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The Kootenay Mail

A HEALTH RESORT.

While attention is being directed to several western cities as being beneficial to the health of eastern people afflicted with various complaints, the advantages of Revelstoke and vicinity in these respects should be considered. The altitude here above sea level is 1475 feet, which is lower than Calgary by nearly 2000 feet and higher than Kamloops by less than 300 feet. The air is exceedingly pure and healthful; no case of consumption, fever or rheumatism was ever known to originate here; and sufferers from phthisis at other places are decidedly benefitted by residing here. The water is of the purest, and gushes spontaneously from the mountains surrounding the town. No alkali or other deleterious ingredient is found in it—in fact, the pure water from our mountain springs is a panacea in itself to many complaints, especially those of the kidneys.

The climate is equable, and is even less severe than many other places of similar altitude. We do not suffer from the extreme cold of the Selkirk and Rocky mountain ranges, nor the extreme heat of places in the dry belt farther west which are swept by stifling dust-storms in the hot months of midsummer. These same months in Revelstoke, the night air is delightful, without dust and promoting sleep, caused by the cool atmosphere which creeps down from the snow and glacier capped mountains that flank the Columbia valley far and near.

We have snow here, but take the last winter as an example. At its greatest depth, it was three to four feet on the level, and light snow-falls were frequent, but during the entire winter not a drift was formed. There was no wind whatever at any time, and apparently not one flake when falling was deflected from its perpendicular course downward, nor its position shifted in any degree after it had dropped to earth. Snow has its pleasures and pastimes, as tobogganing, sleigh-riding, etc., which are very enjoyable in their season.

On the Arrow Lake, about 1200 feet in altitude, are hot springs equal to any in the mountain region or in Fraser valley, in their renovating effects upon systems racked with rheumatism, or debilitated from other causes. Good hotels and facilities for bathing are established at reasonable charges. Steamers run for eight months in the year to these springs which are only a few hours distant. Excursions on the luxurious steamers of the C. & K. S. N. Co. to the boundary and thence by way of Nelson through Kootenay Lake would furnish views of some of the most magnificent scenery on any continent, and would entrance those wish who to look on nature in her grandest forms. As regards hotels, we can confidently say that as good ones as any in British Columbia east of Vancouver, and many think the best, can be found at Revelstoke.

Items of River News.

Ranchers at Hall's Landing are well satisfied with their prospects, and do not fear a repetition of last year's flood. They are expecting to have a good crop and have got nearly through with their seeding. Ed Adair has a very nice garden, and intends to plant a ton of potatoes. Cossar and Hillman, who are partners, will put in about three tons of potatoes. The ranchers here think that if potatoes can be shipped from Okanagan Valley and from Shuswap and Tappen Siding into West Kootenay, and a profit be made, they ought to do well on this crop, as the cost of shipping into Slocan will be small.

Thomas Curtis caught a black bear, and Thos. Reid a very large black one. The skin of Reid's attracts the notice of passengers on the steamers, by its unusual size.

Samuel Hill is to have neighbors, for a ranching boom has struck Galena Bay. Six new ranchers have gone in there to make locations, mostly from Revelstoke and the vicinity.

Charley Holten and Tom Downs have built a comfortable house at Bannock Point, and have planted a nice garden.

The Gun Club Tournament.

Success is already fully assured to the Revelstoke Gun Club's challenge to neighboring clubs to shoot on the 24th of May for the splendid prizes which are offered for competition. Acceptances of the invitation have already been received from the clubs of Vernon, Armstrong, Donald and Golden. The papers of Kamloops and Vernon speak in flattering terms of the event, and favorable responses may yet be received from Field, Enderby and Kamloops. Donald will send two teams of five each, and the others one, which will make with the home club thirty or more of the best marksmen in British Columbia in friendly competition for the beautiful and unique cup and other prizes. The Revelstoke Club will have some of the best shooters in the province to contend against, but they are practicing daily and do not consider that it will be any breach of hospitality to the visiting clubs if by their skill they should succeed in winning the splendid trophy cup which they offer for competition. A grand day for the Gun Clubs of Yale and Kootenay will be the coming 24th of May.

First Trip of Horne's New Boat.

A little after 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, the "Big Bend," came speedily down the river, after an absence of thirteen days, having successfully accomplished her first round trip to Smith Creek. Capt. Tom Horne gives the following account of the voyage:

We started on the 1st. day of May, and had on board six tons of freight and nine men, eight being employed as helpers and to assist in handling the boat. We had no trouble whatever in going through the Canyon. We were six and one-half days going to Downie Creek, where we stopped half a day, and delivered one ton of freight, some to the ranchers, and balance to the government. Left Downie Wednesday, the 8th, and reached Death Rapids next day. We portaged the freight and all portable stuff at the Rapids. The portage is about 300 feet long. The boat had to be skidded just about her length, getting past a place in the rapids where there is a rocky bar. We were a day and a half getting the boat over and the load on again. The balance, of the run, about 15 miles, took a day and a half to make, as there are some bad riffles to get over. We were eleven days making the trip, one day longer than I calculated—taking the boat out of the water for skidding lost us about a day. Reached Smith Creek Saturday, discharged cargo and remained over night, leaving Sunday morning to return, and after stopping one day at Downie got back to Revelstoke on Monday, making the full trip in thirteen days including all lost time. I can say that I am satisfied with results of the trip not only as regards the navigation of the river, but also financially. The actual running time making the return trip was about one day.

There are some fine ranches taken up at Downie Creek, and the owners are clearing the land and putting in crops. The soil is excellent, and the ranchers think they can supply Revelstoke with root crops, with less expense for hauling than those people who have located farms across the Illecillewaet.

When Harry Howard and two men, Jack Letendre and Ed Blom, who started two weeks ago for Gold Stream, were at the rock in the Canyon above Death Rapids, when the boat was passing the rock, Jack Letendre being on board it took a shear jerking the lines out of the hands of the two men on shore, and rushed into a "boil-hole" going entirely under water. All the stuff on board was lost, but Letendre clung to the boat, which drifted down to where the water devides between the eddy and the shute, and getting hold of a paddle, he worked the boat away from the schute into the eddy, and the boys on shore threw him a line which he caught and was pulled ashore.

Murdock McRae, John Shaw and Wild Bill took a boat at Carne's Creek on the way up to Downie. They were lining around a sweeper, but the boat worked in on them, and McKae who was in the boat climbed out of it on to the sweeper. The boat was lost and and all the stuff the boys had. Horne picked them up on Strawberry Flat, about 8 miles this side of Downie.

On Guard Against Fires.

A fire was discovered in the shack of Bourne Bros. on the corner of Douglas and Benson Sts. about eleven o'clock Monday evening. It was speedily extinguished by some members of the Fire Brigade and citizens without giving the alarm. The house is not occupied, but the roof had caught from a hot fire in the stove, and it is supposed that tramps had been using the place.

A fire had been built by some one Monday afternoon using old rails and rubbish, on Douglas St. north of Benson nearly opposite Mr. Stone's residence. The blaze became so great that it was not thought prudent to let it go unchecked, as the wind might rise during the night and scatter burning brands. An alarm was given, and the Fire Brigade with their Chemical engine was soon on the ground, and put a speedy end to the danger. This alarm gave the newly elected officers of the Fire Brigade their first practice and experience since the annual meeting. They performed their work like veterans, and the engine itself proved to be fully equal to all that was expected of it.

A dense smoke rose from Turnros' place on Monday, which was caused by his setting fire to stumps and rubbish. The wind soon carried the flames past Mrs. Burton's and Tapping's and nearly as far as McCarty's butcher shop. Towards evening half the landscape was ablaze, and that part of the town was illuminated with fire and flame. Had a wind arisen, there was great danger that fire would have been communicated to the best stores and residences of that part of the town. The flames were fortunately not carried, but a watch was kept during the night.

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40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

IN COUNTY COURT.

Before His Honour, Judge Cornwall.

The Court opened at 10:30 a. m. in Peterson's Hall. The first business attended to was the reception of applications for naturalization, of which there were seven, and all natives of Sweden, to wit: John Hector, Peter Johnson, Morris Anderson, Charles Holten, Alfred Anderson, Andrew Blackberg and Nels Peter Anderson.

The first case called was W. R. Reid *vs.* John Shannon and C. P. R. as garnishee. Judgment for full amount claimed with costs.

Brown & Clark *vs.* Joseph Dumas. Plaintiffs are proprietors of the Columbia House. Claim $106. Judgment for $53.75 and costs, $5 monthly when defendant is working. The whiskey in the bill was disallowed.

H. N. Coursier *vs.* R. W. Northey and Revelstoke Printing and Publishing Co. as garnishee. Judgment for plaintiff for claim with costs.

R. W. Northey *vs.* Revelstoke Printing Co., Limited. Claim for balance of wages at $100 per month for a year and payment for six months more under old English law which it is claimed gives editors the right to 6 months notice. Amount of claim, nearly $800. The substance of Northey's testimony was,—That W. M. Brown, managing director, hired him for a year at $100 per month; was aware that directors passed a resolution in June that his pay should be $100 per month till further notice. Had notice from Cowan, managing director, in September of reduction of his wages to $75 per month from October 1st. Refused to admit T. L. Haig, managing director, and three other directors at 10 p. m., Mch. 8th. On cross-examination said—He believed he had absolute right to refuse to the Co. admittance to their own premises. Haig ordered him to stop using the property, type and premises of the Co., on March 8th—they wished him to quit at once. Had no written agreement. Did not pay over money to secretary weekly, as directed by the managing director, because it was "absurd." Published a paper March 9th—used it to show "my own case."

W. M. Brown's testimony confirmed generally that of Mr. Northey.

Defendant moved a non-suit, which the Court overruled.

