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The Kootenay Mail.

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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. CHAGE, 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. O. LEWIS, Sec.

Loyal Orange Lodge No. 1653.
Regular meetings are held in the Odd Fellows' Hall on the second and fourth Wednesday's of each month at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.
E. ADAIR, W.M. J. I. WOODROW, Rec. Secy.

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NAVIGATION.

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WILL RUN BETWEEN
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Stopping at LARDEAU, THOMSON'S LANDING and HALCYON HOT SPRINGS during the Season of 1895.
Leaving Revelstoke Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 a.m.
Leaving Nakusp Mondays and Thursdays at 7 a.m.
The above dates are subject to change without notice.
ROBERT SANDERSON.

The Steamer Arrow
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TOWN WHARF, REVELSTOKE,
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 9 a.m.
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For local time card of the Company's steamers on Kootenay Lake apply to the purser on board.
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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
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The Kootenay Mail

THE stampede of the British elector still continues, and the liberals are hopelessly buried by the avalanche of ballots. The latest returns give the government 394 against the total opposition of 232.

THE expenditure of this year's provincial appropriations in this section of the North Riding, both as regards quality and quantity of work done, demonstrates the fact that it pays to have a good executive head who is untrammeled in his choice of subordinates.

THE provincial government has done much to aid the development of the undoubted mineral wealth of the country, in building roads, trails and bridges, but much remains to be done along this line. Good roads will do more to draw the attention of capitalists to our principal industry than can be done by any other means. Our M.P.P.'s know and appreciate this fact and should lose no opportunity to press it upon the attention of the government.

THERE is a strong feeling of hopeful expectancy prevading the minds of local business men that the gloom of the depression is about to be dispelled and that we are at the dawn of prosperity. With this subject for a theme, "One Who Knows" writes: It is known that the long idle smelter works of the K. S. & T. Co. may—if negotiations now on foot for a long lease of the same are satisfactorily concluded—shortly be put in a condition of effective repair with a view to running the whole plant to its utmost capacity. This matter cannot eventuate too soon for the satisfaction of the people here.

NEWS FROM THE LANDING.

Business Prospects are Brightening—Worried by a Bear.

THOMSON'S LANDING, July 22.—Business in the Lardeau country is steadily improving, and everything points to a revival of interest in this important section of West Kootenay. An evidence of this is that the owners of all the best claims have gone to work with renewed energy, thus showing their continued faith in the future of the district. As a result of this activity the Trout Lake country will be shipping ore next month.

The pack train between Thomson's and Trout Lake City is now a thing of the past, thanks to the completion of the wagon road, and another important forward step has been made. The whole population turned out to witness the arrival of the first wagon over the new road, of which Chas. Turnross was driver; while Andrew Craig handled the ribbons over the first four-horse team from Thomson's to Trout Lake City. Mr. Craig will ship in a new four-horse team this week.

Joe Bellway met with a very painful accident last week as a result of taking too big chances with a grizzly. Joe was up Fish Creek about 17 miles when he met her bearship accompanied by a cub, and he took a shot at them with a revolver. Then he had to sprint for it and was just climbing a tree when the bear caught him by the foot. In the tussle which ensued, the shoestrings fortunately broke thus releasing his foot, while the bear had to content herself with the shoe. His foot was painfully lacerated as a result of the encounter. W. J. Armstrong sent a horse to pack him down to Lardeau City.

A Syndicate is trying to purchase land at the head of the Arm. The deal will likely be closed in a week or two.

Col. Paton and Lane C. Gilliam left Thomson's, by buckboard, for Trout Lake a couple of days ago.

A. J. Bettles, from Montana, and Hugh McPherson are here. They will make their headquarters north of Trout Lake for several months.

Organizing the Mining Bureau.

Hon. Col. Baker, in his capacity of minister of mines, has caused to be sent out to the various mining recorders throughout the province, circulars requesting them to gather every possible information as to mines and mining operations in their districts. This information will be forwarded through the Gold Commissioners of the districts to Victoria, with samples of ores from the mines, also samples of the rock from the hanging and foot walls. This is the first move towards establishing a Bureau of Mining for the province. A portion of the provincial museum will for the present be set apart for the specimens of ore from the different mines, and the fullest information obtainable as to the nature of the ore, the working of the mine and the geology of the vicinity will be kept on record.

According to a vote of the Toronto school board, last week, the school marms of that town can wear bloomers with their bicycles if they want to.

Seeking Health and Pleasure.

Attached to No. 1 on Wednesday was President Van Horne's private car, Metapedia, which is being used to convey John W. Mackay, C. R. Hosmer, superintendent of C.P.R. telegraph, and E. J. Matthews, a Philadelphia capitalist, across the continent on their way to Alaska.

Yesterday two special tourists parties went through on their way east. One was the Gates tourists, from Toledo, O. They have been through the Yellowstone park and thence up the coast to Portland and Seattle, then to Victoria. The other party was headed by Gen. McGee and are returning from Alaska.

Prof. C. E. Fay, of Lustus College, is at the head of a party of 25 members of the Appalachian Mountain club that started from Boston on Monday in a special car for a trip among the Selkirk mountains. The mountain climbers hope to penetrate parts of the Selkirk region which no white man has trod. Several ladies accompany the expedition.

Heavy Freight Traffic.

The heavy freight traffic between the main line and down river points is giving the navigation company more than they can do. The Kootenay brought up three cars of Alpha ore on Monday and on Thursday the Lytton had one car of Alpha and two from the Slocan Star. On the return trip Monday both the Lytton and Kootenay were loaded to the water line, the former having four and the latter six carloads of merchandise. Thursday the Lytton took down four more carloads and was compelled to leave three cars on the track here.

THE OLD SONOMA.

Another Trout Lake Mine Bonded by Americans.

Hugh McPherson and A. J. Bettles, of Phillipsburg, Mont., have been to Trout Lake looking up mining properties. They came up on the Marion on Tuesday, accompanied by Tom. Edwards and on Wednesday a deal was completed to bond the Old Sonoma, located on the Great Northern lead and owned by Tom. Edwards, Guy Barber and some three or four railroad men. The bond, upon which a cash payment of $1,000 has been made, is to run for ninety days. Work will be commenced immediately, and they expect to ship ore within a month.

Messrs. McPherson and Bettles returned to-day to Lardeau to see the American, which is owned by Edwards and Kinman, and if it suits they will offer to bond it also.

Thinks The Lardeau is All Right.

Geo. D. Scott, of Vancouver, who returned on Thursday after spending six weeks visiting the Lardeau, Slocan, Toad Mountain and Trail Creek districts, says he saw nothing that impressed him more favorably than did the Lardeau as a field for investment.

A. H. Jose, Seattle, speaking of the Lardeau said: "I have been there twice and its wealth of mineral is simply incredible to those who have never visited the district. In many places I saw more ore on the surface than has been taken out of some mines I know of."

A First-Class Entertainment.

Those who patronize the Webling entertainment on Friday evening next at Bourne's Hall, are assured of a rare treat in the amusement line. The young ladies are no amateurs who are "trying it on" in the small towns. They have established reputations as entertainers of a high order of merit in England, and have been praised by such consummate critics as James Russell Lowell and Prof. John Ruskin. The *New York Herald* said of their appearance in that city: "This trio of clever sisters is entirely original and unique. Nothing for a long time has been seen in New York at once so brightly novel, so fresh and so attractive." Another admiring scribe has written of them thus: "The Misses Webling are very pretty girls to begin with, and besides are accomplished actresses and exceedingly graceful dancers."

Miss F. M. Kenrick, a graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, London, is accompanying the Misses Webling as pianist.

The Misses Webling are making the tour to the coast under the management of the Canadian Entertainment Bureau, of Toronto, and the prices of admission are such that the opportunity to hear really first-class artistes is within the reach of all.

The trade returns for the past fiscal year have been issued. The total exports are valued at $110,716,737, a decrease of $4,672,251 compared with the previous year. The imports are valued at $105,557,092, a decrease of $737,470.

FROM BIG BEND TO LARDEAU.

Paragraphed Items of What is Being Done by the Treasure Seekers.

BIG BEND.

A mud slide in the tunnel shuts the Consolation people off from the pay dirt for a few days.

John Caley came down from the Bend yesterday with his pack train.

O. B. Williams brought down $300 worth of nuggets from the Consolation on Tuesday.

J. D. Sibbald started for Smith Creek on Wednesday morning to see the Parks claim in which he is interested.

A bridge is being built across Gold Stream at the Canyon. This will be a great convenience to those on the north side of the river.

Geo. C. Marsh is down from Downie Creek for a few days. He expects to pilot some American capitalists up the Bend the first of next month.

The very heavy wind storm last Wednesday left the Big Bend trail encumbered with fallen timber. Tom. Downs took out a gang to-day to clear it out.

A ferry is required at the mouth of Gold Stream for the accommodation of the three camps on the west side of the Columbia. As it is at present great inconvenience is experienced in getting in supplies.

John Miller, who has been prospecting in the Bend, came down to-day and recorded a gold quartz location in the Ground Hog Basin on McCulloch Creek. He says it is free milling.

R. Bardenburg, C.E., returned from the Bend and went east Wednesday morning. He has been assisting Prof. Nason on the Columbia. This is his first visit to British Columbia and he is enthusiastic about the Big Bend as a hydraulic mining country, with its rich gravel and magnificent water supply, of which any desired head can be obtained. It compares more than favorably with any mining country he has visited heretofore.

A. H. Jose, of Seattle, and J. M. Kellie returned on Thursday from a trip to Carnes creek. Mr. Jose went up to see the Hardpan and some adjacent claims—gold propositions—in which he is interested. He expressed himself as being more than satisfied with the showing. They will do 200 feet of tunnelling this summer and if the development confirms present indications, he says they will have a "good thing."

