of 13, was sitting by her, and gave the chair a quick push, throwing the girl heavily to the floor. She arose in a dazed condition, and was being assisted from the room when, with the cry, "Oh, I feel sick!" she would have fallen, but was caught. There have been frequent hemorrhages since, and the sufferer has been in great agony, although unconscious much of the time. The injury is a severe rupture, the nature of which the doctors have been unable to determine, owing to the patient's serious condition. Miss Templin is in a very critical condition, and serious doubts are entertained for her recovery. She is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Joseph Templin, a prominent citizen of Birdsborough.

All About Lead Pencils.

The ordinary-sized lead pencil, such as one gets when he goes into a store and asks for "a lead pencil," is seven inches in length and a trifle more than a quarter of an inch thick. Pencils are made in many different styles and shapes and for many special uses. Special pencils of very small diameter are made for mathematical instruments. Another small diameter pencil is the programme pencil made for dancing orders. Programme pencils are made round and hexagon in shape, and finished in a variety of colors and styles; some are wound with silk. They are sold sharpened, and with a ring and a cord and a tassel attached, ready for use. Other small pencils made are those used for tablets and memorandum books. Checking pencils, with red, blue, and green crayons, are now used extensively in commercial establishments and by express and railroad companies, and in almost every office. Thousands of gross of checking pencils are sold annually, and the sale of them is constantly increasing. Crayon pencils for various uses are made of all colors and in many tints.

CURRENT NOTES.

In London, Battersea Park has become one of the most fashionable resorts of the town since it has been frequented by the bicycle riders. From the opening to the closing of the gates, it is filled with wheelers representing every social condition above the lowest, and crowds of people gather to witness the procession. Bicycling as a reaction is both as popular and as fashionable in England as in this country. Among the wheelers, too, are included great numbers of women, girls and matrons who come from the ranks of the English aristocracy and the society of fashion.

Both there and here bicycling is a democratic recreation, but it is none the less fashionable for that reason. No circle of society is so exclusive that it has been able to guard itself against the now prevalent passion for the sport, and none has tried to debar the amusement. Considering the conservatism of women, it is extraordinary how rapidly they have overcome their prejudices against so complete an innovation on established feminine habits and practices as is involved in wheeling. Soon after the present safety bicycle was introduced it began to be used timidly by a few women, for whose convenience special modifications in its construction were made, but soon the demand for such machines became so large that they grew to be extensively manufactured. The fears of Mrs. Grundy passed away, and most completely among women in the society which fixes the standard of fashion. Feminine bicycling received the stamp of approval from the authority which is supreme in matters o feminine propriety. Wheeling was pronounced as suitable as horsemanship for women, and hence it was admitted to a leading place among the recreations in which women could becomingly engage.

This was so much of a revolution in feminine tastes and habits that it could not have occurred, especially with so great rapidity, if the new form of exercise had not been adapted to women. Moreover, the practice extends among women of all social conditions. It furnishes recreation for the working girl no less than for her sister who lives in luxury and pursues pleasure as a business. Because the one uses it both for amusement and for necessary locomotion the other does not reject it as a means of sport.

It is useless, therefore, for any one to inveigh against bicycling as unsuitable or improper for women. The dominant feminine sentiment is in its favor, and there is no sign that that decision will be reversed. The indications are rather that the machine will be more and more extensively used by women for several years to come at least, and its employment for essential locomotion is likely to continue permanently even if wheeling as a sport passes out of vogue. Hence the theory that it will tend to impair womanly qualities and to destroy feminine aptitudes most desirable in the helpmeets of men, will receive the test of long and wide experience. It is the same theory which has been imposed as an obstacle to every step in the advancement of women, and, so far, it has been exploded by the actual results. Women have profited by every enlargement of their freedom, and men have shared in the gain. If bicycling does not unfit men for their serious duties, but may rather strengthen them for their preformance, why should it not be so with women?

Dismiss your fears, timorous masculine souls! Though all women become wheelers they yet will remain women, and as wives and mothers they will preserve the order of households and by precept and example purify and elevate family life. Women have not had outdoor recreation enough. The fascination the bicycle has for them proves that they need the exercise it furnishes; and why shouldn't they have the fun, instead of reserving it for men only? If it was unfit for them they wouldn't go into it.

Suicide of a Justice of the Peace.

A despatch from Niagara, Ont., says:—Mr. Charles Camidge, J. P., committed suicide at his residence here on Sunday morning. Deceased had been in poor health for some time, but not sufficiently so o confine him to his house. The rash act was committed whilst Mrs. Camidge was preparing his breakfast, which he told her not to bring up to him, that he would be down presently. Shortly after he had said this Mrs. Camidge heard the report of a pistol, and immediately went to his room, where she found him lying on the floor on his back dead, with a revolver in his hand. Dr. Anderson was sent for at once, who, upon examination, said that death was instantaneous, the ball having entered behind the left ear, and taking an upward course, penetrated the brain. Mr. Camidge was 71 years of age. He came to this town about 25 years ago having been appointed headmaster of the Niagara High school, which position he held for about two years, after which he opened a private school, known as "York Academy," which he continued until about a year ago. He leaves a widow to mourn his oss.

