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The Kootenay Mail.

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W. F. CRAGE, SECRETARY.

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. E. O. LEWIS, SEC.

Loyal Orange Lodge No. 1653.

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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The Kootenay Mail

REVELSTOKE IRON WORKS.

West Kootenay is now recognized as the greatest mining district in British Columbia and even in the western United States, with the exception perhaps of Cripple creek in Colorado. Its development, however, has scarcely begun. Trail Creek, Toad Mountain, Blue Bell and Slocan are giving forth their wealth, but they are detached localities in the southern part of the district, while the great central and northern portion of West Kootenay, although known to be rich in mineral deposits, have attracted little attention.

That such a valuable mineral field, prospectively so important as the consumer of iron and steel in all their multitudinous forms, has now to rely upon outside and distant foundries and iron works, is a state of things that cannot long exist. And we are confident that within a few months extensive iron works will be established within the district. There are at the present time more than one iron company looking over Kootenay district for a suitable place in which to locate a branch establishment. The advantages of Revelstoke are being considered as one of the places in which it would be desirable to erect such works.

The most important advantage possessed by Revelstoke is its central position. We do not refer to its geographical location, although in this respect it is more central than any other important town. Being on the Canadian Pacific Railway, the great artery of Dominion traffic, where it crosses the Columbia river, which is navigable both north and south, it is the point from which all freights in either direction must be distributed. Its accessibility, therefore, from and to the east, west, north and south proves that it is central. No other town in West Kootenay has this advantage, and no other one for years to come can compare with it in this respect. Even should the long-talked of and much-hoped for B.C. Southern railway through Crow's Nest Pass be built to Nelson, good railway authorities say that it will not go farther west than the Columbia river and will join the main line of the C.P.R. at Revelstoke, either from Robson, Nakusp or by way of Kootenay lake, the Lardeau Pass and Northeast Arm. It will be seen, therefore, that all of Southern Kootenay can then be readily supplied from this point, and largely so even now before the suggested avenues of traffic are opened. All points on and near the river, including Trail, Rossland, the Slocan, Trout Lake, Lardeau and Fish Creek, are now reached directly by way of the Columbia from Revelstoke.

Other advantages besides these already referred to can be named. Large quantities of raw material are used in foundries which have to be transported by railway, such as coke, anthracite coal, moulding sand and pig iron, and on much of these all transportation south of Revelstoke will be saved, for in converting pig-iron into manufactured goods the other articles mentioned are mostly consumed.

At no other place in West Kootenay can these results be secured. A first-class foundry and iron-working establishment here, would quite surely settle the question for all of Kootenay. But should one be located, say on Kootenay lake, Revelstoke would still command business to the east, dividing the distance with Calgary, and would have Donald, Golden and the Upper Columbia; to the west, Tappen Siding, Salmon Arm, Sicamous and Okanagan Valley, where castings and iron work will be required immediately for smelters, concentrators, tramways, pumps and other mining purposes; north of Revelstoke, on the Columbia and Canoe rivers, there would be no competition; and to the south, the business originating on and near the river, with proper enterprise, would belong to Revelstoke, in addition to Slocan, the Lardeau, Fish Creek and Illecillewaet. That iron works will soon be established at Revelstoke there is no doubt, and we invite the attention of the manufacturers of mining and milling machinery to the advantages of its location.

It is reported that one of our public-spirited land owners will present to any good iron-works company a suitable and desirable site containing two to three acres, that will establish works here of sufficient capacity to supply the needs of the district.

A judgment, rendered by Judge Crease at Victoria yesterday declares that stipendiary and police magistrates have no jurisdiction in the Small Debts Court.

A political meeting in the interests of Mr. Bostock was held at Kamloops last Saturday, the principal speaker being the Hon. Jos. Martin, of Winnipeg. Addresses were also delivered by Mr. Bostock and his opponent, Mr. Mara.

Blew His Brains Out.

A man known by the name of D. T. Adams committed suicide near Salmon Arm on Nov. 28. He was apparently a tramp and had been employed at Genelle's sawmill about a month. On Thursday morning he borrowed a gun from a neighbor, ostensibly to shoot a bear which he said he had seen. He went about a mile up the hill, lashed the gun to a tree, fastened a string to the trigger, seated himself in front of the muzzle and pulled the trigger, the result being instantaneous death. The inquiry held by the coroner last Saturday failed to elicit any particulars regarding the antecedents of the deceased.

Williams Sells out of the Consolation.

One-fourth share of the Consolation mine, on French Creek, Big Bend, owned by O. B. Williams, was sold last Monday to Pete Levesque and Joe Bourgeois. The price is not given but a portion of the purchase money was paid in cash, the balance to be forthcoming next spring, and will probably be taken from bed-rock. Levesque and Bourgeois left on Tuesday for the Bend accompanied by J. W. McCreary, another shareholder in the Consolation. Mr. Williams went west on Monday evening to Whatcom.

Steamer Kootenai Sunk.

The Steamer Kootenai, Capt. Alex. Lindquist, on her trip last Tuesday morning, from Wigwam to the mouth of the river, struck an obstruction, supposed to be a rock or snag, and sunk about 200 yards above Cottonwood Island. She was loaded with ties and was towing a scow loaded with rails and ties for the Arrow Lake branch. The captain did not at first think it serious, the weight of the scow dragging him over the obstruction, and kept on his way. But soon the boat was discovered to be leaking badly and she was turned partly around and run on to a shallow gravel bar, where the water was about four feet deep, and not deep enough to cover the deck. The cargo belonged to the C.P.R. and was not of a character to suffer injury. Efforts are being made to raise her by means of pumps and a bulkhead.

A New Gold Camp in Colorado.

A despatch from Denver says: The splendid career of Cripple Creek may be repeated and possibly eclipsed by West Creek, which is within 50 miles of Denver. The greatest activity prevails among the miners and prospectors and there are now several hundred assessments worked. The miners claim the mineral is richer than that at Cripple Creek, on the surface. It is lodged in clearly defined veins, and can be easily traced. The camp is located 21 miles south of Platte station on the Denver, Leadville & Gunnison railway.

Railway Connection for Silverton.

It is reported that the Kaslo & Slocan Railway Co. will, at the coming session of the Legislature, apply for permission to extend its road from Sandon to Silverton. The road would run close to the Alamo concentrator below Three Forks and the Mountain Chief mine, pass through New Denver, and terminate for the present at Silverton, so as to command the Alpha, Fisher Maiden and other Four-Mile Creek properties. This extension will most probably be undertaken in the spring. At New Denver it is reported parties have approached Angus McGillivray to secure his interest in the townsite on the strength of this projected move of the Kaslo road.—*Tribune.*

Our Mining Laws suit Him.

John R. Toole recently visited the Boundary Creek country in the interest of the Anaconda Mining Co., the result being that that company has become interested in some of the properties there. Mr. Toole says the prospects of the camp impressed him very favorably, as also did our mining laws. Speaking to the Butte *Miner*, he said: "The mining laws of British Columbia have many excellent features. For instance, a mining claim is 1500 feet square. All the mineral in that ground belongs to the owner of the claim, no matter where the apex is. Its boundaries are vertical and there is no disputing about underground workings. This prevents a vast amount of expensive and annoying litigation. Then the claim-jumper finds British Columbia a poor field for his operations. All persons to own mining property there must have a miner's license. This applies to natives as well as foreigners. If a miner attempts to jump a piece of property or does anything calculated to make trouble or inflict wrong, the gold commissioner promptly revokes his license, and his mining property is declared forfeited."

ILLECILLEWAET.

Winter has set in at this camp. The snow is about 18 inches deep on the low ground, and three feet at the mines.

Capt. John Grant left last Friday morning for the east, and there are some intimations that he will visit Scotland before his return. The syndicate or mining company that he is acting for in superintending work on the Maple Leaf was formed at Toronto, and he will doubtless report progress in person.

Mr. Snowden, who is superintendent for the Lanark Co. started for Victoria on Friday and is not expected to return until after the Christmas holidays.

An English company that proposes to operate in B.C. mines has obtained terms for a bond on two claims a few few miles from town. The deal will be closed in March.

The Isabella, the richest gray copper claim in this camp, was worked at a former time, the ore averaging 300 ozs. silver and some samples running as high as 3000 ozs. to the ton. It belongs to the Lanark Co., and five men will be employed on it during the winter.

Ben Green has bought from John Skogstrom forty acres of land at Albert Canyon, and will settle on and improve it.

The deep snow in the mountains has driven some wild animals to the lower levels. A few days ago a bear was shot by Charles Taylor, with buckshot, a few yards from the Maple Leaf hotel. It was 11 o'clock at night, but he was hit by seven buck-shot and killed instantly. A wolf also is making a visit to the camp almost nightly, looking doubtless for a feast on Tommy Richardson's ducks and chickens.

Lake of the Woods Gold.

According to the Rat Portage *Record* the total production of the Lake of the Woods gold mines for November was 700 ounces of gold, of the value of $12,600. This was from the Sultana, Regina and Gold Hill mines and the Rat Portage Reduction works. The Sultana was running its ten stamps full time, and the Regina ten stamps were running very little over half time as they are still doing development work. The Gold Hill ten stamp mills and the Reduction works (twenty stamps) were running very short time as they are only just beginning. Mr. M. T. Hunter brought in from the Sultana mine on Monday two gold bricks, one weighing 80 ounces and the other 86, a total of 166 ounces, being a coin value of $3,100. This was from the clean-up of the previous week's run of the mill.

Output of the Slocan Mines.