Prof. Nason, who has been engaged in testing operations for the Columbia Hydraulic Mining Co., for a couple of months past, arrived down from the Bend on Tuesday and returned on Thursday morning. From a conversation with the Professor it would appear that the testing is being done after a carefully, almost elaborately, prepared plan, and of course he did not feel at liberty to anticipate his report thereon by making any statement as to results. He said they had sluiced something over three thousand yards of dirt, but had not yet had a clean up.

LARDEAU.

Y. Yingling has bought a quarter interest in the Victory, on Fish Creek, from Geo. Pollock, for $200.

The people who bonded the Great Northern a couple of weeks ago evidently mean business. They are purchasing pack animals and taking in supplies.

On Thursday Tom. Edwards disposed of his quarter interest in the White Owl, Plated Prince and Silver Tip to Jas. Anderson. The consideration is said to be $5,000.

Mr. Edwards says there are a number of experts looking over the Lardeau, some of whom are there on speculation, while others are in to see particular locations.

The Kootenay Gold, Silver and Copper Mining Co., Montreal, and Toronto capital, which is operating on Sable Creek, have completed the trail to their properties and are now at work on the claims. A contract has been let for a tunnel on the claim located on the south side of the creek, they intend putting in a concentrator this fall.

Putting Their Heads Together.

The special conveying Vice-President Shaughnessy came through yesterday morning at 6 p.m. Supt. Marpole and Mr. J. A. Saseman, the representative of the Consolidated Kansas City Smelting and Refining Co., joined the party here and proceeded east with the official equipage. It is said there will be some big propositions discussed and perhaps some momentous conclusions arrived at as a result of this conference.

MARRIED.

ROWSE-STEPHENS.—At the Methodist Parsonage, July 24th, by the Rev. J. A. Wood, Thomas Rowse, of Three Forks, B.C., to Sarah Stephens, of Virginia City, Nevada.

A NOBLE SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a large, oddly-shaped room into which Basil Penrhyn led his friend, and it was not only oddly-shaped in respect of nooks and angles, but was most oddly-furnished. In the center of the room was a large writing-table with innumerable pigeon-holes, which contained such a vast number of letters that Mr. Inglefield judged that his friend's correspondence must be of enormous extent. But it was not this evidence of a most amazing correspondence which chiefly attracted Mr. Inglefield. Three sides of the room were lined with shelves, and upon these shelves were arranged an extraordinary number of children's toys of almost every possible description.

"Now, Richard, if you wish I will tell you my story."

"I shall be glad to hear it, Basil," said Mr. Inglefield.

"Soon after we returned from our honeymoon tour," Basil Penrhyn continued, "I was, as you know, called abroad, and from that day to this I have never visited my native land; had I done so, I should most certainly have sought you out. We wrote freely and regularly to each other at first, I remember, but gradually our correspondence languished until it ceased entirely. Still, I often thought of you, as I have no doubt, you often thought of me. The duties of my business were very pressing, and the work I had to perform made me a kind of wanderer on the face of the earth, first to one country, then to another, and indeed to almost every country, except old England. At length I found myself in Canada, and it was in Montreal I met the lady who afterward became my wife. Old as I am, I am glad to say that there is still left within me something of the freshness of youth, but I will not weary you with the details of a love affair which must be familiar to you from your own experiences. We truly loved each other, and our union was happy in every respect but one. For fifteen years of wedded life we had no children, and then, to our delight, and wonderment, a little angel's face illumined our home, and was all the more precious because she came late to us. Her name was Dorothy. What was the name of your girl, Richard?"

"Rachel," said Mr. Inglefield, with head cast down.

"Rachel!" said Basil Penrhyn, softly; "your one, your only ewe-lamb! Precious, indeed, must she have been to you, and I know I feel what a deep and holy joy you drew from your daily association with the innocent child. No less precious to us was out darling Dorothy—truly, as her name betokens, a gift of God—Children in a home complete its happiness. I do not say that homes cannot be happy without them, for it is sometimes God's will that wedded life should be childless; but I have always a deep sympathy for those who yearn for offspring, and have them not. So our Dorothy grew up with us, the flower of our life, until a dark day came, when the dear wife and mother was taken from us. Some words she used upon her death-bed imprinted themselves deeply upon my mind, and have never been forgotten or unremembered. 'Basil,' she said, 'our darling Dorothy remains to you. Until she was given to us, I had a secret yearning which I kept from you; I thought, as we had no children of our own, that at some time we might adopt a child who was parentless and in need of a helping hand. Indeed, just before the sweet hope dawned upon me that we were about to be blessed with one who has proved a blessing to us, I had it in my mind to speak to you of this.' Overwhelmed as I was at the idea of losing my helpmate and comforter, I was not entirely despairing, for we both had faith, and had strengthened that faith, each in the other, that our parting would only be for a few brief years, and that the time would come when we should be together again. In this faith and hope she died; in this faith and hope I remained with my dear child. We were living in New York, and did what, strangely enough, you also were doing almost at the same time. I relinquished the cares of business, and retired from its duties, with the intention of devoting myself entirely to the training of my dear daughter. I had made a great deal of money, and my income was considerably more than sufficient for my wants. I mapped out the future. I saw myself and Dorothy traveling together in foreign lands, and in anticipation I enjoyed my youth over again. But these dreams were not to be realized. My child, also, was taken from me. She died on Christmas night, and her last words were 'Remember the children, papa; remember the poor children!' There was a reason for her utterance of these words. It had been a habit with us for some years past, during her mother's lifetime, and afterwards, always at Christmas to devote a special sum of money for the purpose of giving pleasure to little children who were in less fortunate circumstances than ourselves. We used to do this in an odd way, and the pleasure was not less because the way was odd. Weeks before Christmas we were busy hunting quietly among the homes of the poor for those children to whom a Christmas gift from Santa Claus would be most acceptable and beneficial. Our gifts were always bestowed on them in a secret manner. Neither parents nor children knew where they came from nor who bestowed them, and the dear wife and Dorothy and I would talk and laugh together, and extract the purest enjoyment from the pictures we drew of the children's bewilderment and joy at the pleasant showers which descended upon them with Santa Claus through us, and from us through Santa Claus. So, when my dear little girl said, upon her death-bed, 'Remember the children, papa; remember the poor children!' it was not likely that I, who was so blessed with the gifts of fortune could ever forget them. My wife and child were buried in one grave and I never visited the sacred spot (and how often I visited it I need not tell you, because there lay those that I had loved best in the world) without, as it seemed to me, hearing the last merciful admonition which had issued from Dorothy's lips. It impressed itself upon me that, in addition to our usual Christmas practice, something more might be done, and I cast about for the means of doing it. Now, among my friends was one who was postmaster of the city and in conversation one day he mentioned, among the curious and interesting experiences of his office, that there came regularly every year before Christmas commenced—sometimes as early as the second and third weeks in November—a great number of letters addressed to Santa Claus or to Kris Kringle. Now, clearly enough, as Santa Claus did not have a human habitation, it was not possible that these letters could be delivered. You will hardly believe, said my friend the postmaster, that many of the letters come from Germany, a few from France, and some even from England, in which country Santa Claus is becoming popular. By this other title, Kriss Kringle, he is not so familiar. Of course, in Germany and America it is a common custom for all in the house to hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, in order that Santa Claus may deposit his Christmas gifts in them, and I should like to see such a pretty custom encouraged in other countries. The conversation between my friend the postmaster and myself set me thinking, and in the light of Dorothy's admonition to remember the poor children, it occurred to me that some practical good might be made to spring from these innocent missives and appeals addressed to Santa Claus. I mentioned this to him, and said that I myself would be happy to receive these letters as Santa Claus' deputy or lieutenant, and that I would, to the best of my power, carry out the pretty requests of the little children who wrote to him. I doubt, Richard, whether in any other country than this, which, in its enlightenment in the cause of the people, stands foremost in the world, what I desire could have been accomplished, but after some little trouble, accomplished here it was. The authorities, in the kindest manner, granted my request; and thus it happens, my dear friend, that I set up house here on Capitol Hill, and receive in my own person children's appeals from all over the world, addressed either to Santa Claus or to Kris Kringle, when Christmas is approaching. It is approaching now very close. We are within three weeks of it, and I am always busy. Hundreds of letters have already reached me, and every day they will increase. Were I a story teller, gifted with the power of writing for the people, innumerable are the histories I could narrate from the correspondence I receive in the name of Santa Claus. True stories of life, Richard, heart-stories, many of them, and pretty stories, also, of child-fancies and child-dreams. Says one: 'Dear Santa Claus, father cannot get any work, and mother says she is afraid we shall have to go without a Christmas dinner. I read a story of your going to somebody as poor as we are, and making them happy, and I thought if I wrote to you that you would come and make us happy. Mother does not know I am writing to you. Father is out all day looking for work; he is not strong, mother says. Dear Santa Claus, cannot you make him strong, and give him work? He is very clever.' The child writes more than this; she tells me that her age is twelve, and that she can read and write, and that she lives in such and such a place. Be sure, Richard, that that child does not go without a Christmas dinner when the day arrives. Another writes that she has had a dream about me, and that I promised her a boy, and she wonders what sort of a boy it will be. There is something she won't like better than anything else in the world, and she tells me what it is, and the chances are that Santa Claus sends her the very thing she is longing for. The letter of one little boy is all about himself. He lets me into the secret that he has brothers and sisters, but does not say a word for them. It is all what he himself wants, and he wants a great many things which I dare hardly say he does not get. Another little boy lets me into the secret that he has brothers and sisters, and in his letter he says that perhaps Santa Claus will send one of his little sisters such and such a thing, and another of his little sisters something else, and a little brother something else. In the whole letter there is not one word about himself, and what he would like. I'm sure, Richard, when Santa Claus arrives left in that boy's home, that he is not forgotten, and that his unselfish heart is made happy. Now do you understand the meaning of the toys you see about my house, and the kind of business in which I am engaged?"

