FOR MEN—
Finest Cashmere Socks..... 0 00
Extra heavy wool do. 0 50
Best quality Shetland wool
Underwear, per suit..... 1 25
Finest nat. wool " 1 00
Braces, per pair, 30c. and 40c.
The English Trading Co.

The Kootenay Mail.

C. E. SHAW,
Customs Broker,
REVELSTOKE.

Vol. 2.—No. 39. REVELSTOKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B.C., JANUARY 18, 1896. $2.00 a Year.

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

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.

FURNITURE,
Doors, Sashes & Blinds.
R. HOWSON,
REVELSTOKE.
COFFINS CARRIED IN STOCK.
AGENT FOR SINGER SEWING MACHINES.

W. A. JOWETT,
MINING AND REAL ESTATE BROKER.
NELSON, B. C.
Lardeau & Slocan Prospects Wanted.

ASSAYS and MILL TESTS
Samples tested from 1 lb. to 1 ton in weight.
W. PELLEW HARVEY, F.C.S.
Vancouver, B.C.
All Assays made in Duplicate. Certificates forwarded by return.

Kootenay Lodge No. 15 A.F. & A.M.
The regular meeting are held in the Masonic Temple, Bourne's Hall, on the third Monday in each month at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially welcomed.
W. F. CRAGE, SECRETARY.

REVELSTOKE LODGE, I. 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. 1658.
Regular meetings are held in the Odd Fellows' Hall on the second and fourth Wednesday's of each month at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.
E. ADAIR, J. L. WOODROW, W.M. Rec. Secy.

A. McNEIL,
BARBER SHOP AND BATH ROOM,
Front Street, Revelstoke.
Haircut, 25c.; Bath, 50c.; Six Shaving Tickets for $1.00.

GUY BARBER,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER.
Repairing Neatly & Promptly Executed.
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

THE REVELSTOKE PHARMACY.
CIGARS
CIGARS "THE INFANT" CIGARS
3 for 25c.
T & B Etc.
CIGARS
THE REVELSTOKE PHARMACY.

W. COWAN,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL
ABRAHAMSON BROS., PROPRIETORS.
First-class Table ✦ Good Beds ✦ Fire-proof Safe
Telephone ✦ 'Bus Meets all Trains.
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL
ABRAHAMSON BROS., PROPRIETORS.
Everything new and First-class in all Respects.
The House is stocked with the Finest Wines and Cigars in the Market
TROUT LAKE CITY, B.C.

Stockholm House.
JOHN STONE, PROPRIETOR.
The Dining Room is furnished with the best the Market affords.
THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH THE CHOICEST
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Commercial Printing
A SPECIALTY.
Kootenay Mail = = = Revelstoke, B.C.

Annual Meeting of Shareholders.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Revelstoke Printing and Publishing company will be held at the Fire Hall, Revelstoke, on Thursday, January 23rd, 1896, at two o'clock p.m.

F. B. WELLS,
Secretary.

Revelstoke, January 9th, 1896.

Ferry—West Kootenay District.

SEALED PROPOSALS, properly endorsed, will be received by the Honourable Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works up to noon of Thursday, 6th February next, for the right to maintain and operate a ferry across the Columbia River at Trail, and within a limit of two miles above and below that place, for a term of five years from 1st August next.

Proposals must give a description of the size and kind of boat intended to be used, the mode of propelling the same, and the various rates of toll proposed to be collected, and give the names of two persons who are willing to execute a bond for $500 to secure the faithful carrying out of the contract.

The competition will be on the rate of tolls and the amount of bonus to be paid to the government annually for the exclusive privilege of operating a ferry. A certified cheque to cover the amount of the first year's bonus must accompany the proposal.

All officers of the Government, with their animals and freight, to pass free.

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

Lands and Works Department,
39-3t Victoria, B.C., 6th January, 1896.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

REVELSTOKE DIVISION OF WEST KOOTENAY DISTRICT.

NOTICE is hereby given, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax and all taxes levied under the Assessment Act are now due for the year 1896. All of the above named taxes collectible within the Revelstoke Division of the District of West Kootenay are now payable at my office.

Assessed taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz.:—

If paid on or before June 30th, 1896:—
Provincial Revenue, $3 per capita.
One-half of one per cent. on real property.
Two per cent. on wild land.
One-third of one per cent. on personal property.
One-half of one per cent. on income.

If paid after June 30th, 1896:—
Two-thirds of one per cent. on real property.
Two and one-half per cent. on wild land.
One-half of one per cent. on personal property.
Three-fourths of one per cent. on income.

J. D. GRAHAM,
Assessor and Collector.
January 4th, 1896. 39-5t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a sitting of the County Court will be holden at Revelstoke, B.C., on Wednesday, the 13th day of February, A.D. 1896, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

JOS. D. GRAHAM,
Registrar County Court.
Revelstoke, Jan. 13th, 1895. 39-1t

SOLD AGAIN.

The Latest Rumor Regarding the Sale of the Slocan Star.

The subjoined item relating to the interest of several prominent Milwaukee men in silver mining in West Kootenay, is copied from the *Daily Sentinel* of that city, of Jan. 12:

"Several Milwaukeeans, including Angus Smith, J. Hoyt Smith, Capt. David Vance, Charles M. Kipp and others, are about to acquire possession of a silver-lead producing mine in British Columbia, about 175 miles north of Spokane. The mine is called the Slocan Star mine, and the sale is said to involve $1,500,000 worth of property. The purchase is to include also the mill, tramway and an electric light plant. Lead and silver producing mines have been paying well, even during these hard times, and the owners of such mines, Charles M. Kipp and John S. George among them, have lately been receiving good returns."

Greenway's Government Sustained.

The voting in the Manitoba provincial election took place on Wednesday last and resulted in a walkover for the Greenway government. The conservative opposition was almost annihilated, only four being returned. The result was as follows: Liberals, 30; Conservatives, 4; Independents, 3; Patrons, 2.

BIG BEND ITEMS.

Consolation Getting Out Pay—Work Suspended on the Last Chance.

Geo. Laforme returned from Big Bend Thursday. He started up with the mail a few days before Christmas and had a very hard trip up owing to the heavy snow fall which made travelling very slow. The return journey was made in excellent time. He came in from Carnes creek in eight hours. He reports the boys in the different camps as being in the pink of condition.

The Consolation on French creek is again a producer, a condition which is very welcome to the owners after all the dead work of the past summer. John Sweeney, Pete Levesque and J. McCreary are at work there and have taken out over $400 worth of the yellow metal during the past four weeks.

Active operations on the Last Chance, McCulloch creek, have been suspended until, probably, March next. This suspension has been occasioned by the delay in receiving the large pump built in Vancouver last fall, which arrived too late to reach the mine before the season for transportation closed. John Sanderson and Dan C. McGillivray are holding the fort at this camp and are doing what little work is possible under the circumstances. Mr. McGillivray has constituted himself weather clerk at McCulloch creek and sends down the following report which will prove interesting to the Big Bend people who are wintering in town:

November—Total snow fall 42½ inches; coldest day 22nd, 8 degrees below zero; snowed 23 days; cloudy 28; clear 2; rain on the 15th.

December—Total snow fall 94½ inches; coldest day 17th, 8 degrees below zero; snowed 24 days; one clear, frosty day; rain on 11th and 12th.

January—From the 1st to the 5th—Snow fall 38 inches; on the 2nd and 3rd the mercury registered 10 degrees below zero.

Thousand Dollar Rock.

It is a green and inexperienced miner or promoter who goes to a capitalist and talks about a ledge carrying ore worth from $250 to $1000 a ton, says the *B.C. Mining Journal*. Where such ore is found there is usually not much of it. Such things occur in pocket mines, it is true, but the mines which pay best in the long run show none of that kind of ore. Men with experience who want to invest in properties these days are looking for large ledges of medium or low grade ore rather than small ledges of rich ore. There is more money in the big ledges and they last longer and pay deeper. The man who talks about two or three hundred dollar rock in quantity may be listened to, but little attention is paid to his statements. Assays of picked samples from almost any mine ought to show such a result, but milling or smelting the rock would not. But people do not buy mines on assays alone. They want to see some signs of a steady paying proposition and do not want to buy a "pocket" which may give out in a week. That sort of mining may do for an individual miner doing his own work, but the capitalist wants another kind of property. Ore yielding $20 to $30 per ton is considered rich rock in a gold mine and plenty of money can be made out of it. Indeed, $5 and $7 rock is pretty good where there is plenty of it. But when one comes to talk of hundreds and thousands per ton in gold mines those with experience in the business set the talker down as an enthusiast or a greenhorn.

TROUT LAKE NOTES.

Trout Lake is cast in gloom over the sad death of Messrs. J. H. Hoar and W. Breckenridge. The inhabitants desire through your paper to express their sympathy with the bereaved family.

Silver Cup is being pushed on with a full force of men. Mr. McGillivray's foreman, Mr. Bradshaw, is in the city to put a rawhide trail through. You may expect ore out sharp.

The American will be unable to ship ore just now owing to the lake freezing, etc.

The Great Northern is opening out better each foot advanced, anyway the manager was in town lately and he was smiling. There are quite a few men working on the creek, some are making more than pay.

Teams are still kept busy between Thomson's and this place with good roads.

We are visited with a cold wave which gives a good crust to the snow.

TROUT LAKE.

Trout Lake City, January 11.

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.

Our National Political Circus.

Late advices from Ottawa are not calculated to inspire the average citizen with a very high conception of parliamentary instutions and responsible government as exemplified by the federal government. The recurring political crisis at the capital must make the great body of electors wish for an opportunity to rid themselves of the whole crew of incompetents who, with one or two honorable exceptions, are devoting whatever ability they possess to the furthering of purely personal schemes and the gratification of individual likes and dislikes and, incidently, making a spectacle of themselves and the people whom they misrepresent. The latest cabinet upheaval has been caused by the resignation of seven of the ministers thereof who alledged that they could no longer work with the premier and requested him to resign. But Sir Mackenzie Bowell was not to be bluffed and, standing manfully to his guns, proceeded to reconstruct his cabinet. When they seen that the scheme to compel Premier Bowell to resign did not work, the cats all came back, all except Sir. C. H. Tupper, who was Minister of Justice, whose place in the cabinet is filled by his father, Sir Charles Tupper, in whose intrest the cave was formed, he being the choice of the bolters for the premiership. The worst feature of the whole affair is the reentry into the public life of the Dominion (to which he has never been an ornament) of Tupper senior. The conservative party is a very strong political institution and a conservative government has ruled the destines of the country uninterruptedly for a very long period, but if it is to be a choice between a government which is not conservative, or a conservativ government with more Tupper, the electors will surely choose the former as the lesser evil. This country has already had sufficent of the Tupper parsite to last it for all time to come.

ATTEMPTED BURGLARY.

Two Places Broken Into, but the Thieves Secured no Booty.

