The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it. If the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 2. No. 16 | CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 25, 1904 | D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00

Board Works
Jas 1 01

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N.B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid by the Publisher) at One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for first insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, is communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,
Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

CARD.

R. A. LAWLOR,
Barrister-At-Law
Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public, Etc
Chatham, N. B.

The Factory
JOHN McDONALD & CO
(Successors to George Cassady.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' Furnishings generally.
Lumber Planed and Matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING.
Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.
East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL
SURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anaesthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber and Celluloid. Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.
Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.
Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone No. 53.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. Kethro's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 6

MACKENZIE'S
Quinine Wine
and Iron
THE BEST TONIC AND
—BLOOD MAKER—
50c Bottles
We Guarantee it at
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

Insurance.
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
IMPERIAL,
LONDON & LANCASHIRE,
LANCASHIRE,
ÆTNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON
MANCHESTER.
Mrs. Jas. G. Miller.

WE DO—
Job Printing
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
Printing For Saw Mills
AS A SPECIALTY
WE PRINT—
ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER WITH EQUAL FACILITY.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.
Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, N. B.

SETTLING A BILL.

"I don't suppose that I shall ever get this bill settled," sighed Mr. Sandy, the local bootmaker, looking ruefully at a small piece of blue paper.

"Why not?" asked the partner of his joys and sorrows, though not of his business details. "Whose is it?"

"It's the account of Mr. Goodman, the deacon. I've asked him for it ever so many times, but I can't get it. I don't know how to bring him to the point. He is such a bigwig in the place. I suppose he won't pay till he wants another pair—in about twelve months."

"Give me that bill," cried his wife with an air of determination. "I'll get it settled."

That was Saturday evening. On the Monday morning the bill and the cash were sent to Mr. Sandy.

"How did you manage it, my love?" asked the bootmaker, in amazement.

"Oh, it wasn't much trouble," said Mrs. Sandy, quietly. "You were not at church yesterday, or you would have understood. When he brought round the plate for the collection I just put that bill into the plate, folded so that everybody could see the name and other particulars—the date and so forth. I thought you would have the money to-day. When you want any more debts collected, pass the bills on to me, Henry."

And Henry said he would.

Milly—"Pa, Mr. Skegg has asked the privilege of paying his addresses to me." The Old Man—"I don't believe he'll do it. He has been promising to pay our firm for his last suit of clothes for over a year, and hasn't done it yet."

TINKLER'S PRETTY CAROL-SINGERS

I.

Ghostly mists had begun to swing lazily across the Suffolk marsh, touching here and there a reed which reared its tasselled head above its fellows. Before them, drifting shadows crept eastward like the rising tide. In the distance a wild duck lumbered upward from the hidden lake, and beat its way clumsily through the air until lost to view.

As though it were a vespers signal for the marsh frogs, a rambling chant slowly gathered volume. It swelled into a chorus, and soon swallowed all other noises of the night in a grand wave of sound which reverberated back and forth between the black woods, circling like giant sounding-boards upon either side of the marsh. The sound waves rose and fell like the breaking of surf. Once, in a lull, a single voice, deep and rolling, left the others, and sounded several sonorous notes, as though leading the chant.

The old resident had been listening for that. He laid his hand suddenly upon the visitor's shoulder, and whispered eagerly:

"You heard it?"

His companion nodded.

"That's the last of the 'Tipley Carol-Singers,'" said the old resident as he rested his arms upon the top rail of the little rustic bridge.

"I know his voice all right. I'd know it in a thousand. That's Bill, the basso, out there.

"You surely must have heard of 'Tinkler's Tipley Carol-Singers'? Why, man, the fame of that little band spread for miles around, and there's few in this part of the Eastern Counties who haven't heard it sing.

"When old Joe Tinkler came down from London to live in Tipley, he brought with him about the most complete menagerie that was ever seen about these parts. Bill Haines, who carted his things from the station, said he felt as if he was bringing a circus into the place. His monkey was educated better than some of the folks who laughed at it, and the parrots could say about anything setted to. There was a pig that did sums, and two rats that could play on the pianner—a real little one, you know, about as big as a mouth-organ.

"Tinkler had a mania for training animals, and the more difficult they were to handle the better he liked it.

"He had no connection that I ever heard of, although he used to say that the monkey was a sort of cousin of his. He certainly treated it as well as if it had been a blood relation. It ate at the table, and, I believe, slept in the same room with its master.