Byron White estimates the output of the Slocan mines the coming year at 20,000 tons. "The Slocan Star will ship 10,000 tons of this," he said to a *Spokesman-Review* reporter. "Development work in the Slocan has run far ahead of production," he continued, "and now that the railroad is built, the mines have large ore bodies blocked out, all ready for knocking down and shipping. Many of them, in fact, have large quantities of ore on the dump, waiting for a snow fall to take their product down to the railroad."

"The ore shipped from the Slocan," said Lane Gilliam, "will average at least 120 ounces of silver and 1200 pounds of lead, over and above the 10 per cent. of lead and five per cent. of silver knocked off by the smelters for loss in treatment. With silver at 67 cents this would bring $80.40, and with lead at 3 cents, $36, or $116.40 per ton." "A good deal of the ore in that section returns 600 and 700 ounces per ton," said Mr. Gilliam. "Last winter the Good Enough, from a 14-inch vein, shipped one carload of ore which netted the owners $8970 after all cost of freight and treatment had been paid."

Conservative mining men think the gross value of the Slocan ore will average $125 per ton. At this rate, the estimated output for the coming year would be $2,500,000.

The Pilot Bay Smelter.

A. B. Hendyrx says that the Pilot Bay smelter shipped 3000 tons of bullion since the 16th of March the smelter having been running about one-half of the time, and the company has not purchased so much as 175 tons of lead from the neighboring mines.

Since January 1, he says, the Blue Bell mine, owned by the company, has produced 42,841 tons of ore. The new compressor is now at work in the mine. At present only four drills are being used. A shaft is being sunk from the lower level and the ore is constantly improving. The same per cent. of lead is carrying a higher per cent. of silver. The hoisting and pumping in the mine are being done by compressed air."

CURRENT NOTES.

Never before in Europe or in the world has there been a politico-military combination of such magnitude as that of the six Christian powers which have taken joint action in the case of Turkey. The Holy Alliance of 1815 was a feeble thing in comparison with it. The powers now acting together for a special purpose have more soldiers under arms than there are able-bodied inhabitants in the Ottoman empire. The army of Sennacherib the Assyrian, or Alexander the Macedonian, or Caesar the Roman, would look small alongside the millions who march under the flags of the six powers that confront the Turk. The armies of the middle ages, or of later centuries, the armies of Napoleon Bonaparte were far inferior in number to the armies which stand ready at this time to draw the sword against the Sultan. No military combination ever before existed upon the earth the magnitude of which can be compared with that of the six Christian powers recently formed. The thing is not likely to last long, but, while it lasts, it is a spectacle without a parallel in history.

It is stated that Mansfield, the actor, having just recovered from a severe illness, finds that he has forgotten all the lines of his parts and will have to restudy them. This is by no means an unusual phenomenon, for memory is a tricksy faculty, as most people find out before reaching middle age. Much as we are obliged to rely on it in all the affairs of life, it is constantly deceiving us, often to our mortification.

Sickness, as in Mansfield's case, and old age are the chief enemies of memory and often greatly impair it—that is, they impair the recollection, or the power of recalling at will. It is doubtful, from what experience shows, if we ever absolutely lose what has once been in the mind. We are often surprised by the coming up for a moment to the memory of some long past event which had apparently faded from the recollection. In fact, we often make efforts to recall something and utterly fail for the time being and give it up. Presently there walks into the mind unbidden and uncalled for the very circumstance or thing that we had been so vainly seeking.

The experience of persons resuscitated from drowning confirms the theory that nothing is lost from the mind. Their testimony is unanimous that before losing consciousness every past event of their lives passed vividly through their minds. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his lecture on "Mechanism in Mind and Morals," tells some anecdotes touching his experience of drowning men. His theory is that everything that has once entered the mind is photographed there, as on the plate of a camera, and there it will always remain for good or ill.

Most of the great scholars are celebrated for their memories, and we have all heard of the feats in that way performed by Dr. Johnson, Macaulay and others. The celebrated Greek scholar, Dr. Porson, seems to have excelled in this way. He knew by heart all the great Greek poets and prose writers, could recite whole plays of Shakespeare, pages and pages of Gibbon's history, Pope's "Rape of the Lock," and the whole of Somollett's "Roderick Random" from the first page to the last, as well as countless smaller things.

Actors are usually more noted in this respect than others and innumerable anecdotes are told of them. John Phillip Kemble memorized with astonishing rapidity, and could repeat columns and columns of a morning paper after a careful reading. Another story is told of an actor who memorized a long part in a few hours before going on the stage, but that after the play was over could not recall a single one of his lines. He played the part many times, but invariably had to memorize it freshly, as he had done in the first instance.

It has sometimes been invidiously said that great memories do not necessarily accompany great intellectual powers in other respects, but the list is long of great men who had remarkable memories, from the days of Julius Caesar, who knew the names of all his soldiers, down to Von Moltke, who could keep silent in seven languages. And the list includes not only soldiers but philosophers, statesmen, orators and scholars.

Making Transparent Leather.

The manufacture of transparent leather is now carried on by a new process. After the hair has been removed from the hide, the latter, tightly stretched upon a suitable frame, is rubbed with a solution of glycerine and numerous acids, and afterward placed in a room where the rays of the sun do not penetrate; it is then saturated with a solution of bichromate of potash. When the hide is dry, an alcoholic solution of tortoise shell is applied to its surface, and the transparent effect is thus obtained.

Help Wanted.

Old Friend—Well, how is your flying machine getting along?

Inventor—Getting along? I finished that twenty years ago. Every detail is complete. There it stands, ready to go.

Crickey! Why don't you show it to the world?

Can't. All men are fools.

What's the matter?

Can't find a man anywhere with sense enough to climb up a steeple and try it.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Because Father Does It.

In a family that is unfortunate enough to have for one of its recognized heads an immoral character, the other should, in my opinion, be ever loyal to truth and the young characters put into his hands for molding into usefulness or uselessness, says a writer. Here is another question. Which shall it be? Shall the children be brought up in the very midst of sin (great or small, the misdoings certainly are sins) and never be warned against them, never be told that they are wrong, simply because it happens to be their own father or mother who commits the sins? Shall they be taught that whatever their father does is right and good for them to follow? "If father does it, why can I not do it?" is a question which confronts every mother.

If this particular father is in the habit of doing those things which are immoral and harmful, what will the mother say in reply to that boy, if she has brought him up never to hear a complaint or criticism of the wrongdoings of his father? If, for instance, the father be a shiftless, worthless sort of a man, will the mother, if she be ever so industrious, be likely to succeed in making of her children thrifty men and women, if they are taught to think that what their father does, or rather, does not, is all right? Boys, particularly, are likely to do just as their father does, and often to think just as he does.

If the mother be an indifferent housekeeper, will not her daughters follow in her footsteps and make some home unpleasant? The very example should be a guard against this, but it is not often so. It is hard, of course, for one parent to criticise the other, and, perhaps, it is wrong; but the boys and girls of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow and if this is an age of improvement, the men and women who will fill our high offices in coming years must be an improvement upon their predecessors. All have their faults, all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, and, probably, this will continue as long as man lives. It seems to me that if a person must sin at all, the future of his children and the nation would be as reasonable a provocation as any, so I would run the risk of its being wrong to complain of the erring parent.

Duties of Guests.

The pleasures of entertaining guests is often materially lessened by their manifest indifference to the trouble they sometimes heedlessly entail upon their hostess. For instance, the guest who visits a friend, by the way of a pleasant surprise, without having previously apprised her thereof, is seldom genuinely welcome, as the consciousness of having things prepared for the coming of a stranger in the household constitutes a great deal of joy in receiving a visitor. Again, there is always a visitor who neglects to be in time for meals, or thoroughly air her sleeping apartment, make her bed and properly empty and refill the washbowl and basin assigned for her use, all of which are unmistakable signs of ill-breeding, and personal uncleanliness.

Another disagreeable type of guest is the one who willfully appropriates all her hostess' writing material, postage stamps and hair and hat pins without the slightest honorable intention of returning the same as soon as possible. Even if servants are employed in a house, they are not bound to render any extra service to a guest unremunerated. Besides, it is but a very small-hearted visitor who fails to pay in some substantial way any unusual service rendered by a servant. Again, it is only a lazy, ill-bred guest who will disarrange books, bric-a-brac or furniture in a house, and fail to replace them properly. The hostess has some rights which should be conscientiously considered by her guests, and which if necessary, she is justified in asserting. No person should assume the unsolicited right of bringing another guest to a strange household. But of all objectional guests, is the one who wears her welcome out by remaining too long at any house, and who is apparently insensible or indifferent to hints for her desired departure.

Some Good Recipes.

Fruit Salad.—Any left-over fruit, either canned or fresh, may be used. If two or three kinds all the better. Place a layer, say of peaches cut fine, then one of bananas, pears or other fruit, with a sprinkling of sugar for each layer. Sprinkle the top with grated cocoanut; pour over the juice of the fruit if any. Prepare the night before.

Codfish a la Mode.—Pick into bits one teacupful of codfish, mix well with two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, one pint of rich sweet milk, two eggs well beaten, half a teacup of butter; salt and pepper. Bake in an earthen dish for about twenty minutes.

Fried Squash.—The round button squashes are at their best when fried. They are too watery for steaming like the yellow summer squash. Slice the vegetable across, not too thickly, dip each piece in beaten egg, then in seasoned bread or cracker crumbs and fry quickly in boiling fat, which should be at a good depth in the pan. Line a colander with yellow paper, set it in a hot place, and as the slices are fried lay them on the paper which will absorb all oil. Serve on a small platter with the slices overlapping.

Fricassed Chicken.—Cut up the chicken and place in a saucepan with barely water enough to cover, stew gently until tender, place in a frying-pan with a few slices of salt pork and fry until a rich brown. Add the broth where chicken was cooked, thickening with a little flour stirred smoothly in cold water. Simmer a few minutes and serve.