Burglary, or attempt at burglary is fortunately almost an unknown offence in this town, so that no little surprise was expressed on Tuesday last when it became known that an attempt had been made to force an entrance into one or two places the previous night. That the thieves were inclined to adopt heroic measures was shown by their method of procedure at the establishment of Messrs. Gilker & Wells, where they actually effected an entrance. It was just about midnight when Mr. Wells, who had retired but was not asleep, heard someone at the front door but paid no attention, imagining it to be some person posting a letter. A moment later there was a crash, and, jumping out of bed he rushed into the store, and seeing two men there he proceeded to ask what they wanted. His midnight visitors did not wait to be questioned but immediately bolted for the open door and made off down the street. Owing to the store being in darkness, and his inability to give pursuit at the time, he was unable to give any description of the intruders further than the fact that one man wore rubbers or overshoes and the other did not. With this small clue Constable Graham was not enabled to do much the next day but as a result of his investigations two suspicious characters, one of whom is known as "The Tumbling Kid," who had been around town for a few days, were given notice to quit town immediately, which they did. The [illegible] evidently put their [illegible] the door and in doing so [illegible]ed sufficient force to not only [illegible] first the lock but also a considerable [illegible]ce off the door itself. The supposition is that they intended to burglarize the post office.

A similar occurrence took place further down the street the same night, but with no better results to the thieves. A repetition of these attempts will prove very unhealthy for those engaged in the operation as merchants and others with anything worth stealing have laid in a large supply of lead with which they intend to plentifully bespatter the carcasses of the perpetrators.

Hard on the Lawyers.

The following paragraph occurs in a communication from a Slocan correspondent, and is rather rough on some members of the legal fraternity in that section:

Many of the free miners of this camp express themselves very strongly regarding the conduct of several lawyers practicing in West Kootenay who take most unpatriotic and quite fiendish delight in probing into and publicly exposing the flaws in our Mineral Act, apparently to cause legal fighting in which they themselves may beneficially take part.

DESCRIMINATION IN RATES.

A Test Case being made in U.S. Courts against the Northern Pacific.

A case which is now before the United States' courts, may be of interest to shippers on this side of the line. Sometime since a Spokane firm, Holzman & Co., received a consignment of goods, and upon the same arriving tendered the Northern Pacific R'y Co. the amount of freight charges to coast points, but this was refused. The goods, however, were released under bond. The firm are now suing for absolute possession of the goods or the value thereof, $8,400, if this delivery cannot be made, and $1,500 damages for detention, together with costs of the suit. The termination will interest all Spokane shippers, as it involves the right of transportation companies to discriminate against intermediate or interior points and in favor of terminal or coast points.

In referring to the above the Midway *Advance* says: Should the merchant in this case be successful in his suit, the effect will be that the trade at interior points will be revolutionized, and the railway companies will be thrown into a quandary. What is good law in one country should be good law in another; and if companies are not upheld in discriminating against interior points as regards rates, then the matter should receive consideration at the hands of merchants and shippers on this side of the line, as it is well known that goods by carload lots can be shipped in many instances from Eastern points in Canada to the coast, and back again into the interior of British Columbia at a rate equal to that or less than charged from Eastern points to parts in the interior 200 or 300 miles from the coast. It is just this discrimination in the matter of through rates that places the merchant of the interior on an unequal footing with his brother tradesman at coast points, and the sooner an understanding is arrived at in the matter the better, even if some one has to go to law, as the Spokane merchant has done.

Church Services To-morrow.

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

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

Services will be held in the Methodist church by Rev. J. A. Wood to-morrow morning and evening at 11 and 7.30. Sunday school at 2.30.

BURIED BY AN AVALANCHE.

Two Men in the Trout Lake Camp Killed in a Snowslide.

Mining in this country in a pioneer camp during this season of the year is a very hazardous occupation, and one of the greatest terrors is the ever present danger of being caught in a snowslide. Only the few who have had the experience, and lived through it, can form any adequate conception of what it is to be caught by an avalanche and hurled down a mountain side. Tom Edwards and Andrew Abrahamson, who are now in town, experienced the terrible sensation a few weeks ago in the Trout Lake camp, and fortunately came out on top after being carried half a mile and stopping just short of a precipice, thereby escaping a fearful death, as, from its edge, there was a straight drop of 1,500 feet. Edwards was badly shaken up and came to town to recuperate. The weather had been soft and on his arrival he mentioned the probability of there being slides in other sections of the camp and expressed apprehension for the safety of the workers there.

The news of a somewhat similar occurrence was received from the same camp this week, but this time it was attended with fatal results. Two miners, J. H. Hoar and W. Breckenridge, who had been employed for some months on the Abbott group, at the head of Henley creek, were the victims. The camp was built in the timber about 1¼ miles from and below the mine, and the two men were making the return journey after working their shift when overtaken by the slide. No trace of them had been found when the camp was last heard from, and it is hardly probable that their remains will be recovered for some months. Hoar is a brother of O. D. Hoar, who is superintendent at the Abbott group, while Breckenridge, it is said, came to this section from Kaslo. The sad occurrence has cast a deep gloom over the whole camp.

The public school has been closed since Tuesday, owing to the illness of Mr. F. W. Laing, the teacher, who is confined to the house with an attack of pleurisy.

THE SHOWMAN'S GHOST.

Away tripped Virginia, and Mrs. Varley, leisurely descending, followed her husband to the platform of the show, where she ensconced herself at the seat of custom, whilst Solomon assumed the active directorship of the band. The band, comprising thirty-five instruments, groaned, wheezed, banged, and blared in a gig box, obedient to a rotary handle. The crowd flowed in, and the sound of copper and silver tinkled pleasantly through the tunes played by the mechanical orchestra, whose strains had long ceased to charm the musical ear of its proprietor. Solomon, indeed, was wont to relate a story to the discredit of the orchestra.

'One day,' said Sol, 'I takes a pitch right oppiayte a chemis' an' druggis's place, an' in doo time I toons up. Well, he stands it regular an' plucky for about half a hour or so, an' then he walks over. "Mister," he says—quite the polite gentleman—"I ain't a complainin' party as a rule," he says, "but your orgin is too much for me." "Well, governor," I ups an' says, "you ought to have more human natur' than complain," I says. "I know it's hard on you," I says, "to have to listen to it, but you'll think o' me sometimes," I says, "with a tear o' pity on account o' my havin' to play it regular, won't you?" It closed him up, if you'll believe me,' Solomon would add, 'as sudden as a clasp-knife.'

On the present occasion Mr. Varley ground away mechanically, and was more bent upon observing the faces of the crowd than even on the pleasant tinkle which made its way through the wheeze and blare of his own music. There were straw hats in plenty before him, but the particular straw hat of whose owner Jim had warned him was not there, and the showman was not sorry for its absence. The common interest in zoology was not strong enough to induce young men of gentlemanly exterior to follow his unrivalled collection from village to village, and Solomon had needed no warning as to the object which caused the wearer of the straw hat to follow the show with a persistence so unusual.

Perhaps Solomon was mentally short-sighted. Perhaps, notwithstanding two-and-twenty years of matrimonial experience, he was little versed in the ways of women. Possibly his own open-hearted nature and sterling honesty and straightforwardness helped to blindfold him. Virginia had gone into the village to buy floss silk—quite the most innocent of errands. And the young gentleman in the straw hat was not anywhere in the immediate neighbourhood of the show. Quite a satisfactory matter. It never occurred to him that the young gentleman might meet Virginia. He would have been ready to knock down anybody who had told him that Virginia had gone to meet the young gentleman.

The showman's daughter went along the shady side of the street swinging a dainty little basket in her hand. She bought the floss silk to satisfy conscience and answer possible inquiries, and then strolled on under the shade of pleasant boughs into a leafy lane. She blushed and trembled as she went, and was many a time half inclined to turn back again, but by-and-by a young man wearing a straw hat heaved in sight, and throwing away a half smoked cigar, turned his lounging walk into a quick one, and approached her smiling, hat in hand.

'So you are here after all!' he said gently.

'I shouldn't have come,' fluttered Virginia, 'if I had dreamt that you would be here.'

'Don't,' said the wearer of the straw hat pleadingly,—'don't be so cruel as to say so.'

'Don't think I came to meet you,' said the little coquette. 'As if I should think of such a thing!'

'I hope you will think of it sometimes,' said her companion softly. 'If you knew how lonely it is to wait! If you knew how hard it is to go away without having seen you!'

'I can't always be strolling about country lanes,' said Virginia pertly; 'I come as often as I can.'

'Can you do try to come, then?' he asked.

'How you do try to trap one, Mr. Verschoyle!' said Virginia.

'Say "George," ' said Mr. Verschoyle, ignoring the charge.

'No, I shan't!'

'Say "George," ' said Mr. Verschoyle again, stealing an arm about her waist.

'Well,' she said, half tremulously defiant of her own tremors, and half tender, 'George.'

She only whispered it, and blushed like a peony. He stooped down and kissed her. She made a movement of resistance, and another, as if she would free herself of his encircling arm. But he knew his power by this time, and kept his place, and took his kiss and strolled on by her side under the shadow of the leafy trees. The foolish captive little heart fluttered beneath his hand so that he could count its beatings. He never thought or cared to think how sadly and sorely it would beat in days to come because of him. He was a well looking youngster, with nothing of the traditional villain about him. A fair face, a tall and lithe figure, with a good breadth across the chest and shoulders, a drooping blonde moustache, frank eyes enough, a gentle voice, a handsome hand—a little too much bejewelled—but no cloven hoof, no sinister aspect to affright or warn. Faust had no need of Mephistopheles to teach him how to woo this silly Marguerite. He had trapped wiser women in his time unaided.

And little Virginia was in love with him. Her head was full of foolish visions of fine things to wear, and a noble house to live in, and imposing servants to wait on her, and a carriage with fine horses, with footmen holding on behind. To be honest with her, these visions made no part of her love, but were only part of what his love would dower her with. So they walked along the leafy lane beneath the shadow of the pleasant boughs, and he lied to her and she believed him.

CHAPTER II.

It rained on an August night in an English seaport town as English summer skies know how to rain. The tempest had gathered suddenly after weeks of sultry weather, and the clouds burst in a deluge. The great drops fell with a sound of continuous thunder on the canvas roof of Solomon Varley's show, but the proprietor of that establishment was filled with satisfaction. The sudden storm although it had dispersed the crowd in front, had hastened one half of the people inside, and Solomon had such a house as he had rarely seen. It was feeding time, and, double prices being charged at that hour, Mrs. Varley at the seat of custom had reaped a four-fold silver harvest. The tent was well illuminated, but every now and again the lightning glared through the canvas, and some of the kinglier sort of beasts answered the following thunder thunderously. There was a certain sort of majesty in being proprietor of a wild-beast show under such circumstances, and Solomon was in his glory.

Suddenly his wife came in with a shawl over her head and forced her way through the crowd. Solomon, seeing that she made towards him, went easily to meet her. She was pale and breathing hard, and clutching him by the arm with both hands she gasped out two words:—

'Jennie's gone!'

'On a night like this!' said Solomon. 'She'll catch her death.'

'She's gone, Sol, she's gone!' cried the mother, almost screaming.