"Well Tinkler and his animal family settled down at the old ferry-house—over there, where you see that light at the end of the marsh. They lived happily for a while, and then disaster overtook them. The marsh isn't said to be the healthiest place on earth—at least, it isn't especially recommended by the doctors, and has never been advertised as a health-resort. The climate proved too much for the menagerie, and one by one a little row of graves over on the brow of that hill marked the resting-place of Tinkler's friends.

"The old man was all broken up by his loss. The neighbors offered him other pets—cats and dogs—but he didn't take kindly to them at all. He said they were too commonplace; that anybody could teach tricks to domestic animals. He wanted to train something that no one else had ever attempted. Altogether, he was very peevish, and took to roaming barefoot about the marsh morning and night. He used to sit about, just at this time in the evening, listening to the croaking of the frogs, which, I take it, are probably more numerous here than any other place in Suffolk.

"It was while Tinkler was listening to the marsh chorus one evening that he conceived an idea. He called it an inspiration, and began to buck-up right away. After this he was away from home more then ever. When occasionally a visitor would drop in, a lusty 'Hallo!' would bring Tinkler splashing from the marsh, muddy and wet from head to foot, but looking as happy as a twelve-year-old school-boy with a piece of Christmas pudding.

"Some time in the middle of summer it was noticed that all of the best frog music was over on Tinkler's side. There was still some musical croaking at other parts of the marsh; but it sounded weaker than before, and was usually drowned out by the melodious chorus from Tinkler's. Just before this the old man had enclosed about an eighth of an acre of marsh with wire-netting at the base of his lawn. After the first speculation as to what Joe was up to, the neighbors lost all interest in the old man and his secret work.

"One by one his few friends ceased to visit him. His place was off the main road, and a hermit could not have been more alone. Bill Irons, the miller's son, sprung a sensation in the Red Lion one day by saying that he had been up by Tinkler's the evening before, and had heard a band playing somewhere about there, and had seen the old man jumping around the yard, waving his arms like mad, but saying not a word. Someone suggested that the place was haunted, and that its proprietor was out of his mind.

"Curiosity began to get keyed up pretty high, when one morning Tinkler marched up to the post-office and asked if he could have his letters instead of waiting till the postman brought them round. He hadn't been there since the arithmetical pig died. There was quite a number of letters, but Tinkler paid little attention to them; shoved them carelessly in the tail of his coat, and said to Perkins, the postmaster: 'I should like to hire the hall for next Saturday night, as I want to give a concert there which will wake up Tipley a bit, I think, the idea being new and original.'

"Perkins and he arranged it between them, and Tinkler billed the town that same afternoon. The posters were short, home-made, and to the point. As near as I can remember, they stated that the concert would be the greatest novelty of the age, and that imported musicians would render all the familiar airs, and many that were not so familiar. Sixpence admission would be charged. It is needless to say these posters created a sensation. Tipley had not listened to a concert since the Yeomanry had marched off to start for South Africa, and music in Tipley was practically dead.

II.

"None doubted that Tinkler would have the finest talent to be secured at his concert, for he was a man of the world and of the circus. Every Saturday night the farmers from miles around came to Tipley to buy their weekly necessaries and to talk over the crops, the weather, and a few other things.

"This Saturday night the whole countryside turned out, and the hall was packed to the doors. A rude stage and curtain had been rigged up at one end of the room.

"'I haven't seen no musicians roamin' about,' said Charlie Lewis.

"There was a rustle of expectation through the hall as the curtain stirred uneasily. It swung softly back, disclosing what looked like a section of marsh, framed in by the three walls of the stage. Water could be seen at the base of the reeds, shimmering in the lamplight. A faint evening breeze drifted in and stirred the tops of the reeds and grass.

"A thrill of surprise swept through the assemblage. What was this? Where were the musicians? Could they be hiding in the grasses?

"Tinkler did not give them chance to wonder long. Stepping to the front of the stage, carrying a large bass viol, he signalled Perkins to put out the lights.

"'Do not be frightened,' he said, as the audience stirred uneasily at the darkness.

"Through the open windows came indistinctly the ceaseless chorus from the marsh. Suddenly Tinkler sent a rumbling, long-drawn note from the viol echoing through the hall.

"As if in answer, a deep bass croak sprang into life from the bosom of the minature marsh upon the stage. Another voice, somewhat higher, took up the note, and carried it on a rising scale to another, and yet another. The last was a metallic though recognizable of the tenor.