Wm. Cowan sworn, in defence, said: Am a director of the Co., and was in March, 1894. Was managing director from 1st September to end of year. Did not know of any arrangement as to salary except resolution in June—nothing definite was arranged at any previous meeting. The minute book was open to Northey. Don't know of any contract for one year. Explained reason for cutting salary in September—because paper was not paying. He did not refuse to accept. Was one of the directors who tried to get into the office on night of March 8th. A paper came out early on morning of the 9th, unauthorized by the directors. Thinks it has injured the MAIL.

T. L. Haig, managing director since Jan. 1st, 1895; A. H. Holdich, secretary and book-keeper; H. N. Coursier, director, each gave testimony for the defence, to the same general purport.

The Court gave judgment for the plaintiff for $166.66 and costs, on the basis an engagement for one year at $100 per month. R. B. Kerr, attorney for plaintiff; F. J. Fulton, for defendant.

A compromise settlement is proposed by the plaintiffs in this case, which if not accepted by the defendants, it will be appealed to the Supreme Court at Victoria.

R. W. Northey *vs.* F. B. Wells and James W. Vail, claim $1000, for unlawfully converting a letter written by O. D. Hoar, at Trout Lake city. Mr. Hoar testified that the letter was intended for the KOOTENAY MAIL, and whoever might be in charge as manager. Mr. Wells, as postmaster, delivered the letter to Vail, then manager of the MAIL. The decision of the Court was, in this case, "Plaintiff nonsuited with costs."

H. N. Coursier obtained judgments against McRae and Richardson, Richard Condell and W. R. Reid, amount in this case to be paid out by Register from money in court; also, in a judgment summons against James Crawford he was adjudged to pay $5 per month. In the case of Condell, the Court granted a nonsuit as to W. Cowan who was joined with Condell as a defendant.

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THE SECRET OF THE TOWER.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

It was late in the afternoon when they reached Beechcroft, and Fairfield remarked that they had still three miles to walk or ride.

"Let us ride," said Lord Ronald impatiently. "I feel as though every moment we spend upon the road stands between me and my meeting with Kate."

Fairfield looked at his companion in startled surprise, and he said with a sigh:

"You are anticipating too much, my lord. You must prepare yourself for something the reverse of happy. What made my hair turn white in a single week, can bring you no comfort or satisfaction."

"Was Kate the cause of your white hair?" asked Lord Roland in unfeigned surprise.

"Yes; last Christmas evening I was as free from gray hairs as you are. Now look at me."

"But how did it happen? Why are you so mysterious? Why don't you deal frankly with me?"

"My mother will tell you all that you need to know," was the answer. "I only warn you to anticipate evil rather than good."

Lord Roland felt a chill come over him. It was not the keen air of early Spring that made him shiver, but the cold feeling of dread and anxiety that Fairfield's words caused him.

For, despite all reasoning to the contrary he cherished the hope that when he reached Mrs. Fairfield's cottage he would clasp Kate Lilburne to his heart.

When he glanced at the white hair of his companion, however, and heard what was the cause assigned for it, he felt only too well convinced that some dark tragedy had linked itself with the fate of his beloved.

For the rest of the journey the two men were silent; one was too sad and the other was too nervously anxious to talk.

It was a large, handsome cottage at the gate of which they drew up, and as they walked towards the door it was opened by Mrs. Fairfield herself.

She was a tall, fine-looking woman, comparatively young looking still, and very like her son, though her dark brown hair as yet showed no sign of approaching age.

There was deference rather than humility in her manner as she gravely invited his lordship to enter, while she herself led the way into a comfortably furnished sitting-room.

The young nobleman eagerly glanced around the apartment, as though he hoped to see some one, but if so he was disappointed; there was not a single sign of anybody having been in the room save the woman to whom it belonged.

"I have told Lord Roland Ayre that you could probably help him in tracing Miss Kate," said Fairfield when they were all seated; "but perhaps it will be as well if he tells you first how Kate disappeared and what steps have been taken to find her; you will then be better able to connect his part of the story with the little you know."

Lord Roland almost fumed with impatience. He did not want to go over the old ground again; he wanted to know without delay what they could tell him.

But Mrs. Fairfield, though very polite, was likewise very firm.

Moreover, she was suspicious.

Yes, she was suspicious even of her own son, and as Lord Roland, finding no escape, began to tell the story of that Christmas night over again, she more than once interrupted him with questions.

"And when the search was being made you heard nothing about any false floor in the west turret, did you?" asked Mrs. Fairfield with a searching glance.

"Certainly not; is there such a thing?" he asked eagerly.

"There was formerly—at least, so I hear from my son—though I never heard of it in all the years I lived at the castle, and I don't think Lord Lilburne himself knew of it; but Frank asserts that Miss Grace did."

"Grace!" exclaimed his lordship in sudden dismay; "are you sure she knew of it?"

"I am quite sure," here interposed the young engineer, "for I once showed it to her, and threatened to throw her into the shaft below. Of course I only meant to frighten her, but she was always getting me into scrapes with her deceitful tongue, and I thought I would put a stop to it."

Lord Roland pressed his hands over his burning brows.

He remembered now how Grace had induced her sister to hide, and how she had afterwards denied all knowledge of her whereabouts.

Yes, it all came back to his memory now, even to the dust and dirt which he had noticed on her white satin dress, and to which he had called attention.

At length he started to his feet exclaiming:

"Let us go to Silverton Castle at once; there is not a moment to be lost. That infamous girl may be starving her sister to death; quick—quick, or we may be too late!"

But Mrs. Fairfield said calmly as she also rose to her feet:

"We will go in good time my lord; but if I help you, you must help me, and I have a matter here that troubles me as much as Kate Lilburne's disappearance troubles you. Will you come this way my lord and tell me what it is best for me to do?"

And she was leading the way to a door that opened into another room when his lordship exclaimed:

"I will do anything you require when Kate is found; but I must go to Silverton Castle without delay."

And he was turning toward the opposite door, the one by which he had entered, when he was arrested by Mrs. Fairfield's calm voice saying:

"It is useless your going to Silverton Castle without me, and you must give me your advice at once. Come."

Then she led the way into the further room, and he, after a momentary hesitation, followed her.

CHAPTER V.

"Better be with the dead
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reckless ecstasy."

Of lavish profusion, recklessness of cost and carefully planned amusements could make any social entertainment a great success, this second Christmas Day at Silverton Castle must certainly have put all other events of the kind completely in the shade.

The servants and tenantry were not so well cared for as in the past, it is true, for Grace had given orders that they should put off their merrymaking until after she was married, when they could eat and drink, dance and sing, to their hearts' content.

All the guest chambers in the castle were full, and the eight bridesmaids who were to attend the bride on the coming day were here with their mothers or sisters or chaperons, each one of the eight looking forward to the time when she herself should take the leading part in a similar ceremony.

Grace Lilburne had not been very judicious in the selection of her bridesmaids.

The petty desire to triumph over her friends and to create envy and jealousy in the hearts of other girls, having prompted her in her choice rather than any kinder feelings.

For instance, there were the two Goulburne girls, poor as church mice, the daughters of a clergyman who was a distant cousin of the Lilburnes.

Their bridesmaids dresses are to be given them by Grace, but to-day their attire is painfully plain, and their gowns bear traces of having been home-made to begin with, and afterward renovated and altered for the present occasion.

And yet they are proud, handsome girls, and they know full well that they would look as elegant as any of their companions if they were only able to wear such fine clothing.

Then there was Miriam Hindman, a brilliant brunette, who rumor whispered had won Sir Victor Gayherd's heart, and he was only saved from marrying her by her father losing the greater part of his fortune.

The baronet had objected to Miriam being invited, and had suggested a cousin of his own in her stead; but Grace was obstinate; she had made up her mind to invite Miriam, and Sir Victor could only hope that the invitation would not be accepted.

But here again he was disappointed, and Miriam came, looking seductive and brilliant as a humming-bird, gorgeous with jewels and costly dresses, and giving confirmation to the report that her father had retrieved his fortune, and was now a richer man than ever.

I am afraid that Grace regretted her obstinacy when she saw how fascinatingly beautiful Miriam was, and certainly she was genuinely jealous when she observed how Sir Victor's eyes followed the girl who had still the power to make him forget everybody else when she was present.

Miriam knew that Grace had not invited her out of affection, and that she had no nobler aim than a desire to mortify and humiliate her, and she determined that the pain should not be all on one side.

Besides being a beauty and an heiress, Miriam was a wit, and wherever she might be she was quite certain to have a small group of eager admirers about her.

On her arrival at the castle Miriam persistently attached herself to Lord Lilburne.

She gave him her sympathy with such witching tenderness, she condoled with him at being about to lose his second daughter, and then she began to talk of dear Kate, who had been her most intimate friend.

"I am quite sure that Kate is alive," she said, suddenly raising her voice so that all the others in the small tearoom could hear her.

Grace frowned.

She had distinctly warned every person in the house that her sister's name and her sister's mysterious fate were not to be alluded to, particularly in her father's presence.

But Miriam paid no heed to the frown as she continued:

"Yes, I am quite sure she is alive. I dreamed of her last night, and my dreams always come true. We shall see her soon; I have no doubt about it."

"If you have nothing more substantial than a dream to found your assertion upon, I think it is a pity you should make it," said Grace with cold severity.

"I don't see why. My dreams have a strange faculty for being fulfilled. But, by the way, isn't there some mysterious passage or chamber in the old part of the castle, or was it destroyed when most of the place was rebuilt?"

She looked at Grace when she spoke, but it was Lord Lilburne who replied:

"I never heard of anything of the kind. Silverton is singularly free from romance. We have not even the distinction of possessing a family ghost."

"There is, or there was, some mysterious means of getting in and out of the castle," said Miriam, shaking her pretty little head like a wise bird laying down the law to its feathered friends. "I found out something about it from an old manuscript that papa has in his library. I wish I had brought it with me, but I'll send for it. Did you never hear of the secret, Grace?"

"No," was the curt reply.

But Grace Lilburne's face became deadly white, her head swam, and it was only by the most supreme effort that she could keep herself from fainting.

As soon as she could do without being observed the guilty woman escaped to her own room.

