

## SO MANY THINGS I DO FORGET.

So many things I do forget,  
And faint would I remember  
Bright things, glad things, my footsteps met  
Before they touched December,  
But the home where my childhood learned its  
songs,  
And the trees where my father set them,  
And the brook and the bank where the pine  
belongs,  
I never can forget them.

So many things I do forget,  
And faint would I remember,  
Bright things, woe things, my footsteps met  
Before they crossed December,  
But the blue of my angel mother's eyes  
And the tears of love that wet them,  
And the kisses of one beyond the skies,  
I never shall forget them.

So many things I have forgot,  
Nor wish I to remember,  
Sad things, hard things, I tell them not  
To April or December,  
But the ivy of the mountain wood,  
And the scarlet plums behind them,  
Would I forget them if I could,  
Forgetting who could find them.

So many things we do forget,  
And faint would I remember,  
Ere feet that danced the minuet  
Have walked to slow December,  
But the songs that silken lips have sung  
Our memories silhouette them,  
We sing them over. We are young  
And never can forget them.

—Julia H. May in Boston Journal.

## MAN IN THE MOON.

It was the last day of the late great  
frost, and, mindful of my 50 odd  
years, I undertook to skate 20 miles or  
so along the frozen Lea. When I re-  
turned home, I was tired—so tired that  
scarcely was I seated in my armchair  
when I found myself nodding, and un-  
doubtedly I should have fallen asleep  
had not an exceedingly strange circum-  
stance happened.

To be brief, then, I was lifted from  
my chair in my home in North London,  
whirled through space for a couple of  
hours and then deposited gently but  
firmly on the moon.

Scarcely had I recovered my breath  
when an aged man of venerable aspect,  
whom I at once recognized as the man  
in the moon, approached me and in-  
quired my business. I explained that I  
was an involuntary trespasser on his  
hospitality, and then, thinking as I was  
there I might as well learn something  
about the history of our satellite and its  
inhabitants—supposing there were any—I proceeded as respectfully as might  
be to question the old fellow.

"Yes, you are right," he exclaimed  
in answer to my query as he placed the  
load of fogots he was carrying on a  
projecting mass of granite and rested  
his back against the cone of an extinct  
volcano. "I have seen a lot of changes  
in my time. How old am I? Well, I  
don't know exactly, but it is some mil-  
lions of years ago since my first birth-  
day."

"Why, bless my heart, when I was a  
lad, this old dried up moon was as bright  
and fresh as your earth is now."

"Seas sparkled in the sunlight, brooks  
gleamed and flashed through the valleys  
and forests clothed with verdure the  
mountains now dead and silent. Aye,  
these were glorious times. The birds  
sang in the woods from early dawn to  
nightfall, the fishes leaped and played  
and leaped and played again in every  
eddy and pool of our prehistoric rivers.  
Great mammals, some uncouth and  
some beautiful, but mostly the latter,  
roamed at will amid the glades of our  
highly forested. Then, after a million  
years or so, man came."

"Man?" I repeated incredulously.  
"Yes, man," he reiterated rather  
heavily. "Man, of course. Do you think  
your earth alone has been the home of  
man? I tell you he lived and flourished  
here while the earth was yet formless  
and void, a vast white hot mass of semi-  
fluid granite. At first he was weak for  
lack of knowledge, and fought—often  
unsuccessfully—with the wild beasts of  
the forests for food and drink and ram-  
ment. Then as he grew older he grew  
wiser and carved for himself weapons  
of flint and wood, just as the earth man  
did a million or two years afterward.  
Our lunar men were very clever, too—  
very clever. Not so large or so strong  
as terrestrial man, perhaps, but quicker  
to learn. Why, it did not take us more  
than 200,000 years to perfect our civiliza-  
tion."

"And what happened then?" was my  
next query.

