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The regular meeting are held in the Masonic Temple, Bourne's Hall, on the third Monday in each month at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially welcomed.
W. F. CRAGE, SECRETARY.

REVELSTOKE LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 25.

Regular meetings are held in Oddfellows' Hall every Thursday night at eight o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.
R. S. WILSON, N.G. E. O. LEWIS, SEC.

Loyal Orange Lodge No. 1658.

Regular meetings are held in the Odd Fellows' Hall on the second and fourth Wednesday's of each month at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.
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THE BOARD OF TRADE

Petitions the Minister of Railways re the Columbia River Bridge.

The following petition, which has been forwarded to Ottawa by the local Board of Trade, fully explains itself as regards the requirements therein set forth. The Board is asking the co-operation of kindred organizations on the coast in the matter:

To the Honourable, the Minister of Railways, Ottawa:—

Your petitioners, the Revelstoke Board of Trade, having had under consideration the obstruction to free navigation, caused by the railway bridge across the Columbia River at Revelstoke, beg leave respectfully to represent to the Honourable Minister of Railways that the Canadian Pacific Railway is preparing to build, immediately, a new bridge at this place, or to reconstruct the present one, and that the time is opportune to require of said company the construction of a bridge that will comply with the conditions laid down and prescribed in the Dominion Railway Act of 1888, chapter 109, sections 91, 92 and 94, which require that no company shall cause any obstruction in or impede the free navigation of any river, stream or canal, to or across or along which its railway is carried; that the company shall have openings or construct a drawbridge or swingbridges over the channel of rivers; and shall submit the proposed plan to the railway committee and obtain its approval.

In support of the request contained herein that the Honourable Minister of Railways should cause the new bridge to be constructed according to the requirements of the statute as regards the free navigation of the Columbia river, this Board of Trade beg leave to offer the following additional reasons: In proof that the Columbia is navigable at and above Revelstoke, reference is made to the well-known fact that during the early excitement of mining in the Big Bend, steamers ran from Little Delles in Washington to Downie Creek, about 50 miles north of Revelstoke. The need for the facility of transportation by steamer is very great. As a rich placer and hydraulic mining district, the Big Bend is already distinguished, although seriously handicapped by the high freights on shipments by pack-train. Attention is now being directed to mineral in quartz, and during the present summer a large number of claims have been located which promise well in gold. Several claims carrying this precious mineral, have been found at Carne's Creek; on Downie Creek, a number of similar locations have been made; and on McCulloch Creek and other tributaries of Gold Stream, many promising locations have been staked. Little attention has heretofore been given to hydraulic mining, but one foreign company is now operating at Smith Creek and propose making a large expenditure for machinery, which will need better means of transportation than are now in existence. Other hydraulic schemes are in contemplation and some are in process of arrangement on Smith and French Creeks. Further north along the Columbia and ascending the Canoe and Wood rivers from one to two hundred miles, there is scarcely a doubt that valuable mineral discoveries will be made. Already on the Canoe and upper waters of Fraser river, very extensive mica mines of good quality have been discovered. The natural outlet, and the only feasible one, from this long stretch of river navigation, is by way of the Columbia river at Revelstoke.

An extensive area of rich agricultural land, estimated to be at least 200,000 acres, border the shores of the Columbia and Canoe rivers, some of which is already occupied by settlers and under cultivation, and as soon as the means of getting into the district are sufficiently improved, all the available land will be eagerly taken up. The Provincial Government has a party of surveyors at this time making an exploration of the lands along the Columbia and Canoe rivers, which will be printed for the benefit of home-seekers. This district, it will be seen, has before it a great future in its mining and agricultural expansion, depending very largely upon the means of communication by water and railway which may be provided for it by the government; and one of the most important of these, your petitioners believe to be, the free and uninterrupted navigation of the Columbia river.

Although much has been said about the erection of smelting works, and many places have been named as desirable points for their location, it is not known with any certainty where they will be established. If at a place on the river below Revelstoke, as at Bannock Point, Nakusp or Trail, the ores of the upper river must necessarily be transported to the smelter for treatment, and the cost of transhipment at Revelstoke should be avoided by providing for steamers the free navigation of the Columbia as provided by the Railway Act.

The foregoing are some of the considerations which it seems to the Board, should have weight favorable to the granting of the prayer of this communication—that is, the free navigation of the Columbia river at Revelstoke. They are submitted with respectful deference, not doubting the honourable minister will give them full value in determining the matter thus brought to his attention.

A Smelter at Midway.

The most important deal in the history of the mining industry in Yale district has just been completed here, and a long-felt want is to be supplied to the district in the form of a smelter, final arrangements having been made and papers signed on Saturday last, providing for the building of a fifty ton plant, to be erected at Midway by a syndicate, represented by Mr. S. S. Fowler, M.E., of Chicago, and W. T. Thompson, of Fairview. This result is the consummation of a thorough investigation into the resources of this district since last May by Mr. Fowler, who has been constantly on the move, quietly informing himself on the mineral resources of the country and acquiring properties suitable for his purpose.—*Advance.*

Slocan Star Sale.

A couple of weeks ago we published an item regarding the proposed sale of the Slocan Star. Some of our South Kootenay contemporaries denied that any change of ownership was contemplated. But the *Prospector* in its last issue has this to say on the subject: "Word comes from different sources that the pending deal of an interest in the Slocan Star property in Slocan district has been consummated. The sale was by Smith, of Milwaukee, of his interest to Shaughnessy and others of the C.P.R. Co., at the rate of $1,400,000 for the entire property. Whether the transfer is of one-third or two-thirds of the whole property is not known here."

Dumped Her Load in the Lake.

The first accident of the season on the river occurred last Saturday, whereby two and a half cars of ore were lost overboard from the scow. The Lytton left Nakusp with the scow in tow; both steamer and scow being loaded with three cars of ore each. A few miles up the lake by some, as yet, unexplained reason the bow of the scow became submerged and unshipped the greater part of its cargo, righting herself almost immediately. The scow was then beached and the Lytton came on up with her own cargo. The ore was from the Cumberland and Alamo mines.

Asbestos in the Lardeau.

When out prospecting on the south fork of the Lardeau, last week, Andrew Abrahamson discovered an immense body of asbestos. The samples brought up shows the fiber to be very fine and long. So far as we know this is the first discovery in this part of the country, at least, of this most useful and valuable mineral. The location is about 10 miles from Trout Lake City. Samples have been forwarded to Ottawa.

The Athabasca Excitement.

Many of those who made the rush to the Athabasca gold fields a few weeks ago appear to have been woefully disappointed. The South Edmonton *News* publishes the following letter signed by five prospectors: "We thought we would drop a note to you re the prospects for gold on this river. From our own experience and from what we can learn of those that were prospecting up and down the river, there is nothing. We have found nothing and will return. We advise no one to come."

Commenting upon this the *News* says: "This indeed is hard luck and is nothing of what we expected. However those who have gone to the Macleod and other tributaries of the Athabasca are making fair wages. Once in a while a good spot is found but it does not pan out long enough to make it average all round. The chances are the old reliable Saskatchewan is as good as any. Miners, on our own river, are making wages. But the old saying 'There are green fields afar off' is a true one, and will be an object lesson to many."

Placer Mining in Boundary Creek.

All placer claims on Boundary Creek were abandoned now over a year ago, says the Midway *Advance*, and until last week no fresh attempts had been made to extract the precious metal from the gravel and sand of the creek bed. A party of prospectors have, however, camped within about a quarter of a mile from Midway, with the ostensible object of tunneling for bed-rock. Undoubtedly gold, probably in large quantities, lies at the bottom of Boundary Creek, and systematic work will bring its own reward.

Prevost and Falding Captured.

Both of the defaulting Supreme Court Registrars—J. C. Prevost, of Victoria, and W. H. Falding, of New Westminster, have been arrested. Falding was captured at Spokane, and Prevost on San Juan island.

ILLECILLEWAET ITEMS.

ILLECILLEWAET, Sept. 6.—The manager of the Maple Leaf Mining company left on Wednesday for Kamloops, where he intends to secure a pack-train with which he will lay in a full supply of provisions and mining material for the winter. Fuel is an important item, and has to be packed in as the camp is above the timber line. Mr. McKinnon will superintend the mining work, and will carry it on with a larger gang of men. Wm. Cleveland will handle the pack train.

The owners of claims are showing their confidence by keeping up their assessments, and many locations that had been allowed to lapse, have been restaked, among which are several on Gold Hill.

Ben Green will keep at work developing his claim, the North Star, on the North Fork, until the snow flies.

Some splendid samples of ore are being brought in, particularly from the new find on the North Fork of the Illecillewaet.

Mr. McKinnon accompanied the manager as far as Revelstoke, and will return on Saturday.

The veteran prospectors, Tom Bain and John Boyd, who were the original owners of the Lanark, will be here the last of the week.

A Horse on John.

SIR,—If the Revelstoke Board of Trade, or any other missionary body, is trying to "save" the editor of the Nelson *Tribune*, they have a tough subject. But don't let the said editor be disturbed by the receipt of a few religious fly leaves. He should wait for the second and illustrated edition of the "Ethiopian who has not changed his skin, and his jolly companions."

GRIP.

Caught His Man.

Unable longer to stand the "pressure," Wm. K. Jamieson came from his hiding place on Wednesday and visited a liquid dispensary where he was overhauled by "Detective" Cadman. Jamieson appeared before F. Fraser, J.P., on Thursday morning, when a charge of obtaining money by a forged order was preferred against him. The Crown asked for a remand until Monday when Judge Spinks will try the case.

Ore and Bullion Shipments.

The mineral development is exemplified by a comparison of the ore shipments via Revelstoke. The total for the month of August 1895 was 662 tons as against 48 tons for the corresponding month last year.

The shipments for the past week were:

Saturday, Aug. 31.—Lytton, 2 cars Cumberland and 1 car Alamo ore, for Omaha.

Sunday, Sept. 1.—Nakusp, 5 cars bullion for Aurora.

Monday, Sept. 2.—Lytton, 1 car of Alamo for Omaha, and two cars of Slocan Star for Everett.

Wednesday, Sept. 4.—Lytton, 2 cars Alamo for Omaha, and 1 car Slocan Star for Everett.

Thursday, Sept. 5.—Nakusp, 2 cars bullion for Aurora, and 3 cars Alamo ore for Omaha.

Worried by a Bear.

While out prospecting last week on the mountain behind his ranch at Downie Creek, A. W. McIntosh surprised a bear and cub in the long grass. The prospector was as much surprised as the bear, and, while the cub ran away the old bear made a determined fight. McIntosh used his gun and knife but had one foot badly chawed before he succeeded in finishing her bearship. He will be laid up for a couple of weeks as a result of the encounter.

Actors From the Flowery Kingdom.

A Chinese spectacular troupe of 200 members—one carload of whom were women—went through by special train Thursday. They had just arrived on the Empress and were bound for the International Exposition to be held at Atlanta, Georgia, this fall. The proprietors are Yong Bros., who are well known in Victoria, and the performance will be a spectacular production entitled the storming of Wei-Hai-Wei. The proprietors intend giving the show in Victoria on their return.

Prisoner Escapes at Vernon.

John McKinnon, who was committed for trial on a charge of cattle stealing, escaped from Vernon jail at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening. McKinnon had filed the irons he had on and made a dash for liberty and in five seconds was out of sight in the bushes. He is supposed to be safely across the boundary.

CURRENT NOTES.

A few years ago there was room for a great deal of criticism upon the management of county and local fairs throughout the country. There has been great improvement, however, within ten years, and we are glad to say that most of our annual fairs are now free from the immoral influences which made so many unworthy of the support of all honest men. Some, we are sorry to say, still continue to license gambling concerns, immoral shows, and catchpenny fakes, caring more for the financial success of the fair than for the influence it exerts upon the patrons and upon society. Such fairs should be let severely alone by all good citizens. If the managers cater to the worst elements of society, let those elements be its patrons. An agricultural fair is designed, primarily, to promote agricultural and kindred interests, and their moral influence should be pure and elevating. Nothing that is of doubtful character, let alone positively degrading or demoralizing influence, should be admitted within the gates.

This does not mean that we are opposed to amusements. On the contrary, we advocate wholesome and harmless amusements at fairs, most heartily. We would secure and advertise attractions that would attract and amuse, and at the same time have them free from suspicion, and of undoubted healthy moral tone and influence. There is nothing wrong in a roller-coaster, a Ferris wheel, a balloon ascension, a parachute jump, a panorama exhibition, or a fair and square test of speed on the track. They relieve the monotony of the fair ground, and infuse the air of energy and life into what would otherwise be comparatively tame and listless to a large part of the attendants, if not all.

It must be remembered that the financial success of the fair is of primary importance, and in order to secure the largest attendance possible, a variety of attractions, aside from the show of farm products and live stock, is absolutely essential. There are many who will go to see a good race, but care nothing for the agricultural features. And so with other attractions. If they are harmless they are legitimate, even if not so very instructive. The fairs should be educators, surely, but to make them such they must be popular, attractive, full of life, but free from immoral practices and influences that degrade.

The moral tone of society throughout the country, and especially on the farm, will not now support a fair that admits gambling devices, licenses swindlers, or allows the sale of liquors, and managers who pursue this policy under the belief that they will build up a paying institution, make a grievous mistake. They may achieve temporary success, but utter failure cannot long be delayed. All good citizens should turn their faces resolutely against this class of fairs. Don't attend them, and if you value the good moral character of you boys and girls, keep them away. A fair that builds a dance platform advertises the fact that it invites the lowest and vilest characters to patronize it. Promiscuous dances have always been regarded as dangerous in the extreme, and a fair ground dancing platform is one of the worst forms of this evil. The very air is tainted, and your boys and girls cannot approach it closely without infection. Shun it as you would the smallpox or yellow fever.