"Yes, Basil," said Mr. Inglefield, "I understand now; but it is a strange fancy."

"It is a fancy, Richard, which brings me inexpressible happiness, and keeps ever with me the spirits of my wife and child. I sit in the dark and see their faces smiling approval upon me, and it gladdens me to believe that it is in my power to gladden them; for, Richard, if angels weep over man's cruelty to man, angels are surely glad when man is good to man. I do not affect a false modesty; I know that I am the means of doing a little good, and it delights me to know it. Yes, as I sit here, sometimes of a night, I even hear my wife saying: 'Well done, Basil—well done'; and Dorothy stretches out her little arms to me, and says: 'I love you, father, more dearly than ever for not forgetting the little children!' What do you think, now, Richard, of the power of money to purchase happiness?"

"In your case it certainly has done so, Basil," said Mr. Inglefield.

"I can recall many touching episodes of my experiences. It happens very often that the writers do not put their addresses in their letters, believing, of course, that Santa Claus knows where every little child is living at Christmas time; and some of these letters have been so pathetic that I have employed agents, and have taken great trouble to discover the homes of the little ones. In a few instances I have been successful. One young child wrote to me: Santa Claus, dear Santa Claus, I am dying. Please take care of my little baby brother. Shall I see you in heaven? I hope so, for you put such beautiful things in my stocking last Christmas! I shall take my stocking to heaven with me this Christmas. You won't forget me, will you, dear Santa Claus?"

Basil Penrhyn paused, and wiped his eyes, into which the tears had gathered.

"Not only," he presently resumed, "do many of these letters not contain the addresses of the writers, but many of them are put into the post office without a stamp, the reason of that being that the letters are chiefly written by poor children. I have arranged with the post office that these unstamped letters as well as the stamped ones shall be delivered to me—Santa Claus, of course, paying the postage. What are you staring at, Richard?"

"I was looking at the image of Kris Kringle on the bracket behind you, and—of course the idea of it is absurd—tracing some kind of likeness between it and you."

And, indeed, there was a kind of likeness in Basil Penrhyn's face to the face of the image. I Kris Kringle. Basil's head was large, and he had an abundance of silver-white hair; then, his eyes were quite as bright as the eyes of Kris Kringle; then, he had upon his head a smoking-cap which slightly resembled the cap which Kris Kringle wore, and although Basil was smoking a great meerschaum pipe, and Kris Kringle was not, even this departure did not mar the resemblance.

"Yes, yes," said Basil Penrhyn, with a gleeful laugh, "I have myself fancied that I am really growing into a likeness of my master, Santa Claus. Listen to a little adventure which befell me two years ago."

He shook the ashes from his pipe, and refilled it before he spoke again.

CHAPTER XIII.

"It was about this time of the year, two or three weeks before Christmas, I woke in the middle of the night, with the idea that there was some person moving about the house who had no right to be there. I rose immediately from my bed, and, throwing on my dressing gown, went in the dark from my room; I sleep on the second floor. I leaned over the balustrade and listened. Yes, there was some person moving on the ground floor. I stepped softly to the room occupied by my housekeeper and knocked at the door. She cried out in a voice of fear:

"'Who is there?'

"'It's only I,' I replied. 'I came to ascertain whether it was you moving about below.'

"She opened the door and stood before me, with a lighted candle in her hand. She was fully dressed.

"'I got up half an hour ago, Mr. Penrhyn,' she whispered, in a dead fright. 'I dressed myself, but I was too frightened to stir out of my room. There is some one downstairs; a thief has broken into the house.'

"'Stay here,' I said; 'I will go down to him.'

"'Mr. Penrhyn,' she cried, seizing my arm, 'for heaven's sake do not think of it—you will be killed.'

"'Nay,' I said, disengaging her hand, 'there is nothing to fear. Stop where you are. If I call you, come down to me; you will be quite safe.'

"Then I descended the stairs.

"I had no weapon in my hand, and I did not walk softly. Indeed, I trod rather heavily, with the intention of alarming whoever was below that he had aroused the house. Before I reached the landing of the ground floor a man stepped out of my writing-room, holding a dark lantern, the light of which he threw upon me.

"'Good evening,' I said, and I stepped fearlessly forward him.

"'Stand back! he cried, 'or I fire,' and he pointed a revolver at me.

"'Do not,' I said; 'see, I am unarmed.'

"'Who are you?' he asked.

"'A friend,' I replied; and I saw that he was not only astonished, but bewildered by my reception of him. 'Come in,' I continued, pushing open the door of my writing-room. 'Why, surely you are not afraid of me, an old man, when you could knock down with your little finger! Besides, myself, there are only two women in the house.'

"He followed me into the room, his eyes watching my movements, as if he half expected I would take him unawares. I saw he was young, handsome, and well educated.

"'Do you know what hour you entered?'

"'Yes, at the hour of Santa Claus,' I said; 'the spirit of Christmas lives here. In this house we minister to poor children who think that Christmas is a good time to appeal to Him for the gratification of their innocent desires, and sometimes for more practical help. Look around. The toys and books you behold are intended to give pleasure to the poor, and are all the wealth the house contains. There is a little money in my desk—very little—which was to be devoted to the same purpose. Open that drawer by which you stand; it is Santa Claus' purse; take out the money—you see what a small sum it is; keep it if you wish. You will be depriving a few poor children of their Christmas dinner, but you may think that will not matter much. The candlesticks upon the table are of the commonest brass; there is really nothing in the house of value; nothing that can be turned easily into money. There are the toys and books, certainly, and those you must take if you will. Friend, I will not ask your purpose; I do not seek to know it. All that I will say to you is, may this coming Christmas prove a blessing in your life.'

"I paused and observed him. His strong form trembled; he dropped the money upon the table."

"'I have heard of you,' he said; his voice trembled in sympathy with the trembling of his body. 'I did not know it was your house I entered.'

"Something came into my mind, which it occurred to me would be well to relate.

"'Last year,' I said, 'two days before Christmas, I, Santa Claus, received, among other letters, one from a child. It contained but few words, and I remember them well. They were these:

"'"Dear Santa Claus—My mother is very ill, my father is in prison; we have nothing in the house to eat; do send us something, dear Santa Claus, do! We are all so hungry! If you will make father a better man, we should be so happy. From a poor child. AMY."'

"The child's address was at the bottom of the letter. Friend, on the following day Santa Claus left at that poor child's lodging food not only for Christmas, but sufficient for some days after, and left also a little money and some Christmas toys. I have thought often of Amy, and wondered whether I should hear from her this year.'

"The table shook beneath the weight of his strong hand.

"'You will not; you will not!' he cried, his voice broken by strong emotion. 'She is dead, she is dead! Oh, Amy! Amy!'

"I rose and stood close by his side. I laid my hand gently upon his shoulder. I looked sympathizingly into his face.

"'Was Amy your child?' I asked.

"'My child!' he cried; 'mine, mine, lying in her grave!'

"'From my heart I pity you,' I said. 'You must be in want. Take the money, take what you will, and with it, once more, my earnest wish that Christmas may be a blessing to you and yours!'

"'It shall be, it shall be,' he muttered; 'I swear it! I will not touch the money. Forgive me, forgive me!'

"And then he tottered from the room.

"I followed him into the passage and opened the front door for him. He had forced an entrance by another way.

"'Good night, friend,' I said.

"'Good night,' he replied, and in a moment his form was lost in the darkness of night.

"'I have seen that man since; he is leading an honest life; and I have often thought, if the work I am doing can so touch the heart of a thief, I have deep reason for gratitude that it has fallen to my lot.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BRITISH TAR AGAIN.

Bravery Exhibited by a Band of Daring Seamen.

The annals of British seamanship record few achievements greater than that of the prize crew of the full-rigged steel ship Arno, which has just reached Liverpool. It may be recalled that the Arno's crew abandoned her, and that the Captain of the Hamburg steamer Normannia received a laudatory telegram from the Kaiser for taking them off.

The abandoned vessel was afterward sighted by the steamer Merrimac, Captain Thomas Morgan sent his mate, Captain Howell Williams, on board, notwithstanding the stormy nature of the weather, and after a consultation it was resolved to attempt to run her to port. Captain Williams, with nine men, accordingly took possession of the Arno, trimmed her cargo, which had shifted, cut away her tattered sails, which were knotted in lumps about the rigging, and got her into proper trim. One day they encountered a heavy gale, the waves being "like mountains," and they had to run before it with a heavy press of canvas, as the alternative was "travel or sink." The speed of the vessel under these perilous conditions may be gathered from the record of 225 miles in 24 hours. Despite wild seas and great hardships this gallant little band navigated for nearly 1,700 miles a ship that had been completely abandoned, restoring her and her cargo in good condition to their owners.

Captain Morgan, when in command of the steamer Palmas, in 1893, rescued the passengers and crew of the French steamer Marseille, which foundered off the Gulf of Mexico.

Japanese Proverbs.

The ignorant are never defeated in any argument.

Everybody has eight eyes for his neighbour's business.

With a mote in the eye one cannot see the Himalayas.

Patience is the rope of advancement in all lines of life.

When the sense of shame is lost advancement ceases.

A woman with a three-inch tongue can slay a giant.

Genius bears one individual and then comprehends ten.

Negligence looks at the battle field then makes its arrows.

A woman without jealousy is like a ball without elasticity.

The fish which escapes from the hook seems always the largest.