"Again Tinkler drew his bow, and softly drifted into the strains of 'A Merry, Merry Christmas.' With increasing volume the voices in the reeds followed the familiar tune. They were harmonious, and, though not exactly like anything ever heard on a stage before, blended pleasingly to the ear.

"The audience was spellbound. 'Frogs!' they whispered. And then, in awed silence, sat with open mouths, drinking in the sounds which came uninterruptedly from the direction of the stage.

"Like a performer picking out the simple tune with one finger on an organ, the unseen singers piped in to fill out the notes suited to their voices. The viol supplied the bars they couldn't reach. True, some of the musicians, especially the piping tenor, couldn't hold the notes as long as could the deep basso; but each was clear and ringing, and seemed to show a certain amount of training.

"Not a sound could be heard except the insistent strains of the song. As the last notes died away, there was the shuffling of feet which precedes applause. Tinkler neatly checked the threatening noise by suddenly swinging into 'Let Me Like a Soldier Fall,' with his four-voiced choir following, so to speak, at his heels. Again the awed silence.

"Without pause tune after tune was rendered. The singers seemed to be carried away with a sort of professional enthusiasm. Along towards the end of 'The Mistletoe Bough' (the singing had lasted an hour now), the baritone's voice broke a little. At the end of the bar Tinkler ran his fingers half-way down the strings, and gave a sudden, fierce lunge to his bow. The viol screeched wildly, discordantly. The singers seemed to bite their notes off and swallow them.

"There were four quick plunges into the water, and little waves lapped over the tank on to the stage. The lights were on, as if by magic, and a wild cheer went up. The old hall shook from end to end, and seemed ready to tumble down with the strain.

"Well, Tinkler's fame was made. From that time on he was looked upon as the cleverest man about these parts. For miles around the country men would drive over to hear the frog carollers sing. They would only perform at night, when everything was quiet. With pardonable pride the old man would tell his visitors how he labored for weeks in the marsh, selecting just the right voices for his little band; how he had been disappointed time and again, and had tried at least a thousand frogs before he had been suited.

"The singers were as healthy a looking lot of frogs as I ever saw; but one of them, Tim the tenor, died suddenly one day late in the summer. I think he swallowed a young field mouse, and it hurt him. The blow almost broke Tinkler's heart.

"The other three still performed at times, but it was hard to get in all the fine notes without Tim. They were ambitious—Sam, the second tenor, more than any other, and it proved his undoing. One night, in trying to reach a high note which before had been carried off easily by Tim, something in Sam's throat snapped. He was so cut-up about the loss of his voice that he hopped away one night, and joined his family in the marsh.

"Ben, the baritone, and Bill, the basso, quarrelled, and never again could be induced to sing together, so they were turned loose. Ben sang alone for a while over at the far end of the marsh.

"One night his voice was missed. A wild duck, which had waded there the day before, might have told where it was, but he didn't. There is no vocalist now but Bill."

The chorus rolled on, keeping time to the plaintive notes of a whip-poor-will.

Suddenly the old resident whistled sharply. Like a ship checked by a giant wave, the melody ceased, and then rolled on again as Bill, the basso, boomed forth his interrupted cry, a challenge to any who should doubt his right to lead the marsh chorus of Tipley.—London Answers.

CHILDREN IN BUSINESS.

Number of Babies Who Earn Their Own Living.

The British census statistics that have regard to child workers make extraordinary reading, and an odd fact is that girls of tender years seem to take to business more seriously than boys of the same age. No fewer than 142 little girls of ten or less are returned as charwomen, 681 earn their living in the tobacco trade, 450 in jewellery and watch making, and over 30,000 in the textile industries as factory hands.

One girl of the same tender age is returned as an insurance clerk, three are said to be bargemen. One is a "painter and engraver," another a "missionary and itinerant preacher." Forty are coal miners, fifty-two cycle or motor makers, and twenty-four pawnbrokers!

Of boys of similar elementary age we find five engaged in scientific pursuits, four are authors, editors, or journalists. There are also thirty-four actors.

London has a small boy who earns his living as a flagstone artist. His inscription explains his having been forced into this vocation. "I am the eldest of six brothers, and our father has died and left us totally unprovided for, and this is all I can do to help us yet, as I am only ten years old."