"Ah, there you have asked a question  
hard to answer," quoth the old man  
sadly. "All I know is that one year  
there came a blight over all things. It  
was not exactly a plague. It was rather  
a want of vitality in the atmosphere  
that reacted with terrible effect on all  
animate nature. Man, being the most  
highly organized of all things living,  
was the first to feel its baneful effects,  
and he dwindled and pined and finally  
perished, and the places that had been  
wont to know him knew him no more  
forever."

"Then as the sunny atmosphere grew  
more and more attenuated the man-  
imals first and afterward every form of  
animal life grew cold and dead. The  
lowest forms of plant life lingered for a  
few thousand years longer, until the  
last drop of water had evaporated into  
space, in fact, and then they, too, van-  
ished, and the moon was left as you see  
it today, a dead world, without heat,  
atmosphere or moisture."

"A sad fate surely, but you must  
have become resigned," I said soothingly.  
For the old man was sighing heavily  
and gazing fixedly into space as though  
he saw again the lost visions of long  
youth he had been describing.

"No, I am not resigned," and he  
shook his head slowly from side to side.  
"Both myself and my sister look for-  
ward to better times to come."

"Your sister?" I exclaimed wonder-  
ingly. "I was not aware—"

"That I had a sister?" he interrupted.  
"Oh, yes, I have, but I forgot! Of course  
you have never seen her. She lives on  
the side of the moon opposite to the  
earth, amid mountains and valleys, up-  
on whose bold outlines no earthly eye  
has ever gazed. It is by far the best side  
of the moon, too, but she is getting  
rather tired of living there and talks  
about changing places with me. I ex-  
pect you would be rather surprised down  
below there if some fine day—or night,  
rather—you found a woman in the moon  
instead of a man. Ha, ha, ha!" and he  
old chap gave vent to a hearty guffaw.

"We should indeed," I replied,  
laughing in my turn, "although I fancy,  
unless your sister's appearance differs in  
a marked degree from your own, that  
we should scarcely be able to distin-  
guish the difference. You must admit  
yourself that one must possess good eyes-  
ight to tell a man from a woman 240,-  
000 miles away."

"Oh, but," answered the old man,  
with a touch of family pride, "she is a  
fine woman! Not bent and bowed with  
age like me. Indeed she is really 6,000,-  
000 years younger than am I. Then, of  
course, she dresses in—"

"The habiliments suitable to her  
sex," I ventured to say.

"Precisely, and, like all the women  
here, is fond of dress. Why, when I last  
visited her, some 25,000 years ago, al-  
most her first question was, 'How do the  
women dress now on the earth?' Of  
course there wasn't much to tell her be-  
cause—well, the women of that day  
didn't trouble themselves much about  
dress, but I am thinking of paying her  
another visit soon, and then I shall have  
a different budget of news for her."

"But tell me," I interrupted, for I  
was not much interested in the old fel-  
low's sister, "something about the  
earth. You must have seen almost as  
great changes in the earth as in the  
moon."

"Almost," was the answer, "but not  
quite. My world is cold and dead.  
Yours is still alive, as was mine once,  
but your turn will come some day, and  
then we shall both go circling through  
space, cold, silent and lifeless. But  
that," he continued, "will be many  
millions of years from now, almost as  
many millions as it is since I first set  
eyes on your planet. Then, as I said be-  
fore, it was a mere mass of molten mat-  
ter—a vast white hot ball whirling  
round the sun and carrying me with it.  
I remember as though it were yesterday  
the first beginning of earthly life. At  
first the seas covered everything, and  
beautiful specimens of marine flora  
floated everywhere upon the surface of  
the water, while in its translucent  
depths fishes of strange form and  
coloring disported themselves. Then the  
dry land began to appear, and by  
slow degrees the great forests that  
shrouded as with a mantle all the earth  
not covered by the waters. For millions  
of years what you are pleased to call  
the lower animals were the only deni-  
sers of their somber depths, and even  
after man came it was hundreds of  
thousands of years before he even par-  
tially dominated the face of nature."

"But was there not," I asked, "an  
old age?"