Who steals goods is called a thief; who steals dominions, a ruler.

Seeking information is a moment's shame; but not to learn is surely lasting shame.—Hong Kong Gazette.

The De Jarrs.

Mrs. De Jarr—You forget, sir, that you are married to a woman of education, I am mistress of many tongues.

Mr. De Jarr—But not of your own.

A Wonderful Weighing Machine.

A gold weighing machine in the Bank of England is so sensitive that a postage stamp dropped on the scale will turn the index on the dial a distance of two inches.

Happiness is like the statue of Isis, whose veil no mortal ever raised.—L. E. Landon.

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

A wealthy woman living near Utica was bound, gagged and robbed by burglars.

A bill for paying women like men for teaching was killed in the Pennsylvania legislature.

Miss Irene Hoyt has sued Mrs. Hetty Green for $100,000 for insinuating that she was insane.

The New York Women's Political League resolved to form a kindergarten for children of the rich.

Senator Teller, of Colorado, predicts the displacement of tariff in the next campaign by the money issue.

New Jersey has come to the admission of women to its bar, in the case of Miss Philbrook, just examined.

Texas porterhouse steaks cost more in Chicago, New York and Boston than they do in London, Paris and Berlin.

It cost Kentucky $114 to secure the extradition from Ohio of Napoleon Bonaparte Shackleford, who stole a $2 hog.

Commissioner Grant had a policeman before him on trial for flirting with a man's wife in his presence in the street.

A young girl died at Reading, Pa., on the first application of chloroform, which she insisted upon before a slight optical operation.

Over ten thousand Tammany men are on the pay rolls of New York city still, and Mayor Strong has but a month more to remove them.

A Yale student visited the Pasteur institute in New York for treatment for a bite received while rescuing a small dog from a large one.

The Canadian element forms two-thirds of the foreign population of Maine and New Hampshire, one-half of that of Vermont, and one third of that of Massachusetts.

Professor Frank Parsons asserts that in New York it costs a man from $30 to $100 a year for the same amount of transportation he gets in Berlin for $4 50.

A suitable monument to the memory of Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase was erected on Memorial Day without ceremonies over his grave, which has hitherto been unmarked.

Mayor Rankin, of Elizabeth, N. J., is trying to extort evidence from Rev. George Buckle for charges made by the latter that the police corruptly winked at open bars on Sunday.

One of the fireplaces that is to be put in Cornelius Vanderbilt's new house in Newport will be made of terra cotta taken from the ruins of an old Italian villa at Pompeii.

Miss Mary Cary Thomas has been nominated for one of the alumni trustees of Cornell University. She is the first woman to be so honoured in any of the great universities.

The West Virginia Legislature has passed a law imposing a license of $500 per annum on retail dealers in cigarettes. Not a retail dealer in the state has yet taken out a license.

The biggest contract for stone work ever awarded was probably that reported to have been made for the stone for the Hudson river bridge. The sum named is above $8,000,000.

The remains of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock will not be removed from the Montgomery Cemetery at Norristown. The effort to have them removed to Arlington, Va., has been abandoned.

A woman in Newark, Mrs. W. T. Harris, lost an eye by the explosion of a pistol in her son's hand, a boy of nine, and an actor in Hoboken met the same fate from a soap pellet fired in the play.

A Brooklyn, N. Y., man, who was convicted of burglary some time ago, and liberated after two years' service in prison on proof of his innocence, is suing the state for $101,838.28 damages.

Since Senator Stanford's death not one dollar has come from his estate to the university he founded. To keep it running Mrs. Stanford has given on an average of $1,000 a day, half her private means.

Mr. C. P. Lounsbury, a graduate of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and assistant entomologist of the Hatch Experiment Station, under Prof. C. H. Fernald, has received a call to Cape Town, South Africa, as Government entomologist.

Experts have estimated that the gold production of the Black Hills for 1895 will be $10,000,000, distributed as follows: Bald Mountain district, $3,000,000; Lead Terraville and Central, $5,000,000; Southern Hills, $1,000,000; all the other districts, $1,000,000.

About five hundred pounds of the Holy Terror rock was so rich in gold that it was shipped direct to the mint from the Adams Express office at Hill City, S. D. Parties that handled the ore say that one bucketful was more gold than rock, and that it would yield $10,000.

In Indiana, a law suit has just been concluded in which an estate of $50,000 was in dispute. The case took four months to try, eight leading lawyers were employed upon it, nearly two hundred witnesses were examined, and the costs of the parties in the suit will amount to fully $100,000.

A negro in Floyd County, Georgia, dressed himself in a sheet a few days ago, and started out at dusk to "scare the life out of" a white woman, against whom he had a grievance. He intercepted her as she was returning to the house from the well, and she came near beating the life out of him with the iron bucket she carried.

Do Flies Talk?

An ingenious inquirer, armed with a microphone, or sound magnifier, has been listening patiently through long hours to curious noises made by house flies and reports his belief that they have a language of their own. The language does not consist of the buzzing sound we ordinarily hear, which is made by the rapid vibration of their wings in the air, but of a smaller, finer and more widely modulated series of sounds, audible to the human ear only by the aid of the microphone. Probably this fly conversation is perfectly audible to the fly ears, which, as every schoolboy knows who has tried to move his hand slowly upon them, are very acute. The hope is expressed that, since the heretofore inaudible whispers of flies have been detected and reported and recorded, some inventor may construct a microphone which will enable us to make out the language of the microbes, and so surprise them in the horrible secret of their mode of operations.

BEST FLOOR TO LIVE ON.

The Second Said to Be the One Most Favorable to Health.

M. Korosi, the Hungarian hygienist, has lately investigated the effects of living in cellars, ground floors and upper floors upon the duration of life. He found that dwellers in cellars lived to about 39 years and 11 months; those on the ground floor to 43 years and 3 months; those on the first and second floors lived to 44 years and 2 months; while those on the third and forth floors lived only to 42 years.

All things being otherwise equal, the observations of M. Korosi may be accepted as showing the different effects upon longevity by the differently selected planes of residence. The air of cellars or basements is never healthy, nor can such localities be ventilated except at considerable expense; this also implies ground air and ground moisture contaminations arising from the inability to remove the additional contamination arising from the animal exhalations of the persons living there, along with the heavier ground air from the street and yard that of necessity pours down into such spaces. Those living on the first and second floors seem to enjoy the longest lease of life; this, as might be expected, from the greater freedom that the air of those floors enjoys from foul gases, microbes and germs, animal emanations, and from street dust. Much here depends, however, upon the character of the stairs; a steep, hard stairs tends to shorten the duration of life, while an easy, low-step stairs, broken by easy landings at every eight or ten steps, will lengthen its duration. The spiral stairs, winding screw-like up in a narrow cylindrical space, are life shorteners.

These stairs save space and destroy life and are quite common in many parts of Europe, and where one has to climb them to the third floor the exertion is slowly but surely telling. The effects of stair-climbing are visible in the two years of less life enjoyed by the inhabitants of the upper floors.

These observations tally with those of Strassmann, of Berlin, with the exception that in Berlin the basements give less mortality than the immediate street floor, which speaks well for the humanity of the Berlin microbe. In Berlin the basements are occupied by a well-to-do class, whereas, in Buda-Pesth, the point observed by M. Korosi, the basements are occupied by the very poorest. We should not neglect to observe that those who can afford a first or second floor flat are those who, as a rule, are better clothed, better fed and capable of surrounding themselves with better hygienic conditions than the poorer of either the basements or of the upper floors.

The dwellers of the first two floors are, besides, persons better off in the world, and not as likely to suffer any physical ill-effects due to occupation as their less fortunate fellowmortals on the other floors, although we can not overlook the fact that these better favored ones probably do more worrying, and that they are apt to suffer more from diseases of the kidneys and of the circulatory system that arise from worry and anxiety; these favored ones would also be more likely to fall victims to acute brain or nervous affections than the others. So that were we to people the first and second floors with the less worrying and less perplexed but poorer class, the length of life of these would probably go far in excess of the 44 years and 2 months.

NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS.

They Relate to Health Entirely and Not to Morals.

1. Thou shall have no other food than at meal time.

2. Thou shall not make unto thee any pies, or put into the pastry the likeness of anything that is in the heavens, above or in the earth below. Thou shall not fail to chew or digest it, for dyspepsia shall be visited upon the children to the third generation of them that eat pie, and long life and vigor upon those that live prudently and keep the laws of health.

3. Rememember thy bread to bake it well, for he will not be kept sound that eateth his bread as dough.

4. Thou shall not indulge sorrow or borrow anxiety in vain.

5. Six days shall thou wash and keep thyself clean, and the seventh day thou shalt take a great bath, thou and thy son, thy daughter, and thy maid servant, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days man sweats and gathers filth and bacteria enough for disease; wherefore the Lord hath blessed the bathtub and hallowed it.

6. Remember thy sitting room and thy bedchamber to keep them well ventilated, that thy days may be long in the land.

7. Thou shall not eat hot buscuit—wait.

8. Thou shall not eat meat fried.

9. Thou shall not eat thy food unchewed or highly spiced, or just before work or just after it.

10. Thou shall not keep late hours in thy neighbor's house, nor with thy neighbor's wife, nor man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his cards, nor his glass, nor with anything that is thy neighbor's.

The Bravest Man.