A Museum Has Him.

Visitor (dime museum)—What is there remarkable about that man?

Attendant—That man? He's the greatest freak on exhibition. He is the man who says he's staying in the city all summer because he's too poor to get away.

Had to be Warm.

She (visiting his office on the seventh floor for the first time)—Why, Jack, this wretched place is as hot as an oven.

He—Ya-as; but, you see, this is where I make my bread.

TORTURE IS A SCIENCE.

THE PRISON SYSTEM OF TURKEY A TALE OF HORROR.

Abominable Links of Grossest Cruelty—No Attempt at Reformation of Criminals—Health Precautions Unknown in These Dungeons—Prisoners Suffer Frightful Anguish and Finally Die in Filth and Despair.

Turkish prisons are something too horible to be understood. To show how they are viewed abroad and by people who may be in danger of imprisonment in them in their own country it is only necessary to state that late advices from Armenia are to the effect that every Christian in the land would rather die by the sword than to be thrown into prison to be either tortured to death or to be starved, as the fancy of the persecutors might dictate.

As prisons, all that the entire Turkish empire has, are scarcely worthy of the name. They are all simply places of detention where prisoners or convicts can be kept more or less securely. No attempt is ever made to reform a criminal. There is no such a thing as a reformatory institution in all Turkey, Asiatic or European. The result of the lack of prison system is that all Turkish convicts after being released from prison after a term are more hardened in crime than when first convicted.

In the provinces the prisons are even worse than in the large cities. In the strictly male prisons in the larger Turkish cities there are separate apartments for prisoners awaiting trial, for those under sentence, and for prisoners imprisoned for debt. In the female prisons this is not the case, so that a woman of good character imprisoned for debt may be thrown into the same ward with women of the most depraved habits.

PUBLIC WORKS.

Male prisoners are sometimes employed on public works. When so employed a ring and heavy chains are always attached to one of the criminal's legs. There is no provisions for other useful employment of prisoners, except that men not condemned to the chain gang are allowed to work at their own trades. They are also allowed to use money thus earned for their own purpose.

The food furnished to prisoners is absolutely inadequate. It consists of just two pounds of black bread a day. If a prisoner has friends he or she may receive a food supply from them, but, if not, the prisoners can starve to death for all the Sultan of all the Turks cares.

The two main Turkish prisons are at Erzoum and at Adrianople, and hold about 600 convicts each. In Constantinople there are five small prisons, of which the institution on the Place d'Hippodrome is the largest. This will hold about 300 prisoners. There is also a Turkish prison in Cyprus, which is now under English rule.

It was this institution which Archibald Forbes, the London special correspondent, visited, and of which he wrote probably the most accurate account that the English nation will ever possess of the interior of a Turkish prison; as the Turkish Government not only refuses admittance to its prisons, but refuses to tell officially anything about them. What he said of Cyprus holds good regarding any other Turkish prison.

ALL MIXED TOGETHER.

"The average Turkish prison," writes Mr. Forbes, "has nearly 600 inhabitants. Among them are malefactors of every dye—murderers, robbers, political prisoners and forgotten suspects. I have seen not a few horrible sights. I have ridden across a battlefield on which lay five and thirty thousand dead and dying soldiers; I have seen a whole field full of famine-stricken miserables; I have frequented the pest-houses of Metz after the siege, where lay neglected the wretched victims of black smallpox and spotted typhus; I have trodden the corridors of the Grand Hotel, of Paris, heart-sick because of the fetid effluvium from sloughing wounds and hospital gangrene; I have seen the bodies of men who had been roasted alive; I have been in a cholera hospital; but never have I witnessed a more noisome spectacle than that which the foul Turkish prison dungeons afford.

"There is no concealment of the cursed shame of the thing. The official rooms of the Governor overhang the courtyard of the prison, and the Pasha as he smoked his hookah had but little other view than the putrid courtyard in which the prisoners who had a measure of liberty swarm in their clanking chains.

"I wonder that the very stench of the place did not sicken him. Here in this prison is an institution which puts the story of Louisiana years ago into the shade and which puts humanity to the blush. Yet the Turks seem to accept it as a matter of course. I entered the Konak, and a Turkish officer, with a polite bow, asked me if I cared to see the prison, much in the tone that the Warden at Holyrood asks the tourist if he has a mind to see Queen Mary's room. I assented, and he handed me over to a little bow-legged fellow, who sat outside a wicket gate in a palisading that ran across the courtyard of the Konak.

"Dante might have visited this pandemonium to gain ideas for his description of the Inferno, but the Turks are not blessed with sentiment, and there is no inscription on the gate. Passing through the wicket one entered a narrow courtyard, surrounded on three sides by gloomy walls, broken by heavily barred windows with here and there a strong wooden door. From under each door oozed a gutter of inexpressible filth, the rotted sewage of a loathsome dungeon inside. I was at once surrounded by a horde of prisoners of villainous aspect, all, or nearly all, manacled in the most curiously diverse fashions.

VARIOUS MANACLES.