Fried Chicken.—A nice way to fry young chicken is to cut it in pieces, wash and wipe it dry, then dip each piece into beaten egg, then in flour; salt and pepper each piece; drop into boiling lard or butter. Brown on both sides. Stir a tablespoonful of flour into a cup of sweet milk, and add to the fat for gravy.—M. C. S.

A Favorite Potato Soup.—A pound and a half of potatoes, one-half pound leeks, three ounces crushed tapioca, one ounce dripping, one pint milk, pepper and salt. Wash and peel the potatoes, trim and wash the leeks, slice thinly potatoes and leeks, and put them in a saucepan, with the dripping; when thoroughly hot, add two quarts boiling water, and let all cook till tender; mash up the pieces with a wooden spoon to a pulp; then put in the washed tapioca, and milk, also another pint of water; stir until it boils; skim, and simmer for about thirty minutes. Season to taste with pepper and salt, and serve. This soup has the advantage of being substantial as well as nourishing, if properly made.

CHOLERA IN JAPAN.

How the Tokyo Authorities Act When a Death Takes Place.

Riding through a narrow street in Tokyo a few days ago I saw some commotion around a poor Japanese house and four policemen with yellow bands upon their sleeves, were displaying great activity, writes a correspondent. As the officer in charge happened to be known to me, I was able to learn through him that a coolie had just died from cholera in the house. The people in the street were driven away, but I was permitted to remain. I was anxious to see what would be done, and I entered the front portion of the hovel. In the rear room on a futon lay the black corpse of the coolie. I had hardly taken note of the surroundings when a coolie cart came up, drawn and pushed by four men.

It brought a large, plain box, lined with zinc. The body was hastily placed in it, a liberal supply of quicklime was pitched in, the lid was screwed down, and away the cart and its grewsome load went. Meantime disinfectants had been brought up. The poor wife and three children were divested of their scant clothing, hurriedly washed with some microbe destroying preparation, wrapped in fresh cotton kiminos and sent to a place of care and detention in the neighborhood. The work of burning every particle of clothing and bedding and matting in the place then began in the back yard, a bonfire being made for the purpose. Every article of excrematory matter upon the premises was thrown upon this blazing pile. Then the whole premises were thoroughly saturated with disinfectants of the most approved character, the house was closed, and a policeman was left in charge to keep people off the premises.

The officer in charge, who spoke a little English, told me that if the epidemic had been showing a disposition to increase of late this house would have been burned to the ground. The scant furniture and belongings of a Japanese house of the poorer class enables the police to carry out their regulations at no great cost. The latest figures furnished officially touching the cholera in Japan place the total number of cases to date at 48,129, and the number of deaths at 32,848.

CARIBOU IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Immense Herds are Found in the Almost Untrodden Interior.

No such enormous hards of reindeer are anywhere to be found except in the Barren Lands of Canada as those that roam the interior of Newfoundland. The new railroad has made their haunts much more accessible, as it runs through the best portion of the caribou country. A number of American sportsmen have lately passed through Canada on their way home from the sport of deer stalking in the old island colony, and they declare that with the completion of the road to Port-au-Basque next year there will be an ever-increasing stream of sportsmen into the island, both from Canada and the United States.

Several of this year's American visitors have purchased large tracts of land in the interior for game preserves and, whereon to erect summer residences, among them being Dr. Parker of Brooklin, and a number of his friends. They have selected the country just north of the Humber River, and expect that in a few years the American contingent will form no inconsiderable part of the summer population.

Such multitudes of the caribou are now slaughtered by the settlers, who send the meat for sale to St. John's, that there is reason to fear that this noble animal, like the bison, may become exterminated. The islanders are alive to the danger, and the Government will probably soon do as it is urged, and enact proper protective measures, under which no possible increase in the number of sportsmen will cause any marked diminution in the supply.

There are immense regions in the interior to which the deer now resort, where the soil is barren and can never be reclaimed and the trees are laden with hanging moss, the natural food of the reindeer. With proper protective laws this could be readily converted into the finest deer park in the world, though some action will be necessary for the extermination of the wolves, which at present prey to a great extent upon the deer. When the deer go south, thousands of these splendid animals can be met with in herds, though the law limits each sportsman to eight in the course of the season.

Dr. Parker took back with him to New York the skeletons and skins, including heads and antlers, of four splendid specimens of the caribou, comprising a family group, which, after passing through the hands of a taxidermist, will be presented to the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

A Heartless Parent.

Miss Billion—Papa says we can't be married until you are able to support me.

Adorer—Great Scott! Does he want his only daughter to die an old maid?

Improving His Manners.

Bobby—Auntie, pass me the butter.

Auntie—If what?

Bobby—If you can reach it.

The frog, owing to his peculiar construction, cannot breathe with the mouth open.

Hubuth, the great authority on potatoes, says that 10,000,000 tubers of that species can be raised from a single one in four seasons.

A gold dollar if beaten until its surface was enlarged 310,814 times (as noted above) would become a golden film not more than the 1-566,020th part of an inch in thickness.

DYING HEIRS TO THRONES

SCARCELY A EUROPEAN RULER HAS A STRONG SUCCESSOR.

The Czarevitch's Days Are Numbered—Russia, Austria, Greece, Italy, Germany and Even England, All Nursing Royal Invalids—A Remarkable State of Affairs.

Europe's heirs apparent seem to be in a very bad way. In at least three of the great powers the men who stand next by right of succession to the throne itself are enfeebled, suffering from very present diseases, and one is on the brink of the grave. In several other nations the princes next in line to the crown are sickly, and it is only by a careful suppression of the real truth that distressing rumors are not circulated about them. It is truly a most remarkable state of affairs for the royal families of Europe.

The most serious and the most potent danger lies in the Russian Empire. George, Grand Duke and Czarevitch, is now dying in a villa in a remote corner of the Caucasus of consumption, breathing painfully with but a single lung.

In Austria the Archduke Ferdinand Francis, heir presumptive, is in a most precarious state of health, he too being a victim of consumption. For years past, ever since the death of Rudolph, Crown Prince, in 1889, the hope of Austria has centered in this young nephew of Emperor Francis Joseph. His father is the heir apparent, it is true, but Archduke Charles Louis, next in line to the throne, is now an old man, having been born in 1833, older and with far less hope of living, so feeble is he, than is the Emperor himself.

King Humbert of Italy does not find in his only son and heir a man of an iron frame and a masterful will like his. Of an entirely different calibre is the young Prince of Naples, a slight, delicate boy, yet in the early twenties, who has so delivered himself over to the obsequious flattery and the cajolements of the foreigners in Naples and Rome that he has weakened his frame by dissipation, and bids fair to have a very short lease of life, indeed. His condition is even more serious than is hinted at in the Italian news of the day.

If the remaining royal families are carefully investigated, a strange fact may be noted—that there is, with one exception, no heir to a throne in Europe who is strong and lusty and gives promise of a vigorous reign after the present ruler passes away. The possible exception is Prince Royal Gustavus of Sweden, a young man of thirty-seven years of age, the son of King Oscar II., who married Princess Victoria of Baden, a granddaughter of famous old William I. of Germany, and who has developed no vices and acquired no maladies. This prince is an energetic, athletic young man, has literary tastes, and will in all likelihood enjoy a long life.

For years the King of the Hellenes, George I., has been the victim of a disease of the kidneys, a hereditary complaint, and he has unsuccessfully visited Aix-les-Bains for treatment. There is little question that Prince Constantine, his eldest son, is in the incipient stages of the disease, though there is nothing very marked or serious as yet.

CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

The little Crown Prince William of Germany, despite the military regime his enthusiastic father, William II., has made him undergo, is wonderfully delicate. Though the oldest of that big family of boys that makes up the first household of Germany, this thirteen-year-old has not nearly the vital force, the dash and the audacity that his brother next in age, Eitel, possesses. Eitel is his superior in general health, weight and height, and the general impression in Germany is that Eitel will be the next Emperor.

It is noticeable among those who have seen the boys playing together that Eitel quite appreciates his greater power of body. He is a splendid specimen of young German, tall, vigorous and strong of arm and leg, while young William is almost weak and puny beside him, thin and narrow chested and easily tired.

Belgium is ruled over to-day by Leopold II., born in 1835, a still vigorous middle-aged man. He shows no sign of breaking down, and is one of the healthiest sovereigns of Europe. Prince Philippe, Count of Flanders, his brother, and two years younger, has for a score of years been incurably deaf, and is the most of the time in wretched health. Prince Philippe is heir to the throne, from the fact that Leopold II. has no sons.

So far as great Britain is concerned, it has often been remarked that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, can hardly be regarded as a man of fine physique and likely to live many years longer. While there is no indication of any special disease, the Prince is a man who has lived so well and so actively that in middle age his constitution is considerably impaired. He woul dhardly be a fair risk for a well-conducted insurance company. His son, the Duke of York, has never entirely recovered from the attack of typhoid fever he had some years ago, though he has always been in better physical condition than his brother, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, ever was. Nor is the new baby, Queen Victoria's great-grandson, as healthful a child as could be wished. It is generally believed that he will not live to sit upon the throne.

THE CZAREVITCH SINKING.

At Nice a villa has been prepared for the young Czarevitch, but he will probably not be able to undertake the journey. He is at his little country place at Abbas Touman, in the Southern Caucasus. The last time the Prince of Wales, who thinks a good deal of his Russian cousin, saw him was in the Copenhagen roads a little over a month ago, when the two royal yachts by chance steamed so close that verbal signals were exchanged. Then the Czarevitch was lying on a couch that had been brought up on deck, and was hardly able to walk about. Since then he has been sinking rapidly.