Here she threw off all restraint, and gave way to the terrible agony of fear and remorse that consumed her.

"The secret of the turret floor is known," she muttered disparingly, "and that creature will discover where it is. I saw the threat in her eyes when she looked at me."

"But what could she mean about its being a way in and out of the castle?" I thought there was nothing between the floor of the turret chamber and the foundation of the tower.

"If there was a way out, Kate may have escaped—she may be alive; and if she is, then I am lost—lost forever!"

She groaned and hid her face in her hands.

Any one looking at her might have felt with the poetess:

"If this then be success, 'tis dismaller than any failure."

After a time she roused herself, and a look of resolution came into her fair, innocent-looking face.

"I will open the floor to-night," and her eyes looked cold and cruel as the words hissed between her teeth. "And I will lower a lamp into the shaft and see what lies there. I have been afraid hitherto, but I would rather meet Kate's sightless eyes and look upon her dead face than endure the grin of that mocking witch whom I was mad enough to invite here."

Having made this resolution, she managed before nightfall to procure a covered lantern and a long cord, and to hide them in the room the floor of which had such a ghastly secret.

This had been easy enough, because the great hall was in the same part of the building, and several times during the day she had considered it necessary to go and personally inspect and superintend the decorations of holly, mistletoe and hot-house flowers.

She made a pretence of criticising the arrangement of the tables, and the order in which the guests were to be placed, and she stood over the servants while everything was altered and rearranged according to her orders.

"One would think that to-morrow was somebody else's wedding day instead of her own," grumbled one old servant.

"It's a pillow of thorns that her husband will have when he gets her, I'm thinking."

"The husband that is to be looks as though he'd like somebody else for a wife, and small blame to him, says I," observed another.

And the man jerked his head toward a small gallery at one end of the hall, in which the band was usually placed when there was a dance.

The first grumbler glanced in the direction indicated, and grinned, for there in dim twilight could just be distinguished Sir Victor Gayherd and Miss Miriam Hindman, with two or three other ladies and gentlemen.

Grace had not seen them, or she would have been alarmed as well as angry, for Miriam had kept a close watch upon her movements, and had seen that she had gone to one of the chambers in the old tower, though to which of them the visit had been paid she could not tell.

Her keen eyes were on the alert, however; if anything was to be discovered, she was pretty sure to come upon it.

"Do you expect many guests to-night besides those staying in the house?" she asked Lord Lilburne some time later as the company was about to disperse and dress for dinner.

"Yes, a great number," was the reply. "By the way, Grace," he added, turning to his daughter, "did I tell you that Lord Roland Ayre wrote to me to say that he was coming to-night?"

"Lord Roland!" repeated Grace in dismay.

"Yes; I wrote to invite him to dinner. He says he cannot come till later in the evening, but he will come."

"Did he say nothing else?" asked the daughter hoarsely.

"Yes he said something else, but it's of no consequence—at least no consequence to you," and his lordship turned away.

Grace asked no more. She was beginning to feel like a creature at bay, hunted on every side, with no avenue of escape open to her.

Why did her father invite Lord Roland Ayre, and why, above all things, had the invitation been accepted?

After a time, however, consternation gave place to mirth, and she laughed bitterly as she remarked to Sir Victor:

"Your cousin gives a striking proof of masculine constancy. Last year when he went away he said he would never enter Silverton Castle again unless he brought Kate with him, or came to meet her."

"And how do you know that he won't bring Kate with him?" asked Miriam Hindman boldly.

Grace looked at her for one moment with a scornful scowl, then turned away without deigning to utter one word of reply.

"Surely papa does not think of marrying that horrid girl," Grace exclaimed, as she watched her father and Miriam talking together in a confidential and affectionate manner.

"I shouldn't think he'd have the chance," returned Sir Victor; "she's an uncommonly nice girl."

"Oh, yes, I know you think there is nobody like her," sneered Grace.

"At any rate, I didn't invite her here," retorted the young man, angrily.

"Well, no; you couldn't very well, as it is my father's house," she replied: "but I wonder, since you admire her so much, you don't marry her."

"I am like your father in that respect—I haven't the chance," he said, coldly.

Then he crossed the room and joined the couple of whom they had been talking.

Grace was very angry, but she did not follow him, and soon after this the first gong sounded—a hint that it was time to dress for dinner.

Miriam Hindman, instead of going upstairs like the other girls, sauntered into a little study she knew of, where a bright fire burned in the polished grate, and the lamp was turned low.

Despite her assumption of cheerfulness and high spirits, her heart was sad and heavy.

Sir Victor Gayherd had been the one love of her life, and though they had parted in pique and anger more than a year ago, and just before her father had lost the greater part of his fortune, she had always expected her truant lover to return to her.

But this hope had died out now, for he was pledged to become the husband of another before twenty-four hours had passed.

She had seated herself on a hassock before the fire, her hands clasping her head, and her elbows resting on her knees, and she was thinking sorrowfully of the man whom she still loved so well.

"He will have a very miserable life," she mused, "particularly so if Grace does not get the large fortune she anticipates; and he will, no doubt, often think of me and wish he had not taken me at my word when I told him to go and find a richer wife. Ah me! people think me bright and witty, the men admire me, and the girls envy me, and yet I am the most miserable woman in this house to-night—yes, quite the most miserable."

Her meditations were here interrupted by an arm being clasped round her waist, and by some member of the opposite sex very energetically kissed her.

She looked up, struggled to her feet, and, recognizing her companion, she exclaimed, passionately:

"Victor, how dare you insult me like this?"

"I only kissed you under the mistletoe," he pleaded, with mock humility, holding up a spray of the white-berried plant.

"Under the mistletoe!" she exclaimed, with increasing anger. "I wonder you are not ashamed to look me in the face. I wonder you dare to come into a room where I am alone."

"Well, it is a risky thing to do," he replied, recklessly; "but I wanted to speak to you, and I may not have another chance."

"That is highly probable. What have you to say?"

"I want to know why you came here?"

"I came because I was invited," was the haughty reply.

"You had some other reason?" he persisted.

"I had two or three other reasons," she replied, with a short laugh.

"One of them was to make me feel what a fool I'd been to think of marrying that waxen-faced doll while you are free."

"Oh, dear, no! I am not so vain; besides, you don't know that I am free. But, since you are so curious, I don't mind telling you that I came here with the hope of meeting Kate Lilburne to-night."

"Kate Lilburne!" he repeated, incredulously, "Are you out of your mind? There is no such person living as Kate Lilburne."

"Well, perhaps she is married and has changed her name, still she won't have lost her identity."

"And you really came here hoping to meet Kate and not me?" he asked, earnestly, as he stepped close to her side.

"Why should I want to see you?" she asked, defiantly. "You are nothing to me."

"And yet you are all the world to me, Miriam—my love, my life. Only say the word and we will fly together, and I will break the hateful bonds that bind me to Grace, whom I have never loved."

He caught her in his arms, and strained her to his heart; but she gently though firmly released herself from his embrace, as she said:

"It is too late, Victor; too late. I have no pity for Grace, but I cannot bring such pain and humiliation upon her father. No; you must keep your word and marry her; but I am sorry for you and—and—so sorry for myself."

She slipped away from him as she said this, and ran upstairs, but on her way to her own room to dress she thought, as a species of self-mortification, she would go into Grace's room with the other girls and try to be civil to her young hostess.

Many of the bridesmaids had clustered round the expectant bride, and took a great interest in the dress she was going to wear on this the last evening when she would sit at the head of her father's table as the mistress of his household, and they admired over and over again the very handsome trousseau with which she was provided.

"You don't seem to have much jewellry," remarked Miriam Hindman. "I wish I had known it before, for I would have given you a bracelet as a wedding present instead of the silver dishes I brought with me."

"But I suppose your father will give you Kate's jewels; she had a splendid collection, I know."

"Kate's jewels will go with her money to her mother's family, when there is proof that she is really dead, but if people talk such stuff to my father as you did this afternoon it is not likely that anything reasonable will convince him," replied Grace severely.

"I don't know why you should call it stuff," returned Miriam, quietly; "people don't disappear as your sister did unless they go away to return at some time or other, or unless they are murdered. Therefore until it is proved that she is dead we may reasonably hope she is alive."

Grace shrugged her shoulders.

She would not discuss the matter, but intimated that it was time they should begin to dress, and her maid came forward to attend to her while the girls all went off to their own rooms.

"How very horrid Miriam is in her manner to Grace!" remarked Lizzie Goulburne to her sister, as they were dressing, without the help of any maid; "she seems to do all she can to vex her."

"Yes," replied Amy; "but I don't wonder at all; I am only surprised at her being here at all."

"Why?"

"I wonder she cared to come to the wedding of the man she was engaged to herself; and I am not suprised at her constant reference to poor Kate Lilburne, for Kate and she were bosom friends, and you must admit that the way in which Grace tries to assume that Kate is dead is irritating to those who hope, if they do not believe, otherwise."

"Yes, perhaps you are right; and I don't think it would take much to win Sir Victor back to his old love."

"So little that I would not risk a pair of new gloves on the chance of our wearing those costly gowns to-morrow."

And she pointed to the two bridesmaids' costumes that lay on the shelves of the opened wardrobe.

"We shall keep them, in any case," laughed Lizzie; "and they will serve us for evening dresses for the rest of the Winter. After all, lookers-on see most of the fun."

"They see it, but they don't take part in it," sighed her sister; "and girls like you and me seem to have no chance of ever being anything but lookers-on."

"Oh! our turn will come," was the hopeful rejoinder. "And there goes the second gong; do make haste, or we shall be late, and that will be dreadful."

"I don't see anything dreadful about it; but I am nearly ready."

They hurried so much after this that when they entered the drawing-room they found the room quite empty.

Other people soon trooped in, however, and very soon the Goulburne girls found themselves sufficiently well sought after, despite their plain attire.

The rivals of the evening, however, were the bride-elect and her chief bridesmaid, Miriam Hindman.