'What d'ye mean?' asked Solomon. People began to stare at them. 'Come out o' this,' he said, and seizing her by the arm, he forced his way through the crowd to the outer platform. The rain came down in straight-ruled glittering lines, blurring the lights in the shop opposite. One blinding flash of lightning fell as Solomon and his wife came upon the platform, and a tremendous roar of thunder followed.

'Now, what's the matter?' he asked, when the awful sound had rolled itself away.

The woman wrung her hands and moaned.

'She's gone, Sol, she's gone!' was all the answer she could make.

'What d'ye mean?' cried the showman, refusing to recognise a meaning.

'Oh, Sol, dear Sol!' she cried, clinging to him and breaking into tears.

'Come along!' cried Solomon, shaking himself free and seizing her arm again. 'Come along!' He hurried her through the pelting rain to the house on wheels. 'Now, what's the matter?'

'Sol,' cried his wife, waving her hands up and down like a mad woman, 'she's run away.'

Solomon's face was white beneath its bronze already, but at that cruel stab he turned ghastly, and his hands dropped to his sides like lead.

'Here's a note,' cried the distracted mother, now fumbling at her dress, and now waving her hands wildly. 'Here's a note she left behind. Oh, Sol, oh, my poor Sol, as loved her dear! Oh, Sol! bear up like a dear good soul! Don't break your heart, don't break your heart!' And saying this she cast her arms about him, and swooned and lost all knowledge of her agony for a little while. Solomon laid her gently down and stood above her like a statue.

A step came up the ladder, but he did not hear it. A hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he turned. There stood Jim, wild-eyed, dripping wet, and as pale as death.

'She knows?' said the man, half recoiling at sight of the prostrate figure.

'Yes,' said Solomon, 'she knows.'

'I see her go,' panted Jim, for he was out of breath with running. 'I follered, thinking somethin' was the matter to take her out on such a night as this.' A flash of lightning heralded a peal of thunder overhead, and the showman could only see his moving lips, but heard nothing more until the noise had rolled away again. 'They got into a cab an' drove away. I could see as they was a-makin' for the King's Dock or else for the South Pier, an' I run like mad, but I lost sight of 'em.'

Solomon heard this, but returned no word. When it was all spoken he moved slowly away, and, taking up a glass, poured water into it from a brown pitcher, and then sat down beside his wife and moistened her lips and temples.

'Ain't you a goin' to do nothing?' cried Jim. 'Ain't you a goin' to foller her to the world's end? Ain't you a goin' to catch that feller, if you travel till you're grey afore you do it, and twist his wicked neck for him? That's what I'm a goin' to do, master.'

Solomon did not answer, but looked slowly round with a drawn and ashen countenance like that of a man in mortal pain.

'Be a man, master,' said Jim, laying a rough hand gently on his shoulder, and changing utterly in voice and manner. 'Be a man, an' take it fightin. For the Lord's sake, master, don't lay down and let it kill you.'

'Jim,' said Solomon, speaking hoarsely, 'don't think I take it easy, an' unlike a father, because I don't say nothin'.'

'God forbid!' said Jim.

'But my place,' said the showman, as if unconscious of the interruption, 'is nowhere else but here. Leastways, not now.' He waved his hand, as though to dismiss the other from the place, and went back to his task.

'Theer was a mornin' paper here to-day, said Jim; 'wheer is it?' After a moment's search he laid his hand upon it, and running a clumsy finger down column after column, came at last upon the sailing list, and then upon 'This Day's Departures.'

'One at nine for Rotterdam, one at half-past nine for Brown' (meaning Boulogne), 'one at ten for Queenstown, an' bottom' from the pier. Theer's time to catch 'em yet.'

He was gone, through the storm, before Solomon could find a word. The streets were cleared of people by the rain. Lightning and thunder were almost continuous, and the storm raged with a tropic fierceness. The man tore [illegible] it breathless, and never stopped [illegible] the dock was reached. He was [illegible] on getting there, and his own [illegible] hurry had so foiled his purpose, that he could not speak for a minute or two. When he asked for the boat to Rotterdam, it was pointed out to him. 'There. Cleared the dock this minute.' The blinding lightning showed the boat for a fragment of a second, and the darkness ate her up again bodily, and vomited her into hideous light again, and once more shrouded her. 'The boat for Boulogne, then?' 'Here, lying close at hand,' said the oilclothed dock policeman, and, as Jim turned to get aboard, the official laid a hand upon the rain-soaked sack which covered his shoulders and detained him.

'You're in a hurry to leave your native land, young man,' said the policeman.

'I'm in a hurry to stop somebody else from leavin' it,' panted Jim. 'Don't stop me, for the Lord's sake. It's like life an' death.'

'Robbery?' asked the policeman, still keeping that detaining hand on Jim's shoulder.

'Yes, an' worse,' said Jim.

'It ain't murder, is it?'

'I ain't so sure o' that either,' Jim replied. Even in all the agitation of his spirit he was loyal to the reputation of Sol Varley and his household, and would not, if he could help it, betray Virginia by a word. 'Theer's a cove a-goin' off by one of these here boats—I don' want no givin' in charge—not at present, leastways. He may have gone a'ready. Don't stop me no longer, master. It's like life an' death.'

The policeman released him and he climbed on board the boat. The lightning was still unrolling swift sheet on sheet of flame, but the thunder was crashing and rumbling to the northwards, and no longer spoke at the flash, but growled sullenly seconds later, and the rain had ceased as suddenly as it came. Jim thought himself alone on deck, when the dock, and the shipping, and the warehouses, and the water, and the very heavens all seemed to make a sudden leap at him in the vivid lightning, and to rush back with an awful swiftness as darkness struck light dead. The twinkling yellow lamps were nothing in the pause. With the next flash an oilclothed figure sprang into being and went out again, and came along the deck as if each flash that followed drove it forward with a fiery wind. Then there was darkness for a second or two, and the twinkling lamps recovered light a little, and Jim saw the oilclothed figure near.

'What is it, mate?'

'Do you carry passengers?' demanded Jim, still breathing hard, and speaking like a man foredone with haste.

'Yes,' said the other.

'Is there a young man among 'em, a gentleman, with blue eyes an' light moustachios, with a lady, a young lady, very pretty, in a dark frock?'

His hurry was so passionate, he could scarcely speak.

'I don't know, said the seaman. What about em' if there is?'

'I've come to stop 'em,' said Jim. 'They must be stopped; it's life an' death.'

'Have you got any authority to stop 'em?' asked the seaman. 'If you have, an' they're abroad, I'm captain of this boat, an' I'll see it acted on.'

'See if they're here, master,' said Jim beseechingly. 'It's life an' death to more than one.'

'Young woman bolted?' asked the Captain.

'Yes,' said Jim, with wild reluctance, as though the answer were plucked out of him. 'For the Lord's sake, master, see if they're here. It' life an' death.'

'I can't say whether they're aboard or not,' said the Captain, 'but there is a pair as seems to answer your description. Passage booked yesterday. They're all the passengers I have to-night—and likely to be, by the look o' things. Come this way.'

The bows of the boat having been warped already from the wall, Jim had climbed aboard at the after-end, and the deck he stood on formed the roof of the saloon. He followed the Captain to the main deck, and peered into the saloon from the side of the steward's pantry.

'Is that the pair?' asked the Captain, with a tight grip on Jim's shoulder.

'That's the pair,' said Jim in a hoarse whisper, drawing back on deck again.

Verschoyle was leaning over little Virginia, who was crying behind her veil.

'Have you any authority to stop 'em?' asked the Captain.

'No,' said Jim. 'But, master, look here.' He waved his hands abroad pleadingly, and his voice was thick with hurry and despair. 'I've been a servant of her father's ever since I was a kid. I've left her mother swounded dead off, an' her father a-settin' by her that broken-hearted it'd melt a stone.'

'D've think they're married?' asked the Captain, speaking into his brown hand lest he should be overheard.

Jim shook his head with a negative so decided that the Captain was convinced at once, and said, 'Eh, dear!' in a tone of pity. At that tone Jim took heart.

'Master,' he said, 'maybe you've got a daughter o' your own. Have a heart, master—do, for the Lord's sake, have a heart.'

'Wait here a bit,' returned the Captain. 'Here, stand there.'

All the time they talked together the lightning rolled on its sheets of flame with less and less rapidity and brilliance, and the thunder rumbled farther and farther away. And Jim, who had perhaps as much right to associate his own emotions with the elemental disturbance as the feeble gentlemen who make verses on that topic personal to themselves, felt in a vague way that with the passing of the storm and the coming of the stars hope came. He waited in silence with a beating heart.

Verschoyle and the Captain came from the saloon together.

'What have you to say to me?' asked Verschoyle in a constrained and haughty tone.

The Captain cleared his husky throat and squared his oilskinned shoulder.

'I'm a family man, sir,' he said, 'and a plain-dealin' man, and I'll come to the p'int at once. Is that young lady your wife, sir?'

'You should know better than to get drunk,' said Verschoyle, angrily amazed, 'when you have a journey before you and a ship in charge.'

'That's no answer to my question,' said the Captain. 'Are you married to that young lady?'

'What in the name of heaven is that to you?' demanded Verschoyle, with a curse thrown in.

'Well, here's a man who says you're not, and if you are—you know—you can say you are, and there's an end of it.'

'Show me the man,' said Verschoyle.

'Come here,' said the Captain aloud; and Jim stepped forward. He was still labouring for breath, and having striven to be as softly to listen, he was breathing all the harder now. Verschoyle knew him. 'This is the man,' said the Captain. 'He says you're not. Now, I say, are you? Answer a plain question straight if you please, sir.'

'Suppose I decline to answer?'

'Then,' said the Captain bluntly, 'I refuse to carry you.'

'You are legally compelled to carry me.'

'Am I?' said the Captain, with a short laugh. 'Then I'll take the legal responsibility, and you can take your legal remedy. That's all. Get your traps together. For I am damned,' said the Captain with a mighty emphasis, 'if you travel in my boat, wherever else you travel.'

'Very good,' said Verschoyle with savage hauteur. 'You will repent this.'

'Not me,' said the master-mariner cheerfully. 'I hope you will, you——' There followed a sentence of descriptive phrases which shall rest unrecorded. The Captain had as rich and racy a vocabulary as any man who ever trod the boards of a Channel steamer, and, glowing with a comfortable glow of righteous and triumphant wrath, he flung its treasures at the retreating Verschoyle by the mouthful. All on a sudden he checked the current of his anger, and entered the saloon. Verschoyle, pale and disturbed, was speaking to Virginia. The Captain put him on one side and sat down by the girl, who was crying bitterly. Verschoyle began to rage at this, and the Captain turned upon him in grave reproof.

'What do you mean by using language like that afore a lady? I'll give you three minutes to be off my boat, young man, and if you're not off it in that time you'll leave it a good deal more swift and sudden than you'll care to.' Then ignoring Verschoyle's presence, he took Virginia's hand between his two big palms, and addressed her, very gently: 'My pretty dear, I'm a father, and I've seen a deal of life in my time. I ain't speaking angry to you, am I? Now, you go home, and be a good gell, and a blessing to your father and mother. And don't you listen any more to that blackguard as wants to lead you astray into a foreign land, and then throw you over and leave you broken-hearted. Go home, my pretty. That's the place for you.'

