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# The Kootenay Mail.

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## The Kootenay Mail

IT IS RUMOURED that the Dominion Government has offered to the Provincial Government a detachment of the Mounted Police for use in West Kootenay where the Indian disturbances have occurred; but it is understood the offer has been or will be declined, because the province would be charged with the expenses, which it does not wish to pay. Could not the Dominion Government request the American Government through its Indian Department, to demand of the chief of the Colvilles that he compel the Indians of his tribe to stop their raids into Canadian territory, or at least their barbarous treatment of white settlers? If so, why not make the effort and thus end these troubles? As regards the affair at Galena Bay last May, which has been made the text of several articles in the MAIL, Mr. Samuel Hill, who was the white rancher involved in that trouble, has gone back to his ranch with the intention of staying there and making it his home. He does this, relying upon the protection of his Government, although he knows the Indians have threatened to kill him on sight. Is he not entitled to this protection? He has been tried for his life for shooting Cultus Jim in self-defence, and acquitted. And must he now be handed over to be dealt with by Indians, who it is known will train their rifles upon him from ambush? If so, what is the value of the citizenship which gives no protection against barbarous Indians who deliberately forewarn us that they will kill us in revenge for that which our own laws declare we are not guilty?

### APPROPRIATION ASKED FOR.

We feel quite justified in agitating unceasingly the subject of better methods for getting in and out of the Big Bend district,—in fact, we should not be performing our duty to the locality of which the MAIL is the only journalistic representative, if we did not constantly urge its needs and claims upon the government.

An appropriation was made by the Dominion Government some years ago of $10,000 to be expended in making the Columbia river navigable for steamers north of Revelstoke. For some reason unexplained, the amount was not expended, but reverted to the treasury. Since that time, as long as silver maintained its value, southern Kootenay absorbed the attention of miners, but for two years past miners have become gold-seekers, and there has been a great revival of interest in Big Bend, not only in placer and hydraulic mining but in prospecting for gold-bearing quartz. A year ago, a large number of miners and prospectors were constantly moving over the Big Bend trail, some few workers for wages, but many claims were located, and about fifty men wintered there. This spring the movement towards the Bend is larger than ever in recent years, and is accentuated by the fact that some of the mines are producing richly, and that sales have been made to capitalists, whilst others are being negotiated. The means of getting into the district are so difficult, that men of capital who wish to see a property before investing in it are deterred from making the journey, and pass on to other districts.

We have seen that the Columbia river between Revelstoke and Fort Sheppard has had appropriations to improve navigation several years in succession, until it seems nothing more is needed in that direction; also, that the upper Columbia above Golden has annually received its liberal quota of public funds, even Parliament at its present session having placed a considerable amount in the estimates notwithstanding the complaints of declining income.

As a matter of justice to the Big Bend district of West Kootenay, an appropriation should be made—$5,000 at the least—to blast out the rocks that are in the way of navigation and thus open a safe channel for steamers. We respectfully call the attention of our representative at Ottawa to this matter, and hope he will urge the Dominion Government to make the necessary grant during the present session of Parliament.

### The Big Bend Pack Train.

Geo. Laforme is getting everything in readiness for the season's business by pack train over the Big Bend trail. He will bring in, next week, his horse and mule trains from Okanagan where they have been wintering, and expects to make the first trip soon afterwards. Joe O'Connor will be his first lieutenant and will handle the cayuse train. Mr. Laforme has built a second warehouse, and will have a blacksmith shop in connection. Another corral has been enclosed in which the animals will be confined after they have received their loads and until all are ready. Laforme's Big Bend pack train has become one of the institutions of Revelstoke, and so far it is the only one that has capacity sufficient to meet the requirements of that district.

### Suggestions as to Rossland Mail.

A letter mailed at Rossland April 30th, reaches its destination at Revelstoke May 5th—six days—each date inclusive. Now this letter might have arrived here on the steamer, May 2nd, but it did not, and the reason is this: It was put into a pouch at Rossland and sent down into the State of Washington to Northport, about 15 miles; there it crosses the Columbia and if it happens to be the day on which the Nelson & Fort Sheppard runs it comes up to Nelson by rail; it then waits there till Saturday or Wednesday, on which days the Lytton makes her semi-weekly trips to Revelstoke. Instead of sending the letter referred to this roundabout way to Northport, Nelson, etc., why could it not be forwarded to Trail Landing and put into the closed pouch which is made up there direct for Revelstoke? Thus, the letter in question, mailed Tuesday, would have reached Revelstoke on Thursday instead of the next Sunday. All letters, whatever the destination, suffer the same delay, and those bound for Rossland as well.

Trail Landing is on the Columbia, seven miles from Rossland, and ore teams are constantly moving over it, and the C. & K. N. Co. steamers touch there Saturdays and Wednesdays—carrying a closed pouch for all up-river mail. When the situation is fully understood by the post office officials we hope a change will be made, and that it may occur speedily.

### Drowned in the Columbia.

Daniel O'Brien was drowned in the Columbia River, about 12 miles below Revelstoke, last Sunday morning, May 5th. He had started with George Perry and Hugh Daley, on a raft for Nakusp. The raft was headed towards a snag and O'Brien, who was steering, was cautioned to keep away from it, but did not change his course. The snag was struck, and tilted the raft on its side. Daley staid on it and Perry swam ashore, but O'Brien was caught by the snag and thrown into the river. He was seen to rise twice but his companions were unable to help him. Daley and Perry returned immediately and reported the accident to Government Agent Graham. We have not been able to learn any particulars of O'Brien's life, family or nativity.

### Going into the Lardeau.

The steamer this morning had as passengers a large party of prospectors, miners and capitalists bound for Thomson's Landing and the Lardeau mining district, among whom was J. W. Way, representing Toronto capitalists, who goes down with the intention of thoroughly testing the placers of Lardeau creek. F. C. Campbell, of Campbell & Johnson, Vancouver, has mineral claims in the "Bad Shot" group, and will begin development work on them. J. Newlands, E. A. Price and E. C. Musgrave, who register from Victoria, are bound for the Lardeau, with an outfit for prospecting for placer fields. Some of these men would have gone to Big Bend, had they not learned that no shallow diggings are to be found there.

### Wedding Bells.

The social event of the week in Revelstoke has been the marriage of John Hector and Miss Augusta Nelson. It took place on Monday at the Methodist parsonage, the couple taking the train the same evening for a short visit to Col. Forester of Sicamous. They returned on Wednesday, and Thursday took the steamer Lytton for Nakusp, which will be their future home. Mr. Hector is well known in this part of B.C. and is now the proprietor of the Columbia House at Nakusp. The bride, until recently, had charge of the dress-making department of H. N. Coursier's store, and was very efficient in that capacity. A wide circle of friends, among whom they were justly popular, wish them every happiness in their new relation. One thing in connection with this wedding which may be noted as a distinct advance in the civilization of Revelstoke, is the fact that the couple were not treated here to a charivari. But a wire came from Nakusp Thursday evening, probably from the leader of the Calithumpian band, asking if Mr. and Mrs. Hector had taken passage on the Lytton.

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### TRAIL CREEK NOTES.

#### Newsy Budget from Our Correspondent at the Booming Camp.

The Trail Creek mining district, about which comparatively nothing had been heard until last autumn, is now, by all appearances, the most prosperous and promising mining district in North America, if not in the world. The mineral belt is between four and five miles wide and its length is as yet unknown, although it has been traced for upwards of twenty miles, and is supposed to crop out again near where the Kettle River meets the 49th parallel, about sixty miles west of Rossland.

The ledges are nearly all true fissure veins varying in size from an inch or two to nearly sixty feet. The ore is mostly iron pyrites carrying copper and gold with a trace of silver. This class of ore can be treated very cheaply, the entire cost of transportation and reduction being, in most cases, below $14. The average cost appears to be about $13.60.

The show mine of the camp is the War Eagle, for which property $1,300,000 is said to have been refused a few weeks ago. Notwithstanding the bad roads and other drawbacks this mine has been shipping more than $1,000 worth of ore a day since January 1st.

The Le Roi, upon which a large amount of work has been done, contains a body of ore little inferior to the War Eagle in bulk and could be sold for a cool million dollars at the drop of the hat. The Le Roi company has a fine hotel—heated by steam and lighted by electricity—upon the claim. The mine itself is also lighted by electricity.

The Maid of Erin and the Robert E. Lee, owned by Messrs. Sullivan and Dunn, have been bonded for $40,000 to Messrs. Wilson, Burke and Clayton. These are two of the best claims on the south side of Trail Creek. The ledge, which runs the full length of both claims, is 30 feet in width, one-half of which is solid ore assaying over $20 in gold.

The Josie probably contains the richest body of ore on the Red Mountain, shipments being frequently manifested at five ounces and over.

The Georgia has been bonded to J. D. Porter and Pat Welch for $20,000.

The War Eagle is now shipping 30 tons of ore a day, and the Le Roi 23 tons.

Billy Lynch reports a 40 ft. vein on the Commander. His assay returns call for $22 in gold per ton.

Owing to the dry warm weather the roads are now in a good condition and the shipment of ore has been resumed.

Twenty-seven cash sales of mining property were made last week, and 51 new locations were recorded in the same time.

A. L. Coplin, of the Giant, was in town a few days ago. He states that he has a vein more than 30 feet wide on his claim. His samples assay $20.

A large number of claims have recently been bonded for sums varying between $10,000 and $60,000, and enormous production may be confidently expected.

The receipts of the Record Office for the week were $1,005.

The electric light plant is ready to set up.

H. N. Coursier, of Revelstoke, was in town on Saturday.

Louis Janin, of San Francisco, and Pete Larsen of Helena, were in town last week.

F. M. McLeod, of Nelson, has opened a law office in the Ritchie-Atkinson building.

John Murphy is busy getting ready to open his brewery. The coopers are almost through, and John expects to have beer on tap in a very few days.

The Nelson Sawmill Co. have their new engine and planer running. Mr. W. N. Rolfe is superintending the sawmill during his sojourn in Rossland.