Grace was dressed in pale blue, exquisitely trimmed with cream lace and blush roses, while her golden hair, her gold ornaments and her bright blue eyes made her look bewitching in the extreme.

But her beauty was quite eclipsed when Miriam appeared.

The brunette wore rose colored satin, half-covered with costly black lace, looped with lilies of the valley, while pearls and diamonds were clasped round her throat, and lilies and diamonds shone in her black hair.

Independent of ornament, Miriam was wonderfully beautiful, but rich colors and sparking gems added greatly to her natural charms, and she used laughingly to say that she was thankful she had been born too late to be expected to wear white muslin gowns, short in the waist and tied round with a sash, until the time when she should be married.

"It was almost enough to drive a girl to marry the first man who asked her, if only to obtain the privilege of wearing silk and satin," she would say, laughingly. "Happily in our days we can wear what we like, without caring for the opinion of the male sex or for that of Mrs. Grundy."

She seemed to care for the good opinion of one member of the male sex this evening, however, and he for hers, and though his marriage with his host's daughter was fixed for the following morning, Sir Victor seemed to be unable to resist the attraction of Miriam's black eyes.

Grace watched the couple jealously whenever she thought of them; but something more important than the temporary defection of her lover filled her thoughts. She was planning how to get away from her guests unobserved and to stay long enough to be able to ascertain what lay at the bottom of the dark shaft into which she had thrust her sister.

"I shall have no opportunity after to-night," she thought gloomily, "for to-morrow I shall have people about me the whole time until I go to church, and after that I shall go away with Victor.

"Yes, it must be to-night. When the conjurors engaged come into the hall to play their tricks I will slip away. I shall be less missed then than at any time."

She smiled as she came to this conclusion, and turned to answer a question which a gentleman at her side had asked.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EIGHT YOUNG GIANTS.

The Interesting Family Who Arrived in New York the Other Day from England.

A most extraordinary family of emigrants arrived in New York one day last week, and that night left on a through express over the Pennsylvania Railroad for their new home in Utah. The head of this family was Thomas Shields, a blade grinder of Sheffield, England, and he had with him his wife, daughter and eight sons. When one of the sons arose in the car he presented a figure that was simply startling. His head rose above the bell-rope and his broad, massive shoulders made him appear to be a veritable giant. He was fully six feet seven inches in height, and a mere boy at that. Each of his seven brothers was even taller than he was, and one of them lacked only a trifle of touching the seven-foot mark.

The father of these promising young men was slightly above the medium height, and the mother was slightly under it. There was a daughter, a type of English rustic beauty, and her resemblance to Dickon's word picture of Little Em'ly was most striking. On her apparently had been lavished the money put aside for a rainy day.

To a reporter, who was on the train, Mr. Shields said: "Until a few years ago I was a blade grinder in Sheffield, and there my family was born. I am sixty-four years old and my wife is a year my junior. We had nine children (he said this with a sweep of his rugged hand) and the good Lord has spared all of them to us. Our eldest son is thirty-five years of age, and the youngest is nineteen. Our daughter, Grace, is twenty-three, and she is the pet of the family. How do I account for the extraordinary size of my sons? Well, that is, I suppose one of the great mysteries of nature. It was the Lord's will and His will be done."

The family were en route to Utah, where they have relatives. They are Mormons in belief, but opposed to its polygamy.

OVERBOARD AND BACK ON A WAVE.

The Remarkable Luck of Four Tars on the Collier Wachusett.

Rare instances have been reported of one man being washed overboard from his ship at sea and then carried back by the same wave, but the collier Wachusett has a quartet of that kind of able seamen, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

On the 19th of last month, while coming down from Nanaimo, four anguished mariners rode over the lee rail on the boiling crest of a large green sea. All hands gave the sailors up for lost, but it seems that they had shipped on the wave for the round trip. At all events, the dripping tars came riding back, with their whiskers full of sea-foam, and landed safely on deck. The captain, the crew, the cook, and the four able seamen regard the affair as little short of miraculous, as nothing but the wave could have saved the men.

The ship Wachusett, with Capt. Williams in command, played in hard luck both ways on her trip to Nanaimo for coal. She was twenty-seven days on the passage up and twenty-three days coming home. No calamity worthy of note occurred until early on the morning of March 19. For three days a strong southeasterly gale had been raging and the seas ran broken and rough. All at once it fell calm. The ship lost way and a tremendous wave went sweeping over her. Every man on deck was sent spinning, and four of them cleared the lee rail. No one expected to see the hapless mariners again. They were lost to view in a swirling mass of foam for several seconds, and then the wave which threatened their destruction proved the salvation of the men. The ship fell off in the trough, and having no headway on her the wave, full of tangled sailors came back again.

Three of them landed in a bunch on deck considerably bruised and startled, but otherwise all right. The fourth man was further out and missed connection on that account. But the Wachusett had listed heavily to starboard, and with her yards aback the fore sheet pennant was trailing in the water. The able seaman clutched the rope and hung on. He was still far from safe, but managed to maintain his grip on the pennant until a line was thrown to him from the deck.

As a wholesale escape from Davy Jones' celebrated locker this adventure is a record breaker. It not only takes the cake, but everything else they bake in the pastry line. Four sailors lost and found at one fell swoop was a most gratifying surprise to the skipper. As for the tars, had they gone down so near home and with two months' pay coming it is probable they would never have forgiven themselves. The ship carried away her forefoot in the gale, but suffered little aside from the shifting of the cargo, which was trimmed when the storm subsided.

Paris Omnibus Drivers on Strike.

A despatch from Paris says:—A strike of omnibus drivers began here on Monday morning, 5,000 men going out to enforce their demands for higher pay and shorter hours. There is almost an entire cessation of omnibus service. A few vehicles are running at irregular intervals under strong police protection, but they are very scantily patronized.

The strikers attacked an omnibus on Monday evening. The police charged with drawn swords, wounded two and arrested seventeen. The most ardent Socialists in the Municipal Council are moving to obtain a special sitting to consider the advisability of depriving the company of its concession. The public supported the strikers in 1890, but now oppose them, inasmuch as the company has fulfilled the conditions then imposed.

Asbestos Socks.

A workman in Montreal is said to have been ostracized by his brother workmen because they believed him to be a witch having seen him take off his stockings, hang them in the fire for a few minutes, take them out and put them on again unconsumed. On examining into the mystery it came out that the man, who was a Scotchman, had worked in an asbestos mill and made himself a pair of socks of that uncombustible material. He is able to renovate them when soiled by simply holding them in the fire for a few seconds. Asbestos fibre is rather heavy and unyielding, however, and we fear asbestos socks will never be very popular.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Spelling Match.

Ten little children standing in a line,
"F-u-l-y, fully," then there were nine.

Nine puzzled faces, fearful of their fate,
"C-i-l-l-y, silly," then there were eight.

Eight pairs of blue eyes, bright as stars or heaven,
"B-u-s-s-y, busy," then there were seven.

Seven grave heads, making in an awful fix,
"L-a-d-y, lady," then there were six.

Six eager darlings, determined each to strive,
"D-u-t-i-e, duty," then there were five.

Five hearts so anxious, beating more and more,
"S-c-h-o-l-l-a-r, scholar," then there were four.

Four mouths like rosebuds, on a red rose tree,
"M-e-r-r-y, merry," then there were three.

Three pairs of pink ears, listening keen and true,
"O-n-l-e-y, only," then there were two.

Two sturdy laddies, ready both to run,
"T-u-r-k-y, turkey," then there was one.

One head of yellow hair, bright in the sun,
"H-e-r-o, hero," the spelling match was won.

The Land of the Crisp-Haired.

Far away over the sea lies a strange country the native name of which means "Crisp-haired." A large country it is, too, but it has not been well known until within a few years. Missionaries and explorers have opened the door for us, and let us peep in and see some of the queer things that are found there.

There are two kinds of people in the land, but the real native is of a dark brown color and has very black hair, which is arranged in the most marvellous styles probably ever known in the fashion of hair dressing. Sometimes it is placed in masses on each side of the head, as though two great mops had been tied on for ornament. Sometimes some of it is cut off, leaving behind patterns of squares, circles and triangles, making the head look like a garden laid out in beds of various shapes. Sometimes for full dress a man will add to his costume plumes of the young palm fronds, which are fastened to his back and rise over his head waving gracefully in the breeze.

In the forests in this country are many kinds of beautiful birds, birds of paradise, parrots, cockatoos and cassowaries. There are also numerous sorts of insects, one thousand species of beetle having been discovered in one square mile in the space of three months.

Many of the villages in this strange country are built over swamps where no dry ground is to be seen, and everything has to be raised above the water. The streets are laid with large trees, from which ladders lead up to the houses, which often are perched on poles fifteen feet high. In front of these houses are the flower-gardens, made by spreading earth upon elevated platforms, each one of which is surrounded by a fence within whose inclosure bloom brilliant tropical plants and flowers. There are, besides, long platforms that slope up to the temples, in which may be seen the skulls of men and of animals, carved and colored, and grotesque figures that resemble fish, with mouths like frogs and bodies nine feet long and seven broad. Some villages are built directly over the water, and sometimes the baby of the family will fall through one of the cracks in the bamboo floor and drop into the stream below, but as the nurse usually knows how to swim, he is easily pulled out again, none the worse for his sudden bath.

The people have some queer notions about life and death, and the world in which they live. Some of them believe that one of their ancestors made the earth, the sea and the sky, and the ancestor of another line of chiefs made man. They think that when the soul leaves the body it travels away to a land toward the setting sun, where the sago palm grows in abundance, and where those who enter this happy place may eat as much sago as they wish. Other tribes think that good men after death go to live in the Milky Way, where are groves of fruit and delights of all sorts. In sleep they think that the spirit departs from the body, and meets other spirits in the air who tell it of things that are going to happen, so they plan their actions by their dreams.