"Some wore a heavy chain, one end of which was fastened to a clumsily massive shackle round the ankle, the other tied up around the waist. Others merely wore this grim anklet, with no chain attached. Yet others had a huge link fastened to the side of the leg and fastened into position by a leather garter. These were the 'liberty' men to whom so much favor is accorded by reason of long imprisonment coupled with good conduct—who are not huddled into the dungeon, but are allowed to loaf out here in the court yard.

"A long, gloomy passage opened out of one end of the court yard; and this I entered encompassed by the concourse of villains and with no other escort than the little bow-legged Warden of the jail. Into this passage looked several barred windows, and behind the bars there glowered and strained the close set faces of the more dangerous prisoners.

"What ruffianly faces most of them were! faces, the expression of which—wolfish, ferocious, hungry for blood, sardonic, utterly devilish—made the flesh creep. With every moment there was the clank of chains, for every man wore fetters. The expression, 'hugging his chains,' I have hitherto regarded as a mere allegorical figure of speech, but now I was to see the literal reality. The crowd around the window gave back, and there approached a tall, stalwart figure somewhat bowed down by some heavy burden that he carried in his arms. He stopped, and laid his burden down, and then stood erect—a Hercules of a man, with a face out of which everything human save the mere lineaments wase rased.

"And what think you was his burden? It consisted of a mass of heavy iron links, knotted up into a great clump, and fastened to the man's ankles. Its weight was 80 tokes, or 100-pound weight. When he unraveled it, and stretched it out on the ground, I saw that it was about 15 feet long, and resembled in the massiveness of its links the chain-cable of a trading schooner.

SIX AND TWENTY YEARS.

"What has been this man's crime, Warden. How long has he been in prison? Six and twenty years. Had he worn the chain all that time? Yes.

"Great heavens! Were not death infinitely to be preferred to such a fate? Never to be able to move throughout all these long years without hugging to his bosom that huge knot of iron.

"I passed along this gallery of crime and misery till the spectacles and the stenches sickened me, and I had to escape to purer air. The memory still haunts me of the ghostly faces at the barred windows, of the clank of trailing chains, of the indescribable stench of the air in which a human being has clung to life for six and twenty years."

So much for a sample of Turkish prisons. Now take a glance at the laws and governmental machinery of the empire. Then you will know why the prison systems of the Empire is such a crying blot on human progress.

REASONS FOR ALL THIS.

The Government of Turkey is, as all know, a despotism tempered by certain religious and social checks, which for nearly a century have in practice reduced the power of the sovereign to that of a quasi-constitutional monarch. So far, therefore, as the caprice of the sovereign is concerned, it may be said that both life and property are now fairly safe in Turkey.

Asiatic Turkey is now divided into eighteen vilagets, or first-class provinces, and form separate districts forming mutessarifliffs, or special governments. The former are those of Brousa, Aidin (Smyrna), Konia, Adana, Angora, Constamouni, Sivas, Trobizond, Erzeroum, Van, Diarbettin, Aleppo, Syria, Bagdad, Bassaro, Yemen, the Hedjan and the Isles on Aegean Archipelago. The minor Governments are Iebanon, Jerusalem, Djanik and Divrilli, Scutari and the Preuas Islands, and all the Asiastic shore of the Bosphorus form a sankak (the sixth) of the special vilaget of Constantinople, into which the capital and its suburbs were formed in 1869.

Each vilaget has a special prison, so that there are really 18 main prisons in Turkey, one for each vilaget. Each is a hell hole such as Forbes described.

The vilagets vary in geographical extent, and, according to their size, are divided into from three to five sanjaks, which are subdivided again into kazas, or districts, and these again into nahies or communes, composed of small groups or villages.

EACH HAS A GOVERNOR.

The vilayet, which usually bears the name of its chief town, is administered by a vali or Governor General, in rank a mushir, which is the highest class of a Pasha. The sanjaks are governed by caimacams, or second-class Pashas—both appointed by the Porte—and the kazas by Mudirs, or Directors, ostensibly elected by the inhabitants, but in reality named by the Vali; and the communes by Mouktars or Mayors, also supposed to be elected for a year, but, as a rule, similarly imposed on their constituents by the Mudir.

Besides these grades of executive chiefs, each province is further weighted with a very numerous staff of administration aids. The Vali usually brings his appointment from some palace favorite. All the other officials, too, are equally culpable, and the result is the most debasing of all possible Governments.

These officials in the administration of justice are simply barbarous. Although in many of its incidents and relations Turkish society is less amenable to law than in more civilized communities, it is still sufficiently so as to have in the Multequa and other Ottoman codes, if at all honestly administered, ample guarantees for substantial justice and adequate protection against most of the existing abuses.

But dispensed as law now is even among Mussulman, the law is merely another engine of oppression at the service of the rich man who can pay for it, against the poor one who cannot. The Christian, or man of other faith than that of Mohammed, absolutely has no rights at all in law Courts or anywhere else in Turkey.

Under these circumstances is it any wonder that Turkish jails and prisons are a blot upon modern civilization? Lawlessness, rapine, murder and torture make up in a word or two the present system of the great Turkish Empire.

A Small Favor.

Mr. Balkins was a very sick man. The physicians had abandoned all hopes of his recovery. He had been informed that his end was near, and he had made all preparations as cheerfully as possible.