GOOD JOB WELL DONE.

Steamer Taken Out of the Graveyard of the Atlantic Sable Island Sands.

After being embedded for ten months in the sands of Sable Island, the "graveyard of the Atlantic," the British freight steamship Nerito was taken to New York on Monday under her own steam, preceded and partly guided by the Merritt wrecking steamer J. D. Jones. Save for a few damaged plates near the keel, her hull was in good condition. She had been stripped of all her joiner work, including the doors of every room except the lavatory, by the beach combers of the island. All of her brass fittings and every pane of glass had been carried away.

The Nerito went aground in a fog in September last. Her crew abandoned her and were taken to Halifax on the steamship Lunenburg. The British steamship Newfields came along and stripped her of chain, cable, hawsers, and canvas.

Her owner collected the insurance from the British Lloyds, whose agents decided to save her, as she was worth about $250,000, and was only three years old. They employed the Merritt Wrecking Company to haul her off.

The steamer J. J. Merritt went to the island in October last, but was prevented by foul weather from doing effective work. In June last the J. D. Jones, in command of Capt. Fred. Sharpe, with a crew of forty men including engineers and stokers, to man the Nerito, went to her and found that she had been forced across two bars by the winter storms and was fast on the beach of the island. Canals were dredged through the two bars; and anchors, attached to four fifteen-inch manilla hawsers were dropped astern of the Nerito. Steam winches, to which the inboard ends of the hawsers were made fast, were set going on the Nerito, and, inch, by inch the ship made sternway down the canals though the inner and outer bars. The Merritt assisted in the work by pulling on a heavy hawser made fast to a big bitt on the Nerito. Twenty-one days were spent preparing for the job of hauling and towing the ship into deep water. The actual work of moving the ship was finished in ten days. She was damaged about $50,000. There are nearly 500 tons of coal in her bunkers. The Merritt Company did the job for $20,000.

There is about as much rejoicing over a good man lost, as there is over a bad one saved.

SOUTH SEA CANNIBALS.

THEY HAVE EATEN ALL THE WHITE MEN IN REACH.

British Ships Will Shell the Cannibal Villages—The Latest Victims of the Bloodthirsty Savages the Crew of an Australian Trading Ship—The Settlers Fleeing from the Island in Terror of Their Lives.

News has just been received in this country that the cannibal inhabitants of the Solomon Islands have returned once more to their barbarous practice of head-hunting and man-eating. The despatches state that the white settlers in the neighborhood, who, after a year's cessation from these bloodthirsty pursuits on the part of the natives, had begun to feel somewhat secure, have been stricken with terror and are fleeing to Australia on every available vessel. They are accompanied in their flight by numbers of missionaries, who are well aware that the South Sea Island cannibal has a strong partiality for white flesh, and that he will go to the extent of slaying even these good and harmless clergymen when once his appetite for human flesh has been thoroughly excited.

In all of the adjoining islands the white settlers have applied to the British Admiral, Sir A. G. Bridge, for protection. The Admiral has displayed commendable energy in his effort to punish the horrible offenders, and according to the lastest reports, has embarked on board the first-class cruiser Orland, with the purpose of shelling the savage hamlets and dwellings along the coast. It is doubtful, however, whether much will be accomplished by his line of procedure, as the savages are accustomed to retreat to the interior while the firing is going on, and, by the deftness and treachery of their movements, they have often been known to seize

STRAGGLING BOATLOADS

of the whites as they visited the shore and to make off with them in triumph. Very few of these unfortunate captives have ever been seen again. According to the usual practice of the Solomon Islanders, they are immediately put to death and their bodies carefully quartered by the chief's butcher. The pieces are then hung up on the branches of shady trees and allowed to acquire the proper degree of seasoning.

The latest white victims of the savages were the ship's company of the Sydney trading schooner Amelia, Capt. D. Kerr, his mate, Samuel Smith, and eight or ten men. They sailed in the schooner Amelia, from Rubiana in the middle of last April and have since been missing under circumstances that leave no question as to their fate. The British naval officers in the vicinity are naturally enraged over the miserable destruction of these sailors, and it is probable that swift vengeance will be taken upon the cannibals if they fall into the clutches of the whites. When the sailors failed to return to Rubiana in May, one Nathaniel Wheatley, of that place, organized a search for them and succeeded in picking up the deck-house, the hatches and other parts of the Amelia, but every one of the men had disappeared.

THE CANNIBAL ISLES.

The group of islands called the Solomon Islands by early navigators, who vaguely supposed that they were the original depository of Solomon's gold, extend from the northwest to the southeast in latitude 5 to 11 degrees south and 154 to 163 degrees east, at a distance of about 800 miles northeast of Australia. They are the largest of the numerous groups of islands in the Pacific Ocean, and were discovered by Alverdo de Mendana in 1567. Yet though they were thus among the earliest known islands in this region, our information in regard to their topography, resources and inhabitants has always remained very meagre, owing to the unamiable character of the natives.

The Solomon Islanders are of a mixed race, varying between an almost pure Malay type and the dark-skinned Polynesian. Though savage in their habits, they are nevertheless intelligent, crafty, thievish and revengeful, and they are said, when domesticated, to make excellent and faithful servants. The men wear no clothing but a loin band, and the women wear a small skirt. They are mostly small of stature and their hair and skin are intensely black, the former being closely frizzled. Some visitors have described these people as the most savage, brutal and degraded race on earth, but this opinion is perhaps too severe. Although cannibals, they are by no means degraded as compared with other savage races. They had acquired in the process of their development and before coming in contact with Europeans a knowledge of various simple arts, several of which they practised with remarkable skill. They are singularly clever in surgery, setting arms and legs with bamboo splints. They have also obtained some knowledge of dentistry, though their treatment of a patient is somewhat of a heroic character.

A protectorate was established over the entire group in 1893. The British Government thus acquired a total area of seven or eight thousand square miles and a population of about 50,000 savages, the greater part of whom were cannibals. At the time of the establishment of the protectorate the chief of the island of San Christova, one of the most cannibalistic of the lot, was one Taki, a converted man-eater.

STILL LIKE WHITE FLESH.

Contrary to the general impression, the practice of cannibalism has by no means been extinguished. It has been supposed that the increasing intercourse between the whites and savages and the presence of a large number of devout missionaries in the South Sea Islands had put an end to man-eating as a general practice, but this is not the case. The inhabitants of many of these islands, and of the Solomon Islands in particular, have always been "anthropophagoi," or cannibals, ever since their existence first became known to white men in the sixteenth century. And there is nothing in the presence of the missionaries or in the soothing influences of intercourse with white traders that would tend to make these savages abandon the custom. Among them the practice of devouring their fellow-creatures in order to satisfy the pangs of hunger is regarded as entirely natural and even praiseworthy. At the time of the second visit of the discoverer of these islands, Alverdo de Mendana, the chief of the island of Ysabel, one of the largest of the group, sent to the Spanish navigator a present of a quarter of a boy, with the hand and arm. The Admiral, horrified at receiving so gruesome a gift, ordered its instant burial, a proceeding which both angered and perplexed the well-meaning chief, who did not think that such a choice morsel as a boy's flesh should be so recklessly disposed of.

The Solomon Islanders are so addicted to the habit of man-eating that they regard with disgust the habit of a number of neighboring tribes of nourishing the body by means of roots, herbs and nuts. The testimony of visitors to this region is to the effect that the man-eaters are by far a more vigorous and

WELL-FORMED RACE,

and though they are cannibals, they are by no means of an inferior order of intelligence as savages go. The men are, as a rule, well formed, and the women, in their youth, are handsome and attractive, though they soon become bent and disfigured by the toil to which they are subjected. The Solomon Island women, as is generally the case among savages, is the slave of her husband, and even her life is in his hands. They are usually treated with great cruelty, and disobedience is punished by instant death. The body is subsequently devoured by the husband and his remaining wives. It would be considered a waste to bury it.

The chiefs are especially given to man-eating, and in a raid of the kind which has just been reported, all of the tenderest flesh is submitted to them. Each chief is provided with a butcher, whose duty it is to put to death the captives and prepare their bodies for feasting. It is, perhaps, advisable to bear in mind that the attitude of these butchers towards the captives is not one of hostility or vengeance, but merely the professional attitude of one who has a certain piece of work to perform, and whose sole desire is to perform it with excellence. The prevailing notion that the human food of cannibals is prepared by boiling the whole body in a pot, is, of course erroneous. Aside from the absence of pots, the human flesh is of a character that is best prepared, not by boiling, but by hanging up in a shady spot for a day or two and then roasting like pork.

The taste is said to resemble that of swine very closely. In fact, the Biblical injunction against the eating of swine is said to be founded on this resemblance.

HOW HUMAN FLESH TASTES.

The flesh of a white man is peculiarly agreeable to the taste of a cannibal. During the uprisings of the Solomon Island "head hunters" no person is safe, be he white or black, so great is the frenzy of these fearful creatures for human blood. But if a white man should be encountered the occasion is celebrated by a banquet or feast of unusual ceremony. Capt. William T. Wawn, an Englishman, who spent years in the Queensland labor trade and who was quite familiar with the character and habits of the Solomon Islander, relates the following experience, illustrating this peculiar custom:

"On Nov. 9 the natives had captured a recruiting boat belonging to the Mystery labor schooner. They had killed her crew—four native boatmen—and two white men—Thomas Muir, mate, and John Renton, O. A.

"The motive for these murders was not revenge, but simply cannibalism. A great feast had been arranged to take place, to which all the surrounding tribes had been invited. The chief of the tribe that gave it desired to show hospitality on a grand scale, and accordingly provided the rare dainty of white man's flesh to do honor to his guests on the occasion."

The natives not only employ the flesh of their captives, but they also make excellent use of other portions of the body.

THE LARGER BONES,

such as the femur or thigh bone and the large arm bones, are used in making spear points, and in various other crude arts. The skulls are chiefly employed in decorating the houses and sepulchres. One of the favorite architectural effects appears to consist in arranging a series of skulls along the edge of the thatched roof. The skulls are also placed around the base of the square stone mounds, which are built to contain the bones of dead natives. The skulls on the exterior, however, are those of captives, as may be easily known by observing the gaps or clefts where they have received the death blow, in most cases, from the hand of the professional butcher.

The suggestive name of "head hunting" is given to the practice, common among these people, of going abroad, either singly or in bands, and scouring the neighboring territory in the search for these horrible trophies. Head hunting is carried on to some extent in connection with cannibalism but much more from the desire of the chief, simply to accumulate shulls, as a token of political power, physical prowess, or for the purpose of decoration. There are some contigencies in the social life of the Solomon Islanders on the happening of which it is quite necessary, according to the established custom, that a head should be provided. Among the principal of these may be mentioned: The death of a chief; the launching of a new war canoe; the completion of a tamboo-house. The tamboo, or tambu-house, is a building erected to contain the bones of some departed savage. The bones so treated are generally those of chiefs or men of importance.

A Holy Relic.

The only gold and silver bound, diamond-incrusted book in the world was lately enshrined in the holy Mohammedan city of Jenan-Ruza, Persia. The book is, of course, a copy of the Alkoran, and is a gift from Abd-ur-Rahman, Emir of Afghanistan. The covers of this unique volume, the sides of which are nine and one-half by four inches, are of solid gold plates one-eighth of an inch in thickness, lined with silver sheets of the same thickness. The centre-piece, as well as the corners are symbolic designs, wrought in diamonds, rubies and pearls. The centre figure is a crescent, with a star between its points, the whole design being composed of 109 small diamonds, 167 pearls and 122 rubies. The diamonds on each corner, which are almost hidden in their golden setting, and the orange-colored lacquer with which they are fastened, are each worth about $5,000. The book itself is on parchment, entirely written by hand. It is valued at $125,000. There is said to have been over 100,000 visitors present in Jenan-Ruza the day the holy relic was enshrined.

Guileless Youth.

She—Do you know anything about this new game of progressive courtship?

He (guilelessly)—No; what is it?

She (hopelessly)—Oh, nothing; thought you didn't.

Action may not always bring happiness; but there is no happiness without action.—Disraeli.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Get Up and Scratch.

Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm,
"I wish I could find a nice, fat worm."

Said another little chicken, with a queer little shrug,
"I wish I could find a nice, fat bug."

Said a third little chick, with a strange little squeal,
"I wish I could find some nice, yellow meal."

Now, look here, said the mother, from the green garden patch,
If you want any breakfast you must get up and scratch."

Jack's Bear Hunt.

"Where are you going, Caleb?"

Jack had come into the warm farm kitchen to find Caleb tinkering with a gun.

"Goin' on a bit of a hunt."

"Oh, I wish I could go."

"Why couldn't you?"

"Oh! Will you let me? Say, mother," as she entered the room, "Caleb says I may go hunting with him. May I?"

"Where to, Caleb?" asked mother, "and hunting what for?"

"Why," said Caleb, "I heard tell of a deer or two been seen 'round up in Plummer's Holler, so I thought I'd go and try for 'em. Like enough I'll only bring home some squirrels. Squirrels is good, though."

"Deer!" exclaimed Jack, in great excitement. "Oh mother—I could go back and tell the boys I'd been deer hunting."

Mother smiled at the eager face, willing to allow him the pleasure, yet anxious for his safety. She had brought the boy into the Minnesota woods in quest of health for him, and had remained late in the season to give him a taste of invigorating frost. His round cheeks and beaming eyes attested the wisdom of her resort to Mother Nature's kindly aids.

"If I was sure there could be no danger," she began.