'We are going to be married in Boulogne,' sobbed Virginia.

'That's your lying game, is it?' said the Captain, rising and turning upon Verschoyle. 'Now tell her that poor yarn before a man of the world, will you? Eh? Will you? You miserable liar!'

'How dare you?' cried the girl, sobbing. 'How dare you speak so?'

'Come, Virginia,' said Verschoyle; and she arose, crying bitterly.

'I speak so,' said the Captain, 'because it's true. He won't tell me a lie like that. And if he does, I'll see him stick to it. I'll appeal to the Consul on the other side and see things square. This the captain delivered with the air of a man who clinches the nail of proof; and, turning again upon Verschoyle, demanded to know whether that would suit him. Virginia had raised her veil, and was looking from one to the other. 'My poor dear,' said the Captain, softening as he turned to her, 'he doesn't mean to marry you. Ask him if he does. I'm game to take you to Boulogne'—the Captain was warlike again, and directed this statement at Verschoyle—'and put you under the Consul's care till this nice young man acts fair by you. Ask him if he means it, my poor dear.'

The Captain was quite a study for an actor in the rapidity with which he changed his face and voice, and manner when he looked from Verschoyle to Virginia, or from her to him.

'Ask him if he means it!' cried the Captain, thrusting his hand almost in Verschoyle's face.

The handsome rascal's face, with the lowering frown upon it, said 'No' without a word, or need of one. She read the base denial there, and burst into renewed tears, and wrung her hands, and murmured that it was cruel. 'Oh, it was cruel, cruel!'

Moved by the sight of youth and beauty brought to such distress, the Captain turned upon Verschoyle for the last time.

'Now then! Sharp there! One minute more, and I'll have you chucked overboard. Hi! you there!' Jim entered. 'Collar them two portmanteaus and chuck 'em ashore.' Jim seized the luggage, and would have been rejoiced to extend the order to its owner. 'Now, get out.' Verschoyle retired before the indignant Captain, mounted the ladder, crossed the saloon deck, and went ashore. Jim threw the luggage unceremoniously after him, and then, following the Captain, returned to the saloon, and, taking Virginia's hand, led her unresisting, from the vessel.

'God bless you, master, for what you've done this night,' said Jim in taking leave of the Captain. The men were moving about the deck by this time, the mate was ordering here and there, ropes were tugging across the darkness, and the ship was quivering with the short urgent stroke of the engines.

'Take her home, and good luck to you,' said the Captain in reply, and went back to duty, and treated sea-going virtue to a stiff glass by the way.

Verschoyle summoned a hansom and drove to an hotel, feeling mean, as our trans-Atlantic cousins, say. The writer feels an unfeigned joy in kicking him out of the story.

For a while poor Virginia suffered Jim to lead her, being, indeed, so broken that she scarcely knew him, or knew of anything but Verschoyle's baseness. But after a time she turned and spoke.

'Good-bye, James. Be kind to father and mother.'

'Miss Virginia,' said James, 'if you knowed how broken-arted they are, an' how glad an' willin' they'll take you home again, you'd never dream of leavin' 'em. You couldn't.'

She twined her hands together with an action which bespoke pain and shame and anger and remorse. A hundred other things were in the gesture too, and Jim, without being anything of a psychologist, read and understood them all.

'Oh, Miss Virginia,' cried honest Jim, half crying, 'have a heart. For the Lord's sake, have a heart.'

She stamped her foot, and made a downward gesture with both clenched hands.

'I won't go home,' she cried distractedly. 'I can't go home. How can you be so cruel?'

'Cruel, Miss?' said Jim. 'Whatever can I say for to persuade you? Such a head as mine,' said Jim with a distraction of aspect more than equal to her own, 'ain't fit to be trusted with a huming body. It's me, Miss—Jim. Why, you've laughed at me hundreds of times, you have. Don't you know me? Lord, I don't believe she knows me!'

Whilst he spoke she walked on rapidly, and Jim followed.

'Miss Virginia,' he appealed again, 'come home to your poor father. Think of the missis, swounded dead away.'

She quickened her footsteps to a run, and Jim held on behind her appealingly all the way. Suddenly she stopped and turned upon him panting.

'I won't go home,' she said, with a sullen resolution unlike anything he had ever known of her. 'Thrown away!' she cried, breaking into sobs and tears again, 'deserted! Go home to be an eyesore to them! To be pitied, and scolded, and forgiven! Then suddenly once more, 'I won't go home!'

Jim's agitation and uncertainty were pitiful. He stood and looked upon her sorrowfully, but could not find a word. Looking about her once, she faced round and walked swiftly. He followed. She stopped again.

'I am going away,' she said 'I shall never go home.'

'Very well, Miss,' said Jim in downright helpless desperation. 'Where you goes I goes, an I'll foller you to the world's end.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Neglect.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones conversed at the table so earnestly that they forgot to serve Adele, their four-year-old. At last in a break of the dialogue, she said.

Mamma, please pass me the salt.

The salt, child? What for?

Oh, I might need it in case papa should give me any meat.

Eleven thousand children have been turned away from the public schools in Chicago owing to lack of adequate accommodations.

LOBSTERS AND COD GALORE

NEWFOUNDLAND HAS A VERY PROMISING INDUSTRY.

A Description of the Hatchery at Trinity Bay—Supported by the Government and Yielding Enormous Catches—The Methods of Fishing—Salmon Fishing Bids Fair to Take an Important Place.

All the news that came from Newfoundland not long ago was of a discouraging sort, dealing as it did with financial reverses of the Government banks and private individuals and the prostration of the province's trade. Now there is to be chronicled another item of a very different nature, the unbounded success of the cod and lobster hatchery in Trinity Bay, and with it a catch that promises to be a remarkably good one.

Four years ago this hatchery was started at the instance of a merchant of St. John's, and carried on for a while at his own expense. Then the Government took it up and made it a province affair, placing it on a most liberal basis and sparing no expense in stocking the sea with fish.

Trinity Bay was chosen as the location of the hatchery on account of its sheltered position and its many little inlets and shallow bays. As the fry are sent out to shift for themselves a few weeks after they are hatched, shallow waters and sheltered shores are by far the best places for them to thrive in (so the hatchery managers argued), for there they run little risk of being devoured by larger fish, or of being swept out into very deep water, and there also they have much less difficulty in obtaining their daily supply of food.

ON BELDO ISLAND

the hatchery was placed and was put under the management of a Norwegian named Nelson. The Government provided a yearly appropriation of some $16,000, and this proved ample for every purpose. So well did Nelson manage the affairs of the hatchery that when the scientists and men of affairs interested in fisheries met at the World's Fair in a sort of small convention, the hatchery at Newfoundland, it was agreed by all, had proved itself one of the best in the world. In lobsters actually hatched and sent out the records showed that the most remarkable achievements in artificial hatching anywhere in the world's history had been performed; while in cod hardly less had been accomplished.

In the four years since the establishment of the hatchery 2,500,000,000 young lobsters have been hatched out and 65,000,000 young cod. The main result accomplished has been to more than entirely nullify the reckless slaughter of cod with spawn during recent years. This destruction was not wanton, but the fishermen were driven to it through competition.

Last year just about this time, several months before the disclosures of the financial weakness, the Newfoundland Legislative Assembly then sitting had a hot debate over the hatchery question, the point disputed being the annual appropriation. It had resolved itself into a strictly political matter, the parties of the island being divided upon the question strictly on party lines.

THE APPROPRIATION

was in doubt, when reports began to come in from Trinty Bay. It should be promised that cod must be three years old to be worth the catching, and it was then just three years from the time of the establishment of the hatchery.

The Trinity Bay reports were most favorable. In their detail they astounded every member of the then sitting house, for they showed that the catch, in proportion to that of former years in this bay, was of unprecedented size. The hatchery had proved itself an unqualified success. Party lines were at once broken, and in a burst of enthusiasm the appropriation bill for the further continuance of the hatchery was carried.

This year there seems no doubt that the catch will be fully up to last year's. The lobster catch is particularly good, too, though the hatchery people have experienced much difficulty in increasing the supply of them in the waters of Newfoundland as fast as the number they have hatched would seem to warrant. For the young lobsters are not only subject to all the dangers of the deep, but for a few weeks after they are hatched fight villainously and kill each other by the hundreds and devour one another cannibalistically at a great rate.

The fishermen are a very prosperous set of men. The fishing season for cod begins in June and ends in October. All sorts of methods are practised in catching the fish. Traps, nets and seines are used and there is also more or less hand-line fishing. The fashion varies, and the fishermen constantly change their ways of securing their game. Several years ago traps—set and baited very much as are lobster traps, and similar in construct on—were used. Now traps in most districts are considered a trifle out of date and

NETS AND SEINES

are more in favor. Many of the nets are "set." There is comparatively little fishing nowadays by hand-line, except in the small boats manned by three or four men that go out only a little distance from shore.

Enormous are the catches made in a single day and by a single boat. Some of the larger craft have no trouble at all in securing 200 quintails of fish for a single day's work. That is 20,000 pounds or 5,000 to 6,000 cod. One man often finds it possible to pull in 400 to 500 cod a day.

Few fish are as prolific as the cod. A single female is said to contain 9,000,000 eggs. Comparatively few of these are ever hatched, of course, and the fry that actually do appear are still further reduced in numbers by all sorts of contingencies. Very few of them in proportion actually live to be three-year-old fish. Like the young lobsters, the fry frequently eat each other, and besides they are, even in shallow waters, constantly at the mercy of larger fish. Trinity Bay should be within a few years the finest codfishing point on the northern coast.

The real idea of the hatchery, as it has been well put, is "to conserve rather than to preserve." That is, the project is to secure definitely for the Newfoundland fisheries now and for all time a constantly increasing supply of cod and lobsters, for it is almost solely upon these two things that the propensity of the island rests.

In salmon, too, there has been considerable done with the hatchery, and salmon fishing bids fair in a few years to take an important place in Newfoundland fisheries.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Her Answer.

I studied my tables over and over and backwards and forwards, too,
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do.
Till sister told me to play with my doll and not to bother my head.
"If you call her "Fifty-four for a while you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought t'was a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine are fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud;
But I wished I hadn't, when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can;"
For I thought of my doll and—[illegible]

A N [illegible]

A boy's [illegible] method [illegible] requires s[illegible] should be [illegible] order to do their [illegible] is almost [illegible] that these peo[illegible] they can [illegible]

The stilt-walkers live in the land of France, on the [illegible] and near the [illegible] that they have acquired many habits of the Spanish people. The country of the stilt-walkers is Landes. Very many years ago the people were driven to stilt-walking. The wind from the Bay of Biscay blew the fine, white sand far inland, making what we call dunes, which are waves of sand that remind you of the motion of high waves. They look like waves suddenly turned to sand. It was impossible to walk over this sand, and all the grass and other vegetation suffered and was choked by it. The people were shepherds, but it became harder and harder to find feeding-ground for the sheep. Then the government made the experiment of planting pine forests. These grew, and prevented the sand drifting in as before. Still, walking is very difficult and almost impossible for women, except by the use of stilts. When the people walk on the ground, they walk in their bare feet. The leg is covered with a footless stocking. The foot-rest of the stilt is covered with sheepskin, with the wool uppermost, making a soft rest for the foot. The pine forests not only saved the land from utter desolation, but it gave the people employment. The collection of resin is the most profitable industry in this section. The wool of the sheep is of such a poor quality that it brings a very poor price in the market.