One of the missionaries in this country is named James Chalmers. He has visited many places and had many adventures. He has slept in the temples surrounded by cannibals, and stayed in villages in which the usual custom is to kill all strangers; but by his kindness, wisdom and courage he has won the love and respect of many of the people. They call him "Tamate" or teacher, and sometimes "God's Man." He has settled their quarrels, taught them many things that they had not known, helped them to rise from their low condition, and given them Christian truths in place of their savage ideas.

And now if you wish to know where this country may be found, look on your map until you come across a big island not far from Australia, by the name of New Guinea, or, as it is called in the native tongue Papua or "Crisp-haired."

At the Bank of England.

The site of the Bank of England bears an estimated annual value of £70,000. This sum, if capitalized at 3 per cent., would represent a gross value of £2,100,000. Estimating the buildings, vaults, printing, and weighing machines, etc., at £100,000 more, it will be seen that the "plant" of the bank must be worth over $12,000,000. Add to this the average amount of bullion, coin, securities, and unissued notes usually held, and you have the gigantic sum of £120,000,000 sterling, or $600,000,000 are heaped on a space of less than four acres. Nowhere else in the world is there such an aggregate of actual and potential wealth within so small an area. In its early days the bank employed fifty-four clerks, and the yearly salary list amounted to £4,300, the chief accountant and the secretary receiving £250 each. At the present time the total number of employes is about 1,500, the salaries and wages amounting to over £300,000 per year, and the pensions to nearly £50,000. The present price of Bank of England £100 shares is £332, making the capital of £14,553,000 worth £48,315,960, or about $240,000,000. The usual dividend distributed is equal to 10 per cent. on the original capital. The solidity of the bank is thus shown to be, in the opinion of investors, equal to that of the British Government, as the yield on bank shares at the enhanced price and on consols is nearly the same—2¾ per cent.

$25,000,000 OF TREASURE.

IT IS HIDDEN AWAY ON A DESERT ISLAND OF THE ATLANTIC.

Carl Badendick's Strange Story—How He Was Engaged in a Search for the Treasure in Trinidad—Pirates Buried It—Lies Awaiting a Fortunate Discoverer.

The man who tells the narrative is Car Badendick, now a prosperous inhabitan of Jersey City. He was many years a sailor, and his last voyage was in the year 1880 on the barkentine John, from Sunderland, in England, for Santos, in Brazil, and Bull River, N.C. It was then that he first heard of the hidden treasure and unexpectedly found himself engaged in a search for it. In order to lend a deeper interest to what follows it is well to state that the value of the treasure is estimated at $25,000,000.

TRINIDAD, WHERE THE TREASURE LIES.

Its hiding place is Trinidad, an island far out in the South Atlantic, which does not support a single inhabitant and is almost impossible of access. It lies in latitude 20 degrees 30 minutes south and longitude 29 degrees 22 minutes west. It is about seven hundred miles from the coast of Brazil. It must not be confused with the important British colony of Trinidad in the important British colony of Trinidad in the West Indies.

This desert island of Trinidad is also that upon which Baron Harden Hickey has established an alleged principality. At present the principality only exists on notepaper. Badendick's idea is that the Baron is not aiming so much at an empty sovereignty as at the possession of the hidden hoard.

Badendick's story may here be told in his own words:

"In May, 1880, I shipped on the barkentine John, belonging to J. Tully, of Sunderland, with a cargo of coal for Santos, in Brazil. After leaving Santos the crew believed that the ship was bound for Bull River, N. C.

A SECRET VENTURE.

"At the end of eight days we arrived off an island which turned out to be Trinidad. Capt. Pyper called us aft and told us that we had been steering east instead of north. He told us that the owners of the ship, the Tully firm, of Sutherland, had information that a great quantity of money and valuables was hidden on this island. The captain was ordered to conceal this plan from us lest any of the sailors going ashore at Santos should talk about it and put the Government on our track.

"Capt. Pyper told us that we were willing to aid in the search we should have our proper share of the treasure if it was discovered.

"Among those on the ship was a passenger—a young man named Polly, as well as I can remember it. He was the son of a retired sea captain, living on the Isle of Wight, in England. It turned out that he was to take a leading part in the search for the treasure.

"June 15 was the day on which we arrived off Trinidad. The captain had been informed that there was a place for anchorage in the southwest bay, and he tried this, but the wind was too southerly to make it possible.

"The ship kept under sail, while a party was sent in a lifeboat to attempt a landing on the island. The party consisted of Capt. Pyper, young Polly, John Adam, Fred Sweeney, John McCarthy and myself. We took water and provisions, rifles and lanterns.

THE BOAT COULD NOT LAND.

"There was a heavy wind, and when we neared the shore we found that a thundering surf made an attempt to land the same thing as suicide.

"The island is surrounded by huge, rocky cliffs, which are in most places more than 3,000 feet high at the water's edge. There are only two small patches of beach on the island, one in the southwest bay and the other in the southeast bay. The former is guarded by a sprinkling of rocks and the surf was tremendous on the southeast side when we went there.

"We made another unsuccessful attempt to land in the boat on the second day. Then young Polly asked the captain to take him as near shore as possible in a boat and let him swim ashore.

The captain had orders from the owners of the ship that Polly should not be put ashore alone and told him so. He asked the crew if two men were willing to swim ashore with Polly, and McCarthy and I volunteered.

"On the third day we were taken in a boat to the southeast bay. When we had got as near as was safe Polly jumped overboard and we followed him. All of us reached shore safely.

"We landed at 6 o'clock. Things were not at all inviting. The shore was alive with gigantic crabs and turtles. Some of the turtles I believe weighed 1,000 pounds.

"The sun had made the sand terribly hot. We had gone into the water in our underclothing and we were obliged to take this off and bind it round our feet to protect them. The noise of the surf was so great that you could not hear a man speak five yards away.

"It was dark when we reached the high land, and young Polly told me it would be useless to look for the marks which were to lead us to the treasure till morning. We wandered about the island all night.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

"I can hardly tell how hard a time we had. We were attacked continually by huge birds and had to stay awake fighting them off with sticks. A blow from one of their wings would knock a man down. I believe they were albatrosses.

"The place where the treasure was said to be hidden was the Sugar Loaf, a high-pointed cliff on the Southwest Bay. It was not more than six miles across the island at this place and we got to the base of the Sugar Loaf early in the morning.

"South of the Sugar Loaf there is a deep, dry gully which leads some distance into the island. Polly told us that we were to follow this for a certain distance, looking for marks described in papers which he possessed. We should at last come to a hole leading four feet into the base of the Sugar Loaf. The treasure would be found buried three feet deep at the end of the hole.

"We followed Polly some way into the gully and found all the marks as he said they would be. At last we came to a place where a large part of the cliff had given way and fallen into the gully. Polly said he believed that this covered the entrance to the hole. We had no tools, and there was nothing to do but to go back.

AN EXHAUSTED EXPLORER.

"At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we sighted the ship from the Southwest Bay. Polly was nearly dead. He said he would rather stay ashore and die than try to swim out again.

"The ship put off a boat, but she could not get near shore. So we swam out to a rock in the bay with young Polly and were taken off by the help of a cable.

"The captain consulted us about continuing the search and we told him it would take a good force of men, with plenty of tools and provisions, and that they ought to remain ashore at least two weeks. He decided that he could not afford the time and the risk. There was no safety for the ship as long as she remained near the island.

"For three days after returning to the ship young Polly was very sick. When he got better he told us how he was connected with the enterprise.

"His father, about 1877, was captain of the ship Aurea, belonging to the Tully firm and went to Callao, in Peru. On the return voyage he shipped a sailor named John Smith. This man was taken very sick by the time the vessel reached the Horn and found himself at the point of death. Capt. Polly had his young wife on board and she cared for the man.

"He was grateful to her, and when he felt sure that he was dying he gave her some papers, which, he said, would make her and her husband the richest people alive. But she was not to look at them until twelve hours after his death.

THE PIRATE'S STORY.

"He died, and twelve hours later, Mrs. Polly gave the papers to her husband. One of them told that Smith had been one of the crew of a pirate ship during the war between Chili and Peru. The others on the ship were eighteen Spaniards and another Englishman. In 1841 they plundered Lima, the richest city in South America, carrying off the plate from the Cathedral and quantities of valuables which had been stored in other places.

"They carried away their cargo to Trinidad, and were returning to the scene of their operations, when an English man-of-war captured them. The eighteen Spaniards were hanged from the yardarm as pirates, but the two Englishmen said they had been shanghaied in Callao and were let go.

"Smith was put ashore in Callao, and worked alongshore there for many years. He made up his mind to go back to the old country and fell in with Capt. Polly.

"Another of Smith's papers was a rough map of Trinidad, showing where the treasure was hidden.

"Capt. Polly had to pass near Trinidad on his way home, but he had not time to land. In the English Channel his ship was wrecked, but every person and the papers were saved.

"Polly told the story to the owners of the ship. They asked him if he wanted to attempt the search. He said he did not, but he would let his son go some day. So in 1880 the son went on the John."

Doings of Royalty.

The Princess of Wales, as president of the pension fund for nurses, is working out a scheme by which she will be brought more closely into personal touch with the nurses themselves. The Princess sent a present of fish for a board school free dinner in St. John's Wood. The Princess has received a beautifully engraved silver gilt spoon as a momento of her visit to the Welsh Eistoddfod.

The Duchess of York distributed prizes at the schools of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, Lambeth, which are surrounded by a very poor population. The Duke, presiding the same evening at the festival dinner of the society, said he hoped at no distant date to visit Ireland.

The Empress Fredrick inspected the military hospital at Aldershot, and, accompanied by the Duchess of Connaught, she visited Wellington College. She spent three hours in the British Museum. The Empress, who is herself an enthusiastic horticulturist and apiarist, accepted a bouquet of roses grown at the Horticultural College, Swanley, by the lady students.