Chicago lays claim to the possession of the two youngest editors in the world. Their names are William Kenyes and Emily Swing. They are now about fourteen, but they began business three years ago. Their paper is the Penny Post. They are not only editors, but writers, compositors, pressmen, and circulators. They began by writing out the paper laboriously by hand, but by the time their circulation reached

THE FIFTY MARK

they were forced to abandon this. They bought a suit of second-hand type and other printers' appurtenances, taught themselves, typesetting, and now have got their paper upon a paying basis. They send copies to a dozen different Sates, to Canada, and even to Japan.

Willie Gwinn, "the boy doctor," is another American prodigy. He is now not quite eight years old, but has passed nearly every examination which the average medical student of three times his age has undergone. He was only five when he was examined at the Rush Medical College on the osseous and circulatory systems and the minute anatomy of the heart. He passed with flying colors. He makes a considerable addition to the family income by his medical skill.

There is a boy in Delaware, Ohio, who keeps a small store about eight feet by six, where he sells food for pets, such as squirrels, rabbits, and pigeons. His name is Jack Marvin. He began this business when only eight years old, and is so clever at it that now, at the age of ten, he makes a living for himself and for his widowed mother. A great deal of his stock he collects himself, and he is said to be especially smart in prescribing special food for sick and ailing pets.

But there is one English record of a youth in business which even America would probably find it hard to beat. The stationmaster in charge of Welford Park Station, on the Lambourne Valley Railway in Berkshire, England, was appointed to his office at the age of thirteen, and is said to have given perfect satisfaction in the discharge of his duties.

EAT LOTS OF ALMONDS.

According to a celebrated health expert, blanched almonds give the higher nerve or brain and muscle food, and the man who wishes to keep his brain-power up would do well to include them in his daily bill of fare. Juicy fruits give the same in less proportion, and are eaten by all men whose living depends on their clear-headedness. Apples supply the brain with rest. Prunes afford proof against nervousness, but are not muscle-feeding. They should be avoided by those who suffer from the liver. But it has been proved that fruits do not have the same effect upon everybody. Some men have never been able to eat apples without suffering the agony of indigestion; to others, strawberries are like poison.

Don't deride the hobby of your neighbor while riding your own.

Sometimes the breaking of an engagement enables the parties to live happily ever after.

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
Chatham, N. B.
JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR
Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds;
Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES,
CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Can Dies,
Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

About the ....House

RUG AND RAG CARPET.

Probably all women who make rugs are familiar with those that are knitted on large wooden needles, and also with those that are braided, but perhaps all do not know of the crocheted rugs which are pretty and easily made. The pieces are cut into narrow even strips, then sewed together and wound into balls and crocheted in the single stitch into rugs of the desired shape and size. The easiest way to make a rug is to cut the cloth in strips about three inches wide, then lay three or four of the strips together and stitch through the centre to a lining of bed ticking or burlap, cut the size and shape you want the rug to be. Stitch the strips as close together as possible and cut into fine fringe, and if desired the colors may be arranged in a simple pattern, and I am sure you will be delighted with the rug when it is finished. Another easy way to make a rug is to cut woolen pieces in strips, as for ordinary carpet rags, but not too fine. Run a double thread lengthwise through the center of the strips so they will be closely shirred, and in sewing to the foundation take care to roll or twist the shirred strip every few stitches. They may be sewed round, oval or square according to the shape of rug wanted; and a design may be followed or the rug may be of one solid color. You can take your old worn ingrain carpet and make serviceable rugs if you wish by cutting into bias strips a little more than an inch in width and then raveling out one-half width and sewing to a string foundation, overlapping the strips so that only the fringe is visible. It is much easier to sew the pieces for rag carpet on the machine than by hand as a quantity of them can be sewed before they are cut or torn into strips. Take two pieces of the width and overlap the edges about one-third of an inch, then stitch across two or three times on the machine, and you can stitch pieces together in this way until you have one long strip, and when tearing or cutting into strips, cut through the stitched seams, and you will soon have enough for a ball. The best pieces of an old rag carpet can be raveled out and the raveling wound into balls and they can be used in another carpet.

All kinds of pieces can be used in these home-made carpets and rugs as faded calicoes can be colored any of the bright colors with the diamond dyes for cotton and the woolen pieces with the dyes for wool, and the hit or miss pattern is the prettiest way to arrange the colors. A well made rag carpet is more serviceable, as well as more genteel in appearance, than cheap matting or cotton ingrain, and if firmly woven and the colors harmonize, they are prettier than any other kind of a cheap floor covering.

FOR BABY'S COMFORT.