The people are a happy people and have an interest in sports. They have stilt-races, and some racers have national reputations. One, recently, was a long-distance race from Paris to Bordeaux, which aroused interest among scientists. The distance was three hundred miles, and it was covered in seventy-six hours and fifty-five minutes. The stilts used in this race were sixty-five inches in length, but the ordinary walking-stilt is forty-five inches. The stilts weigh about five or six pounds; the pole, which is always carried and used for balancing, weighs about five pounds.

A Big Playfellow.

A man who has traveled in India a great deal says that an elephant is a better playfellow for a boy than a dog. The native boys make the elephants take them in swimming. They climb on the elephant's back and ride in triumph to the best swimming hole. The elephant walks into deep water and keeps right on walking until there's nothing to be seen of him except his trunk and a good level island of back. The boy stands on the island and yells like—well, just about a good, healthy American boy, and he dives off the island, and the elephant grabs him, with his trunk and puts him up onto "dry land," and answers his yell with a cry that's half moot and half whoop, and altogether he gives that boy just as good a time "in swimming" as if he had lived in America and never dreamed of using an elephant's back for a spring board. Queer country India, isn't it?

Looked Like Reason.

A robin's nest and a kingbird's nest were situated in adjoining trees, each containing young birds. When the kingbirds saw the robin bringing a worm to feed its young they would attack it and make it give up the food intended for the young robins. After being robbed a few times the robin appeared with a worm, accompanied by two other robins, and when the kingbird made his appearance the two extra robins pitched in and gave him a sound thashing, while the one with the worm fed its young and seemed to be laughing all the while. The game was played until the kingbird gave it up, and now the robin feeds its young without help.

Tallest Men in the British Army.

The Scots Guards have succeeded in obtaining a recruit who measures 6 feet 5½ inches in height and is only 21 years of age. It is supposed that the British army contains only one man who is taller—a gunner in one of the mountain batteries of the Royal Artillery who is six feet 6½ inches. When the guardsman is straightened out by drill and military exercise he may rival the artilleryman.

Indentical with the Bible.

A Babylonian tablet in the British Museum which has just been deciphered has an account of the death of King Sennacherib, almost identical with that in the Bible (II. Kings, xix. 37).

Postponed.

Rollins—Why don't you buy a wheel and stop borrowing.

Bangem—I can't ride well enough yet.

"Is that performer familiar with your music?" she asked at the concert. "He must be," replied the composer, who was writhing; "he takes such liberties with it."

Cheerup (to Tom Hardup, who has a lot of bad debts and no money, but who is the only heir of a very old, very healthy and very wealthy aunt)—"Now don't get discouraged, Tommy; there is your Aunt Maria." Tom Hardup—"Yes, there she is; that's the trouble."

CURRENT NOTES.

There are now in Africa so many white men, English, Dutch, Portuguese, Italian, French, Belgian, and German, that the slave trade can never again flourish there. More than a million people who are not black can now say that they are Africans, and a good many of them can boast that they are natives of Africa. The whites, who for a long time did not venture beyond the coast regions, are advancing inland, where there are large areas which they find to be inviting. Millions of black people were brought from Africa in slave ships last century to North and South America, where their descendants now live. Large numbers of white Europeans have in this century gone to Africa, and there established homes for their descendants. Blacks multiply in Brazil and the United States; the whites thrive in Egypt and Algeria, in Cape Colony, and in South African republic. As for the Kaffir race, they prefer to stay in the [illegible] which they have inhabited from time immemorial.

The Japanese resent the efforts of the Christian missionaries sent to convert them, but not in the savage and malignant spirit displayed in China. They think that now, at least, they are entitled to be regarded and treated as civilized and enlightened people, and not as benighted heathen requiring religious instruction and guidance from foreigners and at foreign expense. Accordingly the Japanese Christians are showing a disposition to cut loose from the foreign missionary societies which are supporting missions in their country. They do not wish to remain longer under such tutelage, as if they were an inferior people. They contend that Christianity cannot grow in Japan as an exotic kept alive by foreign nurture, but must develop naturally under purely Japanese influences. The Japanese Christians wish to manage their own churches and conduct their own missions. This feeling has been manifested by them so decidedly that a committee has lately gone thither to represent the American Board, with a view to adjust the complication to which it has given rise.

It seems very remarkable that any missionary association should offer resistance to a disposition so natural and so creditable to the Japanese. Unquestionably the chances of the spread of Christianity in Japan would be greatly increased if all prejudice against the religion as a foreign system, forced on the people by purely foreign agencies, could be removed. Originally, doubtless, it was necessary that it should be planted by European and American effort; but now that it has gained root, why should it not be left to the cultivation of the Japanese themselves? They have been quick to adopt other advantages and to follow other practices of Western civilization, remodelling their own in the process; and, with like emulation, they are hospitably disposed toward Christianity. But their pride as a self-sufficient people is offended by the implication that religiously they cannot be left without foreign missionary guardianship. The consequence is that Christianity suffers in Japanese popular sentiment as an alien religion supported by alien means and agencies. It does not possess the vitality of a native growth.

Even the violent Chinese prejudice against the foreign missionaries, of which the recent outrages at the mission stations are the terrible fruit, it is not at all surprising. It is natural and inevitable. It is no bitterer than the animosity which has been exhibited by our own people against Chinamen in this country; and it is very remarkable that the atrocities charged against the Christian missionaries in China by the ignorant and superstitious natives, closely resemble those which have been brought against Chinamen here. Suppose Chinamen established a regular system of missionary agencies for the propagation of their religion here, would they be any better treated by Christian mobs than the Christian missionaries have been treated by Chinese mobs?

A great disadvantage through which Christianity has suffered in the East is that it has been introduced and propagated by foreigners, so that the natural resentment against outside interference has extended to include hatred of the religion itself. If, therefore, the Japanese desire that these foreign evangelizing agencies shall be removed, to be replaced by others conducted by themselves, would not the gratification of their desire tend to the removal of one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of Christianity in that country and in the East generally?

He Came First.

Miss Findesiecle—The selfishness of you sex is apparent. We are constantly hearing of prehistoric man, but nobody ever mentions prehistoric woman.

Mr. Meanitall—Yes they do. Prehistoric woman was man, anyway.

What She Meant.

He—I wonder what she meant by telling me she could never marry a man.

She—Perhaps she said it to encourage you.

Miss Townsend—"Do you find much difficulty in keeping help here?" Mrs. Suburb—"Indeed, yes. It is next to impossible to keep a girl more than a week." Miss Townsend—"Why is that—too far from the city?" Mrs. Suburb—"Oh, no, I think not; but you see we have only one policeman in the town, and he's married."

Bixby—"What idiots girls are when they imitate men!" Marie (flattered)—"Do you think so? That proves how excellent the imitation is."

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA

FORTY-ONE YEARS SINCE THE GREAT BATTLE WAS FOUGHT.

The First Decisive Blow Struck in the Crimean War—Numbers of the Troops Taking Part in the Battle—Hardships Undergone by British Troops.

On the 20th day of September, 1854, was fought one of the historic battles of the world. The English, French and Turkish armies moved out of their first encampment in the Crimea on 19th September, and bivouacked for the night on the left bank of the Bulganac. The Russians (commanded by Prince Menschikoff), mustering 40,000 infantry, had 180 field pieces on the heights, and on the morning of the 20th of September were joined by 6,000 cavalry from Kaffa. The English forces, under Lord Raglan, consisted of 26,000 men; the French of 24,000, under Marshal St. Arnaud. At 12 o'clock the signal to advance was made; the River Alma was crossed, while Prince Napoleon took possession of the village under the fire of the Russian batteries. At 4 o'clock after a sanguinary fight, the allies were completely victorious. The enemy, utterly routed, threw away their arms and knapsacks, in their flight, having lost about 5,000 men, of whom 900 were made prisoners. The loss of the British was 26 officers and 327 men killed, and 73 officers and 1,539 men wounded; that of the French, 3 officers and 233 men killed, and 54 officers and 1,033 men wounded. Total loss of the allies about 3,400.

STORY BY VETERANS.

There are in Toronto at least two veterans who were through the Crimean war from first to last. One of them served in the ranks of the 42nd Highlanders—the celebrated "Black Watch." The other was in the 93rd Highlanders. Both said that the return of the anniversary brought

VIVID MEMORIES TO THEIR MINDS,

and they tell the following story:—We served throughout the Crimean war from 14th September, 1854, till June, 1856, in the Highland Brigade, under that dashing officer, Sir Colin Campbell. We have to say that that brigade had the respect of the whole allied army, and of the Russians, too, after peace was signed, when a number of the men got passes, and went into the Russian lines, besides having our huts full of Russians, who came to see us.

We landed at Old Fort at about one o'clock, and formed line along with the brigade of guards, marched about a mile inland from the beach, and were ordered to lie down with our knapsacks on our backs, and great coats rolled across our shoulders. We were told not to light a fire, or match, or light a pipe. We were in the front line. About dusk a storm came on, and the rain fell in torrents and of course we got wet through to the skin. In the morning you could wring the water out of our kilts by bucket fulls. The sun came out about eight o'clock, and we got the order, after it was seen that there was no Russian army in sight, to strip, and get bonnets, coats and kilts dried. It was a sight to see the men cutting about in all directions like maniacs, with the speed of racehorses, and nothing but their shirts on, but ultimately we felt fairly warm and dry. There was no wood to be got to light a fire, and the water was brackish and unpalatable. In the afternoon of that day they brought ashore three tents—bell-shaped. The men of each company tossed up as to who should go into the tents, but they only held eighteen to twenty men each, and most of us spent another night in the open. About midnight the picquets began firing. The shouts and bugles sounded,

"STAND TO YOUR ARMS!"

and all over the British and French camps we began to fall in. All the men who were lying outside were up like a shot, but some of those in the tents were in a bad fix, for the heavy dew had shrunk the tents up so tight that they could not get the flaps opened, and one of the tents was lifted up bodily, pole and all, and out came the occupants, scrambling over each other in their eagerness to get to their places in their company. Nothing came of the scurry on this occasion, as a mistake had been made by some of the French sentries. We lay in that place until the 18th September, wondering where the tents had got to. A number of us fell sick on account of the brackish water, but there was a wonderful reluctance on the part of the men to going on the sick list; they would go with their comrades at all hazards or die in the attempt. On the morning of the 19th we all fell in by regiments, and all of us looked with confidence to our brigadier, with all his medals on his breast. "Condie" we called him. Then the Highland brigade consisting of the 42nd, 93rd, 79th regiments, got the order to fix bayonets, shoulder arms, and quick march. We went about a quarter of a mile, and took up our position alongside of the brigade of guards, with two batteries of artillery between us. The other sections of the army came up, and to the sound of our numerous bands, that seemed to fill the air with martial noise, the whole column moved forward. One of the things that remains on our memory is that before us, riding on horseback by the side of her husband was Lady Errol, the wife of Captain Lord Errol. About four o'clock we came in sight of the Russian outposts at a small river (the Bulganac). The artillery opened fire in front, with the light cavalry supporting them. The allied armies halted, and this went on for some time, and then the Russians retired, and we all lay down for the night, with a strong line of picquets out front and rear.