## IMPORTANT TO WOMEN.

Two Lady Draftsmen—Fads, Fashions and  
Domestic Matters.

A number of women in New York are  
working as draftsmen with architects.  
The first two to set up in business for  
themselves are Miss Mary Nevins Gann-  
on and Miss Alice J. Hands. These  
two young women are graduates of Mrs.  
Dunlap Hopkins' school of applied de-  
sign. The only women competitors, they  
were successful in drawing the plans for  
the Florence hospital recently built in  
San Francisco. They also entered the  
competition for the Woman's building  
at the Atlanta exposition. Their plans  
got second place. They have recently  
solved the tenement house problem by  
drawing the plans for a model tenement.  
The plans have been accepted, and 15  
model tenements are to be erected by a  
public benefactor who wishes his iden-  
tity unknown. The sanitary investigat-  
ing committee has asked Miss Gannon  
and Miss Hands to become the only  
women members. At present these two  
promising young women are at work on  
the plans for a model hotel for women  
to be built shortly.

In a number of recent photographs of  
the Countess Castellane, nee Miss Anna  
Gould, the favorite pose, judging from  
its frequent recurrence, was standing  
with one hand resting on her hip. This  
pose, as well as sitting with the legs  
crossed, is at present the vogue among  
misguided photographers to get what  
they call a "fashionable" picture. It is  
an effect. Women before the camera  
should remember that likenesses go  
down to posterity not as specimens of  
the photographer's bad taste, but as rep-  
resentations of themselves, and in reality  
refined and cultivated society to stand  
with one's hands on one's hips or sit  
with crossed legs is today as much the  
mark of a vulgar and uneducated woman  
as it was in our grandmothers' time.

The chafing dish is an indispensable  
factor to the comfort of every well re-  
gulated household. It is wonderful how  
admirably this simple dish adapts itself  
to the exigencies of every occasion.  
Oysters are never so good as when  
served from a chafing dish. And a lob-  
ster à la Newberg (so you picture) only  
can be prepared in this way. When pre-  
pared in this proper, to avoid confusion,  
when guests are expected, a few things should  
be prepared beforehand. The butter  
should be measured and placed on a  
dainty plate. Eggs should be whipped,  
cream measured, salt, pepper, sauces,  
catalpa and wine near by, as well as  
spoons of various sizes for measuring  
and stirring. The lamp should be filled  
and matches handy. If rabbit is on the  
menu, have the cheese grated; if lobster  
a la Newberg, have the lobster cut in  
pieces. With all preliminaries arranged  
and materials at hand, tempting dishes  
can be easily prepared, the hostess  
graciously presiding as goddess of the  
chafing dish.

The "bath bun" (so say authorities  
on the subject) is to be the correct style  
of arranging the hair during the present  
spring and summer. It suggests a wa-  
terfall at the back of the head and is  
very English and very hideous. Miss  
Olga Netherole, the English actress;  
Mrs. Langtry and Miss Clary Fitzgerald  
are among the well known women of  
the stage who have already adopted the  
fashion. It is made by fastening the  
hair as tightly as if beginning a French  
twist, very low down in the neck. Next  
divide the hair into two parts. Take the  
upper part and form it into the figure 8.  
Arrange the under strand in the same  
way, building a coil almost over the  
other. Place the hands top and bottom  
of the knot, pushing it out in the cen-  
ter.

A new way to prepare eggs is timely  
at this season when eggs are plentiful  
and cheap. Break the eggs into a bowl,  
yolks and whites together, beating thor-  
oughly. Add a teaspoonful of cream to  
each egg. Season with salt and pepper.  
Have ready on the fire a saucepan of  
water. Do not cook over too hot a  
fire. Pour in the eggs, stirring and  
scraping from the bottom of the sauce-  
pan without ceasing until the prepara-  
tion is as smooth as butter. Remove  
from the fire, continuing to stir for a  
few moments. Serve on hot buttered  
toast, garnished with parsley.