A great deal of care and attention is given to everything pertaining to the baby's comfort. The clothing is made loose enough to allow him freedom of action, and of fine soft material that does not irritate the tender flesh. His meals, his bath, his hours of sleep are all items of interest to the young mother.

When you are ready to give the baby his bath, have the tub set on a box or something that will make it a convenient height for the mother as she sits in her chair. A folding screen is a great convenience. It is easily adjusted around a warm corner, and if the door is opened the baby is out of the draft. This screen may be made of a wooden clothes horse by fitting the panels with curtains of muslin, dimity, chintz or cretonne. These may be removed when they need washing. The lower rungs of the screen are convenient for hanging the towel and clothing on, placing them within reach when needed.

Pour the water, which should be heated to the proper temperature, in the tub. Dissolve a tablespoonful of powdered borax in two gallons, which makes it soft and cleansing. A bath thermometer is almost indispensable, as the sense of touch cannot be depended upon. Set baby in the tub and wash the whole body quickly, using a soft silk sponge, which cleanses without irritation. Very little soap is needed, but it should be of the best quality. When he is washed, spread a bath towel in your lap, lift him out upon it, and wipe him dry with a piece of soft linen. Any places that seem in danger of chafing should be dusted with a powder made by thoroughly mixing ten parts talcum powder and one part boracic acid. Replace the clothing quickly and he will be ready for a quiet refreshing sleep.

Babies should be put to bed early. Undress him and rub him gently all over the body, then put on a long loose night dress of outing flannel or some other suitable material. If he is in a room where there is a light, see that it does not shine in his eyes. The room should be kept the same temperature as nearly as possible, all the time.

THE MANY ROES OF SALT.

When cabbage, onions, or strong-smelling vegetables have been boiled in pans to prevent odors clinging to them, place some salt on the stove, and turn the pan bottom up over the salt. In a few minutes the pan will smell sweet.

All salads should be soaked in salt and water and destroy animalculae or small worms.

Make a strong brine, and water garden walks to kill weeds. A moderate quantity to salt stimulates their growth.

Salt and camphor in cold water is an excellent disinfectant in bedrooms.

Housemaids should pour salt water, after using it, down the drain pipes.

Sewer gas is counteracted by a handful of salt placed in toilet-room basins.

Water for laying dust is more effective when salt is added. Sea water is generally used in coast towns for this purpose.

Rattan, bamboo and basket-work furniture may be thoroughly cleaned by scrubbing with brush and salt water.

Japanese and plain straw matting should be washed with salt water and rubbed dry. This keeps them soft and prevents brittle cracking where traffic is heavier.

Brooms soaked in hot salt water wear better and do not break.

Bedroom floors may be kept cool and very fresh in summer if wiped daily with a cloth wrung out of strong salt water. All microbes, moths and pests are thus destroyed.

Black spots on dishes and discolorations on teacups are removed by damp salt

ABOUT PASTRY.

A brisk oven is needed for all pastry. A very simple test will show the right heat. If the cook will insert a piece of white notepaper in her oven and after five minutes take it out, she will know what its heat is. A pale yellow hue on the paper will indicate that it is too slow for ordinary short crust or puff paste, though it will do for Geonoose paste. But a nice brown color, decided in tone, shows that the heat is brisk enough and just right. A very dark brown shows too much heat, and the oven must be slowed down somewhat.

Even when the oven is quite right and the pastry has been made moderately rich, a woman will feel dissatisfied at the appearance, because she misses the rich brown gloss that she has seen on pastry made by practical cooks. This gloss is produced by an egg wash. An egg is beaten up with a little sugar and a small quantity of milk is added. With this the pie is brushed over after the pastry has been finished and all its paste ornaments have been put on. If a little of the paste has been left over it can be converted into tea cakes by adding a little baking powder, a few currants and a little sugar. Then the remainder of the egg glaze will come in handy to brush over the cakes and none will be wasted. This wash is the secret of the rich brown seen on the shop buns.

CLEANING A CARPET.

Sometimes a Brussels or Moquette carpet needs cleaning when it is not convenient to take it up. After sweeping two or three times to remove all the dust possible, prepare a suds of warm water and soap, dissolving a little borax in it. Use a clean brush and scrub a small place at a time, just as you would a floor. Wipe with a flannel rag wrung out of clear warm water, changing the water often. Go over the whole carpet in the same way, doing the work quickly so the water will not go through the carpet and when you have finished, open the windows and doors so it will dry. You will be surprised to see how clean and fresh it looks. E. J. C.