Mr. Balkins had a dog that had tried to bite a hole in a bicycle wheel, and had had two or three kinks put in his back. He did nothing but lie under the house and howl. It did not disturb Balkins. He simply felt sorry for the dog, and no thought of his neighbors entered his head.

Mr. Boggs, who lived next door, called to see Mr. Balkins and was ushered into the sick room, where all talked in whispers.

Pretty sick, are you? he inquired.

Yes, very sick, gasped the dying man.

That's too bad. Doctor give you no hope?

No—he says I must go.

Um—hate to see you go, remarkes Boggs.

Yes—it is—hard.

You wouldn't mind doing me a favor would you?

No—certainly not—if I can. What—is it?

When you go, take that dog with you, will you?

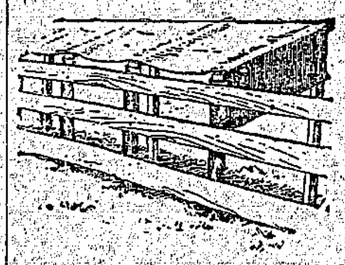
Balkins was so mad that he recovered.

In two successive holidays Stratford did not have one Police Court case.

THE FARM.

Shades for Treeless Pastures.

Where pastures contain no trees for shade in the strong heat of summer, it is cruel not to afford some artificial shade for the stock. Such shelter should be provided on humane grounds, but there is a question of dollars and cents in it as well. Discomfort



TEMPORARY SHADE FOR STOCK.

of any kind lessens productiveness and growth. A rough shed of boards, or even a rough framework covered with green boughs, will answer the purpose very well, but where lumber is expensive and green boughs are not at hand, cheap cotton cloth can be used very effectively, and economically. Such cloth can be bought for five cents or less a yard, and can be stretched over a framework set up against the pasture fence.

Clover Growing.

Clover growing was a long time a puzzle to the thinking farmer. Away back in the time of the early Romans who grew large crops of Lucerne clover it was known that a crop of clover was the best preparation for a crop of wheat. Almost ever since that time the same practice has prevailed amongst the best farmers. Why was this the case? Clover is rich in nitrogen, in some forms most valuable as a manure for plants; and also most valuable in plant form as food for animals. Could it be that the clover plant drew its supply of nitrogen from the free nitrogen of the air? Air is composed of about eighty parts of nitrogen to twenty parts of oxygen. If this nitrogen be valued at the price of commercial nitrogen as sold in artificial manures the air in and above each acre of land would be worth about $90,000. There is plenty of it about if it could be used. Scientific men said this was impossible. The nitrogen of the air was not in a condition to be used as plant food. Lawes and Gilbert, of Rothamsted, England, worked at the problem for nearly half a century. They found more nitrogen in the soil after a clover crop had removed 150 pounds per acre than there was before the clover was sown. About enough surplus to supply a good wheat crop which needs one and one-half pounds per bushel. A German scientist, Hellrigel, after years of study showed that the clover did get its supply from the free nitrogen of the air. All the Leguminose or pulse family have this valuable property. This family is a large one, and besides all the clovers, includes peas, beans, retches, and a few shrubs and trees. The locust tree belongs to this order. On the rootlets of these plants are found small nodules, or wart like growths varying in size, but none of them larger than a small seed. These contain albumen and bacteria, and it is said the bacteria found in the nodules of clover are not the same as are found on peas or beans. By some means not yet fully explained these bacteria are able to use the free nitrogen of the air and manufacture from it some compound of nitrogen fit for plant food. The clover plant in this way secures enough nitrogen for its own use and leaves a surplus for the use of succeeding crops of grain or grass. There is much still to learn as to how the work is done. Some think that if the soil be rich in available nitrogen the clover will use a considerable quantity of it before the nodules form on the rootlets. This is over and above what is needed to give the plant a good start and a vigorous young growth.

The newest phase in the matter is the "inoculating" theory. Land seeded to clover is sprinkled with soil from an old clover field. This is to bring the spores of the clover bacteria so that they may quickly form nodules on the young roots. Sowing the clover seed and then sowing the bacteria seed. It is already claimed that great results have followed this way of working. There is a wide field here for experimenting.

Clover Sickness.—This is a disease touching red clover. Where a short course rotation, say a three or four years' one, is adopted with red clover it was found that in time the clover would not do well. The land became "clover sick" and the clover died the second year of its growth without apparent cause. Some naturalists regard this as due to the want of available potash in the soil and especially in the subsoil, but it may be from another cause. Experience has shown that it is not good farming to have red clover follow any of the legumes, such as peas, beans, or any other clover. This may be caused by the want of potash, but it is probable that some product of the bacteria may be the chief cause of clover sickness.

Slopping Cows.