It was on Sept. 26 that George, heir apparent, arrived in the Caucasus after a trying summer. His ill-health began in 1891, and his future was further complicated by a romantic entanglement. The late Emperor Alexander III. was deeply attached to the second son. The stern ruler of the Russias loved this boy more than he did his heir, Nicholas, more than all else in the world.

The Czarevitch had a terrible fall from the maintop of a ship to the deck during the trip around the world of the three princes (himself, the present Czar and Prince George of Greece) in the summer of 1891. This fall seriously injured George's spine, and he had to discontinue his trip and return home. Then consumption, a malady now hereditary in the family of the Romanoffs, set in. In vain he sojourned in Athens and Algiers. Finally he settled down in the Caucasus, where he has lived since the close of 1892.

After the late Czar's death his condition grew rapidly worse. Late this spring he expressed a strong desire to see once more the Palace of Peterhof, where he had been brought up. The change of climate proved serious for him, especially as the Peterhof palace at that time had fallen into an unsanitary condition. He then was taken to Denmark to visit his grandfather, King Christian. The climate of Denmark proved quite as dangerous for him as the cold of Northern Russia, and materially hastened his coming death.

AUSTRIA'S CONSUMPTIVE PRINCE.

While the Czarevitch is to-day the foremost invalid in Europe, attention is being directed more and more towards Duke Francis Ferdinand of Austria. The story of the Hapsburgs, the royal house of this empire, has been unhappy, for epilepsy has pursued the entire family and seized many of its members. In 1888 every one of ninety-eight archduke and archduchesse of this family had that dread disease in some form or other.

That consumption should have seized Francis Ferdinand, who, since the death of Rudolph, has been the idol of the Austrian people, is remarkable, for his life has been a vigorous one. For years he has been an untiring officer in the Austrian army, and noted for his skill and endurance. He spends the days sitting silently in a tent pitched in a little garden on the Bay of Cigala. His sole amusement is looking out upon the sea, save on the infrequent days when he takes a short donkey ride. He will spend the winter in Egypt, and he may never return from that country.

It seems to be general debility that is gradually sapping away the life of young Victor Emanuel, Prince of Naples. Of late he has been cruising about the Levant in hopes of getting strength. Though very young—he was born in 1869—this prince has made himself a distinguished person in Italy. His greatest popularity has been, not among his own people, but in the foreign colonies of Naples and Rome, where he has cut a wide swath among the pleasure-loving higher class of those merry Italian cities.

POLAR NIGHT TERRORS

Darkness Profound and Cold Intense in Arctic Regions.

Constantin Nossiloff, reporting in "La Tour de Monde" his scientific researches in Nova Zembia, furnishes an interesting description of his sensations and experiences during the long arctic night which began in November and ended January 20. September was pretty comfortable, he says. Then suddenly snow covered the mountains. The Samoyedes, his only companions, put on their winter clothing, the fishing boats set sail for Archangel, the ground froze, the sun lost its warmth and heavy snows fell. Winter had come in earnest. On the day when the sun showed itself for the last time all hands went out of doors to bid it farewell. It remained in sight for half an hour only. For a few days longer there was a morning twilight. Then this faded and gave place to black night. The stars shone the whole 24 hours. The huts of the colony were buried under the snow, of which thick whirlwinds filled the air. The wind shook the huts to their foundations. Sometimes for days together the inmates of different huts could hold no communication with each other, though the huts were side by side. If any one went out he was seized by the wind and had to be dragged back by means of ropes.

In this darkness and desolation the aurora borealis did much to entertain and cheer them. It lasted sometimes for five days in succession, with splendors of color that Mr. Nossiloff tries in vain to describe. To enjoy the spectacle he used to remain for hours in a hole in the snow, sheltered from the wind.

"I have never seen anything more terrible than a tempest during the polar night," says Mr. Nossiloff. "Man feels himself overwhelmed in immensity." When there came a lull in the storm the men ventured out to breathe the air and purge their lungs of the exhalations of the smoking lamps fed with sea oil.

Twilight appeared again in the middle of January, and on the 20th the sun rose above the horizon, while the members of the little colony stood in line facing it and fired a salute. No one had died or been seriously ill, but all had the look of corpses and were as feeble as convalescents after a long sickness. Health returned with the appearance of the sun.

TYPHOID FEVER.

Experiments to Determine Its Communicability by the Breath.

Investigations on the subject of transmitting typhoid fever have been made by Dr. Licard, of Beziers. His plan of experimenting was to have patients suffering from this disease breathe through tubes into water that had first been sterilized. Specimens of water thus treated were frequently found to yield the bacilli under cultivation. The bacilli were not always found, but this is not a matter of surprise when it is considered that the best bacteriologists frequently fail to find them under conditions strongly suggestive of their presence.

Dr. Licard's results were, however, sufficiently uniform to warrant an inference that the expired breath of typhoid patients, like that from those having typhus, may serve as a channel for fever infection. The vast majority of typhoid infections have their origin in a contaminated water supply, but every observer has been puzzled more or less by cases of the disease which have arisen apart from any known inculpation of the drinking water. These cases of obscure origin may have originated from two cases whose bacillar contact is atmospheric—not simply by means of the breath of the sick, but also by emanations from sewers, cesspools and other receptacles of typhoid dejections.

L. W. Palmer, of London, England, has one room of his house papered with canceled one-penny stamps. It took 70,000 to complete the job.

ASHANTEE'S GOLGOTHA.

A PLACE WHERE HUMAN SACRIFICES ARE BEING MADE.

That Famous Grove of Skulls—Visited by Stanley and Other Travellers in the Previous Expedition to Coomassie—An Expensive Expedition Undertaken by the British Government.

The King of Ashantee's human slaughter yard is now exciting talk among the British soldiers who expect to form part of the expedition which will be sent to subdue that dusky monarch. Many of the soldiers now doing duty accompanied Sir Garnet, now Lord, Wolseley when he led an expedition inland from the coast and burned Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee, twenty-one years ago.

This Grove of Skulls, as it has been called, is the place where most of the victims of the King are put to death. Upon the occasion of the death of King Koffee, the King of Ashantee whom Sir Garnet Wolseley thrashed, there were 2,000 people killed in this grove in accordance with the Ashantee superstition which demands that when members of the royal family die their souls must have a large guard of honor.

In this Grove of Skulls the ground is of a dark brown color from the blood which for generations has saturated it. The approach to the grove is worn broad and smooth by the feet of the countless victims brought there to meet their death.

Prempeh, the present King of Ashantee, who has defied the British Government, casting their ultimatum contemptuously aside and sending their Commissioner back to the Gold Coast in a hurry, is alleged to be keeping up the human sacrifices upon a scale never equalled by Koffee in his bloodiest moments. Thousands of

HELPLESS NEGROES

are believed to have been put to death by this sanguinary monarch during the past year merely to gratify a passing whim or to strengthen him in his power through the fear which these widespread murders arouse among his subjects.

Prempeh has 3,333 wives, a golden stool in place of a throne, an umbrella of state and an old plug hat which he wears instead of a crown; but the queerest of all his possessions is the Grove of Skulls. He keeps this place guarded day and night and seems to regard it with a superstitious reverence.

The vultures which, fat and gorged with human flesh, roost among its branches or flop helplessly on the ground, are held as sacred, and to touch one of them would mean death. For the slightest of offenses men are tortured and beheaded in this dreadful place. The man who looks at one of the King's 3,333 wives (they occupy two whole streets of Coomassie) is at once taken out to the Grove of Skulls and killed.

The friends no less than the enemies of the King are here beheaded, for it is one of his pleasing customs to suspect his friends of getting up conspiracies against him, and he rids himself of them by a wave of his hand. Some of his wives he has had beheaded, and not long ago he is alleged to have chopped off the heads of eighteen mothers-in-law.

In the Grove of Skulls, where the light of the sun rarely penetrates, the ground is strewn with

HUMAN BONES;

skulls are to be seen in countless thousands, in one place piled up eight or ten feet high, and human carcasses in all stages of decomposition are numerous. The stench of the place is something awful.

Henry M. Stanley, when he visited this place during the expedition to Coomassie, in 1874, says that he had to hold a handkerchief to his nose, and could only stay there a few minutes.

"As we drew near," says Stanley in his book about Coomassie, "the foul smell became so suffocating that we were glad to produce our handkerchiefs to prevent the intolerable and almost palpable odor from mounting into the brain and overpowering us. After some thirty paces we arrived before the dreadful scene, but it was almost impossible to stop longer than to take a general view of the great Golgotha. We saw some thirty or forty decapitated bodies in the last stages of corruption, and countless skulls which lay piled in heaps and scattered over a wide extent. The stoutest heart and most stoical mind might have been appalled."

Officers of the British Army, who visited this grove in numbers, described the awful scene in letters to friends and relatives at home, many of which were printed. Several photographs were taken of the place, showing King Koffee's victims lying on top of the countless bones of the victims of previous kings.

When the King of Ashantee orders official sacrifices, as many as 20,000 of the ignorant and

BRUTAL SAVAGES

who form his subjects gather in the grove to witness the ceremony. The victims are brought to the place with their hands securely tied, and they are made dumb by two knives thrust crosswise through their cheeks.

Then these poor wretches are tortured by being pinched, pricked with swords and fired upon at short range with blank cartridges, the powder entering the flesh and causing excruciating agony.

The executioners are powerful brutes, fantastically clad. They seize huge swords, which they flourish in the air, lopping off the heads of the victims one after another. Then they retire from the scene, drenched with blood, leaving the victims lying where they fell.

The vultures then swoop down from the trees above, the jackals and other beasts emerge from the forest jungle, and the night is made hideous by the snarling and fighting over the remains.