I recall a traveling companion, an English soldier, a Sergeant, who wore the colors of the Queen with a smartness that became them. He had been all through the Egyptian and the Soudanese wars, and told much of what he had seen, telling it well. We were in the night express, and the others in the carriage slept, in various stages of deshabille and discomfort; the rain beat on the windows and the train roared and rocked and jangled as it rushed southward. But I only heard the strong voice of my neighbor, as he poured out story after story of the two campaigns; and now we laughed and now we fell to silence for a space, as he turned from the wild jollity of a camp to its queer sudden pathos, and spoke of the bravery that went unrewarded and the great deeds that could never be recompensed. "'For it ain't the best of us that's decorated," he said; "and, after all, if a fellow drops behind in a rush, and has all his wounds in front, what better medal could he have than that?" But I glanced at his breast, and, smiling, shook my head; he was willing to tell story after story of what his chums had done, and what he had heard of others; but he did not say how he had gained that plain little cross, and he only reddened and grew taciturn when I asked about it. "'Twas nothing," he said, awkwardly, and there was no further word of it to be got from him; "'twas of no consequence. Now, if they had given it, to—", and he plunged into another story which ended in such a manner that we had both to stare hard out of the window.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Another advance toward the North pole is promised, this time by Mr. Andree, a Swedish engineer of repute, who proposes to make the experiment next year in a balloon. Mr. Andree has had considerable experience in aerial navigation, having made the flight from Sweden to Finland, and as his project is by no means a new one, and King Oscar has backed it with a liberal subscription, it is not improbable that it will be tried. As far back as 1881 Commander Cheyne, of the British navy, proposed to reach the pole in a group of three balloons, carrying seven persons, with provisions, dogs and sledges, starting from a ship in the highest attainable latitude, so that the pole might be reached in a couple of days. His plan was to take advantage of the northerly air currents to gain the pole, and to return by the southerly currents, just as Dr. Nansen has planned to drift with the ocean currents, northward across the pole and southward to the east Greenland shore. The success of the project would have depended upon the continuity of the air currents, which, if broken at the pole, would have led to the abandonment of a similar project fatal to the expedition; an uncertainty which proved fatal to the expedition; an uncertainty plan proposed by two members of the Paris College of Aerial Navigation. Their scheme was to start from Spitzbergen in a single balloon, which is also that of Mr. Andree, but it was given up mainly because of belief that the wind currents circled about the pole, and that the aeronauts, once caught in currents would be unable to extricate themselves. As every explorer in the far north not only hopes to be the first to reach the pole, but to be the first to return and tell of his discovery, the prospect of being able to circle about the pole in a congealed and dizzy-headed condition through all time, was not in itself a sufficient motive for persistence in the project.

Meanwhile, Dr. Nansen, Lieutenant Peary and Mr. Jackson are, presumably, pressing onward toward the pole, though nothing has been heard from them for nearly a year, and they have been during all that time hourly exposed to the manifold perils incident to Arctic exploration. Lieutenant Peary, whose chief purpose was to complete the exploration of the north Greenland coast line from the point reached by Lockwood and Brainerd to Cape Bismarck on the east coast, also intended to make a dash for the pole in sledges, if the condition of the ice permitted. Mr. Jackson proposed to winter in Franz Josefland, and then push on to Petermann's Land, the farthest north on the Asiatic side, in the hope that it may be found to extend northward toward the pole, and so permit of near approach to the earth's axis by land. The last heard of Dr. Nansen was the departure of his ship from Cape Chelyuskin, the northern point of Asia, for the scene of the Jeannette's wreck, where he hoped to enter the currents which flow northward through the Polar sea from beyond the New Siberian islands, and which he believes will carry him right across the pole into the clear water on the other side with the great geographical secret solved forever. His expedition is the most original, interesting and perhaps dangerous of them all, but as he has demonstrated his ability as an Arctic explorer, and has the faith which is so often the guarantee of success, there is good reason to hope tha he will issue from it in safety.

QUEEN'S PRIVATE ROOMS.

A Peep Into the Home Apartments of Her Majesty.

The private apartments in any royal palace are naturally very much more interesting than others to which the public are generally admitted, writes a correspondent. The Queen's private rooms at Osborne are those containing the treasures she most values. Prince Albert was wont to say that of all their residences the home in the Isle of Wight was most truly "home, sweet home." Of late years her Majesty has taken a peculiar pleasure in embellishing Osborne in every possible way, and has been warmly encouraged in the gratification of her hobby by the Empress Frederick, the Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Beatrice, who are all very clever at designing artistic furniture, wall decorations, etc. At Windsor I was once admitted into all the private sanctums, and found much to interest and amuse. What strikes one most, I think, at Windsor is the combined splendour and simplicity of the arrangements. Here was a gorgeous picture after Landseer or Angeli, there a wooden toy-horse or old dolly cast aside by one of the little Battenberg children in their play. In one of the private corridors I was shown a beautiful marble statue of the Queen and Prince Albert, the wife leaning on her husband's arm for support, her eyes fixed on his lifted hand pointing upwards. This statue is only unveiled Sundays, by special order of her Majesty. The library is the most notable room in all the castle. Here is the wonderful collection of Raphael's engravings, in which Prince Albert took such immense pride. Of all the books none has such intense interest as Spencer's "Faerie Queen." The volume was placed in my hands, and the librarian told me it has often lain in the hands of queen Elizabeth. The Empress Frederick when at Windsor passes most of her time in the library. The queen, who constantly paid visits to the room in former years, has of late, owing to her difficulty in moving about, rarely been able to do so. It is indeed quite a little journey to reach the library from her own suite of apartments.

An Average Housekeeper.

Mrs. Bingle—What perfectly horrible weather we are having. I haven't seen the sun for a week, and everything is mouldy.

Mrs. Bingle (a day later)—Mercy on us! Mary! The sun is shining right in on the carpets. Close the shutters.

A STRANGE CASE OF TELEPATHY.

The flies were so very busy. No doubt, as they buzzed in and out of the open window, they thought they were accomplishing a vast deal, though it did not seem so to the young couple who looked on. Perhaps there are eyes that watch us—eyes to which our little ambitions and achievements seem as trivial, as inconsequent, as the busy flies seem to us.

The May afternoon was more than warm—it was hot. Summer had hurried into the world, unexpected and uninvited. Perhaps that was what made Jasmyn Meredith lend a little pink ear to something she had resolved, over and over, that she would not hear—the passionate, illogical, altogether absurd, love-making of a young fellow who would not have taken his university degree till a month later on. He was 21, to be sure, and she only 18; but at 18 a girl believes herself already a woman.

She listened; and then she said with a smile:—

"Why you are a boy!"

"A wise boy," he answered, "who knows enough to love you; and who will have all the longer time in which to love you because he begins early."

"I'm glad you are to be a lawyer," she answered, somewhat irrelevantly, as it seemed to Robert Marsh.

"Why?" he ventured.

"Because I now see that you have, after all, a logical mind. Your powers of argument might be thrown away in any other profession." And then she added: "It takes a good while to get admitted to the bar."

"It shan't take very long in my case," he answered, "if you will promise me my reward for making haste."

"Oh! yes," she said, "I will come to court and hear your first plea."

"That!" he cried, a little scornfully. "No, I want you to listen in private to my first argument, and be convinced by it."

"Ah, but you are not a lawyer yet—you must wait."

"You can keep me waiting as long as you please—it is for you to say—but I have told you that I love you. You can't get away from that. I'll trust you to remember, and when any other man tells you the same story, I—I, will be his judge. You shall think of my love and my words, and you shall ask yourself whether he loves you as well."

Jasmyn smiled a little at this outburst, and then she said, with an air of sweet toleration. "Dream your dream, gentle youth; it may keep you from some worse folly!"

"And you will not even be here for class day?"

"No; we sail on Saturday. My mother is half English by birth, and more than half at heart. She is sighing for Mayfair. We shall go to New York to-morrow."

"And this is good-bye?"

He looked for a moment into her eyes. His lips were athirst for her—but he knew her too well to venture on anything she would have the right to resent. He contented himself with a hand clasp; but there was a tone in his voice she would not soon forget, as he said: "You will remember!"

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Three years went by, and still Mrs. Meredith and her daughter had not returned to America. May and June found them in London. Later on they went to Hamburg. They divided their winters between Rome and Riveria. Robert Marsh heard of their movements only from the kind newspapers, for Jasmyn had decreed that there should be no correspondence. It would hinder him in his studies, she said, and she had no time for it. She thought of him now and then, and wondered a little whether—as she put it to herself—he was as foolish as ever. In fact, she thought of him most often at the times when she should have thought of him least—when some other man appeared inclined to tell her the old story.

She was a social success, even in London, where there are so many fair competitors; but she deftly managed to avoid proposals for the most part; and, when she had to say no, to say it so gently as to make no enemies. Her mother had not interfered hitherto. Mrs. Meredith was too wise a woman not to hasten slowly; but now the time seemed to her to have come when a son-in-law would be desirable.

"You are 21 now," she said to Jasmyn.

"Yes, Mumsie. Of course, you can easily remember my birthday, since you, also, are a Mayflower."

"Yes, and a year before I was 21 I had married your father. He never caused me but one sorrow, and that was when he died. I wish you as happy a lot as my own, and I think you are old enough to marry."

Jasmyn lifted her pretty eyelids in such wise that they asked a question.

"Yes," her mother answered musingly. "Perhaps you have not seen, but I, who have lived twice as long as you, can see clearly, that Lord Gainsford is only waiting his opportunity to ask you to be Lady Gainsford."

"That old fellow!" cried Jasymn irreverently.

"He is 39," said Mrs. Meredith, smiling. "That does not seem so venerable to most of the world as it seems to you. Do you see anything else in him to complain of?"

"I haven't thought. Why should I? He is very well, I suppose, but I see no reason why I should care for him more than for another."

"Ah, well; you must know him better."