A party of men engaged in tree felling were taking their dinner round a chip fire in Richmond Park. A lady passing is said to have remarked that the fire was just suitable for roasting potatoes. A woodman answered, 'The unfortunate thing is, mum, that we ain't got no taters.' The lady walked away smiling, and presently a manservant arrived with a bag of potatoes, when the tree-fellers learned that the lady who had accosted them was the Duchess of Teck.

Razor Grinding a Delicate Job.

The grinding of razors is a science in itself. It can't be done by one of the street grinders who run their tinkling emery wheels and grindstones through the streets, because they are likely to take all the temper out of the steel the moment they touch the razor to the emery. An inexperienced workman may injure a valuable blade far more than he improves it. That is the reason why the Swedish razor grinder is so particular about his workshop—and a wonderful place it is. The ceiling is full of slapping bands and spinning shafts, small in size and home made, and all about are the grindstones and polishing wheels, before each of which a man sits sharpening some kind of instrument. The grindstones all come from Germany and France, and for the hollow grinding of razors the edges are curved on the arcs of circles varying in size from 8 inches up to 2 feet. Over each of the grindstones hangs a can of water which is fitted with a faucet so small that only a minute stream falls upon the stone. The razor is held squarely and firmly on a coarse stone by a workman, who knows just how many minutes the grinding should proceed. Then it is removed to a finer stone, and so on until the edge is sharp enough. The water must not cease dripping for a moment, for if the razor heats it is ten chances to one that the temper will be injured. The blade is now passed along to the polisher, who sits close to a narrow wooden wheel, coated outside with leather. This he sprinkles from time to time with very fine emery dust and no water is used. When the edge has been smoothed down the razor goes for a moment to the buffing wheel, which is made up of hundreds of layers of fine linen cloth, closely bound together. Now the razor is ready for honing, then for strapping, and it finally takes its place under the barber's mirror.

Archbishop Walsh was born in Ireland, in 1830. He took charge of St. Mary's church, Toronto in 1857.

An Atlanta city barber has engaged two female assistants to wield razors.

THE BRITISH IN EGYPT.

HOW THEIR CONTROL AFFECTS THE FELLAHEEN.

They are Prosperous Under the Economic Financial Administration of the British—Egypt's Indebtedness is Steadily Decreasing—A Picture of Lord Cromer The British Representative.

The Legislative Council of Egypt which would like to get rid of British control, recently published the damaging statement that under British management the Egyptian landowners were sinking more and more deeply into debt.

"Our committee," the council stated, "finds that the Egyptians are reduced to a condition of poverty and distress which tends to increase from day to day. For conclusive evidence thereof one has only to glance at the registers of the Tribunals, where it will be seen that the total amount of private indebtedness entered in these records, after reaching between 1876, and March, 1881, a sum of £E12,000,000, had risen at the beginning of 1891 to a sum in excess of £E20,000,000. On the other hand, the amount of land mortgaged has reached the figure of 1,300,000 feddans (or acres), besides 9,100 mortgages of house property."

LORD CROMER.

This statement startled and alarmed British people who had always taken it for granted that the Egyptian fellaheen were prospering under the economic financial administration of the British and their splendid irrigation policy. Sir Elwin Palmer, the British financial adviser in Egypt, had a careful investigation of the registers of the tribunals made in order to set forth the truth and the result just published is remarkable:

Instead of a total indebtedness which, according to that Assembly amounted three years ago to over £E20,000,000 and since been steadily increasing from day to day, its real amount is to day only £E7,323,000, or a little more than

ONE-THIRD OF THE FIGURE

adopted in the Council's report. Instead of the amount of land mortgaged being in excess of 1,300,000 feddans, it does not reach 400,000 feddans.

There are 513,030 or more than half a million small landowners who together own nearly a million feddans of land,—i.e., one-fifth of the cultivated area of Egypt. If the fellaheen were really crushed under intolerable burdens, would not this class more than any other be found struggling under a desperate load of indebtedness? But the reverse is the case. Of these fellaheen landowners, who form the bulk and backbone of the agricultural population, little more than two in every 100 have mortgaged their small holdings, and of the aggregate holdings of the whole class little more than two per cent. are encumbered. Nor is there anything to cause alarm in the situation of the other classes, which may be taken as representing the more well-to-do peasantry. In no case does the proportion of land mortgaged to land owned reach eight per cent. and the average proportion for the four categories into which the owners of land ranging from five to fifty feddans are divided in Sir Elwin's report, represents barely five per cent of the indebtedness.

It is only when we come to the large landowners—i.e., to those who own over fifty feddans of land—that the ratio of indebtedness shows

A REMARKABLE INCREASE.

With holdings which average 180 feddans, but which amount in the aggregate to little more than forty per cent. of the total area of land held in private ownership, they are responsible for seventy-one per cent. of the total indebtedness, or for nearly five millions and a quarter out of £E7,323,000. Yet even in this class, though the proportion of landowners who have borrowed on mortgages rises to nearly thirty-five per cent., the proportion of land thus mortgaged is less than fifteen per cent.

Sir Edwin Palmer's investigations have sufficed to dispose effectually of the Legislative Council's malevolent allegations. It is not a debt of some seven millions on landed property, representing an aggregate value of £E120,000,000, which can be properly described as reducing the Egyptians to a hopeless condition of poverty and distress. In this respect, indeed, Egypt compares favorably with most European countries, where the indebtedness of landed property is estimated in France, for instance, at from fifteen to twenty per cent. in Italy and Germany at thirty per cent., and in England at even more.

A FRENCH PORTRAIT OF LORD CROMER.

M. Octave Uzanne, who has been sent to Cairo by the Paris Figaro, gives the following sketch of Lord Cromer, the British representative in Egypt:—

Physically, he is a man about fifty, presenting a type of the bygone Englishman such as we met with in the "keepsakes" between 1840 and 1850—strong, sturdy, thickset, with an inclination to stoutness which halts on the right side of obesity. His face is clean shaven, save for the dainty white moustache of almost military trimness which harmonizes agreeably with the highly colored pink of his complexion. Out of doors you cannot fail to recognize him by his alert step, his closely buttoned frock-coat, his light gaiters in French fashion, and his tall white hat, as well as by an indescribable something which gives character to his bearing and personality to the whole picture. At home he is cordial in manner, with the touch of happy childish gayety that is peculiar to his race. While he gives evidence of observation, ready wit and sound learning, not a trace of official British haughtiness is to be detected in his manner. His keen enquiring eyes move restlessly behind the glasses that he always wears, and add to his features a suggestion of mobility. In politics he is a Salisburian; aesthetically he delights in Reynolds, Lawrence and Constable. The big house near the Nile bridge, of which he is so proud, contains many interesting pictures, and also some vigorous water-color drawings from the skilful brush of Lady Cromer. Much belauded by certain Englishmen, much belittled by others, he appeals very indifferent to opinion, and his measures are not always carried into effect with the complete sympathy of the colony of compatriots who surround him.

FLOWERS AND THE VOICE.

Curious Effect of Perfumes on Singers—The Violet the Worst.

Miss May Yone has confided to an interviewer the interesting fact that she cannot bear to have flowers near her when singing, as their perfume utterly destroys her voice. The lady added that she could not account for this "curious fact." The effect of flowers on the voice has recently excited a good deal of attention in France, and Dr. Joal of Mont Dore has published an elaborate paper on the subject. He relates a number of cases which have come under his own observation in which thickness, huskiness, and even complete loss of voice are always caused by penetrating odors. In some persons it is only the perfume of particular flowers that produces this effect; in others the odor of incense or musk, or the smells of the kitchen, tanyard, or smithy act in the same way.

The bad effect of flowers on the voice is so well known among singers that M. Faure, Mme. Krauss, and other eminent teachers caution their pupils against having them in their dressing rooms, and a jealous prima donna has been known to secure herself against the possible triumph of a rival by treacherously presenting her with a magnificent bouquet just before she went on the stage. Testimony to the evil effects of flowers on the voice is borne by Mme. Christine Nilsson and other famous singers, and by laryngologists like Dr. Fauvel and Dr. Gouguenheim of Paris.

The flower which has the worst reputation in this respect is the violet, but there is no evidence that it is really more harmful to the voice than other sweet-smelling flowers, such as the rose, the mignonette, the heliotrope, the lily of the valley, the gardenia, the lilac, and the tuberose. The explanation of this curious idiosyncrasy is probably to be found in a special sensitiveness of the olfactory mucous membrane to the action, mechanical or chemical, of certain odorous particles. The mechanism is, roughly speaking, congestion of the mucous membrane of the turbinate bodies, which, it will be remembered, is largely erectile, followed by reflex vasomoto, disturbance of the vocal apparatus. Dr. Joal says that the effect manifests itself not only in congestion of the nose, nosopharynx and larynx, but in paresis of the constrictor muscles of the glottis and spasms of the bronchial tubes. The respiratory capacity, as tested by the spirometer, is notably reduced, and the voice not only loses brilliancy and volume, but part of its compass and the singer is much more easily fatigued than in his natural state.

The moral seems to be that singers who are the subjects of this particular infirmity must banish not only flowers but all strong perfumes from their environment, if they wish their voices to be at their best; in particular, they must be careful not to accept bouquets from injudicious admirers or rival artists.

STRANGE CAUSES OF DEATH.

A Heart Literally Torn in Two—Biting Off a Piece of Cotton Causes a Lady's Death—A Calculus Nearly a Pound in Weight.

Some strange causes of death are recorded by a writer in the Standard. One of them is quoted from Dr. Mitchell's book on diseases of the heart. In his early days he was a doctor on board a Liverpool liner, the captain of which was engaged to a lady. He frequently spoke of her to Dr. Mitchell and showed him some valuable jewellery, which he proposed giving her on their wedding day, which was to take place directly the ship got into Liverpool. But on reaching that port the captain was suddenly told that the lady had married someone else. Immediately he was observed to put his hand to his heart and fall insensible. Dr. Mitchell was sent for directly, but life was already extinct. A post-mortem was held, when it was found that the heart of this victim of woman's infidelity was literally torn in two. The tremendous propulsion of blood consequent on the violent shock had forced the powerful muscular tissues apart, and life was at an end.