The Columbia & Kootenay Navigation Co. appear unable to handle the output of ore from the camp. The ore is accumulating at the landing and will necessitate the building of sheds or bins to contain it. Why not put on another boat.

It is expected that a miners' union will soon be formed in Rossland. Mr. D. Bogle appears to be the principal agitator. He has resigned his commission as justice of the peace, and it is whispered that he will be a candidate for the secretaryship of the new union.

A severe accident happened to J. Madigan, brakeman, running on the passenger train between Kamloops and Donald, on Monday morning, as No. 2 arrived. Madigan usually has everything in readiness upon the arrival of the train from the west, although it stays 15 minutes at the station. The accident was not seen, but it is supposed that while going back with the tool box to put on the rear of the last car, he was struck by the train which was yet moving. He received terrible injuries about the head and body, both jaws being broken, and eight teeth removed besides other bruises. With assistance he could walk to the waiting room, but as soon as possible he was taken to the hospital.—*Inland Sentinel.*

Trail Creek Mines.
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Red Mountain properties for sale in the vicinity of War Eagle and Le Roi mines. Properties visited and reported on. Work supervised. Records searched. Abstracts of title procured. Assays made. Intimate knowledge of the Camp. ALL CORRESPONDENCE STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

# THE SECRET OF THE TOWER.

## CHAPTER III.

"What a state is guilt,
When everything alarms it!"

Grief and dismay at the mysterious disappearance of Kate Lilburne were not confined to her father and lover, for the servants and tenantry were almost as much moved by the loss of the fair girl as the members of her own family.

At the first shock, however, it was strange to observe how people shook their heads and hinted vaguely that Miss Grace might know more about her sister's fate than she chose to tell.

Indeed, Grace never knew how closely she was watched at this time, nor how keenly every word and action was weighed and speculated upon.

But nothing could in this way be discovered; her remorse and fear found vent in tears and lamentations which were attributed to grief, and became so excessive that a doctor was called in to try and calm her.

Grace needed no physician, however, but she made the most of her well simulated sorrow, and resisted all the attempts made to sooth her until Lord Roland told her somewhat sternly that her want of self-command was only increasing her father's sufferings—then she roused herself and clung to her victim's lover for sympathy.

But Lord Roland's heart was as cold as a stone toward her.

He did not actually suspect her of knowing what had become of her sister, but at the same time he distrusted her sincerity and he believed that her grief was far less real than assumed.

What had become of Kate was a problem that puzzled him more and more the longer he thought of it.

He was quite convinced that she had never left the castle of her own free will; yet it seemed proved beyond all doubt that, living or dead, she was not within the building.

Remembering the hints which Grace had thrown out about Frank Fairfield, Lord Roland began to question her about the young man, and she answered readily enough until a sudden thought occurred to her; when in a moment she became pale and began to tremble.

"What is the matter with you now?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied—"nothing; it just came to my mind that Frank could not have taken Kate away, because last year he went to South America."

"What is the young man?" questioned his lordship.

"A civil engineer."

"Your father paid for his education, I suppose?"

"Yes; his mother took care of Kate, and nursed her when her mother died, and she was always very fond of Mrs. Fairfield and of Frank, too."

"Where does this Mrs. Fairfield live?" he next asked.

"I don't know; she went away from here. Perhaps she is gone to South America to her son. I am sorry now I suggested that Frank had taken Kate away, because I see it is impossible."

"Why impossible? He may have returned to England."

"Oh, no; not at all likely. Poor Kate! I wonder if she will ever be found."

She buried her face in her handkerchief as she said this, the better to hide the terror that had suddenly come over her.

For the thought that had flashed upon her mind was that Frank Fairfield might be the only living creature beside herself who knew of the hidden vault in the turret-chamber, and if he were to hear of Kate's mysterious disappearance, it was more than probable that he would search the place in question and discover the ghastly secret which it could unfold.

Why did she not think of this before? Why had she kept on trying to associate Frank's name with that of her missing sister?

She made matters worse now by her feverishly anxious endeavors to convince her companion that the young man could not have had anything to do with Kate's disappearance, but her arguements on this point only confirmed Lord Roland in his determination to find the young engineer.

When, however, he appealed to Lord Lilburne for further particulars respecting Fairfield he received no encouragement to seek the young man.

"He never harmed Kate," said the old peer sadly, as he shook his head. "He would have given his life to spare her a moment's pain. He is a noble young fellow, though he is but the son of a workingman, and when he gave me his word that he would never speak of love again to Kate I believed him, as I believe you, Roland. He has kept his word, depend upon it. I would as soon doubt myself as doubt him."

"And yet Kate must have met with foul play," said Lord Roland, gloomily. "Any mere accident would have been discovered before now."

But Lord Lilburne shook his head as he replied:

"I don't know—it's a mystery—an awful mystery. My poor child—my poor child!"

A few days after Christmas a thaw set in, and the river was dragged, and the castle and grounds were searched once more, but again in vain and then Lord Roland Eyre bade adieu to the sorrowful old man and his tearful daughter.

"You will come again, Lord Roland, and tell us if you have discovered anything?" Grace pleaded plaintively as he was going away.

But he replied coldly:

"I shall never enter Silverton Castle again, unless I bring Kate with me, or come to meet her."

And turning to Lord Lilburne, he added:

"I shall take you at your word."

"Heaven grant you may be able to do so," was the answer.

Then they clasped hands and parted.

Grace questioned her father as to what Lord Roland meant.

But she received no satisfactory reply.

Days and weeks rolled on. The mystery was a mystery still; and Grace began to talk of putting on mourning for the sister who must be dead.

When she spoke of it to her father, however, he sternly forbade anything of the kind to be done.

"Why should you suppose Kate to be dead?" he demanded, angrily. "I don't believe she is dead. I believe that she is alive, and that I shall see her and clasp her in my arms before I die."

Grace trembled with fear.

Kate alive!

Kate in her dungeon, bruised bleeding and starving.

No, it could not be.

Death must have ended her sufferings ere now, and the dead girl could not come back to tell the piteous tale of treachery and cruelty of which she had been the victim.

Grace had never since that dreadful night dared to go near the disused turret, but to avoid this was easy enough, because, as has been previously said, this wing of the building, including the great hall, was only used on special occasions.

It was several days after her father had thus spoken before Grace regained her usual self-complacency.

But this came back again as with such a selfish creature it was sure to do, and then she began to calculate the difference in her own position in the eyes of the world which Kate's death would make to her.

Other people looked forward to the possibility of Kate's return to her father's house, and many were the speculations as to what would happen if she did come back.

But Grace quietly smiled at all such anticipations.

She knew that they would never be realized. She knew, past all doubting, that Kate was dead, and that therefore there was no "if" in the matter, and she secretly but exultingly declared herself to be her father's sole heiress.

Hitherto Kate had been first, while she in all things had been second.

Her father's property would at his death have been divided equally between his two daughters, but the title, as there were two of them, would naturally have fallen in abeyance.

Now, however, the whole matter was changed, and Grace at her father's death would succeed him as Baroness Lilburne of Silverton in her own right, besides inheriting all his wealth.

She sighed as she remembered she could not forthwith take possession of Kate's fortune, but one cannot get all one desires in this world, and she began to wonder how long it would be before her father's life would come to an end.

Sometimes, when these thoughts were coursing through her mind, and she wished that her father were lying in his last sleep by the side of Kate, she would shudder with horror at her own wickedness of heart.

But people who have chosen the path of evil soon find it easy to make excuses for themselves, and Grace Lilburne's mind was daily becoming more accustomed to the thought of crime.

And throughout all this she looked so innocent, so pretty, and so childlike with her golden curls, her sweet blue eyes, and her rosebud of a mouth, that it seemed impossible to suspect her of anything more serious than carelessness or folly.

So those who judged her by appearances pitied her because of the sadness of her lot, and others liked her none the less for the fact that she was now a great heiress.

Lord Roland Eyre, true to his word, never came near Silverton Castle, and the Lilburnes received no message from him; but Sir Victor Gayherd, a cousin of his, came frequently, and so also did Sir Algernon Colebrook.

But Grace never felt quite at ease in the presence of the latter.

Sir Algernon would sit or stand, and calmly and steadfastly look at her as though she were a curious study; and when on one occasion she was rendered sufficiently irritable and uncomfortable to make her ask sharply what made him do so, he replied with a bow: "My profound admiration."

But his admiration did not lead him to transgress in like manner again, and soon after this he ceased to call at Silverton Castle.

Sir Victor came pretty frequently, however. He was handsome, light-hearted and uncomfortably poor, and it was above all things necessary that he should find a rich wife.

He made no secret of his position, but treated all the accidents that befell him in life in a happy-go-lucky fashion, taking nothing very seriously or very much to heart.

Personally he was very like his cousin, Lord Roland, and in other respects was far too good for treacherous Grace Lilburne.

For a time Grace kept him from proposing, hoping that Lord Roland would tire of his fruitless search and would return to her for she felt that he knew she loved him.

But Lord Roland never came nor showed the least sign of coming, no news of him reached the castle, and Grace philosophically came to the conclusion that she might as well take what she could get, since she could not obtain what she wanted.

So one day Sir Victor Gayherd proposed and was accepted, and Grace sent him off to her father to obtain his consent.

She was very anxious to be married and to get away from Silverton Castle for a time, for her crime was daily beginning to haunt her, and the fear grew upon her that in some unguarded moment she would betray herself.

More than once she had been found walking in her sleep on her way to the disused tower, and though she had been met before she could get there, and had been led or carried back to her room, the shock to her system caused by the sudden awakening had been intensified by her terror lest she should have revealed her terrible secret.

So far she was safe, however, and if she could get away for a time and forget her crime she thought that all would be well.

When Sir Victor returned, however, the expression of his countenance quickly told her of the non-success of his mission.

"I don't think your governor is quite right," the young man remarked as he took a seat by her side; "he seems a little bit touched," and he tapped his own forehead significantly.

"Why, what did he say?" asked Grace, breathlessly.