There is a general belief that slopping cows greatly increases their flow of milk, and that the resulting yield is correspondingly poor in butter fats, and to prove, or disprove, this the experiment station at Guelph, Ont, has for the past two years been experimenting along the line, and to their surprise there is practically nothing in the belief. The cows when fed the grain in form of slop would, if fed once a day, give slightly more milk and a slightly lower, but not uniform, percentage of fat, about 0.4 of 1 per cent.; but in every instance where slop was fed twice a day, there was a marked falling off in milk yield. These tests were conducted in periods of thirty days each, so as to get the full effect of the food, and in the general averages the dry-grain fed cows came out ahead. As to the variation of fat content of the milk, the sum total of all the averages showed that there was no more loss in the end than the variations found in the fat content of cows fed dry foods, and the sum total of two years' experiment is against the idea that slop food increases the milk yield. If anything is to be deduced from the tests it is that cows gave less milk if the slopping was very marked, and the percentages of fat yielded were actually inconsequential so far as change was concerned in either case. The conclusions are that the best "slop" that can be fed to a cow is a good ration of corn, silage, roots, or uncured grain, fodders, and the drink that a cow has is best in the form of good water, governed by the inclination of the animal to drink.

TELEPHONING ALONG THE CONGO.

Drums With Which the Natives Are Able to Communicate Long Distances.

Capt. Five, a Belgian explorer, says that the people of the Congo have a curious and interesting method of telephoning. For a long time he refused to believe that the natives really had the power to communicate with others at a distance, though articles had been sent to him in answer to such communications. At length, one day, journeying on the river by pirogue, and being about fifty miles from Basoko, he determined, instead of stopping, to press on to the village. Then one of his people offered to telephone to the village that the party would reach the place toward evening and would like to have supper prepared on arrival.

A native with a drum then began to beat it after a peculiar fashion, and presently announced that he had heard a reply. He then rolled the drum for some time and tranquilly returned to his paddle. Capt. Five waited with much interest to see whether his approach would be expected, and was astonished as he neared Basoko toward evening to recognize on the bank one of his fellow explorers, Lieut. Verellen. A fire was burning ashore and a supper was being made ready. Capt. Five, after greeting the Lieutenant, inquired eagerly how he had learned of the approach of the expedition. The Lieutenant replied that the news had been brought some hours before by a negro, who said that a white man was approaching by way of the river and would need supper.

The drum used by the natives for this purpose is a small but noisy affair of wood. It is constantly employed in communicating short distances, in order to save time and trouble. In this instance there had evidently been relays of drummers along the whole fifty miles from the point where the original signal was given to near Basoko. The natives are able, with their drums, to signal messages of considerable length.

Peas From Seed 3000 Years Old.

Gardeners will be interested to learn that J. Davis, of Wood Close, Bromley common, Kent, England, has growing at the present time peas which are the product of sound peas found in Upper Egypt in a mummy case about three years ago. The sarcophagus which contained the mummy and case in which the parent of these peas were found was discovered in a cave tomb situated in the Valley of the Kings at Assaseef which is about an hour's ride west from the Nile at Thebes. The discovery was made by a party of five gentlemen, consisting of two Americans, two Cambridge students and the cousin of the lady from whom the specimen peas now growing at Bromley were obtained.

The inscription went to show that the person entombed was Memptah, a younger son of User-Khopara-Ra (Seti, II.), son of Rameses II., founder of the eighteen dynasty. Prince Memptah existed about 1270 B. C. The valley in which this tomb was discovered is the old burying place of the Theban Kings of the seventeenth and eighteenth dynasties, and most of the tombs are remarkable, not so much for their size as for their exquisite beauty. All of these two races of kings were buried in this valley, but only about one-half the number buried (about forty in all) have yet been discovered. The pease are much smaller than those of the present day, a fact which is possibly evidence of the improvement which has taken place in the cultivation in the modest interval of 3,000 years.

Unique Ammunition.

The most remarkable ammunition ever heard of was used by the celebrated Commodore Coe, of the Montevidian Navy, who, in an engagement with Admiral Brown, of the Buenos Ayrean service, fired every shot from his lockers. "What shall we do, sir?" asked his First Lieutenant. It looked as if Coe would have to strike his colors, when it occurred to his First Lieutenant to use Dutch cheese as cannon balls. There happened to be a large quantity of these on board, and in a few minutes the fire of the old Santa Maria (Coe's ship), which had ceased entirely, was reopened, and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head. Directly one of them struck his main-mast, and as it did so shattered and flew in every direction. "What the dickens is the enemy firing?" asked Brown. But nobody could tell. Directly another came in through a port and killed two men who were near him, and then, striking the opposite bulwarks, burst into pieces. Brown believed it to be some new-fangled paixhan or other, and, as four or five more of them came slap through his sails, he gave orders to fill away and actually backed out of the fight, receiving a parting broad-side of Dutch cheeses.

White Elephants.

Knighthood is not an honor that you can obtain in Siam as easily as you can in many other countries. You have to qualify for it by capturing a white elephant. The white elephant is the national emblem of Siam, and all the specimens that can be caught are kept in the royal stables and live on the fat of the land. There are five of them at present in honorable captivity. All the work they ever have to do is to take part twice a year in a state procession, and to support the King by their majestic presence whenever he has to receive a foreign ambassador. Besides being knighted, their captors receive large money rewards. The more white elephants there are in the King's mews, the luckier does he reckon himself likely to be.

Polite Literature.

Gentleman—You are a devotee of polite literature, I presume.

Miss McShoddie—Yes, indeed; I have alf a dozen books on etiquette.