Biting off a piece of cotton recently was the cause of a lady's death. A little pet pug dog that she had went mad, and had torn her dress with its teeth. After the dog had been destroyed the lady proceeded to mend the rent, and, when she had finished, bit off the end of the thread, as ladies frequently do. As fate would have it, there was a slight abrasion on her lip, the cotton had been in contact with the cloth impregnated with the virus of the pet pug, and it was communicated to her blood. She contracted hydrophobia and died some weeks after.

As a last instances of what a trifle may ultimately result in death, it might not be out of place to cite the following:—In the museum of one of our largest London hospitals is a divided calculus nearly a pound in weight, which was taken from, and caused the death of, a patient at the institution. When this stone was sawn in two, it was found that the successive layers of hard lime deposit had for their nucleus a little tooth-indented lump of lead, which appeared to be an ordinary number five shot. What had evidently happened was this:—the patient had eaten some game or pigeons, and not noticing the shot had chewed it up and swallowed it. It somehow became lodged in the kidneys, and thus formed the nucleus, of a calculus, which finally resulted in his death.

Little Ben's Way of Putting It.

Little Ben lives in a new house, one of the most modern of modern houses, where light, water, heat and other things are all to be had by turning a knob or touching a bell. He lives in a state of perpetual marvel over these things, and the other night, when suffering from a headache, the little fellow said to his mother, who sat beside him: Please turn on the dark, mother; my eyes hurt me.

Into each life some rain must fall,
Either your own or your fellow's;
It is wise therefore that one and all
Should have umbrellas.

SUICIDE IN THE ORIENT.

WHY THE CHINESE MILITARY LEADERS KILLED THEMSELVES.

It Was the Gentlemanly Thing—After Defeat They Would Have Been Considered Disgraced Had They Consented to Live—The Most Highly Scientific Form of Suicide Was Hari-Kari.

To suppose that the recent suicides of Chinese naval and military leaders were inspired by cowardice would be an egregious mistake. The victims killed themselves because, from their point of view, it was not possible for them to do anything else as gentlemen and men of honor. If they had done otherwise they would have been considered by their countrymen as disgraced. When Canton fell, in 1857, Gen. Yeh, commander of the Chinese forces, incurred popular detestation by refusing to take his own life.

It is always the proper thing in China for a defeated general to commit suicide. When the Taku forts were captured, in 1860, many Mandarins destroyed themselves. Their sense of honor would not permit them to survive the disgrace. They acted, according to the Oriental idea, like virtuous and brave men, and the gates of paradise were opened wide to receive them. Any officer of State may appropriately have recourse to self-slaughter under similar circumstances, or if an insult has been offered to the Emperor. An historic conference between the representatives of China and Great Britain, the object of which was to settle terms of peace, was interrupted by one of the pig tailed officials, who withdrew to commit suicide, being overwhelmed with mortification.

Sometimes the wives of the officials follow the example set by their husbands, and commit suicide. Women who have

LOST THEIR HUSBANDS

often do likewise. Such action on their part is considered highly creditable, and not to be interfered with by anybody. They dress themselves in red for the ceremony, and hang themselves in the open street or some other public place, surrounded by an admiring crowd. Tablets inscribed with their names and a record of the virtuous manner of their deaths are placed in the temples. A girl who has lost her affianced husband may with propriety do the same thing, and it is expected that the Governor of the province will set forth the case in a eulogistic memorial addressed to the Emperor. Thus a premium may be said to be put on suicide.

Entirely apart from the considerations thus far mentioned, the Chinese seem to be more disposed to suicide than any other people. Many Chinese laborers were brought to the Isthmus of Panama to assist in building the railway which now joins the two oceans. The work being hard and the climate unhealthful, they killed themselves in great numbers, and it was no uncommon thing to find half a dozen of them on any fine morning, dangling by their necks from the trees along the road that was in course of construction. These pig-tailed Orientals almost invariably select poison, hanging or drowning as a means of self destruction. They seldom cut their throats, because they believe that they will appear in the next world exactly as they have left this one, and it would not be agreeable to go about with a slit throat in the land of spirits. What has just been said is supposed to apply even to their dress, so that the intending self-murderer puts on his or her best clothes before committing the act. The recent suicides of Chinese

NAVAL AND MILITARY LEADERS

made them safe from sentences of decapitation, such as were issued against others of the commanders. This was fortunate for them, for, if they had been beheaded, they would have appeared in the next world without any heads. Incidentally all of their ancestors would have been involved. It is quite possible that the Emperor will issue an order depriving the ancestors of the defeated leaders of the rank which they have hitherto enjoyed. The power of the sovereign thus extends to the domain of spirits. When a title is to be conferred upon one of his subjects, it is a customary preliminary to raise the rank of the ancestor of the individual so honored. This matter being somewhat technical, it is impossible to estimate with exactness the amount of damage done to Li Hung Chang's great-great-grandfather by the withdrawal from that eminent statesman of the Yellow Riding Jacket and the Three-Eyed Peacock's Feather. This idea, absurd as it seems, has found its analogy in England, where within quite recent times the whole family of a person guilty of treason was attainted and the estates of innocent relatives were confiscated.

The Chinese are the greatest gamblers in the world, and the women frequently commit suicide because of the loss of money and jewels at play. It is not an uncommon thing for these people to kill themselves for the sake of revenge. In the Peking Gazette of June 19, 1872, is mentioned the case of a family of four persons who, having drawn up a statement of their grievances, threw themselves into a well for the purpose of securing the punishment of a relative who had cheated them out of their patrimony.

Gray, the author of the well known work on China, to whom the writer is much indebted, says that more suicides in China

RESULT FROM QUARRELS

than from any other cause. As an example, he states the case of Ho Akow, doorkeeper of the Consular Church at Canton, who was accused by a gardener of having killed a canary. He denied it, declaring that a rat had done it. The charge being repeated, he went up into the steeple of the church and took a fatal dose of opium. Such instances are exceedingly common, self-slaughter being inspired, apparently, by a passionate sense of injury received. Of all means of suicide, opium is the greatest favorite; arsenic is sometimes taken, but it is painful. It is honorable for a young man to kill himself when he finds himself unable to avenge insult that has been offered to his parents.

Perhaps the most famous and highly scientific form of suicide is, or rather was, that called hari-kari. Formerly it was a national institution in Japan, but it no longer prevails, having been dropped with other barbarous customs incidentally to the adoption of western civilization. In that country every gentleman used to be taught while yet a boy how a person of condition should kill himself, the exact spot being indicated at which the entering knife would cause death and destroy consciousness immediately. If the Emperor was displeased with an official he sent a message informing him that His Majesty would graciously permit him to commit hari-kari. The official promptly availed himself of the permission, as a matter of course. The common method of criminal execution in Japan formerly was by hari-kari. The accused was

DRESSED IN WHITE

and squatted in front of his accusers. Behind him stood a man in military uniform with a large sword thrust through his belt. The instrument of punishment, however, was a long knife with a strong blade and thick handle. It was hidden behind a screen and was not brought out until the final moment. Sentence having been pronounced, it is given to the prisoner, and and the unfortunate thereupon stabbed himself. In case he should hesitate to do this, the man in uniform had instructions to chop off his head with the sword. A discourse on suicide in the Orient would hardly be complete without some reference to the peculiar and very unpleasant method of self-destruction adopted quite commonly by the Malays. This is termed "running amuck." Having decided that life is no longer worth living, the Malay takes a knife or other weapons and, starts out to kill every person he meets keeping on until he himself is slain. Often he will murder or dangerously wound a dozen or twenty people before he can be stopped. This is supposed to be a form of mania, the psychology of which is not very well understood.

BRICKWORK BUILT FOR KEEPS.

Remarkable Strength of a Structure Recently Demolished in Liverpool.

In demolishing a part of the Albert warehouses in Liverpool, belonging to the Mersey Docks and Harbor Board, it occurred to the assistant engineer in charge of the work to make some investigations into the strength of the old brickwork. The wall was built about fifty years ago of hand-made bricks, laid in ground mortar made with flintshire lime. This lime is in a high degree hydraulic and has a reputation of making mortar of exceptionally good quality. The Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects, which describes the investigation, states that the engineer conceived the happy thought of leaving a piece of it in the form of a horizontal beam, having a twelve-foot span and measuring about two feet square in section, seven courses in the height of a two-foot wall. The ends of the beams were not cut free from the rest of the work. This beam was then loaded with all the weight that could be conveniently piled upon it, with appreciable deflection or other sign of weakness resulting. Two courses were then cut off and the whole weight again put on, but without other result. This beam was further reduced by a course, leaving it four courses, or fourteen inches deep, and the ends were also cut free from the other work—the mortar beds of the twelve-inch bearings being left untouched. A centrally placed load of five tons fifteen hundredweight was then gradually piled upon it, and was borne for several days without apparent effect upon the brickwork. Finally the weight was increased to six tons nine hundredweight twenty-three pounds, which was sustained for thirty hours, when the beam collapsed during the night and came down in pieces more like broken timber than anything else. Other tests were made with similarly astonishing results, but the above are sufficient to show what really first-rate brickwork in hydraulic lime will stand.

HYPNOTISM SUSTAINED.

The Conviction of a Man Who Influenced Another to Murder Must Stand.

The Supreme Court of Kansas has rendered a decision in which hypnotism is recognized both as a defence and ground for conviction of crime. The case passed upon came up from the Cowley county District Court. On May 5 last Thomas McDonald without apparent provocation, shot and killed Thomas Patton near his home in Winfield. He was arrested, charged with murder, and set up a defence that he was under the hypnotic influence of Anderson Gray, and was neither legally nor morally responsible for the deed. He was acquitted. Then Gray was put under arrest and tried for murder. He was found guilty of murder in the first degree, notwithstanding the fact that he was not present when the crime was committed, the evidence for the State only going to show that he caused McDonald to do the deed through hypnotic influence. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, and in an opinion readered to-day the ruling of the lower court was sustained.