A perfect neck is not often seen. The  
solicitor may be round the neck and the  
skin white and fine, yet ugly hol-  
lows and distinct shadows of the collar  
bone spoil the contour. Let any woman  
with such a neck try the following gym-  
nastics 15 minutes night and morning  
for a month: Push the arms out straight  
in front of the body four times, then  
the same movement with the arms up  
in the air, next from the sides and  
finally backward, always with the  
shoulders thrown back, the head erect  
and the chin well in. Massage with  
coconut butter is an excellent thing to  
make the neck and shoulders fat and  
smooth. Singing lessons often improve  
the throat as much as the voice itself.  
A perfectly shaped arm is often unob-  
tainable. A bath every day is likewise  
essential. All this, it must be admit-  
ted, leaves very little time for much  
else in the day, but this is what consti-  
tutes being a well groomed woman.

LAURA OLIVIA BOOTHBY.  
New York.

Looking forward to the Chase.  
"You ought to take some rest," said  
the sympathetic friend. "Can't you go  
fishing or something like that?"

"Well," replied Mr. Weary, "I'm go-  
ing duck hunting pretty soon."

"Where?"

"Up on F street. My wife has seen a  
duck of a bonnet that I have to go in  
pursuit of."—Washington Star.

## SUCCESS IN HER ART.

AMALIA KUSSNER AND HER CAREER  
AS A MINIATURIST.

Her Struggle to Get a Start—Work With  
the Magnifying Glass—Notable Portraits.  
Personal Sketch of the Young Artist.  
Absorbed in Her Art.

[Copyright, 1895, by American Press Associa-  
tion.]

Nowhere in the annals of art can be  
found a more picturesque personality or  
a more remarkable career than that of  
Amalia Kussner, the miniaturist who  
is at present attracting more general at-  
tention than any other artist in America.  
About two years ago—in the winter  
of 1892 and 1893, to be exact—this  
young girl, then scarcely more than a  
child, came to New York. She was  
alone, without influence, brought no  
letters and was as absolutely unknown  
as if just descended from another planet.  
Moreover, she was a miniature painter,  
and miniature painting had been prac-  
tically a lost art ever since photography  
had come into popular use. When  
Amalia Kussner arrived in New York,  
the miniature was known only as a  
somewhat rare antique, generally the  
likeness of one's grandmother, painted  
in short waist and high comb by some  
foreign artist. Yet less than two years  
afterward, at the exhibit of the por-  
traits of women last fall, Amalia Kus-  
sner's collection of miniatures constitu-  
ing a veritable book. From the jew-  
eled brooches hung in the satin case the  
faces of many of New York's most beau-  
tiful and fashionable women looked out  
with the fascination that no picture  
save the miniature radiates. There is  
an indescribable charm about it that  
touches the heart, a spiritual beauty  
that is lacking in all other methods of  
likeness making, and Amalia Kus-  
sner's work possesses this indefinable  
quality in an irresistible degree, which  
may partially account for her phenom-  
enal success.

The difficulty she first encountered af-  
ter coming to New York was that which  
many others have met in different lines  
—an opportunity to show what she  
could do. Art so supreme and costly as  
hers belongs exclusively to a small  
charmed circle composed of persons hav-

ing both the taste and the means to ap-  
preciate it. To reach them was the ques-  
tion, and while the girl artist pondered  
ways and means she struggled along as  
best she could, painting several exqui-  
site miniatures of beautiful women in  
professional life. The youth of the artist  
seems to preclude the possibility of  
much study. She had not been taught,  
for there were then no teachers of the  
art in this country, and yet these first  
miniatures are as fine as any she has  
since done, a fact so singular as to go  
to prove that Amalia Kussner's artistic  
performances must be accounted for,  
as many other otherwise unaccountable  
things have been, by the one word  
genius.