"He said a good many things. He seems to believe that your sister is alive, though he has not seen her nor heard from her, and he says that until he has received proof of her death beyond all doubt he will only give you the portion you would have had before she was lost."

"That is provoking, but it won't matter in the long run," returned Grace, heartlessly; "he can't live forever, and then all that he has must be mine."

"Unless your sister is alive," replied Sir Victor, slowly.

"Oh, she's dead, safe enough," was the callous answer; "you needn't trouble about her."

"You speak as though you had seen her die," he exclaimed with sudden suspicion.

"Well, I didn't see her die," she retorted defiantly, as she contracted her brows and clenched her teeth; "but I haven't the least doubt she is dead. If she were not, do you think she would stay away from everything that can make life enjoyable? No, she is dead enough, and Silverthorn must one day be mine. But what else did papa say. He did not refuse his consent to our marriage, did he?"

"No; but he refuses to allow it to take place until after next Christmas Day, and now it is June. Imagine our having six months to wait!"

"Yes, and I hate Christmas," exclaimed Grace, passionately. "We wont wait, Victor. If papa wont give his consent we will be married without it."

Sir Victor Gayher shrugged his shoulders and made a rueful face before he replied:

"I admire your courage, Grace, and should applaud it were it not for the pitiful condition of my own finances, but your father has foreseen the possibility of our dispensing with his permission, and he has told me that if we marry without it he will not give us one sixpence while he lives.

"If my estates were not mortgaged for almost their value, or if you had a fortune from your mother, as your sister had, we might afford to do as we please, but now it is impossible."

Grace threw herself upon a couch, and wept, and declared that he didn't love her, and she sobbed and cried and altogether made herself exceedingly ridiculous; but Sir Victor was not sufficiently infatuated to be imprudent, and as her father happened to come in just as this scene was at its height, Miss Grace was ordered off to her own room, and desired to remain there until she had regained her senses.

Then Lord Lilburne talked quietly but kindly to the young man, and it was agreed between them that if nothing unforeseen occurred in the interval, the marriage should take place immediately after Christmas Day.

When Miss Lilburne heard of the arrangement, and found that she could not have her own way, she resigned herself to the tyranny of circumstances with the best grace she could assume.

The rest of this terrible year must be lived out at Silverton Castle, for the Baron, with the morbid expectation of his eldest daughter's return, would not go to London or Scotland, or any of the places on the Continent that it was almost his yearly custom to visit.

Here at the castle he remained, and here sorely against her will, Grace was obliged to stay with him.

Oh, how she grew to hate every stone of the stately pile which she felt to be her own prison and her sister's tomb.

Sometimes, as Autumn drew on, and the winds grew loud and shrill, if a door slammed suddenly, or an unusual sound was heard at the window or outside the door she would spring to her feet, or cower down into some corner in an agony of speechless terror, till she sometimes felt as if reason were altogether deserting her, and she was going out of her mind.

And as the days shortened, and the nights grew dark and chilly, and Christmas was again approaching, a horrible fascination seemed to draw her to the room under which she had consigned her sister to so terrible a fate.

At last she could resist the feeling no longer, yet when she at length yielded to the desire, she dared not move the sliding floor and look down upon the body of her victim.

She had no earthly doubt that Kate lay there as she had fallen, or, if not exactly in the same position, if she had not been actually killed by the fall, the guilty girl was equally sure that her sister was lying dead at the bottom of that horrible pit.

But though she would have given half of all she might ever possess to look upon the face of her victim, she dared not remove the floor that hid the murdered girl from view, because she feared that, as surely as she did so she should be irresistibly impelled to cast herself down beside her.

As Christmas came nearer, however, and the wedding was fixed for the succeeding day, Grace became rather wild and excited.

Since they would spend Christmas Day at Silverton Castle, they would be merry over it, she said, and as her marriage was to take place immediately afterward, she invited a great number of guests to come to the castle for the Christmas festivities and stay over the wedding day.

"We will forget last year if it is to be forgotten," she exclaimed to her lover almost hysterically; "and whatever we do we must keep papa cheerful. I dread Christmas Day; oh, how I do dread it!"

She broke down, and began to sob and tremble as she said this, and it was some time before Sir Victor could soothe her.

But when Christmas Day really dawned Grace was calm and cheerful, and only those who knew her well could detect the undercurrent of excitment which she suppressed with so supreme an effort.

"To-morrow is my wedding day," she kept whispering to herself, "and then I shall be free—free from the nameless terror that in this house always haunts me."

To-morrow! But what will even to-day bring forth?"

## CHAPTER IV.

### COMRADES IN GRIEF.

Frank Fairfield sat in an office that was situated in one of the large thorough fares within a couple of hundred yards of the Bank of England.

He was only a junior partner in the well-known firm of engineers to which he belonged, and had obtained this position some two years before our story opens, partly by his own great talent and industry, but principally through Lord Lilburne's generosity.

To all intents and purposes Frank Fairfield was a working partner in the firm; he had been to South America, to Russia, and to India, superintending the construction of railways and bridges; and though he had now been in England some three or four months, he knew that he might be required to start off again at any time with but scant notice.

The young engineer is only eight and twenty, but he looks much older, for, since he has returned from his last journey abroad, his thick, wavy hair has become perfectly white.

As may readily be supposed, the change in his appearance is so startling that his old friends sometimes fail to recognize him, and the questions that have so constantly been asked him as to the cause of this sudden transformation have sometimes tried his patience sorely.

He is seated this morning at a table with plans and drawings spread out before him.

He is trying hard to fix his mind closely upon the work he has in hand, but the effort required is a great one, and he looks up with a feeling of relief when a clerk opens the door and brings him a card.

"Lord Roland Eyre," he silently reads with keen surprise; then he nods to the youth to admit the visitor.

His lordship came in, sad-looking, it is true, but youthful and handsome, and he started with unfeigned astonishment when he saw Fairfield, for he had been given to understand that he was a man about his own age.

"I suppose I am addressing the person I really came to see?" he said, taking the seat offered him; "you were—you are acquainted with Lord Lilburne, of Silverton?"

Fairfield's face slightly flushed as he replied:

"Lord Lilburne has helped me to the position I now hold; do you come to me from him?"

"Yes, he told me where I should find you, and I should have sought you some months ago, but I have been very ill in consequence of a shock I received on Christmas Day."

"A shock!" repeated Fairfield.

"Yes; you have heard of the strange disappearance of Lord Lilburne's eldest daughter?"

And as he asked this question Lord Roland looked keenly at the man he had been assured was his rival.

"I have had no direct communication with the Lilburnes for more than a year," replied Fairfield, meeting his companion's fixed gaze without wavering; "be good enough to tell me what has occurred."

Lord Roland complied, and he told his attentive listener how, when the merry-making was flagging on Christmas night, Grace Lilburne had proposed a game of hide and seek, and how she had persuaded Kate to join in the game, the latter having been lost from that time to the present.

"Ah! then it was Grace who hid with Kate!" remarked Fairfield thoughtfully; "what did she say had become of her sister."

"She didn't know."

"And did she make no suggestion?" and the engineer looked at the nobleman sharply.

"Yes, it was she who mentioned your name," replied the nobleman with hesitation.

"Ah, I thought so. She suggested that I had persuaded her sister to elope with me," I suppose."

"Something of the kind."

"And may I ask, Lord Roland, why you come to me from Lord Lilburne? Why did he not come to me himself or send for me? I should only have been too ready to obey his call."

"He ridiculed the idea that you would harm his daughter; he said you had given him your word, never to press your suit with her again, and that he had as much confidence in your word as he had in mine."

"Ah!"

There was pain, satisfaction and relief in the exclamation.

A few seconds later he spoke again.

"You have not explained your interest in the matter, Lord Roland. I don't understand what Miss Lilburn was to you."

"She was my promised wife," was the answer.

Fairfield shrank a little as though he had received a blow, and his pale face became still paler, but he quickly recovered himself, and he asked, with a sickly smile on his face:

"Do you seriously believe that Kate Lilburne; your promised wife, would voluntarily leave her father's roof to run away with me?"

"Most certainly not," was the prompt reply.

"You think I carried her away by violence, then?"

"Good heavens, no! I should not be here talking calmly if I believed such a thing possible."

"Then what made you come to me?"

"I came, as drowning men clutch at straws, to ask if you can, or will help me?" was the eager response. "Nobody else can, I feel convinced. It is for Kate's sake, rather than my own, that I ask you. The mystery that surrounds her fate maddens and appals me. I love her so truly that if it would be for her happiness I would rather see her your wife than have any doubt as to her safety or welfare."

"My wife!" repeated Fairfield with mournful bitterness; "the woman is not born who will be my wife. But you ask for my help, and perhaps I will give it to you. I must think the matter over, however. Will you call on me three days hence, or, better still, give me an address where I can write to you."

"And you will write me?" asked his lordship, as he gave him his address in town.

"Yes, I will write without fail."

Then Lord Roland reluctantly went away.

But as Roland Eyre walked away from Fairfield's office it was with the disagreeable conviction that the latter had questioned and cross-questioned him, and learned all that he had to tell, and had told him absolutely nothing in return.

"The fellow is as close as an oyster, he muttered, "and yet I like him; there is something firm and strong and massive in the man's character, while he gives one the idea of possessing a certain amount of latent power which only exceptional circumstances will bring into action. And how he loves Kate! Surely together we ought to be able to find her alive or dead."

All through that day, and for several succeeding days, Frank Fairfield's face and manner haunted the young nobleman, and though he could not in any reasonable manner connect him with Kate's disappearance, he still could not divest himself of the impression that the young engineer knew more about this mystery than any one else.

It was with some impatience that he waited, day after day, for the promised communication; but a whole week elapsed before a brief note came from Fairfield asking Lord Roland to meet him on the following day.

The appointment was kept, and when the first brief salution was over the engineer said:

"If you are disengaged to-day, I will take you to see my mother. You know she was Miss Lilburne's nurse."

"Yes; I have heard she was her foster mother."