"I'll take the best kind o' care of him, said Caleb. "And if you're feared o' tirin' him with too much walkin' I can just as well hitch up the spring wagon and drive to the holler. Have an errand out that way anyhow, where I can leave the wagon."

Mother smiled her consent. Twenty minutes later the two were driving away in the sharp, crisp, morning air. Jack, a bright boy of twelve, did not feel that the hunt had begun until the wagon had been left behind and the two were making their way among the bare brush, logs and boulders of Plumbers' Hollow.

"You'll let me take a shot at squirrel sometime to-day, won't you?" he asked of Caleb, and after receiving the desired promise was well content to lapse into hunters' silence. As they penetrated deeper both became more careful in keeping their movements quiet, Caleb occasionally motioning to Jack his convictions, based on small signs familiar to a sportsman, that deer could not be far off.

At length he paused, lifting his hand in warning. Something was near, beyond doubt, by the sounds just ahead of them. They had been gradually working their way upward until now very near the head of the hollow. Just here it was filled with a dense growth of brush mingled with the remains of fallen trees. In the midst of all this arose two or three rocks.

"Hsh!—if there ain't a deer behind them I wa'n't never baptized Caleb," said Caleb, in the lowest possible whisper. "You keep back whilst I peep 'round here."

But Jack could not keep back. Close at Caleb's heels he followed as with an unavoidable crackling of the brittle brush he skirted the rocks. And then Caleb gave a cry of dismay. But it was not for himself.

"Back, back," he shouted, as directly before him, angry and threatening, with flashing eyes, snorts and growls, arose a a large black bear. Caleb was a good shot, and had he been by himself would not have been disconcerted by the sudden surprise. But the heavy responsibility resting upon him upset him. With a nervous grasp he leveled his gun and fired—to wound the bear which, now doubly enraged, made a mad rush toward its foes.

"Up there," shrieked Caleb, "Up that tree—quick!"

"How can I? I can't reach those bare branches," said Jack, reaching helplessly above his head.

"Here!" Dropping his gun, with one toss Caleb raised the boy to his shoulder. Jack seized the limbs above his head and swung himself up. Caleb tried to regain his gun but the bear was upon him.

"Get up farther," he cried to Jack. Jack did so and Caleb was soon beside him.

"Can't bears climb trees?" whispered Jack.

"They can when they're feelin' good. But she can't—poor creeter. Don't it make a fellow feel guilty to see that?"

Mad with the pain of its wound the bear was pawing the ground, tearing at trees and branches, biting whatever was nearest.

"I must get down and get that gun—now I've got my breath, and my wits," said Caleb.

"Caleb, you can't," said Jack, in terror at the violent movements of the great brute. "It will be as good as your life's worth to go down there."

Caleb looked in the boy's face, recalling with the clearness of strongly suppressed excitement, his mother's face as she decided to trust this one son of hers to his promised good care, on his assurance that no harm could possibly come to him.

"You hold on tight," he said, gruffly. "And," he added, with an attempt at a light tone, "if that old lady down there should get one o' them heavy paws o' hern on me,—you'll understand our best hold is to wait right here. They knew where we was comin'. You hold on good."

"Stop, Caleb," cried the boy, in terror at the possibilities suggested in the words. "Don't go down. Perhaps she'll go away—"

Whether the move made half voluntarily by Jack caused him to lose his balance can never be told, but the next moment Caleb, carefully turning on the almost bare branch with view to making his way to the side of the tree farthest from the enemy, lost his hold and went down—to alight exactly on the bear's back.

"A situation to bring out all the nerve of a true hunter," Jack could never afterwards recall without a shudder that fight for dear life, in which Caleb, with only his jackknife and sturdy fist dealt blow after blow until the poor animal, blinded by the flow of blood staggered and fell over, giving Caleb opportunity to reach his gun.

"She's done," he said quietly, after the echo of the shot had died away among the hills.

* * * *

"Luckly I brought the spring wagon," said Caleb, when hours later having called upon neighbors for help in securing his prize, he placed in it the bear skin and a supply of the meat. "And now, boy," he said to Jack, in a voice which betrayed a good deal of feeling under the light words, "I'm takin' you back to your mother safe and sound, thanks be to the Lord, and I'm ready to say the next time I go b'ar huntin' I'll go alone."

"I haven't so much as a squirrel," said Jack to his mother. "Haven't even had a shot. But I've been in a bear hunt."

EXCITING BALLOON ADVENTURE.

Bullets Fired at a French Aeronaut by German Custom House Officers.

The Paris correspondent of the London Standard quotes from the Petit Bourguignon an account of an exciting balloon adventure.

M. Chesnay, a well known aeronaut, went up in the car of a large balloon on Sunday and came to the ground the same evening at Fallon. On Monday morning he filled his balloon with the gas he had brought with him in a small balloon, and ascended once more. He passed successfully over Ponte de Roide and Delly, and saw clearly the little corner of Switzerland which separates France from Alsace-Lorraine. Suddenly, when just above the frontier of Alsace, he heard the report of firearms, and then the hissing of a bullet. The shots were, he says, fired at his balloon by the German Custom House men. Being anxious to get beyond the range of their rifles as quickly as possible, M. Chesnay threw a sack of ballast out of the car, and in a few minutes found himself at an altitude of about four thousand metres. His balloon, however, descended again, and he saw Mulhouse, Basle, and the Rhine. In a short time the balloon was floating over the territory of the Grand Duchy of Baden. Wishing to ascertain exactly where he was, M. Chesnay descended rather too close to the earth, for the car of his balloon struck a hill. Fortunately he was not hurt, but a sack of ballast and the barometer being jerked out of the car, the balloon once more shot up high. The wind was very strong, and soon it became impossible to maintain the balloon any longer in the air.

The violence of the gale prevented the anchor from fixing itself in the ground. The persons who tried to help could not keep up with the balloon, which was dragging the car on the ground and bounding up into the air at a furious rate. Telegraph wires were broken like thread, telegraph posts knocked down like ninepins, and canals were crossed with M. Chesnay at the bottom of the car. At length, after the car had been dragged in the water of a canal, the aeronaut clambered out and fell on the ground senseless. When he recovered consciousness he found himself surrounded by a crowd of people, but none of them could speak a word of French, and he knew no German. After endless trouble he succeeded in reaching the nearest town, which was Singen, and took train for Basle and France. He returned to Dijon on Tuesday evening.

As for his balloon, it naturally shot up into the air when M. Chesnay threw himself out of the car, and it has not yet been heard of.

GREECE HAS TOO MANY CURRANTS.

The New Danger Threatening a Land Beset by Many Ills and Disadvantages.

The people of the kingdom of Greece suffer from many ills and disadvantages which do not beset nationalities less distinguished than the descendants of the ancient Hellenes. They have an occasional earthquake, droughts are not uncommon, volcanic eruptions rattle them. Turkish marauders make murderous onslaughts on them, and occasional notices are served on them by English, French, German, and Russian bondholders that the quarterly interest on sundry mortgages is past due and must be paid without further delay or evasion. But recently the people of Greece have suffered from a new difficulty: the currant or raisin crop is too generous. There is too much of it. The land has proved too fertile and, in consequence of this, the Greek husbandmen are threatened with serious financial difficulties such as overtake the husbandmen of other agricultural lands when the crop runs short.

Corn is not produced in Greece in sufficient quantities to supply the inhabitants, and a certain amount has to be imported every year from Russia. The most favored and best cultivated crop is the currant. Immense districts are planted with currants in various parts of the kingdom, particularly along the shores of the Gulf of Corinth, between the towns of Corinth and Patras and on the islands of Zante and Cephalonia. The chief market for Greek currants is England, which takes from $9,000,000 to $10,000,000 worth in a year. They are exported to other countries, but not to the same extent as to England, where the popularity of plum pudding and mince pies keeps up a steady market for Zante currants, as they are often called in the trade. The United States have very little commerce with Greece—next to none at all, in fact.

The farmers of Greece, or more properly of the currant-raising district of Greece, are apprehensive that with the large crop now on hand prices will so far decline as to make the crop an unremunerative one, and as currants are the agricultural staple of Greece it may be readily seen that an injury of this kind would be a very serious one to a country which staggers under an unduly heavy load of debt. The present national indebtedness of Greece is $110,000,000, or at the rate of about $50 a head. The country is a poor one, and much of the land is unproductive. The sources of public revenue are few, and a large share of the debt is held abroad. Unless there is a lively and increased demand for Greek currants pretty soon the fear is expressed by some political economists in the land of Socrates that it will be necessary for the Greek Goverment to borrow some more money.

STUB ENDS OF THOUGHT.

Opportunity is not the kind of thing that stands around waiting to be embraced.

A woman can't be in love and in politics at the same time.

The waters of oblivion sometimes quench the thirst for glory.

A woman thinks her heart is empty until she gets in it what she wants there.

A man knows he is old long before he confesses it.

Very few men can make money and friends at the same time.

Reason is instinct endowed with the power of speech.

An ounce of thought may prevent a ton of regret.

MILITARY MANNERS.

Some Strange Rules and Customs Adopted in Time of War.

Vattel declares that in war all vines, fruit trees, and growing crops should be spared.

In the English army a soldier is drummed to church just as he is to drill or dress parade.

Medieval knights often took a voluntary oath that they would never spare the life of an enemy.

Exchange of prisoners was practised in very early times by both the Greeks and the Romans.

When the "fighting Bishop of Norwich," in 1383, stormed the town of Gravelines, he massacred its entire population.

Helvetius declared in his articles of war that Soldiers ought to be made to fear their own officers more than they do the enemy.

The Koran forbids true believers to destroy the vines, palm trees, fruit trees, corn and cattle, even of their worst enemies.

Bombardment of the residence portions of towns, now forbidden by the laws of war, has been repeatedly practised in spite of this prohibition.

In mediaeval times not only were living prisoners ransomed by their friends, but a ransom was demanded even for the bodies of those slain in action.

During the days when armor was heaviest the cavalry was the slow moving army of the service, all movements requiring celerity being executed by infantry.

Hot shot as well as chain and grape shot, when first employed, were declared to be inventions of the devil, and not to be sanctioned among civilized nations.

In the fourteenth century the slaughter of women and children after a town or castle had been taken by storm was one of the most common occurrences of war.

During the war between Richard I. of England and Philip Augustus of France, prisoners on both sides were blinded as a means of intimidating the besieged party.

The Chevalier Bayard made by his ransoms during the course of his military career more than £4000 a sum equivalent to nearly ten times that amount nowadays.

At Gibraltar, during the most famous of its sieges, the French commandor, learning that Elliot's men were suffering from scurvy, sent them as a present a boat load of carrots.

By the rules of chivalry all persons, male and female, old and young, in a town taken by assault, were liable to be put to death, and the men and boys seldom escaped the brutality of the victors.

At the storm of Madgeburg by Tilly, in 1631, this noted authority on the art of war laid down the general maxim that after a successful assault the soldiers ought to have three hours of pillage.

When Meaux was surrendered to Henry IV. clemency was promised to the population if six of the leading defenders were "given up to justice." These six were surrendered and four of them were beheaded.

At Sebastopol the opposing commanders exchanged civil courtesies. Sir Edmond Lyons sent Admiral Machinoff the present of a fat buck, and the Russian Admiral returned the compliment with a large cheese.

The use of cannon and bombs at their first introduction was pronounced diabolical by the Church authorities, and from one end of Europe to the other the pulpit orators thundered against these weapons of the Evil One.

At the siege of Jerusalem by Titus the captive Jews were crucified by the Romans in such numbers that, as Josephus says, there was no longer wood of which to make the crosses nor space for them to stand.

During the Middle Ages reprisals were common. The vengeance taken for a brave defense of a town or castle was generally the hanging of the most prominent officers and men among the defenders.

When Richard I., with the other crusaders, took Messina, all the noble and good-looking women of the town were carried off. Some were afterwards ransomed, while the greater part were held as slaves by their captors.

When the Emperor Henry in 1194 captured Salerno he ordered the wives and daughters of the leading citizens to be put up at auction and sold, and all these unhappy ladies were thus disposed of to a brutal soldiery.

When Edward I. made a prisoner of the Countess of Buchan he decided not to put her to death, but instead ordered a large iron cage to be made in which she was exposed, as a prisoner of war, to the execrations and abuse of the English rabble.

In ancient times prisoners were subjected to the most cruel tortures and terrible forms of death. The monuments and records of Nebuchadnezzar tell with great unction how many thousands of his enemies he beheaded, impaled and flayed alive.

The bayonet was invented in 1323 by a woman of Bayonne, and the use of this weapon was at first strongly reprobated by military authorities. The first battle in which a bayonet charge decided the fate of the day was at Neerwinden, in 1693.

Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, was, it is said, the first to dispense with the regular declaration of war. Frederick the Great made no declaration of war before his invasion of Silesia, the act of aggression which brought on the Seven Years' War.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, even when France and England were at war, fishermen of the two nations remained at peace, and without animosity bought from and sold to each other and exchanged their fish just as in times of profoundest peace.

Explosive bullets were first used in India for hunting tigers and elephants. They were brought into use in Europe by their introduction into the Russian army in 1863. In 1868 an international Convention declared their employment in war to be inhuman and unnecessary.

The destruction of life in modern warfare is something frightful. In the Franco-Prussian war from August 4, 1870, to August 18, 100,000 Germans and French were killed outright, to say nothing of the many thousands more who afterwards died in the hospitals from their wounds.

Of Some Use.

A curious use for a husband is reported from Clerkenwell, near London, where a Mr. Lamb and his wife keep a small shop. For 14 years the firm has avoided paying taxes by the wife's sending the husband to jail to serve out the legal time for unpaid taxes, while she remains at the store attending to business.