It was one of the stipulations made by Sir Garnet Wolseley at this time that the King of Ashantee should cease these human sacrifices. Koffee promised that the useless putting to death of innocent people, as well as the torturing of criminals, should come to an end.

Although the conquest of Ashantee, which the British now have undertaken, will be expensive, it will, doubtless be thorough, and when the troops get to Coomassie again it would be a good idea for them not only to burn that town but to burn and destroy the Grove of Skulls as well.

Prof. Draper says that the descendants of a single pair of wasps may be numbered as high as 20,000 in one season.

AN EXPERIENCE.

Of all the hardened, obstinate unbelievers as regarded anything approaching supernatural visitations our uncle Bayle was surely the climax. He would not even admit that there might be even the faintest truth in any of the theories of spiritualists. It was of no use arguing with him, for he always finished up with what he no doubt considered as final:

"I tell you there are no such things as spirits; I don't believe in them and never shall."

"But, uncle," I persisted, for I had been reading some wonderful psychological literature, "you do not believe in them because you have never happened to have any experience of the kind—"

"Oh, haven't I, though? I expect an experience I once had would have been enough to convince you a hundred times over and your hair would have stood on end for the rest of your life."

"Oh, do tell us about it!" I exclaimed, eager to have some fresh proof to add to those I had already collected.

"Well," began my uncle, leisurely, and looking very solemn all at once, "it was about forty years ago that this happened, so I should be about twenty then. It was in the autumn and just getting dusk and I was on my way home from Toulouse. I was pretty tired, for I had been riding nearly all day, and when I reached Auterrive some friends I knew there wanted me to break my journey and put up at their house for the night. I did not accept their invitation, as I wanted to get as far as Saverdun.

"Well, I went on through the Secourien woods and had come out just near the Bolbourne monastery, when a terrible thunderstorm commenced. It was one of those fearful storms which come on so suddenly without any warning whatever in the neighborhood of our mountains. I should most certainly have asked for shelter at the monastery until it was over, but that my horse, taking fright at the vivid flashes of lightning, suddenly set off at a full gallop down a narrow pathway to the left and in spite of all my efforts I could not stop him.

"As we went tearing along I discovered that he was taking me in the direction of the little village of Sainte Gabeile. On, on we flew, until at length, as the storm began to abate, my horse slackened his pace and when we came to the little inn I was able to draw him up, for I wanted to dismount and have some refreshment.

"On entering the iron parlor I found it was full of travelers, who, like myself, was surprised by the storm. There were some Spaniards, some merchants, and a fair number of sportsmen, and before we had finished drying ourselves at the crackling wood fire supper was announced. We all sat down together at a long table and the conversation naturally fell on the fearful storm we had just had. One man had been thrown from his horse; another had been an hour getting his cart wheels out of a regular bog; every one had some adventure to relate, and we all abused the weather heartily.

"'It's beastly,' exclaimed one.

"'Yes; and with such wind, too,' said another; 'it's regular witches' weather.'

"There was nothing much in such an expression, but it gave rise to a strange remark from another man delivered in a still stranger and more peculiar tone.

"'Witches, and indeed all kinds of supernatural visitors, prefer a peaceful moonlight night to such boisterous weather as this.'

"We all looked in astonishment at the man who spoke. He was a Spaniard, a regular gypsy-looking fellow, strong, swarthy, with black hair and eyes, gold rings in his ears, and he was dressed in a rough suit, leathern gaiters and a red cloak. He had spoken with such conviction that every one was taken aback and there was silence for a minute, until a young man who was sitting next me and who had a very frank, honest expression, burst out laughing and exclaimed:

"'Well, that's good! Do you mean to say, though, that they have told you about their habits and tastes—and is it really a fact that they object to getting wet and muddy?—'

"He had not quite finished speaking when the Spaniard turned on him fiercely, saying:

"'Young man, I advise you not to speak so lightly about things of which you know nothing.'

"'Do you mean to say that you want me to believe in spirits and—'

"'I might if I thought you had enough courage to even look at them, supposing they should appear to you—'

"The young man sprang from his chair, furious and crimson with indignation, then, suddenly, mastering his anger, he said sarcastically:

"'You would have paid for insulting me in that way if it had not all been fools' nonsense.'

"'Fools' nonsense!' exclaimed the Spaniard, jumping up and striking the table with his clenched fist. 'Look, here,' and he threw a thick leathern money bag onto the table. 'There are thirty quadruples there, and I will risk loosing them if, within an hour from now, I do not let you see the face of any of your friends, even if they have been dead for ten years, and if, after recognizing them, you dare touch them or let them touch you—why, the money's yours.' The Spaniard looked so terrible as he uttered these words, that, in spite of ourselves, we all felt awed. The young man, however, still kept up his mocking air as he answered:

"'Ah, you think you could do that, do you?'

"'Yes, I do,' said the Spaniard, 'and I will bet this bag of money on it, but you must bet the same amount, and if I do as I say I shall win it.'

"The young man was silent for a moment, and then he said, still in the same mocking tone:

"'Thirty quadruples is a big sum for a poor devil of a student to possess. I haven't the amount, but, if you like to bet five, why, here's my money.'

"The Spaniard picked his leathern bag up and put it silently back in his pocket.

"'So you want to back out, do you?' he said, scornfully.

"'Back out! No, indeed, I don't. If I owned the thirty quadruples you'd soon see whether I wouldn't risk them.'

"'Well, I'll find you four,' I said, curious to see how the affair would end and several other men feeling the same curiosity offered to make up the amount.

"The Spaniard, looking as though he felt no doubt as to the result of the extraordinary wager, handed over his money to the young student.

"The next thing was to proceed with the experiment. The landlord of the inn suggested that it should take place in a summer house at the end of the garden, where there would be no risk of our being disturbed.

"We examined every corner of this out-door building carefully, so that there might be no trickery. It was just a room with one window, which was shut close, and a door. A pencil and paper were placed on the table, the young man went in alone, and then, shutting the door to, we all remained outside.

"We were all in spite of any skepticism we might feel, very much interested, and there was perfect silence as we waited to see what was going to happen. Presently the Spaniard, who was at the door with us, began to chant in a slow, melancholy tone the following words:

"'With a creaking noise the coffin bursts its lid,
The grave is open, too. The spectre cries;
"The grave is open, the grave is open!"
A creaking noise is heard, is heard;
The coffin lid is burst asunder;
A phantom rises from its prison house
And steps out on the cold, wet grass.'

"There was a dead silence for a minute, and then the Spaniard said, in a loud, solemn voice, 'You wished to see your friend, Francois Vialat, who was drowned about three years ago! What do you see now?'

"'I can see a white, misty light near the window,' answered the student; 'it has no form, though, and looks more like a cloud than anything else.'

"We were all stupefied with astonishment.

"'Has it alarmed you?' asked the Spaniard.

"'No, not at all,' replied the student, without a shade of fear or hesitation in his voice.

"We were holding our breath with excitement. The Spaniard then stamped on the ground threetimes, and after another minute's silence began to chant again, this time more solemnly and slower than before:

"'The white phantom moves, the white phantom moves,
And shakes the damp from his hair,
And shakes the damp from his clinging shroud.'

"Once more there was silence and then the Spaniard, in a more solemn voice, asked:

"'You, who have thus wished to know the mysteries of the tomb, what do you see?'

"We all listened anxiously for the student's answer. He spoke very deliberately, and it was evident that he was describing what was just taking place, phase after phase.

"'The vapor is rising and getting longer and longer—it has now taken the form of a phantom—there is a veil over the phantom's face—it is standing there quite still just in the place where it rose from the ground.'

"'Are you afraid of it?' asked the Spaniard, in a sarcastic tone.

"The young man's voice was quite firm as he replied, calmly:

"'No, I am not afraid of it.'

"We scarcely dared move—all of us—and we gazed in breathless amazement at the Spaniard. He was now waving his hands over his head in the most frantic manner, and afterward he called some strange, weird-sounding name three times, and finished by chanting in a much louder voice than before:

"'The phantom said as he rose from his grave
"I will appear before my friend,
And he will know me, he will know me;
He will recognize his friend."'

"There was silence again, and the Spaniard asked once more:

"'What do you see now?'

"'The phantom is moving—coming nearer—he has lifted his veil. * * * It is Francois Vialat—nearer and nearer he comes—he is at the table—he is writing something—he has written his name—'

"'Are you afraid yet?' asked the Spaniard, and there was an expression of anger in his voice. Another terrible silence and then the student replied, in a voice which this time was just as loud but scarcely as firm as before:

"'No; I am not at all afraid.'

"This time the Spaniard almost yelled as he waved his hand about in the air, and then, suddenly dropping his voice, he chanted very slowly:

"'The phantom said to the young man
"Come closer, come closer, my friend;
Give me your hand and put your fingers so warm,
Into my cold, clammy ones—
I want to touch you, my friend, my friend."'

"'What do you see now?' stormed the Spaniard in a voice of thunder.

"'He is coming closer—closer—ah! he is pursuing me—his arms are stretched out—horror!—horror! horror!—he will reach—help, help!—open the door!'

"'Are you afraid?' cried the Spaniard, with ferocious excitement, holding the handle of the door.

"A piercing scream was the only reply, followed by a fearful groan.

"'You'd better go to him now,' said the Spaniard, bitterly sarcastic. 'It seems to me I have won the bet, but let him keep the money, for I have given him a lesson. He can keep the money, but you'd better advise him to be wiser in the future and not to mock at subjects so serious.'

"He strode off abruptly, leaving us all stunned, as it were, with astonishment. We opened the door of the summer house and there, unconscious and lying on the floor, we found the young student. He soon came to himself as we struck a light and lifted him on to a bench.