Fairfield inclined his head as he continued:

"My mother was as much devoted to her as though Miss Kate had been her own child, and she is in great trouble about her now. I promised to take you to her. Perhaps you can help each other.

"But how can I help her? Does she know where Kate is?"

"She will explain everything to you herself," was the evasive answer. "Do you feel disposed to go with me to my mother's house?"

"Certainly; my time is at your service. Where does your mother live?"

"About twenty miles this side of Silverton Castle," was the reply, "and fifty from London; but we shall get down there in a couple of hours."

Then the two young men went off together, Fairfield leaving word at the office that he should not return for the day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# ABOUT THE HOUSE.

## Toothsome Dishes.

When the family dinner is in the middle of the day it is desirable to have a savory dish at tea. A little good gravy can easily be made by boiling a few well-cracked bones for an hour, straining and thickening the liquor with a teaspoonful of flour rubbed smooth, seasoning with pepper and salt and adding a teaspoonful of butter. Heat the mince in this, letting it come just to the boil, and serve on squares of toast. No one will dream of calling it "hash." The flavor can be varied by using a teaspoonful of curry powder, or a little cloves and allspice, or a pinch of sweet marjoram.

Instead of serving on toast the meat can be placed in a baking-dish with alternate layers of tomato, fresh or canned, the gravy being omitted. Cover the top with breadcrumbs, dot with bits of butter and bake three-quarters of an hour.

The stuffing left from roast chicken or turkey may be mixed with minced beef, mutton, or veal, shaped into round cakes or patties, and browned in a hot frying-pan with a little butter or cottolene.

In made dishes the success depends upon the seasoning and flavoring. If these are skilfully managed the basis of the dish matters less.

Two appetizing supper dishes are made as follows:

Cheese puffs are made by taking an equal quantity of grated cheese and breadcrumbs. Soak the breadcrumbs in as much milk as they will absorb. To each pint of crumbs allow two eggs. Season with salt and not pepper. Place alternate layers of cheese and breadcrumbs in a baking-dish, add the eggs, and bake about fifteen minutes. Serve as soon as the dish is taken from the oven.

Cut thin slices of bread about three inches square, heap them with grated cheese, taking care not to spread it within an eighth of an inch of the edges of the squares. Place them in a pan and put them in a quick oven.

This is an excellent recipe for an old-fashioned tea-cake which is still very popular: One quart of flour, four eggs, one-half cup of melted butter, one cup of warm milk, half a yeast cake, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth; add the milk, butter, soda, and a little salt. Stir the flour to a smooth batter and beat the yeast in well; set to rise in a buttered dish, in which it must be baked and sent to table. Let it rise six hours. Bake steadily three quarters of an hour.

## Do You know.

That a great deal of the unpleasant odor from boiling vegetables may be avoided by putting a bit of bread into the water with the vegetables?

That when you put bed blankets away for the summer they should be carefully washed and dried, and cloves should be distributed plentifully among the folds?

That spirits of camphor, applied with a flannel cloth, will remove unsightly spots from furniture?

That if grease or oil is spilled on a carpet, flour or meal should be sprinkled over it as soon as possible? Let it remain for several hours and it will absorb the grease.

That dress skirts will wrinkle less if folded right side out?

That asparagus is said to be a capital cure for rheumatism?

## Seasonable Dishes.

Orange Sauce.—Piece of butter size of an egg, 3 cup sugar, cream, butter and sugar, juice of 1 large orange; beat this all together thoroughly. White of one egg beaten to a stiff froth, add to the cream and butter and give a hard beating. This must be beaten very light to be a success.

Mushroom Pudding.—Line a deep pudding dish with a light crust, take 1 lb round beefsteak, cut it in small pieces and lay it in the dish. Pour over the meat 1 pint can of mushrooms (fresh ones are the best), season with salt, pepper and butter; cover the top with crust; steam 3 hours. Serve very hot.

Crumpets.—One cup of brown sugar, 1 cup chopped raisins, ½ cup butter, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon soda in a large spoonful of milk; all kinds of spice; roll thin.

Shirred Eggs.—Break 8 eggs into a well-buttered dish, put in pepper and salt, bits of butter and 3 tablespoons of cream; put into the oven and bake about 20 minutes. Serve hot.

Orange Pie.—Three oranges and two lemons, grate one orange with the pulp and juice of the oranges and lemons; ½ lb sugar, yolks of 6 eggs, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, mix together. Put 1 pint of water on the fire, and when it boils add the juice, sugar and eggs; cook 1 or 2 minutes, then put into your pie plates, fill ½ full and bake till the crust is done on the bottom. Beat the whites of the eggs to a strong snow, add about 3 tablespoons of white sugar, then spread on the pie and bake a light brown.

Orange Cake.—Beat three eggs for 5 minutes, add 1½ cups sugar, beat 3 minutes; add ½ cup cold water, 1¾ cups flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, ½ teaspoon soda. Filling: The white of 1 egg, the grated rind and juice of one orange, add sugar enough to make it the right thickness for frosting. Bake in three layers.

Stuffed Clams.—Equal parts of chopped round clams and bread crumbs soaked in milk, season with pepper and parsley, mix well; add the yolk of 1 egg, put a small piece of butter in a spider, when hot add clam mixture, thicken with flour to the consistency of cream, fill clam shells and brown in the oven or brown in a baking dish.

French Honey.—One pound of sugar; put into a pan the yolks of 6 eggs and the beaten whites and add the juice of 4 lemons; grate the rinds of 2 and add ¼ lb butter. Stir altogether over the fire until as thick as honey. Seal it up and you can keep it as long as six months.

Orange Pyramid.—Cut the peel in 6 or 8 equal parts, making the incisions from the stem downward. Peel each piece down a little more than half way and turn each one sharply to the right, leaving the peeled orange apparently in a cup, from which it is removed without much difficulty; pile the oranges so prepared in a pyramid on a high fruit dish.

Prodigality is the vice of a weak nature, as avarice is of a strong one.—H. Taylor.

# HEARTY PEOLPE AT EIGHTY

## SOME GRAND OLD OCTOGENARIAN MEN AND WOMEN.

**Bismarck Joining the Band—Many Still Powerful of Mind, Though Past This Rarely-Reached Milestone of Life.**

Bismarck finds himself in excellent and brainy company on the other side of his eightieth birthday anniversary. He will find the schoolyard full of gay old boys and girls. He will find Pope Leo at eighty-five writing Latin sonnets, just as in the olden days, when as a lad he surprised the Pecci family by his precociousness. He will find the English statesman, William E. Gladstone, discussing Greek prose and writing critical essays on religion and philosophy. He will be surprised to find Verdi, at eighty, planning a new opera for the great singer Maurel, seeking his inspiration from no less a pleasant theme than Shakespeare's "Tempest." Bessemer is still bright in his panoply of inventive thought, and Sir Henry Parkes is just entering the realm of octogenarians, with a new educational project for New South Wales.

### ALL HALE AND HEARTY.

But the list of famous old men and women is a long one, and darkened only here and there by the touch of mental blight or great physical weakness. As a rule, these old men and women are still extremely active.

Bessemer, who enriched the world as has no man living or dead in the past, stood biting his lips with rage at the sarcasm and ridicule heaped upon him for declaring that he had discovered a cheap process for quickly changing pig-iron into steel. When engineers finally appreciated his discovery they found him disheartened, discouraged and ready to turn against the world. Then came honors thick and fast. He was knighted. Sovereigns vied in doing him honor. Great societies elected him to honorary offices. Medals were voted to him, and he is to-day among the happiest of the "Old Masters" of England.

### IN HAPPY OLD AGE.

So is William E. Gladstone. So is Sir James Beacon, who at the age of ninety-seven lives a happy life of retired ease. Until 1886 this great English jurist sat upon the bench, and the clearest decision ever rendered by him was that in a case tried two months before he retired from the Vice-Chancellorship of England.

None of this century's living famous old men have yet reached the age at which the philanthropist, Montefiore, died, a decade or so ago. Yet William Solmon, to-day the oldest member of the Royal College of Surgeons, comes near it. He is one hundred and five this month, and began to practise his profession when Napoleon was at the height of his glory, in 1809. He has also the honor of being the oldest Freemason in the world.

### A VIGOROUS MAINE CELEBRITY.

Neal Dow is Maine's grand old man, and although very weak at ninety-one, still talks entertainingly of the days of 1851, when as Mayor of Portland he drafted the famous Maine liquor law.

Among the famous nonogenarians is Rev. Dr. William H. Furness, of England, now ninety-two.

### COMING NONOGENARIANS.

Those who enter the ranks of nonogenarians of 1895 are Francis William Newman, brother of the great Cardinal; James Martineau, philosopher; Barthelemy-Sainte-Hilaire and George Mueller, the orphanage founder. Dr. Newman only recently completed a memoir of the early days of his great brother's life, and is now deep in the study of Gaetulian. His knowledge of ancient languages is marvellously rich, and he has given the world some valuable philological treatises. He is not alone an abstainer from liquor and tobacco, but never touches meat, and attributes his longevity to this method of living. Gladstone will be eighty-six this year.

### MRS STOWE'S DECLINING YEARS.

Harriet Beecher Stowe lives quietly with her son in Hartford, Conn. She will be eighty-four on June 14, and the closing days of her life are marked by extreme mental weakness.

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, was still active at eighty-two, although now growing somewhat weaker.

Curtius, the polished Greek scholar, is living at eighty. Verdi is nearing eighty-one, and has just achieved a marvellous success with "Falstaff." Baroness Burdett-Coutts begins her eighty-first year in 1895, and her life runs on as smoothly as ever in its philanthropic channels. It seems an age since she succeeded to the Coutts millions. Still since that time, 1837, she has endowed many bishoprics, has established homes for the fallen, homes for children and in a thousand different ways gives the world object lessons in real charity. Her romantic marriage with young Ashmead Bartlett is still fresh in the minds of readers.

# IT IS A HANDY SPRINKLER.

**An Invention Which Does the Work It Is Desired to Perform.**

London lawns, what few there are, receive their moisture from a new-fangled sprinkler invented by an ingenious mechanic.