CAPE COLONY'S ODD RIVER.

Keeps Crops Growing in a Dry Land When Other Rivers Fail.

During the past season a large part of Cape Colony has suffered from a severe drought. The poorly nourished cattle have looked pinched, the grass has turned yellow, and the crops have been a partial failure.

In the midst of the parched regions, however, there has been a long ribbon of green, where oats, wheat and tobacco have yielded great crops and the farmers are happy, though they have not had an inch more rain than their less fortunate neighbors. Their prosperity is due to a very remarkable river.

The Klipplaat in Eastern Cape Colony is a friend in need, when all the other streams may be as dry as a bone; and the curious feature about it is that the Klipplaat itself has a hopeless aspect most of the time, with only a little puddle of water here and there in the lower parts of its bed.

Suppose we had stood on the banks of the Klipplaat in December last, the summer season in Cape Colony,—the sky was brazen all the days of that month—and we should have seen only the dry bottom of the river, with a mudhole here and there to relieve the monotony.

But if we happened to be there at the right time we should suddenly have observed a great stir among the farmers, and have heard excited shouts from farm to farm carrying the news that had just come in a telegram from far up the river. The telegram was only five words long, but it brought joy and bustle and eager anticipation to every soul. The message read:—

"THE RIVER IS COMING DOWN."

It would be hours before the arrival of the travelling waters, but every minute was full of work for all hands. The pumps were to be rigged. Every clod of dirt in the ditches that would impede a free flow was to be crushed, and busy spades were preparing the land for a thorough flooding; and the children were on the banks pricking up their ears to catch the first sound announcing the approach of the coming flood.

At length we should see the river tumbling along with a rush and a roar and in twenty minutes the dry channel would be filled to the top of the banks; and soon, where all was dry a little before, the life-giving waters would be glistening in all the ditches under the bright sunshine. All nature rejoiced under the transformation, and the sheep and cattle were scarcely less happy than the men and women.

A day later the channel would be dry again, but all the water that could be utilized by plant and animal life for two or three weeks would be stored in the soil and wells. Then would come another torrent and everybody would bend again to the task of utilizing it to the utmost.

So it went on all summer. The cattle and sheep were fat, the oats were waist high, and the tobacco leaf was broad and of excellent quality.

The phenomenon is easily explained. No matter how parched and sear South Africa may be, the Drakensberg Mountains of the east, catching the moisture laden winds from the Indian Ocean, have always plenty of rain.

The little Klipplaat rises among the foothills of the higher Drakensberg, where the largest water supply is maintained. Snow frequently falls at those higher altitudes, and is melted by the successive rains, swelling the water supply.

The Klipplaat is the only river that enjoys those advantages to the full, and the merry torrent it sends down every few weeks maintains a belt of luxurious verdure, no matter how dry the surrounding country may be. So the Klipplaat is regarded as an unmixed blessing and the most remarkable river in South Africa.

DULL SWEDISH SAILORS.

A commission has been formed to investigate the condition of the Swedish sailors and marines who, it is asserted, are afflicted with "a chronic incapacity to understand and quickly execute orders."

FINDING HIDDEN WEALTH

TREASURE DISCOVERED AT UNEXPECTED PLACES.

Workmen in England Uncover Great Amount Buried 500 Years in River.

Hidden treasure has an irresistible attraction for the human race. On the slightest hint from seer or fortune teller some one is sure to dig where the buried treasure is supposed to be, and dissapointment does not discourage another attempt when another "tip" is received. Very few have ever come upon hidden treasure, and the few have found it unexpectedly.

Take, for instance, that romantic unearthing of 200,000 coins in the bed of the River Dove, in Staffordshire, England, seventy-two years ago. Some workmen were engaged in removing a mud bank which had formed in the centre of the river, when one of them was amazed to find on raising his spade that it glistened with silver coins.

Attracted by the digger's exclamations of astonishment and delight, his fellow workmen hurried up, and in a moment half a dozen men were scrambling and fighting for the treasure, feverishly filling their pockets, their hats and beer cans with silver coins, which were worth their weight in gold, for they were of the time of the first two Edwards, and had lain in the river for 500 years. That the bulk of the treasure trove was ultimately claimed by the Duchy of Lancaster matters little, for its finders had already appropriated scores of thousands of the precious disks.

BOYS DISCOVER CHEST.