Titled Kleptomaniacs in Paris.

To believe a French writer, there are no fewer than 4,000 women caught every year in stealing during their shopping expeditions, a habit euphoniously styled kleptomania. The number of titled ladies seized with this strange malady while examining the fashions of Paris, he tells us, is almost incredible. Among the most recent culprits were a Russian princess, a French countess, an English duchess and the daughter of a reigning sovereign. As a rule, these more distinguished offenders are let off on the payment of a round sum for the relief of the poor, and when the shoplifter is known to be rich, the sum exacted rises to as much as 10,000 francs. The police authorities consent to this sort of condonation.

It Pays to be a King.

There is certainly one very nice feature about being a potentate, and that is the income that comes to the occupant of a lofty place. Besides having all his wants attended to, and a large number of palaces always at his disposal, the Emperor of Russia is said to receive $25,000 a day; the Sultan of Turkey receives $18,000 a day; the Emperor of Austria rejoices in $10,000 a day; Emperor William has to get along on $8,000 from breakfast to bedtime; Queen Victoria has $35,000 to spend every week, and the President of the United States receives a trifle under a thousand dollars a week, but a great deal of free advertising goes with the office.

A Test Case.

Verax—What would you do if a man called you a liar?

Smoozer—Make him prove it or lick him.

Verax—That's what I did.

Smoozer—Did you lick him?

Verax—No.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Bock Beer on ice at the Senate Hotel.

Mr. F. McCarty has gone to Manitoba on a business trip.

H. N. Coursier made a flying trip to Kamloops on Monday's train.

S. S. Fowler, of Chicago, took the Lytton Monday for down river points.

Rev. Father Peytavin will celebrate mass at 10.30 to-morrow in the Catholic church.

Service will be held in the Presbyterian Church to-morrow evening at 7:30 by Mr. Guthrie Perry. Sunday school at 2:30.

Sidney Durham arrived last week from Ashcroft and assumed the position of book-keeper for the Revelstoke Lumber Co.

C. Meuhinnick is putting the Lardeau Hotel in shape for business, and it will soon be open for the entertainment of summer guests.

Rev. C. A. Procunier will preach tomorrow and Sunday after as usual, and then go to his new field of labor—Kaslo and Ainsworth.

J. J. Cariment, assignee of D. A. Lamey, was in town Monday, looking for Mr. Lamey's effects. He returned to Kamloops same evening.

Mr. & Mrs. B. T. Rogers, manager of the Sugar Refinery at Vancouver, took the Steamer Monday evening for the health resorts of Southern Kootenay.

E. J. Mathews, ore buyer for the Omaha-Grant Smelter in the Slocan district, arrived on the Lytton Sunday, and left on a trip to Omaha Monday morning.

L. S. Freeze has closed his flour and feed business at New Denver, and will give his attention during the summer to his mining interests on Cariboo and Trout Creeks.

Jack Simmons, John Boyd with his catch of bear, beaver and marten skins, and Frank Egan with a lot caught by him on French Creek, came down with Horne on the Big Bend.

Jonasy Foster, James Derby and James Sinclair came in from Kamloops Monday morning, attracted by the fame of the Slocan country, and left same evening to try their luck prospecting for silver.

Wm. Vickers and a gang of ten men started on Monday to do the government work on the Big Bend trail. They will clear it for the pack trains which will be moving next week.

Bock Beer on ice at the Senate Hotel.

Wm. Fleming lost one of his team of horses Thursday. It dropped dead from an attack of the botts. It was one of the fine team brought from Calgary a short time ago.

Laforme's pack animals came in from Okanagan Thursday night—17 cayuses and 15 mules. Five died during the winter. From their appearance it could not be supposed that the hay of Okanagan is very nourishing.

C. H. Lambkin, who came down with Tom Horne last Monday, spent the winter in the Bend. He rocked for gold on seven-mile bar on the Columbia near Gold Stream, and brought down a fine sample of gold dust.

Hugh Ross left for Victoria last Saturday where he expects to meet A. H. Harrison; they will go together to Cassair and stay several months. Mr. Ross was there at a former time, and intends now to thoroughly prove some placer ground which promised well at that time.

Wm. Postill passed through Revelstoke Friday morning with ten cars of cattle and one car of horses, going from Okanagan Valley to the Red Deer country near Edmonton. After crossing the Rockies the cattle will be unloaded and driven the balance of the way. There were 230 cattle, many of them being calves.

Prof. Frank Nason, of New Brunswick, N. J. who has been engaged to take charge of the Smith Creek Hydraulic Mining Co., for the Chicago Syndicate, arrived from the east a few days ago, and will go out to the property next week. Mr. Atkins, the manager, will be on in about two weeks. Mr. Hardenburgh of the same city in in New Jersey, accompanied Prof. Nason.

The British Columbia Mining Journal, issued at Ashcroft, has made its appearance. It is a seven column sheet published by Messrs. Reynolds and Sproule, and makes a creditable appearance typographically. Its aim is to represent "Cariboo, Yale, Lillooet and Kootenay," in the mining field particularly, and is the twelfth paper issued in the same territory. We wish it success.

The merchants and miners of West Kootenay are offered the Jessop steel, the best mining steel in the world, by Messrs. E. G. Prior & Co., of Victoria, B. C. Mr. Prior is a Member of Parliament, and his firm is most reliable and one of the oldest in the province. No mistake can be made in dealing with this long known and responsible house. We are glad to see them enter the mining districts of Kootenay.

P. M. Walker had a coat and vest stolen last Thursday by Henry Kirchhoff, who took the Lytton same evening for Nakusp. When the steamer arrived, Officer Fauquier invited him to go to "the cheapest hotel in town," and was greatly astounded when he found himself locked in. The officer brought his prisoner back on Sunday, and on Monday he was tried before Justices Fraser and Cousier, and given two months with hard labor. He was taked to the Kamloops gaol Monday evening, accompanied by Constable Graham.

Departures for Big Bend.

The departures for Big Bend this week over the trail have been: On Tuesday, Jim White for Camp Creek; Thursday, Gus Lund for McCulloch Creek, and John Boyd and Henry Hodges for Downie Creek; Fred. T. Kegler this morning for Smith Creek.

By row-boat: On Thursday, Prof. Frank Nason and Mr. Hardenburgh for Smith Creek, assisted by Harry Howard and Jack Letendre, who were bound for Gold Stream.

HALYCON SPRINGS HOTEL

Arrow Lake.

IS now open at these **Celebrated Hot Springs** for the accommodation of guests. **Rates $1.50 to $2.50 a day. Baths 25 cents each or five for $1.** Special rates to families or by the month can be arranged.

Dawson, Craddock & Co.

The Ladies of the Church of England Guild desire to draw the attention of the Revelstoke public to a . . .

BAZAAR AND SALE OF WORK

—WHICH WILL BE HELD—

IN THE SCHOOLHOUSE

—ON THE—

Afternoon and Evening of the 23rd and 24th of May

Beginning at 2 o'clock. The proceeds of the Sale will be given to the Church of England.

An Entertainment

WILL be given in the evening, beginning at 8 o'clock, which will consist of TABLEAUX VIVANTS, RECITATIONS and a FARCE, to be interspersed with Vocal and Instrumental Music Tea, coffee, ice cream, iced drinks, fruit and confectionery will be on hand all the time.

Luncheon will be served on the Gun Club Grounds at noon on the 24th

"CASH IS STILL IN IT."

—ASK—

John D. Sibbald

FOR PRICES ON

POTATOES AND HAY BY CARLOADS

OR OTHERWISE AND BE CONVINCED.

He Also Handles

GENERAL GROCERIES - MINERS SUPPLIES

And Other Articles too Numerous to Mention

Address - Revelstoke - Station

Murderous Assault on Jack Madigan.

To the Editor Kootenay Mail:

SIR:—The accident, or attempt at murder, which befel John Madigan, a C.P.R. brakeman running on the express between Kamloops and Donald, which took place on the platform at the Kamloops station last week (Monday morning), is involved in much mystery. He was struck by something which broke both jaws, knocked out eight teeth, and the resulting fall fractured the base of his skull. He was picked up unconscious, in which condition he has partially continued, at least it is not believed that he has fully recovered his senses.

It is a very serious matter, and is attributed to one of several causes. In the first place, pure accident; next, the revenge of tramps who mistook him for the one against whom they had a grudge; and third, punishment by C.P.R. brotherhood men for his refusal to join their strike three years ago. Had he been hit accidentally by some part of the car, there must have been traces of blood on the part or thing that struck him. No such evidence has been discovered. He was found on the outside of a 9-foot platform—nearly 12 feet from the car.

The intimation that some people seem willing to give out, that C.P.R. men have taken this revenge on him for his refusal to join them three years ago, does not seem reasonable. Had it happened in the midst of the strike, when blood was hot, it would not be so surprising as to impute to them now a murderous revenge after the hot passions of that period have had three years to cool down. I do not believe that murder is one of the weapons of the Brotherhood of Trainmen. The writer's observation of railway men has been that their calling has an influence in moulding their character, and that they are, as it were, an almost distinct and separate class. They are brought into contact with the daily moving life of the world more than any other class of men; they meet many different people to whom their employment requires them to be polite and friendly; they are more or less in constant risk of losing life, and this sense of continual danger must have a tendency to humanize and draw closer the kindly relations of railway men, between themselves and their feelings towards others. The railway men are, of course, bound together by ties of brotherhood and will regard the oaths they have taken, but I do not believe them guilty of this murderous attack on Madigan. The conclusion is that a tramp struck him with a fish-plate or coupling pin, in revenge for being ejected from the train.

SELKIRK.

TO LET The Imperial Restaurant Three minutes walk from C.P.R. Station and Roundhouse. For particulars apply to the owner, Mrs. M. J. Ross, UNION HOTEL, REVELSTOKE.

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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.

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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