But even the inborn gift needs scope  
for full expression, and it came at last  
to her in the shape of an introduction to  
Mrs. Havemeyer, who, recognizing the  
ability of the artist, not only commis-  
sioned her to paint her miniatures, but  
exerted her great influence in Miss Kus-  
sner's interest. This was opened to her  
the golden door to the charmed circle  
which she had so longed to enter, and  
fortune, as fame, was henceforth hers.  
Mrs. Lorillard Spencer was another en-  
thusiastic and influential patroness, and  
her miniature is one of the finest that  
Miss Kussner has painted.

About the most remarkable feature of  
her work is the amount of it. To prop-  
erly estimate this, one must know some-  
thing of the great labor involved—the  
unerring accuracy with which each  
stroke of the tiny brushes must fall, for  
no painting over is possible, as in other  
branches of pictorial art; the all but  
endless detail in half-fine touches; the

where the solid embroidering can be  
employed to good advantage the com-  
bined modes of treatment will be very  
satisfactory. The colors used in the em-  
pire furniture, draperies and ornaments  
were red, green and gold, but where it  
was necessary the other colors figured  
in a measure, so that when embroider-  
ing empire designs, if these colors or  
shades of them are employed, the effect  
of design and color will be more pleas-  
ing and in keeping with the style.

Numbered with other designs illus-  
trated in The Ladies' Home Journal,  
authority for the foregoing, is a Napo-  
leonic design especially suited as a cen-  
terpiece to a pillow sham. It is one  
that was employed extensively at the  
time of Napoleon, and without the torch,  
but with the letter N substituted, this  
ornament was profusely embroidered on  
draperies, tapestries, household linens,  
uniforms and furniture coverings in  
use at the European court. It also fig-  
ured prominently in frescoes and in  
mural decoration. For table linen a  
wreath surrounding your initial letter  
and worked in one or each of the four  
corners will be a very beautiful way to  
mark the pieces, and the time spent in  
doing so will be amply repaid by the  
satisfactory results.

The U. S. Gov't Reports  
show Royal Baking Powder  
superior to all others.

NANAIMO, May 10.—The firemen's twenty-  
fourth of May contest will take place on  
Front street, as the filling in of the bridge  
on Commercial street will not be completed  
before that date.

The old Reform club has been replaced by  
what is styled the Liberal association.

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she has painted two, and Miss Lillian  
Russell, of whom she has painted three.  
Among her notable portraits of well  
known Chicago persons is that of the  
late General Strong and two of Mrs.  
Armour. The recent miniature of the  
last named lady is a radiant gem of  
Amalia Kussner's art, and its beauty is  
enhanced by the sumptuous richness of  
the setting, which is a dazzling serpent  
of emeralds, with diamond eyes.

The public is naturally interested in  
knowing something of the personality  
of the girl artist. She is very small,  
scarcely taller than a child of 13, with  
an exquisitely modeled little figure, a

MINIATURE—MISS STRONG.

perfect miniature woman. Her hands  
are the smallest that ever wrought  
magic, her eyes are very large and long  
lashed and dark, her hair is brown and  
her complexion brilliantly brunette.  
She lives quietly absorbed in her art  
and rather shrinking from the social at-  
tention showered upon her. It was her  
purpose to go abroad in the early sum-  
mer and to open a studio in Paris and  
later in St. Petersburg. But it now  
seems unlikely that she will be able to  
start earlier than September.

NANCY HUSTON BANKS.  
New York.

EMPIRE EMBROIDERY.

This Most Popular of Many Classic Styles  
Is Especially Adapted to Linen.

The empire is the most popular of the  
many classic styles from which beau-  
tiful lines may be borrowed for embroi-  
dery work. Although for some years past  
it has been laid aside to make room for  
charming plant and flower designs, it is  
being revived with the classic in all  
ornamental designs, becoming again a  
popular style for embroidery.

These empire designs may be em-  
broided on any suitable material, but  
they are particularly adapted to linen.  
Many useful pieces, such as pillow and  
bolster shams, lambrequins, scarfs, table  
covers, centerpieces, doilies, carving  
cloths and others of a similar nature  
may be made of antique linen or of  
other suitable material on which the  
embroidering may be done with equally  
good and satisfactory results.