Barnum & Bailey's circus receipts at Kingston were $7,000.

THE CLEVER WIDOW

CHAPTER VI. (CONTINUED.

"I really do not know," she said.

"She is not engaged?"

"Not that I know of."

"You speak hesitatingly.

"Because I am not sure. But he may ask. She cannot but be flattered."

"Quite so. I tell him that it is the most practical compliment which a man can pay to a woman. He is a little shy, but, when he sets himself to do it, he will do it. He is very much in love with her, I assure you. These little, lively people always do attract the slow and heavy ones, which is nature's device for the neutralization of bores. But they are all going in. I think, if you will allow me, that I will just take the opportunity to tell him that, as far as you know, there is no positive obstacle in the way."

"As far as I know," Clara repeated, as the widow moved away to where the players were grouped around the net or sauntering slowly toward the house. She rose to follow her, but her head was in a whirl with new thoughts, and she sat down again. Which would be the better for Ida, Harold or Charles? She thought it over with as much solicitude as a mother who plans for her only child. Harold had seemed to her to be in many ways the noblest and the best young man whom she had known. If ever she was to love a man it would be such a man as that. But she must not think of herself. She had reason to believe that both these men loved her sister. Which would be the better for her? But perhaps the matter was already settled. She could not forget the scrap of conversation which she had heard the night before, nor the secret which her sister had refused to confide to her. If Ida would not tell her, there was but one person who could. She raised her eyes, and there was Harold Denver standing before her.

"You were lost in your thoughts," said he, smiling. "I hope that they were pleasant ones."

"Oh, I was planning," said she, rising. "It seems rather a waste of time as a rule, for things have a way of working themselves out just as you least expect."

"What are you planning, then?"

"The future."

"Whose?"

"Oh, my own and Ida's."

"And was I included in your joint futures?"

"I hope all our friends were included."

"Don't go in," said he, as she began to move slowly toward the house. "I wanted to have a word with you. Let us stroll up and down the lawn. Perhaps you are cold. If you are, I could bring you out a shawl."

"Oh, no; I am not cold."

"I was speaking to your sister Ida last night." She noticed that there was a slight quiver in his voice, and, glancing up at his clear-cut face, she saw that he was very grave. She felt that it was settled, that he had come to ask her for her sister's hand.

"She is a charming girl," said he, after a pause.

"Indeed she is," cried Clara, warmly. "And no one who has not lived with her and knows her intimately can tell how charming and good she is. She is like a sunbeam in the house."

"No one who was not good could be so absolutely happy as she seems to be. Heaven's last gift, I think, is a mind so pure and a spirit so high that it is unable even to see what is impure and evil in the world around us. For as long as we can see it, how can we be truly happy?"

"She has a deeper side also. She does not turn it to the world, and it is not natural that she should, for she is very young. But she thinks, and has aspirations of her own."

"You cannot admire her more than I do. Indeed, Miss Walker, I only ask to be brought into nearer relationship with her and to feel that there is a permanent bond between us."

It had come at last. For a moment her heart was was numbed within her, and then a flood of sisterly love carried all before it. Down with that dark thought which would still try to raise its unhallowed head! She turned to Harold with sparkling eyes and words of pleasure upon her lips.

"I should wish to be near and dear to both of you," said he, as he took her by the hand. "I should wish Ida to be my sister, and you—my wife."

She said nothing. She only stood looking at him with parted lips and great, dark, questioning eyes. The lawn had vanished away, the sloping gardens, the brick villas, the darkening sky with half a pale moon beginning to show over the chimney-tops. All was gone, and she was only conscious of a dark, earnest, pleading face, and of a voice, far away, disconnected from herself, the voice of a man telling a woman how he loved her. He was unhappy, said the voice; his life was a void; there was but one thing that could save him; he had come to the parting of the ways; here lay happiness and honor, and all that was high and noble; there lay the soul-killing round, the lonely life, the base pursuit of money, the sordid, selfish aims. He needed but the hand of the woman that he loved to lead him into the better path. And how he loved her his life would show. He loved her for her sweetness, for her womanliness, for her strength. He had need of her. Would she not come to him? And then of a sudden, as she listened, it came home to her that the man was Harold Denver and that she was the woman, and that all God's work was very beautiful—the green sward beneath her feet, the rustling leaves, the long orange slashes in the western sky. She spoke; she scarce knew what the broken words were, but she saw the light of joy shine out on his face, and her hand was still in his as they wandered amid the twilight. They said no more now, but only wandered and felt each other's presence. All was fresh around them, familiar and yet new, tinged with the beauty of their new-found happiness.

"Did you not know it before?" he asked.

"I did not dare to think it."

"What a mask of ice I must wear! How could a man feel as I have done without showing it? Your sister at least knew."

"Ida!"

"It was last night. She began to praise you; I said what I felt, and then in an instant it was all out."

"But what could you—what could you see in me? Oh, I do pray that you may not repent it!" The gentle heart was ruffled amid its joy by the thought of its own unworthiness.

"Repent it! I feel that I am a saved man. You do not know how degrading this city life is, how debasing, and yet how absorbing. Money forever clinks in your ear. You can think of nothing else. From the bottom of my heart I hate it, and yet how can I draw back without bringing grief to my dear old father? There was but one way in which I could defy the taint, and that was by having a home influence so pure and so high that it may brace me up against all that draws me down. I have felt that influence already. I know that when I am talking to you I am a better man. It is you who must go with me through life, or I must walk forever alone."

"Oh, Harold, I am so happy!" Still they wandered amid the darkening shadows, while one by one the stars peeped out in the blue-black sky above them. At last a chill night wind blew up from the east and brought them back to the realities of life.

"You must go in. You will be cold."

"My father will wonder where I am. Shall I say anything to him?"

"If you like, my darling. Or I will in the morning. I must tell my mother to-night. I know how delighted she will be."

"I do hope so."

"Let me take you up the garden path. It is so dark. Your lamp is not lighted yet. There is the window. Till to-morrow, then, dearest."

"Till to-morrow, Harold."

"My own darling!" He stooped and their lips met for the first time. Then, as she pushed open the folding window, she heard his quick, firm step as it passed down the graveled path. A lamp was lighted as she entered the room, and there was Ida, dancing about like a mischievous little fairy in front of her.

"And have you anything to tell me?" she asked, with a solemn face. Then, suddenly throwing her arms round her sister's neck. "Oh, you dear, dear, old Clara! I am so pleased! I am so pleased!"

CHAPTER VII.

"VENIT TANDEM FELICITAS."

It was just three days after the doctor and the Admiral had congratulated each other upon the closer tie which was to unite their two families and to turn their friendship into something even dearer and more intimate, that Miss Ida Walker received a letter which caused her some surprise and considerable amusement. It was dated from next door, and was handed in by the red-headed page after breakfast.

"Dear Miss Ida," began this curious document, and then relapsed suddenly into the third person. Mr. Charles Westmacott hopes that he may have the extreme pleasure of a ride with Miss Ida Walker upon his tandem tricycle. Mr. Charles Westmacott will bring it round in half an hour. You in front. Yours very truly, Charles Westmacott." The whole was written in a large, loose-jointed and schoolboyish hand, very thin on the up-strokes and thick on the down, as though care and pains had gone to the fashioning of it.

Strange as was the form, the meaning was clear enough; so Ida hastened to her room, and had hardly slipped on her light gray cycling dress when she saw the tandem with its large occupant at the door. He handed her up to her saddle with a more solemn and thoughtful face than was usual with him, and a few moments later they were flying along the beautiful, smooth, suburban roads in the direction of Forest Hill. The great limbs of the athlete made the heavy machine spring and quiver with every stroke; while the mignon gray figure with the laughing face, the golden curls blowing from under the little pink-banded straw hat, simply held firmly to her perch, and let the treadles whirl round beneath her feet. Mile after mile they flew, the wind beating in her face, the trees dancing past in two long ranks on either side, until they had passed round Croydon and were approaching Norwood once more from the further side.

"Aren't you tired?" she asked, glancing over her shoulder and turning toward him a little pink ear, a fluffy golden curl, and one blue eye twinkling from the very corner of its lid.

"Not a bit. I am just getting my swing."

"Isn't it wonderful to be strong? You always remind me of a steam-engine."

"Why a steam-engine?"

"Well, because it is so powerful and reliable and unreasoning. Well, I didn't mean that last, you know, but—but—you know what I mean. What is the matter with you?"

"Why?"

"Because you have something on your mind. You have not laughed once."

He broke into a grewsome laugh. "I am quite jolly," said he.

"Oh, no, you are not. And why did you write me such a dreadfully stiff letter?"

"There, now! he cried, "I was sure it was stiff. I said it was absurdly stiff."

"Then why write it?"

"It wasn't my own composition."

"Whose then? Your aunt's?"

"Oh, no, it was a person of the name of Slattery."

"Goodness! Who is he?"

"I knew it would come out. I felt that it would. You've heard of Slattery the author?"

"Never."

"He is wonderful at expressing himself. He wrote a book called 'The Secret Solved; or, Letter Writing Made Easy.' It gives you models of all sorts of letters."

Ida burst out laughing. "So you actually copied one?"

"It was to invite a young lady to a picnic, but I set to work and soon got it changed so that it would do very well. Slattery seems never to have asked any one to ride a tandem. But when I had written it, it seemed so dreadfully stiff that I had to put a little beginning and end of my own which seemed to brighten it up a good deal."

"I thought there was something funny about the beginning and end,"

"Did you? Fancy your noticing the difference in style. How quick you are! I am very slow at things like that. I ought to have been a woodman or gamekeeper, or something. I was made on those lines. But I have found something now."

"What is that, then?"

"Ranching. I have a chum in Texas and he says it is a rare life. I am to buy a share in his business. It is all in the open air—shooting and riding and sport. Would it—would it inconvenience you much, Ida, to come out there with me?"

Ida nearly fell off her perch in her amazement. The only words of which she could think were "My goodness me!" so she said them.

"If it would not upset your plans or change your arrangements in any way." He had slowed down, and let go of the steering handle, so that the great machine trawled aimlessly about from one side of the road to the other. "I know very well that I am not clever or anything of that sort, but still I would do all I can to make you very happy. Don't you think that in time you might come to like me a little bit?"

Ida gave a cry of fright. "I won't like you if you run me against a brick wall," she said, as the machine rasped up against the curb. Do attend to the steering."

"Yes, I will. But tell me, Ida, whether you will come with me."

"Oh, I don't know. It's too absurd! How can we talk about such things when I cannot see you? You speak to the nape of my neck, and then I have to twist my head around to answer."

"I know. That was why I put 'You in front' upon my letter. I thought that would make it easier. But if you would prefer it I will stop the machine, and then you can sit around and talk about it."

"Good gracious!" cried Ida. "Fancy our sitting face to face on a motionless tricycle in the middle of the road, and all the people looking out of their windows at us!"

"It would look rather funny, wouldn't it? Well, then, suppose we both get off and push the tandem along in front of us?"

"Oh, no; this is better than that."

"Or I could carry the thing."

Ida burst out laughing. "That would be more absurd still."

"Then we will go quietly, and I will look out for the steering. I won't talk about it at all if you would rather, not. But I really do love you very much, and you would make me happy if you came to Texas with me, and I think that perhaps after a time I could make you happy, too."

"But your aunt?"

"Oh, she would like it very much. I can understand that your father might not like to lose you. I'm sure I wouldn't either if I were he. But, after all, America is not very far off nowadays, and is not so very wild. We would take a grand piano and—and—a copy of Browning. And Denver and his wife would come over to see us. We should be quite a family party. It would be jolly."

Ida sat listening to the stumbling words and awkward phrases which were whispered from the back of her, but there was something in Charles Westmacott's clumsiness of speech which was more moving than the words of the most eloquent of pleaders. He paused, he stammered, he caught his breath between the words, and he blurted out in little blunt phrases all the hopes of his heart. If love had not come to her yet, there were at least pity and sympathy, which are nearly akin to it. Wonder there was also that one so weak and frail as she should shake this strong man so, should have the whole course of his life waiting for her decision. Her left hand was on the cushion at her side. He leaned forward and took it gently in his own. She did not try to draw it back from him.

"May I have it," said he, "for life?"

"Oh, do attend to your steering," said she, smiling around at him, "and don't say any more about this to-day. Please don't."

"When shall I know, then?"

"Oh, to-night—to-morrow—I don't know. I must ask Clara. Talk about something else."

And they did talk about something else, but her left hand was still enclosed in his, and he knew, without asking again, that all was well.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHADOWS BEFORE.

Mrs. Westmacott's great meeting for the enfranchisement of women had passed over, and it had been a triumphant success. All the maids and matrons of the southern suburbs had rallied at her summons. There was an influential platform, with Dr. Balthazar Walker in the chair and Admiral Hay Denver among his more prominent supporters. One benighted male had come in from the outside darkness and had jeered from the further end of the hall, but he had been called to order by the Chair, petrified by indignant glances from the unenfranchised around him, and finally escorted to the door by Charles Westmacott. Fiery resolutions were passed, to be forwarded to a large number of leading statesmen, and the meeting broke up with the conviction that a shrewd blow had been struck for the cause of woman.

But there was one woman at least to whom the meeting and all that was connected with it had brought anything but pleasure. Clara Walker watched with a heavy heart the friendship and close intimacy which had sprung up between her father and the widow. From week to week it had increased until no day ever passed without their being together. The coming meeting had been the excuse for these continual interviews, but now the meeting was over, and still the doctor would refer every point which rose to the judgment of his neighbor. He would talk, too, to his two daughters of her strength of character, her decisive mind, and of the necessity of their cultivating her example, until at last it had become his most common topic of conversation.