"On the table was the name 'Francois Vialat' scrawled across it. As soon as ever the student began to realize all that had happened he vowed that he would kill the wretched man who made him go through such horrible torture. He rushed back to the inn in search of him, and, on being told that the Spaniard had already left, he started off at a frantic rate in pursuit of him."

"And do you mean to say," I exclaimed, my hair standing on end with horror, so tragically had Uncle Bayle related his terrible experience—"do you mean to say that after such proof as that, you can absolutely refuse to believe that there is anything in what the spiritualists tell us?"

"Yes I do; and for a very good reason—neither the Spaniard nor the young student put in an appearance again. And we had been fools enough to lend the money for the bet! Nicely they must have laughed up their sleeves at the way we'd been taken in with their little game. Pretty simpletons we had made ourselves. No; I tell you there are no such things as spirits. I don't believe in them and never shall."—Translated from the French of F. Soulie.

The raven is the only bird found native in every country in the world.

THE FARM.

Winter Stable Management of Cows

Arrange the stable with convenience in feeding and care of the stock as the central idea, writes Chas. L. Hill. Visit the best dairy barns and utilize all their good points. A stable having two thicknesses of boards with tar paper between is dryer and warmer than a stone basement. A rectangular barn, with two long rows of cows facing each other, is the most desirable. Have sufficient room for driving on the feeding floor and also behind each row of animals, for removing the manure. Make the building larger than is needed, or plan so that additional room can be easily provided. By all means have a silo conveniently situated. Put in plenty of windows. The south side of our barn is largely glass. The stable must be tightly made so that when the temperature is 30 degrees below zero very little freezing occurs on the inside. Don't, however, keep it so warm that it will fairly steam when the doors are opened. For keeping the air pure, box ventilators reaching from near the floor to the roof, are excellent. They can be made by boarding up between the silo studs down to within a foot or two of the floor. Choose some kind of a fastener that will keep the cows clean. The stanchion is most generally used and will answer in most cases. Arrange the floor 4 to 5 feet in length as there will be that much difference in length between the smallest heifer and the aged cow. Let the gutter be 16 in. wide and 6 in. deep. If possible have the walk behind the gutter wide enough to allow a wagon or sled to be drawn over it. Make the manger 24 in. wide and the feeding floor 6 in. above it. The ceiling should be 6 1-2 or 7 feet high.

Among the necessary implements about a cow stable is the broom. Get two, one for sweeping the feed floor and the other to clean the walk behind the gutter. Keep the floor clean, and occasionally go over the walls and ceiling to remove dust and cobwebs. Use plenty of straw for bedding. If it is cut, so much the better, as it is then superior as an absorbent. Be sure the gutter is water tight, and use road dust, sifted coal ashes, sawdust or land plaster, to absorb the liquid the straw does not take up. Plaster is also first class for keeping down bad odors. Sprinkle a few pounds in the bedding before each milking and note the effect. It will also enhance the value of the manure.

Have regular hours for feeding and milking and rigidly adhere to them. Plan your work so the cows can be left to their dreams a part of the time. Be kind to them; do nothing that will excite them, for it will always result in a loss of milk. Salt every day, or better still, have salt where they can have constant access to it. Our cattle are out of the barn a short time each day. They go about 60 rods and get water from a spring and I have seen no ill effects from it. However, they are not out long—not over 30 or 40 minutes on stormy days. Yearlings and dry cows are given more exercise. Of course this takes a little more feed, but it pays. Exercise the bull in a tread power.

Selection of Apples for Planting.

In the selection of varieties of apples for planting a commercial orchard, the wants of the market where the fruit is to be sold requires consideration. In localities near to large towns where usually a quick and steady market can be found for summer and autumn apples, early varieties will be found most profitable for the reason that early varieties come into bearing young, are more productive, and are handled with less trouble and expense. Early sorts are quickly perishable and cannot be held over for future sales as readily as winter varieties, in case of a glut in the market.

Few varieties of apples have a wide general adaptation for commercial planting. The intending planter of an orchard can do no better than consult his neighbors who are practical fruit growers and find out what varieties succeed best and pay the most dollars with them. Sometimes a variety with only a local reputation, known only within a limited range of territory, succeeds far better within its range than any of the standard sorts. Where such varieties have been well tested and can be obtained, plant a fair proportion of them. As a rule, it is better to purchase nursery stock propogated as near as possible (other conditions being equal) to the place where it is to be finally planted. It sometimes requires a number of years for young trees to recover, if they ever do fully, from abrupt changes in climate and soil. If trees are to be procured from a distance it is better to buy those grown farthest to the north in preference to those grown to the south.

Buy nursery stock direct from the grower when possible, as there is less likelihood of getting varities not true to name. Varieties sometimes get unaccountably mixed and mistakes often occur with the most careful nurserymen. When stock passes through the hands of one or more dealers who generally know little and care less about names, the danger is still greater. Insist on receiving the varieties ordered and do not let the nurseryman substitute some other variety "equally as good" that you know nothing about, for nine times out of ten it will be a sort that nobody cares to know anything about.

Wintering Cabbage Plants.

Although the cold frame for wintering cabbage and cauliflower plants is still in use by many farmers and gardeners, it is by no means the best and most economical means for the purpose. Some varieties of cabbage—Early Summer particularly—cannot be successfully wintered in a cold frame. They will rarely make good heads if the plants are wintered in a cold frame, as they very commonly run up to seed, having received a check which is equivalent to a season's growth. The hotbed, started March 1, is found to be the better place to raise plants for an early crop. But an improvement over this plan even, and particularly for the Wakefield variety, is to raise the plants in the open field and about the middle of November take them up and bury them in trenches, the same as is done with the heads for seed purposes; plow out a double furrow six inches deep, by running the plow both ways. In this the plants are set closely together, roots down, then a furrow is turned over them from both sides, covering the plants to the depth of a foot, so that the frost is almost wholly excluded. While a few degrees of frost is not injurious, extreme freezing would be, so that the covering would be sufficient to prevent it. At the same time, the ground should not be so warm as to stimulate active growth, which is injurious. To prevent this the trench should be ventilated by putting a small bundle of straw in the center of it before covering, so that the warm moist air from below may escape. In this trench the plants will make a slow growth the entire winter, and when taken out in spring and transferred to the field will make a rapid growth, perfecting the heads in two weeks less time than those from hotbeds or cold frames.

HE MISSED THE FIRE.

The Child Could Not Understand Why He Did Not Awaken.

About the coffin in which rested the body of the fireman sat a silent group of mourners. No one had spoken, and the widow was resting her head on her father's shoulder, when the door opened, says a New York paper.

A little child, the four-year-old daughter of the dead man, ran cheerily in. She had on her flowing white night dress. She climbed a chair and looked at her father lying pallid and still.

"What's the matter with papa?" she cried.

"Sh-h-h!" they said, softly. "He is asleep, darling.

"Why does he lie in that ugly old box?"

"He can sleep better there, little one. Don't disturb him. Now, go back to bed, like a good little girl."

The child moved away slowly.

"Good-night, papa," she said, in a low voice, and soon was tucked away again.

The silence of the night was suddenly startled by the harsh clangor of the gong in the fire house, just a few doors away, as it sounded the alarm.

The thrilling call was ringing the second time when the fireman's daughter flew into the room again. Again she climbed upon the chair and shook her father's body by the shoulder.

"Wake up, quick, papa!" she said. "There's a fire."

Still he did not move nor open his eyes. The strange look of those about the bier frightened her.

"Oh, papa, do wake up. Can't you hear the bell? You'll miss the fire."

The baby looked around in wonder. Then she tried her parting shot, which she was sure would bring her father quickly to his feet.

"You'll miss the fire," she exclaimed. "Then you'll be fined."

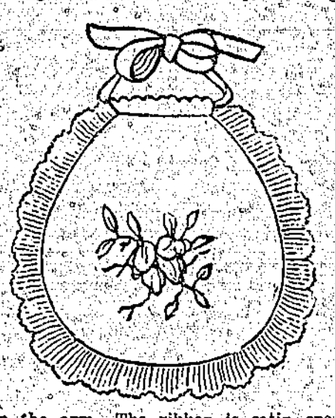
Even then he did not move. Puzzled and worried the child turned around.

"Papa will not go to the fire tonight," said her mother, in a tear-stained voice.

Then the widowed mother burst into tears. Repeating that she couldn't understand, the child was quietly carried back to bed to cry herself asleep again.

Shopping Bag.

Cut two pieces of black satin or heavy black silk, each piece fourteen inches long. Line these pieces with black sateen. Cut them rounded at each end and shape in narrower at the top. Cut it the shape given in the illustration. Sew the two pieces of satin together, then sew the lining and put it inside of the satin. On one piece of the satin work a bunch of flowers with jet beads. The trimming around the edge of the bag is black lace dotted with jet beads. At the top turn down a hem 1 1-2 inches deep and through this run a drawing string, with a bow at the top, to hang



on the arm. The ribbon is satin one inch wide. The pattern on the side of the bag may be worked with steel beads, and instead of lace around the edge you can make a fringe of either jet or steel beads to match the one on side. A black velvet bag with a pattern and fringe of jet is very pretty.

Millions to a Poor Girl.

The 25-year-old daughter of William Kelly, a poor gardener, of Philadelphia, will soon inherit a fortune of $15,000,000. The legacy comes from the estate of a long dead uncle, Peter Kelly, who, when the Australian gold craze broke out, went to that land to make his fortune. Nothing was heard of him until nearly a quarter of a century ago, when his mother received word that he would soon return home a millionaire. He did not come, however. Inquiry was begun and the son's story of his millions was verified, part of the money being in Australian banks. The family received the interest on the fortune, which was valued at $15,000,000. Some time ago William Kelly learned of the existence of a will in which all of the estate was bequeathed to his eldest child, Elizabeth. At first he made no effort to secure it. Two years ago, however, he engaged an attorney, and it is declared the enormous legacy will be placed at the disposal of the girl this week.