And the opportunity was not long in coming. It seemed as if fate was on the side of his Lordship. Wherever the Merediths went they were sure to meet him—and he let it be seen, clearly enough, that it was for Jasmyn's sake he had come. He did not trouble himself to dance with any one else. He was at her side when she rode in the park, and if she went to a garden party, there he was also. Jasmyn was flattered, naturally. To receive, without seeking, what a score of other girls sought vainly, had a distinct charm of its own, and Lord Gainsford had the advantage of being old enough to know the world and its ways. He was distinctly high bred. He was handsome in his own way, and manly, as the best type of Englishmen always is. Why she was not in love with him Jasmyn herself could not have told you. Indeed she thought that very possibly she should be later on.

One night they were sitting out a dance which she had promised him. He had persuaded her to go into the conservatory instead of dancing, and she sat on a low seat over which some strange, foreign plant leaned. An odor that seemed like incense burned at the shrine of some old-time god half intoxicated her. And there and then Lord Gainsford told his love story. She had charmed him from the first, he said, and now he loved her. Would she— At that very instant it seemed to her as if she heard a voice from far, oh, so far, away—a voice that said "Wait!" And just then, before she had spoken at all, her partner for the next dance appeared and Lord Gainsford said, with that cool self-possession that belonged to his age and his rank: "I shall see you to-morrow."

That night sleep did not come to Jasmyn She lay with wide-open eyes, vaguely wondering. What should she say to Lord Gainsford? Could she love him—and why not? Would she be happy as his wife? How much there would be to make her so!

Then suddenly it seemed to her as if the room opened its windows to the stars and the infinite night, and she looked far, far off, as perhaps we all shall look when death has taken us by the hand and led us far away from what we now call life. She knew that her vision had gone beyond the sea, she saw a young man writing. He had just turned a page. She did not know how his letter began, but she read these words:—

"I am 24 now, and you are 21. You can no longer call me a boy. I was admitted to the bar a year ago. I have succeeded so well that in October I shall make my first important plea. Remember that you promised to hear it. I will cross the sea and bring you back in time. I shall be with you almost as soon as this letter. I have obeyed you hitherto in keeping silence. I write now because I wish you to know before we meet that I am unchanged."

And when she had read thus far it seemed to her that suddenly the windows that had opened to the vastness of the night were closed and she was alone.

What did it all mean? She was not asleep. It was no dream. Plainly as if she had held the sheet in her own hands she had read those written words. Plainly as if he had been in the room with her she had seen Robert Marsh. What had made this possible? Could it be that she had cared for him all along more than she knew? And he would be on his way to her—perhaps almost at once. She should see him, hear him, understand, perhaps, by what unknown power this vision had been vouchsafed. How should she answer Lord Gainsford to-morrow? Then, once more as if from some farthest star, she heard, as she had heard in the conservatory the one word—"Wait!"

Yes, she would wait. She would decide nothing until she knew. She turned on her side and drew a long, calm breath, and then sleep, the delinquent, kissed her parted lips and led her, at last, into dreamland.

The next day Lord Gainsford pleaded his own cause, but he pleaded it in vain.

"If you will wait two weeks," Jasmyn said, "I will answer you then. If I say anything to-day it must be 'No.' I do not feel that I understand myself. Will you give me time, or shall it end here?"

Of course he gave her time. He turned to Mrs. Meredith. Mrs. Meredith was his senior by three years, therefore she was a safe as well as a sympathetic confidante.

The two weeks were not over, in fact only nine days had passed, when a letter came to Jasmyn in a hand she used to know. She opened it. She read the first page, and then she turned the leaf, and there she saw the very sentences she had read when the windows of her maiden chamber opened into the infinite night.

And that same day Robert Marsh followed his letter. Then Jasmyn Meredith knew for the first time her own heart's secret. The love that was strong enough to conquer time and space and speak to her across the estranging sea was the love of her own life, as well as of her lover's.

The next day she told her mother that she had made up her mind. Naturally Mrs. Meredith did not like it, but she was helpless. John Meredith had left his fortune to be equally divided between his daughter and his wife, and after Jasmyn was 21 she was absolutely her own mistress. Mrs. Meredith would fain have been mother-in-law to a lord, but there was nothing to be said against Robert Marsh, so she quietly resigned herself to the inevitable.

"You deserve," she said to Jasmyn, with a little vexed laugh, "that I should marry Lord Gainsford myself." And that is precisely what she did six months later.

TO SUPPLANT CHINA TEAS.

India and Ceylon Striving to Conquer the Markets of the World.

Great Britain has been striving for several years to change the taste of the tea-drinkers of the world—to convince them that Indian and Ceylon teas are better worth using than those of China, Japan, and Java. The success crowning these efforts is shown in the fact, given in English trade circulars, that the consumption of the British product has increased in the five years, 1890-1894, from 13,400,000 pounds to 23,400,000 pounds. India has been producing tea about fifty years with a capital of $75,000,000 and an acreage of 380,000. Ceylon dates the industry only fifteen years back, but has already 280,000 acres under cultivation, with a capital of $55,000,000. The planters have been helped much by the fall in the value of silver, by the introduction of machinery, and by improvement of means of communication. Encouraged now by increased profits and an increasing demand, the Indian and Ceylonese planters, with their London brokers, have set forth to conquer the world, and make the familiar names of Souchong and Oolong and Young Hyson things of the past. There appears to be a fund subscribed by the planters for opening new sources of trade. Russia, which uses about 70,000,000 pounds a year, has taken a strong fancy to the Ceylon teas and the demand shows a remarkable increase. Large amounts of money have been spent in creating a demand in the United States and Canada. The English circulars say the progress has been slow, and now the consumption, "after several years of anxious work and costly expenditure," has nearly doubled—from about 1,300,000 pounds to about 2,300,000 pounds a year. The Australian colonies appear to be relied on to drink the British product from patriotic motives. The figures seem to show a strong love for the mother country as well as for tea.

Our Parlor Soldiery!

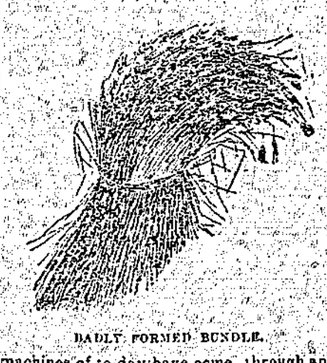
She—Is Mr. Dudely much of a military man?

He (of "Ours")—Well, I should say he was. He can put on a fresh uniform every morning, with two changes during the day.

AGRICULTURAL.

Running a Harvester.

Of the various machines and implements used on the farm, there is none so delicate and complicated, or requiring the exercise of more skill and ingenuity on the part of the operator, than the self-binding harvester, says a correspondent. The standard



BADLY FORMED BUNDLE.

machines of to-day have come through and are the result of such a long and thorough course of development and improvement, and manufacturers have followed so closely the same general lines of construction, that one can hardly make a mistake in the selection of a machine so long as he is satisfied to stick to the standards. But the man who allows himself to become too enthusiastic over something "new and novel," and invest in machinery which embodies radical changes in principles of construction, may expect to soon have an out-of-date machine on his hand. While principles may be correct, a course of development and improvement is required before best results are reached in their application.

There are no less than eight binders of different manufacture used within two miles of where I write, all giving satisfaction, so far as I know, and probably each owner could name one or more points in which he considers his machine superior. But I care not how perfect a machine may be, it will never be an unqualified success nor add fresh laurels to its reputation, when it is run by a man without sufficient ingenuity and energy to properly hitch to and operate a clodsmasher. A great many bad breaks and long delays are the legitimate results of carelessness, pure and simple, and he who makes getting over the ground the one prime object, to the neglect of his machine and the abuse of his team, may expect frequent breakdowns and much bad luck. The saying "care makes luck" will apply to running a binder, if to anything. If some little thing gets out of order and the binder begins to "buck," it doesn't pay to get in a splutter and make matters worse by changing things at random. I have learned by experience that the best plan is to keep a cool head and locate the difficulty before remedying it, or even trying to do so. Poor twine is responsible for a deal of fussing in the harvest field. It is nearly impossible to do good, even work with poor, uneven twine. The best twine I ever used was pure manilla; but so much so-called pure manilla is poor manilla, that I would just as soon risk a good, even grade of new, white sisal. As machines become old they usually prefer a coarser grade of twine than in their younger days. Good reeling is indispensable to square, well-formed bundles, but no ironclad rules can be laid down to govern position of reel for varying kinds and conditions of grain. This can be ascertained only by experimenting until best results are secured. The reel should not run parallel with sickle, but the outer end should stand several inches forward in order to place grain upon platform with butts in advance

WELL FORMED BUNDLE.

of heads, as the butts are always retarded by coming in contact with the falling grain. In standing grain the machine should run about level. It takes but a moment when starting up a grade to tilt the machine forward, and vice versa. It should be so well balanced that the tongue will play on the neckyoke much of the time. Of course this cannot always be done, particularly with the old five-horse stepladder machines, but these are back numbers now, and the new, low, sensible ones do not have so much "swing" in mid-air. It is cheaper and more humane to carry the machine on its wheels than on the horses' necks. It should, therefore, be tilted back when the driver leaves his seat; if it stands long the binder may be shifted back also.

teady Farming.

Steady farming, with a good rotation of crops persistently followed, is the surest way to success for farmers. Abrupt changes in order to meet high prices for some farm product are dangerous practices. It is within the remembrance of every farmer when hay was so low that it hardly paid to raise it for market, but since then farmers have been making more profit off hay than almost any other crop. To suit the change, a great many dropped hay from their list of farm crops and tried to get along without it. The steady farmers continued to give grass a place in their crop rotation, turning it under when it would not pay to cut and sell it as hay, and when prices went up again for hay they were the only ones who had good crops to sell. Besides enriching their soil with the grass, they found themselves prepared to reap a good harvest when prices came around again to their normal condition.