THE DAY OF ALMA.

On the morning of the 20th we stood to our arms just before daybreak. When the daylight revealed nothing but the Russian outposts we lighted fires with withered grass and cowdung, and made tea and coffee. This with buscuits and boiled pork was our breakfast—the last for many of us, as it turned out. The colour-sergeants called the rolls of their companies, and by the way the same thing was done on the heights of the Alma, after the fighting. About 9 o'clock the armies began the march with the Russian outposts retiring before us in front of the Rifle brigade. The day was bright and warm, you could see the Alma hills in the distance, with the Russians marching to take up their positions. When we were within about three miles from the hills both armies halted, and we got the order "Load with ball." (A good many of us had only been used to "blank.") Then we got the left turns by brigades. Our brigade marched a good mile to the left before we formed line on the Guards.

By this time on the right, next the sea under cover of the small cruisers, the French were ascending the heights. The whole of the British army were lying down in line in the following order:—Rifle Brigade, skirmishing order; first line, light division in line; second line, second division in line next to French, first division, next second division, all one line about three miles in length, third and fourth divisions, behind in columns. The light division left brigade was in front of our brigade. Then we all got the order by divisions to advance, and going over the plain we could see our posts stuck in the ground for the different

RANGES OF THEIR GUNS.

When the rifle brigade got under fire we could see Lady Errol shaking hands with her husband, Capt. Lord Errol and retiring by hereself, looking around every short time to see him advancing nearer the Russians. She came back and passed through our brigade going to the rear, we saw her bow to our men when she passed. She could not have passed long before the word passed along from some of the Rifle brigade who were lying wounded that her husband was shot. The descent to the river was a dreadful hot place, all kind of shot we got, but as luck happened it all went over our heads, and our brigadier seemed to be in his glory. He was flying about with his sword in his hand saying "Keep up your heads there," for it was on this side of the river that a number of the light division threw away their shakos, knapsacks, and camp kettles. However, with the exception of one of our men, who got the straps of his knapsack shot off, we lost nothing at this point. We advanced up the Alma hill nearly at double. Half way up we passed through the ranks of one brigade of the light division. On the top of the hill our brigadier's horse was shot under him, but he was soon up again, swung his sword round his head and said "Men, I am all right." The rapid way he took the brigade up the heights was the means of carrying it. Next day the sight of the wounded was something awful. The surgeons were going about the field with their knives in their hands, cutting off arms and legs, and as no chloroform was used the resolution of the men in not crying out was very remarkable. We spent three days at the Alma burying the dead.

FALL FUN.

Passenger—"That fellow back there is raising a great row because he has to stand." Conductor—"Yes; he's riding on a pass."

"Why, Mr. Councillor, you are trying to open the front door with your cigar." "Really, now! I wonder if I've been smoking the latch key?"

"Miss Passe indulged in somewhat withering sarcasm when she was talking of you." "It is her privilege, poor thing. She is somewhat withering herself."

"Papa, where are the most diamonds found?" asked Willie. "In somebody else's hand when they are trumps," growled papa, who'd been having hard luck at whist.

"Oh would I were a glove upon that hand!"
He quoted softly, as her face he scanned,
"I wish you were," she answered, "for you see,
You'd be of some real value, then, to me!"

"Yes," said the business man to the clergyman, "I've lost a good deal of time in my life." "By frittering it away, I suppose?" "No, by being punctual to my appointments."

"If dere's any invention dat I have a profound respeck for," said Movealoug Mike, it's de tounting-pen." "Whut's de reason?" inquired Plodding Pete. "Dey never works."

Put away the blythe straw hat—let
And the trouserooms of duck.
Soon we'll don our winter ulster—
That is, if we are in luck.

"What was the most confusing case you ever had?" asked the doctor of the lawyer. "Case o'champagne," returned the lawyer. "I hadn't got half through it before I was all muddled up."

"Ah, but it's his good record that stands in his way." "How?" He has foolishly always made it a point to pay cash for everything, and consequently he hasn't the least bit of credit."

Hazel—"I have one of the nicest dentists you ever saw." Nutte—"In what way?" Hazel—"Why, he pulled out the wrong tooth the other day and wouldn't charge me a cent for it."

Maud—at the ball game—"Now, tell me. How is that man out?" Ned—an expert—"He struck out. That's what they call it." Maud—"How stupid to call it that! Why he never struck the ball once."

"If you have anything to say, why don't you say it, and be done with it?" "I never cast my pearls before swine." "Well, I don't know as I can blame you; it would be an insult to the swine."

"Johnny is learning to be a stationary engineer." "Is he learning fast?" "I should say so; when he quit work last night his face was grimy as a stovepipe and he had machine oil all over his clothes!"

"I wonder," said Tommy, who had been reading the poem about the Arab who refused a purse of gold for his beloved steed, "I wonder what he would have did if they had offered to trade 'im a bysickle."

"There's money in stocks," said the man who is young and enthusiastic. "Yes," replied his seasoned friend, "I'm sure there is. I have been putting half my salary there for the last four years, and it's all there yet."

In the Alps—On reaching a certain spot the driver turned round on his seat and observed to the passengers: "From this point the road is only accessible to mules and donkeys; I must therefore ask the gentlemen to get out and proceed on foot."

Too Busy for Civility.

Pleasant Citizen—Good morning, doctor; how's your health?

Dr. Capsule (very busy)—Do you want a professional opinion?

Er—I don't under—

I'd have to charge you for it if you do.

Whipsawing a Bore.

Man—I want your opinion in a matter. Would you advise me to borrow ten dollars to help me out of a tight place?

Lawyer—By all means.

Man—Very good. Lend me ten.

Lawyer—That's all right. My fee for legal advice is ten dollars and we'll just call it square.

AGRICULTURAL.

About Milking.

If there is any one thing that requires the dairyman's personal attention more than any other it is milking writes O. J. Vine. More good cows are spoiled every year by careless milking than any other way. A very little milk left in the udder at each milking will cause the best cow to decrease, and eventually to cease milking entirely.

The milking should not only be done thoroughly, but it should be done quickly, and, unless the operator sings, should be done quietly. In Switzerland it is said they pay an extra price to a milker who sings. No loud, boisterous language should be permitted. The cow is a nervous animal, and any undue excitement affects the quantity and quality of the milk unfavorably.

Do not allow persons or dogs to worry the cows. Heifers that have been carefully and kindly handled from calhood to maturity seldom develop into kickers, but occasionally there is one that does. It is always best to determine the cause, if possible, and remove it. The teats may be sore and tender. An application of vaseline, French mixture, or lard, will bring relief. If the udder is inflamed and swollen frequent fomentations of hot water and an application of either of the above named remedies will usually prove effectual.

Another very simple and effectual remedy is to mix enough of the cow's milk with a few handfuls of salt to make a thin paste and anoint the udder four or five times per day. That is our usual remedy. We have had but one case in five years that it did not cure.

With the first calf there is perhaps more danger of the udder being inflamed and tender than at any later period, and will demand closer attention and the greatest care in milking. A cow suffering from any disease of the udder should be milked thoroughly three or four times per day; under no circumstances should the udder be full and distended any length of time.

Kindness, firmness and fearlessness are necessary qualifications in a good milker. One who cannot control his temper or who is afraid of a cow need not expect to become a successful milker. Kindness is not thrown away, even to an animal. I know it sometimes requires a great deal of patience to milk a kicking cow, but if a person is determined he can control himself under almost any circumstances. Occasionally a cow will persist in kicking in spite of all precautions. For such I use a light rope, with a hook at one end and a short chain at the other. Put it around the cow just in front of the udder; draw real tight, and hook in the chain. She can scarcely lift her feet, and it causes her no pain unless she tries to kick. Sometimes the difficulty is caused by a change of surroundings, from one farm to another, or a change of milkers. Never change milkers if it can be avoided. With some cows it makes little difference; others will not stand at all for a strange person.

Last fall I purchased a fine Guernsey heifer for $20 that had become spoiled in milking. When she freshened she stood well until she found the hired man was afraid of her, when she kicked so terribly that we were obliged to put the calf to her again. The calf had been allowed to do the milking until four or five days which I knew was a mistake, but it occurred while I was away from home. I always despaired of "reclaiming" that cow for the dairy, but at the end of six months weaned the calf, and strange to say, had very little difficulty in training her. She is as quiet and gentle now as any in the herd and bids fair to be an extra butter cow. She is giving now, eight months after freshening, about 2½ gallons of 7 per cent. milk per day. On account of the difficulty in milking her, the former owner allowed her to go dry about April 15, '95. She will not freshen until January 15, '96. Her performance has disproved the old theory that if a heifer does not continue long in milk she will be of little value to the dairy.

The best time to wean a calf is when only one day old; then there is little difficulty in teaching it to drink, and the cow will not fret and worry as much then as later. If the calf is intended for the butcher at four weeks old it should not be allowed to run with its dam continually. A cow should be milked at regular intervals, which would not be the case if the calf was with her at all times. I am satisfied it would be better for the cow to milk her and feed the whole milk to the calf. A calf will persist in butting, and it is certainly is injurious to the cow.

Selecting the Best.

Looks do not comprise all that is desirable in a domestic animal. The successful breeder does not always select the model creature for his breeding foundation, especially in case of the females.

A heifer or a gilt by a very compact sire, but of a less compact composition, possessing length of body, width and depth in a good degree, is, though not so symmetrical in form usually a more practical breeding animal, than the one that is more than ordinarily compact in build.

So in selecting the best for service, it is desirable to take into account expected results, as well as the ancestry of both sides in the mating of a pair. However, if both animals to be mated are compact and blocky in an unusual degree, there is reasonable expectation from the produce if the parentage in the first and second generation exhibit less of the compact form.

The tendency to "breed back" is usually sufficient to guard against lack of due length and ill proportions in form from the intensified tendency following the crossing of block upon block.

Few breeders, however, have enough of length in their herds combined with level backs and straight lines. With an uneven lot of broken lines and ill shapes in the brood sows, the problem of length in the sire to be crossed upon them is uncertain of solution.

The buyer ordering by mail should always advise the breeder of whom he expects to purchase as to the style of his stock to be mated with a sire, and should insist on a description of the sire and dam of the animal to be bought, whether male or female.

Where one has as many as a dozen females be they cows, sows or ewes, either more than one sire is desirable or a male, or else great care should attend the selection of the one sire for a herd. No mail order is likely to be satisfactory in obtaining such an animal as would prove the good average sire for a whole herd.