Most lawn sprinklers are of the revolving kind, which have a way of throwing a good deal of water where it is not wanted. If placed near a sidewalk, for example, the passers-by have to take to the street to get wet. The new sprinkler does away with all that trouble and inconvenience. By the ready adjustment of a small wedge the stream is made to flow in a half circle, so that the sprinkler may be placed quite close to a sidewalk without wetting it at all. It throws a circle of water when desired.

THE HANDY SPRINKLER.

The sprinkler is small and is conveniently moved, a cord being attached for that purpose. By means of the cord it may be drawn all over the lawn, without turning off the water and without wetting the person moving it.

# THE PHANTOM BALAKLAVA.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

"You may talk about your orthodox ghosts who haunt ancient castles, wailing and groaning, and carrying flaming lights from window to window for apparently no earthly, or rather unearthly, purpose save that of terrifying out of his wits some poor hind bearing home a bewildered brain after staying too long with 'John Barleycorn' in the village inn, but for something that has forever befiled me and made me often wonder whether I was dreaming or awake, commend me to what I saw, or thought I saw, the night before Balaklava, Oct. 25, 1854."

And my father threw himself back in his armchair before the fire in the smoking-room grate as he took a long whiff of a newly lighted cigar and gazed dreamily into the flames that were crackling up the chimney.

The subject of conversation had drifted rom the battlefields of yesterday, in Abyssinia and Zululand, to those of thirty years before, when the tall, heavy forms before us of my father and his old comrades in arms, Sir Langley Fetherstone and Colonel Elmhurst, with their gray, bristling mustaches, their still erect gait, their unconsciously imperative style and their solemn and grave deportment, were as light as my own, Aubrey's, or Bob Fetherstone's, that night as we sat around listening to the stories of the hot day when our fathers were men as young as we.

"Hand me my memory, Aubrey," said my father, pointing to the huge cavalry saber that hung over the mantlepiece. The sword that had waved over the now iron-gray head, that was then chestnut, as its owner with a shout of defiance bore down upon the ranks of the Muscovites, on the wintry plains of the Crimea.

My father drew the sword from its scabbard and lovingly surveyed the glittering blade.

"Old 'never-failed-me!" he said. "Do you see that dint in its edge, Lang? Got that crossing the Alma off the helmet of a Russian cuirassier. I sent the blow through steel and skull together. There is another! Got that the 25th of October from the commander of the Cossacks that charged the left flank of the 'heavies.' He struck at me, I parried, there is the mark."

"And then?" said Sir Langley.

"I swept it round and caught him across the throat," answered my father abstractedly. "I saw his body afterward when it was turned over to his relatives, for he was a noble, a grand duke I believe. The same angry frown was upon his handsome features as just before my steel entered his jugular. And here is another—but there! If I once got started telling anecdotes of every experience that old blade went through in my hands I would stay talking until morning. Put it up again, Vic. I love to handle it whenever I settle down to tell a story of the old days. It, as it were, inspires me, by bringing back the events of bygone years to my mind as if they but happened yesterday."

Seeing that we were all watching him in anticipation he again took some whiffs of his cigar and commenced:

"It was the night before the never-to-be-forgotten 25th of October. We were close to the Russian lines, our pickets being almost within hailing distance of the enemy.

"I was riding out to inspect the sentries stationed along the Grodno road. It was a wet, cold night, and I clasped my great coat close about me, and spurred my charger along the muddy road. As I reached the side of the valley I drew him in quickly as I heard a distant rumble, like the moving of some parks of heavy ordnance at the extreme end. I listened. All was still again. An occasional stray shot from the outposts, a distant challenge of a sentry, a light here and there peering through the murky mist from the doomed city, and between it and us a large, uneven mass of something indistinguishable that marked out the Russian lines.

"I rode on. I arrived at the station of the sentry, and as I did so some smart firing broke out toward the rear. Our pickets were evidently being driven in, and I sent the sentry back to hasten up the supports. He never returned. I subsequently heard that he had gone on with the re-enforcement he had been sent to summon, and been captured.

"I stayed cursing his delay for over half an hour. When I again heard the same rumbling noise I looked up the valley. All was dark, but the rumbling seemed to be advancing at terrific pace. As it was coming from our lines, I thought it might be an night attack. Although, how calvary could be of any service at such an hour, on such a night I failed to see. But it is the soldier's duty to obey first, and to form his opinion afterward, and I eagerly awaited the oncoming of the force.

A white streak appeared 200 feet away, the noise crashed upon me with full force, and in an instant I saw the charging ranks, and the wild, eager forms of the soldiers, seated on their foaming, galloping steeds. Forms, did I say? Yes, forms only! Forms pale and shadowy. Horse and man alike woven, as it were, out of the mist. On they came, icy breezes rushing with them as they swept by. My horse plunged and reared frantically. To save myself from being dismounted I sprang from his back into the snow, and, prancing and snorting, he made off towards our lines, giving rise to the subsequent rumor of my death.

"As I turned I saw the form of Louis Nolan. He was sitting half round in his saddle, his sword hanging from his wrist, his forage cap in his hand, which he was waving exultingly. His face was partially turned from me toward the ranks, but not a word passed the open mouth, with the ashen hue on the lips, though I could see a blaze in the glistening eye. On they came, hussars, lancers, dragoons, with all the pomp and glory and magnificence of war mingled with the mystery of the world unknown. There rode Major Haiket. His proud, handsome face set firmly and unflinchingly, his sword clinched in his hand, as it was found next day when they raised his body from the blood-soaked soil. Then came Lord Fitzgibbon. You knew him, Lang, and so did I, since as children we played together in the green woods of Mount Shannon. He was pointing a shadowy finger ahead, and his attitude was as if he was calling to his hussars following close behind. As he dashed by he recognized me, and a sad, oh! what a sad smile, flitted across the pallid face for an instant as he tossed a last farewell to me, in his careless, boyish style, and disappeared into the mist. Next came Pigott, the Lovelace of the Seventeenth. The same serene light in those eyes that had broken many a maiden's heart in the drawing-rooms of Belgravia. And Hackett—Hackett of the Fifth—'the saint,' as we of the First Royals used to call him, that upright, God-fearing, great-hearted man, whose name was called on the muster roll of heaven, ere the sun set next day. His eyes were now fixed on the murky sky above, his face bore the calm, assured, expectant look that Jerome must have worn at the stake. He was galloping far in advance of his men, as if anxious to obtain his recompense. In a flash he disappeared into the dark.

"The gusts of icy winds accompanying the rush of the phantoms were now declining in their force, the rumbling noise that had risen to the roar of a tempest during their progress past was now quieting down. As the last line of charging horse passed from my sight I saw a shadowy lieutenant of the Guards beside me. He pointed in the direction whither they had gone, a scornful smile was on his spectral face. His hollow voice echoed tauntingly in my ear:

"'So Major Hurst, of the First Royals, prefers discretion to valor because he belongs to the heavy and not to the light brigade!'"

"I aimed a blow at my traducer, but my hand only struck into the empty air.

"He laughed a mocking laugh, and again pointing down the valley said, 'Go!'

"The warm nose of my horse, who had returned, was pressing against my hand.

"'I will show you that at least one of the "heavies" can do as well as the men of the light brigade!' I cried, jumping into the saddle and galloping off after the vanished cavalry. I felt like one bereft of his senses. I galloped on an on in the dark until I saw again the white streak approaching me in a contrary direction and the rumbling echoing in the rear. A second and it burst upon my sight. But what a change! Horses, riderless, terrified, wounded, maddened with excitement. Not a single form of a soldier passed, Riderless horses! Riderless horses! Riderless horses! Here and there opaque spots upon the shadowy saddles, showing where human blood had rushed down. I drew aside from the apparent stampede of ghostly steeds and waited. Then I saw another white streak approaching. It came nearer! It was upon me! The fur cap, the long riding coat, the leggings, the long lances, and, above all, the superb horsemanship displayed told me that they were the Cossacks of the czar. But their faces were rigid as the dead. Instead of their habitual yells, in victory or defeat, not a sound escaped from the tightly closed lips. As I gazed like a man walking in his sleep I saw one of the silent host bearing full upon me, his lance in rest, his cold, dead eyes holding me transfixed so that I could not move a limb. I felt my charger tremble beneath me, but he never made an effort to break away. A moment more and a pang shot through my heart. Then all seemed dark, save for an occasional star shooting by. The stars increased in numbers; then more and more, until they formed a disk like a full moon, that again was transfigured into a sun, whose intense light almost blinded me. I struggled to place my hands over my eyes, and as I did so I heard a voice above me say:

"'He's coming to. My! but it was a close call.'

"I opened my eyes; I was lying swathed in blankets in the tent of one of the boys of the Ninety-third. My limbs and body were tingling from recent friction, and five bearded faces were peering anxiously into my half-opened eyes.

"I recognized Heathcoate. Poor Heathcoate that was afterward killed at Delhi, just after his being gazetted as colonel of his gallant corps.

"'Why, old man,' he said, joyfully, 'you were near saving the Russians a job! I found you lying stiff and stark near the Grodno road, as our boys came along to help the Twenty-sixth drive back the attack on the outposts. We brought you here and have had a big job getting you round. It's a wonder you are not minus toes and fingers, but there's only the tip of your ear frozen.'

"'And,' added my father, touching the uneven upper surface of his left ear, 'there is the mark where the Russian frost bit me,' but the vision I saw that night is, in view of the events of the following day, far more indelibly implanted in my memory."

## PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and he will receive you into his bosom.—Fielding.

Blessed is the man that has found his work. One monster there is in the world, the idle man.—Carlyle.

By gambling we lose both our time and treasure, two things most precious to the life of a man.—Lavater.

The most happy man is he who knows how to bring into relation the end and the beginning of his life.—Goethe.

The Mohammedans have ninety-nine names for God, but among them all they have not "Our Father."—Anon.

The fault-finder—it is his nature's plague to spy into abuses; and oft his jealousy shapes faults that are not.—Shakespeare.

Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks the greater weight it is obliged to sustain.—Goldsmith.

There are two freedoms; the false, where the man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.—Kingsley.

Faith is found beside the most refined life, the freest government, the profoundest philosophy, the noblest poetry, the purest humanity.— . T. Munger.

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of the odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his examples, that roll away from him, and go beyond his ken on their perilous mission.—H. W. Beecher.

Some men make gain a fortune whence proceeds a stream of liberal and heroic deeds; the swell of pity not to be confined within the scanty limits of the mind disdains the bank and throws the golden sands, a rich deposit on the berdering lands.—Cowper.

### Signatures on Checks.

Lawyer—Is that your signature on the back of this check?

*Merchant*—I don't know, sir. It may be.

Does it look like your signature?

Not a particle.

Doesn't it bear the least resemblance to your signature?

Not the least.

Then why do you think it may be your signature? Tell me that.

I might have written it with a bank pen.

"Scaggs is getting fat," said Willoughby. "He's developed a double chin." "Well, he needed it," said Parsons. "His original chin was overworked."

### Black Evening Waist.

A black mousseline de soie evening waist, to be worn with a black satin or moire skirt, is a full blouse, shirred with a heading across the front and back, with a group of drawn tucks added across the front. Connecting shoulder-straps of yellow satin ribbon have bows at the top. The very full sleeves terminate in a twist and bow of the yellow ribbon at the elbow. A narrow crush belt of the mousseline has a yellow chou at the front.—Toronto Ladies' Journal.

## PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

**France and Germany Ready At Any Moment to Fly At Each Others Throat.**

Although war scares are no longer frequent in Europe, and the utterances of sovereigns and statesmen are favorable to prolonged peace, yet any discussion of the military situation by the legislatures serves to show how largely the governments are still occupied with preparations for war. In the French Chamber, recently, a deputy called attention to the superior readiness of Germany for action, and though nothing has occurred to indicate any intention on the part of that power to use its superiority for attack, the effect was at once to throw the Chamber and the government into a violent state of alarm. M. Roche declared that the military bills of last year had, beside drawing all able-bodied men into the service, raised the German army in barracks, ready for war, to 550,000 men while France, though with millions in her reserves, had only 406,000 men in her active army, 60,000 of whom were in Algeria. As in modern warfare the earlier movements largely determine the end of the campaign, a rapid and vigorous attack destroying ant enemy's organization before its forces can be concentrated for resistance, M. Roche insisted that preparation must go further, and the French army be largely increased. The significant feature of the speech was that Germany was held up throughout as a bitter enemy with whom war might be expected any day, and against whom preparations must continue until collision comes, and this, too, despite the constant assurances of diplomatists and the press that the tension between the powers has greatly diminished.

Equally significant was the manner in which the speech was received, the Chamber being almost stricken with awe at the prospect, while President Faure declared his intention to preside at the next meeting of the Supreme Military Council, and thus ascertain for himself how far France really is prepared for war. All this fear of unreadiness for war is excited, remember, at a time when peace is assumed to be assured by dread of the unlimited liability which war would involve; when there is no new cause of disagreement between the powers, when no section of either the French or German people is clamoring for war, and when Russia, France's ally, has given no hint of readiness for it. It is excited by the speech of a single deputy calling attention to a single feature of the situation; and the fact that it does not affect the course of trade, shows how permanent that situation is, and how used Europe has become to living on a powder magazine which it knows will one day explode. This is the discouraging fact of the matter, that while on the surface all is peaceful and the nations are full of civility to each other, the mere mention of war shows them to be either prepared down to their shoe buckles, or furious and alarmed lest they may not be. That M. Roche's speech will result in a further increase of the French army there is little reason to doubt, for though the French people will not like to spend the money, they will deem it necessary to safety and grant it, as the Germans did last year. But it is little short of a crime against civilization that so large a section of the race should be withdrawn from profitable industry to lounge idly in barracks, and the furture be heavily mortgaged to allay a fear which even those who act on it declare to be wholly groundless.

### The Retort Feminine

He (with superiority)—I wouldn't marry the best woman living.

She (with confidence)—If you did, it would be a very ill-assorted match.

That the introduction of the trolley railway into all the cities of this country, great and small, should lead to a more easy and complete extinction of hunger among the poor people in Germany is a thing that does not seem naturally to follow. It is indeed so remote a consequence that not more than one person in fifty would have guessed it. But it is plain enough when you know how it is. The trolley is now doing work that was done by thousands of horses. Well, what are you going to do with the horses thus deprived of their daily occupation? The answer is, "Send them to Germany and the people will eat them, and will pay for the opportunity." Once a person celebrated in story "paid $5 for an old blind horse," but now the blindest old horse going is worth $40 as meat in Germany. If the proposition to send these disestablished horses to Germany is carried out effectively, the horse-raisers may probably go on as usual and the Germans will even have a chance to eat young horse. Soon, perhaps, the horse will be raised only for the table. The trolley car and the bicycle have done much toward this end, and when the navigable balloon comes it will do the rest.

## THE LATE ISMAIL PASHA.

**A Man of Undoubted Ability and Possessed of Many Worthy Ambitions.**

An interesting career was recently brought to an end by the death of Ismail Pasha, the first khedive of Egypt, and the grandson of Mehemet Ali, who so nearly succeeded in restoring the Arab khaliphate. Though he died a state prisoner in Constantinople, and for years had been well-nigh forgotten by men, he made in his earlier life a great reputation for himself, and a quarter of a century ago was, next to the sultan, the most conspicuous Mussulman. Neither a statesman like his grandfather, nor a soldier like his father, Ibrahim, he was yet a man of undoubted ability and possessed of many worthy ambitions, and so favorably impressed those who came in contact with him that even experienced diplomatists regarded him as one of the most able of Asiatics. He was the absolute master of Egypt, and was held in such awe by his subjects that at no time during his reign was there thought of opposition to his will though he taxed the masses to the last penny, appropriated nearly one-fifth of the land of Egypt to himself, and killed out a hundred thousand peasants by forced labor on the Suez canal. Educated in Paris and full of great schemes of improvement, he built extensively, but not well, established model farms, laid out drives and roadways, and gathered about himself antiquarians, engineers and savants. Aiming to make Egypt independent and a great African power as well, he pushed those conquests in the Soudan and the lake region which, after his deposition, resulted in such awful disaster and disappeared as wholly as if they had never been made.

To an immense revenue from taxation he added huge borrowings from Europe, and spent money so lavishly on every conceivable whim that the days of Solomon seemed to have returned, and that to Mussulmans he seemed the greatest and most splendid figure in the Mussulman world. But he lacked earnestness and steady policy, did not understand how to advance the prosperity of his country by furthering that of the productive classes, and was so intent in all his schemes on increasing his own glory that he failed at every point. His splendour only excited the angry jealousy of his suzerain, the sultan, while he won no faithful ally either in Europe, or among the Arabs of the Soudan or of Arabia. His own pashas distrusted him, knowing his utter selfishness, the Arabs of Egypt were unorganized, and when Europe declined to permit him longer to ruin his country, his desposition was accomplished without a blow. Even he offered no resistance to the decree, though had he possessed the nerve of Arabi, refused to obey and called the Arab world to arms for the restoration of the Arab khaliphate, it is not improbable that the sultan would have hesitated to enforce the order. But he thought only of his own safety, strove only to save his fortune, and with his throne given to the son whom he detested, drifted away into obscurity, to be almost forgotten at the time of his death.

Throgmorton street in the City of London is to all intent and purposes Threadneedle street, the habitat of that famous "old woman" who sometimes scolds the whole world into a panic. It is not easy to conjecture what this venerable dame's feelings must have been the other day when she looked out of her windows and beheld a riot under her very eaves. It was not a serious riot, to be sure; the gutters were not quite flush with blood, but it was a riot and that was bad enough, in all conscience. Nor is it easy to foretell what may come of it if the belligerent parties continue at war—as they seem likely to do. Throgmorton street is the home of the stock brokers curbstone transactions. While these are in progress the thoroughfare, not much more than an alley at best, is wholly impassable. the stock brokers occupy both curbs and all the intervening space. The wayfaring man who wants to pass through must go around. This obstruction has long been tolerated in the city, but in a recent spurt of municipal reform, perhaps instigated by the new county council, it was determined to clear the way. The stock brokers resent this as an infringement of their rights established by ancient usage. The city authorities are firm. There must be a conflict, and the only question is, who will first give way? It is not an easy question. Nobody is so stubborn as a Briton, except another Briton, and both parties to this fight are of that obdurate race. The "Old Lady," unless she flee in terror from her ancient seat, may yet see real gore spilt upon her doorstop. The question which we find it hardest to answer is this: Why should anyone want to pass through Throgmorton street with that slippery thoroughfare is in possession of the stock brokers? Almost any other road would be safer.

# PRACTICAL FARMING.

### Soiling Red Clover.

For stall feeding in summer red clover, by itself, is probably better than any other fodder. It is an excellent crop to feed to dairy cows, yielding a large milk flow. Where it can be used green in this way, as a soiling crop, it gives the best returns. Green clover contains 80 per cent. of water, while good hay has only 16 per cent. It thus takes over four tons of grass to make one ton of hay. There is always more or less loss in making it into hay. The leaves form about one-fifth of the whole produce, and are the most nutritive part of the plant. Weight for weight the leaves have about three times as much albumen as the stem. They really form about one-third of the whole value of the crop. The leaves readily break and fall off during hay-making, and thus much of the value of the crop may be lost. When used for soiling, cutting should begin very early, and may be continued till late haying.

Experiments made on green clover, cut and fed at different stages of growth, gave the following results: Fiber digested—Quite young, 60 per cent.; before flowering, 53 per cent.; during flowering, 50 per cent.; after flowering, 39 per cent. When used this way for soiling there should be two cuttings in the season. These give the best results. More frequent cuttings reduce the yield, injure the growth, and shorten the life of the plant.

Haymaking.—In haymaking there are so many different contingencies that what is applicable in one case might be quite wrong in another. Much depends on the weather, and a great deal on the knowledge and good judgment of the manager.