A mercantile democracy may govern long and widely; a mercantile aristocracy can not stand.—Landor.

God governs the world, and we have only to do our duty wisely and leave the issue to him.—John Jay.

THE HOME.

Only a Drink of Water.

We were coming from a visit to the old home. It was almost nine o'clock, and the lights were swaying sleepily over the aisle of the crowded train. Conversation was beginning to die away. The passengers were growing decidedly sleepy, for the air was warm and close.

But the baby down at the other end of the car was crying still. Sometimes he only sobbed chokingly, and then his shrieks fairly filled the coach. The good-natured passengers were doing their best to endure the unwelcome serenade; but there was some quiet joking at the expense of the baby—and the baby's parents—in some of the farther seats.

"Try a little 'Rough on Rats,' suggested a burly fellow in the rear seat.

"Shaken before taken," laughed a jolly 'drummer' near, as the poor baby was "jounced" up and down so violently that it seemed doubtful whether the little victim's breath would be lost or not.

At last I could stand it no longer. At the risk of being thought "meddlesome" by the child's parents, both of whom seemed utterly oblivious to the fact of the baby's discomfort, I went down the aisle and asked for the little one.

"I am fond of little people," I said smilingly. "Perhaps baby would enjoy the change. Travelling is hard on children so young. I am used to babies. Are you afraid to trust him to me?"

"No, indeed," the mother answered promptly. "He's been yelling a good part of the day. I'd like a little rest. I don't see what on earth's the matter with him," hopelessly.

She evidently loved her baby, though she certainly understood little of a child's needs. The hot woollen dress was pinned closely around the wet, warm neck; the heavy cloak, buttoned up to the tiny chin, seemed likely to strangle the small prisoner. In spite of the tear wet, dust stained little face, the baby was as bright and sweet as babies can be. I untied the warm hood and brushed back the damp rings of gold from the hot little forehead. The baby was in a dripping perspiration and still sobbing.

We went over to the ice tank, baby and I. The water was not very cold, fortunately, as the ice was all melted. Afraid to give him a really good drink, I cautiously tried him with a tiny teaspoonful. The hot little hands grasped eagerly at the spoon, and almost spilled the whole in the frantic effort to drink. The sobs ceased entirely. The baby smiled up in my face, and cooed softly. By-and-by he nestled down in my arms, and drifted off to slumberland, smiling happily.

That was all he had wanted, poor, tired, hot, thirsty little martyr. He had not had a drink since he had started from home, the thoughtless, though really loving young mother told me.

My neighbor's baby was sick the other day. "I don't know what is the matter with her," Mrs. Jordan sighed anxiously. And she promptly sent for the family physician.

"She seems to be so hungry, doctor," the little mother complained. "I have to feed her every little while, or she'd have these dreadful crying spells."

The doctor took little Elsie in his strong old arms. "What else did you do, Mrs. Alice?" he asked quizzically. He had known the baby's mother from her childhood.

"Why," she confessed hesitatingly, "I gave her some soothing syrup. It was the only way to stop that terrible crying," she hastened to add in defence. "And I was afraid she'd kill herself crying."

"Was that the only way to stop it?" the old doctor asked with a fatherly smile. And he sent her for a glass of cold water. Spoonful by spoonful he fed it to the little one.

"There, maid Elsie," he said smiling, "that was the trouble, wasn't it?"

"Why, I never thought of that," Mrs. Jordan exclaimed, surprised and ashamed.

"When did you give her a drink of water last?"

"Last? I don't know," repentantly. "I hardly ever give her water. I didn't know she needed it."

"Just put yourself in Elsie's place, next time," said the doctor. "She needs it as much as you. If mothers would use a little more sense and less soothing syrup, it would be better for the poor little babies," almost testily.

"I wish they could talk and tell us what the trouble is," as she took the wee maiden lovingly in her arms.

"Till they can," smiled the old doctor, "put yourself in baby's place. Use a little imagination, and a drink of cold water now and then!"

Recipes.

Mustard.—Take two tablespoons of ground mustard, add a teaspoonful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt; stir to a smooth paste with vinegar and cook until it thickens like paste. Add vinegar and stir till of the consistency desired.

French Mustard.—Slice an onion in a bowl; cover it with good vinegar; let stand two days. Pour off the vinegar; add a teaspoonful of pepper, a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of white sugar, and ground mustard to make a thin paste; set on the stove and when it boils, beat well; when cold it is ready for use.

German Mustard.—Beat to a cream eight tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, four tablespoonfuls of white sugar, four tablespoons of butter, a scant half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, the juice of a raw onion, and vinegar to make a smooth paste.

Tartar Mustard.—Mix half a teacupful of ground mustard smooth with vinegar which has stood twenty-four hours on grated horse-radish; add the vinegar a little at a time, beating till there are no lumps, and do not make it too thin.

Curry Powder.—This is a nice seasoning or boiled meats and stews, but if bought is quite expensive. It can be prepared as follows:—Take an ounce each of ginger, mustard, and black pepper; three ounces each coriander seed and tumeric, half an ounce cardamon seed, a quarter ounce each of cayenne pepper and cumin seed. Pound fine, sift, bottle and keep corked. Must be used sparingly. Not more than a teaspoonful for a large stew.