All this night had passed as merely the natural pleasure which an elderly man might take in the society of an intelligent and handsome woman, but there were other points which seemed to Clara to give it a deeper meaning. She could not forget that when Charles Westmacott had spoken to her one night he had alluded to the possibility of his aunt marrying again. He must have known or noticed something before he would speak upon such a subject. And then again Mrs. Westmacott had herself said that she hoped to change her style of living shortly and take over completely new duties. What could that mean except that she expected to marry? And whom? She seemed to see her friends outside of their own little circle. She must have alluded to her father. It was a hateful thought, and yet it must be faced.

One evening the doctor had been rather late at his neighbor's. He used to go into the Admiral's after dinner, and now he turned more frequently in the other direction. When he returned Clara was sitting alone in the drawing-room reading a magazine. She sprung up as he entered, pushed forward his chair, and ran to fetch his slippers.

"You are looking a little pale, dear," he remarked.

"Oh, no, papa; I am very well."

"Ali well with Harold?"

"Yes. His partner, Mr. Pearson, is still away, and he is doing all the work."

"Well done. He is sure to succeed. Where is Ida?"

"In her room, I think."

"She was with Charles Westmacott on the lawn not very long ago. He seems very fond of her. He is not very bright, but I think he will make her a good husband."

"I am sure of it, papa. He is very manly and reliable."

"Yes, I should think that he is not the sort of man who goes wrong. There is nothing hidden about him. As to his brightness. It really does not matter, for his aunt, Mrs. Westmacott, is very rich, much richer than you would think from her style of living, and she has made him a handsome provision."

"I am glad of that."

"It is between ourselves. I am her trustee, and so I know something of her arrangements. And when are you going to marry, Clara?"

"Oh, papa, not for some time yet. We have not thought of a date."

"Well, really. I don't know that there is any reason for delay. He has a competence and it increases yearly. As long as you are quite certain that your mind is made up——"

"Oh, papa!"

"Well, then, I really do not know why there should be any delay. And Ida, too, must be married within the next few months. Now, what I want to know is what I am to do when my two little companions run away from me." He spoke lightly, but his eyes were grave as he looked questioningly at his daughter.

"Dear papa, you shall not be alone. It will be years before Harold and I think of marrying, and when we do you must come and live with us."

"No, no, dear. I know that you mean what you say, but I have seen something of the world, and I know that such arrangements never answer. There cannot be two masters in a house, and yet at my age my freedom is very necessary to me."

"But you would be completely free."

"No, dear, you cannot be that if you are a guest in another man's house. Can you suggest no other alternative?"

"That we remain with you."

"No, no. That is out of the question. Mrs. Westmacott herself says that a woman's first duty is to marry. Marriage, however, should be an equal partnership, as she points out. I should like a suggestion from you Clara, as to what I should do."

"But there is no hurry, papa. Let us wait. I do not intend to marry yet."

Dr. Walker looked disappointed. "Well, Clara, if you can suggest nothing, I suppose that I must take the initiative myself," said he.

"Then what do you propose, papa?" She braced herself as one who sees the blow which is about to fall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE KOHINOOR.

England's Great Diamond Has a Some—what Tragic History.

Nearly all of the great diamonds of the world have had romantic histories, but none of them approaches in this respect the Kohinoor, now among the Royal jewels in England. It is known to have been the property of the Rajahs of Maiwa nearly 1,000 years ago. In 1304 the Sultan Aladdin—himself the original of the "Arabian Nights" hero—overcame the then rajah in battle, and captured the gem. Subsequently, however, he restored it to the Rajah, in the hands of whose descendants it remained until the rise of the Mogul dynasty.

Mohammed Shah, of that dynasty, was on the throne of Hindostan when his country was invaded, and his capital city, Delhi was taken by the Persian, Nadir Shah. The conqueror confiscated all the jewels in the Delhi treasury, but the already famous Kohinoor was missing.

A woman of Mohammed's harem gave information that the Emperor wore the stone concealed in his turban, and Nadir finally secured it by a clever ruse, ollering to exchange turbans with Mohammed. At the death of Nadir the gem became the property of his son and successor, Shah Rokh, who was soon after overthrown by a usurper, Aga Mohammed.

Aga Mohammed put Shah Rokh to the torture, to make him give up the stone, but Shah Rokh would not, even when his eyes were put out with knives. Finally Aga Mohammed ordered his victim's head to be shaved and encircled within a diadem of paste, thus making a receptacle, into which boiling oil was poured.

But even this did not induce Shah Rokh to give up the Kohinoor. He died soon after his injuries, and gave the stone to Ahmed Shah, founder of the Afghan Empire, who had come to his assistance.

The Kohinoor descended from Ahmed Shah to his grandson, Shah Zaman. The latter was deposed from the throne and had his eyes put out by his brother, Shah Shuja. Shah Zaman was shut up in a solitary prison cell for many years, where he concealed the gem in the plaster of the wall.

By an accident an officer of the guard scratched his hand on one of the angles of the diamond, which projected almost imperceptibly, and this led to its discovery. So Shah Shuja got the stone, but pretty soon he himself was deposed, and his eyes were put out by his next brother, Shah Mahmud.

He withdrew to the court of Runjit Singh for protection, but Runjit wanted the Kohinoor, and persecuted Shuja and starved Shuja's wife until he got it. Runjit had it set in a bracelet.

It was confiscated by the British at the close of the great Indian mutiny, and was sent to England. It weighed 186 carats, and was reduced to 106 carats by cutting. Though not of the very finest water, having a slightly grayish tinge, it is valued at $500,000.

Bridge Forty-One Miles in Length.

A gigantic undertaking, the bridging over of Polk's Strait, separating the Island of Ceylon from the mainland of India, is seriously proposed by the Ceylon government. The strait is forty-one miles broad at its narrowest point, double the width of the English Channel, but is very shallow, in many places only six feet deep. The islands, reefs, and channels in it have been recently surveyed, and the cost of works, extending over sixty-one miles, including the Pambam Channel and the Adam's Bridge reef, is estimated at 28,600,000 rupees. The ends will be connected by 145 miles of railroad with Colombo, the great harbor of Ceylon, on the one side, and by ninety miles of road with Maqura, the nearest point of the Indian railroad system, on the other. If narrow gauge is used, this can be done for 11,000,000 rupees more.

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Ottawa has 25 Chinamen.

Sarnia is annoyed by a gang of thieves.

Bread in Belleville is ten cents a loaf.

Vancouver's Labor Day is September 2nd.

The funded debt of Halifax is $2,915,916.

Belleville's rate of taxation is 20 1-2 mills.

In Guelph flowers are stolen from graves.

Petrolia is advocating a new oil exchange.

The debenture debt of Watford is $22,973.24.

August 27th will be Stratford's Civic holiday.

Chatham is talking electric radial railway.

Cape Vincent's water-works will cost $23,000.

A number of bears infest the Innerkip swamps.

Goderich is to have a new skating and curling rink.

The Belleville electric railway is now in operation.

The nursing staff of the Berlin Hospital has been increased.

Kingston's dry goods stores close at noon during August.

Bush fires on the Manitoulin have caused great damage.

St. John, N. B., is purchasing a new park for itself.

Whiskey Island is the name of a resort in Southampton.

The young married men of Algonquin have a football team.

Hensall has the two fastest flax pullers in Huron County.

Mrs. Robert Cameron, of St. Thomas, recently attempted suicide.

Typhoid fever is prevailing in the western part of Ontario.

The Quebec Government will soon remove the "business tax."

The school buildings of Portage la Prairie are being enlarged.

A wealthy citizen of Berlin will erect a Y. M. C. A. building there.

There was a burglary in the Catholic church of Sarnia last week.

The oil well at Verona is attracting the attention of capitalists.

A woman has been appointed assistant city treasurer of Bangor, Ale.

Many Chinese are passing through Canada in bond bound for Cuba.

The Berlin Water Company has struck an excellent well at 150 feet.

A branch of the Nova Scotia Bank is to be opened at Calais, N. B.

The corner stone of Quebec's new City Hall was laid the other day.

Miss Annie McKenzie, of Lucknow, will go to China as a missionary.

The Biddulph Agricultural Society will hold its show October 1st.

Fishing about Killarney is a failure, on account of poaching by nets.

The catch of Canadian seals this year is far below that of last year.

Rev. Carl Smith, Lindsay, is the new curate at St. John's Port Hope.

The C. P. R. shops at Sault Ste. Marie will probably be opened in the fall.

A 12-pound channel catfish was caught in the Thames near Byron lately.

A well-known educationist, Henkle Congdon, of Halifax, has just died, aged 69.

Stratford has a 21-year-old midget 3 feet 9 inches high, weighing 45 pounds.

Forty-one prisoners have just been released from the Kingston penitentiary.

A Listowel firm last week shipped $10,000 worth of wool to the United States.

"Babies reduced to $2 a dozen" is on a photographer's sign in Nova Scotia.

A Kaslo by-law collecting $50 license from each barber is likely to be quashed.

The Vancouver Public school teachers have had their salaries raised $5 a month.

The corner stone of the Queen's avenue Methodist church, London, has been laid.

A new flax barn was raised near Hensall recently measuring 100 x 45 feet.

Rev. Mr. Best, Baptist minister at New Westminster, has been called to London, Ont.

The Ontario travelling dairy will visit a number of places in Prescott next month.

One day last week 1,000 men gathered at the Montreal Labour Bureau looking for work.

Vessels with 6,000 total tonnage have been chartered to take canned salmon to Great Britain.

Point Comfort is the name of a new post-office near Thirty-one Mile Lake, on the Gatineau.

The G. N. W. Telegraph Company is appealing against the assessment of their poles at Port Stanley.

A Montreal paper urges the construction of a canal to join the upper lakes with the Ottawa valley.

London's Mayor has been enjoined not to sign the contract with the Buffalo Barber Asphalt Company.

The balance to credit of depositors in the Dominion Government savings bank on July 1 was $17,044.95.

John A. McCarthy, the eldest policeman in Ontario, celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday recently at Stratford.

Bruce County's rainfall in June was only three-quarters of an inch, while the general average there is four inches.

The other day an American firm bought $200,000 worth of logs from Hale & Booth, logs taken from the Spanish river section.

Bridgetown, N. S., has a lady resident aged 83 years who has one hundred and thirty descendants living; nine own children, seventy-seven grandchildren and forty-four great grandchildren.

At the Tyendinaga Reserve there are at present 24 white women who have married Indians and become full members of the band, while two Indian women having married out according to the Indian Act, lose all the rights but the annuities of the band.

Not for Her.

I never yet have kissed a girl,
He said with voice that yearned.
Then you may go, and don't come back,
She cried, till you have learned.

THE P. O. SAVINGS BANK.

They Are Very Popular With the People and Have Done a Great Deal of Good.

The post office savings bank is one of the best managed and successful of the departments of the Canadian Government. From the first it has been popular, and without question it has done much good in affording a safe place of deposit for small sums and so encouraging a spirit of thrift among wage earners and people of small means. Started in 1868, at the close of the fiscal year, June 30, it has received 3,247 deposits totalling $212,567. Since then the growth by quinquennial periods has been as follows:—

	No. of accounts.	Amount deposited.	Total of deposits.
1870	12,178	$1,347,901	$ 1,583,848
1875	24,294	1,942,346	2,920,030
1880	31,365	2,720,216	3,945,669
1885	73,322	7,098,459	15,090,540
1890	112,321	6,590,896	21,990,653
1895	120,628	7,488,028	26,805,542

Since the 1st October, 1839, the rate of interest allowed has been 3½ per cent. Before that date it was 4 per cent. The effect on the deposits of the reduction did not last long. The drop in the total was from $23,011,422 in 1889 to $21,990,653 in 1890, since which latter year there has been a steady increase up to the figure given in the table above. Since 1888 the Government has been closing the independent savings banks maintained in some of the Maritime provinces by the Finance department and transferring the accounts to the post office, the safety and cheapness of administration of which may be inferred from the fact that in transactions of over a *hundred and twenty millions of dollars* the total losses from every cause have been under eleven thousand dollars, $6,126 of which occurred in one year (1868) through the frauds of an employe. The total

COST OF MANAGEMENT,

including salaries, compensation to postmasters, inspection, printing, etc., was last year $57,116, the cost of each deposit or withdrawal being under one-quarter of one cent, and the precentage of cost of management to the balance due to depositors eleven-fiftieths of one per cent. per annum. There is no loan to the Government which costs less for management, and it is to be remembered that, unlike bonds, post office deposits are liable to no discount when the money is paid in. It has been said that business men and people with money to invest use the post office instead of an ordinary bank, because the rate of interest allowed is slightly higher than in the case of leading joint stock institutions. Up to the present, if this has been the case, no great harm can be said to have ensued. The Government has obtained the money at about what a bonded loan would cost, and it is only in late years that loans have been successfully put at 3 per cent. It is doubtful, however, if there is much foundation for the charge. The amount received from any one depositor is by rule limited to $1,000, and the average amount at credit of depositors is only $222, the average depositor contributing to the total during last year just $52. The inference from the moderateness of these figures is that the post office is really a wage earner's bank, and its success is an evidence of general thrift and prosperity.

HORSES AND HORSE-RACING.

Interpretation of a Much Vexed Clause—Elements That Shall Enter Into the Judgment of Horses at Agricultural Shows—Speed Not to be the Sole Merit.

The following circular has been issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture:

Several applications having been made to this department by various agricultural societies for an interpretation of section 29 of the Agriculture and Arts Act, 1895, the following decision is given to the officers and directors for their guidance as being the evident intention of the legislature when passing the Act:—

By section 9 of the said Act, the objects of such societies, as relating to live stock is confined to two things: (a) the purchase or importation of valuable animals; and (b) awarded premiums for excellence in the raising of stock, etc. Sub-section 3 of this section declares that none of the funds shall be expended for any purpose inconsistent with the above.