The majority of empire designs for  
small pieces appear to best advantage  
when worked in outline stitch, but

Advices received here to-day from Hon-  
olulu dated May 2, per steamer Mariposa,  
are as follows: "The letter demanding  
the recall of Minister Thurston is here and  
was read at the executive session of the  
council yesterday afternoon. This letter  
had been to Hongkong. It went past Hon-  
olulu in a bag with several hundred others.  
The ground of the objection to Thurston  
is confined to a single transaction. The sole  
offense alleged is that Thurston, at the legat-  
ion, showed to reporters private letters ad-  
dressed to himself from Honolulu. The  
particular letter that gave such offense to  
the Secretary of State intimated in strong  
terms that Cleveland and Graham were  
largely responsible for the January uprising  
here."

INTERNATIONAL Y. M. C. A.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., May 9.—The in-  
ternational convention of the Y. M. C. A. opened  
its annual session here yesterday, about 500  
delegates representing nearly forty states  
and territories, besides several Canadian  
provinces being present. C. N. Biorce, of  
Dayton, O., the retiring president, was in  
the chair. A nomination committee having  
been appointed, consisting of one member  
from each state, territory and province, to  
bring in a list of officers for the convention,  
the following list was brought in and was  
unanimously approved: President, Henry M.  
Moore, of Boston. Vice-Presidents, John E.  
Irvine, of St. John, N. B.; James Stokes,  
New York; Henry McCoy, California;  
S. W. Woodward, Washington City; J. W.  
Gilluly, Colorado; Prof. J. D. Bolyan,  
Mississippi; S. F. Peen, of Ohio; George  
Sutherland, Ohio, Secretary; Wilbur M.  
Lewis, Georgia, Treasurer; C. A. Gil-  
lett, Patten, Manitoba; Elgin C. Van Ness,  
Michigan; and E. H. Gorman, Tennessee.

The principal address of the afternoon  
session was made by Rev. Theodore Cuyler  
of Brooklyn, who spoke of the "Jubilee  
Conference and Its Message to This Con-  
vention." T. D. Potter, president of the  
Springfield Y. M. C. A., then welcomed the  
visitors to the association. Mayor  
Charles Legg did the same on behalf of  
the city, and Rev. R. Brockway on behalf  
of the churches. The biennial report of the  
international association was given by Chair-  
man Frederick B. Pratt, shown as in-  
crease in the property held by the Y. M. C.  
A. of more than \$2,000,000 with a total of  
\$16,252,575. The educational work is a  
gratifying condition.

BRITAIN'S INDEMNITY.

MARAGUA, Nicaragua, May 9, via Galves-  
ton.—Many prominent Nicaraguans, among  
them some in high official positions, openly  
favor the establishment by the United  
States of a protectorate over Nicaragua, or  
the incorporation of the country into  
the great Republic. They declare that  
peace and prosperity would then  
result; the wonderfully rich natural  
resources of Nicaragua would be developed  
and a financial system be organized by  
which all of the country's just debts would  
be cancelled. The \$15,000 sterling for set-  
tling the British demands has been depos-  
ited by Nicaragua in the agency of the Lon-  
don Bank of Central America here for  
payment in London in accordance with the  
agreement reached by Nicaragua and Great  
Britain.

U. S. REVENUE CUTTERS.

PORT TOWNSEND, May 10.—Reliable in-  
formation comes from the department at  
Washington city that the revenue plans  
officers have under consideration the plans  
for constructing three new revenue cutters.  
Two of them are to be over 250 feet long and  
it is expected they will be built on the Pa-  
cific coast. The importance of Western  
commerce and the needs of adequate protec-  
tion to shipping in the winter season have  
caused the department to take steps to pro-  
vide the Coast with proper vessels. How-  
ever, it will be necessary for congress to  
make the necessary appropriations for con-  
structing the vessels. It is said the cutters  
will require not less than fifteen additional  
commissioned officers.

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