Only two years later a few village boys were playing at marbles on Sunday afternoon on a field near Beaworth, in Hampshire, when one of them caught sight of a piece of lead projecting from a cart rut in a rough road that crossed the pasture. Tugging at the strip of metal he disclosed a hole, and through the exposed opening he saw a pile of glittering coins, bright as if fresh from the mint. To fill his pockets, and those of his playmates was the work of a few moments, and so little did the youngsters appreciate the value of their discovery that on their way home they amused themselves by flinging the coins into the village pond.

Ultimately nearly seven thousand coins were recovered from this buried treasure chest, and they proved to be of the reigns of William I. and William II. and in a wonderful state of preservation.

A similar discovery was made near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, when a heavy cart, passing over a country road, stuck fast in a rut, and on being released disclosed a number of silver coins, which had escaped from the burst lid of a chest hidden under the roadway. It was assumed that the chest of coins had been buried there in the perilous days of the civil war, and that the gradual sinking of the road and the weight of the passing cart had at last brought it again to the light of day.

FIND SILVER INGOTS.

In the year 1846 a most valuable deposit of treasure was revealed in the strangest fashion at Cuerdale, near Preston, in Lancashire. Some laborers were digging near the banks of the River Ribble when the pick-axe of one of them struck something harder than earth and more yielding than rock. On removing his pick he found transfixed at the end of it a large ingot of silver. Plying his tool with renewed vigor he soon discovered wealth, consisting of scores of silver ingots weighing in all over 1,000 ounces.

Similar fortune befell a couple of laborers who were digging in a ditch near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, when they unearthed an ancient chest full of coins of the days of the Stuarts. They took samples of the coins to a neighboring antiquary of wealth, who not only paid the men a large sum for their treasure, but purchased a score or more acres of land adjacent to the lucky ditch. And here the irony of fortune is well illustrated, for although the antiquary spent thousands of pounds in buying and excavating his land, not a single coin was discovered beyond those which a stroke of the spade had revealed.

This is the kind of trick fortune loves to play on designing man. Not very many years ago, when the thatched roof of an ancient cottage near Ripon was removed a rich nest of 5-guinea gold pieces was discovered hidden away under it. When the news of this treasure trove came to the ears of a neighboring land owner he was so fired by the lust of gold that he forthwith purchased a dozen similar cottages in the district and had them all pulled down, but not a solitary coin was found in exchange for the £3,000 the experiment cost him.

SELECTING DAIRY CALVES.

A writer gives this method of selecting calves to raise, which is followed by many successful dairymen: "Turn the little calf on its back and see that it has four well placed teats that is, wide apart, and two rudimentaries, or extra teats. Next see that it has a large udder cord, which you can feel on the side, rubbing the finger back and forth. Such parts are made in proportion and a large udder cord indicates that the calf, when it becomes a cow, will carry a large udder, because a large cord is necessary to hold this up. Next look in the calf's mouth, and if there are eight teeth, well through, you can safely raise that calf. If there are only two teeth put through, reject the calf, because, as a rule, this indicates that the constitutional vigor of the mother was not sufficient to mature the calf fully before it was born. Such a calf will be likely to have a weak vitality when it grows up, as well as during its younger days.

NEGRESSES AS DETECTIVES.

Negress private detectives are being employed by an agency in Georgia. The women are stated to be adepts in the work required of them, as they are intelligent, patient trustworthy, and as cunning as foxes. Besides, the individual shadowed cannot, as a rule, tell one negress from another. Lady detectives who are white can, it seems, be readily "spotted" by the parties they are watching.

"Pa," said little Johnny, "teacher is thinking about promoting me." "How do you know?" "From what she said to-day." "And what was that?" "She said if I kept on I'd belong to the criminal class."

CAN SUSPEND EXISTENCE

WONDERFUL FEAT OF CHIEF MOHATMER OF HINDOOS.

He Has Spent Years of Fasting and Self Mortification.

There is a man staying at a temperance hotel at Oxford, who can stop the beating of his heart for thirty seconds, during which time his existence is suspended, and his spirit, it is said, wanders in space, reading the future, says the London Daily Mail.

His is no idle claim. While in Oxford, three years ago, he demonstrated his powers to Professor Max Muller and Professor Carpenter, and then journeying to Cambridge, astounded Mr. F. W. Myers and other medical men, who, after using stethoscopes and similar appliances, expressed themselves as being completely satisfied. A few weeks ago, while in New York, he repeated the performance before a Dr. Ayres. On the last occasion he told of the death of a prominent American three days before the news reached New York.