The opinion of the Legislature, as expressed in section 29, was that horse racing, as ordinarily conducted, is inconsistent with the objects above set forth. It is presumed therefore in awarding premiums for light horses of any class that form, soundness, and style shall always be considered as well as speed, and that no horse shall be placed first for speed alone. If in the judgment of the officers or judges it is deemed desirable to test the speed of the contesting horses, it is competent under this clause to do so, but the prizes must in every case be awarded on general excellence, as possessing the above characteristics. Neither is it intended that purses shall be prepared of offerings from owners of contesting horses, but that premiums shall be offered in the ordinary way.

It is hoped that the operation of this clause will do away with the professional race horse at our agricultural shows, and tend to promote the development and encourage the breeding of sound, stylish, right-stepping horses, so much in demand in the great horse markets of the world.

JNO. DRYDEN,
Minister of Agriculture.

Dogs Can Read Character.

Wonderful tales have been told of the marvellous instinctive intelligence of dogs, but the idea of consulting a canine oracle when a man is contemplating matrimony is a new one. A French writer, however, says that before committing himself a man should note carefully how she whom he loves conducts herself towards her parents and friends, and, above all, how she treats ordinary domestic animals. "Beware of a person whom children and dogs dislike," he says. "Dogs may be our inferiors, but their instincts rarely deceive them, and a pronounced antipathy on their part may well be considered as a danger signal. No compassion should be felt for him who marries a girl whom dogs snarl at and dislike, for he has had fair warning of domestic storms."

The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station in a human figure.—Addison.

CURRENT NOTES.

A few years ago there was room for a great deal of criticism upon the management of county and local fairs throughout the country. There has been great improvement, however, within ten years, and we are glad to say that most of our annual fairs are now free from the immoral influences which made so many unworthy of the support of all honest men. Some, we are sorry to say, still continue to license gambling concerns, immoral shows, and catchpenny fakes, caring more for the financial success of the fair than for the influence it exerts upon the patrons and upon society. Such fairs should be let severely alone by all good citizens. If the managers cater to the worst elements of society, let those elements be its patrons. An agricultural fair is designed, primarily, to promote agricultural and kindred interests, and their moral influence should be pure and elevating. Nothing that is of doubtful character, let alone positively degrading or demoralizing influence, should be admitted within the gates.

This does not mean that we are opposed to amusements. On the contrary, we advocate wholesome and harmless amusements at fairs, most heartily. We would secure and advertise attractions that would attract and amuse, and at the same time have them free from suspicion, and of undoubted healthy moral tone and influence. There is nothing wrong in a roller-coaster, a Ferris wheel, a balloon ascension, a parachute jump, a panorama exhibition, or a fair and square test of speed on the track. They relieve the monotony of the fair ground, and infuse the air of energy and life into what would otherwise be comparatively tame and listless to a large part of the attendants, if not all.

It must be remembered that the financial success of the fair is of primary importance, and in order to secure the largest attendance possible, a variety of attractions, aside from the show of farm products and live stock, is absolutely essential. There are many who will go to see a good race, but care nothing for the agricultural features. And so with other attractions. If they are harmless they are legitimate, even if not so very instructive. The fairs should be educators, surely, but to make them such they must be popular, attractive, full of life, but free from immoral practices and influences that degrade.

The moral tone of society throughout the country, and especially on the farm, will not now support a fair that admits gambling devices, licenses swindlers, or allows the sale of liquors, and managers who pursue this policy under the belief that they will build up a paying institution, make a grievous mistake. They may achieve temporary success, but utter failure cannot long be delayed. All good citizens should turn their faces resolutely against this class of fairs. Don't attend them, and if you value the good moral character of you boys and girls, keep them away. A fair that builds a dance platform advertises the fact that it invites the lowest and vilest characters to patronize it. Promiscuous dances have always been regarded as dangerous in the extreme, and a fair ground dancing platform is one of the worst forms of this evil. The very air is tainted, and your boys and girls cannot approach it closely without infection. Shun it as you would the smallpox or yellow fever.

GOOD JOB WELL DONE.

Steamer Taken Out of the Graveyard of the Atlantic Sable Island Sands.

After being embedded for ten months in the sands of Sable Island, the "graveyard of the Atlantic," the British freight steamship Nerito was taken to New York on Monday under her own steam, preceded and partly guided by the Merritt wrecking steamer J. D. Jones. Save for a few damaged plates near the keel, her hull was in good condition. She had been stripped of all her joiner work, including the doors of every room except the lavatory, by the beach combers of the island. All of her brass fittings and every pane of glass had been carried away.

The Nerito went aground in a fog in September last. Her crew abandoned her and were taken to Halifax on the steamship Lunenburg. The British steamship Newfields came along and stripped her of chain, cable, hawsers, and canvas.

Her owner collected the insurance from the British Lloyds, whose agents decided to save her, as she was worth about $250,000, and was only three years old. They employed the Merritt Wrecking Company to haul her off.

The steamer J. J. Merritt went to the island in October last, but was prevented by foul weather from doing effective work. In June last the J. D. Jones, in command of Capt. Fred. Sharpe, with a crew of forty men including engineers and stokers, to man the Nerito, went to her and found that she had been forced across two bars by the winter storms and was fast on the beach of the island. Canals were dredged through the two bars; and anchors, attached to four fifteen-inch manilla hawsers were dropped astern of the Nerito. Steam winches, to which the inboard ends of the hawsers were made fast, were set going on the Nerito, and, inch by inch by the ship made sternway down the canals though the inner and outer bars. The Merritt assisted in the work by pulling on a heavy hawser made fast to a big bitt on the Nerito. Twenty-one days were spent preparing for the job of hauling and towing the ship into deep water. The actual work of moving the ship was finished in ten days. She was damaged about $50,000. There are nearly 500 tons of coal in her bunkers. The Merritt Company did the job for $20,000.

There is about as much rejoicing over a good man lost, as there is over a bad one saved.

SOUTH SEA CANNIBALS.

THEY HAVE EATEN ALL THE WHITE MEN IN REACH.

British Ships Will Shell the Cannibal Villages—The Latest Victims of the Bloodthirsty Savages the Crew of an Australian Trading Ship—The Settlers Fleeing from the Island in Terror of Their Lives.

News has just been received in this country that the cannibal inhabitants of the Solomon Islands have returned once more to their barbarous practice of head-hunting and man-eating. The despatches state that the white settlers in the neighborhood, who, after a year's cessation from these bloodthirsty pursuits on the part of the natives, had begun to feel somewhat secure, have been stricken with terror and are fleeing to Australia on every available vessel. They are accompanied in their flight by numbers of missionaries, who are well aware that the South Sea Island cannibal has a strong partiality for white flesh, and that he will go to the extent of slaying even these good and harmless clergymen when once his appetite for human flesh has been thoroughly excited.

In all of the adjoining islands the white settlers have applied to the British Admiral, Sir A. G. Bridge, for protection. The Admiral has displayed commendable energy in his effort to punish the horrible offenders, and according to the lastest reports, has embarked on board the first-class cruiser Orlaad, with the purpose of shelling the savage hamlets and dwellings along the coast. It is doubtful, however, whether much will be accomplished by his line of procedure, as the savages are accustomed to retreat to the interior while the firing is going on, and, by the deftness and treachery of their movements they have often been known to seize

STRAGGLING BOATLOADS

of the whites as they visited the shore and to make off with them in triumph. Very few of these unfortunate captives have ever been seen again. According to the usual practice of the Solomon Islanders, they are immediately put to death and their bodies carefully quartered by the chief's butcher. The pieces are then hung upon the branches of shady trees and allowed to acquire the proper degree of seasoning.

The latest white victims of the savages were the ship's company of the Sydney trading schooner Amelia, Capt. D. Kerr, his mate, Samuel Smith, and eight or ten men. They sailed in the schooner Amelia, from Rubiana in the middle of last April and have since been missing under circumstances that leave no question as to their fate. The British naval officers in the vicinity are naturally enraged over the miserable destruction of these sailors, and it is probable that swift vengeance will be taken upon the cannibals if they fall into the clutches of the whites. When the sailors failed to return to Rubiana in May, one Nathaniel Wheatley, of that place, organized a search for them and succeeded in picking up the deck-house, the hatches and other parts of the Amelia, but every one of the men had disappeared.

THE CANNIBAL ISLES.

The group of islands called the Solomon Islands by early navigators, who vaguely supposed that they were the original depository of Solomon's gold, extend from the northwest to the southeast in latitude 5 to 11 degrees south and 154 to 163 degrees east, at a distance of about 800 miles northeast of Australia. They are the largest of the numerous groups of islands in the Pacific Ocean, and were discovered by Alverdo de Mendana in 1567. Yet though they were thus among the earliest known islands in this region, our information in regard to their topography, resources and inhabitants has always remained very meagre, owing to the unamiable character of the natives.

The Solomon Islanders are of a mixed race, varying between an almost pure Malay type and the dark-skinned Polynesian. Though savage in their habits, they are nevertheless intelligent, crafty, thievish and revengeful; and they are said, when domesticated, to make excellent and faithful servants. The men wear no clothing but a loin band, and the women wear a small skirt. They are mostly small of stature and their hair and skin are intensely black, the former being closely frizzled. Some visitors have described these people as the most savage, brutal and degraded race on earth, but this opinion is perhaps too severe. Although cannibals, they are by no means degraded as compared with other savage races. They had acquired in the process of their development and before coming in contact with Europeans a knowledge of various simple arts, several of which they practised with remarkable skill. They are singularly clever in surgery, setting arms and legs with bamboo splints. They have also obtained some knowledge of dentistry, though their treatment of a patient is somewhat of a heroic character.

A protectorate was established over the entire group in 1893. The British Government thus acquired a total area of seven or eight thousand square miles and a population of about 50,000 savages, the greater part of whom were cannibals. At the time of the establishment of the protectorate the chief of the island of San Christova, one of the most cannibalistic of the lot, was one Taki, a converted man-eater.

STILL LIKE WHITE FLESH.

Contrary to the general impression, the practice of cannibalism has by no means been extinguished. It has been supposed that the increasing intercourse between the whites and savages and the presence of a large number of devout missionaries in the South Sea Islands had put an end to man-eating as a general practice, but this is not the case. The inhabitants of many of these islands, and of the Solomon Islands in particular, have always been "anthropophagoi," or cannibals, ever since their existence first became known to white men in the sixteenth century. And there is nothing in the presence of the missionaries or in the soothing influences of intercourse with white traders that would tend to make these savages abandon the custom. Among them the practice of devouring their fellow-creatures in order to satisfy the pangs of hunger is regarded as entirely natural and even praiseworthy. At the time of the second visit of the discoverer of these islands, Alverdo de Mendana, the chief of the island of Ysabel, one of the largest of the group, sent to the Spanish navigator a present of a quarter of a boy, with the hand and arm. The Admiral, horrified at receiving so gruesome a gift, ordered its instant burial, a proceeding which both angered and perplexed the well-meaning chief, who did not think that such a choice morsel as a boy's flesh should be so recklessly disposed of.

The Solomon Islanders are so addicted to the habit of man-eating that they regard with disgust the habit of a number of neighboring tribes of nourishing the body by means of roots, herbs and nuts. The testimony of visitors to this region is to the effect that the man-eaters are by far a more vigorous and

WELL-FORMED RACE,

and though they are cannibals, they are by no means of an inferior order of intelligence as savages go. The men are, as a rule, well formed, and the women, in their youth, are handsome and attractive, though they soon become bent and disfigured by the toil to which they are subjected. The Solomon Island women, as is generally the case among savages, is the slave of her husband, and even her life is in his hands. They are usually treated with great cruelty, and disobedience is punished by instant death. The body is subsequently devoured by the husband and his remaining wives. It would be considered a waste to bury it.

The chiefs are especially given to man-eating, and in a raid of the kind which has just been reported, all of the tenderest flesh is submitted to them. Each chief is provided with a butcher, whose duty it is to put to death the captives and prepare their bodies for feasting. It is, perhaps, advisable to bear in mind that the attitude of these butchers towards the captives is not one of hostility or vengeance, but merely the professional attitude of one who has a certain piece of work to perform, and whose sole desire is to perform it with excellence. The prevailing notion that the human food of cannibals is prepared by boiling the whole body in a pot, is, of course erroneous. Aside from the absence of pots, the human flesh is of a character that is best prepared, not by boiling, but by hanging up in a shady spot for a day or two and then roasting like pork.

The taste is said to resemble that of swine very closely. In fact, the Biblical injunction against the eating of swine is said to be founded on this resemblance.

HOW HUMAN FLESH TASTES.

The flesh of a white man is peculiarly agreeable to the taste of a cannibal. During the uprisings of the Solomon Island "head hunters" no person is safe, be he white or black, so great is the frenzy of these fearful creatures for human blood. But if a white man should be encountered the occasion is celebrated by a banquet or feast of unusual ceremony. Capt. William T. Wawn, an Englishman, who spent years in the Queensland labor trade and who was quite familiar with the character and habits of the Solomon Islander, relates the following experience, illustrating this peculiar custom:

"On Nov. 9 the natives had captured a recruiting boat belonging to the Mystery labor schooner. They had killed her crew—four native boatmen—and two white men—Thomas Muir, mate, and John Renton, G. A.

"The motive for these murders was not revenge, but simply cannibalism. A great feast had been arranged to take place, to which all the surrounding tribes had been invited. The chief of the tribe that gave it desired to show hospitality on a grand scale, and accordingly provided the rare dainty of white man's flesh to do honor to his guests on the occasion."