There are persons who regard their friends as victims devoted to their reputation.—St. Evremond.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

Yolland and Cummins Win the Doubles —Barber, the Singles.

The finals in the interesting tournament, begun on Saturday last, and in which the three Revelstoke clubs took part, were played off at the Metropolitan club court on Wednesday last, and the day being fine, and the court in excellent condition after the previous night's rain, most of those interested in tennis put in an appearance during the day.

Play in the first final event—the men's doubles—commenced about two o'clock, Messrs. Yolland and Cummins opposing Messrs. Crage and Haig. The first set was won, after a keen contest, by Crage and Haig.

The second, however, mainly owing to Yolland's splendid placing, was won for his side, and despite the utmost efforts of the other side, for which Crage's fine back play evoked repeated applause, the next two sets were won by Yolland and Cummins, they thus winning the match by three sets to one. Yolland and Crage, at their best in their respective styles of play were seen to great advantage throughout.

A short interval sufficed to bring Messrs. Brown and Barber on the court to decide the winner of the men's singles. This event was even more closely contested than the last, and there were a number of notable rallies distinguished by quick, crisp drives, and as admirable returns on both sides, but Barber managed to keep ahead and eventually won the match by the score of three to one. It may safely be said that neither of these gentlemen have been seen to such advantage in Tennis before and that it was Barber's best match by all odds in Revelstoke.

A wait of considerable duration took place before the last match of the tournament—the mixed doubles—commenced; Mrs. Coursier assisted by Mr. Yolland facing Mr. and Mrs. Crage.

Owing to both the gentlemen engaged being tired after their previous matches, this event was not played with quite the same spirit that the previous ones were, and the light, which, bad when the match commenced, became rapidly worse, materially assisted to make good tennis difficult. Both ladies, however, made some very good points at various stages of the game, which finally went to Mrs. Coursier and Mr. Yolland—score three love.

Later in the evening a dance and supper in Bourne's Hall, which a large party attended, wound up another of the united Revelstoke Clubs occasional tournaments.

Rev. Dr. Robertson's Visit.

Rev. Dr. Robertson, Supt. of Presbyterian Home Missions, and Rev. C. W. Gordon, Secretary of the Home Mission Committee, arrived in town on Thursday evening from the east. The intention had been to hold a business meeting of the congregation, but, owing to the expected departure of the boat for Robson, early in the evening, only a short devotional meeting was held. Dr. Robertson gave a short address, and Mr. Gordon sang a solo "Hide me." Upon their return from the coast another meeting will be held.

Local and Personal Briefs.

H. N. Coursier returned last night from a trip to Three Forks and Sandon.

Having finished his assessment work, P. Yingling has resumed his position as engineer on the Arrow.

R. C. Macdonald, of Battleford, paid us a visit this week. Mr. Macdonald is on his way to Rossland.

Mr. J. M. Kellie, M.P.P., has returned from the Lardeau and is more enthusiastic than ever about its mining prospects.

Mr. D. H. McLeod, who is writing up the country in the interest of the Regina *Standard* passed through here Thursday on his way to Rossland.

A. N. Smith, who has been undergoing operations for deafness, in Montreal, returned home on Sunday last, little improvement having been effected.

From reports received this week, the ranches around the head of Arrow Lake have received no damage from frost and the crops are looking splendid.

A tennis tournament will be held at the Glacier on Monday, and in the evening there will be a ball at the Glacier House. Rev. F. Yolland and Mr. W. F. Crage will represent Revelstoke at the tournament.

Geo McTavish, of Alton's bridge crew, left for his home in London, Ont., on Monday, his brother being dangerously ill. Murdock McCrae has joined the crew, which is located at the loop.

An impromptu dance at the Victoria last night was participated in by ten or twelve couples, who kept the ball going until 3:30 this morning. This affair, though entirely informal, was enjoyed by those present.

The Rev. F. Yolland and Mrs. Yolland, who have been summering here for the past two months, left on Thursday for their home at Ashcroft. They have made many friends during their sojourn who would be delighted to have them return next season.

His vacation having almost expired, the Rev. Father Dontenwill started for New Westminster on Tuesday, where he will resume his duties at St. Louis College. The reverend gentleman made many friends during his short stay and his visit was greatly appreciated by the Catholic portion of the community.

Wedding Bells at the Methodist Church.

The solemnization of the nuptials of Chas. L. Knowdell, of Donald, to Miss Mary H. Green attracted quite a large crowd to the Methodist church Wednesday afternoon. The church was prettily decorated with an evergreen arch and a profusion of flowers. Rev. J. A. Wood officiated. The bride was assisted by Miss Annie Valentine as bridesmaid, while Mr. H. Cullen performed a similar service for the groom. Mr. Ablin was the organist. The ceremony was soon over, and amidst the glad music of the organ and showers of rice the happy couple received the congratulations of their many friends. They left for the coast on their honeymoon trip immediately afterwards.

Catholic Church Entertainment.