It is only on the rarest occasions, though, that these marvels and others equally astounding are performed before perplexed scientists. "I am a teacher, not a wonder worker," he says. "These things are only child's play. My mission in life is a spiritual one."

His name is Aganiya Guru Paramahamsa, and he is the chief of the Hindoo Mahatmas, of whom such wonders are told by those who have visited India. In his "Life," Professor Max Muller described him as

A FIRST-RATE SANSKRITIST

a man of remarkable intelligence, and "the only real saint who has come to English-speaking lands.

Years of fasting and mortification prepared him for his life-long mission, which consists of traveling throughout the length and breadth of India teaching the philosophy of altruism and self-abnegation and acting as spiritual father and philosopher to millions of the population.

His present visit to England, which is the second he has paid to our shores, is a temporary halt made on the return journey of his native land. He cares nothing for money or for the pleasures of material existence. "I am supported by my disciples," he told a representive of the Daily Mail. "If I telegraphed to India they would send me thousands of ruppees. I do not want that. What is money? It cannot bring happiness. It cannot help one at the last.

In India he is idolised, he says, by millions. "When I arrive at a place to teach," he said, "my followers bring me food, wash my feet, and then drink the water. I do not preach over here or lecture. People are paid to lecture here. I could not consent to change my knowledge for money. Besides, why should I go into the street and utter truths to robbers and fools?

WOULD THEY LISTEN?

"Why should I preach to the commercial-minded people of England? Would they listen, either? I have met many men, but few wise ones. So I just travel round when I am abroad finding out the few wise men and ignoring the rest, who only want to be convinced by the strange things I can perform. They are only for children, not for those who seek the higher truths. I do not come here to work miracles."

His beardless face is bright with intelligence and kindness. When he is out of doors his close cropped hair is hidden by a large green turban. Beneath a flowing yellow Hindu robe one can trace the outlines of a large athletic frame, which is a fine testimonial to the vegetarian diet on which he exists. Even this he only partakes of once a day.

"I am fifty-six years old," he said. "For years and years I have studied law and medicine and all the philosophies of the East. Now I am a teacher of Vedantic philosphy, which means the attainment of the highest."

For two years he lived in a deep cave with no one to tend him out a few faithful followers. Then he remained for five years in the heart of a Himalayan jungle.

PROFITABLE LEISURE.

What Can Be Done With Your Spare Time.

Too much cannot be said of the value of the hours which most men waste. One of the prime qualities of a man of force and ability is his clear understanding of what can be done with the time and tools at his command. Such a man wastes no time in idly dreaming of the things he would do if he could go to college, or travel, or have command of long periods of uninterrupted time. He is not guilty of a feeble evasion of "no possibility" for his career by getting behind adverse conditions. If the conditions are adverse, he gets in front of them, and so gets away from them.

A young man who ceases to dream about the things he would do if he had plenty of time, and plans the things he will do with the time he has, may go slowly, but he will go far.

Such a young man wanted to know German. He bought an elementary grammar and phrase-book, and when a spare quarter or half hour came he studied them. It was not difficult, and became interesting. Presently his progress was rapid, and the pleasure of the occupation steadily increased. In less than a year he had German so well in hand that he began to study Spanish. He became engrossed in the study of languages as an occupation for his leisure hours; he found it very enjoyable, and every language learned was an open door to more employment. In a few years he was reading German, Spanish, French, and Italian. In the meantime his business advancement had been rapid, and he had secured a very important and lucrative position.

UNLUCKY POLICEMAN.

A member of the N. Division of police is probably the most unlucky individual in the whole London, (England) police force. He has now been in the force for five years, and in every one of those years he has either sustained a serious injury or suffered from a serious illness. In the first year of his service he had a very bad attack of pneumonia; in the second year he had his arm broken in trying to stop a run-away horse; in the third year he had a dangerous attack of rheumatic fever; last year he had his nose broken by a refractory prisoner; and this year he was accidentally shot in the neck at the annual police revolver practice.

DOWN AND UP.

"Hello, Mike, do you find much to do now?"

"Yis. I'm jest after cuttin' down a tree, and to-morrow I'll have to cut it up."

Angry Father — "I thought you promised me you wouldn't even encourage this disreputable scamp you have just married!" Eloping Daughter—"Well, knowing my extravagant tastes and his small income, do you think he has reason to feel very much encouraged?"