Just now sheep have been at a discount, and thousands have been selling them off to raise something else more profitable. But sheep, both for wool and mutton, will be profitable in the future. Several times in the past the sheep industry has been at its lowest ebb, but it revived in time. Steam and electricity are said to be driving horses out of the market, and that it will no longer pay to raise fine colts. There never was a time, and probably never will be, when it did not pay to raise good horses. Underbred stock is too plentiful, and will be at a greater discount in the future than now; but fine driving road horses or heavy draught horses will never lose their value permanently. It is within the remembrance of the writer when many farmers paid $5 and $6 per head for ordinary sheep because a boom in that line was sending everything upward.

There are too many farmers engaged in this industry who wait for high prices, and then they rush into that particular line of work. If sheep are high priced they pay exorbitant prices for stock in order to raise others to sell. If corn is the leading farm product that pays well, they turn their farms into enormous corn fields, unmindful of the fact often that they do not understand its culture nor the expenses attached to it. Frequently they have to make an initial outlay to adapt themselves to the abrupt change, which alone will take away all profits.

Just now more farmers are preparing for abrupt changes than ever before. It has been a disastrous year with most of us. Many have lost money and are generally dissatisfied with their conditions. Each one is looking around at those who seem to be raising something more profitable. Very often these profitable products are only temporarily so, and by the time the change is made they will no longer pay good prices. Good, steady farming, with fair rotation of crops is the only sure way for any farmer to make farming a sure thing. Grass, hay, oats, wheat, potatoes, corn, sheep, cows, and horses cannot always be unprofitable. A proper system of diversified farming will make profits a certainty on some of the crops. It is at any rate good farming. The land is kept up, not run down. Expenses are normal and outlays not increased by such violent changes. The pigs, chickens, cows, and sheep will all yield some incidental profits, while the main farm crops may fluctuate from year to year, but not more so than manufactured articles. Fluctuation is characteristic of every business, and farmers have no more than their share. The shoe manufacturer does not take up pin making because shoes happen to be unprofitable for a season or two.

COAL MINING UNDER THE SEA.

An Enterprise With Some Novel Features in New South Wales.

It is proposed to carry into effect a project which aims at bringing from far below the lowest depths of Sydney harbor, New South Wales, the coal which geologists had predicted would be found there, and which has actually been tested by diamond-drill borings. Transport, in a recent issue, contains a very flattering account of the scheme now being floated on the London market, from which the following particulars are obtained:

Important coal fields had been developed both north and south of Sydney—at Newcastle and Bulli—but up to the present the intervening area has been left practically untouched, although plainly shown on the Government geological maps of forty years ago. The unquestionable advantages which would follow the opening of coal mines in the very heart of the capital of the colony have led to the formation of a company, and induce our contemporary to take a most sanguine view of the outlook. Sydney is an important shipping port, where the lines of many steamship companies converge, and the coal of the bed in question is in demand for the bunker use and export.

The borings were made under the superintendence of the Miners Department of New South Wales, partly on account of geological interest and partly with the very practical ulterior view of raising revenue. The seam was found within 30 feet of the depth predicted by the geologists, in a bore hole 2,7 0 feet deep. For 1,500 feet the borings passed through a compact sandstone claimed to be impermeable to water. The seam is itself 10 feet 3 inches thick, of which 9 feet is clean coal free from sand. The shafts to be sunk will be within 200 feet of deep water, so that the situation will be unique, the saving on cost of transportation from the nearest mines now working being about 75 cents to $1 a ton. The parent company has secured a surface site of small extent, but has concessions over 1,400 acres below ground (and water), and it is expected that several other collieries will be started, for which there is said to be room.

There is nothing extraordinary in mining under water, as implied in the statements. This has been done on the cornish coast and in the copper and iron mines of Michigan at Silver Islet, Lake Superior, but the opening of great collieries in a large shipping port, with a delivery from the shaft mouth directly into vessels alongside, is something which only the mines of Washington and British Columbia can rival. It is also proposed to utilize the smaller coal, screened from the bunker coal, for a large electric installation and also to make coke and establish local smelting works.

Prefer a Steady Death Rate.

Charles Booth, in the last volume of his great work on the poor of London, has this to say about the undertaker's business as viewed by those engaged in it:

"It is a seasonal trade, and the busy time is, as would be expected, from November until April though a sudden rush may come at any time on the advent of cold winds or fogs. What undertakers prefer is a good, steady death rate. Fluctuations annoy them, for any sharp rise in the death rate is sure to be followed by a period of slackness. For instance, the influenza epidemic greatly overworked the trade in the years 1891 to 1893. The weaker members of the community were swept away, and as a consequence there is now a reaction, and this year (1895) has been one of the worst ever experienced in the annals of undertakers. This decrease in volume of business is also partly due to better sanitation, and the autumnal rise in the death rate, which was known to the trade as the 'Plum season,' is now a thing of the past."

In temperance there is ever cleanliness and elegance.—Joubert.

Household.

One Woman's Way.

"How do you manage to dress so nicely on your allowance?" I asked an intimate friend the other day, says a corespondent. If we had not been very well aquainted indeed, such a question would have been impertinent; but I knew she would not consider it so.

"Why," she replied laughingly, "I always buy good material and then make it over until there is nothing left of it." Knowing something of her talent for making old things look like new, I knew that was all the secret there was about it.

"Come and see my new outfit," said my friend, leading the way to the closet where her clothing was kept, and taking a dress from its place. "Do you remember the tan-colored cashmere that I wore last summer?"

"Yes" I replied, "and I remember that I thought it extravagant, for although it was very pretty, it would become soiled in one season and would then be useless."

"This is the same dress," was the answer. "It did soil easily, and I wished to change its appearance so that it would look new again. I took it apart, washed it, and dyed it and the pieces that were left when it was made, with fast brown diamond dye. Do you not think it a lovely shade? Of course the skirt was too narrow for the fashion this spring, so I put in a panel of brown silk (made of the back width of an old skirt, on each side of the front width, to give it the necessary fullness. A thick cord of candle wicking was covered with brown velveteen facing, and put around the lower edge of her skirt to stiffen it. The puffs of the sleeves were interlined with paper cambric to make them stand out more, which adds a great deal to their apparent size, and the lower parts were made the new pieces. The old bodice was trimmed with a quantity of cream-colored lace, and when this was removed it was a perfectly plain basque, to which brown silk revers and a stock collar have been added. And now I think it is a very pretty dress."

"It is handsome," I replied. "I like it better than when it was new."

"You see I have the cape that I have wished for so long," she continued, taking one from its place in the closet. "And what do you suppose it is made of? Why the white woolen shawl that I have worn so much, dyed the same color as the dress. I bought a pair of gloves to match the suit, but the hat is a brown straw that has seen much wear, with the shape entirely changed by re-sewing part of the braid and bending the brim differently. It was then cleaned with a soft brush and varnished to make it still and glossy. Most of the trimming is new, but as I did the work the hat cost me a little less than a dollar.

"This skirt," she said, showing me a black silk covered with draperies of black net, "is a combination of two dresses that have been used in different ways for years. The underskirt was not very good, but the narrow pleating around the lower edge is almost new, and that is all that is not covered with the net."

Then she brought out three waists that were made to wear with the skirt—one a cream-colored China silk with violets scattered over it; another of black and white striped summer silk, and a third of pink cashmere. "This was made of the cream-colored waist I bought last summer, and was dyed its present color with pink diamond dye. The lace that was taken from the tan-colored cashmere dress was washed carefully, and rinsed in water in which a little gum arabic had been dissolved, to make it as stiff as new lace. It was pressed smoothly on the marble top of the bureau until dry, and was then ready for use, as it needed no ironing." It is made full from collar to belt, on a fitted lining. A jabot of lace falls down the front, and the lace is carried to the shoulders and caught up with bows of pink ribbons. Large puffed sleeves are finished at the bottom with a twist of the ribbon and a frill of lace. It is intended for evening wear, and is as pretty and dainty as the owner herself.

Laundry Notes.

In washing dresses with very full sleeves remove the sleeves to launder and they can then be sewed in again as neatly as when new.

When washing anything that has a cream tint, do not rinse in blue water but in clear water.

White wax added to the starch while cooking will give a shiny appearance to the clothes when ironed.

Iron embroideries or figured goods on the wrong side.

Garments starched in flour starch should first be turned wrong side out.

Lace curtains should be starched in very thin starch and dried on curtain stretchers. But in the absence of these, sheets laid on the floor and curtains stretched tightly over them, using a pin in each scallop to fasten them to the floor. They dry in this way nicely, but it is a great amount of work to put them down.

Boiling water poured through a fresh fruit stain on table linen will remove it. Do not wet any part of piece except the stain, and remove all stains before the linen goes to the laundry.

Oxalic acid will remove inkstains from goods.

Concentrated lye used to soften water rots the clothes, so it is best not to use it oftener than it is absolutely necessary.

A cheap laundry soap makes the clothes yellow and does not fulfill the purpose of a soap. It pays to get only the best.

Salt or alum put in the water in which ginghams or calicoes are washed will "set" the color and keep them fresh looking longer.

Recipes.

White Soup.—Six or eight potatoes, four onions, four tablespoonfuls of crushed tapioca, one and one-half pints of milk, butter, pepper and salt to taste. Boil the vegetables until soft, rub through a sieve, return the paste to the water. Add the tapioca and boil fifteen minutes, add the milk and serve hot.

Tomato Sauce.—Boil tender and strain six tomatoes, add to this one-half cup of butter, the same of sugar, two tablespoon of flour mixed to a smooth paste, season with pepper, salt, cinnamon, and allspice. Let come to a boil, then add one-half cup of vinegar. To be eaten with meat.

OFFICIAL DISPLEASURE.