One of the most successful church entertainments ever held in Revelstoke came off at Peterson's hall last Saturday evening. It was organized by the ladies of the Catholic church, the object being to raise funds to liquidate the church debt, and their efforts were crowned with most gratifying results—the receipts amounting to about $190. The audience almost filled the large hall, and, judging from the hilarity which prevailed throughout the evening, the programme, consisting of songs, recitations, and refreshments, was much appreciated. Rev. Father Dontenwill had a few words to say, by way of welcome, after which Mr. T. Wilson recited "The Face at the Pane," very acceptably. Guy Barber has very seldom been heard in better voice, and his solo number, "True Love," was rendered in his best style and earned a double encore. A sweetly pathetic little thing was "Bread on the Waters," a recitation by Miss Estella Brown, which was rendered with much dramatic effect. "Life's Dream is O'er," a duet by Mrs. H. N. Coursier and Mr. Barber, was heartily applauded by the audience. Mrs. Coursier was most happy in selecting her solo number for "The Girl I Left Behind Me" was a most taking number, and the favor with which it was received should prove an incentive to our concert vocalists to be less chary of giving us what are erroneously termed "old" songs. Miss Lillie Valentine's recitation was not what would be called *fin de siecle* and its argument was rather rough on that parcel of incongruousness—the self-assertive female person, commonly called the "new woman." Miss Valentine displayed peculiar talent in her rendering—a talent which would enable her to make a marked success in a Quaker character. W. J. Lee was very humorous in his vocal numbers, and earned an encore each time; it was not exactly what he said, but the way he said it. The pantomime skit by Messrs. Crage, Cotton and Syder, was absurd enough to please the most ardent lover of burlesque. During the evening Mr. F. C. Cotton, who is a Kippling enthusiast, recited some selections from his favorite bard most acceptably. The finale was a "movement" executed by W. J. Lee and F. Fraser, entitled, "Dance of the Vegetables," and proved an amusing parody on the Webling's "Dance of the Roses." The solos and accompaniments of Mr. F. Ablin, Revelstoke's piano virtuoso, received due recognition during the evening.

During intermission the drawing for the sofa pillow was held, L. Belleck being the winner. The doll contest was decided in favor of Maggie McCarty, who had collected $72, while Florence Fraser had $41 to her credit. A handsome doll was presented to each of the contestants.

Notwithstanding that they themselves worked indefatigably, the ladies in charge of the affair consider that their success is mainly due to the active cooperation of their non-Catholic friends who so generously aided the enterprise in various ways.

Hymen Afloat.

The "aft" cabin of the steamer Lytton was the scene of a most unique spectacle on Monday last. It was that of the marriage of Benjamin Eddington—the genial colored chef of the Lytton, to Miss Rachel Gibson, of Bridgetown, N.S. A dash of romance was given the affair by the fact that the bride and groom met for the first time the day before the ceremony. The bride was attended by her sister as bridesmaid, while Mr B. Tompkins supported the groom, as best man. Purser Anderson did the "heavy father" by giving the bride away, and celebrated the affair by knocking the necks of a case of Munn's extra dry.

A slight hitch occurred in the proceedings owing to the "victim" having made an error in the license, but this was soon remedied, and, by the aid of Rev. F. Yolland, the irrevocable step taken to the accompaniment of the inspiring strains of Mendelson's wedding march, played on the steam whistle by Engineer Spratt.

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DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

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. J. A. Wood to-morrow morning and evening at 11 and 7.30. Sunday school at 2.30.

✦ HALYCON SPRINGS HOTEL ✦
Arrow Lake.
IS now open at these **Celebrated Hot Springs** for the accommodation of guests. **Rates $1.50 to $2.50 a day. Baths 25 cents each or five for $1.** Special rates to families or by the month can be arranged.
Dawson, Craddock & Co.

R. H. RAMSEY.
House Painter and Decorator.
Grainer, Paperhanger and Sign Writer.

TABLE

Showing the Dates and Places of Courts of Assize, Nisi Prius, Oyer and Terminer, and General Gaol Delivery for the year 1895.

FALL ASSIZES.

Clinton	Thursday	26th September
Richfield	Monday	30th September
Kamloops	Monday	7th October
Vernon	Monday	14th October
Lytton	Friday	11th October
New Westminster	Wednesday	6th November
Vancouver	Monday	11th November
Victoria	Tuesday	19th November
Nanaimo	Tuesday	26th November

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NOTICE

A COURT of Assize and Nisi Prius, and Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery, will be held under the provisions of the "Supreme Court Act," as amended by the "Supreme Court Amendment Act, 1894," at the Town of Clinton on Wednesday, the 18th day of September, proximo, in lieu of the Court of Assize appointed by the said Act to be held at the said Town on the 26th day of September, 1895. By Command.

JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
22nd August, 1895. 107

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. 19-46

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 in the city of Chicago, State of Illinois, U. S. A.

The objects for which the Company is established are: To carry on, operate, and manage the business of mining, milling, smelting and reducing gold and other minerals; to buy, sell and deal in 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, 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.

[L.S.] S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

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El Ecuador Cigars, '93 Crop. Athlete, Derby, Old Judge and Pet Cigarettes.
GILKER & WELLS - - POST-OFFICE STORE

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.

H. ABBOTT.

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