All Can Appreciate This.

What is more exasperating than to forget a good thing just as you're on the point of saying it, and then go groping around for it in the dark, with the tail just tickling the fringe of your recollection—and never get it!

The first appearance of peanuts in the market was when a consignment of 10 bags was sent from Virginia to New York in 1794. Over 2,000,000 bushels are now sold annually in the United States market.

BATTLE OF THE FUTURE

WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN TWO MODEKN ARMIES LINE UP.

There Will Be No More Cavalry Charges—The Opposing Artillery Will First Fight, and Then the Infantry Will Close In With Rapid Fire Guns.

That smokeless powder and improved firearms have almost entirely revolutionized the art of war is an everyday saying. Napoleon would be astounded were he to return to earth and see with what strides the science of war has advanced during his absence. No more could his heavy battle columns be successfully launched; no more could Murat, his magnificent cavalry leader, ride over an army with his daring horsemen.

In place of the grand and picturesque bayonet charge, we have thin skirmish lines, seeking to crush the enemy with their fire alone, and modern cavalry will probably never again charge on the battlefield.

To begin with, it is assumed by military authorities at present that the occupation of territory by a hostile army will be such a crushing burden that we must prevent it at all hazards. The first and, perhaps, the decisive battle of the war will therefore take place as soon and as near the frontier as possible. Where this frontier, as in most European countries, is merely a line on the map, and is not a natural obstacle, the commander-in-chief will probably set his forces in motion for it as soon after the declaration of war as is possible.

His army will be preceded by great

CLOUDS OF CAVALRY,

pushed forward both to reconnoitre and to hold back the advanced bodies of the enemy. In addition to this, his screen of cavalry will serve to conceal the movements of his main body from the enemy. Skirmishes between the advanced cavalry of the two armies will be of frequent occurrence. At last one of the commanders, not wishing to advance further without accurate information, and prevented from obtaining this by the enemy's cavalry screen, will make arrangements for breaking through this screen. Concentrating his own cavalry, he will launch it at some weak point in the enemy's mounted advance guard.

If the attack is kept secret it probably will succeed with ease; if the enemy is warned in time, he, too, will concentrate, and a great cavalry battle will result. The victor in the engagement will succeed in obtaining all the information he desires, while the defeated cavalry will fall back on their main body of infantry. Thus will end the first phase of a modern war.

The two commanders now have a more or less accurate knowledge of each other's whereabouts. The weaker or less daring commander will probably now look for and obtain a position where he can act on the defensive, while the other will cautiously move forward to attack him. It may be laid down as a rule of modern warfare that an attack on the front of an army in position, unless with immensely preponderating numbers, is bound to result in a disastrous repulse. The attacking commander will, therefore, seek to extend his line in one or both directions and envelop the flanks of the defense.

EVERY GUN

of his artillery will be brought to bear upon the guns of the defense, and until the concentrated artillery fire succeeds in silencing and crushing the defender's artillery the attackers will not move forward with his infantry, for a rifled gun will now carry over five miles; its fire becomes decisive at 3,500 yards, and murderous at 2,000 yards, so that an infantry attack would be doomed to disaster at the outset unless the artillery of the defense were first silenced.

At last the incessant pounding of the guns has done its work—the opposing artillery has been silenced, and the artillery of the attack can rest for a time. Now comes the chance for the infantry. Spread out into three thin lines—firing line, supports and reserves—they move forward. The firing line, in open order, moves a quarter or a half mile in front of the supports, a like or greater interval separating these from the reserves, who may be in slightly denser order.

The defense has probably improvised some way of hastily intrenching itself; all that we see is a little ridge of earth stretching along in front of us, and all we know is that somewhere behind that ridge lies the enemy. We cannot see them, for they are sheltered by the trenches; we cannot even see their position when they fire, for smokeless powder does not betray its user. A thousand yards away, and the firing line is losing heavily; the supports are closing up on it, and at half a mile the supports have melted into the firing line. The advance is being made by rushes of twenty or thirty yards. Every trifling depression or elevation in the ground is

USED AS COVER.

At three hundred yards the advance is checked for a while—the fire of the defense has become too hot. The commander fills up the gaps with the reserves. The line creeps forward again. Now the men are firing the spare cartridges in the magazines. A few seconds of this work, and the fire of the defense slackens perceptibly. One rush, and the attacking line is over the trenches. The defenders, what are left of them, retreat, firing.

But the battle is not yet over. The commander of the defense has held back a reserve for just such a crisis as this, and a counter attack is threatened. The men fall to intrenching themselves in their hard-won position. Fresh troops are hurried up to help them hold it against the counter attack, and the day is won. Now the victorious commander gives the leader of his cavalry full swing. On every road, in rear of the retreating enemy, he pushes the cavalry and horse artillery, cutting off the stragglers, preventing the defeated troops from making another stand, turning the retreat into a route. At last, under the guns of a fortified town, the defeated troops obtain a respite.

Such, in the opinion of experts like Wolseley and Clery, will be the battle of the future.

How It Happened.

Some folks have more money dan dey knows whut ter do wit, remarked Plodding Pete, thoughtfully.

Yes, replied Meandering Mike; I wus dat way once.

Git away!

Sure. I oncet had 25 cents by me and discovered I wus in a prohibition town.

Authorities on chess declare that the game was known to the Chinese in the year 174 B.C.

SORROW SENT TO SEA.

A Message Which Brought Tears to a Sturdy Captain's Eye.

Men of the sea are proverbially of big heart—the gentlest, best, most devoted, fondly loving husbands and fathers in the world. The constant possibility of never seeing the beloved ones again in this world, the long absences from home, explain this.

There was a pathetic accident on board the steamship Aransas when she reached Port Eads on her present trip. People by the hundreds in New Orleans know her stalwart, sturdy, big-hearted master, Captain W. Hopner.

When the pilot came on board the vessel at Port Eads he approached the Captain and handed him a letter. "Captain, don't be in a hurry to open it," said the sympathetic pilot. "I believe it has bad news. Prepare yourself sorter for it before opening it."

But the Captain did no such thing. He tore the letter open with such eagerness as if his life depended on it. And he read the missive in his wife's handwriting and stood and stared as though a thunderbolt had struck him. His little daughter, Wilhelmine, was dead—and buried—in his absence. Never again would he look into her eyes in this mortal life, and he had held her lovingly in his arms two hours before he set out on his good ship. The bright, intelligent, sweet little four-year-old tot, who had been the beloved and admired little pet of all the neighbors, who used, as young as she was, to look so joyously and expectantly for his return, of seeing whom again was one of the stanch Captain's sweetest thoughts on nearing home; she had been taken away within two days after his departure, and all the while he was ignorant of this terrible calamity. It is a big passion which can gather tears into the eyes of a strong man, such as the sturdy Sea Captain, but when he told the reporter friend of the grief which dimmed the stars for him and paid the little mite a simple, tender tribute, they glistened there perceptibly. He could not master them quite.

The captain has but one child left of 8 years. Once before he was about to set out on a voyage, at a time when his two young sons were slightly ill. "Do you know, I had a presentiment that something was going to happen, and I said I'll be hanged if I'll go. Well, sir, they both died within the fortnight." He left his little girl well, with the exception of a slight cold. Within two days she was dead.

COLLIDED WITH A SHARK.

A Monster of the Deep Lived Nearly Cut in Two.

"A curious thing," writes a correspondent, "occurred on the last homeward voyage from Australia of the P. and O. Royal Mail steamer Himalaya, when the ship while steaming up the Red Sea ran into and killed an enormous shark. The sea was dead calm at the time, and the brute must have been basking in the sun upon the surface, as they often do, when the ship struck it. Though under easy steam she was then running quite 10 land miles an hour, and anyone acquainted with the huge proportions of a great ocean liner will understand the force and impetus with which the sharp stem must have been driven into its body.

"It was not quite cut in two, however, and was carried some distance before the engines were stopped and reversed to enable the ship to get clear, when it turned over and sunk, apparently dead; but some time after being struck in was alive, and lashing furiously with its tail. I am not sure to what size these monsters actually grow, but this one must have measured at least 25 feet in length, and its head must have been at the broadest part, six feet at least. It is also interesting to speculate how upon the theory that a fish never sleeps, this one allowed itself to be run into, especially as these incidents seem by no means rare."

Came Near Getting Them.

The enormous gold yield of the Transvaal mines this year makes it interesting to recall an incident in the history of the big Boer republic that seems to have passed quite out of mind. About twenty-five years ago, at a time when the treasure box of the Transvaal Republic was nearly empty, a responsible English syndicate thought it would be a good stroke of business to buy all the mineral resources of the country. The syndicate, headed by Sir J. Swinburne, offered the Transvaal Government $800,000 cash for the entire mineral rights in the republic's territory; and these Englishmen came very near getting them, too, for only one member of the Government was opposed to the sale. This hard-headed Dutchman stood out against it, and finally carried his point. Think of it. Eight hundred thousand dollars for all the gold in the Transvaal, where the Witwatersrand alone has yielded this year about $1,000,000 a month, according to the statistics that are complete up to September 1! It is believed that the Transvaal gold product this year will be about $50,000,000.

The New Nut-Locking Method.

A very ingenious method of locking nuts has come into practice in England. It consists essentially of a double washer. There is first a stout washer of the usul thickness which fits down on the nut seat and is provided with a couple of protrusions on its lower surface, intended to fit into corresponding nicks on the seat. This washer, therefore can not turn around once the nut is screwed home. The nut itself is prevented from turning by a second washer of thin metal above the first, attached to it at the center but free at the edges. When the nut is screwed down the edge of this thin washer is turned up against one of the faces of the nut, and thus prevents its unscrewing. The nut can be taken off at any time by turning down the bent-up edge of the top washer.