In the section of country with which the writer is familiar, the following may be taken as the plan adopted by the best and most progressive farmers: Begin cutting as soon as the clover is in full bloom—a little before, if the crop be large or hands scarce for having the work quickly done. Start the mower each afternoon, cut enough for a day's hauling before the dew begins to fall. Some begin about four and keep the mower going for three or four hours. Let the clover lie in the swath till the dew is off next morning. Then start the tedder and keep it going till it be ready to load and draw in. If a good drying day this may be done in the afternoon. What can not be got into the barn that day should be put up in small cocks, left till the dew is off in the morning, then shaken out and loaded. Pack closely in the barn without salt, lime, or other substance. The closer the hay can be packed and kept from air exposure, the better it will keep. Do not put it in the barn with rain or dew upon it. This will cause serious trouble. Do not let the clover become too dry; there is danger of losing the leaves, which easily break and fall off. If housed in good order and well packed, it should come out green and sweet and be much relished by all the farm animals. If the weather be catchy and threatening, it is usual as soon as the clover is wilted to at once put it into cocks and let it sweat in field and remain up till fair weather comes, but this seldom comes out as well as when it is put under the tedder and got under cover as soon as possible with a due regard to proper condition.

Seed.—For a seed crop the second cutting is used. Dry, light soils give a better sample of seed than heavy clays. A thin crop, none of which is lodged, gives the best yield. When the second crop is to be kept for seed, the first cutting should be earlier than usual, to allow the plants a good start before the very dry summer weather. In a rainy, damp season, the seed crop is not equal to what may be expected in a dry, warm one. The seed is ripe when the flower heads are passing from brown to black, and the seed itself is hard. Heads late in flowering contain seeds soft or leathery. There will be later flowering branches in any crop, but the main bulk, must be considered. The crop should not be much handled, as the heads are apt to break and fall off. Once turning, and that carefully done, will suffice if the weather be good and dry. Threshing should be done by the clover separator. Red clover is one of those plants which can not produce seed unless fertilized by insects. Bees are the chief fertilizers. The bumble bee, being especially valuable for this purpose, should be protected by the farmer.

Darwin found that 100 heads covered by a net to keep off insects produced no seed. Another 100 heads adjoining, open to insect visits, produced 2,720 seeds. Red clover lives two years or more. In practice this clover must be taken as of two years' duration. After that, many plants die a natural death and the crop is thin and uncertain. When clover is cut for seed the whole stem usually dies and becomes hollow and rotten. The roots go deep, penetrating into the subsoil, and it has been estimated that the roots and stems left will be about two tons per acre, helping to manure the next crop. Grow clover. Grow more clover. It pays.

### To Make Good Butter.

We wish to say a few words to those who keep three or four cows and make butter on a small scale. Many of these still use the old fashioned milk crocks. There is no use trying to make good butter unless the crocks are washed clean and scalded every time they are used. Put no soap about them to wash as soap has a tendency to make them smell. If a woman cannot wash a crock clean without soap she can't with it. The main point is to skim the milk as regularly every day as it is milked. Some think it is so little that if they skim it two or three times a week that is all that is needed, but the less you have the more careful you should be. Don't let it stand around until it smells strong and the cream gets spotted with age and so thick that a cat could walk over it, and so sour that it would take the edge off a knife. If you make butter of that kind of stuff you will have butter strong enough to walk as soon as it is churned. When milk is sour you have all the cream that will rise, so there is no use to let it stand. When your cream is gathered, churn as soon as possible. The next is dressing the butter. Any person will know when the water is worked out or should know. Some will work it into grease before they quit. When the water is all worked the butter should be salted and the salt well worked in or your butter will be streaked. A paddle is the proper thing with which to work butter.

### Preventing the Growth of Horns.

There is no doubt that the absence of horns from all except thoroughbred cattle is very desirable. From adult animals they can be removed by the use of the saw or some of the clippers made especially for the purpose. While these methods are not injurious it is not denied that they are very painful. Preventing their growth is the most humane method as well as the one most easily applied. When the calf is a few days old, clip off the hair over the horn button. Rub this button with a stick of caustic potash the end of which has been moistened with water. Continue until the embryonic horn begins to appear inflamed. It will dry in a few days and no scar be left. Do not allow a particle of the caustic to touch any other portion of the skin, as it burns intensely, but is not so painful on the horn buttons, though it may cause the calf to be dumpish for a few days. Wrap paper about the stick of caustic to protect the fingers. A number of prepared applications are on the market, most of which are effective, but the caustic potash in sticks can be had at any drug store. The advisability of dehorning need not be argued. All who have tried it endorse the practice. Attend to it now when the calves are being dropped. This method of preventing horn growth has proven effective in thousands of cases.

## KELLY'S VICTORIOUS MARCH.

**How Mustuj Was Relieved—The Followers of Umra Khan Dispersing—Prisoners Safe in Camp.**

A despatch from Simla says:—Col. Kelly, who, with 350 Sepoys, is advancing from Gilgit to the relief of Chitral, has arrived at Fort Mustuj, which had been invested by the enemy for eighteen days. Before relieving Mustuj Col. Kelly's force had to cross the Laspur River, over which the Sepoys carried their mountain guns. After getting across the River 500 of the enemy were found gathered behind stone breastworks in the hills. The Sepoys attacked the first defence, from three sides, and, after an hour's resistance, the enemy fled, leaving five dead. Their wounded they carried with them in the retreat. Four Sepoys were wounded. Col. Kelly found the Mustuj garrison well. The enemy is retreating toward Chitral. Col. Kelly started from Gilgit on March 25, and has reached Mustuj after a most arduous march. His force in crossing the Scandar Pass, which is 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, had to carry their field and mountain guns, the pass being impassable to beasts of burden.

Advices received by the Viceroy of India from Sir Robert Low state that the followers of Umra Khan are returning to their homes. The despatches further say that Lieut. Fowler and the others of the British column who were taken prisoners by Umra Khan are safe in camp.

## THE LARGEST LAKE.

**It Is Supposed Victoria Nyanza in Africa.**

Is Lake Superior the largest fresh water lake in the world? Most geographers and other people certainly believe it is, and almost every authoritative book says so. There are a very few geographers, however, who say they do not know, and think the question had better be kept open until we have more exact knowledge of Victoria Nyanza, the largest African lake. The elebrated geographer Reclus seems, prematurely, to have awarded the first place to the Nyanza, for he computes, its area at 83,000 square kilometres, while he gives the area of Lake Superior at 81,000. Several of our best sources of information agree in giving the area of Lake Superior at 31,200 square miles, and of Victoria Nyanza at about 30,000 square miles. The fact is that there great lakes are nearly equal in size, and we cannot tell exactly how they compare, because our information about Victoria Nyanza is still very imperfect.

About two years ago Dr. Baumann discovered, on the southeast coat of the lake, a deep bay that no one had heard of before, and which is just beginning to appear on the maps. He was five days walking around the shores of this indentation, which is now known as Baumann Gulf. A while before this discovery, Father Schynze surveyed the southwest prolongation of the lake, which Mr. Stanley did not discover during his voyage of eighty days around its shores. These two discoveries have added many square miles which are not included in the estimates here given of the lake's area; and the shores of the lake are still so inadequately explored and surveyed that hundreds of square miles are likely yet to be added to or subtracted from our present computations of the area. Meanwhile Lake Chad, on the edge of the Sahara, may continue to stand off at one side and smile at the pretensions of both these rivals for first place. In the rainy season this lake loses all semblance of its former self and spreads over a vast area, until it covers more ground than the vaunted Lake Superior itself. It is spread out very thin, to be sure; but it is all Lake Chad, and if its outlines, when at their largest, were correctly mapped, the lake would look very imposing; but Chad, on these occasions, like beauty, is only skin deep.

## GRAINS OF GOLD.

Hanging and wiving go by destiny.—Shakespeare.

We should quietly hear both sides.—Goethe.

He scatters enjoyment who enjoys much.—Lavater.

Life has no blessing like a prudent friend.—Euripides.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind.—Shakespeare.

Present fears are less than horrible imaginings.—Shakespeare.

Who gives a trifle meanly is meaner than the trifle.—Lavater.

Every man is a volume if you know how to read him.—Channing.

There can be no high civility without a deep morality.—Emerson.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—Burke.

When the State is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied.—Tacitus.

He who has health has hope; and he who has hope has everything.—Arabian.

A crowd always thinks with its sympathy never with its reason.—W. R. Alger.

To be happy is of far less consequence to the worshipers of fashion than to appear.—Colton.

### MARRIED.

HECTOR—NELSON.—At the Methodist parsonage, Revelstoke, on Monday, May 6, by Rev. C. A. Procunier, John Hector, of Nakusp, and Miss Augusta Nelson, of Revelstoke.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Stylish dressmaking at Coursier's.

No boots so neat and comfortable as Slater's.

D. A. Lamey has made an assignment to J. J. Carment for the benefit of his creditors.

The weather took a chill this week and the water in the Columbia has receded two to three feet.

A carload of beef cattle was shipped on Thursday by the Lytton to Nelson. They were purchased at Kamloops.

Conductor Hopgood has returned to town and taken up housekeeping in the place vacated by Frank Lyonnais.

Geo. Galloway left town Saturday morning for Illecillewaet, where he will do assessment work for the Lanark Mining Co.

J. D. Sibbald went down into the Slocan district last Monday on a business trip, and will go into the Lardeau before his return.

Church of England services will be held at the schoolhouse, to-morrow, by Rev. F. Yolland. Morning at 11; evening at 7.30.

John Blaney, wife and eight children, arrived yesterday from Liverpool, Eng., on their way to Balfour, Kootenay Lake.

Mr. Dent has rented the neat cottage of Geo. Laforme and has moved into it with his family, proposing to reside in Revelstoke.

Train No. 2, which arrived late Monday evening, killed J. D. Sibbald's cow which was struck by the engine near Turnros' place.

Mr. H. Donnelly, of the Revelstoke Lumber Co., is being congratulated on the addition of a daughter to his household.