A Sheriff and a Gold Commissioner Let Out.

It looks as though provincial officialdom, at Victoria, was awakening from the lethargy which has afflicted it for years, and it is now evincing a disposition to rattle the dry bones of office—and office holders. As yet this activity has only been manifested in a slight degree in the Kootenays, but rumor has it that there will be a number of official decapitations all over the province.

Last week it was Gold Commissioner Fitzstubbs who was shorn of a large portion of the territory over which he formerly had jurisdiction, and the new district thus made was given to a younger and more active man.

This week the storm has broken over East Kootenay and two of the oldest provincial officers in this section of the country have succumbed to the rising tide.

Nemesis in the person of J. McB. Smith, the provincial auditor, recently paid a visit to Donald and spent some days there. The sequel is given in the following special despatch to the Vancouver *World*:

DONALD, July 23.—This town had a genuine surprise yesterday afternoon when it was learned that Sheriff Redgrave and Agent Cummins had resigned. The cause is not generally known, but it is believed to be on account of irregularities in their style of conducting business. J. F. Armstrong, a brother of Capt. Armstrong, has been enstalled as stipendiary magistrate and Government agent by J. McB. Smith, auditor for the Province.

Sheriff Redgrave has occupied the position of sheriff for ten or twelve years, and is one of the best known men in the province, and as a story-teller his fame is broader than the continent.

Mr. Cummins has been gold commissioner and government agent of East Kootenay since 1890, succeeding Judge Vowell, who was appointed a superintendent of the Indian department.

Local and Personal Briefs.

Crown Preserve Jars in all sizes, very cheap, at Coursier's.

Mrs. Capt. Gore is spending a few days in town.

Mrs. B. Tompkins has returned from San Francisco.

Mrs. L. J. Edwards, of Vancouver, is visiting friends in town.

Gold Commissioner Graham returned on Thursday from his visit to Nelson and Kaslo.

E. S. Wood, principal of Kamloops public school, is in town visiting his brother, Rev. J. A. Wood.

Mrs. Creelman, who resided here some years ago, is in town renewing old acquaintances.

The cars for the Kaslo & Slocan Railway are being constructed by the Duluth Manufacturing Co. at West Duluth, Minn.

The grave of the late Mrs. Geo. Laforme has been marked by a very handsome monument. It was placed in position on Thursday.

G. B. Nagle, who has been making a trail from Bear Creek station to Prairie Mountain, returned on Sunday. They completed the trail as far as the appropriation would permit.

Miss Kathleen Maunsell, who resided here for some time, passed through on Thursday's train on her way to England. Many of her friends were at the station to wish her godspeed.

We have just received new price list from Jas. McMillan & Co., 200-212 First Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minn., the largest hide and fur dealers in the Northwest, and it can be referred to at this office at any time.

McDonald & Co., wholesale grocers of Winnipeg are looking up a location for a branch establishment in Kootenay. Mr. A. McDonald is making a trip through the district with this object in view.

A climbing party consisting of Rev. J. A. Wood, E. S. Wood, Messrs. McMahon, Lougheed and Wilson started on Tuesday to ascend the mountain across the Illecillewaet. They gained the summit and returned next day, and report that the inhabitants at that altitude, at least those whom they saw—three black bear and several colonies of mosquitos—were very friendly. Their trophy of the chase is a black bear skin, which is, at present, decorating the walls of the parsonage.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments:

15th July, 1895.

JOSEPH DEE GRAHAM, of the Town of Revelstoke, Esquire, to be Gold Commissioner for that portion of the West Kootenay Electoral District contained within the Revelstoke, Illecillewaet, Lardeau and Trout Lake Mining Divisions.

NAPOLEON FITZSTUBBS, of the Town of Nelson, Esquire, S.M., to be Gold Commissioner for that portion of the West Kootenay Electoral District contained within the Ainsworth, Slocan, Nelson, Trail Creek and Goat River Mining Divisions, in lieu of his appointment for the whole of the said Electoral District.

The Woods is Full of Them.

Some one picked up some float the other side of the Columbia bridge the first of the week, since which there has been a number of amateur prospectors scurrying around the hills in the vicinity of the town seeking their fortune, but as yet the fickle Goddess has not deigned to smile upon them. One trio—two men and a dog—started out early the other morning, but they had not gone far before the dog went on strike—probably for his breakfast. However, a council of war was held, and it was decided to return, which they did, without having secured anything but a little exercise. But, as a rule, it is only after repeated failures that success is achieved. Profiting by the experience of the pioneers in this stampede to the hills, an outfit started yesterday morning provisioned for two days, with their courage screwed to the sticking place and a do-or-die look of determination in their eyes. If this amateur prospecting craze continues, the hills hereabouts will present the appearance of a canvass summer resort, and night made luminous by the blaze from the camp fires.

Best Shot of the Empire.

At Bisley, on Saturday last, private T. H. Hayhurst, of the 13th Battalion, Hamilton, Ont., won the Queen's Cup, the highest and most coveted position of the meet, and which stamps the winner for a twelve month as the best shot of the Empire. This is the first time the cup has been captured by Canada. The winner's score was: First stage, 200, 500 and 600 yards, 7 shots, 95; second stage, 500 yards, 10 shots, 600 yards, 15 shots, 102; third stage, 800 and 900 yards, 10 shots, 82, grand total 279.

SHAUGHNESSY TALKS

Of West Kootenay and What the C.P.R. May Do for It.

After spending a week visiting Trail Creek, Rossland, Robson, Pilot Bay, Kaslo, Three Forks, Nakusp, the Blue Bell, Slocan Star and the concentrator of the Idaho mine, the party of C.P.R. officials, of whom Vice-President Shaughnessy was the central figure, returned on Sunday last making direct connection with No. 1 for the coast. On his arrival at the terminal city Mr. Shaughnessy was set upon by the ubiquitous scribe who credits him with the following:—

Mr. Shaughnessy expressed his confidence in the future of West Kootenay as a great mineral region and said that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company would do all in its power to aid both in that development and also in the direction of securing for Canadian merchants and manufacturers as much of the trade as possible. While in the district Mr. Shaughnessy had carefully looked over the ground with a view to thoroughly grasping the situation and to examine the routes along which the traffic from the mining centres was likely to flow. He had particularly examined the route for a proposed electric line from Rossland to Trail Creek and when he returned to Montreal the feasibility of the scheme would be carefully considered by the executive of the Company. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company fully appreciates the business likely to result from the operations of the Slocan Star and other mines in that locality and it is not likely to be found behind the demand of the times in affording facilities to mineowners for the cheap and convenient carriage of their ores. At present, owing to the bad condition of the roads, there is comparatively little ore being carried over the Nakusp & Slocan Railway, but during the next few months the volume of business is likely to equal and perhaps exceed that of last year. There should be no quibbling in the country. The C.P.R. could not build one left; some of the shareholders in the company will give attention to mining matters might do so.

Church Services To-morrow.

Rev. Father Donin will celebrate mass at 10:30 a.m. in the Catholic church. There will also be a sermon in the evening at 7:30.

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.

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.

The Pioneer Stamp Mill.

It is now over 30 years ago since the adventurous prospector turned his attention to the Big Bend in search of the precious metal, and in the years that have followed, his labors have been rewarded by a golden harvest, which was not secured, however, without the expenditure of time and money, and in many cases by almost infinite toil and unendurable hardships. Time was when quartz in this country was little thought of, everyone sought the rich placer diggings, of which there were evidences everywhere, and it is from these that tens of thousands worth of the yellow metal has been secured during the intervening years. A lot of speculation has been indulged by the old timer as to the chances for gold quartz, and last summer saw practically the first efforts at quartz prospecting, the result being the location of a number of mineral claims. Among the most successful of these quartz hunters has been Gus. Lund, an old-timer in the country, who has recently located two claims of free-milling rock on McCulloch, and to him must belong the credit of being the first to make an effort to show what there is in quartz mining in Big Bend. For this purpose he has invested in a stamp mill which is now here awaiting shipment by pack train—the first mill to be taken into the country. He intends working it on the Golden Queen.

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WE Have Now on Hand
A large assortment of of Stationery of every description.
POMEROY'S PURE INKS,
INCANDESCENT PENS,
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At Regular Eastern Prices.
1000 BOOKS To choose from in the Circulating Library.
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W. A. JOWETT,
MINING AND REAL ESTATE BROKER.
NELSON, B. C.
Lardeau & Slocan Prospects Wanted.

HALYCON SPRINGS HOTEL
Arrow Lake.
IS now open as 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.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the one-quarter interest of Edward Sullivan in the North Star Placer Mine, on McCulloch Creek, Big Bend, will be sold at public auction at the mine, the 15th day of August, 1895, at 1 o'clock, p.m., to pay assessment together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

Dated at McCulloch Creek July 6th, 1895.

14-5t GUS. LUND.

Mineral Act, "Form F."

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

ABBOTT MINERAL CLAIM. Situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: on Hailey Creek. Take Notice that I, Harry Abbott, of Vancouver, B.C., free miner's certificate No. 55,144, intend sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this tenth day of May, 1895.

16-9 H. ABBOTT.

No. 157.

Certificate of the Registration of a Foreign Company.

"COMPANIES' ACT, PART IV., AND AMENDING ACTS."

"Columbia Hydraulic Mining Company" (Foreign).

Registered the 19th day of July, 1895.

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

The head office of the said company is situated in the city of Chicago, State of Illinois, U.S.A.

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

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

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

(L.S.) E. V. WOOTTON,
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a sitting of the County Court will be holden at Revelstoke, B.C., on Friday, the 23rd day of August, A.D. 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

JOS. D. GRAHAM,
Registrar County Court.

Revelstoke, June 20th, 1895. 12-5t

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