The paternity of a dozen calves, of fifty lambs or pigs deserves thought, and involves expense if attended to aright. There is cost to count and to be incurred in all enterprises where results are of worth.

The cost of the right way of breeding is best a title of the damage resulting from a mistaken course. A few days' time and a few dollars in travelling expenses are often a judicious investment.

When a breeder fails to get, by mail order, the desired sire for his herd it is the worst folly to proceed to use such an "ill match" in his requirements. All things considered one must be vigilant in the breeding business every month in the year, in thought as well as in action.

BLIND LYSANDER WRIGHT

HIS WONDERFUL SKILL IN FANCY WOODWORK.

Toys, Frames, Boat Models, and Ornaments Turned Off by a Hand Not Guarded by Sight—The Builder of the First Propeller Steam Launch in the Country.

One of the most remarkable men in Newark, N. J., is Lysander Wright, Sr. He is 70 years old and has been totally blind for eight or ten years. Now his only diversion is fancy woodwork, and a part of it includes the running of a small circular saw with which he rips, cross cuts, mitres, and reslits the light lumber that he uses in making boxes, toy houses and picture frames. If it was merely a foot power buzz saw his operation of it would be remarkable enough, but it is run by steam power at a speed of 2,500 revolutions a minute. The power comes from the machine shop of his son, Lysander Wright, Jr., and the saw is connected with a variable speed attachment controlled by a lever.

The workshop of the old man is decorated with hundreds of ingenious specimens of his craft in the form of boat models fancy workboxes, little log cabins, cigar sets, ash receivers, and odds and ends. Everything he makes is as accurately balanced as if constructed by a skilled mechanic having full use of his eyes. Of necessity he adopts novel methods of decoration in his fancy woodwork, but he

SELDOM MAKES AN ERROR

of a thirty-second of an inch in spacing. He fits hinges, locks, and handles to his boxes as neatly as could be done by a cabinet-maker. It puzzles everybody to understand how he is able to drive the small screws used in the work. Laboring entirely in the dark, the old man glues, nails, or screws as the case may require, making his fingers take the place of eyes. Sandpaper is one of the most faithful servants, and he uses it with marvellous skill.

Wright's use of the buzz saw is the most astounding thing, and people who know about it wonder that his son has not interfered. The old man is extremely careful and methodical, however, and there is less danger than one would imagine. The saw runs noiselessly, and Mr. Wright invariably feels for it with an old walking stick which he keeps in his den and uses in moving about the place. He is constantly tapping with his cane as he goes around, although he knows within an inch the location of everything in the room. When he approaches the saw table, and is in doubt about the condition of the saw, he has his safe way of ascertaining instantly whether it is running or not. If it is in motion, he loses perhaps a quarter of an inch from the end of his cane. If it is still, he knows how to start it; furthermore, he knows its exact position to the fraction of an inch. He changes saws on the mandrel quite deftly, and if one is dull, takes it to a vise of his own construction and files the teeth with accuracy. In all the time he has been using this saw table he has not lost so much as

A BIT OF SKIN

or the tip of a finger nail. In constructing a box, he puts it all together—nailing and screwing the bottom and top to the sides. Then he sets his saw and cuts all around the box making a close fitting lid. He makes neatly fitted trays to go inside and embellishes the outside with fancy brass or woodwork.

The saw plays an important part in getting out the details of ornamentation from bits of moulding, strips of wood of various kinds and colors, and turned rods. Small panels of mahogany are fitted into black walnut, and Mr. Wright seems to have an extraordinary sense of feeling by which he can distinguish one wood from another, although usually he is guided by the shape and size of the pieces. His finger measurements are exact when he spaces the ornaments, although in some cases he resorts to the use of a steel rule and dividers or on ordinary compasses. He uses chisels, planes, squares, and bevels, and other wood working tools with nicety, keeping them always in good condition.

Mr. Wright did not do much wood work when he had the use of his eyes. He was a machinist, one of the pioneers in his trade in Newark. He took great interest in boats and built and owned the first steam launch with a screw propellor in the country. He also made many improvements in yacht engines and screws. His pride was the steam yacht Duplex, which is still on the Passaic. It was the first boat built with two boilers and engines and a single screw. His two sons have made reputations as builders of yacht engines and special machinery for boats.

Tit for Tat.

In a Parisian omnibus, an ill-bred male passenger made a grimace when a very stout old lady got in.

Hippopotamus! he exclaimed under his breath, but so loud that the old lady heard him.

Sir, she said, you know an omnibus is like Noah's ark; it takes in all the animals—even donkeys!

Biblical Piano Playing.

Miss Fosdick—Blanche Trivvet plays the piano on the scriptural plan.

Miss Gaskett—I never heard of the scriptural plan of piano-playing. What do you mean?

Miss Fosdick—She never lets her left hand know what her right hand is doing.

Last year the deposits in the saving banks of Massachusetts increased by nearly $17,000,000 over the previous year. This was in a time of depression.

QUEER THINGS IN EUROPE.

ODD HAPPENINGS THAT HAVE RECENTLY OCCURRED.

A Mahometan Temple in Paris—Switzerland's Suicides—Householder and Organ Grinder—King Humbert's Private Fortune—Emperor William and the Reporter—Dynamite Scare in Europe—Another Russian Famine, etc., etc.

The State tobacco monopoly puts $75,000,000 into the French Treasury annually.

The Sultan of Turkey has contributed $100,000 towards the erection of a mosque, a Mahometan temple, at Paris.

The English press calls the trashy cheap novels which pervert and inflame the minds of so many boys, "penny snickers."

Switzerland, with a population of 3,000,000, averages 650 suicides annually. Only Denmark and Saxony make a more extensive use of what is supposed to be the right to die.

A London magistrate has decreed that a householder cannot interfere with an organ grinder unless he is disturbed in his business, has sickness in his house, or is affected in his health by the sounds of the organ.

The Duke of York has sold his collection of postage stamps to one of the Rothschilds. The price is not known, but must be considerable, since the Duke had $300,000 insurance on the collection.

At Rosenweller, Alsace, a young girl was sentenced to four weeks' imprisonment for mailing a letter bearing a cancelled postage stamp. She appealed, and finally obtained a verdict in her favor—because she proved that she had not written the letter.

A red-polled cow at Whittlingham, Eng., has yielded milk continuously since she ceased calving, five years ago, her record being 13,734 quarts of milk of the first quality. No other case like this is known.

Every soldier knows that a horse will not step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order in the British cavalry if a trooper becomes dismounted he must lie still. If he does this the whole squadron will pass over him without doing him injury.

The Velo makes announcement of an important tricycle race shortly to be held in the velodrome at Lyons, France, between Baroness Emma von Sattender and Miss Amy Ewer. The victorious maiden will win the hand of a German millionaire, Albert Meller.

Bordeaux wine is very cheap in Europe sometimes. At present the owner of a large vineyard near Bordeaux is sending out circulars in which he offers to send cases of 300 bottles of two-year-old wine, freight paid to any town, even in Switzerland, for 130 francs. That means Bordeaux at about eight cents a bottle.

King Humbert of Italy has a private fortune of $30,000,000. The whole of this snug sum is deposited with the Rothschilds at London. The King is a very sensible man, sensible also to the tottering of his throne, and he evidently means to save, if not his kingdom, at least his cash.

The Vossische Zeitung says that at least ten women in Paris have official permission to wear male garb. One of these is Rosa Bonheur, the well-known painter; another is the proprietor of a printing office; another is a bearded woman; the rest are painters and women afflicted with bodily ailments or malformations.

According to the Zouricher Post, hydrophobia is sometimes introduced into Switzerland by foxes and wolves coming down, in severe winters, from the mountains of eastern France, attacking dogs and other animals, and infecting them with the venom of the terrible disease.

Russian philanthropists purpose that fresh blood from the abattoirs be used in the preparation of bread, crackers, sausages, &c. Fresh blood contains much bitumen and can be obtained at nominal cost.

Emperor William II. of Germany is the foe of the reporter. Lately, during the manœuvres near Lippe, he espied a reporter, rode up to him, demanded to see his permit, and then ordered him off the field, remarking that he "will not permit criticism."

The deaths always outnumber the births in France. Since the beginning of this century the percentage of childless couples has increased from 5 to 10. The doctors seem agreed that this is generally due to gout, maybe the gout of ancestors living too will one hundred and more years ago.

There is just cause for a dynamite scare in Europe just now. Bombs are found in various localities. A most devilish attempt was made to wreck a steamer ready to leave Fiume, Austria, for Ancona. One of the stokers happened to find among the coal a large bundle of dynamite cartridges, and thereby prevented the total annihilation of the vessel.

The frog hunt is now prohibited by law in Belgium. The Belgian hunters, however, continue their amphibious occupation in near by Holland, and from Sas-van-Gent have sent in one half day as many as 20,000 frogs' legs to Paris lately. These delicacies bring four to five cents apiece, and some of the hunters find the calling very remunerative.

At Penkuhl, a small village in Prussia, a farmer died last March. Since then one of his sons has been sickly, and somehow a rumor was started that the dead man would not rest until he had drawn nine members of the family also into the grave. To "conjure" the spell a near relative must open the grave and decapitate the corpse. Accordingly the sick son, armed with a spade, went to the cemetery, exhumed his father's body and cut off his head.

Immense Terrestrial Globe.

Four leading French scientists—Villard, Cotard, Seyrig and Tissandier—have succeeded in making a wonderful model of the earth. It is a huge sphere, 42 feet in diameter, and has painted upon its outside all details of the earth's geography. At Paris, where the pygmy world is being exhibited, an iron and glass dome has been erected over the globe. The building is eight-sided, and is well provided with elevators and stairways, which make it an easy task for the visitor to examine "all parts of the world." The globe weighs eighteen tons, but is so nicely balanced that it can easily be rotated by a small hand wheel. The entire surface area is 525 feet, which is sufficient to exhibit all the mountains, rivers, islands and cities, even to the principal thoroughfares of the latter.

Homeless.

Judge—Where do you live when at home young man?

Culprit—I have no home, your honor.

Judge—Then where did you sleep last night?

Culprit—At my boarding house.

CHRISTMAS IN A MINING CAMP.

A Correspondent Tells How the Festive Season was Spent at Trout Lake.

Knowing how interested most of your readers are in Trout Lake City and the inhabitants thereof I thought they would be pleased to know how we spent Xmas and New Year. Xmas was to many of the boys a very hard one, they being in the mountains breaking trail for rawhiding and sleeping under single blankets. The more fortunate spent a jolly time, which was made most pleasant by the kindness of Messrs Abrahamson Bros. and Geo. Bourke in providing the good things of life in plenty.

New Year's eve welcomed back a number of the boys from the mountains and their advent was the signal for an allround good time. At 11.30 p.m. it was agreed to visit the residence of the mayor of Trout Lake, Mr. John Knowles, as a surprise party. On arrival we found His Worship ready to welcome us right royally. After the usual greetings, toasts and speeches were given in variety, which I am sorry I cannot give as it would take up too much space. Three hours being spent most delightfully in this way we adjourned to Bourke's hotel where a sumptuous supper was provided by the proprietor. After supper our host's health was proposed and received by acclamation. This was the moment when many of the boys took the floor and kept up the dance until dawn. At 10.30 a.m., New Year's day, the waiter with a trayfull of eye-openers appeared in the bedroom. This was to the point, and brought us out of bed.