A very select assortment of Ladies' Dress Goods, and Trimmings, has been just opened out at Coursier's.

Services will be conducted, to-morrow evening in the Presbyterian church at 7:30 by Guthrie Perry, B. A. Sunday school at 2:30.

The dining car, Buckingham, arrived back at Revelstoke last Sunday, and is on her old run between here and Salmon Arm. The tourist car, 1021, used as a diner, has been taken east.

Mr. L. W. Nestelle left on Tuesday, taking two laborers with him. He was met by the Williams party which arrived Wednesday evening, and was at Downie Creek on Thursday.

The bridge across Gold Stream, under construction by Geo. Laforme, was somewhat damaged by high water last week when nearly finished, which will delay its completion for a while.

The residence of M. McKay is making a journey of about one-fourth of a mile from the C.P.R's to the Smelter's townsite, and will be ready to occupy again by the end of next week.

John Patterson got back from his trip to Lardeau and Trout Lake on the Marion last evening, bringing with him the stock of Dan Lamey which he bought at the sheriff's sale last week.

Mr. Trueman, of the firm of R. H. Trueman & Co., photographers, Vancouver, is in Revelstoke and will remain until May 21st. His work is first-class and he solicits early sittings. Tent near post office, lower town.

Gus Lund, John Bell and Jim White got down from French Creek last evening. They were three days in coming over the trail. Horne's boat was seven days getting to Downie Creek, and went on from there last Wednesday.

The C.P.R. has already dumped several carloads of gravel at the point where McKenzie Avenue will cross the railway track. This avenue is, therefore, soon to be opened, much to the gratification of the lot owners in that vicinity.

Section-foreman Foley with his gang has this week cleaned up the C.P.R. yard at the passenger station. It is not by any means a light job, and it is surprising to see what a quantity of stuff needs raking together and burning there.

Rev. Thomas Paton, Presbyterian minister stationed at Kettle River, returned from the session of the Synod Wednesday morning, and went south on the Lytton Thursday. He reaches his station by way of Marcus in Washington.

R. J. Scott has received the appointment of Mining Recorder for the Illecillewaet district, in place of A. C. McArthur, resigned. Mr. Scott was installed to-day by Mr. Joseph D. Graham, who went to Illecillewaet for that purpose.

A very handsome post box, or receptacle for outgoing mail matter, finished in bronze, may be seen at the MAIL office. It is a sample of the work of Vanstone, Shotton & Co., plumbers and dealers in stoves and tinware at Kamloops.

Four cars of rails and other material to be used in constructing the tramway at the Three Forks concentrator, are now in the freight yard at the station and will be shipped on the Lytton on Monday. They came from Milwaukee, and are subject to duty.

Hon. F. G. Vernon, Agent-General of the British Columbia Government in London, should be addressed at 39 Victoria street, Westminster, S.W., instead of 21 Finsbury Circus, as heretofore. The telegraphic and cable address is "Peribedion, London."

A full range of Slater's boots and shoes at Coursier's.

Wm. Lee has bought a lot on McKenzie Avenue, next to Dr. McLean's on the west, and will proceed immediately to erect a building for a cigar manufactory, which will be occupied and run by his son, and be in full operation on or before July 1st.

Rev. A. McVicar, B. A., who has been appointed as Presbyterian Minister for Nelson, arrived in town last Friday, expecting to catch the boat the same day, but had to remain till Monday. He occupied the pulpit at the Presbyterian Church Sunday evening, and preached very acceptably.

Geo. C. Marsh and Dave Cowan started Thursday over the trail for Downie Creek. There is little doubt but that the Downie Creek townsite will soon be platted and put on the market. Downie will be the end of steamer navigation on the river and the principal station on the Big Bend trail.

W. J. Law, now a resident of Vernon but formerly in the tailoring business here, purchased a lot yesterday adjoining Howson's furniture store, on which he intends to immediately erect a business block in which he will carry on business, which will necessitate his becoming a resident of Revelstoke again.

Mr. Pack, who has been supplying the Presbyterian Church pulpit for the past 5 weeks, left on Friday for Shuswap, to which field he has been appointed. While here he made many friends by his pleasant, unassuming manner. The work here will be carried on by Mr. Guthrie Perry, B. A., who arrived on Thursday from San Anselmo, California.

### Progress of Local Improvements.

Since the C.P.R. has put its lots on the market, there has been considerable improvement made among the cluster of houses situated near the water tank, and on Mackenzie Avenue. Geo. Newman has erected an addition to his residence, and Geo. Burton has fenced in his lot, and both have cleared up and improved their premises. There is a general bustle of improvement in that neighborhood, in addition to these and the Ross and Roma houses which have been noticed heretofore.

Burton's fence takes in the road, and the short cut from Sibbald's store to Howson's is thus closed. The way now is to take the street to Mackenzie Avenue and follow this to Dr. McLean's. Both roads have been turnpiked and gravelled. It would add much to the symmetry and beauty of that locality if Mackenzie Avenue were opened through to the railway track and a crossing made to connect with the road on the opposite side. The residents of that vicinity are particularly desirous of seeing the avenue opened and, before the spirit of improvement subsides, are hoping that the authorities will complete and "round up" the work already done by opening Mackenzie Avenue in the manner suggested, as a quite necessary public work.

The cottage residence of John Stone, at the corner of Benson and Douglas streets, has been improved by the erection of a tasteful fence, Picard being the artificer. When the fence and the house are painted, and the other improvements finished, Mr. Stone's residence will be the handsomest one in town.

The Stockholm House, front and rear, have been put in order and the rubbish got together and dumped over the river bank.

At the Central hotel, the entire street between the hotel and the old smelter boarding house has been made by Abrahamson Bros. to look as nice as if it had been swept and dusted.

Mr. Coursier has cleaned up the street in front of his store, and is also touching up his garden lot on the corner of Front and Benson streets.

A. McNeil has extended and widened the residence portion of his barber shop and has cleared up the brush and twigs in front.

Ballegaard has fenced his premises, front and rear, traced up his shade trees along the street, repaired the sidewalk and made every foot of his lot look like a flower garden.

There are other improvements deserving of mention which will be referred to next week.


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### Annual Meeting of the Fire Brigade.

At the last regular meeting of the Fire Brigade the following members were present: J. I. Woodrow, P. Arena, O. H. Allen, C. Abrahamson, R. Ramsey, A. Stone, W. Cowan, J. Abrahamson, J. M. Dunn, J. Perrin, W. Vickers, R. Green, F. Ahlin, Guy Barber, A. McNeil and S. Ballegaard.

The principal business was the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows:

Chief, J. I. Woodrow; assistant chief, Charles Abrahamson; chief engineer, A. Stone; second engineer, R. Green; third engineer, E. Picard; secretary, H. N. Coursier; standing committee, Guy Barber, J. Abrahamson and O. H. Allen.

A hearty vote of thanks was given the retiring chief, W. M. Brown, and secretary, F. B. Wells, for their excellent services.

O. H. Allen spoke earnestly in favor of a better organization of the fire department.

James Edwards and John Morris were elected members of the brigade.

The first draft of stations was presented at the Methodist Conference on Thursday, assigning Rev. J. A. Wood to Revelstoke and Donald, and Rev. C. A. Procunier to Ainsworth and Kaslo. These may be changed, however, when the report is finally adopted.

Spring is opening at Illecillewaet, the snow being nearly all gone from the mountains. As proof of this a big black bear, just out of his den, made his appearance in town and "went for" a resident's pig. A party with rifles frightened him off, firing several shots, but did not get him. Prospects for the coming season look good as to mining, as several mining men and capitalists are expected from the east.

O. B. Williams arrived on Wednesday from French Creek, Big Bend, and left next evening for Seattle. John Sands and Pete Levesque came in at the same time. Mr. Williams is one of the four owners of the Consolation mine on French Creek—the richest and most productive yet developed in the Big Bend, and has some splendid samples of almost pure gold. He will visit his former home at Detroit, Michigan, before he returns to Big Bend.

### EDUCATION OFFICE,

*Victoria, May 1st, 1895.*

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual examination of candidates for certificates of qualification to teach in the Public Schools of the Province will be held as follows, commencing on Wednesday, July 3rd, at 9 a.m.:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Victoria | In South Park School Building. |
| Vancouver | In High School Building. |
| Kamloops | In Public School Building. |

Each applicant must forward a notice, thirty days before the examination, stating the class and grade of certificate for which he will be a candidate, the optional subjects selected, and at which of the above named places he will attend.

*Every notice of intention* to be an applicant must be accompanied with satisfactory testimonial of moral character.

Candidates are notified that all of the above requirements must be fulfilled before their applications can be filed.

All candidates for First Class, Grade A, Certificates, including Graduates, must attend in Victoria to take the subjects prescribed for July 13th and 15th instants, and to undergo required oral examinations.

S. D. POPE,
*Superintendent of Education.*

### PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

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

*3rd May, 1895.*

JOSEPH DEE GRAHAM, of the town of Revelstoke, Esquire, to be Registrar under and for the purposes of the Marriage Act in and for the West Kootenay Electoral District.

*6th May, 1895.*

R. J. SCOTT, of Illecillewaet, Esquire, to be a Mining Recorder within and for the Illecillewaet Mining Division of the West Kootenay District, *vice* A. C. McArthur, Esquire, resigned.

### NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a sitting of the County Court will be holden at Revelstoke, B.C., on Friday, the 17th day of May, A.D. 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

J. D. GRAHAM,
Registrar County Court.

*Revelstoke, April 5th, 1895.*

### TABLE

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

SPRING ASSIZES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Nanaimo | Tuesday | 7th May |
| New Westminster | Tuesday | 14th May |
| Vancouver | Tuesday | 21st May |
| Clinton | Monday | 27th May |
| Victoria | Tuesday | 28th May |
| Kamloops | Monday | 3rd June |
| Vernon | Monday | 10th June |
| *Donald | Friday | 14th June |
| *Nelson | Wednesday | 19th June |

*Special Assize.


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