The natives not only employ the flesh of their captives, but they also make excellent use of other portions of the body.

THE LARGER BONES,

such as the femur or thigh bone and the large arm bones, are used in making spear points, and in various other crude arts. The skulls are chiefly employed in decorating the houses and sepulchres. One of the favorite architectural effects appears to consist in arranging a series of skulls along the edge of the thatched roof. The skulls are also placed around the base of the square stone mounds, which are built to contain the bones of dead natives. The skulls on the exterior, however, are those of captives, as may be easily known by observing the gaps or clefts where they have received the death blow, in most cases, from the hand of the professional butcher.

The suggestive name of "head hunting" is given to the practice, common among these people, of going abroad, either singly or in bands, and scouring the neighboring territory in the search for these horrible trophies. Head hunting is carried on to some extent in connection with cannibalism but much more from the desire of the chief, simply to accumulate shulls, as a token of political power, physical prowess, or for the purpose of decoration. There are some contigencies in the social life of the Solomon Islanders on the happening of which it is quite necessary, according to the established custom, that a head should be provided. Among the principal of these may be mentioned: The death of a chief; the launching of a new war canoe; the completion of a tamboo-house. The tamboo, or tambu-house, is a building erected to contain the bones of some departed savage. The bones so treated are generally those of chiefs or men of importance.

A Holy Relic.

The only gold and silver bound, diamond-incrusted book in the world was lately enshrined in the holy Mohammedan city of Isnan-Ruza, Persia. The book is, of course, a copy of the Alkoran, and is a gift from Abd-ur-Rahman, Emir of Afghanistan. The covers of this unique volume, the sides of which are nine and one-half by four inches, are of solid gold plates one-eighth of an inch in thickness, lined with silver sheets of the same thickness. The centre-piece, as well as the corners are symbolic designs, wrought in diamonds, rubies and pearls. The centre figure is a crescent, with a star between its points, the whole design being composed of 109 small diamonds, 167 pearls and 122 rubies. The diamonds on each corner, which are almost hidden in their golden setting, and the orange-colored lacquer with which they are fastened, are each worth about $5,000. The book itself is on parchment, entirely written by hand. It is valued at $125,000. There is said to have been over 100,000 visitors present in Isnan-Ruza the day the holy relic was enshrined.

Guileless Youth.

She—Do you know anything about this new game of progressive courtship?

He (guilelessly)—No; what is it?

She (hopelessly)—Oh, nothing; thought you didn't.

Action may not always bring happiness; but there is no happiness without action.—Disraeli.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Get Up and Scratch.

Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm,
"I wish I could find a nice, fat worm."
Said another little chicken, with a queer little shrug,
"I wish I could find a nice, fat bug."
Said a third little chick, with a strange little squeal,
"I wish I could find some nice, yellow meal."
Now, look here," said the mother, from the green garden patch,
If you want any breakfast you must get up and scratch."

Jack's Bear Hunt.

"Where are you going, Caleb?"

Jack had come into the warm farm kitchen to find Caleb tinkering with a gun.

"Goin' on a bit of a hunt."

"Oh, I wish I could go."

"Why couldn't you?"

"Oh! Will you let me? Say, mother," as she entered the room, "Caleb says I may go hunting with him. May I?"

"Where to, Caleb?" asked mother, "and hunting what for?"

"Why," said Caleb, "I heard tell of a deer or two been seen 'round up in Plummer's Holler, so I thought I'd go and try for 'em. Like enough I'll only bring home some squirrels. Squirrels is good, though."

"Deer!" exclaimed Jack, in great excitement. "Oh mother—I could go back and tell the boys I'd been deer hunting."

Mother smiled at the eager face, willing to allow him the pleasure, yet anxious for his safety. She had brought the boy into the Minnesota woods in quest of health for him, and had remained late in the season to give him a taste of invigorating frost. His round cheeks and beaming eyes attested the wisdom of her resort to Mother Nature's kindly aids.

"If I was sure there could be no danger," she began.

"I'll take the best kind o' care of him," said Caleb. "And if you're feared o' tirin' him with too much walkin', I can just as well hitch up the spring wagon and drive to the holler. Have an errand out that way anyhow, where I can leave the wagon."

Mother smiled her consent. Twenty minutes later the two were driving away in the sharp, crisp, morning air. Jack, a bright boy of twelve, did not feel that the hunt had begun until the wagon had been left behind and the two were making their way among the bare brush, logs and boulders of Plumbers' Hollow.

"You'll let me take a shot at squirrel sometime to-day, won't you?" he asked of Caleb, and after receiving the desired promise was well content to lapse into hunters' silence. As they penetrated deeper both became more careful in keeping their movements quiet, Caleb occasionally motioning to Jack his convictions, based on small signs familiar to a sportsman, that deer could not be far off.

At length he paused, lifting his hand in warning. Something was near, beyond doubt, by the sounds just ahead of them. They had been gradually working their way upward until now very near the head of the hollow. Just here it was filled with a dense growth of brush mingled with the remains of fallen trees. In the midst of all this arose two or three rocks.

"Hsh.!—if there ain't a deer behind them I wa'n't never baptized Caleb," said Caleb, in the lowest possible whisper. "You keep back whilst I peep 'round here."

But Jack could not keep back. Close at Caleb's heels he followed as with an unavoidable crackling of the brittle brush he skirted the rocks. And then Caleb gave a cry of dismay. But it was not for himself.

"Back, back," he shouted, as directly before him, angry and threatening, with flashing eyes, snorts and growls, arose a a large black bear. Caleb was a good shot, and had he been by himself would not have been disconcerted by the sudden surprise. But the heavy responsibility resting upon him upset him. With a nervous grasp he leveled his gun and fired—to wound the bear which, now doubly enraged, made a mad rush toward its foes.

"Up there," shrieked Caleb, "Up that tree—quick!"

"How can I? I can't reach those bare branches," said Jack, reaching helplessly above his head.

"Here!" Dropping his gun, with one toss Caleb raised the boy to his shoulder. Jack seized the limbs above his head and swung himself up. Caleb tried to regain his gun but the bear was upon him.

"Get up farther," he cried to Jack. Jack did so and Caleb was soon beside him.

"Can't bears climb trees?" whispered Jack.

"They can when they're feelin' good. But she can't—poor creeter. Don't it make a fellow feel guilty to see that?"

Mad with the pain of its wound the bear was pawing the ground, tearing at trees and branches, biting whatever was nearest.

"I must get down and get that gun—now I've got my breath, and my wits," said Caleb.

"Caleb, you can't," said Jack, in terror at the violent movements of the great brute. "It will be as good as your life's worth to go down there."

Caleb looked in the boy's face, recalling with the clearness of strongly suppressed excitement, his mother's face as she decided to trust this one son of hers to his promised good care, on his assurance that no harm could possibly come to him.

"You hold on tight," he said, gruffly. "And," he added, with an attempt at a light tone, "if that old lady down there should get one o' them heavy paws o' hiern on me,—you'll understand our best hold is to wait right here. They knew where we was comin'. You hold on good."

"Stop, Caleb," cried the boy, in terror at the possibilties suggested in the words. "Don't go down. Perhaps she'll go away—"

Whether the move made half voluntarily by Jack caused him to lose his balance can never be told, but the next moment Caleb, carefully turning on the almost bare branch with view to making his way to the side of the tree farthest from the enemy, lost his hold and went down—to alight exactly on the bear's back.

A situation to bring out all the nerve of a true hunter. Jack could never afterwards recall without a shudder that fight for dear life, in which Caleb, with only his jackknife and sturdy fist dealt blow after blow until the poor animal, blinded by the flow of blood staggered and fell over, giving Caleb opportunity to reach his gun.

"She's done," he said quietly, after the echo of the shot had died away among the hills.

* * * *

"Luckly I brought the spring wagon," said Caleb, when hours later having called upon neighbors for help in securing his prize, he placed in it the bear skin and a supply of the meat. "And now, boy," he said to Jack, in a voice which betrayed a good deal of feeling under the light words, "I'm takin' you back to your mother safe and sound, thanks be to the Lord, and I'm ready to say the next time I go b'ar huntin' I'll go alone."

"I haven't so much as a squirrel," said Jack to his mother. "Have'n't even had a shot. But I've been in a bear hunt."

EXCITING BALLOON ADVENTURE.

Bullets Fired at a French Aeronaut by German Custom House Officers.

The Paris correspondent of the London Standard quotes from the Petit Bourguignon an account of an exciting balloon adventure.

M. Chesnay, a well known aeronaut, went up in the car of a large balloon on Sunday and came to the ground the same evening at Fallon. On Monday morning he filled his balloon with the gas he had brought with him in a small balloon, and ascended once more. He passed successfully over Ponte de Roide and Delly, and saw clearly the little corner of Switzerland which separates France, from Alsace-Lorraine. Suddenly, when just above the frontier of Alsace, he heard the report of firearms, and then the hissing of a bullet. The shots were, he says, fired at his balloon by the German Custom House men. Being anxious to get beyond the range of their rifles as quickly as possible, M. Chesnay threw a sack of ballast out of the car, and in a few minutes found himself at an altitude of about four thousand metres. His balloon, however, descended again, and he saw Mulhouse, Basle, and the Rhine. In a short time the balloon was floating over the territory of the Grand Duchy of Baden. Wishing to ascertain exactly where he was, M. Chesnay descended rather too close to the earth, for the car of his balloon struck a hill. Fortunately he was not hurt, but a sack of ballast and the barometer being jerked out of the car, the balloon once more shot up high. The wind was very strong, and soon it became impossible to maintain the balloon any longer in the air.

The violence of the gale prevented the anchor from fixing itself in the ground. The persons who tried to help could not keep up with the balloon, which was dragging the car on the ground and bounding up into the air at a furious rate. Telegraph wires were broken like thread, telegraph posts knocked down like ninepins, and canals were crossed with M. Chesnay at the bottom of the car. At length, after the car had been dragged in the water of a canal, the acronaut clambered out and fell on the ground senseless. When he recovered consciousness he found himself surrounded by a crowd of people, but none of them could speak a word of French, and he knew no German. After endless trouble he succeeded in reaching the nearest town, which was Singen, and took train for Basle and France. He returned to Dijon on Tuesday evening.

As for his balloon, it naturally shot up into the air when M. Chesnay threw himself out of the car, and it has not yet been heard of.

GREECE HAS TOO MANY CURRANTS.

The New Danger Threatening a Land Beset by Many Ills and Disadvantages.

The people of the kingdom of Greece suffer from many ills and disadvantages which do not beset nationalities less distinguished than the descendants of the ancient Hellenes. They have an occasional earthquake, droughts are not uncommon, volcanic eruptions rattle them. Turkish marauders make murderous onslaughts on them, and occasional notices are served on them by English, French, German, and Russian bondholders that the quarterly interest on sundry mortgages is past due and must be paid without further delay or evasion. But recently the people of Greece have suffered from a new difficulty; the currant or raisin crop is too generous. There is too much of it. The land has proved too fertile and, in consequence of this, the Greek husbandmen are threatened with serious financial difficulties such as overtake the husbandmen of other agricultural lands when the crop runs short.

Corn is not produced in Greece in sufficient quantities to supply the inhabitants, and a certain amount has to be imported every year from Russia. The most favored and best cultivated crop is the currant. Immense districts are planted with currants in various parts of the kingdom, particularly along the shores of the Gulf of Corinth, between the towns of Corinth and Patras and on the islands of Zante and Cephalonia. The chief market for Greek currants is England, which takes from $9,000,000 to $10,000,000 worth in a year. They are exported to other countries, but not to the same extent as to England, where the popularity of plum pudding and mince pies keeps up a steady market for Zante currants, as they are often called in the trade. The United States have very little commerce with Greece—next to none at all, in fact.

The farmers of Greece, or more properly of the currant-raising district of Greece, are apprehensive that with the large crop now on hand prices will so far decline as to make the crop an unremunerative one, and as currants are the agricultural staple of Greece it may be readily seen that an injury of this kind would be a very serious one to a country which staggers under an unduly heavy load of debt. The present national indebtedness of Greece is $110,000,000, or at the rate of about $50 a head. The country is a poor one, and much of the land is unproductive. The sources of public revenue are few, and a large share of the debt is held abroad. Unless there is a lively and increased demand for Greek currants pretty soon the fear is expressed by some political economists in the land of Socrates that it will be necessary for the Greek Goverment to borrow some more money.

STUB ENDS OF THOUGHT.

Opportunity is not the kind of thing that stands around waiting to be embraced.

A woman can't be in love and in politics at the same time.

The waters of oblivion sometimes quench the thirst for glory.

A woman thinks her heart is empty until she gets in it what she wants there.

A man knows he is old long before he confesses it.

Very few men can make money and friends at the same time.

Reason is instinct endowed with the power of speech.

An ounce of thought may prevent a ton of regret.

MILITARY MANNERS.

Some Strange Rules and Customs Adopted in Time of War.

Vattel declares that in war all vines, fruit trees, and growing crops should be spared.

In the English army a soldier is drummed to church just as he is to drill or dress parade.

Mediæval knights often took a voluntary oath that they would never spare the life of an enemy.

Exchange of prisoners was practised in very early times by both the Greeks and the Romans.

When the "fighting Bishop of Norwich," in 1383, stormed the town of Gravelines, he massacred its entire population.

Helvetius declared in his articles of war hat Soldiers ought to be made to fear their own officers more than they do the enemy.

The Koran forbids true believers to destroy the vines, palm trees, fruit trees, corn and cattle, even of their worst enemies.

Bombardment of the residence portions of towns, now forbidden by the laws of war, has been repeatedly practised in spite of this prohibition.