London doctors protest against "lodge doctoring."

The common house flea is covered with hard, overlapping plates, something after the plan of fish scales. Each of these plates is set with a row of bristly spikes.

Chandler's Free Coinage Bill.

In the U.S. Senate, on Thursday, Senator Chandler, (Rep. N.Y.), introduced a bill for the unlimited coinage of gold and silver at a ratio of 1 to 15½, in connection with other nations. After providing for the coining of bullion and issuing of silver and gold certificates, the third section of the bill provides that the law shall take effect and become operative when similar laws shall have been adopted by the Governments of England, France and Germany, "which laws shall in substance provide for the purchase of gold and silver bullion without limit and shall make legal tender the gold and principal silver coins and certificates representing them, the ratio between gold and silver to be the same, provided for in this act and when such laws have been passed by the Governments aforesaid. The President shall make proclamation accordingly and the law shall then take effect and be in force."

Senator Mills' Scheme.

On the same day, Senator Mills (Dem. Texas), introduced a bill directing the Secretary of the Treasury to have all the silver in the treasury coined into subsidiary coin and providing when the revenues of the government shall be sufficient to meet its current expenses the secretary shall issue non-interest bearing legal tender treasury notes in amounts sufficient to cover the deficiency and pay out the same in the current expenditures of the government, and also, that when the gold reserve in the treasury shall be in excess of $100,000,000 and legal tender notes are presented for redemption in coin, they shall be redeemed in either gold or silver coin at the discretion of the Secretary. The bill also provides that when the reserve shall fall below $100,000,000 the Secretary shall redeem the notes. It closes with a declaration for the maintenance of the parity of the two metals and a provision for the repeal of all laws authorizing the issuance of interest-bearing bonds.

Local and Personal Briefs.

A masquerade ball is billed for the 27th inst. at Bourne's Hall.

Acme skates in all sizes and quantities at Coursier's.

To-day's express from the east had three carloads of Chinamen bound for the Flowery Kingdom.

M. McKay, of Bourne Bros., is recuperating on a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Vernon.

H. McCutcheon, arrived from Rossland to-day. He is on his way to Kamloops and will return next week.

J. M. Kellie, M.P.P., will visit the Trail Creek district next week, probably to get some pointers for the coming session of the legislature.

Dan Alton, who has had a bridge gang at Glacier throughout the summer, is spending a few days at the coast, previous to going east to Denville, Ont., for the winter.

A small blaze at Lun Ching's laundry gave the fire brigade some exercise Tuesday morning. The roof had caught fire from a defective chimney but the damage was slight.

Don't forget the Fire Brigade's At Home on Wednesday evening at Peterson's Hall. A first-class programme has been arranged and an enjoyable evening is anticipated.

B. Laurance's spectacles and eye glasses are always in stock, every sight for far and near, at the Revelstoke Pharmacy. Eyes examined free by Dr. McLean.

Charles Holten will leave in a few days to spend the winter in the States. He goes out by way of Spokane, and will visit most of the time with friends at Duluth, but will extend his trip into New Hampshire before his return.

Just unloaded! A car of Lake of the Woods flour at Coursier's.

Nils Solberg, one of a gang of men blasting out rocks on the railway right of way on the extension of Arrow Lake branch, had his foot badly crushed by a rock falling on it last Wednesday. He went to the hospital at Donald for treatment.

Geo. Lafoene has taken the contract from the P.O. Department to carry the mail to Big Bend once a month during the winter. He will start on his first trip within ten days if the weather is favorable.

H. N. Coursier is selling out a large stock of assorted fancy ribbons at cost.

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

Thanksgiving Concert.

There was not a vacant seat at the Methodist church Monday evening on the occasion of the Thanksgiving concert. The programme was well rendered and was evidently appreciated by the large audience. The Chairman, Rev. J. A. Wood, took advantage of the opportunity to make an announcement regarding the finances of the church and thanked the contributors to the thanks-offering which, with the proceeds of the concert, amounted to almost $200 and would materially assist in reducing the debt on the church. The ladies of the congregation had provided a plenitude of refreshments wigh which the audience was regaled at the conclusion of the concert. J. F. Ahlin officiated at the organ while J. Crowle wielded the baton in the concerted numbers.

Paragraphs of General Interest.

The Provincial Legislature will open its next session on Thursday, Jan. 23rd.

We have just received new price lists from Jas. McMillan & Co., Inc., 200-212 First Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minn., the largest hide and fur dealers in the Northwest, and they can be obtained at this office at any time. Their advertisement appears regularly in the MAIL.

It seems to be almost a foregone conclusion that one or more large smelters will be built in West Kootenay next year, as reduction works are an admitted necessity near the large mines. It is also certain that great progress in development will be made all through that rich country—progress that will startle even the natives.—Spokane Miner and Electrician.

[L.S.] E. DEWDNEY.

CANADA,
PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

VICTORIA, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, QUEEN, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., &c.

To Our faithful the Members elected to serve in the Legislative Assembly of Our Province of British Columbia, at Our City of Victoria—GREETING.

A PROCLAMATION.

D. M. EBERTS, *Attorney-General.* WHEREAS We are desirous and resolved, as soon as may be, to meet Our people of Our Province of British Columbia, and to have their advice in Our Legislature:

NOW KNOW YE, that for divers causes and considerations, and taking into consideration the ease and convenience of Our loving subjects, We have thought fit, by and with the advice of Our Executive Council of the Province of British Columbia, to hereby convoke, and by these presents enjoin you, and each of you, that on Thursday, the Twenty-third day of the month of January, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, you meet Us in Our said Legislature or Parliament of Our said Province, at Our City of Victoria, FOR THE DISPATCH OF BUSINESS, to treat, do, act, and conclude upon those things which in Our Legislature of the Province of British Columbia, by the Common Council of Our said Province may, by the favour of God, be ordained.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of the said Province to be hereunto affixed: WITNESS, the Honourable EDGAR DEWDNEY, Lieutenant-Governor of Our said Province of British Columbia, in Our City of Victoria, in Our said Province, this fifth day of December, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, and in the fifty-ninth year of Our Reign.

By Command.

JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary.

35-4t

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 Bailey Creek. Take Notice that I, Harry Abbott, of Vancouver, B.C., free miner's certificate No. 55,111, 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.

16-9t. H. ABBOTT.

Full line of Ladies' & Gentlemen's
BOOTS & SHOES

AT
H. N. COURSIER'S.

J. R. HULL & CO.
Wholesale and Retail
BUTCHERS.
Purveyors of High-class Meats.
REVELSTOKE, B.C.
All orders in our line will be promptly attended to.

Administrator's Notice.

In the County Court of Kootenay, holden at the East Crossing of the Columbia River;

In the matter of Pearl Henderson, otherwise known as Marie Nierman, and,

In the matter of the Official Administrator's Act, dated the Fourteenth day of November, 1895:

UPON READING the affidavits of Joseph Dee Graham and Peter Rasmus Peterson, it is ordered that James Ferguson Armstrong, Official Administrator for the County Court, District of Kootenay, shall be administrator of all and singular the goods, chattels, and credits of Pearl Henderson, otherwise known as Marie Nierman, deceased, and that this order be published in the KOOTENAY MAIL newspaper, for the period of sixty days.

Signed, CLEMENT J. CORNWALL,
C.C.J.

The creditors of Pearl Henderson, otherwise known as Marie Nierman, late of Revelstoke, in the District of Kootenay, are required within sixty days from this date to send to me, by registered letter addressed to me, at Donald, British Columbia, particulars of their claims and of the securities held by them (if any). After the expiration of the said sixty days I shall proceed to distribute the said estate, having regard to those claims only of which I shall have had notice.

Dated at Donald, in the district of Kootenay, British Columbia, this 18th day of November, 1895. 33-9t

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
Official Administrator.

Application for Liquor License.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days from the date hereof, I, the undersigned, will apply to the Stipendiary Magistrate for West Kootenay, at Nelson, for a license to sell spirituous liquors at my hotel, situated at Arrowhead, at the mouth of the Columbia river, Upper Arrow lake.

CHARLES BLUHM.

Revelstoke, November 20, 1895. 33-4t

Mineral Act (Form F).

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

BLACK PRINCE & MINERAL CLAIM, Situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: six miles up Gainer Creek. Take notice that I, Herbert T. Twigg, agent for William C. Yawkey, free miner's certificate No. 58810, 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 thirtieth day of September, 1895.

Mineral Act, 1891, "Form F."

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

KING WILLIAM MINERAL CLAIM, Situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Take Notice that I, Harry Abbott, free miner's certificate No. 55,111, 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 seventeenth day of September, 1895.

H. ABBOTT.

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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	Tuesday	3rd September
Richfield	Monday	9th September
Kamloops	Monday	7th October
Vernon	Monday	14th October
Lytton	Friday	11th October
New Westminster	Wednesday	6th November
Vancouver	Monday	11th November
Victoria	Tuesday	12th November
Nanaimo	Tuesday	26th November

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FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
Representative of the Kootenay Smelting & Trading Syndicate.
AGENT FOR TROUT LAKE CITY, EVANSPORT, KASLO & NAKUSP

WEST KOOTENAY DISTRICT.

REVELSTOKE DIVISION.

ALL PLACER CLAIMS and mining leaseholds, legally held in this division, may be laid over from the 15th November, 1895, to the 1st June, 1896.

J. D. GRAHAM,
Gold Commissioner.

Revelstoke, Nov. 9, 1895. 31-5t

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