Another agreeable surprise awaited us. Messrs. Abrahamson Bros. had arranged a dinner and invited all to the feast. The mayor was voted to the chair and justice was done to an elaborate menu of ten courses which included everything an educated palate could desire, from oyster soup to French coffee. After removing the cloth the following toasts were given: The Queen, by the Chairman, admist loud applause and the popping of champagne corks, and the whole company rising and singing "God Save the Queen"; The Royal Family and Our Canada, responded to by Mr. Snell and the singing of "God Bless the Prince of Wales"; Wives and Sweethearts, by the Chairman; Commercial Interests, proposed by J. Atkinson in a neat speech, and ably responded to by F. Campbell, N. Abrahamson and Geo. Bourke; Mining Interests, proposed by F. Campbell and responded to by J. H. Johnston, J. Knowles and T. R. Davey. General toasts to all present, by all present, and Our Hosts, brought a most enjoyable five hours to a close.

Good fellowship exists in the camp and the one prevailing feeling is to help make the camp actually what it is in name, a great producer of the hidden mineral wealth. With the mines at work during the winter and a good start for the others in early spring, this should be done, and we wish them, as we wish you, Mr. Editor, and your readers, success, and a happy and prosperous New Year.

TROUT LAKE.

Trout Lake City, Jan. 6.

Local and Personal Briefs.

Guy Barber left for the east Tuesday morning. He intends to be gone about two months and will visit Winnipeg and St. Paul before returning.

Ice in the river prevented the Nakusp making connections for the regular trip last Wednesday and as a result the hotels have had about all the guests they could accommodate, who are awaiting an opportunity to get down to Southern Kootenay.

Some of the unemployed in the lower town have been exercising their surplus energy this week in clearing the ice on the river for skating purposes, but the very severe weather of the past few days has caused them to cease for the time being.

Persons having occasion to visit the post office store will find it necessary to be circumspect in their actions in future or they may regret neglecting this caution. This has been occasioned by the extraordinary precautions taken by the assistant postmaster to guard against a repetition of Monday night's occurrence. He now wears a danger signal in one eye and is a perfect walking arsenal.

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.

PROVINCIAL SERETARY'S OFFICE.

6th December, 1895.

THE following definition of the Trout Lake and Ainsworth Mining Divisions of the West Kootenay District is substituted for the description of the said divisions published in the British Columbia Gazette of the 15th March, 1894:—

WEST KOOTENAY DISTRICT.

3. TROUT LAKE MINING DIVISION.—Commencing at a point on the eastern boundary of West Kootenay District; thence west along the southern boundary of the Illecillewaet Mining Division to the eastern boundary of the Lardeau Mining Division; thence southerly along the eastern boundary of the Lardeau Mining Division to its junction with the Slocan Division; thence easterly along the northern boundary of the Ainsworth Mining Division to the Lardeau River; thence northeasterly to the eastern boundary of West Kootenay District (crossing the Duncan River at a point to include the southern water-sheds of the Cameron or Hall Creek, and East Creek); thence following the eastern boundary of West Kootenay District to the point of commencement.

8. AINSWORTH MINING DIVISION.—To include all the country on the rivers, streams and tributaries thereof, flowing into Kootenay Lake north of Goat River Mining Division, except those portions of the Lardeau and Duncan Rivers included in the Trout Lake Mining Division.

By Command.
JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary.

36-2t

Private Bill Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session for an act to incorporate a company for the purpose of constructing, operating and working deep tunnels, drifts, or shafts for the purpose of exploring for, discovering, working, getting, acquiring and recovering minerals situate in blind veins, ledges or lodes in the Districts of East and west Kootenay, Yale and Cariboo, in the Province of British Columbia, and for entering upon and acquiring lands for such purposes, and for collecting tolls for the use of such tunnels or workings by any other persons or companies engaged in mining and for acquiring such water powers or privileges as may be necessary or convenient therefor, together with such other powers or privileges, rights or incidents, as may be necessary for or incidental or conducive to the attainment of the foregoing objects or any of them.

A. E. HUMPHREYS,
37-6t Applicant.

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

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.

AGENT WANTED

A Live, Hustling Money-Maker
TO SELL
"HIDDEN MINES AND HOW TO FIND THEM"
- - - By Thos. W. Newman - - -

THE BEST AND FASTEST SELLING BOOK on **Mines, Metals and Ores** on the market. Liberal terms to good man in your section. This book tells how to find, test, open and work or sell all kinds of mines and describes every **Ore, Mineral, Gem and Precious Stone** of commercial value. Hundreds selling in British Columbia. You can sell a thousand copies right at home. Price by mail free, cloth, $1.50; leather, $2.00. Send us your address or order from.

THE M. ROGERS PUB. CO.,
54 Yonge St., Toronto

E. L. Kinman, watch specialist, etc., is in charge of the jewellery store during the absence from town of Mr. Barber, the proprietor. He is prepared to treat any ailment with which your time-piece may be afflicted and will always be found at the store when not elsewhere.

This week Zera Semon is making a three nights' stand at Bourne's Hall, giving an exhibition of slight-of hand and kindred arts. He is assisted by his son Lawrence, who renders one of the most "taking" portions of the programme, and a young lady accompanist.

The Carlton Company of Players put in three nights here last week, playing Destiny, Hazel Kirke and Ole Olson. The company comprise eight people, two of whom are actors, Eugene Kay and Jed Carlton, the three female performers showed themselves fair actresses and the balance of the company are sticks. Each performance was very well patronized and the company succeeded in winning not only the dollars but also the appreciation of their patrons.

(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,
35-4t Provincial Secretary.

Nakusp & Slocan Railway Company

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a plan, profile and book of reference of the branch line of this railway from Three Forks to Sandon, examined and certified under section 125 of the Railway Act of 1888 by the Deputy of the Minister of Railways and Canals, on 11th December, 1895, was deposited at the Land Registry Office at Victoria on the 20th day of December instant.

A. J. WEAVER BRIDJMAN,
Victoria, B.C. Secretary.
December 20th, 1895. 37-4t

Nakusp & Slocan Railway Company

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a revised location plan, profile and book of reference of a portion of the branch line of this Railway from Three Forks to Sandon, examined and certified under section 130 of the Railway Act of 1888 by the Deputy of the Minister of Railways and Canals on the 12th December, 1895, was deposited in the Land Registry office at Victoria on the 21st December, inst.

A. J. WEAVER BRIDJMAN,
Victoria, B.C., Secretary.
December 21st, 1895. 37-4t

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 Petersonl 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. 35-4t

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
Official Administrator.

PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS
COPYRIGHTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of Information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. $3 a year. Sample copies sent free.

Building Edition, monthly, $2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 B'DWAY.

Bourne Bros.
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

CREAMERY BUTTER
—IN—
1 lb. Prints, 5 lb. and 10 lb. Tins, and Tubs.

Our advice to those about to marry, is:—
-- DONT --
But if you MUST marry; why
GO TO
the Post Office store and buy your outfit there. A complete stock of Gents Furnishings always on hand. Shirts, Shoes and Suits a specialty.
GILKER & WELLS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
THE
BEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE
TO AND FROM
All Eastern Points.

Through First Class Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleeping Cars to St. Paul, Montreal and Toronto without change.

REVELSTOKE TIME TABLE.
Atlantic Express arrives 9:15 daily.
Pacific " 16:25

For full information as to rates, time, etc., apply to

I. T. Brewster,
Agent, Revelstoke.

GEO. McL. BROWN,
District Passenger Agent, Vancouver, B.C.

Trains leaving Revelstoke on Sundays, Mondays and Thursdays make connections with the Palatial Steamers "Manitoba," "Athabasca" and "Alberta," which leave Fort William for Owen Sound every Sunday and Thursday, and for Windsor and Sarnia every Wednesday.

Columbia & Kootenay Steam Navigation Co. LTD.

PASSENGERS FOR
Hall's Landing,
Hot Springs,
Nakusp, Three Forks
Nelson, and Slocan Points,
Kootenay Lake Points,
Trail Creek, Rossland,
Northport and Spokane
—SHOULD TAKE THE—
STEAMER NAKUSP
Leaves Wigwam for Nakusp and Robson, Mondays and Thursdays at 7 p.m.
Leaves Robson for Nakusp, Wigwam and Canadian Pacific Railway points (east and west) on Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 p.m.
Connection is made at Robson with C. & K. Ry for Nelson and with steamer "Lytton" for Trail Creek and Northport.

For local time card of the Company's steamers on Kootenay Lake apply to the purser on board.

For full information as to tickets, rates, etc., apply to T. Allan, Secretary, Nelson, B.C.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.
ROYAL MAIL LINES.
CHEAPEST route to the OLD COUNTRY.
Proposed Sailings from Montreal.
ALLAN LINE.
PARISIAN ..... Nov. 9
MONGOLIAN ..... " 16
DOMINION LINE.
MARIPOSA ..... Oct. 26
VANCOUVER ..... Nov. 16
BEAVER LINE.
LAKE WINNIPEG ..... Nov. 13
LAKE ONTARIO ..... " 20
Cabin $45, $50, $60, $70, $80 and upwards.
Intermediate $30; Steerage $20.

Passengers ticketed through to all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and at specially low rates to all parts of the European continent.

Apply to nearest steamship or railway agent, to

I. T. BREWSTER, Agent, Revelstoke,
or to ROBERT KERR, Gen. Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

DON'T DO IT!

Don't buy goods where you have to pay for other people's bad debts. I am going out of the credit business and am AFTER THE CASH, so bring your purse and get 60c. Cashmere for 40c. Double width Dressgoods for 30c. 70 inch Flannel for 75c. Men's All Wool Under Suits at $1.25. These are only some of our SNAPS so call and see our goods and prices.

H. N. COURSIER.

T. L. HAIG,
NOTARY PUBLIC - - REVELSTOKE, B.C.
Mining and Real Estate Broker and General Commission Agent.
FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
Representative of the Kootenay Smelting & Trading Syndicate.
AGENT FOR TROUT LAKE CITY, EVANSPORT, KASLO & NAKUSP.

Established 1877. CAPITAL, $500,000. Incorporated 1893.
SHIP US YOUR
Furs, Hides, Pelts, Wool

Goods bought right out; no commission charged.
Fair selection, immediate returns.
Shipping tags furnished free upon request.
There is NO DUTY on Furs or any other goods we handle.
Write for Circular giving Shipping Directions and LATEST MARKET PRICES.

Jas. McMillan & Co.
INCORPORATED
MAIN HOUSE: 200-212 First Ave. North, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
BRANCHES:
HELENA, MONT. Cooke & Bozeman Sts. | CHICAGO, ILL. | VICTORIA, B. C. 55 Wharf St. | WINNIPEG, MAN. 234 King St.

JOB WORK
OF ALL KINDS AT THE MAIL OFFICE