In mediæval times not only were living prisoners ransomed by their friends, but a ransom was demanded even for the bodies of those slain in action.

During the days when armor was heaviest the cavalry was the slow moving army of the service, all movements requiring celerity being executed by infantry.

Hot shot as well as chain and grape shot, when first employed, were declared to be inventions of the devil, and not to be sanctioned among civilized nations.

In the fourteenth century the slaughter of women and children after a town or castle had been taken by storm was one of the most common occurrences of war.

During the war between Richard I. of England and Philip Augustus of France, prisoners on both sides were blinded as a means of intimidating the besieged party.

The Chevalier Bayard made by his ransome during the course of his military career more than £4000 a sum equivalent to nearly ten times that amount nowadays.

At Gibraltar, during the most famous of its sieges, the French commandor, learning that Elliot's men were suffering from scurvy, sent them as a present a boat load of carrots.

By the rules of chivalry all persons, male and female, old and young, in a town taken by assault, were liable to be put to death, and the men and boys seldom escaped the brutality of the victors.

At the storm of Madgeburg by Tilly, in 1631, this noted authority on the art of war laid down the general maxim that after a successful assault the soldiers ought to have three hours of pillage.

When Meaux was surrendered to Henry IV. clemency was promised to the population if six of the leading defenders were "given up to justice." These six were surrendered and four of them were beheaded.

At Sebastopol the opposing commanders exchanged civil courtesies. Sir Edmond Lyons sent Admiral Machinoff the present of a fat buck, and the Russian Admiral returned the compliment with a large cheese.

The use of cannon and bombs at their first introduction was pronounced diabolical by the Church authorities, and from one end of Europe to the other the pulpit orators thundered against these weapons of the Evil One.

At the siege of Jerusalem by Titus the captive Jews were crucified by the Romans in such numbers that, as Josephus says, there was no longer wood of which to make the crosses nor space for them to stand.

During the Middle Ages reprisals were common. The vengeance taken for a brave defense of a town or castle was generally the hanging of the most prominent officers and men among the defenders.

When Richard I., with the other crusaders, took Messina, all the noble and good-looking women of the town were carried off. Some were afterwards ransomed, while the greater part were held as slaves by their captors.

When the Emperor Henry in 1194 captured Salerno he ordered the wives and daughters of the leading citizens to be put up at auction and sold, and all these unhappy ladies were thus disposed of to a brutal soldiery.

When Edward I. made a prisoner of the Countess of Buchan he decided not to put her to death, but instead ordered a large iron cage to be made in which she was exposed, as a prisoner of war, to the execrations and abuse of the English rabble.

In ancient times prisoners were subjected to the most cruel tortures and terrible forms of death. The monuments and records of Nebuchadnezzar tell with great unction how many thousands of his enemies he beheaded, impaled and flayed alive.

The bayonet was invented in 1323 by a woman of Bayonne, and the use of this weapon was at first strongly reprobated by military authorities. The first battle in which a bayonet charge decided the fate of the day was at Neerwinden, in 1693.

Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, was, it is said, the first to dispense with the regular declaration of war. Frederick the Great made no declaration of war before his invasion of Silesia, the act of aggression which brought on the Seven Years' War.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, even when France and England were at war, fishermen of the two nations remained at peace, and without animosity bought from and sold to each other and exchanged their fish just as in times of profoundest peace.

Explosive bullets were first used in India for hunting tigers and elephants. They were brought into use in Europe by their introduction into the Russian army in 1863. In 1868 an international Convention declared their employment in war to be inhuman and unnecessary.

The destruction of life in modern warfare is something frightful. In the Franco-Prussian war from August 4, 1870, to August 18, 100,000 Germans and French were killed outright, to say nothing of the many thousands more who afterwards died in the hospitals from their wounds.

Of Some Use.

A curious use for a husband is reported from Clerkenwell, near London, where a Mr. Lamb and his wife keep a small shop. For 14 years the firm has avoided paying taxes by the wife's sending the husband to jail to serve out the legal time for unpaid taxes, while she remains at the store attending to business.

Barnum & Bailey's circus receipts at Kingston were $7,000.

Trail Gets a Smelter.

The Montana Ore Purchasing Co., has entered into a contract with Topping & Hanna and Mr. Humphreys to put a smelter at Trail which will have the capacity to treat 100 tons of ore per day. It will be built with a view of adding other stacks, even to the extent of 1,000 per day. It seems that Mr. Humphrey's companies had agreed with Topping and Hanna to build a smelter at Trail. The Montana Ore Purchasing company had contracted for 75,000 tons of ore for the Le Roi company, on the dump, and therefore had to lookout for transportation. Rossland, Trail, Northport and Spokane were candidates for the smelter. After a thorough investigation and consideration of all the circumstances and conditions, Mr. Heinze and Mr. Breen decided in favor of Trail. The machinery has been purchased and will be shipped from Butte, Montana on the 10th of next month. The contract for the brick and stone work, if not now let, will be in a few days, and active building will commence. Mr. Humphreys brought the news to Rossland last Monday, and says that Mr. Heinze informed him that his company will begin to buy ore by the middle of October and that the smelter will be in full operation before the 1st of January. Under the present arrangements it seems that Mr. Humphreys' people have concluded not to build a smelter at this time and that the Montana Ore Purchasing company will handle the ores from the mines of Mr. Humphreys' companies.—Rossland *Record*.

With the Sports.

In the baseball game at Kamloops yesterday, Canmore won from Kamloops by a score of 17 to 9. Two games are to be played to-day.

The great international yacht race, between the English yacht Valkyrie III and the American yacht Defender, which starts to-day, will be decided by the best three out of five races over a course thirty nautical miles in length, with a time limit of six hours.

Record breaking and making was the order of the day at the annual games of the New Jersey Athletic Club last Monday. The running high jump was captured by Sweeney who cleared the bar at 6 feet 5½ inches, thus beating the world's record by one-half inch. Mitchell, in the 56-pound weight contest, beat his own and the world's records, making a distance of 35 feet 10½ inches. The best event on the card was the special race of one and a half miles. The world's record for this distance was 6.53 3-5, which was made by Sid Thomas, of London. There were four starters out of five entries. Those who came to the mark were Tommy Conneff and George Orton, of the New York Athletic club, Andy Walsh, of the Xaviers, and C. Bean, of Boston. The four started off at a fair pace and Orton won the pole, Conneff and Walsh next and Bean on the outside. Orton made the pace, with Conneff close up. On the second lap Orton fell back and Walsh took up the running, until coming to the half-mile mark, when Conneff shot ahead. He gradually drew away from the other men, and cheer after cheer went up as his time at each quarter was made known. When he had gone a mile and a quarter in 5.38 4-5 it was seen that he had beaten Day's record of 5.40, made in 1890. He ran the final quarter in 1.07 3-5, finishing the distance in 6.46 2-5, beating the world's record by 7 1-5 seconds. Bean was second and Orton third, half a lap behind. The spectators jumped over the ropes and boundary fences when the little runner broke the tape, and carried him to his dressing room.

The world's professional and amateur record for 100 yards dash was broken at Brockton, Mass., on Monday, by Ed. Donovan, of Natick, Mass., who lowered the world's record to 9 3-5 seconds. The former record was 9 4-5, both professional and amateur.

Railway Accident Near Spatsum.

No. 2 was delayed for seven hours on Thursday owing to an accident near Spatsum, on Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. A freight train was coming east and, when rounding a curve, ran into a small slide. The engine was derailed, the depression in the track at the curve throwing it toward the bank and not the river. Arthur Randall, the engineer, was caught by the falling engine and had his left leg broken below the knee, and was badly scalded. Jas. Meldrum, the fireman, escaped with a shaking up, from which he will soon recover. The others of the train crew escaped injury. The forward cars of the train were derailed and some of them broken. Randall was taken to Geo. Govett's house, Kamloops. He is doing fairly well.

Gone to His Reward.

A special despatch from Ottawa to the *Colombian* says: James Fitzsimmons has been ordered to go to Stony Mountain penitentiary, to act as deputy warden. This is the result of the Premier's visit to New Westminster, the latter ordering that his quarters in the penitentiary be taken from him. This, the Minister of Justice thinks, is the easiest way of doing it.

Local and Personal Briefs.

Chas. Abrahamson returned from Trout Lake on Tuesday.

Rev. J. A. Wood goes to Donald today and will hold service there tomorrow.

J. A. Mara, M.P., and G. McL. Brown came up on the Nakusp Thursday and went west.

Engine No. 406 goes into the shops at Donald to-day to be thoroughly overhauled.

A. M. Wilson has gone to New Denver to take charge of his brother's tailoring business at that place.

Miss Estella Brown left for the east on Tuesday and will spend the winter at school in Ontario.

Seeing is believing, therefore Tom Bain has made an excursion to the new finds up the Jordan to see for himself.

Geo. Laforme came in on Wednesday and left this morning with 18 packs, carrying about 4,500 pounds of freight.

We are requested to state that the English church choir will meet for practice next Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Tom Hennessy arrived from French Creek on Wednesday, after travelling by easy stages. He is going to the hospital at Kamloops.

The delegates of the Victoria Board of Trade who are coming to visit West Kootenay are expected to arrive here Monday morning from the west.

Herbert Lewis, who was transferred from the diner here to the run between Medicine Hat and Regina, has returned home and will resume his old position.

There will be a meeting at the schoolhouse next Saturday at 11 o'clock a.m. for the purpose of electing a trustee to take the place of C. H. Temple who has resigned.

John Boyd arrived down from Carnes creek this week, where he has been doing assessment work for the Revelstoke Co. He is on his way to Illecillewaet to do assessment work on the Dunvegan.

Commissioner Graham corralled 4 tramps at the station on Thursday and brought them to the jail. After compelling them to take the necessary bath he gave them 24 hours to leave town.

Mr. H. J. Bourne left for the east on Tuesday. Mr. Bourne goes east to consummate a life partnership. Miss Ella Miller, of Lucknow, Ont., is the lady in question and the 18th inst. is the date fixed for the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hamilton, of Belleville, Ont., who have been on an extended visit to their daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) McLean, left for the coast on Monday. They return to-morrow and will be accompanied as far as the Glacier by Dr. and Mrs. McLean.

We are indebted to Mr. F. Fletcher, P.L.S., for a copy of his very excellent map of the Kootenays. Several new discoveries have been made since its publication over a year ago, making a revision desirable, but notwithstanding these it is the best map extant of this section of the province which is at once the most important and the least understood. Those who wish to acquaint themselves with the geography of the Kootenays should possess themselves of a copy and a perusal of it would repay our coast contemporaries.

Church Services To-morrow.

Rev. Father Peytavin will celebrate mass at 10:30 a.m. in the Catholic church.

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

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

Double Drowning Near Kamloops.

Willie and Lester Armour, thirteen and ten years of age respectively, were drowned while bathing in the North Thompson river on Sunday evening last. The bodies were recovered and buried at Kamloops on Tuesday.

BIRTH.

SHAW.—At Revelstoke, Friday, Aug. 6, the wife of C. E. Shaw of a daughter.

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A Tragedy Near Kamloops.

Seven miles east of Kamloops, on Monday morning, an Indian named Felix was run over by a freight train. When the body was picked up it was cold and an examination disclosed a bullet wound in the left breast. It is supposed that the body was placed on the track in the hope of covering up a murder. The police have made several arrests.

"Coin's Financial School" Dramatized.

A Boston newspaper man, named Fitzgerald Murphy has dramatized "Coin's Financial School." The play will have its first production on the stage of the Chicago Opera House under the management of the Miner brothers, and is entitled "Silver Lining." Mr. W. H. Harvey, the author of "Coin's Financial School," gave a dinner to the company at the Auditorium hotel, Chicago, last Saturday night. With the flowers at the plate of each guest was, to fasten them, a button, half silver, half gold, the gift of the host, each button bearing the inscription "16 to 1." Notable among the addresses, was one by Mr. Harvey, in which he said the dinner to the troupe came after hearing them in rehearsel, as a recognition on his part of their sterling merits as actors and as a fitting representative to represent the cause of the people in a way never before attempted in the United States.

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TABLE

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

FALL ASSIZES.

Clinton	Thursday	20th September
Richfield	Monday	30th September
Kamloops	Monday	7th October
Vernon	Monday	14th October
Lytton	Friday	11th October
New Westminster	Wednesday	6th November.
Vancouver	Monday	11th November
Victoria	Tuesday	19th November
Nanaimo	Tuesday	26th November

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NOTICE

A COURT of Assize and Nisi Prius, and Over and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery, will be held under the provisions of the "Supreme Court Act," as amended by the "Supreme Court Amendment Act, 1894," at the Town of Clinton on Wednesday, the 18th day of September, proximo, in lieu of the Court of Assize appointed by the said Act to be held at the said Town on the 26th day of September, 1895. By Command.

JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
22nd August, 1895. 107

NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, under authority of the provisions of the "Land Act Amendment Act, 1895," that all arrears upon preemptions or purchases outstanding on the 21st day of February, 1895, are payable in five equal annual instalments, together with interest on the unpaid balance at the rate of six per cent. per annum. The first instalment, together with interest from the 21st day of February, 1895, is due and must be paid on or before the 31st December, 1895. In default of such payment immediate steps will be taken for the cancellation of any records or agreements concerning such lands.

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

Lands and Works Department, Victoria, B.C., 8th August 1895. 10-4t

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Mineral Act, "Form F."

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

ABBOTT MINERAL CLAIM. Situate in the Trout Lake Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: on Halley Creek. Take Notice that I, Harry Abbott, of Vancouver, B.C., free miner's certificate No. 55,141, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this tenth day of May, 1895.
16-9t H. ABBOTT.

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